**Jenny 2006**

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**JENNY AND WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN**

A Story by Metromanic

It was one of those spring days that herald the start of summer. The air was crisp, but bright sunshine broke through the budding leaves of the forest canopy and highlighted the golden splashes of the new season's daffodils and primroses.

Jack shifted comfortably in his vantage point, feeling the sun warming his back through the fabric of his mackintosh. It was early in the year for him to be out; his strange hobby required him to be naked under his raincoat, but on a sunny day like this – why not?

This was a new spot for him – the police had started taking too much of an interest in his previous stamping ground and he had moved on rather than risk another arrest. The desk sergeant had made it clear that if he saw him again it would be a custodial sentence, they had even given him a nickname at the station – "Jack Flash" they called him.

Jack couldn't see what the fuss was about, everyone needed an interest, and his was exposing himself to young women. What was the harm in that? He never accosted single girls and when they were in groups they just laughed at him, giving them a giggle and him a thrill – it was a win – win situation. Only the kill-joys reported him.

The sound of distant conversation distracted Jack from his eternal self- justification, and he strained his eyes into the distance. He had chosen his spot well. There was a little river in a deep cutting that ran through the forest here, and its meanders had incised spits of land with steeply sloping and heavily wooded sides. Jack was perched at the top of one of these spits, and his position gave him long views in either direction. What he saw made him gasp and lick his lips in anticipation.

Walking along the path above the stream were two girls, = and what girls they were!!! One was slim and dark with a sinuous athletic build, feminised by above average sized breasts which even from this distance looked high and firm, from their movement beneath the fabric of her shirt Jack knew she wasn't wearing a bra. As she got closer he could see she was a beauty – her dark features and high cheekbones offset by pouting sulky crimson lips. She was the kind of woman who would turn every head in any room she walked into, but even she was eclipsed by the vision of beauty that walked beside her.

At first this woman looked like an angel, her head surrounded by a golden glow like a halo – this wonderful optical illusion caused by the sun shining through her hair, making each gossamer filament light up. The hair framed a face of such perfection it hurt to look at her. Her features were of classic natural beauty, the proportions ideal, the eyes crystal blue the lips just the right shade of red and the whole composition enhanced by a look of innocence and an unawareness of her own beauty. But even this amazing face, with its stunning features, was surpassed by the body that supported it.

Her figure was the very epitome of feminine beauty. Her breasts full and hips generous but her figure trim and her waist delicate. Even under her sensible clothing her every step produced a sexy jut of the hips and a symphony of jiggles and bounces. She was, in short, nothing less than perfect.

Jenny (for it was she) had no idea of the effect she was having on the distant watcher. She was feeling good now, the effect of last night's humiliation all but worn off. She still couldn't work out how she had managed to get locked into the ensuite bathroom totally naked, nor why there hadn't been any towels in there to cover herself, nor why even Ashley had seen fit to enlist the help of the entire male hotel staff to set her free. The Manager had even had the cheek to give her a lecture, as she stood there naked trying to cover herself with her hands; accusing her of deliberately sabotaging the lock. As if she would do such a thing! Ashley hadn't helped either standing in the corner giggling to herself – she'd blamed it on near hysteria later, but it seemed particularly insensitive at the time.

Jenny was fine now though, she had dressed this morning in sports bra and panties, a thick plaid shirt, jeans held up by a strong belt and her feet were encased in sturdy hiking boots. There was no way she could have a clothing mishap dressed like this.

Ashley was not feeling so happy; in fact she was in a high old sulk. Why on earth had she let Jenny talk her into this stupid walking holiday? Seven days in the god-forsaken countryside, miles from the nearest boutique or cocktail bar with nobody but the blond bimbo for company, - it was enough to make you spit! At least there had been last night's diversion for entertainment. She replayed her mental image of Jenny standing pink, flustered and naked trying ineffectually to cover her nudity as half a dozen leering men looked on. She chuckled to herself and turned her thoughts to further schemes for revenge.

Jenny meanwhile had spotted a rare treasure growing beside the track. It couldn't be ………….., it wasn't………… yes!! How wonderful - it was a lesser cudweed; a rarity in itself at any time, but this one was in bloom. She stopped suddenly and bent down, keen to get a closer look at the unusual flower. So rapturous she didn't think of Ashley walking close behind her.

Ashley was equally diverted by her own thoughts and didn't see Jenny bending over until it was too late, Her friends shapely posterior caught her square in the hip, knocking her off balance. The brunette teetered for a few seconds, wind-milling her arms as she tried to regain her balance, but it was all to no avail, she slipped and fell……. Normally this would have resulted in nothing worse than a minor loss of dignity for Ashley, - a small fall with no worse result than a bruise on her lovely derriere. But unfortunately for her she was standing at he top of a fifteen-foot drop leading down to the river below, and it was down this that she fell. Finally finding herself sitting on the pebbly bank of the little river, her head spinning, while Jenny looked down anxiously from above.

"Ashley……….. Ashley. Are you ok?"

Ashley ran a mental checklist – nothing seemed broken. Her shock gradually turning to anger.

"Yes I am, no thanks to you. Don't just stand there looking at me you stupid cow, get me out of here!"

"But how? You can't climb up this bank, we need a rope or something."

High above them Jack stood up, -this was the perfect opportunity! He could go down and act the part of the hero to the two distressed damsels; he was sure that this would give him the chance to repeatedly expose himself to them. He was just about to climb down when the sound of distant song made him hastily crouch back down.

"Oh we're riding along on the crest of a wave, And the sun is in the sky….."

Jenny also heard the sound, and straightened up to look back up the track. She knew that song, - surely it couldn't be-.

"We all have our eyes on The distant horizon And the world is gliding by…."

To Jenny's horror her worst fears materialised, as round the bend came a troop of boy scouts, marching in step, swinging their arms in time and singing lustily.

Jenny panic-stricken looked left and right up and down the track maybe if she ran for it now she could escape. She knew from experience that any encounter with boy scouts usually ended up in embarrassment and humiliation. But her best friend was trapped and she couldn't leave her at the mercy of these horrible children. She straightened and faced the oncoming adolescents her natural naivety taking over. Perhaps these lads could help her rescue Ashley.

Patrol leader Nigel Molsworth Junior stopped dead as he spotted the vision of loveliness standing by the path, causing the rest of his patrol to crash into him. The scouts were in the middle of a weekend woodland trial, which seemed mostly to consist of tying knots and making bivouacs and they were soundly bored. Nigel adjusted his pebble glasses and peered at the woman, perhaps she offered some chance of entertainment.

Jenny smiled bravely. "I wonder if you boys can help, my friend has fallen down the bank."

Molsworth Junior looked over the edge. There was, indeed, another beautiful young woman sitting by the edge of the river looking dazed and rather angry.

"Don't worry ma'am we'll have her up in a jiffy."

The patrol immediately became a blur of activity, Nigel directing matters from a low tussock. A coil of rope (strangely covered in knots) was miraculously produced. This was thrown across the bough of a tree that hung over the riverbank below so that it dangled down to where Ashley sat. Jenny was impressed, clearly they were planning to hoist her back up, Jenny started feeling guilty about her previous worries, clearly these lads were only interested in rescue, her faith in human nature began to return.

Molsworth walked to the edge of the drop and looked down thoughtfully. "I think we need to send a couple of chaps down first to set things up. Jenkins, Humphreys, we'll lower you down; you can make sure she's secure, we'll hoist her up then send the rope back down for you."

Two enthusiastic adolescents stepped forward with a smart salute and a "Yessir."

"We'll need the rest of us on the rope." Molsworth turned to Jenny. "I wonder if you would mind giving us a hand Ma'am. You're bigger than us you'd be ideal as the anchor."

Jenny was pleased to be able to help. "Of course young man." She said ruffling his hair.

Molsworth turned away in annoyance smoothing his coiffure back into place. He hated it when adults patronised him, perhaps he could teach this one a lesson.

Jenny stood patiently as a couple of scouts secured the rope round her waist. They spent a while fiddling around there, there bobbing heads concealing what they were doing, but she was glad they were spending enough time to make sure all the knots were right. Eventually they were ready and she stood at the back while the rest of the troop lined up in front of her holding the rope. The two designated rescuers held onto the other end of the rope and swung out over the void.

At first things went well, Jenny and the boys easily taking the strain. And very gradually they began to lower the load. And then suddenly…..

Everything went wrong!!!!

By an incredible coincidence all the boys who were helping Jenny with the rope tripped over in unison and let go of their grip. Jenny was left holding on by herself. For a moment, feet planted and sinews straining she thought she might make it, but she was no match in weight for two strapping adolescents; she was jerked forward, then as the two boys dropped, off her feet and upwards, so that as they went down she went up.

She suddenly found herself in mid air, a dozen feet up suspended by her waist while the two boys had landed on the river bank, their fall broken by Ashley who for the second time that day was knocked dizzy.

The two resourceful boys (mindful of not losing their way out) tied their end of the rope to a handy tree root, leaving Jenny hanging up in the tree while they attended to Ashley.

Jenny, confused and panicked by her predicament made a fatal mistake. She loosened her grip on the rope to gesticulate at the scouts below. "Help!!" she shouted.

You cannot ignore the laws of physics, and as we all know if something is balanced across a central pivot the heavier side will go downwards, the lighter will go up. In Jenny's case the pivot was the rope round her waist and due to her magnificent upper physique her top was the heavier side of the balance. It was not surprising, therefore, that Jenny suddenly found herself hanging upside down.

Normally this would have been an uncomfortable position, no more than that, but as Jenny hung there she felt a movement from the rope round her waist. The knot it was tied with seemed to be some sort of cunning slipknot and she began to feel the rope working upwards over her hips, pulling at her jeans as it did so. Jenny said a silent prayer of thanks for the stout leather belt she had buckled on this morning, - that would make sure her jeans stayed on. But then – horror of horrors! She felt her jeans being pulled over her hips; her belt seemed to be unbuckled and the top of her jeans unbuttoned, - how did that happen? Jenny made a despairing grab at her jeans, but too late! She was only in time to grab her shirt tails and hold them against herself front and back to preserve her modesty as the rope rolled down to her ankles where it lodged taking her jeans and………. No!!!! Her panties with it. Jenny was left dangling by her ankles with bare legs and flanks and only her shirttails to hide her nudity her long blond hair hanging down. The blood, propelled by embarrassment and gravity, rushed to her cheeks. She stifled a panicky sob. Why did everything always go wrong for her?

Meanwhile, down on the ground, the scout troop on the higher land had picked themselves up and were craning their necks to look at Jenny with excitement and frustration, the upturned blond had succeeded in pinning the shirt tails between her legs and was showing the eager boys below nothing more then the sides of her quivering buttocks.

The two other lads, down by the river hoisted the groggy Ashley to her feet and supported her as she swayed on rubbery legs. Making sure they kept a loop of rope round the tree root so that Jenny stayed up in her lofty perch they tied the free end round Ashley's wrists – the brunette was far too stunned to hang on to the rope by herself. They then loosened the loop round the tree root expecting Jenny's slightly greater weight to pull Ashley back up to the top of the bank.

But….

Nothing happened! Obviously the friction of the rope as it passed over the branch was stopping Jenny's weight from pulling the other girl up. Ashley's arms were pinned above her head, but her legs were still planted firmly on terra – firma. Molsworth Junior looking down on this scene from above grasped the situation in a flash.

"You'll have to lighten the load chaps, take her boots off."

Jenkins and Humphreys soon divested the brunette of her heavy hiking boots. On the other end of the rope Jenny shifted down fractionally. Ashley rose on to her tiptoes but still didn't leave the ground. The two scouts looked at each other – the situation was clearly desperate. If they were to save the dark haired beauty drastic action was called for. They unbuckled her jeans and pulled them off. Ashley resplendent in just a shirt and panties rose a couple of inches off the ground but still didn't go any further up. There was only one thing for it……

Ashley regained consciousness as the two lads went to work with their Swiss army penknives. She felt and heard the snip snip of the handy scissor attachments as they began to cut the rest of her clothes from her body.

Snip snip.

"Stop………. Stop!!! What are you doing!!!

Her shirt was pulled away, leaving her topless and exposed, her brown nipples crinkling in the cold spring air. She rose a foot off the ground but no higher.

"Leave me alone you little bastards!!!"

The scouts were hurt – they were only trying to help.

Snip snip.

Ashley felt her panties being pulled away, leaving her totally naked, hanging from her wrists like some poor medieval prisoner. Never had she been so humiliated.

"You boys are in sooo much trouble when I get free."

The scouts had all stopped and were gazing at her, mesmerised by her naked splendour, taking in the details of her neatly trimmed pubic hair and her toned buttocks and her pert breasts, stretched taught by her strained posture. For some of them it was the first time they had seen a naked woman outside of pictures. Jenkins and Humphreys who were up close to this vision of loveliness thought they would die of rapture. But still she was only a couple of feet off the ground.

It was Molsworth Junior who was the first to snap out of the trance. He called down to his patrol members below.

"You'll have to try and lift her as high as you can, we'll see if we can pull the other one down."

Humphreys and Jenkins looked at each other in stunned delight, then at the naked brunette; never before had their patrol leader assigned them such a pleasurable task. They couldn't believe this could be right, but it was their duty. Dodging Ashley's kicking feet they stepped forward and grasped the naked girl, lifting her until they could get their hands under her buttocks then hoisting her as high as they could while she squirmed and struggled, protesting as their invasive hands kneaded her exposed flesh.

"No……… Stop. STOP!!! Get your fingers out of there!!!!!!!! LEAVE ME ALONE!!!!!!!!"

Meanwhile at the top the cliff Molsworth looked up at the slowly rotating Jenny. She was still clearly out of reach. He beckoned over the biggest kid in the troop; fat Timmy Tarbuck, and ordered him to bend down so that he could climb on to his shoulders. Timmy grunted with effort, but took the burden and slowly stood up.

Molsworth stretched up. His grasping fingers brushing the very tips of Jenny's hair. He stretched up again – just another inch and he had hold of a hank of golden strands. He yanked hard.

Jenny felt like her scalp was being pulled off.

"Ow!!!! Let go. That hurts!!"

Molsworth was used to obeying adults so he let go. His first pull had dragged the blond down another foot or so; so now his questing fingers were able to get a grasp on the back of Jenny's shirt and he pulled again.

Meanwhile Timmy Tarbuck's stout legs, tested by all the movement and stretching of his load, finally gave way and he fell, leaving his patrol leader hanging in mid air, still firmly holding onto the back of Jenny's shirt. For a moment the boy and Jenny swung together like a human pendulum then the shirttails pulled out from between Jenny's legs. Molsworth felt himself falling, still holding Jenny's shirt as it ripped free from her body. He made a despairing grasp with his other hand and managed to grab something.

To his amazement he felt himself being slowly lowered to the ground, one hand holding onto the shirt, now entirely torn away from Jenny, the other hand holding on to a strap of some kind. His sedate journey back to earth over Molsworth looked around himself and saw the rest of his patrol. To his surprise they were all looking at a spot about six feet above his head all with there mouths hanging open, a couple of them were even dribbling. His eyes followed theirs upwards.

The first thing he saw from his foreshortened perspective were a pair of pretty feminine hands. They appeared to be tied together with some sort of white elastic material, the other end of which he was holding on to. His eyes travelled upwards further. The next thing he saw was a beautiful feminine face, upside down and framed in a halo of blond hair, the cheeks of the face were flushed scarlet with shame or embarrassment, the bright blue eyes full of tears and the mouth with its red lips and perfect teeth opened wide with shock. His gaze travelled further upwards still. The next thing he saw were the alabaster mounds of two amazing breasts. The force of gravity making them impossibly perky in their inverted position. Each breast was crowned with a pink rosebud nipple, which before his delighted eyes became erect, the aureole crinkling into intricate swirls of flesh. His eyes travelled further up the suspended form where a triangle of golden hair told him that the woman above him was totally nude.

He finally understood what had happened; as he had fallen not only had he ripped Jenny's shirt away from her body, but his other hand had caught in her bra which had been pulled over her head and down her arms, becoming entangled with her hands.

Jenny was totally helpless, stretched between the loop of rope round her ankles and the newly installed tie around her wrists formed by her roughly stripped sports bra. She felt herself on the verge of hysteria, never had she been so mortified she felt all the fight leave her, there was only one thing she could do…… Plead.

"Please…." (in a small voice). "Please,- help me get down, please, let me put my clothes back on……… Please, I wont tell anyone."

The scout troop was too mesmerised to respond. They gazed in awe at the splendid body above them, watching as the pink spread from her cheeks to her chest, until her whole body was one big blush. She wriggled, trying to escape her bounds, her whole body trembling and shivering. As the boys watched a shaft of sunlight broke through the foliage and illuminated the soft down between her legs, making the hair glow and revealing a hint of pink underneath.

Again it was Molesworth (who took his position of responsibility seriously) that reacted first. He stood up, and pulled slowly on the bra, so that Jenny came lower, the tips of her hair lightly bushing the ground. A rustle from the foliage at the edge of the cliff turned all heads. Ashley had long since been pulled free of the disappointed grasp of Humphreys and Jenkins who were now scrambling up the cliff after her. She now appeared over the edge of the drop and swung towards Jenny.

To the assembled scouts' delight the two suspended nude girls softly collided, top to tail, blond to brunette, breast to belly. And hung together, rotating nakedly in the watery sunlight. The patrol could no longer control itself, cameras both digital and cellular appeared from uniform pockets. Images were created to be kept for years as private treasures or posted on the Internet. Some of the boys posed beside the hanging duo, hands proudly grasping an exposed breast or buttock.

The two girls were now completely incoherent with shock and embarrassment and could only hang there as the ordeal went on……. And on……… And on…………………... Until a shrill whistle pierced the excited babble of the boys. Molesworth straightened from his position beside Jenny, removing his hand guiltily from the cleft of her buttocks, he knew that sound, it was the scout leader's whistle. If the leader discovered this scene there would be hell to pay. He hastily assembled his rapturous patrol, and quite suddenly the boys were gone back down the path in the direction of the sound, leaving the two girls naked tied and alone shivering in the cold air, ready to be discovered by the next passer by.

At first the girls were too stunned by their experience to do anything other than hang there in a surreal aerial soixante-neuf. They were just glad to be free of the adolescent attentions. The two girls had come to rest front-to-front with Ashley the right way up and Jenny upside down so that their top-to-tail positions meant they were looking straight at each other's bush. Ashley, given a close quarters view of the golden fuzz between Jenny's legs and feeling her ample breasts pressing against her belly began to feel her anger rising. How could she have ended up in this predicament? It was this stupid blond cow's fault; she couldn't bear to be close to her any longer.

Ashley bent her knees and managed to get her legs up between her and Jenny. Planting her feet in Jenny's belly she pushed as hard as she could so that Jenny's hanging body arced away from her.

But of course, in this situation Jenny was just a pendulum, and although she swung sedately away, rotating slowly, she just as surely swung back. Watching Jenny's naked body swinging back Ashley just couldn't bear the thought of being pressed up against her again. Jenny had turned enough so that her lovely bottom was turned towards Ashley and as she swung back into range Ashley landed a well-aimed kicked on Jenny's shapely right buttock so that she swung back away again. "This is your fault you stupid bimbo." She yelled as she watched a red mark appear on the perfect flesh.

Jenny upside down and naked couldn't believe this further indignity, her own friend turning on her! Jenny was slow to anger but she had finally had enough. As the two girls swung back together they had rotated so that Jenny had turned towards Ashley who now had her back towards Jenny. Jenny swung her arm back as far as she could and lashed out hard, landing a stinging slap on Ashley's backside, watching the flesh f her buttock quiver and a red handprint appear. "I could have run away and left you, - you bitch" she shouted.

And that was it – the two girls were suddenly fighting properly screaming at each other and landing blows whenever they could on any part of the other's anatomy that swung into view, spinning and swinging with the force of their exertion in a bizarre aerial ballet.

High above Jack Flash, who had been watching the scene with mounting excitement unfolded himself from his hiding place and started to clamber down. This was his chance! He knew that this was the zenith of his flashing career, the opportunity to expose himself to two naked, beautiful and captive girls. He knew that nothing would ever be as good as this again. He licked his lips in anticipation.

**Jenny Champion of the World**

By Brummie

Initially Commander Holt was so shocked by the message he received that he made the speaker confirm what he'd been told. Shock turned to surprise then intrigue and finally excitement. He buzzed the intercom and gave strict instructions to his secretary. Within a minute his door opened and she ushered Jenny Richards into his presence. His secretary, Mrs. Prendergast, gave him a very stern disapproving look and tutted before turning on her heal and stalking out of the office. This couldn't be helped. Holt couldn't contain his curiosity as to how this staggering situation had come about.

'Well Agent Richards. you requested to see me'. 'Yes Sir' replied the most beguiling and feminine member of his MI6 team. 'I encountered a situation a short while ago and I thought it best that I made you aware of it'. 'Hmm, I see. Well please carry on' he replied his appreciative gaze traveling up and down her figure.

Jenny began her tale slowly 'I popped out during the lunch break Sir, to withdraw some money from the bank. I was waiting in the queue when I noticed something curious at one of the tellers windows. A man was being served by the woman cashier. She loaded all the money from her cash draw into a canvas bag and passed it to the customer'.

'Well this is all very interesting Agent Richards but I hope there's more than just a description of your lunch hour' interrupted Holt.

'Yes Sir. It's just that I didn't see him sign any withdrawal slip or pass over a cheque to cash, in fact nothing. The only movement he made was to twirl a small shiny coin he had on a chain round his neck. 'Hmmm. Go on'. 'Well he just took the cash bag and walked nonchalantly out of the Bank. I was the next customer at that window and I asked to withdraw some cash. The girl seemed pre- occupied but she opened the draw and seemed very perturbed that there was no money there'.

'So what are you saying' demanded Holt still confused. 'Well Sir, I can only think of one way that you can get money from a bank without signing something, a slip or form. Something. 'And that is?'. 'Well..if you were robbing it Sir'.

'Are you telling me you witnessed a bank robbery and did nothing?' asked Holt. 'No, of course not Sir. To be honest I wasn't sure the bank had been robbed. The cashier was still confused and wasn't sure whether the money was missing or not. I decided on a different course. I dashed out of the bank and tried to spot the man. He was about a hundred yards away so I set off after him. I couldn't just go up to a stranger and accuse him of bank robbery so I set out to follow him to see if he made any suspicious moves'.

'Go on Agent Richards. What happened next?' said Holt.

'Well Sir, I trailed him for about half a mile when he went into a small restaurant. I followed him in and took a seat behind him where I could watch him and he couldn't see me. He only ordered a sandwich and a coffee so within twenty minutes we were off again. He took a very meandering route and he wasn't walking fast so I was beginning to think I was mistaken and he was innocent when he made a very quick call on his mobile. He turned into a narrow alley, I waited a while then followed him in. After about thirty yards there was a door I thought he was heading for but he ignored it and carried on past. However as I came abreast of it it opened and I was grabbed by a massive pair of black hands.

'Crikey, Agent Richards what happened then?' enquired Holt now becoming more interested.

'Well Sir then I became Champion of the World' replied Jenny.

The silence lengthened. Holt looked at her stunned. That definitely wasn't the answer he was expecting. 'What?' he asked baffled.

'I became Champion of the World. Sir' repeated Jenny only slower this time.

'What the blistering blue barnacles are you talking about Richards' shouted Holt using some of the rich vocabulary he'd learned in twenty five years at sea. 'This isn't some sort of game you know. Champion at what may I ask'.

'Well I'm the World Champion of Bl.......' began Jenny who suddenly stopped in mid sentence. She appeared stunned for a few seconds before her cheeks turned a deep pink and she put her face in her hands A tiny dam within her brain had burst and the memories of the previous hour flooded back into her conscious mind. She cried out mortified 'Oh my God, what have I done'.

. . . . .

Jenny followed the man into the dark alley between two buildings in one of the older parts of London. He was wearing a long brown well worn rain coat and a matching floppy hat pulled down to conceal his features. He'd just robbed a bank and despite appearances all his senses were on high alert. He'd noticed the woman in the queue in the bank, She frankly stood out like a beacon. Her long blonde hair, amazing figure and super model face made her impossible to miss. He was surprised when he spotted her in the mirror in the restaurant. She seemed to be watching him intently. His worst suspicions were confirmed when he got up to leave and she called for her bill and within a few seconds exited the eatery behind him. He walked slowly while coolly formulating a plan then made a phone call. He headed for the rendezvous leading her into the trap he'd laid for her.

Inside the dingy room three men were sprawled around in various states of alertness waiting for news of the latest heist by their boss. The trilling of the old fashioned black phone thundered into the silence jerking them awake. A small, stick thin rat faced felon picked up the receiver and listened becoming more alarmed with each passing second. 'OK boss' he said before putting the phone down. 'Nathan, a small job for you' he said.

The biggest Negro he'd ever seen rose like a colossus from an easy chair. He stood with a vacuous expression on his face and waited for instructions. 'Blonde coming down alley. You grab. OK' said Sid the Shive slowly and clearly making sure Nathan understood despite the simplicity of the command. Outside the hat and coat man surreptitiously knocked twice on the door in passing. Sid waited ten seconds then cracked it open and watched. As the blonde came level he threw the door open and Nathan surged through grabbed the woman following his boss, covered her mouth with an enormous paw and dragged her into the dark interior.

Hearing the commotion behind him the boss turned and seeing Jenny captured retraced his steps. He followed the pair through the door closing it after him. Jenny's struggles were futile when pitted against the huge black mans muscles. He held her firmly but gently until she realised she was just wasting energy and quieted down, watching the men warily. The boss man and Sid were in conference. After a minute Sid turned to look at her. He saw her bag lying on the floor were it'd fallen. A quick search soon turned up Jenny's MI6 security pass. Silently he showed it to the boss and they returned to their huddle.

Jenny couldn't hear anything until just as the boss began turning he said 'I'll remove the memory' to Sid. During their conversation the other man had been studying Jenny. Even in the dim light and with half her face covered and her body wrapped around by Nathan's other beefy arm her beauty was obvious. Fat Tony, so called for obvious reasons, whispered urgently in Sid's ear. Sid in turn looked searchingly at Jenny and relayed the message in the same whisper to the Boss.

'No. You know I can't make them do anything they wouldn't do voluntarily, and besides I won't allow it'. A downcast Fat Tony whispered to Sid again and once again the message was relayed. The Boss stood silently deep in thought while looking intently at Jenny. She tried to stare back resolutely but she could guess what Fat Tony was suggesting, he looked the sort. After a minute the Boss said 'OK, I'll give it a try. I think a little retribution isn't unfair for the trouble we're being put to'. He advanced and Jenny stiffened as he came and stood in front of her.

He opened his coat and drew out the chain that hung round his neck. At it's center hung a small coin. He gripped the bracket the coin hung from between his thumb and finger and began twirling it. 'Look at the shiny coin dear' he said.

. . . . .

Jenny blinked in the bright spotlights that shone down directly on her. She was standing in a small circular arena surrounded by banks of seats that extended upwards and outward as far as she could see. Every seat was filled with a mass of indistinct people. The noisy excited crowd stared at her making her feel like a gladiator in ancient Rome waiting for the Emperor to decide if she lived or died .

'WELCOME' shouted the MC into his microphone. 'WELCOME LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP FINALLY. As you can see' he continued in a more normal conversational tone now he had the crowd's attention. 'We are down to the last two contestants'. He raised his voice again and pointing introduced 'FROM BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, THE AMERICAN FINALIST...BRITTANY'. The crowd exploded into applause and cat calls. 'AND FROM LITTLE OLD ENGLAND, PLEASE WELCOME ....JENNY'. Again the crowd cheered and clapped like loonies. The noise level about the same so neither contestant seemed to be the favourite.

Jenny looked across the stage toward her opponent. Brittany was a goddess in human form. Brunette, tall as her and if anything even bigger in the chest department. Even Jenny felt a twinge of attraction in her loins. Brittany was sex on legs. The MC started up again.

'OK ladies and Gentlemen you know what comes first'.

They chanting started low but soon grew until everyone was screaming 'STRIP, STRIP, STRIP'.

'Shhh' the MC quieted them. 'Can we have the lottery winners please'. Two men detached themselves from the throng and climbed the steps onto the stage. They high five'd each other and then split so each stood beside a contestant. 'Well ladies you knew the rules when you signed on. The finalists will compete naked. Gentlemen enjoy your prize. Jenny stood as if frozen as her winner circled round and stood behind her. For some reason she couldn't quite fathom he was wearing a shabby brown rain coat. He reached round her and began to unbutton her crisp white blouse. He undid all the buttons except one in the middle then waited until the crowd went silent. He gripped each side of Jenny's shirt but still waited teasing, allowing the tension to build until with a flourish ripped it from her body. The crowd went wild as Jenny was exposed. Her skirt followed with equal ceremony so she was left in her wispy white bra and panties and high heels.

The lottery winner unclasped Jenny's bra at the back. She gasped and crossed her arms over her chest holding the bra in place. A stern whisper in her ear compelled her to lower her arms to her side. Again the crowd waited with baited breath as the stripper reached round and gripped the centre of the bra. He whipped it away exposing Jenny's breasts to the mass. A collective 'Ahhh' rose as her pink tipped mammaries sprang into view wobbling enticingly before settling back into their high firm globular shape. Jenny blushed deep pink and so did her areolas. She was being stripped for the entertainment of the crowd. A tingle gripped her lower belly and her nipples reacted becoming aroused. They sprang to their full extension as a pair of hands encircled her and cupped her breasts ever so gently and began tenderly caressing her. She groaned as the knowing hands massaged her flesh.

With a final tweak of her large pink rubbery nipples the hands left her. She stood dazed in erotic arousal the crowd baying for more. He waited a full minute as the noise built, the expectation until with both hands he grabbed the back of Jenny's panties and tore them off her. The crowd erupted as Jenny's naked hairless womanhood was revealed. She gasped and reddening then tried to cover herself with her hands. An urgent whisper in her ear again compelled her to relax and to return her arms to her sides.

Not content with exposing Jenny the hands took her by the shoulders and slowly turned her body showing off her fantastic figure, parading her, to the entire crowd who went absolutely ape shit, chanting, whooping, cheering.

'Why are you doing this' asked Jenny. 'Because secretly you want me to' answered the enigmatic whisper in her ear.

Once more a hand reached round her body this time coming to rest on her flat stomach and gently beginning to stroke her in a circular motion. Her eyes closed in pleasure as the hand caressed her. Lower it went, lower still until inevitably it flowed over her pubic bone and cupped her pussy. She sighed as the hand squeezed her softly rhythmically. The other seemingly disembodied hand had returned to continue massaging her left tit, the fingers ever so gently circling her nipple.

Jenny was in heaven. The hands caressed her knowingly, ever so softly. A finger dragged between her puffy pussy lips until it reached her erected clitoris and began to circle round and round it. The crowd were forgotten in a miasma of erotic sensations as the hands brought her higher and higher. A finger slipped into her caressing her softest innermost moist flesh. Jenny's breath quickened, rasped in her throat as the hands worked her body. An insistent whisper in her ear urged her to let herself go, to surrender herself to the sensations. The fingers manipulating her pussy quickened, thrusting slowly, still softly, but insistently. A thumb pressed her clit. The whisper rasped urgently 'Now' and Jenny stiffened, releasing herself to a trembling all over warm pervading orgasm that went on and on seemingly forever.

The hands held her until she could stand on her own. The whisper in her ear instructed her to obey the MC before leaving her alone in the spotlight.

'AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ....... THE FINAL OF THE WORLD BLOWJOB CHAMPIONSHIPS'. Jenny gasped. 'What the hell' she thought. 'CONTESTANTS TO YOUR POSITIONS PLEASE'. Jenny looked over to see an equally naked Brittany move to a small rubber mat were she knelt down and waited. Suddenly Jenny moved as if someone had pulled strings attached to her limbs. She mimicked Brittany and knelt on her mat.

'Contestants. The final is a three man challenge. The first to finish all three of her men wins. Remember of course we will need to see the evidence of your success. Can we have the first participants please'. Two men appeared. Jenny studied her man. He was small and stick thin with a sharp face and wore only boxed shorts.

'LADIES..LET THE BLOWING BEGIN'. The crowd erupted as the contest started. Jenny mesmerized and confused looked over at Brittany. She had extracted her mans member and was attacking it with everything she had. A whisper in her ear commanded her to begin and again the compulsion rose within her. She reached for the mans shorts and drew out his dick already semi erect in anticipation of what she was about to do. A quick couple of pumps with her tiny fist and she plunged him between her soft pink lips and began to bob her head while sucking like a vacuum cleaner.

The crowd could easily follow the action. Enormous monitors showed the action in glorious Technicolor. On the biggest monitor an eighteen foot saliva covered penis was pistoning in and out of Jenny's full pink lips as she sucked for all she was worth. The efforts she was putting in to it made her breasts shimmy and shake entertaining the crowd even more.

A cheer rose as Brittany's first man succumbed to her ministrations and a second anonymous male appeared in his place. Jenny re-doubled her efforts and was soon rewarded with a groan and a cascading eruption as the penis ejaculated into the air. A second man appeared. This one was decidedly overweight and short. Jenny paid this no mind as again she whipped him out and began using her oral skills as only she could. This penis also followed the body shape of it's owner. The first man had been stick thin with a penis that was long and slender. The short fat man had a short but very thick penis. Jenny didn't have to worry about gagging but her jaw soon began to ache being stretched so wide. Her tongue attacked swirling until the man was groaning. 'Oh God yes. Just there, like that'. Her lips pressed hard against him and he couldn't stop himself thrusting forward.

Another cheer. Brittany was still ahead as her man ejaculated. Jenny gripped her mans balls and gently squeezed him while sucking and tonguing him seemingly as if her life depended on it. He tightened and she was just in time removing him from her mouth as he erupted hitting her across the cheek. He groaned and spurted once more this time hitting her across her nose and lips. He withdrew and she looked round. Brittany was working like the very devil on her last man as a shadow fell across Jenny. She looked round and straight into the biggest, blackest cock she had ever seen. It resembled a small tree trunk. At rest it was over twelve inches. 'Good God, who knows what it'll grow to in a minute' Jenny thought. She reached for the black snake and lifted it. It was like picking up a soft salami. 'It must weigh a couple of pounds' she surmised. Again the man matched the penis. Tall, muscle bound and massive in every direction. Jenny looked up into a black face showing only a vacant expression. The black truncheon in her tiny delicate hand began to react and harden. It was like a big black snake waking from it's slumber and slowly rising to stare at her with it's single central eye. She used both hands to pump it as best she could before tentatively parting her lips. The head slipped inside the warm wetness and she began to suck like crazy hoping Brittany wasn't near winning.

Her jaw began to ache again as it was stretched. The jet black cock began thrusting slowly. She could only get about four inches inside her mouth so she gripped and massaged the rest with both her hands. She ran her tongue round the head and along the shaft. Dark veins stood out as blood pumped into him bringing him to his full majestic length of fifteen inches. Jenny hung on for dear life as the pistoning quickened. Deeper and deeper he thrust, her sand paper tongue rasping over his sensitive glands. Her hands fondled his balls as she sucked and sucked. She still hadn't heard a cheer when she felt him seize. She drew back but he grabbed two fistfuls of her hair and she felt him erupt over her tongue. Again and again he spurted flooding her mouth.

He released her and Jenny jumped up elated that she'd won the contest. The crowd erupted again as Brittany finished her last man then her expression turned to disappointment as she looked up to see Jenny already celebrating.

'JENNY WINS'. screamed the MC and brought forward a big shiny trophy. Jenny held it aloft drinking in the adulation of the crowd as they applauded and cheered. After a few minutes an urgent whisper in her ear said 'OK my dear you can go back to the dressing room now'.

Jenny left the arena, cheers still ringing in her ears, and headed down a dark alley towards the light.

. . . . .

'Jenny'.....'Jenny'.....'JENNY' insisted Commander Holt until she looked up at him. 'World Champion of what I said'.

'Err...Nothing. Nothing at all Sir'.

'So it appears that you followed this character into a dark alley and then found yourself back here. Is that correct. 'Err...Yes Sir that about sums it up Sir' lied Jenny.

'I see' said Holt more gently. 'Ever heard of Stanislav Lazlo?'

'Err...No Sir'.

'He's a Hungarian who emigrated here about ten years ago. At the start he earned his living as a stage hypnotist but it wasn't long before he discovered a new use for his powers and developed a little sideline in robbery. Not always banks. Anywhere where money is handled but never too large an amount that he couldn't just walk out without any fuss. He's not into guns or screeching getaway's. I think this is your man in the brown coat. It all fits his pattern'.

It also explains why you lost nearly an hour after you were captured. He's obviously used his skills to try and make you forget him and his gang.

'Er..yes sir. Suppose it does' said Jenny sheepishly

'And it also explains one other thing as well'.

'Oh what's that sir' enquired the unsuspecting blonde.

It explains why you have no recollection of walking nearly a mile back here through the crowded streets of London, through the security of this building, up in the lift to this floor, along the corridor to this office and are now calmly sitting here in front of me totally naked.

Jenny froze then slowly looked down at her body. She blushed the deepest pink she had ever done at the thought of the show she'd put on then slowly crossed her legs and covered her breasts with her arms across her chest trying to curl up into a tiny ball.

'Oh fuck' she groaned.

Holt flicked the intercom. 'Mrs. Prendergast, please bring in the clothes I asked you to find earlier. Thank you'. ..................

After Jenny had gone Holt stood and crossed to sit in a deep leather armchair. He pictured the scene in his mind, not only of an oblivious Jenny passing hundreds of bemused pedestrians in the street but at the twenty minutes she'd sat facing him in nothing but a pair of high heeled shoes. He put his hands behind his head relaxed back and smiled broadly. 'I really should try to send Mr. Lazlo a Christmas Card this year' he thought happily.

**The End Jenny in Lust for Revenge.**

By Brummie

From an original idea by Lex Luthor.

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

Dear reader,

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

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

Consider yourself warned.

The Prologue.

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

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

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

Six months later...

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

Chapter 1.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 2.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 3

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 4.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He withdrew and re-loaded with more drug this time coating his whole hand. He returned grinding his knuckles between Jenny's vulva. The pressure built as his tiny slick hand pushed harder and harder until inevitably it slipped all the way in. Slowly he pushed and twisted his fingers clenched into a tiny fist. Jenny groaned as the dwarfs hand and wrist slid into her body. Mini pulled back again until his fist was nearly all the way out before pushing back again. As Jenny's love channel loosened and her juices flowed Mini's fist quickened until he was pistoning in and out, delivering the drug directly to the softest most vulnerable flesh on her body. The initial discomfort of the intrusion into her pussy subsided and gradually turned to pleasure. She mewed pathetically as Mini repeatedly penetrated her.

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

Chapter 5.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 6.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Epilogue.

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

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

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

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

The End

**Voodoo Jenny**

By Brummie

Prologue.

Violated, degraded, just plain dirty. She felt all of these and more. Holt regarded her as she told the story of her trip to the Latin American Island of Puerta de Mer. Tears ran down her cheeks. She related her arrest on trumped up charges, the trip to the interior and her ultimate nightmare as she was used repeatedly in front of the video cameras. The drugs injected into her had made it seem like a dream but the bruises, aches and pains proved her ordeal had really happened. She had been found wandering aimlessly. Friendly locals treated her injuries and put her on a boat back to civilisation.

This wasn't the first incident of this sort coming out of Puerto de Mer. Holt surmised that the gang perpetrating these crimes relied on the drugs combined with the humiliation and fear keeping the women from revealing their ordeal but an occasional one was either stronger minded than they thought and reported the attack to the authorities or needed psychiatric help and revealed what had happened to them to the doctors.

Western women seemed to be the gangs primary targets now. They'd worked their way through the local women and were now selecting the better looking female tourists. Their Internet porn business was growing and more and more victims were needed to feed the demand for the sort of videos they provided. The mainland authorities had struggled to close them down but for every site they closed another popped up to replace it.

Holt rose and came round his desk. He gently pulled the quietly sobbing woman to her feet and led her to the door. He opened it and asked his secretary to make sure she was taken home. He watched sadly as Mrs. Prendergast put her arm protectively around the brunettes shoulders and guided her away. He hadn't mentioned that a video of her ordeal had recently appeared on the web. That would have been to much for her to bare.

Returning to his chair he sat thinking hard. How to break up this operation. The local police and authorities were corrupt and couldn't be relied on for help. Couldn't even be relied on not to actively protect the gang. He knew what he'd like to do but the thought of putting his agents into such danger, especially his female agents, was repugnant to him but he couldn't think of any other way to flush these bastards out.

In another part of the building Agent Jenny Richards was falling for yet another practical joke. Her naivety was becoming legendary in the 'Firm' and she was constantly being tricked by the men and women alike. Fire drills when she was in the showers and her clothes and all the towels had mysteriously disappeared, underwear inspections, monthly mammary grams, dress down Fridays when she was informed that all women were required to wear mini-skirts and stockings.

The latest jolly jape occurred after she had completed a vigorous martial arts workout. She'd returned to the changing room and headed straight to the showers. A large sign had been placed on the stalls indicating the plumbing was faulty and a big red arrow pointed toward an alternative shower down the corridor in the next room. Jenny happily trotted off to the new shower room, stripped bare and entered a large communal shower. She applied a big dollop of shampoo and started merrily washing her hair creating masses of soap suds while singing quietly to herself. Dipping her soapy hair under the shower she rinsed off the suds, threw back her head and used her hands to wring out the excess water. She bent deeply to start washing her legs and froze as an appreciative round of applauds rang out. She turned to see the hunky members of the 'Firms' five-a- side soccer team who had silently entered the shower room and were seated on chairs watching the show. She shrieked and bolted for the door. Luckily the soap still dripping down her glistening body allowed her to slip from the grasp of the nearest outstretched male paws. She raced down the corridor back to the ladies changing room passing a couple of startled agents on the way. She slammed the door behind her and leant against it her slick wet breasts heaving mightily up and down as she tried to get her breath back.

She rarely learnt from her mistakes. This time she'd escaped. She hadn't been so fortunate a previous time. On that occasion she had been surrounded by the team. By the time she staggered from the showers she had never felt so clean. Each member had insisted on helping her complete her shower and had washed and washed and washed her until she had to be held up to prevent her collapsing. Every nook and cranny was cleansed. It didn't end there as they, not unreasonably, insisted that she return the complement. Some of the team were large and hunky in more ways then one and her arm soon became tired as they urged her to wash them faster and faster.

All the memos Jenny received were signed by Commander Holt so she fell for even the most outlandish instructions. Even Professor Q couldn't resist joining in the fun. Once Jenny had agreed to help him test an antidote to the lust drug that Fu Man Ackenthorpe had been intending to flood the country with before she and Suki had stepped in and stopped him in their own unique way.

Jenny allowed the tall distinguished professor (i.e. dirty old man) to massage the drug into her skin. Within minutes she began to feel the effect she well remembered. Her breasts began to throb, her nipples almost exploded with pleasure. Soon her pussy lips swelled and moistened and her clit erected. She gasped and sobbed as her body once again begged for release. The Prof gave her a pill to swallow which she quickly gulped down but her breathing continued to rasp in her throat and her blood pump with arousal. Not surprising really as the pill was only a chalk placebo. Eventually Jenny was in such a state of arousal she'd begged the Professor to give her release which he was only to glad to do. This one could be used again and again.

Chapter One.

Pedro sat on the dockside watching the small boat as it chugged toward the shore. During his short life, he was thirteen, he'd learnt to survive on the hard, dirty streets of Puerta de Mer. It quickly became obvious to the young boy that most of the money on the island arrived in the pockets of the tourists that came wanting an unusual holiday. One out of the way in an undiscovered and unspoilt (i.e. backward and uncivilised) place.

The boat nudged the jetty and a crew man expertly threw a rope around the single wooden capstan then going to the small cabin returned with two small suitcases which he placed on the jetty. 'More fat Americanos' thought Pedro that is until the next occupant of the cabin emerged. Pedro's young eyes opened wide as a blonde head appeared through the small door and the woman rose to her full height. Jenny Richards squinted slightly as she emerged into the sunlight from the dingy cabin and looked about her. She had been told that the island was a backwater and was still to catch up to the 20th century let alone the 21st and she wasn't disappointed. Dusty dirt roads ran between single story adobe buildings which made up most of the small island capital. In the distance she could see sugar cane fields and forest.

Pedro quickly sprinted on to the jetty beating the other urchins and made to seize the cases. 'Oh. Don't even think about it sonny' shouted the large man who had emerged behind the woman. 'Sorry senyor' said Pedro 'I meant only to assist you by carrying your luggage. I am Pedro. At your service' he said in heavily accented English bowing slightly. He'd fast learnt that to maximise his tips, or opportunities to fleece the Americanos it was important to put them at there ease so they trusted him and the easiest way to do that was to speak their language. No man distrusts another more than those he can't understand and communicate with. Pedro was a bright boy and had soon leant a smattering of American phrases.

Both he and the man stood and watched the crew man help the woman to step from the boat onto the jetty. The man was obviously proud of her and Pedro's eyes shone as the angel approached them. She was tall compared to most of the island women and the flowing blonde hair almost unique amongst the jet black of the girls and younger women. A beaming smile lit up her face. Every inch of skin visible was smooth and gently tanned. Her bare arms were a soft tan while all the women Pedro knew were sun burnt a deep brown, a tan most Americanos would kill for but weren't prepared to spend there life working in the fields to acquire. Her thin summer dress billowed in the sea breeze but still did a fine job of outlining a goddess like figure. Her legs, briefly exposed as she'd stepped up from the boat, were long, slim and bare. But the feature that Pedro could hardly take his eyes from preceded her as she approached. Her magnificent bosom, high on her chest, filled the dress to overflowing and bounced delightfully with each step. An enticing cleavage showed above the scooped neck of her dress. If she bent down to greet him Pedro could die a happy boy. He tore his gaze away and looked up. The man winked at him as one man to another acknowledging that he knew what the boy had been studying and, even though she was his wife, he understood.

The man introduced himself as John and his wife as Jenny Richards from England. 'So, not Americanos but Englesee'. Not so much money but not so loud and demanding. 'A good trade' thought Pedro. He led them to their Hotel and left telling them he'd be back in the morning to see if they needed a guide.

The fat greasy guy behind the desk checked them in and led them, puffing, wheezing, sweating, (him not them) up to the room on the first floor. After cleaning every surface they could they retired to the large creaking bed to sleep after a long day traveling.

Chapter Two.

The following morning they lay snuggled together under a single sheet in the Hotel bedroom. Both were in that period after sleep, awake, but still dreaming. John was lying on his back playing tents with the sheet covering them while Jenny's tiny hand gently stroked up and down his shaft. (Much like the scene in many homes up and down the length and breadth of our own dear country, just a different hand doing the stroking of course).

John idly caressed his wife then throwing back the sheet urged her to climb up on to him straddling his hips. Both gasped 'Ahhhh' as Jenny used the fingers on one hand to spread her labia and the other tiny hand to guide him as she maddeningly, teasingly, slowly lowered herself down slipping him into her warm liquid depths. They began to move together in harmony gradually building the rhythm. Jenny ground her hips in a circular motion maximising the friction deep within her body then resumed bouncing faster and faster until their thighs were slapping together. John reached up and gripped her mammoth bouncing breasts to prevent her ending up with two black eyes.

Pedro hadn't been the only person watching the ferry boat the previous evening. Dark fiery Latin eyes stared into the view finder of the surveillance camera trained from across the street. The Hotel concierge had been bribed to put any decent looking female in the particular room. It offered an unrestricted view from his hiding place and had a deliberately broken curtain rail. The dark, mustachioed man watched, imagining his own sun burnt hands roaming over the blondes luscious white flesh. He licked his dry lips and smirking thought 'Soon, if everything goes to plan, my comrades and I will be using the woman'. He watched the couple intently as the man pulled her down and executed a perfect roll until she was on her back and, still deeply embedded inside her, he was lying on top. The extra leverage allowed him to increase the intensity of their love making until he was pounding his shaft repeatedly into her womanhood. Her legs wrapped themselves around him urging him to even greater heights until both he and the woman threw back their heads in ultimate ecstasy.

The English MI6 agents breakfasted on the patio outside their hotel. Jenny was dressed practically for the tropical summer climate in a light summer dress over minimal cotton underwear with bare legs and flat shoes. As they were finishing eating an old woman shambled up to their table. 'Pretty lady buy my flowers?' she asked thrusting a bunch of dilapidated daisies under Jenny's nose. Jenny sneezed and pushed the woman's hand away. 'No, no' she gasped. 'Not today'. 'You buy my flowers' the old woman insisted. 'Look, no go away' Jenny said louder. 'Lady buy. Lady buy my flowers'. Jenny appealed to John who tried to reason with the woman. Eventually the greasy desk clerk, who was bringing their coffee, came out of the Hotel and chased the woman away. At the last second she tried to attack Jenny reaching out with a claw like hand to grab at her hair before screaming curses in Spanish at the couple.

After finishing their coffee John told his wife he was going to meet a contact so she could explore or shop which ever she wished. Jenny spent a few happy hours meandering through the towns markets buying small items and fending off both traders and hopeful lothario's. Near lunch time she returned to the Hotel walking across the town square. From a nearby shanty shack the wizened old woman eyed her malevolently. In front of her on a table lay a curious wooden doll. She picked up the mannequin and carefully wound the long blonde hair she had earlier snatched from Jenny's head around it's neck then placed it back on the table. Closing her eyes and concentrating she began to quietly chant in a long dead language. Suddenly the doll twitched then appeared to shake itself as if waking from a long slumber. It sat up of it's own accord and awkwardly rose to stand looking at nothing. The old croan continued chanting and slowly blonde hair began to sprout from the little wooden head until it cascaded down it's back stopping just above it's waist. Tiny white panties materialised about it's loins then a white lacy bra appeared. The flat wooden chest began to swell until the bra was filled to overflowing by an impressive wooden bosom while the rest of the wooden body took on a decidedly feminine shape. Lastly a flowery summer dress appeared completing a tiny identical wooden version of Jenny. The old woman's eyes burnt with evil glee.

The doll began to move walking across the table top each step matching exactly those of the real life Jenny. As it reached the table edge the woman seized it and placing a lump of sticky clay in the middle of the table top jammed the dolls legs down into it. Out in the sun drenched square Jenny came to an abrupt halt. She stood swaying slightly then looked down quizzically at her feet not understanding why they had suddenly ceased to obey her. She strained her legs but her feet remained planted.

In the hut the croan cackled to herself and wrapped a short piece of string about the dolls arms then tied them together behind it's back. Out in the square Jenny gasped as her arms were seized by an invisible force and pressed behind her back. She struggled but couldn't free her arms or her legs. She was just about to shout out for help when the left-hand strap of her dress parted and the left front of her bodice fell down revealing her bra strap and an enticing amount of breast above the lacy bra cup. In the shanty the old woman had snipped the strap of the dress on the little doll and it also hung down. She looked out at Jenny who was gasping and trying to make sense of her situation. She wasn't so sure yelling for help was such a good idea now but she still couldn't free herself of the invisible restraint. The old woman waited a minute before slipping the blade of her knife under the opposite strap of the dolls dress and snicked through it. The dress slowly fell from it's wooden shoulders until all of it's tiny well filled bra was revealed. A shriek from the town square told her the real dress had followed suit. Jenny was going out of her mind. Her dress was continuing it journey south and was now slipping over her hips. She wasn't able to stop it as it slipped down her thighs and pooled around her ankles. She stood transfixed in the middle of the town square, her hands trapped behind her in nothing but her pretty white bra and panties. It didn't take long for passers by to start noticing the nearly naked blonde with the stunned expression and the equally stunning bristols. Whispers started between observers as she stayed exactly were she was and appeared to be making no attempt to cover herself. These gringo's, had they no shame.

Jenny had just decided to scream for help when her left bra strap went twang and the support for her left breast disappeared. She groaned. 'Oh no, not again'. The onlookers were becoming more intrigued now, edging closer. The old woman snipped the back of the dolls bra so it hung only from the right side strap. Jenny was close to tears as she felt the release behind her. Almost all support for her chest was gone now. 'No. Please not that' she whispered but the old woman showed no mercy and snipped the last supporting strap and the wispy bra fluttered to the ground. There was nothing Jenny could do as her mammoth pink tipped breasts were exposed to the bright sunlight and the eyes of the crowd that had gathered. Some of the men were edging even closer. No one could quite understand what the blonde was doing but they were glad of the show. One, more bold than the rest, came up to Jenny's side and spoke to her in Spanish. 'Are you alright senyora?' but Jenny couldn't understand and could only beg for help in words he couldn't comprehend. Although Jenny's pleading tone of voice must have indicated that she wanted help he slowly he reached out and poked her tit. 'Ged off' she shouted and he retreated a step. He watched her for a few seconds but she didn't retreat, she just stood there. He returned and poked her again. She shouted again but he stayed and grew even bolder. He cupped her tit squeezing it gently marveling at the weight and warm softness. Jenny shrieked and wriggled trying to dislodge his hand. Seeing the first man the rest of the watchers edged closer until Jenny was surrounded by a leering crowd of men.

At the side of the square Pedro was deep in conversation with a peasant woman. She was slim and tanned and dressed in the usual garb worn by the local women. She also favoured a large straw hat which hid most of her features. She whispered to him urgently and he scampered off on his errand while the woman watched the scene unfolding out in the square through her slanted eyes.

Five minutes later a whoop from a police siren scattered the crowd that had been encircling the blonde as if in a feeding frenzy. Jenny was revealed, pink cheeked and gasping. Her breasts were red and covered with finger marks. Thankfully her panties were still in place but seemed to be slightly lower on her hips than they had been earlier and the elastic looked as if it had been considerably stretched. She swayed about in a daze as two Policemen approached. The more senior, a Sergeant with curious dark fiery eyes demanded 'What are you doing senyora, standing in the town square almost naked?' Jenny still didn't understand and only replied 'Help me please'. The officer pointed to the car and ushered her toward it but Jenny remained rooted to the spot. When she failed to move the officer grew angry. 'Get in the car, you're going to the station. The Captain will want to ask you some questions'. He ushered her forward again but she still didn't move. Finally he nodded to his partner who put his hand on Jenny's forehead and pushed. Jenny shrieked as she fell backwards. The officer caught her by the shoulders and pushed his hands under her arms while his partner grasped her ankles and lifted. The Sergeant smirked at his partner and closed his hands over each of Jenny's breasts filling his palms with soft malleable flesh. 'Oy. get your filthy hands off me you swine' she screamed wriggling but he only gripped her harder as they carried her to their Police car and pushed her into the back seat. He gave her tits a parting squeeze before slamming the door.

Chapter Three.

The old croan released the string from the dolls arms and it's ankles from the clay freeing Jenny from the invisible force holding her but she didn't chant the releasing words so the doll and Jenny were still magically joined together. The woman watched as it sat up and covered it's wooden bosom with it's arms mimicking Jenny in the Police car. Within minutes it rose and walked a short distance before stopping as if listening to someone. Suddenly it made to run but quickly jerk to a halt as if grabbed. It staggered a few steps and crossed it's wrists then raised it's wooden arms upward. There it remained as if hanging like a piece of meat.

In the Police station Jenny was in dire straights. She hung limply with her wrists tied and raised up by a rope thrown over a ceiling beam and tied off to a hook in the wall. The Police Captain had turned out to be a woman but any thought of this making her more amiable toward the blonde had quickly been dispelled when Jenny's pleas to be allowed some clothes had fallen on deaf ears. The Captain perused the half naked captive slowly circling her. She returned to stand in front of Jenny and in passable if accented English said 'We have a little game we like to play. It is called risk and reward. You will soon pick up the rules. Now what is your name?' 'Jenny' Jenny replied. 'Good. A truthful answer. Sergeant give her a reward'. Behind Jenny the Sergeant's dark fiery eyes shone as he stepped forward and reaching round her covered her breasts with his hands. Jenny gasped and struggled to move away from the molester. After ten seconds or so he gave her one last squeeze and released her. The Captain smirked and continued 'Why are you here?' 'We're here on holiday nothing more'. 'Oh dear. I'm afraid I don't believe you'. She nodded and Jenny gasped and jerked as a riding crop slashed across her panty clad butt. 'Why were you naked in the square'. 'I don't know'. Jenny sobbed. 'I couldn't move and my dress just dropped off'. The answer sounded far fetched even to Jenny and she steeled herself as the expected slashing crop landed again, a second red line crossing the first on her plump, quivering butt cheeks.

Jenny swung gently from her bound wrists as the interrogation continued. 'Who did you travel with'. 'John my husband and you can keep your reward thank you'. 'Oh we can't break the rules of the game'. Again the Sergeant reach round her body but this time he cupped her pussy over her panties and rhythmically squeezed her mound. No amount of wriggling could dislodge his hand.

Back in the shanty hut the old croan watched the little wooden doll still with it's supernatural connection to the blonde. It stood in the centre of the table in just tiny white panties it's arms stretched upward and it's wrists crossed swaying slightly. Every so often it jerked. throwing it's wooden hips forward other times it writhed around as if trying to free itself from something crawling over it's body. The black eyed woman smiled mirthlessly as the doll mirrored Jenny's suffering.

Jenny's butt was on fire, her breasts slick with saliva and her panties pulled up cruelly high and tight between her pussy lips and butt crack. The crop was now landing on naked flesh instead of on the limited protection offered by the white cotton. The questions had been coming for twenty minutes and she could no more answer them now than she could when they'd started. She'd stopped answering even the easy questions. Those that she could answer truthfully without giving away her purpose on the island. She'd quickly realised she'd rather face the crop than the 'reward' dished out by the sergeant. It was only a matter of time before his probing fingers moved to the ultimate target and Jenny was desperate not to give the pig the satisfaction.

Jenny jerked forward yet again gasping as she failed to give the answer the Captain required when suddenly the old black bakelite phone on the desk rang loudly. The Captain answered it and listened for a minute. 'Si Sir' she responded eventually and replacing the receiver in the cradle, rose, and walked round the desk to face her captive. She gripped Jenny's jaw and pulling her close said. 'We have to attend to some business now but we'll be back in an hour then we'll continue our game. We haven't been making much progress so I think we'll need to make the questions a little more penetrating if you get my drift'. Jenny shuddered as the interrogator released her and turned to the sergeant. 'Leave her there, she's not going anywhere. We'll return later and take her to the warehouse'. They left the office closing the door after them.

Chapter Four.

Twenty minutes later Jenny was still wriggling and writhing trying desperately to free herself. She was having no luck at all when there came what could only be described as a nervous knock on the door. She froze and stared at the door. Who could this be. Her stomach tightened with hope. Was it John or someone else come to rescue her. Should she shout out pleading for help or stay quiet hoping they would realise no one was home and go away. While she debated with herself the handle twisted and the door opened a couple of inches. A quivering voice queried 'Hola. Por favor?' Jenny remained quiet not sure what to do when the door was pushed open and a dark haired wrinkled face appeared looking round.

Hugo Alvarez was nervous at the best of times. A small man who had worked hard all his life to scrape a living from the parched land. He and his brother Hector would never bother the police with their troubles. The police were to be avoided. They didn't take kindly to peasants wasting their time with trivia when they could be out extorting money from those who had more than these two wretches had ever seen. But their donkey, there major asset and the most important part of their farming had wandered off and their need for it's return had overridden their fear.

Hugo entered the office, his head bowed, his homemade straw hat clutched to his chest. 'Hola. Por favor?' he asked again. After a few seconds and no response he raised his head and looked around. His gaze roamed round the room and passed right over the suspended Jenny. Such a sight didn't exist in his world so failed to register on his consciousness. A second glance however and he realised a naked female hung before him. He looked up at the angelic face wreathed in sweat stained blonde hair. He slowly lowered his gaze down her glistening body taking in the enormous pink tipped breasts, the flat stomach, the white cotton clad loins and down the super long supple athletic thighs. He gazed reverentially at this angel of loveliness which considering the women he'd seen naked in his life for all intents and purposes she was. 'Err. Hello. Can you help me. Err..Por favor' said Jenny looking at him hopefully. Hugo gaped then called to his bother. 'Hector. Come in here quickly, they've captured an angel'. Hector poked his identical head around the door and after a few seconds joined his twin. Jenny looked down from her stretched out five foot eight at the two book ends. Both brothers were small, under five feet, sun burnt to a dark ochre by years working the fields and wrinkled like prunes, all the moisture leeched from their skin. (Imagine a couple of Ferengi but without the charm or the ears).

Hugo whispered to Hector snatching glances at Jenny's suspended form. Hector moved to the only other door in the office and opening it looked through. When he was certain no one was around he returned to his brothers side. Hugo, obviously the braver of the two, queried Jenny with a stream of Spanish. 'I'm sorry I don't speak..er..Latin, can you release me please' she answered shaking her wrists trying to indicate her predicament. Unfortunately the action made her unfettered breasts shake and wobble which wasn't lost on the brothers. Another conference took place then Hector moved behind Jenny and Hugo to her front. 'The police will be back soon' pleaded Jenny which brought them to a stop. They could understand Jenny as much as she could understand them but the word 'Police' was similar in most languages. A quick look passed between them and they resumed there advance. Hector reached out and took a handful of Jenny's pink plump buttock.

He wasn't quick enough to avoid the swinging foot that thudded into his midriff. The breath whooshed out of his mouth as he was dumped on his backside. Damn thought Jenny he's so short I aimed to high. Hector crawled away clutching himself to be joined by his twin who whispered in his ear. After a minute he recovered and Jenny watched them warily as they advanced this time more guardedly. Again Jenny lashed out with her foot but this time Hector ducked and as she recovered her position dived forward encircling his arms about both her legs. Jenny wriggled desperately trying to free herself but years of manual labour had toughened the little mans muscles. Quickly Hugo moved forward.

Jenny expected them to hobble her legs but to her surprise he gripped her hair and pulled down. Jenny's head jerked back and she gasped. As her mouth flew open Hugo stuffed a dirty old rag inside and quickly secured it with a second tied around her head effectively gagging her. The local populace were well used to screams coming from the Police station but not in a language other than Spanish. Having silenced her Hugo used another piece of old cloth to tie her ankles together then both stepped back to study the blonde.

Jenny looked down fearfully at the two ugly little trolls before her. Both smiled gleefully. Jenny would have gasped if she hadn't been gagged. Neither man had a tooth in his head. Dentistry on the island was rudimentary at best and was still performed by the barber/doctor/vet/dentist all one and the same. The local sugar crop took care of even the toughest teeth and it wasn't unusual for the natives to be toothless. Again Hector moved behind Jenny. Hugo moved to her front and she blushed pink as his hot gaze drank in her nearly naked body. Jenny trembled knowing rescue by these two was completely out of the question. They obviously had a different game in mind. Hugo paused. So many different pieces of succulent white flesh. Where to start. Where to start. Eventually he made up his mind to save the best till last and bent down in front of her. He softly placed his hard calloused hands around her calf and reverentially began to caress her skin. He gradually moved his hands higher over her knees until he reached her wonderful thighs. 'Mmmmm' Jenny moaned as he gripped and molded her supple upper leg. One hand had forced itself between her bound legs and caressed her soft inner thigh as he stroked and massaged her soft skin.

Hector had returned to his original target and was molding her pink plump butt cheeks. He'd never felt anything so soft and pliable in his life. Jenny writhed as the brothers continued upward. Hector stroked her long slender back while Hugo caressed her flat stomach. Hector moved round to join his brother and they both stared mesmerized at Jenny's gently wobbling breasts as she continued wriggling trying to free herself. As if joined telepathically they both advanced as one and seized a huge breast each. 'Mmmmmm' Jenny moaned louder as they molested her mammoth bosom. Neither had ever seen breasts anywhere near this large or beautiful. Soft pillows of flesh. Real, but surprisingly firm, tipped with large pink rubbery nipples. 'Mmmmm' she moaned louder as fingers pulled and twisted at her nipples. Both soon became aroused and started to erect.

Jenny moaned as loud as she could as simultaneously both men dived forward and seized her pointed nipples and sucked them into their toothless gummy mouths. Sucking strongly they clamped down gumming the long rubbery nipples and areolas. Jenny writhed as her breasts were mauled and molested by the work hardened hands and sucked and chewed by the soft toothless mouths.

The old croan cackled as the little wooden doll writhed as if being attacked. The body it was copying was obviously in distress which pleased the vicious old hag a lot. After nearly fifteen minutes of wriggling the tiny toy stilled then it's tiny white panties started to lower. Slowly they were dragged down the wooden legs, which had remained clamped together, until they were wrapped around it's ankles. Almost immediately the doll renewed it's gyrations even more wildly than before. The toys knees seemed spread wider apart as it swung around seemingly tethered by it's slim wooden wrists to an invisible hook. The doll threw back its head as if in mortal pain or the throws of ecstasy. So engrossed was the old woman that she didn't see the slanted eyes watching her through the only other window in the hut.

In the Police station the only sounds were of pleading moans and wet sucking. Jenny swayed from her bonds while both the ugly little brothers sucked and probed her body. After ten minutes they untied her ankles and spread them apart retying them to convenient desk legs. Once they'd saved there money for months and months to visit the local brothel. They'd both shared the cheapest, ugliest whore in the place because she was the only one they could afford who would take them on together. Now they had this angel in their power, her eyes were hooded with lust and exhaustion and they planned to do the same again. They'd found a box which was just the right height and had pushed it between the blondes legs. Hugo was just about to hop up in front of Jenny when the door burst open and a dark haired young boy rushed in. 'The Police are here, the Police are here' he shouted. Both bothers panicked and forgetting there ardor ran for their lives leaving a groaning, swaying Jenny and a smiling Pedro alone together.

Jenny slowly raised her head and through slitted eyes saw the young boy. 'Pedro, free me' she pleaded. He quickly released her ankles sneaking a surreptitious glance at her pink excited pussy while doing it. Then untied the rope from the wall hook allowing her to drop exhausted to her knees. Finally he untied the knot holding her wrists. Slowly she regained her senses and gasped 'The Police?' 'No worry, I lied, they no come'. 'Good boy' she replied rising to hug the boy. She was in such a state she had forgotten she was naked but Pedro hadn't as his mop head was pressed into her soft heaving bosom. He encircled Jenny's body and his hands naturally fell right on her butt. After a few seconds Jenny realised two tiny hands were gently squeezing her butt cheeks. 'Hey, cheeky. Hands off' she said pushing him away. Pedro beamed and handed her her panties. Jenny pulled them on under the lads appreciative gaze then looked round until she found a shirt which she slipped on.

Chapter Five.

Jenny wasn't sure what to do. She finally reasoned John was her only answer but she didn't know were he was. The only place she knew he would return to was the Hotel so she headed back there. John wasn't back yet so she decided to wash away the memories with a bath. After an hour she was ready to take on the world again. She opened the bathroom door and entered the bedroom. Shocked beyond belief she froze. Seated in the rooms only comfortable chair was the Police Captain. Her smirking face staring at Jenny. Leaning indolently against the door was the Sergeant. 'This is a small island' said the Captain. 'There is nowhere you can run to my dear' she said shrugging. 'What do you want now' begged Jenny. 'Well you see we run a little business here on the island, a very lucrative business. Unfortunately it needs feeding shall we say a constant diet of new talent and you are as talented as we've seen for many a moon. We've decided it's time for you to become a film star. How does that sound?' 'Thank you' said Jenny sarcastically 'but I think I'll pass this time'. 'We thought you might say that so we've arranged a little insurance'. So saying she produced a photo which she tossed at Jenny's feet. She bent to pick it up and looked at it. Her face blanched and froze. The picture showed John, his face pressed between the bars of a Police cell. Jenny looked up. 'You bitch' she spat.

In a quiet intense voice the Captain said 'I'm sure you appreciate the position you are in. I shouldn't need to tell you what will happen if you don't co- operate with us save to say it will not be pleasant for your husband. Now to continue. Our business is to provide films for discerning gentlemen'. Jenny nearly said 'Yes I know' but caught herself just in time. If they suspected she and John were there as anything other than tourists there lives would be forfeit. 'Very special films of a very special nature. You will take a lead roll in one of our productions and then you and your husband will be allowed to leave'. Jenny appeared to struggle inwardly until she replied in a small voice 'I understand'. 'Good then you will accompany us to the warehouse. Come'. The three of them left the room, Jenny held by the arm by the fiery eyed Sergeant and descended the stairs, got in a car at the Hotel entrance and drove off. None of them spotted the small dark head of Pedro who had been listening at the bedroom door. Quickly he raced after them heading toward the Police station.

John sat disconsolately in his cell. Through the bars he could see the bored cop guarding him lounging in a chair, his feet up on the desk, when a slim local woman in a large straw hat entered. 'What do you want' the cop demanded. 'I want to see the prisoner' she said. 'Go away woman. The prisoner sees no one by order of the Captain. 'But I need to see him' she insisted. Exasperated he rose and walked round the desk intending to throw the peasant out. The last thing he expected was the foot that thudded into his testicles doubling him over. He dropped groaning, clutching himself as she expertly chopped the back of his exposed neck laying him out cold. John watched as she then retrieved the cell key from his belt and opened his prison door. She removed her hat and John looked into the beaming face of Suki Namura. 'Thanks Suki' he said kissing her on the cheek. She said 'Quick, lock him in the cell'. John dragged the unconscious cop into the cell and locked it. Suddenly Pedro burst in. 'They've taken Jenny. The Captain and Sergeant they've taken her'. 'Do you know where' asked John. 'I only heard them refer to the warehouse. I know of one such place that is guarded day and night'. 'Right' said John lets go. 'Wait' said Suki and used the guards keys to open the gun cabinet. They quickly armed themselves then rushed out. 'We don't have a car. How far is it' demanded John. 'About thirty minutes walk into the jungle' answered Pedro. 'then I guess we should run'.

The car bumped and jostled along a dirt road before pulling up in front of a dilapidated warehouse. Fiery eyes honked the car horn until a small hatch opened up and a pair of beady eyes surveyed them. The large doors were opened and he drove the car inside. Jenny, who had been sitting in the rear with the Captain, was dragged out and thrust into a small room. 'Wait here' she was instructed. The Captain, Sergeant and the third man then moved to another part of the warehouse. They passed into a larger room which looked like an amateur film studio. A number of sets had been created, a bedroom, kitchen, stable, dungeon and video cameras and lighting stood around.

'This one could make us a fortune' began the Captain. 'She's the best we've ever taken. I think we should break her in slow, string her along, we could get a dozen movies out of her before she realises we aren't ever going to let her go. So let us decide which scene we should do first. We have outstanding orders for a number of videos. Some of them are too violent at this stage. We don't want her marked up to badly so early on. It would limit what we could film and how much money she could make for us'. Fiery eyes quickly said 'I want first crack at her'. The Captain retorted 'I was hoping to take that position myself, Rank has it's perks, you know, Sergeant' she said emphasising the last word. 'Well how about the burglar script' he said. 'Not to much violence and we both get to take part together'. The Captain thought and smiling broadly nodded agreeing.

The door opened on Jenny's temporary prison and the unknown man thrust a page of typescript at her. 'Read this, we start in ten minutes'. Jenny started to read, luckily it was in English. After the first few lines she began to tremble. The script outlined in the most basic of terms the scene they wanted her to play. No dialogue just direction and precious little of that. The scene was very simple. She was to be asleep in the bed when two bandits break in and discovering her decide on taking much more then the family silver. The third man returned once more and threw some thin lacy lingerie and some stockings at her. 'Costume. Put it on' he instructed bruskly. Five minutes later he returned. He studied her now she had changed. The night dress he'd given her was of a very short negligee. It was practically transparent and very low cut revealing generous amounts of her bosom and only reached just below her butt. Her legs were encased in the shear dark nylons. He nodded appreciatively and led her to the larger room. No one else was there yet. He pushed her toward the bed and ordered her to get under the single sheet. She lay down obediently and he arranged the sheet so it only covered her hips leaving her upper body exposed. He fiddled with some lights and hoisted a small video camera on to his shoulder then shouted 'Ready'. 'You sleep until told' he instructed Jenny before lowering the lights so it resembled nighttime. She lay on her back. 'Oh John, for you dear'. Trembling she closed her eyes.

John, Suki and Pedro were labouring and the run through the jungle was taking it out of them. They were all pretty fit but not used to running in the tropical heat. Still they were desperate to save Jenny. Both John and Suki had read the reports and had a fair idea what lay in store for her if they failed to reach her in time.

Jenny listened intently but only heard small noises as the scene started. Two other figures one shining a torch had joined her on the set both dressed in black and wearing balaclavas. They played their part looking round the room examining items when the torch beam flashed on to Jenny lying in the bed. The character stopped and signaled to the second robber indicating the prone figure. Both realising she was asleep advanced toward the bed and looked down at her. The torch lovingly roamed over her upper body highlighting her prominent breasts for the camera. Then the second robber gently seized the sheet and peeled it down revealing the rest of the sleeping figure. Again the torch roamed down her body over her hips and along her mile long legs then back up to illuminate her hips. Burglar one gently reached forward and lifted the bottom of the gauzy negligee exposing Jenny's hairless slit to the video camera.

At last John saw the warehouse ahead of them and they slowed while still hidden in the undergrowth. A quick reconnoiter failed to reveal any gun totting guards so they advanced stealthily. The large warehouse doors had a smaller door within it which they quickly forced and guns drawn headed inside.

Jenny jerked upwards as a hand inserted itself between her thighs and struck out catching a black clad robber right in the face. Fiery eyes reared up at the pain as the camera man shouted 'Cut. 'Look that's no good you're supposed to stay asleep until your negligee has been completely cut open. Now do it again'. 'Bitch smacked me right in the eye' shouted fiery eyes complaining. The other robber snatched off her balaclava revealing the Captain. 'Lets change the script slightly' she said and beckoned the Sergeant over to the other side of the room were they had a whispered conversation. 'Teach her a lesson' she instructed him He returned with a broad smile on his face as if the Captain had made his dreams come true and he stood by the side of the bed ready to resume.

'OK. Action' said the cameraman again. Fiery eyes said 'Bitch' and grabbed Jenny by the hair dragging her out of bed. He then sat down and dragged her over his knee. 'I'll teach you to strike me' he spat. The camera meanwhile had moved in close and was panning over Jenny's upturned butt which was mostly revealed by the negligee. Fiery eyes stroked her cheeks as if testing the skin in preparation. 'He raised his hand high to deliver the first blow'.

John and Suki, guns drawn, quietly made their way along the warehouses dingy long central wooden corridor. One stopping to give cover while the other moved forward and then vice versa. Each room they came to was silently checked until there remained only the one door left in front of them. John used the hand signals he'd been taught in training to indicate to Suki that they would crash the door together. He would go high, she low, hoping to catch the gang by surprise while covering as much of the interior as they could with only their two weapons. John ever so slowly turned the door handle preying that it was oiled and didn't creek giving them away then together they shouldered though waving their guns about. They both stood with their mouths open in shock. The silence echoed in the emptiness. The room was bare. No cameras, no scenery, and especially no Jenny.

THWACK. Jenny jerked as the first spank smacked into her butt making the already tender skin ripple. Fiery eyes was steaming. The blow in the face would be repaid a thousand fold. Again he slapped her butt the skin already turning pink. He varied his target as his arm descended again and again. First one cheek then the other. Upward then down to her thighs. Jenny wriggled and writhed but the spanking continued. No amount of pleading made any difference as the Sergeant laid into her with venom. Each slashing blow was lovingly recorded as her flesh turned from pink to livid scarlet and tears began to well in her eyes.

John and Suki turned to Pedro. 'There must be another warehouse, think boy, where is it'. Pedro screwed up his face thinking hard. 'Yes, about 20 minutes walk from here there is another' he finally said. 'Oh God. we'll never be in time'.

Jenny's butt rippled as another blow descended. The tears were flowing now as the pain in her butt reached unbearable levels. 'Enough' said the Captain. Fiery eyes drew back his arm and landed an extra hard final blow tipping Jenny from his knees and onto the floor. 'Let that be a lesson to you' said the Captain. 'Stray from the script again and I'll let the Sergeant think up something even more painful'.

Jenny sobbed quietly but nodded. 'Right up on your knees time for the next Scene'. Fiery eyes stood before her smirking. Jenny wiped the tears away as he unzipped himself and fished out his dick. 'We'll let him have his fun and then me and my plastic friend will take a turn. I'm sure a decedent western whore like you knows what to do' said the Captain. 'Make it good or else'. Jenny nodded again and reached for the cock in front of her face. Steeling herself she opened her mouth and fed him between her soft pink lips. The sergeant threw back his head and groaned as she started to suck on him while swirling her tongue around the big purple head. The camera zoomed in as the now rock hard glistening saliva covered cock pumped in and out of her mouth.

Jenny was thinking hard. She had to make this last to give someone, anyone, time to rescue her. She was sure her darling husband would find a way. If fiery eyes cums to quickly they'd move on to the next and more serious scenes. She slowed her movements trying to prolong the scene. She tried to apply the minimum pressure and stopped using her tongue. He didn't seem to notice or at least if he did he was content to lengthen the amount of time he spent pumping between her lips.

The breath rasped in John's throat as he ran. Suki wasn't in much better shape and Pedro had dropped behind. Suddenly he burst out of the jungle into a clearing and saw the second warehouse. He waited for Suki to join him and they stood there trying to get their breath back while looking for any guards. They couldn't see any so advanced again toward a second large wooden door with a smaller door in it.

Fiery eyes was beginning to thrust more insistently now. He grunted each time his cock plunged into Jenny. Deeper and deeper reaching almost into her throat. She tried not to gag but it wasn't easy. He had her by the hair and the pumping was relentless. The camera still recorded every second of her suffering in full glorious colour. The web would soon get a new video to download.

The warehouse was a duplicate of the first one so, knowing the layout, John and Suki's search of each room went a lot quicker. They once more were left with a final remaining door after all the others had proved empty. With drawn gun John opened the door silently and peeked in. In the gloom he could see a one cameraman and another man standing while a third person sat a little way off observing. He could only see the back of Jenny and the standing mans entire lower body was obscured. He pushed the door open and quickly, silently he and Suki stepped through guns raised. The Captain froze, the cameraman froze and Fiery eyes froze. John wiggled his gun upward and they all started to raise their arms. Jenny hadn't heard anything and continued working on the penis in her mouth which suddenly spurted forth and bathed her tongue and tonsils with hot fresh goo.

'Everyone freeze and hands up' shouted John unnecessarily. Jenny immediately recognised the voice of her husband and thought of turning to him but suddenly realised the situation she was in. She still had a mouthful of Latin giz and Fiery eyes dick in her mouth. Keeping her back to them and hiding the Sergeants lower body she quickly tucked the dick back into his trousers and swallowed down the creamy liquid in her mouth. Licking her lips until she was satisfied no evidence remained she leapt up shrieking 'Darling, darling. Thank God you got here just in time' and rushed over to hug him.

Chapter Six.

The following morning the authorities arrived from the mainland to collect the Captain, Sergeant and cameraman who had been locked in their own jail overnight and John went to help them round up the rest of the gang. The evidence Suki had gathered during her time on the Island would convict them all. In the Hotel room Suki and Pedro were in full conspirator mode and conducting an intense whispered conversation. Jenny had been in the bathroom for the last hour. The warm soapy water helping her to start a fresh day after her ordeal. Eventually she emerged wrapped in a voluminous white toweling robe skin aglow and blonde hair clean and flowing. Suki and Pedro broke apart guiltily. Jenny didn't notice.

Suki rose, hugged Jenny and kissed her on the cheek. 'Time for you to pay the reward' she said. 'Suki, not in front of the boy. Anyway I'm not in the mood. John could be back soon'. Suki backed off and sat down at the simple wooden table. 'Have you seen this' she asked. Reaching into a hold all at her feet she drew out a small wooden doll and sat it in the middle of the table top. Jenny studied it but didn't seem impressed. 'It's cheap local rubbish. Why did you buy it?' Suki said 'It has a neat trick, watch'. Jenny idly watched as Suki quietly chanted words that seemed to have no meaning. The doll twitched and awoke rising to stand. Slowly a white toweling robe appeared about it's form. Jenny approached and the doll took a couple of steps before Suki seized it round the waist and moved it back to the middle of the table surface. Jenny bent to look more closely and the doll followed suit and bent at the waist. 'That's fantastic' said Jenny. 'Will they be in the shops for Christmas'. Suki smiled then straightened the doll. Jenny felt an invisible force raise her shoulders until she stood erect. 'What the...What's happening' she exclaimed spinning round searching for who had touched her. Meanwhile Suki took a small rubber band and wound it round the dolls ankles then a second round it's torso holding it's little wooden arms against it sides.

Jenny tried to move but she felt the familiar force holding her in place, her arms fixed to her sides. 'Suki. Help me...it's happening again' she pleaded. Suki rose and slowly circled Jenny. 'When I said time to pay the reward I wasn't talking about to me. I was referring to Pedro' she said nodding toward the smiling boy. 'He has been working with me right from the start. It was Pedro who brought the Police to save you from the mob when you were naked in the town square. It was Pedro who released you from the Police station when you were providing entertainment for the troll brothers and it was Pedro who guided us to the warehouse were you were making your feature film debut. By the way I've seen the video of your performance. A little to enthusiastic I thought but your secret is safe with me'. Jenny reddened then said 'Ok. I suppose he does deserve a reward then. What do you think he wants?' 'Do you know what every thirteen year old boy in the entire world spends most of their time thinking about?' 'Oh alright' said Jenny. 'I'll buy him an X-Box. Lord knows where he'll plug it in'. 'No, try again'. 'Soccer?' 'No'. 'School'. 'No'. Well what then?' Suki whispered in her ear 'Girls'.

'Girls?' said Jenny. 'Yes, girls. They want to know how they work so we're going to give him a biology lesson as his reward'. 'Suki. No. Stop this please. Let me go' Jenny pleaded trying to struggle free of the invisible bindings but Suki only nodded to Pedro. He rose and approached Jenny to stand in front of her. She looked down at his smiling face watching him warily wondering what he was going to do'. Pedro looked at Suki nervously and she nodded again urging him on. He tentatively reached forward to the toweling belt tied around Jenny's waist and started to pull it loose. 'No. Stop' gasped Jenny realising what he intended but Pedro pressed on. On the table the belt around the waist of the little wooden doll, now with flowing blonde hair, slowly unraveled and hung down. Jenny screeched as the unfettered robe slowly started to open.

Pedro's eyes opened wide as a thin line of pink flesh peaked out between the lapels of the toweling. He glanced at Suki who again urged him on. Trembling fingers rose to take each side of Jenny's robe and slowly he drew the two sides apart. 'Please Pedro. No' Jenny whined 'I'll buy you anything you want. A shiny new car, a shiny new donkey. Anything' she begged but Pedro knew exactly what he wanted and it was absolutely priceless. The robe slipped from the dolls shoulders and pooled around it's ankles.

Jenny turned her head and said 'Suki you bitch. I'll get you for this'. Suki moved to stand at Jenny's back, reached up and pulled her long blonde hair until it hung down her back before giving her a peck on the cheek. She snatched her head back quickly as Jenny attempted to bite her nose off. Pedro stared hungrily at Jenny's naked front. From her frowning face down over her enormous breasts, down her wonderfully flat stomach and on to the confluence at the top of her thighs. He stared amazed at the naked slit revealed to him. None of the older women he'd ever sneakily spied bathing were hairless. Exactly the opposite. Many of them not only had a black mat of hair guarding their pussies but enough under their arms to stuff a sofa. Some of the more masculine ones even ran to the moustaches favoured by the men.

Jenny gasped as Pedro placed a still trembling hand on the upper slope of her left breast. He held it still feeling the soft warm skin before stoking down around the outside of her enormous globe. His other hand joined the first and together they explored her mammary, squeezing, caressing. He marveled at the weight of her breast and how it always sprang back into it's perfect shape no matter how much he sank his fingers into the soft flesh. Jenny's eyes had closed as Pedro caressed her. He switched to the other tit becoming more confident pressing harder, pushing, pulling, kneading. 'What are these' he asked pointing to the pink tips. 'They are the most sensitive parts' said Suki. 'Try them'. He tweaked one and Jenny jumped as best she could. He pulled and twisted them and was delighted when they grew. 'They're getting bigger' he said. 'That means you're doing it right' said Suki. 'Isn't he' she whispered in Jenny's ear. 'God yes...No. I mean you cow Suki. Let me go'. Suki smiled and looked over Jenny's shoulder at Pedro and pointed to her mouth. Pedro was unsure. He'd seen mothers suckling their youngsters but he'd no idea grown ups suckled as well. He lifted Jenny's left breast with both hands and sucked the erect pink nipple into his mouth. Jenny shivered as the sensation coursed through her chest. Pedro found the harder he sucked the more Jenny trembled but no matter how much suction he generated no milk spurted out which on the whole he was glad of. He switched to the twin and gave it the same treatment. By now Jenny had started to breathe more heavily giving little groans every few seconds.

Pedro caressed and mouthed Jenny's mammaries for minutes more until Suki tweaked his ear. He stopped and looked up expectantly. She again pointed this time lower. Jenny was moaning quietly to herself as the pleasure from her breasts grew until her eyes shot open and she screeched 'Pedro!' His little hand had cupped her pussy. He pressed on stroking her naked slit until intriguingly her pussy lips swelled and separated. As he rubbed and squeezed rhythmically he realised his hand was becoming moist and a small bump was pressing into his palm. Jenny was now moaning louder and her head swayed so much that Suki had to hold her to prevent her toppling over. Jenny jerked and groaned as Pedro slipped a finger into her. It felt like the warm apple pie his mother used to make. He felt Jenny's internal muscles gripping his finger as he delved deeper pushing into her now well lubricated womanhood. No matter how far he pushed his little finger kept sinking deeper and deeper until he could reach no further. As he dragged his finger back out Jenny shuddered even more as he unknowingly dragged his digit right over her g-spot. He added a second finger and pushed in again and again round and round experimenting to see which movement elicited the most reaction. Suddenly Jenny stopped groaning. He looked up to see Suki had begun caressing Jenny's breasts gripping and sinking her fingers deep into her flesh, pinching her nipples much harder than he had dared, pulling and stretching them out an alarming distance while the two women kissed hungrily their tongues almost fighting each other. He pumped his fingers inside her some more before asking 'What's this bit' pointing to the top of Jenny' pussy. That's the best bit of all said Suki again pointing to her mouth. He knelt and experimentally stuck his tongue out and touched it gently to the red and swollen nubbin. Jenny trembled and finding he quite liked the unusual taste he licked again, and again, and again. Jenny was going nuts. She was so close. 'Don't stop, please don't stop'. But Suki had other ideas. Again she tweaked his ear and he looked up his eyes and mouth shining. Surely there can't be more.

Suki motioned to the doll. Pedro retrieved it and handed it to her. She held it by the middle and started to bend the little wooden legs. Jenny followed suit and slowly sank down until she was on her knees. Suki removed the rubber band from around the dolls ankles and spread it's legs apart. Jenny mimicked the motion until her knees were a foot apart. She had regained some sense since the stimulation had stopped and looked up to see what was happening. Suki walked round undid the belt on Pedro's shorts and lowered them. To his utter embarrassment his not so little penis sprang upward saluting fiercely. Jenny gasped again. She knew what Suki had in mind. 'Suki, you utter cow.' Again Suki smiled and gripped Jenny's nose until she was forced to open her mouth to breathe. Quickly she pushed Pedro forward and planted his dick unerringly between Jenny's soft pink lips. Pedro, as if tapping into some genetically inherited masculine knowledge, gripped Jenny's head to hold her in place and began to piston in and out of her mouth. He could feel for the first time his gland's rubbing over a woman's rough cat like tongue and he threw back his head in ecstasy.

Jenny 'Mmmfff'ed and 'Mmmmmm'ed as he used her. She was content in the knowledge that he would only last a couple of seconds more but just as he seemed to be tightening Suki tweaked his ear even harder breaking his concentration. He began again. Jenny shot a venomous look at Suki. 'Bitch' she thought as again he built toward climax thrusting deeper into her warm wetness. She began using her tongue to stimulate him even more to finish it but just at the most crucial moment Suki pinched him again. If looks could kill Suki would have dropped dead on the spot. Pedro began yet again. By now he was becoming so desperate it was going to take an atom bomb to stop him cuming. Sensing this Suki bent down and reaching round Jenny jammed three fingers deep inside her. Jenny jumped as Suki's knowing fingers sought out her g-spot and her thumb scrapped over her erect and excited clit. Pedro thrust back and forth until for the second time in two days Jenny's mouth was awash with salty Latin goodness. Suki kept on plunging her fingers home pistoning into Jenny's pussy. She gripped her clit and pinched it, rolling it, until she surrendered her body once more to a mind shattering orgasm. Even the little doll quite enjoyed it.

Epilogue.

Some days later at the jetty John Richards handed down the suit cases to the crewman in the small boat in preparation for departing the island. He turned to see Pedro approaching. 'Adios senyor' he said sticking out his small hand which John took and shook warmly. 'Adios Pedro. Look after yourself' he replied. The boy was in a very happy frame of mind. The man had given him enough dollars to set him up for life when Suki had expanded on the part he'd played in their adventures, well most of his expanded part. She'd left out the bit were he and Suki had left his wife a quivering, sweat covered, sated wreck on their Hotel bed.

His biology lesson hadn't ended when he had spent himself inside her saliva dripping mouth. Suki had instructed him in kissing and he'd practiced on the captive Jenny who had been stretched out on her back on the bed. He began softly teasing her lips with his. She tried to resist but in a post orgasmic haze eventually surrendered herself to her fate and soon he was ravaging and sucking on her lips. Soon their tongues were dueling together.

They'd then moved down to her breasts and he gaped as Suki demonstrated on Jenny's enormous tits exactly what she liked and then had him repeat the squeezing, stroking, sucking, biting on her himself. Jenny was groaning and twitching when they'd moved even lower. Suki showed him how to turn Jenny into a sweating, moaning, pleading, begging slab of orgasmic flesh, stopping just as she was approaching release before allowing him to take her place. He'd probed her vagina with his fingers and tongue, tasting, licking, applying suction to her swollen reddened clit forcing her higher and higher. He looked up when a moaning, groaning, writhing Jenny suddenly went silent. He nearly popped himself as he watched Suki lower her own moist and open vagina over Jenny's gaping mouth and goggled as Jenny tried to feverishly eat Suki's pussy like a tiger tearing at fresh meat. Within a minute Suki reared up as Jenny brought her to a screaming orgasm and then followed closely behind as Pedro sucked her clit between his teeth and gently bit down. Her muscular contractions were so strong she nearly succeeded in breaking the invisible bindings. Across the room the little doll, it's blonde hair plastered to it's wooden head in orgasmic ecstasy bounced across the table top and fell onto the floor.

Footsteps sounded on the wooden decking and Pedro and John turned to watch Suki and Jenny approach. Suki smiled at Pedro and hugged him warmly. She tousled his hair and whispered in his ear 'Remember what we taught you and you'll be a very popular boy' then winked at him and stepped aboard the boat. Pedro looked at Jenny sheepishly. She hesitated a second before stepping closer. He steeled himself half expecting a swinging right hook when she pulled him to her and clasped him to her bosom. She squeezed him tight before kissing him on the lips, a little passionately John thought for a young boy, then turned slowly and with a dreamy smile on her faced boarded the ferry.

Pedro waved as the boat departed. He smiled broadly as he played back the previous days activities in his minds eye. Then adjusting his shorts he turned back toward the town. Innocent sixteen year old Margaretta with the flashing dark eyes and the burgeoning chest had promised to meet him and he was sure he could show her some things few of the other boys could. If he had his way he would definitely be the most popular boy on the whole island.

Eight hours later the three agents landed back at London's Heathrow airport Jenny was directed to the red channel where a customs man opened her bag. Inside was a small crude wooden doll. It had little slanted eyes painted on the smooth wooden head and a black hair wound around its neck. 'A souvenir?' he asked. Jenny smiled nastily nodding. 'Not so long now Suki. Soon we'll be in the middle of the concourse. Hundreds maybe thousands of people. Payback's a Bitch' she thought.

The End

**Jenny and the Inheritance**

By Brummie

Prologue.

Frank Everton had been a Postman all his working life. The occasions on which this had made him happy were few and far between but today was to be one of those rare golden moments. He held in his hand a Recorded Delivery letter addressed to the occupier of the home he was approaching. Swinging open the small front gate he walked up the path to the front door. Even the snow falling lazily from leaden skies could not quench the fire of excitement he felt in his stomach. He knocked and waited expectantly, the envelope clutched in his trembling hand.

Eventually the door eased open a crack and a sleepy eyed head poked out. 'Yes?' came the querulous enquiry. 'Letter Madam. Recorded Delivery' he answered.

The object of his excitement pulled the door further open until he could see her fully. His eyes swept up and down the revealed figure as he said a silent prayer to the patron saint of Posties. With her mind still half asleep she had answered the door still dressed in her night attire which consisted today of a semi- transparent long shear negligee with a plunging neck line and tiny matching panties. The only things spoiling the erotic vision of loveliness was the slightly mussed hair and the pair of fluffy pink carpet slippers on her feet. They had kittens on them.

He held out a letter and contrived to drop it just as she reached to take it then apologised but made no move to pick it up. Instead he waited until she stooped to retrieve it and was treated to a view straight down her cleavage of a vertigo inducing canyon created out of soft pink flesh. Her movement made her breasts undulate delightfully setting both rippling.

As she rose he reluctantly tore his gaze away from her chest and said 'Please sign here Madam' holding out a clipboard and pen. She took the proffered pen and tried to write her name but found it had run out of ink. 'Do you have another pen' she asked 'This ones no good'. He patted his pockets before replying 'Sorry Madam, would you have one?' 'I'll see' she said as she put her hand over her mouth to stifle a yawn then turned back into the hallway.

As she moved he quickly pushed the door fully open to watch her retreating back. Well not her back exactly. The negligee failed miserably to hide her wonderful figure. The long slender and well defined back and her mile long athletic legs, still attractive despite the flat kitten slippers. But it was her butt that drew his gaze. It seemed to have a life of it's own as she walked away from him, soft plump hemispheres undulating gently.

He stepped inside as she reached a hallway cabinet and started to rummage in a draw searching for a pen. Biting his lip to stop himself groaning out loud he watched as she bent further forward stretching the chiffon negligee across her perfect behind. It was all he could do to stop himself from kneeling, grabbing her hips, and burying his face between her cheeks.

She finally found what she was looking for and turned. This time the posty was able to study her front view as she walked back toward him. Her legs were just as good from the front as they had been from the rear. His gaze rose slowly up to the tiny triangle of lacy material that covered her womanhood. He imagined the slit hidden beneath. The entrance to heaven for any man. Up over her flat stomach with it's vague outlines of muscle tone showing she worked out regularly. Then his gaze completed it's journey full circle around her body returning to her enormous spherical breasts. The gently bouncing twins were barely concealed by the low slung bodice of the negligee.

They returned to the front door where she took the clipboard and signed in the box he indicated. Suddenly a draught of cold air blew in through the door. He watched amazed as the blast caused her nipples to suddenly react. They darkened and grew at the touch of the playful freezing zephyr. She glanced up at him and saw the direction of his gaze. Her cheeks reddened and she threw her arm across her chest. 'Thank you' she said indignantly thrusting the clipboard back at him and practically slammed the door in his face.

'Bloody men' she thought indignantly walking back into the kitchen.

The postman retreated down the garden path smiling dreamily. 'I really must look at her face one of these days' he thought.

Jenny Richards made herself a cup of coffee then sitting down at the breakfast table she studied the letter. It seemed fairly non-descript although the envelope was of good quality. The front offered no clue as to it's contents then flipping it over she read the return address.

Fraser, Fraser & Baines Solicitors at Law London.

'Uh oh' she thought. 'Nothing good ever comes from lawyers and they usually charge you an arm and a leg for telling you the bad news as well'. Pensively she prized open the letter and drew out a single white sheet of paper. The heading mirrored the back of the envelope but with an added important looking Coat of Arms. She read

Dear Mrs. Richards,

It is my sad duty to inform you of the death of your Great Uncle Ebenezer Hogan. He passed away on the 28th of last month peacefully in his sleep and of natural causes. The funeral will be held on Monday 6th and his remains interred in the family vault in the grounds of his home, Spectre Castle on Cromwell Island.

At the conclusion of the burial all family members are invited to stay overnight in the Castle. I, in my capacity as Executor, will then discharge the final wishes of the deceased as instructed in his last Will and Testament.

If you and your Husband wish to attend the Funeral and reading please inform my office and arrangements will be made to transport you to the Castle which as you know is only accessible by boat.

As Executor I am at liberty at this time to inform you that you may hear something to your advantage during the reading.

Signed A. Fraser.

Jenny stared dumbfounded at the letter. She hadn't seen Uncle Ebenezer for many years, in fact hardly any of the family. The last time had been when her parents had taken her to the Castle on her fifth birthday. She was the daughter of Ebenezer's, now late, eldest son and her maiden name was Hogan. Her heart quickened. 'Reading of the Will' she mused. 'Something to your advantage. 'Maybe he's left me a few bob in his will the old devil'.

She quickly cleared it with the 'Firm', leaving details of where she could be contacted and who she would be seeing then phoned the Solicitors office. A time was agreed for her to be met at the shore and ferried out to the Island then she went upstairs and dug out her best black dress, shoes and coat in preparation for the Funeral along with other clothes for a couple of extra days stay.

**Chapter One.**

Snow was still falling from the slate gray skies on the morning of the 6th as Jenny stood waiting at the small wooden jetty. Eventually a rowing boat hove to and a portly, balding man of medium height stepped on to the shore. He approached and introduced himself. 'I am Jenkins Madam' he informed her in the clipped precise tones of an archetypal English Butler. 'I am the only remaining member of staff of the late Master'. Jenny showed him the Solicitors letter to identify herself and he took her suitcase and placed it in the rowboat. He helped her down into the boat and began to row them both across to the island. As they approached the enormous forbidding edifice of the Castle began to emerge through the snow filled milky morning light. Turrets, crenellations, battlements, towers. the Castle had the lot, all of them in need of repair. 'I wouldn't normally speak ill of the departed but the master was very lax in the last years of his life. He didn't bother much with the upkeep' Jenkins informed her. 'In fact he became something of a recluse, seeing no one and cutting off the whole family'. Jenny looked upward. The windows of the Castle made it seem is if it was watching their approach with brooding menace and she shuddered with a sense of foreboding.

Together they climbed the short steps up to a hugely imposing wooden door which Jenkins opened with an equally huge iron key. He ushered her out of the still falling snow and into the entrance hall. The door closed with a booming thud like the closing of the doors to hell.

Flickering candles provided the only eerie lighting as she looked round at the pinched disapproving faces of long dead ancestors staring down from the paintings on the wall. The stone flags underfoot clicked and echoed beneath her heals. Jenkins took her coat, placed it with her suitcase at the foot of the staircase, and then led her to the sitting room. He pushed open a more normal sized door and she entered. The musky aroma of old furniture assailed her nostrils first but then the heat from the roaring fire welcomed her and she felt warm for almost the first time that day. The room was already occupied by a portly, balding, medium height man wearing black thick rimmed glasses. 'Mrs. Jenny Richards' Jenkins announced, turned and closed the door behind him.

'Mrs. Richards. So glad you could join us. I'm Fraser. Albert Fraser. Solicitor and Executor'. She shook his proffered hand and they both turned to the rooms other occupants. Fraser did the introductions. 'Ms. Lucy Hogan' he indicated a short, slim dark haired woman her face slightly to hard to be considered pretty. She shook Jenny's hand but held on to it just a little to long while staring intently at her face. 'How do you do, my dear'. 'Err...and this is Ms. Natasha Ross, Ms. Hogan's, A'hem, companion'. The second woman was of very similar type. Slightly taller, slightly bulkier but also sporting short black hair and an intent look. After greeting Jenny she exchanged glances with Lucy, some sort of unspoken message passing between the two.

Jenny then turned to the other occupant who was standing beside the fire a slight smile turning up the corners of his mouth. 'This is Mr. Mike Hogan' Fraser said. The man stepped forward and stuck out a large hand which dwarfed Jenny's slender one. 'Little Jenny is it?' said Mike in a deep dark brown voice. Jenny studied him then a smile lit up her face. 'Mikey?' she exclaimed. 'If my memory serves me right the last time we met we had a bath together'. 'That's right' he replied and the two of them threw there arms around each other and hugged. The other occupants perked up at the revelation. 'I take it you two have met' said Fraser. 'Yes' they chorused. 'It was many years ago' said Jenny. 'I had been brought to see my uncle Neeza as I called him then and Mike was here as well. We played together in the garden making mud pies. Got absolutely plastered with the stuff and our parents threw us in the bath together. We were five years old so it was all very innocent'. Mike beamed. 'Well who'd have thought little Jenny would grow up into this' he said holding her hands out wide and gazing at her appreciatively. 'Yes indeed' said Lucy Hogan. 'Who'd have thought'. Jenny blushed prettily under the handsome hunks scrutiny and wasn't completely unhappy about it.

She returned his gaze and saw a shock of sandy coloured hair, a rugged but still devastatingly handsome face, tall, probably six one, slim, well proportioned with reasonably expensive clothes. They immediately sat together chatting animatedly about their childhood memories while the two women watched them carefully.

A little while later the sitting room door opened and Jenkins again ushered in more guests. 'Mr. and Mrs. Amberson' he announced once more and stepped back to make way as a small mousy woman entered. She looked round owlishly as a man entered behind her. Fraser stepped forward and greeted them and once more did the introductions. 'This is Mrs. Deirdre Amberson, nee Hogan' he said. 'Mrs. Amberson is Ebenezer's eldest and only surviving daughter and this is her husband Claude'. The man smirked, looked around and nodded. He had a sharp face with jet black hair slicked back and dark sinister eyes. He could easily have doubled for the wicked mustache twirling baddy from the early black and white 'Peril's of Pauline' films laughing manically as he tied her to the railway tracks.

The Amberson's and Lucy and Natasha eyed each other warily as if recognising kindred spirits until Claude spotted Jenny. He strode over to the stunning blonde and offered his hand. He licked his lips as his eyes lasciviously roamed up and down her figure drinking in her assets. His voice when he spoke was nasal and wheedling. 'Well hello my dear' he smarmed. 'Such a pity about old Ebenezer but still at least it's brought us some good luck'. His insensitivity appalled Jenny and Mike and already not liking his lecherous gaze on Jenny, Mike said so in no uncertain terms. Claude seemed about to argue but wilted under the hard challenging stare of Mike and turned to join his wife seated on the sofa. Even though she's only heard a few words Jenny thought Claude's upper class accent was fained as the flat vowels of his no doubt more lowly origins slipped out on occasion.

'Well ladies and Gentlemen' began Fraser. 'I can tell you that everyone is here now. The funeral and internment will take place at 3:00pm this afternoon. 'What about the reading of the Will?' interrupted Claude Amberson loudly having regained some of his arrogance. 'Well, as stipulated by the deceased, that shall take place at 3:00pm tomorrow. You will all be required to spend the night if you wish to inherit anything. 'Bloody hell'. It was Claude again. 'Damn stupid man, that Ebenezer. We have engagements you know. Tenants to evict. Small furry animals to cull'. 'I'm sorry' said Fraser 'You will just have to be patient'.

'Can't you tell us anything now' asked Lucy Hogan. 'Yes I can' replied Fraser. At this time I can inform you that the Will divides the estate between you all, as the only surviving family members, and Jenkins'. He nodded toward the Butler who had remained in the room. 'But only if you attend the reading. There are some specific bequests but that about sums it up. 'So are you saying' enquired Lucy again 'that any surviving family member, or Butler' she added slightly condescendingly, 'who attends the reading tomorrow will get a share of the money'. 'Yes' confirmed the Solicitor. Everyone went quiet for a few minutes mulling over the last statement. It was apparent that they were working out that anyone who didn't attend the reading would get nothing. Significant glances passed between more than one couple in the room.

Chapter two.

The funeral was conducted with due solemnity and the coffin carried by the men into the family vault. Heavy bolts were pushed shut on the vault door to make sure none of the corpses made a bid for freedom. The weather hadn't relented in fact it had gotten even worse. Crisp white snow lay thickly on the ground and even thicker where the howling wind had whipped it up into drifts against the side of the Castle. Jenkins rowed the preacher back to the opposite shore and then returned to prepare their evening meal.

The meal passed off with everyone in good spirits in spite of the funeral and the dark forbidding weather. The prospect of free money and liberal shots of brandy made them all more ebullient. Claude Amberson regaled everyone with the tale of their last Fox Hunt where his wife had gone arse over tit (his words) over a fence when her mount had refused. She simpered and everyone smiled good naturedly. Mike, it turned out, was a Farrier. A Blacksmith. This explained his slim muscular physic mused Jenny contentedly as well as his massive hands. They again spent the evening chatting quietly to each other most times forgetting the rest were there. She learned that the usual work of the Blacksmith had shifted as horses had been replaced by tractors and now he spent more than half his time on decorative wrought iron work and only a short time on shoeing horses, most of those of the racing variety or the odd Shire horse. She for her part lied completely about her work. The 'Firm' had provided a creditable background for her to use in these situations and she told him she was a buyer of fashion garments for a large London department store. 'Yes, dresses, coats, shoes, underwear, swimwear and handbags'. 'I'd like to see some sample sometime especially the underwear' he said. 'Sure. I'd love to show you my panties some...'. Jenny blushed as she realised what she'd been about to say then they both dissolved into a fit of the giggles.

Eventually the meal ended and after an hour in the sitting room around the still glowing embers of the fire they all followed Jenkins up the massive staircase to the upper floor. Jenny was placed in the first bedroom they came to. She wished them a cheery 'good night' and they all watched intently as she went inside and closed the door. A huge full canopied four poster bed took up half of the room. A floor to ceiling bookcase covered one wall and wardrobes another. A door opened into a small on-suit bathroom. Crossing to the tall windows she looked out at the still falling snow. She pulled the drapes closed and turned to find her suitcase. Her night dress was a slightly less revealing one than the postman's favourite but still quite skimpy. Laying it on the bed she unbuttoned her blouse and then unzipped her skirt before padding into the small bathroom. She washed her hands and face and brushed her teeth then returned to the bedroom. Reaching behind her she hooked a finger in her bra strap and dragged it downward before unclasping it. Shrugging it from her shoulders she placed it in her case and stood up. She gazed at herself in the wardrobe mirror then slowly raised her hands to grasp each of her mammaries in her hands and squeezed the pliant flesh firmly. A picture of Mike flashed into her mind. A jolt of pleasure shot through her nipples and a familiar sweat-sour ache her loins. 'Silly girl' she scolded herself and released her breasts. Her thumbs dragged her panties down her long legs and she stood upright and naked. 'Mmmm. Not bad' she thought pulling in her stomach and posing. Sighing she slipped her nightdress over her head and dowsing the light climbed into bed.

An hour later all was silent except for the creaking in the woodwork. The house slept. In Jenny's room a muted click and a slight sighing sound was the only indication of movement as the bookcase started to swing inward. Two dark figures entered and stood perfectly still listening. Satisfied that they hadn't disturbed her they stealthily approached the bed. One shadow held a cloth out and the other sprinkled the liquid from a small bottle onto it. Silently the figure moved to the bedside and held the cloth close to Jenny's face without touching it. After a few seconds she stirred as her unconscious registered the strange new smell but didn't wake. Instead her breathing slowed and deepened as the chloroform took effect. When they were sure she was dead to the world the light clicked on revealing Lucy Hogan and Natasha Ross dressed all in black. Quickly the bed clothes were thrown back so Jenny's hands could be pulled behind her back and her left wrist tied to her right bicep and her right wrist to her left bicep with practiced professional ease. As a precaution a cloth was pushed between her teeth and secured with a second cloth tied around her head. With her ankles also tied both figures relaxed. The two women conversed in whispers. 'Search the room' hissed Lucy. 'Then we can stash her in the tunnels till after the reading'. Luckily Jenny had taken care not to bring any evidence of her job with MI6 so within ten minutes both women returned to her bedside having found nothing of interest.

They stood silently regarding their captive. Jenny was lying on her front were they'd left her after securing her arm's and her nightdress had ridden up during her hour of sleep so all of her mile long legs were exposed. Natasha stared at her then reached down and ran her hand slowly from Jenny's ankle all the way up to the top of her thigh then onward under the lacy negligee and on to her left buttock. She squeezed the plump sphere feeling the firm but pliant flesh in her hand. Lucy said nothing as Natasha hopped on to the bed and flipped Jenny's negligee up exposing her behind. Both hands massaged the twin spheres of plump pulchritude digging her fingers in then pressing them together. After a minute she pulled the two cheeks apart revealing the little button hole of an anus and the flashy lips of Jenny's hairless pussy and looked up at Lucy questioningly. 'Would you look at that. We can't let this morsel go to waste. This is too good an opportunity. Surely we can spare an hour to have some fun'. Lucy thought for a minute watching Natasha's groping hand then smiling nodded her ascent.

Both women removed their black pullovers and slacks followed by their underwear until they were naked. Then they dragged Jenny's unresponsive body to the centre of the bed and rolled her over. The tied arms under her back forced her chest high so her already massive breasts appeared even bigger. The women lay down one on either side of her and less than five minutes later Jenny began to stir. She gradually regained her senses then stiffened as she felt a hand idly caressing her stomach. Opening her eyes she found herself looking straight at Lucy Hogan. In her surprise she made to scream out but the gag muffled the sound. 'Well little Jenny. Finally awake I see. 'Mmmm' moaned Jenny in protest. 'What, you want us to let you go?' 'Mmmm' she nodded. 'I don't think so. You see you were going to cost us money my dear so we are going to make sure you are unavoidably detained until after the reading of the Will tomorrow. To tied up to attend so to speak. That way no share of the loot for you and all the more for us'. 'Mmmm' Jenny protested again. 'Don't worry we'll stash you away in a nice safe place then release you when it's all to late...probably.

Jenny stiffened again as Lucy's hand began tugging the hem of her silky nightdress higher and higher. Natasha joined in until it could be lifted right over her head and bunched around her bound arms. Both women gazed entranced at the exposed acres of soft pink flesh. 'My god little Jenny isn't so little now is she' teased Natasha. 'Would you look at the size of those ta ta's'. 'Mmmm' moaned Jenny as Natasha poked her tit with a finger. 'My god they're real, no silicon, just as mother nature intended. This is our lucky day'.

Natasha knelt by Jenny's head and seizing two handfuls of her hair tilted her head up so she was looking straight down her own body. Lucy meanwhile threw her leg over Jenny and squatted on her hips. She then ran her hands from Jenny's hips slowly up and up until they reached the base of her breasts. Pushing further she forced the great spherical mounds of flesh upward and together until the tips were standing proud less than six inches from Jenny's eyes. Lucy leant forward and grinning wickedly looked deeply into Jenny's eyes who was forced to watch fascinated as Lucy opened her mouth wide and ever so slowly lowered the gaping maw toward the huge rubbery nipples. Jenny's eyes opened wide and she 'Mmmm'd in protest as Lucy's tongue contacted her left nipple and slowly swirled round and round it until it erected. 'Mmmm. You were right Nat. Very tasty' sad Lucy who moved across and gave the other nipple the same treatment. She returned to the first peak and Jenny groaned as she completely engulfed it's tip and sucked it in. Lucy sucked softly for a few seconds then lifted her head stretching the nipple up and up until the tit became a cone of soft flesh. The captive mammary slipped from her mouth with a sucking pop. Lucy alternated between each scarlet tipped peak capturing one and elongated it upward to it's full extent then the other until Jenny began writhing and moaning.

Natasha could contain herself no longer and releasing Jenny's hair dived in taking over one breast. Each used both of there hands molding them like they were making bread. 'Mmmm' Jenny squirmed about as they molested her mammaries trying to shake the two lusty lesbians off. But they each had a very good grip and hung on to her by digging their fingers into the soft mounds stopping her rolling about to much. Her huge rubbery nipples came in for special treatment. Both women pulled twisted and tweaked to their hearts content eliciting even more writhing and moaning from Jenny as their attentions became more intense. Lucy lowered her head and engulfed the peak of Jenny's tit in her mouth sucking and biting then sucking some more. Jenny nearly succeeded in throwing them off as Natasha joined in on her other tit and both women devoured as much of her breasts as they could stuff into their hot wet mouths.

For fifteen minutes they feasted on Jenny's huge succulent mounds until they were red, streaked with finger and teeth marks, slick with saliva and the nipples were erect and savagely pointed as they'd sucked and sucked elongating them to extraordinary lengths. It was like some sort of obscene game as occasionally they push her tits together comparing whose nipple had extended the most then plunged them back into their hot wet mouths to try and make them stand even more. Jenny writhed as her nipples were bitten painfully. Neither woman cared for her discomfort as they sucked and chewed harder and harder.

Eventually Lucy touched Natasha's shoulder so she released Jenny's massive red blood filled nipple from between her gnawing teeth and nodded toward the foot of the bed. Natasha hoped down, fetched the belt from Jenny's toweling robe then tied it round their victims left ankle. She seized her legs and pulled her down the bed until her tied ankles rested against the left hand post at the base of the four poster. Using the toweling belt she secured Jenny's left ankle to the post. Lucy them joined her and they untied the original rope from Jenny's ankles and between them dragged her now free right leg over to the other post and quickly tied it in place. The result of their efforts left Jenny's legs spread wide between the two posts which on this huge bed were over five feet apart. Both lesbians then gazed down at the exposed hairless womanhood which was no longer a slit but had spread apart opening up like a great pink flower. The rooms light glinted on the moisture evident within. 'So our little Jenny is getting off on our game is she?' teased Lucy. 'Mmmm' moaned Jenny in protest again. If you could say 'fuck off you bitch' with just four M's them Jenny had just said it.

'Looks very tasty don't you think' said Natasha. 'Mmmm' replied Lucy who knelt down an moved her face close to Jenny's pussy. 'Smells sweat as well' she said. 'Mmmmmmmmmmmmm' Jenny groaned when Lucy extended her tongue and agonisingly slowly licked right from the base up to the top of her pussy. There was no way to avoid the intrusive digit as Lucy intensified her assault on the soft wet pink flesh. Jenny's hips exploded upward as Lucy plunged her long sinuous tongue inside, probing, twisting, tasting, thrusting in and out repeatedly. Jenny moaned piteously as the lesbian raped her pussy with her tongue.

Natasha tapped Lucy's shoulder and took her place. She sucked Jenny's pussy lips deep into her mouth before sinking her tongue inside. Jenny moaned head whipping from side to side as the girl stimulated her unmercifully. Lucy watched her partner working on the blondes sopping wet cunt for a few seconds then climbed on to the bed. She knelt beside Jenny's head and untied the cloth holding the gag in her mouth. She threw her leg over Jenny's shoulders until she knelt with her pussy hovering above her face. Jenny suddenly realised through the pleasure pervading from her loins that the cloth gag had been removed and opened her mouth to scream for help when Lucy slammed her pussy down effectively gagging her again with her sopping wet vagina.

Jenny immediately closed her mouth determined not to succumb to this latest indignity and give her attacker any kind of return as they ravaged her body. 'So. Reluctant to join in the fun are we' said Lucy. 'Nat give her some encouragement will you'. Natasha looked up, her lower face slick and shiny with juices, then seizing one of Jenny's pussy lips between her thumb and finger squeezed hard and twisted digging her long sharp thumb nail in'. Jenny groaned and wriggled her hips as the pain shot through her. 'Now. Suck it you big titted bimbo' hissed Lucy who wriggled her hips rubbing her pussy over Jenny's face. She eventually relented as the pussy torture became to painful and began sucking the pink fleshy gash. 'Ahhh yes, that's it, I think you've been holding out on us haven't you little girl. You're no novice at this, you've done this before you slut'. Jenny's eyes narrowed but she continued stimulating the black hair lesbian. 'Tongue. More tongue, deeper, deeper' ordered Lucy who began riding the trapped blondes face like a jockey in a race.

She bounced up and down on Jenny's spearing tongue until she threw back her head and climaxed her juices flowing out into Jenny's mouth. Natasha had returned to mouthing Jenny's pussy which was now red and puffy he clit erect and exposed. When she saw Lucy roll off to lie sated on the bed she rose and jumped up determined to use the helplessly tied blondes mouth and tongue for her own satisfaction. Jenny was gasping from the mouth full of juices she'd just received as well as the pussy bashing from Natasha's tongue but she had just enough awareness to realise her mouth was free and she screamed at the top of her voice the first word that popped into her head. 'MIKE, MIKE, HELP ME, HELP ME'.

Both Lucy and Natasha realised the shouting would be heard and panicked. They grabbed their clothes and beat it back to the open bookcase diving through and slamming it behind them.

At the same time the eyes in the painting of a particularly severe looking Victorian ancestor which hung on the wall blinked and disappeared to be replaced by the original canvas oil painted ones.

A few seconds later there came an urgent knock at the door. 'Jenny are you alright' she heard Mike's voice enquiring. She was just about to shout out again when she realised the predicament she was in. 'Mike don't come in. Stay there please. Stay where you are'. 'Err. OK' he replied confused. Jenny thought hard. How could she get free from this embarrassing position. Bound, legs akimbo, her whole body aroused, exposed and entirely defenseless. No amount of pulling and wriggling could free the bindings that had extremely efficiently tied her limbs. Inevitably she came to the conclusion that she needed Mikes help. 'Mike' she called. 'Yes' he replied. 'Please open the door a crack, reach in and turn the lights off. 'Err...OK' said Mike. The door opened a couple of inches and a large hand reached in and the room went dark. 'Now come in but with your eyes closed. 'Err...Alright but are you sure you're OK.' 'Yes I'm fine just do as I ask please'. 'OK here I come'. In the gloom Jenny could just make out the dark silhouette as Mike entered and stood still his head cocked listening. Jenny swallowed and continued 'Now I'm on the bed and I'm tied up. I need you to free me'. Mike remained silent for a few seconds before he asked 'Did you say tied up?'. 'Yes. I'll explain later I just need you to untie me'. 'Well alright but how did you get tied up and why do we need the lights off?' 'Because I'm also naked' replied Jenny quietly. 'Bloody hell' exclaimed Mike who managed only by exerting some Herculean will power not to throw his eyes wide open. However it didn't stop a very appealing image from flashing into his mind.

'Now follow my direction's. Walk forward five paces'. Mike slowly took five steps which brought him to the foot of the bed. 'Now turn ninety degrees to your left and kneel down'. Suddenly a picture of Mike's lean naked body appeared in Jenny's lust filled mind and of him climbing onto the bed and entering her forcefully, thrusting hard and fast into her again and again completing what the women had started. 'Oh God, yes'. 'What?' enquired Mike. 'Nothing' replied Jenny as she clamped down on the thought guiltily.

He followed the orders and knelt. 'Now the first knot is round my ankle which is tied to the left bed post. Can you find it and undo it'. 'OK. I'll try' said Mike. He reached forward with both hands feeling for a contact. 'Left, left, left' screeched Jenny who could see exactly were his hands were heading. Mike moved left until his fingers contacted Jenny's thigh. He slowly moved left stroking along the soft skin of her leg, taking his time quite enjoying this new game until he reached her ankle and the rope securing it. Eventually he worked the knot loose and freed her leg. She groaned as she moved it easing the muscles in her thigh that had been stretched out taught for nearly the last half hour. 'Thank you. Now move to your right and find the other post. Mike realised Jenny must have been tied spread-eagled on the bed and the image in his mind only grew even more vivid and erotic at the thought. He shuffled across hands outstretched trying to find the second binding when his hands alighted on her other thigh. Again he gently stroked down her right leg feeling the luxuriant softness of her flesh until he reached her ankle and worked the toweling belt loose. 'Ahhh. thank you' she said as she worked her other leg to ease the pain in that thigh.

'OK now my arms are tied behind me so can you move around to the side of the bed. Mike followed her instructions. 'Climb up and help me to sit up please. She felt the bed sag as his weight was added to her's then he reached forward tentatively. 'Ooo!'. 'Sorry' he said as his fingers alighted on a soft spherical piece of skin. He found her arm and lifted her upward until she was sitting and felt around until he came to her bound arms. They were covered by the rucked up nightdress so he lifted it back over Jenny's head and tried to pull it down to cover her inadvertently brushing across two very prominent peaks of flesh. Eventually he worked both knots free and Jenny groaned as she moved her arms around exercising the stiff muscles. She climbed off the bed and pulled the nightdress down covering herself again then said 'OK Mike, you can open your eyes now.

He opened his eyes then climbed off the bed and went to switch on the lights. Jenny stood in her shear chiffon nightgown gently rubbing her wrists were the ropes had cinched her skin. He moved to her and enquired 'What the hell happened. How did you end up trussed up on your own bed'. Jenny told him the story but she couldn't explain how the women had got into her room. She hadn't seen them slip through the bookcase. Mike stood thinking for a minute taking his time enjoying the view particularly as Jenny's erect nipples were patently obvious poking out through her nighty's lacy bodice. Eventually he shook himself and said 'I remember there were stories of secret passages and doorways in old Castles. I wouldn't be surprised if there were some in this place. We can search in the morning if you like'. 'OK' agreed Jenny. 'But you'd better get going we don't want you found in a married woman's bedroom in the middle of the night. The others might get completely the wrong idea'. He looked at her searching for something in her eyes 'Completely' he said raising an eyebrow. Jenny hesitated looking at him for a second. 'Yes. Completely' she said quietly.

He turned and made for the door. 'Mike' said Jenny. He turned and felt her soft lips on his cheek. 'Thanks for being a gentleman'. She remembered his hands on her thighs as he'd tenderly stroked down her legs. She was pretty sure they'd gone slower and taken slightly longer than was absolutely necessary. 'Well mostly a gentleman'. He nodded and left closing the door behind him.

Chapter Three.

The next morning at breakfast there were only five present. Neither Lucy or Natasha came down. Mike had knocked on their door first thing but neither woman was there and a search of the Castle failed to find them. Jenny and Mike were concerned and wanted to phone the Police but the Amberson's seemed quite happy with the situation knowing full well that if the two women failed to attend the reading then it meant a greater share for them. Mike took out his mobile and studied it for a few seconds. 'No signal' he announced so when Jenkins entered he asked if he could use the Castles phone as his mobile was useless. 'I believe this area is not well server for these new fangled devices Sir' Jenkins told him. 'And unfortunately the storm has knocked out the only phone line connecting the Castle to the shore. The only alternative seemed to be for someone to row across the lake and go to the nearest town to report the matter but as they weren't sure the women wouldn't turn up and as they hadn't been missing long enough for the Police to be concerned nobody was prepared to go. Also the chance of missing the reading may have had something to do with it as well.

Once they had finished eating Mike announced he was going to investigate the East wing which had lain unused for years. The women may be there he'd said. Immediately Claude Amberson piped up 'Jenny why don't you accompany my wife and I to check the lower floors. Much easier then climbing all those stairs. Jenny was unsure but didn't want to appear rude so reluctantly agreed although she would have preferred the protective company of Mike. Still nothing much could happen if she was with both the man and his wife.

Mike wandered off to the East Wing and Claude, Jenny and Deirdre Amberson went to the small wooden door that led down to the old servants quarters. It was dim and musky not having been used or cleaned for many a year as they crept along the silent corridors. 'In here' directed Claude and ushered Jenny in through a doorway with a particularly heavy oak door. As Mrs. Amberson entered she slammed the door closed. Jenny turned to see Claude lighting a wall mounted lamp. He lit three in all then came over to Jenny who was standing there wide eyed with surprise. In the gradually increasing light the purpose of the room became obvious. It was the Castle dungeon. Unused for many years the various devices still looked usable if old and slightly rusted.

Claude spoke. 'So my dear you're Peter's daughter. (Jenny's father Peter had been Ebenezer's eldest son and had passed on over ten years before). 'Well we think that as my wife is Ebenezer's only surviving child she should inherit the estate so we'd like you to sign this document'. He held up a sheet of paper. 'What's that' Jenny asked her voice unsteady. 'It just says you renounce any rights to a share of the estate in return for a cash sum. Of course it is dated a couple of years ago to make it seem that you received the money in lieu of your inheritance'.

'You must be mad' shouted Jenny 'I'm not signing that. No way'. 'Claude sighed 'we thought you might say that'. Jenny took a step toward the door but was immediately seized in a vice like grip by Deirdre Amberson. Together she and her husband shoved the struggling Jenny toward a column of stone were a pair of shackles dangled. Much swearing and pushing later Jenny hung with her wrists and ankles clamped by the steel bracelets. She shook them but even though the metal was old it was still strong. She screamed, shouted then screamed some more until she ran out of breath. The Amberson's looked on smugly. 'It's no good my dear. This is a dungeon. It is designed to keep the screams from the more delicate ears of the Castles occupants. People have been tortured to death down here while they ate their supper upstairs completely oblivious to the noise. Besides we tested it earlier and you can't here a thing no matter how loud you scream'.

'You won't get away with this' Jenny shouted the old cliché not really convinced of it herself. 'Oh I think we will' replied Claude in a low dangerous voice. 'Deirdre go and get the stuff while I prepare our guest'. Deirdre Amberson nipped out of the dungeon door making sure it was open for the minimum amount of time and slammed it shut again.

'I suggest you sign my dear and save yourself a great deal of distress'. Jenny looked back at him stonily. 'Well don't say I didn't warn you. It would be bad if you turned up with any marks on you to suggest we'd made you sign under duress but I think we've come up with a way to convince you without resorting to blunt instruments or thumbscrews or the like'.

With that he fished a small pen knife from his pocket and approached the now trembling girl. She looked at the knife the light reflecting from it's polished blade as he reached up and severed the top button of her crisp white blouse.

She could see the lust in his dark eyes grow as he continued cutting off her buttons. Gradually the blouse opened down the front as more buttons disappeared into the gloom until there were non left to sever. He pulled the sides of her shirt upward out of the waist band of the chequered blue skirt she'd chosen that morning until it hung loose. His breathing rasped in his throat as with some ceremony he pulled apart the two sides revealing her upper body. His hot gaze roamed over her revealed body. 'My dear. I suspected a fine show but this is magnificent. Your husband must be the happiest man alive'. 'Fuck off you pervert' she spat at him. His face dropped then hardened. 'Have it your own way'.

The knife flashed again as he sliced through the blouse's arms, shoulders and finally the collar and whipped it from her body leaving her in just her lacy bra. She was trembling even more now. The dungeon was deathly cold but she also feared what was to be done to her. Not knowing her fate only made it worse. The dungeon was full of many pain inducing contraptions of devious ingenuity and her imagination ran riot.

After perusing her for a few seconds he cut her left bra strap. Just to heighten the tension even more he ran the knife blade softly across her upper chest. The thin white line the knife left on her skin turned pink until it reached her right shoulder then he cut that strap. The bra sagged a little as the support was removed but not much. Jenny's enormous breasts were still remarkably firm and high in spite of the abuse they'd so recently received.

'Bastard' she hissed at him but he just smiled and pushing the knife under the middle of her bra sliced through the only thing keeping it in place. The lacy garment fluttered to the ground revealing Jenny's upper body in all it's glory. The combination of the cold and the danger was having a very noticeable effect on her. Both nipple were erect. 'Well well' he smirked. 'Could it be you're enjoying on this'. Jenny regarded him silently. No insults would have any effect so she just saved her energy for the ordeal no doubt to come.

He reached forward and stroked a finger around her left nipple which grew a little more. 'Let's see if we can warm you up a little. you're going to need all the warmth you can get shortly I think'. Totally unexpectedly he drew back his hand a slapped her left tit sending it flying. 'You swine' she whined as her flesh settled back now with a red mark on the outside. Her words had little effect as he spanked her other tit. She writhed about in her shackles trying avoid him but there wasn't enough freedom of movement as he made contact again and again and again.

Mrs. Amberson was descending the stairs carrying her booty. She'd been careful to make sure no one saw her. They may have questioned why she was taking a large plastic washing up bowl, a jug of water and a plastic sack down with her. She retraced her steps along the corridor treading slowly. She knew her husband and his vices. If she interrupted him to soon he'd be cranky all day. Let him have his fun she had no reason to protect Jenny. Better the blonde bimbo on the receiving end then her. She stood waiting for a couple of minutes outside the large oaken door. Not a meaty slap nor a whimper could be heard.

Sighing she turned the handle, pushed open the door and entered. 'SLAP'. In the flickering light she could see the big titted bimbo was hanging from the column her cheeks streaked with tears. Claude spotted his wife and stepped back sweat beaded on his excited face. 'Ah just in time my dear. I've prepared our guest as best I can'. She looked at Jenny. Both her breasts were cherry red and covered with hand prints.

Deirdre placed her stuff on the ground and Both Ambersons walked to a biggish wooden table. Together they dragged it across the dungeon and against an old set of stocks. Jenny hung oblivious to the preparations the pain in her chest filling her mind. Suddenly Claude seized her chin and raising her head hissed 'SIGN'. She shook her head obstinately her lips compressed and stared back at him sullenly. He held out his hand and Deirdre placed something in it. The smile returned to his face as he gripped the peak of her left tit and pulled it outward. Jenny gasped but continued to resist. Suddenly he snapped a bulldog clip over her out-stretched nipple. She grimaced as a new pain shot through her. 'SIGN' he shouted in her face'. Again she shook her head.

Idly he used his finger playing with the bulldog clip as Jenny writhed but still she resisted. He seized her other tit and snapped a second clip on her. She threw her head back and grimaced again as new agonies hit her. 'Feel free to scream my dear. I like it when they scream. No one can hear you. No one will save you. Now SIGN'. Jenny looked up at him through her tears and spat in his face. 'NEVER' she shouted.

Stepping back from her he wiped the spittle from his cheek his face now redder than ever. In a quiet silky voice he said 'I hope you realise the more you resist the more fun I get. So just carry on my dear. I've got all day, well nearly all day, till three o'clock at least, that's hours away yet. We can have a whole lot of fun until then'. Jenny shuddered nearly breaking and begging to sign but his smug face stiffened her resolve and she stared at him stoically. Her nipples were throbbing now under the grip of the clips. The blood couldn't flow and they were turning a funny colour.

Deirdre Amberson stepped forward and undid one on the shackles around Jenny's wrist. Before she could react the woman twisted her arm up her back forcing her to lean forward hanging from the remaining shackle on her other wrist. Claude then unlocked that one and twisted her arm. She found herself bent forward her ankles still manacled with both arms twisted behind her. A rope quickly secured her wrists together then the ankle shackles were removed. Together they man handled her across to the table they'd moved earlier. Deirdre held her as Claude opened up the stocks. Jenny realised their intensions and tried to struggle free but Deirdre hung on to her with unsuspected strength. She pushed Jenny until her thighs hit the edge of the table and bent her forward over it until her neck came down right in the centre on the open stocks. Claude gleefully slammed it shut and padlocked it. Jenny struggled but the stock although old were still robust and held her fast. The bindings around her wrists also held.

The Ambersons then stepped away and Deirdre went to collect the items she'd brought in earlier. The bowl was placed on the table beside Jenny's wriggling body. The top of the table was approximately six inches below her shoulders so only her breasts with their bulldog clip jewelry hung down just touching it. Into the bowl Deirdre poured the water from the jug she'd brought. Then bending down she opened the sack. She reached inside and brought out a small trowel heaped with the snow she'd collected from outside the Castle and began tipping it into the water. The first few trowel fulls immediately melted into the water but as each new one was added the water temperature dropped until the snow stopped disappearing and only ice formed. She swirled the trowel around in the water then looked up at Claude. He nodded and she pushed the bowl under Jenny until her breasts hung straight down into the freezing water.

Jenny jerked as another new agony was added to her mammaries. No matter how much she wriggled around she couldn't escape the numbing cold. A smirking Claude looked on as her breasts were subjected to further suffering and agonising pain.

They sat back to watch as Jenny suffered in silence occasionally writhing. After a few minutes Claude rose and asked her again 'Ready to sign yet?' Jenny said nothing so he moved to the sack and ladled more snow into the bowl. another ten minutes passed then Claude rose once more. By now Jenny couldn't feel her breasts, they were completely numb with cold. She stirred slightly as he pulled the bowl of freezing water from under her. Ice had formed on the surface which scratched her skin as it broke. Then he reached under her and released the bulldog clips.

The blood flowed back into her abused nipples and excruciating pain exploded in her chest. She shrieked out loud her breasts on fire. Claude waved the paper in her face but even though tears were streaming from her eyes she resisted and told him where he could stick his paper. In retrospect that probably wasn't the smartest move. Claude exploded with rage ran around to the back of Jenny and flipped her skirt up exposing her white cotton panties. With both hands he ripped them from her body and threw then away then dragged down the zipper on his trousers. Fishing inside he drew out his cock which was already erect from the sadistic treatment he and his wife had dealt out and moved forward.

Jenny steeled herself for the first penetrating thrust into her body. It had come to this earlier than she'd thought. The shining glee in the eyes of Claude Amberson as he'd slapped her flesh had told the story. Pain was his turn on and rape inevitable whether she'd signed the paper or not. She was powerless to stop him and completely at his mercy. No one, not even his wife who, although physically strong, was completely cowed by him and wouldn't interfere as he took another woman even when it was right in front of her. Jenny closed her eyes as she felt his hands on her hips spreading her.

The dungeon door cracked open and a voice said 'You in here Jenny?' The door opened further and Mike poked his head in. The sight that met his eyes would stay with him forever. Claude with his cock in his hand standing behind a topless Jenny who was locked in old fashioned stocks. He rushed in and went straight at Claude his fists raised, rage exploding in him. Claude squealed like a girl and dodged around the other side of Jenny looking completely ridiculous as his cock bounced up and down as he ran. Mike pursued him and as he followed him round Jenny's bound body he headed for the now un-protected door. Deirdre was there first and both Ambersons beat a hasty retreat pulling the door closed after them. Mike made to chase them when he heard Jenny call out weakly 'Mike. Please'.

He slowed realising Jenny was more important to him for now than chasing the Ambersons. He quickly pulled her skirt down then untied her wrists. He angrily threw the bowl of icy water across the room then looked round for some way to release her from the stocks. The fixings were old but the padlock was a new one obviously brought by the Ambersons for the purpose. He found a funny looking implement like an axe which he used to smash at the padlock. It held but the fixings parted from the wood and Jenny was free.

She was practically unconscious so Mike cradled her in his arms then carried her out of the dungeon up to her room and laid her on the bed. Quickly filling a bowl with warm water this time he sat beside her and pulled her into a sitting position. She leant into him and her head flopped on to his shoulder. He draped a towel across her lap then soaked a face flannel in the water and applied it to her frozen breast. Jenny groaned as the luke-warm water was applied. To her frozen skin the warmth felt scalding hot but gradually the heat permeated her skin as he alternated between her bosoms. For twenty minutes he continued to gently and dreamily warm Jenny's breasts until she stirred and whispered 'Mike'. 'Mmmm' he replied. 'I'm nice and warm now'. 'Mmmm' he repeated still gently caressing her. 'Mike'. 'Mmmm'. 'I'm recovered now thank you. You can stop fondling my boobies'. 'Oh. Err...yes. Sorry' he stammered all flustered and released her breasts. Jenny smiled weakly then rose and using the towel dried herself and selected a new bra from her case. She put it on followed by a powder blue high necked pullover.

He stood watching her dress. He knew he shouldn't but he was captivated by her beauty, as well as her more obvious attributes. As she faced away from him gingerly putting on a lacy bra he marveled at her slender back which tapered down from wide shoulders to a tiny waist. As she moved the light played on the moving musculature. She must spend hours working out he thought.

She approached him and crossed her arms around his neck. Whispering 'Thank you for rescuing me again' pulled him down until their lips met. The gentle tender kiss lasted twenty seconds and his hands had just started to pull her to him when she broke away. 'I'll be fine now thanks. I'll lock my door until 3:00 o'clock and the reading of the Will so no one can try anything again. See you then'. He left her room in a daze and as she closed the door he looked back. 'Wow' he thought as he heard the bolts on the inside being pushed home.

Chapter Four.

With Mike out of the way Jenny pulled off her sweater and went into the bathroom. She stood before the mirror regarding herself. The redness had all but disappeared from her breasts, actually helped by the cold water ironically and her nipples had returned to their normal soft pinkish brown colour. She cupped her heavy left mammary squeezing gently testing the nerve endings when the image of Mike applying the warm cloth sprang into her mind. She recalled that as the numbness had died away it had became an increasingly pleasant sensation and it had crossed her mind to let him continue his ministrations longer than was strictly necessary.

She sighed and having checked the door was securely bolted and a wedge solidly driven under the bookcase slipped under the covers on the bed and tried to doze for a while. Fleeting images of Claude, Natasha, Deirdre and Lucy kept intruding all chasing her down never ending dark corridors. Every door was locked as she frantically tried to escape her pursuers. No matter how hard she ran they never fell behind and never seemed to tire.

She awoke sweating and threw back the rumpled covers which had become entwined about her as she'd twisted and turned in her troubled sleep. She checked the time and saw it was 2:15. In the shower warm water cascaded over her shoulders and made little waterfalls from the slopes of her chest. The cares seemed to wash away as the soapy bubbles drained into the plug hole.

She dressed in a white long sleeved blouse and charcoal gray skirt then stood erect breathing deeply and evenly trying to calm herself. The Ambersons and Lucy and Natasha may have made themselves scarce but they weren't going to miss the reading for anything and who knew what might transpire when they came face to face once more.

She padded down the staircase on her way to the sitting room. Just as she reached the last stair Jenkins appeared. 'Madam. I have been asked to convey you to the lower floor where the late Masters Will is to be read' he bowed slightly and ushered her toward the same small door she and the Ambersons had gone through just hours before. 'Are you sure this is right' asked Jenny somewhat concerned. The steps down and dim corridors still held a certain dread for her. 'Oh yes Madam. Mr. Fraser is waiting for us now'. They continued on then turned away from the dreaded dungeon into another dim corridor. At the far end, through an open door, Jenny could see Mike sitting waiting talking to someone out of sight. Jenkins ushered her through and she crossed to greet him then stopped as she saw the sick look on his face. Turning she found herself staring down both barrels of a very efficient looking shotgun held in the hands of Mr. Fraser. The Butler started to enter and Jenny shouted urgently 'Jenkins, quick run, Fraser's gone mad he's got a gun'. She was stunned as Jenkins smiled in his usual obsequious way and entered to stand beside the Solicitor. 'Just so Madam' he said.

Jenny looked from one man to the other. Gradually the similarity between then dawned on her. Both were of medium height, balding and portly. She mentally subtracted the heavy black rimmed glasses from Fraser's face and it became obvious they were very closely related.

'I can see from your expression Mrs. Richards that you've guessed our little secret' began Fraser. 'Yes it's true Jenkins here, or should I say Arnold, is my brother. We had a sweat little set-up going here until the old man pegged it. We had to move fast to make sure our scheme wasn't uncovered before we had chance to liquidate our gains and make our get-a-way. 'I'm sorry to have to inform you that between us we've stolen just about every single penny Ebenezer managed to accumulate over the years.

Jenny looked at the two men stunned. Mike his face full of rage started to rise until Fraser re-directed the guns two black maws at his chest. 'Now, now Mr. Hogan lets not have any heroics. I don't want to shoot you but my bother and I have no intension of being brought to book for this so remain seated if you please'.

Mike's wrath subsided as he sunk back onto the concrete ledge he'd been sitting on. Fraser indicated to Jenny and she sat down beside him.

Fraser was obviously in a loquacious mood and just like a typical baddy couldn't resist a monologue eager for someone to know how clever and devious he and his brother had been. 'As the old mans Solicitor and Financial adviser it was quite easy for me to embezzle the funds from his various bank accounts and insurance policies. As long as the bills got paid he wasn't at all concerned and I dealt with all the correspondence so it was easy to sort out any queries that arose from the banks or revenue people. Then in the later years as his eye sight began to fail and he became more forgetful Arnold here hit on a second scheme. Every bit of silverware, every painting, antique, bit of porcelain and piece of jewelry of any value in the Castle has been meticulously copied and the real items replaced. I'm sorry to say that almost the entire contents of the Castle are worthless. That also goes for the building itself. It's mortgaged to the hilt and in such a bad state of repair that it would require tens of thousands of pounds just to make it habitable.

Mike's face had gradually grown redder and redder as Fraser had calmly described their crimes. Jenny merely sat dejectedly. 'Well can't stand here all day chatting we have foreign climbs to go to. Obviously we will be locking you in here but there's just one extra precaution. Arnold, if you please'. The Butler moved toward Jenny with a pair of curious looking objects. Each looked like a black metal ball resting on a two inch wide collar. If Madam would make a fist please' he said falling back into his best Butlers tone. Jenny scrunched her little hand into a fist and Jenkins opened the ball along a hinge and clamped it around her wrist engulfing her fist in the ball section. He then clipped a tiny padlock in place locking it.

Jenny looked curiously at the black metal covering her hand until it dawned on her that it was a kind of cuff. Inside the ball her hand was trapped in a fist which couldn't pass out through the collar. It worked on the Monkey trap principle proving an effective way of preventing her using her hand.

The second cuff was added then another pair to Mike who glowered at the Butler but took no action while Fraser held the gun on Jenny. They finished up looking like a pair of boxers with black metal gloves.

'If you're wondering, by the way, Lucy, the Ambersons and Natasha are in the next room similarly restrained. Arnold took the two girls prisoner in the tunnel after they left your bedroom Mrs. Richards. For some reason they were naked and seemed very distracted'.

Jenny looked to the Butler who bowed slightly and said 'There is a spy hole in one of the paintings on your wall. I observed your little assignation with the ladies. Very instructive Madam'. He smirked at her. 'Bloody men'. Thought Jenny.

The Ambersons we took as they emerged from the basement. Claude seemed very err..stimulated. His cloths were in some disarray.

Both crooks moved to the door and Jenkins went out. Just as Fraser was pulling it closed he poked his head around and said 'Oh. Just to add a little frisson to your exciting adventure I've planted a large explosive charge at the base of the main staircase. It should bring the whole of the upper floors crashing down so it may be a while before anyone finds you. Toodle Pip'. Mike flung himself forward as Fraser slammed the door shut. It locked with a loud click. Mike swore and punched the door with his metal encased fist then hopped around the small cell groaning in pain clutching his throbbing hand.

Meanwhile Jenny studied the door. 'Mike stop messing about and come and look at this'. Mumbling to himself he did as she asked. The solid oak door looked impregnable and very solid but the main feature she pointed out was the total lack of a keyhole. It seemed to them the door couldn't be opened from inside. Suddenly Jenny spotted a hole in the wall next to the door frame about three feet off the ground. 'What's this' she mused stooping to peer into it. It was about two inches in diameter and appeared to be eight inches or so deep. At the other end a red button glowed softly.

'It's the bloody mechanism. What sort of idiot author design's that sort of lock' she said peevishly. 'Mike look round we need a stick, pole, piece of wire, anything to poke that button to open the door'. They fruitlessly searched the small cell twice before admitting that there was nothing that could be used'. 'How about our cloths' she suggested but again they were out of luck. Together they sat on the ledge deep in thought.

Suddenly Jenny felt Mike jump. She turned to him 'What. Have you thought of something?' He turned away 'No, no I couldn't'. 'Look' said Jenny 'The bloody building is going to collapse on top of us anytime now. So what have you come up with'. Mike hesitated before stammering 'Well...err...I suppose it's possible...err.. I can't ask you to...err...no, no'. 'Mike, we're going to die here. Now spit it out'. He still hesitated then in a resigned voice said 'The hole is wide enough, just, and I could possibly reach it'. 'Yes, yes. How'. 'Err..with my..err..thingy'. 'Your thingy. What the hell are you on about'. He nodded downward. 'My..err..thingy'. Jenny looked down to were he was indicating confused until it slowly dawned on her what Mike was referring to. She said slowly and deliberately 'Are you seriously telling me that you could reach that button with your penis'. 'Err...yes..err...but only if it was...um....angry'. 'Angry?' 'Yes. Very angry'. Jenny worked out what he meant and blushed'. 'That hole's eight inches deep you had better not be a typical man and exaggerating what you've got in there'. Mike smiled impishly. 'Well I've never actually used a ruler but I think it could work'.

Jenny looked at him hard. 'OK'. She sprang up resigned to the plan. They had no other alternative and the situation was desperate. Mike stood up but it quickly became obvious that he couldn't even release his trousers with his hands trapped in the metal cuffs. 'You'll have to help me here Jen' he said. 'But I can't do anymore than you' she said holding up her enclosed hands. 'You'll have to use your teeth' he said. 'Oh Christ. I knew there was going to be a catch'. Jenny knelt at his feet and started the tear at his trouser band while he looked down on her blonde head. Unbidden an entirely different image flashed into his mind. Eventually the waste band parted and with much grunting and pulling she managed to lower his trousers until he could extract each ankle and kick them away.

She looked at him. He blushed even more and smiled sheepishly. 'Sorry' he said. Jenny sighed 'How do I get myself in these situations'. Jenny gripped the left leg of his boxers and tugged then downward a couple of inches then moved to the other side and repeated the move gradually dragging them down. As they lowered the waist band revealed more and more of his manhood. Jenny's eyes started to widen as it seemed to go on and on. 'Bloody hell he's massive' she thought well impressed.

When his boxer shorts reached the ground he kicked them off as well so he stood before her naked from the waist down. 'OK' Jenny said 'make it angry'. 'Err..' he swallowed nervously. 'Err...I can't just make it angry, not just like that, not with these on' indicating the metal gloves. 'You'll have to help me'. Jenny stared at him stonily. 'Are you suggesting what I think you're suggesting' she asked. His grin widened 'Err...sorry...but we are in a life and death bind here aren't we'. He didn't look all that sorry she thought.

She sighed and bowed her head then resigned looked up at him. To be fair it was a particularly good one she thought. Well at least compared to the ones she'd seen before. Not the biggest, that record was shared by Horace 'The Horse' and Nathan, but still a bloody fine specimen. Her cheeks reddened as she leant forward. Hooking the dangling end with her tongue she scooped it up and sucked him in.

Mike jerked his hips back giggling and he popped out of her mouth. 'What? Look you've got to work with me here' she said severely 'Stop laughing and get back here so I can suck your cock'. Mike grinned sheepishly and gingerly stepped closer. Again she put her lips around the end of his dick and sucked him in. He closed his eyes and moaned softly. Soft warm wetness engulfed him as Jenny began working his member. He started to harden and rise almost immediately making her job easier but as he grew the true size and girth of him began stretching her lips apart.

Jenny worked him with all her skill, swirling her tongue around the massive purple head and sucking him as deeply as she could into her mouth until he bumped the back of her throat. Soon his hips began gently thrusting back and forth. Mike was in male heaven. She was giving him the best blow job he'd ever experienced and he didn't have the will power to stop her. Jenny for her part was also getting carried away. His dick felt like velvet in her mouth as her tongue followed the veins and ridges of him. Her feelings for him filled her and the purpose of their foreplay slipped from her mind as she sucked him deeper and deeper into her. Glistening saliva coated him and he slipped in and out like a well oiled piston. Their rhythm quickened. Jenny's metal clad hands slipped round him and urged his hips forward harder and harder.

'Jenny, that's enough' said Mike but with not much conviction. Jenny didn't hear him or paid him no mind as she slurped on his shaft for all she was worth. 'Jenny, please...Jenny...Oh God...no...Jenny, Jenny'. Mike exploded filling her with his essence jerking three, four times. She continued draining him, sucking him dry until he started to soften. She suddenly regained her senses. 'Oh God. Mike I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I couldn't stop. I don't know why I couldn't stop, I just couldn't' she said unconvincingly not wanting to admit the truth to him or more importantly to herself.

Mike's breath rasped in his throat as he came down to earth. 'Oh Jenny It's no good now. I'm not going to be able to open that door. We're sunk. It's all my fault. I wasn't strong enough. I let you carry on when I knew what was going to happen. I'm so sorry'. Jenny stared at him his face all screwed up almost in tears'. Her resolve stiffened. She knew she was as much to blame as him but she wasn't prepared just to lie down and quit.

'Mike' she shouted snapping his head up. 'We're not dead yet'. 'But what can we do?' his voice still quaking. She said in a stern voice 'Do what I tell you. Sit on the corner of the ledge there. Don't worry their isn't a man alive who I can't get hard in two minutes flat even if they have just fucked my face and spurted a gallon of cum down my throat'. He gasped at the crudities shocked to have heard such language from her lips but it had the desired effect. He perked up and sat where instructed.

Jenny offered him her wrist. In a softer voice now she said 'Bite the button off for me'. He looked at her as if she'd gone mad. 'Damn well do it. Now' she screamed exasperated with him. He quickly took the button between his teeth and gnawed it through spitting it out when it came loose. The other sleeve followed then he started on the buttons up the middle of her blouse. The final buttons popped off as Jenny, frustrated at the delay, managed to grip the silky material between her metal cuffs and ripped it from her waist band. Mike looked at her standing there like a tall blonde Amazon in just her white lacy bra and gray skirt her eyes blazing.

Stepping forward she raised the hem of the skirt and sat down face to face straddling his lap. 'How do you like these Mike?' she enquired indicating her breasts. 'Jen. You know you don't need to ask, they're absolutely amazing'. 'Good. Glad you approve' she pulled his head forward burying his face in her cleavage. With her soft skin caressing his face she kept an eye on his limp member. 'Only a slight twitch' she thought. 'Mike. Use your teeth'. He looked confused. 'The cup. Use your teeth'. He nodded and carefully so as not to nip her skin took the lacy cup in his teeth and dragged it down. She helped by raising her shoulder until her tit popped free.

'Mike. Did you dream about me last night?'. He nodded slowly a little embarrassed. 'Did you dream about my breasts?' Again he nodded. 'What did you do to them in your dream?'. 'Touched them' he said in the voice of a little boy still unsure where she was leading. 'Well you can't do that. What else?' He reddened a little. 'Sucked them'. 'Well what are you waiting for' she said pulling his head forward until her tit met his lips. He needed no second invitation and engulfed the peak sucking it into the warm wetness inside his mouth.

His dick twitched again but still not nearly enough. Jenny gasped. 'God he was good at that'. Her tit was on fire as he swirled his tongue around the tip alternately gently sucking it and biting it.

'Mike. What else did you dream about. Did you make love to me'. With her tit still in his mouth he nodded sending waves of pleasure through her. 'Jeez. Control yourself girl. You can't lose it second time'. More drastic measures were required. She had to get him excited and quickly. The bomb could erupt any second'.

She lowered her head and whispered in his ear. 'I don't think you did, did you Mike. I think you took your great big cock, spread my soft pink pussy and plunged it deep inside me. Then you pounded my writhing body, pumping me, forcing yourself into me, stretching me, fucking me, even when I begged for mercy'. He released her breast and looked up at her shocked. She raised her voice 'Deeper and deeper, pounding into me, taking me, screwing me until you filled me with your cum'.

His cock twitch and rose to half mast. 'Just a final push' though Jenny continuing. 'Mike. In the dungeon when you saw me trapped helpless in the stocks my naked butt sticking up, defenseless, available, didn't the thought cross your mind. I was helpless. You could have done anything you wanted and I couldn't have stopped you'. He stared at her incredulous his eyes shining now. 'If you'd wanted you could so easily have walked up behind me and taken me there and then. Hard. Fast. thrusting your great big cock into me, pounding, pounding until I screamed out'. That's what you wanted to do isn't it Mike' she shouted now. 'You wanted to take me Mike, you wanted to fuck me, didn't you Mike. Didn't you' she finished screaming.

The beast that is in all men erupted from it's cave roaring. He surged upward seizing her in his strong arms. 'Yes, Damn it' he shouted back 'That's exactly what I wanted' and crushed his lips to hers kissing her savagely. Swinging round he practically slammed her down on the ledge and tried to rip the white cotton panties from her body. The last obstacle between him and her pussy then whimpered in frustration as the cuffs prevented him.

Jenny smashed her metal cuff into the side of his head knocking him away. As quickly as it had arrived the fire left his eyes and the beast slunk back into it's cave. 'Oh Jenny I'm so sorry but those things you said..'. 'I know, I know. Forget that for now. Look' she said pointing at the raging erection between his legs. 'The door Mike, try to open the door'.

He realised what she meant and rushed to the door carefully inserting his organ into the hole. It just fitted with a little pressure and he pushed as far as he could. Again he pushed but nothing happened. 'Jenny it's not working, it's not long enough'. Jenny felt all of her own frustrations reach a peak and with a heart felt 'Fuck that for a game of soldiers' charged across the room and slammed her shoulder into the base of his spine. Mike screamed as his pelvis smashed into the wall as with a quiet 'click' the door swung open.

Groaning piteously Mike wheezed 'Awwwwwww. Christ on a bike, that's gonna to smart in the morning' and collapsed in a heap on the floor. Jenny pulled the door open and shouting at Mike dragged him upright and helped him out into the corridor. Together they raced, staggered in Mike's case, as fast as they could up to the main entrance hall and the grand staircase. Jenny quickly spotted the bomb and raced to it. She knelt to look at a bundle of a dozen sticks of dynamite taped together with a simple alarm clock connected by multiple coloured wires and ticking. Jenny was devastated as a sick feeling rose in her stomach. The timer was down to ten seconds and counting down. Mike reached her as she swung round. 'Those stupid brothers have used enough dynamite to blow up the Island let alone the top floors. There's no way we can avoid it Mike. I'm so sorry'. Together they stood facing each other determined to pass their final seconds in each others arms. 'Hold me darling' sobbed Jenny.

He engulfed her in his strong arms and swung her away from the bomb as if he could protect her with his body. She buried her head in his shoulder and he buried his in her hair. They hugged waiting for the inevitable as the timer ran down.

The last seconds ticked off. Tick, tick, tick, snip.

Silence.

'Snip?'. 'What happened to Kaboom. Bombs don't go snip. They go Kaboom' she thought.

Jenny raised her head and peered over Mikes shoulder. Suki stood there smiling twirling a pair of wire cutters round her finger. 'SUKI' Jenny shouted gleefully and ran to her sweeping the slim Japanese agent up in a great bear hug. 'What the hell are you doing here' shouted Jenny happily.

When she could be persuaded to stop squeezing the life out of her friend and fellow agent Suki explained 'I heard your message to HQ and it struck a chord. Something about the names you mentioned so I looked Fraser up on the database, had to go all the way up to code Purple to find him, but it seems he's on our list to be watched. He was mixed up in a huge embezzlement scandal a few years back involving a Government minister but nothing could be proved. I just thought, suspect embezzler, large inheritance, you might need some help. So I came. Just in time it would seem'.

She looked up 'Now are you going to introduce me to your 'remarkably' well endowed friend'. The two girls stood arm in arm smiling at Mikes embarrassment as he slowly moved to cover himself. 'If someone could remove these cuffs for me I'll go and get dressed' he murmured.

Suki quickly picked the simple locks on his cuffs and he turned to climb the stairs up to his room. The girls watched him go until Suki commented 'Mmmm nice butt as well don't you think Jen?' Jenny blushed and said 'Can't say I noticed'. Suki looked at her sharply detecting her quickening breath and how she had reddened and refused to meet her gaze. 'You and him' she said 'you haven't have you, you know' nodding conspiratorially. Jenny blushed even more 'No, no we haven't' still not looking at Suki. 'Well not that anyway'.

No matter how hard she pressed Jenny steadfastly refused to tell her any more. Especially not how Mike had ended up naked from the waist down. 'Oh. Alright' said Suki finally giving up 'But would you like me to help put that tit back into your bra for you'.

Epilogue

With her blouse ruined Jenny put on the powder blue high necked sweater again. Some time later she came down the long staircase to find Suki and Mike deep in conversation. Mike was telling a story including gestures. His hips were thrusting obscenely forward and then he punched himself on the backside. Suki's eyes closed tight and her shoulders began to heave up and down. Her face started to go red and clutching her stomach. Mike fained an injury so serious as to be life threatening as she let out a huge unconfined roar of laughter. The initial laughter subsided but she continued giggling like a school girl and hugging herself with glee. The troops back at HQ were going to love this one. They looked up as Jenny approached and Mike rose to greeted her with a kiss on the cheek and a big hug. The tension had gone out of him now. Having a shotgun thrust under your nose and being thrown into a life and death situation was something that rarely happened to a Blacksmith. Suki calmed down and looked around interestedly at the old house, all it's paintings and chandeliers. Nothing like it was to be found in Japan she told Jenny. Will you give me a tour' she asked. Jenny agreed and began explaining who some of the people in the pictures were while Mike wandered off.

'What's down there' enquired Suki pointing to the steps leading to the lower floors. 'Well there's the kitchens and the servants quarters as well as the dungeon' explained Jenny. 'Dungeon' exclaimed Suki 'sounds interesting, show me please'. 'Oh alright' sighed Jenny. 'Follow me'.

She led Suki down the dimly lit steps until they entered the familiar dingy room. Suki was entranced by all the devices and instruments. She recognised the stocks and braziers but puzzled over some others. 'What's this one' she asked pointing at the Iron Maiden. 'Well you place your victim inside and then close the door. The spikes on the inside do the rest. Very grisly' 'And this one' she asked this time pointing at the Rack. 'That one is used to stretch the victim until their joints pop out. Even grislier'.

'I don't understand. How does it work'. 'Well you lay the victim on the slab here' said Jenny indicating the flat base of the device'. 'Go on show me' urged Suki so Jenny hoped up and lay back. 'Then your hands go into the leather straps at the top here'. 'Like this' said Suki innocently buckling the straps round Jenny's wrists. 'Yes. That's it' replied Jenny. 'And the same with the ankles. Yes. That's it. Now just turn the big wooden wheel there and the victim is stretched until they either confess or they're eight foot tall'. Suki slowly turned the wheel until the slack in the bindings was taken up and Jenny was stretched to her full limit.

'Err..Suki you can release me now. You've seen how it works'. Suki smiled slowly and moved to stand beside Jenny. She leant down until their faces were very close together and said 'You and Mike were in a bad spot there weren't you'. 'Err..well..err..yes I suppose we were' stammered Jenny as she suddenly realised were this was going. 'Suki please let me go, someone might come'. Jenny wriggled her arms but the leather bindings while old still held her fast. Suki continued 'The big bomb would have killed you both if it had gone off wouldn't it?' 'Well..err..yes it would' Jenny sighed. 'So who stopped it going off?' 'Alright. Yes, you did Suki. I admit it, you did. Now please let me go' Jenny finished almost pleading. Suki smiled even more broadly. 'And what do we do when I save your skin. Mmmmm?' 'You get a reward I know but not here, not now, someone might come down and see us'.

That was all Suki needed to hear as she lowered her face to Jenny's. Jenny turned her head trying to avoid the kiss but she was powerless to resist when Suki held her jaw and brought their lips together. She kissed her tenderly not forcing it, not open mouthed, no tongues, no lustful mashing of lips until Jenny responded in kind and they slowly gently tasted each other. Gradually the kiss deepened and intensified until Jenny began to breath more heavily loosing herself once more.

Jenny groaned as Suki broke the kiss and stood up. Taking the bottom of Jenny powder blue sweater she began pulling it up. Over her super flat stomach even flatter now with her stretched out full length on the rack, and upward until her lacy white bra was revealed. She reached round Jenny and pulled the back of the sweater upwards as well until finally the jumper was bunched around Jenny's neck. With a final pull she yanked it up until it covered Jenny's head while the neck still rested under her chin.

Jenny waited hardly daring to breathe until a soft ever so gentle hand began massaging her upper chest. It soon swooped lower caressing the tops of her breasts that overflowed the top of her bra. A finger hooked itself into the left cup and slowly pulled down until her breast popped free. The other followed suit and was exposed to the cool air in the dungeon. Hands softly gathered in her mammaries and began a slow gentle massage of the enormous flashy mounds. 'Oh Suki' she moaned as the ever so soft caressing continued. Soon her nipples reacted and started to grow. Voluntarily this time from the sensations shooting through her chest instead of forcibly like when Lucy and Natasha had molested her.

A finger agonisingly slowly circled her areola, teasing her nipple into full hardness. She groaned with pleasure. Suki had never been like this before she was usually a lot more urgent in giving and taking her pleasure. Both nipples extended skyward as her breasts were molded round and together fingers and thumbs now squeezing and tugging on their peaks. Suddenly a hot wet mouth engulfed her left peak and she moaned out piteously as the mouth sucked softly on her skin. Still tenderly both rubbery nipples were treated to the soft sucking until her body began wriggling and writhing under the feathery assault. Jenny moaned as the mouth left her tit. 'Oh God Suki don't stop. Please don't stop now'. The hands stroked downward over her abdomen and hips until they came to her skirt. Deftly they maneuvered the skirt upward until it was bunched around Jenny's waist exposing the lacy triangle of material that covered her mons. A hand gently stroked over the outside of her thong bringing the pleasure to the centre of her being. Suddenly the covering was ripped from her body. She shrieked as the cold air hit her pink hairless slit. The fingers returned to continue their teasing caresses. Up and down. Around and around maddeningly slowly and tenderly they traced the outline of her pussy before a finger dragged itself upward and over her erect and twitching clit. She nearly exploded on the spot but just held on as she felt hot breath on her most intimate area. Fingers softly spread her lips and a probing inquisitive tongue entered her. 'Ahhh' she moaned as the tongue began exploring the pink moist insides of her pussy. Deeper it delved pushing, twisting finding every nerve ending she had before pulling out to journey upward to her waiting clitoris. Two fingers pressed each side of her clit and pushed upwards until the tiny bump emerged from it's protective covering. The tongue hesitated and Jenny held her breath waiting expectantly for the first touch. But it didn't come. The tongue circled around her erect nubbin, teasing her into a state of almost exquisite agony.

Suddenly her clit was sucked into a hot cavern of a mouth. Sucked again and again starting a rhythm almost masturbating her clit between the soft lips that had captured it and were now trying to suck the life from it. Jenny moaned and moaned her hips bouncing up and down. 'Oh God. Yes. right there. More. More. Please. Oh God yes'. A finger invaded her pussy slowly forging it's way forward until it reached Jenny's most tender inner spot. A second joined it stretching her insides. The build up was complete and the final assault began. Both fingers started to whip left and right across her g-spot. Jenny's hips began to rise as she moved toward the final summit. Her clit was sucked inside the hot wet mouth deeper than before and a tongue savagely dragged across it. Her internal muscles gripped the fingers like a vice as Jenny screamed out loud. She rose up stretching like a cat every muscle locking up as the incandescent explosion of warmth began in her loins and spread out through her entire body. The assault on her pussy continued keeping her at the pinnacle of her climax for as long as her body could stand the exquisite agony until after nearly twenty seconds of the most intense pleasure she slumped back onto the rack.

Her chest rose and fell as she tried to regain her breath. 'Jesus Christ Suki that was the best ever. You've learnt a few new tricks since we last did that. The edge of her sweater began to edge lower and as it passed her eyes she found herself looking up into the laughing eyes of Mike. Confused she stammered 'Where's Suki'. 'She's over there' he answered nodding toward her where she sat smiling, watching them. Jenny looked at her then back at him. 'MIKE!' she shrieked. 'That was you'. The red flush on her face deepened even further as the realisation of what he'd just done to her.

'Well I thought it was only polite to return the favour' he said kissing her quickly on the lips.

She stared at him then dumbfounded then muttered 'Bloody men'.

Mike released the leather straps holding her wrists and ankles and helped her stand. As she straightened her cloths he said 'Of course you realise that that wasn't my reward'. 'What do you mean not your reward. What the hell was it then' she responded. 'It was yours' he answered slowly and deliberately 'for saving my life'. She stood like a statue staring at him as he went on. 'We both know what you're going to do to reward Suki don't we?' Jenny shot her a stern look but only received a smile and a wiggle of the eyebrows in return. 'So now we need to negotiate just what my reward is going to be'.

In a small quiet slightly quivering voice she asked 'What is it you want'.

He surveyed her face for a few seconds then said 'Those things you said...those things in the cell'. 'I thought they were your fantasy' she interrupted. 'I was trying to get you excited as fast as possible'. 'Yes I know but were they just mine...just my fantasy...completely'. He held his breath as she tried to discern the deeper meaning of his words. 'No...not completely yours' she said quietly looking down shyly.

At her answer the tension drained from within him and his body relaxed. Slowly he exhaled then drew himself up to his full height and looking down at her spoke in a deep aristocratic plumy voice and said 'Prisoner at the bar. You are charged with many counts of grievous naughtiness, to wit, getting yourself all dirty making mud pies in the garden, bathing with a member of the opposite sex and not least of touching his little winkle while the parents weren't looking. How plead you'. After a seconds confusion at the sudden switch she smiled a knowing smile and answered shyly 'Guilty M'lud....Oh so very, very guilty'. 'Then I see no alternative other than to sentence you to the maximum punishment. You will spend a minimum of one hour in the town stocks. Court warden. please take charge of the Prisoner'.

Suki leapt up and with a jaunty salute took Jenny by the arm and led her toward her fate. The top wooden cross piece was lowered into place trapping the blonde head and both hands then Suki moved across the room, turned and with a saucy wink closed the heavy wooden door behind her.

As Mike moved purposefully toward the helpless blonde he felt a molten hot ball of excitement growing in his loins.

In it's deep dark cave the beast raised it's sullen head and cracked an open an eye.

The end

**I CREAM ON JENNY**

BY VERN

A sleeping Jenny’s ample bosom bounced up & down as they sped along the bumpy road in Ashley’s Mini Cooper. Ashley put the decrepit little car into a four-wheel drift & pulled onto to the main highway, slowing down beside a lorry. Ashley grinned to herself as she eased up beside the cab of the lorry, knowing that the driver could see the snoring Jenny through the sunroof. Ashley was proud of herself that she had talked Jenny into wearing the pink outfit that she’d selected. The backless halter top had precluded Jenny wearing a bra & the fact that the top tied with a bow on the back of Jenny’s neck left all sorts of possibilities for exposure accidents. The draft coming up through the rusted out floorboard of the Mini Cooper had blown the tiny circle skirt up to Jenny’s waist so her matching sheer, pink, full-bottom knickers were completely displayed along with a few inches of Jenny’s delectable tummy. The weather was unusually warm for early spring but Jenny hadn’t gotten her Brazilian for sunbathing & swimming in her bikinis so her lush, blonde bush curled out of the top of her low-slung knickers. It was so hot in the air condition-less little car that the sleeping Jenny sat slouched with one knee touching the gear shifter & the other against the door panel. The lorry driver reached into a storage compartment & fumbled around until he found his digital video camera. He swung out the little screen & zoomed in on Jenny’s scrumptious, tulle clad pussy mound so the scene of the wispy, blonde pubic hairs that curled out of the leg bands was recorded. As Jenny snored softly, Ashley carefully pushed the tip of her manicured fingernail into the mouth of Jenny’s pussy cavity so the net fabric was forced inside until the meaty pink pussy lips slipped past the elastic. Jenny’s head was flopped back on the back of the car seat & the lorry driver was thrilled as Jenny’s mouth opened in a cock sucker’s “O” as she pushed out a soft “Ooooo” of a moan. Ashley slowly scraped along the tulle over Jenny’s urethra until the protective hood was pushed from the clitoris & the little nubbin popped into view. Ashley gently tapped the pink bud as she leaned over & gave the lorry driver a wink. Still deeply asleep, Jenny’s head slowly turned from side to side as Ashley pinched & poked until a creamy mucus froth bubbled through the net fabric of Jenny’s knickers. Ashley had cut out the absorbent cotton crotch panel before she had given them to Jenny to wear. Beads of perspiration oozed out of the soft flesh of Jenny’s inner thighs, chest & neck so some of it dribbled into her cleavage to give Ashley a burst of inspiration. A tap on the back of Jenny’s head caused it to flop forward so Ashley could tug the bow knot loose from the halter, allowing the magnificent 38 double D’s their freedom. The lorry driver’s eyes bugged out at the sight of such superb bazooms but he quickly gathered his composure as Jenny’s head was tilted back against the car seat. Ashley reached over to pinch & tug on Jenny’s pink nipples until they were erect and the areolas darkened to a deep cinnamon. Jenny moaned her scarlet painted lips opening again to reveal her pink tongue. The lorry driver reached for a retractable patch cord on the dash console, plugged it into the video out port of his camera & flipped a switch. The back & sides of the lorry sprang to life with the image of Jenny as videoed by the driver’s camera.

Some genius had decided that the public wasn’t being bombarded with enough advertisements & the lorry was a prototype of a high-tech mobile video billboard. The sides & back of the truck were giant flat video monitors that could play advertisements from DVD’s or display live concerts or sporting events & the driver was delivering it to its new owners. From the driver’s seat, Ashley could only see a jumble of pink & flesh colors flashing on the side of the truck & thought nothing of it, in fact, she decided to share her charms with the lorry driver. She flipped the hem of her skirt up & tucked it into its waist-band, exposing her own sheer, black g-string & the lush tangle of her brunette bush. She tugged the skimpy thing to the side & began to slowly pump her fingers in & out of her sopping cunt, for the act of exposing herself to a stranger, turned her on almost as much as exhibiting her sleeping friend. Ashley withdrew her fingers, leaned over so she could see the lorry drive & sucked off her pussy’s juices. The drivers behind the lorry started honking their horns in applause to the sexy scene that was being shown on the giant monitor & the noise from all the horns awaken Jenny. As she looked out the window, it took her a little while to realize that the image on the side of the truck was her & Ashley. She fainted dead away when this finally sunk in but Ashley, with the limited view out the passenger windows, never put it together so she continued her lascivious show for the lorry driver until she approached her exit. Ashley pulled the pathetic, sputtering Mini Cooper up to the entrance to the clubhouse of the lavish country club & quickly retied the bow of Jenny’s halter before the parking valet approached. As Jenny slowly emerged from her stupor, her eyes grew as big a saucers & she turned to Ashley. “Oooo, Ashley! I had the strangest dream!” Jenny murmured as the smartly uniformed young man, whipped open the passenger-side door. Jenny absentmindedly swiveled, putting one stiletto pump-clad foot on the cobblestone driveway but paused to continue telling Ashley about her dream. The valet reeled back but quickly regained his composure as he squatted down & leaned forward. A little unspoken benefit of his job was the many beavers that he was able to shoot as the spoiled, rich ladies exited their automobiles but here before him, was the mother of all beaver shots! Jenny didn’t realized the disheveled state of her tiny skirt or her knickers, but her sheer, see through crotch & elastic leg bands held the wings of her pussy spread like a prize pink butterfly in a rare insect collection. Ashley was well aware of the valet so when Jenny rolled her eyes heavenward at one point in recounting her erotic dream, Ashley winked at the valet to indicate to him that his staring at Jenny’s pudendum was not only acceptable, but was part of her little game to display Jenny’s most intimate parts without Jenny’s knowledge. Ashley locked her eyes to Jenny’s to keep the description of the erotic dream flowing. The valet leaned in even closer to Jenny’s crotch until he could see her schnaggli in the center of her split beaver, nibbling at the air, as if searching for something to fill it. Perspiration & pussy juice glistened on the soft flesh of her inner thighs & to the delight & amazement of the valet, a tiny bubble of slick, lubricating mucus would froth through the tulle netting of her panty crotch whenever she paused in her dream description to take a breath. The valet knew what it must be like to be a gynecologist as he studied every meaty fold of Jenny’s nether region as her shapely thighs could hardly be more wide spread. Every time the delicious girl squirmed her luscious bottom, the net fabric would scrape across the scarlet bud of her exposed clitoris & the gauzy material would pull the protective hood back a little more. It took all of the

valet’s willpower to prevent him from diving in, face first, sucking & tonguing the scrumptious girl to orgasm. Jenny had an unconscious need to pee but was too into describing her dream to acknowledge it so she kept flexing her kegel muscles & this would cause the mouth of her pussy chamber to yawn open to expose the scarlet, weeping walls of her vaginal cavity. The valet was so close that he could hear the little queefs farting softly from Jenny’s aroused pussy but he sensed that she was coming to the end of her dream description so he stood up, ramrod straight, holding the car door open & staring straight ahead. Jenny was completely unaware of the lascivious exhibition that she had just given to the valet as she exited the tiny Mini Cooper. The valet went around & opened Ashley’s door, & as she caught his eye, she glanced at her lap to indicate that he was going to be treated to another beaver shot as a thank you for participating in her little game. She flipped up the hem of her short pleated skirt & planted a stiletto heeled pump on the paving stones, well aware that her tiny G-string was still pulled to the side from her show for the lorry driver. The startled valet eyes darted back & forth between Ashley’s exposed pussy & her eyes until she gave him an exaggerated wink, indicating she was displaying her charms on purpose. She was just as excited as Jenny, who had trotted off in search of the ladies loo, but Ashley knew why her pussy was dripping & Jenny didn’t. As the valet stared at Ashley’s brunette beaver, he saw it also still had its winter pelt & the lush curls ran from her ass crack to the waistband of her G-string, then a tiny, narrow row that traveled up to her belly button. The valet preferred bushy beavers & most of the country club ladies could afford weekly wax jobs so the pussies that were flashed at him were bald. He couldn’t decide which excited him more, Jenny’s blonde unaware exhibition or Ashley’s brunette deliberate display. Ashley placed her forefinger & middle finger on one of her pussy lips & her ring finger & pinky on the other as she spread her pink slit to its limit. She curled the fuck you finger of her other hand into the mouth of her pussy while she diddled her clitoris with her thumb. Her finger’s pad & nail found the spongy bump of her G-spot & began a rhythmic tapping. Ashley was so horny from her escapade with the lorry driver & Jenny’s unwitting exhibition to him & the valet, that it only took her a few seconds to cum. She was a girl that often ejaculated when she had an orgasm & this was one of those times for she had been in a state of sexual excitement for several hours. A champagne-like fluid sprayed like a geyser out of her urethra & splashed across the valet’s white suede shoes. His jaw dropped as Ashley exited the car, spun around, spread her long legs, locked her knees as she bent over, pigeon-toed & began rummaging behind the seats of the Mini Cooper. The hem of her short, pleated skirt had climbed midway up her ass, exposing her pudendum. She extracted Jenny’s & her own purse & set them on the driver’s seat as she wiggled her delicious butt. Then, to the delight of the valet, she reached behind her & placing a palm on each cheek, she spread them to their limit while flexing her kegel muscle. The asterisk of her crinkled brown ring pooched out, yawned open, then snapped shut. The valet looked around the driveway & determined that the other valets were busy with arriving cars so he leaned forward, burying his face in Ashley’s fuzzy, damp furrow. His puckered lips attached themselves to her puckered bottom’s mouth as he stiffened the tip of his tongue & thrust it past her spasming sphincter. Ashley pushed out a squeal of delight as her manicured finger dipped back into her sopping pussy so the valet’s shoes got a second soaking & then a third as

her pussy ejaculate squirted out of her. She lifted one of her hands from her butt cheek & gently pushed his head back, turned around & began rummaging through her purse for a tip but the parking valet indicated that Ashley had compensated him quite adequately.

CHAPTER 2

As Jenny exited the restroom, she spied Ashley at the main desk & joined her just in time to witness her presenting her winning drawing ticket for a free round of golf for two. She paid for the two bags of clubs but neither she nor Jenny had the money for spiked golf shoes so she lied saying they’d left them in the car. Even though it was not quite mid-morning, Ashley sashayed into the restaurant & as their waiter approached, she told Jenny she had to go to the ladies loo so she was able to quietly murmur in the waiter’s ear, without Jenny hearing her, that she wanted a Virgin Mary while Jenny wanted a double Bloody Mary. Ashley wanted Jenny’s inhibitions to vanish. When she returned, a thirsty Jenny had almost finished her drink, so Ashley ordered another round & by the time the girls arrived at the first tee, Jenny was feeling no pain. Jenny stood to the side, mulling over how strangely real her dream had seemed, as Ashley teed up her ball. Ashley was well aware of the foursome of young doctors behind them so she slowly bent, straight-legged to place her golf ball on the tee & her pleated skirt was caught by a puff of breeze. When the hem flipped over her skirt’s waistband, the doctors collectively groaned softly as Ashley’s most intimate parts came into view. The thin elastic thread of her G-string bisected the crinkled ring of her behind & disappeared into the curly brunette forest that covered her perineum before passing between her engorged cunt lips. After her golf ball was on the tee, she absentmindedly reach back to fake the discovery of her exposed bottom. Ashley squealed, spun around, knocking her knees together, bugging out her eyes & forming her mouth into a surprised “O” as she confronted the doctor’s stares. She spun back around as the young men lowered their eyes & she addressed the ball. Ashley gave a solid swing & drove her ball almost to the green. Jenny was lost in thought until Ashley jolted her from her reverie, indicating that it was Jenny’s turn. Jenny had played golf less than a dozen times & had only come on this outing to placate Ashley who had squatted down, her knees apart, seemingly unaware of the doctors shooting her exposed beaver. They didn’t know which heavenly sight to look at when Jenny bent to tee up her ball because the gentle morning breeze had blown the back of Jenny’s circle skirt so the hem flutter down onto the small of her back. Unlike Ashley, Jenny really was unaware of her full-bottomed, sheer knicker-clad behind’s display so the doctors foursome’s eyes darted back & forth between the two luscious girls. Jenny finished teeing up, addressed the ball & wacked it about halfway down the fairway. One of the doctors offered them a ride in his golf cart, pointing out that it would be slow going for them to walk along the fairway in five inch ‘fuck me, fuck me, let’s go disco’ pumps. The country club had mansions surrounding the course so that, if one were rich enough to afford it, one could walk out the back door & onto the course. The young doctor delivered the girls to Jenny’s ball in his cart & drove it out of the way. Jenny, again, displayed her bottom as she placed her ball on its tee & swung her club. She drove the ball but it hooked towards a mansion & a tinkle of breaking glass was heard. The young doctor offered to drive them in his cart to the mansion, explaining that it was customary

to apologize & offer to pay for any damage. The girls accepted his offer & after he’d delivered them to the mansion’s patio, he got their permission for his foursome to play through. A pane on one of the patio French doors was shattered & as they peered into the house, they saw a man beckoning for them to enter. Ashley pushed open the door & they hesitantly entered the luxuriously furnished, smoke filled room. A burly Arab gentleman sat on the floor next to a large shattered porcelain urn, Jenny’s golf ball resting among the shards. The man wore a silk turban, fastened with a huge ruby brooch. His muscular biceps bulged from a sleeveless poustine & baggy silk sherwals were tucked into his black leather boots. Jenny & Ashley began to babble in unison about how sorry they were & asking about the value of the broken urn. The Arab threw his head back, laughed a deep, rumbling laugh & began to profusely thank the startled beauties for freeing him from the urn as he explained that he was a Genie that had been trapped in the urn for a thousand years. Ashley & Jenny stood slack jawed as the Genie crossed the room & stood beside a Louis XIV desk as he told them that three wishes would be granted. When he asked Jenny if he could grant her wish, she blurted out that she & John were maxed out with their credit cards & she sure could use some extra cash. She was thrilled when the Genie told her that when she checked her bank balance, she would find her account contained more money than she could dream of. Ashley didn’t wait for him to ask about her wish & asked the Genie for a new car. The two girls looked at each other so they didn’t notice when the Genie pushed a button on the desk under the heading cars/MM. He motioned for them to lead the way to the front of the house & when they came to a grand, curving staircase, he indicated that they should ascend the stairs. Ashley & Jenny babbled excitedly, not noticing the Genie had fallen a dozen steps behind them so he could see up under their short golf skirts. It appeared as if Ashley was knickerless but Jenny’s full- bottomed sheer pink ones were a delight to behold. When they reached the second floor landing, Ashley let out a squeal of delight, for there on the herringbone brick patterned driveway below them was a silver Mercedes-McClaren & as she spun around, her pleated skirt fanned out all along its circumference, like an open umbrella, swirling around her hips. The Genie stopped climbing up the stairs so he was treated to a worm’s eye view of Ashley’s brunette bush. The front panel of her tiny sheer black G-string only partially covered her pubis & it ended so the large knot of the elastic string rested atop the bud of her clitoris. This knot was designed to work its way under her nubin’s protective hood so Ashley was constantly being stimulated, the entire time that she wore the G-string. The elastic thread disappeared between her pussy lips, which throbbed because they were so engorged & swollen from the constant scraping of the knot on her thousands of super sensitive nerve endings. The thread emerged from the fourchette of her vagina, bisecting her perineum & anus, which were displayed when she spun back around to admire her new car.

Ashley & Jenny spun around again to face the Genie & they both blurted out in unison, “Which of us gets the third wish!?!” The Genie put his fists on his hip & threw his head back, roaring his deep laugh. “I do!” He laughed again. “I’ve been trapped in that urn for a thousand years & my wish is to have my way with both of you for twenty four hours! If you don’t grant my wish, neither of your wishes will be granted!” It only took Ashley a nano-second of looking at the gleaming, silver automobile before she agreed. Jenny thought about John, who’d left the day before on a week-long business trip. She looked the burly Genie in the eye. “If you’ll add to my wish that my husband won’t question the sudden addition to our bank account, I’ll do it.” The Genie roared with laughter again. “Granted & I’ll make it so you both have huge bank accounts that will never be depleted!” Both girls squealed with delight & their stiletto heels clattered on the parquet floor of the landing as they both did little hopping dances, clapping their hands & hugging each other. The Genie led them up to the next landing & ushered them into a sumptuous suite, explaining to them that they were to take a shower bath, after which they would find their first outfits laid out for them. His low rumbling laugh erupted again as he made a broad sweeping gesture with his muscular arm to indicate the open door to the bathroom. The Genie then spun on his heel, walked across the room & opened the door to a large walk in closet. As he closed the door behind him, the nubile girls shrieked with delight, throwing their arms around each other, giggling hysterically as they hugged & kissed. Ashley undid the bow of Jenny’s halter, freeing the huge boobies then spun her around to unfasten the buttons of Jenny’s halter & skirt. She tossed the halter top across the room & pulled down the zipper so the pink circle skirt fell, puddling at Jenny’s ankles, leaving the scrumptious girl in only her pink knickers & her high heeled shoes. Jenny tugged Ashley’s elastic waisted pleated skirt over her hips then set about unbuttoning her blouse, exposing her lacey brasserie. Jenny undid the front clasp, freeing Ashley’s firm breasts & they both scurried into the marble walled bathroom. The Genie emerged from the closet carrying the two costumes that the girl’s were going to wear when they granted his wish…French Maid’s uniforms, tiny panties, full fashion black seamed stockings, suspender belts & black stiletto heeled pumps. The Genie placed the wardrobe on the bed & left the room. He walked down the hall to the adjacent room & took his place behind the console of a professional electronic mixing board. After lowering the intensity of the room’s lights, he pressed a button & a heavy curtain parted to reveal a one-way mirror that was one wall of the shower that Jenny & Ashley had just entered. When the two scrumptious girls had adjusted the shower water’s temperature & had started to scrub each other, the Genie spun a knob on the console that was labeled “Aphrodisiacs” so the elixir was mixed with the shower water. Ashley & Jenny felt the lust build in their bodies but thought that it was due to their excitement because of their being granted a wish. They finished their shower, toweled each other dry & gasped as the discovered their wardrobe. They encased their shapely legs in the full fashion, seamed stockings & attached the dark welts to the suspender belts’ tabs, then snugged their tingling pussies into the tiny panties. Ashley knelt behind Jenny & ran her hands up the back of Jenny’s long, shapely legs on the pretense of straightening the stockings’ seams. Jenny started to moan as Ashley’s hands passed the stockings’ welts & began kneading the bare inner thigh flesh as if it were bread dough. Ashley was delighted to see the pink lips of Jenny’s pussy grow moist & plump beneath the tulle fabric of Jenny’s sheer pantie gusset. Ashley wormed her thumbs under the lacey leg bands & spread the sensitive flesh, unfurling the throbbing labia. Jenny spread her long legs to their limit & pointed her toes inward as she placed her palms on the bed. This pigeon-toed stance caused the tendons of her upper thighs that were connected to the glutes of her behind to spread her moist furrow so Ashley could see Jenny’s winking sphincter. Ashley fastened her mouth to Jenny’s pudendum & flicked her tongue over Jenny’s throbbing clitoris through the sheer net fabric of her pantie gusset. Jenny moaned & waggled her bottom so Ashley’s nose pressed through the fabric to nestle in the asterisk of Jenny’s brown ring. Jenny squealed & would have pulled away but the aphrodisiacs were really starting to kick in. Ashley was so turned on & Jenny was so clean from their shower that it never occurred to her that she was nose-fucking Jenny’s most private orifice as she concentrated on her cunnilingus. The heavy syrup of Jenny’s passion bubbled out of her like a spring in a mossy glade as Ashley sucked with her mouth & swirled her tongue over the pantie-clad pussy. Jenny’s bottom mouth suddenly yawned agape as she thrust her haunches back so Ashley’s fabric clad nose was forced deep into Jenny. They both squealed as Jenny’s sphincter snapped shut, squeezing tightly on Ashley’s nose. Jenny went all squirreley as she bumped & ground her pudendum, fucking Ashley’s face. Pussy juice dribbled out of Jenny & tricked over her clitoris, soaking her pantie gusset. Ashley gripped Jenny’s soft inner thighs as the aphrodisiacs continued to take effect. The Genie has switched to a camera that pointed up between Jenny’s widespread legs at the foot of the bed & the lewd tableau filled the large, plasma screen monitor hanging 0n the control room wall. He manipulated a joystick so the camera’s lens zoomed in until the dark welts of Jenny’s stockings were at the bottom of the frame & the waistband of her sheer panties were at the top. Ashley’s tongue pushed the net fabric in & out, scraping over the thousands of supersensitive nerve endings. Jenny’s endorphins were racing between her excited pudendum & her brain. The Genie activated a camera in the bed’s headboard so the view down her cleavage was recorded. Her 38 double D’s quivered & shook as she reacted to Ashley’s face fucking. The Genie’s eyes darted between two flat panel monitors & he was mentally editing the obscene movie in his head. The aphrodisiacs had caused both Ashley & Jenny to think of nothing but their lascivious endeavor. The Genie got up from the console & went into the suite next door. Just as Jenny was about to orgasm, a loud bang startled both of them & the Genie appeared from a cloud of smoke.

Ashley released Jenny & jumped to her feet as both of their jaws dropped & their eyes bulged out of their sockets like golf balls. The Genie, with his hands on his hips, threw his head back & roared with laughter. He produced several strands of white nylon cord & before the lasciviously dressed girls could react, the Genie had them trussed up like Thanksgiving turkeys. He sat them on the carpet, propped against a sofa. Jenny’s ample bosum was barely contained by the bodice of her French Maid’s uniform & her russet areolas peeked over its top. He pinched her nipples to erection before gagging both Jenny & Ashley with white silk scarves. The Genie stepped back to admire his handiwork as he rubbed his hands together in excited anticipation of fulfilling his wish.

I CREAM ON JENNY – PART TWO BY VERN

CHAPTER 3

The Genie returned to the video control room, opened a medicine cabinet, grabbed several small bottles that were labeled “Aphrodisiac” & returned to the girl’s suite. He unscrewed the dropper cap of one & squeezed several drops of the liquid on both of Ashley’s & Jenny’s white silk scarf gags. This was a different type of Aphrodisiac from the one that he had sprayed on their luscious bodies in the shower…the one that had brought them to the randy state that they were in. Both of their pussys throbbed but Jenny’s groin was especially aroused from fucking Ashley’s face. The Genie decided he’d start with Ashley while Jenny stewed in her own juice. He placed his hands on Ashley’s shapely stocking-clad legs at the knees & started massaging her thighs, working his way up until he reached the bare flesh above her dark welts. Even if Ashley had wanted to resist, it was futile for she was helplessly bound. Resistance was the last thing that she felt because she was so aroused from the shower’s aphrodisiac that all she could think about was being manhandled by the burly Genie. He flipped the hem of her short, black French Maid’s skirt, along with its underlying sheer, white, lacy petticoat up to her waist to display the bare flesh of her haunches & her soft tummy. He quickly untied the cords that bound her to Jenny along with the two sets of cords that bound her legs. He lifted the end of the sofa & kicked one of the cords under it. Quick as a flash, he scooped her up & plopped her, face down, over the arm of the sofa. The Genie pulled the end of the cord over the back of the sofa & retied it just above Ashley’s left knee. Before she had time to react, he tied the other end to just above her right knee so her legs were spread to their limit & her scrumptious bottom was jutting up towards the ceiling. The thin, elastic thread of her black G-string bisected her crinkly brown ring before disappearing between the plump flesh of her pussy lips. She was utterly vulnerable & appallingly helpless, her behind displayed obscenely by the position she had been forced to assume. Even her buttocks were spread wide, exposing the puckered mouth of her anus. The Genie stood at the end of the sofa, admiring her splayed nudity. A moment later his hand caressed her helpless bottom cheeks, then his fingers strayed between them, gently dipping under the thin elastic thread of her G-string. A thrill, amplified by the aphrodisiacs, shot through her at the unbearably intimate contact & Ashley moaned loudly behind her elixir soaked gag. He paid no heed, his touch following the thread as it hid between the delicate lips of her exposed pussy. He tickled the sensitive pink flesh for a few moments, the pinched the little hood that enclosed her clitoris. Ashley squealed at the unexpected pain but then his touch was gone & she heard him move away. She couldn’t see where he went but she heard the lid of a trunk open with an ominous creak. Jenny gasped through her gag, inhaling the mysterious aphrodisiac elixir as she saw the Genie approach them with a soft leather quirt in his hands. He passed from Jenny’s field of view as he stood behind the bound & helpless Ashley. Taking careful aim, he let fly & the quirt streaked to its target – Ashley’s naked bottom. It popped loudly against the smooth skin, making her emit a muffled yelp & jerk in surprise. The sting was fierce & she clenched her teeth, squeezing the aphrodisiac elixir from her gag. A wave of burning pain washed over her & the Genie struck again before it had passed, the supple leather quirt bouncing off the other bottom cheek with a sharp crack. Two exclamation point shaped welts slowly appeared on her wiggling behind. The lips of her pussy engorged as her blood rushed to her nether region until her swollen labia unfurled before his eyes & between her pussy lips, a thick, cloudy nectar gleamed in a distinct line as though it sealed her lips together from top to bottom. Without warning, the Genie thrust two fingers right up into her hot, juicy pussy, the tiny triangle of her G-string’s fabric between them. Ashley’s head came up sharply as she sucked the elixir from her gag with a muffled gasp. Her juices gushed out around his fingers, trickled down over her throbbing clitoris & drooled in a long glistening strand to the carpet. He explored the walls of her excited pussy chamber roughly, wringing a series of whimpers from her. He added his thumb to the digits inside her then withdrew it, glistening with her pussy juice & then forced it inside her puckered bottom mouth. The Genie had Ashley in a six-pack grip & he began to pump her with hard, fast strokes. “Oh! Oh! Oh! MMMPH…” she moaned through her gag. The Genie accelerated the motion of his thumb & fingers & when Ashley’s muffled cries became loud & continuous, he abruptly withdrew his thumb & fingers & picked up the quirt once more. Crouching down & taking careful aim he flicked the side of the quirt straight into her plump little pussy. Ashley shrieked & bucked in shock & pain but again the quirt slapped into her most delicate flesh, making her whole body jerk & bounce wildly. She fought desperately against the nylon cords, her thighs straining to come together to protect her most vulnerable place but there was nothing she could do but scream behind her gag & struggle futilely. Despite her terrible suffering or more likely because of it & the aphrodisiacs, Ashley’s pussy was even more drenched. The Genie plunged his fingers past the elastic thread & into her once more, working them around inside her hot depths, then withdrew them with a wet plop. He stroked & pinched her slippery clitoris roughly, enjoying her whimpers & moans. He turned his attention to Jenny, pinching her nipples to erection & kneading her breasts. He quickly untied her, removed her black French Maid’s uniform, her gag & her panties. He dressed her in a red uniform before tying her wrists & ankles to the stairway banister so she could finally take in Ashley’s obscene tableau. He returned to stand between Ashley’s wide spread legs, her haunches grinding into the arm of the sofa. Jenny’s eyes grew wide as saucers as the Genie lowered his baggy silk sherwals, freeing a cock more monstrous than Harry the Horse. Its plum like tip was larger than a child’s fist. He leaned forward, pressing his chest on Ashley’s bound elbows & his hands slipped beneath her to cup her breasts through the laced bodice of her French Maid’s uniform. He slid the shaft of his cock between the slickness of her pussy without putting it in her so it became lubricated from her cloudy mucus & he began to slowly slide between her bottom cheeks. Ashley clenched her buttocks, trying to keep the slippery log from slipping deeper into her damp furrow. He began kneading her breasts like they were handfuls of dough & she groaned as the action acted as a catalyst for the aphrodisiacs. He continued to gently rock his hips, his gargantuan cock moving insistently in the groove of her bottom. He would raise his hips up until his dick tip flopped onto her clitoris but because he’d deliberately left her G-string on, the tiny triangle of fabric kept him from entering her steaming pussy chamber. Instead it slid between her throbbing labia, stimulating her Bartholin’s glads so her slick lubricating juices mixed with his pre-cum. His hands toyed with her breasts, sometimes squeezing them painfully, sometimes massaging them pleasurably, sometimes fondling or pinching her turgid nipples. As the teasing torment went on & on, Ashley’s arousal continued to increase. He untied her gag & soon she was panting & whimpering. She stopped clenching her bottom & his fat cock began to work its way deeper into the steamy crevice. Whenever the huge tip of his slimy shaft rubbed over the tight, supersensitive bud of her crinkled sphincter, she gasped & tried to squirm away but it was too late. Ashley was helplessly pinned & the aphrodisiacs were urging her to let him do as he wished. Her anus had always been an erogenous zone for her & she always dipped a finger or two into it when she tickled her fancy but the Genie was sooo huge. Yet now she had no choice. His hot, thick cock was deep between her bottom cheeks, stroking back & forth against the tiny puckered mouth & there wasn’t a thing that she could do about it. The Genie continued his unhurried rocking, the movement becoming more & more lubricated by her arousal. His fingers twiddled & tweaked her excited nipples roughly so her passion rose. Every time he raised his hips & his dickhead flopped onto her clitoris, Ashley gasped & every time the huge tip slid over the asterisk of her brown ring, she moaned. She realized that she was arching her bottom high in a craving for more of the slick friction against bottom hole. When she began to lasciviously waggle her jutting hiney, the Genie hooked his finger under the elastic thread of her G-string & yanked it to the side so it was hooked on the tab of her garter belt. He plunged his finger back into her sopping pussy, quickly withdrew it. Placing a hand on each of her pale bottom cheeks, he smeared her pussy’s mucus on the excited little rear orifice. Ashley yelped & tensed as he let a gob of warm spittle fall from his mouth, carefully aiming it so it landed in the center of her puckered crinkle. She squealed at the obscene violation, appalled that he could do such a thing to her. He dipped two fingers back into her weeping pussy cavity, extracting another dollop of her cloudy lubricant. His fingers pressed their way through the tightly-puckered opening & her face burned as she tried desperately to wiggle free or at least dislodge the intruders from her rectum but to no avail. The thick fingers twirled around inside her, spreading her own juicy lubricant on her hot, moist inner rectal chamber without a care for her acute humiliation. Despite the slightly painful pressure of the intrusion, it was overwhelmingly pleasurable & Ashley couldn’t help grunting & moaning. She thrashed her head back & forth until her eyes locked on Jenny’s, who was bound, legs wide spread, to the banister. Jenny pleaded with the Genie.

“Stop, please! You mustn’t do that!” Jenny cried but there was little conviction in her voice. Ashley’s recent cunnilingual ministrations had focused Jenny’s mind elsewhere & that combined with the two aphrodisiacs & the obscene tableau unfolding before her had made Jenny’s pussy chamber’s walls weep a cloudy lubricating mucus. She was helpless, bound as she was, to stop her juices from dribbling out of her & trickling down over her perineum & bottom’s mouth. The Genie’s fingers were slipping & sliding freely in & out of Ashley’s newly opened orifice & at some point the two fingers became three. Hot fluttery ecstasy radiated from her violated bottom’s mouth as the Genie’s fingers stretched & tickled her inner recesses. Ashley was utterly astounded that such a vile, unnatural violation of her most private orifice could feel so good, “No, please, stop,” she wailed, even as her bottom arched upwards against the restraining cords, seeking more. “Noooooooooo…” Never in her wildest, most depraved fantasies had she imagined that her anus could accommodate a man’s penis. She thought of her most private of orifices as an exit, not something to be entered, but the Genie repositioned his hands so he could squeeze her quirt marker bottom cheeks.

I CREAM ON JENNY PART THREE BY VERN

CHAPTER 4

When the Genie pressed the immense head of his cock against the tiny opening, the move took Ashley completely by surprise. “NOOOO!” she squealed, struggling frantically against the nylon cords to escape the unnatural penetration. There was no escape. The Genie pulled back his cock & spread her bottom cheeks apart to their limit. Ashley felt her crinkled brown ring yawn agape & knew that the Genie was looking down into her open rectal cavity. Once again the blunt cock-head pushed against the stretched & lubricated sphincter. The pressure increased, becoming painful & abruptly the tight hole gave way, stretching so wide & allowing the bulbous helmet inside. Ashley’s entire body stiffened, her torso arching upward as an intense, sharp pain lanced through her. Jenny watched, helplessly bound, as Ashley’s eyes & mouth opened as wide as they could be, but all that could escape her throat was a high pitched keening wail. A series of shudders passed through her & finally she collapsed back onto the arm of the sofa, panting shallowly. Through it all, the Genie’s giant fleshy knob had remained lodged inside her, not advancing but not withdrawing either. Gradually her stretched sphincter muscle stopped its spasms & accepted the violation. The pain subsided, leaving Ashley gasping. The Genie began slowly easing his huge dick up into the helpless girl’s ass. Inch after fat, throbbing inch forced its way into her & she was overwhelmed by the sensation. She was still having trouble getting her mind around the fact that she was actually taking a man’s cock inside her bottom’s mouth. It was an unspeakable act, a violation that she’d never even allowed herself to think about before & it was suddenly happening to her! The Genie suddenly stopped then flexed his Kegel muscle causing more blood to rush into his already turgid manmeat & its girth ballooned. Ashley was certain that she could feel every throbbing artery in the huge cock. A strange gurgling sound issued from her throat & it sounded bestial & unnatural but she couldn’t seem to control it. She started to moan as she felt the invader resume thrusting slowly, deeper & deeper, into her, filling her impossibly full, building such intense pressure inside her bowels that she felt like she was going to explode, There was a point at which she felt like the giant cock had filled her completely & she couldn’t take another inch without bursting. She gasped & struggled feebly but it went in another inch…then another inch after that & she still didn’t burst. Jenny, bound to the stair’s banister rails, could only stare, slack-jawed with her eyes bulged like golf balls as her brunette friend grunted & squealed. Another inch & another & it felt to Ashley as if the monstrous dick was forcing the air from her lungs. Finally, she felt his forest of wiry pubic hair mingling with her own in her damp furrow & she realized she had taken the entire length & girth of him up inside her bottom’s passageway. Ashley could hardly believe it was happening! She could barely breathe & the pressure inside her was overwhelming, yet there was a strange, giddy excitement rising in her as well. For a long moment there was no movement…no sound but her shallow panting. The Genie flexed his Kegel muscle again & the cock expanded & throbbed inside her so she could feel every tiny vibration. Then the Genie’s heavy body tensed & shifted & the long, fat penis began sliding back out of her. A quaking shudder shook her body as the huge shaft withdrew until the rim of the plum-like tip pressed against the inside of her impossibly stretched crinkle. As her sphincter prolapsed outwardly, Ashley let out a high-pitched, quavering wail. The sadistic Genie kept up a slight pressure & was delighted to look down as Ashley’s bottom mouth begin to spasm so it seemed to be nibbling on his cock meat. Without any warning, he thrust it forward, plunging into the depths of her bowels. “Aaahuhh!” was the sound that came from Ashley as her breath was forced from her lungs. Again, the gargantuan dick slid outward, then back in, a little harder & faster. “GAAAHH! Sob!” The sensation was all consuming. Ashley was only vaguely aware of the primal warbling wails & urgent whimpers that issued from her mouth or the tears that trickled down her cheeks, Her entire attention was focused on the massive cock thrusting in & out of her stretched bowels. The Genie deliberately held his pace in check. His instinct was to savage the girl with his cock & make her scream, but this scrumptious girl was special & he needed to coddle her at first. He didn’t want to ruin her! No…for now, he’d be gentle with her. He’d cornhole her long & slow. The huge cock thrust slowly into the deepest recesses of Ashley’s rectum, then receded to the very mouth of her bottom, then plunged back into her, over & over. Each thrust was a trial, an agonizing violation that was nearly more than Ashley could endure. Yet, at the same time, the sensations were strangely, disturbingly, deeply satisfying as though he was fulfilling a deep-seated need that she had never been aware of. Ashley’s emotions were running riot within her, seemingly triggered by the forbidden penetration. There was a panic that made her gasp & struggle against the nylon cords that bound her. The unthinkable was happening! She was being forcibly sodomized by a Genie that had appeared from a puff of smoke. It was a horrible, unnatural rape, & she…she…God help her, she hoped it would never end! “But, it isn’t rape!” The thought suddenly dawned on Ashley. “The Genie is going to grant my wish for a half million dollar car…plus, a bank account I’ll never be able to deplete! Why, I’m a whore… & this is what slutty little whores do, isn’t it!?! It isn’t my fault his giant organ is causing tremors of pleasure deep inside me! I’m tightly bound, with my shapely, full fashion stocking clad legs spread to their limit, with my up-thrust, jutting behind too tempting a target for any manly man to resist. I’ve already cried & begged & struggled, so there’s nothing else I can do, now, is there!?! Oooo! I love it! I’ve never had anything back there…well, maybe the parking valet’s tongue…but that wasn’t like this! A mammoth, scalding, man’s dick filling my rectum & surging into my colon…sliding in, then sliding back until it pooches out my crinkled butthole! What a view he must have…looking down as my tight bottom mouth nibbles at his dick, as his huge, purple veined, hunk of man-meat chugs back & forth! Oh, bloody sod! I LOVE IT & it’s swelling in girth!” Quavering moans of pleasure began to replace the agonized sobs & whimpers as the aphrodisiacs & her passion turned the pain of violation to pleasure, The process accelerated, her moans becoming louder & then, before she even knew it was near, the rush of orgasm swept over her. Suddenly, she was cumming, bucking against the cords & wailing as blinding waves of ecstasy rolled through her. When they at last subsided, she was left gasping, the immense fleshy shaft still driving to & fro deep inside of her. Once again it was agonizing, but within seconds the pleasure returned. This time, as her cries rose & her hips began to rock, the Genie could resist his own lust no longer. Gripping Ashley’s slim hips in his huge hands, he leaned back & began to pound his cock into her like a jackhammer. Ashley screamed in short, breathless little cries as her orgasm struck in waves, this climax far more intense than the previous one. It went on & on, driven by the wild, ruthless pounding of the brutal cock that savaged her bowels. Ashley felt his cock pulsing & spurting a scalding dose of cum, deep in her rectal chamber. The Genie pulled all the way out, her bottom mouth making an audible plop & he squirted the remaining seed on the smooth cheeks of her behind & into her agape bottom mouth that reminded him of a goldfish out of water. He placed the huge, purple, plum-size head of his cock & ever so slowly pushed back into her so her spasming asshole seemed to gobble him in. When the rim disappeared, the Genie, abruptly pulled back out of her, then repeated the action over and over so her stretched out anus made sounds like champagne corks popping at midnight on New Years Eve. He gave one last inward thrust & ground his wiry forest of pubic hair all around Ashley’s super-sensitive sphincter as she howled in ecstasy. He got up, leaving her bound to the sofa’s arm.

Jenny became very frightened as the Genie strode towards her, his semen drooling from the tip of his dick in a long, silver thread. He put a piece of white tape over mouth & knelt at the bottom of the staircase, his face, level with her defenseless nether regions like he was going to worship at the alter of her pussy!

Jenny’s belly quaked in fear causing a dollop of her pussy juice to bubble out of her vaginal chamber & dribble over her perineum. An evil grin split his face. “Only twenty three hour’s left on my wish’s time allotment,” the Genie whispered to Jenny as her eyes grew big as saucers.

TO BE CONTINUED

Sutorippa Jenny

By Brummie

Firstly an apology. For this story I have ignored the first rule of writing and not followed the axiom 'Write what you know about'. How Science Fiction writers get on I don't know, all I know is that I know almost nothing about Japan so everything in this story has been gleaned from the Interweb and Charlie Chan movies. The characters without exception are a bunch of clichéd stock Orientals, also the names have been chosen because they sounded OK and it's quite possible that they translate into something very unfortunate. Therefore if you are Japanese, live in Japan, have ever been to Japan, know were Japan is, can spell Japan, have ever eaten Sushi or own a Toyota I most humbly apologise for what follows.

I've also decided after the debacle of Fu Man Ackenthorpe to dispensed with any attempt to have the characters talk English with a Japanese accent. There's going to be none of the 'flied lice' or 'this chickens rubbery' kind of dialogue. Frank Fluck.

WARNING WARNING WARNING ======= ======= ======= Lastly as it says above. A WARNING. This story contains BLOOD, TORTURE and KILLING. It's not cartoon violence it's real. Alright, I know Jenny's just a fictional character but this story bends and breaks the rules. If you think this isn't for you don't read it. If you read it and don't like it don't read it again just to make sure you don't like it.

Either way you can always let me know what you think at brummie52000@yahoo.co.uk.

Here's hoping you enjoy the story.

Prologue.

Clouds blanketed the sky obscuring the ground. To the planes passengers it seemed as if the whole world had been wrapped in cotton wool as the Boeing 747 traversed the great blue yonder on it's way Eastwards.

In the Economy cabin Jenny Richards stared out at the fluffy whiteness with sightless eyes a maelstrom of confused thoughts whirling through her mind. Things hadn't been going so well with John lately. Their work seemed to keep them apart so much and then there was Mike. The tall handsome blacksmith had come into her life and turned it upside down.

The memory of their meeting at Spectre Castle flashed into her mind causing her loins to stir with desire. They'd escaped with their lives after the nefarious Solicitor Fraser had set explosives meant to bury them in the basement as he and his brother made their get-a-way. The emotional high Jenny and Mike had received as they cheated death by the narrowest of margins had, she was sure, driven her into his arms. They had both lived out their basest fantasy when Mike had taken her hard and fast while she was locked in a set of stocks kept in the Castle dungeon. Once the desperate need to slake their frenetic lust had passed they'd retired to her room and they'd made love on the huge four-poster bed baring themselves literally and emotionally giving unreservedly of themselves as they slowly, tenderly and with deepening intensity merged together and climbed upward until their world exploded into blinding sunlight.

It should have ended there but they made the mistake of taking a shower together. Their joyous laughter inevitably turned into an orgy of tickling, touching and stroking which resulted in another session of urgently wet thrusting bodies.

In the following days Jenny agonised over her situation. During her marriage to John she always considered that she'd been faithful. The sexual shenanigans she'd indulged in had been forced on her literally or by circumstance and curiously she didn't count her occasional assignations with Suki as she thought of that as just paying her debts. But now she had crossed the line. She had deliberately and willingly been unfaithful with another man and it was preying on her mind.

After many sleepless nights she'd confided in Suki about her predicament. Marital relations weren't really her area of expertise and the only suggestion she could come up with was for Jenny to take a complete break away from the current situation, work, John and her home, to think things over. Jenny thought this a splendid idea and agreed. Funds were good at the moment. The contents of Spectre Castle had been stolen and the building was in such poor repair that it would have taken many thousands to make it liveable but when a film company offered to take it off their hands for a reasonable amount to use as a set for a horror film she and the other family members gladly accepted their cheque. Also she'd been working hard all year and had plenty of time available and fortuitously John was away on a mission at the moment.

So there they sat at 35,000 feet on route to Tokyo and a re-union with Suki's family.

Of course had Jenny known of the dastardly plan fermenting in her oriental friends mind she would most certainly have stayed at home.

Chapter One.

Their flight arrived on time at Narita Airports Terminal One. All glass, steel and concrete, ultra modern, clean, efficient. Suki guided them both through the arrivals channel and spotting the black on yellow logo of a mother cat carrying her kitten they headed to the Kuroneko Baggage Delivery counter. Narita is over 70 Kilometres from the centre of the capital so rather than drag their cases up and down the stairs of the connected train station they'd decided it was easier to have them delivered from the airport direct to Suki's parents house.

Having handed over their luggage and the small fee they walked to the Keisei line. As a native Suki found it easy to negotiate the confusing corridors and stairways but they left Jenny baffled and there was no way she could have re- traced the route they'd taken. The train was relatively empty and they sat down for the hour long trip to central Tokyo. Once there they had to change to a local train for the short trip to Suki's parents home in the suburbs.

The local platform was completely different to the mainline version. It was packed with people. Thousands of them. All the men were identically dressed in dark suits, white shirts and ties. The women were more varied but still dressed soberly. They'd arrived in the early evening and many commuters were on their way home. Mostly Office workers who had stayed late as well as others who had been out on the town for a drink before heading home.

A train pulled in and they felt themselves transported by the flood of humanity toward the carriage door. Jenny was sure she heard Suki start to shout something but she didn't catch it as they passed into the packed train.

More and more people forced their way into the confined space until everyone was crushed together then station employees pushed even more passengers in until they could only just force the doors closed. Jenny felt people pressing in on all sides so she didn't need to grip one of the hanging straps. She couldn't have fallen down if she'd wanted to. It felt like everyone of Tokyo's 12 million population had all tried to get into this one carriage. With a jerk the train set off. They were only going a short distance, one stop, about 8 minutes Suki had said.

Jenny felt a hand on her butt. Slowly it squeezed her plump cheek. She blushed and whispered 'Suki. Stop it' but the hand continued touching her stroking round and round. She bore it. It wasn't as if she had much choice she was pinned by the press of humanity around her. A second hand gripped her other cheek pinching and kneading her. 'Suki! Pack it in' she hissed again. It was when the third hand insinuated itself around her and rested on her stomach that she realised something was not quite right. She looked left and right and eventually spotted Suki about two yards away similarly penned in. She gasped as she worked out that none of the hands belonged to her friend. She looked around again but every identical face bore a look of angelic innocence. The hand on her abdomen stroked upward until it reached her bosom. It stopped as if surprised at the enormous mound it discovered before continuing up until it covered her left breast. The anonymous hand squeezed her tit firmly.

Jenny began to wriggle as best she could but failed to dislodge any of the hands in fact they became even more intrusive. Her face went even redder as she felt her skirt being raised. Both hands dipped under her dress and gripped her butt now only covered by thin white cotton. The more adventurous hand started to push down to stroke her thigh then round to the front and upward. Jenny had just opened her mouth to scream as the fingers dipped under the material covering her pussy when a commotion erupted nearby.

Suki gave out a loud stream of angry Japanese and nutted a businessman who had been standing crushed against her face to face. Jenny had no idea what Suki had shouted but she could imagine the gist of it if she had been enduring the same treatment she had been. The nose of the sober suited gent exploded in a spray of carmine as Suki's forehead smashed it flat. The crack was audible through the whole carriage even over the noise of the tracks. She followed it up with a knee to the groin that dropped him like a stone. Suddenly the hands molesting Jenny disappeared back to their owners as Suki forced her way to stand beside her. She stared round menacingly until miraculously a small space appeared round them.

'I tried to shout a warning as we got on but you didn't hear me' said Suki. 'Women are considered fair game on the local trains especially to the men who've been drinking. It's gotten even worse since I was here last. They've introduced women only carriages it's got so bad'. 'What did that chap do to make you hit him?' ask Jenny. 'I felt something sticking into me so I clobbered the pervert'. 'Could have been his briefcase' mused Jenny. Suki looked thoughtful 'Hmmm. Never thought of that. Oh well. Here's our stop. We'd best go before he recovers'.

They alighted amid another flood of people and climbed the stairs to the station exit. After a short walk dodging left and right around the myriad people they reached the apartment block were Suki's parents lived.

Suki's mother ushered them in and hugged her daughter. She was small. Very small and wore modern clothes not the kimono some older women still favoured. Suki and Jenny entered the main living/dinning room and Suki bowed to her dour looking father who stood waiting then rushed to him and hugged him warmly as he broke into a wide smile. She introduced Jenny who followed suit and bowed to the man then shook his hand. Suki's father, Goro Namura, was a middle manager for a bank and the staid banking atmosphere seemed to colour his life even at home. Formality seemed the order of the day. Perhaps this was why Suki was such a rebel Jenny thought as a reaction to the austere home life. The apartment was big by Japanese standards and due to Suki's older brother Akito moving out recently there was a spare room available for them to sleep in.

Goro spoke a little English and they conversed slowly with Suki translating whenever he couldn't think of an English word while her mother prepared supper. As the meal was brought in another member of the family let himself in through the front door.

The boy was as tall as Suki's mother was small. It's a western misconception that all Japanese people are small. The older ones who lived though WW2 were small because food was scarce. As soon as the country picked itself up and turned into a world economic superpower the young people became better fed and they shot up. Six footers while not common were not that rare in Japan. Gaiko, Suki's younger brother may not have reached six foot yet just past his sixteenth birthday but he was well on his way. Jenny was introduced and found his handshake the very opposite of his fathers firm grip. It felt like shaking hands with a wet fish. His voice was soft and he had trouble meeting anyone's eyes as he talked.

Everyone sat at a low table for a meal of noodles. Jenny stared when all the family slurped them down noisily in a way most westerners would have thought of as rude. Suki had to tell her it was the accepted way and she joined in fumbling with the chopsticks desperately trying not to cover herself with the food.

Later that evening the girls retired to their room where two futons had been laid out. Now with some privacy Jenny asked about Gaiko and Suki looked troubled. She explained that her parents were quite worried about him. He'd shown no interest in girls yet, nor boys she'd added quickly but if it did turn out that he was gay it could effect her fathers position with the bank. Gay's were not uncommon in Japan but the world of banking was still hidebound to the old conservative ways and decades behind the rest of Japanese society.

As Jenny was about to slip under the covers Suki said 'I know you've been troubled yourself but tomorrow we'll go to a place I know. They specialise in smoothing away all your cares, at least for a few hours' then softly, soulfully kissed her goodnight. For a moment Jenny thought Suki would try to share her bed and claim her reward for saving her life in Spectre Castle. If she had she'd probably have welcomed her if only as a way of taking her mind off her troubles for an hour or so but after the kiss she returned to her own futon. Jenny tossed and turned well in to the early hours until exhaustion finally claimed her.

Chapter Two.

The next morning Jenny was pleased to see breakfast consisted of cereal, toast and marmalade and not the more traditional rice and Miso soup. Suki's parents were making a effort to make her feel more at home.

Once they'd eaten they left the apartment on Suki's surprise trip. It was the first time Jenny had seen Tokyo in the daylight. Just like any major city it was a mixture of the quite old and the brand spanking new. Shimmering skyscrapers adjoining brownstone apartment blocks and crumbling shops and dwellings. There was only two things she didn't see. One was open spaces. Every available piece of land was in use or being built on. The second was any single story buildings. With the most expensive land prices anywhere in the world much ingenuity had gone into ensuring the maximum amount of living or office space was extracted from the minimum amount of land. Even the bungalows had two stories.

A short walk in the sunshine later they reached a non-descript brick building, above the door a tasteful sign in Japanese characters. Suki pronounced it 'Dison Geisha'.

'Is this a Geisha House' asked Jenny wide eyed. Like most westerners she held the mistaken view that Geisha equated to prostitute but Suki soon put her right. 'In a proper Geisha House' she said as if reading from a travel brochure 'The women are professional hostesses who entertain guests through various performing arts and traditional skills; Japanese ancient dance, singing, playing instruments like the shamisen, flower arrangement, wearing kimono, tea ceremony, calligraphy and conversation.

So what's this then?' Jenny persisted. 'Well I suppose you could say it's a Geisha house but brought up to date and with a wider range of services' replied Suki smiling slyly. They went in and were greeted by a severe looking receptionist. An elderly lady in full traditional dress. Suki spoke to her in a babble of Japanese occasionally turning to indicate her blonde friend. The woman looked her up and down and nodded.

Suki turned and said 'You are to go with Madam Sumiko here and she will arrange your treatment. This is a sort of spa so they'll do everything needed to relax you. This is a full service and you won't need to do one single thing. They will do absolutely everything required. It's unlikely anyone speaks English but they can usually make themselves understood so just follow their directions. I'm off to meet someone but I'll be back in an hour or so. Place yourself in their hands and enjoy the experience and relax' she finished emphasising the last word.

Jenny nodded her thanks and turned to follow Madam Sumiko through to the interior. Inside, Suki had been right, it resembled a Spa or Health club. A combination of swimming pool, Gym, Hairdressers, massage, manicure and beauty parlour. The receptionist walked with tiny quick steps in her tight Kimono until they reached a small individual changing room. She indicated for Jenny to sit then summoned two other youngish girls and gave them the instructions Suki had specified. Turning back to Jenny she indicated the first girl and said 'Kiko' then 'Tamika' the other. Jenny looked at the two newcomers. Her first impression was of a matched pair of pretty porcelain dolls. Slim figures with jet black hair pulled tightly back and crisp white, almost medical looking, pencil thin dresses.

They approached Jenny and with a bow and a gesture requested she stand. Kiko reached forward and began unbuttoning Jenny's blouse. Instinctively she raised her hands to do it herself but Kiko gently but firmly took her wrists and moved them back to her sides. A polite admonishment and she continued. Jenny blushed a little as her buttons were undone and the blouse slipped from her shoulders and down her arms. The smallest of glances passed between the two Japanese girls as they uncovered her magnificent bra clad bosom. Tamika lowered the zip on Jenny's skirt and tugged it down over the plump curvaceous buttocks and down around her ankles waiting for her to step free of it. The discarded clothes were carefully folded and placed on a nearby bench.

The treatment was already starting to work for Jenny. It felt good not to have to think, not to have to take any decisions, to be told exactly what to do and to have everything taken care of, just to let thing happen and not have to react.

Jenny shivered although it wasn't cold. Next her shoes were removed leaving her in just her pretty lace bra and panties. While Tamika fetched a robe Kiko unsnapped the back of Jenny's bra and tugged it down her arms. Again Jenny automatically covered herself but Kiko didn't object this time. She instead hooked her thumbs into the sides of Jenny's white cotton panties and slipped them down her long athletic legs leaving her naked. Tamika held the robe and Jenny quickly slipped her arms into the sleeves and tied the towelling belt.

The girls placed her underwear with her clothes and indicated she should follow them through a door into an adjoining room. The small square room contained nothing except a sunken bath in the middle with shallow steps leading down into it. Kiko released the belt and held the robe as Jenny stepped out of it and walked down the steps and into the warm water. She sat on a lower step with the water up to her waist and began to wet her arms.

Suddenly the two girls sat down beside her on the steps. As she'd luxuriated in the warm water they'd slipped silently out of their dresses and shoes leaving them in only tiny white panties covering their slim hips. Jenny slowly covered herself again. This time Tamika spoke the word of admonishment a little more firmly and indicated Jenny should sit lower down and lean back. Both girls descended into the water and taking soap they each took one of Jenny's feet and ever so slowly began washing them. Jenny watched them warily but as they continued she began to succumb to the warm water and stroking hands. Both girls were meticulous in their application even carefully washing between her toes. Having finished her feet and calf's to above the knee Kiko indicated she should stand and tugged her hand until she stood on the step which brought the water above her knees. More soap and the knowing hands began washing her thighs. Jenny giggled as their hands tickled her but soon quieted as Kiko shot her a severe look.

A hand suddenly stroked across her butt closely followed by another. It seemed the full service included a full wash. Soapy fingers kneaded her plump cheeks and hips making her wriggle at the lovely sensations. Until that is Tamika's tiny hand insinuated itself between her thighs and stroked firmly over her pussy. Jenny jerked and moved to grip the wrist but Kiko spoke the word so she stopped and let the hand continue it's work. She gasped out loud as a second hand pushed between her butt cheeks and stroked up and down occasionally stroking right over her anus.

She closed her eyes her body trembling a little until the soapy hands left her nether regions. Kiko tugged on her wrist indicating she should now sit. She followed the instruction lowering herself on to the step above the one she had been standing on greatly relieved that they'd stopped their soft slippery caressing. She didn't want to embarrass herself and presumably the girls by allowing her body to succumb to their ministrations. The soapy hands resumed their work moving up on to her back. Gently washing and massaging her from waist to neck.

A hand on her shoulder pressed her to lie back. Kiko took Jenny's left arm and Tamika the other and began washing her again. They washed her hands carefully between each finger then up her forearms and biceps and on to her shoulders. Again Jenny closed her eyes as the warm caressing lulled her into a deeply relaxing mood.

Soft hands rested on her hips and began washing upward over her marvellously flat stomach. Higher they rose until ever so softy they reached her breasts. With a glance between the two Japanese girls they began washing the mammoth spherical mounds. Jenny stiffened at the first intimate touch then groaned softly and relaxed as the exquisite sensations filled her chest. Neither Japanese girl had ever seen breasts as large or beautiful as these and watched entranced as their massaging hands moved the firm but pliant flesh around into all sorts of interesting shapes. The pink areolas darkened as they caressed the blonde and the nipples erected to an alarming degree until they stuck up a good inch.

Jenny was beginning to writhe when both girls stopped massaging her and took up small plastic cups. Using them they scooped up the warm water and used it to rinse the soapy suds from her body. Then with a word gently pulled the reluctant blonde upright and indicated she should climb out of the water.

As she stood dripping by the side of the bath both Japanese girls fetched big fluffy white towels from a cupboard. Jenny reached for one but Kiko uttered a negative word then they applied the towels vigorously to the blondes body. Starting at her legs they rubbed firmly bringing more warmth to her skin. As expected they didn't shy away from any spots and while Kiko dried Jenny's plump butt Tamika applied the soft towel to her naked hairless pussy. Jenny moaned as the girls briskly rubbed her then moaned even more when they stopped.

Her arms and back now dry the girls stood one to the front and one behind her. Kiko reached round and applied her towel to Jenny's abdomen and began rubbing upward. Tamika dried Jenny's shoulders and headed downward. They met at her chest and both girls used their towels to dry her breasts. They rubbed and massaged vigorously moulding the flesh until Jenny's head fell back onto Kiko's shoulder and she moaned out loud. The now forceful rubbing turning her on arousing her until she was at their complete mercy. They could have done anything they wanted to the almost comatose blonde. Instead they stopped.

Jenny almost objected but slowly gathered her senses as Kiko draped the towelling robe over her shoulders and ushered her back into the changing room. They directed her to another doorway which led into yet another room. Again the room was mostly bare except for a long padded table. Tamika covered the table with a crisp white sheet as Kiko again removed Jenny's robe and indicated she should lie on the table face down.

Resting her head on her hands she closed her eyes as the girls selected some scented oils. They dripped the oil onto the blondes back and legs and began to massage it into her skin. They were experts at massage and soon Jenny began to feel the effects as the hands slowly worked the oil into her flesh. Again they missed no spots and massaged her until her body gleamed under the rooms harsh neon light. Kiko seemed to take the utmost care as she reverently applied her educated fingers to Jenny's buttocks moulding the flesh around even dipping her fingers into the centre bringing her oily fingers to caress the tiny button hole between them.

Jenny purred like a well contented cat.

Kiko gently shook her and indicated she should turn over. Jenny swung round and lay on her back her hands by her sides. More oil was splashed on the her legs and stomach and arms then the soft massaging resumed. Kiko took her legs and Tamika her arms and torso. Working as one they firmly massaged the flesh with their oily slippery hands. Jenny softly moaned and began to move in unison with the caressing fingers. With a glance between them Tamika slowly trickled a generous amount of oil over Jenny's breasts and Kiko added some over her lower stomach and hips.

Jenny flinched as Tamika seized her breasts and began to vigorously massage the oil into her mammaries. She pressed the breasts together and gripped the nipples between a thumb and finger pulling upward. Kiko meanwhile had smoothed the oil into Jenny's hips and stroked her hand downward until she cupped the blondes pussy mound. She began to firmly and rhythmically squeeze her mons until Jenny's hips began rising from the massage table. An oily finger slipped inside her and gently pushed in and out.

Jenny couldn't last much longer as the girls drove her higher and higher. Her breath rasped in her throat as she moaned. Suddenly a mouth fastened itself onto her pussy lips and a tongue drove deeply into her body. Clamping onto her clit the mouth sucked hard and a tongue was dragged savagely across it. Within seconds Jenny screamed out loud and reached the summit exploding in a release of joy.

Her heaving chest gradually quieted as her breath returned then she slowly forced open her eyes to look around for the girls. Suki stared down at her, her mouth and chin shiny with oil, smiling broadly. She leant down and kissed Jenny softly on the lips. 'I hope you feel good and relaxed now' she said. 'Yes I certainly do thanks to you and the girls'.

'Well I'm glad you're feeling better because now It is your turn to provide the relaxation. You owe me big time. You're mine to command slave so now you can do for me what the girls just did for you'.

During the following hours Jenny extracted climax after climax from Suki's slender body using all the skills she'd leant from their previous times together, first in the warm water and then on the massage table. She knew just what Suki liked and could build her up to a nearly unbearable high before sending her crashing over into body locking orgasm. Time and again she forced the Japanese girl to scream out in ecstasy until she was left a limp wrung out sweating wreck. Finally the two snuggled together, a satisfied smile on their faces and dozed for a short time recovering from their exertions while lazily caressing each other.

Chapter Three.

A couple of days after their fun and games in the Geisha House Jenny and Suki were sitting watching some television. Jenny couldn't understand a word of course but the show was a music program so she could enjoy the tunes. They'd just finished a late lunch and were feeling pleased with themselves after a heavy morning of retail therapy. A little knot of excitement tightened Suki's stomach as she waited because her dastardly plan was shortly to be put into motion.

A knock came at the door and Suki faining surprise wondered out loud 'Who could that be?' She rose and after a few seconds returned with a man in tow. He looked like the standard sober suited businessman they'd seen so many of over the last couple of days with one exception. Jet black hair, good looking face to Jenny's eye, heavy black rimmed glasses, fit and mid to late thirties, all normal but the difference was the goatee beard he wore. Of all the thousands of Japanese men Jenny had seen this was the only one who sported any facial hair. Beards and moustaches were very rare in the business class. Suki introduced him as Matsuko- san. He bowed politely and said 'Kon nee chee wa Jenny-san' then shook her hand giving her a quick appraising look as he did so.

'Matsuko-san is with the Japanese Police. The drugs squad in fact' said Suki. 'I was instructed by Commander Holt to inform Japanese Internal Security that we were coming here just as a courtesy between agencies. It seems that this was passed on to the Drugs squad and that's why Matsuko-san is here'.

'Yes' he began in reasonable if stilted English. 'We have situation that needs urgent attention. Nothing bad. Just watching but must be done immediately and we are short of anyone with the right, how should I say, qualifications'.

Jenny was intrigued. 'What do you want Suki to do?' she asked. 'The two Japanese exchanged glances. 'It not Suki I here to talk to, It you Jenny-san' he answered.

Jenny looked at him surprised as he continued. 'In Tokyo Suki is ordinary but you are exotic one. Tall, blonde and..' he exchanged quick burst of Japanese with Suki then finished 'big titted'. 'Suki!' Jenny exclaimed but the oriental only laughed while Matsuko looked confused.

'Well if it's a small task I don't mind helping out the Police. What's the job' She enquired.

Matsuko spoke for five minutes occasionally consulting Suki over a difficult word or concept. It seemed some local mafia types known as the Yakusa were taking delivery of a drugs consignment that evening but the Police didn't know where. Matsuko had been asked to supply someone who could do a surveillance job in a bar that the Yakusa owned and met up each evening. They had learnt that there was a vacancy at the club for a waitress and he needed someone the gangsters wouldn't suspect to take the job just for the evening. The last thing they would suspect is that the police would plant a blonde gaijin in their midst so might be inclined to let their guard down a little.

'We don't want you doing anything to arouse suspicion, no breaking and entering or safe cracking just keep your eyes and ears open. Someone will make contact during the evening to see if you've got anything to report. I am sorry to ask this of you Jenny-san but we are desperate to catch these people. They are the dregs of the criminal world, they sell their drugs to anyone, men, women even children. We must stop them if we can'.

Jenny pondered a while. 'Well OK. I'll do it. You can tell me where I need to go and any final instructions after I get changed'. Suki immediately said 'Jen wear something revealing. We have to be sure you get hired don't we?' Jenny grimaced but nodded agreement.

The two Japanese watched her depart and when she had closed the door of their room both broke out into beaming smiles. Suki quietly patted her elder brother Akito on the back and whispered 'Well done. I knew you could do it. She fell for it completely'. 'Do you think so? I thought selling drugs to the children was the master stroke. That sealed it'.

Yes. She's a sucker for the kiddies. She'll go through with it in spite of that tiny little thing you forgot to mention.

'But why are you doing this to your friend' he asked curiously. 'Suki's face hardened a little and her left eye twitched as the memories flooded back. The main concourse at Heathrow airport. Her naked and frozen in place as hundreds of people strolled past staring at her, intrigued. Her slim toned body exposed to all and sundry. Pert breasts and black haired pussy revealed as she stood statue like trapped by Jenny wielding the power of the Voodoo doll. John Richards had tried to help but every time he draped a coat around her it was ripped off by some invisible force. He got so exasperated that eventually he had tried to cover her with his hands which made Suki scream as he touched her in the most intimate places. That would have been bad enough but just at that moment the Police turned up and arrested her for public indecency and him for sexual assault. It took some fast talking and a call from Commander Holt to the Chief Constable himself to convince the cops to let them go with just a warning.

'Lets just say the punishment fits the crime shall we and leave it at that. Believe me she's getting off lightly. If I'd put my mind to it I could have come up with something a whole lot worse than an evening as a waitress. Even if it is as a waitress in a topless bar.

Akito smiled. Suki had told him that he and his friends should turn up later in the evening, he would be without the false beard and glasses disguise of course, and give Jenny as hard a time as they could. He knew the bar she had selected and that the girls were required to wear the smallest of black mini dresses as well as practically invisible white thong panties. She would already, no doubt, be moving between tables delivering drinks and desperately dodging the groping hands of the drunken patrons. He was looking forward to seeing the blonde with her great big bosoms bouncing around and on display for all to see and no matter what they did to her she was duty bound to stay in character and endure every indignity they could dream up.

Suki would be avenged in spades.

Chapter Four.

The taxi pulled up and Jenny paid the driver. She pointed at the card she'd shown him with the address of the club written on it and as he drove off he pointed vaguely toward a dingy doorway. Above the door there were two large tacky neon signs. Once inside she was presented with a problem. The corridor split in to two. She stood looking at the card trying to work out which route to take but nothing presented itself so she signed and picked one.

She entered through another doorway and was relieved to find herself in a dim Smokey room. Looking round she saw tables with a smattering of men drinking and at the far end a long bar. Relieved she'd found the right place she approached the bar and once the barman finished pouring a drink and adding it to a tray for the waitress to deliver he came over. Jenny watched the waitress take the drinks tray to a table of businessmen. She was dressed in a quite conservative black waitress dress with a white apron.

'Hai?' queried the barman. Even Jenny had learnt this meant 'Yes' and asked if there was anyone who spoke English. He didn't speak it himself but recognised it and beckoned an older woman across. 'I'm here about the job' she said slowly. The woman asked her name as she looked her up and down. Jenny had done as Suki asked and worn the most revealing dress she had brought with her, a low-cut little black cocktail number. Normally when she wore it she spent the entire evening tugging the hem down to avoid showing to much leg. She wasn't sure why she'd packed it in the first place. She was usually to timid to wear it anyway.

'You do this sort of thing before' the woman asked. 'Oh yes' replied Jenny 'I've served drinks and waited tables loads of times. 'What you mean wait tables. We no need waitress. Job Sutorippa'. Jenny looked at her confused. 'Sutorippa?' she queried. 'Sutorippa, Sutorippa' the woman repeated then mimicked dancing and removing her clothes. Jenny blanched. 'Oh Jesus. She means a bloody stripper' she thought. 'Those Police berks have got it wrong. Oh blimey what do I do now'. Her face screwed up with indecision as she weighed the alternatives. On the down side she felt utter panic and almost terminal embarrassment at the thought of cavorting around taking her clothes off in front of an audience of presumably men. On the other hand the club was practically empty but that might change although it was a week day so maybe it would be slow. It was dim and smokey so with a little luck no one would see to much and maybe she could get away with more of a burlesque and a quick flash rather than a full strip. But it was the final thought that clinched it. There were the children. The poor children innocently being offered drugs. Their lives ruined by these criminals for profit. She couldn't let them down.

Jenny resolutely straitened up. 'Blimey the things I do for Queen and Country, well the Emperor this time I suppose' she thought. 'OK' she nodded tapping herself on the chest. 'Me Sutorippa'.

She followed the hard faced Madam into the back stage dressing room. In a chair sat another none-oriental girl who turned as they entered. 'You do three acts. This Chantelle. She show you what to do' then turning on her heel she stalked out.

The sitting girl rose and stuck out her hand. 'Hi Honey' she greeted in a broad Brooklyn accent. 'You're American' said Jenny relieved that she would have someone to talk to. 'Yer' she answered. 'We're both a long way from home ain't we. Come on I'll show you the costume rack. You'll be doing the first set as a Cheerleader'. She held up the tiniest skirt and top for Jenny to see. She took them and grimaced. 'What's up Honey'. 'I thought there'd be more...well you know...to wear' she stammered. 'Oh no don't tell me you're new to the game. Are you?'. 'Yes' nodded Jenny. 'But please don't tell Madam. I need the cash' she lied. 'Don't worry. I ain't gonna tell on ya. Get yer gear off and we'll get you ready'.

Jenny shyly unzipped her little black dress, slid it down her body and stood trembling slightly in her lacy black underwear. 'And the rest Hon' said Chantelle. Jenny un-hooked her bra strap and shrugged it down her arms then covered her chest with a forearm. 'It's no good being shy in this game girl' not if you're gonna give the punters a show. You've got to go for it first time or they'll kick you out if you're no good and the Japs don't like you'.

'Look you finish changing and I'll get you something'. Jenny waited till she'd turned her back and quickly stripped off her panties and pulled the gold thong up her mile long legs and made sure it was snugly in place then tried to fit her enormous bosoms into the tiny gold bra. She was just fixing the skirt when Chantelle returned with two glasses.

'Here drink this' she said offering Jenny a tumbler. 'What is it?'. 'Happiness in a glass Hon. Don't worry it's just some Saki. Help the nerves no end. Get it down ya'. As Jenny took a slug of the Saki Chantelle eyed her up and down and nodded approvingly. Her eyes betrayed a little bit of jealously but also a whole lot of desire. Jenny coughed as the spirit burned it's way down her throat. 'How's that Hon'. She did actually feel a little fortified thanks to the drink. 'Better I think' and tossed back the remaining alcohol.

'Let me do your garters for you'. 'Garters?' Jenny enquired. 'Yer. Where's the punters going to stick the cash if not in yer garters. There's nowhere else left when you're starker's dear'. Jenny blushed at being reminded that soon she would be naked in front of some anonymous men. Chantelle knelt down and with a garter around her hands allowed Jenny to lift her foot and began to feed it up her leg. She took her time and stroked slowly up with both hands wrapped around first Jenny's calf them her knee and finally her supple athletic thigh. She wriggled it around until she was satisfied it was in just the right place having thoroughly explored most of Jenny's soft thigh then knelt and did the other one.

'Honey. You're gonna be a smash. The Japs are gonna love you. Don't you worry about a thing. A tip for ya. Leave the skirt on. That way you can give them tantalising flashes but not have to end up totally naked. Now drink up'.

'Ok?' asked Chantelle. Jenny nodded. 'Yer but do you feel sexy'. 'Sexy? err...no not sexy really. 'Look you've got to feel right or you're not going to convince the punters you're into it. They can tell if you're not enjoying it and they'll keep there money in their pockets if you don't seem right. Never forget the name of the game is getting the cash out of those trousers and into your garter. Here have my drink as well'.

Jenny downed the second drink as Chantelle watched her eagerly. 'Let me help ya' she said and using a thumb and forefinger gripped the point of each of Jenny's bra cups and pinched and twisted her nipples. Jenny's face flushed as the brassy yank teased her nipples into erection then releasing her looked down at the prominent peaks pushing out trying to burst through the bra. She nodded. 'There ya go Hon' no one'll think you're not enjoying it now. 'Err. Thanks' said Jenny uncertainly.

Suddenly there came a knock at the door and a harsh word in Japanese. Chantelle said 'OK Hon. You're on. Now look, you're a girl, wow are you a girl. You know what men like so get out there and give it to em'. Jenny squealed as Chantelle gave her butt a quick squeeze and ushered her out toward the dimly lit stage.

Stopping at the curtain she suddenly realised just what she'd got herself into again. Loud rock music shocked her ears as Chantelle pulled the curtain aside and pushed her out on to the wooden stage.

A bright spotlight shone straight into her eyes nearly blinding her as she stepped out. She couldn't see anything past the light and for a moment actually felt alone then she moved forward and realised with shock and horror that while she'd been back stage the club had filled up and she was faced with over fifty expectant oriental faces all staring at her hungrily. Like a rabbit in the headlights she froze. The crowd looked at her then started to cast querying glances around when she didn't go into the usual wild cavorting they were used to.

Thankfully the drink was starting to kick in and with a start she began to gently undulate her hips. Nobody spoke as she strode up the long thin stage toward a shiny metal pole at the far end. On reaching it she stopped and posed as sexily as she could and stared at the faces watching her. Then she took a deep breath and swung around the pole. For a second it looked like she had lost her grip and would fall straight into the laps of the nearest people but caught herself just in time. Jenny quickly realised that she couldn't do the usual stripper things so she had to improvise. She might not have been used to stripping but she could dance and so began moving sensually to the music trying to block out the staring eyes.

She danced for as long as she could but realised she'd have to take something off eventually. 'Oh well here goes' she thought and reached for her bra. Holding it in place she unclipped it and teased them for a minute before whipping it off dramatically. The collective intake of breath was audible even over the rock music as they crowd broke into spontaneous applauds. Jenny was surprised then pleased at the reaction and continued dancing her now unencumbered tits swaying in time to the music.

A man near the stage held up a banknote and remembering Chantelle's words she danced towards him and squatted down to allow him to tuck it under her garter but not before he'd grabbed a handful of her butt. She squeaked and dodged away giving him a reproachful look. The drink was really going to her head now as the music changed to something faster. Her dancing quickened keeping pace with the beat until a second man held up a note. Again she squatted down and this time received a pinch on the bum before the note was deposited under her garter.

Jenny started to use the skirt lifting it giving them a quick glimpse of her butt or thong covered loins. The crowd were now clapping in time to the music urging her on. Her face was flushed with the effort, the drink and the sexy thoughts running through her mind. With a flourish she whipped the thong off and threw it into the crowd. They erupted with cheering as she danced around the pole. Quick flicks of the skirt gave tantalising glimpses of he plump round butt and sometimes her hairless pussy slit. Inevitably a man held up a note and she squatted down. With one hand he tucked the note in with the rest. The other flashed under her thigh and his fingers stroked over her now unprotected pussy. Jenny leapt up as the man turned triumphant to his friends showing them the fingers that had succeeded in touching her so intimately before sticking them under his nose and smiling as if he could smell her aroma.

From then on notes appeared all around the stage and Jenny was hard pressed to collect them all. In the process of course she was touched and probed and tweaked and stroked until she was red in the face and her garters could hardly hold any more currency.

Thankfully the music came to an end and Jenny bowed quickly and ran off the stage to rapturous applauds. Back in the dressing room Chantelle helped her unload the cash and counted out nearly 50,000 yen. 'Wow' thought Jenny I could buy a new car with that. Unfortunately Chantelle had to tell her it was only worth about a four hundred dollars or two hundred and fifty pounds and she'd have to give some of that to the club. 'Still' she thought 'two hundred for twenty minutes of dancing ain't so bad although she wasn't so keen on being pawed by loads of sweaty drunken businessmen.

Back in the dressing room Chantelle had dressed as a cowgirl. When she went out to do her set Jenny quickly threw on a robe and poked her head out of the dressing room and seeing no one in the dim corridor crept out. The corridor had four doors. The first was the ladies bathroom so she continued on. The next was the door to the bar area. The next held crates of bottled bear and other stock for the bar. The last was locked. As she was standing there with the door knob in her hand the bar door opened and the barman came out. He spotted her immediately and uttered a curt question in Japanese. Jenny walked toward him while he watched her suspiciously. After some comical motioning she managed to convey that she had been looking for the ladies facilities and he pointed briskly back to the first door. He stared after her as she entered then slowly turned and went into the store room.

Returning to the dressing room she started to dress in her next costume when a Japanese girl rushed in. On seeing Jenny she nodded to her and began tearing off her own clothes and dressed quickly as a sexy secretary. Chantelle came in and introduced Jenny to Miko the other girl who rushed out to start her set.

Unloading the notes from her garter Chantelle looked Jenny's new costume up and down and said 'Let me do your hair Honey'. She gathered the long blonde hair and using rubber bands gave her two pigtails then together they counted up the money on the dressing table. Chantelle's smile became slightly fixed as the total came to less than half what the blonde had collected.

Chapter Five.

Jenny stood at the curtain once more waiting for the music to start. Not thumping rock music this time but a sweat tinkling teenage oriented pop song. She pushed through the curtain out onto the stage and skipped toward the pole. The crowd around the stage had swelled to maybe eighty strong and to a man they all stopped chatting and drinking and looked at her stunned in to silence with mouths open wide. Jenny was dressed as the most sexually provocative schoolgirl any of them had ever seen. Her long blonde hair was split into two pigtails and her little tongue licked a giant lollipop. The blazer she wore was so small it couldn't meet in the middle. A semi transparent white shirt was tied beneath her braless breasts and her dark prominent nipples poked through the material. A tiny pleated skirt came just two inches below her butt and she had small white ankle socks and black pumps on her feet. The slightest movement made the skirt sway and gave the leering mob a flash of the white cotton panties she wore underneath.

The crowd watched enraptured as she cavorted round the stage occasionally bending forward and flashing her white cotton covered butt at them. Chantelle had forced another Saki into her and the alcohol was giving her a worm glow. The crowd took up the beat again and began clapping to encourage her. Notes were beginning to build in her garter and she was getting more practice at dodging the probing hands as they tried to stroke or pinch her flesh.

Jenny put the lollipop on a chair on the stage and mimicked being hot. Teasingly she tugged the blazer from one shoulder as the crown cheered. The other shoulder came off and she dropped it down her arms and threw it on the chair. Dancing along the stage she collected more notes as her unfettered bouncing breasts loosened the wallets of the cheering punters. She caressed her breasts cupping and lifting them tweaking her own nipples until they darkened even more and poked out.

Suddenly she froze and bent slowly forward. Her skirt rose gradually revealing her panty clad bottom to the salivating men on one side of the stage. Giggling she wiggled her butt and then crossed over and did the same on the other side. Moving forward to the very front of the stage she did the same again then collected more notes from frantic men.

At the deserted front of the club the door opened and a tall man entered. He was immaculately dressed in a light grey designer sports jacket over perfectly cut black trousers and highly polished black patent leather shoes. He quietly moved to the bar managing to avoid the furniture even though he was wearing dark glasses. The barman seeing him enter broke off from the customer he was serving without a word and poured a drink and placed it before him. With a bow he returned to the customer who made no complaint what so ever at having been ignored.

As the man reached for his drink the cuff of his pristine white shirt rose up and revealed the telltale tattoo around his wrist. He turned quiet eyes toward the stage which appeared unusually crowded for a week day. He gestured to the barman who told him that the new girl was proving quite an attraction. He turned back and watched her carefully still not removing his shades.

Back on the stage Jenny spent another minute bouncing round then froze again. Bending deeply she reached back and ever so slowly started to lower her panties. The men behind her stared open mouthed as gradually the while cotton material revealed more and more of her pink butt. Lower they went until her pink pussy peeped out and one punter in the very front row fainted dead away.

Stepping out of the underwear Jenny skipped round the stage swinging her panties around a finger. Every eye in the room watched the white material hungrily until she casually flicked them off the stage.

They landed right in the lap of a middle aged businessman in the front row who for one single second considered himself the luckiest man alive then eight of the nearest punters leapt on top of him and he went over backwards under a sweating, swearing scrum that the All Blacks would have been proud of. Eventually the biggest, meanest guy extricated himself from the melee and held his prize high. Spreading the panties out on his upturned hands he buried his face in them and took a deep breath drinking in the aroma of her pussy. He stood for a few seconds with a beatific smile on his face.

Then someone hit him with a chair.

The scrum of struggling desperate men reformed until the barman weighed in with a short wooden club and restored order.

Jenny continued her set. She'd teasingly unbuttoned her shirt but left the bottom tied then pulled back each side until her tits popped out. Dancing suggestively, she flashed her pussy and bum and collected a kings ransom from the punters.

About an hour later Suki walked along the street looking for the club she'd sent Jenny to. When the blonde hadn't returned straight away she'd known her plan had worked and she was now inside serving drinks in a tiny skirt, thong panties and with her tits out for all to see and for some to tweak and stroke no doubt. She could just see how the punters would tease her. They'd order drinks and she'd bring them. Then they'd indicate who got each drink and as she reached over to the far side of the table her tits would swing out and dangle, a perfect target. Hands would cup her, pinch her stroke her while others would stroke up her legs and over her plump butt. By now she'd be red in the face and dreading every order. Suki thought her revenge would be sweat and Jenny utterly humiliated.

She entered the same door Jenny had but then turned left into a different door. The bar was less than half full and topless oriental girls swung between tables delivering trays of drink, collecting tips and giving girlish giggles when a punter managed to distract one enough to grasp a handful of soft flesh.

Approaching the bar Suki attracted the eye of the manager she'd made the arrangements with and enquired where Jenny was. She was mortified when he told her she hadn't turned up. She thought hard. Had the Taxi delivered her to the wrong place, had she got lost somehow on the short journey. She sipped a drink as she turned over possibilities in her mind.

Chapter Six.

Jenny was ecstatic. She was making tens of thousands of Yen. Chantelle wasn't so glad. Her tips had dwindled. The new girl was taking all the cash and she was losing out. She glowered at the blondes back as there came a knock on the door and a string of Japanese told her the boss wanted a word so she pulled on a robe and went out into the club.

Yamichi-san was one of the partners who owned the club. He scared the crap out of Chantelle who knew what he was and what he was capable of. He and his partner had 'bought' the club from the previous owner when he begged them to. Actually he was begging them not to drop him in the harbour with chains around his legs at the time but they'd given him a fair price. Well fair if you were buying a packet of cigarettes.

'Who's the new girl' he asked. 'Jenny-san' she told him. 'Fresh over from England'. It crossed her mind to try telling him to get rid of her but she knew he'd seen her act and if she did she'd just look foolish. He thought for a while then told her 'Find out how far she'll go. Use the Heroine set'. Chantelle smiled broadly seeing an opening, seeing a way she could get rid of the new girl. She nodded and practically ran back to the dressing room.

'OK Honey, your last set is a little different. You'll be on stage with Miko and me' she told Jenny. 'The Japs go for this one in a big way. They love Super heroines and a stripping Super heroine drives them nuts. We should clean up on this one'. Jenny's eyes shone. The drink and adulation as well as the money had removed most of her inhibitions and stripping in front of all the slobbering punters had lost some of it fear for her.

Chantelle explained that Jenny would be a Super heroine like in the comics, like Wonder woman or Supergirl but a Japanese version and she and Miko would be the nefarious criminals that she would try to capture. Jenny nodded happily as she dressed in the costume, a bright red bra and blue panties and black knee high boots. The other two put on purple lyrca one piece swimsuits with masks that covered the tops on their faces.

Chantelle explained some more 'This isn't just a strip love. The Japs like their Heroines to lose and then to be punished and humiliated. Here's what we do. Miko an I'll be on stage then you enter and challenge us. We'll fight, don't worry just playing so you react as if we're hitting you really hard and then we'll defeat you and strip you off. Alright?'. Jenny nodded 'Err..OK'. As she turned away Chantelle continued under her breath '...and then there's the humiliation part of course'.

The two purple clad girls went out and pulling their masks on crept out on to the stage. They mimicked searching round and acting suspiciously looking around worried that someone would spot them. The crowd erupted when they saw them. They'd seen the set before and knew what was going to happen. Adding the new blonde girl would turn it from a popular scene into an amazing one so they cheered and clapped like crazy.

After a few seconds Jenny pushed through the curtain and posed, her hands on her hips, a haughty expression on her face. Mayhem ensued as the crowd went mad. She shouted above the noise and the two criminals whirled round shocked to be discovered. All three then stalked round the stage ready to fight. Miko stepped forward and threw a punch at Jenny's stomach and she bent double as if mortally wounded then staggered erect again. Chantelle attacked her and swung a foot which gently touched her knee and she dropped again. Miko took the opportunity and attacked from the back grabbing Jenny round the neck and pretended to strangle the blonde. Jenny threw her off and attacked herself.

They play fought for another minute until Miko got behind Jenny again and succeeded in looping her arms under Jenny's and lifting up joined her hands behind her neck forcing Jenny's arms upward. She wriggled ineffectually her tits encased in the tiny bra wobbling alarmingly. In this defenceless position Jenny looked on fearfully as Chantelle stalked her, hands extended, fingers like claws. She rushed in and gripping the red bra ripped it from Jenny's body. The blondes enormous mammaries burst from their confinement and the crowd went even more bonkers.

In the bar next door the manager came back and chatted to Suki. She commented that the club seemed quiet tonight and he replied 'Yes. The Strip clubs got a new girl. A gaijin. Someone came in and told someone else and soon half the bloody customer left to go and see her.

A light bulb appeared above Suki's head as she realised what had happened. Jenny in a strip club, surely not, Oh my god' she thought 'this could be even better than I ever imagined'. She finished her drink and nodded to the manager. Turning out of the front door she went further along the corridor and slipped quietly into the Strip Club. Standing at the back in the darkness she stared astonished at the scene being played out on the stage.

Jenny struggled in Miko's grip making her now naked tits wobble and swing to left and right. Chantelle advanced again and sunk her fingers into the soft breast flesh. Jenny reacted as if her tits were in a vice screaming and moaning until Chantelle and Miko released her leaving red finger marks on her abused mammaries. All the girls then stalked around again allowing the punters to stuff notes in their garters.

Both purple clad girls could easily see Jenny was collecting more than both of them put together. Chantelle moved close to Miko and whispered in her ear until she nodded and they split apart again to resume the fight.

At the back of the club Suki was in raptures. Jenny giving a strip show was more than she could ever have hoped for. Just wait till she got back to HQ. They'd never let Jenny forget it. Now if she could just get some photos.

Back on stage Jenny tried to defend herself hampered by her tits which were flying all over the place until Miko gripped the back of her panties and began pulling. She squealed and tried to hang on to her only garment as Miko pulled harder and harder. Chantelle grabbed Jenny's arms and after a brief tug of war with Jenny as the rope Miko dragged the panties down and off. She didn't throw them into the crowd this time as she wanted to avoid a riot. Jenny was left naked under the bright lights in front of eighty odd customers for the first time. She shrieked and tried to cover her pussy with her hands but Chantelle was having none of it. She grabbed Jenny and twisted her arm up her back bending her double. Miko slowly stalked round before darting in and letting fly spanking Jenny's upturned butt. Jenny squealed as Miko spanked her again and again. Chantelle held her tight and slowly walked her around the stage while Miko kept up the assault making sure all the punters got a good view of Jenny's plump quivering butt. She put on a good show as she struggled and writhed in Chantelle grip screaming while her hanging breasts swung below her and her cheeks turned pink under the unceasing onslaught.

Eventually they let her up and bowed to the braying crowd as Jenny ruefully rubbed her smarting cheeks. Then Chantelle said to her 'Want to earn some real money?'. What could she say. She though 'What sort of stripper would say no'. She had to maintain her cover until she was contacted even though she'd got nothing to report yet. Pensively she nodded and Chantelle and Miko gripped her arms as if they'd captured the Super heroine.

They led her to the front of the stage and down the steps onto the club floor. The men nearest drank in her naked charms as the two girls held her arms so she couldn't cover herself. One man held up a 500 yen note and Miko shook her head and flashed her hand up twice indicating 1,000 yen. He pulled out a new note and approaching pushed it into Jenny's garter. She nodded and smiled at him then gasped as his hands closed over her tits. He gently squeezed her soft warm bouncing mammaries pushing them together kneading them. Gradually he became more assertive gripping her harder until her flesh squeezed between his fingers and forcing a moan from her lips. They held her arms as the man molested her mammaries kneading her and tweaking her nipples until her cheeks turned red and her breathing quickened. A minute later with a word from Miko the man released her breasts and retreated.

Suki was standing in the shadows staring goggle eyed as Jenny was mauled by the customer when the front door opened again and another man entered. He was shorter but more thickset then the first but obviously of the same ilk. He also wore dark glasses as if they were some sort of badge. Suki tried to melt into the background as the new man appeared. She knew him and knew what he was. Before she'd left for England she'd worked for the Japanese Police and local members of the Yakusa were well know to them. This one was known as one of the most violent of them all which was saying something.

He joined his partner at the bar and after a few words turned and together they watched the remainder of the show.

'More money?' asked Chantelle. Jenny grimaced but nodded reluctantly and they led her round until an enormously fat man held up a 1000 yen note. Again Miko looked disdainfully at it and flashed her hand four times. 4000 yen. The man nodded his deep set piggy eyes shining and with one podgy hand fondling Jenny's thigh used the other to push notes into her garter. She stared wildly at the two girls. What was this one going to do she speculated frantically when suddenly Miko and Chantelle swung her round and pushed her backward until her knees met the mans legs and she collapsed onto his lap.

With the girls still gripping her arms she was powerless to prevent his hands circling round her and stroking up her body to capture her breasts. He fondled her gently savouring the soft warm flesh in his hands and the pointed erect nipples pressing into his palms. His head buried in her hair he sucked her neck wetly. Suddenly Chantelle lifted Jenny's arm and looped it up over the mans head and behind his neck. His face now rested right next to her tit and squeezing her flesh between his fingers he fed her tit into his mouth and began sucking strongly. Jenny writhed about on his lap as he assaulted her tits inadvertently greatly increasing his pleasure as she rubbed her butt into his groin.

His right hand gripped her right tit and kneaded it while his mouth sucked on her other breast drawing more and more flesh into his hot mouth as his teeth gnawed her nipple. Looking down she gasped and rolled her eyes wildly as the hand that had been holding her left tit slowly stroked down her stomach and darted between her thighs cupping pussy before she could react and slam her legs closed. She wriggled and writhed as he squeezed her pussy then she gasped mortified as a fat podgy finger pushed between her labia and invaded her moist womanhood. They held her writhing body immovable and let him maul her for fully five minutes as his fat finger thrust inside her rapidly moistening pussy. He could feel her internal muscles gripping his finger as he forced her towards climax. Chantelle watched closely and as Jenny's breath rasped in her throat and she groaned 'Oh yes, yes, just there' cruelly dragged her clear of the fat man's grip.

Yamichi-san said 'This new girl's fantastic. She could make us a fortune if she could be convinced to entertain a few selected clients. Were did you find her'. The second gangster stared at him as if he'd gone mad. 'I didn't find her. I thought you must have' he replied. 'You mean you didn't employ her either?'. 'No I didn't' Yamichi replied slowly turning back to star at the blonde. Both men's eyes narrowed behind their dark glasses and the deep-seated paranoia of their criminal minds turned suspicion to certainty. 'She's a Police spy' they almost chorused as one.

Jenny practically hung between the two girls now sexually over stimulated then jerked clear just as climax approached. Dazed she was paraded before the hot hungry clients once more until a thousand yen note appeared but Miko flashed her hand five times. The man pushed the notes into Jenny's garter and threw himself on the floor with his head between her feet. Jenny couldn't understand what he was doing as she stared down at him until the girls drove a knee each into the back of her knees and she with a shriek she sank down until she ended up kneeling across his shoulders with her vagina directly above his face. He grabbed her hips and pulling her down the last inch forced her pussy right into his mouth. With the girls still holding her firmly and also pushing down on her shoulders he attacked her pussy with lips, teeth and tongue while his hands gripped her pink plump butt cheeks. Jenny threw her head around as his tongue invaded her, probing, thrusting into her again and again forcing her higher and higher. He captured her clit and sucked rhythmically then dragged his tongue across it faster and faster. Jenny screamed out loud and exploded covering his face with hot juice and slumped forward as if she'd fainted.

The man climbed out from under her and raised his arms accepting the cheers of the crowd as the first to climax the new girl as Miko and Chantelle dragged her to her feet. They led her round once more almost having to pull her as she staggered in a post orgasmic daze. Jenny slowly regained some semblance of awareness as a10,000 yen note was raised and Jenny urgently asked Chantelle what this one would do. She smiled like a shark and inserted a finger into Jenny's mouth pushing it in and out. Jenny realised what she meant and tried to free herself shaking her head frantically and trying to pull free. 'No, no' she shouted until Chantelle released her and she raced back on stage and escaped through the curtain.

Chapter Seven.

Suki ever so slowly edged her way out of the front door thankful that the two Yakusa were being distracted by the show. She knew the club was due to close and assuming Jenny hadn't gone and blown her cover she would just leave with the rest of the staff and be non the wiser as to the danger she'd been in. She would probably be pretty ticked off when she got back to the apartment but she might just decide to report that she'd found out nothing rather than admit she'd been playing the part of a stripper for the evening. Suki thought that was more likely than the blonde accusing the Police of getting the job wrong and telling her she'd been up there on the stage dressed as some sort odd exotic Super heroine and being stripped naked by two other masked girls for the entertainment of a load of horny drunken businessmen.

Inside the club Yamichi and his partner had been thinking hard. They were convinced the cops had run a foreigner in to spy on them. If she was they couldn't just eliminate her. It would only confirm the cops suspicions and they'd probably go mad and bust the place wide open. They had to think of a way of getting rid of her before she could find anything out about their operations but in such a way that no suspicion fell on them.

Suddenly Yamichi said 'I've got an idea' smiling as wide as a alligator and just as friendly. 'Here's what we do. We tell her that a very important client has requested she do a private show for him. We offer her big money so she can't refuse or she'd raise suspicion and break her cover'.

'What sort of show?' asked his partner frowning. 'The sort of show provided by Mistress Natsumo of course. After that she won't trouble us again, the Police will think twice before trying to sneak a spy in here again, we get paid a huge fee, and one of our best customers gets the show of his big fat life.

It was agreed and while the partner went to fetch the mysterious woman Yamichi went behind the bar and through to the corridor behind. Turning left he passed the restroom and knocked respectfully on the dressing room door. Chantelle opened it and on seeing him stepped back quickly to allow him to enter. Inside Jenny had put on a robe and was just about to start getting ready to leave. The tall Japanese man bowed slightly toward her and introduced himself. For the first time he took off his glasses and Jenny saw he was a very handsome man if a little mean looking around the eyes.

'Jenny-san' he began in very good English. 'You have done a wonderful job here this evening but I find myself with a problem. A very important client has asked especially for you to do a private show for him. I realise you must be tired but I would be very grateful if you could fulfil this mans request. He puts a great deal of business our way and I would not like to refuse him. Of course you would be paid a great deal of money for this one performance as would the other girls' he said nodding at Miko and Chantelle.

Jenny thought hard and fast. A great deal of business. This could be the drugs man, this could be the guy doing the delivery. If I do the show and can contact Suki straight after we might just catch them with the stuff on the premises and they'd be cooked.

She looked at the tall stranger and asked 'What sort of show does your client require?' 'He smiled broadly. 'He is a big fan of the Super heroine set so it would be similar to the one you performed tonight. There will be an extra girl helping but very similar'.

'OK I will do the show for you and your important client' she said. Yamichi turned to the other girls and told them to go and prepare for the show. 'Miss Natsumo will be joining you'. At the mention of the name Chantelle looked at him with a little touch of fear in her eyes but quickly turned to leave as he stared at her with a deadpan expression daring her to complain.

'Jenny-san. The set the client requires is the same as the one you just performed but he likes a little more of everything. The girls will fight you and strip you as before but the client likes some sex with his show so the girls will pretend to make love quite forcefully to you once they have overpowered you. Then he likes to finish off with some suffering and humiliation so again the girls will pretend to hold you and beat you with specially prepared light strap. Please remember to scream and shout as if you are in real agony to give the customer a life like show even though we will know it's all pretend. In these circumstances we find it prudent to have a safe word that you can use if things get to intense for you. If you find the girls are being to rough just say 'Motto'. It means Stop'. Jenny repeated the word over and over memorising it.

Suki waited outside for forty minutes before she began to get worried. The club had emptied of clientele and later some other staff had left but Jenny remained inside. She watched the excited chattering customers boiling out of the front door, more than one of them appearing to be mimicking weighing some sort of giant melons in front of them. One of them had spotted her waiting and approached her thinking in his erotic excitement she might be touting for business. Her disdainful gaze was as effective as a bucket of ice cold water straight in the crotch and he slunk away shamefaced mumbling an apology. Having waited long enough she deciding to investigate and wandered down the road a little to a small gap in the buildings. Scaling a gate she dropped down into a dark alleyway. Further down she could see a window with light shining through and a convenient dustbin allowed her to climb up close enough for her to hear voices from within.

Yamichi was giving instructions to three purple clad girls. 'She's agreed to a special show for the Fatman and she knows what to expect. I've told her to make it look good so she'll beg and plead for mercy, scream and shout but don't worry it'll just be for show. She knows the safe word so listen out for it. At the start lay the sex on hard you know what the Fatman likes. After that finish it off with the usual whipping. Just the pretend strap. OK. Off you go'.

Suki hearing this thought hard 'I've got to get reinforcements to get her out. She's no idea what these Yakusa are capable of'. She hopped down silently and raced back toward the gate. If only she'd stayed a few more seconds.

Inside Yamichi put his hand onto the shoulder of the new girl so she stopped while the other two left the small room. Closing the door he said 'We don't want this one to come back. Don't ask why just make sure she remembers her visit with less than fondness. Do you understand'. The girl smiled coldly and nodded silently.

Out in the main club area the Fatman who had molested Jenny earlier was seated in a large comfortable chair. The girls were going to perform on the floor of the club to give him a better unrestricted view. His face was a little flushed as he waited. It had cost him 200,000 yen, over 1000 pounds but he'd never seen a better looking Super heroine and he thought it money well spent.

The three girls in their purple lycra suits and face masks were waiting patiently until Jenny appeared through the curtain. She strode across the stage and down the steps then struck up her pose challenging them. The Fatman started to sweat excitedly as the criminals circled her menacingly.

The fight began with each girl darting in and pretending to kick or punch the heroine who reacted as if badly hurt as each blow landed. As before the purple covered figure of Miko wrestled her until her arms were trapped then another ripped the bra from her swinging breasts. She expected them to release her to continue the fight but instead they dragged her over towards the fat man so he had a clear view and then each seized one of her tits and began molesting her. The girl holding her captive jerked back her blonde head and kissed her obscenely mashing their lips together. 'Hey girls. It's only supposed to be pretend' she though but they continued to maul her unmercifully. Kneading her flesh and tweaking her nipples until they darkened and erected then used their mouths to lick and suck on them. Miko released Jenny's lips and moved to suck noisily on her exposed throat while she struggled and shrieked at the assault. Gradually her shouts and writhing got weaker as they aroused her defenceless body more and more.

Suddenly they all released her and sprang back. She stood there dazed her mammaries red and swollen. One of the girls sprang forward and again threw a punch to Jenny's midriff. She was unprepared as the blow landed and the breath whooshed from her mouth and she collapsed to her knees. Behind her hands gripped her panties and ripped them from her then all three girls leapt on her and bore her to the ground.

The fat man leaned forward as they pinned Jenny down on her back. One girl held her arms over her head and another took her ankles. The sweat from the Fatman's brow could almost drop straight down onto the captive form. The mystery girl slowly used the fingers on one hand to spread Jenny's pussy wide open so the fat man could see the pink flesh inside then jammed two fingers deep into Jenny's moist tunnel.

She moaned and writhed as the girl thrust her fingers into the tender skinned tunnel pumping harder and harder. She wasn't gentle as she reamed the captive vagina. Jenny shouted out 'Motto, Motto'. Natsumo looked up surprised then added a third and fourth finger. Mistress Natsumo forced them as deep as she could pumping her fingers faster and even more forcefully. The blondes pussy was moist but not enough to allow her to go the whole way so she contented herself with using her thumb to pinch the now red and erect clit until the gaijin writhed so much the other two girls had to hang on to her for dear life.

Suki ran and ran as hard as she could back to the only place she thought she might find some help, her parents apartment. Her brother and his friends should be there and together they would try and rescue Jenny. She couldn't just go to the Police. She'd got no proof of any wrong doing and the club was just providing a private show for a client with girls who had consented to do the show. She was out of breath after the ten minute run and panting hard when she burst through the front door. The flat was quiet and her heart sank when it seemed that no one was there then Gaiko emerged from his room to see what the noise was all about. Suki demanded to know where everyone was and he told her they'd gone to the bar but when they found Jenny wasn't there they'd gone somewhere else, he didn't know where.

Ever since she'd first laid eyes on Jenny Chantelle had been determined to have the blondes body for herself so now with her held and stimulated near to climax she took her turn. They dragged her round so her head faced the Fatman and Chantelle kneeling above her facing down her body lowered her pussy onto Jenny's face. 'Suck bitch' she ordered but Jenny turned her head resisting. Chantelle wasn't going to take no for an answer and raising her hand brought it down on Jenny's unprotected pussy with a loud slap. She jerked and shrieked 'Motto. Motto'. Chantelle paused uncertain then shrugging spanked Jenny's pussy again. 'Suck it bitch or I'll slap it silly like this' and gave it another meaty slap. Jenny couldn't take any more and opened her mouth and did as the American wanted sucking vigorously on the proffered pussy and probing it with her tongue. The Fatman dribbled down his shirt as he watched the fantastic blonde service the other girl who thrust her hips back and forth riding the thrusting tongue until she screamed out and came spraying juices into the blondes mouth.

Satisfied she had suffered enough with this latest torment they dragged the sweating girl to her knees while still holding her captive. The Fatman sat back, unzipped his fly, and nodded to Natsumo.

They shoved Jenny forward forcing her to crawl and just as her head came to rest on the man's thigh she raised her hooded eyes to stare straight at the column of flesh sticking from his trousers. It was a respectable size but in relation to the rest of his corpulent body looked quite small. To Jenny as it was an inch from her nose it looked huge. Before she could react he grabbed a fistful of her hair and rubbed his dick over her face. She groaned and grimaced until he jerked her head back and as her mouth shot open jammed himself into her. Effectively gagged she could only moan and groan as he used her hot wet mouth repeatedly pushing her head down then dragging it back up. She gagged as he hit the back of her throat forcing her down farther each time until with an obscene groan he poured his hot milky seed into her.

'Damn' swore Suki. As she thought she absently told Gaiko Jenny was in trouble and she would need help to rescue her. There's no one else It'll just have to be you and me' he said. Suki stared at him amazed. She knew Jenny and Gaiko had been getting on well. She'd helped him with his English speaking and they spent time chatting about things but if someone had told her their conversation had been about how to apply make-up she wouldn't have been surprised.

'Don't be stupid' she spat coldly, insultingly. 'What could you do? Looks like I'll just have to do it myself' and turning raced out of the apartment. Gaiko's anger and embarrassment turned his face red as he watched her go.

Back in the club Jenny slumped to the floor coughing trying to spit out the taste from her mouth. The Fatman zipped himself up then nodded once more to Natsumo.

The girls grabbed the shocked blonde once more and forced her struggling body face down flat on the floor.

On a side table Natsumo perused a number of items all meant to deliver pain. Her fingers traced over each one as the blonde writhed in the grip of the two other girls. This was mostly for the Fatman's benefit to heighten the tension but she already knew which one she was going to choose. Passing over a light strap she picked up a heavy three inch wide leather belt and snapped it between her hands with a loud crack. Jenny heard the slapping noise and looked round. Seeing the girl with the belt she renewed her struggling shouting and screaming, begging for mercy. Chantelle thought 'Jeez this babes a great actress as well. If I didn't know better I'd think see was in mortal terror'.

Jenny's legs kicked frantically as she fought. Each girl gripped her arms hard. One hand at the wrist the other pressing down on her shoulder pressing her face into the carpet.

Natsumo sauntered over and stared down at the naked writhing body. Not many questions occurred to her about the clients who used her services but one thought came to her now. 'I don't know what you did girl to upset Yamichi-san but he's a bad man to cross as you're about to find out'. She stepped across the blondes kicking legs and flopped down kneeling either side trapping them under her. From this position she looked straight up the white wriggling body. Miko swept aside Jenny's hair baring her long slender back. Reaching forward Natsumo stroked a hand across the plump butt cheeks gently kneading the flesh, testing it for resilience. Satisfied she raised the belt high. The Fatman's cheeks flushed and the sweat plastered his shirt to his wide corpulent back. His heart beat rose dangerously high and Saliva dibbled down his chin as the belt swept down swishing like an angry hornet.

Suki raced back to the club in record time almost as if her life depended on it. Like Jenny's life depended on it. Through the streets, dodging late revellers until she stood once more in the dingy corridor. Stopping she waited trying to calm her stentorious breathing. She couldn't sneak in to the club while gasping like a wounded buffalo. Within a minute she felt as if she was ready to begin and stealthily cracked open the club's door. Most of the main area was in darkness with just a small pool of light near the stage. She quickly took stock of the situation, noting everyone's position, which way they were facing, who was the most dangerous and therefore the one to be taken out first. The Fatman could be discounted and she didn't think the purple masked girls would interfere either, no profit in it for them so that just left the two Yakusa.

They flanked the Fatman as he watched what was going on on the floor in front of him. Suki couldn't see what he was looking at. The tables and chairs hid the action. She decided to sneak around the edge of the bar area low down between the tables as far as she could in the darkened parts until she could attack Yamichi's partner. She'd picked him as her first target as his reputation marked him as the most likely to be armed and moreover the most likely to react fast meeting violence with violence. She was confident that with the element of surprise and her training she could take them out before anyone got hurt. Sinking down she began to crawl forward going under tables when she could, trying to avoid knocking into the furniture or giving them any warning of her approach until it was to late. She had to go slow and it was made doubly hard by the sounds she couldn't avoid hearing. Meaty whacks usually followed by agonised whimpers or the occasional pleading 'Motto'.

It took her nearly three minutes to manoeuvre herself into position all the time the whacking sounds came like a metronome but the whimpering and pleading gradually faded. 'Hold on Jenny. I'm coming' she silently screamed to herself.

Suddenly she erupted from the side of the stage toward the nearest Yakusa. Just as she thought he was fast and started to rise from his chair almost immediately. No hesitation. No shocked gaping open mouth he started to position himself to meet her charge. He was just a little too slow. Suki took three quick gliding steps and planting her left foot brought her right swinging round in a beautiful high arc until her foot slipped just under his chin and stove in his windpipe. The Yakusa dropped grasping his throat making no sound. His smashed larynx and ruptured trachea stopped air from entering or leaving his body. He lay twitching unable to breath, unable to scream.

The power of her assault had thrown Suki off balance and as she rose she realised with a sick feeling that Yamichi was just as quick and deadly as his partner and had reacted just as fast. He'd risen and reached into his coat. The gun was already nearly clear enough to allow him to bring it to bear on her. The black hole of the automatic swung round and she stared down the barrel. A noise caught the gangsters attention as a second dark figure rose at his side. Frantically he started to swing the gun round to meet the closer danger but before he could bring it to bare Gaiko threw himself forward. The uncoordinated gangly youth wasn't trained, knew no martial art's couldn't kill a man or disable him. All he could do was try to distract him and allow Suki that extra second to recover. The Yakusa's arm swung fast and the gun thundered as he fired. The bullet zipped past Gaiko's cheek missing him by less than an inch and his momentum carried him forward. He flailed at the gangsters gun arm managing somehow to knock the pistol loose sending it clattering away into the darkness. A massive hand swung up and smacked into the back of his head adding to his momentum sending him crashing into the side of the stage.

Quick as a flash the Yakusa turned to meet Suki's onslaught. She seemed to be intending to use the same move on him as his partner as she glided forward planted her left and swung her right again. He raised his hands to protect his head and throat from her swinging foot but at the last second realised his mistake as it came in low not high and smashed into the side of his knee. The joint jerked sideways dislocating with a snap of overstretched tendons and he fell screaming clutching his leg.

Suki regained her balance in a second and drew back both her hands clasping them behind her shoulder. She looked down at the bowed head of this predator, this parasite and with every hate filled scintilla of power she could muster brought them down smashing into his skull just behind the ear. The double snap echoed though the empty club and the Yakusa slumped, his head at entirely the wrong angle.

Suki grimaced. In her blind fury she'd ignored one of the first rules of unarmed combat. At training school they always said never strike at an opponents head with bare fists. The first loud snap had been the gangsters neck breaking. The blow knocked him unconscious but it was the snapping of his vertebrae and the severing of the spinal cord which stopped his heart as the brains instructions to continue beating were interrupted, terminally. The skull is a hard case of bone and bone against bone is just as likely to hurt you as much as your opponent. The second snapping sound had been Suki's little fingers that had taken the full force of the blow when she'd smashed her interlocked fists into the Yakusa's head. She knelt her hands held out both little fingers bent at a very odd angle.

Movement registered in the corner of her eye. The attack had been so sudden that the purple clad girls were only just reacting. All three of them leapt up and raced towards the front of the club to escape. Suki watched them with dull eyes.

Gaiko shook his head to clear it and slowly got to his feet. He saw Suki was OK and turned toward Jenny. She lay on her side on the floor curled up in the foetal position moaning quietly. Gaiko knelt beside her and reached out touching her arm. She flinched and shrank back her eyes wide with fear her whole body trembling. 'Motto. Motto' she whimpered.

'Jenny-san' he said softly. 'It's me Gaiko. You're safe now. Suki's here. You're safe'. She gave a great sob and shrank back down flinching once more as Gaiko gathered her in his arms. She sobbed quietly into the crook of his neck and shoulder her tears wetting his shirt. His hand felt strange on her back and he gasped as he lifted it to see three thin parallel lines of blood across his fingers. 'Oh Jenny-san' he said quietly gently rocking the sobbing girl.

Suddenly she began to tremble alarmingly almost as if succumbing to an epileptic fit. 'Suki!' shouted Gaiko 'Help me. Something's wrong'. Suki looked up. Quick. Go and find some clothes, anything to keep her warm. The trembling is shock. Find dresses, coats anything. He leapt onto the stage and ran through the backstage curtain while Suki fetched a glass of Saki ignoring the pain in her fingers in her haste.

Cradling Jenny's head she coaxed her to sip the Saki. As Jenny drank she looked at her back. She blanched white as a sheet then came to her senses and screamed. 'Gaiko. Hurry up'.

Gaiko found the dressing room and looked round frantically. The rack was no good. Suki would probably break his neck as well if he returned with a skimpy latex nurse costume. He looked round more and spotted some towelling robes the girls wore between sets hanging on the back of the door so he grabbed them and ran back as fast as he could.

'Bring them here then get a taxi. Go on fast as you can now' said Suki. The lad handed over the robes and raced off glad to have something to take the scene from his mind. Anger was building in him but now there was no one left to kill. He just needed something to keep him busy. Anything to stop him bursting into tears himself.

They got Jenny back to her parents apartment as fast as they could. Luckily they'd brought a supply of Professor Q's numbing, healing cream which was now a normal part of an agents travelling kit. With her broken fingers it fell to Gaiko to treat Jenny. After cleaning her back with warm water he applied the healing balm. At first she struggled as he massaged the cream in as gently as he could. As the numbing took effect it became easier and Jenny just lay there on her front, unmoving, eyes staring. He performed the task mechanically no thought of anything erotic crossed his mind at her nakedness

Chapter Eight.

In the following days Jenny said hardly a word. She lay in bed in the apartment staring at the ceiling with sightless eyes. They couldn't take her to Hospital. Suki had killed two men and they hadn't actually done much that was illegal. Actual bodily harm maybe but not enough to condone their deaths so they treated Jenny themselves. Suki had immediately sent a message to London requesting more healing cream and it arrived the next day in the Embassies diplomatic bag so Jenny wouldn't feel anymore pain. Not the physical kind anyway.

The same couldn't be said for Suki herself. Her fingers had been bandaged but she wanted to feel the pain. She felt she deserved the pain. Jenny's injuries were her fault. She'd set up the juvenile plot and although she couldn't have imagined the way it would turn out she could only blame herself. Tears welled up filling her eyes as she thought of the trick they'd played on her friend. She wished to every Japanese God she could think of for the Yakusa and the Fatman to be still alive so she could kill them again and again. Jenny had been mumbling 'Motto' over and over. She had been told it meant 'Stop'. Suki clenched her fists until the pain washing through her caused her to cry out. In Japanese 'Motto' didn't mean 'Stop'. It meant 'More'.

On the first night Suki had risen twice to quiet her friend when the nightmares came until she remained with her and cradled her shaking body until exhaustion claimed her once again.

She was becoming more worried. Jenny was healing well but the psychological damage was immense. This young girl had been brutalised while the men had looked on revelling in the sight as she pleaded with them, begged for mercy. It wasn't until they were about to leave the club that Suki had felt the prickling sensation between her shoulder blades as if someone was watching her. Turning slowly she saw that the Fatman was still sitting in his chair silently regarding them with staring eyes. Warily she approached him noting his flushed face and sweat stained shirt. Maybe the racing heart had finally given out on him as he watched the leather belt slashing down time and again. Then she spotted the tiny hole in his left temple and thin drip of now dried blood that had trickled down the side of his face. The bullet fired at Gaiko by Yamichi's gun had found a mark. Just not the one it had been intended for. The slender soft tipped shell had penetrated the bone and spreading continued on at 400 feet per second ripping, tearing, shredding the marshmallow brain within until it smashed against the inside of the skull on the other side exiting in a welter of blood and gore creating a four inch wide hole.

Epilogue.

Nearly two weeks later the two MI6 agents were seated in the airliner taking then back home. Jenny was mostly recovered from her ordeal. The bruises had turned a light yellow now and wouldn't last more than a few days and the scabs and livid red stripes on her back had faded after a course of Professor Q's healing cream.

Jenny sat quietly musing over the eventful trip while Suki kept up a gentle monotone of conversation. Eventually she got around to Gaiko. 'They're still worried about him you know. I think father will have to have a man to man talk with him very soon. At least I hope it's man to man'.

Jenny's thoughts immediately turned back to her last night in the apartment. She had been lying awake trying to think of some way to thank Suki's family for all their kindness. Suki's mother had clucked over her like a mother hen and cared for her while she spent two days in bed unable or unwilling to get up to face the world again. Gaiko had also sat with her talking gently to her about his life, about school, about nothing at all, sometimes in Japanese, sometimes in halting English, holding her hand, trying to raise her spirits as she stared into space. When she finally emerged from the long dark tunnel she'd agreed to help him with his English homework and they'd spent a few hours each day until he'd greatly improved his language and writing skills. Suki seemed to think he might now pass his all important exams which was something else that had been worrying the family.

'A small gift?' she'd thought but how could that convey her appreciation. Suddenly an inkling of a thought entered her head. There was something she could do. It would certainly help Suki's parents and probably help Gaiko and it might even help her as well.

Silently she slid out of bed trying not to wake Suki and donning her robe padded along the landing to stand outside Gaiko's room. She quietly eased back the door and slipped inside. Standing above him she gazed at his young innocent face as he slept peacefully. Lowering herself to sit on the side of his bed she quickly put a finger to his lips as he stirred. His eyes flew open but alarm quickly turned to recognition and then to curiosity as he realised it was Jenny sitting beside him.

Eventually when she had recovered sufficiently and returned from the dark place in her mind Suki had told her what had happened in the club. How she'd killed the Yakusa and how Gaiko had risked his life to save his sister and her English friend. What sort of a gift could say 'Thanks for saving my life'. He'd changed her life now she hoped to change his.

Her finger remained on his lips until she was sure he would stay silent and not blurt out a question. Slowly she opened her robe and lowered it from her shoulders revealing her nakedness. The white's of Gaiko eyes showed up even in the dim light as he stared wondrously at her alabaster flesh. A tingle began to build in Jenny's stomach as she felt his gaze on her. She reached for the young boys hand and raised it to her lips kissing each of his finger tips then lowered it to rest on the slope of her breast. Gaiko's hand trembled as he felt the soft warm curve resting under his palm. He looked up at Jenny's face and she smiled at him encouragingly then drew in her breath as he stroked his thumb across her nipple.

Gaiko stared at her as she reacted to his touch on her body. He realised the pleasure he could give this vision of loveliness who had appeared by his side just like she had in his dreams and teased her prominent peak even more until she moaned involuntarily.

Jenny stood. The robe dropped to pool around her ankles then lifting the bed clothes she climbed in beside him. Over the next hour she showed him where to touch her, all the secret places, how to be gentle and sometimes not so gentle. She took him on a tour around her body teaching him where to use his finger tips and where to use his tongue. He stroked her behind the ear and caressed the nape of her neck and back of her knees. Sucked her fingers and toes as well as the more obvious peaks and troughs.

She taught him how to kiss. Softly at first then with building passion until first her tongue invaded his mouth and then his probed gently into hers. The first time he moved above her he lasted less than thirty seconds. The second time no more than two minutes and she had to cover his mouth to stop the whole apartment hearing his exaltation but with the stamina of youth the third time it was he who had to hold his hand over her mouth as she rose up in orgasmic bliss as they climaxed as one. In one night the effete boy passed into masculine manhood.

Gaiko slept, his head resting on her breast giving him the softest pillow in the world while Jenny stared into the darkness with sightless eyes. She was sure he would remember her just like all men remembered their first time. No doubt she'd given him the greatest pleasure but he'd also renewed in her the need for another's body close to hers. She'd been afraid her experience would have dimmed her desires but the gentleness then urgency of the young lad had filled her with renewed hope. She had taken a confused boy and directed him down the path to masculinity while he had restored her faith and confidence. A fair trade.

She slept for a few hours then in the dawning light gently eased Gaiko's hand from her breast and slipped back to her own room.

Coming out of her reverie Jenny turned to Suki and over the noise of the jet's engines told her 'You can tell your Father not to worry. I have a feeling Gaiko will be everything he hoped for from now on'.

A smile lit up her face then she closed her eyes to sleep the sleep of the righteous. The sleep of the good. But most of all the sleep of the very well shagged.

Suki looked back at her friend. She was pleased to see the radiant smile again. The first since the incident. She'd noticed a change in her friend that morning. Even though Jenny's injuries had mostly healed the haunted look could still be seen in her eyes. That was until today. Now she looked more at peace with the world. She couldn't think what had changed. Maybe it was going back home and away from Japan and the associations it held. Whatever it was something had happened overnight to restore her friend. The serenity had returned to her and Suki thought it would all be all right again. Oddly, she'd also noted a change in Gaiko. He seemed taller somehow, less nervous and gawky. She'd been talking to him in the departure lounge when his eyes had wandered to intently study the swaying figure of a pretty young stewardess who had walked past. 'Could there be a connection' she thought then chided herself for being so stupid. 'How could there be'.

The family had done everything they could to help the blonde English woman. Suki particularly made sure that she'd seen a small news report on the TV one evening. It showed a woman being wheeled from a building in downtown Tokyo and into the back of an ambulance. Apparently one of her customers, a slim Japanese woman, had gone mad and turned the tables on her giving her a taste of the services she provided for fetish minded men and women. Jenny had watched but only a slight narrowing of the eyes betrayed any interest she felt. The Police treated it as a minor incident. They had more important things to deal with not least of which was the sudden outbreak of inter clan reprisals between the Yakusa families precipitated by the execution of two of their number in mysterious circumstances. If they couldn't put a stop to it soon there was a chance they'd run out of the detested criminals.

The young Doctor on A&E duty that night had grimaced and tutted in dismay when the Japanese woman had been brought in. Her back was severely lacerated possibly by a cane or whip. He was glad she was sedated as he cleaned the seeping blood away. He looked at her back puzzled. 'No' he thought 'That's too ridiculous' and applied a dressing. Although if you looked at just the right angle he would have sworn you could just make out a word hidden amongst the marks. He dismissed it. 'Didn't make any sense anyway. What sort of a word was OLLOW'.

The End