**Jenny in Revenge of the Doctor**

by Brummie

Chapter 1 – Quid Pro Quo.

There are many words that would describe Jenny Richards. The ones concerning her physical appearance are obvious and varied. Blonde, lithe, fit to the point of muscular, beautiful and sensual as any Supermodel and possessing a pair of natural breasts fit to grace a Porn star, a butt to lose you self in and legs that went on forever.

In short a vision of loveliness from the dreams of every straight man, gay woman and anyone else in between who isn’t quite sure which side they bat for.

The words for her personality are not so obvious. Anyone who spent any time talking to her would undoubtedly detect that she was quite shy and definitely not the sharpest tool in on the box. They might also conclude she was innocent. They would be wrong. She had been married for six years before her divorce since when there had been a small number of lovers in her life both men like Mike and Jerome and a women in the shape of Suki her pretty but slightly homicidal Japanese colleague.

There were also the many sexual situations she had found herself in during the course of her work. As an Agent of MI6, the British Secret Service, she had been stripped naked and molested by any number of spies, criminals and just plain nut jobs. A few highlights stood out including being tied naked to a dwarf and tortured on a Sybian machine that had practically liquefied her innards with a twelve inch vibrating shaft of steel penetrating her vagina. There’d also been the time she had sucked off Horace the Horse while dressed as a parody of a nurse in a fake clinic belonging to her nemesis Madam Von Kleiner and her brutal right hand Frau Blucher who Jenny had killed in a desperate fight for survival.

No innocent was not the right description for Jenny. Naïve yes, trusting indubitably, subservient to authority certainly almost to the point of blind obedience.

Today though she was just plain bored as she sat at her desk. ‘If only there was some excitement to be had, some new job requiring her to chase the bad guys, some act she could perform to help protect her Queen and country’.

Be careful what you wish for.

‘Agent Richards. Report to Room 101 immediately’.

Jenny stared at the e-mail as a knot of tension gripped her stomach. What had she done to deserve the subtle, brutal attentions of the twisted denizens of the dreaded Interrogation Room. She’d heard stories of the methods employed to get information from the unfortunates that passed through there portal and into the gloomy plain grey room. There were rules, this was England, but as the elevator sank down into the lower levels of the building those rules seemed farther away and a whole lot more flexible.

She looked up at the ‘101’ as she stood fidgeting before the door. The last obstacle between the sane, safe world outside and the screaming, begging, horror within. With a trembling hand she gripped the handle pushed the door open and entered.

Room 101 was actually more than one room. Jenny stood in a small outer office with grey walls and a grubby carpet containing only a desk and filling cabinet. What secrets were held there. What records of past interrogations. What descriptions of the pain and degradation that had been inflicted to obtain the secrets necessary for the security of England and maybe the World.

The man behind the desk looked up slowly as she entered and smiled a cold smile.

‘Ah Agent Richards’ he said in a flat grey voice. He looked her up and down seeming to gauge her for what she dreaded to think.

’I’m so glad you were able to come and help us with our little enquiries.’

He smiled the smile of a hungry alligator staring at a wounded Zebra.

‘What have I done’ she quaked.

Wide eyed he replied ‘Done my dear, done. Why nothing’.

‘Then why am I here to be interrogated?’

He smiled even wider and said ‘You misunderstand my dear. You are not here to be interrogated, You are here to be one of the interrogators’.

Jenny nearly collapsed as the words left his mouth. The fear that had been building within her dissipated as she realised what he was saying. It took a few seconds then she said confused ‘But I don’t know anything about how to interrogate someone. I’m just a Agent’.

He rose from behind the desk and walked round to stand before her. He was quite short, about five foot six, three inches shorter than Jenny but stocky of body. His face was not ugly but more that of an ex-boxer with a flat squashed nose. The one thing that did stand out were his hands. They were enormous, Stranglers hands she’d once heard them described as. He looked like he had the arms of a Silverback Gorilla. Thick, strong and covered with thick black hair. Even the back of his fingers were hairy.

‘Good for squeezing out confessions’ she thought.

‘We have a task before us my dear that needs your very special talents. Recently due to great good fortune we apprehended a small cog in a terrorist cell. We believe this cell has been activated and directed to carry out an atrocity of a magnitude designed to be felt all over the world. Many lives may be lost and you can be instrumental in foiling this dastardly plot.’

Jenny grinned mostly with relief. ‘Well of course if there is anything I can do I’m only to happy to help’.

‘Good… good. Let me introduce myself. I am Mr. Brown. Please call me this in front of the prisoner it helps to create the right atmosphere. Wouldn’t do for us to be to friendly as we question him. Now next door we have the suspect. His name is Achmed. We’ve had him here for two days but so far he’s managed to survive… I mean resist all of our efforts to make him talk. To be frank we’re running out of time and getting desperate. However there is one tiny note in his file that gives us some hope of finding a chink in his armour and prizing him open.’

Jenny listened intrigued eager to find out what it could be and how it involved her.

‘It seems he’s got a history of sexual excesses aligned with a penchant for white women, particularly blonde white women. The note says he uses blonde white prostitutes and any girlfriends he’s had have been white and blonde. What we want from you is to play up to him, raise the sexual tension and we’ll see if we can tease the information from him instead of trying to rip it out. All you have to do my dear is to follow my lead and do exactly as I say and together we’ll crack this murderous swine and hopefully save many many innocent lives’.

Jenny nearly clapped her hands with patriotic fervor and pathetic relief that she wasn’t going to be on the end of the interrogation.

‘Brown continued ‘You’re going to have to use your womanly charms my dear to make Achmed so aroused that he’s begging for release and all being well he’ll be so befuddled by your beauty that he’ll spill the beans’.

Jenny felt so pleased with the confidence this man was showing in her giving her the chance to make a difference in the fight against terrorism she determined to do anything she could.

With that Brown led her into a second room. Again plain grey walls but this time a concrete floor. The atmosphere in the room was strange until Jenny realised the walls had been sound proofed. She shivered at the implications. The desk had been replaced by a sturdy wooden chair and strapped to the chair at ankle and wrist was a man. His head was slumped forward but Jenny could see a shock of jet black hair and a tall but slim body in just a sweat stained shirt and cotton trousers.

Brown non to gently lifted the prisoners head and slapped his cheek until his eyes opened. Brown stared malevolently at him for a second then moved to the side allowing him to see Jenny for the first time.

Slowly he gazed at her from the ground up. Long slim calves disappeared into a light summer dress, wide hips an amazingly slender waist, a marvelously flat stomach then the unbelievable bosom. Her blonde hair cascaded over her bare shoulders and framed an elfin face of staggering beauty.

Her large eyes stared back and then the room seemed to light up as she smiled at him.

He tensed as she moved toward him then bending at the waist she put her hands on his shoulders and stared into his eyes. ‘Hello Achmed, I’m Jenny’.

He could smell her perfume as she stroked his face. She moved closer as he gazed at her perfect face and soft skin then his eyes dropped as he realised her dress had fallen forward and he see straight down and into a cavern of soft pink fleshy cleavage. Jenny saw the direction of his gaze and slowly undulated her shoulders setting up a swaying of her twin mounds that held him mesmerized. She stroked his cheek and moved until her head was next to his bringing her breasts within inches of his gaze and cooed softly in his ear.

‘Achmed I’m feeling so hot I need a real man’ she teased him. ‘I need a real man to do all those thing to me that I like. All those dirty disgusting thing that make me scream with delight. Could you do all the things that make me sweat when I’m naked and stretched out on a bed. Would you do that for me Achmed. Would you pin me down and ravage my naked body, touch me in all those secret places and make me shudder and scream, Would you like to make me beg you to do it to me. Fill me with your manhood, dominate me and make me cum and cum until you filled me with your seed?’

A bead of sweat broke out on his forehead as Achmed swallowed nervously and nodded saying nothing.

Brown whispered in his ear ‘Where’s the bomb Achmed, where’s the bomb?

Suddenly he seamed to return to the real world. He shook his head and his features hardened and he uttered a guttural word in Arabic which obviously meant ‘No’.

Brown sighed and nudged Jenny into a corner and whispered ‘We’re going to need more. He’s a tough bugger I’m afraid. I’m sorry we’re going to have to get more serious’.

With that he moved Jenny back before Achmed and stood slightly behind her. Achmed watched them attentively.

In the silence Achmed’s ears pricked up at the soft sound of a zip being undone. Jenny tensed as Brown lowered the zipper at the back of her dress then flipping the shoulders straps to the side he allowed her dress to drop quickly to the floor. She gave a small gasp of indrawn breath as her body was exposed to the men’s gaze.

Jenny’s arms would have flown to cover herself if he’d let her but he held her wrists to stop her and whispered ’steady’ as she stood there in just her flimsy underwear.

Achmed’s eyes boggled at the vision of exotic loveliness that was revealed to him. A lacy white bra cocooning but only just containing two enormous breasts, a flat stomach ridged with muscle, tiny thong panties barely covering her womanhood. But it was her long athletic legs encased in smooth nylon that drew his reverent gaze.

The prisoner twisted in his bonds instinctively trying to reach out and take the blonde before him but the straps held and a single pathetic cry escaped his lips.

Brown smirked and whispered to Jenny ‘He’s weakening. We’ve got him on the run, just a little more’.

Then Brown spoke. ‘Achmed. Look at what could be yours’ and he raised his hands and laid them on Jenny’s shoulders. Then he stroked down her arms as Achmed watched the hands trapped like a rabbit in car headlights.

Brown stroked back up Jenny’s arms then moved down until the great hands were covering her bra clad breasts. Jenny gasped and shivered in the cool of the room. ‘Sorry’ he whispered ‘but we need to break this bastard and it’s the only way. Just imagine all those mangled bodies we could save’.

She nodded imperceptibly realizing what he was doing was necessary and steeled herself as he gently molded her breasts while smirking at Achmed. Then his hands flowed down over her stomach brushing lightly over her panties he gripped her thighs then suddenly spun her round until she faced him.

Achmed watched enthralled as the giant hands slapped onto Jenny’s rump drawing a small ‘ooh Mr. Brown’ from her quivering lips. He grasped and jiggled her buttocks for a few seconds. There eyes met as he stroked her perfect plump buttocks. Then he peered over her shoulder at the Arab who was intently watching his big fingers digging into Jenny’s plump butt cheeks.

‘Go to him’ he instructed patting her butt. ‘Drive him wild’.

Jenny, slightly red cheeked at both ends turned and with an even greater determination walked slowly and languidly towards Achmed. She stroked her own body as he watched her intently his tongue practically hanging out and his breathing becoming heavy. Brown moved to stand behind the pinioned man beckoned her forward.

The blonde moved right up to the bound man and turning sat down on his lap. He gasped out loud as she began jiggling around rubbing herself into his groin. Then turning slightly she grabbed his head and jammed his face into her cleavage,

The Arab thought he was going to suffocate as his mouth and nose were engulfed in soft pink flesh. He opened his mouth wide and sucked on her breast flesh and extended his tongue and licked her velvety skin. Jenny felt his wet tongue licking her tit and jerked away allowing him to draw in a deep draught of air while leaving a trail of slimy saliva on her breast..

‘Where’s the bomb Achmed’ demanded Brown again but once more the prisoner stiffened and spat his reply.

Once more Brown and Jenny held a whispered conference and once more Brown insisted they’d have to try harder.

‘I’m sorry’ he said it’s not going to be pleasant for you but we’re so close to saving all those lives. Just a little more and I feel he’ll crack. What ever happens please follow my lead and when I touch you you over react and pretend like you’re in uncontrollable ecstasy’.

Jenny slowly nodded consent.

Brown directed the blonde Agent to stand before the chair bound man again. She waited expectantly as the Arab watched her warily. Once more the giant hands of the chief interrogator seized Jenny’s breasts eliciting a small gasp. Still encased in there lacy cups he gently squeezed and molded them. Then quickly his hand dipped in and extracted one massive tit popping it out to hang over the top of her bra. Jenny’s eyes opened wide as he exposed her breast then remembering her instructions moaned dramatically as Brown extracted her other tit then engulfed them with his stranglers hands and began massaging them vigorously. He pressed his fingers into each mound gripping her flesh hard leaving red finger marks on her, rolling her tits round and round then pulling them up and down before pressing them together and rolling them against each other.

Jenny writhed in the interrogators strong arms as his hairy paws abused her soft pink bosom.

‘Look Achmed’ smirked Brown. ‘Look at these beauties. Look what I’m doing to them’ as he cupped Jenny breasts and practically held them out to him. ‘This could be your hands touching these big beautiful tits. This could be you holding these big flashy pillows and molding them to your hearts content while she groans with ecstasy as you pleasure her body’.

Jenny’s hands reached up to cover his as he molested her chest. She moaned louder as Brown seized her nipples between thumb and finger and gripped them cruelly making her squirm under his attack. All the while Achmed struggled at his bonds watching Brown caress and fondle Jenny’s charms.

Jenny gasped in surprise as a giant hand dipped down and dived into her panties cupping her pussy mound. One hand held her tit holding it in a hard grip and his other rhythmically squeezed her pussy, She moaned dramatically out loud as instructed not entirely acting as his hand was gripping her tit like a vice.

Brown laughed out loud and stared hard at the struggling man while the blonde writhed in his arms. She could feel him pressed close up against her back and he was obviously getting into the performance. Either that or he had a canoe in his pocket.

The blonde and the interrogator stood before the bound Arab she groaned as he molested her, his face split into a broad smile. His hands gripped her big tit flesh until it squeezed out between his fingers while his other hand delved into her groin making her squirm in his grip.

‘Play with your tits’ he whispered into the moaning blondes ear.

Jenny’s tiny hands replaced his mauling paw on her bosom and rather than kneading her mounds like she was making bread as he had been doing she grasped her own nipples alternatively pinching and pulling them outwards stretching her flesh to it’s limit. Brown’s free hand switched targets as it slapped into her plump butt. He spanked her quivering cheeks rhythmically in time to his other hand squeezing her pussy mound.

‘Achmed’ said Brown again. ‘Her pussy’s naked like a little girl, Achmed. She’s got no hair on her cunt. It feels fantastic and I can do what I like to it. Like this’.

Suddenly Jenny groaned even louder as a thick hairy finger penetrated her pussy and began fucking her. Her clit hardened. A second stubby finger invaded her love channel and a thumb rubbed hard across her clitoris. Her eyes closed as he molested her fingering her wet vagina faster and faster until suddenly he released her.

She stood dazed as the sensations stopped until Brown pressed on her shoulders forcing her to her knees. He gripped her wrists and clamped her little hands on to his cock which he’s extracted from his trousers. He was already hard from fondling her body and began moving her hands along his penis using her hands to masturbate his cock. He pressed her head now on a level with his groin against his hip her face inches from his shaft.

Jenny could smell the musk from Browns cock. He let go of her hands and she stopped rubbing him. ‘See Achmed, this is what you could have if you just tell us where the bomb is, couldn’t he Jenny?’

She hesitated and realised he’d addressed her replied ‘err…. Yes’ and as she realised what he wanted her hands once again began to move up and down his cock.

Achmed was going crazy struggling against his straps but he couldn’t break free.

Jenny’s hands sped up rubbing the length of Brown’s shaft faster and faster while she lasciviously licked her lips and stared into Achmed’s eyes. Her thumbs scrapped over Browns helmet and his hips began to jerk. Suddenly he erupted and a cascade of sperm jerked from him into the air. Jenny rubbed him slower as he jerked once, twice more emptying himself.

Brown recovered quickly tucked his cock away and once more asked Achmed the question.

‘Want girl’ stated Achmed.

‘Quid Pro Quo Achmed’ said Brown. ‘Information for sensation. Where’s the bomb?’

‘Girl first.. then tell’.

Brown stared at him ‘Where’s the bomb’ he said flatly.

‘Girl’ stated Achmed just as flatly and stared back defiantly.

Reluctantly Brown turned and stooped next Jenny who was still sat on the floor. ‘Sorry Jenny but he’ll only pay ball if you see to him’.

Jenny sighed and moved to the bound man. She unzipped his trousers and dipped a small hand inside and extracted his cock. She gave a small gasp as her hand closed around him and drew him out. He had one of the most perfect cocks she’d ever seen and she’d seen a few. It was brown as his Arab skin, nearly ten inches long and quite thick without being ridiculous. It was also perfectly straight with a perfect soft purple helmet.

Her mouth watered at the sight of it in her aroused condition.

‘Suck’ the Arab instructed. ‘Suck or no tell’.

She looked up at Brown who could only smile ruefully and shrug his shoulders effectively leaving the decision to her.

Jenny slowly stroked the long perfect cock in her tiny hands then gripping it hard in both hands lowered her head and fed him into her mouth.

Achmed threw back his head as soft wet warmth engulfed him. Her hands worked up and down his shaft as three to four inches pistoned into her mouth and saliva dripped from the corners as the head of his cock hit the back of her throat triggering a gagging reflex.

Her breasts jiggled as her head bobbed up and down her soft pink lips working on his helmet as she pulled back to the top of his shaft and her tongue scraping over his glands as she dipped down taking as much of his length as she could into her mouth and throat.

She tasted the first pre-cum as he neared climax.

‘Where’s the bomb’ insisted Brown.

Jenny sank her teeth into his cock head making him cry out.

‘Where is it’

Suddenly the Arab broke and gasped out a location. Brown punched the air.

Jenny looked up still with Achmed’s cock sunk in her hot mouth. Brown nodded and said ‘Quid Pro Quo’.

She attacked the long tan coloured cock with renewed enthusiasm.

Without warning Achmed groaned and jerked right at the point he was embedded deepest in her mouth and spurted a rope of cum straight to the back of her throat. Before she could stop it it flowed almost in one lump down her throat as she was forced to swallow his sperm. The second jerk covered her tongue as she tried to extract his ejaculating cock from her mouth but wasn’t quick enough and the third hit her square on the cheek.

Achmed lay back on his chair spent while Jenny slumped back onto the concrete floor. Brown picked her up and ushered her out of the room back into the outer office. He sat her bare bum on the side of his desk and looked at her.

‘Jenny We’re really grateful for all your help with this’.

She looked up at him still a little dazed by what had happened and nodded.

‘I fell we owe you something for all your trouble’ he said studying her. ‘I mean you’re the one who’s done all the work and it’s me and the Arab who’ve got the benefit. Here let me show our appreciation to you’.

Jenny wasn’t to sure what he meant through the fog in her mind then she felt him press her backwards until she lay flat on the desk. She was just about to object when his lips met hers and he kissed her softly.

She would have objected but she was very aroused and it wasn’t an unpleasant sensation so she let him continue. It was only a kiss. At least it was until his giant hand suddenly insinuated itself into her panties again and once more his stubby digits invaded her pussy.

Jenny pushed at his stocky shoulders but he was to strong and heavy and to be honest she wasn’t pushing that hard as the erotic sensations filled her groin. His big thumb pressed down on peanut sized clit making her hips jerk as his fingers thrust further and further inside her vagina.

His mouth left hers allowing her to gasp out loud as he finger fucked her then he engulfed her left tit sucking hard taking her nipple into his mouth. He was non to gentle as he sucked and gnawed on her tit and slammed his fingers into her.

Jenny’s breathing became faster and faster as her orgasm built as Brown’s fingers ploughed as far inside her as they could reach.

He bit down on her breast and shoved his fingers right inside her as he felt her internal muscles grip his hand and she came with a wailing cry. He pushed and pushed his fingers maintaining her orgasm as long as he could until exhausted she fell back onto the desk with her chest rising and falling as she took in great gulps of air.

Eventually Jenny sat up and Brown handed her the clothes they’d removed in the other room. When she’d dressed he said ‘Jenny you must remember to keep this completely secret. We can’t afford for anyone to know that we know about the bomb or about some of the … err…techniques we use here’.

Jenny nodded her understanding and with one last look turned and left the interrogation room with a small smile playing across her features fully satisfied she’d performed a valuable service and done her country proud.

Brown watched the door close then returned to the interrogation room. Silently he undid the straps freeing Achmed from the chair. They stared at each other for a few seconds then simultaneously burst into laughter and gave each other a high five.

‘See Tony I told you she was as dumb as a post’ said Brown.

‘I’d never have believed it’ replied Achmed. ‘Innocent as a school girl with the body of a porn star. What a combination. What a combination. And that mouth. That’s the best head I’ve ever had. She sucks like a pro. She was fantastic’.

‘I know’ replied Brown. ‘I can’t believe she fell for it. And the feel of those tits was amazing. So soft yet firm and big. Her pussy was so soft as well and she gripped my fingers when she came like a train’.

They stood in reverie until ‘I wonder. If we’re clever enough could we use it again perhaps, get her to go the whole way next time’.

Both there faces broke into evil smiles.

Jenny showered after her mornings work still proud of herself. All those lives saved and her country served. Alright it had been a bit strange having to suck that terrorists cock but Christ what a cock. She could still remember it as she wrapped her tongue round it’s perfect head. Her soapy hand stroked her naked hairless pussy still feeling the orgasm Brown had ripped from her with his pounding fingers.

She dressed and decided to head home. Leaving the office she hailed a cab.

It was the last thing she remembered for quite a while.

Chapter 2 – Captured

Midnight blackness held her in it's velvet embrace as slowly she started to awaken from the warm comfort of oblivion and rise toward the cold grey light of consciousness. Confusion reigned as she tried to recall her last movements and fragments of memory began to swirl through her brain.

With effort she recalled the Taxi cab, the sting on her thigh which she thought was a wasp, the paralysis which left her able to see but not move a muscle. Immobile she remained sitting upright in the back of the cab until the driver had taken one corner a little to quickly and she'd gracefully toppled sideways until she lay on her side along the seat.

Muttering to himself the cab driver parked in a quiet side road and leaning in through the rear door pulled her upright and fixed her in place with a seat belt. The ride resumed taking her, not to her home but out of the city eventually turning into an Industrial Estate and then a non-descript warehouse. Any Company Names that had once been on the building had been removed making identification impossible. Masked men had lifted her out of the back seat and carried her toward a small office like room. Inside they laid her flat on her back on a gurney which only allowed her to stare upward at the dirty and cracked off-white ceiling. One of the men gently pressed her eyelids down closing her eyes.

She lay there still and alone in her own world of darkness unaware if it was day or night. At least twice more she felt the sting of a needle and she dropped back into the welcoming velvet blackness.

She had no idea how much time passed when her ears pricked as she heard the door to the office open and slight breeze wafted the hairs on her arms. Light flooded into her eyes as fingers prized opened her eyelids. Staring upward a face swam into view. Had she been able she would have furrowed her brow in confusion. The face wore a light green surgical mask hooked over the ears and covering the nose, mouth and chin. A surgical cap covered the top of the head.

Dark slightly mad eyes stared steadily into hers for a few seconds before a male voice emerged from behind the mask. In a rasping whisper he said 'Good day Agent Richards. I am the Doctor. I hope you are comfortable'.

Jenny stared helplessly back. 'Agent Richards'. Whoever he was knew she was a member of MI6, the British Secret Service, so this was a business kidnap and not just a random snatch because she was a beautiful buxom blonde woman who could be taken off the street for God knows what purpose. She studied the parts of the face she could see to try to pick up any clues to her captors identity. She thought 'I must know him. No-one talks like that. The bastard's disguising his voice'.

'Please be patient. We are nearly ready for you'.

She detected a barely suppressed giggle behind the voice. He was obviously highly pleased with himself. He turned and moved out of her view. Glass knocking against glass tinkled as he made some preparations and then his face returned to stare down at her once more.

Casually he laid his right forearm on her stomach and allowed his hand to fall naturally onto her left breast. Softly he hummed a tune to himself as his finger idly circled round the highest point of her breast.

Jenny lay helpless as her body responded and her nipple grew until a pronounced bump appeared poking through her dress.

'Still the slut I see' he rasped and quick as a flash slapped her hard across the face knocking her head sideways. Her muscles still being non responsive didn't allow her to look back at him and she now stared helplessly at the office door.

'Bloody hell' she thought. 'Giggles to psycho in a heartbeat. Whoever he is he's a few clowns short of a circus'.

Roughly he gripped her nose and yanked her head back so she once more stared upward. Had she been able she'd have chewed his finger right off.

Cruelty and venom dripped from him as he said 'Well now slut what do you think of this then?' Slowly he raised his other hand and revealed the large hypodermic needle he held. The needles contents a sickly evil looking green liquid.

On the outside Jenny remained utterly motionless but inside she screamed silently. The tinkling glass had been phials of drugs and now he meant to inject more poison into her body.

'Where to do it. Where, where, where' he almost sang to himself. The giggle back in his voice. The psycho had disappeared as quickly as he had appeared.

He moved the needle close to her eye. 'How about here' me mused. 'No?' and much to her relief moved on. 'How about here' he gripped her left tit again and squeezed hard while looking into her eyes enjoying his power as he tormented her. Moving on he ran his hand down over her flat stomach to her thigh then suddenly gripped the hem of her dress and threw it upward revealing her long tanned legs and tight white cotton panties.

'Very demure' he commented then gripped her pussy mound and again squeezed.

'What about here. How very appropriate that would be' his rasping voice full of hatred. The pressure grew as he ground his hand into her pubis anger growing and growing.

The office door opened and a voice said 'We're ready Boss'.

The pain in Jenny's groin lessened as the visitor interrupted her tormentors growing fury. 'OK. Well Agent it's time to say goodbye for now' and he sank the needle into her thigh and depressed the plunger watching closely as blackness once more overtook her.

'The Doctor' turned to his henchman. 'Get her dressed and moved to the set. Who's first?'

'Barbie won the toss' replied the henchman.

'Excellent' smiled 'The Doctor'. 'Excellent'.

Chapter 3 - Death on the Street.

Holt sighed heavily and capped the fountain pen he used to make notes on the interminable reports that passed over his desk. Like all previous heads of MI6 since Sir Mansfield Cummings who had started the tradition he used green ink to sign everything with just his initial. Donning his overcoat he headed out along the sixth floor corridor and took the elevator to the lobby. With a polite G'night to the security guard he passed through the revolving door and out on to The Strand, the road that ran along the embankment of the River Thames.

He sauntered slowly along gazing at the sun setting over the City of London and allowed his mind to wander. He failed completely to see the blonde following him.

Slowly the distance between the two closed. When the amount of people nearby had reached the required number she closed the gap even more until her presence registered on his consciousness. Her head was bowed so her long blonde hair hid her face. To him though her long legs and full chest with the distinctive blonde hair could only be one person.

'Agent Richards?' he said in surprise.

She raised her head. The gun coughed rapidly three times and the heavy caliber slugs smashed into his chest throwing him nearly six feet backwards on to the ground.

Women screamed and men swore. Time seemed to stop for a few seconds then the frantic witnesses either ducked down and tried to make themselves as small as possible or dived behind any available cover. A shooting on the streets of London was rare and unexpected.

The blonde woman turned and walked calmly but briskly to a dark car that had pulled up at the kerb. She climbed in to the back and it sped away.

The whooping of Police sirens filled the air as multiple mobile phone calls to 999 brought the forces of Law and Order racing to the scene. They only beat the Ambulance by seconds. Caring hands examined the body and detected the air which still rasped in his throat. He was still alive when they loaded him into the back of the ambulance which split the traffic with it's wailing siren.

Statements were taken from everyone at the scene. Not one of them agreed with any other. Short blonde, tall brunette even a fair haired man in one except that is in one respect. Everyone had clearly heard the victim say 'Agent Richards'.

A call to the MI6 Police liaison officer pulled up the name and details of the suspect. 5 foot 9 inches, long blonde hair. The APB was out within minutes.

Bring in Agent Jenny Richards. Charge Attempted Murder.

Chapter 4 - Jenny plays with the toys or vice versa.

Jenny woke slowly and raised her head. She was no longer lying on the gurney. Instead she found herself sitting on the floor her back resting against something huge and wooden. Her head hurt and her mind felt fuzzy and dazed and confused. She couldn't remember anything. She suddenly realized even her name eluded her. She also felt physically weak as a kitten and lethargic and most curious of all a little aroused.

This didn't make any sense. She looked round. The room was huge. She couldn't see any windows but nearby furniture seemed massive. In relation she felt not just felt tiny, she was tiny.

Looking down at herself she found she was fully clothed in a frilly blue dress under a white pinafore, frilly white slip, White nylons and black pumps. Her blonde hair was held back by an Alice band.

Struggling she got to her feet and started to look round. Nothing made sense. Her mind wandered and she felt disassociated and afraid. Looking up she realized she had been leaning against a wooden blanket chest but the top towered above her. It must have been fifteen feet to the top. Still trying to make sense of this she rounded one of the huge legs and nearly ran straight into another figure.

'Hello' said the newcomer in the bright sunny voice of the average telephone receptionist. 'You're new. I'm Malibu Barbie. Who're you?'

It was a girl. Tall and blonde with an improbably big chest, tiny waist and long legs. Her face was heavily made up and she had on a very short pink mini dress that just covered her pert behind. Pink high heeled shoes made her legs seem ridiculously long.

'Malibu Barbie' thought Jenny as she looked at the woman 'looks more like Hooker Barbie in that make-up, that dress and those heels'. An image from her childhood of the plastic doll floated into her mind. She'd always wanted Malibu Barbie as a little girl but only the rich kids got Barbie she had to make do with Cindy dolls.

'I don't know' Jenny replied. 'I mean I can't remember. Can you help me?' Her voice quivered and she felt close to tears so grateful that she'd been found by someone friendly who would help her.

Barbie smiled and gathered Jenny into her arms. 'You look like Alice in Wonderland to me. That's your name. Alice'

'Alice. Oh'.

'And you're definitely a 'Good Toy' Barbie said.

'Err. Good Toy'

'Oh yes. A good toy not a bad toy. Bad toys are soldiers, robots, things that nasty boys play with, War toys, guns that sort of thing. Good toys are nice non threatening, non violent mostly girls toys. Soft and fluffy. You watch out for bad toys. They hate good toys. Always trying to look up my dress they are. No you're a good toy and I'm a good toy too. I'll help you. I'll look after you'.

Barbie hugged her warmly and Jenny felt their breasts press together like four colliding zeppelins. She felt strangely good. She trembled slightly and she felt even better as Barbie stroked her back cooing in her ear.

Jenny pulled back when what Barbie had said sank in. 'Wait a minute. You're saying we're dolls you know toys that children play with. Then how come we can talk and move?'

'Oh you silly' exclaimed Barbie. All toys can talk and move when our owners aren't looking. I mean look around you' and she indicated the huge wooden chest and an enormous bed in the distance.

Jenny's mind spun round and round and tears welled up in her eyes. She was lost and afraid and nothing made sense and to cap it all now she felt even more aroused by the presence of this giant breasted exotic woman/toy.

Barbie saw her tears and held her tighter and softly stroked her back and hair. 'There, there. I'll look after you. Don't you worry. Look sit down over here on this cushion with me'.

She allowed herself to be led to a cushion that must have been 8 feet across and sat down with Barbie who put her arms around her and pulled her close. Jenny felt a feather light kiss on her forehead as Barbie started to kiss away her tears. Her feeling of arousal grew as the kisses moved over her face. Eventually soft lips fleetingly met her own then were gone.

The kiss came as a relief to Jenny when finally Barbie planted her lips softly on hers. She'd been getting hotter and hotter as the doll caressed her. At first the kiss was gentle and chased. Just as you'd expect if Barbie kissed Alice but gradually they grew more ardent and their lips mashed together as the two blondes sucked wetly, noisily, lustily. Finally Barbie drove her tongue deeply into Jenny's mouth and was gratified when Jenny sucked hard on it. Their tongues dueled twisting and entwining.

Barbie pushed the shoulder of Jenny's dress down then sank her teeth into the naked flesh revealed. Jenny gasped then her other shoulder was bared and Barbie kissed across her chest and bit down roughly on her skin. A flick of the buttons at the back of Jenny's bodice loosened it enough to allow Barbie to insinuate a hand down the front as she re-captured Jenny's lips with her own.

Jenny jerked as Barbie's long nailed fingers sank into her breast. The kissing became even more fervent and Barbie trapped a nipple between her thumb and finger and twisted hard and pulled. Jenny's breathing grew shorter as Barbie ravished her lips and tit.

A quick pull downward and both of Jenny's monstrous mounds burst free.

'My, my you are a good toy aren't you'

Jenny writhed as Barbie slapped her tits together and dipped her head capturing first one and then the other nipple between her lips sucking on them elongating them then biting down on them until Jenny groaned.

Barbie moved up and kissed Jenny again while struggling to pull down her own dress until her breasts were exposed. She released Jenny's lips and with a hand under her own tit lifted it and forced it into Jenny's mouth. The shock lasted less than a second at feeling the other girls tit pressed between her lips then she sucked mightily making Barbie squeal with ecstasy. Barbie moved Jenny from one tit to the other feeding her mammories until they were red and aroused and the nipples pointed and hard.

Suddenly Jenny felt her wrists captured and pushed roughly over her head. Barbie bent back until she lay flat then climbed over her facing down her body and with her tits dangling below her. She dropped lower until they slipped once more between Jenny's waiting lips. As the blonde agent mindlessly slurped on the breast flesh in her mouth Barbie lowered her head and in turn started sucking noisily on the exposed nipples of the captive blonde.

The two women sucked lustily on each other taking as much of the breast flesh as they could into there mouths. Barbie pulled up and her tit popped out with a wet sucking noise. She lowered the other tit and Jenny took up working on that one.

After a minute of tit sucking heaven Barbie dragged her saliva covered tit free and moved forward keeping Jenny's wrists trapped over her head until her hips came level with Jenny's head. Her free hand yanked aside her lacy thong and Jenny looked up with lust filled eyes straight at a wet and glistening pussy.

For some reason the incongruity struck her. In her experience Barbie’ dolls never wore knickers and their pubes had always been as smooth as ... well plastic. These new dolls were defiantly more anatomically correct.

'That's a good doll' said Barbie and slammed her pussy down into Jenny's open mouth. Surprised Jenny hesitated for a second then the arousal and the hot wet pussy forced her to start licking and sucking on the blood engorged hanging labia and clit. She thrust with her tongue piercing her, entering her. Barbie’s hands gripped Jenny's tits and seizing her nipples she pulled up and up twisting it and rolling them between thumb and finger.

Barbie opened her mouth and groaning stared upwards her hips began moving back and forth until she was riding Jenny's face like a jockey on a Derby winner.

Harder she gripped Jennies tits until the trapped blonde groaned and re-doubled her pussy eating efforts. Barbie opened her mouth wide her teeth bared and seemed to scream silently as her body seized and she erupted in orgasm.

She fell sideways off Jenny whose face was covered in shiny juice and collapsed panting. Jenny lay there expectantly waiting for Barbie to return the complement when she heard the noise.

Barbie jerked awake. 'Bad toys, bad toys' she exclaimed worry filling her voice and leaping to her feet tottered off round the huge wooden chest her dress still hoiked around her waist and her bum exposed to the air leaving Jenny alone.

Chapter 5 - Bad Toys.

The Police Sergeant banged loudly on the front door of the suburban town house. When he got no answer he nodded to the locksmith accompanying him who fiddled with a small instrument at the lock and after a few seconds pushed the door open.

Entering suspiciously the Sergeant made a perfunctory search of each room. Satisfying himself that no one else was in the house he called in the team of white boiler suited forensic scientists and the hunt for clues began.

It didn't take long to find the gun. It hadn't been particularly well hidden. They sealed it in a plastic bag and took away there trophy. Nothing else of interest was found If you don't count the fluffy handcuffs and various battery operated plastic items. These people had seen it all so they raised a smirk but nothing more.

The sound seemed to be some way off but getting nearer.

'Sinister. Dexter'.

Jenny looked around desperately seeking a hiding place.

'Sinister. Dexter'.

Indecision held her immobile as the voice grew closer.

'Sinister. Dexter. Sinister. Dexter'.

Two Roman soldiers marched around the corner of the wooden chest.

'Sinister. Dexter. Sinister. Dexter' one of them intoned setting the marching rhythm for the other.

Suddenly they shuddered to a halt on spotting the blonde who stared back at them with wide eyes. Two men facing her were both wearing a short leather skirt leaving there legs bare. They wore sandals on there feet, a metal breast plate over a rough purple shirt and a metal helmet with a chin strap also of leather. Both sported a short sword on there belt.

The soldiers exchanged glances then one of them hesitantly stepped forward.

'Corrr...what a doll' he exclaimed staring at her.

Although he used the term with an entirely different connotation to the one Jenny assumed he meant it served to confirm to her the fantastically improbable situation she found herself in.

Realising he was staring straight at her exposed monstrous pink tipped mounds that hung over the top of her still pulled down dress she tried, mostly unsuccessfully, to cover herself with her tiny hands. This actually made her look more erotic as she stood there holding her own tits. Both nipples peaked out between her fingers.

'Salvete' Greeted the soldier in Latin saluting by holding his arm out straight palm down.

Jenny goggled at him in confusion.

'Err… Hello' he said in English heavily accented with Italian.

'Hello, I'm err... Alice I think. Do you know where we are?'

The soldiers glanced at each other again. 'Whata do you mean wherea are we? We're in Angela's bedaroom of course. Where elsea woulda we be' (Uh oh dodgy accent alert).

'I'm sorry' the blonde replied. 'I'm err… new here. Who are you'.

The unexpected question seemed to throw him. 'Err... I'm... err... well... I'm... err... Clau… Claudius and this is 'Err...umm...err...this would be.. err...'. A light bulb switched on in his head 'Biggus...err...Dickus'. He breathed out heavily.

'Biggus Dickus?' Jenny queried.

'Yer dead common name in Rome these days' he responded his accent suddenly changing to south London.

Jenny looked at him uncertainly 'Well will you help me please' she asked hesitantly. 'I need to get back... err... home'.

'Well I'm sure we could if you did something for us maybe. Waddya say'.

'What' she asked squinting suspiciously at him.

'Show us what's under your dress'.

'Bad toys' she shouted. 'You're bad toys, Barbie warned me about you' and she started to move away from the soldiers.

Claudius leapt forward and held her upper arm.

'Wait, wait. We're not really bad toys, please wait. We're just made that way. Angela doesn't play with us' he said sadly. 'She just leaves us at the bottom of the toy chest alone and in the dark. We don't get out much and we're so lonely'.

Jenny looked at his downcast face uncertainly.

'Look we'll help you, alright'.

'Alright'.

'If you show us what's under your dress' he added.

She stared hard at him.

'Just a quick peak, alright'.

'Well'.

'Come on just a peak and we'll help you, alright'.

She sighed heavily. Bloody men were all the same. Even the plastic ones.

'Alright just a quick peek'. Then she stopped. The dress wasn't hers so what had she got on underneath. She tried to concentrate on her hips. There was something there but what.

Both soldiers squatted down expectantly.

'What here?' she said.

They both nodded eagerly until it looked like there heads would fall off.

Sighing Jenny bent forward reaching down for the hem of her dress which came to the middle of her shins. Both still exposed breasts swung under her and the guys nudged each other grinning like Cheshire cats.

Jenny gripped her hem and stood up raising her dress to her knees.

Claudius looked grim and indicated higher.

Upward went the hem to her chest which exposed her long, lean and tanned thighs.

Claudius signaled higher.

Pursed her lips she raised the hem past her head until her entire lower body was exposed to the hot Latin gaze of the centurions.

Claudius moved forward and said 'Stay like that' then squatted down again almost touching her mile long slender legs his head level with her hips.

The white pinafore and blue dress were plain ordinary garments that someone had put on her providing little in the way of fashion. Underneath however they'd taken more care. Her legs were encased in sheer white nylon stockings that extended up to near the top of her thighs. A matching suspender belt clipped onto there tops holding them in place and sitting snuggly round her hips were a pair of snow white lacy thong panties tantalisingly see through from the waist band down to a fraction of an inch above the top of her vagina which at this moment was displaying a pronounced camel toe.

Jenny felt a hot breath on her hip then two hands rested on the outside of her knees and started to stroke upward onto her smooth tanned athletic thighs.

She opened her mouth to object when there came a far away high pitched piping voice.

'I'm going to play in my room until supper mamma' it said followed by thumping noises.

Jenny listened ignoring the pawing hands. The sounds could only be made by someone climbing stairs and they were getting nearer and nearer.

Biggus leapt forward and exclaimed 'She's coming, The big'uns coming. Stay perfectly still when she's here. Stay really still. She mustn't know about us. Look drop the dress and stay still'.

Jenny dropped her dress which fell over the top of the crouching Claudius.

Biggus looked at her shocked and reached forward. Placing one hand on her left tit he lifted her bodice up and tucked the meaty pillow of flesh back into it's support. Jenny gasped and wide eyed stared at him indignantly. Cheeky bugger. Then he smirked and did the other one. Squeezing it gently as he smiled at her.

'Freeze he hissed then drew his sword and taking up a fighting stance froze.

The monstrous footsteps grew louder then behind her a door handle creaked. Jenny was now so convinced of her situation she expected that at any moment a giant door would open and a hundred foot 'little' girl would enter the room.

A light flicked on and Jenny heard bed springs twang as if someone had sat down heavily on the bed. Across the room a giant shadow of a giant child appeared on the wall.

'The piping voice boomed again. 'Time for tea Teddy. Here you are drink your tea then have a biscuit. I'm so hungry. I hope supper isn't to long'.

The voice droned on as the child played tea-time with Teddy while Jenny stood frozen watching the giant shadow and listening to the child’s musings.

Suddenly the blonde gave a jerk and opened her mouth to screech. Biggus looked daggers at her silently ordering her to remain still and more importantly silent.

Jenny was trying but under her dress Claudius wasn't making it easy for her. He hadn't frozen but instead continued stoking Jenny's thighs. Her long tanned flash felt smooth and supple under his questing fingers. Up and round her he stroked the sheer nylon then higher until he grasped her buttocks. One soft plump peach like sphere in each palm. It was this that had made her jerk so.

His fingers gripped hard and sank into her pliant globes and his cheek press forward against her lace covered pubic mound gently rubbing his cheek against her.

Suddenly Jenny tensed. Biggus felt her stiffen and whispered urgently again for her to stay still. Below Claudius had hooked his fingers into her panties and she could feel him gradually pulling them down. Lower and lower they dropped over her buttocks, her thighs, over her knees and all the way down to her ankles. A sudden breath of warm air blew over her pussy.

Time seemed to stop.

Strong fingers gripped her ass pulling her hips forward as a long tongue snaked out and licked slowly the entire length of her vagina from the bottom to the top lastly flicking her clit.

Jenny groaned quietly. The tongue wriggled it's way between her pussy lips and began to burrow into her. The unseen hands using her buttocks as hand holds pulled her hips forward meeting the invading tongue pushing in from the other direction. Then the sucking began. Big soft lips covered her pussy and rhythmically began sucking and slurping at her excited flesh. Her hips rocked of there own volition. The unseen rough sandpaper textured tongue extended then dragged upward right over the engorged nubbin of her clit.

Biggus stood frozen watching the blonde as her breathing started quicken and her hips began to sway. Her eyes slowly crossed.

Faster and faster the tongue licked and her hips rocked more and more as she built towards the ultimate high. The tongue trapped her hardened peanut sized clit against his teeth then rolled from side to side running her clit across the sharp serrations of his front teeth. Biggus realising she was close to screaming out loud leapt forward and clamped his hand over her mouth just as she tensed and shuddered exploding in a liquid eruption of ecstasy. Fully fifteen maybe twenty seconds later her trembling body relaxed and biggus smirking broadly lowered her almost comatose figure to the ground.

From beneath her skirts Claudius emerged grinning his face shiny with juicy goodness He licked his lips lasciviously then high five’d Biggus and winked. 'Your turn' he said.

Biggus stared down at Jenny. Her eyes closed and her bosom heaving up and down as she tried to regain her breath. 'Help me get her ready' he said.

Together they worked the pinafore and blue dress up over Jenny's head. She moaned quietly In her sleepy state as the two burly soldiers stripped her

Once the dress was dragged from her they stood above her staring at her amazing body. She’d been dressed in a white lace Basque that must have come from Victoria's Secret. The bodice nipped her waist down giving her a classic hour glass figure while the cups of the bra were so small they failed to cover her nipples. There function was to lift and support only while leaving the maximum amount of soft pink flesh exposed and available. Jenny's already mammoth tits were pushed up and together and outwards almost presenting them to the onlooker. Her panties were round her left ankle leaving her hairless pussy framed by white suspenders and her long muscular legs encased in white nylon.

Taken apart her shoulders were to wide her waist to thin, her butt was to big and her legs to long. But taken together with her elfin face and long straight blonde hair she was an erotic goddess that any straight man would give almost anything to possess as his own, to use and ravish long into the night until she begged him to take her harder and harder until she screamed out in ecstasy.

Biggus sighed and retrieved the big cushion she had lain on earlier and with a nod he and Claudius rolled Jenny over on the her stomach. Claudius stared down at her plump tanned back side. He ran a big rough hand over the plump cheeks he had grasped earlier but couldn't see in the darkness under her skirt. Jenny stirred when he lifted her hips and Biggus stuffed the cushion under her raising her butt high.

Jenny demurred with a soft moan until Biggus knelt near her head and gently reaching under his leather skirt prized out his semi hard cock and presented it to her mouth.

Gently he pushed at her lips. At first she sleepily moved her head away but he persisted and eventually her lips opened enough to accept him and it was his turn to moan as he slipped into the warm cavern of her mouth. Gently he rocked his hips and almost automatically she sucked on him. Slowly he grew proving that his Roman name was well deserved.

He withdrew with a soft slurp and Jenny murmured objecting at losing her dummy. Then crawling on his knees he positioned himself behind her grasped her hips and aimed his now fully erect member at her pussy.

He rubbed the head of his cock up and down her plump pussy lips smearing her juices over his big purple helmet then he thrust his hips forward and penetrated her wet vagina.

Jenny roused as she felt him force himself into her body. He fell forward his weight baring down on her back pressing her into the cushion. She struggled but in her weakened state couldn't throw him off.

'Please stop' she begged. 'Don't do this'.

'Sorry darlin' he said 'Doctor's orders' and once more he surged forward.

His hips rocked slowly at first pushing as deeply as he could into her love canal then withdrawing before starting another long slow penetration. His rhythm increased as his ardor grew.

'Ugh, ugh', ugh' she grunted as he slid back then rammed his column forward again and again penetrating and stretching her warm soft vagina.

Ugh.. please.. ugh...stop.. ugh' she pleaded but it would have taken a herd of wild horses to stop him now.

'Please stop, Don't' she cried. 'Stop. don't....stop.. don't...stop...don't stop, don't stop'. Her tone changed 'Oh God. Don't stop, Don't you dare stop'.

Biggus's hips speeded up then his hands lifted off Jenny's shoulders and reached round to grab a breast in each hand and crush them in his strong fingers. Pounding into her now and pinching her nipples her hips lifted to meet him urging him to enter her more and more deeply. He bit into her shoulder and grunted as sweat dripped off his forehead. He hammered himself forward his hips slapping into her butt. She grunted in a lady like way and he grunted like a wounded hippo as his juices rose.

Jenny orgasmed hard as she felt his scalding heat erupt inside her. Once, twice three times he groaned and thrust emptying himself in her until he slumped over her back.

Together they lay bent forward over the cushion there breathing stentorious in there throats as the ardor faded.

Gradually Jenny began to grow angry as the adrenalin in her system counter-acted the other drugs in her blood stream. Angry because this brute had just taken her against her will and she was damned if he was going to get away with using her body for his own gratification even if he had made her cum gasping for God and enjoying every hard fast ploughing penetration.

She began to struggle to get out from under him when she felt a tell tale sting in her thigh and it was to late. Once more she descended into black unconsciousness.

Chapter 6. Cowboys and Indians.

The gun analysis didn't take long. Test fired bullets were compared to those recovered from Commander Holt's chest. The striations under a powerful microscope matched exactly. This gun recovered from Jenny's house was the gun that had fired the bullets that had smashed into the victims chest.

The search re-doubled. A picture of Jenny was distributed to all air and sea ports. Railway Stations and Bus depots were circulated. More than thirty tall statuesque blondes were seized and searched when they couldn't immediately prove there identity. The police apologized when some of the blondes complained indignantly and yes some of the searches had been most through. Twice and even three times in one particular case as they'd found it hard to believe breasts could be that big and buttocks that soft and yielding. A couple of the blondes even came back for another go.

MI6 itself sent out agents to pump every stoolie they had on the payroll. Every tip every whisper or half heard scrap of information was followed up but all to no avail.

Jenny awoke with a start. She lay on the ground gazing around trying to get her bearings. The big bed was still there and the wooden chest. Both still towered above her.

Her head still felt wooly and her mind confused and in spite of what had happened that maddening feeling of arousal still itched and prickled in her loins.

Suddenly the silence seemed to become even more silent, Her agents senses tingled as she realised it was the silence of someone being very quiet. Someone who didn't want to be seen as they sneaked up on someone who was lying on the ground.

The point of a bowie knife was suddenly pressed upward under her chin. She froze. A large brown hand gripped her shoulder and firmly pushed her onto her back. She stared upwards into the painted face of a full blown Red Indian.

A feather stuck up from the head band around his head which held his long greasy black hair. He wore a dirty brown leather jerkin and trousers. Leather moccasins on his feet.

His face was like leather as well. Deep brown and lined with slashes of white paint on both cheeks.

Jenny tried to talk to him. 'Please I mean you no harm' but he ignored her as if he either didn't understand her or didn't care about her words.

He stared down her body which was dressed once more in the blue dress and white pinafore.

His hand gripped her throat and held her down as the knife moved to her shoulder. It sliced through the white and blue material until it parted. He smiled broadly showing dirty teeth.

Jenny lay trembling as the knife sliced downwards cutting through the bodice, the waistband and down through the dress. He cut the other shoulder free then threw aside the ruined dress.

The look in his eyes turned to lust as he revealed her body. She still wore the lace corset with quarter cup bra that failed completely to cover her breasts. The tiny lace thong panties had been replaced round her hips. Still holding her by the throat the Indian ran the point of his knife down her chest to rest on her right nipple and playfully flicked it back and forth.

Jenny trembled at the feel of cold steel on her flesh. The horrible thought arose in her mind 'Indians liked to cut various things off people and make pouches out of them'. The point circled her tit then crossed to the other and teased that one. He seemed pleased when her nipple grew as the fear and excitement caused her body to respond.

'Howdy y’all' said a slow deep voice.

The Indian whirled round at the sound and growled. He leapt off Jenny and attacked the figure that had approached them. The knife flashed but the brown wrist was caught in a big weather beaten hand and the two men fell to the ground and rolled around in a fight to the death. The newcomer seemed to be getting the upper hand when all of a sudden the Indian struck poking him in both eyes.

He reeled backward rolling into Jenny's still recumbent body. His hand flashed to his gun and drew it. He waved it menacingly in the general direction of the Indian who had half risen.

The Redskin froze but grinned evilly when he realised the gun wasn't pointing directly at him. He silently slipped a yard then two to the side but the gun didn't follow. He began to advance with the knife raised.

From below him Jenny quickly gripped the arm of the man holding the gun and swung it round to point at the Indian. 'Fire' she shouted and the gun spoke.

The knife wielding Indian reeled dramatically as the power of the slug threw him backwards and lay groaning then his last breath rattled in his throat and he breathed no more.

Jenny and her savior lay quietly for a few seconds then he rolled off her and turned. Jenny threw her hands to her face as his black sightless eyes stared back at her. He was blind.

'Oh you poor man' she said.

'Can you help me Mam' he drawled 'I had a pack here abouts'.

Jenny looked round and saw a backpack. She retrieved it and the black Stetson he'd been wearing and placed them by his side.

'Thank you Kindly Mam. My names Hank and who may you be'.

'Alice' she replied staring at him. He was dressed as an old western cowboy. Blue checkered shirt, jeans, black boots and a waistcoat. Two holsters held pearl handled 45's and on his waistcoat was pinned a big shiny sheriff's badge.

'Dangerous for a lady to be out wanderin' about lonesome like' he said.' Pesky injuns don't take no prisoners. You was lucky I happened along Mam'.

'Yes I'm so grateful. What do you need' she asked as she saw him blindly grope for his things.

'Jes lookin fer my stuff. Thought we might as well make camp as it's gettin' near to sunset'.

Jenny realised he was right it had begun to grow dark.

She rose then said 'Damn' when she found her dress.

'What's the matter Mam' asked the cowboy his head swiveling around to the sound of her voice.

'It's my dress it ruined' she said.

'You do have something to wear' he asked concerned.

'Well sort of' she said looking down at her half naked body.

He laughed gruffly. 'Not that it matter's to me Mam' he said indicating his eyes. 'You're as good as dressed to me'.

He reached for his gear.

'Let me' she said and opened his pack.

He instructed her how to make a small fire and she cooked some beans for them which they ate in silence.

After a while Jenny said 'Erm ... how will you get on without being able to see I mean'.

'Oh I'll be OK I guess. kids'll never care, they can still play Cowboys and Redskins with me but I guess I'll be more lonely at night time' he said sadly.

'Besides us toys is always loosin' limbs and stuff. There ain't barely a toy in the box that hasn't had it's head or legs pulled off at some point. You'd be ashamed if'n you knew how cruel kids can be. They throw us around and melt us and break us but that's a toy's life I guess. Don't pay it no mind Mam'.

They sat in silence for another minute.

'Erm Mam'.

'Yes'.

'Would you mind if I touched you. I mean your face' he added quickly. 'I can't see you but if I could just touch you I'll at least have some idea'.

'Yes of course you can' answered Jenny only to keen to help the cowboy.

They stood up and she guided his hands to her face.

His sightless eyes stared into space as his gentle fingers started at her forehead and slowly moved downwards over her eyes to her cheeks then to her ears. Jenny giggled as he teased her ears then his fingers moved on. One softly caressed her lips then suddenly popped inside. He smiled as she sucked on his finger then he yelped as she bit it.

Jenny giggled once more. His fingers returned to her face and then traced downward to her neck. She luxuriated as he stroked her throat then the questing fingers moved to her bare shoulders then stroked down her arms.

Returning upwards his big work coarsened hand needed her shoulder and neck muscles until Jenny relaxed under his touch.

Softly his hands moved down over her chest. Jenny tensed as they came to rest squarely on her breasts. Her hands flew upward to the back of his but only succeeded in pressing his hands more firmly into her big pillow like mammories.

'Those aren't my face' she said.

'Beggin’ your pardon Mam but it ain't easy for a blind old cowboy' he said but his hands stayed were they were.

Jenny saw a half smile on his blind face. Perhaps just this once. After all he'd lost his sight defending her honour'.

'Jez Mam the Lord was surely havin' a good day when he blessed you with these' he said softly caressing her tits.

'Err ... thank you' said Jenny secretly pleased. His hands squeezed her big soft breasts and tweaked her nipples until her chest turned a soft pink and her breathing quickened slightly. She was a little disappointed when he moved his hands downward.

He stooped down as he ran his hands round her torso to her back then down until they rested on her butt.

'Oh' she said as his fingers dug into her plump cheeks.

'And nor is that' you cheeky cowboy' she said but he ignored her and continued playing with her soft pink buttocks.

He stroked down the back of her long thighs then back up the front.

As he stood back up his fingers barely stroked over the crotch of her lacy panties.

'Thank you Mam' said Hank. 'I can tell you're a good Toy jus' from the touch and smell of you'.

'And I can tell you're a good toy too Hank' she answered.

'Time we turned in Mam. I'm sorry I've only got the one blanket'.

'Don't worry Hank we'll manage with that'.

They lay down together and Hank spread the blanket over them. Jenny lay on her side her back to hank. She could feel him facing her as his body molded to the same shape as hers. His breath whispered against her neck and her groin tingled.

After a few minutes she heard a quiet 'Mam'.

'Mmmm' she replied and turned to lie on her back.

'There's some things you don't need eyes fer'.

'Oh. what' she asked softly.

He kissed her.

Jenny didn't push him away as his soft lips caressed hers. Slowly a big rough hand settled on her breast and squeezed in time to his kissing. She lifted her arm to rest her hand on the back of his head and pressed him downwards as there kiss became more ardent.

The hand on her breast gave one last pinch of her nipple and stroked down her stomach and dipped into her lace panties. Big rough fingers cupped her mound and massaged it hard. The tingle in her loins blazed into a white hot fire.

A thick calloused finger speared into her warm depths making her hold on to him tighter. He plundered her pussy pushing his now wet finger in and out. A second joined it and together they pistoned into her vagina stretching her soft flesh. Her muscles gripped his digits. He found her spot and messaged it unmercifully making her hips lift. Faster his hand moved thundering his fingers in and out of her all the while his tongue penetrated her mouth fighting with hers.

She gasped as he withdrew his fingers from her and pushed her over on to her front. Then he knelt behind her and pulled her hips upwards until she was on all fours.

Freeing his fully hard cock he felt for her pussy aimed the head and pushed forward into her hot wet tunnel.

Jenny whimpered as he thrust into her making little kitten squeaking noises with each thrust more violent than the last until there hips slapped together. Jenny came erupting hot juices all over him but he kept pistoning not stopping. His fingers dug into her hips pulling her back onto his oncoming penis as he ravaged her. Faster and faster he slammed into her until he too tensed and erupted into her bringing her to climax once more.

They slept but during the course of the night she twice awoke with the feel of his hands on her. Once he caressed her breasts before pulling her over him and she guided his erection into her pussy and rode him like a wild steer with his hands gripping her tits like reigns. Later he made love to her again seemingly determined to make the maximum use of her body in the darkness.

They slept.

Chapter 7. Interrogation.

'We're here Miss' said the voice the hand on her shoulder shaking her awake.

'Hhhuu' she responded intelligently.

'We're here' he repeated.

'Were?'

'Come on miss' he replied and gently helped her out of the back of the Taxi Cab and deposited her on the pavement. She gazed around still confused and fuzzy as the cab drove off. She wasn't thinking clearly enough to realise he'd not even asked for the fare.

There was a bench nearby which she staggered toward and sat down heavily to try to let her head clear. A few minutes later a shadow fell across her as something big occluded the sun. She looked up at a figure dressed in dark blue.

'Miss, can you identify yourself please?'

Jenny looked at him still groggy.

'Miss?' he persisted.

'Erm.. Alice.. I think'.

'Alice.. Can you show me some proof of identity please' he said in that friendly but disbelieving voice perfected by Police services the world over.

She looked round. Her handbag sat beside her. She opened it and drew out her MI6 card. She looked at it confused as the officer gently drew it from her fingers.

Immediately he turned his head and spoke quietly into his radio.

'Stand up please Miss. I have reason to believe you are a wanted fugitive and I am arresting you on suspicion of murder'.

Jenny nearly collapsed in shock. 'Murder' she exclaimed. 'How, what.. who for Gods sake'.

'The victim's name is Commander James Holt'.

A Police car screeched to a halt beside them and Jenny was handcuffed and placed in the back. They drove quickly to a nearby Police station and she was unceremoniously led to a small cell and left to imagine the worst.

'Holt murdered. Surely not and not by me' the thoughts swirled round and round in her head. It was some hours later that she heard a key rattle in the lock and the door was thrown open. The unfriendly Copper grasped her arm and took her briskly along the corridor into an interview room. Inside a single bare bulb lit a room painted in institutional beige. A single wooden table sat in the middle with hard backed chairs on opposite sides. There was a phone on the table and high in the top corner a CCTV camera.

Jenny sat for a few minutes until the door opened and a non descript man entered and sat opposite her. He completely ignored her for three or four minutes as he read the report in his hand until he finished it. Placing it precisely to the side he looked up and stared at her intently.

A little red light on the camera clicked on and the interrogation began.

He introduced himself as 'Mr. Braithwait' and showed her an MI6 card like her own. 'You've been told the charge' he began.

'Yes' she said 'I can't believe the Commander’s dead'.

'Three 45's to the chest from point blank range generally does the trick' he replied callously.

Jenny felt close to tears. Holt dead. He'd helped her so much, been like a father to her, seen her naked a few times and not always in the best of condition but still like a father.

Then came the question she'd been dreading.

'Where were you on Tuesday the 25th at 7:00 o'clock in the evening'.

What to say. They'd laugh at her and throw away the key if she told the truth but Jenny always thought honesty was the best policy. There must be a explanation for what had happened to her.

'I don't know where I was' she replied.

'You don't know' he looked at her even more intently.

'No.'

'Agent Richards I don't think you realise the seriousness of the situation. We have nearly a dozen witnesses who heard the Commander identify you just before he was gunned down. We've searched your house and found a gun which had recently been fired. Tests have proved this to be the weapon that fired the shots. We also found an overcoat matching that worn by the attacker that has gun shot residue on the sleeve and you can not give an explanation as to your whereabouts at the time of the attack'.

He stared at her. 'Now either you answer the question or you're going down for life'.

Jenny hesitated this was going to confirm it for them. She'd gone nuts and they'd put her in the loony bin for sure.

'She plunged in head first 'I.. I was a doll in a giant bedroom belonging to a little girl called Angela'.

Mr. Braithwait stared at her. 'Again'.

She repeated the startling statement.

He was an experienced interrogator but he'd never heard anything so ridiculous but he pressed on extracting the entire story which was recorded in the slowly turning tape reels secreted below the table.

It took over two hours. He led her through every event of her lost days. How could anyone believe this he thought. She's bonkers they'll lock her away for ever.

When there was no more information to glean he sat back and sighed. A pity that one so pretty on the outside was obviously so mixed up on the inside.

They both jumped as in the lingering quiet of the room the ringing phone seemed to explode into the silence. He picked up the receiver and listened. Slowly his face became more and more surprised.

'But Sir' he tried to interject and number of times.

'But Sir the eviden..'. he tried again but who ever was on the other end carried on.

Eventually he said 'Yes Sir' and put down the phone.

He sat silently for a full minute then said 'You are to be released for now Agent Richards. You are on indefinite 'Garden leave' while this matter is investigated further. You will surrender your passport. I must also impress on you most strenuously that under no circumstances are you to attempt to investigate this case. Do I make myself perfectly clear'.

Jenny nodded. ‘Crystal’.

Again he picked up the phone, dialed a short number and said simply 'Send him in'.

'Further Agent Richards you will be given a minder who will shadow your every movement until matters are resolved'.

Behind her the door opened and closed. A man walked to the side of the table and stood there.

'This, Agent Richards, is to be your companion. He will go were you go, follow you every second of every day and I warn you if he thinks you have even the slightest inkling of running he will return you to the deepest darkest prison cell we can find'.

She looked up and there stood the formidable form of Mr. Castleton. The MI6 training instructor.

Chapter 8. Gypsy.

Mr. Castleton taught Mi6 operatives to fight. Clean and dirty it was all the same to him. He was supremely fit without being over muscled and had a reputation as a bit of a bastard especially to recruits. This was overlooked by higher ups. They were trying to turn out spies not delicate doilies.

He had a cruel but handsome face short black hair and a small beard that just surrounded his mouth and chin. The sort that only the bad guys wear.

He'd not been out of hospital long when this assignment came up. Somehow a scorpion had found it's way into one of his jock straps. His balls had inflated to five times there normal size before they'd got him to the medical room. He'd been yelling quite loudly at the time but not half as loudly as he did when they'd injected the antidote straight into his testicules with a bloody great needle.

He was pretty sure who had been responsible even if he couldn't prove it and here he was now nursemaid to her best friend. He wasn't best pleased to say the least.

As he and Jenny stepped out of the interview room he grabbed her arm and standing close told her 'Listen girly. He may have said I follow you but it's going to be the other way round see. You will follow me where ever I go. If you don't I'll just tell them you tried to run. Get it.'

He squeezed her arm for emphasis until she nodded.

'Right lets go' he said and marched off not looking back.

They left the Police station and to Jenny's surprise it was dark. She'd lost track of time and didn't realise it was so late. His car was a little two seater. A classic MGB she thought. He drove fast, angrily swearing every so often as some unfortunate crossed his path until Jenny realised they were heading towards her house.

They got there and he swore again. The door was still covered with black and yellow 'Scene of Crime' tape and they couldn't get in.

'We'll have to go to my place' he said giving her no choice.

'What about my clothes' she asked.

It won't be for long and you can buy what you need' and off they went again.

The flat was small and clearly belonged to a bachelor. His ex-army past obvious if you looked closely. Everything was very neat and tidy. The only ornaments were military. A bust of Napoleon, Brigade crests. A small kitchen of the one side. They ate ready meals straight from the fridge to microwave to table and watched the T.V. for an hour when Jenny announced she'd like to go to bed now.

He sighed and without saying anything went into the bedroom and returned a minute later.

'I've laid out something for you to sleep in. Old girl friend left some stuff'.

'Thank you. See you in the morning' she said and went in closing the door.

The room had a big double bed, a couple of bedside tables some wardrobes and a small on-suite bathroom.

She stripped naked and then held up the bed things he'd laid out. 'Bloody men' she thought although the lacy Baby doll slip did feel lovely to the touch. The panties had hardly enough material to merit the name being of the thong variety. Only newly weds slept in this sort of stuff. She walked into the bathroom and took a shower dried herself and slipped on the lingerie. It felt wonderful and fit surprisingly well. She was bigger than the average so her breasts were gripped snuggly by the cups and a fair amount of cleavage bulged over the top. The panties left her butt naked but who cared.

She moved to stand before the big mirror and studied her reflection. 'Not bad' she thought stoking up her flat stomach to cup her breasts. The dark areolas showed clearly through the lace.

She stepped out of the bathroom and stopped dead. There in the bed was Castleton smiling smugly with his hands clasped behind his head leaning back against the headboard.

He stared openly at her splendid body encased in the sexiest lingerie he'd been able to find. Her long tanned legs, athletic thighs, slim waist, long blonde hair cascading down over wide shoulders but it was her chest that drew his gaze. Two huge melons filled the cups to overflowing with generous amounts of soft pink quivering flesh peaking over the top of the lace. His stare bored into the dark areolas and nipples that tipped each tit.

'What do you think you're doing' she asked indignantly folding her arms.

'Oh come on. Everyone's heard the stories. You're no blushing virgin in fact I hear entirely the opposite. Most enthusiastic they say'.

Inside Jenny seethed. This was to much.

She smiled at him as he flipped back the bad clothes inviting her in. She couldn't help noticing he was already nursing a very respectable semi. Either he'd started without her or just the sight of her lace covered body had started his motor running. She put her knee on to the bed and moved her right hand to the back of his head stroking his hair. Her other hand rose to his cheek and she lowered her head toward his.

He smirked and puckered his lips.

Her thumb and finger gripped his upper lip and twisted viciously. She tightened her other hand in his hair and dragged him out of the bed on to the floor. He tried to grab her leg but she twisted his lip until he let go. Then speeding up she ran him out of the bedroom and with a final shove threw him into the lounge where he went flying over a coffee table.

'You. Sleep on the couch' she shouted at him and slamming the bedroom door shoved the chair from the dressing table under the handle.

Seconds later the door shook as his body hit it with a thump but the chair was sturdy enough and held firm. A couple more thumps came as he punched the door then in the silence she heard him swearing.

'Bitch, I'll have you yet see if I don't. Your ass is mine you slut'. Then silence.

She lay in bed thoughts racing. Holt dead and her implicated but it had now started to make some sense. They'd played games with her mind to try and make her believe the fantastic and make her story so unbelievable so she would be convicted by her own words. They'd tried to kill two birds with one stone by killing Holt and getting her sent to prison for the his murder.

She'd been told in no uncertain terms not to investigate but that only made her more determined to find the truth and more importantly find who ever was responsible for this diabolical plot. She fell asleep vowing to find them no matter what.

Jenny had had a couple of really stressful days and slept like the dead. It was nearly lunchtime before she woke. She showered and keeping the thong panties on re- dressed in yesterdays clothes.

Castleton was on the phone when she came into the lounge.

'See to it' he was saying but stopped when he saw her. She ignored him and made herself some coffee.

'We're going out' he stated and putting on his coat made for the door not even waiting for her to finish her drink. Sighing she followed him to his car.

He revved the engine impatiently as she climbed in and they shot off. They drove around for a while then pulled off the road into a field. Beyond the cars already parked there she could see the bright gaudy colours, tents and attractions of a Fun Fair. She looked at him surprised. She hadn't thought if him as a Carnival lover.

She followed him as he strolled weaving between the rides. They passed the bumper cars, the Shooting gallery, Cocoa-nut Shy, Hoop-La, Ferris Wheel, Hall of Mirrors and the Cakewalk all the time he scanned the crowd as if he was looking for someone or something.

They were passing a tent when Jenny felt a hand on her arm. She looked round and into the face of an old croan.

'Read you're palm pretty lady' cackled the old woman in true fairground idiom.

'Err... No… No thanks' Jenny spluttered.

'Tarot cards then. I can tell you how you and your gentleman friend will fare in love' the wrinkled old hag smirked lasciviously nodding at Castleton and revealing brown and cracked teeth.

'I don't think he needs a fortune teller for that' she replied 'I think he's already got a good idea what his chances are there. Thank you' she said.

Castleton scowled.

'Crystal ball then' I can tell you the future. Life, love, health'.

Jenny hesitated now a little intrigued. She looked at Castleton.

'Oh go on then' he agreed not to graciously.

The croan led them into the tent and after the customary crossing of palms with silver, which in this case turned out to be a ten pound note, the woman sat Jenny down at a small round table. A long velvet cloth that nearly reached the floor covered the table and at it's centre sat the Crystal Ball.

The fortune teller sat opposite Jenny with both hand resting on the ball and began to chant and sway. Nothing happened for a minute and Mr. Castleton pointedly looked at his watch impatiently. Suddenly the ball began to fill with smoke and the croan spoke in a voice completely different to her earlier tone .

'Beware, beware' she began. 'Danger follows were you walk'.

'You have recently lost a friend'.

Jenny stared at her open mouthed listening totally enraptured by the old woman.

'Children’s playthings and military men'.

'How could she know' thought Jenny

'You will find your destiny under the sign of the taking bird' continued the Fortune Teller.

'The sign leads the way' and in the smoky ball there appeared a small red 'X' shimmering and weaving.

The fortune teller moaned some more and as if dragging the words from afar rasped 'You must obey the Red on White on Black and you will find that which you seek. You must obey, obey at all costs'.

The old woman moaned some more then appeared to wake as if from a deep trance. She shook herself and said 'There you go deary. Did it have some meaning for you'.

'Well some did but some didn't. Can't you help me'.

'Sorry dear can't interpret the words. The spirits only speak through me. You must define the meaning hidden in there message. The spirits sometimes speak in riddles I know. Personally I think they do it deliberate just to piss people off but I can't tell you what the images mean'.

Mr. Castleton got up. 'Bloody rubbish' he said. 'Come on we're going'.

The croan watched them silently. As they left through the flap at the front of the tent a man emerged from behind a curtain at the rear.

She believed you?' he said handing her five crisp ten pound notes.

'Yes I'm certain she did. She has a gentle innocent soul. She's well gullible that one. She'd believe a Lawyer'.

Jenny and Castleton spent more time traipsing round the fair but whatever or whoever it was he was looking for didn't materialise so he wasn't in the best frame of mind when they got back to the car.

'I need a drink' he said and off they went toward the centre of the city. He parked and they'd walked a couple of hundred yards when he suddenly turned into a darkened doorway. He knocked on the door and walked through when it was opened from inside. Jenny followed into a shadowy corridor.

A shadowy flock wallpapered corridor ran from the front door into the rear. Half way down behind a small table sat a grey haired old man. Castleton flashed a card at him and he nodded them through. In passing Jenny noticed he was sitting in a wheelchair. Doorman presumably one of the few jobs he was suited for. As she passed he turned to gaze longingly at her retreating backside as it undulated towards the main area of the establishment.

The room they emerged into was just as dark and smoky as the corridor had been. A few punters were seated at small tables which were dotted around. One end of the room was completely curtained off. They seated themselves and a waitress soon came to take there order. Jenny looked a little askance at her. She was tall and blonde and her dress completely inappropriate she thought. She was dressed as a maid but not a normal maid one of the ones you saw in saucy French farces with a frilly dress that only just extended below her bum while her stocking tops that were entirely on show. The dress was tight at the waist and very low cut indeed so showed a deep dark cleavage.

The girl returned with there drinks and Mr. Castleton asked 'When does the show start'.

'Ten minutes. Sir. Wendy is on first'.

They didn't talk. He just drank and ordered two more drinks while Jenny stuck to juice. She'd probably have to drive back if he kept on going.

Suddenly loud music blared out and a spotlight shone against the dark maroon curtain at the end of the room.

The curtains drew back. A shining silver pole stood in the centre of the stage. From the left came a beautiful girl dressed in latex.

Wendy was a spectacular black girl. Tall, nearly six feet in her heels with long muscular legs that gleamed under the lights. Her slim waist only made her butt seem bigger and her flat stomach lead upwards to a pair of breasts now encased in latex to rival Jenny’s. Her hair was jet black, short and straight. Her face showed her Negro background with a flattened nose and big thick succulent bright red shiny lips.

Jenny's worst fears were confirmed as the girl danced around the pole gradually peeling off bits of latex until she was completely naked. Further dancing ensued that showed off her superb figure as her gyrations made her breasts shimmy and shake swaying enticingly on her chest. Jenny couldn’t help noticing that like her own Wendy’s pussy was shaved especially when black fingers pulled her lips open revealing that the black skin didn’t continue all the way inside her. She was just as pink as enticing as she was herself.

Jenny turned away but she could see Mr. Castleton's eyes were intently watching the stripper while he smirked at her discomfort.

'Bastard'. He was getting his own back for last night.

Jenny got up to go. 'Fuck him' she wasn't going to let him humiliate her like this.

Suddenly he grabbed her arm.

'Going somewhere'.

She tried to free her arm but his grip was like iron.

Then he said 'Do you know the name of this club? It's the 'Blue Parrot'.

Jenny pulled trying to free herself then stopped as the name sank in.

'Blue Parrot'. What was it the old woman had said ''You will find your destiny under the sign of the taking bird. Bloody Hell'. Slowly Jenny sat back down.

'Makes you think doesn't it' he said conversationally.

Jenny looked away as the girl finished her 'act' and also when the next one came out and performed. Mr. Castleton disappeared presumable to the lavatory. He'd taken on enough to float a battleship. Jenny looked round the room. Not surprisingly the majority of the clientele were men but there was the odd woman here and there. Then she saw Mr. Castleton. He was talking to Wendy the first stripper. She smiled and they both looked round towards Jenny. Then Wendy appeared to agree with him and they parted.

'Friend of yours' she asked when he returned.

He smiled a secret smile 'Might be' he replied 'Might be'.

It was getting late and the club had filled up so the atmosphere was even more smoky and the smell of stale beer was now mixed with sweat and sex when the loudspeaker burst into life again. 'Gentlemen. The last act of the evening'.

The curtain once more drew back. The pole was gone and in it's place there stood a strange looking chair. Jenny studied it and realised it had stirrups like on the one's you might see in a gynecologists office.

Again from the left of the stage came the 'actresses' this time dressed in travesties of nurses uniforms in pure white latex. Huge tits bulged over and the skirts only just reached to just below the girls bums. They busied themselves making preparations when Wendy stepped of the stage and came towards Jenny and Mr. Castleton.

She came right up to Jenny and said 'How would you like to help us out dear we're a girl short and there's a few quid in it for you'.

Jenny was indignant. What sort of girl did she think she was. She was pretty sure some of the other women in the audience were brasses but she had no intension of displaying herself for the ogling men so they could dribble down there shirts and surreptitiously rub themselves under the tables.

'No thank you' she replied indignantly.

Castleton leaned over and whispered into her ear. 'Have you noticed her hat'.

Jenny was confused but looked at the silly cap the 'nurse' was wearing. Slap bang in the middle was a big red cross. Turn it 45 degrees and it became an 'X' just like the one that had appeared in the smoke in the Crystal Ball.

More interested Jenny studied the nurse some more then the realisation hit her. 'Obey the red, the cross, on white, the uniform, on black, the girls beautiful ebony skin.

Jenny bit her lip. 'No it's just some strange co-incidence'.

'No thank you' Jenny repeated as the girl held out her hand to encourage her to go with her.

Wendy looked sad then said slowly 'I want to introduce you to the Doctor'.

An electric thrill shot through Jenny as the statement released the memory of the figure in green looking down at her. 'The Doctor' surely not. Then she remembered more 'Sorry dear, Doctors orders' and she felt revulsion in the pit of her stomach.

What a quandary. Could the shadowy figure have fallen into her lap completely by co-incidence. Could she have found the man responsible for killing Holt and putting her through that terrible ordeal. But the Gypsy woman had said all those things and it was all coming true. It must be a million to one chance that she'd come across him like this but she had to find out. She'd promised herself that she'd do anything to bring the criminal to justice for the memory of the Commander.

Mr. Castleton leaned over once more 'Remember what the fortune teller said 'You must obey the Red on White on Black and you will find that which you seek. You must obey, obey' he recited almost as if he knew it by heart.

Steeling herself Jenny took the proffered hand and followed the girl allowing her to lead her towards her fate.

Behind her back it was all Mr. Castleton could do not to burst out laughing.

Chapter 9. The Doctor.

Wendy led Jenny through the door on the left of the stage. 'Listen' she said 'in this scene you're the patient and me and the other nurses will get you ready to meet the Doctor. I'll stay with you the whole time and you just do as I say right'.

Jenny nodded uncertainly. She could guess something of what was to happen but it could easily get out of hand if they got carried away.

'There's no err… intercourse involved in this is there' said asked shyly.

'Do you want there to be' said Wendy brightly. 'The punters would love that.

'No, no, just checking' said Jenny. 'What's going to happen'.

'Well' said Wendy 'We'll get you stripped off and dressed in a theatre gown then you go on the table and we get you ready and then the Doctor will examine you. See simple. Nothing to worry about. Trust me you'll love it. Ever done any stripping?'

Jenny hesitated remembering Japan.

'No. Never' she lied.

'Well don't be afraid. With all the lights you won't even know anyone’s watching you'.

Jenny reached up to unbutton the blouse she was wearing when Wendy stopped her.

'Here what are you doing?'

'Getting ready' said Jenny.

'Oh dear you are an amateur. No love you get ready out there where the punters can see you. After all they've paid the money and it's up to us to give them a show. What name would you like to use?'

'Err...Candy?'.

'Candy. OK. Follow me and do everything I tell you'.

Jenny followed Wendy as she headed back on to the stage and into the light. Wendy had been right with the big lights shining inward you couldn't even see the punters.

'Ladies and Gentlemen' began Wendy 'Candy here isn't feeling very well. Do you think we should let her see the Doctor?'

The crowd erupted in a chorus of cheers obviously eager for the two to meet.

'OK. Should we get her ready?'

Again raucous cheering filled the room.

'Wendy turned to Jenny and taking her by the hand led her over towards a screen. Jenny was hugely relived until she realised she was being led to the wrong side of the screen. It faced towards the back of the stage and all of the audience were on the same side as her and could see her the whole time.

Wendy turned Jenny so she faced the audience then swept back her long blonde hair so it fell down her back. Quietly she said 'Just stand there for now and I'll do the work'. She reached round Jenny and undid the top button of her shirt. The audience went quiet in anticipation. The blonde was the most beautiful women any of them had ever seen on the stage and here she was being stripped right in front of them.

Another button parted then another. Wendy pulled the shirt apart revealing the white lacy bra Jenny had on underneath. Gasps could be heard coming from the crowd as the fulsomeness of Jenny's chest became apparent. Wendy didn't just pull the shirt from Jenny's shoulders she seemed to stroke her skin and move the material about as a result. Jenny shivered as Wendy's black hands caressed her flesh. Tugging the shirt from the skirts waistband she removed it leaving Jenny's upper body in just her lacy well packed brassier.

Murmurs of appreciation could be heard from the watching audience like 'Corr. What a pair' and 'Wowsa. Would you look at the knockers on that'. Jenny felt sick as other more course comments reached her ears.

She reddened as the nurse turned her to face towards her. The clip holding her skirt parted and then Wendy pulled the zipper down and taking hold of the material at each side she slowly twisted the skirt left and right slowly lowering it over Jenny's buttocks and down her long legs. Jenny stepped out of it.

The crowd broke into spontaneous applauds. That morning Jenny had decided, and now she really regretted this, to keep on the thong panties that Castleton had given her.

In her nervousness she clenched her muscles and her cheeks danced in the lights making the crowd cheer even more.

Wendy's stood until her face was really close to Jenny's and there lips were nearly touching. She said encouragingly 'Wow they really love you. You're doing great. Steady now 'cause the tops coming off. Give 'em a good show'.

Her hands on Jenny's shoulders turned her back to face the audience. Jenny felt the bra strap loosen. Wendy pushed her shoulders forward as she whispered 'Lean forward a bit deary' and the bra dropped sliding down Jenny's arms to land on the stage.

Whoops and cheers echoed as Jenny's huge spherical milk white mammories sprang into view. With her leaning forward they hung down and gently swayed from side to side especially when the fake nurse held Jenny's upper arms and jiggled them.

Jenny closed her eyes in embarrassment as for nearly 30 seconds Wendy made her breasts swing back and forth but they flew back open again as Wendy pulled her upright and cupped each breast in a black hand. Jenny stood immobile and mortified as the black stripper whispered in her ear and softly squeezed her tits for the enjoyment of the mob. Black fingers dug gently into her white spongy flesh until a black thumb and forefinger closed over each nipple and twirled them.

Jenny bit her lip as Wendy licked her ear and spent the next minute molding her breasts until she suddenly swung her back round so they were facing each other again. 'You're doing great. Just the last bit now. I'm going to pull you little panties down'.

Jenny's eyes flew open when Wendy brought there lips together and kissed her softly. The kiss completely banished the panties from her mind as the black girls big soft lips touched hers'.

Wendy hooked her thumbs in the sides of Jenny's thong then broke the kiss and bent down. She seized Jenny's butt, one soft white cheek in each black hand then looking out into the lights she squeezed each cheek sinking her fingers into the peach like flesh.

The crowd once more went quiet as Wendy teased them. She turned her head and planted a big wet kiss on Jenny's tanned thigh then started to lower her hands until the string which was caught between the two plump hemispheres pulled free. Stoking down over Jenny's thighs and calves she dragging the thong down then allowed her to step out of them.

Apart from her heels Jenny was now completely naked before the crowd.

Wendy raised her hands up one going to Jenny's lower back where she pulled until Jenny again bent forward at the waist. Black hands again grasped Jenny's butt cheeks and stroked them then Jenny was mortified as she felt the hands gently prize her butt cheeks apart exposing her little button like asshole and her pussy to the laser like gaze of the watching throng.

Men drooled and women swore. Bitch why should she have so much.

Wendy spread Jenny's cheeks wider until her pussy started to split apart and the soft moist pink interior shone in the lights. Jenny's face was bright red now as Wendy exposed her. It got worse however when she looked upward and saw a big TV screen. On it was a huge close up of black fingers spreading a white pussy. Jenny realised it was her pussy. There was a camera filming her as Wendy stripped and exhibited her to the crowd.

As she looked round she realised there were screens all around the room so the punters could see in close up exactly what was happening on stage.

Wendy released her and stood facing Jenny again. 'Just one more bit now. Steady love' then she spun Jenny round so that she faced the audience her full frontal nudity for all to see. Jenny bowed her head and closed her eyes. She just wanted the ground to open up. All those men drooling over her naked body. Wendy held her arms apart both showing Jenny off to the crowd and also making sure she couldn't cover herself.

Mr. Castleton smirked. Little did Jenny know that the DVD would be on sale almost before she'd left building and he'd reserved the first copy in full HD.

Wendy held up a hospital gown and gratefully Jenny slipped her arms through. It was supposed to tie up the back but it had been specially cut so it didn't come together. As Jenny walked out from behind the screen most of her back was still on display. Her peachy white butt rose and fell for the entertainment of the mob.

Jenny was thankful this was nearly over. She just needed to get through the examination. Soon she would once more meet the Doctor.

Together the nurses helped Jenny climb up and sit in the examination chair. Gently they fitted her legs into the stirrups and closed Velcro straps over her ankles. At the moment the stirrups were quite close together.

Wendy once more turned to the crowd. 'Well should we prepare her for the Doctor'.

The mob began chanting 'Doctor, doctor, doctor' and clapped in time.

Wendy held up her hand and they fell silent. 'Ladies we have to prepare the patient' and with a flourish Wendy gripped the theatre gown and yanked it off Jenny leaving her naked and exposed.

Automatically her arms shot over her chest and she tried to clasp her thighs together but the nurses on each side of her gently prized her arms apart and pulled them back above her head. Wendy whispered to her 'Stay like that or we'll cuff you'.

Jenny stared at her mortified but obeyed sullenly then she groaned as the man with the camera came close to her and agonizingly slowly ran his lens up and down her body recording her captive nakedness for posterity.

Wendy stooped down by Jenny's face and once again brought there lips together kissing her softly. 'Lie still and we'll make you feel wonderful' she said then nodded to the other nurses. Two moved to her sides and making little effort to keep the medical theme going upended plastic bottles of baby oil. They played the bottles up and down Jenny’s body until she was covered with slick oiliness. Dropping the bottles they each seized a breast in two hands and began massaging the oil into them. The camera swooped in close capturing the action and Jenny's astonished face as the two nurses molested her until her mammories were covered entirely with slickness and her skin shone under the lights.

It didn't take long for her to feel the effects as they molded her mammories into all sorts of interesting shapes. While one twirled her nipple the other pushed her tit around and around then they would each do something else. All the while Wendy whispered sweat nothings into her ear.

'It's my turn now' said Wendy in her ear and moved down to the foot of the table. Jenny felt the stirrups move apart and she realised they were adjustable. She tried to pull her legs together but it seemed the stirrups were on a ratchet so they would move outward but not back again. The camera zoomed in and a giant hairless pussy appeared on all the screens round the room.

Jenny was looking at one of the screens above her when suddenly two black fingers split the lips apart and pushed inside. It was her pussy and she looked down between her breasts which were still being molded and massaged to see Wendy smiling broadly as she inserted her fingers.

Wendy pushed in and out going deeper and deeper with her two fingers. Jenny's pussy loosened slightly under the assault. Then Wendy hooked her fingers upward until she felt the soft mushy lump that was Jenny's G-spot. She attacked it with ferocity rubbing it back and forth. Faster and faster her finger whipped as both the other nurses had abandoned all pretense of medical practice and were lustily sucking on Jenny's fantastically erect nipples. Sharp teeth nipped at her as they crammed as much flesh into there mouths as they could.

Jenny moaned and her hands came to rest on the back’s of the nurses heads pressing there faces down into her breasts as they sucked her erect nipples lick a suction pump. Wendy's fingers slid inside her and juice started to drip from her abused pussy. The penetrating fingers got faster and faster. Suddenly Jenny' hips rose upward and she screamed as she came hard squirting juice in a cascade so it covered Wendy's entire hand.

Extracting her fingers Wendy licked them clean and the other nurses released Jenny tits as the crowd bayed for more.

Jenny's chest heaved up and down as she breathlessly lay spent when Wendy again addressed the mob. 'Is it time to meet the Doctor?'

'Doctor, doctor, doctor' they chanted in unison. Even Mr. Castleton was caught up in the action.

'Send for the Doctor' announced Wendy.

The music rose and the stage darkened then another figure came out into a single spotlight. Jenny tried to see. The figure was the right height, wore the same operating mask and skull cap accompanied by a long white coat.

Stepping forward the figure stretched out it's arms taking the cheering of the crowd as it due. Basking in the limelight then raised it hands to call for quiet.

They waited almost holding there breath then the Doctor drew a black latex glove from a pocket and with great ceremony pulled it on almost all the way up to the elbow. Then Wendy stepped forward and with more ceremony produced a tube of lubricant which she proceeded to smear over the black glove until the whole thing was shiny and glistened under the bright lights.

Wendy returned to the head of the table and stooped down by Jenny's head once more. 'Here we go girl. The big finish. Hang on to your hat this is going to blow your mind'. With that she gripped Jenny's head and kissed her hard.

The Doctor meanwhile had pilled up a stool and sat on it then with deliberate slowness inserted a finger into Jenny's pussy. Her hips jerked at the intrusion but Wendy held her and kissed her even harder.

The Doctor withdrew his finger and turning to the crowd the masked medic raised his hands asking a silent question and the crowd took up the chant once more.

'Doctor, doctor, doctor, doctor'.

Aiming carefully the gloved hand, fingers pointed and grouped together, surged forward and speared into Jenny's vagina.

Jenny's hips exploded upward as the black gloved hand penetrated all the way into her body and stopped,

The nurses had been ready. Jenny's legs were securely held by the Velcro so they grabbed an arm each and hung on for dear life until the struggles lessened. Ad Wendy not been kissing her Jenny would have cried out as the black gloved hand penetrated her soft vagina.

The Doctor slowly dragged the hand backwards until nearly the whole of it was out in the open air then pushed back again agonizingly slowly. Jenny cried out as Wendy released her lips.

Out in the audience Castleton laughed and swore as the blonde shrieked ‘Go on give it to the bitch. Make her feel it. Stuck up cunt. Fuck her harder’.

The shiny black glove began pumping relentlessly. Jenny sobbed moaning and groaning as it impaled her. Gradually it became easier for the medic to push into the soft warm interior of Jenny's pussy until the hand was going quite quickly. Then clenching the fingers the Doctor pushed the fisted glove inward. Jenny exploded skyward again as her vagina was stretched out even more and even more extreme sensations flooded her loins. Once fully impaled the Doctor slowly twisted the fisted glove and withdrew it. Push twist pull, push twist pull, faster and faster until the pushing and twisting and pulling and twisting were simultaneous. Jenny cried out 'Oh Dear God' as her hip lifted from the chair and her insides erupted and a volcanic white hot orgasm consumed her.

The doctor punched the fist forward and held it there as Jenny's internal muscles gripped the black glove. For nearly a minute Jenny's hips jerked and she clenched her teeth as the main orgasm abated and small aftershocks hit her. Slowly her hips relaxed and she lay back in the chair only her chest expanding and contracting as she tried to fill her lungs with air.

The crowd bayed and applauded then on the chair Jenny shuddered once more as the Doctor slowly withdrew the black latex gloved hand from her body. It slurped as it emerged covered with Jenny's fluids. The white coated medic stood and turned to the crowd and bowing whipped off the skull cap and mask freeing a thatch of long black hair.

Jenny gazed through slitted eyes. The Doctor was a woman and she was definitely not the doctor she’d been hoping to see. As the realisation hit her her head collapsed back onto the chair in a dead faint.

Chapter 10. The Doctor again.

The nurses took the applauds as the camera man scanned Jenny's ravished body one last time taking in her sweat soaked hair, her heaving chest and her gaping pussy then they lifted the unconscious blonde and carried her off stage into the dressing room at the rear. Laying her down on a small cot Wendy covered her with a blanket.

Some time later Jenny's eyes fluttered open. The first thing she saw was Wendy's smiling face.

'How do you feel' she asked.

'Sore' Jenny replied smiling weakly. 'It'll be a while before I play Doctors and Nurses again'.

'Yes. Intense isn't it. I told you we’d blow your mind'.

'You bitch' said Jenny smiling. 'You could have warned me she was going to do that. I'm going to be walking like John Wayne for a week.. although'.

'What? Was there something?'

'Well I was hoping the Doctor would be someone else. I'm looking for a particular Doctor. A really nasty piece of work who I suspect may be involved in a crime. This one's a man, short and stocky. Unfortunately that's all I know about him. When you said I'll introduce you to The Doctor I let myself believe I'd found him. I must have been mad but I'm desperate you see'.

'Well ours is a girl as you saw, and felt' she added 'but there is another one'.

Jenny raised herself up on her elbows so the blanket fell away revealing her breasts.

Wendy continued while staring at Jenny's magnificent chest 'Yes but this one's a punter not one of us. He comes in regular most Wednesdays. He's short and stocky and always wears a mask and cap like a surgeon. The girls say he's a funny one. Hires them every now and then but never fucks them just into S&M they say. Not many of them enjoy it when they been with him'.

'They say he's a bit nuts. Had some sort of accident a while back and it unhinged him. It seems he spent so much time in hospital it convinced him he must be a Doctor so he wears the uniform all of the time, at least all of the time he's with the girls'.

Jenny's eyes were shining. The bloody Gypsy had been right. The Doctor was here just not the one she'd believed.

'It's Wednesday tomorrow do you reckon he'll be here?'

'Usually is. It's BDSM night and he's into that sort of thing'.

'Good, good' mused Jenny thinking hard. 'If I could get him to hire me...I could find his lair, capture him and maybe his gang as well'.

Making a decision Jenny said 'Tomorrow, I'd like to come back. Can you use me in a scene something big and flashy. Guaranteed to catch his eye'.

Wendy was ecstatic. The blonde had gotten them the biggest response they'd ever had and the punters had been buzzing as they'd left. She was a star and she'd be talked about for weeks to come.

'I'll have to ask the boss but I'm sure I can persuade him'.

The Club owner would jump at the chance to feature the blonde again. Wendy didn't mention that they'd had more orders for the DVD than for any other act they'd ever put on and it was selling like hot cakes. A new one would make them a fortune. The boss would have the word put out that the new star would be performing again. They could raise the entry fee and drink prices and they'd still be beating them off with a stick.

Jenny said 'It's important he doesn't see my face can you arrange that'.

Wendy thought then said 'Yes shouldn't be to difficult. We'll make the arrangements, you can trust us. There's a shower over there and your clothes are on the side. Don't worry about clothes for tomorrow, well provide some'.

Jenny quickly showered and left the dressing room by the stage door. The lights were gone and the stage and room were in gloom. She found Mr. Castleton dozing from the combination of drink and heat in the room. Jenny shook him awake and helped him out of the club. She drove them back to his flat and deposited him on the sofa were he fell immediately into a drunken sleep. Jenny was grateful. She didn't want to have to fight him off again.

In the morning Mr. Castleton was in a delicate state and stuck to coffee. Jenny was in a very bright mood and didn't care how grumpy he got.

He spat a great mouthful of coffee across the kitchen when Jenny announced she wanted to go back to the Club again tonight. He wiped his mouth and stared at her.

'Why' he demanded.

Jenny was in a difficult position. She couldn't tell him she was working on the case. His instructions were to return her to the lock up if she did. She needed another excuse. Also she couldn’t just tell him about the Doctor and hope he’s let her follow him back to his lair. Firstly it would confirm she was investigating the case but it was almost impossible for one person to follow another unless they were totally unaware of the possibility and she was sure the Doctor would take precautions.

'I...enjoyed it' she stammered blushing deeply and looking away shyly.

He couldn't believe it. His plan had back fired. He swore under his breath.

'Do know what tonight’s theme is?' he asked archly.

She nodded not seeing his eyes narrow in calculation.

The day passed slowly. Jenny couldn't keep her mind off tonight. What scene would they give her. Would it end with something like the last one. She wasn't sure she could take that again so soon. Inside her stomach knotted in fear with just a touch of excitement.

They arrived early so they didn't run into The doctor and Jenny left to go back stage while he ordered a drink and picked the best seat for the show.

Backstage the girls greeted the new star. They were fine with her as the boss had increased there wages because of the extra DVD sales and punters they were expecting. The nurses uniforms had disappeared to be replaced by all sorts of paraphernalia. All of it in black, mostly leather or latex, chains and cuffs clinked against metal studs.

The early acts were mostly girls dancing alone or in pairs usually with one playing the dominant and one the submissive.

Finally it came time for Jenny's big scene. She'd been given a simple white summer dress to wear weakened in strategic places. Wendy gave her some final instructions.

‘What is the scene?’ asked Jenny.

‘Oh… err… usual stuff you know’ replied Wendy offhandedly. ‘We’ll give you a mask that’ll hide your face then strap you to a frame and whip you all over’.

‘Don’t worry’ she added quickly as Jenny appeared shocked. ‘All the whips are fake’. ‘Well mostly’ she thought to herself.

'Is he out there' asked Jenny placated and Wendy nodded.

'Came in about an hour ago’ Wendy nodded. ‘Dressed as usual’.

Out in the room it was standing room only. They had never been so full. Word of mouth had been enough to pull the punters in from far and wide. Mr. Castleton had been drinking for a couple of hours hardly able to contain himself. He knew the sort of scene they put on in the club and he was pretty sure Jenny didn't know what she'd let herself in for. She was going to get a lot more than she bargained for he thought smirking to himself.

The loudspeakers burst into life. 'Ladies and Gentlemen. The final act. Candy's been a naughty girl. Do you think she should be punished?'.

The crowd exploded into applauds then quieted to a dull murmur.

The curtain drew back to reveal a nine foot high metal structure similar to the frame of a child’s swing. From the top hung leather cuffs on ropes which ran through rings to tie at the sides. Similar cuffs extended from the sides of the base.

From the left of stage two black leather clad women dragged a blonde between them out on to the front of the stage. The blondes head hung low her hair hiding her face as she struggled weakly.

At the front of the stage they turned there backs on the audience and the blonde looked up. She saw the frame and emitted a high pitch scream and struggled harder as the women dragged her forward and attached the top cuffs to her wrists. Then they moved to the side and seizing the ropes pulled hard raising the cuffs until the blondes arms were stretched up and she was nearly standing on tip toe. They tied the ropes off leaving the blonde jerking and trying to free herself from her restraints then realising it was fruitless sagged bowing her head once more.

The camera scanned up and down the blondes hanging body.

Wendy dressed in studded black leather entered the stage and walked round surveying her victim. She approached Jenny and seizing the dress ripped it dramatically from her body revealing that underneath she wore absolutely nothing. Jenny hung there naked as once more the camera roamed over her body taking care not to show her face.

Wendy took up a long whip and showed it to the crowd.

They cheered as she shook it out straight along the stage floor then drawing back her arm lashed it forward across Jenny's back.

Jenny shrieked as the whip hit leaving a red striation were it landed on her flesh. A second criss-crossed the first as Jenny screamed and jerked swinging from the cuffs holding her secure.

Red line after red line crossed Jenny's back as Wendy lashed her again and again. The crowd cheered each slashing blow as the whip hit again and again appearing to bite into soft white flesh.

Wendy stopped and in the quiet the only sound was Jenny's moaning then picked up a four foot metal bar from the side of the stage then passing it through a hole in one side of the frame at waist height pushed it in front of Jenny's hips and through a ring in the opposite side of the frame.

The effect was to push Jenny's hips backwards presenting one of her best features to the crowd.

Out again the whip reached out and Jenny shrieked as a red line appeared across her butt. Wendy was well practiced and hit exactly where she wanted. Soon Jenny's butt was crossed with red and she hung unmoving in her restraints.

Wendy stopped then moved round to face Jenny.

Jenny looked up and winked breathing hard from the overacting she'd put in to make it appear she was in extreme pain. The whip was light silk impregnated with red ink. It stung a little but nothing like the real thing would have. Wendy smiled back then drew something from a hidden pocket. She shrugged when Jenny looked concerned then forced the leather mask over Jenny's head.

The mask covered the top half of her head right down to her nose but left her mouth uncovered. It had eye holes so she was able to see. There was a small gap below the nose piece to allow breathing.

Then Wendy jammed a black ball gag into Jenny’s mouth and joined the straps behind her head with a buckle.

'Damn' she'd asked for something to hide her identity but this wasn't what she expected.

The two other women returned and together swung the frame round so Jenny now faced the crowd. The bar was removed and replaced this time forcing Jenny's hips forward. Then the ankle cuffs were applied and pulled tight until Jenny's legs were forced wide apart. The camera roamed lovingly up and down her body which was now almost immobile as the cuffs bit into her wrists. It was hot in the room and Jenny's struggles caused sweat to begin to break out all over her body so she shone in the hot lights trained on her.

Wendy stepped forward and grasped one of Jenny's breasts in each leather gloved hand. She massaged them hard pushing her flesh this way and that always standing to one side ensuring that the entire crowd and the camera could see her molesting the blondes magnificent tits. Gripping a nipple between each thumb and finger she roughly pulled each sensitive tip out then up and round pulling each breast into an extended cone. Jenny moaned not entirely pretending as Wendy was being very rough. The camera zoomed in as Jenny's left nipple disappeared between Wendy's succulent black lips and she sucked mightily.

More and more tit flesh entered her mouth and her teeth ground together on the now elongated nipple. Jenny jerked and groaned.

Wendy worked on her tit for a minute then swapped sides. When she finally stopped both of Jenny's breasts were red and swollen the nipples now dark brown and engorged with blood.

Wendy picked up a riding crop and showed it to the crowd.

The bayed and clapped on seeing it.

Thwack. The crop slashed across Jenny's tits. This time the red mark was real. She jerked and emitted a muffled cry.

Thwack, thwack. Wendy steadily worked the crop until small red marks covered every inch of Jenny's tits and there was only soft moaning and heavy breathing coming from under the hood.

Wendy took careful aim and bringing her hand down wards slashed the flat leather tip of the crop down on to Jenny erect and extended nipple. The blonde jerked alarmingly and shuddered as the pain erupted through her abused tit. Wendy swatted both nipples switching from one to the other until Jenny’s writhing body threatened to upset the metal frame she was shackled to.

Wendy dropped the crop allowing the camera to zoom in on Jenny's red and heated mammories.

She stepped forward once more and with a thwack landed her leather covered hand squarely on Jenny's defenseless naked vagina spanking her pussy. She spanked her again making Jenny's hips jerk as the blow landed then again and again.

Finally she sank three leather covered finger deep inside Jenny pushing as deep as she could.

Jenny's hips wriggled at the penetration. 'God not that again'. She was still sore from yesterday but luckily Wendy satisfied herself with just her fingers but she didn't stop, she just kept on thrusting in and out. Jenny felt herself building toward release as the unseen fingers pumped into her relentlessly. She shook and trembled as her orgasm approached the just as she was about to explode Wendy gripped her clit and pinched it hard.

Jenny screamed and erupted in a blaze of pleasure as Wendy twirled her clit and pressed her leather fingers deep inside her. Jerking she came hard. Sweat dripped from her skin as her abused body trembled.

Wendy pulled her fingers out with a wet slurping sound and turning to the crowd licked them clean. Then bowing she moved towards stage left.

Jenny hung spent in her restraints alone on the stage all her weight on the cuffs holding her wrists as the camera once more moved lovingly over her sweat covered body. Her breasts were pink and tingled from the beating of the leather crop. She waited for the girls to reappear to free her.

Two strippers did re-appear but neither moved to release her from the frame instead they pulled the bar at her waist free then each selected small floggers. Each flogger had a handle and ten strips of leather each about six inches long.

They positioning themselves on either side of Jenny who stood unsuspecting and turning her head this way and that listening intently trying to determine what was going on.

'Thwap' leather slapped against Jenny's thigh. She jerked as the strips stung her flesh.

'Thwap' The other girl landed a similar blow on Jenny's other thigh.

The crowd clapped in time as the girls acting like railroad workers driving a spike flogged there victim. The leather moved upward over Jenny's hips and stomach. Her skin turned a soft pink everywhere the leather touched. After they moved on to another area the one they left remained tingling from the blows.

Then the first girl took careful aim and the leather slashed down landing on Jenny's already pink breast. She jerked dramatically as the stinging sensation filled her tit throwing herself around as much as the restraints would allow her.

Her other tit exploded as the other flogger landed a slashing blow.

The girls whipped her again and again until Jenny's mammories turned an even deeper pink. Her nipples were hugely erect and dark as the leather slapped her skin repeatedly.

Then they stopped and stepped back allowing the camera to capture Jenny's writhing form as she moaned and swung from the cuffs holding her.

Suddenly the crowd erupted as Wendy returned to the stage. Jenny was in a world of her own and didn't react to the new noise.

The girls who had been whipping Jenny returned to her side but this time without there floggers. Instead they had small plastic bottles of clear fluid. They unscrewed the bottles and slowly poured cooling balm over Jenny’s abused tits. When the bottles were emptied of there contents both girls slowly began to massage the oil into Jenny’s skin from her throat down her arms and shoulders over her stomach and thighs then back up to gently caress her sore and warm breasts.

The camera captured every move as Jenny writhed under the ministrations of the two girls her skin glistening in the lights.

Wendy stepped up to the front of the stage. She’d pondered what to do next. The blonde was tied helpless and gagged so couldn’t object to whatever disgusting things they did to her. She’s pondered a raffle with the winner given almost free reign to abuse the big titted blondes body. She only had to nod and Mr. Castleton would be up on the stage in a blink of an eye. He’d taken Wendy aside earlier and tried to convince her that Jenny had agreed to him taking part in the scene but Wendy had seen how they reacted to each other and she was pretty sure that he had lied.

She had made up her mind as to the big finale. It had to be something good as she was fairly sure the blonde wouldn’t be back if the Doctor was the quarry she was seeking.

She held up her hands and the mob quieted down.

In the frame Jenny fumed and tested her bindings again but these people were experts and not surprisingly the straps held her firm.

‘Ladies and Gentlemen’ announced Wendy. ‘Please welcome Albert’.

‘Albert?’ thought Jenny. ‘Who or maybe what is Albert’.

The crowd went mental and began chanting ‘Albert, Albert’.

Jenny hung there waiting trying to see Albert.

Slowly from out of the bright lights Jenny saw him. Grey hair, wrinkled skin, whiskery chin, old well worn tweed jacket and wheelchair. It was the old guy who worked the door checking members in and out.

He wheeled his chair forward. She helplessly watched him approach her his old ruimy eyes surveying her hanging glistening body. His gaze studied her tits intently then dropped over her ridged stomach to her exposed hairless pussy nestling between her splayed legs. She was completely at his mercy.

Slowly he rolled until he was as near as he could get. Jenny tried to sway away from him as his ancient claw like hand reached up and gripped her breast. The dry hard skin of his hand rasped against her soft flesh as he sank his fingers into her mammary. She could only bare his touch as he spent minutes grasping her tit reveling in the feel of her young flesh against his aged boney fingers.

Both breasts received a through molestation until Jenny’s nipples reached there full hard astonishing erect length. He gripped each nubbin and pulled them this way and that stretching her boobs up and down left and right. He slapped he tits together all the while his tongue poking out from between his thin lips spittle dripping over his chin.

Finally his hands left her tits and stroked down her abdomen until they rested on her broad hips. He held her steady as his gaze bored into her naked vagina now open like a flower and shiny with her own fluids from the whipping and breast mauling.

The old man sat back in his chair and waited. The crowd obviously knew something special was about to happen because there chanting of the old mans name had died to a silence as they waited with baited breath.

Jenny hung in her restraints waiting just as expectantly watching the OAP carefully. Would it hurt. It was BDSM night. Did the old man have the strength to weald a whip. She waited as excitement in spite of herself gripped her nether regions.

The moment arrived as with a flourish the old man reached up to his face and with a grand gesture removed both the top and bottom sets of teeth from his mouth and held them aloft. The crowd bayed and began chanting again.

Jenny stared at the teeth gripped in the old mans hands until he slowly laid them on a tray held by one of the strippers who knowing what was coming had appeared on stage.

Albert turned to Jenny and stared at her. Jenny looked back. The lower part of his face had seemed to collapse as the structure provided by the dentures had been removed. His lower jaw seemed able now to reach almost up to his nose.

Suddenly he rolled forward seized her right leg and lifted it up and over his shoulder. Jenny had been so ensnared by the sight of him removing his gnashers that she hadn’t realised her legs were now free of restraint.

With her leg over his shoulder her naked vagina was now at his mercy. His head dived forward and he engulfed her pussy in the great soft toothless maw of his mouth. Sucking he dragged her labia between his lips while spearing her cunt with his tongue now elongated by the lack of teeth. Wet slobbering slurping sounds resounded as he sucked and tongued her pussy.

Jenny’s hips rocked back and forth as the aged pensioner ate her out. His gums chewed on her genitals making her groan inside the leather helmet. Her breath rasped through the nose holes as he worked on her. His hands held her hips hard stopping her pulling away from his ravishing mouth.

The chanting continued and his sucking seemed to follow the rhythm. Every ‘Albert’ brought a vigorous suck or a long penetrating tongue. On and on he ravished her cunt.

Wendy approached from behind and stepped up behind Jenny’s writhing body. She whispered in her ear ‘How are you enjoying Albert. Good isn’t he. He’s had most of the girls here you know. Most of them come back for more because he’s got another trick you know. Would you like him to show you his finisher?’

Jenny moaned and shook he head weakly. The old man was bringing her towards a climax like non she’d ever felt. She could feel it building from deep down and it wouldn’t take much to push her over the precipice.

Albert glanced up and Wendy nodded. ‘Lets bring this puppy home Albert’.

The old guy moved up slightly and sucked hard drawing Jenny’s clit out like a large peanut then clamped his soft toothless gums together trapping it between them. Jenny shrieked and jerked at the feeling pouring from her most sensitive place. Then sawing his lower jaw from side to side Albert rolled her clit while slashing over the exposed tip with his tongue. Wendy at the same time grabbed Jenny’s breasts and sank her thumb nail into her nipples.

The combined pain and pleasure drove Jenny’s sensitized body into paroxysms of pleasure as an orgasm of gargantuan proportions exploded in her loins. The black stripper and old man continued mauling Jenny’s nipples and clit as every muscle in her body locked as behind the gag she silently screamed out ‘Oh my God. Yessssss’.

Ecstasy suffused her body for nearly a minute then she fainted dead away.

Albert turned and took the plaudits due to an artiste while rolling back and forth in front of the hanging sweat covered comatose body of Jenny Richards.

Chapter 11. The Doctor revealed.

The curtains closed and the women rushed to release Jenny. She slumped to the floor and they dragged the mask from her head. Underneath her skin and hair was soaked with sweat.

They helped her into the dressing room where she once more lay down in a post orgasmic haze.

Some time later Jenny emerged from the shower. Wendy was waiting for her smiling broadly.

'How was it for you?' she asked.

'You bitch' replied Jenny although again she was smiling a little. 'You did it again. You might have warned me'.

'Spoil the surprise' Wendy said also smiling 'not your first time was it?' she asked a little concerned now.

'Err... Anyway did he bite' said Jenny keen to move the conversation away from her experience on the stage.

'Who. Albert?'

'The doctor of course. Did he make any contact, did he want to hire me?'

'Oh yes. Almost as soon as you came on stage he sent someone to talk to the Boss and you're to meet him tomorrow. Here's the address'. She handed over a small card. It was a unit on an Industrial Estate.

Jenny squeezed her eyes shut. 'It must be him' she thought. 'This must be where I was taken and drugged'.

Jenny hugged Wendy and made to leave when the black girl pressed a card into her hand. 'Listen' she said. 'If you ever fancy... you know... another go'.

'What here. I don't think so'.

'No I mean outside.. personally.. err.. with me.. just the two of us. Well give me a call'. she smiled weakly.

Jenny remained impassive and just nodded then turned to go. As she passed a bin she made to throw the card away then hesitated and smiling coyly tucked it into her bag.

Not Surprisingly Mr. Castleton was gone. So she called a cab and directed it to her home. Luckily the tapes had gone so she let herself in and that night slept the sleep of the dead in her own bed.

The next day she made her plans. She was supposed to go to the warehouse at 8:00 o'clock but determined to arrive early.

She dressed in black. Selected all of the tools she could for things like lock picking and set off in her little car.

The estate was in darkness when she arrived. She parked a couple of hundred yards away and went the rest of the way on foot keeping to the shadows and trying to ensure no one saw her approach.

She found a door at the rear and bent to work on the lock. A soft click signaled her success and gently she slipped inside. Silently on rubber soled shoes she snuck forwards carefully moving from cover to cover.

The lights were mostly off so she was shrouded in darkness for most of the time. It was only when she looked up that it occurred to her that she was standing next to a giant bed.

'That seals it then' she thought.

On the far wall she found another door. Stooping down she put her eye to the keyhole. Luckily there was no key in the lock and she could see into another brightly lit room. Her limited view seemed to be of the back of an easy chair.

As slowly as glacial movement she eased the door open. Then slipped silently through it.

'Welcome 'Agent Richards' rasped a well known voice. 'Won't you join me'.

Jenny was flabbergasted that he'd known all along she was there. She stepped forward around the chair to face him. He sat comfortably watching her intently. He still wore the medical coat with the mask and cap.

He rose. 'Nice of you to come' he said conversationally.

'How did you know?' Jenny said.

'Well I knew it was you straight away at the club. You underestimate a mans ability to recognize a woman’s body, especially one so beautiful as yours and one of which he's had the pleasure of, many times if my memory serves me right. Also tonight I had a little assistance and he indicated a small screen to one side. It glowed a strange otherworldly green.

'Bugger. Infrared cameras' she thought. He could even see me in the dark.

'Who are you'. She demanded. 'I must know you or you wouldn't have gone to all the trouble to hide your face and disguise your voice.

'Yes you're right you do know me' he giggled and reached up to drag the cap from his head. His pate was almost hairless and reflected the light.

Then he unhooked the mask to reveal his face.

Jenny stood open mouthed. 'Oily Harris' she exclaimed. 'But why. Why did you kill Holt and why try to frame me for it'.

His mad red eyes widened. 'Why' he screamed 'Why. I'll show you why'.

'Do you remember the last time we met?'

Jenny nodded. 'The studio'

'Well didn't we have fun that day. You naked on my bed sweating and moaning as I fucked the living daylights out of you. Don't tell me you've forgotten'.

'I've tried, believe me I've tried very hard'.

'Oh so hurtful my dear especially as I seem to recall you quite enjoyed the episode. More than once in fact' he giggle again.

'Don't remind me you low life. You practically raped me. Those blue pills kept you going for over two hours, two hours while you used me in all those disgusting ways'.

'Yes. I admit I probably did rape you but technically you were there of your own free will. You thought you'd get me off in seconds and extract the information you wanted for next to nothing. Well it's your hard luck that I turned the tables on you and it cost you a couple of hours doing the nasty with good old Oily'.

'But that being said' he said his voice rising 'did you really think I deserved what happened next. Did I do such a bad thing that I deserved this' he screamed and dropped his trousers.

Jenny gasped and put her hand to her mouth. 'On my God. I didn’t know'.

'You didn't know. Have you any idea of the bite power of the jaws of a Doberman. You thought it was clever to threaten me with 'Adolph' didn't you, covering my cock with Chocolate. Well when I told you every thing you wanted you left him tied to the door handle just out of range. Well someone came and they opened the door'.

By now he was ranting. Spittle foamed at the corners of his mouth as he screamed finally 'That fucking dog chewed my cock off'.

Jenny shut her eyes to avoid looking at the stump that was all that was left of Oily's penis. 'The Doctors did what they could and I wear there garments as tribute but they couldn’t sew my manhood back on. It was chewed to bits'.

He calmed down then icily said 'Now you know why I framed you and now you know why you are still going to pay'.

The metallic 'snick' came from behind her. She didn't have to turn around to know one of the henchmen held a gun pointed at her back. There were definitely to many doors in this place. She froze and slowly raised her hands to shoulder height. They'd got the drop on her again.

A commotion erupted through the door Jenny had entered by and suddenly a figure was propelled through followed by another gun toting henchman. Jenny stared at him. It was Mr. Castleton.

'Well, well who do we have here. Mr. Castleton I believe' sang Oily. 'What fun we're having'.

'What are you doing here' hissed Jenny.

'Followed you. Orders. Told to see where you went. I tried to sneak in but they got me'.

'Yes' said Jenny nodding at the green TV screen.

Oily Harris was beside himself with glee. The psycho only just below the surface. He appeared to be thinking. 'We need a little time so lets put these two on ice for now. But you're causing me some concern and no-one gets off scot-free' he intoned menacingly.

A medical bag sat by the big easy chair. He lifted it onto a nearby table and delved inside until he found what he was looking for. He raised a small bottle filled with milky fluid. Taking a hypodermic he filled it carefully and turned towards the two prisoners.

Jenny blanched as she spied the needle. 'Don't even think about it Harris' she tried but he continued to advance.

The gun touched the back of Jenny's head. 'Stay still doll face'.

Oily rolled up her sleeve and injected half of the contents into Jenny's vein then turned to Mr. Castleton and injected the rest into him. They both rubbed there arms.

'Put them in the play room' he ordered and they were urged forward to another door. Mr. Castleton entered first then Jenny. Inside it looked like a perverts paradise. The room was kitted out with every device and implement she'd ever seen and a few she hadn't.

The whole panoply of sadism and masochism was catered for. Every leather, latex and rubber item she could think of as well as stools, frames, swings, horses and racks some ropes and chains, gags, cuffs, masks and even collars and leads.

One henchman kept them covered while Oily spoke.

'The drug I've given you is a poison' he stated flatly.

They looked at each other shocked then tensed.

'Steady' he said 'don't do anything you'll regret let me continue. When a man or woman become aroused they release endorphins into the bloodstream. This poison is counteracted by these endorphins so while you remain aroused you are safe but fall asleep or relax and the poison takes effect. Lethal effect. Have fun' he finished and slammed the door.

They heard key turn in the lock and they were alone together.

Mr. Castleton looked particularly downcast. 'Oh my God. We're going to die' he moaned and collapsed.

Jenny ran to him and dragged his hands from his face. 'Look we're not going to die. If you'd had the training I have then you'd know the golden rule and that is to stay alive' she said shaking him. 'It doesn't matter what you have to do, eat or drink just so long as you survive. It doesn't matter how degrading or distasteful it is as long as you don't give in. If you die then they win and I'm not going to let that oily dickless madman beat me so pull yourself together and if we co-operate we can get through this'.

Castleton looked at her in awe as she finished her speech.

'You heard him arousal beats the poison. Come on we can do this. We can beat him'.

She dragged him to his feet. Look we don't like each other but we can do this. We can still help each other to stay aroused'. But again he seemed to descend into misery.

'You don't understand. We're going to die'.

Jenny felt like slapping him. 'Why do you think we're going to die'. she exclaimed exasperated.

'You don't understand I need more'.

'More'.

'Different' he said 'I only get off on other stuff'.

'What sort of stuff'.

'Look I'm sorry.. but...you know...ropes and stuff'.

'What like bondage and things like that...you like being tied up?'

'No shook his head sadly' and looked at Jenny until the penny dropped.

She swallowed. 'Err...you like tying up...other people' she said slowly.

He nodded saying nothing.

'We're going to die' he wailed 'We're going to die'.

'I tell you what. Lets give the usual method a chance first shall we before we have to...resort to anything else and hopefully we can get those ... err ... dolphins into our bloodstreams. What's your name by the way'.

He hesitated then replied 'Hil...err...Hilary'.

Now she knew why he preferred everyone to call him Mr. Castleton.

She placed her hands either side of his face and pulled his lips down to hers. She kissed him enthusiastically but he didn't seem interested.

'Not working?' she asked as they parted.

He shook his head sadly.

'Oh I'm going to die' he wailed once more.

'No you're not. Listen' said Jenny slowly. 'You can tie me up if you like'.

He stared at her. 'What. Really?' he asked his slightly red rimmed eyes looking at her hardly seeming to believe what he was hearing.

She nodded unhappily.

'I'm sorry but it's not just tying up it's everything, the ropes, the domination and a little light flagellation. Stuff like that. I'm so sorry it's the only way I can get aroused'.

Jenny gazed round. 'We seem to have all the equipment we're going to need' she mused. 'We'd better get going before that poison takes starts to take effect'.

'You're sure?'

She nodded.

'Oh thank you' he sobbed 'You've no idea how grateful I am. You know after I was so mean to you the other day'.

'OK' said Jenny. 'We don't know how long there're going to leave us in here or how long the poison stays active for so we'd better alternate. You know you....see to your needs then we'll think about mine then you again then me'.

He seemed to relax at this suggestion then looking round moved about among the item selecting some discarding others until he returned with an armful of stuff.

'Are you sure about this. You can.. err see to yourself at least one of us would survive that way'.

'Don't be daft' said Jenny. 'With two of us we double the chances of beating this crazy madman. Look stop being defeatist and just do what you have to, alright'.

He nodded.

'Please...err...would you mind...err...Removing your top' he stammered.

Jenny hesitated then sighing pulled the black polo necked pullover she had been wearing up and over her head. Underneath she wore a black bra.

'And the...err...trousers' he pointed.

She slipped the black slacks down her legs leaving only her black trainers and panties. There was a hard backed chair, the most inoffensive article in the room, near by and she placed her discarded clothes there.

He studied her as she shivered a little under his appreciative gaze.

'You're really very beautiful you know. and you've got...a really nice figure' .

'Err...thank you' she said blushing slightly.

'Hold out your wrists...err...please'.

Jenny held out both arms as he selected a length of Japanese silk bondage rope and he tied her wrists together expertly. Then led her over to a metal frame'.

'Would...you... err... take hold of the bar above you' he asked hesitantly.

It was only just within her reach as she stretched up and grasped the bar. Her body elongated like a cat. The muscles on her back showed and her long thighs and calves looked even longer.

'Thwack' he hit her back with a light flogger.

She jumped with shock and released the bar.

'Oh I'm so sorry was that to much' he asked concern filling his voice.

'No' she said. 'You just took me by surprise that’s all'.

She reached up once more and gripped the metal.

'Thwack'. Lighter this time then 'Thwack' again.

He continued swinging the flail hitting almost every inch of exposed skin and a few bits that were still covered by silky cotton until Jenny's skin glowed and tingled.

He stopped and she released the bar.

'Did that work for you? are you feeling stimulated' she asked as she stroked her thighs and stomach both now a little pinker than they had been.

'Well sort of' he responded a bit somberly. 'You're being so nice I don't want to hurt you in any way' he said as he untied her wrists.

'Look you're being silly. We must survive so don't hold back next time. We're going to look stupid if you're dead because you we're being to bloody nice wouldn't we?'

'OK' he nodded. 'Look it's your turn. Do you have any suggestions'

Jenny looked uneasy. 'Well I suppose...the breasts?' she said raising an eyebrow.

Mr. Castleton looked down at her chest. 'Alright. If you're sure?'

'Just get on with it will you' she ordered.

He stepped close and made to place his hands on her bra covered mammories then seemed to hesitate not sure how or from what angle to start.

Freeing her wrists he said 'Erm...can you' as he put his hands on her shoulders and turned her so she was facing away from him. He pulled her arms backward and using the rope he'd used before re-tied her arms behind her in a very expert fashion securing each wrist to the opposite elbow. She grunted as he yanked the knots tight. He added a second rope wrapping it around her forearms until barely any skin showed.

'Is that OK?' he asked anxiously.

She tried to move her arms but they were secured as tightly as they'd ever been before and she'd been secured on a number of occasions and knew when it had been done properly.

'Seems very snug' she said sourly.

He pulled her back until her bound arms pressed into his stomach and peered over her shoulder. Looking down all he could see was a pink landscape of soft flesh encased in gauzy black lace. He gently cupped s mound in each large hand and squeezed lightly.

He kept this up for a couple of minutes stroking the black material of her bra or running his fingers over the pink skin peeking over the top when he said 'Would you mind if I...err...took them...err...out so to speak. It's just that you don't seem to be reacting and if you don't get excited...well you'll die'.

Jenny sighed. To be honest she'd found his fumbling to be anything but erotic.

'Alright. I suppose you’d better'.

He slipped a finger under the material and jerked downwards. Her left tit popped out and he gripped the skin and pulled slightly making sure as much of her flesh was outside the bra cup. He did the other one as well then began gently running his finger tips round and round each breast. He cupped each gland and squeezed lightly.

'Am I doing it right' he asked 'or is there something more.. you know prefer'.

Jenny blushed and said 'You try the nipples. That usually works'.

'You're sure...you know...you want me to touch you like this'.

'Yes' she said getting exasperated again. 'Touch me and you can be a bit more... err... forceful'.

True to her request he seized each tit mound again and began molding them into all sorts of interesting shapes. he sank his fingers deep into her soft yielding mounds and rolled them round and round. Then he gripped her nipples and twisted them. She jerked as he pulled and pinched them.

The twin peaks of her tits darkened as he twirled them and kneaded her breasts. Placing his hand under her left tit he lifted it and dipping his head over her shoulder sucked her now decidedly erect and pointy nipple into his mouth. Jenny groaned as he sucked as much flesh as he could into the warm wet cavern of his mouth. He sucked rhythmically feeling her nipple and surrounding dark areola growing. He switched sides and gave the same treatment to the other mound.

'God Jenny' he wheezed 'these are magnificent. You must be really proud of them. I don't think I've ever seen a better pair'.

'Err... thanks' she breathed. She’d had had her eyes closed as he molested her tits. He seemed to have leant very fast and she was in heaven as the pleasure throbbed in her boobs'.

He swung her round by the shoulders and gripping her tit lifted it toward his mouth again. Suddenly he spat on it then rolled the saliva round and round her nipple until it gleamed wetly. Castleton released her other tit. 'Was that better? Did I do it right?'

'Yes you did fine' gasped Jenny. Her tits were on fire with the pummeling he'd given them.

'Oh' he said quietly.

Jenny looked at him as he seemed to go faint. 'What's the matter'.

'Touching you hasn't done anything for me and I think the poison… it's..'. With that he staggered backward until he collapsed on to the hard backed chair behind him his face pained and his eyes closed.

Jenny thought frantically. There's no hope of help from outside then took the only course she could think of.

Squatting down as best she could with her arms still bound behind her she bent over his lap and fell forward across him.

'Hilary. Hilary. Castleton' she shouted.

He opened his eyes and squinted at her.

'Hit me'.

'Whaaa' he murmured.

'Hilary. Hit me. Now. Quickly before it's to late'.

He seemed to get the idea and slowly raised his arm and let it fall across her buttocks.

'Harder you fool, harder. We’ve got to get you excited. Come on bloody well hit me'.

Getting the idea he did his best. He raised his hand again and wholloped her panty covered ass with a resounding slap.

'Slap, slap, slap'. He spanked her ass while she did what she could to help him as he beat her backside. Repeatedly he spanked her.

Jenny thought she detected a slight increase in the pace and power in each blow as he spanked her again and again alternating between each cheek until she started to emit small noises as her butt started to feel the effects of the treatment.

'Uhh, uhh, uhh' at each slap landed. 'Uhh, oh, oooh'.

Each blow pounded into her butt making her big plump flesh shake and jiggle before settling back into there perfect spherical shape ready to receive the next appalling Thwap from his big calloused hand.

'Uhh... are... uhh... you… ow… feeling... ouch... any.... better... yet... ooh, uhh, ouch' she managed to get out between each new stinging slap.

'A little I...slap...think...slap...only a few more now and I ...slap... think... slap... I'll.... slap... be... feeling back to normal...slap'.

'Slap... arrr.... slap....ow...SLAP... SLAP... SLAP'.

He stopped. Jenny groaned miserably. His hand rested on her hot buttock gently stroking reddened skin.

'SLAP...SLAP...SLAP...SLAP...SLAP...SLAP' he laid into each cheek again as she groaned miserably pain exploding from her scarlet butt.

Jenny wriggled on his lap and cried out louder as he flailed away at her tenderised flesh.

'SLAP... SLAP... SLAP... SLAP'.

He stopped and slowly stood her up. He was breathing hard with the exertion.

'Oh my' he said on seeing the tears that ran down her cheeks. 'Oh Jenny I'm so sorry'.

She sniffled 'It's OK. you were only trying to save your life I can't blame you for that even if it was a bit painful'.

'Look' he said 'there's some cream over here I saw earlier. I'll get it.

He retrieved a tube from among the paraphernalia and showed it to her. '

'It says 'Balm recommended for inflamed skin and pain relief'.

Inflamed was the word. Her ass was on fire.

'Quick over here' he said and led her over to what looked like a saw horse. It was about three feet high and rested on four sturdy wooden legs. The top was about two and a half feet long and covered with leather. 'bend over this' he suggested.

Jenny bent forward and lay along the horse while he knelt down behind her and took the cap off the tube.

After a few seconds he said 'err. Jenny'

'What?'

'I'm going to have to...err...pull...err...your panties down'.

'What!'

'I can't put the cream on with your panties covering the...err...effected area'.

She sighed then replied 'Get on with it then' in an exasperated voice.

Gently he hooked his fingers into the waist band and trying not to touch her buttocks lowered her panties till they rested around the top of her thighs.

The ninth wonder of the world lay there before him. Jenny's buttocks would launch ocean liners and have wars fought over them. Botticheli would have painted them and only them for his entire life'. Whole beaches came to a stand still as young men gathered when she tried to sun bathe in a skimpy bikini.

He squeezed out a great dollop of cream into his palm and rubbed his hands together then slapped them onto the target area.

Jenny yelped.

The slight pinkness of earlier was now an angry scarlet. Her entire butt was hot to the touch as he rested his cream covered hands on each big round cheek.

'Aaaaaahhh' she gasped as he spread the cooling unguent on her. Round and round he circled slowly squeezing her soft yielding butt until her plump buttocks were covered with cream. He ran his outspread fingers up from the bottom of her bottom allowing his thumbs to dip between her cheeks. Sometimes he amused himself by pressing outwards so her pussy opened and winked at him. Other times he inadvertently grazed over her tiny wrinkled anus which made her jerk rather pleasantly. Occasionally he stopped to add more gloop to his hands and then continued massaging her enflamed peach like posterior.

As the heat lessened Jenny relaxed almost enjoying his butt massaging ministrations until at last he wiped his hands and helped her stand up slowly.

She looked down at her panties that were lowered to mid thigh exposing her hot pussy to his gaze. 'Err...could you pull my..'.

'Oh right' said Castleton who quickly knelt down and pulled her knickers down to her ankles then quickly raised her foot to free them from first one leg then the other.

' No, no I meant pull them u....Oh never mind' sighed Jenny.

'Err...I'm so sorry Jen but we can't stop. We've got to continue. Where were we.. are yes your...um...breasts'.

He moved to her side then softly laid a hand on her breast and caressed it. After a few seconds he placed a hand on the back of her head pulled it forward as he lifted her breast.

'Open' he said.

She opened her mouth and he fed her nipple between her lips until she clamped them together.

'Suck'.

She sucked taking her own erect nipple into her mouth and rasped it with her tongue.

As she did that he took the other one and did the same. They mouthed her mammories for many minutes until he released her now well sucked and gnawed teat. Her tit was still in her sucking mouth then he said 'Bite'

Jenny clamped her teeth together on her own flesh which shot a tingle of erotic pleasure through her mound.

'Don't let go' he said and slowly released her tit until it hung there gripped by her own sharp little incisors. It hurt but she tried to hold on. He meanwhile grabbed her other mammary and started to mould that in his two hands. He roughly squeezed it and rubbed it then sucked in her red peak and gnawed on it.

Jenny tried to hold on to her tit but it was to heavy and gradually the nipple slipped agonizingly between her teeth.

'How are you feeling?' he asked.

'I feel OK. I've not had the same effect as it seems to have had on you'.

'No perhaps you didn't get as big a dose or you're releasing more... err... dolphins into your bloodstream'.

'Anyway...sorry but it's my turn again. I think this time we should try something a little less...impactful shall we say'.

Jenny looked at him grateful. 'Thank you. Your a very kind man'.

'Right if you'd just kneel down then we'll get started'.

Jenny wasn't sure what he had in mind but did as he asked.

Then he unzipped his slacks and fished out the penis she'd spied on the first night in his apartment. Respectable and semi-hard he presented it to her face.

'Hey...what do you think I'm going to do with that with me all trussed up like a Christmas turkey'.

'That's the point my dear. You trussed up and...umm...sucking my cock. It's the ultimate male fantasy power trip. Looking down on your woman as she services you. It's just the sort of thing that gets me aroused. But if you don't want to I'll understand perfectly but we've got to do something'.

Jenny noticed his thoughtful gaze move to a particularly nasty looking cane. 'Erm...no wait...well I suppose it's better than...'.

'Are you absolutely sure. there's other stuff...'.

'No, no I'll do it'.

'Do what'

'I'll...suck your...cock for you'.

'Oh thanks Jen. You're a real trooper' he said happily.

'Just get me something to kneel on. This floors killing my knees'.

He found a towel and folding it placed it on the floor at his feet then stood tall and put his hands on his hips waiting like the bronze statue of Talos from that film with Jason and the Argonauts. Can't remember what it was called.

Jenny crawled to kneel on the towel and looked up at his cock. It was only semi hard but already a reasonable length without breaking any records and quite thick and sturdy. He’d dropped his trousers and removed his shirt so he stood tall and naked proud of his physique before her. She had to admit he looked good. His body was lithe and well muscled.

With a sigh she opened her lips and encircling his cockhead sucked him into the warm liquid depths of her mouth. Mr. Castleton let out a soft moan on first contact. Her lips were soft and full, her tongue rough as she licked across the glands at the base of his helmet, her mouth wet with saliva. In the quiet there was only the wet slurping sounds as she bobbed her head forward and back taking the length of him as deep as she could.

Jenny worked on him. Despite still having her arms bound behind her back she was still able to perform like no other as she allowed him to slip almost all the way out between her lips before diving forward to engulf him in liquid velvety softness. Her mouth watered so much the entire shaft of his cock glistened in the light when it emerged.

It's not often a man's dreams come true but his had. He felt like king of the world as he stood tall while the bound form of Jenny Richards knelt before him sucking his cock.

He concentrated hard prolonging the situation. Occasionally he'd place his hand on her head to hold her still to allow himself to cool down. Jenny didn't seem to notice but just sucked softly or swirled her tongue round and round his cock head until he released her then she resumed bobbing her head. At other times he gripped her and controlled her movements slowly moving her head back and forward sinking his member into her soft sucking mouth and then pulling agonizingly slowly back out again.

He managed to hold out for nearly twenty minutes before his hips began to move of there own volition. He thrust only a little at first but soon he was driving forward to meet her incoming head shoving his cock deep into her mouth and throat. She made to pull back but he grabbed her by the hair and held her as he pistoned into her face. Jenny 'mmmmumphed' as he grew even more rough then his hips jerked and he groaned while holding on to her. Unable to move her head the first ejaculation hit the back of her throat and before she could stop it his gizz trickled slowly down her gullet. The second load bathed her tongue and filled her mouth with a flat sour taste. He jerked a couple more times spitting the last of his seed into her mouth.

Jenny sagged down as he released her. Gasping for breath her head bowed miserably.

Castleton staggered back to lean against a padded horse. He'd had his cock sucked a few times but she'd been the best ever. He felt like she'd nearly sucked his insides out through his dick. He gave them a couple of minutes rest then asked 'How are you feeling?'

She shrugged 'OK I suppose'.

'It's your turn' he said quietly.

'Oh God. How much longer do you think before they come for us?'

'Don't know' he said looking at her 'but you were right before. We can't let them win. We have to do whatever it takes to survive. Even this...stuff'. Gently he pulled her to her feet and led her over to the padded horse. 'Sit back against this'.

Jenny sat her bum on the padded leather top not sure what he had in mind this time.

Castleton took her head in his hands and tenderly stroked her cheeks then leant forward and kissed her forehead then down over her eyes and cheeks. His hands moved to her baked shoulders and caressed her soft skin then his lips touched the top of her breast. Soft butterfly kisses on her soft pillow like mounds made her sigh with contentment in spite of there situation.

His hands stroked down until they held her hips and his tongue invaded her tummy button. Jenny closed her eyes as he caressed her hips and thighs while his tongue circled in her navel.

Jenny had forgotten that he'd stripped her of her panties but she soon remembered again when his mouth suddenly covered her vagina and his tongue invaded her pussy.

Her hips surged forward to meet his stiff penetrating tongue and she groaned when he sucked in her clit and wiped his rough tongue across it. Wet slurping noises filled the room as he thrust into her and sucked on her succulent pussy. He penetrated her repeatedly with his tongue then licked upwards roughly on her inner pinkness then over her proudly erect nubbin of her super sensitive clit.

Her moans joined the sucking noises and he tasted her juices as she grew wetter and wetter and her hips jerked but he gripped the far side of the horse and pressed her back against the horse with his mouth. Capturing one of her pussy lips he gripped it in his teeth and pulled it outward then repeated the action with the other big blood engorged lip. His big pink tongue then licked lasciviously slowly upward spreading both lips so his sand-paper tongue scrapped the pink inner pussy flesh then finally licked savagely over her peanut hard clit.

He felt her building and begin to stiffen as her groans grew more urgent.

He released her and stood back.

It took a few seconds for her to realise he'd stopped. She opened her eyes and looked pleadingly at him. 'Why'd you stop?'

Without replying he gripped his own cock and pumping it a couple of times stepped forward between her splayed legs and made to present it to her juicy pussy.

‘No, no’ she shouted. ‘No not that. Not with you’.

He stepped back a sudden flash of anger quickly replaced by a look of frustrated exasperation.

Suddenly he clapped his hand to his head and staggered slightly. 'Sorry Jen but I'm feeling a little light headed again'.

She mentally shook herself. 'Quick...err...think of something. You need more Dolphins'.

He took her arm and pulled her over to the metal frame. Then picking up more soft silken rope he expertly tied her ankles and knees tightly together so she was completely helpless. Then peering round he spotted what he was looking for.

'Jenny. I'm sorry but would you mind....?'

She looked at what he held mortified.

The ball gag was the biggest she'd ever seen. It was bright red and had a wide black leather strap that had a metal buckle instead of the more common Velcro fastening.

She pursed her lips tightly together. She hated ball gags. Mostly it was the taste of the things but also the feeling that she would be completely under his control. With her mouth free she always felt she could scream and shout but the gag would take away her last vestige of freewill and liberty.

She was just about to refuse when he staggered once more and she had to make a quick decision. Slowly she opened her mouth. He smiled a little and lifted the gag.

He had to press quite hard to force the red ball in until suddenly it slipped past her front teeth to sit holding her mouth wide open. He pulled the black straps behind her head under her hair and fed the leather through the brass buckle and pulled it. Her head rocked as he tugged until he couldn't tighten it anymore and slipped the holding pin thought the last hole.

He returned to face her. 'OK?'

'Mmmm' was all she could reply with the ball gagging her, fixing her tongue to the bottom of her mouth and preventing any attempt at speech. Her breath rasped through her nose as she tottered trying to maintain her balance now that her arms were bound behind her and her legs fixed together.

His hand shot out and slapped her left tit hard sending her beautiful mound flying. Her globe rolled and rocked for a second before settling back in place the side turning a little pinker.

'Mmmm' she objected before starting to fall back away from him.

Castleton grabbed her before she crashed to the floor. 'Can't have you falling over' he said as he reached up and pulled on a thin chain that hung from the top of the frame. Before she could object again he fixed the end of the chain to a hook that was in the front of the ball gag then pulled on the other end of the chain. It must have been on some sort of ratchet because it clicked and clicked as he pulled it. The end attached to the ball gag shortened pulling Jenny's head upward until she stood her chin pointing skyward staring only upward.

He circled her suspended body slowly then his other open palm lashed out slapping her right tit. Again her flesh flew across her chest before bouncing alarmingly and joggling back into place.

'Mmmm. Mmmm' she Mmmm'd louder than before and slowly tottered on tip toe until she faced away from him denying him access to her chest by her movements.

He smiled them swung once more landing a stinging slap on her still red butt cheek.

She stiffened and rocked almost swinging from the chained gag moaning as her smarting ass exploded in pain once more.

'How's the backside? ready for more are you' he asked archly.

She froze for a second. He could almost hear her thinking. 'It's your choice' he said quietly.

Slowly she tottered back round to face him so her ass was out of his reach.

'Are you sure?'

She hesitated then unable to nod said 'Mmmm'.

He smiled to himself. 'Would you turn just a little to your left please' he asked.

She tottered left a few degrees.

'Thank you' he said as he swung an open palm again and gave her tit a ringing smack.

She trembled but stayed silent. Slowly he smacked every inch of her breasts. He'd smack upward or across then switch tits and treat the other to a couple of warming slaps. In spite of the discomfort Jenny twisted or turned to keep her bosom in just the right position for the next blow. Her flesh turned a hot pink and her nipples strained to grow even bigger as the intense pain/pleasure spread through her abused flesh.

Her moaning Mmmm’d grew louder and louder as each slapping blow landed and the pain lanced through her chest. Left, right, left, right he spanked her tits repeatedly sending each tit sloshing side to side

Finally he stopped the silence in the room was only broken by her heavy breathing and the creaking of the chain as she almost hung her entire weight from it.

He caught her body as she dropped when he suddenly flicked the chain from the hook holding her upright and carried her over to a small mattress and lay her down. He unbuckled the gag and prized it from her mouth. She worked her jaw trying to ease the discomfort caused by having her mouth held wide open for so long. He untied her ankles and knees but left her arms bound behind her.

After a minute Jenny opened her eyes and looked up at him.

‘Surely they must come soon. We can’t keep this up much longer’.

He shrugged non-committaly.

‘Try this’ he offered and stooping down from a bright red tube smoothed some cream around first one of her big erect nipples and then the other.

Jenny stared at her tits wondering what he had done. Slowly her nipples and the surrounding areolas started to become pleasantly warm. She sighed as her tits filled with pleasure and lay back luxuriating in the feeling surfusing though her chest. The warmth almost imperceptibly became a fizzing tingling sensation causing Jenny to emit a low moan.

As she lay on the mattress in an erotic reverie Castleton approached her holding a long thin plastic dildo covered with the same cream.

Jenny jerked and squealed as he spread her legs and quickly thrust the dildo into her juicy pussy and twisted it around making sure every nook and cranny received a covering of the insidious cream.

The warmth in her breasts now spread to her pussy and she began writhing on the bedding. Tingling filled her love canal and her clit erupted out into a rock hard nubbin.

The tingling in her breasts became more intense. The fizzing turned to an ache then a sort of burning.

In a worried voice Jenny said ‘Err… Hilary. What have you done to me. What was that cream?’

He just smiled as Jenny became more agitated.

‘Hilary, please it’s hurting. Do something’.

‘What like an antidote you mean’.

‘Yes, yes, quickly’ she shrieked as her tits became hotter and hotter the burning in her nipples becoming a raging fire and her pussy was becoming warmer as well.

Castleton smirked and held up another tube of cream in a white tube this time. ‘Like this antidote’ he teased watching as she panicked as the pain in her chest grew to an unbearable level.

‘Yes, Please. Do something.. quickly’.

He spread some of the cream on his finger and applied it to first one breast then the other then stood back and watched as she calmed down as the pain receded. It wasn’t long though before the cream in her pussy started to smart and burn.

‘Hilary, please.. Err.. down there.. more cream.. please’ she pleaded as she started to dance around like a little girl needing to badly take a pee.

Squeezing the tube he applied another great dollop of cream to his hand then hesitated.

Jenny hopped from one foot to the other moaning softly.

Smirking he slapped the cream onto his own cock which was semi-hard and pumped his hand a couple of times to get it harder then striding past Jenny threw himself down onto the mattress and lay on his back.

Jenny stared at him while jiggling around very fetchingly as it set her great big tits wobbling around on her chest as she jogged on the spot rubbing her thighs together trying to relieve her discomfort.

Realised what he’d done she looked from his smirking face down to his cream covered cock and back again. Slowly she stepped towards his recumbent body as if dragged there. She seemed to change her mind then the burning sensation in her pussy grew even worse and she took another grudging step until she stood over his hips.

Gradually she squatted down but his cock lay flat.

‘Please’ she begged.

He used his fingers to raise his shaft till it pointed straight upwards.

She stared hard into his face and spat ‘Oh you bastard’ as she lowered herself down until his cockhead pressed between her burning cunt lips.

Jenny resigned herself to her fate and sank down until his cock penetrated all the way inside her. The burning started to abate as the cream took effect but the dildo had been longer than his cock and parts right inside her still burned. She lifted herself up allowing most as his shaft to come out of her then slammed her hips back down trying to force his penis further inside her. Time and again she raised herself and plunged back down on his cock. Then with him inside her to the hilt she began twisting her hips this way and that trying to get the cream into all the deep crevices within her soft tunnel.

Castleton cried out as Jenny sank down on his cock and jiggled about on him working his glands with her juicy internal muscles.

Slowly the burning subsided and she stopped bouncing up and down on him while she exhaled a deep breath of relief. Suddenly he reached up and dragged her down as his hips began jerking upwards slamming his cock into her vagina. There was nothing she could do trapped by his strong arms encircling her as he fucked upwards into her.

His breathe rasped in her ear as he exerted himself pistoning into her faster and faster. Suddenly he stopped and rolled to the side until she was flat on her back with him above her his cock still embedded deep inside her.

‘You fucker’ she spat up at him. ‘Let me go’.

But it did no good. He levered himself up on to his hands while staring down at her,. ‘Oh shut it you slut’ he rasped back. ‘I’ve heard about you. Every bloke in the department says you’re a slut you big titted bitch. Well now it’s my turn so brace yourself cause here it comes’.

The muscles stood out on his arms and back and Jenny grunted as he slammed his hips forward burying his cock into her naked pussy. Then it was off to the races his strapping body powering his lean hips as he slammed into her again and again. His face took on a feral expression as he fucked her unmercifully, as if he hated her. No finesse just brutal power. Occasionally he’d sit back and grip her tits in his muscular hands using them as hand holds as he jerked his hips still penetrating her.

He held out for fifteen minutes while Jenny bucked and groaned beneath his onslaught. Twice he was sure she climaxed in spite of herself and he smiled a cruel smile to himself until he felt his climax building. He threw himself down onto her and with a dozen extra hard jerks he ejaculated inside her emptying his essence into her hot pink ravaged vaginal tunnel.

With a final spasm he rolled off her body to lie with his breath wheezing in and out of his lungs. He was supremely fit but he’d put all of his great stamina into fucking the buxom blonde and he was a little out of breath.

Jenny simply lay there in a daze. She’d been forced to orgasm by him and she was dazed and in shock from the violence of his assault.

Castleton was the first to recover and giving her no more time he lifted her protesting body and dragging her across the room practically threw her long ways across the saw-horse. Her breasts exploded into fresh agony as they slammed into the leather top. Before she could do anything he passed a loop of cord over her head and pulled it tight then he tied her left ankle to the left leg at the other end of the horse. Another loop of cord secured her right ankle.

He stepped back to admire his work while Jenny wriggled helplessly trying to free herself from this new vulnerable position she was held in. The rope work was to good. Her arms were still bound behind her back and now her legs were secured to the horse. The loop round her neck held her bent forward over the leather top which rubbed her agonised breasts as she squirmed about and kept her ass held high and defenseless.

He left her secured as she was and sat a while to recover his strength.

Jenny struggled but the cord holding her was to well tied and all she succeeded in doing was chafing her tender breasts on the leather top.

Miserably she waited. She could have shouted out to him but she thought it wouldn’t make any difference now he’d shown his hand. The fucking he’d given her had been hard and brutal and all trace of the ‘kind and gentle man’ had disappeared.

She was powerless to resist and unaware as behind her Castleton had risen from the chair in which he’d been sitting and staring at her tied form and her raised ass he was pumping his cock once more bringing it to it’s fully aroused and stiff majesty.

Jenny had no slack in the ropes to move any more, no more strength to fight more and no ability to stop him as he spread her butt thrust himself into her ass.

His weight pressed her tortured breasts harder into the leather top as he leant forward thrusting his hips slowly back and forth butt fucking her.

Her strength deserted her and she gave up straining and lay supine on the sweat soaked leather as he used her. Her nether regions gripped his shaft convulsively giving him an extra erotic feeling. Over and over he slowly penetrated her.

The pain and shock gradually lessened and to her shame her body betrayed her and she grunted as yet another orgasm erupted in her pussy. Still he pistoned into her. He'd already come Twice spending himself into her throat and vagina and he concentrated trying to hold off as long as he could. Drawing out his pleasure and also her degradation.

He withdrew allowing himself to cool down and amused himself by slapping her butt until it glowed scarlet once more. Then with a grunt he slammed himself back into her ass and resumed pounding into her again.

Eventually his hips quickened and slapped noisily against her still sore butt he grunted and erupted spending his seed inside her. He jerked twice three, four times before collapsing over her bound body breathing hard.

Jenny sobbed quietly tears staining her cheeks.

Suddenly a voice said 'So if you two love birds are finished we're ready for you now'.

Chapter 12. Time Flies.

The two of them were taken from the playroom out into the office. Mr. Castleton walked calmly out while Jenny was freed from the horse and half carried out with her arms still tethered.

Oily Harris smirked at her. She was in a terrible state. Her hair was sweat soaked and plastered to her head. Her breasts appeared to be a different colour to the rest of her body as if she'd been out in the sun and put sun tan lotion everywhere except on her bosom. She appeared weak and beaten and almost resigned to her fate as she stared downward.

Oily started 'Well my Dear I doubt you enjoyed the attentions of Mr. Castleton and I can assure you you're not going to enjoy what I've got planned for you'.

'What does it matter' whispered Jenny 'The drug you gave us will kill us soon anyway'.

'Drug? what drug' said Oily 'Oh that. No that was a bet I had. You see I knew you were pretty naive but I didn't believe you could be an agent of MI6 and be quite that stupid but I was told you were so we had a bet. We bet one pound that you were so fucking innocent and gullible that you could be tricked into begging to be abused and molested by someone you hate'.

With a flourish he held out a single bronze coloured coin 'You win Mr. Castleton'.

Jenny stared wide eyed at the two men who both burst out laughing at the expression on her face. 'You swine' she spat at Castleton.

'I told you didn't I' he said. 'In my apartment when you threw me out I swore your ass would be mine and I think you have to admit it was' he finished nastily. 'You'll never fuck with me again you slut. Not after my new boss has finished with you'.

'What d'you mean new boss' exclaimed Jenny.

'I finally came to my senses. We spend our time defending this country against crooks and terrorists and for what. So politicians can let any amount of immigrants in to sponge off the state or send millions of pounds to ungrateful countries who're to greedy to feed there own people and spend the aid money on weapons equipping there own Government thugs. And at the end of the day we risk all and do it for a pittance. Well the pay scales on this side of the fence are a great deal better and I'm going to get my share from now on working for Mr. Harris. You my dear were just a down payment'.

'Enough' interrupted Harris. 'We need to go soon so lets get her prepared.

Martha or should I call you Barbie please get our guest ready for her swan song.

A big brassy blonde stepped forward. Jenny looked at her and recognised her face even though it had even more makeup on than the last time they’d met.

Barbie nodded and one of the men roughly grabbed Jenny's head and forced it down while lifting her bounds arms upward. When her head was low enough he tucked it between his thighs and held her arms securely. Jenny was trapped in this undignified position unable to move once more.

Barbie grabbed a giant vibrator and jammed it straight into Jenny's vagina pushing it uncaringly as far as she could. A second thankfully thinner plastic pole was forced into her ass. A leather belt was buckled round her waist. It had a second belt running from front to back. Barbie fed this between Jenny's legs and pilled it tight trapping the vibrators inside her.

The man released Jenny's arms and she sprang upright but before she could do anything he spun her round and wrapped a forearm round her neck and held her still once more. Barbie knelt and using rope tied Jenny's ankles to metal rings screwed to the floor.

Barbie smirked then gripped Jenny's left nipple between her thumb and finger and pulled savagely stretching the breast out alarmingly. A second man quickly passed some rough Hairy string that gardeners use around the elongated breast and tied a knot then with a grunt he pulled the knot tight. Jenny screamed as the cord tightened and a good four inches of tit bulged out on one side of the knot. Barbie just chuckled then stretched out the other tit. The other end of the string was looped again and pulled savagely tight. Jenny jerked and cried out again but her other breast bulged just the same. Now both of her tits were tied together with about four inches of twine between them.

The man holding Jenny let go of her. She was still unable to change matters as her arms were still bound behind her.

Oily placed a box on a table in front of her. On it's side were a few switches and a digital clock face currently showing two o'clock. Behind her Jenny felt her arms released but they'd been bound for so long that she had no strength in them and precious little feeling. One arm was re-tied to rope around her waist but the other remained free but at the moment held by the man.

Oily moved to face her. 'The box is a timer my dear. Once switched on it will count down to zero and then the little block of C4 in it's body will explode and take not only you but most of this building with it. 'This' he said brandishing a plastic tube about six inches long and two inches in diameter ‘is a clever little thing invented by those jolly chaps at Nintendo. It is a modified Wii controller that is connected to the box’.

'It is quiet simple the higher the controller is held aloft the slower the countdown. The lower the controller the faster the countdown.

He handed the plastic tube to Jenny and flicked a switch on the box. It started to countdown quite quickly. Nobody said anything until Jenny caught on and raised the controller upwards. The countdown slowed to a normal speed.

Oily chuckled. 'Glad you worked it out so quickly or this could have been a very short day for you. However' he went on ‘that would be a little boring so we've incorporated a couple of extra tricks’.

With her eyes on Oily Jenny didn't notice Barbie had come to her side. She reached up and clicked a chain on to the base of the controller then attached it to the cord that tied Jenny's breast together.

She stepped back and pointedly looked at the clock that had speeded up again. Jenny reacted and raised the controller. Suddenly she felt a pain lance through her tits as the chain tightened and both her breasts were tugged upward.

Jenny was distraught. If she lowered the controller to ease her pain the clock went faster. If she raised it to slow the clock pain shot through her chest.

Oily and the rest laughed at her predicament.

'Well it's time to go. I think we should have another wager Mr. Castleton. One pound says she'll not last half an hour'.

'It's a bet' he responded. 'But how will we know?'

'Don't worry we'll hear the bang from a good many miles away'.

As they all turned to go Oily once more spoke. 'I nearly forgot' he said and raising a device that looked like a TV remote blipped it.

Jenny stood trying to concentrate and ignore the pain in her breasts. 'You had to do everything to survive or they won so she was determined to ignore the pain and slow the clock as much as she could. It may be futile. She may get blown up but she had to give any rescuers the maximum amount of time. Of course there may be no rescuers at all and she was wasting her time but that wasn't the point. She grunted and raised the controller.

Suddenly the reason for the blipper became obvious when the vibrators in her pussy and ass burst into life. She groaned as they buzzed merrily away inside her tormenting her already sore and overtaxed tender erogenous zones. Experiment showed that they were also tied to the controller because as her arm dropped they buzzed slower but if she raised it upward they doubled there work rate sending waves of pleasure through her nether regions.

Sweat began to bead on her skin. Not only were her breasts on fire and her pussy and ass being excited beyond measure but another factor presented itself.

Her arm was getting tired.

To get the controller high enough she had to force it upward lifting the weight of her own breasts while the vibrators buzzed even more.

Her arm began to tremble with the effort.

'Oh no' she thought. She could feel it building in her groin. She moaned as yet another orgasm swept over her.

The controller dropped. Her breasts stopped hurting and the vibrators slowed to a soft trembling. The breath rasped in her throat.

The clock whizzed round knocking off a minute for every five seconds. Jenny jerked the controller higher. The clock slowed but pain exploded in her tits, the dull ache returned to her arm muscles and the vibrators burst into renewed life and buzzed angrily.

Sweat dripped from her forehead down to sting her eyes. Her body was soaked and shook and trembled all over.

She came again. Harder this time and the controller almost slipped from her fingers.

She steeled herself and forced the controller as high as she could bare and held it there. Through the fog over her eyes she could see the clock was down to less than an hour.

Time and again the controller slowly sank until Jenny suddenly jerked it back up. Her areolas and nipples had gone almost black as the oxygen in the trapped blood in them had been used up. Strangely enough the pain lessened as they became numb.

Her arm trembled as all her strength seemed to leave her and she struggled to even raise it above shoulder height. Still the vibrators buzzed merrily.

She orgasmed again and nearly fell to the floor. If she had the clock would have whizzed round and Oily would have won his bet.

Through slitted eyes she watched miserably as the clock continued it's inexorable way downward toward zero. There was only five minutes left and her strength was as good as gone.

The strains of the day, her exertions with Mr. Castleton in the Playroom, the constant stimulation, the multiple climaxes combined with her tormented tits, the buzzing vibrators and her sapped strength all hit her at once and she fainted dead away dropping heavily to the floor. The controller dropped with her. The clock sped up and headed at breakneck speed toward zero.

Chapter 13. Revelation.

Consciousness returned slowly. She was aware she was lying on a hard floor. She was aware the pain had left her body. She was aware she was wearing something. She was aware she was no longer tethered. She was aware of breathing.

She was aware someone else was in the room.

Concentrating hard she tried to give no sign she had awoken but simply lay quietly and listened hard hoping the sounds would give her a clue as to were they were or who the person was. There had been no explosion so maybe one of the gang had returned and was at this moment trying to repair the device. But that didn't seem to explain why she was untied and dressed.

Ever so carefully Jenny opened her eyes just a little so they were no more than slits. She tried to spot the other person but they were out of her line of sight. She looked down and realised she was wearing the jacket of a man's suit.

Then she heard humming. He, she was sure now it was a he, was murmuring a tune to himself as he stood by the table were the device and clock had been. Ever so slowly she lifted her head. His back was to her but she could see he wore trousers that matched the jacket she now wore and a white shirt. He was tall and slim. The hair she could see was iron grey and the skin old and tanned.

As silently as she could she got to her feet ready for a fight or flight.

Suddenly he turned.

Jenny tensed then nearly feinted dead away once more as her eyes widened and her mouth dropped open. The last person she expected stood before her.

He let her goggle at him for few seconds then 'Ah. Agent Richards. Back in the land of the living I see' said the Director of MI6, her boss, Commander James Holt..

She goggled some more trying to make sense of it then with a cry dashed forward and threw her arms round him and buried her face in his neck.

'Oh Sir. They told me you were dead' she sobbed and hugged him tightly leaving a wet patch on his shoulder.

He stroked her back through the material of his jacket and held her trembling body protectively. It wasn't the worst position to be in especially as he knew she was naked under his coat. Soon she recovered enough to look up at him.

'How are you feeling' he asked her.

'Surprisingly good actually'.

'Ah yes that would be the professors healing cream. I happened to have a tube on me and I took the opportunity to apply some to the...err...effected areas'.

He at least had the good grace to look a little embarrassed but not that much.

'Oh you did did you' she responded stonily.

'Yes. After I'd stopped the clock' he nodded toward the device which showed seven seconds to zero 'and removed the...twine from your ..err... and extracted the...err... things from your...err...anyway I thought you needed medical attention and would...I hope...forgive the impropriety. After all it's not the first time I've seen you...disrobed or touched your...err...person before, is it?'.

'No I guess not' she replied slightly mollified.

'Besides' he said smiling 'Rank has it's privileges'.

'Oh it does does it. Well if you try to exercise those privileges again you'd better make sure I'm not conscious' she said sternly but then smiling she stretched up on tip toe and kissed him on the cheek.

'Now why aren't you dead you dirty old man'.

'Agent Richards' he replied with his most affronted tone. 'That is not the way to address your superior especially when you're stark naked and wearing nothing but his jacket. However to answer your question I'm sure you're aware that we do a dangerous job in a dangerous world. Just because I'm behind a desk doesn't mean I couldn't be a target. I know it's deemed bad form to assassinate your opposite number but there are plenty of intelligence departments from countries that don't follow the rules. Also there's lots of criminal gangs and individuals that we've upset in the past. Then there are no shortage of individuals who are just plane crazy who think that just because we keep an eye on them they can take a pot shot at me. I'd be pretty daft not to take even minimal precautions wouldn't I so thankfully the bullet proof vest I was wearing did it's job'.

'But why did they let me think you were dead?' she exclaimed.

'Are yes that was my idea' I'm sorry for that.

'But why?'

'Well there were a few reasons. Firstly if someone has gone to the trouble of shooting you you're probably safer if you let them think they've succeeded. Some carefully placed newspaper stories and such like. I believe there was even a tasteful memorial service although I couldn't attend in person of course. The second reason was to give you some extra incentive. You see I knew that if you thought I had been killed you'd leave no stone unturned to find my killer even if you were expressly forbidden from investigating the case. Do you remember when you were being interrogated, the phone call, well that was me. I knew you were innocent. I'd seen the face of my would-be assassin just as the first shot hit me so I knew it wasn't you. All the planted evidence was just that, planted and pretty unsophisticated at that so I instructed them to release you'.

Lastly there was the mole'.

'Mole?' she queried.

'Yes for some time we've suspected that someone on the inside was passing on secrets but so far we'd been unable to get any solid evidence. Mr. Castleton was under suspicion so I decided to put you two together to see if he could be drawn in to making an error. It seems he let down his guard and under estimated you as so many others have done in the past. I'm only sorry we didn't get here earlier though. We were tailing Castleton but lost him. It took a while for his car to be spotted and for us to find the warehouse'.

'But they got away' she said.

'No we got them. They're all in custody charged with conspiracy to murder a member of the Civil Service, to wit, me. Although I think it unlikely Mr. Harris will ever stand trial. He's been transferred to Broadmore and I doubt he'll see the outside of the funny farm ever again'.

'So are you ready to go now Agent Richards?'

'Yes Sir'.

'Can I have my jacket back?'

'Sir !'.

Three weeks later an article appeared in the national press.

PRISONER HOSPITALISED

It is reported that an inmate of Wormwood Scrubs, the London Prison was yesterday transferred to St. Thomas' Hospital after treatment in the prison infirmary. An insider claims that as he was loaded in to the Ambulance he was heard to utter in pained tones 'Oh dear God not again, not again'. A spokesperson for the hospital that specializes in exotic poisons, was quoted as saying 'The patient, one Hilary Lancelot Castleton, was admitted and treated for an insect sting. We were quite surprised' he admitted. 'It's not often you find a Black Desert Scorpion in a prisoners uniform. I'm sure after a period of recuperation his testacies will be as good as new. At least they won't be the size of tennis balls any more'.

The End