

Escape From Buggery

Bradley Stoke



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I

Sharon and Tracey were two very close friends. They danced to the same music. They liked the same kinds of films. They both bleached their hair and dyed it the same outrageous blonde shades. They even dressed much the same: very tight short skirts; tee-shirts or tank-tops that clung tightly to their chests; and teetering stilettos that threatened to throw them off balance. And neither of them ever ever wore knickers.

They weren't the two prettiest girls you could ever have hoped to meet, but they may well have been the randiest. Every Friday and Saturday Night (and other nights besides) was a night to score. And if they didn't score much more than once, they were terribly disappointed.

What were the girls' attractions to the boys who came inside them perhaps once or maybe twice in their acquaintance? Well, they weren't fat. In fact, they might be considered skinny. This might have been because of the exercise the girls got. Or the cigarettes they always smoked. Or because they were always on one diet or another. Certainly all the sperm they swallowed can't have been that fattening. Their skin wasn't tanned at all: it was very pale. Nearly white. But of course they didn't necessarily wait until they were out in the sun till they took their clothes off. And when they did, it would be mostly in the heat of the action. Their breasts weren't especially large either. Sharon's were the largest: shaped like apples with rosy pink nipples. Tracey's were more pointed and she probably had almost as much nipple as breast to support them.

However the girls were pretty much always available. They didn't cost you anything, though you would probably worry about what illnesses you'd picked up (not

that that ever bothered the girls!)

The best fun Sharon could imagine was having two pricks up her - one in her cunt and the other up her arse - and another prick in her mouth. She loved the taste and sensation of a throbbing warm sperm-secreting prick as she took it from the tip of her lips and eased it towards the back of her throat. The extra sensation in the other two orifices just added to the pleasure.

Tracey preferred just one man after another. That way, she would say, you get through more men in an evening. And they didn't get worn out so soon.

In whatever way, they got their hearts' desires most weekends. They didn't care if it was early in the evening or late. Whether it was in the night club, at the back of the bar, on a bed or amongst the rubbish down an alley-way. A good fuck was always welcome, and if you were too fussed about where you had it, well, then who knows what fun you might have missed.

They found out about the existence of **Sex Holidays in the Sun** in Buggery during an evening back at the home of a married man who'd just picked the pair of them up. Buggery, as they were to find out, was a small country squeezed between the two republics of Sodom and Gomorrah. Their host was just getting into action. His trousers and underpants were thrown off and lying somewhere near the scattered parts of a motorcycle. His prick was fully erect and straining in anticipation of fucking Tracey, who'd volunteered to go first. Sharon was still shagged out after her earlier fuck against the toilet cubicle door at the night club they'd just been to. She still had traces of urine streaks down her legs from when her drunk lover had somehow confused the activities of pissing and fucking. Tracey had eagerly tugged up her tight boob tube and the folds of her cunt throbbed with the same eagerness as the

veins of her host's penis. She wedged her arse on the seat of the ragged armchair and curled her legs on either side of the armrests.

The room was in a fairly dingy state. The rugs were worn, the ceiling was yellow with cigarette stains, and the television supported a weight of magazines and ash trays. Not even the dusty film posters on the wall and the clutter of cheap china ornaments on the cupboards added any real relief to the drabness of the place. There was no evidence that the place had been vacuum cleaned or dusted for at least a year. Not that either Sharon or Tracey would have thought it at all unusual. They didn't bother cleaning up their own flat much more often than that themselves.

"Daddy! Daddy!" cried a little girl in a stained night-gown clutching a threadbare teddy bear. She was standing by the living room door rubbing her eyes with the back of her fist. "Where's Mummy?"

"How the fuck should I know!" her father replied angrily, his penis still sticking out and twitching with desire. "Probably out fucking drunk again."

"I can't get to sleep!" moaned the girl. "Take me to bed, Daddy!"

"What the fuck! What do you fucking take me for?" shouted her father. Then remembering the two girls and perhaps wanting to retain some semblance of gallantry, he said: "OK! OK! Let's go upstairs!" He wandered over to his daughter with his erection slowly drooping away. "I'll be back in a second, girls."

"What the fuck!" echoed Tracey. "My twat's as itchy as pepper!" She lifted herself up on the armchair and pulled her boob tube back down over her crotch. She gazed around the room in boredom and frustration and noticed that Sharon was reading a tabloid. "Oi! Sharon! What's with you! You got all fucking literate or something?"

Sharon looked up. “Ever heard of Buggery?” she asked.

“Fucking hell, Sharon! What are arses for, ’cept for shitting and fucking?”

“No, you pillock! The country called Buggery. This article here’s all about it. There’s great holidays you can have there. Sex holidays. Loads of hunky men all ready and waiting. It’s true! It’s like a fucking fuckathon. And look at the fucking price. It’s cheap! It’s fucking cheap!”

“There must be a catch...”

“It says here that there’s cock every-fucking-where! And it’s always gagging!”

“Yeah! But there’s cock here! What do we need to go to fucking Buggery for?”

“Yeh, right! But look at the cock on the hunks in these pictures in here. Just fucking look at them! You don’t get that at the Kaleidoscope on a Saturday night!”

Tracey lifted herself out of her seat and leaned over Sharon’s shoulder to look at the article. It featured pictures of fairly ordinary girls like themselves in the company of some lush naked men with great looking cock. And there were some average looking blokes with the kind of women you didn’t normally see except in calendars.

“Yeah! You’re right! It looks fucking great!”

“Well, Tray. What d’you think? Sounds like a fucking laugh!”

“Yeah, Shar. Fucking great!” Tracey smiled. She looked up as their host returned with a limp dick and a cheesy grin. “Well, here’s lover boy back!”

The subject of Buggery frequently returned to their conversations in the following days, and the girls soon found themselves planning a holiday there in earnest. Their jobs were winding up at the call centre, and they felt like a good break

before looking for the next ones. They took some glossy brochures out from the travel centre, and with the aid of the travel centre staff, they started examining all the options.

Buggery was advertised in the many different brochures as variously ‘Sperm in the Sun’, ‘Cunts in the Country’ and ‘Specialist Tastes Catered For’. The brochures featured tasteful pictures of hotels, beaches and fucking. Some of the fucking was fairly standard. Some wasn’t even fucking at all: masturbation, fellatio and voyeurism featured highly. The brochures made great play of the variety of sexual pleasure widely available (particularly homosexual) and the constant reminders that under-age sex was strictly illegal only made it seem that much more prevalent.

The holidays *did* seem really cheap, although there didn’t seem to be much that would be free when they got there. The enormous hotels were equipped with swimming pools, night clubs and bars. And the brochures had hardly a picture which didn’t feature a naked man or woman: and the men! Tracey felt hot just looking at the pictures. “I want *that* cock in me!” she announced, pointing at the attributes of one smooth chested man daintily carrying a drinks tray, and wearing a welcoming grin and nothing else.

‘Don’t bother to bring any underwear’, said the blurb for the **18 to 30 Centimetres Holiday** that Sharon and Tracey opted for. This was in Buggery’s most developed resort. Night Clubs, Sex Bars, Hard Core Porn Theatre and Cinemas on every street. A glorious sun-drenched sandy beach. Sexual Couriers and Sex Guides promised. The name of the resort was Throb. This sounded very promising.

The girls’ normal fucks in the car parks, toilets and broom cupboards just lost their lustre. They became humdrum and routine, if not even dull and characterless. As

also did the men who did the fucking. They just couldn't compare with what Buggery promised. And the homes they normally visited, whose fag-end, beer-stained floors Sharon stared at between her fore-arms while being fucked from behind, were just no comparison to the swanky classy hotels of Buggery. Instead of the grime and mess with which the girls were mostly acquainted, they offered twin double beds, balconies facing the sea, and the promise of constant sex. All this with the bonus of style, grace and massive pricks. Tracey grew increasingly sick of the sight of stubbled chins, beer-guts and drunken boorishness. She wanted to be fucked like a lady. And Sharon didn't care if she'd never got the imprint of a damp brick wall on her arse again.

There wasn't that much severance pay, and the girls hadn't saved that much. Night clubs and booze didn't come that cheap. But they had credit cards and from the sums they did it all seemed affordable at a pinch. The girls didn't bother packing any underwear. Well, they wouldn't have done so anyway. It was tempting not to bother bringing any clothes at all, because no one in the brochure pictures ever wore very many of them. But, of course, they needed clothes just to get to the Airport.

Which was where they joined other people on the morning of their departure. Sharon was feeling slightly sick from lost sleep and the booze from their last celebratory night out. Tracey had already puked up noisily and messily before leaving home. Most of the other holiday-makers were men and women somewhat older than them and seemed generally rather less wasted; but in their current state, Sharon or Tracey were really not bothered what their companions were like. Many of the men were quite clearly gay, which would normally have bothered them. No opportunities for them there. And some of the women were just as clearly lesbian, which although both Sharon and Tracey were occasionally game, (even, on particularly bad nights,

with each other), this wasn't really what they were after. It was the local talent that they were after; or at least that which was like what the brochures promised.

There were two Couriers: a very young girl and a hunk who the girls were most keen on. He was much more like what they were looking for. Both Couriers were from Buggery and seemed quite game for anything. Big John, the male Courier, flirted with almost all the women and many of the men. Tracey and Sharon took every opportunity to get close to him and revel in his sexual aura.

The other Courier wore a very short skirt from which her buttocks were perpetually just about to pop out as she moved. Her breasts probably would have done much the same if she'd been better endowed in that department, but she didn't have very much on top (or nothing to speak of). She wore ineptly applied make-up and her hair was tied in a curiously childish pair of plaits with bright yellow ribbons tied to each. She was very friendly with many of the men and some of the women. One apparently wealthy woman in her forties indulged in tongue-to-tongue kissing with the girl for what seemed like ages.

In fact, most of the girls' fellow travellers seemed to be wealthier than either Sharon or Tracey. They hung around aimlessly in the international lounge feeling out of place amongst the expensive shops and restaurants. They tottered on their white stilettos, flicking ash from their ciggies and stroking down their skin-tight skirts as they rode up their thighs. They knew they had to kill some time, so they headed for one of the many cafés spread about the concourse. They were not even too sure what all the types of coffee on sale might be. They plumped for something that turned out to look like oil dripping out from under a car and tasted like shit.

When the two girls got on the plane, just from the appearances of the airline

hostesses, they knew they were on a very different type of holiday. In fact, half the airline hostesses were men, but neither gender dressed much differently from each other. All the men wore was a little ribbon in the design of the Buggery National Flag (a very boring tricolour) tied to their penises. The women, who were similarly naked, had their pubic hairs cut into the shape of the official national emblem of Buggery: which was a fairly undistinguished leaf, probably ivy or oak. They did wear make-up however, not just on their face but on key parts of their anatomy. The nipples were made more aureate by the use of lipstick, and the vulvas seemed unnaturally red.

The couriers continued to be very attentive to their guests on the flight. They both took their clothes off in a very public gesture which involved them actually physically tearing them to pieces. They then made love which each other in a very frenzied way. Big John's penis was quite unnaturally large and it had difficulty entering little Pussy's cunt, but he persevered and made a lot of noise while doing so. At the climax, Big John withdrew his penis and showed everyone all the semen shooting out in a quite beautiful arch. At this stage, one of the male hostesses came along and licked the remaining stains off his still twitching prick. Another hostess cleaned off the traces of come off Pussy's face and breasts. She was a woman with very large breasts who had earlier rubbed them in the face of several passengers on their request,.

After this entertainment, Big John announced that a film would be shown. The lights went off and a very explicit sex film was shown. The story concerned a young boy who seemed to always succeed in getting raped whatever he did or wherever he was. He started off going to school in school clothes, but first his mother and then his father seduced him and he was persuaded to have sex with both of them. Then on the

way to school, a girl who seemed younger than him (possibly younger than Pussy) started talking with him. This led to full explicit sex, involving things that surely such young people wouldn't know about. Even if they were as the credits declared well over legal age. This sexual encounter was joined in by a passing policeman. The film continued through more scenes of either rape and seduction at school and elsewhere, and finally ended with quite a long orgy sequence where most of the characters reappeared (from where and why it was never explained) and indulged in as explicit action as was physically possible.

After the on-flight entertainment was over, Sharon and Tracey could only congratulate themselves for their choice of holiday and steel themselves for the pleasures to come.

II

When the tour arrived at the King Richard the Sixteenth Airport at Throb, they were carefully segregated from any local passengers who were arriving. They saw very little of the Airport, in fact, but felt cheated by having to pay Entry Taxes they hadn't anticipated. They were then bundled with all the other tourists onto a coach which drove them from the Airport to their hotel, the Second Honeymoon. On the journey they could see through the coach windows what Throb had to offer. This was a tempting array of long sandy beaches, towering marble hotels, ornamental parks and billboard advertisements for night clubs and cinemas. The people they glimpsed had also, like the girls, left their underwear behind. And almost everything else from what they could tell. It would have been difficult to determine who was a tourist and who was a resident in most cases, except that the tourists had the tell-tale sign of white patches of skin which hadn't got properly sun-tanned yet.

The Second Honeymoon was a grand institution in marble which slightly intimidated a couple of girls like Sharon and Tracey who weren't at all used to luxury. Or anything really approximating to it. Without exception though, the staff there were naked except for little paper hats pinned to the women's hair and little tricolour ribbons tied to the men's penises. They were met by a young female receptionist who had very tanned skin and little rings pierced through her pert little nipples. She asked them if they wanted two double beds or an extra large double bed - "for foursomes". Being essentially conventional girls, Sharon and Tracey opted for two double beds.

"All the staff are at your disposal, including myself," smiled the receptionist, "and we all swing both ways."

“Thank you” assured Sharon who wasn’t sure she wanted to take up the offer, but was very attracted to the cute little bum of the porter who carried their bags to their room.

“Let’s try him out”, suggested Tracey as they walked behind him.

When the porter had put their bags on the shelf, Tracey offered him a tip. “No thank you”, he said. “We’re not allowed to accept gratuities. On the other hand,” he smiled, “if you want sex I am fully at your disposal.”

“Well, of course!” giggled Tracey. “But what about Sharon?”

“Oh, I can manage the two of you, but you can always call room-service if you think you need more.”

This was the girls’ introduction to free sex on demand in Throb. An introduction they accepted with no extra prompting. They had never had such a virile and obliging sex partner in all their previous life. His prick was rock hard and stayed that way for almost all the love-making, taking both of them in turn and together, both front and back, only releasing his semen when both of them were fully satisfied. Sharon couldn’t believe her luck as it penetrated her cunt while she lay back on the vast bed which she also could hardly believe was to be hers on their stay there. A sickly grin filled her face and wouldn’t leave. Tracey took his balls into her mouth as he thrust energetically if mechanically back and forth into her friend. Fuck! They were hard. Like fucking billiard balls. How come she’d never licked balls like that before. There was no way she could allow her friend to have all the fun, so on the first opportunity, she positioned herself so that the porter could easily slide his prick out of Sharon’s cunt and transfer it to her own. Wow! It felt good. It was only one prick but it filled her like it was two. So this is what fucking’s really about! All the rest of her

life had just been preparing her for that moment. And what a body! Those muscles, the lines of tension on his chest, and, above all, the cock. It was big and long and throbbed with warmth and potency.

As they lay on the beds afterwards, pale viscous liquid trickling from their sore cunts and smiles which betrayed they still couldn't really believe their luck, he discreetly discharged a final and still monstrous globule of semen that was distributed evenly on their sweaty white skin and glistened in the brilliant sharp sunlight that flooded into the bedroom; followed by two or three relatively smaller spurts. He then carefully replaced his blue ribbon on his prick, stood up with a polite smile and left the girls exhausted on the bed. Their hangovers were now thoroughly forgotten and the only pain they now felt was as a result of their vigorous fucking.

Although it was far more luxuriously appointed than any room they had previously slept in, their bedroom was still not quite as perfect as the brochure suggested. It faced onto a building site where the girls could see some work-men at work, wearing only hard hats and boots, and of course the ubiquitous ribbon on their pricks. The bedroom balcony looked down from several stories onto a wide road along which there were many restaurants, a night club and a small supermarket.

"It looks like we can buy all the fucking groceries we want," commented Sharon, "And I fancy the look of those hats. They look fucking top."

However, it was sex, not groceries, for which the two friends had come so far on holiday. And sex was clearly readily on demand. As the literature left by the side of the wide screen TV made clear, if they wanted it, all they had to do was ask. And since the most attractive people they saw always turned out to be citizens of Throb under instructions to be constantly obliging there would never be a problem in

deciding who it was they fancied. There was no doubt in the girls' minds that this was a holiday where they would be well and truly fucked.

After unpacking their few belongings, they ventured out into the hotel foyer to see what Throb had to offer them. Quite a few guests were already congregated around the hotel atrium and the swimming pool who made the girls seem positively overdressed in their bikinis and sandals. Most of their fellow guests had taken a tip from the natives and had chosen to wear no clothes at all. In fact, the hotel was one mass of naked flesh, some well-tanned and some, like Sharon and Tracey, a kind of unhealthy pale colour. However, this was a shortcoming they fully intended to correct.

Although normally brazen and unabashed at home, the class difference between themselves and the other guests made the girls feel awkward and uncomfortable. The few other guests they tried talking to were clearly not that enthusiastic about talking to them. Indeed, it was almost too obvious that were taking every opportunity to avoid conversation, or to keep what they felt obliged to acknowledge as short, polite and inconclusive as they could. However, there was one woman, somewhat older than themselves, and consequently with a rather more heavy frame, who was much more friendly.

"I'm Lil," she told them with an accent that betrayed her working class origins. "I'm here with my hubby. He's off fucking somewhere, and I'm off to do the same. You wanna join me?"

"Fucking A!" Sharon agreed. "A fuck's just what's needed."

Although Lil might have been born working class, she was clearly not poor. Although totally naked, she was nicely tanned, her pubic hair was neatly shaved off, and the prominent nipples of her heavy round breasts were discreetly pierced with

gold rings. There was also a prominent gold ring through the lips of her labia. She sported an armful of silver bangles, prominent rings on several of her pudgy fingers and her nails were manicured and professionally painted.

“We come here every year, my hubby and me. It’s the best fucking fun in the whole fucking world. Buggery’s got everything. And the fucking. It does my fucking head in, and my cunt feels like a fucking motorway it’s been driven so fucking hard.”

The three girls went out together into the eponymously vibrant atmosphere of the streets of Throb. There were very many other tourists: many undressed and most of the others in various states of partial dress. Along the streets and avenues, there were clubs, bars, restaurants and other hotels, where they could see naked men and women advertising their sexual delights. Lil escorted the girls down some narrow roads, past windows where residents sat proffering their naked genitals for show, up some steps, past a small park and to a large club surrounded by palm trees and above which flickered an enormous blue neon sign . They walked boldly through the door, past naked doormen with perpetually erect penises. Sharon was pleased to see they didn’t have to endure the unsubtle interrogation they would have expected from plush clubs like that back at home. And inside to an enormous dance hall, illuminated by bright strobing lights, and where there were countless floor shows.

These were not the tame strip tease floor shows the girls were accustomed to at home, although there were the poles and bars which were the normal accoutrements of such places. There were men fucking men. Women with dildos fucking women. Men fucking women. And suitably adorned women fucking men. There was penetration from behind and in front. And even areas where the participants were peeing and shitting on each other. Sharon and Tracey were spellbound.

Tourists were also joining in the fun. Fat women, skinny old ones with drooping breasts, men with sagging guts and equally flaccid pricks, bald men and scraggy women were also fucking or being fucked. And even being peed and shat on.

Lil took no time waiting before she joined in the action. Within minutes, a prick was up her arse and another was in her mouth. Sharon and Tracey were more shy. Usually there was a little bit more to do before their evenings culminated in that kind of action. They sat together at the bar nursing their cold beers watching with fascination, disgust and a warm sexual appetite.

“Hey, girls,” said a young naked man whose erect penis had a red ribbon tied across the middle its length. “Do you want some fun?”

“Do we look like we don’t?” asked Tracey. “Give us your cock, you darling.”

“And I want your little friend !” exclaimed Sharon, taking the also erect and pleasantly warm prick of a young boy to the side of him who could hardly have been more than fifteen years old. And all about them throbbed and thundered the sound of loud electronic dance music accompanied by the flashing swooping lights which somehow seemed to keep to the exact same rhythm.

The girls were guided, arm in arm with the two men, to a darkened room on the floor of which was an immense futon-like mattress. And, then, with little ceremony they were horizontal in the midst of it, surrounded by not only its luxurious softness but also the grunts and groans of other tourists who were also having sex. It was now that they realised that the porter whose company they’d only enjoyed a few hours earlier was really not exceptional in any way. Their two lovers were at least as expert and just as completely lush. Sharon grinned face to face to her friend: only hers was upside down and she could see straight into Tracey’s nostrils. The men pushed

and thrust and pummelled at the girls' cunts and then their arses, and the girls could only grin (and occasionally grimace). This was sex! This was what sex was all about!

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” shouted Tracey as her lover continued fucking, not lessening the power of his thrusts. She let forth a more inarticulate yell, sure that the entire night club could hear her and was sharing in her joy and ecstasy. This was highly unlikely, however, as the grinding trance music thundered and rumbled at a volume many times louder than she could ever yell. And if it were that anyone had heard her, they would have assumed it was a sampled extract cross-faded into the music by the energetic and shadowy disc jockey high above the dance floor.

And from then on, the two girls enjoyed an almost perpetual orgy of sex with the constantly tumescent men around them. Not just the other men at the night club who they later joined on the mattress, but later that day and on the days following. There was the waiter at the pizzeria, the coast-guards on the beach and a trio of attractive men they met in a bar. They soon got used to being fucked wherever and whenever an opportunity came along. And it wasn't just them who took advantage of this cornucopia of copulation. Indeed, a frequent sight the girls got accustomed to was seeing couples and groups of people fucking all over the place.

Sometimes it was an older man shoving his prick up the backside of a small boy. Sometimes it would be a group of men bugging each other. Sometimes it would be an older woman with her tongue firmly inside the mouth of a younger woman. Sometimes they would see a man beating girls in the street with a stick, whilst an assistant held a further choice of sticks like a caddie carrying golf clubs. Was there no variety of perversion or predilection not available in Throb?

However, it did seem a little strange that all these encounters featured a tourist

and never did you see citizens of Throb indulging amongst themselves, except for the entertainment of the tourists.

Sharon and Tracey became frequent visitors of many Night Clubs, not just the one Lil took them to, but to many others. Their inhibitions dropped sufficiently for it not to seem at all surprising for Sharon to be kissing a woman while Tracey wiggled her fingers inside Sharon's cunt whilst sucking the prick of a young boy they'd just met. When they weren't having sex, they would be drinking or dancing, but even there sex seemed not too far away.

The dance floors were scattered with couples and groups people fucking on the ground while others, mostly residents from Throb, would dance around them and hardly be drinking at all.

"How come the men's dicks are always erect?" Sharon asked another friend the two girls had met.

This was Pru, a skinny woman in her forties who kept her breasts covered although she always displayed the worn brown hairs of her cunt. She also always wore her turtle-shell glasses and kept her greying hair tied back in a bun. "I know the answer to that," she said with a sad voice.

"Why's that?" wondered Tracey.

Pru simpered and stroked the coarse hairs of her vagina. She wasn't the sort of woman Sharon and Tracey would have got to have known back home. She seemed quite posh to them, and the girls suspected that the reason she came here for her holidays was that back home it would have been really quite difficult for her to get the sex she quite obviously craved.

"I was talking to this boy one evening," she explained. "He was a sweet lad.

Really quite innocent, despite all the sex he'd had. We'd had sex in my room, and afterwards we got talking. You know how most of the time the people here don't talk about much at all. Just the weather, and nonsense about how wonderful we are. And that's when they can be persuaded to say anything. But I like a bit of a talk you know. I don't get a chance to talk to such good-looking chaps back home, so I like to talk whenever I can. I like the sex but I also like a talk."

"Well, yeah!" said Sharon, getting bored. "But what about their stiffies? What makes them so fucking horny all the time?"

"It's drugs, I'm afraid. They take these drugs all the time to keep them sexually aroused. The women as well as the men. And they get training as well. There are many more applicants to work her, especially among the chaps, than there is anyone here. And judging by how many there are here, that's a jolly large number of chaps who want to be here. And do you know why they're so keen?"

"It's 'cos they want to fuck, ain't it!"

"Well, Tracey, it's not just that. It's that if they don't make the grade they're off to fight in the war. I don't know about the women, although there are as many of them as the chaps, but the chaps, it's because they don't want to die in the war."

"What war?" wondered Tracey, who got most of her news from watching television, and then only when by mistake she found herself watching a news broadcast.

"You must know. Buggery's been at war with Gomorrah since forever. Or at least when they're not at war with Sodom. It's a pretty vicious one by all accounts, though Western news crews don't get to film it. Anyway, even if by coming here they escape it for a while, that's where they all end up when they get too old or they can't

keep it up or they break the rules or whatever.”

“What rules?” wondered Sharon. “There don’t seem to be any fucking rules here. You can fuck who you like, how you like, where you want, when you want, all the fucking time.”

“There *are* rules. This lad told me all about them. There are rules about saying things to tourists. There are rules about falling ill: they don’t treat them if it’s bad, they just kick them out. There are rules about refusing tourists’ requests. Or for not being sufficiently eager in offering themselves. And there’s no question about turning down sex with someone of the same sex as them. They’ve just got to do it. Up the arse, during a period or when they’re feeling under the weather. It’s really quite organised here, despite the apparent freedom. And there’s another thing he told me...”

“Yeah,” said Tracey, who wasn’t really too keen on this conversation. She didn’t want her holiday spoilt by feeling sorry for people. She didn’t come all this way, just to feel sorry for the people of Buggery.

“The way they charge for all of it. None of it’s free. After each encounter, they have to keep a strict tally of what they’ve done, who with, where, etc. It all gets added up and put on your bill at the end. Nothing’s free here. It just gets charged at the end. The night clubs aren’t free. The alcohol’s not free. And the sex isn’t free either, except when tourists do it with each other. It all seems free because they never ask for money and they don’t expect you to carry any around with you. But they all seem to know who you are, where you come from, what your hotel room is, and everything. I don’t know how they do it, but they do.”

“Fuck! You mean they follow us wherever we go?”

“I don’t know if they follow us, Sharon. But nothing passes them by. And it’s

a pretty punishable crime if someone pretends that there was more sex than there was, or, for that matter, less. There must be some kind of surveillance system. God knows how it works! And it's not as if any of the people get anything for it. From what this lad told me, they sleep wherever they can. They don't have their own rooms or beds. That's one reason why they all want to sleep in our beds at night. And the food they eat's only as luxurious as we ever give them if we feel like it."

"Oh fuck!" Tracey exclaimed. "This is fucking gloomy! I don't want to think these people are suffering. I'm no fucking charity."

"Yeah!" agreed Sharon. "Let's change the subject..."

"Or better still," suggested Tracey. "Let's go to the pool. There's some real gorgeous hunks there I wouldn't mind creaming my cunt, I can tell you!"

In their hotel room, there was a wide choice of satellite sex channels but only one television station originating from Buggery. Although it wasn't explicitly advertised as pornography it might as well have been as it was more explicit in many ways than pornography at home. One feature of it that became fairly clear was that none of the presenters or fictional characters on Buggery Broadcasting Corporation Television wore any clothes at all. They were never older than their mid-thirties. Not only that, they shaved off all their bodily and pubic hair, wore very little jewelry and had very long hair if they were white women (or shaved heads if they were black or oriental). This was only strange insofar as the citizens of Throb didn't necessarily shave off their body or pubic hair and rather a lot of them had pierced nipples, vulvas, noses and ears.

The content of the television programs was also bizarre. None of the films or programs were advertised as containing explicit sex, but they almost all did. In the

children's programs, children would be shown how to perform fellatio and masturbation. In the interview programs, a remarkable amount of sex occurred between interviewer and interviewee. The advertisements all seemed to have a sexual content, although generally the advertisements were more public announcements for donating money to the government's war with Gomorrah and instructions for approved codes of conduct. Sometimes this was quite odd, where an advertisement quite clearly showing a man's prick up a seven year old child's bottom was used to emphasise that this was proscribed behaviour - like bestiality, genital abuse and sadism, which was similarly treated.

The news programs were also very bizarre. Sharon and Tracey couldn't easily compare their content as they didn't watch many news broadcasts at home, but it did concentrate rather a lot on the comings and goings of the King. He was almost always featured in very flattering shots and almost no film was shown of what was supposed to be happening, only the places where it was happening surrounded by large numbers of other people in the shaven nudity standard on the station. All other news, especially foreign news, took a much smaller role and was generally only accompanied by still photographs of the head and neck of the people involved. Or by a still photograph of where it was supposed to be happening. Very graphic details were given of the atrocities perpetrated by the Gomorrans in the war, and this was the only international news items where there were any moving pictures of anything other than the newscaster. The pictures featured the naked citizens of Buggery enduring graphic mutilation, and pictures of what purported to be Buggery soldiers (although they looked glamorous enough to be actors and actresses with guns) shooting fairly indiscriminately at their targets.

One children's program showed the curious standards of Buggery society. In this program, a boy was shown getting ready for school but being persuaded to have sex with his father before leaving. This apparently was not proscribed behaviour. After this, which didn't appear to be that enjoyable for the child, there was further humiliation when the child arrived at school late, was diagnosed as having had sex from the marks on his rear and was further punished by being caned. What moral there seemed to be to this tale was not at all clear, except that one had to accept arbitrary cruelty as an everyday fact of life.

How could the films in the Hard Core Cinemas possibly beat that? wondered the girls. They had a look at the billings to see what there might be, but the cinemas all seemed to specialise in specific perversions. There was one for bestiality, one for male homosexuality, one for female homosexuality, one for child sex, and so on. They all promised films interspersed by live acts. Sharon wondered what would be screened in the cinema specialising in bestiality but she didn't really want to find out.

The only times you saw people from Buggery having sex with each other were in the live acts at the Night Club and in the hotel bar. And there were literally no holes barred. The sex seemed to go on and on, occasionally interspersed by splendid, even artistic, flourishes of spurting semen. And then with little pause and remarkably prompt recovery, the participants were back at it again. Arses, mouths, vaginas penetrated vigorously and expertly. Positions taken which exceeded either girls' imagination and requiring rather more physical flexibility than either were capable of. A more impossibly energetic or athletic lot you could barely imagine!

III

To be able to afford their holiday in Buggery, both Sharon and Tracey had told several white lies about their financial wealth: lies that they hoped wouldn't catch up with them while they were on holiday. Perhaps the lies weren't that small, but the girls were somewhat naïve as to what they were likely to get away with. At first these lies didn't worry them while they were enjoying so much themselves in Throb.

Throb was an aptly named resort they found, as this was exactly what their cunts did all the time after each day. They soon got used to days of sex on the beach, in the night clubs, in the hotel and in the bar. They soon stopped wearing any clothes at all: carrying all they needed in shoulder bags. There was no theft in Throb, which was good as they often had to drop their bags wherever they happened to be. Total nudity began to seem a little too innocent for two such worldly girls, and so it wasn't long that like many other tourists and many of the residents of Throb they got their nipples pierced and rings put through them. It didn't stop there. They also had their vulvas pierced in several places. Soon little rings dangled from between their legs to go with the rings through their nipples, the bangles on their arms and the earrings. A pleasing jangle accompanied every step as they walked around. When they raised their arms, a cascade of bangles followed in chorus.

Every morning, they'd wake up with at least one man sharing their beds, ready for a quick fuck before breakfast. Then after that, some more sex as the day progressed, wherever and whenever it took their fancy. Their vaginas were constantly bruised, they always felt like they were exhausted, but the sex was so very good, they just couldn't turn down any chance for more.

One evening, they had two young boys in their bed who'd they'd picked up on the beach. "This is fucking paradise!" mused Sharon as a penis thrust in and out of both her arse and her cunt, while Tracey greedily gobbled on the two adjacent set of balls. "This can't be real! Sex wasn't supposed to be as good as this!" In fact, it never had been before. This was real fucking: intense, continuous, not a limp dick in sight. The men back home just had nothing to offer in comparison. They'd never be satisfied like this again.

The two boys were expert in sharing the attention of the two voracious friends. While one thumped away mercilessly at Sharon's arse, the other was simultaneously fucking Tracey's cunt. And then while the girls were in ecstasy, they'd somehow alter positions: the first boy taking Tracey's arse while the other transferred his attention to Sharon's cunt. And then as Tracey gulped in paroxysms of delight, the one took his prick out of Sharon and pushed it into Sharon's arse, giving her again that full feeling she so craved where inside her she could feel one prick sliding against the other: giving her dual stimulation on the skin dividing one orifice to another. She'd thought that now, after the fucking she'd got at least once every few hours, that by now the pleasure would be diminished. That in some way, she'd lose interest from familiarity. But, no, it was like a drug to her. The more she was fucked, the more she craved it. The soreness of her arse was lessened by the usage, but the desire for it certainly did not. Nor did it for Tracey, who took the opportunity to crawl over the mattress and apply her tongue to the two sets of rock-hard testicles bumping against each other as they pushed and pushed into Sharon. Before long, it was too much for her, as she greedily pulled one boy off her friend, and motioned his erect prick into her cunt. And somehow, like so many times and so many lovers before, the boys knew when they

had exhausted the girls and released streams of semen which spurted onto the girls' breasts and flowed onto their bellies.

"I hope we can do this forever!" remarked Tracey as they wandered down to the foyer, licking traces of semen from their lips. There they saw Lil dressed for the first time since they'd first met her. At first they didn't recognise her in her tight-fitting skirt and top, as up to then, they'd only seen her nude. She wasn't a nudist, as she'd told them many times, and they were keen to reassure her that they weren't either. It was just that clothes were such an unnecessary encumbrance in Throb.

Lil seemed quite upset. She was standing by herself holding an invoice in her hand. "Look at what the bastards have charged me!" she shrieked when the girls greeted her. "Every fucking drink, every fucking night club and every fucking fuck. All on the bill. Nothing's escaped them at all! How'd they know all this?"

She showed an itemised bill, which went on for several pages. It listed every drink she'd had, every night club she'd entered and every meal she'd eaten. In addition, it included an itemised account of every sexual encounter she'd had. So much for oral sex, so much for vaginal sex, a bit more for anal sex and a lot more for having someone to spend the night with her. Group sex and lesbian sex were charged at a further premium. Tracey gasped with shock as she glanced at the total and made a rough estimate at what it meant converted back to their home currency. Not only was it a large sum, far more than she'd ever expected, a little extra arithmetic (not something for which she had a native skill), told her that Sharon and she had actually been rather more active and indulgent than Lil (despite her boasts) and that their bill was likely to be several times larger.

"And it's not just what I've been doing, we'll get charged for. My hubby's

been enjoying himself. I don't know the details but from what he's told me we're gonna have the world's most fucking horrendous headache paying for all this. We might be well-off, but haulage don't make millions. I don't think we'll be able to afford another holiday here for a *lo-ong* while."

"Are you leaving now then?" asked Sharon.

"Yeah! We are. Another day here and we'd have to re-mortgage the house. I can't believe the bastards. Every fucking cock and every fucking cunt!. I'm surprised they didn't charge us by the weight of sperm. And there weren't no hint of this till we settled up. The fucking smile on that bastard girl's face." She nodded towards the demure but naked receptionist, who with a broad imperturbable smile was serving a bill to another white-faced couple. "I bet she enjoys stinging the fucking tourists! That's how this country makes it money, I reckon. They get us in with a promise of dawn-to-dusk sex (and then a bit more!) and nothing passes them by. Not a single fucking tiny insignificant orgasm. What fucking cheek!"

"What are you gonna do about it?" wondered Tracey with genuine interest.

"There's fuckall we can do. We'll just have to pay by credit card and hope the limit's big enough. Hey, here comes hubby!"

Her husband, a large man in a suit and tee-shirt wandered towards them carrying a small case and holding his bill in his hand. His stubbled face did not look well pleased. "Fucking cunt bastards!" he exclaimed, mirroring his wife's comments. "That orgy on Friday cost us nearly a month's income!"

Tracey and Sharon retreated to the beach, the only place they knew where they wouldn't be charged for going, and spread themselves out, naked as always except for the jewellery that adorned them . They stared towards the sea where the waves crashed

onto the shore and where several other tourists were fucking and being fucked on the fine-grained sand.

“What are you thinking about?” asked Sharon, knowing full well why Tracey was so untypically quiet.

“I don’t think we can afford the bill.”

“Yeah, but we got plastic. That’ll cover it, won’t it! What the fuck’s plastic for, anyway?”

“Yeah, we got plastic. But we also got, - whatchayoucallit? - credit card limits. That’s the most you can put on plastic. The absolute tops.”

“Yeah, well?”

“Yeah, well. It’s not gonna be enough. Not nearly fucking enough! Those cunts have got us. You saw what Lil’s paying. And you saw what she’s paying for. Not even half a dozen fucks a day.”

“She always said she’d done more than that.”

“Well. She’s old, ain’t she. She can’t do it as much as we can. And anyway, she ain’t had our practice. I always thought she were a bit light-weight. We’ve done two, three, four, I dunno, much more fucking than her.”

“She can’t take it, can she?”

“Yeah, but least she can pay for it. We can’t! We’re fucking screwed! I don’t know what the fuck we’re gonna do!”

“Yeah, so what! It’s on plastic, ain’t it?”

“Course it is. But when we come to pay, our plastic’s gonna bounce. It’s gonna bounce worse than a fucking beach ball. It’s gonna bounce. And we’re gonna be well and truly fucked.”

Sharon frowned. She stroked the rings in her labia, the cost of which she was now bitterly regretting. “So, what they gonna do to us?”

“They’re gonna lock us up and throw away the fucking key. We’re gonna spend the rest of our lives in some fucking jail. And the fucking ambassador’s not gonna bail us out. Not a couple of tarts like us.”

Sharon’s face visibly paled in the sun. She chewed on a fingernail. “I’m scared, Tray. You think that’s what they’re gonna do?”

“Well! What do *you* fucking think? This ain’t home, is it? They can do what they fucking like here. I don’t fancy our chances at all.”

After further discussion, they decided that the only option open to them was to try and make a quick get-away from Throb to avoid paying the bill. It wasn’t a thought uppermost in their minds the last week or so, but now it seemed like the only sensible option. It wouldn’t be the first time they’d absconded without paying, but this looked like being the most risky. However, before planning an escape, they first had to survey the lie of the land. One thought they had was that if they left from a different border from the one they arrived they might get away without the Royal Government of Buggery demanding the money that would soon be owing. How to get to this border was the big question.

Throb was not that large a resort. It was perhaps ten miles along the coast and went two miles inland. Inside the town’s perimeters, all was sex and sun. Hotels, night clubs, bars and beach. However, the two friends found that if you walked far in any direction you came across a wire fence guarded by fierce looking men or women with curious rubber truncheons and snarling dogs. Even the furthest reach of the sandy beach was lined with a row of sharp spikes and barbed wire to keep tourists in. And

possibly, also to keep other people out. Beyond, this was a kind of wilderness with battered shacks and the odd grazing goat. Although this containment seemed strange to the girls, it essentially meant that it was nowhere as easy to leave Throb as it might at first have seemed.

“So, do you know of a way out?” Sharon asked Pru in the bar that evening, after having explained their dilemma. She seemed extremely uncomfortable with her knowledge of the girls’ circumstances, if not even rather embarrassed/

“Well, in any normal place, I’d suggest you just come clean,” she answered, “but, here, and don’t ever tell anyone I suggested this to you, have you ever thought of going on a day trip? At least you can get out of Throb and maybe you can find your way to another border from there.”

It had never crossed the two girls’ minds to leave the holiday resort. After all, everything they wanted was close at hand. Why go anywhere else? Sharon and Tracey couldn’t care less about ruins or museums or anything cultural. They couldn’t think of anything more piss-poor boring. But reluctantly, and with a little help from Pru, they had a look at what day trips were available. These were all displayed in a quaint looking Tourist Information Centre near the beach.

Almost all the day trips were to parts of the country where the main *raison d’être* was the sex that was on offer when you got there. One which seemed suitably remote and seemed comfortably close to Sodom, with which Buggery was not at war, was a small place called Pederasty. Besides the promise of “immature love”, there was a mediæval castle and a particularly large monument to King Peter the Fourteenth, the current ruler of Buggery.

The two girls left almost all they had at the hotel, except money, jewellery,

passports and bikinis for the airport which they tucked into their bags. They didn't want to arouse suspicion by taking things out of their room like toothbrushes or clothes. They got on to a bus full of other tourists heading to Pederasty, which mostly consisted of middle-aged or older men. Many of them were still clothed, but one or two had got into the spirit of life in Buggery and wore nothing but hats to keep the sun off their eyes. These were the men with the most leathery skin and the most lined faces.

There were only two other women besides themselves. One was a tourist, in her late thirties wearing only glasses and red skin peeling painfully from exposure to the sun. She told Sharon and Tracey that she was keen in getting a boy one-third her age inside her cunt, as it was a life-time ambition of hers. "I've got a son that age, and I often wonder what it's like. What about you?"

Sharon lied that she also thought that little boys' pricks were the best. "Oooh! I just can't get enough of them!" She exclaimed unconvincingly, although she'd always preferred her pricks as thick and long as possible.

The other woman was a travel courier and barely a woman at all. She was perhaps thirteen and her breasts were mere bumps with puffy nipples. She wore nothing but a little flower in her cunt which she encouraged the other tourists to tweak. She wagged her bum as she passed by and giggled appreciatively if anyone pinched it. After sucking off a man just opposite them on the bus, Tracey ventured to ask "If we really like it in Pederasty, can we stay the night?" The girl, who called herself Little Pussy, wiped the semen from her mouth and looked a little alarmed.

"Are you likely to do that?"

"It sounds like a paradise on earth to us, this Pederasty place, dearie. We'd just

love to stay all night.”

Little Pussy, who had been hard selling the underage delights of Pederasty was put in a difficult position. “Well, it sure is a wonderful place, but are you sure you won’t want to go back to Throb?”

“Can’t we just book into a hotel and come back on a bus later, dearie?” suggested Sharon.

“I’ll check with Big Hunk”, Little Pussy said referring to the driver.

This came back with a reserved affirmative, but both Little Pussy and Big Hunk seemed very uncomfortable with the two girls from then on. Little Pussy was very insistent on having sex with the two girls in the apparent hope of changing their minds, but although Sharon let her, and had to admit she was very good at it, that couldn’t have been sufficient. In any case, although she liked the attention of Little Pussy’s fingers and tongue on her vagina, not to mention her nipples and mouth, it was men she preferred. Both she and Tracey had always preferred a good cock: though given the choice between the pleasant firm body of the little girl and the flabby, unpleasant looking bodies of the male tourists they were with, she couldn’t be sure that her interests were really so gynaecological rather than aesthetic. She took pleasure, as she lay back on her seat next to Tracey, with the small girl between them, fingers and tongues sharing their sunburnt bodies equally, at the stares she was receiving from the other tourists. Fuck you! She thought with pleasure as she saw one overweight man uncomfortably stroking his tiny penis, trying to get more life into what little of it there was.

Certainly, the girls became aware that although in terms of sexual activity they had a freedom impossible at home, their freedom was circumscribed in other ways. As

they passed through the town limits of Throb, the guards were very insistent in looking at passports and at the things the girls were carrying. “Why the bikini?” asked one border guard, a very muscular woman wearing leather boots and shoulder pads but nothing else but well-built muscles.

“Too much sun”, suggested Tracey. The guard sniffed. It was the couriers, not the tourists, who got most attention from the guards and none of it very friendly. Little Pussy had her legs prised open while one guard shoved his fingers inside her cunt as if he were looking for something. She smiled weakly at the rest of the bus during this obvious humiliation, while the guard licked the come off the fingers of one hand, but continued probing with his other hand.

It was a relief for the girls, but even more so for Little Pussy, when the bus finally drove out of Throb and travelled through the countryside of Buggery. This was the first time the girls had seen so much of Buggery outside of Throb, and it was not especially beautiful. The countryside consisted mostly of parched farmland with pot-holed roads, lined at intervals of every hundred meters by large posters of King Peter XIV. In fact, there were rather more reminders of his rule outside Throb than they’d ever seen inside. Every small village had a statue of him and of previous monarchs. Every lamp post and every telegraph pole had a portrait of him attached to it. The impression given from the pictures and statues was that he was a genial and dignified person. His favourite pose was to stare into the half-distance, with a grim smile, surrounded at his knees by a coterie of seated attractive naked women whilst brutal looking men stood just beside him looking towards him with proud admiring gazes.

In the fields were peasants in various degrees and types of undress. They stopped briefly at one village, which appeared to operate entirely for the benefit of

tourists, where they were allowed to stretch their legs and buy drinks and snacks from some makeshift stalls. This had an ambience very similar to the small markets of Throb, but didn't offer nearly enough other distraction to encourage anyone to stay.

IV

It was after several hours of bumpy roads and undistinguished fields that the bus eventually arrived at Pederasty. This was no more prepossessing than anything else they'd seen, being a small walled town surrounded by dirt and rubble, beyond which stretched interminable miles of country lanes and fields of naked labouring peasants. Little Pussy stood up and opened the bus door. "Welcome to Pederasty. The little joys and desires you've always wanted to sample are here for you. The rules which usually bound behaviour in Buggery are totally removed here: so it doesn't matter how young he is, just go ahead!"

The passengers filed out into a town full of little boys. At first it looked like there were little girls there as well, and that the boys were just the naked ones who were sitting indolently around. But some of the apparent girls in their pretty plaits, ribbons and little dresses pulled up their dresses to show that not only were there no knickers there but that they were in fact also boys as well. The passengers were soon surrounded by willing crowds of boys who dragged them willingly away to whatever it is they wanted to do. The middle-aged woman was one of those who opted for the attention of one of the boys dressed as a little girl. She stood by the road side and enjoyed him stroking her well-worn cunt.

"I'll escort you to the hotel," announced Little Pussy to Sharon and Tracey before they disembarked. "And can you sign this document to say that you're not coming back today otherwise the police will be very unhappy to see that the numbers leaving Throb aren't the same as those returning."

They signed the document and then walked with Little Pussy towards the

hotel. This was just outside the walls of the town and had the appearance of a converted monastery. "Aren't there any little girls here?" asked Sharon.

"Goodness no!" said Little Pussy a little aghast. They passed by one of the tourists who was bugging a boy and in turn being bugged from behind by another boy. "If you wanted little girls, you should have gone to Tight Rim. There's lots of little girls there - most of them younger than me! They'd give you the treat of your life and they don't care what you do! If that's what you want I can arrange it for you. Or if you don't want to leave Throb, we can arrange for a little girl to come to your room at the time of your choosing!"

Sharon declined the offer. She wasn't too sure she even really wanted sex with a little boy. She was beginning to think there was something slightly distasteful about all these boys running around shoving their fingers up their bums and wiggling their little willies.

Little Pussy left them at the reception desk of the hotel. "I'd love to stay longer, but I've got to look after the welfare of the others. It always gets difficult rounding them up at 6 o'clock, so don't be too surprised if you find that some others decide to stay here." She didn't really sound like she believed that, but it was clear that the Petit Garçon Hotel had its fair share of guests. They were mostly elderly men, but there were a few younger couples sitting in the hotel bar. The staff were all young boys, and a fair proportion were dressed like chambermaids and waitresses. In fact a chambermaid could be seen with his prick firmly up the anus of a waitress who was lying on his back with his legs hooked by his arms. This seemed to be for the entertainment of the people drinking in the bar.

The receptionist was another boy dressed to look like a girl with very thick

lipstick and pendulous earrings. He looked at the girls' passports and copied the details into his book. "How long are you staying?"

"Tomorrow?" suggested Tracey.

The receptionist nodded and wrote this down. "A boy each, is it?"

"Sorry, love?"

"You can have a boy for each of you or one between two. A boy each?"

"One between two," said Sharon, who wasn't too keen. "And make him, erm, sixteen."

"I'm afraid fourteen's the oldest we've got. I'm fourteen. Fancy me? Or do you want to see the selection?" He presented the girls with brochure in which there were photographs of many naked, or near-naked, boys with details as to their sexual preferences. "We've got a boy for every taste. But if you don't see exactly what you want, I'm sure whoever you choose can be precisely as accommodating as you wish.

Sharon and Tracey absent-mindedly pointed at the glossy photographs of one little boy from the selection, and as they'd seen about as much as they really wanted to see of Pederasty, they went straight to their bedroom.

"We'll leave tomorrow with our passports!" announced Sharon, as soon as they got there. "That little boy's hardly got a prick at all! What do we expect him to do? Stick it in our ears?"

In fact, Bum Fluff, as he was called, was quite ingenious with what he could do. He looked younger than his years, though, partly because the hair on his groin had been plucked out and partly because he was rather short. His prick was quite a respectable size after all, but after the double, and sometimes triple, entries the girls had got used to in Throb it was only by keeping the jewellery in place in their vaginas

that they managed to gain anything like the sensation they'd got accustomed to. He seemed quite relieved when the girls didn't use the sex tools that were provided by the hotel to bugger him from behind. It was a bit of a shock to Sharon, but when he rolled onto his stomach after squirting his sperm into Tracey's cunt, she could see a little bit of dried blood congealed at the bottom of his anus just by his little testicles.

"Did you hurt yourself love?" wondered Sharon stroking his buttocks.

"Occupational hazard," smiled Bum Fluff.

"There're some rough sorts here, aren't there love?" confided Tracey, who was thinking more of the lads back home.

Bum Fluff didn't compromise himself further by commenting, so the girls didn't pursue the subject. The girls kissed him gently on the cheek, and let him lie on the bed beside them. Sharon turned on the television. There was good old Buggery Broadcasting Corporation which was showing a program on the correct way to shave around the penis. "Remember, use tweezers - never a razor-blade," came the advice from a very sweet young lady who was tugging out hairs from a very tumescent penis.

The other two channels were showing videos: both featuring under-age sex. "One side's boys and the other's girls," explained Bum Fluff.

"You mean boys dressed up as girls."

"No, the real thing! It's the only place we ever see little girls. I'd like to fuck one." He turned the television channel from the one showing a boy being fucked by a boy from behind in turn being fucked from one behind him, to a program showing a girl of ten who was sitting on an older man's lap with a prick right up her vagina.

Bum Fluff, Sharon and Tracey watched this film which was the story of little girls between eight and twelve who made love with each other, were bugged by

older men or had objects pushed up their orifices. “Sometimes you see them with dogs and donkeys,” explained Bum Fluff a little too excitedly. “I often wish I was one of those donkeys!”

After the film had finished and Bum Fluff had excused himself, the girls didn’t stay much longer to savour more of the delights of Pederasty. In fact, when Bum Fluff left the room, Sharon felt somewhat disgusted with herself. She wasn’t used to feelings of moral guilt or regret, but somehow this was different. The children here were not as good at appearing to enjoy themselves as the residents of Throb, and, in any case, child sex had never been one of Sharon’s fantasies. Nothing was better than a good long stiff prick and a real man’s body. The other tourists rather disgusted her. Indeed, they’d probably have disgusted her anyway. Older men and fat men and patently unprepossessing men had never attracted her. She felt genuinely sorry for the boys who had to endure their predatory attentions.

“I dunno,” said Tracey, when Sharon confessed her feelings. “It’s us we gotta look out for. These kids’ll get fucked whether we’re here or not, but it’s our own fucking skin we gotta worry about most.”

Before the afternoon shadows shortened, Sharon and Tracey sneaked out with their passports (which they’d pretended they’d left at Throb to avoid leaving them at reception) and carried their meagre possessions in their beach bags and uncharacteristically avoided the sexual advances of the staff.

“I know exactly what you can do tonight,” suggested the receptionist as they strolled past him. “Ever tried four at once! Each! It can be done you know!”

“We’ll be alright dearie,” assured Tracey. “We’ll find plenty to get on with.”

It wasn’t that easy getting out of Pederasty, although there weren’t guards

surrounding it as there were in Throb. The entrance to the hotel was surrounded by idling boys who were advertising what they had to offer. “Up my bum!” called out one languorously. “Me and my mates!” called another, turning his backside to the girls and pushing his middle finger right up his arse.

“Bit shagged out love,” explained Sharon unconvincingly.

One of the sights available to the more discerning tourist was a small dilapidated castle, known by its original name of Mons Regis. This was just outside the town’s castellated walls. As they had no better idea, Sharon and Tracey decided to walk in that direction in the hope of finding a bus-stop and catching a bus that might be headed towards the Sodom border. They felt sure they had enough money on them to be able to afford the bus fare and even a cheap flight home from the Sodom airport (perhaps on stand-by). This was because whilst at Pederasty, they’d hardly touched the cash they’d changed at the airport and had been mostly relying on plastic to settle their accounts.

The walled perimeter of the town of Pederasty and the towers of the hotel receded behind them as they walked along in their beach sandals along the parched and uneven dusty road. They wore nothing else, not even the bikinis they’d packed, as they felt that wearing clothes somehow attracted attention to them. As everyone else was naked, how could they dress any different. Even so, their beach bags bulged with even the few possessions they had: a decidedly miscellaneous collection of cosmetics and knickknacks.

As they walked, the castle got steadily bigger and the town steadily smaller until all that could be seen of Pederasty was some old ruins in a field that had once been a thriving township laid waste in an earlier war with Sodom. A goat was tethered

by a tree and there was a small monument scattered with flowers and ribbons.

“There must be a fucking bus-stop somewhere!” exclaimed Sharon. “People here can’t walk everywhere.”

“Well, they don’t seem to use cars or anything. We ain’t seen nothing since we left the hotel. Any my feet are already fucking killing me!”

They came to a cross-roads. One way pointed towards the capital city of Buggery, Petersville, named after the King. The other pointed towards the castle and somewhere called innocently Newtown. The girls decided to take the third option, away from the city of Petersville on the basis that that was probably the direction to Sodom.

“If anyone stops us we can say we got lost,” Tracey said: not sure why anyone should stop them. Or judging from the mostly empty landscape, if there was anyone who could.

The girls seemed to have been walking for hours. The sun was still high and the girls’ feet were getting increasingly sore. “I’ve got fucking blisters on my fucking blisters!” complained Tracey. Not only their feet were suffering, but the weight of the jangling jewelry from their cunts chafed against their thighs and they were getting increasingly annoyed at the clanking sound that followed them around. In Throb, they enjoyed their presence, as it said to the world that they didn’t fucking care about a fucking thing. And fuck you! There was no way that this was how they felt now as it became more and more clear that each bend in the road was only followed by another bend. That the only features in the terrain were the gently sloping hills which obscured where they were going. That the only landmarks were either parched trees or piles of rocks, sometimes stacked on each other and painted crudely in a fading peeling white.

And still, they saw no bus-stops. Not even that: there were no cafés, no villages and no shops. Where could they get food from? They knew there must be some food, because they could see the odd peasant working in the fields and on one occasion a donkey-drawn cart passed them by. The donkey was a wretched specimen. Flies hovered around and inside its drooping ears and nasty scabs scarred its back. The woman on the beaten-up wagon dressed much the same way as the peasants in the field, which was slightly more modest than Sharon and Tracey were used to. No ribbons on penises, or flowers in vaginas or the healthy demeanours of the residents of Throb. She wore a very short slip or jacket which came to less than half-way down her chest and then nothing till you reached the knees where she wore battered plastic sandals. Like the other peasants, her hair was rather short, but she sensibly wore a straw hat to keep the sun off her eyes. Like the peasants, she seemed intent on ignoring the girls, pretending they weren't there and then deliberately forced her donkey to trot by faster so she couldn't be hailed.

It was nearly evening before anyone spoke to the girls. With sweat pouring down their still pale skin, and dirt and dust on their knees, they had as good as abandoned hope of ever finding a bus-stop, They weren't used to walking back home, and normally when they did it was along better road surfaces and not in such intense heat. Their feet was sore, and their were scratches and bruises on their legs and knees where they had stumbled onto the dusty rocky road, exhausted by the heat and the unfamiliar exertion of so much walking.

They noticed a large tree by the road-side which would give them some shelter from the early evening sun. This was a rare sight in itself in the barren rocky landscape, so it took no persuading for them to take advantage of its shade. In fact, for

they didn't know how many miles, this had been the destination of their plodding, stumbling, aching tread. The only pleasure they got and the only distraction from their pains was to see the tree grow steadily larger as they proceeded. Tracey occasionally licked her sore tongue over her cracked dry lips. This was the worst! She moaned to herself, barely able to strain her voice into articulation. This was the fucking worst! She'd never known that walking could be so fucking tiring. And the country was so fucking horrible. No wonder she'd never gone for walks in the country back home. What she wouldn't have given to be back in her bed at the hotel just lying on the bed. She'd just lie there, soaking up her exhaustion.

The shade of the tree offered none of the luxury they'd got so used to recently. The bare earth offered none of the bouncy softness of their mattresses, and there was nothing remotely like the soft cooling breeze of the air conditioner to blow off the sweat which plastered every inch of their skin. They sat on the crackling dry grass, pushed aside some of the sharp rocks, and lay down on their backs. As soon as they did, their legs, arms and feet throbbed with release after their unaccustomed exercise, and their skin burnt from the sun from which their factor 8 sun-screen had offered such poor protection.

“What the fuck do we do now!” gasped Tracey.

Sharon didn't really have the energy to reply. “I dunno,” she murmured, as much to herself as Sharon. “I dunno. I don't fucking know!”

What little energy they had wasn't sufficient to stir them, despite the discomfort of the ground and the constant attention of the little midges and flies which congregated around them. Insects crawled into the girls' hair, into the corners of their eyes, skimmed over their sweat-drenched skin and crept past the girls' vaginal

jewellery onto the lips of their cunts. The girls lay flat out, staring at the sky through the leafless branches of the tree.

“I’m not so sure it was such a great idea doing this,” moaned Sharon repeatedly.

“Just give me food and water,” echoed Tracey. “I don’t fucking care what the bastards do to us! I just want something to eat!”

“Are you tourists?” suddenly came a voice. The girls opened their cracked eyelids to see that they were being looked down on by three girls with neat shoulder-length hair, wearing white blouses to just below their breasts and a naked body down to the knees where they wore little black shoes and knee-high socks.

“Of course they are!” another insisted. “Only tourists look like that: look at all the jewelry. And why don’t they cut their hair?”

The girls can’t have been much more than fourteen years old, but their vaginas were cut to a half inch stubble in different shapes. One was in the shape of a royal crest, another a star and the third a little diamond. The jewellery they wore consisted of a single small ring pierced over the entrance to the vagina from which dangled a little chain.

“What do you think of Buggery?” one girl asked them. “Is it like this where you come from?”

“Come on girls, what’s going on?” came a sudden school-teacherly voice. A woman in her late twenties loomed into view. Like the girls she wore nothing from below her breasts to her knees, but what she did wear were smart leather boots and a very neat jacket with a silk scarf. Her long hair was tied back in a long plait to her waist. “Oh I see,” she remarked seeing Sharon and Tracey.

“Please miss, we’ve found some tourists. Shall we report them to the police?”

“Don’t worry about that. I can look after them now. I’ll get the police if need be. Now you run along.” She produced a cane which she half-heartedly beat against the buttocks of one of the girls.

“Yes, miss. We will, miss” they said as they ran off giggling.

“Well,” said the teacher looking at Sharon and Tracey. “You are in a pickle. Well, don’t worry, security’s relatively lax round here and no one really reports things to the police: people don’t appreciate being raped or humiliated for the pain of being a good citizen. However,” she smiled grimly, “I’d better take you along with me if you don’t want to die of exposure or dehydration.”

Sharon and Tracey didn’t realise how weak they were until they stood up and then they almost immediately fell down. “Come along girls,” the teacher said cheerfully. “I’ll take you to the cottage I live in. I share it with two other women: both teachers like me. One teaches in a Royal College and the other teaches in a Police School. Me,” she sighed, “I teach in a normal secondary school.”

The teacher escorted the girls for another mile along some paths through fields and over some stiles until they got to her cottage. Sharon and Tracey supported each other and grew more and more annoyed by the chafing of jewellery on their thighs. Each step was an increasing agony of bursting blisters, and more cuts on their ankles and knees when they stumbled and fell onto the unforgiving harsh dry ground.

After what seemed the longest mile of their lives so far, they came to a tumble-down cottage outside of which rested an old bicycle and the scattered remains of a disused plough. A well stood underneath the shade of a dead tree, and chickens ran around in the yard. A few small trees were gathered into an excuse of a copse where a

donkey was desultorily chewing on a carrot.

The teacher took the girls inside, laid them down on a very hard straw-filled bed, and with no ceremony removed the girls' shoes and unthreaded the jewellery from between their legs.

"You just lie here and relax," she advised, as if they were likely to do anything else. "I've got afternoon classes to attend to. If the other teachers are back here before me, my name is Primrose."

"That's a nice name," commented Sharon weakly with what remained of her battered senses.

"We're all named after flowers round here," smiled Primrose as she was about to leave. "It's the law."

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“Who the fuck are you?” were the words by which the two girls were woken just a few hours later. They raised up their weary heads from the hard straw pillows which had come to seem so incredibly comfortable, and blearily focused on the towering figure of a woman dressed only in leather boots and leather shoulder-pads. This in itself made the woman a formidable and intimidating sight, but this was reinforced by a body which was more muscular than either Sharon or Tracey were sure a woman’s body should ever be. But she was clearly a woman, and one who shaved her vagina as well. Although nearly naked, rather a lot of heavy iron and leather decorated her, dangling from pierced nipples and vagina. She wore a leather belt around her waist from which dangled a long holster for a truncheon and a collection of buckled leather bags.

“We’re friends of Primrose,” explained Sharon wearily.

“They’re tourists, Tiger Lilly dearest,” added Primrose who entered the room at that moment. “I found them lying under the baobab, absolutely exhausted and suffering from heat stroke. I don’t know how they’d got there, but it was obvious they couldn’t stay there forever. So I thought I’d bring them back home to keep them away from trouble.”

“By bringing trouble here to our fucking cottage, you mean!”

“Tiger Lilly, what harm does it do? As long as they’re on their way soon we’ll be alright.”

“It’s not for us to harbour foreigners. They might be fucking spies or something! We should hand them in to the authorities so that they can be properly

processed.”

“Like processed meat, you mean, Tiger Lilly. Do you want then to be raped and humiliated by the police. It’s obvious they’re not spies. They’re just ignorant tourists. They probably just got lost going to the beach.” Primrose smiled indulgently at the pathetic sight of Sharon and Tracey’s peeling sunburn and raw red marks on their upper chest. “I mean, I know you’re police yourself, but if we took them in you don’t think your colleagues won’t give you a bit of rough interrogation as well. Once the police get their hands into anything, they usually leave more battered bodies and corpses around than there were to start off with. They’d suspect the heir apparent if he happened to be passing by. No, Tiger Lilly sweetheart, things’d only get worse if we took them to the authorities. Leave them to relax. No one’ll tell the police, and you know it.”

Tiger Lilly snorted reluctantly, and let Primrose escort her out of the bedroom, leaving the two girls slumped on the bed. Sharon was feeling ever so faintly sick and Tracey had a persistent burning sensation on her shoulders and on the top of her bum which just didn’t seem to want to go away. Within seconds, they collapsed back into a feverish sleep, their naked bodies intertwined to stop themselves falling off the edges of the single bed.

It was about an hour later that Primrose returned to the bedroom with a faint smile. “We’d best get you two tidied up!” she said, handing the girls sleeveless white cotton blouses which would come down to the base of their breasts and no further. They had no chance to put them on, as she then produced a small tin bowl in the warm steamy water of which was floating a large sponge. Then with no evidence of ceremony, Primrose started vigorously scrubbing Sharon’s face, body and limbs. It

was like scrubbing a floor dry. Every few seconds she would squeeze out the moisture from the sponge into the bowl, and then began scrubbing other parts. As soon as she'd judged that Sharon was clean, she started scrubbing Tracey with just the same vigour. When her attention came to the area between Tracey's legs where all her rings were dangling from her reddened and sore stubbled vagina, she paused as if in thought. She then leant forward and briefly kissed Tracey's pierced clitoris.

"That's a lovely ring!" She said smiling. "That would cost me more than a month's wages."

"Is it?" wondered Tracey, who had actually thought it remarkably cheap compared to how much such jewellery would have cost back home. Of course, she'd not actually paid for it, but, even taking into account the cost of the piercing, she knew it was substantially cheaper than any of the countless fucks she'd had in Throb.

"It's beautiful!" Primrose continued, picking up the sponge and proceeding to scrub the dust and dirt off Tracey's legs. "But you tourists just don't know the value of things do you? At least that's what we hear. That you're all stupid and sex-mad, but ridiculously wealthy." She paused thoughtfully. "Is it true, that? I mean, that you're wealthy?"

"What do you fucking think!" snorted Sharon. "Do we look like we're rich?"

"I don't know," said Primrose sadly. "I don't know what rich people look like. I've never seen one in my life."

Primrose finally finished her cleaning and squeezed out the filthy water into the tin bowl. "You're clearly pretty naïve, aren't you," she continued. "Things in Buggery are quite different to wherever you come from, I can see that. I'd better give you a bit of advice on what to wear here. It's very important you do, otherwise you'll

be picked up by the police, and, believe me, that is the very last thing you want to happen. In fact, it could well be the last thing that does happen to you. Fortunately, the police are relatively lax in this district, but you've still got to be pretty careful about your appearance. If you look too much out of place, you'll be arrested and then ... Well, I don't know what, but when the police get hold of you, it'll be lucky if you'll survive their interrogation. You mustn't wear anything from the knee to the midriff. The punishment for non-observance is arbitrary and cruel. So, if I were you, put on these old blouses of mine and, if you don't want to attract attention keep your jewellery down to just one ring about here." She fingered the ring she had joining the two flaps of her vulva.

"Who decides what people wear?" wondered Sharon as she detached her earrings and nose-stud, and placed them on the rickety bedside table. She glanced around the room, having recovered sufficiently after her scrubbing to comprehend things. Not only was it very small, but it was very bare. The only decoration was a faded portrait of the king.

Primrose followed Sharon's gaze. "Him, of course. The King. And he changes his mind all the time! Not long ago, people were allowed to wear shorts or little skirts as long as they covered less than two inches of inside leg. But then he decided we all had to have little cunt-rings, and to make sure we were wearing them we were proscribed from wearing anything down there."

"What happened to all the shorts and skirts?"

"Oh they were publicly burnt. There was a big festival, which everyone had to attend. Everyone had to express their love for the King and his wisdom and burn their clothes. If the police suspected that you were holding back on any clothes, then you

risked having your house burnt down and your genitals mutilated.”

Primrose stroked the tangled hairs of Tracey’s cunt. “My gosh! This has been well used!” she commented looking at a cunt torn inside out after years of promiscuity. “You’ll have to keep this cut short too. They don’t like pubic hair obscuring anything. That’s also illegal.”

“Should we shave it all off like you and Tiger Lilly?” wondered Sharon who quite fancied the idea.

“Well, we’re teachers and we’re expected to shave our pubes. Different classes and statuses have different rules, you know. Most peasants in this country are never allowed to shave their pubic hair, and no way could you pass off as a peasant. You’re too well-fed for a start, and there are no calluses on your fingers. And you obviously wear shoes most of the time, judging from your tender soles.”

After the girls had put on the blouses, which were slightly too tight, Primrose took them down to the small dining room where they met Tiger Lilly again, and Chrysanthemum. She was the other teacher who lived in the cottage. The two teachers were watching the flickering black and white pictures on a small television. It was, of course, screening Buggery Broadcasting Television.

Chrysanthemum was stunningly beautiful, but she wore no clothes, her straight blonde hair reached to her bottom and like the others she had shaved her pubic hair, but also everywhere else as well. When she stood up, she revealed that she was quite tall and sported an unbelievably perfect set of teeth. “Welcome to our humble home,” she smiled broadly and reassuringly.

Tiger Lilly was holding Chrysanthemum’s hand, but looked rather less beautiful than her lover. She had a broken nose and long crooked scar across her

stomach. She smiled with rather less warmth than either of the other two. “What do you think of Buggery?” she asked.

“The television’s funny,” commented Sharon.

“That’s almost entirely for the benefit of the Royal Academy,” laughed Chrysanthemum. “The moral centre of our society, if you like. It’s only at the Royal Academies and their grounds that anyone is ever really like the people on television in the way they dress. And nowhere in the Kingdom is real life like what they show.”

“It’s all a fantasy world,” added Primrose, who was aware of the girls’ confusion. “It’s just to tell us what the ideals of our society are supposed to be. Nobody’s really like that!”

“But what about the people who appear on it?”

“What about the people who service tourists at Pederasty and all the other tourist centres in this country?” retorted Primrose. “There are a lot of different trades and professions. Some of those like acting, or serving at the Royal Palace, or working for the police force, or entertaining tourists, are so specialised that they have different schools, different ethics, different places to live, different expectations and so on.”

“Like teachers,” suggested Tracey.

“Well, almost,” conceded Primrose. “I can only teach in the kind of school I was taught in, though I do have the unusual freedom to mix with people who teach in different schools, and who were themselves taught in those kind of schools.”

“Most of the people round here in this borough are what you might call ordinary people,” smiled Chrysanthemum. She was always smiling. Tracey felt a curiously warm feeling and was wondering whether she was already falling in love with the woman. “This is a very ordinary area.”

“80% peasant, of which 50% are given the opportunity to progress at school to the extent that they will always be dissatisfied with their lot. 20% middle-class, of which 50% will be automatically demoted to peasant if they aren't seen to conform sufficiently. Within each group, slightly different standards of dress and behaviour so you know exactly what you're standing is in society.”

“That's all fucking well, Primrose,” sniffed Tiger Lilly. “What are we going to do with these tourists? Chain them down and rape them? Tether them to fucking stakes?”

“Don't be so vulgar, Tiger Lilly dearest,” exclaimed Chrysanthemum, but with an indulgent smile. “I'm sure the girls will be quite happy to have sex with you without being forced to.”

“We'll just give them a night's sleep and set them off to Gomorrah,” explained Primrose.

“Gomorrah!” gasped Sharon. “Isn't Buggery at war with Gomorrah?”

“Who fucking isn't!” expostulated Tiger Lilly.

“If you go back to Throb, you risk being arrested, raped and mutilated for straying out of the tourist areas. If you stay here, you'll eventually be found, arrested, raped and mutilated for being terrorists. If you try to get to the Embassy districts, you'll be arrested, raped and mutilated as spies. You're probably going to get killed whatever you do! Buggery's not a very good place for foreigners. The Royal Government doesn't want the rest of the world to know what the country is like, except where it attracts tourism, and then almost exclusively to sell sex. They'll kill you to prevent you telling anyone what it's like here. They would prefer to continue to be criticised for the questionable nature of the sex on offer, than for how most people

live here. If you get to Gomorrah, you might at least be protected as a propaganda weapon by the Gomorrans.”

Sharon shivered. This was worse than she'd feared. “Is it really that bad?”

Tiger Lilly smiled grimly. “I don't know what you thought Buggery would be, but Paradise it fucking well isn't!”

The teachers prepared a dinner for the five of them which consisted mostly of vegetables and rice. “All local produce!” announced Chrysanthemum proudly.

“Well, actually local produce is all we can buy,” qualified Primrose.

The television was left on with the sound turned down. It was screening a scene of a man masturbating into a cup: an exercise somehow associated with a cookery programme.

“I teach at the local Secondary School,” Primrose went on, “so I get the best selection of local produce from my pupils. They seem to think that if they give me things, they might do better in their exams; but since they *all* bring me things, none of them could possibly have an advantage over another.”

“What's the school like?” wondered Tracey, who hadn't really attended school very much when she was a schoolgirl. She'd spent most days playing truant with the boys, with whom she'd wander the streets or go somewhere to indulge in drink, drugs, cigarettes and sex.

“It's a fairly ordinary school, by Buggery standards. But I imagine it's quite different from where you come from. The central doctrine of Buggery society is that all the people of Buggery be in a state of humiliation imposed on them by the King. It is an expression of the people's utter obedience and servility to the Crown and is instilled from the earliest age. Part of the humiliation of course is that it is progressive,

so before the children come to Secondary School they have never known sexual humiliation or indeed cruelty of any kind.

“Primary schools in Buggery are kept quite separate from the rest of society, and no adults (except teachers) are ever allowed there. Most of us can only ever remember them distantly, and as we start secondary school education at eight our memories of them become disjointed. All I know, is that children who leave Primary School are totally unprepared for Secondary School. Not everyone joins Secondary School, but those who do are well and fit. When they leave Primary School they are allocated to ‘parents’ according to eugenic principles. Nobody really knows who their real parents are, as breeding centres, like Primary schools, are hidden away somewhere out of sight.

“The ‘parents’ send them to Secondary School and are obliged by law to give the children as much care and attention as they can. The ‘parents’ are officially only allowed a certain degree of parental abuse (but that’s one of the few things that isn’t very well enforced) and these must only take place at certain festivals. The children stay at school until they are in a position to either graduate, in which case they leave the district, or to be turned to work. Most (perhaps 80% of them) will become peasants in this area and in turn become assigned ‘parents’. If they become pregnant, they will be sent to the breeding centres, and as often as not they never return.

“School children must dress according to strict dress conventions, which must reflect the general dress code of the district and their position in class (which is often different to those of their parents). The main criteria of distinction are clothes, hair-length, pubic hair and jewellery. Girls and boys are dressed and treated identically. No allowances are made for their different sexuality, even during sex classes. In my

school, and I'm sure there are similar rules elsewhere, the higher grading a child has then the longer the hair, the shorter the pubic hair, the more clothes and jewellery. The top pupil then has very long hair, no pubic hair, plenty of jewellery and the maximum amount of clothes permitted within the rules of this district. The lowest grade pupils, of which there are several, have their heads shaved, an untidy bush of pubic hair, no clothes and only a large steel cunt-ring.

“The pupils are evaluated according to a number of factors which include physical appearance, physical fitness, academic brightness, good behaviour and sexual performance. The top pupils are granted special privileges such as a more generous food allowance, exemption from certain of the daily humiliations such as arse-licking and orgy practice. The lowest pupils would almost consider such humiliations as privileges. They can be, and are, treated badly by all pupils with the teachers leading by example. They are to be shat on, pissed on, bugged, beaten up, whipped, etc. The justification is that this is to encourage these pupils to pull themselves together. Instead most leave the school altogether and some kill themselves. This is not considered to be a cause for much regret or sorrow.

“As teachers we are obliged to conduct the daily humiliations, which include random buggery, cold showers and the ritual tearing up of pupils' clothes. Any excuse for punishing the pupils must be taken enthusiastically, and punishment will only stop after the requisite amount of blood has been shed. Pupils try to avoid punishment because if their physical beauty is impaired in any way they may drop a grade and begin the long slide towards the bottom.

“The reason for all this humility is to show respect towards the King. This is best illustrated during the festivals on national and local holidays, which can be quite

frequent when the country is deemed to be doing particularly well at the war. Otherwise, they mostly mark birthdays and anniversaries associated with the Royal Family. For each festival, there is usually a specific ceremony or rite which must be performed. In many cases these are just species of orgy. In some cases, pupils have to demonstrate their sexual skills to other pupils, which may include being bugged by fellow pupils or giving blow jobs to members of staff. One not very pleasant ceremony to mark a victory over the Sodomites in the last Sodomite War involved pupils eating each others' turds and drinking their piss. There was a lot of illness the following day; and inevitably some of it was fatal.

“The King is praised during formal ceremonies at five intervals during the day. On arrival at school, the pupils must close their eyes and masturbate the pupil nearest to them to show their desire for the King. The next occasion is when the pupils listen to a Television Broadcast given by a representative of the King which outlines any new duties and responsibilities. They must meditate on this. The third occasion is the arse-licking ceremony where after cleaning their bottoms, they must lick clean the arse of another pupil. This demonstrates the need for thorough arse-cleaning. Some pupils are not popular for the state of their arsens. The fourth occasion is the school orgy, where selected pupils have sex with each other and the rest of the school observe. This is important for the pupils, as their grading depends on their sexual performance. The fifth observation at the end of the school day is to kiss the penis of the statue of the King outside the school as they leave. Some to show their greater love, will, of course, insert their anuses or vaginas over the penis.

“The academic classes are much like those in the schools in your country I imagine, though the pupils are obliged to take their clothes off in Regal Studies,

Physical Education, Sex Education, Games and Biology. Regal Studies is where they learn about the events in the King's life, the history of the Royal Family and are taught about his great wisdom and sayings. During this class, the students have chains attached to their cunt-rings which are attached at the other end to the teacher's cunt-ring. I can tell you this is a very uncomfortable lesson for me to have to teach."

"The contrast with the Royal Academy where I teach couldn't be greater," smiled Chrysanthemum. "The girls, (and they are all girls) are taught to worship the King, but are not taught humiliation. Merely obedience. The world the Academy girls are told about is one like that of the Buggery Broadcasting Corporation TV programmes. In fact, the only place that I know of where life at all resembles that shown on television is at the Academy. All the girls at the Royal Academy are groomed for future work at the Royal Court and consequently they are amongst the few people in this country who stand much likelihood of ever seeing His Majesty in the flesh. As opposed to on the many billboards and in the form of officially approved statues and portraits.

"According to the strict Eugenic practices of Buggery society, enforced rigidly from birth, only the best girls are ever likely to go to the Royal Academies. Even the primary schools they attend are segregated from the rest of the country. The girls in the Royal Academy know nothing about the rest of Buggery, beyond what they see on television. I don't think they'd like it if they did see it, but it's unlikely they would ever miss it. The school grounds where they live are very large and very beautiful. Most people in Buggery never get to see such beautiful woodland, fields, lakes and gardens as those surrounding the Academy. And although the girls are prohibited from passing through the Academy's perimeters, very few of them are ever likely to be

tempted to do so.

“School at the Royal Academy is made as pleasant as possible. The girls are kept innocent of many things that might seem bizarre to you foreigners. They know nothing about clothes, and as you can see from watching television they wouldn’t know about clothes from there either. They all have very long hair and they all shave their pubic hairs. Only the very few pupils of black or oriental origin shave their heads (and this is mandatory) but they are not discriminated against and are treated very kindly. If not indulgently.

“The girls are taught academic subjects, physical education and Regal studies just like at other schools in Buggery, but Sex Education is always only conducted between themselves. That is, the girls are expected and very much encouraged to make love with each other. The incentive for this is a certain competitiveness to gain prestige and a good reputation, but this is not reflected by any difference in how the girls are treated. Certainly not in the brutal way they are at Primrose’s school. The black and oriental girls are particularly popular for sex games because of their curiosity value.

“As a teacher I am expected to make love to the girls. This I have to do several times a day: usually outside in the gardens and always with other girls watching. I also have to make love with the male members of staff. These are the only men the girls ever meet. The men are not permitted to have sex with the girls and are solely there to demonstrate heterosexual sex, without which the girls would really have no idea what to do when they attend the Royal Courts. I have sex with a man, in a variety of different positions, at least twice a day, with the girls watching and clapping. Unlike Primrose’s school, there’s not much anal intercourse but I do have to provide the

occasional special performance. Although the men are not permitted to have sex with the girls, they are expected to have sex with each other as well as the women teachers. I can't complain about the men. They are all very attractive and they are all *very* good at making love. They are not allowed to do anything else, and they sleep well away from the girls. The reason for this is that the girls must be technically virgins: at least in the sense that their maidenheads must remain intact when they leave the school and go to the Royal Court.

“It's a very pleasant life for the girls at the Royal Academy. I really cannot complain about the privilege I have of working there. It's also of course the kind of school I went to. I don't know what happens to the girls when they get to the Royal Court, but they are certainly well-groomed for the status they are expected to maintain.”

“It's not so nice at the fucking Police School,” commented Tiger Lilly. “Not at all so fucking nice. Not even as nice as Primrose's pissing nancy school. The pupils, girls or boys, come straight from primary school and then we make them. We give them a body they're going to be fucking proud of,” she flexed her own muscles, “we teach them respect for the King and how to get others to respect the King.

“When I'm in the classroom, the pupils have to do what the fuck I tell them. If that means a few bones get broken or your skin gets torn, well fuck it! The pupils have to accept I'll fuck them whenever I want, wherever I want, whether they're boys or girls.” Tiger Lilly waved her plastic truncheon which Sharon could now see was in actual fact a double-ended dildo. “I expect a good fuck from each of my pupils. There are no fucking grades at Police School. You're either in or you're fucking out and fuck you!

“We show them how to be good police. The ways to fuck people and fuck them up if they’re any fucking trouble. We show them torture and we teach them the law.”

“It’s by having a brutal police force,” Primrose explained reassuringly, “that people in Buggery learn how to support the Royal Government. You put a toe out of line and you’re tortured, mutilated and, if you’re lucky, killed.”

“Fucking right we’re brutal,” agreed Tiger Lilly proudly. “No fucking bastard can say no to me. I’ll fucking tear out his or her genitals and eat them in front of them. I’ve done that before now. I’ll shove this thing so high up their rear end it pops out their fucking mouth. I’ll kick them and beat them so fucking hard and then get them pleading for more. You can’t keep people down without a bit of brutality.”

“Don’t worry about Tiger Lilly,” smiled Chrysanthemum. “She’s not going to torture you two, but, on the other hand, if she wants sex with you I wouldn’t argue.”

“Too fucking right you won’t!” Tiger Lilly agreed.

“There are other kinds of schools,” elaborated Primrose. “There are schools for actors, which are much more like Chrysanthemum’s school than mine. There are schools for tourism. In fact, there’s one not far from Pederasty where you were, which teaches all the boys there how to do their trade.”

“What happens,” wondered Sharon, “to these boys if they didn’t feel like having sex with a tourist? You know because they feel a bit off or something?”

“I’d be surprised,” said Primrose a little grimly, “if there are many occasions they actually *do* want sex with a tourist. It’s just what they’re trained to do and if they don’t do it well then they’re out.”

“What happens to them then?”

“Nobody knows. I don’t know what’d happen to me if it was decided I couldn’t teach anymore. All we know is that people eventually vanish. They get arrested by police, they go to the breeding centres, they get called up to fight in whatever war there is, they go to hospital. And then they never come back. We don’t know what happens, but all the rumours are fairly unpleasant.”

Sharon didn’t like the sound of any of these accounts of life in Buggery, She glanced at Tracey, who was nervously clasping and unclasping her fingers, and looking rather depressed. Her head was down and her eyes seemed to be focused on the ragged edges of the rug on the cottage floor. Sharon faced Primrose, who she thought was the most sympathetic to the girls’ plight. “What are we going to do?” she pleaded.

“You’re not fucking staying here,” said Tiger Lilly bluntly.

“I’m afraid that’s true,” agreed Primrose. “You’re going to have to get moving. And soon! It’ll be dangerous though. If you get caught by the police you’ll almost certainly be as good as dead so you’ll have to avoid being seen by them at all costs.”

“Should we go disguised as something?” Tracey asked. “Are there people who can wander anywhere in this country?”

“Well, yes,” considered Primrose. “The Sodomite Pilgrims can wander anywhere in this country and they’re never troubled.”

“So, should we dress as Sodomite pilgrims?”

“What a fucking joke!” chortled Tiger Lilly.

“I wouldn’t,” shuddered Chrysanthemum. “Sodomite Pilgrims come from Sodom. They come here to visit the sites in this country which are considered significant in the history of Sodomy. This is usually as a result of their various wars

with Buggery over the centuries. I don't know much about Sodom. And I don't think anyone in Buggery does. Sodom doesn't even have the tourism you find in this country. But if the Sodomite Pilgrims are anything to go by, Sodom is probably an even more unattractive country than this.

“Sodomite priests are almost all women but some are men. They wear no clothes but chains which are threaded into their noses, genitals and other places. Their heads are shaved and they have tattoos on their faces which seem to indicate their status. They travel from town to town, village to village begging for food as they go. When they arrive at a place of worship they lie face down to the ground with their bottoms to the air. They then invite passing people to bugger them or to insert things into their anuses.

“Sodom must be a very brutal country. The women have their vaginas sewn together so that nothing can enter them, and when they piss it squirts uncontrollably down their legs. Many of their rituals seem to involve drinking each other's urine and eating their faeces which they mostly do when people are watching. No one has ever heard them speak because they all have their tongues torn out, and in certain cases they have their hands removed so that they only have stumps at the end of their arms. It's thought that this is done so they can't tell anyone what they've seen in Buggery (and if they can write, not to write it down), but of course it also means they can't tell anyone in Buggery or elsewhere about Sodom.

“They seem to have a cult of violence. They always seem to be beating and whipping each other. If it wasn't for the baldness, tattoos, nudity and chains, a Sodomite pilgrim would be identified by the broken nose, broken teeth, missing fingers and toes, and all the horrible scars. Many of the scars seem to be on the

buttocks which they seem to be very enthusiastic about beating with whips and sticks. They often seem distressed when people from Buggery don't bugger them when they are covered in blood, piss and shit.

“So, I wouldn't recommend you cut out your tongue and so on to pretend to be a Sodomite Pilgrim. Nor, for that matter, would I suggest visiting Sodom. Not many people cross the border except Sodomite Pilgrims and I think they do because however awful Buggery might be, Sodom must be much worse.”

“You'll have to dress as an ordinary citizen from Buggery,” recommended Primrose. “This means we'll have to do something about your hair and I'm afraid you won't be able to wear any jewellery except a single cunt ring.”

“What'll happen to all our bangles and rings?” wondered Tracey, who despite the pain they'd given her today had grown rather fond of them.

“We'll keep them,” announced Tiger Lilly brusquely.

“I'm afraid we will. They're no use to you. And you don't want anyone finding them on you.” Primrose concurred.

After dinner, Sharon and Tracey sadly discarded their jewellery, leaving a row of small holes in their nipples and labia. Primrose let the girls keep the blouses she had lent them, but she still insisted that they take not put them on yet. These had been left to her by school pupils who had been demoted and therefore had no further use for them. Chrysanthemum brushed their hair to a less wild state and attached a little chain to a small plain ring she threaded into the vulva. The two girls were given cloth bags to carry their few possessions in, which Primrose said would be much less conspicuous than their beach bags.

The reason neither girl was allowed to put on their clothes was because Tiger

Lilly was insistent that she had sex with the two of them. Chrysanthemum and Primrose agreed to watch, but said that they'd had too much sex already that day to feel inclined to participate themselves.

"I'm so sore!" complained Chrysanthemum, "otherwise I'd fuck you like a real expert."

"I *am* a fucking expert," snorted Tiger Lilly proudly.

"But a bit rough, dearest!" complained Primrose. And Tiger Lilly was indeed rough. Far more so than the boys at home. She slapped them about the face and buttocks. Pushed her fist right up their cunts. Pummelled their anuses with thrusts of her muscular middle finger. Bit the nipples on their breasts so hard that the girls wondered whether they might be bitten off. All the while, Tiger Lilly grinned and occasionally plunged her fingers into her own moist and cavernous cunt. Except for the odd grunt and the occasional barked command, she said nothing to the girls: especially nothing that could be construed as comforting. Then she tied the dildo around her waist and bugged the two girls so hard that they were pleading for her to stop.

"Fuck no!" Tiger Lilly retorted. "I've only fucking started." And indeed she had. When she had finished, Sharon's nose was bleeding and one eye was swollen with the start of a bruise. Tracey's bottom felt so red and sore, that she wasn't sure how she could ever sit on it. The girls were then tied to a tree outside the cottage, just by the well, near the goat who was desultorily chewing on some hay. Their hands were tied together behind them and their arms pulled up to a branch. One end of a flexible rubber dildo was pushed unceremoniously into each girl's cunt and their feet were tied together. It was cold outside, but the girls had to stay in this uncomfortable position

for an hour or so. They were told to keep their tongues deep inside each others' mouth on pain of being hit. By this time, they were so bruised and battered that they gladly engaged in tiring tongue kissing just to avoid the physical penalties which Tiger Lilly was so keen on.

Eventually, Primrose came out of the cottage. She smiled weakly while she untied them and then brought the two girls into the house. She nursed their wounds and kissed the girls tenderly. "Don't worry about Tiger Lilly. She's used to being a bit rougher than that, but if she hadn't liked you I don't think you'd be alive now."

Sharon fingered her bruise. "Won't this mean we'll be noticed even more now?"

"Nonsense," Primrose laughed. "We've got you up as fairly ordinary if relatively privileged natives, and a few bruises and scratches are hopefully going to make you look rather less remarkable. After all, tourists don't normally get beaten up in this country so no one's going to think that's what you are."

"How far is it to Gomorrah?" wondered Tracey who was wishing this day had never began.

"Not near enough for you, I'm afraid" smiled Primrose sadly. She left the two girls naked on the bed where they were left to feel the warm ache of their bruises and pains and the warm moistness of their tears as they gathered in damp patches on the pillow by their slumped and battered faces.

VI

Sharon and Tracey left the teachers the following day, although they had hardly began to recover from either their trudge through Buggery or from their beatings by Tiger Lilly. A dark blue (nearly black) bruise had swollen up around Sharon's eye, and both girls' legs were criss-crossed with scratches and discoloured by more bruises. They could barely stand up as they tottered by the door to the cottage, in the unfamiliar flat plastic sandals they'd been given in exchange for the shoes they'd worn the day before. Despite their looks, the two girls were showered with affectionate kisses from Primrose and Chrysanthemum. Somehow this in no way fully compensated for their treatment from Tiger Lilly. Tracey was almost sure that she would never want sex with anyone ever again, and Sharon certainly didn't feel like it today.

They took with them a cheap printed map of Buggery that Primrose lent them. It was one which she had in stock for her Geography lessons and was an official map of the country. It showed roads, woods, rivers, lakes, towns and villages; but large patches of the map were left suspiciously blank: lacking all colour or contour. No clues were given by the map as to what they were, but nearly one quarter of the map was left like this. Chrysanthemum explained that although it was impossible to be sure, most of these blanked out areas would represent the private lands of the monarchy and the rest of the aristocracy. Though it was possible that they also included areas of military significance and the mysterious breeding centres. Of the parts of the map that was clearly outlined, the most distinct were the capital city and the Tourist spots. However, there weren't many of the latter on the road to Gomorrah.

“Although the boundary line signifying the border with Gomorrah is very clearly marked on the map, I wouldn’t really trust it,” warned Primrose. “During a war the border is bound to shift as one side makes advances and the other retreats. After all, territorial advantage is what it’s all about. However, I don’t know for sure, but I believe the border might actually be significantly nearer than the map says. Of course all the official news we get from the front says that Buggery’s really doing well, and making significant gains which bring closer the promise of final victory and the settling of the nation’s grievances. However, from what few signs we get, and this is only speculation, I don’t think things are going that well. The good news is generally unsubstantiated and implausible. There’s rather a lot more about Gomorran atrocities than about Buggerian advances. And you may have noticed that there aren’t many men about.”

“Indeed,” corroborated Chrysanthemum with a broad grin. “Almost all them are out on the front, fighting for King and Country; leaving us poor helpless girls to fend for ourselves and to make do with whatever we can.”

“I think that your walk to the front will be rather less than the one hundred kilometres on the map,” continued Primrose, “but before you get there you’ll have to cross a war zone and that’ll include some sort of no-man’s land where you could very easily get killed. But put it into perspective. Although you might get killed crossing the front, the longer you stay in Buggery the more chance that you’d get killed anyway.”

This was scarcely comforting news, but it was this news that the girls took as they walked away from the teachers’ cottage. Their advice was to avoid walking along the roads where they could be easily picked off by the police. In fact, the road to

Gomorrah took them away from the dry barren plains of the district where the teachers lived to a more hilly landscape where there would be more than enough woodland for the girls to walk out of sight of the main road. Or at least to dodge into if they saw them. It was unlikely, Primrose reasoned, that the disappearance of two tourists from Pederasty would have gone unnoticed for very long. Already everyone who'd seen them would have been interrogated, and possibly tortured, by the police. Tracey shivered slightly thinking of the young courier, Little Pussy, and the young boy they'd had come to their room. However, although the police were brutal, Primrose explained, making sure that Tiger Lilly wasn't within earshot, they were remarkably inefficient at actually doing anything other than intimidate people. As an investigative police agency, they were absolutely hopeless. They had had no impact at all on the smuggling of hard drugs and guns that happened around the country's border. And they had had no capacity to deal with the many deserters that kept away from the towns and villages. The semblance of law and order was only held by the fact that no one who was caught was ever likely to re-offend.

Their breakfast of fruit and orange juice was really not enough to sustain Sharon and Tracey on their long walk. In fact, being fairly exhausted before they'd even started walking, they were certainly no better after an hour or more of trudge along the featureless dry roads. If they'd seen any police there was nowhere to hide as there were no trees nor even bushes to retreat to. After a while, however, their walk took them up a steep incline and soon they were in the very welcome shade of some woods. The goal which comforted on their despairing walk was the small town of Butterfly Grove which they could see marked on the map, and finally to the delight of their sore feet, they could see in reality.

It was not a very picturesque town, despite its name. Although surrounded by a thick forest of trees, it was a dry unprepossessing place composed mostly of small hut-like houses with a small market in the middle. They walked towards it with the hope of something to eat, or at the least something to drink. They soon found that the Buggery Dinar went considerably further in Buggery than it would have done in Throb, and much further again than it would have done at home. In fact, they found that they were carrying a relative fortune around with them.

It wasn't that easy to find anything edible to buy though. Both of them had mostly subsisted on take-aways and microwaveable dishes at home here, and the only thing on sale they knew what to do with was the battered and unappealing fruit they could see. But they managed to buy some apples, oranges, a packet of tasteless biscuits and a couple of bottles of distilled water on which the King's face was prominently displayed. There was no Coke. Or even Pepsi or Dr Pepper's. There were no hamburgers, pizzas, hot dogs or doner kebabs. Not even a pasty or a bag of chips. But what they had was undeniably food and it certainly filled some of the hole they could feel in their stomachs.

What was even worse, as they discovered to their cost, was that there was nowhere selling any ciggies. Not only were they no decent ciggies like 5th Avenue or Edinboro's, but not even rollies like Gold Cup or cheap tabs like Old Street Plain. They had half a packet of Windsor & Maidenhead's Silk Tip between them, but it was clearly not going to last them very long. The days were definitely going to stretch ahead now they had to cope with withdrawal symptoms as well as hunger.

The townspeople of Butterfly Grove dressed much the same as all the people they'd seen in Buggery. What few clothes they wore were fairly skimpy and did not

cover the crotch at all. Despite having got so accustomed to the sight of genitalia in Throb, it still seemed strange to see all these naked crotches and even the occasional dangling penis. It was clear that the men and women generally dressed in exactly the same clothes with very similar hairstyles: but there were so few adult men, it took the girls a while to be sure of this.

“How come there are so few blokes?” Sharon asked the woman at the stall who served them the distilled water.

“Do you have more men in the district where you come from?” wondered the woman, as she gave the girls their change. “I thought it was the same everywhere. It’s the war. It’s so difficult to find a man that you have to share those you can find.”

This didn’t sound much fun to Sharon or Tracey, who were already missing the cock they’d got so used to in Throb. This did not sound like a good place to be man-hungry. However, they had a long walk ahead of them, so despite their weariness, they shouldered their bags and returned to the road which thanks to the shade of the thick forestry made their walk somewhat less arduous than when they were exposed to the sun. Nonetheless, they weren’t used to any kind of walking, and soon they were stopping to rest for longer than the time they spent walking.

Fortunately every few miles there was another town or village they could stop at to replenish themselves. None of them were any better than Butterfly Grove. Indeed, they were generally rather worse. There seemed to be a pattern that the more picturesque the name, the worse the places were. Leafy Vale was bare of any vegetation at all. Paradise Hill was pretty filthy and was distinguished by the foul smell coming out of the chimneys of an ugly factory. Bluebell Dell was the most miserable tangle of derelict houses they’d ever seen.

Nowhere were there shops as the girls understood them from home: just market stalls. The homes were constructed as square shaped concrete flats or were thrown together from corrugated iron, mud and cardboard. Very few roads were paved, and then only for a few hundred metres at a time.

Sharon and Tracey soon got to recognise the police from a distance. It seemed that the police were everywhere. In every village, in every town and between each of them. Fortunately, however, they didn't seem to pay much notice to the girls, so Primrose's advice as to what to wear had seemed to bear fruit. However, to be on the safe side Sharon and Tracey kept as respectable distance between themselves and any police-woman (or occasionally police-man) as they could. Primrose's warnings had frightened the wits out of them. Although the police wore no more clothes than anyone else, what they wore was aggressive and in leather. They made no attempt to hide their dildo-shaped truncheons, and some of them even carried submachine guns.

They soon became aware that they weren't the only ones avoiding them. Almost everyone kept apart from them. People crossed the road, or even turned around and walked the other way whenever the police came into sight. It was early evening, when the girls were even more exhausted and even now wondering where they would sleep the night, they saw two or three police-women marching through the market where they were buying some more snacky groceries. All the other people cleared out of the police's way as they wandered into their midst. As they walked, the police took things from market stalls without bothering to say anything or acknowledge the stall-holders, let alone offer to pay for what they'd taken.

Then one stall-holder must have said or gestured something to which the police-women took exception. From their vantage point several stalls away, they saw

the police pile onto the stall-holder. She was punched, kicked and then, when she'd fallen onto the ground, they took turns to bugger her. Her cries were loud and agonised as they roughly forced the dildos which they'd tied around their crotches into her arse and pushed her against the piles of clothes and sandals she'd been selling. Neither Sharon nor Tracey felt like staying around too long to see what ultimately happened to the stall-holder or whether they'd focus their attention onto some other unfortunate.

The two girls took Primrose's advice not to sleep in any of the towns. But as the evening descended, and they got more and more tired, it was difficult to see anywhere that they could sleep. They were looking for a barn or a deserted home outside the towns and villages to sleep in, but although they'd seen a few like that during the day, when they actually needed it, there didn't seem to be any around. They were getting progressively more exhausted and were actually resting more often than they were walking. The night was drawing in, and it was obvious that they needed to stop somewhere. They eventually settled on a broken-down barn some ten metres from the road, and settled on the ragged-looking straw. This was not a pleasant night. They found straw creeping up their bare vaginas and were frightened when some animal sniffed inquisitively outside, but they were so exhausted that they were asleep within minutes, after sharing every small grain of their last W&M's Silk Tip.

Unusually for them, the two girls awoke on the first rays of light, and more from the discomfort of all the straw, they got walking again almost immediately, following the route which led on their map towards Gomorrah. For girls who never went anywhere at home without a taxi or bus, it was not easy getting used to walking quite long distances every day following the winding roads on the map. Their walks

gave them an appetite which was not at all satisfied by the fairly basic food provided by the next market they got to. No coffee, no chips, no chicken fritters. Only boiled eggs, fruit and bottles of distilled water.

Their route took them through woods which skirted near an area which was marked as forbidden, but all they could see of it were high brick walls crowned with broken glass and barbed wire. Sharon couldn't help wondering what was on the other side, but the height of the walls, let alone its unwelcoming ornamentation put her off any inclination she might have had of clambering over to investigate. The forbidding walls betrayed no clues as to what there was behind them that put them out of bounds. However, Tracey noted that where there were forbidden areas, there would almost certainly be police nearby, so the girls kept as reasonable a distance between themselves and the walls as they could, while keeping them in sight. Otherwise, they would get totally lost. The paths through the woods were quite narrow and winding, probably marked out by wild animals (of which they only saw the odd deer or rabbit). At times it was hard-going, but they kept on going despite their increasing discomfort, weariness and pain.

There were not many people to be seen wandering about the woods or along the road when they rejoined it. The woods were empty of any sign of continued habitation, although they saw the odd derelict cottage or out-building. Even along the road, they passed very few other people. Most of these seemed to be going to work in the fields or going to school.

The only real travellers they passed that day were what they judged from Primrose's account to be Sodomite Pilgrims. They were travelling in a group of less than a dozen individuals, and the girls found them to be a very distressing sight. It was

possible that underneath the scars, bondage and tattoos, some of the Sodomite Pilgrims might have been quite pretty. As Sharon and Tracey approached, the Pilgrims stopped walking, and stood by so the two friends had more than enough opportunity to appraise them. Some of the Sodomites turned round and bowed to the girls with their bottoms facing upward. It was an extremely disturbing sight. The female sodomites had their vaginas threaded together very crudely with leather or metal stitches. The men had their genitals removed and wore them strung around their necks. It might have been true that all the Sodomite Pilgrims had had their tongues torn out (although there was no way of being sure without a closer look) but quite a few had had their hands amputated. Sharon winced at the sight of these stumps.

When later, they passed some other Sodomite Pilgrims in the next village, they found that even the native people from Buggery found them a disturbing sight. They were making diversions around these pilgrims rather than experience the discomfort of having to see them more clearly. At this village, there was a shrine which the Sodomite Pilgrims were prostrating themselves in front of. This was marked only by some very crude scratches on some scattered rocks.

After this, they soon spotted other similar shrines which seemed to be scattered fairly randomly about the Buggery countryside. After their small unappetising snack in the village, they passed another shrine in the wood, where they also found two Sodomite Pilgrims whipping each other with barbed wire whips which was raising blood on their welted backs. This annoyed them because the shrine was by a deserted cottage that Sharon and Tracey had spotted from a distance and had been so hoping to rest at. The sight of these two Sodomites, definitely persuaded them to change their mind. It would not be at all pleasant to sleep or rest near girls as deformed as these.

One Pilgrim's leg was missing from the thigh and there was a hole in the eye-socket where the eye should have been.

Another shrine they saw surrounded by Sodomite Pilgrims prostrated or beating each other was probably of significance to the citizens of Buggery. This commemorated a battle fought against the Sodomites in a war some two or three centuries earlier. There was an extremely partisan inscription on the plinth which described in detail the atrocities the Sodomites had committed. On top of this was the statue at the top was of a naked man with long hair buggering a bald man whilst also taking the opportunity to slice off his genitals with a sword. The sculptor had seen fit to sculpt very realistic globules of blood in the marble.

Most of the many monuments in Buggery the girls saw, however, were of a generally more contemporary nature and by far the majority featured the King. He was a grand, moustachioed, undeniably handsome, man with the most gorgeous raiments and long hair flowing over his shoulders; always in a classic heroic pose. His features could be seen on billboards, statues or just portraits in prominent positions in shops or above the doorways of the homes. There was often text associated with such images which praised the King for his heroism in fighting the Gomorran barbarians, his sagacity in his dealings with the outside world, his generosity and kindness towards his citizens, his love of justice, his lust for knowledge and, in one peculiar place, his sexual prowess.

Later in the afternoon, Sharon and Tracey were in a larger town. This was the largest town they'd seen since Throb, but in comparison it was relatively small. While shopping in the market for more food (which was of a greater variety than they'd seen for a while), they couldn't help noticing a slightly nervous air in the village market. At

first, they thought it was to do with themselves, but it soon became that they were not the only visitor to the town. A dignitary was also passing through the village. This was announced by a shrill scream of sirens and then, through a cloud of dust, the sudden emergence of a thundercloud of motorbikes driven by police, who showed no concern that anyone might be in the way. In the middle of this cavalcade was a stretch limousine with darkened windows. And then, as soon as it had arrived, the visitor was gone without a pause or any evidence of noticing the village and its banners and flags which had been put up to welcome the dignitary's visit. There was, in fact, an air of relief from the townspeople as they now started to remove these spurned items from around the town.

The two girls wandered back into the woods just beyond the town which according to their map promised to be the shortest route to Gomorrah. The map was rather unhelpful at this stage, showing wood but also large areas which were left totally blank. At first Sharon thought it was some reservoir or lake, but, no, the area was coloured by purple rather than blue. More forbidden territory.

They found this wood somewhat harder to get through than the woodland they had been through earlier, because the clearly marked path was obstructed by trees that had recently fallen and had been left to rot. So they decided to make a slight detour into the thick of the wood. It was after only a few hundred metres of walking as parallel to what they judged to be the right route when they heard a low moaning sound.

"Ignore it," said Sharon nervously. "It's probably some Buggery animal. A bird or something."

"Fucking funny bird," commented Tracey. "I'm sure I heard it say something."

A word of some kind.”

“What word?”

“I don’t fucking know!” Tracey said walking towards it.

“It’s probably some Sodomite praying or something,” commented Sharon. She nervously paused by a large elm, but seeing her friend’s determination she then reluctantly followed Tracey, who had clearly found someone or something in a clearing in the wood ahead of them.

The girl they found sobbing softly in the shade of the trees wasn’t a Sodomite, but she was still in a wretched state. She wore no clothes. Her hair was totally shaved. Her face was covered in bruises, and there was a nasty cut on her forehead above the eye. There was a large bruise on her thigh and another one just under her breast. A thin trail of blood was dripping from a badly split lip, and a few of her teeth were missing. Judging from the blood on her cheek, this may well have happened quite recently. There was also a slight smell about her which Sharon and Tracey guessed from the slight gleam on her skin was because she’d been pissed on, and by probably quite a few people. There was a patch on her buttock which might have been mud: but on such a dry day was more probably shit. She sat with her head down and her legs open pulling at her pubic hair and they could see that amongst the hair was rather brown stuff and dried blood which must have resulted from some quite brutal penetration.

“Are you all right, love?” asked Tracey sympathetically, bending down and placing a hand on the girl’s bare shoulder.

The girl looked up at them with the frightened gaze of a wild animal. She was about fourteen or fifteen years old, with perky young breasts and a very slender, ill-

fed body. Her slim legs were just a little too bony to be attractive. Nor did her broken nose enhance her looks in any way. She shrunk back at the sight of the girls. "Are you going to beat me, too?" she asked in a resigned voice.

"No, of course not love," Sharon commented, feeling a curious sense of mutual sympathy and even warmth towards this victim of abuse. "Why should we do that?"

"Everyone else does."

"And why do they do that?"

"Because I'm Z grade," sobbed the girl. "They're always picking on me. Bugging me. Shitting on me. Kicking me. Pissing on me. Pulling out my teeth. Sticking things into the back of my throat and long things up my arse. Punching me. All the time."

"Who do?" wondered Tracey.

"All the girls at school. All the A grades and B grades and C grades and all the other grades. And not just them, but lots of other people. It's to punish me for not being good at school. Because I don't do well at sports. Because I don't do well at lessons. It's not fair. I don't get the chance. The teachers only give me jobs like licking the messy girls' arses clean, or drinking their piss, or carrying shit in my hands to the fields for fertiliser. I'm always the one who gets given the whip during the festivals. I've had two of my teeth torn out by pliers by the headmaster on one of those. And I get bugged at least three or four times a day. And if there's a speck of shit on their pricks, I have to do duty in licking it off. God! I hate the taste of shit. Dry or wet, it's all disgusting. But sometimes it's all I get to eat all day."

"How did you get to be Z grade?" wondered Sharon, who like Tracey had

never been remotely near the top of their classes when they were children. They may even have been at the bottom of their class for all they knew, but they never really bothered to attend school to find out for sure. School was just a place for meeting boys and something to do on wet days.

“I haven’t always been Z grade! Once I was C grade. OK. Not A or B, but C’s pretty good. I had long hair halfway down my back, I wore these wonderful red trousers with really nice seams and I had a little plastic bracelet (that was really expensive). I didn’t have a broken nose, and I’d hardly ever tasted shit.” She sniffed sadly at these memories. “And then, I don’t know, things seemed to slip. It wasn’t that one day, I was C and the next I was Z. No. Things weren’t like that. I’d even thought I stood a chance of graduating to B! I had quite a good body and a lot of teachers said my oral was really good. It still is ...” She looked up at Sharon with a sad smile. “Do you want some oral?”

Sharon shook her head firmly and sadly.

“Anyway, I didn’t do too well on this test on ancient history. I thought I’d answered it well enough, but I always confuse our past kings, and apparently I’d said that one king was a good king when he had really been a bad king. And also I’d mixed up Our Blessed and Magnificent King’s mother with his disgraced Aunt: the mother of the past deposed Most Despicable and Damned King. Then it all started a decline. My hair was cut shorter and shorter. I wasn’t allowed to shave my pubic hair. My bracelet was taken from me and given to another girl: a grade A (and I bet she’s never tasted any shit in all her life!) When I got down to Q grade, my blouse was removed and I was forbidden to wear clothes ever again. When I got down to W grade, I was told never to appear in public without having all my hair shaved off. And now I’m in

the lowest grade of all. And I don't think I'll be allowed to stay there long."

"How long have you been Z grade?" wondered Tracey.

"Two weeks. Maybe three. It's been so horrible, I just can't say. I'm not even allowed to do sex rota for even M grades, let alone A grades. I have to stand in all my lessons. I'm not allowed to sit. And I have to do stocks on Friday, where you get things thrown at you."

"Stocks?"

"Well, someone's got to do it. That's how my nose got broken last week. It's not just shit and semen that gets thrown at you. Someone, probably an X grade or a W (they're the worst), threw something heavy at me. But they didn't take me down even with all the blood gushing out and the pain. It was horrible. And I got beaten up this evening too."

"We can see," said Sharon sympathetically.

"It was four or five H grades. Two of them boys. It was horrible. I can't even remember what they shoved up me. I just know it really hurt. And all the shit and piss! I couldn't see through my eyes. They were so caked up for so long! And I bet they did me permanent damage. Hell! I wish I was dead!"

"It sounds horrible."

"And I'm going to get beaten up and bugged and shat on when I get home to punish me for having got into this state. And when I get to school tomorrow, I'll be beaten up for the bruises and having lost another tooth. And I'll fail shit inspection because there'll be blood in my stools."

"This can't really be happening to you," said Sharon sadly.

The girl stood up beside Sharon and Tracey, revealing a scar along the side of

one breast and gazed at the two girls through the black and blue swelling around her left eye. This contrasted badly with her other eye which was merely red with tears. “It is,” she said philosophically. “I won’t see my sixteenth birthday at this rate. Either I’ll be sent to the Gomorran front with the mine clearance corps where I’ll be dead in a week or I’ll be dead like the X grade girl who was found impaled on a pole through her arse with a dead rabbit stuck in her mouth. She’d been accused of trimming her pubic hair.” She looked at the two girls, gulped slowly. “You’ve been very kind to me. I promise I won’t report you for not beating me up and for listening to me. I must go, or I’ll be beaten up for lateness.”

She then turned away and hobbled away on her bruised legs with a limp that had probably been caused by her beatings. Her back was covered with scars which covered her to her skinny buttocks which themselves were also latticed with fine scars. Sharon and Tracey watched with a certain degree of disgusted fascination as she disappeared out of sight amongst the darkening shadows of the trees.

“If I’d been born in this fucking country, I’d have fucking given everything to avoid an education in it!” commented Tracey.

VII

The woods seemed to go on and on, broken only by the odd deserted cottage and broken stonework which must have represented some old temple or other. The two friends found very little to eat, but resourcefulness was a new skill they'd learnt: they'd actually prepared for this long walk by buying more food with them than they could eat in a single sitting. And fucking heavy it was too. As they plodded along, they wondered whether there might not be some wild animals in the wood, but the fiercest animals they saw were feral dogs who seemed as frightened of them as the girls were of the dogs.

Their route ran parallel to a tall wall, some twenty feet high, which delineated the purple area on the map. They walked close by the wall for a few hours, as it was a sure way of ensuring they didn't lose where they were on the map; but then they caught sight of some police marching along the edge of the wall in the distance. They were striding aggressively forward in leathers, carrying sub-machine guns and wearing dildos strapped around their waists. They were making no effort to avoid being seen, but even so Sharon and Tracey thought it would be unwise to encounter them. They'd learnt enough from Tiger Lilly what police attention might entail.

So, while the police were still several hundred metres away and loudly talking to each other, the two girls took the diversion of a lesser path through the woods that was clearly enough marked, and from which could still be seen the shadow of the wall. They hid behind a tree as the police marched by, trembling slightly at the thought of being discovered. It was only when they were sure the police had gone, they emerged and continued their scrambling, stumbling walk through the shadows of

the forest; all the while being able to glimpse the unwelcoming grey and granite brickwork of the wall through the snatches of light through the trees.

The two girls continued their walk through the forest for all the rest of the day, often regretting the comfort of the ciggies they'd finished and missing the familiar taste of chips and burgers. It was a dispiriting day's walk. The woods went on and on, with only the occasional gap in the trees where they could rest in the sun on the slightly damp moss, amongst weeds and the occasional small flower. Their legs attracted stings and scratches which left unhealthy bluish colours amongst a lattice of small reddish lines and the occasional reddish or even yellowish blemish. At least it wasn't so hot, but they still didn't risk putting on any more clothes than the small blouses Primrose had lent them. They worried about the midges and other small insects that nestled in the growing hair of their vaginas, but the odd sting between the thighs was as nothing compared to the constant ache of their legs and the far more unpleasant stings that their bare ankles seemed to especially attract.

As they walked, the only evidence of their not being lost was the wall, and the only recognisable land-mark on their map; so whatever they did they didn't stray too far from it. But the penalty of walking through the woods were even more scratches from the odd brambles, bruises, stings; and now they were getting awful red marks on their shoulders as a result of the weight of the food pulling down on the shoulder straps of their bags. Sharon had a nasty scratch from a tree that trailed across one of her breasts. Tracey had a bruise just above her eye where she had hit a branch which was beginning to swell up and was starting to challenge the prominence of the one Tiger Lilly had bestowed on Sharon's eye.

They had an uncomfortable night's sleep in the shadow of the trees, heartily

tired of the food they had brought to eat, gasping for ciggies, as nicotine withdrawal began to really kick in, and finding it impossible to find a patch of ground where there were no insects, mulch or brambles. They had seen no one during the day except the brief sight of the police, and no evidence that anyone lived anywhere near where they were. On the map, the purple patch delineated by the wall stretched on for dozens of kilometres, whilst in the other direction, the green which marked the forest they were in seemed to stretch even further in all directions. But eventually, the map showed both forest and purple enclosure coming to an abrupt end by an area of light blue, which must be a lake or reservoir or something.

The following day was no less dispiriting, as Tracey and Sharon continued their bare-arsed walk through the woods. They were no less tired, and irritable, and found even the smallest conversation more and more difficult. Sharon comforted herself by swearing constantly, while Tracey found that she was somehow unable to stop herself from a miserable kind of sobbing. Whenever it was necessary to talk to each other, it was in monosyllabic grunts relating to practical things that had to be done. Both of them feared the consequences of vocalising the increasing desperation they were feeling. They were lonely, hungry, tired, aching and anxious.

Despair was steadily growing at the sight of yet more imposing trees and the monotony of green, with no human company. And then they came to a clearing in the woods lit by a golden beam from the sun which burst through the shadows of the trees and illuminated some blue and yellow flowers that flourished in the glow. And there, like a dream or an illustration in a fairy tale, was probably the most beautiful girl that either Sharon or Tracey had ever seen.

She was walking about uncertainly, and seemed as glad as Sharon and Tracey

to be in such a relatively beautiful part of the forest. She had golden hair which cascaded to her waist. She had a beautiful slender figure. Her breasts reflected in the sun with contours normally only seen in classical sculptures. She wore no clothes at all; and the lightly tanned flesh of her skin radiated a faintly golden glow. Neither Sharon nor Tracey had spoken to anyone for nearly two days, but they were both struck by a sudden shyness. Was it reluctance in meeting a stranger. Or perhaps it was the feeling of being utterly outclassed by a stranger.

The girl looked in their direction with no fear and no similar shyness. "Hello there," announced the girl, smiling broadly and welcomingly. Her teeth shone in the dappled sunlight with a whiteness the girls had only ever seen before on toothpaste commercials. "My name's Buttercup. What are yours?"

"Tracey," announced Tracey, dropping her bag and feeling a strange burning warmth creep up from her breast to her forehead.

"And I'm Sharon," said her friend, approached the girl and taking note of just how different from all the people in Buggery they'd seen since they'd left Throb. Just like the people they'd seen on Buggery television, she was totally naked with no hint of any tan-lines or clothing. Similarly like everyone on television, all her pubic and other bodily hair was shaved off, although a trace of stubble betrayed a couple of days of neglect. And there was the ubiquitous small ring dangling from the lips of her vagina.

"Where am I? Am I near a town?" Buttercup asked innocently.

"No fucking way," said Sharon. She pulled the map out of her bag and opened it up on the ground. Buttercup knelt down and looked at it with a quizzical air. She frowned as if trying to comprehend what she was looking at. "It's a long fucking way

to the nearest town, I'm afraid," Sharon continued circling a finger over the approximate area that they were. "How come you don't know? Don't you live round here?"

Buttercup looked at Tracey and Sharon with a frown, as if she were only just beginning to realise that the girls were not themselves local. She examined their faces and smiled broadly at Tracey, who still stood several metres back, perhaps aware of the curious affect she was having on the girl. "Can't you guess?" she asked. "Isn't it obvious? Don't you know who, or what, I am."

"No," Sharon answered bluntly, looking up from the map. After showing the map, she was more concerned by the fact that although she knew that on the map they were in the green bit around the purple bit, they had no idea how much of the green bit they still had to walk through. She hoped it wasn't too much more.

"We don't come from this country," offered Tracey as a sort of explanation. "We're tourists."

"Really! I can't believe it! Are you really?" asked Buttercup, looking at Tracey's friend for confirmation. Sharon nodded. "I suppose it must be true if you say so. But what you doing so far from the tourist resorts? At least, I didn't think there were any tourist resorts near here."

Tracey spoke and was surprised by how cracked her voice was and how thick it was with an emotion she didn't really understand. "We were on holiday in Throb. And we couldn't pay our bill. So we done a bunk. And we've been walking to Gomorrah."

"Even though there's a war?"

"Apparently, we stand a much better chance than by going via the normal

channels. And anyway there's only the sea or Sodom to choose between otherwise."

"No choice at all," admitted Buttercup. "Unless you're very good swimmers."

"We've had a fucking awful time since we left Throb," Sharon elaborated. "It's been so fucking hard. We got beat up by a fucking teacher. And we've had nothing decent to eat. And we ain't even had any fucking ciggies. Buggery's a fucking awful country. No fucking disrespect meant. It being your fucking country and all. But it's one fucking shitty, pissing awful place. There's been fucking nothing to recommend it to fucking anyone."

"So you're fugitives," smiled Buttercup warmly as Tracey nervously walked towards her. "I'm a fugitive too, you know. From the Royal Court. Well, not quite the Royal Court: but from behind the Big Wall. I've just escaped."

"How did you manage that?"

"It wasn't easy. But I used to make love with one of the guards quite often and I managed to steal her keys. I had to kill her, though. It wasn't pleasant and it certainly wasn't easy, but when you've been behind the wall that's not so difficult. There was so much blood though. She took so long to die! But she'd have been killed anyway when they'd found I'd escaped. And I've been free for two days now. No food. No people. Nothing. But free!"

"Was it so fucking awful behind the wall?" wondered Sharon. "It's been so shitty on this side of the wall, we just couldn't imagine it being worse on the other side."

"It is hell! You just can't believe! And you foreigners probably can't believe it anyway. I'd never believed it possible. Like all my classmates I'd been brought up to believe in a much more pleasant world than this. Like all the other girls in my school,

we'd been prepared as sacrificial virgins. We were taught how to love, and never even knew that clothes ever existed. We watched Buggery television: and as far as we knew that's what real life was really like."

Buttercup sat down cross-legged, and the two other girls sat down beside her: Tracey stretched out on the ragged grass and Sharon with her knees pulled up to her chin. "I enjoyed school. I was good at lessons and was always amongst the best girls in the sex lessons. We all looked forward to the day when we'd go to the Royal Court and meet His Royal Highness. Our only dreams were to be fucked by the King and maybe his Queen. We masturbated every day in Regal Studies over his image and believed that he would be the greatest lover in the world.

"When we were fifteen, just two years ago, our school years were over. Most girls (the ones we didn't think were so lucky) were taken out of school to become teachers, actresses or sex hostesses for the tourist industry. We thought we were the blessed ones as we were packed together in luxury carriages in such a frenzy of excitement to head to the world behind the wall."

Buttercup sighed, and then smiled broadly at Tracey. "Oh! It's so good to meet some friendly faces. I've not met anyone since I escaped. I thought I'd never meet anyone. How long have you been in the woods?"

"Too fucking long!" grunted Sharon.

"What was it like behind the wall?" asked Tracey, somehow too shy too use perjoratives as freely as her friend.

"We'd been told what to expect. It would be such a glorious place to be and above all we would have the privilege of serving at the Royal Court. We'd lose our virginity, and then we'd live in a world of luxury several times greater than that we'd

been used to.

“At first when we’d arrived behind the wall, it seemed that it was true. The degree of luxury the nobility enjoy is incredible. As we were driven along we saw enormous palaces, gardens, swimming pools, gold statues everywhere. It seemed like we’d died and gone to heaven. The carriage stopped and we were escorted out of the carriage by women wearing clothes. It was the first time in our lives any of us had ever seen clothes. And it was a shock. The entire concept of clothing had just never occurred to us. The idea was so totally foreign. In actual fact, these women weren’t wearing that many clothes and what they were was all made of rubber. They certainly didn’t cover their groin or breasts, but they were skin-tight. They also wore make-up (which we’d seen on television) but not applied so thickly and unnaturally. Each of us were chaperoned by a single woman who took us away from our friends. I’ve never seen any of my friends from school ever again.

“The woman who took me was quite rough. She took me into a chamber and started making love to me in a loveless way I’d never had love made to me before. When she’d finished, she washed me with soap and cream in the most solicitous way. Then she announced that I was officially classified as a Beta Plus. ‘What does that mean?’ I asked. ‘It means, my love, that you won’t have your virginity taken by the Royal Family. And certainly not by His Magnificent Royal Highness (May He Live Forever)!’ At that time there was a different King. He certainly didn’t live forever. ‘Only Alpha Plus girls get that privilege.’ She said. ‘But you’re still very lucky. You’re assigned to the Minister of Agriculture and Forestry, His Grandiloquence, The Baron of White Flower.’ And indeed that’s where I did go. And nobody ever told me that sex could be so horrible!”

Buttercup paused and smiled again. Tracey was sure she was smiling at her, and she felt herself blushing. What was happening to her? She smiled back at Buttercup, feeling her face crack in a newly unaccustomed way. When did she last smile? “What do you mean: he was horrible?”

“He was with me for about two hours with two other girls who’d also just graduated. I was slapped, beaten, bugged, and had my maidenhead taken. And in the most brutal and careless way. Nothing like the pampered sensitive way I’d been told it would be. Afterwards I was covered with bruises! I had raw red marks down my back where he’d beaten me with a stick. But at least I hadn’t had a chair broken on my head like one girl who was knocked unconscious and had her nose broken. And I didn’t have one of my hands sliced off with a carving knife like the other girl. There was blood everywhere! And while this was all happening, we were watched by an audience of the Baron’s court and friends. And they all applauded his most gross actions. The most foul and disgusting, the more they were cheering him. I was so humiliated and bewildered. No one had told me it would be like this!”

Buttercup sighed deeply as she remembered these painful hours. Despite herself, Tracey found a small tear drip out of the corner of her eye. Who could ever treat such a beautiful girl so badly?

“Perhaps it was because I was so violently sick. My vomit was everywhere. And I’d even shat from fright. Would I be the next one to lose an arm? Or worse? Maybe it was because the Baron had had his fill with the other two that I came off relatively lightly.

“When I went to bed after my first night, I just cried and cried. I was assigned a pleasant enough chamber which I shared with the other two girls who’d been with

me and the Baron. The girl with the broken nose just lay there with her eyes closed and shivered. I wondered if she'd ever wake up. The other just sat on a chair with her eyes wide open staring at her bandaged bloody stump, shaking backwards and forwards. And backwards and forwards. And from that moment, I swore I'd do whatever possible to escape from that world."

"Do you want to come to Gomorrah with us, then?" Tracey asked.

Buttercup looked deep into Tracey's eyes with a directness and a love which melted her away to her core. Was she falling in love with a woman? She coughed nervously. No woman, however beautiful, could be better than cock. "Can I, please?" Buttercup asked. "I don't want to be a burden."

Tracey could hardly answer. She nodded her head under Buttercup's spell. It was left to Sharon to answer. "The more's the merrier," she said supporting Tracey around the waist. "Of course you fucking can!"

Buttercup knelt in front of the two girls and stretched an arm out onto Tracey's knee. The hand was warm and firm, and Tracey shuddered. "I'd be so grateful!" Buttercup pleaded, her hand stroking up and down Tracey's thigh which burned from the feel of it (or was it from all the scratches and bruises she had?) And then, sensing a lack of resistance, Buttercup leaned further forward and with her other stroked Tracey's arm, while her first hand slid towards the battered and bruised and itching vagina. And then, Tracey didn't know how, Buttercup's fingers were firmly grasping her cunt, while Sharon's arm was around her back, and Buttercup's lips parted slowly and sensuously. And then they were on her mouth, and a warm melting liquid kiss melded itself on her own passionate kisses.

Sharon sniffed as she watched Buttercup make love to her friend, taking her

arm off Tracey, as the two girls sank onto the grass. Three, or was it four, days since they'd had sex, suddenly here was Tracey getting all fucking sappy with a girl they'd only just met. It was by no means the first time she'd watched her friend having sex with someone else, even a woman, but she couldn't recall her being so weirdly sappy and awkward about it. But there was no way she could deny how beautiful Buttercup was. She felt strangely hot herself, but she reminded herself it was cock she preferred. She wasn't a fucking dyke. Even when Buttercup's other hand somehow found its way to her own cunt, and she too, despite her tiredness and exhaustion, melted into a sensuous pleasure that no one had given her before. No one at home. No one in Throb. Not even the man on the beach with the ten inch prick with the slight kink in it. Nor the two men at the club who'd fucked her for well over two hours. And none of the women she'd had, even Tracey (in fact especially not Tracey) had made her feel like this before. She gasped and panted as the three girls stroked and licked and grappled with each other in the dappled light of the forest clearing, her cunt burning with a heat that was only matched by the fury of her orgasm as it erupted unprompted from inside her. She choked and coughed and then collapsed onto the ground, watching through her slightly opened eyes as Tracey and Buttercup dry humped each other amongst the bluebells and mossy dew.

Eventually, after the most blissful rest either of the friends had had since Throb, intertwined amongst each other, it was necessary to start walking. Which they did silently and somehow overwhelmed by the change of circumstances. Tracey and Sharon led, following the route indicated so indistinctly on the map, with glimpses of the wall visible in the distance.

It was Buttercup who broke the uneasy silence and asked the two girls all sorts

of questions about the holiday experience that they had enjoyed before absconding. “It was fucking magic!” exclaimed Sharon, reminiscing of the men who’d fucked her and their days of luxurious depravity.

“It’s a bit like that behind the wall in a way,” Buttercup explained, pushing aside a low hanging branch that threatened to scratch her face. “Only there, it’s done wholly for the benefit of the aristocracy and favoured ministers. And by all accounts, their tastes are somewhat more depraved than you ever saw on your holiday. It’s all very sadomasochistic and violent. The boys are the ones who get the roughest treatment, I think. There’s a kind of homosexual bias amongst the inner court. The lifespan for a servant is not very long. And almost everyone who’s not related to royalty is a servant. All you’ve got to do is attract someone’s attention by being too attractive, growing old, having an injury, or just being there, and then you’ll just somehow disappear. It might be after some sex game or other. Or you might just get sent off to the front. It’s the men who get the worst of this, and so there aren’t many men behind the wall.”

“Are these Barons and Lords and so on really rich?” wondered Sharon who had always been fascinated by the lives of the rich and famous. At home she’d often read magazine articles about the eccentricities and depravities of millionaires and rock stars.

“I got to know a little about them while I was there, from talking to people. And although luxury’s all I’ve ever known really, I’d say that they must be very rich. The nobility have gardens, mansions, palaces and so forth which are truly astonishing. There’s so much of it. It’s quite easy to get lost in the grounds and never get found. There are rumours of whole communities that do that. They just hide under the very

noses of royalty in the depths of their estates. And the luxuries of private cinemas, enormous swimming pools, monstrous cars, private armies, private helicopters and yachts. It's too much!"

Tracey might have been poor at sums at school, but she had a vague idea what the value of money was. "Where'd they get their fucking wealth from? I mean, this is a poor country!"

"Yeah!" agreed Sharon. "In comparison to most people we've seen here we're like fucking millionaires. I mean this country's got nothing. It doesn't make cars. It doesn't sell much food. I've never seen anything back home with 'Made In Buggery' written on it."

Buttercup smiled at the idea of something being labelled 'Made In Buggery'. "Buggery makes its money from sex," she answered.

"Sex?" wondered Tracey, frowning quizzically.

"Yes," agreed Buttercup. "I've only heard about this. But what I've heard is, that Sex Tourism is really big business. That's why there's so much of it in a country where most of it is out of bounds to foreigners and where everything behind the wall is out of bounds to even people from Buggery. Of my friends at school, a lot ended up in Sex Tourism. I don't know what they're doing now, of course. And there are even schools and colleges which specialise in teaching it. The art of sex tourism, I'm told, is to exercise no discretion at all in what sexual relations you have."

"Like prostitution?" suggested Sharon, who'd once seriously considered this as a career option. After all she was always just giving it away. Why not get a bit back from it?

"What's 'prostitution'?" wondered Buttercup. "I don't think I've ever heard

that word before.”

“Is it just sex tourism that makes money?” wondered Tracey, who decided to rescue her friend from having to provide a complex explanation.

“No,” said Buttercup pushing a strand of golden hair out of her face and directing her sparkling eyes at Tracey in a direct way that still unsettled her, even after their last couple of hours of walking together. “It’s substantial but not crucial. Buggery is the leading supplier of pornography and sex related entertainment in the world. Apparently (and Buggery is proud of this) it is the premier supplier in terms of quality and explicitness as well as quantity. I don’t know the exact statistics, but over 95% of all the world’s snuff movies come from Buggery. The film industry produces some 40% of the world’s sex films, and some of the biggest porn stars are from Buggery. The country also supplies a substantial proportion of hard core pornographic books and magazines, and so much pornographic television that the country’s national television station is just a pornographic propaganda machine.”

“Is sex really enough for these people to get so rich?”

“I’m sure there’s reinvestment as well. But it’s not just the royalty that has to be financed, there’s also the war with Gomorrah. It’s an expensive war. And it’s only sustainable because Buggery tolerates a very high death rate.”

“A high death rate?” asked Tracey.

“I don’t know more than that,” Buttercup admitted. “But behind the wall, it’s the main reason why there aren’t too many men there. They just go to the front to fight against Gomorrah and never return. Mind you! They’re maybe the lucky ones. The ones that got out. At least they’re no longer going to be mutilated by the nobility just for their perverted pleasure.”

“Like your friends you were telling us about?”

“Yes, that’s right,” sighed Buttercup. “I was soon the only one left in that room, although other girls joined me later. The girl who’d had her hand cut off had one more session with the baron, who apparently likes amputated stumps stuck up his anus and other places. She didn’t survive. The girl with the broken nose was reclassified as an Epsilon, and either left for the sex industry or the war. She would never have appeared on national television with a broken nose. That sort of thing’s never allowed, but she might’ve appeared in a violent sex movie perhaps, where apparently there’s a preference for beautiful girls with small defects.

“And I was a survivor. And that’s what I’ve been ever since. I’ve avoided having sex with the baron, which probably explains some of it. I’ve been fucked by the baroness a few times and one of their children took a fancy to me when he was just eleven. On the whole, though, I’ve just been one of many on the Baron’s estate who’re supposed to have regular sex with each other. It’s an ambience he apparently enjoys.

“My instructress explained my duties to me. I wasn’t just to stay there in luxury, I was told. Besides unquestioning sex with whoever would so chose, which was fairly frequent, (but I’d been trained for that) I was to work in the garden. My school results showed that I had an inclination towards biology and horticulture. This was true, but I’d never had the ambition of tending flowers and grass all day and every day. But at least I was out in the open air, and in a position much less exposed to the attention of nobility or whoever. I was never to wear clothes. Only certain privileged people like the instructresses and nobility and police have that privilege. I was to remove all bodily hair, and, as a gardener, to look as natural as possible. Not all girls have such favourable conditions. Some had to shave their heads. Some had extensive

body piercing. Some had very peculiar things done to their body. All according to their rôles in the Baron's estate.

“My instructress had a very limited part in my life from then on. Her task was to prepare new girls for the Baron's pleasures and then tell them what to do next. I was just a gardener who worked with other girls and one or two men and a couple of eunuchs.”

“Eunuchs?” wondered Sharon, thinking about what a waste of cock this would be.

“Yes,” sighed Buttercup. “This was another taste of the Baron's. In fact, he liked to conduct the actual castration. Apparently that was a sport he particularly enjoyed.” Buttercup glanced towards a patch of wall which could be seen in the distance, and then said with a touch of bitterness: “In comparison to most people, I've spent most of the last two years in relative comfort in amongst the Baron's herbaceous borders.”

VIII

Buttercup's skills extended far beyond the sensual as Sharon and Tracey became increasingly aware as they continued their tramp through the woods. It was she who told them how to orientate their progress on the map by reference to the position of the Sun and its height in the sky. This meant that they were able to get further away from the wall, which, as Buttercup reminded them, was probably not very safe when there was almost certainly a hunt being organised for her. "They wouldn't like to encourage others to escape, if they knew they could get away with it," she commented. Despite their desperation, Buttercup's presence somehow lifted both the girls' spirits, although it was clear that she responded positively to Tracey's more unambiguous attraction to her. She took Tracey's hand in hers (something no man or woman had ever done in her all her years of love-making) and squeezed it occasionally in a reassuring way as they walked under the overhanging branches and avoided nettles and bracken. Sharon accepted this reluctantly, but as she reminded herself as she watched her best friend and her new lover gaily swinging their arms from clasped hands, it was cock not cunt she relished. Even when she responded with a faint tingle when Buttercup occasionally touched her arm or kissed her encouragingly on the cheek.

The trek through the woods seemed to go on longer than either Sharon or Tracey had anticipated, but then neither of them had had much experience of, or previous inclination towards, either map-reading or walking. In fact, it was clear that they were actually making faster progress with Buttercup than they were before. They were having fewer rests and they seemed to have gained new energy to stride forward

faster and further than previously. As the night drew in, they actually found a deserted cottage which seemed suitable for them to rest the night. This would be luxury compared to where they'd been sleeping the last few nights, even though it was in a very dilapidated state. Half the cottage was totally collapsed and less than half of its roof was in any sense intact. However, it kept the night chill away from the girls' bare flesh: especially Buttercup who didn't even have as much as a blouse to keep her warm. They made space for themselves in the weeds and rubble of what were once rooms and watched the shadows lengthen as day came rather abruptly to a close.

It was now that Buttercup's skills as a gardener came to the fore as she somehow managed to locate some potatoes, carrots, turnips and other vegetables that were still growing in the abandoned ruins of what had once been a vegetable garden. Many of these were vegetables neither Sharon nor Tracey would ever have considered eating before. They looked so bland and not usually found on pizzas or inside burgers, but now they seemed like the most perfect food in the world. Soon all three girls were resting together in the shadows of the trees cast by the half moon, sitting down in front of a fire of twigs and small branches started by Tracey's cigarette lighter in which roasted the vegetables that Buttercup had tugged out of the ground and had prepared with some sharp stones. Sharon sat slightly to one side enjoying the warmth given off by the flames, while Tracey and Buttercup lay together.

When the food was ready, it tasted better to the girls than the most delicious fried chicken or doner kebab had ever done before. Better even than a chicken chow mein with sweet and sour sauce, or a chicken vindaloo. It was also probably the plainest food they'd ever eaten. No ketchup, vinegar, mayonnaise or even salt. But after such a poor diet to which they'd become accustomed, Sharon and Tracey felt

somehow invigorated and energised. And it was clear from the bright sparkle in Tracey's eyes that this new vigour and energy was to be directed towards one particular object.

Buttercup, as always, needed no prompting. After allowing sufficient time for the food to sink into their system, she crawled on her hands and knees towards Tracey, who was grinning in a curiously stupid fashion, and gently pinched the folds of her vagina with the forefingers of her right hand. Tracey moaned in a strangely full-throated way, and gracefully parted her legs so that Buttercup could swivel round and engage more fingers and her tongue on the scarred and embattled terrain of her cunt. She sank back onto her elbows, her head back, staring up at the half moon through the tangled shadows of the overhanging trees, while Buttercup expertly massaged, licked and caressed her sensitive and, oh so tender!, erogenous zones towards further gasps of unrestrainable pleasure and near ecstasy.

Sharon sat cross-legged watching her best friend make love to someone else. Not for the first time, of course, but usually it had been some hairy-arsed, winnets-blessed man, with saliva dripping from his lower lip and a prick that usually either came to soon or never got really stiff enough. Sharon was aware that she was beginning to get jealous of the growing friendship between her closest friend and this beautiful naked girl, but there was no denying that Buttercup's presence was undoubtedly a good thing. She was helping the two friends navigate through the woods, keeping up their otherwise dejected spirits and was decidedly more practical-minded than either of them were.

Sharon watched as Tracey responded to Buttercup's advances and returned them by crawling underneath her body and taking the lips of Buttercup's vagina in her

teeth. Tracey had never experimented with this sexual position of mutual oral sex before. Blow jobs usually just led to fucking. No blokes, until she'd come to Buggery, had ever shown any interest in putting their tongues to her cunt. Perhaps it was the smell of fish and piss that put them off, she wondered. But now this wonderful woman with a supermodel body was tonguing her liked she'd never been tongued before, and as she climaxed urgently, passionately, and loudly, she knew that her own reciprocation had really been clumsy and awkward. She definitely needed more practise. She collapsed in exhaustion. All the passion had exhausted her small reservoir of energy, and she huddled in Buttercup's comforting sun-tanned arms.

Sharon smiled at the two of them, too tired and disorientated to resent Tracey's sexual selfishness. And anyway Tracey had been gagging for it all day. Sharon was still a little uneasy about making love to a woman. Where was the cock in that? Buttercup smiled back at Sharon and ran her tongue over her lips, clearly advertising her continued availability. Sharon was just not interested, which was unusual for her.

Somehow or other, conversation began about Tracey and Sharon's life before they'd come to Buggery. Buttercup listened to their account of life back home, and seemed to find it tremendously exotic and even bizarre. The very concept of night-clubs and pubs took some explaining. The girls' accounts of their sexual exploits didn't impress her at all, however. Buttercup didn't find anything very adventurous or exciting in their tales about making love to several men at the same time, having both anal and vaginal intercourse simultaneously, losing your knickers on the train or being found by your parents with a boy's prick in your mouth.

Indeed, some of her comments rather shocked the girls, like: "Didn't you ask your parents to join in?" or "Why didn't you make love with girls more often?" or "Is

it true that you're not supposed to show your vagina in public?"

"Don't you ever get to find out about anything in the world outside of Buggery?" wondered Sharon getting a little exasperated by Buttercup's show of ignorance.

"You've seen our television stations, haven't you?" Buttercup responded sweetly. "When I was at school I genuinely believed that the real world was like that."

"But since then... When you were behind the wall... Didn't you find out more?"

"A little more. But not much. They've got another television station which is relayed by cable behind the wall, which is a bit different to what you can see at the tourist resorts. But it's no better for finding out what's beyond Buggery's borders."

"What's that station like?" wondered Sharon. "Does it have sex in it? Or is it a normal television station?"

"It's more normal than what you've seen, in that people wear clothes (or some clothes) on it. But it's no better for information. And it's horribly cruel and violent. And that's because it suits the depraved tastes of the Buggery aristocracy."

"What could be more depraved than what we've already seen!" snorted Sharon. "This whole country is just one bunch of pervie bastards. There's nothing sane or normal here!"

"Well! There's a lot of violence. And a lot of sex. There's a lot of sports and game shows: and they're not the nice sports like you told me you see on tourist television. There are a lot of gladiatorial sports. There's one sport which is basically where two men armed with knives have to fight to castrate the other. The winner is the one who (by whatever means) manages to slice off his opponent's testicles and to hold

them aloft. That's pretty disgusting. And often, of course, one or both of them die. There are others which are just fights to the death, where the loser survives at least long enough to see that he or she has lost. And when it involves disembowelling and live organ removal, just how they lost in gruesome detail.

“There is wrestling: but the only kind of wrestling you see is where the aim of the exercise is to anally fuck the opponent. It looks really odd as two men who have to keep their penises as erect as they can (so they're always masturbating themselves as they fight) have to try and get their opponent into a position that they can force their prick into the other's arsehole. There are team sports too: but many of those also involve death, castration and sodomy.

“Another game is where a person has to run away from others, including dogs, whose task is to rape him or her. This might take place in a maze, where the victim has no idea who or what might be around the next bend or corner. In this case the victim has to be able to both run quite fast and to be able to fight off the attackers. The victim is considered to have won when he or she has reached wherever the end point is and to have escaped anal intercourse. And, for a woman, vaginal intercourse as well. It's quite possible for a victim to win because she's only been fucked but not been bugged.”

“It can't all be sport on television?” wondered Tracey who'd never really followed sport much at home, although she liked watching wrestling for the pleasure of watching the men's bodies.

“There are films as well. These must be made for export in most cases and some are very well-made. But they're very violent too. And I'm sure the violence is real. When characters are slowly mutilated to death, or repeatedly beaten, or have

parts of their body removed then you can be sure it's the real thing. And there's usually some rape involved in it. It seems that it's impossible to kill or harm someone without having sex with them. Often the victims are restrained by ropes or manacles. Sometimes they are just beaten into compliance."

"The actors can't have a long career can they?" wondered Tracey.

"Not if they are deemed to be villains or if they are one of those to be attacked early in the films. But even those who are considered the heroes or heroines are not that nice. They seem not to care if they gouge out the eyes of their victims, or castrate them, or slice off their limbs, or disembowel them. Even if they are supposed to be acting on behalf of goodness and decency. And they are just as likely to rape their victims. The main difference is that the good characters will always survive. However, there was one character whose descent towards her final death started off with her being considered a heroine. But in the process of that film she had both of her arms severed just below the shoulders. Her suffering was grotesque and genuine, as near the start of the film her arms were cut off with a knife while being raped. She spent the rest of the film having to adapt to her new physical deficiency. Something which was treated relatively sympathetically. She was a very beautiful girl. Somehow or other she managed with the assistance of others in bringing her attackers to their own gross and disturbing deaths, inevitably including their own mutilation. Then I saw her in another film where this time she had her legs cut off with an axe just below the hips and spent the rest of the film hobbling about as just a torso. Not surprising the last film I saw her in she was repeatedly gang-raped and then tortured until her death. This film had very little pretence of a plot. And I can't imagine she could have enjoyed even the smallest part of it."

Sharon didn't enjoy the idea of Buggery television very much. "Can't we change the subject," she suggested. "Look at the sky!"

She pointed up at the half moon through the lattice of branches in the wood. Overhead there was a faint roar of an aeroplane going by. The two friends watched the aeroplane's tail lights sadly.

"That's where we ought to be!" Tracey said.

"I'd do anything to be watching a normal game show on television," Sharon mused. "To go in a pub and get a pint of lager. Get really pissed, and get fucked by some fat greasy slob with spew down his tee-shirt."

Buttercup sighed. "I'm sure we'll get there. I see on your map that we can't be too far from the front with Buggery."

"It's still fucking thirty miles. And it's not all fucking woods," Sharon elaborated.

"Two days!" mused Tracey leaning her head wearily on Buttercup's shoulder, long hair brushing against her face. "At fifteen miles a day, we'll do it in two days!"

IX

The girls had been in woods for many days now and had become rather accustomed to their remoteness from the civilised world. Sharon commented that at home they'd have been bound to meet someone walking in the woods, but as Buttercup pointed out from the map there were just no places near them where people would be likely to be coming from. As she elaborated, people in Buggery didn't have the leisure time to be walking in the woods for no purpose.

However, they did at last come across someone else, as they emerged out of thick wood into a clearing. It was a woman gathering dried wood. Typically for this country, she was naked with a shaved head. As they had seen no one for so many days, it seemed sensible just to girls stay quiet and still in the hope that they wouldn't be noticed while she was working.

"You don't have to hide you know," the woman called out to them. "I know you're there." She picked up her bundle of twigs and branches and walked towards where they were.

Sharon, Tracey and Buttercup emerged nervously from the shadows and stood in the speckled sunlight. The woman stared at them with a quizzical expression, passing her eyes from one girl to another and back again. She had probably been very attractive once, and she was probably not much older than thirty. Most of her teeth were missing. Her nose was broken and slightly twisted. A jagged scar disfigured one of her breasts. "My! You're a funny crowd! Are you on the run?"

Tracey nodded her head. "We're on our way to Gomorrah."

"Gomorrah!" exclaimed the woman with an amused smile. "Well, you've got

to have somewhere to run to if you're running away I suppose." She dropped her bundle to her feet and hobbled towards them with the faltering step of a much older person. "You'll be pleased to know that it's not far to go now. The war zone's really close to here. It used to be a lot further away. Many kilometres away. But it's been getting steadily closer as the war's gone on. Bit like the tide coming in, I guess."

The girls felt strangely awe-struck by the disfigured woman. She was so skinny, with the outline of her ribs and hips showing clearly through her tanned bare skin. Her feet were flattened and rough. Her toe- and finger-nails were crooked and broken. Many of her teeth were missing, particularly at the front. Back home, Sharon and Tracey had never seen anyone in such a bad way, except after a good scrap in the pub car park. And then it'd be mostly patched up when the hospital had got them to them.

"You're a strange lot. I've never seen anyone like you before. We get a lot of runaways round here. Mostly to seek a better life in Gomorrah. Or anywhere really. But you're the strangest yet. I suppose you're worried about being caught and sent back. And that's why you're wandering in the woods."

"There's a lot of police about!" Sharon said.

"Well, that may be so. But there's no reason here why they'd be bothered about you lot in particular. Law and order sort of starts to disintegrate round here. No one can be bothered to enforce His Majesty's Justice when you spend all your time dodging bullets and things. And that's why I live here."

"Why? Because there's no law and order?" wondered Buttercup.

The woman didn't really answer. She looked at Buttercup's beautiful naked figure with a horrible lascivious leer. "My! You're a pretty one!" she exclaimed.

“You’re the prettiest one I’ve ever seen! I’d love to have you suck my cunt!” The woman scratched her chin contemplatively with a hand from which two fingers were missing.

The woman walked right up to Buttercup and stood right in front of her. Tracey had become sufficiently sensitive to her new lover to notice her flinch ever so slightly as the woman approached. She answered Buttercup’s question. “No, sweetheart. Where there’s no law and order, then you can survive. It’s the law which kills people. In most of Buggery you can’t live at all when you lose your looks. Or like me get brutally and violently raped by the police. You don’t stand a chance in most of Buggery. You last as long as you can, and that’s only so long as the police don’t take an interest in you for one reason or another. Or you don’t get called up for fighting against the Gomorrans. Round here no one gives a fuck. There’s no eugenic policy - official or otherwise.”

The woman raised her other hand, which still had a full set of fingers, and without ceremony or introduction stroked Buttercup’s breasts. “You’ll want some food, won’t you? Something to eat. You can’t buy it round here. You can only grow it, steal it or sell your body for it.”

“Can’t you buy anything at the villages?” wondered Tracey.

“Villages!” sniffed the woman. “You’re only five kilometres from the front. Villages can’t survive here. They get bombed to pieces. You have to live in a bunker to survive round here. There are no villages anywhere around her! The nearest you have to a village must be Tranquillity. That’s a real hovel which supplies sex to the soldiers before they head off to fight in the war. And probably die. You could buy sex there, but not any food. You can buy sex here if you want. And you can sell it too. It’s

a lot less precious than food, I can tell you! If you want food you're going to have to follow me. And you're going to have to pay for it! But not with money! What could I do with money round here?"

The woman looked at the girls. "Well! Are you coming with me or you going to stay in the fucking woods forever? And is any one of you going to help me carry these fucking twigs?"

Sharon nodded and reluctantly stepped forward. "Yeah! We'll come. At least you're not police!"

The woman smiled grimly. "And you can call me Joy by the way. That's what I'm called, but that doesn't necessarily describe me."

She picked up the bundle that lay on the ground, which was tied together by more flexible branches, and lunged it over to Sharon. She gasped as she took the weight off Joy. Fuck! They were heavy! She swang them over her shoulder, feeling the rough branches against her skin through the blouse, and followed Joy as she hobbled ahead of them through the woods. Fortunately, Tracey and Buttercup took turns in helping her carry the bundle, so it wasn't so bad. But even five minutes at a time was more weight than she'd ever carried before. They walked in single line through a tortuous route that seemed to follow no obvious paths, stepping over fallen logs and ducking under tangled bracken. Now that Tracey was carrying the bundle and cursing every fucking twig while she did so, Sharon now noticed for the first time that Joy had a bit of a limp, and that half of one of her buttocks was missing.

Also for the first time, as they stumbled along, the girls began to appreciate just how close they must be to the war zone. They passed the rotting hull of a crashed aeroplane, parts of which were still hanging from the branches of the trees. And they

passed a few holes that Tracey at first thought had been dug, but which Buttercup pointed out were more likely to be craters caused by falling bombs.

And then, for the first time in days, they were out of the woods and found themselves on a road which stretched away from the wood across open fields into the distance. The three girls paused in the unfamiliar, open space. They could see more than several yards ahead. And the bright rays of the sun in the open air was overwhelming after the speckled light and dark shadows they'd become accustomed to.

Joy did not appreciate their pause. "Fuck's sake!" She yelled. "It's fucking dangerous here. You don't want to get shot, do you? And don't wander around randomly. There are mines, unexploded bombs and all things round here. So just follow where I go and don't even think of making a fucking detour." She turned round with a grimace, and hobbled on as the unforgiving sun beat down on her and on the girls. Sharon's skin burnt in the bright light and the sharp pain of the heat became indistinguishable from the sharp pain of the branches she was carrying. But, from the advice she had been given, she was able to see the landscape in a new light. The many holes which dotted the uncultivated fields had definitely not been dug. They were too shallow and too strangely smooth. And the rusted hulks she could see in the distance were almost certainly not the tractors and cars like you'd expect to see in the country back home. They almost certainly served some military purpose.

After a mile or so of trudging through the desolate fields, Joy led them to what looked like some kind of a settlement. It was in fact the bombed remains of a tinned fruit factory, with a large commercial sign pointing to the foreman's office and industrial machinery scattered about.

As they approached, they were able to see the other inhabitants of this place. Like Joy, they were all naked with shaved heads. Some were even young children: which was something Tracey and Sharon hadn't seen before in Buggery. But the vast majority of the people were other women. Very few were men. Nobody seemed to pay them any attention as they approached. Everyone seemed busy in their own affairs amongst the ruins of the factory, which still had inappropriate signs scattered about the place, pointing towards places like Reception, Head Office and Exit.

Joy stopped by a sign reading Technical Services. "This used to be the main agricultural district of Buggery," she commented. "During the war with Sodom, this area was very prosperous, as all trade that didn't go by sea had to go via Gomorrah. So, a lot of people came to live round here. Nowadays nobody lives here except old people like me or people with more to fear from Law and Order than from living off all this shit."

"What sort of people?" wondered Sharon.

"Men, for instance," Joy continued. "Not many men in Buggery. They all get sent off to the war if they can't be used in the sex and tourism industry. People with physical disabilities - like that girl there." She pointed at a very pretty girl of about sixteen who certainly didn't appear disabled. "She's deaf. She'd be dead as well anywhere but here. Deafness isn't tolerated. It's a wonder she didn't have her womb torn out like I did. But she's had a couple of little children. And they're not deaf."

Joy led the three girls down what had once been a corridor, but now without a roof over their heads seemed like just the gap between two buildings. She arrived at a hatch on the floor which she crouched over, lifted up with some effort with both hands

and revealed a flight of metal steps descending into the dark. “Down here. But be careful! A lot of rungs are missing.”

This was true, and Buttercup complained at the sharpness of the edges of the rungs on her bare feet. It was also very dark, so the three girls were quite frightened as they descended. Before they got to the bottom, however, the shaft was lit up by a light from below as Joy lit a candle with some matches. They now got a view of where they were. It was in fact a room that had once been a food store. All about the place was scattered an untidy miscellany of rugs and rubbish, which betrayed no sense of order, even to Tracey and Sharon who were used to relative disorder. In the corner of the room, there was a ragged mattress on which lay another woman, whose appearance was not nearly as decrepit as the first woman.

“This is Sweetness, my lover,” announced Joy. “Sweetness is blind, so the only use she has to the world is to make love. Isn’t that so, darling.”

“I fuck all the time. To whoever’s willing to pay us food for it,” Sweetness explained. “Are you going to give us food for sex? I’m about ready for a fuck.” Sweetness was a slim, in fact emaciated girl, perhaps only fourteen years old, with long, terribly matted, black hair which reached to her waist. Like everyone else though she was totally naked.

“Not tonight, Sweetness,” Joy explained. “It’s these girls who are going to give me pleasure today.”

In fact it was more Buttercup than Sharon or Tracey who provided that honour. The two girls were deeply depressed by their environment, horrified by the physical appearance of their host, but nonetheless ravenously hungry. Buttercup, however, seemed to have no discriminatory faculties and more than satisfied Joy’s lust, while

Sweetness sat silently and disconsolately to one side. Tracey felt a mixture of disgust and jealousy as she watched Buttercup indulge in wild and passionate love of the kind with apparently just as much pleasure as she'd ever shown to her. But although Buttercup might have the energy, she reflected, somehow all the energy seemed to have sapped out of her. The relative calm and peace that had fallen upon her these last couple of days since they'd met Buttercup was being angrily consumed with the heat and rush of jealousy and hatred, as she watched Buttercup lick Joy's half-buttock and allowed Joy's tongue to push through the gaps in her teeth into the beauty of her vagina. Tracey could imagine every caress and every thrust and every nibble as if it was happening to her. As, of course, it had not so long before.

And Joy's appetite for sex was ravenous and ugly. She probed every orifice in Buttercup's body: her nostrils, her ears, her mouth and arse. She demanded that Buttercup push her tongue down her throat, into her anus, and to pay particular attention to the ripped and jagged edges of her torn labia. Every scar had to be licked, every wound and every part of her had to be treated as if it were a source of pleasure.

Only after Joy was fully satisfied, after several hours of fumbling, groping, penetration and nibbling in the candle-light, was the food at last prepared. And it really was not very pleasant. It was just a tasteless meat and vegetable stew on white rice. But nevertheless the friends launched into it with an appetite. As they ate greedily and voraciously, Sharon began to see more the advantages of having Buttercup in their company. Unlike Tracey, she had been able to watch Buttercup and Joy without too much jealousy. And, even, after having watched Tracey and Buttercup together, with a guilty feeling of having gained a kind of revenge. Sharon wouldn't have chosen to make love to such a disgusting (and smelly!) wreck of an individual

like Joy. Nor was she too excited by the sullen, skeletal appearance of Sweetness. And now that Tracey had seen what a promiscuous slut Buttercup was, despite her obvious physical beauty, maybe she would lose her so obvious dykish obsession with the girl.

However, when the candle was about to be extinguished, Sharon found that there was actually a shortage of mattresses and that the two mattresses there were both in a filthy and sordid state. Tracey and Sharon shared the mattress with Sweetness who clung to them with a tenacity that had nothing do with any sexual passion and more to do with a desperation for their bodies' warmth. Sweetness occasionally stroked and caressed the two girls' bodies seemingly unconcerned by their unresponsiveness. This was almost comforting in the discomfort and bleakness of their sleeping arrangements. Sharon had never slept so tightly against Tracey's body before, and she was dreading not only Sweetness' dyke intentions, but those that her best friend might be developing. Joy and Buttercup slept on the other mattress where they very soon resumed making love together as the night hours stretched ahead in the total blackness of the abandoned store-room.

X

Sharon eventually got to sleep after tossing and turning in the dark fetid heat, crammed between Sweetness' and Tracey's own hot bodies, and long after the moaning and gasping ceased from the mattress where Buttercup was sleeping with Joy. When she awoke it was on a lumpy mattress sodden with sweat and the strange sensations of a slobbery tactile probing in her vagina. As she blinked in the dark, her legs were wide open and she was enjoying the sensation despite herself. What was the feeling? It wasn't a prick. Not unless it was a peculiarly small and versatile one. And it wasn't fingers - the feeling was quite unlike that. As the sensation spread up her labia to her stomach, she established that it must be a tongue. No man had ever sucked her there before, and it was a pleasure she felt peculiar about enjoying. But who was it? There was no light at all in the dark store-room; no silhouetted figures, nothing but a frightening absence of sight.

"Tracey. Is that you?" Sharon wondered, thinking that her friend had perhaps mistaken her for Buttercup.

"You what?" answered Tracey in a sleepy voice. "What you want?"

"Are you fucking licking me?"

"What the fuck do you think? I'm your mate, not your fucking whatsit."

Sharon leaned up and groped at the head of whoever's head it was between her legs, secretly hoping that it was Buttercup (though why she wasn't sure).

"Ooh! That hurt! That's my eye!" shrieked Sweetness.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

"Don't you like it?"

“Don’t fucking ask! Just get the fuck off me!” Sharon yelled into the dark.

A match was struck, and a candle lit. Joy stood up in front of them, with a strange leer. “Don’t you like my darling Sweetness?” She asked with amusement.

“I’m no fucking dyke!”

“In this world, you get what you fucking get and you’ve got no fucking choice!” Joy said. “However, it’s time me and Sweetness went to work.”

Buttercup was still asleep on the mattress, but Joy rudely shook her awake. “Come on, my darling. We need to get some daylight!” After some very minor preparation, Joy led the way up the store-room rungs to the world outside. Actually, it was Sweetness who really led the way, bounding up the rungs, knowing exactly where to place her bare feet. She pushed up the hatch, Joy extinguished the candle she was carrying, and the girls were exposed to the harsh bright light of the morning sun through the slats of the bombed roof.

In the light, Sharon was at last able to see Sweetness more clearly. She was very thin, her ribs showing clearly through the stretched skin of her chest, and her pointed nipples prominent on otherwise uncountoured breasts. Her dark brown hair was matted and fell over her sharp angular shoulders, and unlike almost everyone else they had met she had no stud in her cunt. Her eyes had a haunting vacancy about them, the pupils and cornea spooky and undefined, and she never faced whoever it was she was speaking to or whoever it was speaking to her. She had prominent pinched cheeks and clearly defined cheek-bones, which gave a strangely puckered look to her mouth.

It was Sweetness who rushed ahead, clearly familiar with every bend and contour of the corridors in the ruined factory, with Joy and the three girls following.

On the way, they passed other figures in the half-dark who looked up at them without much curiosity as they went by. They seemed to be preoccupied in other business which was mysterious and unidentifiable to Sharon and Tracey, but presumably had some purpose.

“What does everyone do here?” Tracey asked Joy as she dashed onward.

“Fuck knows! Stitching clothes. Grinding wheat. Rolling tobacco. How the fuck should I know? You do what you fucking can out here!”

“And what does Sweetness do?” Sharon found herself wondering, the sensation of liquid tongue still a vivid memory between her legs.

“She fucks,” snorted Joy. “Or more precisely she gets fucked. We’ve got a stall, and when I’m not out scavenging in the woods, she takes whoever wants to take her.”

“So she’s a prostitute, then?”

“I haven’t the smallest fucking idea what that is. Whatever you want to call it, it’s all Sweetness can fucking do. But she’s fucking good at it. Aren’t you, Sweetness? You’re a fucking good fuck, aren’t you!”

Sweetness turned her head round and gazed sightlessly at Joy. “I do my best.”

The girls soon exited the factory, and found themselves in a broad area where other people in the settlement were busy. Most like Sweetness had no clothes at all, but some had rags which hid some of the unsightly scars and wounds which was a common feature in the encampment. A man staggered past them hobbling on a large branch on the one leg and half a set of genitals that were left to him. His skin was tattooed all over with strange khaki-like splodges. He greeted Joy, and hobbled onwards.

“What happened to him?” Sharon asked.

“Oh! He’s that rare thing: a deserter who didn’t get shot escaping. However, he got away through a minefield, which explains his injuries. But at least he’s alive!” Joy caught up with Sweetness who was standing by a battered foam mattress next to a wooden board where the letters ‘SEX FOR SALE’ were carved into it. “Well, here we are! Lie down, Sweetness!”

The young girl stretched herself out onto the mattress, leaning herself up on her shoulders, with her legs open and her shaved vagina on prominent display. Joy sat on a rock by the side of the mattress, and smiled sardonically at the three girls who stood around. “I guess selling yourself for sex is an option you girls can go for. Buttercup’d make you all like fucking aristocracy.”

“How much does it make?” Sharon asked, making a mental comparison with the cost of sex in Throb. “How much money do you charge for Sweetness?”

“Money! Money! There’s no fucking use for fucking money here. What you gonna do with it? Clean your arse with it? No, all you’ll get is food, candles, clothes if you want them, that kind of thing. But with fucking Buttercup you’ll wipe up.”

“Food, candles and clothes!” gasped Tracey. “That doesn’t sound like it’s fucking worth it!”

“Well, what do you fucking expect, dearie?” Joy sneered. “Cigarettes, booze and televisions? There’s no fucking electricity here even if you could get those things. Anyway, you can just bugger off. I can see my first customer coming.”

Sharon, Tracey and Buttercup stood discreetly back as a squat hairy man with a ragged cloak and a mangled arm approached carrying some turnips from whose ends were still dangling dried earth and roots. He gave the turnips to Joy, who examined

them with a critical appraising eye. “Ten minutes!” she said to him, gesturing towards Sweetness. “Any more and it’s on credit.” The hairy man grunted, and handed Joy his cloak revealing some deep festering scars across his back amongst the long thick black hair. He then unceremoniously knelt on the mattress, holding out his tumescent penis towards Sweetness in the broad hairy hand that was left unmangled.

Sharon grimaced. Of all the men who’d ever fucked her, none of them had been quite as grotesque as this figure. For fuck sake, he only had one eye and an empty socket where the other should be. And she’d been fucked by some pretty fucking sorry specimens in her time! However, Sweetness had none of Sharon’s aesthetic doubts, aided no doubt by her blindness, and guided by the hairy man’s hands she plunged her mouth greedily onto his prick and gobbled and sucked it almost with desperation. As it came up to its erection, it really was not that splendid a specimen, no more than three inches long with the hair from the balls tangling with the coating of hair on its whole length. She pushed her head back and forth on its stubby fat length: the whole of it easily getting into her mouth. And then when she judged it to be as erect as it could be, she lay on her back and let him fuck her, which he did in a snorting, grunting way, his hairy arse thrusting up and down mechanically and not at all expertly.

“Have you ever been fucked by someone so horrible?” Tracey asked Buttercup as they watched.

“Well, not anyone scarred or disabled. They’d be sent off to fight in the war or whatever. But some of the people on the other side of the wall are pretty horrible. Fat and horrible, really. But you get used to it. One fuck’s much the same as another when you don’t think about it too much. How about you?”

“You fuck what you can,” Tracey answered philosophically. She looked sadly at her new lover. “What about last night? When you were ... doing it with Joy? Was that horrible?”

Buttercup looked directly into Tracey’s eyes, and smiled sympathetically. She clearly recognised Tracey’s concern. And also her jealousy. “Oh! It was really horrible! Not like it is with you. You’re much nicer!”

Tracey felt a strange burning on her cheeks. This must be what it’s like to blush, she thought, reflecting on this unusual sensation which she’d never felt since she was young and probably almost a virgin. She smiled at Buttercup in a way that she was sure was hopelessly sappy and stupid. But she didn’t care, and anyway she couldn’t help it. Buttercup turned her unbelievably beautiful body towards Tracey, put her hands on her shoulders and pressed her face towards Tracey’s.

“Do you want to make love with me, Tracey sweetest?” she asked in a strangely low and reassuring voice.

Tracey tried but couldn’t articulate a response. She nodded her head.

“We’ll leave Sharon with Sweetness and Joy, and go into the woods. Is that what you’d like, Tracey?”

Sharon was horrified to see her friend blush a deep kind of redness, her freckles burning against her sunburnt skin. What was happening to Tracey? But she didn’t need an explanation as she watched her friend walk off hand-in-hand with Buttercup towards a small wood just fifty yards away from the settlement. The bastards! Off to do their dykish business and leaving her with a bunch of fucking cripples in a fucking wasteland! Part of her, however, was envious that it was Tracey and not her who was having a relationship with a woman who back home would be

some kind of model, and a fucking rich one too. There was no fucking justice in the world, she mused as Tracey and Buttercup vanished into the shadows of the wood. She turned back to watch the hairy man's prick push in and out of Sweetness' arse.

"That'll cost him extra," commented Joy with a sneer. "You can't fucking take more unless you fucking give more."

Buttercup and Tracey wandered through the wood together hand-in-hand, Tracey struggling to keep down a fit of giggles that kept bursting uncontrollably towards the surface. Despite her misery, she had never felt so happy before. This was love. She was in love. For the first time in her life, she was in love. Unless you count Darren who used to fuck her in the garden shed his parents had owned when she was at school and strictly had only just lost her virginity. Or Wayne whose wife hated them when she found them screwing on the marital bed. Or even Baz who was probably the first really half-way decent fuck of her life. But this was different. She'd never felt so passionately and helplessly in love before.

Buttercup stopped in a small clearing, and tenderly turned Tracey towards her. Wordlessly and still smiling, she undid each button of Tracey's blouse and with care pulled it open and slid it down Tracey's arms. "Lie down!" she commanded with a whisper. Tracey obeyed, lying down naked on the moss and bracken, not really noticing the coarse dry twigs on her sun-scorched flesh. She closed her eyes, while a broad and silly smile spread over her face.

And then, she felt a tender licking and sucking on her ankles and feet. She pressed her chin against her chest and gazed down at Buttercup's arse which was hovering over her stomach while her tongue busied itself lower down. Each lick, each nip of Buttercup's teeth, each stroke of her beautiful classically contoured hands sent a

tremor of delight through her body. She shuddered and shook, as Buttercup worked her way up patiently from her ankles, to her knees, ever upwards, her bum moving closer and closer towards her eyes and mouth. Onto the thighs, on the inside, on the outside. And then... And then... Buttercup's teeth and tongue engaged with the lips of Tracey's vagina, and snagged in the short hairs of her crotch. And then, Buttercup's vagina was close enough to Tracey's face that her nose could smell its odours and her eyes could gaze lovingly at its the folds and details.

"I love you! I love you! I love you!" gasped Tracey, before sinking her nose into Buttercup's arse (the smell of which was somehow sweeter than any arse she'd smelt before), and her tongue and teeth could reciprocate the pleasure Buttercup's own was giving her below. She gasped and shuddered. And then... A pulse of pleasure rippled through her body. And exploded into a gasp. And then another gasp. Oh God! Oh God! Oh Fuck! She shivered, shuddered, and groaned as spasms of orgasm of a degree and depth she'd never before imagined crashed and thudded through her body like waves on a beach, like vibrations of a drum, like nothing she'd ever imagined before.

And then... While arching her back up to the rhythm of her internal orgasms there was a crash and a thump and a roaring noise that she at first attributed to her imagination thundering through the wood and shaking the top leaves of the trees.

Sharon also heard the noises. But she was much closer. She'd got fairly pissed off while standing around aimlessly near Sweetness and Joy. The hairy man had been replaced by another man, with a somewhat thin and bent prick and almost the ugliest and most disfigured face she'd ever seen. He was now lying down underneath Sweetness, whose shoulders were bouncing up and down as her slender body slid up

and down the length of his prick. And then with the crash, and as the sky exploded, and the jet plane shot off, Sweetness was thrown off the man and flung by the shock onto the ground. Sharon stumbled and crouched on the ground, watching the jet plane disappear, seeing the smoke and flames emerge from the depths of the old factory where the plane had dropped its payload.

“What the fuck!” shouted Joy. She was also crouched down, looking at the factory behind them, Sweetness lay huddled on the parched dry earth, her hands over her eyes, and a trickles of semen sliding down her legs.

This explosion was followed by another series, as plane after plane shot at supersonic speed through the sky, their roar following explosion after explosion. Rubble and debris shot out from the factory and flew in all directions. A lump of tangled metal flew into Joy’s shoulder and sent her sideways onto the ground taking with it a chunk of Joy’s arm and leaving a trail of blood arching behind it. Her head fell against a stone and a trickled of blood seeped out from her mouth. The man stood up and caught a brick in his chest which sent him staggering backwards onto the ground.

Sharon crouched down, covered her head with her hands, as she’d imagined she ought to do during explosions, like they did in all the action movies. Though in the action movies, there wasn’t usually such strange quiet as the roar of jets and the vibrations of the explosions died down, to be following by a chorus of moans, cries and shrieks from all around. She peeked up through her fingers to see people from the settlement running, it seemed in all directions. Some had blood hiding the contours of what might once have been faces. There were others like Joy, lying on the ground, moaning and yelling. Smoke was billowing out from the factory and rolling around

the ground. Dust was thrown up from explosions that must have hit the dry earth.

Then there was a crackle of what Sharon's memory of action films told her must be automatic gun fire. A man was running across the ground a few yards from her, and then he fell to the ground, the back of his head now just a formless mess of red and grey. Sharon stood up. This was not a safe place to be. She saw Sweetness crouched near her, tears streaming down her face from her sightless eyes. "What's going on? What's happening?" she cried.

Sharon didn't know the answer to that. She could see some shadows which looked like armoured vehicles driving towards them across the parched open fields. She also saw running towards them, carrying guns, the silhouettes of what must only be soldiers. But not soldiers as she thought they should look like. They had guns which they were firing as they ran along. But otherwise they were naked. Their skin was all blotched with green and brown, and, oddest of all, each and everyone of them was sporting an erect penis which was proceeding ahead of them.

They were shouting to each other and to the world in general. "Glory be to the King!" one shouted. "And to the King all Glory!" another replied. "May he live forever!" another shouted.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" shouted Sharon. Every one for themselves. She picked herself up, intending to run to safety somewhere, anywhere. And then just before she got ready to move she saw Sweetness staggering towards Joy who was moaning inarticulately.

"Joy! Joy! What's going on? Answer me! What's going on!"

"I'm no fucking charity!" snarled Sharon, trying to persuade herself to leave Sweetness and be fucked. And then she saw a shadowy figure, and his monstrous

erection, aim his submachine gun at Joy and then blast it in her direction. Joy's body spasmed for the last time as the bullets shot through her and sent portions of her face and breasts flying into Sweetness' own face.

Despite herself, Sharon ran up to Sweetness. "Fuck Joy! Come on!" she shouted, grabbing the blind girl by the wrist and dragging her with her. However, their own escape was barely any distance at all, until she found herself confronted by the erect penis and steely testicles of another naked soldier. She stopped, and hugged Sweetness tightly to herself. Who else was there to comfort her? Or to give comfort to?

"These ones are alive!" the soldier shouted.

"And they're not fucking cripples either!" responded another.

"The Sergeant'll be pleased with these ones!" shouted a third, as the three soldiers surrounded the two girls.

Sharon lay on the ground, shivering from fear, clutching Sweetness' naked body which shuddered from even greater fear and misery, staring up at a trio of erect pricks and gun barrels. "What the fuck are you going to do with us?" she managed to ask through the thick mucus of despair that had risen from her throat, humiliatingly aware of the stream of piss that was trickling down her bare legs.

XI

Tracey and Buttercup hurriedly jumped up: Tracey pulling on her blouse and checking that she still had her bag with her precious passport inside. One thing was sure, a noise like that did not bode well. Buttercup gathered herself together more quickly than her lover, but nothing could disguise the look of real alarm on her face.

“What the fuck do we do?” asked Tracey. “And where’s Sharon?”

“It’s best not to worry about her,” Buttercup replied, wiping traces of Sharon’s vaginal juices from her lips. “We’re in real enough trouble ourselves.”

“Do you think she’s been killed? Oh fuck! What do we do?”

“We try and get as far away as we can.”

“What the fuck do you mean?”

Buttercup gazed into Tracey’s face and frowned. “This is a war zone. People get killed. We could get killed. We’ve got to get out of here!”

Tracey nodded, and followed Buttercup as she ran ahead through the thick wood. They heard more explosions in the distance. More roaring jets. And a sound which Tracey identified as gun fire, but not gun fire like in the vids, but uncoordinated spasms of it from unidentifiable directions. Sometimes a short spark, sometimes a loud bang, and sometimes a crackle. Between these sounds were moments of peculiar uneasy quiet, spasmodically broken by fresh and unpredictable noises. Each crack, bang and crackle sent a spasm down on her spine, and despite the heat of the day, she found that she was shivering.

They had no idea where they were running, but they knew it had to be in the shadows of the trees. However, the wood was not large enough for them to avoid

coming to its edge after not too long. They had no idea where they were in relation to where they'd come, but in the near distance they could see the smouldering ruins of the factory where they had spent the night. It was clearly not a place to return to. It had collapsed from its previous dilapidation to little more than piles of smoking ruins around which were prostrate naked figures and the silhouettes of other darker figures running around.

"What's going on?" whispered Tracey from behind the thick bush where she and Buttercup were sheltering.

"Soldiers killing each other. Soldiers killing other people. Lots of things."

"It doesn't look very organised," whispered Tracey who'd always imagined warfare to be somehow more like the array of plastic soldiers she'd seen in model shops. Or even like the set pieces she'd seen on some movies. It was difficult in the smoke and the distance to make any sense of anything that was happening. Amongst the dark figures running around were also some jeeps who were dashing about, raising even more dust, associated with cracks of rifle and machine gun fire. One jeep appeared to spin out of control, ploughed over some pale bodies, collided with a wall and almost instantly exploded into a ball of fire.

"Quick!" whispered Buttercup. "This may be our only chance!"

"You what?" replied Tracey in a similarly low voice, but nonetheless took her cue from Buttercup and ran out of the protective shelter of the wood, through the orange and black smoke which was billowing their way and into the field. What about mines? she vocalised to herself, but nonetheless kept running. As they ran, Tracey knew not where, there were more figures to be seen running chaotically in the distance. She could make out that some of them were nude, although their skins were

strangely dark and shadowed, but she was sure she caught glimpses of some strange protuberances from just above their legs. Shit! They've got hard-ons! What a fucking waste! She tripped on the ground, catching her knee on a rock, but she ignored the pain, more desperate to keep up with Buttercup, who continued racing onwards ahead of her, than to administer to her pain. Fuck! She was out of shape. You'd've thought all that fucking would have made her a bit fitter, but ... Fuck!

She then saw some more shadows around a parked jeep to which they were running. It was almost as much a shock to realise that they were wearing clothes than that they were there at all. She almost felt like pointing this out to Buttercup. If she could ever catch up with her. Look! Normal people! Wearing clothes. All over them, Their crotch as well as their chest. Like back home! After leaving home, she'd almost forgotten that clothes existed. However, Buttercup was running in a quite different direction now, away from these figures, so Tracey followed. And the crackle of gun fire, both frighteningly close and thankfully too far away to hit them, reminded her of the true extremity of their situation.

Then she saw Buttercup had halted in a crater ahead of them, which was still slightly smouldering and in which could be seen some small traces of metal which she guessed was probably shrapnel. Or possibly something else. Puffing and wheezing she caught up with her lover and was about to greet her, to reassure her that she was well, that she hadn't been shot, but was forcibly prevented from this by Buttercup forcibly grabbing her arm and urgently indicating with a finger to the lips that she should be quiet. Tracey concurred with a foolish smile, and lay beside Buttercup in the rocky recesses of the crater.

She then became gradually aware why she should be so quiet. Ahead of them

was a group of about five fully clothed soldiers, with helmets on their heads, bags and belts hanging from their khaki uniforms and massive boots which noisily crunched on the dry earth. They were carrying in their arms some very formidable machine guns which occasionally they mopped the ground with in a rapid succession of automatic gunfire. They had come across the naked figure of another man who was crawling on his front on the ground, still with an erect penis from below him. Tracey could now make out that this figure although naked was somehow covered in splodges of dark brown and green over his tanned body. The soldiers moved towards him, with their guns pointed towards him but not firing.

And then they surrounded him. Tracey waited in anticipation for more machine gun fire, which would kill off the already wounded figure, but instead she was astonished to see one of the soldiers pull down his trousers while two others held the figure to the ground. What the fuck! And then, covered by the cocked guns of the remaining two soldiers, and despite the wounded soldier's struggles and cries she could make out that the trouserless soldier was bobbing his arse up and down on the back of the wounded soldier. She squeezed Buttercup's hand. Although she'd often seen buggery while in Throb, it had never been as obviously non-consensual as this. Nor was this first encounter the last of the wounded soldier's suffering, as each soldier took it in turns to fuck the enemy soldier, while taking turns in standing guard and holding him down. And then finally, after an agony of waiting and the horror of the violence, the soldiers finished, buttoned up their baggy khaki trousers and with a rapid burst of gunfire extinguished what little was left of the wounded soldier's misery.

And then they moved on, joking and clearly refreshed, plodding through the dry dead field, leaving the remains of the upturned carcass in several pieces scattered

over the rocks and earth, relieved of both his rifle and his life. Even Buttercup found it difficult to disguise her disgust.

“We’ve got to carry on running,” she whispered to Tracey. “Our only hope is to make it to the border. And then, I have no idea what’ll happen to us. But we can’t stay here. When we see more soldiers, just fall to the ground and pretend to be dead.”

“Why?”

“They’re less likely to kill us. Or even rape us. If they think we’re already dead.”

This was advice which Buttercup and Tracey adhered to on several occasions as they hastened over the dry fields, hoping that the dark figures in the distance wouldn’t be concerned to come and confirm that they were dead. Or even to make definitely certain that they were. However, as they ran on, the groups of dark figures they saw, and watched from the relative safety of earth and dry dust level seemed rather more anxious on their own safety than on anything else: irrespective of whether they were naked and fully priapic or well-dressed and well-armed. Only the jeeps and the occasional rumbling tanks seemed to cross the landscape with apparent impunity, leaving behind them a trail of magazine cartridges and a loud cacophony of potential destruction. If this was a battlefield, mused Tracey, it was a fairly disorganised one. Perhaps, she reflected, on some higher level, observed by helicopter or satellite, there’d seem to be some pattern to it, but from ground level it seemed uncoordinated and random. Soldiers seemed to be wandering in all directions. There appeared to be no concept of enemy lines.

But there was no doubt from the occasional gun fire, the distant explosions, the carnage of abandoned machinery, that a war was being fought. This was brought to

them suddenly, when there was another series of explosions somewhere in the distance which Tracey observed to be truly earth-shaking. How much fire-power had been used to produce such explosions? she mused, as a stream of smoke sped across the sky from the tail of some four or five jet planes, whose supersonic booms were barely audible over the echo of the explosions their payload had caused.

The true nature of war became even more obvious when the landscape ahead of them revealed itself as scattered with very many corpses of mostly naked khaki figures interspersed very occasionally by that of a fully clothed one. Tracey held Buttercup's hand as much for the need of comfort as for the pleasure of her physical touch. The figures were all ahead of them and spread across the landscape towards their right and just as much to their left.

“Do we have to walk through them?” she asked timidly.

Buttercup pointed ahead at a line of wire and fence no more than half a mile away. “That's where we want to go. And unless we also want to get killed, we've got no choice. It's either ahead or back!”

Tracey nodded. But fuck! This was not going to be easy. Despite the urgency of their situation they walked, rather than ran, through the lines of dead soldiers, unable to take their gaze off the horror of what they were soon surrounded by. Bodies were scattered as they had died, and some as they had been left after further gunfire. They lay on their side, on their back, and some on the front. And even dead, many of them were still sporting the gross erections which they'd had at the moment of death. Not all bodies were in any sense intact. Some bodies were shattered and scattered over several yards. In some cases, the head was blown into a bloody mess of red, grey and brown, while their bodies, even with their hard-ons lay as reminders of where the

heads had once been. On one occasion, Tracey's sandled foot trod on a hand and wrist totally detached from the body several yards away to which it had once been attached.

As she walked, numbed by the horror of it all, she felt a stirring within her chest and throat. And then, without the warning she'd associated with vomiting after a night of heavy drinking, she heaved and a stream of liquid gruel pushed itself from deep inside her starving frame, coughed into the air and onto her blouse and breasts. She collapsed as her chest continued its convulsions, but soon nothing came out from her mostly empty stomach, although her body was willing that there should be more. After several moments of retching, she stood up and continued to follow Buttercup through the lines of corpses, a dribble of liquid vomit still emerging from the corner of her mouth, and her eyes stinging from the tears the effort had cost her.

Soon they were up to the line of barbed wire and fence. It was obvious that there was no way they could get through it. Even where the wire was at its least high, it was far too high to jump over and lethal to touch. The line of metal defences stretched in all directions. On the other side of the wire was a landscape almost identical to the one they were walking along, scattered with fewer bodies and signs of carnage, but not empty of it either. Gomorrah really seemed no better than Buggery. Tracey was beginning to wish that Sharon and she had chosen to go to Sodom. And where was Sharon? Was she dead?

"What the fuck do we do now?" she asked Buttercup.

Her lover shook her head sadly, her face expressing her own misery. There was no smile on her haggard face, and her long beautiful hair was snagged by clumps of earth and her own sweat. "I don't know! I guess we just follow the fence until we find an opening."

“An opening?”

“There must be one somewhere. The Gomorran soldiers must have come from somewhere.”

Tracey nodded resignedly. There *was* no choice. But the sun was sinking rapidly. Their flight through the battle zone had taken many hours. It had been a mixture of mad dashes across fields and across overturned earth, interspersed by periods of playing dead which although it had hindered their progress, had at least provided them with some opportunity to recoup their strength before their next mad dash. Behind them stretched the barren, corpse-ridden fields of Buggery. Ahead lay the mysterious but not exactly inviting barren fields of Gomorrah. And between the two, a frustrating and lethal line of defence. Tracey and Buttercup didn't know whether to turn left or right, but they made their choice and walked along on the uneven dry ground, as their shadows got longer and the sun approached the distant horizon.

However, after only a mile of walking they saw an area where vehicles were entering and leaving, and about which wandered several uniformed soldiers. Although Tracey knew their choices were extremely limited, it was only because she was with Buttercup that she resisted the otherwise overwhelming temptation to turn round and flee in quite the opposite direction.

The Gomorran soldiers were clearly not expecting to see anyone walking towards the border post, and seemed almost frightened when one of them spotted them and yelled out to his compatriots. Three or four machine guns pointed towards them as they continued walking towards the border post, Tracey following Buttercup's example and walking with her hands raised above her head to show that they weren't

carrying any weapons.

“Fuck! They’re only girls!” snorted one of the soldiers when the girls had approached near enough in the dusk for them to be properly seen and for them to be within earshot.

“But don’t the fucking Buggery lot have fucking women soldiers?” another soldier said to his comrade. “I vote we shoot the fuckers to buggery, sir.”

“They’re only girls, corporal” repeated the first soldier. “Girls are no fucking good as soldiers. All they’re good for is fucking. Leave them. We got work to do.”

Tracey and Buttercup were both pleased and a little surprised to see the soldiers mostly ignore them, with only one of them watching them with his gun half-cocked, while his comrades continued loading items onto a jeep and busying themselves with some radio equipment. They walked past the soldiers, still not convinced that they weren’t going to be shot, their arms dropped to their side from weariness and perspiring heavily despite the cooling evening air.

They saw what looked like a border guard, who was standing to attention by a chair, his machine-gun by his side, eyeing them suspiciously as they approached. His expression was quite clearly not of the friendliest. Just behind him, on the Gomorran side was another soldier who was smoking a cigarette and staring as much at them as at his comrade.

Buttercup walked up to the guard, who was built quite large with very short hair and a small dark moustache underneath a brutal looking nose. He turned his dark eyes towards Buttercup. “What the fuck do you want?” he asked, raising his machine gun directly at her

Tracey walked behind Buttercup, disloyally wondering how much Buttercup’s

body might shield her from a hail of bullets. Buttercup smiled, despite her obvious terror. “We’re refugees, sir. We want to escape from the horrors of Buggery to the famous refuge of Gomorrah.”

The guard lowered his gun, and laughed in a not especially amiable way. “Refugees! Fuck! For Gomorrah! You’re not the first bitches to want to enter our democratic republic, but the last ones we dispatched pretty quickly. Fucking whores! Why should we fucking spare you? Is it ‘cause you got through the fucking mine-field. If you weren’t fucking tarts, you ought to get fucking medals for getting here without your fucking leg blown off!”

Tracey blanched. Mine-field? In her fear and desperation, she’d totally forgotten that it wasn’t just bullets she’d had to be mindful of. What fucking slim chance had she had that she’d survived this walk?

Buttercup, however, continued smiling and continued walking towards the soldier. “We can make it worth your while,” she said seductively.

“I bet you fucking can, whore!” snorted the guard. “But you’re not a bad looking bitch. I could let you through. But what about your scrawny bitch girlfriend. What say we that we blow her to fuck and just let you through.”

“It’s either both of us or neither of us,” Buttercup said firmly.

“In that case,” snarled the guard as if challenged, raising his gun and holding it up as if ready to let loose. And then with a bit of a snarl. “Yeah! S’pose we could do with a bit of a fuck. Oi! Jello! What d’you think?”

His comrade threw the stub of his cigarette onto the ground, and stubbed it out with a booted foot. “Yeah, Buzzcock. I ain’t had a fuck for days. And the long haired cow is a real motherfucking killer bitch.”

“OK, Girls!” grunted Buzzcock. “You’re in luck. Come on the Gomorran side of the border.” He stood to one side as Buttercup and Tracey strode to the gap in the wire fence, and walked through, a sudden spasm of relief exploding inside Tracey’s chest. They weren’t going to be killed! “Welcome to fucking democracy. There’s no fucking royalty here. And there’s none of your fucking Buggery perversions neither.”

Jello stopped Buttercup when Tracey was through the gap. “Now, you bitch! It’s fucking payback time. Let’s see what you’ve got to offer.”

“Not so fast, sonny Jim!” growled Buzzcock. “We can’t let them in like this! Not with the scrawny cunt fucking dressed up like some half-arsed nancy boy. You fuckers take your fucking rings out of your cunts, or we’ll fucking pull them out. And you, chicken shit!” he addressed Tracey. “You take off that fucking shirt or whatever you call it on your fucking tits. There ain’t no clothes allowed for bitches here. Bitches don’t have the fucking right. I don’t know what your fucking cunt-arse government lets you fuckers get away with: but bitches have got to know their place here. And give me your fucking bag and all!”

“But my passport! My money!”

“You won’t need fucking Buggery dinars in Gomorrah. Their fucking useless. In case you hadn’t noticed we’re at war with you lot. But your passport’s worth more than both your lives put together.” Buzzcock grabbed the bag, turned it upside down and poured its contents on the floor. A cascade of lipstick, compacts, notes and knickknacks fell to the floor, including Tracey’s precious passport. “Fuck me! Real money! And a real passport! What kind of fucking whore are you to have this kind of stuff on you? Did you steal it?”

“No!” Tracey replied indignantly despite her distress. “It’s mine. I took hours

queuing up at the passport office for it!”

Buzzcock grunted. “So you’re a fucking foreigner even to Buggery. Well, don’t expect any help here. Bitches like you won’t be allowed within even a mile of a fucking consulate.”

Tracey and Buttercup stood together: Tracey feeling more naked than she’d ever felt before with no clothes, no possessions and not even the cunt-ring which despite herself she’d got rather attached to. And what were the soldiers going to do?

Her answer came fairly soon, and in full sight of the other soldiers loading the vehicles. She and Buttercup were dragged onto the ground by their hair, her roots stinging from the rough tugging, and then the two of them were brutally raped. At least, she assumed it was rape, even though Buttercup had, in a very real and genuine sense, asked for it. But this wasn’t making love. It wasn’t even like the rough sex she’d sometimes had on a bad date. Or like the drunken fucking she’d had when she’d told the bloke she was with to fuck off. This was brutal, violent and animal. They were forcibly penetrated with no preparation at all. First Buzzcock into Buttercup and then Jello into her. She was so dry down there. And it hurt. And she was punched when she struggled. And then it was more cock in her cunt. And cock in her arse. And then a slap round the face. And after more minutes of unpleasant, disgusting forced penetration, sperm squirted into her mouth and eyes.

And then it was over. The soldiers had had enough. They buttoned up their trousers, which they had only lowered to their knees in all the time. “Now fuck off!” commanded Buzzcock.

Tracey and Buttercup picked up their bruised bodies. Tracey left with a small trickle of blood down her thighs that had been drawn from her anus, and a fresh bruise

upswelling on her chin. Buttercup had sustained a cut lip and one eye was strangely swollen as a bruise began to form. Her hair was disordered and she seemed even more shocked than Tracey. It occurred to her through her own misery that Buttercup, being the so much more attractive of the two girls, had almost certainly received more attention than she. And that somehow the more attractive a girl was, the more determined the soldiers had been that she should suffer.

Tracey put an arm around Buttercup who was weeping and occasionally coughing, small traces of blood spitting out onto her cheek. They turned around and walked along the road. They hadn't walk any distance however, when Jello jumped in front of them with a snarl.

"Fuck! Don't you fucking Buggery bitches know fucking anything! This is a fucking road. Yeah! A fucking road! And so it's not for the likes of you fucking whores. If you don't want us to fucking shoot you, stay off the fucking road. In case you ignorant cows didn't know, roads are for fucking men only. You bitches stay off the road, if you know what's good for you."

"Where do we go?" sobbed Buttercup, strangely subdued.

"I don't fucking know! You wanted to come to Gomorrah, didn't you. We didn't have to let you through. Anywhere. As long as it's not on a fucking road. Or a fucking town. Or a fucking city. You bitches ain't got no rights."

"Sorry?" asked Tracey, sure that she'd misunderstood something.

"You don't know fuck shit! Let me spell it out for you. You're in the Democratic Fucking Republic of Fucking Gomorrah! You're fucking bitches! That means you've got no fucking constitutional rights. No fucking consti-fucking-tutional rights at all! No fucking women, bitches, whores, girls or dykes have rights. Not to

clothes. Not to possessions. Not to fucking anything. Keep your nose clean and keep out of men only areas!”

XII

Sharon's recollection of her rape and that of Sweetness by the Buggery soldiers was confused and painful. She had never known that sex could be so horrible, and she was sure she'd known horrible sex before. Even non-consensual, when the bloke in the car park who she'd been avoiding all night had fucked her in that brutal way. But that was almost fun compared to the horrors of the brutal and seemingly never-ending rape she'd endured on the Buggery battlefield. She knew that her arse and cunt were being violated repeatedly, but it was only pain and humiliation and fear that she was fully aware of. Surely by now they'd had enough, she'd thought as once again her dry and unwilling cunt was penetrated by which prick she didn't know. She could see through the tears that clouded her eyes and the blackness that threatened her consciousness, that Sweetness was being treated no less brutally than herself. How could sex be so bad? She'd always associated it with pleasure, and now all she could do was hope and pray that it would be over soon. But no chance! Yet another of those peculiarly permanently stiff penises pushed through the bruised and ripped lips of her cunt and pushed into her far deeper than she was properly able to take it. And the violence wasn't just restricted to just her arse and cunt. She was forcibly held down and her arms stung from the force of the soldier's grip while she her mouth and nose burrowed into the dry earth. Every time she stirred in any way that could be interpreted as resistance, and resisting was what she couldn't help doing, she was punched or kicked.

She barely registered the world around her. Was it day or was it night? Sweetness was screaming in misery and distress. "Joy! Joy!" she gasped as another

man's khaki-coloured buttocks fell on top of her and thrust brutally in and out of her. It was with an extra degree of disgust that she noticed that the soldier's sexual attentions were not limited to the two girls. They would grasp each other's balls, suck each other's dicks, and she was sure she saw two soldiers fucking each other. In fact, she was fucking certain, as one soldier's buttocks descended onto the buttocks of the soldier fucking Sweetness, pushing his prick in with far less resistance than he'd have found in Sharon's cunt and pushed backwards and forwards in a manic fashion gasping orgasmically in the same rhythm as Sweetness' cries of pain.

And then, she didn't recall how, they were dragged along, their knees bleeding from when they staggered and fell, just as did their orifices from their punishment, away from the smoking ruins of the bombed factory for how long Sharon didn't know. But each step was an agony. Each stumble, and its attendant kicks and blows from the soldiers, another even greater agony. She could barely see where they were: the tears in her eyes clouded everything despite the bright sun. She repeated Tracey's name again and again without knowing why, punctuated by every fucking shitting bastard swear word in her vocabulary. Loud enough she was sure to be heard by anyone with an ear to her cut lip, but not to the soldiers. Occasionally, a drop of blood, from her nose or from her cheek, she didn't know, would trail into her mouth and cause her to cough despite the pain this gave to her bruised ribs.

And then, at last, no more walking. Sweetness and she were in a dark tent where only the patches of sun through the black tarpaulin allowed sufficient illumination for her to see where she was. She collapsed from pain and exhaustion, pleased only that the worst agonies were over; and then the darkness that had bubbled in the recesses of her mind overwhelmed her and that was the last she could

remember.

When she awoke, she didn't know when, she was able to examine the tent where they had been left. There was very little to it. There were some wooden boxes and crates, and the bare uneven ground on which the tent had been erected. Behind her was a metal post pushed into the ground, and from that came a metal chain which was attached to her left ankle and restricted her to less than a yard in which she could crawl, and was not long enough to permit her to stand. She wasn't alone in the tent. She could see the shadowy figure of Sweetness, similarly chained to a metal post, just outside her reach, and she could hear an incoherent sobbing.

Not wholly incoherent. Occasionally, Sharon could distinguish the name 'Joy', but otherwise there was nothing that made sense. Despite her own pain and misery, Sharon felt an overwhelming emotion of pity for the girl. Being blind, her shock and horror must have been compounded by her helplessness and by her ignorance as to exactly what horrors had been meted on her. Sweetness raised her face and looked in her direction, her eyes registering nothing, a black bruise swelling on her right cheek and eyes, and dried blood and snot on her upper lip. "Joy! Joy! Where are you?" she moaned, and then buried her face into the palms of her hands.

Here they were, somewhere. Alive at least. With nothing. This hadn't worried Sharon before. Her very life had been her chief concern. But now she was sure. Her blouse was removed, thrown aside no doubt in the rape. Her sandals that she'd bought in the high street when she and Tracey were happily planning the holiday: gone forever, trampled into the dusty fields outside. And her bag, with her passport, money and possessions, gone also. Never to be seen again. Along with her last hopes of ever leaving Buggery by the normal process of border control. Would she ever see home

again? Would she even survive to see the world beyond the tent? What would become of her?

Or of Sweetness? Did she even know that Joy had been blown to pieces? Or that the factory where she'd lived was now nothing but rubble and smoke? She gazed at the young girl sadly. So thin. So helpless. And she must have led such a sad life. Fucking for a living. And a living that had been a dank hole in the ground, in a Kingdom where her very blindness was as good as a death sentence. Whose situation was worse? Sharon who'd had at least some good times in the smoky night-clubs and damp car parks of home? And even had the best fucks of her life not so many days ago? Or Sweetness who'd known nothing but misery and despair ever since her sightless emergence into the world? Strangely, contemplating Sweetness' dire straits made her own seem the more bearable and in a curious way a source of some guilty comfort.

Sharon pulled her naked bruised body over the earth and leaned out a hand in Sweetness' direction. She couldn't quite reach the girl, but Sweetness heard her movements. Her face lit up and her sightless eyes looked in her direction with a disconcerting vacuousness. "Joy! Is that you?" she gasped.

"It's me. Sharon."

"Sharon? The tourist. Where's Joy?"

"Joy's dead. There's no more Joy."

"Dead. No Joy!" Sweetness weeped, but she'd clearly already half-reconciled herself to this possibility, not erupting into the hysteria of tears that Sharon had feared.

"How did she die? What happened? Where am I?"

Sharon explained to Sweetness as best she could what had happened and

where they were. And rehearsed as much to herself as for Sweetness' benefit the horrors they had been through. She talked and she talked, disjointedly, ramblingly, punctuated with questions of how Sweetness was, less from a need to know and more from a need to hear Sweetness reply through the globules of tears, mucus and blood in her mouth. Every now and then, Sweetness would interject with "Joy. Joy's dead. She's dead." She was evidently trying to comprehend the enormity of her situation.

The flaps of the tent briefly parted, letting in a flood of daylight, and the tall slim figure of a young man entered. He seemed peculiarly delicate and somehow awkward. He was clearly a soldier, and like the soldiers who'd raped the two girls he was naked and his entire skin was dyed khaki. He differed only in that he carried a holster around his left shoulder and had several stripes tattooed onto his right shoulder. He was also had a normal flaccid penis. He walked over to the girls and crouched in front of them.

"I'm Sergeant Moss. I'm the commander of this camp since the colonel was killed yesterday. How are you? Not feeling too bad I hope?"

Sharon stared at him, barely able to hide the hostility from her gaze. "What do you fucking think? I feel fucking awful. And when are you gonna let us go, you bastard?"

The young man sighed. "I'm afraid that's not possible. You're spoils of war, I'm afraid. Escape is just not possible. The soldiers need some R&R, you know. And you're unfortunate enough to have to provide it for them. I'm deeply sorry for you. It wasn't my choice. But war is war. And you are victims of it."

"You fucking shit! Fucking let us free. I don't fucking care about what your fucking soldiers want. And anyway haven't they fucking done enough?"

“I can’t apologise enough for the violence and brutality of my men. What they did to you was inexcusable. Rape is one of the worst crimes there is. Short of murder, of course. But this is war. We’ve sustained a colossal amount of injury in the last day. The colonel’s gamble just didn’t pay off. The Gomorrans gave us far more of a drubbing than we’d expected. At least a thousand men died yesterday and last night, and most of our supplies were destroyed by the bombing raids. But I don’t expect you to sympathise with my men. All I can offer as comfort is the observation that at least my men didn’t kill you.”

“Didn’t what they do to us ... wasn’t that fucking enough?”

“Rape is normal in war. My men haven’t had sex with a woman for years. Many of them have never fucked a woman before. But like it or not my men probably saved your lives. The Gomorran soldiers are not known for their mercy. They would also have raped you - just as they would have raped any of my soldiers - but it’s unlikely they’d have let you live. And you *were* in the heart of a battle field. Gunfire, mines, bombs. Your chances of survival were very low. I doubt whether very many others in that settlement of yours managed to wake up this morning...”

“Tracey...” mused Sharon. Her best friend was probably also dead. And all they’d wanted was a holiday in the sun. Her eyes exploded in tears. “You bastards! You bastards! You fucking fucking bastards!”

“I can see you’re unhappy,” mused the sergeant. “And I can’t promise you the security or the freedom you want. And we don’t have any medical supplies to do anything about your cuts and bruises. But they do look superficial, so I don’t think you’re likely to die from them. Much as I’d like to, I can’t free you. It would be my death sentence. Morale is low enough as it is, and any small thing I can do to assist my

men is about all there is left for me to do until, or if, reinforcements ever arrive. I'll leave you now. But I'm sorry to have to inform you that, from now on, you will be expected to provide sexual favours for my men, and that some of them are not going to be that gentle with you. But I can promise you that I will do my best to ameliorate the agony. It won't be much, but I do have a modicum of authority even if I don't believe I have quite the respect my rank should have."

With that, he left the two girls huddled on the dry ground, once again to immerse themselves in their misery. Eventually, Sharon managed to fall asleep again, her consciousness sinking in clouds of despair and Sweetness' muttered moans and cries as she mourned the death of her companion. "No Joy!" she moaned again and again. "No more Joy. No more Joy again. Ever!"

The sergeant soon became the most frequent visitor to the tent as the days and nights merged into a hazy horror of misery, discomfort and despair. After a while, Sharon almost looked forward to the visits as they were the only thing which interrupted the tedium and bleakness which did not necessarily involve sexual penetration. When he wasn't there, which was most of the time, Sharon and Sweetness lay near each other slumped on the hard dusty earth. The only physical comfort Sharon could give Sweetness was to hold her hand as they stretched out towards each other, while Sweetness rambled on about her worries and woes. Generally, their conversations were disjointed, and returned repeatedly to their worries about their current situation and their recent losses. Sweetness was genuinely inconsolable about the death of Joy who had been her protector, keeper and lover for two or more years. Her life before that had been even less pleasant than living in the ruined factory. She had been kept in hiding from the police from birth by sympathetic

peasants. The war reached where they lived, and in the chaos of the destruction which befell the village and her guardians, Sweetness found herself helpless and alone in the world, not knowing where she was and where to go. It was Joy who'd found her and saved her life, but she would forever blame herself that she'd not been able in some way to prevent Joy from losing her life. Her sightless eyes were red and raw from the tears which memories of her darling Joy inevitably provoked in her.

When the flaps of the tent opened and the sergeant returned, Sharon was always filled with dread if he came in with anyone else. And usually there were three or four others. Because this invariably meant more rest and recreation for the soldiers who accompanied him and several hours of pain and humiliation for the two girls. With little introduction and sooner than Sharon ever feared, she and Sweetness would be fucked: in the arse and in the cunt, and no opportunity to protest. After her initial rape, Sharon vowed she'd never be penetrated again, but what use were her vows where she was: tethered to a pole and thoroughly incapable of putting up any struggle at all if she didn't want a gun butt slammed into her face.

The soldiers who raped her, - and it couldn't really be called anything else, - were mostly quite young, were frighteningly unimaginative and insensitive in their love-making, and invariably left her lower regions battered, bruised and torn. They all were blessed with the phenomenal erections which seemed to be a permanent feature of them. The only times Sharon ever saw a penis that wasn't red and raw with a throbbing glans and veins was after the soldiers had at long last relieved their sperm either into or onto them. The sergeant was the only one privileged to have a penis that wasn't mostly erect.

The fucking was intense, amateurish, and seemed to go on forever. And she

wasn't fucked nearly as much as Sweetness who, because of her youth and vitality, was more thoroughly fucked than she was. She was becoming accustomed to pricks up her arse, shoved into her mouth and plunged (least painfully of all) up her cunt. And at the same time, she could see Sweetness through her tears of rage and disgust engulfed by a mob of khaki-coloured figures who were fucking her as best they could. When they weren't fucking each other. Which they did frequently, during, before and after fucking either or both of the girls.

The sergeant, despite his protestations of decency, was no less of a fucker than the others. His long thin prick, when aroused, as it very soon was, joined the others in painful penetrating her, Sweetness and of course the arse of all, or many, of the other soldiers. And when they left, Sharon and Sweetness would be nursing their fresh wounds and humiliations slumped on a ground which never got more comfortable and dampened by semen, shit and piss. Even this respite which they'd been hoping and praying for all the time they'd been raped, offered little comfort and even less hope. And as the small pile of their shit and piss grew in the shadow of the tent, it really did not smell very reassuring either.

However, when the sergeant entered unaccompanied there was no question of sex and he was all kindness. Even if Sharon remembered distinctly the times he'd fucked her (and no more expertly or sensitively than his soldiers), these were visits which she rather welcomed and which offered Sweetness and she almost the only respite from their misery.

He explained that he'd never wanted to be a soldier. In fact, his ambition had always to be a poet, a talent for which he had shown great promise whilst at school. But the Kingdom of Buggery had no demand for poets and a much greater appetite for

cannon fodder. Despite his delight and skill at verse, he'd also proven himself to be a brave and capable soldier for which he earned his promotion to sergeant. For this he earned more stripes, the tattooing of which was almost as painful as his initial tattoo into military colours. This was mandatory for all soldiers, and ensured that they would have no chance of any other career for the rest of their generally rather short lives.

He was very lucky to have survived the battle which had killed Joy and separated Sharon from Tracey. The carnage had been indiscriminate and widespread. At least fifty, and maybe a hundred, soldiers had actually been machine-gunned down by forces of the Buggery Army who were under instructions to fire on any retreating soldiers. The press of soldiers attempting to escape the bloodshed behind them into the guns of the army's rear guard would have been greater if the Gomorran jet planes hadn't been so thorough in their carpet bombing of the Buggery army encampment. Had the Gomorrans been less efficient, it was unlikely that the sergeant would still be alive.

Buggery military life was harsh and unremitting, and, true to the general policies of the Kingdom, as humiliating and brutal for the soldiers as it was for the citizenry they were defending. Once in military tattoos, clothes were banned, and as a result of injections, pills and masturbation (sometimes mutual), soldiers were expected to maintain an erection at most times. Particularly during battle and inspections. The thinking was that a sexually aroused soldier was necessarily an effective one. The sergeant was uncertain as to the truth of this, but he knew that his own prick was at its greatest state of arousal during combat. Slaying, fucking, being fucked: all were part of the excitement of war. And he could vouch that it certainly scared the fuck out of the Gomorrans to be faced by massed erections, occasionally

squirting out semen as they made the kill.

Women were rarely pressed into military service, and those few rarely survived very days, even if they were never caught up in combat. However, sex was such an integral part of life in Buggery that soldiers were expected to have sex with each other. Anal intercourse was encouraged and even enforced. However, rank had to be respected. Higher ranks could fuck anyone of lower rank: and did so with appetite and arbitrariness. Lower ranks could only fuck those of the same rank as themselves or lower. A colonel could fuck a corporal, but a corporal could never stick his prick up a colonel's anus however much he wanted to (or the colonel might actually like it). Life in the army was a man's life, but not a life for a man who was choosy about his sexual partners.

When the sergeant left, Sweetness and Sharon would be left alone in the shadows of the tent: sometimes left very much in the dark when it was nightfall. Although Sharon insisted to Sweetness that she was no fucking dyke, (something which she wasn't sure Sweetness really understood), she sought out Sweetness' hand to clasp and didn't complain too much as she stroked her ankle or arm or whatever little of her that she could reach. Besides, Sweetness was still grieving the loss of Joy. It was difficult for Sharon to understand how a girl like her, who might even be quite attractive had she the chance of gaining weight on her emaciated body, could ever find much pleasure in the crippled disfigured body of her deceased lover. Sometimes Sharon's mind cast back to the days before she and Tracey arrived in Buggery. Squalid though their life had been, it was paradise compared to her the dilemma of her current confinement.

XIII

Tracey and Buttercup wandered along in the dark Gomorran landscape, their shadows cast forward by the light of the nearly full moon, able to see that on this side of the border as on the other there was evidence of the detritus of war. They were both very tired and both felt thoroughly abused. Buttercup was finding the pain between her legs a particular agony for which she was grateful for Tracey's devoted love, as she grasped her lover's hand. Tracey herself tried to keep out of her mind both her feeling of relief that she hadn't been blown to pieces by mines on the Buggery side of the border and her apprehension that it might still happen on the Gomorran side. She didn't know what she'd expected on arrival in Gomorrah, but she knew it hadn't been yet more of this anxious loneliness and fear, and this feeling that she had left one hell only to arrive in another which so far promised no better than that which they'd left. The pain in her own vagina and arse, though less than that of the more absolutely abused Buttercup, still made her feel weak and helpless.

Eventually, after several hours of directionless wandering away from the border, the two girls had to succumb to their exhaustion. They moved out of the open air, where at least they could see where they were, into the forbidding shadows of a copse, where a crater and the remains of a fire-bombed jeep reminded them that war was still not that far behind them. They rested together, relying on each other for warmth and comfort, each being a pillow for the other's weary head, too exhausted for Tracey to make love to Buttercup: an ambition which had so often surfaced in her thoughts as she admired her lover. And soon they were asleep, too exhausted to care anymore. Occasionally, Tracey thought of Sharon. Was her friend even alive? She

wondered. Or had she been brutally raped and murdered by the Gomorran soldiers as she'd witnessed them treat the Buggery soldier?

Tracey was awoken by Buttercup, who was gently stroking her hair. She lifted herself up on her elbow and looked around her in the bright sunlight at the desolate, parched countryside, initially convinced that she was still in Buggery, and that her memories of the day before had been nothing but an unpleasant nightmare. Buttercup kissed her sadly, but lovingly. Despite her anxiety, Tracey smiled. "At least we're still alive."

Buttercup returned the smile, on a face whose beauty was badly marred by a growing bruise on her cheek and a cut just above her eye. She glanced down at her crotch, where Tracey could see a small trickle of blood that had emerged from her vagina. "Not just alive," Buttercup said with a sadness, "but together!"

She sat up, and grasped her knees between her arms, slightly shuddering from a despair that Tracey recognised in herself. "Now, we've got to make a new life together in Gomorrah. And first we've got to find some other people. And just hope that they aren't as brutal as the border guards."

Despite their weariness and hunger, the two girls lifted themselves up, and walked out into the open. Behind them they could see the line of the border defences and, beyond, the battered landscape of Buggery. Ahead was just more desolate, broken ground, broken by the odd copse and decaying tree, and no evidence of human settlement. But they walked on, their feet aching on the harsh uneven ground, their skin burning in the morning heat, and their hands clasped desperately together.

It was only after several hours of wandering, broken occasionally by rests on the odd boulder, where Tracey felt acutely her lack of cigarettes, that they came to

anything that resembled habitation. And a sorry squalid landscape it was too. A kind of shanty town of tents and buildings of cardboard and corrugated iron. And amongst it they could see the odd figure wandering naked amongst the buildings. As they got closer, they realised that all the figures they could see were women, all of them naked and all looking a little scruffy even in their nudity.

Buttercup bravely approached one woman, letting go of Tracey's hand, who reluctantly relinquished her grip. The woman had long poorly combed hair to her waist, a very hairy vagina which stood out as a broad triangle of fur between her legs, and had shaved neither her legs nor under her arms. She made the two girls seem peculiarly even more naked than she, with the short stubble of hair on their own vaginas, and the slowly growing hair on the rest of their body.

"Greetings," said Buttercup. "We're refugees from Buggery. We're looking for somewhere to live."

The woman looked at them without surprise, and not especially welcomingly. "I guessed as much. You're not the first refugees to come this way. And I guess you've also been made suitably welcome by the border guards." She brushed her nose with the back of her hand, leaving a small smudge on her nose. "Heaven knows why you should come here. To Gomorrah. There are women from Gomorrah who are so desperate to leave, that they become refugees in Buggery. But at least you're alive. And you've still got all your limbs, I see. You don't know how lucky you are. Many refugees who come here, came off much worse for wear than you have."

"Can you help us? Do you know anyone who can give us food and shelter?" persisted Buttercup, despite this rather unencouraging introduction.

"Yeah. Sure. I know how to help. But don't think I can help that much! I don't

know what you foreigners expected, but you're not gonna find much luxury here."

She led them through a maze of tightly packed huts and make-shift dwellings to a rather larger wooden shack near the centre of the settlement. They walked past small dogs, innumerable chickens and several cows and goats; along paths worn down by feet; past other women similarly naked and unshaven. This was a village in desperate need of a hairdresser, Tracey reflected. She was also aware that there were no shops or even market stalls. What sort of dump was this? The woman left the two girls outside the shack while she went in. "I won't be long," she promised.

A few minutes later she emerged with another woman who was probably in her early forties, and who, like all the other women they'd seen, was naked, hairy and unkempt. She had a proud bush of hair obscuring her crotch which crept onto her thighs and half the way to her navel. Her dark brown hair was long and bushy, and showed no evidence of having seen a brush or comb. She smiled at the two girls with rather more warmth than the woman they'd first met.

"Hello. Glad to meet you. I'm Delta Seven Oh Nine Three, but you can call me Delta. I've been elected Welfare Officer for our village. I guess you're refugees here. Come inside out of the sun. Please."

Buttercup and Tracey followed Delta, lowering their heads as they passed through the rather low door. The room inside was very sparsely decorated, with just a wooden frame bed and a few cushions scattered about on the floor. Delta sat on the edge of the bed and signalled to the girls that they should recline on the cushions.

"So?" Asked Delta after the formalities of introduction were over. "What brings you to Gomorrah?"

Delta did not appear at all surprised at Buttercup's account of why she had

escaped from Buggery, but was quite startled when she discovered that Tracey had been a tourist. She needed a little explanation as to what a tourist was. It was clearly neither a word nor a concept familiar to her.

“So people from your country regularly travel to other countries and then leave after only a week or two. And you visit places like Buggery. I don’t think we have any ‘tourists’ in Gomorrah. In fact, we don’t have many visitors at all. Gomorrah’s a kind of international pariah. I don’t believe it has very many foreign friends at all.”

“Why’s that? Is it a horrible regime like Buggery?” wondered Tracey.

“Well, in fact it’s a democracy. And quite a free democracy. But women aren’t allowed to vote, and whichever government comes in seems to compete with each other to maintain the state of sexual apartheid which distinguishes this country.”

“Sexual apartheid?” queried Tracey who’d never heard of the word before. “What’s that mean? Is it some kind of kinky perversion?”

Delta frowned. “You seriously don’t know what it means? But that’s why no one in the world recognises the Gomorran Republic. It’s when women don’t have any rights, and men have all the rights they care to elect for themselves.”

“Rights?” wondered Buttercup who was having quite different difficulties in understanding what Delta was going on about.

“You know: the right to own property; the right to vote in state or local elections; the right to education; the right to roam freely without help or hindrance; the right to travel on men only public transport or to enter men only zones; the right to bear and bring up your own children; the right to protection by the law from abuse and harassment; the right to be treated the same as a man.”

“You mean you have to rights for all that?” wondered Tracey whose

knowledge of politics was limited to knowing who the prime minister was, and even then she wasn't always sure. "I thought that was just natural."

"It obviously is where you come from. And it's because women in Gomorrah don't have rights that all the other governments in the world won't ever talk to the Gomorran government or even recognise its right to exist. We don't have the rights to possess anything: not clothes, not land, not anything. They just about tolerate us living in villages like this, because otherwise all the women would die from exposure and starvation. And then the men wouldn't be able to have sex, bear children or have cheap labour. And even then there are some who'd begrudge us even this much."

"So, how do you live?"

"Well. We can live off the common land, which is all the crap land that the men don't want. We can sell our bodies. And we can work in the factories and as servants doing all the chores which men think are beneath them. But we have to be careful where we go and what we say. And we mustn't ever complain. That's about it. Anything else we do is strictly speaking illegal."

"What sort of things are they?"

"There are unofficial schools which we've set up to educate the girls as soon as they're dumped on us. Which is from birth, where they just get left on the ground for us to find and look after. The boys, of course, are immediately looked after by the state. No one knows who their real mothers and fathers are. Once a woman's given birth, she's turfed out of the state hospital and expected to fend for herself. There are unofficial committees which look after our own welfare, and make sure women aren't left to die when they're ill or disabled. There are unofficial hospitals, unofficial local governments and unofficial housing committees. We women look after ourselves.

After all, if the men won't do it for us, who else is there for us to turn to except ourselves?"

"What do the men do? Don't they ever want sex or anything?" wondered Tracey. She couldn't imagine how men could get by without the basic things in life.

"Well, there's always prostitution if they want sex. Most women do it at least some of the time. It's the nearest to proper loving sex that you can have with a man here. And it's more remunerative than working in a factory or as a servant. Women aren't allowed to own money: and anyway there's nowhere we can spend it. So all you get is food. When you sell your body you can get hold of drugs, alcohol, medicines and all the other things you can't get hold of otherwise."

"So the only way men have of having sex is by going with a prostitute?"

"Well, they can have sex with each other. The Republic of Gomorrah actively encourages men to do that. They regularly have big campaigns where they try to persuade men that that is the right and proper thing to do. The more purist male separatists clearly find heterosexuality somehow offensive and threatening. But however much propaganda there is, most men seem to prefer fucking women. And, I guess, even though it's not often very pleasant, even most women somehow prefer it that way. Of course, they can just rape us. There's no law preventing them doing so, and there are clearly quite a few men who actually prefer rape. And, of course, rape usually involves other kinds of violence as well. Most of us have been raped once or twice a year: and some unlucky ones, much more often than that. It doesn't help to be too attractive to the men. They somehow think it's some kind of provocation." She smiled sympathetically at Buttercup. "I'm sure you'll find out all about that when that bruise on your face goes down."

“So men are free to rape us whenever they like?” gasped Tracey, who was still feeling acutely the bruises and humiliations sustained during the border crossing.

“Well, yes,” admitted Delta. “But not all men. Even though they can, most men don’t. They prefer paying for sex. It’s more pleasant for them as well as for us: even if they are a bit clumsy and awkward. And all they ever seem to know about is fucking. They never do anything else. Up the cunt. Up the arse. A hand job or a blow job. It’s pretty predictable, doesn’t take very long, and it means you can do quite a few men in a single night. Even quite a few in a single hour. Some women complain about men’s lack of imagination and sensitivity, but it does make it easier and more profitable.” Delta smiled conspiratorially, and then leaned under her wooden-framed bed to reveal a bottle of whisky. “Look what one of them gave me the other night. And all I had to do was let him piss on me. Do you fancy a sip?”

Delta passed the bottle over to Tracey who greedily gulped down a mouthful. Fuck! Alcohol! She’d forgotten how fucking good it was! Now all she needed were some ciggies and a cheeseburger and she’d really feel fine. She passed the bottle to Buttercup who politely declined, and then back to Delta who pointedly took a rather smaller sip, and carefully placed it back under the bed.

“Well, now we need to find somewhere for you to stay. And tomorrow I’ll take you to one of the factories near here where you can get a job. That way you can at least get something to eat. We don’t have enough food to spare for very long, I’m afraid. You can last till tomorrow can’t you?”

Buttercup nodded, although Tracey felt her hunger quite acutely. The taste of alcohol had aroused her appetite, and she was now acutely aware of how little she’d had to eat since she’d left Throb. She sighed to herself, but accepted that she was now

totally indebted to Delta.

Delta led them through the village, introducing the girls to other women, similarly hirsute and naked, who all had names with numbers. It seemed to be a Gomorran thing. Epsilon Nine One Two One. Omicron Five Six Seven Two. Tau Seven Three Two Three. These apparently were the names that the girls had stamped on them at birth just before they were abandoned to the elements and whichever woman took pity on them. It was also the only kind of name that the Gomorran men would use to address them: if it ever crossed their mind to use a name at all.

A young girl called Theta Seven Six Seven Five showed the girls to a small hut made from cardboard, corrugated iron and brushwood. She had long blonde hair, blue green eyes and a slightly twisted nose. She smiled continuously. "I only built this hut, yesterday," she said proudly. "I'm in the housing committee. We're always building huts and repairing other huts. I get food from the other women for that, so it means I don't have to go to the Men Only areas for work or sex."

"Do you prefer that?" asked Buttercup gently.

"Oh! Very much. I'm always getting raped when I go to work. It's really horrid. I wish I was older or not so good looking. The men are always doing horrid things to me. Last time, one man made me eat his shit and then he kicked me in the face and breasts. You can see what he did to my nose. I hate men! I never want to see one of those bastards again. If I could, I'd kill every fucking last one of them! They hate us and I hate them!"

Theta continued smiling as she spoke, expressing her strength of feeling only by her choice of words and not by her expression. "I hope this hut's to your taste. It faces the sun in the morning, so you should be up early to go to the factory. You'll be

going with my lover, Zeta. Zeta Four Seven Three Seven, that is. She works at the chicken packing factory. So we always have chicken in our hut. Every day.”

Theta led Buttercup and Tracey to a hut through whose shaky walls rays of light from the sun easily entered and whose roof offered the barest protection from wind and rain. It was secure enough for either girl to lean against the wall for it not to collapse on top of them, but clearly a storm of any strength would smash it to pieces. The floor was covered in straw and grass, but otherwise it was wholly bare. However, the girls were so tired and exhausted, that this was more than adequate. Tracey smiled at Buttercup and held her to her chest.

“Oh! We’re here at last! Safe and sound and together!”

Buttercup smiled more wanly. She was clearly troubled by all that Delta had told them, but she chose not to voice her concerns. She cupped her hands behind Tracey’s neck, her fingernails into her nape and pushed her face right up to her lover. She turned her head slightly to one side, probed with her tongue on Tracey’s lips and as her lover gave her familiar gasp of ecstatic anticipation, she clasped her mouth tightly to her lover’s. Tracey pulled Buttercup to her, her hands exploring the contours of the beautiful woman’s body underneath the long flowing, slightly matted, golden hair. The delicate contours of her shoulder blades. The precious and delicate noddled spine, which descended from her slightly arched neck and sank down her back until finally sinking into a pit above her gloriously round, smooth golden buttocks. Unlike her own, these were buttocks ample enough to hide the contours of her hip, but not too ample to detract from her essential slimness.

Her hands grasped Buttercup’s buttocks, and then, inevitably, curiosity and desire and longing being what they were, her fingers sought out the mound of pleasure

where her lover's short stubble raised above her vagina. And with a gasp of delight and pleasure she discovered that, yes! Buttercup's vagina was moist and welcoming. "Oh! Buttercup! Buttercup!" she gasped, easing her lover onto her knees and then onto her back, as her fingers pushed in and out of the moist, fleshy wonderfulness of it all. "I love you! I love you!" she cried again, as Buttercup swivelled round her body, so that she could lick Tracey's vagina while Tracey was able to reciprocate from above.

Tracey parted the delicate golden lips and momentarily paused to wonder at what she could see, all the while feeling Buttercup's tongue expertly lapping on her clitoris. Buttercup's vagina opened like a fig. The clitoris emerged hard, short and majestic above the folds of her vulva, and there as her probing finger established again was the hole into which so many pricks had entered, and now was hers. She winced as she reflected on the border guards' pricks who'd so recently violated her lover, as they had also violated her, and she fancied she could taste some of the caked blood and semen on her lover's vaginal stubble. But now it was hers, as her own vagina was Buttercup's, so she let her tongue rasp against the shadow of blonde hair that grew around her nose while a finger explored the caverns of her lover's anus. Yes, she reflected, as she sniffed her finger after it had entered as far inside the tight pursed hole as it could, Buttercup definitely shits. And, as the odd taste amongst the rich smells emerging from her vagina confirmed, she almost certainly pisses as well. But perfection is only human. And from her own lower regions she felt Buttercup's own fingers, teeth and tongue explore her own vagina. She briefly reflected on her shit-smelling finger. Why do men like anal intercourse so much? The arse is nowhere as beautiful as the cunt. Nothing to it! A hole with a small puckered entrance and an

unpleasant smell. None of the odour, delicacy, flower-like elaborateness of a cunt. Perhaps that was because all men wanted was a hole, and they didn't appreciate the finer things.

As of course she did. Now she was with her lover, in the shadows of the hut, on the dry coarse straws of the hut's floor, enjoying the best sex of her life with the best lover she could ever imagine.

XIV

It started as a day like all the others as far as Sharon was concerned. In fact, in her misery she had lost all concept of days. Life was nothing but boredom and fear punctuated by rape. Only a few hours earlier Sweetness and she had had to endure another assault by the Buggery soldiers. Again ones she'd never seen before with the exception of the sergeant who escorted them in. She was vaguely aware of the violence done to her through her tears and pain. Her arse hadn't recovered from the previous assault which had already left a trickle of blood between her buttocks. Her vagina was similarly bruised and battered. And yet more pummelling. She could see Sweetness' face pressed against the ground like her own, a leg hooked over her back while another soldier squeezed his penis into his arse. She could see the other soldiers fucking each other and could hear the gasps and pants of the soldiers as they penetrated her. She had long given up struggling. It only made it hurt more. All she could look forward to was the pain ending, and then being left huddled in a slump to nurse her sorrows. Sometimes she saw enough of the soldiers from the undignified positions in which they'd held her down to see just how young and sometimes mutilated they were. She knew that their sufferings in this war had also been considerable, and the scars and dismemberments were proof, if proof were needed that war was no more pleasant for the combatants than it was for innocents like her who had been dragged into its sphere.

And then, hours of solitude with Sweetness whose tears of grief for Joy were intermingled with rage against the men who had treated her so badly. It was evening, so only a shadowy form of Sweetness could be seen in the narrow light passing

through the tent's closed entrance. Sharon sat with her knees pulled up to her chest and her arms nestling around her legs, staring into space, depressed, anxious and bruised. How long would she last until she was discarded or worn out? It was while these dark thoughts ran through her mind that she was suddenly startled by a loud bang and a sudden burst of light which briefly illuminated the contours of Sweetness' recumbent white form.

Thunder and lightening, presumed Sharon. But no, there wasn't any rain. The little patch of sky she could see through the tent door was clear. And then another crash. Not too far away. And the sound of running outside. What was happening? In the tent, all she knew of was frantic activity outside, the occasional thundering crash and accompanying flash of light. And then the sound of gunfire.

"Oh No! Oh No! We're gonna die! We're going to die!" cried Sharon in utter fear, a patch of urine suddenly releasing itself from between her legs and squirting onto the ground beneath her.

Sweetness moaned. "What's happening? What's going on? What's happening?"

"I don't know," admitted Sharon, conscious only that whatever it was, it was dangerous and potentially lethal.

The noise and confusion only intensified. The gunfire became an almost continuous rattle as it progressed to machine guns and hand automatics. Every few moments there was a shriek or a thump or a crash. The tent was illuminated after and during each new noise, and Sharon could see Sweetness in those few instances lit up and crouched. She despaired. "I'm gonna die! I'm gonna die!" she moaned unable to hear her own voice over the cacophony, and distantly aware of similar shrieks and

cries erupting from Sweetness. Sharon rolled herself into a ball, hid her head into her arms and like a mantra moaned: “Die! I’m gonna. Die!” She could hear soldiers running about outside. At one stage, the tent shook as a body fell against it and then slumped to the ground. Sharon yelped with terror. When would she be next?

“Sharon! Sharon!” she distantly heard. She looked up to see the shadowy figure of the sergeant. He was crouching down, but Sharon could see that his penis was fully erect between his legs.

“Not now! For fuck’s sake not now!” Sharon pleaded, afraid that she was about to be raped.

“I love you, Sharon,” said the sergeant in a voice hollowed out by excitement. “I love you. I only wish we’d met in ... in better circumstances.” Sharon gazed at the figure when there was another monstrous crash which shook the tent and briefly lit the sergeant up. He was clearly excited, and not just his penis. Sharon noticed a gash on his leg and a swelling of flesh and blood. The sergeant slightly hobbled. “If we ever meet again .. if I survive ... I’d so like to meet you again ... but, for now, you must run. Run away!”

Sharon was conscious that the shackle around her ankle was being taken off and suddenly she was freed. Her ankle felt sore, but it was also free. Then, as she crouched, rubbing her ankle and wondering what to do, she watched as the sergeant unclasped Sweetness’ ankle and then both of them were free.

“You must run! Both of you! The Gomorrans. They’re here. Soon they’ll be in this tent. And they’ll kill you! You *must* leave! Now!”

The sergeant tugged Sharon up, who was unsteady from so many days of lying down. And weak from eating so badly. And bruised and battered from her multiple

rapes. He grabbed Sharon by the arm and pulled up Sweetness who was terrified and weeping. He pulled them out of the tent, hobbling on his wounded leg.

“I have to fight! You have to run!” the sergeant shouted urgently. Sharon was startled by the brightness and confusion of the camp outside which she’d only glimpsed when she’d been dragged in. All around were Buggery soldiers running naked with their erect penises, with guns in their arms. On the ground were the bodies of other soldiers. Some tents were burning, and there was smoke drifting across the landscape. She could vaguely see the shadows of jeeps in the distance driving around through the smoke. And all around was the sound of gunfire and the occasional whistle as bullets shot by uncomfortably close.

The sergeant pushed Sharon and Sweetness away from him. “That way! There’s a wood. Only a hundred yards! Run!”

Sharon looked around her with startled open eyes, aware that her chances were lessening by the second. Without a word, she grabbed Sweetness by the arm and pulled her roughly with her as she ran almost as blindly as Sweetness in the dark void where the sergeant pointed. As they ran, they occasionally glimpsed soldiers lying on the ground and others running in all directions. She was unsure of where she trod, and felt the rough earth acutely as her bare feet raced onwards. Despite her blindness, Sweetness was keeping up with her, moaning but not complaining.

And then, they were into some woodland. But Sharon kept running, aware that this was only shelter in the most temporary sense. They ran over through the dark shadows, gashing their ankles and their thighs on the brambles and thicket. Gradually, the sound of gunfire became more distant, but the explosions when they occurred were loud, threatening and shook even the tall trees around them.

Sharon ran and ran, her breath short and painful. And then she noticed an opening in the trees through which the moon was shining. Sharon guided Sweetness through the trees, and put an arm around the girl.

“We’ve escaped. We may be safe,” she whispered. Sweetness looked up her, gazing with sightless, tearful eyes.

“I hope so! I hope so!” she whispered.

However, when they got to the edge of the wood, Sharon could see that they were still far from being as safe as she’d hoped. Outside a full battle was in action. Buggery soldiers were running about, their erect penises silhouetted grotesquely against the moon. Gomorran soldiers in jeeps were also in evidence, firing at the Buggery soldiers from their jeeps. A large tank was charging over the dried barren earth, crunching over the bodies of dead soldiers, occasionally releasing explosions of fire into those soldiers who were running about. Sharon was suddenly aware that the tank was heading towards the woods where they were, and might soon be on them. She wasn’t sure that the trees would offer it much of an obstacle.

She squeezed Sweetness’ shoulder. “We have to keep running. It’s dangerous here.” Sweetness nodded, and joined Sharon as she led her back into the wood.

However, it was not long until Sharon’s exhaustion became the better of her, and she and Sweetness were reduced to staggering through the dark dismal wood, not knowing where they were going, only knowing what they were running away from. The sound of explosions became more infrequent and more distant, and she was now more conscious of the deadness and silence of where they were. But tired as she was, she and Sweetness continued walking and stumbling in the dark. Neither said much to each other, although Sweetness clung to Sharon’s arm or hand so tightly that Sharon

could feel the girl's nails dig deep into her flesh.

The girls walked on and on, until they could walk no more. And then, hoping that it was safe, Sharon settled on a spot underneath a tall tree around which was mostly grass and moss, and although it was slightly damp in the night chill, she gently eased Sweetness down to join her in the dark for the rest that her body demanded of her. Sweetness sighed and pulled herself onto Sharon's body for comfort and warmth. Sharon had neither the energy nor the cruelty to push her off.

In fact, their bodies were the only shelter they had from the chill. They held each other tightly, seeking solace in each other's arms, Sweetness' head buried in Sharon's lap and Sharon's head resting on Sweetness' back. Sleep was elusive and fitful, but when it finally came, brought relief of a kind that Sharon had not known for many days.

It was serenely and blissfully peaceful when Sharon woke up. The light from the sun lit up the green and brown forest, revealing the many pretty blue and yellow flowers that she'd not seen the night before. The sun's heat burnt on her bare back and Sweetness was clasped closely to her: her arms looping beneath hers and around her back, her face close to her own, and their legs entwined together. Sweetness stirred and opened her eyes. The pale sightless eyes gazed at her through the wild hair that had fallen onto her face.

“Oh Sharon! You saved me! I'm alive! How can I thank you?”

Sharon sighed. “It's not over yet,” she said miserably. The darkness that had engulfed her in the days of rape and abuse in the tent was not that easily lifted. But she appreciated Sweetness' tender affection. The girl put her arms onto Sharon's shoulders and pushed her face into Sharon's. She kissed her full on the mouth, her

tongue just emerging and about to enter between Sharon's lips. Sharon gently pushed Sweetness away.

"Oh! Sharon! I love you. I love you," said Sweetness sadly.

Sharon was not pleased to hear this. "I'm not a dyke," she reminded Sweetness. "Just keep your fucking hands off me! Well, not your hands. But your tongue anyway." She was distantly aware of Sweetness' hands probing between her legs and then a finger stroking the short hairs of her crotch around the cunt-ring, which was all she had to wear. Sharon brushed Sweetness' hand away, gently and sympathetically. "And whatever you do, don't put your hand there."

Sweetness weeped. "But I love you. You saved my life."

"I don't fucking care! It's men I want ... well, not all men ..." she mused, thinking of the regular abuse she'd so recently become nearly accustomed to, "but men anyway ... not women. Do you understand?"

Sweetness bent her head down, her hair cascading onto her hands and over her skinny breasts. Her bony limbs seemed so vulnerable in the sun, as she pushed her clasped hands down between the angles of her knees. "No, I don't," Sweetness admitted. "I don't understand at all. Joy always made love to me. Why don't you? What's wrong with me? Don't you like me? Do I look so horrible?"

Sharon was aware that tears were running down Sweetness' nose, and one droplet hung precipitously from its end. But she couldn't relent. It wasn't right. "Come on, Sweetness," she said gently, putting a hand on Sweetness' own clasped ones. "We have enough to do. We have to somehow find things to eat. And we've got to get away from here." She lifted Sweetness' head up by her chin and gazed into her face. The girl was quite pretty, if horribly malnourished. The cuts and bruises on her

face detracted from her attractiveness. Her cheeks were sunk in, there was a dark mark around one of her eyes, and her lips were cracked and the lower one slightly split. “We must get moving.”

“But where to?” wondered Sweetness standing up above her unsteady and slightly wobbly. Sharon gazed up at the unshaven triangle between her legs, the sharp angles of her hips and the caved-in stomach. An overwhelming sadness came over her, colouring her darkness with a fresh sense of foreboding.

“I don’t know. I don’t fucking know!”

Without Buttercup or Tracey, Sharon felt even more hopeless than she had before. And her responsibilities towards this blind girl may have given her a sense of purpose, but that didn’t make her any more capable. Their wanderings through the day and the days to come were aimless, meandering and uncoordinated. They wandered in and out of the woods. Sometimes walking along the empty roads. Sometimes straying towards the battle zones where bombed-out tanks and abandoned vehicles gave evidence of potential danger.

On a few occasions they saw the bodies of soldiers rotting in the sun, surrounded by the buzz of insects and the gathering of horribly slimy things around them. On one occasion, they even saw the body of a soldier fully clothed, with maggots and flies crawling through the fabric. This was the first time Sharon had seen anyone, alive or dead, with clothes on, and this acutely reminded her of her nakedness. She looked down disparagingly at her bruised and lacerated body, her bare vagina a kind of affront to her sensibilities. Would she *ever* wear clothes again? And lead a normal life? She looked at Sweetness, who was staring blankly ahead, her hand, as always, tightly grasped in hers. She was discomfited more by the horrible smell from

the corpse than by its sight. Sharon felt overwhelmed by a sense of sadness and something else she had been resisting so strongly. She tenderly kissed Sweetness on the cheek, who started slightly alarmed, and then smiled as she established what had touched her. Sharon gently eased the girl off as she tried to reciprocate the affection.

Sharon was completely hopeless at the task of finding and preparing food, and Sweetness was understandably even worse. As the days and nights went by, a succession of wandering punctuated by exhaustion, the two got weaker and their wanderings more fitful. Every time they saw figures in the distance, the girls hid either flat on the ground or in the thickets, terrified that they might be seen by soldiers or, worse, police. Sharon's self-confidence dropped and her despair intensified. But still the sun shone, the landscape alternated between the bleak barrenness of the open fields and the forbidding shadows of the forests.

Those times that they had the energy to stumble forwards became steadily shorter, and the times they rested became longer. Soon, Sharon leaned more and more heavily on Sweetness, who was steadily losing her passion for her guardian as her own energy levels dropped further. Sharon's awareness of where she was became increasingly more tenuous. When they rested, their consciousness slid away so easily, and stirring became even more difficult. The sun burnt on Sharon's back and shoulders and her legs became increasingly lacerated as her stumbling became more faltering and more unsteady. And soon they weren't walking at all.

Sharon wasn't at all sure how long she and Sweetness had been lying on the earth in the shade of the large tree. They were clinging to each other in desperation, Sweetness occasionally shivering as fatigue and hunger shook through her body. Sharon's mouth was dry and her lips cracked. The few fruits and the odd mushroom

they'd eaten hadn't really been enough to sustain them with either nourishment or moisture. And then she felt a hand on her shoulder. She assumed it was Sweetness, and opened her eyes surprised to see that both of the girl's hands were clinging to her shoulders, her eyes closed and one leg pushed out ungainly away from them.

Sharon started. She mouthed "What the fuck!" and looked up at the possessor of the strange hand, expecting to see a Buggery soldier with his erect penis and khaki skin. Instead she saw the face of a woman with her hair shaved off and a strangely reassuring smile under a small nose disfigured by a huge nose-ring.

"Who are you?"

The woman offered Sharon a bowl of water which she was holding in her other hands. Sharon took it from her and gulped it down greedily, and as she did so glimpsed the hands which had proffered the bowl to her. They were slim white hands with the third finger on the left hand cut off at just about the lower joint. She looked up and evaluated this strange angel of mercy. It then became clear. The naked body, the chains running from the pierced nipples and the shaven vagina. The crouched figure was a Sodomite pilgrim.

The woman smiled again, and opened her mouth voicelessly. It was with an acute sense of discomfort and unease that Sharon realised that there was no tongue in the mouth behind the sparkling white teeth, or rather only the stump of a tongue. And this Sodomite pilgrim was not alone. There were three or four others: one male, the other female, all naked bar the chains and rings from piercings all about their bodies. They were all smiling at her. Despite herself, Sharon smiled back.

The woman who'd given her the water was crouched beside her, the chains from her nipples resting on her knees. She placed a hand on Sharon's lips and then

pulled herself forward to kiss her gently and tenderly on the lips. A very warm and brief kiss. She then gently raised the bowl of water to Sharon's mouth.

Sharon sipped some more and looked up at the solicitous and kindly gaze of the strange woman. "Thank you," she said sincerely and with difficulty through the newly watered corridors of her parched throat. "Thank you for saving my life."

XV

The Sodomite pilgrims couldn't be described as great conversational company. In fact, as they had all had their tongues removed, they weren't able to converse at all. The conversation they had with each other was conducted in sign language and mouthing, but this was enough for them to organise themselves pretty well. Despite their various mutilations, they were astonishingly self-sufficient and capable. They knew exactly which roots, fruits and berries could be safely eaten. They were expert at catching and killing rabbits, birds and other animals to provide meat. Their various cooking utensils were eminently practical for the task of living off the land. They were, however, very kind and helpful to Sharon and Sweetness. After the girls' abject failure in fending for themselves in the Buggery countryside, the Sodomite pilgrims were the perfect companions.

Nevertheless, association with the pilgrims came with a price, but not, thankfully, one which involved self-mutilation: at least not on the gross level that the Sodomite pilgrims had undergone. All the pilgrims had had their tongues removed, and the third finger of the left hand mostly removed or cut off. One girl had her left hand cut off at the wrist, but the others had clearly drawn the line at a less extreme point. The girls had their vaginas sewn together, whilst the man had a bolt all the way through the end of his penis, the other end of which was attached to his nipples. All the pilgrims had their head shaved. Indeed, all their hair except the eyebrows was removed: a daily ritual which the pilgrims accompanied with prayers and even song, although as none of them had tongues it was impossible to determine what these songs might be about.

It was made clear to Sharon that although the girls were welcome to accompany the Sodomite pilgrims on their wandering through Buggery, they should at least conform to the same appearance as their mentors. Both Sharon and Sweetness were far too disorientated and distressed to object, after their ordeal in the camp and their near starvation in the countryside. Indeed, Sharon was living in a constant unfocused haze: a kind of continuing nightmare darkened by her present fears and past traumas. Would she ever see Tracey again? Would she ever see home again? Had she, in fact, already died and was now in some kind of hell? She just allowed the Sodomites to shave and decorate her as they so desired: not complaining and really not caring.

Sweetness and she were both treated the same, so although she had no mirror to see her reflection, she knew from looking at Sweetness exactly what she now looked like. Her head, arms, vagina, legs and armpits were all shaved by some lethal looking razor blades which skimmed over the fairly basic creamy soap which was applied to lubricate the skin and facilitate the shaving. This ritual was almost pleasant. The girl whose face Sharon had first glimpsed in some strange sense had adopted the pair, and she was the one who administered the shave. As each part was shaved clean, she then kissed the whole of the shaven area with her lips, as if to be sure it was sufficiently smooth. Sharon might normally have objected to this degree of intimacy, but she had seen that the pilgrims adopted the exact same routine when shaving each other. And it was undeniably quite pleasant to feel the brush of this girl's nose and lips against the bare skin of her vagina. The most intimate and unthreatening sensuality those lips had probably ever experienced. At home, her labia was normally nothing but an open door, or one, when not open, was pushed ajar with as much haste as was

required for a prick to get inside. Soon, she and Sweetness lay back on the grass under the morning sun, their skin fresh and clean after the application of the blade, glistening in the shine of the soap and saliva that had accompanied the shave.

Sharon ran her hand over her shaven head, and looked sadly at the strands of her bleached hair where it lay on the grass. It certainly felt weird. And from looking at Sweetness, she could see how weird it also appeared. The pate was significantly paler than the rest of the skin which had otherwise been mostly tanned by the sun. Sharon was dismayed by how strangely nobbly Sweetness' shaved head looked, and, of course, how it must be correspondingly so on her own head. The bump at the nape of the neck where it joined the skull. The ears looking so much smaller on a bare background. The sweep of forehead which went up without interruption of any kind at all. In fact, the loss of hair must have been more considerable for Sweetness than for her. Sweetness' hair had previously been quite long, often obscuring most of her face and much of her neck and shoulders. Sharon's hair, by contrast, had not obscured very much at all, and after the haircut administered by Primrose had been relatively short already. But short was not at all the same as bald.

The shave wasn't the last treatment meted out on the two girls by the Sodomite pilgrims. Sharon's nipples were already pierced, as was her clitoris. This was not true of Sweetness who had never been pierced before, either voluntarily, like Sharon, or by law, like most women in Buggery. The pilgrims found little difficulty in threading chains and rings through Sharon's nipple and crotch. She soon had weighty jangling ornamentation hanging from her front. This seemed to represent some kind of clothing to the Sodomites, although unlike any clothing Sharon had ever worn before, even in Buggery, this provided neither warmth nor modesty. A wreath of thin chains dangled

from the rings through her nipples, and were somehow held in check by those threaded through the ring in her crotch

Applying the same ornamentation to Sweetness was more difficult. Sharon had to explain to Sweetness what was happening to her as the Sodomite pilgrims pierced her small puffy nipples and her tender clitoris with their sharp pins. They were clearly skilled at what they were doing, because although they didn't administer any painkillers, the operation in the three points was done extremely quickly and inflicted remarkably little pain on the young girl. Her yelps of pain were tempered by the kisses administered to her by the Sodomite girl who had taken responsibility for the two. She rested Sweetness' head on her lap, and squeezed her hand tightly and affectionately as she winced and cried out. And then after all the piercing was done, she cuddled Sweetness to her chest as the rings which had been inserted into her nipples and clitoris kept the piercings open. And only after a quarter an hour or more of such voiceless comforting were the chains threaded through the rings, weighing her front down, and bringing her to fresh cries of pain, as they tugged at her tender wounds. And, there she stood, in front of Sharon who lay on the grass, gradually getting used to her own new appearance: her head shaven, bare legs and vagina, and a front obscured by chains. She stared ahead, sightlessly and confused, unable perhaps to be sure whether she alone had been singled out for this painful ceremony. Her eyes were still moist from the tears she had shed during the piercing ceremony, her breasts slightly bruised and even more puffy from the weight of the chains, and the bruises and scratches she'd gained after the two girls perambulations in the woods even more distinct against her hairless bare frame lit by the unforgiving glare of the Buggery morning sun.

Sharon looked at the Sodomite pilgrims gathered around them and observed the indulgent smiles on their faces. She was suddenly struck by a bolt of lucidity and was just as suddenly frightened. She stood up and rushed over to Sweetness. She put an arm around the blind girl, and pulled her bare body against her own.

“You’re not fucking cutting our tongues out! Or sewing our fucking cunts together!” She shouted at them.

The girl who’d comforted them smiled more broadly. She then made some strange hand signals to her companions while mouthing something while her voice made a sound her tongue couldn’t articulate. The other pilgrims laughed in a good-humoured way: a way which seemed incongruous in such bizarre looking people. She then walked up to Sharon, placed a forefinger to her lips, and placed her hand on her crotch in a tender, non-threatening way.

“Are you gonna fucking sew me up, you bastards?” Sharon asked aggressively.

The girl shook her shaved head with a frown and a smile. She then pulled Sharon and Sweetness to her chest and kissed the two of them affectionately. Her mouth moved, and her throat voiced a response, but Sharon could make no sense of any of the guttural vowels. She smiled again, and returned to her companions. She immediately returned with a plate full of some more of the very tasty vegetables that she had prepared earlier, and made another growling sound which appeared to say “Eat up!”

The Sodomite pilgrims violated the two girls no further, and indeed in their inarticulate way made their best efforts to make them feel at ease. In fact, as Sharon came to realise, as they followed the pilgrims through the countryside of Buggery, their newly shaved heads and chains of Sodomite bondage were actually something to

be grateful for. None of the many police who they passed in their wanderings paid them any attention at all. As a result of whatever terms in which cross-border treaties had been phrased, the Sodomite pilgrims were actually the most free people in the Kingdom of Buggery. Indeed, the police appeared to be just as much disgusted by the Sodomites' appearance as Sharon herself had been initially. Even when the Sodomites prostrated themselves in front of the police, arse to the air, gesturing invitingly at their anuses, this provocation seemed to serve the purpose of actually dissuading the police of doing anything. They left the Sodomites to their own business, strutting off with their massive dildos strapped to their waists, and protruding incongruously in front of them, more willing to cause harm to their own citizens than to these shaven, pierced and mutilated pilgrims. When they disappeared, the pilgrims would smile amongst themselves, and kiss Sharon reassuringly, aware of the terror that inevitably caused her body to tremble. Sweetness as always knew only as much as Sharon ever told her, which was normally just to keep quiet and pretend that her tongue had also been torn out.

There was a comforting routine to the Sodomite's day. At sunrise, sunset, and three other times a day, the pilgrims indulged in a ritual which was both fascinating and quite unpleasant to watch. Essentially, this involved anal intercourse: an exercise achieved by the use of rather ornate dildos which the pilgrims drew out of the cloth bags they carried over their shoulders. These bags were themselves of some ritual significance: each of them was embroidered with a slogan which must have had some meaning in their faith. "To Give is to Receive". "Surrender to the Will". "The Orifice Taketh and Giveth Release". This was clearly not a faith of silent contemplation.

Their ceremonies were an orgy of flesh and anal penetration: the pilgrims'

bodies entwined around each other, the dildos strapped to the waists by leather and chains, their ends thrust deep inside the ritually presented arses. Even the male pilgrim was made to receive a dildo thrust up his arse. His own penis wasn't used at all. The reason for this Sharon noticed with some distaste was because he had been castrated, and the scrotum which seemed so full beneath his flaccid penis was filled not with testicles but with metal balls. Like the girls, he had to use a dildo to fulfil his role in the ceremony.

While this went on, Sharon held onto Sweetness, glad that her blindness precluded her from fully understanding what accompanied the grunts and gasps which freely exploded from the pilgrims in their orgiastic ceremony. The vaginas were sealed during the ceremony as much then as at other times, which meant that the pissing on each other that invariably conjoined the penetration was a messy and uncoordinated affair, as the urine burst through the barrier of stitches and rings, and splashed over the pilgrims in a random kind of way. As also did the shit, which thankfully they didn't always choose to ingest as part of the process. Some of the more devout ensured that their ritual sodomy was also accompanied with flagellation from nettles and whatever else could be used for the purpose.

These ceremonies rarely continued for much more than half an hour, and then, sated and somehow purified, and with expressions of beatific ecstasy, the pilgrims continued as before in the more mundane businesses of preparing food, hunting and gathering food, and, if they were already on their route, walking through the barren Buggery countryside.

At night, Sharon rested against Sweetness, too weak from walking and her tribulations of the previous days, to complain as Sweetness showered her with

affectionate kisses and cuddles. Indeed, she only complained when Sweetness' fingers or tongue wandered towards her arse or cunt, on which occasions, she would forcefully remind the blind girl that she was not a fucking dyke. Sweetness seemed resigned to Sharon's frequent rejection of her advances, but this did not stop her from declaring, much to Sharon's embarrassment, that she was in love with her and would do anything she wanted. She noticed that Sweetness' affection for her was observed indulgently by the Sodomite pilgrims, as they lay apart from the two girls, gathered in a body of intertwined, intermingling flesh, chains and naked skin.

The days were spent in wandering: something which Sharon had become so accustomed to now that she no longer thought to complain even to herself. This wandering was the purpose of the pilgrims' visit to Buggery, and the effort of it was a small price to pay for the food, water and protection the pilgrims provided. At irregular intervals, sometimes two or three times in a day, and sometimes only once in a day, the pilgrims would arrive at a place of some religious significance to them. Sometimes it was obvious what the object of their worship was. A tomb or a statue or a desecrated, disused shrine. Sometimes it was much more obscure. An old tree, the centre of a field of beetroots, a house lived in by puzzled Buggery subjects. At whichever place it was, the pilgrims would prostrate themselves, arse high in the air, their arms stretched out in front of them whilst one of them would intone in a voice made unintelligible by the loss of tongue. And then, after leaving some tokens of worship, like a bunch of thistles, a coin or a chain, the pilgrims would continue on their way. Sharon was never sure what she should do in these ceremonies, but she reasoned that whenever anyone from Buggery was watching, especially if they were police, it was best to follow the example set by the others and to instruct Sweetness to

do the same. It amused her in a grim kind of way to see the obvious discomfort of people from Buggery at the pilgrims' presence. They rarely came very close, but they would watch the strange ritual with fascination.

On only one occasion did anyone from Buggery take advantage of the offer of abuse that the pilgrims made to everyone they met. Two policewomen with erect dildos and muscled bodies pushed into the pilgrims, kicking and punching them. But the fact that the pilgrims were taking the punishment with such apparent pleasure, asking for more with each punch or kick, clearly upset even them, and they gave up after hardly any time at all. The pilgrims themselves seemed quite gratified by the abuse that they had received and soon meted out even worse punishment on each other in an flailing orgy of nettles and brambles.

That evening, the pilgrims were still quite excited by their brief encounter, proudly feeling the bruises raised on their faces and limbs, and gently kissing the scratches which they had sustained. Their ritual sodomy lasted longer than usual, while Sharon comforted Sweetness who was clearly frightened by what she could hear but could not see. And then the ritual became a softer, more sensual and gentle lovemaking as the pilgrims entangled bodies became engulfed in more conventional caresses and kisses: tongues and fingers exercised on mutilated genitals and tongueless mouths. The man seemed as keen on the sensuality as much as the girls, despite his emasculation and the inability of his penis to become erect or functional.

The girl who had first befriended them noticed Sharon and Sweetness huddled together in the shade of the tree in the darkening shadows of night. She wandered over to them, crouched down and smiled. Wreathed in a rather becoming grin she attempted to say something which Sharon strained to understand. It was hopeless,

however. Without a tongue, her words were just inarticulate noises and her hand gestures were too intricate and involved for Sharon to make any sense of them. Then the girl knelt down, put a hand on Sharon's crotch and the other on Sweetness, and gestured with a jerk of her neck that she was inviting the two girls to join in the pilgrims' lovemaking.

Sharon had by now lost her fear of the pilgrims. They had not even once attempted to persuade or coerce either of the girls to join in their perverted rituals, and had made clear by their actions that they had no expectation that they should do so. It was sex and not physical abuse and humiliation that the girl was offering them; but however relatively benign such lovemaking was in comparison, it was still not something that Sharon could entertain. "I'm no fucking dyke!" she replied, but relatively good-humouredly. She was almost flattered by this extension of a hand of friendship, but her days of abuse in the soldier's camp still left her scarred and the thought of sex, even with a man, was not something that attracted her. "But Sweetness here..."

Sharon put a hand on her blind companion's shoulder. "Our Sodomite friend wants to know if you want to ... well, not fuck exactly ... but, you know, have sex..." She glanced up at the Sodomite's smiling, kindly face. "It's not going to involve arse-fucking or fucking whipping or all that shit, is it? I don't want Sweetness, you know, hurt or any kind of fucking shit you lot sort of do ... It's normal sex, isn't it?"

The Sodomite girl smiled broadly, and shook her head to assure Sharon.

"What do you think, Sweetness?" asked Sharon, aware of the girls' own sexual needs and hoping that if it was spent on the Sodomites it would no longer be focused on her.

Sweetness smiled at Sharon. “You don’t mind?”

“No, of course I fucking don’t!”

Sweetness stood up, and allowed herself to be led away by the Sodomite. She turned back her head and smiled in a direction somewhat to the left and ahead of where Sharon actually sat. “Don’t forget. It’s you that I love!”

Sharon settled back, feeling happier if Sweetness were happy, and felt good in herself as she watched Sweetness enter the mass of pale shaven flesh of orgying Sodomites. She smiled with pleasure as Sweetness gasped with pleasure. She wrapped her arms around her chain-ridden breast and observed with satisfaction as Sweetness was satisfied. She was so obviously enjoying the lips and fingers exploring her vagina, the kisses on her face and breasts, the feel of three or more bodies surrounding her. She yelped and gasped and grunted, her body shining with a glint of perspiration in the moonlight, as she was engulfed in the mass of flesh, lip and chains, both her nipples chewed on, her clitoris afire with the attention of two pairs of lips and discreetly applied fingers. Her cries of joy and ecstasy at first echoing across the fields from the copse where the pilgrims were resting, and then gradually subsided as her energy and those of her lovers diminished and the caresses became less passionate and more languid.

But even after all that, it was to Sharon’s arms that Sweetness eventually returned, her flesh sweaty and smelly, her vagina sore and plastered with her vaginal fluids, and in whose same arms that she stayed all night. “I love you, Sharon,” she whispered, her shaven head against her ward’s bechained bosom. “You are my perfect lover.”

XVI

The sun hadn't yet arisen when Tracey and Buttercup were woken by Zeta, who was naked like everyone else, slightly podgy with a mass of black curly hair which flowed in ringlets to half-way down her back. She stood at the doorway with a very broad grin looking at the two girls whose only source of warmth through the night had been from each other's closely entwined body.

"We have to start early if we have any hope of getting into the factory," she explained as she hurried them on their way.

"Where is the factory?" wondered Tracey, yawning and only half aware, as they staggered across the dark fields.

"Another couple of miles. It's good that it's not been raining for a while: that can make the journey quite horrible," replied Zeta. "You'll get used to it, though. But if you get there too late then you've got no choice. It's first come first served most of the time."

Eventually, just as the first rays of the sun appeared over the horizon, they came to the intimidating dark shadows of a large functional building, where only one or two windows were lit and where already there were a couple of dozen other women: all naked and all with very long hair and all standing around outside the building. And then Tracey and Buttercup stood with Zeta for about an hour as more and more women gathered. There was very little conversation amongst the women standing there, all of them tired and many of them yawning. Tracey shivered and clung to Buttercup for warmth, aware of the stares she was attracting. As wakefulness crept up on her, she became aware that this was because the two girls looked very

different from the others, with the short hair on their vaginas: nearly none at all in Buttercup's case, and in Tracey's case with the hair on her head strikingly short.

And then the doors to the factory opened and a man in overalls and a flat cap emerged from the light inside to the shortening shadows outside. He stood warily by the entrance, until he was joined by three other men, wearing blue work uniforms and peaked cloth hats.

"Let's be having you, then!" one of the men shouted, which was a cue for the women to gather in an orderly procession at the factory doors' entrance and to file in. As they did so, they were evaluated in a desultory fashion by the men who clearly saw this as a routine rather than a pleasure. Some women were greeted with familiarity and some were turned away. These, Tracey noticed, were generally the older women.

As the queue brought Zeta, Tracey and Buttercup towards the welcoming bright glare of the neon lit interior, the men could see the girls more clearly.

"Fuck! You're a fucking beauty, ain't you?" a corpulent man with a cigarette in his hand commented to Buttercup. "You wanna fuck rather than work like the others, dearie?"

Buttercup shook her head, and hurried after Zeta as she went in. Tracey was aware of a disapproving glare at her shorter hair as she entered herself, and was frightened that this might disqualify her; but fortunately not and she soon caught up with Zeta and Buttercup.

And then the girls were lined up by a conveyer belt under the harsh neon light amidst the loud noise of the cranking machinery and the gusts of heat emanating from their engines. They were in an enormous open room with machinery and lines of conveyor belts stretching in all directions. As they stood in anticipation, more and

more women filed in, and soon all the available spaces were filled. And then, although there were many women still outside waiting to get in, the factory doors were closed and the working day began.

And tedious, tiring, monotonous and unrelenting it was too. Fortunately, Tracey had had her share of factory jobs in the past, so she knew more or less what was expected of her. Like the other girls on her conveyor belt, she was issued with a pair of clear plastic gloves which was all anyone had to wear, besides a little factory-issue ribbon which was secured through the hair to keep it off her face. Her job, like Zeta and Buttercup was to take the icy cold chicken legs, breasts and wings as they trundled by, place the lump into a polystyrene tray, and then wrap it tightly in a square of cellophane. The wrapped piece of chicken was then replaced on the conveyor belt where it trundled along to where some other women were weighing them and sticking sticky-back labels on them. And that was it. Chicken breast after chicken leg after chicken wing.

Tracey soon got into the rhythm of it. Boring, monotonous jobs like this was all the work she'd ever had, and soon the rhythm and routine overcame any sense of meaning and purpose. Buttercup however was far less adept than her, and had great difficulty in getting into any routine. She was packing one piece of chicken for every three that Tracey packed, and the plastic was creased and too loose. She began to weep with frustration as the effort of it became too great for her.

Inevitably, her slower performance attracted attention from the male supervisors who were wandering around in their blue overalls, cloth caps and cigarettes. One came behind Tracey and Buttercup, and watched the two of them with surly interest.

“What’s your name, dearie?” he asked Buttercup, stubbing his cigarette out on the cold hard factory floor. Nervously, Buttercup told him.

“Fuck! What sort of fucking ponced-up name is that? And what about your friend. What’re you called?”

“Tracey.”

“Fuck me! We got a right pair of fucking wierdies here. At least ‘buttercup’ means something. But when in the name of fuck did ‘tracey’ ever fucking mean anything. You’re both a couple of fucking immigrants, ain’t you? Well, you’d better pull your fucking socks up, Buttercup sweetie, (if you were ever allowed to wear the fuckers) or you’re out. There’re lotsa other women out there who’d do your job if they got the fucking chance.”

With that, he left them with a sniff. Buttercup stared at Tracey plaintively, her cheeks reddened with humiliation and shame, tears of frustration etched onto her cheeks.

Eventually, after how many hours Tracey didn’t know, there came a rest break. The conveyor belt stopped and the pieces of chicken stopped passing by. The girls sat down cross-legged on the hard concrete floor, while other women came by with polystyrene cups of insipid tea and limp slices of white bread covered with a sliver of tasteless margarine. Tracey put an arm around her lover, who continued to weep, while Zeta looked on at the two with sympathy.

“Oi! Buttercup!” yelled a man’s voice. Tracey’s lover looked up startled. The man who’d spoken to them earlier was shouting to them from the distance. “Yeah! It’s you I’m fucking talking to. And your fucking dyke friend, as well. C’mere!”

The two girls stood up, and looked at him and his colleagues who were

standing idly around a coffee machine. “That’s it, dearies. This way!” The girls hungrily demolished the last crumbs of the bread, which disintegrated into a choking mulch in their mouths, only digestible thanks to the liquid assistance of the tea, and threaded their way through the sympathetic glances of the other women to where they had been beckoned.

They stood obediently in front of the men’s leering gazes. “I told you she were a babe, didn’t I Ralph?” the man who’d spoken to them said to a fat middle-aged man with a dark brown polyethylene tie, a grubby white shirt and a pair of shiny black polyester trousers..

“Yeah! You weren’t fucking kidding either, Bob? She’s the best fucking piece of arse I’ve seen in a fuck of a while.” Ralph puffed out a mouthful of blue smoke, and took another drag of his filter-tipped cigarette. “So you’re a fucking immigrant, are you? Fucking out of Buggery with a fucking poncey name like ‘Buttercup’! And your fucking friend. Is this bitch from Buggery too? You look a bit fucking weird to me. Where’d you come from?”

Tracey told him, and was surprised by how much it alarmed him. “Fuck me! You get all types these days! Well, don’t expect any different treatment while you’re here, bitch. Women are the same wherever the fuck they come from. You got no more fucking rights than any other slut in Gomorrah. This is a man’s world, and you get treated the fucking same as any other bitch.” He let his cigarette drop from his fingers and stubbed it out with his rubber-soled boot. “And that means, bitch, that you and your flower-fancying friend come up to the office, and no fucking questions asked.”

And so it was, having hardly recovered from their rape on the Gomorran border, that Tracey and Buttercup were reminded of the brutal realities of life in a

man's world. Ralph and Bob led the two girls up a concrete stairwell to an array of offices where there were no women other themselves at all. All around them were men either in uniforms or bad-fitting suits, in offices full of the pallid aroma of cigarette smoke and covered in posters of nude women and motor cars. As they walked by, the men's eyes followed them, leering and unsympathetic. For the first time since she'd left home, Tracey was acutely aware of her nakedness as the men appraised her with the same air as evaluating any other functioning set of machinery.

And then into Ralph's office, where there was a wooden desk covered with papers and a bookshelf on the wall lined with ring-back folders. There was a prominent calendar of some men bugging some scrawny women. With no ceremony and no preparation, Ralph bade the girls lie down on the nylon-carpeted floor, which they did with trepidation under Ralph's and Bob's eyes, and those of a tall thin man in a striped shirt with a polyester tie decorated with picture of Bugs Bunny and Tweety Pie. And then Ralph, Bob and this other man pulled down their trousers revealing an unappetising trio of erect penises. Ralph's was short and stubby, surrounded by a bush of dark curly hair halfway up its length. Bob's was thin and narrow with a quite unpleasant smell. The third man's penis was similarly thin and narrow with a slight bend in it.

And then, one after another, Buttercup and Tracey got to know the penises rather better. Both girls knew better than to struggle. Buttercup by virtue of her years in Buggery where sex for her had often been of a similarly unpleasant coercive nature. Tracey as a result of all the fucks she'd had over the years back home. But however inexpert and unsubtle the fucks she'd got accustomed to, in dark alley-ways, in multi-storey car park stairwells, behind bus shelters, she'd had few which were quite as

mechanical and perfunctory. The pricks went in, slobbery stubbly faces scraped against her cheeks and chin, her arms held down, and the thrusts back and forth with a steady unimaginative rhythm. She looked over at Buttercup who was enjoying it even less than her, eyes closed and a grimace over her face. Above her Bob was pushing away back and forth, while Ralph fucked away at her. And then all change as Bruce, the tall thin man took over, grunting and moaning above her, his tie drooping over Tracey's mouth as his skinny hairy buttocks thrust back and forth and back and forth. Tracey's cunt was sore as fuck. Sex wasn't usually this joyless.

And then, finally, an orchestrated trickle of sweet-sickly tasting semen over the girls' naked breasts and faces, and the men were standing, gasping and wheezing, as they eased their pricks back inside their flies and adjusted their belts. Tracey and Buttercup lay flat on the ground, semen-stained heads turned towards each other. Tracey rested her hands on her crotch in a vain attempt to lessen the ache that came from the inner folds of her cunt. Buttercup with her hands drawn up and clasped together on her chest, as if in prayer after the ordeal she had endured.

"Well, girls! No more fucking sitting around enjoying yourself," barked Ralph. "It's back to the fucking shop floor with you two. And no fucking shirking off either, you bitches! Don't think that a bit of fun upstairs brings you whores any fucking special privileges."

Buttercup and Tracey were then led back to the shop floor, semen still over their faces and dripping down their thighs, through a cordon of male office-workers who leered and grinned lasciviously at them as they passed by. One took advantage of their vulnerability to slap Buttercup forcibly on her buttocks causing her to yelp. Several men laughed at her distress, Bob joining in.

“You’re a fucking popular whore with the boys!” he grinned.

And then the two girls were back on the shop floor, by the side of the conveyor belt, back to the monotony of packing chicken parts. Buttercup was no more expert now than she was before, and Tracey noticed how quiet she was and that she was still weeping. She knew it wasn’t just from the pain between her legs, as the treatment they had received hadn’t been harsh enough to cause more than a stinging pain with a slight bruising on the vagina lips.

“They certainly like your friend,” commented Upsilon, a painfully thin girl with long mousy hair was standing next to Tracey.

“But it’s not right that they should fuck her. Or me for that matter.”

“Well, it makes a break from the packing. And you’ll both be getting extra rations for your efforts.”

Indeed, this was true as Tracey found out when many hours later, the conveyor belt stopped and all the girls queued up at a formica top table where their dinner was doled out. This was a wholly unappetising collection of stewed meat and over-boiled vegetables served on a metal dish with more white bread and a bowl of unidentifiable soup ladled out by the serving-women, all of them naked except for the plastic hats which held in their hair. Both Tracey and Buttercup were served substantially larger portions than any of the other workers, and although it didn’t actually taste especially nice it was a welcome addition to their stomachs. Even after wolfing it down, Tracey could still have eaten more.

She chatted with some of the other girls, while Buttercup sat silently beside her, uncharacteristically morose and still tearful. Tracey found that the girls came from settlements scattered all over the place, that none of them enjoyed the work they did,

and none of them had any feeling other than contempt or disgust for the male supervisors.

“Don’t worry about the fucking you got,” smiled Upsilon. “It happens to all of us every now and then. It may not be much fun but it *is* a break in the routine, and you *do* get more to eat as a result. And anyway what do you expect from these pigs. The bastards only know one thing about what to do with women, and even that they don’t do very well.”

Then, back to the conveyor belt, and more hours of labour as the sun’s light through the factory windows arched around the building. Chicken wing after chicken breast after chicken leg. And as they worked, the male supervisors wandered round, pinching bottoms, laughing libidiously and making coarse comments about breasts, cunts, buttocks and anything else they could think of. Some women were teased for being ‘babes’, some sneered at for being ‘dogs’, some contemned for being ‘whores’, and any woman that showed any sign of spirit was called a ‘bitch’. Tracey had met plenty of men like that back home, but somehow not so many in one place and she guessed that here the misogyny was more sincerely and deeply felt.

Buttercup was obviously hating her work, and her productivity if anything was dropping as the afternoon progressed so painfully slowly. Tracey regarded her lover with compassion, trying to imagine the depths of her misery. But Buttercup’s ordeal was not over. A large, fat man in a suit with a striped nylon shirt and a plain polyester tie loomed into sight, and with no warning or introduction grabbed her by the breasts, groping them unsubtly in his large hairy hands and took an ear in his moustachioed mouth. Buttercup flashed a brief look of annoyance, was just about to react, but then reasoned better of it.

“So, you’re the Buggery immigrant they told me about, dearie,” he sneered.

“Enjoying life here in Gomorrah?”

Buttercup nodded her head meekly, while the man looked her up and down, his tie dangling to the left of his large belly and his hands still on her breasts.

“Fuck me! You’re fucking gorgeous! I ain’t seen a bitch like you here ever! They certainly know how to breed ‘em in Buggery, don’t they? I’ve gotta have a piece of this action. Come with me, dearie.”

Buttercup was then led away by this corpulent man, who put an arm around her naked waist, while the other male supervisors stood to one side, restraining their usual leers and not making any of the coarse remarks they might otherwise have done. And then she was out of sight, and Tracey transferred her gaze back to the pieces of chicken that were sliding down the conveyor belt uninterrupted by this encounter.

“Fuck!” exclaimed Zeta. “That was the manager. Your friend’s hit the jackpot!”

Tracey was sure that this was not how Buttercup viewed the state of affairs, but she smiled without comment and busied herself in stretching the polythene over the cold pale piece of chicken in its tray. She worked away for an agonisingly long time, wondering what indignities was being meted out on her lover as the chicken parts rolled by and even through her gloves the chickens’ flesh was feeling increasingly cold and slimy. She was almost certainly being fucked, and she winced at the thought of this disgusting fat man sinking what she imagined was another less than average cock into her beloved’s cunt; and possibly even her arse.

Eventually, after what seemed like, and may well have been, hours, Buttercup returned, escorted by a thin man in overalls and collar-length greasy hair. She looked

even more unhappy than before, walking with difficulty and occasionally rubbing her buttocks. Her face was defaced by tears, and a stream of clear pale liquid was still rolling viscously down her legs. She took her place back on the conveyor belt next to Tracey and said nothing. It seemed that the distraction of packing pieces of chicken was somehow a relief to her.

It was much later, after one more tea break, that the working day ended. The sun was well beneath the horizon, and the two girls, like all the other women, were yawning and exhausted. The conveyor belts stopped, the last pieces of chicken were wrapped in polythene and labelled, and the workforce queued up to leave. Even leaving was an ordeal. The queue went on forever, but as they left they were all presented with a clear plastic bag holding a single packed piece of chicken, which clearly represented their wages for a day's work.

Tracey's package was larger than those of most of the others. She had three pieces of chicken in a rather larger bag and a bar of milk chocolate. Buttercup had even more. Some five pieces of chicken, several bars of chocolate and four bottles of beer. The man who singled her out and presented her with the flimsy bag, which looked unlikely to last even the journey home, leered at her and grinned.

"You've made a fuck of an impression on the manager, sweetie. 'Snot often you bitches get beer. Hope you fucking enjoy it."

Buttercup accepted the bag gracefully, but Tracey could see that she viewed it with some kind of disdain. And then they were out in the dark outside. It had started to drizzle and the ground was ever so unpleasantly damp under their feet. And then the long walk home through the dark and dampness, following Zeta, all of them too tired to talk and all looking forward to what little home comforts that awaited them. The

prize for their sexual favours which had first seemed so welcome, became an increasing burden as its weight added to their travails; and when, after the thin plastic handles of the bags snapped from the weight, first Buttercup's, then Tracey's, and Zeta's not at all, the rewards had to be carried in their arms over the treacherous bumps and grooves of the muddying fields they crossed.

All through the day, Tracey had been looking forward to Buttercup's welcome caresses when they got back to the settlement. Surely, they would be compensation for their suffering. But Buttercup was not in the mood. Not from lack of trying, the girls' lovemaking became less and less active, their sexual desires frustrated by weariness and pain. And within half an hour of collapsing on the straw in their hut, the drizzle on the outside becoming more insistent and finally escalating into rain, the two girls were fast asleep, their limbs entwined around each other, and Tracey's nose and face buried in Buttercup's long blonde hair. Not a good day, Tracey reflected, although part of her was already wondering what she would get in exchange for the pieces of chicken she'd gained from her otherwise unrewarding molestation, ironically of all the sex she'd had recently the most like that she was accustomed to back home.

XVII

Neither Tracey nor Buttercup went to work in the factory the following day: the excuse being that they needed to exchange the proceeds of their day's labour for more immediately edible items. Neither of them could live on chicken alone. They sought out Theta Seven Six Seven Five.

She was very impressed by the wealth of returns the girls had got from their single day there. In fact, she seemed very envious. "I've never done as well as this!" she exclaimed. "The men obviously took quite a shine to you!"

Buttercup nodded modestly, but she clearly took no pride in what all this had cost her. The girls exchanged a particularly juicy chicken breast for some potatoes, a small knife and a small sauce pan. Then Theta took them to the impromptu market place near the centre of the settlement, which was lined by naked women whose wares were laid out on the ground in front of them. It wasn't that the wares for sale were especially appetising: raw vegetables, bottles of beer, thawing bags of frozen vegetables, cans of soup and beans, and other wares either gained from labour on the fields, or, like the girls, from working in a factory. The girls eventually walked away with a can-opener, a large box of kitchen matches, a selection of not especially exciting canned food, a meat loaf and some fresh greens. Tracey treated herself to a cigarette which she greedily smoked as they sat down in their small hovel, examining their purchases. She didn't really enjoy it very much: it didn't taste nearly as pleasant as her nicotine withdrawal promised and it made her feel queasy. Neither girl had felt very keen on actually eating any of the chicken pieces they'd earned, so one thing definitely not on the menu was fowl.

They cooked the food on a pile of dry sticks and twigs, eating the tinned food directly from the cans in which they came, and although it was a meal of convenience, it was, for Tracey, the best meal she'd had since Throb. And a meal enjoyed the more for sharing it with Buttercup whose body she later chewed and nibbled with at least as much enthusiasm as for the baked beans and meat loaf she'd eaten early: the trickle of tomato sauce on her chin replaced by the much more satisfying taste of Buttercup's vaginal juices.

As the two girls lay on the floor, their arms and legs entwined and the sweat of their passion sticking their bodies even closer to each other as they dried out in the morning heat, Buttercup suddenly gave Tracey a very firm hug. "I love you, Tracey," she exclaimed. "I love you *so* much!"

Tracey gasped. "You what?"

"I've never had a proper relationship before. Sure, I had relationships with the other girls and boys behind the wall, but this is different. It's free. We're not prisoners like I was before. Sure the sex was good. Very good. But with you, it's different. It's better. It's real love!"

Tracey sighed. She kissed Buttercup full on the mouth and soon again they were writhing and caressing together in the discomfort of the grass and straw which composed their mattress, but however much she was sure her tongue was giving Buttercup pleasure, she somehow didn't feel worthy of her lover. How could someone like her, someone who was used to being called a slut, whose cunt had taken in every prick it could, be worthy of someone so absurdly beautiful and so ridiculously perfect as Buttercup? She had the sort of body most women would die for, and here she was, laid open to Tracey's attention as if ... as if she were someone better than the girl she

was. She just didn't deserve such good fortune.

After the girls had recovered from their passion and ecstasy, they ventured into the settlement as a whole. Despite its obvious poverty, it was very well organised, and Tracey was impressed by how much trust all these naked women displayed. None of them seemed to fear theft of any kind. Food and other possessions were laid out so easy to steal, and no one took advantage of it. Back home, Tracey would have conformed to the law of taking what she could, but despite her avarice, even she couldn't see herself claiming as her own the many things left lying around carelessly around and inside the tents and small makeshift shelters. But she still found it very strange surrounded by all these naked, hirsute women and not a man in sight. Young girls were running about unselfconsciously in their naked state. Older women were sitting around idly or working at whatever task that occupied them. And many more hovels were empty than occupied, as most women were out elsewhere, perhaps working in factories like the one Tracey and Buttercup had the previous day.

However, the next day, it was up early and off with Zeta over the dry-baked fields to the same chicken factory as before. This time they knew what to expect and the day didn't seem quite as long, though this time they were on a part of the production line where they had to slice the freshly plucked chickens into the pieces which later in the line other women were sealing in cellophane as they had the last time they worked there. Buttercup was no more adept in using the sharp knife she gripped in her plastic-gloved hand than she was in wrapping the same cold, pink flesh in clear plastic, but in truth her ability at cutting and slicing was not what determined her reward at the end of the day.

At first, Tracey thought when Frank grabbed her from behind that Buttercup

might use the knife she held in her hand to stab it into the scrawny man in his battered grey suit. But despite her obvious annoyance, she meekly followed him up the concrete stairs to wherever he did whatever he did to her. It was ages until Buttercup returned, looking miserable and humiliated, a small trail of blood winding down the inside of her thigh, escorted by a male supervisor with the soggy end of a rolled-up cigarette held in place by moist saliva to his lower lip.

And that wasn't the only such departure from the production line Buttercup endured. Clearly word had gone round the male workers that there was a girl on the shop floor of far better than average appearance, and Buttercup was dragged away on three other occasions. This included the manager who had obviously not had enough of her after the earlier occasion. After each excursion, she seemed weaker and more ashamed than the time before, and her hands were visibly trembling as her knife viciously sliced through the tendons which held the legs or wings onto the chickens' breasts, and gutted the offal out of its clammy cold interior.

On only one occasion was Tracey similarly dragged away, and this was during one of those agonisingly long periods when Buttercup had been taken away. This was by Jack, an unshaven supervisor with a disproportionately large gut for a man of otherwise unremarkable girth, who dragged her into a small dark room at the back of the factory where a smelly damp mattress had been laid down on the floor for this exact purpose. He apparently had a thing for sluts with short hair, but even so his attentions were concentrated entirely in fucking her and requiring her to give his short fat cabbage-smelling cock a sucking beforehand. Tracey hardly felt him as he pushed his prick back and forth in her cunt, taking a fuck of a long time to even become stiff long before his interminable thrusting released any sperm which he did right inside

her.

As it spurting out of her fanny onto the short curling hairs of her vagina, Tracey reflected on the inconvenience of having hair so short that it marked her out from the other girls. It wasn't that short now, and her mousey-brown natural colour was beginning to overcome the bleach which made her hair look so unnaturally pale. She hoped it would grow long soon, and fast. She'd rather do without a bonus than attract the attention of every man who had a *thing* for short hair. Back home, that wouldn't have bothered her. In fact, anything which got her a good fuck or two on a night out was welcome. But here, the fucking was even more mechanical and careless, so that those fucks in the alleyways seemed almost tender and loving by comparison.

When Jack took her back to the production line, she was pleased to see Buttercup in her place, struggling with the wings of a chicken and stabbing it viciously with her knife: perhaps taking out on the dead fowl the anger that she felt towards her most recent fucker. Tracey was almost glad that she'd had to endure a fucking as well as her. Somehow, it slightly evened up the girls' relative misery.

The rewards of the day's work was even greater for Buttercup than before and both Zeta and Tracey had to help Buttercup carry her rewards home. Buttercup, however, seemed to even hate her bonus and had almost refused to take it when it was handed to her, but Tracey ensured she took away as much as she was given.

The next few days continued in much the same fashion. A day at work alternating with a day of exchanging at the market-place whatever collection of chicken pieces, beer, canned food or chocolate bars Tracey and especially Buttercup had earned from a day of tedious factory work and non-consensual sex. The day at work was too long and too arduous for either girl to do anything else but get to and

from work, and endure whatever it had to offer. Principally these sufferings were cold hands, the odd nip from the knives they sometimes had to use, and the pain of anal and vaginal intercourse, peppered with the foul taste of an unprepossessing set of penises and their sour-tasting semen. And, as Buttercup confessed, on one occasion from the manager peeing straight into her mouth while she was being fucked up the arse by a senior supervisor.

The days off were the days the girls enjoyed. They never seemed long enough and there was so much to do in organising their home and preparing food. But they got to know the other women in the settlement better. Theta and Zeta became especially close friends, but more because they saw in the two girls the fact that they were also a committed couple like themselves.

Buttercup tired of the chicken factory. She was no good at any of the tasks she had to perform, although it was her frequent sexual favours for which she was rewarded and earned some quite bitchy envy from other girls on the production line, who commented quite openly that if she'd not been so pretty she'd have been kicked out for her incompetence from the very first day.

Zeta took the girls to other factories, none of which were as near as the chicken factory and none of them at all pleasant to work in. There was a cigarette factory where the girls were given free cigarettes during the breaks. Tracey smoked Buttercup's who had no taste for them at all, and indeed avoided kissing Tracey for hours after she'd had a puff.. They worked in a canned fruit factory where they had to fill the unsealed cans with an exact weight of slimy orange and grapefruit slices. They worked in an arms factory where it didn't escape Buttercup at all of the irony of a Buggery woman assembling munitions which would be used on her own compatriots.

However, wherever they worked, Buttercup was not the ideal factory worker, although she steadily became inured to the tedium and became better at the repetitive tasks demanded of them. Tracey had never thought that her life at home had ever prepared her for a life abroad, but those years of dead-end tedious jobs were paying off here. Only her nakedness and that of all the women around her differed from the factories back home.

And of course the fucking.

You didn't expect a fuck on a day at work back home. And when it happened, in the boiler room, in the broom cupboard, at the back of the vans, well, it was a kind of perk. A good fuck at home was to be enjoyed and even relished. Here, it was too routine, too regular, and absent of even the most brusque and insincere foreplay or flirting. It was up the stairs, round the back, on the ground, in the cunt and climaxed on the face, breasts and, even, occasionally, right inside her cunt or arse. The men were all the same. Charmless, rough, rude and inexperienced. None of them had even the first idea about how to get more from a woman than what a woman's cunt could offer them.

Buttercup became steadily less upset after each fuck, but she wasn't enjoying it any the more. Because she knew it was coming, she took it with more resignation but scarcely more satisfaction. Sometimes after a day in the factory, she was merely bitter or indignant. Sometimes, she would weep uncontrollably, a phenomenon which somehow actually encouraged abuse from the men. It seemed that to them, a woman was like the prey of a cat or a dog. The more she showed her distress, the more they wanted to increase it: piling on the indignities. But at least, she always got more from it as a result, and it earned the two girls the alternate days off which they treasured so

much and earned them so much bitching envy from their less obviously sexually attractive colleagues.

“Oh, Tracey! I can’t stand this any more” moaned Buttercup in tears on the way home one drizzly night from the dairy where they’d been wrapping cubes of butter in plastic foil all day. She collapsed onto the damp grass, letting her heavy plastic bag of milk, butter and cheese spill out around her.

Tracey and Zeta knelt down beside her as she lay huddled in a ball of depression, her arms around her legs, her knees pulled up to her forehead, her head buried below her mass of tangled hair, staring down through the dark shadows of her thighs at her sore crotch. Both girls put their arms around her, Tracey too concerned about her lover to feel too much jealousy about Zeta’s unwelcome show of affection towards her.

“Buttercup! Buttercup! What’s wrong?” weeped Tracey.

Her lover raised her head and stared blankly at Tracey and Zeta through a face made ugly through tears and blank depression. “I wasn’t meant to work in a factory. I hate it so much. I was meant to be a poet, an artist, a writer. Anything. Not a factory worker. And I hate the fucking. And I detest the fucking men who fuck me! They’re such beasts! Worse even than the men in Buggery. At least they enjoyed what they were doing!”

Tracey wept with Buttercup, acutely distressed by her lover’s own distress. She looked at Zeta imploringly. “This working in factories isn’t doing Buttercup any good at all. It’s fucking killing her. Isn’t there anything else we can do? Isn’t there any other way we can live?”

Zeta looked thoughtful. “I don’t think either are you are going to be any good

as farmers. And you've not been here long enough to be entrusted any of the other jobs in the community. I don't think anyone would vote for you. And anyway there aren't any vacant positions for teachers or house-builders or whatever."

"Isn't there anything else?"

"Well, you do get a lot of sex at work. The men like you. And they especially like Buttercup. And I don't blame them!" She kissed Tracey's lover tenderly on the cheek, but noticing the jealous daggers flashing from Tracey's eyes she chose not to reveal any more of her lust. "Sex is something you two are always going to get while you work with men. Just like Theta. She had to put up with it every day just like you. But she could find ways to make herself useful in the community. So, given that you're going to have sex whether you like it or not in the factories, why not sell it rather than give it away?"

"You mean fucking prostitution, don't you?" snapped Tracey. "I'm not a fucking tart. I've got my fucking principles. And my darling Buttercup's not a fucking pro neither."

Buttercup looked up solemnly. "Zeta's right. It's an option. I'd not heard of 'prostitution' before I came here, but it sort of makes sense. I have sex with men I don't like every day anyway. Is it better being a prostitute?"

"It might be for you," smiled Zeta. "Not all of us get the same attention as you do. For most girls in the factories, we might have a fuck every now and then, once or twice a month, not two or three times a day every day. Or even more like three or four times. Most of us girls don't mind it as much as you. It's not so often that it gets to be as much as an ordeal as it is for you. And for those girls who don't like other girls, and not all girls do, it's all the sex they ever know. But for you, you're going to have it

anyway. We all do a bit of prostitution now and then. It's normal here in Gomorrah; though it's clearly not so common back where you come from."

"It doesn't exist in Buggery," corrected Buttercup. "Except at the tourist resorts, and it's not done like it's done here. They don't stand around waiting for men to pick them up and then getting given food and things for doing it. But is the sex like what it is in the factories?"

"I don't know what it's like back where you came from, but here the sex is better. Since the men have chosen you and you've got the choice to tell them to fuck off, they tend to be better lovers. And anyway, a lot of the men who pick you up don't normally meet girls in their ordinary life. They only see girls when they meet you under the lamp-posts or on the streets, so they usually treat you better than the men in the factories who see women every day. Some of the men aren't too bad really. And some of them are a lot more generous than they are in a factory. The more they like you, the more they give. And sometimes they even treat you better."

"You make it seem almost a good thing," mused Tracey.

"It's a living," shrugged Zeta. "But then you've got to sometimes see it from the men's point of view. They don't have relationships like you and Buttercup, or Theta and I. They might have homosexual ones, but I hear they're all really promiscuous and quite rough in Gomorrah. Not tender ones like you have with women. In fact, some punters get really close with the prostitutes and have almost regular relationships. It's the nearest they can get to what we have already. You can feel quite sorry for a lot of the men. Having sex with a prostitute's the only sex they can have."

"Do you mean they can't get married or live with a woman or anything?"

“I don’t know what ‘married’ means. I guess it must be some kind of perversion or something, but whatever it is, no woman is allowed in the men only areas, and men are just not expected to live outside them. In fact, they just wouldn’t be welcome. So, for those with professional jobs like solicitors, doctors, computer programmers or civil servants, they just don’t see women unless they look for them. It’s only men who run places where women work, and those like the police who patrol outside the men only areas: they’re the only ones who can meet women normally.”

“So, not all men are bad.” Wondered Buttercup sorrowfully.

“Not all! But most are pretty crap. And none of them make love as well as my darling Theta. But, if you’re going to have sex with them anyway, and you don’t want to work on the conveyor belts, well, prostitution’s the answer. It’s not exactly a job with prospects, and it’s not a secure job with a pension, but it’s a living. And for a woman in Gomorrah, it’s not the worst job there is.”

Tracey wasn’t sure she wanted to find out what the worst job there was, but she could see the wisdom in Zeta’s comments. She looked at Buttercup, who was looking at her imploringly. She smiled sadly and nodded, recognising that her lover was now seeing the situation as she did in rather stark, rather material and in rather new terms.

“Tomorrow then,” whispered Buttercup firmly.

“Tomorrow,” agreed Tracey, wondering what prostitution meant in a country where women were not allowed to wear make-up, high heels or short skirts.

XVIII

The despair that clouded Sharon's perceptions gradually lifted, and she even came to view her shaven-headed companions as her friends, although she was frustrated by not being able to communicate with them: her sexual tastes precluding her even from doing so in the sexual way that Sweetness did with them every night. The countryside they wandered through changed from barren fields, to forestry, and then to some high hills covered with grass and the odd wood. And then they were at the border of Buggery.

Sharon hadn't thought ahead at all. What thoughts she'd had were focused either on the here and now, or on her past. Her original anxieties about Sodomite pilgrims resurfaced for the first time in many days. Would she and Sweetness have their tongues removed? What barbarous customs did the Sodomites practice in their own land? She wasn't at all comforted by the sight of the Sodomite border guards with their automatic firearms, their dress of chains pierced to their genitals and nipples, and of course the total lack of hair.

However, she was comforted when one of the guards, a tall thin man with dangling earrings and a large ring through his navel, addressed her. "Glad to see a convert to the Sodomite cause," he said cheerfully. So, not all Sodomites had their tongues removed.

The pilgrims were clearly excited to be home, and signed enthusiastically to each other, while they led Sharon and Sweetness to a small railway station and onto an electric train that was waiting there. They sat in a carriage together, Sharon by the window, holding Sweetness by the shoulder and clasped their hands together. No

railway tickets were purchased, and no one else got on the train while they were at the border. And finally, the train departed and glid through the Sodom countryside. Sharon was perhaps expecting to see a countryside as impoverished and barren as Buggery, and was pleasantly surprised as they passed fields in which there were tractors and farms much like those at home. The stations they stopped at were serving small towns also much like those at home, and the people who embarked at the stops were no more dumb than herself. They may have been shaved and the only items of dress they wore might have been chains and rings, but they were otherwise like ordinary people, talking to each other, looking out of the window or reading newspapers and magazines. Perhaps it was only the pilgrims who'd had their tongues cut out.

Soon enough, the Sodomite pilgrims stopped at a larger station than any other they'd passed, in the centre of a small city, full of the tall buildings, apartment blocks and busy highways that Sharon associated with cities at home. In a sense, all this was very surreal. It almost didn't feel like a foreign country at all. She took pleasure in describing all the familiar things she saw to Sweetness. "Ooh! There's a lamp-post. And a funny church-like building. And there's a double-decker bus. And over there, I can just about see an advertising board for toothpaste. It's fucking magic!"

It took some while for Sharon to realise that to Sweetness these things were totally unknown and unsuspected. She nodded as Sharon spoke, her mind perhaps on other things, and then she asked, "What *is* a 'car'? And what are 'office blocks'? And what do you do in 'shops'?" Sharon blushed a little, and looked up at her pilgrim companions who were smiling kindly and sadly at Sweetness. The girl who'd first met them, signed some comments to Sharon, but of course she had no idea what was being

said, although she nodded her head as if she did.

Then the pilgrims parted at the railway station concourse, kissing and hugging each other as they signed goodbye, and Sharon and Sweetness were left with just the girl they'd first met, in a vast concourse, surrounded by shaven heads and the occasional station announcement to places Sharon had never heard of before. She was just about able to ascertain that the city's name was Holiness, but beyond that she was totally lost. The girl smiled and gestured to the two girls to follow her, which they did by a taxi where again no money parted hands. Despite being an old man and quite fat, the taxi-driver was still shaven and wearing only chains and rings like everyone else. He signed to the girl who had befriended Sharon, and chatted idly to his passengers.

"Your first time in Sodom?" he asked cheerfully. "We don't get many foreigners here. Any idea why that is?"

"I've just never seen a holiday advertised for Sodom," admitted Sharon. "Anyway, what's there here to see here?"

"It's a beautiful country," he smiled. "As it has to be to be the home of the Sodomite faith." He raised his left hand in a gesture whose meaning was totally lost on Sharon, but she noticed that he too had most of his third finger removed.

Finally, the taxi stopped outside a tall apartment block, and the three girls entered the building and ascended by lift to one of the higher floors. Sharon and Sweetness were escorted by the pilgrim to one of many apartments where she rang the doorbell. It was answered by a slim girl with dark brown eyes, full perky breasts, and the usual shaven head and full accoutrement of jewellery. Two large earrings dangled from her ears and she had a broad grin on her face as she saw the three girls.

"Oh, Grace!" she cried with enthusiasm. "I've not seen you for so long! How

was the pilgrimage? And who are your friends?”

Grace hugged her friend, kissing her full on the face, and then signed furiously to her friend, mouthing as she did so and occasionally pointing at either Sharon or Sweetness. The girl whose apartment it was smiled at the two girls as they stood shyly in the corridor.

“Well, come in both of you! My name’s Faith, although that name’s a bit inappropriate unlike my darling Grace’s. And Sweetness! What a lovely name! It’s a Buggery name but it could almost pass in Sodom. But what’s your name? Grace wasn’t able to sign it very well.”

“Sharon.”

“‘Sharon’? What a weird name! But then you come from a very distant country. Does it mean anything?”

“No! Names don’t mean fuckall. They’re just names.”

“Really?” commented Faith amusedly, as if this were a notion that had never occurred to her. “Well, come in. Come in. Sit down.”

Faith’s flat was relatively simple, but to Sharon’s eyes was more luxury than she’d seen since Throb. In the living room, there were a set of chairs and a table, but no television and no pictures on the wall. Faith sat arm-in-arm with Grace and the two exchanged signs and kisses for a few minutes. Then Grace stood up and got up to leave. She kissed Sharon on both cheeks, and then knelt down between Sweetness’ legs to kiss her on her crotch. And then she was gone.

Faith smiled at Sharon and Sweetness when they were alone. “Grace has told me about how little you know of Sodomite ways and customs. You’re both foreigners, and apparently very ignorant of even the Sodomite religion. She’s a lovely girl and

we've been very close friends since we were at school together. But she's passionately religious. Always has been. And now she's been on a pilgrimage, she will always be known as Pilgrim Grace."

"Why's she had her tongue cut out?" wondered Sharon. "Did she commit some crime or other?"

Faith laughed. And then continued laughing. She shook her head as she tried to straighten her face. "The idea of it! No, never! It's a privilege to go on a pilgrimage. A pilgrim has to be very committed to the Sodomite faith, and the cost of leaving the country is, of course, to leave your tongue behind."

Sharon winced. "That's fucking horrible! You mean you have to have your tongue cut out if you want to go abroad."

"Well, of course! It's traditional. It was a religious thing originally, but as there's so little distinction between Sodomy the country and Sodomy the religion, it's required of everyone, religious or not."

"But you're religious, aren't you?" Sharon wondered.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I'm not. I'm an agnostic, which means I can't get any of the top jobs in this country, but I probably wouldn't have been able to anyway. Why, what makes you think I'm religious?"

"Being friends with Grace?"

"That's no big deal. I'm sure Grace would want me to go to the temples and pray. Or follow the five daily observances. Or fast on religious holidays. But I'm not. And Grace respects me too much to expect me to follow the state religion. After all this is a free country. And I take it you're not religious, either. So why do you think I should be?"

“Well, you dress the same. All the chains. And the shaven head. And not wearing clothes.”

“‘Clothes’? What are they? Well, I don’t know how people look where you come from. Grace has told me about some strange outfits in Buggery, but then it is an ignorant country of savages. They have a ‘king’ and a ‘royalty’. And all sorts of funny shit. Here, it’s a proper democracy where we can vote for our spiritual and political leaders. And of course in a country as religious as this, they’re essentially the same people. No, if you want to know if anyone’s been baptised into the Sodomite faith, and that’s not done till they’re old enough to know for sure, you look at the third finger on the left hand.” Faith held her hand up for Sharon to see. “Mine’s intact. That means I’ve chosen not to be baptised. Most people choose baptism and of course the ceremonious finger-removal, but it’s their choice. I’d rather keep my finger, unless I was convinced it was worth it. I’m not unsympathetic to the Sodomite religion. I sort of half-believe. But I’m not really religious.”

“It’s different back home,” commented Sharon.

“Really? What’s it like?”

“Well, different. There are churches and vicars and crosses and things. I don’t know much about it all, but it’s not like the weird shit you’ve got here.”

“I suppose so. It all seems normal to me, but then you’re a foreigner. I’ve heard bits about your country. It sounds quite horrible. And very cold and wet. I don’t know much about foreign religions much. I listened to the radio once about your religions. They all have strange takes on it. Many of them don’t even recognise the sanctity of anal intercourse. Or even understand the virtue of total bodily and sexual submission. Or even recognise the value of sacrifice of parts of the body to the greater

good. And many of them do not even practice beatings or understand the meaning of humiliation. What religion do you have in your country?"

"It's Christian where I come from?"

"Crustyism? I heard about that. That's a bit like the Sodomite faith. I hear you nail yourself to crosses and have some weird cannibal rite where you drink blood and eat human flesh in a temple. Sounds pretty perverted to me. And I heard about Muscle-men. That's a religion where women and men aren't allowed to see each other or have sex with each other unless they're 'married', whatever that is, and have to get in different buses. And I hear they have four women to each man. And they beat each other with old ropes. And the men don't even shave their faces. And Bodyism. That's another weird one. You just sit and meditate under trees. And if your life has been truly boring and uneventful you're allowed another go at it. I heard about all your weird religions on the radio. Some involve worshipping elephants and big black penises. Others involve banging your head against walls and wailing a lot. At least the Sodomite religion's relatively sane and sensible."

Sharon didn't know enough about religion to argue with Faith, and she was pleased when Faith got up and asked them what they might want to drink. She didn't have any beer and, in fact, had no idea what it might be. When Sharon explained what it was and what it did, she frowned. "I heard about that. It's a Crusty thing, isn't it? Drinking alcohol and getting drugged out. We don't allow intoxicants in Sodom. But I do have some tea. Is that alright?"

Sharon nodded. She could see that she had a lot more to learn about Sodom and Sodomite ways. As Faith walked off to her small kitchenette, Sharon reflected on how much was strange and how much was familiar her in Sodom. It was certainly

strange to be with a woman like Faith who was naked except for the chains and rings attached to her flesh. From behind, there was no evidence of anything on her body: a long sinuous line of bare flesh from her ankle to the shaven crown of her head. From the front, there dangled the collection of rings and chains which all Sodomites sported; although Faith's were more decorative than Grace's, including a dangling gold chain from her clitoris at the end of which was a dark inlaid pearl. Her nipples, like Sharon's own, had to take the weight of a whole mass of chains and rings. Sharon still found the appearance quite alien, and it was difficult to believe that she looked much the same herself, as did little Sweetness who sat quietly on an armchair and was seemingly gaining considerable pleasure just from feeling its fabric.

"I never knew chairs could be so comfortable," Sweetness commented.

Sharon sighed. Poor Sweetness had led *such* a deprived life. And indeed what was familiar to Sharon about Faith's flat were such things as tables, chairs and the normal comforts of home that Sweetness had never known. Even so it was relatively austere. No stereo, no computer, no posters. Only a few books and a battered looking radio.

Faith returned with a tray on which was a pot and three empty cups. She lay the tray down on a small table in front of Sharon, and smiled at her broadly.

"Your Sweetness is a beautiful slave," she commented.

"Yes, she is," Sharon replied, not convinced she'd heard Faith right.

"I don't have a slave at the moment," sighed Faith, sitting on the sofa next to Sharon. "My last slave ran off with my best friend. We still don't talk about it. He was such a lovely slave. A good and willing fuck. A good thick prick. He used to sleep at the end of my bed. I loved showing him off to my friends. And then he took a fancy to

my friend, Sanctity, and just left me. And now he's with her and I don't have anyone. You're lucky. Your slave is so very pretty. Aren't you, Sweetness dearest?"

Sharon's ward had no objection to being spoken about in such an objective manner, and nodded her head eagerly in agreement. Sharon herself wasn't too sure what she should say. Perhaps the word 'slave' had a different meaning here, she mused naïvely.

"Have you known Sharon a long time, Sweetness?" asked Faith kindly.

"Not very long. Only since Joy was killed by the Gomorrans. Sharon saved my life. I love her. I love her more than anything. If it wasn't for her I'd be dead."

Sharon blushed, while Faith stood up and stroked Sweetness tenderly on her shaven head. "You're such a beautiful girl. And blind, too. Did you blind yourself because of your own Buggery religion?"

"No, I've always been like this."

"Oh! So blessed! So naturally gifted!" swooned Faith. She took Sweetness' bare face and pressed it against her side. "Such a beautiful slave. Have you thought of giving her a nose-ring, Sharon?"

"No. Why? Should I?"

"I don't know how things are done in your country, but here we like slaves to look like slaves. A nose-ring is the traditional way. And it's so practical. You can lead your slave along on all fours and it's so much easier to secure her when you want to. My slave had a lovely nose-ring. It had a carved snake on it. And it was so big that he could bite on it while it was still in his nose. It sometimes bled everywhere. Oh! he was *so* sweet and loving!"

Sharon was still very confused, but she didn't want to confess how little she

understood what Faith was talking about. Clearly they did things differently in Sodom. If she wanted herself and her ward to survive she was going to have to learn quickly. And if it meant that Sweetness was going to be her 'slave', then maybe that's what she'd have to accept.

The three girls drank the tea which was weak and milkless, with not even a single spoonful of sugar, let alone the three which Sharon was used to at home. They chatted idly about life in Sodom, Faith's job as a computer programmer and about Sharon's pilgrimage through Buggery with Grace and the other pilgrims. Faith leaned closer and closer towards Sharon, placing a hand on her knee and an arm around her waist. Sharon quite enjoyed the intimacy. It was comforting to her in this alien republic, but she didn't want to reciprocate in case Faith interpreted it as anything sexual.

However, Faith didn't need too much prompting. She placed her empty cup onto the table and leaned over Sharon, placing a hand on her crotch, another on a chained nipple and her lips on Sharon's mouth. The low moan that accompanied this sequence of actions could not be misunderstood.

Sharon rather forcefully pushed her off. "Don't fucking do that! I'm not a fucking dyke!"

Faith looked genuinely alarmed, flustered and affronted. "I'm sorry," she exclaimed. "I just didn't know... I just thought ... I don't know what a 'dyke' is, but does it mean you don't want to..."

Sharon tried to spell out her position firmly and unambiguously. "I don't go after women. It's cock I like. I'm not someone who..."

Faith looked puzzled and uneasy. "I don't know what you want. They have

different customs in your country. And anyway, I suppose you just don't like me in that way. It's been so long. I just hoped."

Sharon felt sorry for Faith. She looked at Sweetness who was staring sightlessly in front of her, and also frowning. Perhaps it was better that Sweetness had some comfort in this way. "I'm sure Sweetness wouldn't mind if you made love to her," Sharon remarked conciliatorily. "She likes women. Don't you, Sweetness?"

"Can I?" grinned Faith broadly, regarding Sweetness who was nodding enthusiastically in agreement. She kissed Sharon eagerly on the lips. "You're so wonderful and generous, Sharon. Your own slave! For me! The ways in your country can't be so bad after all if you can be so generous."

Faith left Sharon and descended on Sweetness who accepted Faith's caresses with passion and delight. For Sharon, this wasn't the first time she'd watched Sweetness making love with other people: it had become quite a daily occurrence for her while travelling with the pilgrims through Buggery. And, anyway, why should she mind. She was no fucking dyke. What Sweetness got up to with women was nothing for her to get worried about. And at least Faith had a tongue which she could use unlike the Sodomite pilgrims who'd even had their vaginas sewn together. Faith's vagina was as open as her legs, her tongue was as probing as her fingers, and her passion was at least as great as Sweetness'.

Sharon sat in the sofa as the two girls writhed and hugged and cuddled and grappled on Faith's thin carpet. Sweetness' tongue nibbling at Faith's clitoris and the jewellery dangling from it. Faith's teeth, lips and tongue biting and squeezing the fleshy folds of Sweetness' vulva, her two middle fingers thrusting backwards and forwards in the recesses of the girl's anus. The girls' flesh glinted from the sweat on

their chests and arms, the chains jangling and clashing against each other and against bare flesh. Sharon eased a finger onto her clitoris while the lovemaking continued, taking advantage of the girls' preoccupation with each other to stimulate her own sex, which had only now recovered from the battering it had taken in the Buggery soldiers' camp. She was surprised to feel how moist she was. Was she turning into a dyke? she wondered. Or perhaps she was just happy that Sweetness was happy?

She watched her ward as she grappled with Faith, the two girls punctuating their passion with grunts and moans, and then she heard her own name repeated low and over and over again. It was Sweetness. She was actually calling out Sharon's name in her passion. This instantly confused Sharon. She wasn't Sweetness' lover. But part of her was pleased to be the object of such passion. Her fingers dug deeper into her cunt, she bent her head back and masturbated herself to an orgasm of the sort she'd never given herself since she was young and very much more innocent.

XIX

Tracey knew that back home she was regarded as something of a slut. This had never been something which had really troubled her. After all what were the opinions of a few dried-up cunts compared to the pleasures of all that cock which was just out there for anyone willing to grab it. She'd even sometimes been called a tart, but that was an epithet too far. For all the indiscriminate fucking she'd enjoyed with Sharon, she had never been a prostitute. Not that she'd slighted any gifts her lovers might have left her, but that was only fair. A fair day's pay for a fair day's work. But it was a totally different thing to be out there, actively selling her snatch.

Prostitution in Gomorrah wasn't quite the same as back home. For a start, there was a lot more of it here. And also, there was none of the approbation associated with it as back home. It was just another way of making a living. Not that there were that many options. You could work in the fields or in the community, but that had very low returns, dependent almost entirely on either the season or how well everyone else was doing. You could work in the factories, but that invariably meant sex anyway. Especially for Buttercup. She couldn't help being so very pretty, and it was almost a curse to her here. And it wasn't as if the work in the factories was that easy either. And Tracey hadn't forgotten the time she and Buttercup woke too late to get to the front of the queue of the other women waiting to get into work, and ended up having to walk back home without having got anything for their pains of actually getting there. As a prostitute you were guaranteed of getting something, and the returns were substantially better than sealing pies in cellophane, slicing legs of ham or packing munitions. In fact, after her first day, Tracey was wondering why she'd not

opted for it earlier. She took home much more than she did from a day in the factory: two packets of cigarettes, a chocolate gateau, several kilos of apple and a small alarm clock.

She quickly learnt how to match the value of the sexual favours she gave for the rewards that came with it. A hand job was the least profitable. That might get no more than a medium-sized melon, or a frozen pasty, or a second-hand comb. A blow job might be worth a packet of twenty cigarettes, a large bottle of Coca-Cola, a whole frozen chicken or a litre of milk. A fuck might rake in as much as a bottle of wine or a leg of lamb. And anal intercourse would bring in a small transistor radio or a bottle of spirits. Compared to how she'd been before, Tracey felt rich. And the cigarettes were welcome as well, although they were very rarely any kind she'd ever heard of before. But when you spent hours waiting for sex by the roadside, a cigarette or two was a very welcome companion.

Buttercup was less keen on prostitution than Tracey, although she was actually substantially more successful at it. In fact, this may have been part of what she didn't like. She never seemed to have enough time to recover between one encounter and the next. But she did at least twice as well as Tracey, and not just because she had more customers. Often her clients were so grateful to meet someone as genuinely beautiful as her as to give many times more than was absolutely necessary for the services she provided.

And the mechanics of prostitution was so very different here in Gomorrah to what happened back home. Although of course for Buttercup there had been no equivalent to prostitution in her life in Buggery, and she had nothing to compare it to. In the absence of clothes and make-up or even tottering high-heels, the only thing that

marked out a prostitute was the fact of where they were and how long they hung around. Most Gomorran women kept their distance from the world of men, fearing that they'd be raped or arrested or beaten up. Only prostitutes had any license to encroach at all on male preserves, and then only on the very margins of it. Along main roads in the wilderness, at the very edges of towns and cities, by desolate industrial wastelands. And there they would stand, or sit, Tracey and Buttercup amongst them actively seeking out the men's attention.

There were no laws against prostitution in Gomorrah, although Tracey got to learn from her clients that there were still stigmas associated with it. A man wouldn't boast that he'd seen a prostitute, although he might boast about the sex he'd had as if it were a different transaction altogether. Furthermore, as women were not allowed by law to have any possessions, they could only ever be given things. Never money or anything like that. Not that either Tracey or Buttercup had any use for money. Women weren't permitted into shops and money wasn't used as currency in the community where they lived. Any potential client offering just money had to be turned down. Those notes with the president's head on them and the pictures of Gomorran industry and Gomorran war victories, they were totally worthless in the world of women.

It was relatively easy to identify men who were looking for sex. They would be carrying plastic bags of groceries, a couple of unopened bottles of wine, or unwrapped cigarette packets. And they would pass Tracey and Buttercup with eyes which were evaluating them and comparing them with other women they'd passed, to decide whether they wanted to fuck them. Or they might be cruising slowly past in their cars, most of which were of a far poorer quality than Tracey knew from back home, the windows wound down, as the occupants decided whether they should or not.

But it was for Tracey and Buttercup to make the advances most of the time: a situation that at first Buttercup resented but then actually came to appreciate as she realised that it was actually her opportunity to turn down men she didn't want. Although Tracey wasn't at all sure she liked the sex as much as she did. Tracey had always liked cock. OK! She wasn't too keen on cock when it was thrust in her when she didn't want it. But cock as a whole was fucking magic. She didn't mind too much what pathetic individual was on the other end of the cock. She liked the taste of it. She liked it inside her. She liked it when the cock exploded in all that come, which might drip out of her twat, or seep through the gaps in her clasped fist round a cock, or get spat out of her mouth. It was cock. It was cock up her arse, in her cunt, in her mouth and, for less than five minutes, in her hand.

However, she had sex wherever circumstances dictated, and what they mostly dictated was no modesty at all. Like all the other girls along the road side, under the tall lamp-posts, or in the shadows of the factories and garages, it was on the ground, in the grass, against the wall, just whatever happened to be there. Nobody was concerned about their modesty. And, anyway, what modesty was there? She and all the girls were already showing all they had to offer, although the more desperate girls would prise open their cunt lips to the men as they passed by, the better to advertise what they had to offer. It was the men who were showing more flesh than usual, but normally it was only the flesh between the tails of their shirts and the undone belts of the trousers below their knees. Their pricks were generally hidden by fist, mouth, cunt or arse. And their hairy, flabby buttocks were no advertisement to any but the most desperate of men of a certain proclivity.

The most comfortable and the most lucrative of fucks were those in the back

of cars, although even to someone as naïve of the nature of economics as Tracey it was fairly clear that car ownership was nowhere near as universal in Gomorrah as it was back home. These were driven by men who were rather better dressed than the average client, even though the cars scarcely spoke to Tracey of great luxury. Often the cars carried more than one man, and very often were picking up more than one woman. Buttercup attracted an unusually high proportion of clients in cars, which earned her both the envy and the respect of the other girls, although she wasn't really aware of it. In fact, several cars became almost regular visitors: Buttercup knowing who she was about to fuck just by the sight and sound of some beaten-up vehicle with the license plate almost hanging off and the dent on the bumper.

Tracey's favourite fucks were those with Buttercup when the two of them were picked up together and provided sexual services to the men for material rewards and to each other for pleasure. These were the only time that the lovers were ever able to enjoy the flesh and passion of each others' bodies, aware also that their mutual lovemaking in some peculiar way actually gave pleasure to the men who'd picked them up. This slightly puzzled Tracey. She'd never seen anything very erotic or exciting about watching two men fucking each other, and those few times in Gomorrah where she'd witnessed it filled her with about as much sexual passion as watching two dogs doing it. But somehow men were different that way. And what was even more strange was that for doing what she and Buttercup liked doing anyway, but usually by themselves, they actually got more at the end of the session than if they'd just let the men fuck them. This particularly confused Buttercup who had no sense of distinction between sex with a man or sex with a woman, and thought watching anyone else having sex, in whatever combination, was at best boring and at worst

frustrating.

Sometimes they were driven a distance from the lamp-post or wall they'd been picked up from. Usually they were driven back after the men's business was done, but not always, which was difficult for the two girls in finding their way back in a country that was still mostly alien to them. These were the only times that Tracey saw more of the male world of Gomorrah than just the edges of it where women were permitted to wander. The male world she could see through the car windows was very similar to the world Tracey came from. In fact, depressingly similar as they more resembled the run-down estates, unexciting shopping precincts and shoddy high streets of the parts of her world back home where she actually lived and socialised. None of it seemed to have any of the opulence and grandeur of foreign cities and resorts that she'd ever seen in holiday brochures. And all you could ever see in the streets were men. And men dressed almost exactly as they were back home. If anything they dressed even worse than that, showing even less concern for how ill-fitting their trousers were, or how inappropriately coloured their shirts or ties might be, or how ugly their shoes were. They would be hanging around outside pubs, standing around by bookmakers, sitting on walls by off-licences and liquor stores, smoking cigarettes, drinking from cans of beer in six- or four-packs, and quite often brawling with each other. Tracey thought, as she glimpsed these sights, that even if these areas weren't out of bounds to women, it would be a strange woman who'd want to be out there in this male-only preserve. The men looked like trouble. If they couldn't rape you then they'd probably want to beat you up.

And then the car would be parked somewhere relatively quiet where there no men to watch what was going on and the man or the men who'd picked the girls up

would gain the satisfaction they were so keen on. Seats would be pushed back, cigarette packets and magazines pushed onto the ground and new stains would be added to those already splattered on the polyvinyl or velour of the seats' coverings. Pricks would go into the mouth, into the cunt and buttocks would thrust back and forth while the men grunted, snarled or moaned in the way that they always did. And after usually not too many minutes, out would spurt the semen which was the obvious object of the men's exertions, most often on the girls' bodies or faces, but sometimes down the throat, in the dark recesses of the cunts or in the tight confines of their arses.

For Tracey there was sometimes, but not always, some pleasure to be got from all this cock. Not all cock was horrible, and some men were better at fucking than others. She sometimes enjoyed the familiar warm, hard stiffness of the cocks, that jerking spasm as the cocks ejaculated, that slow floppiness that the punctuated cocks relapsed into. But none of this matched those few snatched kisses or caresses she enjoyed with Buttercup if she were there. No man could compare to Buttercup for the passion it aroused in her and the sheer pleasure of merely touching her, let alone the peaks of ecstasy their lovemaking visited on her.

Although compared to most women in the community, Tracey and Buttercup were now relatively well-off, Tracey could see that it was not bringing her lover nearly as much satisfaction as it did her. Buttercup did seem to enjoy the company of some men much more than others, but these were those few men who would actually talk to her rather than just use her as an object of their lust. Tracey's views were quite different. She'd rather the men just got on with it than bored her with talk about how tedious their jobs were, how much they wished it was possible to get to know women better, or how they hated the prospect of military service. However, Buttercup's

patience meant that she learnt more about Gomorran life from a male perspective than Tracey ever did. And strangely enough, she felt rather less contempt for the men than Tracey who minded their sexual predation less than her.

“Gomorrah might be a country for men, run by men and for the interests of men,” Buttercup mused, as the two walked back to the community laden down with the spoils of their activities, “but I don’t think it’s really what men want.”

“That’s fucking crap!” retorted Tracey. “Those cunts vote for it. That’s what they say they want. And that’s what they fucking get.”

“It might be what they think they want. But it’s not really what they want. They’ve sort of trapped themselves. By denying women of any say or any rights, they’ve made a society where the only sex they can have is sex they pay for, and the only love they ever get is that they get from the friendship of other men. And men together don’t seem very good at dealing with their feelings or their wants. They go on about things like cars, booze, sport and fighting in the war, but there’s no space in their life for other things.”

“Like fucking what?” sneered Tracey. “Flowers and nature and things?”

“Well, yes. Or anything like that. It’s like they’re only half people, with only half lives.”

“Well! Fuck them! They’re not that much better back home where they’ve got no fucking excuses. And here it’s not like they treat as well or anything. They’ve fucking raped us when they couldn’t get what they want with cigarettes or whatever. They treat us like fucking shit. They treat all women like shit. They’re the ones with the fucking power. It’s for them to make their lives fucking better. Or the lives of us women better either. Men are just fucking pigs!”

“That’s not true,” Buttercup protested mildly. “Some of the men I’ve met are quite gentle. If they could have relationships like we have,” she squeezed Tracey’s hand tight and leaned her head onto her shoulder, despite the weight of the plastic bags she was carrying, “then there’s no reason why they wouldn’t be better.”

“I know what it’s like,” spat Tracey angrily. “Remember I come from a normal country. Not some fucking wierdie place where women have to go round starkers all the time like here. Or stick rings in their bald cunts like in Buggery. I come from a normal place. And men ain’t got no fucking excuse. And they’re still fucking horrible!” Tracey heard herself speak, and paused abruptly. “Fuck! I’m beginning to sound like some fucking dyke feminist or something. I’m not gonna be burning my bra. Not that I’ve got one to burn. Men are men. You just can’t fucking expect them to be better.”

“I just don’t believe that,” said Buttercup optimistically.

Tracey reflected. She loved Buttercup. She didn’t want there to be an inch of difference between them. “Yeah, you’re right! I guess it’s ‘cos I’ve been in this fucking hell hole too long. I can see why the women here hate the men so much. But I guess even back home there are some men that aren’t such fucking pigs. And there’d be a lot fewer pigs here if the men didn’t run things the way they do.”

Buttercup let her bags drop. She could see what an effort it cost Tracey to do any reflection or thinking outside her normal confines. Although she loved her tourist lover deeply, she recognised the girl’s intellectual shortcomings and the fact that even in the land of plenty, she’d not had quite the plenty that others living there had. She put both arms around Tracey, and drew her close to her breast and kissed her all over the cheek, chin and eyes.

“As long as we have each other,” Buttercup declared between kisses, “I’m happy. Whatever indignities the bastards heap on us. However awful the sex and however humble our lodgings, while I have you I’m happy and contented.”

Tracey wept with pleasure and desire at Buttercup’s declaration of love, but she knew that in truth her lover was not happy and contented. Although life was better as a prostitute than as a factory-worker, and the sex, if anything, less humiliating, Buttercup could never be happy and contented in the lifestyle she was leading. And for her, the cost of her beauty in a country where it merely attracted more attention actually outweighed for her its actual benefits. And she felt at an even deeper level, that in a real sense she wasn’t really worthy of the love of such a beautiful woman. Would it last a moment back home where Buttercup could more easily compare her to other people?

But for the moment, she had no complaints, as the two girls sunk onto the grass under the moonlight, their bodies against each other and despite the tears that smeared Tracey’s face the familiar rhythms of true passion rose in their mutual embraces.

XX

Although Sharon had no sexual desires for Sweetness, she felt great responsibility for the girl. After all, she was blind and even more helpless in this strange country than she was. What would happen to Sweetness if she abandoned her? How could the girl feed or fend for herself? So, she decided that for the purposes of convenience alone, and because it was what was expected of them, she should present their friendship as being a mistress/slave one of the type that appeared to be the norm in Sodom. It provided an excuse for her to continue to take care of the girl, and might even protect the two of them from any worse advances from other people. She explained this to Sweetness, and tried to stress that there was no real meaning to the relationship.

“I’m not a fucking dyke, you know,” she stressed to Sweetness as they lay together on the mattress in Faith’s spare bedroom.

“But I still love you,” sniffed Sweetness. “Can’t you love me in return?”

Sharon could say no, but she was aware that their relationship was not totally innocent. Sweetness wrapped her naked body around her, and stroked and cuddled her, which Sharon reciprocated as long as their fingers never probed their crotches and there were no tongues involved. “We can cuddle, but that’s fucking all!” she insisted.

However, she quite enjoyed helping Sweetness. Somehow, this role as Sweetness’ carer had awakened in her feelings of responsibility she didn’t know she had. Every morning, she would carefully shave Sweetness’ head, just as she did herself and tenderly thread the chains and rings into her pierced nipple and clitoris: tasks which blindness made nearly impossible for the girl. Her heart would sometimes melt as she regarded Sweetness’ vacant gaze in her direction as she washed the last

signs of stubble off the girl's pate. On such occasions, she would tenderly kiss Sweetness on the lips and then curse herself for giving the girl cause to expect more of her than she was willing to give. Sharon had started to get quite used to this look of baldness and the array of chains. In fact, as she regarded her own face in the mirror as she carefully shaved the back of her head, she wondered what it might be to have hair again. What did it feel like to have all that stuff sprouting out of the top of the head, over the ears and onto the shoulder? And what was it like to wear clothes, rather than have chains pulling down relentlessly on the nipples and cunt, so often giving her inappropriate feelings whenever one was accidentally tugged or brushed?

Faith was happy for Sharon and Sweetness to stay in her spare bedroom, but she wasn't a wealthy woman so she did what she could to persuade Sharon to find work. "In this country," she reminded Sharon, "a mistress is expected to provide for her slave. There are plenty of jobs in the local newspaper, so have a look there."

Sharon agreed, taking the copy of the Holiness Evening Advertiser that Faith had handed her and browsed through the pages. It was remarkably dull. Every page was nothing but newsprint, with no photographs or cartoons of any kind. She commented on this to Faith.

"Illustrations of any kind are forbidden by the Sodomite religion," Faith told them sternly. "I suppose it's different where you are, but here it is firmly forbidden to see images, painted, drawn, filmed or photographed."

"Is that why you have no telly?"

"I've no idea what you mean," sighed Faith impatiently.

"No television. Just a radio," continued Sharon, noting Faith's blank expression. "Oh never mind."

Faith sighed again and returned to the book she was reading. However, now that it was mentioned to her, Sharon reflected that she hadn't seen any images or pictures anywhere. This was one distinct difference between Sodom and back home, as well as the funny religion and the weird way you were expected to dress. She was sure she'd find more such differences, but it seemed weird to her that people exposed themselves in a way that would get you arrested back home, but were prudish about something as harmless as pictures. What were these people on?

There were many jobs advertised, and many of them were just like jobs she'd had back home. It was reassuring to see that there were jobs like factory workers, toilet attendants, security guards and computer programmers, just like she would see in jobs advertisements back home. She had no real idea where to begin looking, but she ringed a few who paid more Sodomite dollars than the others. It was those boring jobs in offices like sorting out files and answering the phone where there was most demand, and she'd soon had a few advertisements ringed in biro, and a few interviews arranged using Faith's telephone.

Seeing Sharon busy at work, Faith abandoned her book and made some tea and biscuits. Sharon could see that Faith's grumpiness was probably still to do with the fact that Sharon didn't want to have sex with her, but, fuck it! Faith could have sex with Sweetness any time. All she had to do was ask.

Finally, Sharon arranged an interview which was for a clerical job with a shipping company, and set off across the city for the interview which was to be that very afternoon. She asked Faith how she should dress for the interview, which caused her a little amusement. "Just as you are," she said with a laugh, but nonetheless loaned Sharon a dangling pearl cunt ring to make her look slightly smarter. She also

recommended that Sharon take Sweetness with her, as interviewers tended to look more favourably on applicants with steady relationships. She lent Sharon a chain with which to lead Sweetness: the same one, she remarked ruefully, that she'd used on her own slave.

Sharon was still finding life in Sodom curiously like normal life after her ordeal in Buggery. Here were city streets, shops, buses and all the accompaniments of civilised life. But the differences were becoming clearer to her. And not just the bizarre way that everyone dressed, and the disproportionately large number of people with missing fingers, tongues or other parts of their body. Now that it had been drawn to her attention, she was aware of the total lack of images around her. Advertisements were in text only, and there were no signs of illustration even in shop windows. She found her way to the block of offices where she was to be interviewed by bus, which was full of people of all ages, children and old people, dressed only in chains and rings threaded through their body. Not many had their tongues removed or their vaginas sewn up or their testicles removed, as with the Sodomite pilgrims, but several were, and she noticed that they were generally treated with quite exaggerated respect.

Sharon was at first rather unhappy with having pull Sweetness along by a chain, worried that her ward could so easily get hurt finding her way through all the people, but she was a girl who was more than accustomed to her disability, and held onto Sharon's arm for support. There were many other couples like her: sometimes a man leading another man on all fours, or a woman pulling a man along by a chain through his nose, or a woman slapping a man as he cowered under her open palm, or other women like her dragging another woman about. It was fairly obvious who was the mistress and who was the slave. Clearly, Sodom wasn't a country that practised

equal relationships.

Sharon waited with Sweetness in the reception area of the office for a short while, leaving Sweetness behind when she was called for her interview which was with a rather stout short man who might have been balding if it were possible to say in a country where everyone appeared to be bald. The interview was cordial and brief as the man asked her about her office skills and what jobs she'd had in the past. He was particularly impressed by the fact that Sharon had come from another country.

“We get very few foreigners in Sodom, and fewer still who choose to settle here,” he mused. “There are the pilgrims from other countries who come here to see the Holy relics and the Holy shrines. Otherwise, there are hardly any at all. But I hear that you foreigners have some fairly outlandish customs. Is it true for instance that you don't shave yourselves back where you come from?”

“The men do. But mostly just the face. And the women do, but mostly the legs and under the arms.”

“You mean the men don't even shave their legs and armpits!” exclaimed the interviewer, whose skin, like everyone else, was smooth and hairless. “Truly, it sounds like you come from a very strange place. Hairy people everywhere. And you even have films and something called the ‘cinema’. Don't your religions proscribe anything?”

“Religion isn't that important back home. And most religious people do things very differently to how religious people do things here.”

“I imagine they would. I wouldn't call myself a religious man, although I've been baptised,” he displayed his truncated third finger, “but I'm glad that Sodom is a religious country, where our morals are protected by our religious leaders.” He

sniffed, and glanced at a plaque on the wall which held ornate text which Sharon could see read 'To be humble is good. To suffer divine'. "However, you seem like a good girl to me. And you're not flaunting any strange foreign customs that might upset my staff. I see you even have a slave. Is she from Sodom or did you bring her from where you come from?"

"Neither. She comes from Buggery."

"Buggery. We've fought so many wars with them over the years. So much of their kingdom is land which once belonged to the Sodomite people. They have taken advantage of our people's aversion to war and unnecessary suffering. A Sodomite principle is never to cause pain to anyone who doesn't expressly ask for it. These Biggerians don't seem to have any scruples at all on that front." He frowned severely, and then smiled. "Well, your slave seems a pleasant enough girl. Blind as well. Is that for religious reasons?"

Sharon shook her head. "She's always been like that."

The interviewer sighed. "Disability without choice is such a sad thing. Anyway, when can you start? We have excellent facilities for slaves while their mistresses, or masters for that matter, are at work. We'd really like someone to start as soon as possible."

Sharon eagerly accepted the offer, and for the first time since she'd left home she felt there was some structure returning to her life. She was earning money and was able to pay Faith for her keep in the flat, and was able to settle down to a new routine. Not that there was much else to spend her money on. Holiness had no pubs, night clubs or cinemas. All there was were coffee and tea shops, and the restaurants were fairly few and not particularly good. So, after a day at work there was nothing much

else to do, but to return to Faith's flat. In this way, life in Sodom was significantly less exciting than back home. But otherwise, Sharon was feeling happier than she'd done for a long time. Mind you, the actual Sodomite dollar was a strange thing. Like everything else, there were no images on it, just beautifully ornate Sodomite phrases. On the twenty dollar note it read: 'Deliverance Through Pain'. The fifty dollar note read: 'Redemption is Achieved Through Blood, Sweat and Piss'. And the hundred dollar note, which was barely worth as much as a cup of coffee, read: 'Grace, Peace and Humiliation.'

Her job in the office was not especially exciting. The computers she had to work on were distinctly more primitive than any she'd seen at any office she'd worked in at home, and there was certainly no Internet access. The work was certainly no more interesting, but it kept her occupied. She worked opposite a thin girl, Humility, with a pointed chin and wide, child-like eyes. Next to her was a rather fat man, Surrender, whose chains were partly held in place by a thick ring in his navel. On the other side was a middle-aged woman, Sacrifice, whose sagging pointed breasts and nipples were dragged down quite sharply by the weights which dangled from them, and had her tongue removed and so could therefore only communicate by sign-language which Sharon had absolutely no facility in.

She brought Sweetness into the office every day, like everyone else who had a slave, and sat her on a cushion chained to her desk just between Sacrifice and herself. Sacrifice had her own slave, a thin young man with persistent blue stubble on his cheeks and chin, and whose tongue was also removed. Not much chance of conversation there. It had to be said that Sweetness seemed to have a natural ability in her new role, even though Sharon was initially rather uneasy about it. Perhaps because

of her sightlessness she didn't really see it as the humiliation that Sharon recognised it as. In any case, her life up till then had scarcely been especially empowering. Slaves had a strange role to play it seemed. They had to ask permission for anything they wanted to do, however trivial, and to accept without question petty humiliations and refusals. They also were expected to give sexual favours whenever requested and accept beatings for the most arbitrary reasons. Sharon had no intention on visiting any harm on her ward, which in itself raised comment from the other staff.

"You're very lenient on your slave," remarked Humility. "Don't you *ever* slap her? I've not seen you piss on her or spank her or discipline her in any way. Don't people do things like that back where you come from?"

"Not often," admitted Sharon.

"Despite my name I've never been very keen on being a slave," Humility confided. "I tried it for a while. But I didn't really enjoy it. And I've tried being a mistress and I was crap at that as well. Just not stern enough. Do you think there's something wrong with me?"

"Not at all," said Sharon. Humility placed a hand on Sharon's crotch and squeezed it. Sharon pushed it off abruptly. "Don't fucking do that! I'm not a dyke, you know!"

"Dyke'?"

"Lesbian. You know. A woman who has sex with another woman."

"That's weird. I don't understand why not. Is it some religious reason or something?"

Sharon sighed. Everything was weird here. Wasn't there anyone who understood normal sex? Mind you, she enjoyed cock for the first time properly since

Throb (dismissing her stay at the army camp as being something wholly unsavoury and best forgotten). The men in Sodom were so much easier to pick up, and so much more ready to pick you up than back home. All it did was for a man to like the look of you, and there you were, in the back room, in the corridor, anywhere, with people walking by, with this cock fucking you, sometimes with the extra embellishments of massive studs through the glans. And the men weren't too bad at it, either. But they were always a bit eager to use the back entrance. It was as if the front entrance just wasn't good enough. Thankfully for Sharon she didn't really mind which entrance was used, though after a few fucks up the arse she was beginning to feel her cunt was relatively neglected.

She also found that this weird Sodomite religion was present throughout the working day. On about three occasions a day, for about fifteen minutes or so, a high percentage of the office staff disappeared together for their religious observations. Sacrifice and her slave, and also Suffering, left Sharon and Sweetness together with Humility in their corner of the office. Like Faith, Humility had not chosen to be baptised in the faith although she was not unsympathetic.

"I just don't enjoy all that whipping, beating and buggery," she admitted to Sharon. "If only there were other ways of demonstrating your faith which didn't hurt quite so much. And I just don't want to lose my finger. It's not done me any harm. In fact, I'm quite fond of it." She held up her hand and flexed her third finger with a sigh.

When the others returned, they seemed flushed with exertion and sweat, often with traces of blood rising from welts on their back and buttocks, and sometimes with a small trickle of blood down their thighs. Sacrifice's slave seemed to be especially badly treated, sometimes smelling of piss, and frequently with cuts on his face and

with a bright red shine to his buttocks. He never seemed at all upset by it though. His grin was often in direct proportion to the amount of pain he must have sustained: the more he was punished, the more he appeared to enjoy it. In fact, no humiliation seemed too much for him, often licking the soles of Sacrifice's feet and on at least one occasion, licking out dried shit from between her saggy bony arse cheeks.

Still, whatever! thought Sharon. She was happy with the odd corridor fuck, and sometimes she persuaded men to come back with her to Faith's flat where she would allow herself to be fucked back and front for as long as it took, buying off Faith's acquiescence with the gift of Sweetness' always eager body. The cries of passion and ecstasy that erupted from Faith's bed were joined by Sharon's own guttural irruptions as chains clashed with chains, rings clanked against rings, bare hairless flesh slid over flesh. And that all important cock thrusting in and out of her cunt. And sometimes in her arse. And sometimes, although Sharon was less keen herself, she'd be persuaded to strap on a dildo and push that in and out of the man's arse as he gasped and grunted from the pleasure he seemed to get as it rubbed against his prostrate gland.

Sharon was never sure how happy Sweetness was. It was clear that she was quite happy. At least, happier than she'd ever been before in their acquaintance. Life in Sodom seemed to agree with her, and she lent herself quite readily to her role as a slave, even though Sharon never allowed her to enjoy with her the sexual pleasures she allowed her to have with anyone else. Sharon had no objection to other people making love to Sweetness: favours the gratitude for which were strangely enough expressed to her rather than to Sweetness who was rarely thanked. It made life with Faith much easier than it might be. She often commented on Sharon's generosity. She

even surmised that Sharon's reluctance to have sex with her slave was a subtle kind of humiliation she was meting on her, which Sharon chose not to deny, although it was a rather novel notion to her.

It also made her popular with her work colleagues, even though it was obvious that they had no idea why it was that someone who had so quickly gained a reputation for her easy promiscuity, which was seen as a great virtue, should be so fastidious as to the gender of who she had sex with when she was otherwise so indiscriminate. Humility was particularly uncomfortable with Sharon's rejections of her advances, but accepted sex with Sweetness as some kind of compensation. Sometimes, Sharon wondered how it was that any work was ever done in a day with so much sex in the office. But then she reflected that it was probably all this fucking which lowered productivity and in turn ensured that there was plenty of work to go round, and this was why Sodom managed to achieve full employment.

However, philosophical thoughts like this rarely crossed her mind as she lay in bed with whatever man she'd picked up and took his prick in her mouth and sucked it clean of come. And such pricks! Almost all of them had at least one stud in it, to hold the chains in place, and sometimes they were a festering mass of metal. She soon came to associate the sharp tinny taste of steel with the pleasures of sex, to be taken as an aperitif before being fucked by metal and cock, or to be taken as dessert when her cunt was sore and her arse was bleeding. Whatever else could be said about Sodom, the Sodomites certainly knew how to fuck!