

GEMMA



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Gemma

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Chapter One

Gemma Longton pushed her chair back from the computer keyboard and flexed her stiff fingers as she stared glumly at the tell-tale figures glowing on the green screen.

"Well, that's it then." she announced miserably. "We're sunk."

"How bad is it, Gemma?" a deep male voice came from behind her and she turned to look up at the tall figure of Mike Bowyer, her business partner and lover, his face filled with anxiety.

"About as bad as it can be," she replied slowly. "We can carry on for about a month, then we lose the company."

"Damn," Mike cursed. "What about the Roxwell contract? That must be big enough and profitable enough to turn us around surely?"

Gemma sighed. "Yes, well it would be, but we can't meet it unless we can come up with extra financing."

"How much extra, Gemma?" her lover demanded. "How much do we need and how long have we got?"

"A month, maybe six weeks. But unless we find a cash injection of at least ten thousand pounds, we'll have no option but to file for bankruptcy."

"Hell. Ten grand. Where are we going to find that sort of cash? We're already at our limit with the bank."

"I know. I can't see any way out of it."

"There must be a way," Mike said angrily. "There has to be. I'm not losing everything we've worked so hard for, just for the lack of a lousy ten grand."

Gemma stood up stiffly. "I'm sorry, Mike darling," she said. "I know how you feel and I'd do anything to get us out of this mess, but I'm shattered and I've got to go home and get some rest. I can't think straight. I'll see you in the morning and then we can try to think of a way to come up with the money. I'm sure you're right, there has to be a way of raising ten grand, but I've just got to get some sleep."

Gemma kissed her worried lover gently and picked up her coat, then walked tiredly out of the office, leaving her business partner pacing up and down the room, his face set in a scowl of intense concentration.

“There must be a way!” Mike said to himself, “there must be. I’m not losing the company for a piddling ten grand. Think, man, think! Something in the company must be worth that sort of money.”

His eyes came to rest on the Roxwell contract, the contract that would easily solve his financial problems and make him a very rich man and his eyes narrowed as an evil idea stole into his busy brain. He stopped his pacing and sat down in his leather office chair, his mind racing as he began to work out the details of a deal that might just save the company.

Old man Roxwell was a horny old goat and had made no secret of his liking for Gemma, so, just maybe there was a way to get the cash the company needed. If, and it was a big if, he could somehow persuade Gemma.

Mike stretched out a hand towards the telephone, then hesitated. Gemma was, after all, his partner, both in running the company and in bed. Could he ... dare he make such a deal to save the company? He weighed the alternatives carefully. On the one hand, the certainty that all of his and Gemma’s efforts would be wasted if he didn’t, but on the other, the cost to Gemma if Roxwell agreed to the deal he proposed to offer.

Slowly, he lifted the handset and dialed the number for Roxwell’s private line.

Three nights later, Gemma smiled at her lover as he held the door of his remote country cottage open for her to enter. It had been a wonderful evening up to that point for Mike had been even more attentive and considerate than usual, taking her out to her favorite restaurant, plying her with delicious food and expensive wines until she could eat

no more and her head was pleasantly muzzy. Mike had been deliberately evasive all evening, refusing to tell her the reason for the celebration and only hinting that he had some great news to tell her about the company.

As she shed her coat and kicked off her shoes, Gemma smiled with an inner contentment brought on by the food, the wine and the anticipation that after Mike had come clean about the good news he had, they would go through to the comfortable bedroom and make love. It would not be the first time an evening had ended that way and Gemma felt a warm glow in the pit of her stomach as she imagined Mike's hands and lips on her body as they shared mutual pleasure.

Mike sat her down in a soft armchair and brought her a goblet of fine brandy, then fetched himself a large malt whisky and sat opposite her.

"To us, Gemma," he toasted, "to us and our company."

"Not ours for much longer though, darling." Gemma frowned.

"Ah." Mike chuckled softly, "Well, I have some good news about that."

"You mean ... You've found someone to finance us?"

"That's exactly what I mean. The company's safe, Gemma. Roxwell has agreed to finance us."

"Oh, darling!" Gemma gasped. "That's wonderful news! However did you get him to agree?"

"It wasn't easy." Mike replied smiling. "He drives a hard bargain, but I made him an offer he couldn't refuse."

"Oh, Mike, you're a genius!" Gemma was thrilled and elated, "But, what did you offer him? I thought we'd already tried everything."

"Not quite everything," Mike replied softly, "but now it's all settled and the money is in the bank."

"Great! So that's what tonight was all about and why you were so mysterious?"

“Mm, yes. And now, darling, I thought we might celebrate properly.”

Gemma smiled into her lover’s gleaming eyes and nodded firmly, feeling her own arousal build as she saw his desire.

She put her glass down on a nearby table and rose to her feet, then, with sensual grace, began to strip herself before her lover. Her dress slipped from her shoulders and fell to the floor and she kicked it away, revealing her slim body in black half-cup bra, lace panties, matching garter belt and black stockings. She sat on the arm of her chair, removed her garter-belt and slid each stocking down her legs, discarding the flimsy nylon as she turned her attention to her bra. The cups peeled away from her small, taut breasts and Gemma shivered in delight as warm air caressed her naked flesh, adding to her own arousal and Mike’s evident desire when she gently squeezed her nipples until each knob thrust out in stone-hard rigidity. She loved to display her body for him and knew he was excited by her as she toyed with herself for their joint pleasure. Often, she never got beyond this point; Mike grabbing her and taking her as his passion grew too strong to resist, but this time, he controlled himself and Gemma smiled as she slipped her thumbs into the waistband of her brief panties. She knew that passion delayed is passion increased and shivered in anticipation of the moment when he would no longer be able to hold himself back. Playfully, she giggled at him.

“Maybe I’ve changed my mind, Mike. You’ve still got all of your clothes on. Perhaps I should get dressed and go home.”

He shook his head slowly from side-to-side.

“Oh no, Gemma.” He smiled. “You’re not going anywhere. Not yet.”

He stood up and went to his roll-top desk, bringing out a broad leather strap fitted with a heavy buckle. Gemma’s

eyes widened in anxious excitement as he walked slowly towards her, the strap dangling from his left fist. Soon after they had become lovers, Mike had introduced her to bondage and Gemma, although at first hugely embarrassed by being tied up, soon came to enjoy the sensations of being helpless and unable to prevent him doing exactly as he pleased to her. It was almost two months since the last time he'd bound her and the warmth in her belly doubled as she realized that soon she would be his helpless captive again. Mike chuckled and inclined his head.

"Your panties, please, Gemma," he said calmly. "Then, turn around and put your arms behind your back."

Gemma swallowed hard, knowing she was going to obey, then slowly peeled down her last protection, turned around and brought her wrists together at the small of her spine. Utterly naked before her lover, she felt her belly flutter in delicious anticipation as she awaited the firm grip of leather when it removed her freedom and made her his. Well aware of her desirability and his arousal, Gemma quivered, feeling undeniable lust as the cool strap encircled her wrists, gripping her flesh in a firm but not tight grasp when the buckle closed. To her surprise she felt a second strap pass between her wrists and realized, as it drew the original strap taut, that there was no longer any chance of her slipping her hands from the bindings.

As Mike aided her to sit on the thick, warm carpet, Gemma wriggled her fingers experimentally, finding, as she already expected, that she could not possibly free her arms. Her excitement built even higher when he asked her to cross her ankles and she watched closely while he looped another strap around and around, lashing her legs at 90 degrees and after buckling the strap firmly, preventing her from straightening her limbs or closing her widely parted thighs.

Sitting there quite helpless, her nude body exposed to Mike's glittering eyes, Gemma licked her lips tensely while

he fetched a ball-gag and brought it to her. This was the one part of his bondage games that she did not like. The gag; a solid rubber sphere attached to a leather strap, always frightened her and she hated the way it bulged her cheeks and made her drool while it reduced her to a mute observer of her own arousal. The trouble was, as she knew well, that once she'd agreed to being tied up, she no longer had any choice in the matter. Mike was in charge and unfortunately he seemed to enjoy seeing her gagged and hearing her muffled, incomprehensible protests. Reluctantly, Gemma opened her mouth and allowed the ball to be pressed deep between her teeth, then Mike buckled the strap tightly behind her neck. She didn't like it, but with the gag wedged firmly in her mouth, knew there wasn't anything she could actually do about it. Mike moved around in front and smiled wolfishly at her, then produced yet another strap. Gemma stared, then shook her head firmly. Enough was quite enough. She was already tightly tied and did not want any more, thank you very much! There was absolutely no need for anything else to be added to her predicament.

Mike, however, did not agree and she glared at him over her right shoulder as he moved behind her, her garbled grunts making it perfectly clear that he was not to use the additional strap.

She froze for a moment as he casually began to pass the strap around her arms, just above her elbows, then she mumbled furiously into her gag, her dark hair waving as she shook her head in determined refusal.

Gemma winced, her eyes widening in shocked realization as he tightened the strap and her elbows were forced inexorably together. She was furious. Furious and unable to believe what he was doing.

Her elbows drew closer together and Gemma's fury and disbelief changed to anguished discomfort as her shoulders were forced back by the unremitting tension. The buckle

closed and her arms were held, strained back and together, her elbows almost touching and her breasts thrust outwards and up by the stress in her limbs. To add to her misery, another short strap between her elbows held everything cinched tight and removed any possibility of relief or escape.

She couldn't do a thing. Couldn't even move anything except her head.

Mike stood up and gazed down at her with a smug grin on his face and Gemma felt her face redden. She was absolutely helpless, not to mention distinctly uncomfortable. She was completely in his power and he could do anything he pleased to her.

Her belly seethed with arousal as she imagined all the things he could do. Her breasts and sex lay wide open and she knew that if he touched her between her splayed legs, she would climax. Her need was so intense it frightened her and she panted for breath, praying he would touch her and yet terrified that if he did she would not be able to control her responses.

His grin grew wider and Gemma wriggled ineffectually, whining in vain protest as he took a long piece of black nylon rope from his desk and knotted one end to her bound ankles. Casually, he passed the other end under her naked buttocks and through between her clamped-together forearms, then pulled. Gemma squealed into her gag as her knees bent, but was unable to prevent her bound arms being dragged down until her clawing fingers touched the carpet behind her and her back hollowed in a deep curve, her belly and breasts arched in a tensioned bow, immobilized and horrifyingly vulnerable.

Mike tied the final knot then came and squatted on his heels in front of her smiling gently while he reached out. Gemma whimpered and heaved despairingly at her ruthless bondage as his fingers caressed her up thrust breasts, sending massive waves of irresistible arousal through her

body as her nipples quivered and grew harder in helpless response to his touch.

“Good!” he whispered softly, “They’ll like that.”

Gemma shuddered, in passion and a terrible fear. *They? He said they would like her frantic responses? What did he mean? Who were they?*

Mike read the fear and anguish in Gemma’s dark, staring eyes and his face softened.

“I’m so sorry, Gemma,” he told her gently, “but you know how much the business needs the money and you did tell me that you’d do absolutely anything to save the company. You asked me earlier how I’d managed to get Roxwell to finance us and you remember I told you I’d offered him a deal he couldn’t refuse? Well, the company has one asset he really wanted, so I had to negotiate. We needed ten grand, so I stuck out for fifteen and we settled on twelve. The company’s saved, but I had to agree to his terms. I hated to do it, Gemma, but you were the asset he wanted and he wouldn’t settle for anything else. He wants you, honey, that’s why you’re here and it’s why you’re all tied up the way you are. I had no choice.”

Gemma stared up at her partner, her lover, and a chill of sheer stark terror turned the blood in her veins to ice-water. It could not be! It must be impossible ... and yet, Mike was absolutely serious.

As the truly horrifying implications of his words sank into Gemma’s reeling brain, the tightly-bound brunette wrenched at her implacable bonds, her shrill screams of fear and disbelief leaking past the ball-gag wedged so deeply between her jaws, her muscles straining wildly and in vain at the tight web of straps enmeshing her naked body.

Mike’s hand brushed her bulging cheek, but Gemma jerked her head away and his eyes narrowed angrily.

“You don’t understand. I had to do it. It was the only way to save the business. I saw a chance to keep the company

going and I took it. Roxwell had me over a barrel and he knew it. If I hadn't agreed to his terms, he would have closed us down. I had to do it, dammit. I had no choice."

His eyes softened again and he stared deep into Gemma's tear-streaked face.

"I really am sorry, Gemma," he whispered, "I love you, but I had to do it. I have to go now, but your handlers will be here soon and they'll take you where you have to go. Don't think too badly of me, eh? You know I had to have that money. So long, honey, be brave and just do what they tell you and you'll be fine. Really, you will. If there had been any other way ... but there wasn't."

Mike gave a heavy sigh and got to his feet and Gemma stared beseechingly at him as he turned and went to the door, her brain numb with the horror of her situation. A horror which grew deeper and more awful as the door closed behind him and she was left alone. Alone, to scream and moan into her gag; to weep and writhe and fight vainly against his expert and ruthless bondage, until, exhausted, terrified and still tightly bound, she was forced to accept that she was not going to get free without help.

Utterly defenseless, her naked body hopelessly vulnerable in the grip of a multiplicity of strong leather straps which loosened not an inch despite her most frantic and strenuous efforts, Gemma shrieked her despair and horror into the gag as the door to her prison eventually opened to reveal the handlers Mike had promised would come for her. There were three of them; two women and one man; complete strangers. All were dressed in black overalls and clearly expert in the handling and securing transportation of unwilling captives.

Silent and unsmiling, the woman buckled a thick blindfold over Gemma's frightened eyes then they rolled her writhing, struggling body onto some sort of trolley and wheeled her from the cottage to a waiting van. Six strong hands lifted Gemma and laid her in the rear then adjustable

webbing straps secured her, still helplessly bound in Mike's original bondage, for her journey.

Weeping and screaming, Gemma felt and heard the engine start and realized that she was on her way to the man to whom Mike, her erstwhile partner and lover, had sold her. She was on her way to a future she dared not contemplate and which she could not escape. Part of her brain told her that this could not be happening to her. It was simply not possible for her to be sold like a piece of merchandise or office equipment, but the bonds on her limbs, the gag in her mouth and the swaying of the van in which she was held captive could not be denied or ignored. Gemma wept into the thick blindfold sealing her eyes as she was forced to accept that the sheer unthinkable had actually happened.

Gemma's mind raced wildly as she tried to come to terms with her situation. Roxwell was a businessman, dammit. Surely he would never be involved in anything like this? It was nothing less than kidnapping and completely against the law. He and Mike and anyone else involved in something like this would go to jail. It had to be Mike's idea of a joke ... some sort of stupid game he was playing with her. After all, Gemma reasoned, trying to fight down the terror threatening to overwhelm her, she was a partner in the company and Mike had no right to make deals without her agreement.

Especially a deal like this one.

The van braked to a halt and Gemma trembled wildly as the doors swung open, then banged shut and the van began to move once more. The heavy blindfold was taken from Gemma's eyes and while she adjusted to the dim light of a single fitting in the metal roof above, she gave a breathy squeal of abject despair, her limbs tensing vainly against her bonds when she saw and recognized the tall, angular figure standing over her naked body.

"Good evening, Miss Longton."

Roxwell's calm greeting contrasted starkly with the smile playing on his thin lips and Gemma screamed in awful anguish as the truth crashed into her reeling brain. Mike was not playing a practical joke on her and she really had been sold to Roxwell! As the millionaire's eyes glittered with suppressed desire, Gemma shrieked for help and fought her bonds madly in efforts to tear free from the leather straps pinioning her and cover her shamefully exposed nudity from his hot gaze.

Roxwell watched her futile struggles impassively, his face unreadable until Gemma at last grew tired and her furious exertions diminished, then he nodded slowly.

"As I suspected," he said softly. "It would appear that Mr. Bowyer has not been entirely honest with either of us, my dear."

Gemma's bulging, frightened eyes fixed on his calm face, her nostrils flaring as she sucked in great gasps of air.

"He led me to believe that you were a willing participant in our little deal, Gemma. That you had agreed to my terms in return for my assistance in financing your company's short-term difficulties. I take it that that was not the case?"

Gemma threw her head from side-to-side, her eyes filled with horrified anger at the duplicity of her business partner. Roxwell nodded again.

"I see," he said heavily. "That is most unfortunate, Miss Longton. You see, I have already transferred the agreed sum from my bank into the account of your company." He paused, as if considering what to do and Gemma panted, her eyes wide as the millionaire rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"It would, of course, be possible for me to have the transaction rescinded," he said at last, "but my word has always been my bond and I have agreed to your partner's deal." His cold grey eyes stared down into Gemma's gagged face and the brunette gave a great shudder of despair as he continued, "In my book, a deal is a deal, my

dear. Which means that I shall hold Mr. Bowyer to the terms we agreed. Both Mr. Bowyer and, I am afraid, you, Gemma. As I am sure you know, the legal position is that the terms entered into by one director of a jointly-held company are deemed to have been agreed by all directors even if, as in this case, you were completely unaware of the agreement.”

Gemma gaped up at the tall man standing over her and her belly gave a massive lurch. Legally, she knew Roxwell was correct, but surely he could not mean to hold her to an agreement she did not know about? It was certainly illegal, morally unacceptable and completely unenforceable in any court in the land. Roxwell correctly interpreted the emotions flitting over Emma’s face and gave a brief bark of mirthless laughter.

“Oh yes,” he chuckled, “I know what you’re thinking, my dear, and you are quite correct. There is no way such an agreement can be held to bind you. Mr. Bowyer had no right to enter into such a deal ... but he did, and I accepted the deal he offered. The agreement cannot bind you, Gemma; however you are not bound by an agreement, but by leather straps; straps which will continue to bind you for as long as I choose.”

The icy chill in Gemma’s belly spread to grip her entire body in a numb cocoon and she fought to not give in to blind panic as the horrifying implications of his words sank into her brain. He was not going to let her go and intended to hold her to whatever deal he had come to with Mike whatever the deal was and whatever her unknown part in it might be. Roxwell mistook Gemma’s frozen shock for acquiescence and he smiled.

“Good, Gemma. If you continue to behave and not fight I’m sure you won’t have any trouble settling in as my bondage slave.”

The news of her fate exploded like a bomb in Gemma’s mind and the dimly-lit interior of the speeding van filled

with muffled screams of horror and snorting gasps of exertion as Gemma wrenched and jerked at the implacable leather and webbing holding her a prisoner. Roxwell's thin face darkened in a frown of annoyance as Gemma fought to escape and she whimpered helplessly as his fingers clamped her jaw and she was forced to stare up at him.

"Keep still," he hissed, warningly, "and stop whining. You don't seem to understand yet. I own you. I paid good money for you as a bondage slave and you had better learn to obey. If you don't, you'll suffer. The deal was that I would pay twelve thousand into your company and, in return you would be mine for a year. Bowyer agreed, and you, no matter how much you fight or protest, are going to honor the deal. Twelve months. One whole year to pay your debt, and pay it you will, make no mistake about that."

He released Gemma's jaw and the trembling brunette wept in black despair as she faced the nightmare prospect of spending a whole twelve months as a captive. His long fingers darted to her tautly-presented and defenseless breasts and Gemma squealed in shock and outrage when her nipples were captured then rolled and squeezed, but, despite her most frantic attempts to evade the unwanted stimulation, the twin, coffee-brown buds quickly responded to Roxwell's touch.

With her legs held open by her bondage, Gemma was an easy target for her purchaser's desires and her helpless body juddered and writhed in sexual arousal even as she wept and screamed her vain protests against the fingers which invaded and explored her. Soon, her naked flesh ran with sweat, leaping to his touch as her arousal exploded and overcame the despairing resistance of her brain. Judging the moment to perfection, Roxwell sat back, taking his hands from her quivering body and leaving his helpless victim teetering on the brink of her climax.

Gemma's eyes bulged with a terrible need, her body aflame with furious heat and she sobbed and whimpered;

frantic for the release she craved and yet terrified by the strength of the passion so easily inflicted on her. In bondage, she could not resist the searing lust forced upon her and she wept in shame as her tormentor gazed down at her, savoring and enjoying his power and the intense longing so clearly written on her gagged face.

“You respond well, Gemma!” he exclaimed. “A good slave should. Now, you will come as the slave you will inevitably learn to be.”

Fingers captured Gemma’s throbbing nipples, others slipped over her clitoris and into her sex and the devastated, soon-to-be-enslaved brunette screamed in ecstatic surrender as her body convulsed in giant pulses and scalding love-juices sprayed into her belly. Lost in the swirling heat of her orgasm, Gemma moaned in shame and humiliation to the knowledge that she had climaxed to order, and worse, to a man she barely knew; hated and feared in equal measure.

How could it be? How could she have reacted so shamelessly and so helplessly? How could she have lost control so completely? And how could she possibly endure a whole year of slavery to him? A whole year of total sexual submission?

There were no answers, for, even as Gemma wept and spasmed in her orgasm, Roxwell replaced her blindfold and she was left to her shame and her submission and her misery as the van sped into the night bearing Gemma, her new owner and her handlers into a future she dared not contemplate.

Chapter Two

With her limbs still clamped in the tight embrace of the leather straps Gemma was still utterly helpless as the van braked to a halt for the second time and its doors thrown open. The mute, blind package of naked girl whimpered in horror as several people climbed in and expert hands began to release the webbing tie-downs that held her in the centre of the floor. Unable to move, let alone make any resistance, Gemma gasped and panted as her bound body was maneuvered onto what she could only assume was the same trolley used to transport her from Mike's cottage to the van and she sobbed in despair, guessing that she must have arrived at wherever Roxwell planned to hold her captive. Lying on her left side with her limbs cramped from the lengthy bondage, horribly aware of a gentle breeze playing across her naked flesh and cooling the damp patches of sweat staining her body, Gemma strained her ears for any clue to her location.

The feet of her captors crunched on gravel, then scuffled across concrete or brick but aside from those sounds, the night was quiet ... ominously quiet. Gemma realized that there was no sound of traffic or of any of the other noise which was always present in the vicinity of cities or towns. She must be far away from civilization ... and far from any possibility of help or rescue. Keys rattled in a lock and the sound galvanized Gemma into a desperate series of heaves and lunges as she struggled to free herself before her captors imprisoned her behind whatever door the lock secured.

Cool, strong hands pressed down on her shoulders and thighs holding her with contemptuous ease and she shuddered in misery, realizing that she hadn't a hope of escaping. The trolley glided forward, its wheels hissing across a smooth, flat surface, and Gemma knew that she was inside a building. What building it might be, or where it was, she had not the slightest idea and she panted

rapidly, a prey to her fears as she was propelled deeper into Roxwell's domain.

The trolley stopped, but then to her disbelief began to descend. She must be in a lift. Going down and down, deep beneath the earth. By the time the descent came to an end, Gemma was in a state of complete and abject terror. If she was underground, she'd never be able to escape from whatever this place was. Confused and disorientated, she whimpered in despair as she was wheeled onwards, but at last her journey ended and she was lifted from the trolley then set on her bottom on a coarsely-carpeted floor.

Her blindfold was removed and she stared up at the four people standing over her; Roxwell and her three handlers.

"Welcome to your slave quarters, Gemma." Roxwell beamed. "This is where you will spend some of your time while you are undergoing training." He turned to the three silent handlers, "Untie her ankles and release her elbows, but leave her wrists."

The handlers did as he ordered then stood back, watching impassively as Gemma winced and groaned while the blood returned to her numbed arms and legs.

"There." Roxwell grinned. "That's better, isn't it? Good. Now, listen carefully and I'll explain what's going to happen to you."

Gemma was in no mood to listen and scrambled to her feet, her eyes wild as she sought for some way to escape the predicament she was in. The door behind Roxwell was wide open and, never giving a thought to the consequences of her action, Gemma made a dash for it.

She didn't even get close, the handlers anticipated just such an attempt, leapt forward, grabbing her before she'd even covered six feet. Dragged back to Roxwell and forced to her knees before him, Gemma wept in bitter frustration as he shook his head sadly.

"Oh dear, oh dear," he chided. "I see we are going to have to do this the hard way. What a pity, Gemma. I had

hoped you were going to be sensible and accept your side of the deal, but I fear you are not. Very well then. You will have to be taught that I take a very dim view of disobedience and people who try to welsh on a bargain. Strap her to the pole, leave her for two hours, then arouse her breasts. Call me when you have done so. I'll be in my study."

He turned on his heel and strode from the room, leaving Gemma alone with her three silent handlers, her eyes bulging with shock and disbelief as she tried in vain to comprehend the dreadful meaning of his words. A meaning which soon became all too clear, as still on her knees and held that way by the tight grip of the male handler on her shoulders, Gemma saw the other two open a large cupboard built into the wall of her cell and select a number of broad leather straps similar to those she already wore.

Ninety minutes later, Gemma stared down in appalled fascination at her own bare, mercilessly-tensioned breasts, tightly bound, crossed ankles and exposed sex and thighs; all waiting helplessly for the unavoidable touch of her captors. There was little else she could do, for a strap encircling her head and stretched tightly from her forehead to her bound ankles kept her face lowered and gave her no choice but to look at her own invitingly-posed, extreme vulnerability.

Behind her erect back, five sets of heavy leather straps welded her arms immovably to the solid wooden post and a broad collar around her neck and the post prevented her from even looking away from the devastating sight of her helplessness. At her breasts, straps above and below accentuated the pale orbs, thrusting them forward and up and Gemma gulped miserably as she imagined how easily her tender nipples could be caressed.

To complete her immobility the handlers had used yet more straps at her belly and hips and Gemma was horribly aware that she was utterly defenseless and quite unable to

move, let alone protect herself against anything that her captors might choose to do.

She couldn't even scream, for her handlers had replaced her gag with another, far worse. From nose to jaw, her face was invisible beneath a wide, heavy, gleaming black gag-strap, from which rose two, thinner straps passing on each side of her nose and over the crown of her head to draw the gag-strap snugly onto her cheeks and pulling the attached massive cylinder of hard leather deep into her mouth and between her parted teeth. Speech was quite out of the question. Even whimpering was well-nigh impossible.

In the few seconds it had taken them to remove then replace her old gag with the new, Gemma had offered them everything she possessed if they would only let her go. Money, her car, her jewellery, anything. In desperation, she had even offered the male handler her body, feeling her face flush a bright scarlet as she did so. But not even that had worked and Gemma shivered with embarrassment as she remembered the appraising, almost calculating way he had looked at her. As if she was being weighed up or assessed, almost like some sort of weird job interview. She hadn't understood it then and she still didn't, but, either way, he had chosen not to accept her offer and the huge, horrible new gag had been thrust into her mouth, after which, she could no longer offer herself, even if she had wanted to.

Bound inescapably to her post, Gemma had no option but to wait. Wait and wonder, growing more and more frightened as she imagined all the things that could, so very easily, be done to her. Roxwell had already made her climax once, in the van, but she had been far less helpless, far less vulnerable on that occasion.

For what felt like the thousandth time, Gemma exerted every atom of her strength against the leather which held her so helpless...and for the thousandth time failed to win even the slightest relaxation of her stringent bondage. Big,

hot tears of misery and despair rolled down her bulging cheeks and soaked into the gag squeezing her face as she was forced to accept that she had no hope of escape and her brain quailed as she tried to come to terms with what had happened to her.

It didn't seem possible, but there was no disputing the fact of her captivity, or the fact that she was entirely at the mercy of Roxwell and his three silent assistants. How could Mike have agreed to such a deal? For years, Gemma and he had fought to make a success of their business, sharing each setback and triumph, celebrating the good times and commiserating over the bad, working together as a team and giving everything to make the business work ... until now.

She felt her face flush with a mixture of shame and growing anger as she remembered Mike's fingers and lips on her body and her own willing cooperation and responses as they made love together. She had always known that Mike was ruthless in business, but could never have imagined that his determination to succeed would lead him to make a deal in which she would become simply a bargaining counter. A business asset, to be negotiated away in return for financial advantage. Gemma gulped, her tightly-bound nudity quivering as she stared wildly at her defenseless breasts and sex. Mike had sold her ... delivered her as a naked, gagged, gift-wrapped captive into the hands of Roxwell. To belong to him ... to be owned by him for a whole year. Owned and used, as he had already demonstrated, in any way he chose.

Despite the horror of her situation, Gemma could not entirely crush a niggling curiosity as to what Roxwell might have in mind. He had told her she was to become a bondage-slave, but what could that mean? She couldn't be kept tied up for a whole year, surely? Roxwell would have to let her go sometime and if she was free, how could he keep her against her will? Perhaps he imagined that she

would agree to his ridiculous deal with Mike. If so, he was sadly mistaken. The moment she got free, she was going to the Police. Kidnapping, false imprisonment, assault ... oh yes, Mike and Roxwell would both go to jail and Gemma would be there to see them taken away. To see it and enjoy it. That would teach them both that they couldn't mess with her and get away with it.

For a few minutes, buoyed-up by the pleasant prospect of imagining the two conspirators getting their come-uppance, Gemma's spirits rose, then sank back to rock-bottom as the reality of her situation intruded into her day-dream. Those things might happen when she got free, but she most certainly wasn't free yet, and while she remained hopelessly bound, her hopes and dreams were just so much pie-in-the-sky.

Her body was stiff, every joint and muscle aching and Gemma wondered how long it had been since she was left alone. It couldn't be much longer before the three handlers returned and she felt a deeply unwanted and unexpected warmth percolate into her belly as she remembered that they had instructions to arouse her breasts. She couldn't really believe that they could, couldn't really believe that she was a genuine captive ... but if she was and they did...

To her intense shame, Gemma felt her tawny nipples quiver and twitch and her eyes bulged as she saw the twin buds begin to stiffen and grow hard as she visualized knowing female fingers toying with her. Bound as she was, she couldn't possibly evade their touch or cover herself and would have no choice but to endure whatever they did to her. Not to mention what the third handler, the man, might do. Or Roxwell, when they had aroused her and sent for him to see the results of her arousal.

Gemma's slim muscles corded beneath her skin as she strained against her bonds and her belly churned with a mix of fear and shameful arousal as she anticipated the return of her captors and a repeat of the irresistible

stimulation which had lead to her helpless submission to Roxwell in the van on her way to this place. A submission she had been forced to give once and which she had an awful, growing conviction that she would be made to give again. And again, and again.

Struggling in her bondage, Gemma froze as the door to her cell swung open and footsteps approached. Held by the strap from her head to her ankles, she could not look up and trembled wildly as three sets of legs came into her field of view; two female and one male, her handlers. Gemma panted for breath, knowing that her displayed body lay open to any torment they chose to inflict upon her.

The breath exploded from her lungs as, without giving her a moment's notice to prepare, two palms cupped her out thrust breasts and two sets of fingers captured her already-hard nipples, rubbing, squeezing and twirling the prominent buds and sending unbearable jolts of tremendous stimulation racing through her immobilized body.

Gemma screamed shrilly into her huge gag, devastated by the merciless assault, but was powerless to control the instant and automatic responses forced from her as she was sent spinning into a frenzy of desperate need. Her nipples sprang erect, throbbing and quivering as the hands caressed her flesh and she whimpered and moaned as she learned that her handlers were frighteningly skilled in extracting the maximum degree of fervid, burning lust from any captive unfortunate enough to fall into their clutches.

The leather straps of her bondage impressed their marks in her soft, resilient flesh as, again and again; Gemma shuddered and strained in maddened arousal to the ruthless demands of her handlers, squealing for mercy, for just a moment's respite from the inferno of lust consuming her.

Dimly, through her haze of enforced passion, Gemma was vaguely aware of three different sets of hands fondling

her engorged and throbbing breasts, but was far too distraught and out of control to fully realize, let alone care, that she was being tormented by both the man and the two women.

Drowning in the whirlpool of sexual excitement created in her by the knowing fingers of her handlers, Gemma surrendered to the storm of arousal sweeping over her, her brain giving up the futile attempt to retain some form of control over her body and leaving her entirely at the mercy of the physical sensations overwhelming her as she shuddered in the iron grip of needs and lusts, the like of which she had never known before. Had never even known could exist.

Lost in the depths of her desire, squealing in terrible ecstasy to every calculated touch of her handlers, Gemma was not even aware that one of them had left the room. It was only when the strap holding her bent head was released and her head was forced back to make her look up that Gemma, moaning and juddering in the throes of her need, realized with a stab of pure unalloyed horror, that Roxwell was standing before her, his eyes gleaming with triumph as he surveyed her naked, sweat-streaked, helplessly-responding body. Before she could even begin to recover from the terrible shock, Roxwell bent down and his long, bony fingers sank into the gaping, wetly-lubricated channel of her sex.

Gemma could not hold back for even a second, her churning belly exploding in white-hot pulses of love-juices as his casual pillaging of her most intimate and secret recesses, hurled her headlong into a tremendous orgasm. Her internal muscles seized his invading fingers in a vice-like grip, contracting and pulling him ever deeper into her belly as she surrendered to the incandescent fury of the climax forced on her, her fear and hatred of him and what he was doing to her, overwhelmed in the sheer power of her release. With his fingers still buried deep in her

spasming belly, Roxwell stared coldly into Gemma's terrified, uncomprehending eyes.

"Your first real climax as my slave-girl, Gemma," he whispered softly. "Your first submission to a Master ... the first of many you will give as you are trained and learn what it is to serve, really serve, as a slave in the power of Masters who know the extent of submission which may be forced from you."

Gemma could not tear her eyes away from his almost hypnotic gaze and felt her body trembling with fear and horror as the millionaire nodded gently.

"Oh yes, my dear," he went on, "that's right. You will be trained to serve and obey as a slave and you will submit ... completely and with no reservations. You will serve me and you will serve many other Masters and Mistresses during the next year, my dear, and you had best serve them and me well, slave. As Owners and Masters, we do not take kindly to slaves who disobey or are not pleasing. We have many ways of expressing our displeasure ... ways which are both uncomfortable and painful, as you will no doubt learn."

Fighting desperately to control the panic threatening to overwhelm her completely, Gemma's brown eyes betrayed the horror she felt as Roxwell explained the fate awaiting her and she learned that she was to be not only at the mercy of him and his three assistants, but was to become the helpless, unwilling victim of other, as yet unknown Masters. Roxwell straightened, his eyes glittering as he gave orders to Gemma's three handlers.

"You have almost a week until the next meeting. Begin her basic training, but be sure you do not break her spirit and impose only light discipline on her. I want her unmarked, so you will have to limit punishment for the time being."

The three handlers inclined their heads gravely and Gemma shuddered in terrible anxiety, her mind whirling as