

Grandma's House

Chapter 1

Claire and I had been friends for ages. We both seemed to know that at some time in the future we would be lovers. It was one of those friendships where you know each other's mates and go to the same parties but just never sort of get together. Claire seemed to be really sad at this party and being of a group of people who always have a laugh she stood out in her desolation.

"What's wrong?" I asked sitting beside her on the middle step.

She looked up from her thoughts and smiled a sad little smile.

"My Grandma died, and I have to go to the house and decide what to do with it. She has left it to me in her will, but I have no way of getting there."

It was the chance I'd been looking for. 'Thank you god,' I thought and then scolded myself.

"I will take you if you would like to go this weekend." She looked at me and half smiled, and I held down the desire to hug her.

"Would you? It would take a lot of worry off me. She's been dead for several weeks and I really must go see to the place and I would like some company."

"No problem; where did she live?" Masham was the answer and I worked out that it would take a couple of hours maybe more. We arranged a time for Saturday and as she didn't really feel like staying at the party, I walked her home.

Saturday

It was Saturday morning, very early and Claire had dressed sensibly. I noticed as I looked at her as I drew up hoping that she was impressed by my new car, Claire is about 22 and tall. She isn't thin but not fat either. Her hair is long and ginger and the most startling thing about her is her eyes. They are bright blue with a glint in them of trouble.

We stopped and had a McDonald's breakfast near Goole her treat as I was driving her. On the way up the A1 Claire told me about her Gran and Granddad. They sounded like nice people. It turned out that Claire used to stay with them over the summer holidays and at Christmas when her Parents were away on business.

Finding the house took a bit as my guide never had to find it before as her Granddad always brought her. So, we actually missed the lane. Drawing the car down the long rough track towards the house I was struck by the somberness of the house. It looked like one out of an old B-movie: tall, three floored and a loft gabled window. Its sandstone walls were blackened with age. And it was surrounded by lots of out buildings and a stable block. The grass needed cutting and the gardens needed weeding, although the place looked rundown, I suspected that it wouldn't take much to get it back to scratch.

Looking at my companion I saw a little quiver at the corner of her mouth she was about to cry so I squeezed her hand. She smiled a sad smile.

"Come on then," I said and pulled her out of her remembrances.

She looked up nodded and moved off up to the house.

The curtains were all closed as is the tradition up here, that no dead person should be able to see into a house as the funeral procession passes. The keys were shaking too much to hit the lock, so I eased them out of Claire's hand and opened the door. It swung on well-oiled hinges. Claire stepped in and turned the light on and sighed with relief. I put my hand in hers and said, "I am here for you." She nodded and we walked inside.

The house interior was a complex mix of old Victorian and 20th century: a huge kitchen with all new-style gas oven and hob; and old copper pans hanging from a rack. I picked up the metal kettle and we both started at the loud sound of the water as I filled it. Claire lit the gas and I smiled at her.

"You make the coffee and I will go open the curtains," she said as she disappeared out of the room.

Going back to the car to fetch the coffee and milk we'd bought at a local Spar just down the road I saw Claire looking out of the window and again I was struck by her beauty. She saw me and waved. I waved back. The house was slightly warmer as I entered, and I heard the central heating clicking and creaking. Pouring us both a coffee I sat and looked around the kitchen.

It was nicely decorated. And there were photos of a couple both gradually getting older on a Welsh dresser on the far wall. Grandma was a stunner. In the earlier photos you couldn't see the color of her hair due to being old black and white type. But in a later one you see that her hair was the same color as Claire's.

'Claire seems to have inherited Gran's looks as well,' I thought.

She looked at me and I smiled at her. "You okay now?"

She grinned, "Yes thanks. I loved my grandparents; they had such a zest for life."

"I'll go see if there is a grass cutter and cut the grass if you want a bit of time on your own. I'll just be outside if you need me."

Claire nodded, "Thanks."

I finished my drink and wandered outside. The sun was now up, and the house looked so much better with the curtains open.

In the shed I found a mini tractor. 'Oh ace,' I thought. I'd always wanted to drive one of these. Mind you when I saw the size of the back lawn, I got the feeling I would be gone for some time. Still it was fun as I started the tractor and worked out how to use the attached cutters. It was about dinnertime when I saw Claire waving to me to come to the house.

"You must be hungry," she said as I walked into the kitchen.

I smelled hot soup.

"Gran has a huge freezer out in the old coal house," Claire told me as I sat at the table.

"Thanks for cutting the grass Chris."

I smiled and replied, "No problem."

"Chris, I'm going to have to stay here tonight. Can you stay too?"

"Well I haven't made any plans so yes of course I can."

To be honest it was my desire to spend any time with her. And I had hoped to stay anyway. I continued to do the garden; actually, enjoying it. The tractor made it easy. The weeding was done with a flame gun so although it was probably the hardest day's work I'd done for a while it wasn't that bad.

Claire had cooked a nice tea using Gran's frozen homemade stew and rice.

"There's enough food for a year in there," she said pointing to the coal house.

"Oh Mon Cherie, moi and vous all alonge," I said in an awful French voice.

Claire smiled and laughed, "Idiot!"

"How's it going?" I asked as she looked somber again.

"Oh, not too bad. I spent the day looking at paperwork and not much else really."

Looking out through the window I saw the rain clouds rolling in over the hill tops. "This house has some beautiful views. I could live here."

Claire looked at me and asked, "Is that a proposal Mr. Darcey?"

I laughed, "It is a bit Bronte-ish isn't it?"

Claire asked me to light a fire and said that we would have a look at a huge chest of photos she'd found.

"Can I have a look around?" She nodded and while she washed up, I light a fire and then had a wander.

The house was built on three levels and there should have been a cellar, but I couldn't find a way in. The loft was clean, tidy and very warm. There were three radiators and the chimney breast ran through it. And the views, oh man, were they spectacular!

I heard Claire shout so I wandered back to what should have been the master bedroom. I stood agog. The bed was huge - a four-poster. The canopy was made of a hardwood frame and a lovely cover. Claire saw my astonishment and laughed, "We Devlin's are a lusty lot."

"God you must be! The bed is six feet square!"

"Could you help me down with this?" She pointed to a huge trunk. It was full of photo albums and loose photos.

We struggled down the stairs with it and into the lovely old-style sitting room. Old leather armchairs, a chaise lounge and the log fire I had lit earlier greeted us. Claire pulled her jumper over her head. And I admired her body while catching a glimpse of smooth tummy as her tee-shirt went up with it. She caught my glance and smiled coyly.

We opened a bottle of wine from her Granddad's stock and sat next to each other on the floor. The albums showed Granddad as a tall handsome man and Gran as a beautiful young girl. They went through the ages until Claire said that one of the photos was the last one taken of him.

"How long before she followed him?" I asked.

"Not long, about five months."

Claire looked at the trunk. "Chris, this trunk seems smaller on the inside than the out..."

I looked and she was right. I wondered...

I ran a hand along the bottom and found a catch. It clicked and a lid opened. Inside were as many photo albums as there were on the top level. These though had little locks on the covers and were bound in leather. There was beautiful craftsmanship on these albums. I looked at Claire she looked at me and I smiled back at her.

"Er, they might not want you to see these."

She giggled, "Do you think they are nude photos of Gran then?" I noticed that the wine had gone to her head.

"Could be but if they are there sure are a hell of a lot of them," I replied.

"Shall we have a look then?" she giggled again.

I paused and looked at her, torn between wanting to look for Gran was a looker, and the fact that I believed that they would be stronger than simple nude ones. Well who does twenty volumes of one woman?

Claire ran upstairs and came down with a key ring. "This was in Gran's undie drawer. She has a lot of old-type stockings and corsets," she giggled.

I smiled at this drunken person who was at last cheering up a little; funny how alcohol can do that.

"This doesn't seem a little ghoulish does it?" I asked.

She thought about that one. "No because Gran knew I was to inherit this place and if she was bothered, she would have burnt anything that worried her."

I looked at a photo of the old departed couple and smiled. I thought they could be spicy as the old boy looked like a bit of a rogue.

How old was your Gran?

"Sixty-three, she was a wild child of the late fifties and early sixties. She met Granddad at 16 and he came from a wealthy family. When mum died, they looked after me and sent me to boarding school and camps and holidays. I had a good time here."

Claire fit a key into the first volume it opened with a click.

She looked at me for reassurance. I smiled and said, "It's up to you."

Claire turned the first page.

"It's Gran!"

She was dressed in a short flowery skirt of the fifties. The picture was black and white. Its style was very professional. Her eyes sparkled as she held a box in her hands.

"Phew your Gran didn't half look like you," I said Claire nodded while trying to read what it said on the box.

She turned the next page.

"Oh my god," she uttered. Granddad had stepped into the shot and was helping Gran fit a steel collar around her neck...

"That's quite thick for a necklace," Claire said and suddenly colored up. "Oh shit! It's not, is it?"

It seemed that ace Granddad and Grandma were kinky. `YES!!!' my mind shouted as the next photo showed Grandma wearing handcuffs and ankle irons all linked to the collar and a chain around her waist. She looked so horny that I had to shift my erection that had grown inside my trousers.

Claire looked at me, "Oh god, I never knew."

"Do you want to look at these by yourself?" I asked, hoping that she didn't.

"Please stay; I don't know if I can face what's to come."

`Me!' I thought if they get any hornier. She looked at me and I said, "We can stop now, and you will never know."

Claire looked down at the photo on the next page. Gran had wandered after Granddad. Well she did not have much choice really as he'd attached a lead to the collar. The time elapse photos showed her walking after him. The next page held two photos: one a back view and the other the front.

I looked at the back one first. She was wearing a tightly laced corset. Her collar had been changed to a leather one that covered the whole neck and held her head up and even attached to her earrings. This I realized was to stop her from turning her head at all. Both wrists had been strapped up between her shoulder blades by cuffs attached to a strap from the back of her collar. Gran's buttocks looked superb.

Claire had huge wide eyes and I realized she was looking at the front shot. Gran's breasts were on display as if on a shop counter. A ledge held them out and up; both nipples seemed to be erect. The high heels she wore made her legs look super.

"Oh Chris look! Her shoes are even locked on!" She was right. Little padlocks were locked onto the straps around her ankles.

We both turned the page and this one showed her husband easing a huge ball behind her teeth.

"Look how thin the corset makes her," Claire pointed out. To be honest the things I was looking at were her breasts. Wow!

The next set showed Gran straddling a thin wooden bar; her legs apart and balancing on wooden blocks. Granddad had attached a rope that ran up to the ceiling from her collar. This held her upright; two ropes one from each ankle to rings set out on the floor provided the anchor. Claire turned the page and winced. Gran's whole-body weight was resting on her pussy. The bar was thin enough that her lips enfolded it.

"God that must have hurt," Claire said; but the next photo showed Gran with her eyes sparkling as Granddad pulled her forward with a rope he'd fastened to the front of her collar and pulled her forward until her clit was trapped between pole and pubic bone.

The rest of the album showed Gran tied to the pole in different ways and ended with Granddad helping her over the pole.

Claire looked over at me, "Shit, Chris."

"Yes, quite a shocker isn't it." Thinking, 'Wow, I have died and gone to porno heaven.'

She smiled that smile again.

I poured her some more wine.

"Well what do you think?" she asked.

"Truthfully I think your Gran was superb looking. It seemed to be a mutual thing she seemed to enjoy it so what the hell. Who am I to judge?"

She looked at me again, "So you're not shocked then?"

"No your Gran was as beautiful as you are now. The whole thing was done between them so what the hell..." I studied her and noticed that her nipples were straining against the white cotton of her tee-shirt. Cold, shock or just turned-on I wouldn't like to say.

'So do we burn them or carry on looking?' she asked.

I looked at her, "Your choice babes - she is your Gran."

Claire grinned, reached between my legs and patted my erection. "Well this gives me a clue!" She picked up another one, fit the key and presto.

Gran was now maybe 40 and naked. Her breasts were slightly saggier, carrying a little more weight but still very beautiful. She was tied using rope and thin harsh string that made her breasts stand out and made deep indentations in her flesh.

The photo albums showed Gran tied tight. It moved from room to room and showed her tied to chairs and walls. But then the next one made us jump.

She was tied to the very table we were sitting against, legs at 90 degrees, a huge cucumber in her pussy and a carrot up her anus. Her head was dangling over the edge and Gramps was thrusting his long thick dick all the way down her throat. A close-up showed his balls hitting her eyelids, the size of his weapon distending her throat.

"Deep throat," I whispered in awe.

Claire shuddered, "I will never eat cucumbers without this picture in my mind."

I grinned at her; she was taking this better than I thought she would.

"Let's have a tour using this book. There are that are just here for bondage." We saw plants that hung from hooks and rings. Gran was tied to them. I pulled hard on one. It took my weight without even a squeak. We moved to the stairway up towards the top of the three stories. I turned the page of this bondage guidebook.

"Er, you don't want to see this."

I held the book above her head

"Show me!"

Claire took the book off me and I looked over her shoulder.

Gran was standing on the banister rail; over the three-floor drop. Her tied arms were crushed together at wrist and elbow, legs tied tight at ankle and knee. The scary things were the nooses around her breasts and neck. Gran's high-heeled shoes made her balancing act harder.

Claire climbed up and stood on the rail. She wavered and I had to pull her back. She hugged me hard.

"Oh god Chris! Shit this is so weird. Granddad was a judge and a doctor. Gran loved him so much. I never suspected them of this."

Gran was shown hanging from her breasts in the next photo as Granddad lowered her to the ground floor. I realized that someone else must have taken this photo; but decided not to

mention it. Claire looked at me a little funny. I held out my hand and she took it. We went down the stairs back into the kitchen.

The next book showed Gran tied up and placed in a desk. Her head was the only thing showing. The next photos took a bit of working out. I let out a laugh. "Claire, it's inside the desk. Look, Gran is tied up on her knees and there are her breasts attached to two clamps that run up in to the roof of the desk."

We went over to the desk in the study. Claire moved the globe of the world. There was a lid, but we were unable to take it out. It took us a while to work out how to open it up. The whole desk opened out on casters. The lid then slid out.

Claire looked at me as I turned the two pens that were locked in the holders, these controlled the clamps.

"Lock me in this."

I looked at her as she slid in and placed her neck in the hole. I shut the front part onto the non-moving back bit. Claire's head was the only thing showing. She grinned. I looked at the positioning; it placed her mouth near the edge.

Claire sensed this, "Granddad was a clever old boy, wasn't he?"

I pulled the desk open and let her out. "How did it feel?"

"Scary. I think that Gran was very brave, and it must have been very hard on her legs."

The rest of the album got better. The whole house was rigged for her suffering. The small larder, the loft room window, all came equipped with lashing points. Gran was outside. Tied from trees etc. and then came a scary one, even for me. She was spread eagle on the lawn.

A crepe bandage totally covered her head. She was wearing rubber knickers with a bulge at the crotch that Claire pointed out it must have been a huge dildo. George was smearing her nipples and breasts with a thick substance. The photo following showed her breasts covered with thousands of ants and insects.

Claire shuddered, "Want a cup of tea?"

I nodded and she moved to the hob. She looked a little shell-shocked. Do you blame her? I didn't.

The next album showed a younger Gran in a torture chamber: wooden racks and a lot of different things. Granddad was getting good at carpentry.

Claire looked the photos. "There must be a cellar or something. Can we look?"

So, we begin the search. It took an age; we were both getting excited. And I don't know why. The search was very exacting; it took us an hour to find the entrance. Claire was in the cupboard under the stairs and let out a yip of excitement. I looked around the door to find her trying keys in a huge padlock. There was a layer of hardboard under the carpet that hid its shape. The lock gave way and we looked into the abyss of darkness.

Claire disappeared into the dark and I heard her say, "Here we go," as a light snapped on at the base of a passageway at the bottom of the stairs.

Walking down them I realized that they were wide and shallow as if to make it easy to go down them hindered by bonds.

"Oh my god," I heard from further up the passageway. I jogged a good fifty feet. Claire had walked past all the closed doors to the very end one. It had two parts. One was a stable, the other a torture chamber complete with gallows, rack, iron maiden all those sort of old film props.

We wandered around and examined the different wooden items. Claire's eyes were wide as she pulled the lever to drop the trap on the gallows.

"For the love of god why would you build this?" she asked looking very scared.

"Well your Gran was still here so it didn't work, or they used something else..."

"You don't think they used someone else, do you?" she looked really scared now.

"No, I don't think they were murders as we would have seen some photos - unless they hid them somewhere."

We wandered out of this room. It effectively had provided a cold shower to our mutual voyeurism. I opened the first door on the way back from the end room. It was a cell, a plain cell with a wooden bed with an old mattress on it. I walked over and patted it with my hand. "It's straw. They seemed to be creating a fantasy of sorts."

"What do you mean?"

"Well they used to fill old mattresses with straw in the early part of the last century. Look on the walls. There are manacles like you find in the old castles and prisons."

We closed that door and walked to the next. This was a weird room as it had a lot of collars and strange devices. I thought it odd because they used magnets to hold them in place.

The next two rooms were storerooms. "We'll look at these soon."

Claire seemed bewitched by the cell-block. Next was a Nazi torture center where electrodes and clamps adorned a table. A chair was the centerpiece. Metal rings and leather straps attached to it gave it an evil air.

Claire shuddered. I looked very closely; it all seemed to work.

The last room contained a lot of wooden boxes. They ranged from coffin-size to a tea chest. Opening the coffin, I saw that it was full of form fitting foam and straps. The tea chest was fitted with a lid with a hole. Neck sized. I looked at Claire and she looked at me. "Do you think you could get in there?"

"Tied up and properly stuffed full of plastic or rubber," she grinned at me, "as Gran would have been?"

I smiled at her, "Why, are you offering to give it a go?"

She blushed, "Kidding...I think." She half laughs as if trying to kid herself and she looks at me funny?

I was and I wasn't; and we both knew it. She blushed deeper and we both smiled at each other.

"Shall we go look in the storerooms?" She asked putting brakes on the moment.

I followed her out and back down the corridor. I wondered about the fact that something was changing between us and about how warm it was down here. It was then that I noticed radiators and a strange type of hole in the walls: vents for central heating. You had to admire Gramp's. He didn't do things by halves. The cellar had to go out under the out buildings. The place was like an iceberg with very little on top compared to what was underneath.

The first storeroom held coils of rope, chains and in cupboards lots of leather belts, hoods, harnesses, nipple clamps and lots of different gags. I watched as Claire handled the harnesses and things. A door to a sub-basement revealed a workshop. In the center of it was a chair. Two gleaming black rubber dildos were mounted on the seat and a pair of bars attached to ratchets swung around to clamp the breasts between them a long set of straps hung from the arms and legs and the back of the chair. Once strapped the person wouldn't be moving.

"George was still working on this when he died then," Claire noted.

Claire was bending down running her hands over the prongs with a strange look in her eye. It was very sturdily made. The timber was thick and well locked together. We looked around the

workshop and found lots of drawings and photos. Claire remarked that there must be more rooms around. There were a hell of a lot of photos with Gran strapped to different devices.

The whole cellar area was very well built. I know, being from a family of builders, so it was the bloody work of a master builder. Looking around at the way the doors were fitted I realized that once he locked her in there was no way out.

Claire wandered over to the other side of the corridor and we looked at the next storeroom. It held more of the same and a door that led to a dark room and a huge storage cupboard. In here were lots of clothes and uniforms. And a pile of video tapes. The uniforms varied from Nazi to Roman, and the female clothing was victim-related: French maid, French resistance worker, old Christian maiden, etc., etc.

Claire let out a yip, she'd placed a video in the player and her Gran was shown being stripped by two Nazi officers. Her clothes were ripped from her body. One of the men was George, her Granddad. I pointed to the other, "You know him?" She looked closely and I realized that Gran looked mid-thirties.

So, I presumed that A, they have filmed it some other old way and changed it to video, and B, it was before Claire's time, so she didn't know the other participant.

She looked at the other masked man. "No, I have no idea." Gran was being gently slapped around a bit. It was well done but as I work in TV, I knew what to look for. It was being performed to perfection; her acting was superb.

But the torture scenes that followed were real enough. The electroshocks actually included the spark from electrode to nipple. Gran was enjoying her role. No word of a lie. Even Claire gathered that. In fact, Gran orgasmed twice as the questioning continued.

Claire looked shocked, "What the hell is all this about?" She shook her head. The film continued and ended with a mock hanging scene.

The film was very well done, and it finished with actual credits.

"That seems to be a commercially-made film," I said running the film right back to the beginning. The credits were done in German and French. I could only think that Gran and Granddad had found a market for these sorts of films. There were a lot of lockers full of films. We continued our tour of the cellars and found the editing room and a huge darkroom. A computer sat on a desk in the corner.

Claire sat down behind it and opened it up. "Password needed," she found it saying, She tried her mother's name.

There were thousands of names in many countries: a client list. Also, there were hundreds of emails unanswered. Claire opened one; it contained an order for two videos. She was really shocked. It threw her and so I took her hand and led her upstairs.

"We both need a brandy." She nodded and sat down at the kitchen table.

"Did the solicitor say anything about this or do you have a copy of the will with you?"

She nodded and went to her rucksack. Pulling out a brown envelope she unfolded it and we sat and studied the contents.

"There at the bottom," I pointed out a bit that said something about a business venture in the name of her Grandma's maiden name. The holdings were all now in Euro's. I got my mobile out and converted them to pounds. Claire blanched as I showed her the amount.

"Fucking hell," she gasped.

"And you thought that you would have to sell the house, didn't you?"

"Yes, but Chris this is living off immoral earnings isn't it?"

"Well your Granddad was a judge, wasn't he?"

"Yes, but how did they do it?" Claire was flummoxed, her eyes wide.

We sipped the brandy. "What the hell do we do about it?" I wondered myself.

As only a friend of Claire's I didn't see a way to do anything. We both were tired. And I said as much to Claire. She agreed and we both decided to go to bed. I showered and slipped under the duvet in the spare room. But not before I sneaked one of the photo albums upstairs. Yes, okay I admit it; I used it for my own sexual gratification. Sliding it under the bed I slipped into a weird dream world. This dream starred Claire in the position I had just wanked over.

The photo showed Gran on all fours; doggy style, her wrists locked into a pair of horizontal stocks. A noose from the ring on the roof around her neck held her neck in position and one from the floor stopped her from lifting her neck. Her waist was strapped to a sliding block. Her ankles were in stocks but wide-spread. Both her nipples were clamped and cords from the clamps went down to a ring set into the floor and these pulled her breasts into cones. George then attached a block with two dildos behind her and inserted them halfway in.

The next series of photos showed him kneeling in front of her and placing a ring gag in her mouth. Into this he thrust a huge erection, and then using a long riding crop he began to whip her ass. This made her shoot forward onto this cock and back onto the dildos so she could breathe. You had to admire his inventiveness. Well I thought so anyway.

It must be about 2:00 AM when I heard my door open and I felt a body slide into bed. "Hi," I whispered.

"Hi. Do you mind? I feel a bit scared and a lot confused, also I need company." Claire's voice sounded a little scared I must admit.

"So do want to talk about it?"

She snuggled into my back placing her arm over my waist. "No, can we just snuggle tonight?"

I nodded and soon her breathing dropped to sleep rhythm.

I soon followed nervous of what tomorrow would bring.

Chapter Two

I awoke to find a naked woman in my bed.

Well when I say naked, I mean she was wearing a tee shirt and nothing else; and her hair was tumbling in a mass on the pillow beside me.

I rolled over and kissed her nose.

I felt sorry for her. Yesterday's revelations must have shocked her. I meant to find out. She'd just learned that her grandparents were perverts. That's one thing, but to find out that they ran a successful porn company was another; not to mention the thousands of photos, clamps, whips etc. that went with it.

She opened one eye and smiled.

"Hi," she breathed.

"Hi yourself. How do you feel?"

She paused. "A lot better. Not so confused now. Chris, what shall we do about the orders on the computer?"

"I don't know; we need to think maybe about sending out a closing-down letter."

"But I'm thinking that maybe we could continue to supply the tapes."

"Er...do you know the penalties for that?"

"But Claire, you don't need the money! I showed you the amount in the Swiss bank. Admittedly it's in Euro's, but for god's sake, Claire, it's nigh on a hundred thousand pounds!"

Claire smiled at me, "Well, I need to find out how Granddad did it. Also, don't you fancy editing these sorts of things? We could stay here and make our own films."

"Oh yes; and where the hell are we going to find a model who would let us do these sort of things to her?" I paused for a breath. "And also we could get locked up for this: first because the model could change her bloody mind and second because it is illegal."

"Well, one, the bloody model wouldn't complain because she would be running the bloody business and two, they must have had a distributor outside the country as they were both respected members of this community. I told you that Granddad was a judge, and a bloody Queen's councilor."

Now call me thick but I didn't hear that bit about the model. It didn't sink in until later.

"We need to search the office down below before we do anything else on this if you are really determined to become the porn queen of the dales."

She hugged me.

"Thanks; I am grateful." She snuggled in and breathed in my ear, "Later I will show you just how grateful I am."

We both got up and showered.

Breakfast was rushed. We both guessed that we were on a ride that would take us into who knows what. Claire's mood was quiet, and I guessed that she was trying to change her opinion of her grandparents.

Together we went out to the local Tesco's to get milk, bread and a few supplies.

By the time we got back to the house Claire was her old self. Her silly persona was showing its edge as we descended the stairs. "So, we begin our life as Briton's premier porn industry."

I looked shocked. She giggled all the way down the stairs into the cellar. Claire sat at the computer and started to search for clues while I catalogued the master copies of the tapes. There were over three hundred. God, at one time they made more films than Hollywood.

We both took a break for lunch and actually watched the last tape they made together. Gran still looked forty or so and bloody attractive. True her breasts sagged a little and she was a little heavier but by god she still hacked it. The date on the film made her at least fifty if not older and probably that was why Granddad wasn't the male star.

The film starred her and the old boy who had been in the other film we'd looked at yesterday. Gran was well whipped in this one; she actually hung arms outstretched and her legs pulled

wide so that her whole weight hung from her wrists. The whipping included a between-the-legs whipping using a soft strap.

"Shit that must have hurt," Claire said munching on a bacon sandwich as she paused it just as the strap impacted and curled up to the slightly rounded belly at her front.

The most incredible thing was that she didn't seem to think anything bad about her grandparents doing things that would make a normal girl die of embarrassment or at least be disgusted.

"He is the key to our problem." She pointed to our torturer as he placed a huge dildo under Gran and lowered her onto it.

We watched as she moaned her way to a climax and more torture was applied until she was again hung at the end.

I worried about this bit. "This is weird; it's as if they are making these films for the snuff market but whoever buys them must realize that it's not real." I paused the video and looked closely at the tee shirt covering her body, searching for a harness or something.

It beat me. I couldn't see how they did it.

We decided to look at some more films to see if we could get a clue. But that would be later as Claire wanted to search the computer and all the paper records.

It came to pass that we found an email address in Belgium that seemed to send hundreds of emails. The emails begged for contact as he/she had some more money to transfer to their account and a need for the last film made and edited to be sent for distribution. Claire seemed to be totally excited, "He must be the contact, the distributor, the man!"

"Well what do we do? Do we risk making contact? How do we do it without making contact?" I asked, starting to feel her excitement.

"Well the tape we watched is the one he wants. Why don't we arrange to meet him over there and give it to him? That way we find out all about the business and the things we need to do."

We read some of the other emails and found that most of the orders came to Gran's email address and then she forwarded them to this JC, the Belgium connection.

We sat for a couple of hours compiling the numbers and orders.

"Shall we send them to this JC with a cover letter saying that we have the film and here are some more orders to send out? Also, can he tell us how to get the tape to him?"

"Do we tell him about your Gran's demise or not?"

She looked at me and we agreed with a nod.

"Shall I send a photo of myself to him, so he knows that I am really Gran's?"

"Well if he has been working with them since the beginning, he will know about you."

Claire was very excited now and her whole body exuded a type of excitement that I'd not seen in her before.

She sat and typed an email. It was rewritten ten times. Finally, she attached a photo and sent it.

"Well that's that. We know he is not dead as the last email from him came in last night; asking if everything was okay. I would hate to think he's died or something like that."

She looked a little shocked at herself. "Oh Chris, are we doing the right thing? What if he is a monster or something?"

"Claire, do you think your Gran was a weak person; would she have let him into the business or would your Granddad deal with a crook?"

To be truthful I was starting to get a little worried about what we had done. Granddad was not quite the right honorable person Claire thought he was.

What the hell were we getting into?

It seemed that the day was flying by; it was now mid-afternoon, and the cellars were revealing all sorts of things.

The editing room had a huge memorized computer that had lots of movie files on it.

These showed some of the things we'd seen earlier and looked like early videos and super 8 films transferred into the digital world.

The old couple had compiled all their sexual bondage activity. They must have been very active and also there seemed to be a hell of a lot of film not for tape. I was mesmerized by Claire's Gran's beauty, charm and very dirty mind. She seemed to have had a large editorial impact on the whole business and she controlled the film making and decided what was done to herself.

They'd had a loving, weird sort of love.

I left Claire working on the computer and wandered back into the office. She wasn't there when I returned.

Walking around the cell complex I found her in the stable part of the cellar. She was handling an item of tack; its size told me it wasn't meant for horses.

The harness with blinkers and a thick rubber bit were shiny and seemed to be well tended.

"Hi, you okay?" She was startled as if she was miles away.

She looked at me and smiled. "I was just thinking about Gran and how it seemed that I never really knew her.

She was so brave to do these things with George. Gran must have had a lot of fun doing it, as I know Gran loved Granddad very much. They were always a loving couple: touching, holding hands, that sort of thing. I just hope that we can feel the same way."

It startled me that she seemed to want a relationship with me. We hadn't really discussed our feelings much as we'd always been close friends. I have said before, we once kissed at a disco but not to this depth.

"Well I'm willing to give us a try if you want. You don't think that you just feel a little vulnerable with the events this weekend? I would hate to rush this and balls it up!"

Claire smiled that soft smile that I love; her eyes moist as she held out her hand. I took it and we hugged. It turned into a kiss and I lifted her up to my height and kissed her hard.

We parted and she had a glint in her eyes.

"Will you do me a favor?" I nodded and she held out the harness. "Can you put this on me? I want to see what it feels like. I was going to try it on but can't work out how to buckle it up."

I unbuckled the straps and held the bit out in front of her mouth, and she opened her moist lips and let the flat bulb cover her tongue. The bar filled her mouth. A strap split either side of her nose up to a forehead strap that buckled behind her head as did the bit strap.

Next was a strap buckled under her chin making her bite down onto the rubber bar. The final one ran from her forehead over the top of her head. This was attached to a collar which completely covered her neck. This meant that Claire couldn't do anything to remove the head harness until the collar was unlocked.

"How's that?" She mumbled something. It sounded like "tighter," so I worked around the buckles and tightened each one again.

She mumbled something else and wandered off in search of a mirror. Upon her return it was obvious even to me that she was turned-on. Her tee shirt showed a lack of bra and the presence of hard nipples.

She picked up another collection of straps and held them out to me.

Holding them, I worked out how it fit and I buckled the waistband around her waist. Two more straps were buckled up under and above her breasts. These tightened the tee shirt on her chest highlighting her nipples even more.

Two shoulder straps crossed between her breasts and the middle of her back buckling to the waist belt.

Attached to the top of the back straps was a pair of crossed cuffs.

Lifting her wrists up behind her I buckled the first leather cuff tight. I pulled her other one up and thus completed the bondage with her wrists up between her shoulder blades.

She stood and shrugged at the bonds. The way her wrists were held thrust her chest out into the straps.

She walked into the cell with the mirrors and returned, eyes glowing. A tight smile showed as she grimaced around the gag.

"Hell, you look good; just like your Gran." Claire smiled and curtsied as I walked around her.

She followed my movements by turning her body as the blinkers made peripheral vision impossible. I picked up the camera. It was a digital one. I snapped a couple of photos.

Leaving Claire, I went to the computer and ran the photo program and printed a couple of the photos using the printer. These I carried back to the stable cell to find that she'd disappeared.

Another search and I found her in the bathroom. Claire was looking at her reflection turning this way and that.

"Like what you see?" She nodded and I noticed that she had a wet patch in the crotch of her jeans.

"Well you are as photogenic as your Gran." I held out the photos. Her look deepened as I pulled the second one out and showed her the shot I took as she looked in the mirror. Her resemblance to her Gran was startling.

She asked to be released and I did as told.

Claire noticed her wetness and dashed upstairs to change.

I continued my inventory of the videos and the photo sets.

"Dinner," Claire shouted down the stairs. I walked upstairs to find Claire in a long flowing dress.

"What do you think? Can I pull it off looking like Gran did?" She spun and pirouetted around, and I caught a glimpse of stocking, suspender and bare flesh. High heeled dancing shoes with ankle straps adorned her feet. Claire spun faster and showed me her old-style French knickers.

I found myself grinning. She was beautiful.

Claire had also applied make-up and done her hair in an old forties style.

"You look bloody marvelous! I like your hair and how you have done the makeup. God, who would have thought the tomboy you normally are could change into a beauty like this?" She smiled at my compliment.

She made a curtsy and imitated a serving girl's voice as she said, "Oh Master Chris, anyone would think you are trying to squire me. For it is as if I am a mere serving wench."

I started to laugh, and she joined in.

"I will tell you something. These clothes make me feel sexy. This dress is so light. And look what it does to my breasts!"

"I have a feeling you are a cup size bigger than your Gran." Her chest filled the dress' cleavage to the bursting point. Claire looked down and laughed.

"Trust a man to notice that."

We smiled and talked all through dinner. Claire was actually a good cook. Well, to be fair her Gran was, but Claire made the desert of apple pie and ice cream.

Washing up, we opened a bottle of wine and went down to the office. Claire insisted that we take some more photos and print them up.

Again, the resemblance was actually scary and I found the whole thing a little unnerving.

Claire sensed it too and we both compared the photos on the computer to hers.

"God, you could be your Gran, if I slightly change your eye color and you smile more with your teeth rather than with your lips." I took another photo as she did as asked. The computer program changed her eye color and then, hey presto Gran was reborn.

"Shit!" Claire exclaimed. I nodded. And printed it off. Claire looked at the photo shaking her head. "We could make films and only we would know that it wasn't Gran - provided we didn't get too close."

"Yes, but would you want to make this type of film? Your Gran seemed to be able to suffer a lot of pain and different torture. Hell, Claire, we haven't even made love and you are saying that I should film you tied up, whipped and all that goes with it." I paused. "It would be a turn-on for me, I admit, but hell Claire if I get it wrong you could get hurt really hurt."

She smiled at me as she took my hand and kissed it. "We could try it slowly so we both learn the business. Also, if I look like Gran we should get away with the law side; we can always say the girl in the film was her."

I somehow didn't think that would work, but as a bloke and being horny the chance to see Claire naked and tied up gave me a raging hard-on.

I played with the images in the memory. The lot was so horny. Before this I hadn't thought much about bondage. These images made the rope and chains seem very exciting.

"Chris, we have an email back from JC. He wants to meet in a cafe in Ostend on Saturday."

I wandered in and looked over her shoulder. JC had even included a map to the café and told us how to get the film over to the continent: simple really, just turn it into a CD and place it in the car's multi-changer.

We looked at each other and smiled.

It dawned on me that I had to be back to work in the morning.

I pointed it out and Claire with decisiveness, unknown before, decided to stay as long as I came back after work. The journey wasn't that long so I couldn't turn down her plan.

So, leaving Claire to plan the Friday night trip on North Sea Ferries to Belgium, I went home.

Lying in my bed that night I realized that I wasn't sure how much I wanted to try this. It was quite scary, and I worried that we might end up in jail.

The next evening, I returned to Claire's house as I supposed it was now, and got a nice surprise. Claire had cooked a lovely meal and was dressed in her Gran's dress-up clothes. She looked gorgeous with her hair piled up on her head. She was so different.

We ate and she told me to go to the main bedroom and put on the clothes she'd left out for me.

This was so unusual that I did as asked and found an SS officer's uniform ...and a script. I read it and felt a knot growing deep in my stomach. God she was serious. Fucking hell!!

I dressed finding it a bit itchy but a good fit. It even had leather riding-type boots. Pulling the hat down I looked in the mirror. Well, mum and dad might recognize me but that was about all.

The pistol belt had a proper pistol on it, and I checked to see that it was not actually loaded or real.

Walking down to the living room I found myself falling into character and made the heels slap on the wooden floor.

Claire was sitting reading the script.

"Hi! God, you look like the hardest bastard in the SS," she smiled. "I found this script in the lockers in the cell block. We should try some of the things; and then if we can do it, film it and take it to Belgium as well."

"Having read the script I doubt that we will be able to do much. Have you read it?"

She looked up and smiled, "Of course I have, and I feel that I can do it if you go easy on the harshest things."

"You have balls girl; I have to admit that. But hell, Claire, I would like a normal relationship with you before I get to spank and whip you."

"But Chris, for god's sake this will be fun!"

I had my doubts but as she was set on it and well, what could I do? And if it meant that I got the chance to make love to this beauty then hell, charge!

She showed me how clever Gran was at making the props for her movies the dress was made for ripping off. Press-studs and a line of thin muslin would make the sound effects.

We went into the cellar to get acquainted with the tools of the trade.

Gran had hand-written the script. It seemed to revolve round the electro table (which I had no intention of using), and the whipping post, and the chair that was in the workshop.

We did a read-through and she just didn't seem that bothered. It would frighten me if the things described were about to happen to me. Claire just didn't seem scared.

We carried the chair with the twin prongs gleaming in the spotlights' glare. Placing it center stage I wandered over to the video monitor and realized that the cameras were on a type of auto-track and focus set-up so all you did was start them rolling and the cameras did the rest.

Sitting down to read the script, Claire sat on my knee and stroked my neck. I looked at her and she kissed me. God, this was a strange relationship.

"Okay shall we start?" She stood and walked over to the desk. Picking up the thick shackles she fitted them around her wrists. They clicked into place. I bent down and locked them around her ankles. She picked up her handbag and hat that I positioned on her head. Reaching over to the start button on the control panel I checked that everything was working and walked outside with my prisoner.

Grabbing her by the arm, I kissed her. She smiled bravely and we opened the door to the torture chamber. She resisted and I had to pull her in.

I dragged her to the desk set up with a spotlight just like in the films. I sat her on the chair. The script said to pace around her while asking questions. These had been set out in the script as well so I didn't have to think about them as I wondered if the cameras could see the action.

Walking up to her I slapped her face with my leather gloves, and she rolled with it making it look as if I'd hit her with force. Claire groaned and started to cry. Worried that I'd hit her too hard I stopped the cameras to check if she was OK.

"God, no! But I love this acting! It's like my drama lessons at school. I love this! Go on, start the cameras."

I did so and continued the questions. Her refusals actually started to bug me.

"Stand up!" I ordered in my false accent. She stood, quivering.

"Take off your coat." I passed her the keys to the manacles. She struggled to get the key in the lock. I drew my pistol and pointed it at her as I held her bag upside down and poured the contents over the tabletop.

Make up, a sanitary towel of the old type and an old rubber condom stood out as I rummaged through the bag's debris. I held up the condom and looked at her. "So, you are sexually active, you slut!"

She stiffened and I watched her fold up the coat and place it over the chair's back.

Her dress was the right period and I loved her shoes as they had ankle straps and looked very pretty.

She looked at me and waited. The script called for the dress to be ripped off her; but I thought that I knew a more humiliating act. I gestured with the gun and she moved away from the desk "Strip your clothes off now!" I ordered. She jumped at the sound of my voice as I moved the chair to the center of the room. "And do it sexily and I might let your husband live." Claire looked at the ring on her finger acting for all she was worth.

In her super sexy French accent, she breathed, "Mien Herr, if you let my husband go I will give you anything."

I laughed out loud. "Slut, I will take anything I want. It is up to you to earn your husband's release. If you tell me the truth you may even live."

She looked scared.

"STRIP!" I shouted. And I thought that this time the tears were real. Her fingers opened the buttons on her dress' front. She shrugged it over her shoulders. Gently trying to set up a rhythm she danced and dropped the dress to the floor. She then picked it up and folded it.

I tried not to stare as she was beautiful. Her old-style underwear was not too flattering...but the grip-top stockings...oh those stockings!

I pasted a lustful grin on my face as I leered at her, hoping my sunglasses didn't look too daft.

She reached behind her and opened her bra and eased it off her frame leaving the cups over her breasts in a perfect show of modesty.

"Get on with it," I barked. Claire straightened up and thrusting her breasts out in defiance pulled the bra off totally, and then threw it at the chair.

Now I was stunned. I had only glimpsed them once before, so I had to admire them. They were slightly bigger than Gran's. Nipples that need sucking; the cold had done its magic and they were hard and crinkled.

I caught a slight look of triumph as she saw my reaction. Claire was getting into her part now and coyly took the French knickers off. And there she stood wearing just a hat, shoes and stockings. One arm was across her breasts and the other hid her bushy pubic hair.

I held out the manacles again and ordered her to cuff her hands behind her back. She did so and I made her sit and then placed her hands behind the chair's back. These I locked into a ring at the back.

Moving my chair back in front of hers I sat and looked at her.

She was blushing. I paused. "So, I need you to tell me who your contacts are."

Claire thrust out her chest and spit in my face. I was ready for it, but it still shocked me. I slapped her breasts.

She screamed in shock.

"I will find out. Save yourself the pain."

The prisoner looked at me and I smiled a cold smile. She thrust out her chest again. "You bastard! You will never get me to talk."

I walked up to her and grabbed her chin. "You must talk; if not your husband dies and the children you love will be orphans."

Claire spit in my face.

I wiped the slime off my face. And walked away.

I moved the light to her face. I slapped her face again. She cried.

Long sobs racked her body. "I don't know. I don't know."

I walked over to her and knocked the hat off her head. She cried out in mock fear. I grabbed her arm and lifted her up dragging her over to the center of the room. Fastening her cuffs to the chain I pulled her arms up behind her until she was bent forward with her arms above the level of her head.

Slightly stooped forward, her position wasn't very comfortable. The things it did for her breasts as they swung under her (gravity pulling them down, both nipples rock hard) aroused me.

Bending down I pulled the chains off her ankles and forced them wide apart making her stance even more uncomfortable. These were tied off to two rings. I moved around her looking at her bottom and her hairy pussy. Her head was bowed. Her hair was hanging down. She seemed so helpless.

To be truthful I had a feeling of huge power. It surged through me as I moved around her. I eased my hand around her smooth buttocks. I then moved to her front and cupped her breasts, squeezing the flesh and making her nipples even harder.

Her helplessness was so appealing. The script called for her to be whipped with a crop but as I hadn't used one, I didn't wish to start now. So ,I picked a belt up off the table. Claire had set out the props and I saw that she hadn't put out a crop anyway.

'Good,' I thought as I moved over to stand behind her. I pressed the remote stop button and went to check the image on the screen in the recording booth. Yes, she was lined up on two cameras.

"Are you okay with what's to come?" I asked, bending in front of her and looking up at her strained face.

"Yes, but here I have an idea. This is going to be painful so place a camera looking up at my face. I don't know how to move them so you could tie my hair and pull my head back if you can't work out how to move them either."

Claire saw me looking in awe at her

"What?"

"Your Grandma was exactly the same. I saw her make suggestions to George on a video I watched the other night."

She smiled again. So, starting the cameras I laced her hair into a braid and wove some cord in with it. Throwing it over her cuffs I pulled her head back until her neck muscles were taut.

"Will you tell me the names?"

Claire's look at me said it all.

I stood behind her and flexing my wrist slashed the belt across her smooth orbs.

Her shriek of pain told me it was of the right weight to cause her pain anyway.

"Tell me, you bitch!"

"Stuff you, bastard!"

Again, I slashed the belt across her butt. Flexing my wrist seemed to increase the speed of the impact. And as my lover-to-be wasn't complaining or giving me the code word, she must have been okay with the level of pain.

So, I continued watching her flesh bounce as I moved my aim up and down the now glowing red ass cheeks of my victim. She still hadn't given the code word, so I moved over to the table and picked up a pair of weighted clamps and flexing them in front of her eyes, bent down under her and applied them to her hard nipples.

Claire let out a loud groan. I looked at her eyes and saw her smile. These did add something to the tableau as each time I hit her bottom they swung in different directions, adding to her suffering.

I must admit to having different reactions being both slightly horrified by my erection and amazed by the sight before me.

Finally, "Gaston Pierre," she groaned, and I stopped what I was doing and lowered her arms.

Her bottom was red and very hot to the touch. Tear-stained eyes looked out from runny mascara as her breath came in sobs. I grabbed her arm and escorted her to the cell attached to the torture chamber and locked her in.

Stopping the cameras, I let her out and she waited while I unfastened the cuffs. She threw her arms around me and kissed me hard.

"Oh my god we did it! I can feel my bottom throbbing as if it's a steam hammer." Claire held my hands over the abused cheeks, and I felt the glow. Her breathing was slowing down, and she seemed to be high on something.

"How did it look? As good as I feel, I hope?"

"What do you mean as good as you feel?" I wondered out loud.

"Well after the first ten or so I just found that the heat in my bottom was making me so horny that I thought you could smell me. It just got better as soon as the clamps went on."

She paused, "If I hadn't said the scripted name I would have orgasmed on the spot."

I held her in my arms and wondered about this strange revelation.

"So, what's next?" She giggled while pulling me tightly to her.

I wiped my thumb under her eyes rubbing the mascara away. She seemed to be totally unaware of her nudity. I held her and slipped my hands around her waist. Her arousal was apparent as she spread her legs and rubbed her pussy on my leg.

I grinned at her and asked, "Are you ready for the next stage of the treatment?" She nodded and I took two leather straps and strapped her arms tightly together at elbow and wrist. Claire's elbows met with ease and I loved the results on her large breasts. They were thrust outwards and made bigger. More straps were used to pin her arms to her body at waist and above her breasts.

I sat her down in the middle of the room. Claire's ankles were placed into two leather cuffs and these were then attached to two chains. A motor was started, and her body was lifted into the air. Widespread legs added to her desperate situation. She looked so sexy, hair hanging to the floor, breasts under her chin.

I moved to her and started the cameras.

"So, bitch you have given us one name but that is not enough. Who is the leader of the group?" I pinched the offered nipples and pulled them until her breasts were stretched and she actually moved towards me. The script called for her to be set swinging by pulling her as far as possible and letting go. I did so making, Claire grunt as her teats were elongated by the weight of her body.

I let go and she slowly swung across the room. Her face was a picture as I picked up the cattle prod and poked it on my thigh. "Fuck me," I exclaimed, "that bastard well hurts. Are you sure you want this?"

Claire's eyes were wide as she nodded, and I moved the rewind switch on the controls and looked at the picture. I pulled her by her shoulders to set her moving again. As she swung, I held out the prod and her thigh connected with the two electrodes. Her shriek of pain was very real. And loud - real loud. Her body was shaking and jerking, adding to the scenario. The next thing scripted was more of the same and using the prod I walked around her defenseless body touching breasts and buttocks.

Claire was crying and as I bent in front of her I felt guilty as sin for hurting this beauty.

She looked at me through her hair and she said, "Renyard Du Pirey."

"Ha! I told you you'd tell me," I said and walked to the winch controls to let her down.

I stopped the filming and moved to unstrap her. "No, just get me some water please as I like how I'm strapped. This is fun."

I stared at her. The pain that I'd felt off that prod was not fun at all. "You mean that the prod wasn't too bad?"

"No, it bloody well hurts. But no pain, no gain." She smiled a strange sort of smile.

"I have a confession," she paused, "I am as randy as hell."

"You are definitely your Gran's offspring." She'd totally shocked me.

I went off and fetched the water and returned to find her rubbing her crotch on the arm of the chair.

"Itch?" I asked as I walked up behind her.

She grinned at me and answered, "No, just trying to bring myself off."

"You hussy!" I laughed. And then I grabbed her and pulled her away from the chair. I took her and threw her into the cell. "You'd better cool down in the cooler." I locked the door.

Going to the editing room I watched the film and saw the spark from probe to nipple at the end of the film.

Her confession was accent perfect. She was a bloody good actress, no doubt.

My erection was rock hard and weeping as I sat replaying it. She was not far off from being as good as her Gran.

My prisoner was sitting on the wooden bed waiting for my return. "Hi there," she smiled up at me as I sat on the chair in the corner and looked at her. She was so proud of herself as shown by the way she sat with her legs slightly apart to show her pussy and with her breasts thrust out as if waiting to be touched.

"How do you feel?" she asked as I sat drinking a cup of tea.

I stood and held it for her to sip.

"I'm not really sure. Horny, scared, in love I don't quite know...I feel so powerful when I have you at my mercy. While I was shocking you with the cattle prod, I actually enjoyed it! It scares me Claire."

"To be truthful I'm as horny as hell, also. I had no idea that Gran got so much fun out of this." She looked at me from under her hair. "Does this mean I'm a masochist?"

I kissed her gently on her forehead. She leaned into me and I rubbed her hair. "Oh, this is good!" she breathed.

I helped her up and we moved back into the main part of the chamber. We looked at the script and Claire read the bit about the electric shock table and even she agreed that this might be just too much. We both agreed that we should call it a day as regards the filming but then Claire smiled and said, "Bring the cuffs and the rope." So, with Claire still strapped up we went up to the bedrooms.

As we entered the hall the doorbell rang. It was one of those "oh shit" moments. Here we were, one naked with a bright red bottom and bruises on her soft skin with straps wrapped tightly around her, the other dressed in an SS Nazi uniform with a gun on the hip. Well, hell, who do you think should open the door?

We both giggled out loud and ran for the window to see who was there.

"Shit, what's Debbie doing here?" Debbie was here.

'Who is Debbie?' I wondered as I walked out into the hall unstrapping Claire as I sent her to change as I pulled off my jacket and holster. The trousers looked business-like. The shirt was plain.

I opened the door looking up the stairs just in time to see a red bum disappear into the bedroom.

"Hi, can I help you?" I asked, taking in the quite nice looking dark-haired small woman in front of me.

She looked shocked and stepped back a pace.

"Yes. I am looking for Claire. Is she here?" She recovered and walked past me into the hallway.

I smiled at her and shouted, "Claire, darling, someone is here for you!"

Claire came down the stairs dressed in shirt and slacks and looked beautiful.

"Thank you darling," she gushed, and I smiled at her and went to the kitchen to make coffee. And on returning I found Debbie in tears sobbing her heart out over a boyfriend problem.

So, it was with a raging hard-on that I left and went home with images in my mind that guaranteed that I wouldn't be sleeping on my stomach that night.

Chapter Three

The week had been hell for me at work. The whole time I couldn't take my mind off the past weekend's events.

To be truthful with you I'd wanked myself silly over the couple of videos I'd smuggled out from the house. We'd talked a lot over the phone, and she was looking forward to the weekend's trip to Belgium. The frustration of Debbie turning up had added to the sexual tension that was growing.

Gran was such a sexy woman I found myself wondering how far we would go with this. Was Claire like that enough for the film's distributor to want us to make more? We had moved far along the relationship quagmire. I had seen her naked and even tied her up and whipped her. But I still hadn't made love to her. Weird isn't it?

Still here we were at the ferry terminal in Hull. I'd picked Claire up from the old house and we'd sped to the port making it only just in time to catch Friday's 1800 sailing to Zeebrugge. Claire was very happy; her arm was linked in mine as we watched the organized ballet of slipping the Norsesea into the lock gates and out into the river.

Claire booked us a very nice cabin and I (having only flown everywhere) was fascinated by all the different sights on the ship and dock. Claire's thin jacket made her shiver and snuggle into my chest to shelter from the wind blowing down from the Humber Bridge.

Having had a nice meal, we got drinks and settled down to watch the group and show. Football was the main topic of conversation as we conversed with a couple of lads who were sitting close and looking at Claire's short skirt. Her leg crossing had them distracted. I smiled as she stood up and said softly, "Come to bed and make love to me" just loud enough for them to hear.

I slapped her bottom as we wandered down the endless passageways to our cabin.

"Tease," I said as she skipped along lifting her skirt to show her lack of knickers.

"You bet," she laughed and stood waiting for me to catch up and open the cabin door.

The light clicked on and Claire spun and pulled her top over her head, breasts bouncing. Within six seconds she was naked.

"I've waited for this all week," she said dropping onto my bunk and striking a pose with one leg bent up and leaning up on one arm. I'd been struggling with my tie as I was still dressed from work. Pulling my clothes off as fast as I could I stood naked before her and she slid out and stood.

She moved over and kissed me hard. Gripping my erection in one hand she pulled me close. She breathed, "Tie me and fuck me Master."

I looked at her.

"Can't we just do it without rope?" I asked.

"Yes, we could, but I want you to try to think of a way to fuck me here with the aid of rope." She dropped to her knees and I thought 'great, a blow job.' But no, she was rooting through her bag and pulling out lengths of rope. She turned and placed her hands together and I tied them quite roughly, my cock twitching and leaking. Now there was not a lot of room, so I looked at the bunks.

Yes! Tying rope to each ankle I asked her to lie on her bed and place her bum on the edge of the bunk. Pushing her down so she was lying on her bound wrists I lifted her leg and tied it to

the left side rail on the upper bunk that stops you from rolling off. The right leg was tied the same and she was left with legs spread and the perfect parting of pussy and anus. A shine of juice was showing from her lips and leaking onto her anus.

Kneeling between the outstretched thighs of this beautiful woman I took my finger and rubbed her clit.

This created a soft groan so bending my head I licked along the lips. She moaned out loud. And then she lifted her hips for better access.

It was so good to be here that I sucked on her left lip and gave her soft little bites as her breath began to pant. Little hip thrusts pushed against my nose telling me that she was about to come.

I stopped and sat back. It took a while for Claire to realize that things weren't happening. I climbed up the side ladder onto the top bunk, turned out the light and said, "Good night."

"Please Master, fuck me," she whispered. I pretended to snore.

"Master, please fuck me," she begged. I snored louder but lost it and giggled out loud. And dropping off the bunk knelt and in one long slow thrust sank deep into the superheated depths of her. Using my thumbs, I pulled on her nipples and listened to the sounds growing in her throat as I felt her internal structure milking my dick. I groaned myself. God it had been too long since the last time I'd had sex.

I began to thrust deeply in and out, Claire's muscles milking me for all they were worth. Her little yips were getting louder and louder.

"Chris, get my gag will you," she moaned. Reaching into the bag I pulled out a ball gag with a strap that covered her lips. Buckling it tight behind her lifted head I dug through her bag and found a pair of clothes pegs.

These were applied to her nipples with not a little groaning and moaning. Once again, I rubbed my dick up and down her wet crease. Edging it in a little I inserted the bulbous end just behind her lips and thrust it in and out. Oh, the feelings of tightness and wetness. Sooooo good.

And having far too much stimulation in that area I began spurting all over her hairy mound. Still semi-hard I thrust in and out and felt myself stiffening up again. After much thrusting in the marsh my partner came with dick-snapping strength. I dropped onto her chest for a breather and flicked the pegs on her nipples. She groaned. I picked one off and sucked really hard on the crushed nub listening to her little screams as the blood rushed in.

Then doing the same to the other I smelled the pussy juice and sperm smell as I came just lying there on top of her, still inserted.

I stood up and untied her ankles from the rails and then tied them together and covered her with the duvet.

After showering I walked back in and lifted her still tied and stood her in the shower and did what I could with all her bondage still in place. Washing her off I kissed the mound of her hidden lips. She moaned and tried to rub her breasts against me as I stood up.

Picking out some more rope I tied her elbows together tight.

Helping her lie on the bed I crossed her ankles and tied them and pulled them up to her wrists forcing her into a bent back hog-tie. Patting her on the buttocks I opened the cabin door and walked out to go for a drink.

I wasn't away long, but my return was met with much approval as I think she was hurting. Untying the link rope, I let Claire unfurl her legs and watched as her body did the little pins and needles dance I do sometimes when I've sat too long on my knees.

Good thing I left that gag in place as her groans were quite loud even with her gagged.

Checking her arms, I saw that they were not too bad so I decided to leave her tied.

Helping her walk to the bathroom I even got to wipe her after her pee. And to be very truthful I found this sort of power quite a turn on.

Breakfast was eaten at a table we had to share with another couple as we'd slept in and had only just made it as the ship slipped into the harbor walls.

I was now totally in love with Claire. I awoke that morning to a strange feeling in my groin and looked down to see my beloved one's eyes looking up as she gave my dick a long lick and popped its head in her mouth.

We chatted with each other as we ate the bacon and eggs I'd fetched while Claire got the coffee and orange juice.

I noticed the woman sitting opposite us looking hard at the tabletop and finally realized it was the rope marks on Claire's wrists that held fascination for her.

I noticed her eyes widen as Claire smiled at me and took my hand and placed it on her breast and said, "Darling feel my heart beat. It's in time to my libido."

And both her nipples became hard showing through her tee shirt. I squeezed one and then returned to eating my slice of toast.

We both were very nervous as Claire navigated us down the lovely coast road to the outskirts of Ostende.

Soon we were parked, and I removed the disk from the changer and slipped it into a case. And holding hands we wandered and explored the old harbor. The sea gulls cried and turned over the top of us as we headed towards the café.

It had a clientele of old fishermen in their old blue overalls and a group of old ladies drinking coffee.

It smelled of old smoke, coffee and food; a perfect place to be on a day like today. It had an air of tradition that made me ache not to be British.

There was no sign of our contact. 'Shit,' I thought. I was thinking like an old spy novel.

Claire caught my grin and I told her, and she cuddled into my arm as I ordered both of us coffee cognacs. We were both quiet and wondering just what would happen.

The door opened and there he was: tall, old and bloody good-looking. He saw us and looking us straight in the eyes walked towards us. He nodded and stuck his hand out and standing, we both shook his firm warm grip. Claire seemed to be entranced by him. Her eyes locked on his as she sat, and he asked the waiter for the same as us.

We sat and waited for the drink and he smiled and started to talk. He was actually a nice man. His voice was gravelly, accented but clear.

"Did you have a nice crossing?" he asked as he took in Claire's face and looked at me as well. We both said how nice it was and he chatted just as if we were meeting by chance...

I watched his face as he talked about Claire's grandparents. I got the feeling that he loved her Grandma and really liked her Granddad. Soon he started to talk about the secret rooms in the house and how he used to go over and stay for weekends and how after he retired, he stayed for weeks.

Claire looked at him and asked, "JC, if you don't mind me asking, when did you first meet Gran and how old are you now?"

He smiled and looking her deep in her eyes smiled and said, "We met through the videos that George wanted to sell. It was not for the money but for a part of your Gran's shame. We had to ensure that they were never sold to the UK, but I think some got there. Your Gran was asked if she was a film star once in a shop. I am a distributor and sell mainly to Saudi Arabia and places that are out of the way." He smiled and looked at me.

"I sense that you are not a natural Master. And I can tell that you are aware that what we do is not classed as normal. But you can become another George." He placed his hand on top of Claire's, "You are a beautiful young lady." He waved at the waiter and ordered more coffee and cognacs.

"But are you both willing to be as your grandparents were?"

Claire kept her hand under his and nodded at me and I asked, "Do you like classical music?"

He grinned at us and said, "The soft music of a girl's whimpers is the best... heard in private." He smiled and Claire pulled her hand out and put hers on top of his.

"I think you will like my interpretation on the ring cycle." She smiled an innocent smile at him. I passed the CD to him and gave him the name of the posh hotel in Brugge that Claire booked on the Internet.

He smiled and we talked about normal things like weather and such. He recommended a restaurant and we agreed to meet there that evening after he'd watched the CD.

He kissed Claire's hand, shook mine and exited stage rear.

Claire was looking at me. I smiled at her. "What do you think?"

"God, you can see why Gran let him do the things they did to her. His hand was so powerful. My god!" She smiled at me. "I think I would have let him do anything he wanted to me."

I wasn't sure what to say to this and felt a little put out. I'd started to fall deeply in love with Claire and didn't know how to take this information. She sensed this and held my hand. "Only as far as the bondage bit goes, I meant." She gripped my hand. And moved over to kiss me.

I stood and helped her out of her chair. We moved outside and I needed a while for the cognacs to get worked out of my head.

Claire realized that I was a little disturbed by her admission and moved in close as we wandered around the shops. We stopped to get a cone of fries and mayo.

We spent an expensive half an hour buying clothes despite my protestations she wouldn't need many if we made films. After a while I felt okay to drive, and we drove the twenty miles to Brugge for a nice day of wandering around and going on a cruise around the canals.

Claire was ecstatic with the hotel room. It had a huge bath and she dragged me in to make love to her. I put up a fight, of course. Mother, if you are reading this you will be pleased to know that I said "no" at least once.

We dressed for dinner. Claire looked so stunning in one of Gran's old dresses, heels and a leather jacket. Her legs looked great in hold ups. Holding hands, we waited for a taxi to arrive and I noticed men watching her. I found it a little odd that I hadn't noticed her beauty before we started this adventure.

Claire's eyes glowed as we arrived at the restaurant. The whole place looked classy. Feeling glad I'd put a suit on we entered and the maître de showed us to a table saying that Monsieur Pereit would be along shortly.

It was a pleasant atmosphere and after a bottle of red wine we were quite mellow. JC walked in with a tall middle-aged woman. Blonde, tall, tanned and in good nick she gave off warmth that had the waiters rushing to show them to the table.

Claire looked a little unsure now. As they walked towards us the woman smiled at us and I found myself liking her already.

JC held out his hand. I shook it and received the traditional three kisses from the woman. Claire received six kisses. And we sat down as JC introduced us to Peggy. I smiled to myself thinking that Mrs. Woolly of the archers looked nothing like this in my imagination.

Peggy was Dutch and the ex-wife of a director. Her English, as with most European's, was superb. She chatted and we found out that Peggy was JC's live-in lover. Good company; a looker and very smart.

Claire warmed to her and soon they were talking away and we chatted all the way through the food and I started to wonder if JC hadn't liked the CD.

As the desserts arrived JC lifted his glass and gave a toast, "To new business and many more films!"

Claire looked astounded. "You liked it," she laughed.

"Yes, my dear you are a natural. There is hardly any difference from you and your Grandma. There needs to be a little more in the way of torture and a few directional hints but you are so willing. Would you both like to come back with us tonight? I will show you some tricks on the camera setup."

Claire, still excited about his compliments, gushed, "Oh yes! Any help you can give us would be so wonderful." We left and Peggy drove us in JC's BMW to their house just outside Zeebrugge. Our first impressions were of money and style.

Two Alsatian dogs bounced towards us from the back of the house. They were adorable. Claire loved dogs and soon they were both sitting by her legs as Peggy brought coffee. JC took me to a room in the back of this high old barn conversion and showed me a huge editing suite. He

pointed out a long rack of video tapes in a library, "These are all starring Claire's grandmother."

Shit, there were a lot! I wandered along the rack and picked one off the second shelf. It had Gran on the cover. Roped up tight. Her whole body latticed like a turkey. Her neck in a noose. "Why do so many of Gran's films have this sort of thing in them?"

JC looked at the cover. "I have a contact in Kuwait. He is in love with your Gran but loves these films even more. He pays top dollar. Look!" He showed me a cheque. "That is for one film." \$12,000 is a lot of money. He smiled and offered me a whiskey. We sat in big leather armchairs.

I worried if he was trying to impress me with his wealth. Peggy and Claire entered. Claire seemed happy and gave me a huge grin and sat on the arm of the chair. "Darling, Peggy and I are going to the studio out back. Peggy and JC have a present they want to give me. We'll be back in a while." She kissed my head and walked giggling out of the room.

"So how was the video?" I asked as we sipped the whiskey.

"Very good. It could have been better but for your first time it was a good attempt. I will show you how to edit it better, but it had a plot, a beginning a middle and nearly an end. I realize you were going easy as you are both new at this game, but it will be soon second nature. Tomorrow Peggy and I will show you how to use rope and a whip and all the things you need to make these types of films."

I looked up.

"Oh yes, Peggy loves this, and she will help Claire find her natural instincts for this fun we call bondage. I will pay you for every film. You make them and I will sell them, but it must be because you both love the work and not the money!"

I looked at him.

"These films are not really for general distribution. We make them for a very select few who can afford an expensive film. They know when it is being made just for the money. Claire's grandparents loved what they did. It was such a turn on for them to know others loved their work. You are very lucky that Claire looks so much like her Grandma.

She was a wonderful woman. She designed most of her tortures herself. Charles was so lucky to have her; and her to have Charles.

He understood how she needed to be hurt and bound to orgasm. I had the chance to make love to her many times. She was a superb lover. But she loved Charles so much. They were so happy. I only hope you and Claire can find some of their love."

He sipped at his drink and reached across and flipped on the wide screen TV. "Are you intending to marry that girl?" he asked as he wandered across to a panel and pushed a few buttons.

"I don't really know; we have only been out with each other for a few weeks."

He looked at me in surprise, "You are so lucky to have found her then. She is worth a thousand other girls. Are you going to be able to give her what she needs?"

"What do you mean?"

Pushing a button, he ran through our video disk to the point where I placed the prod against her nipple as she swung. "Look, Claire orgasms here." He wound it back to the whipping scene. "And here she is about to; I know women enough to see her enjoyment. You have a truly remarkable lady there my friend; do not lose her!"

I looked closely at him to check that he was not joking. No, I didn't think he was. So, I just nodded in agreement. To be truthful with you I was not at all sure I knew how I felt.

Claire was sexy, fun and beautiful, but this scared me quite a lot. We were making porno films for sale, admittedly not for the UK market, but it is a small world now.

JC switched channels on the TV, and I stopped breathing. On the screen was Claire, dressed only in high heels and a corset. Peggy was lacing her into a single arm glove that as she tightened the laces pulled Claire's arms further together behind her back. This did wonderful things for her breasts causing them to lift and separate.

There were straps that held her arms tightly to her body. Peggy seemed to be pulling them tight. Another strap ran from the bottom of the glove up through Claire's legs and attached to the strap that ran around her waist. The camera zoomed in on it as Peggy (dressed in a rubber cat suit I might add) inserted the large plastic dildo into my supposed girlfriend's pussy; and as it took no effort at all I knew she was turned on. Well, that and the look of bliss on her face gave me a clue.

I had to admit as well that I was thinking of changing positions just to ease my erection.

Was I shocked? Hell, yes! Was I worried? Er...sort of. 'She does look sexy though,' I thought as Peggy stepped up to the camera blew a kiss at JC and then placed a collar around Claire's neck. This was then attached to a lead and Claire was led out of shot. The camera changed and we saw the pair of them walking across the yard. They were going towards a building out back. The security-type video cameras followed their progress to a door that Peggy unlocked. The door was to an outbuilding. The sight of Claire's body in the shadow of the black of corset and

arm binder contrasted with the whiteness of her skin. The security lights cast an eerie glow over the whole scene.

They moved over to the inside camera. The room was large. It contained a platform and a proper hangman's jib.

Claire saw it and started to pull against the lead. Peggy pulled hard. And dragged her up the steps.

I looked at JC and he smiled and said, "You have to admire her acting ability."

We watched as Peggy dragged Claire under the pre-positioned noose. The camera panned back and then we saw the noose going over the victim's head. Then there was a real close-up of her face. This went on for a while. Next the camera pulled back and we saw the gag go in. Then the trap dropped, and Claire dropped through. Her legs kicked and it faded to black.

Now I felt sick. Even though I knew that it was false, I was scared. The camera came back on and Claire was standing, still harnessed up but alive.

"How'd you do that? I haven't a clue," I said trying to bluff that I wasn't worried.

JC smiled and replied, "I will show you tomorrow." Claire entered still in her arm binder and heels.

Getting a hard-on, I moved to her and kissed her over the gag before taking it out. Her face was flushed, and she was definitely turned on.

"Did you watch? God, it was scary! I thought I was going to die; the feeling of the rope around my neck was so erotic and the vibrator was such a turn on, so much of a wonder." She paused for breath.

Smiling at her I laughed as JC said, "You are so lucky to have a woman of such beauty and with a love for this my friend." Claire curtsied and groaned as the vibrator moved inside her.

Peggy laughed at her expression. "It gets you doesn't it?" She moved to Claire and looked at her. Reaching between her legs she turned the switch on, and Claire's eyes hazed over. She moved over to a post by JC's bar, "Come." Her voice was stern, and Claire did as asked.

"Stand here." Claire did as ordered. And I wondered how I felt as I watched Peggy use a pair of straps to fasten her to the post by her neck and waist.

Peggy started by stroking Claire's breasts using her fingertips. I watched as Claire groaned and moved her hips in time to the strokes. I didn't know quite how to feel. I was turned on and jealous at the same time.

JC was using a camera to film this. Again, I didn't quite understand my feelings.

Peggy's hand flashed out and Claire's right breast bounced as the sound of the slap echoed across to me. The hand flashed again. And her victim moaned.

Looking at Claire I realized how much she was into this act. Shortly an orgasm brought the night to an end. Claire was untied and dressed before coming back into the room looking a little sheepish.

We had a short wait for a taxi and soon we were back at the hotel. I didn't say much in the car and I think Claire felt the discomfort I had about the situation. She cuddled in as soon as we left the driveway to the house.

"Are you okay?" she asked as we wandered across the large lobby of the hotel. I nodded and wondered if I was. I didn't quite know how I felt.

The scene with Peggy had left me wondering.

I was in love with Claire but that bit where Peggy brought her off with pain made me worry.

Would she love me as much if she found someone who made her come? Would JC want to play with her as his partner had? Did I want to play with Peggy? He had given me a video of them. Claire seemed to want to see it and I wondered if this whole weekend wasn't a mistake. It scared me and confused me.

Claire went for a shower while I poured us a drink. She'd guessed my mood and came out dressed in a tee shirt and knickers.

"I'm confused," I started, "I don't know if I like other people touching you. Does that sound daft?"

Claire sat on the bed and looked at me. "You're confused? I have gone from a quite un-sexy person to someone who as soon I am restrained goes off into her own world." She smiled at me. "I love you. You must know that. I loved you before we went to Grandma's house. Since then I have found a side to me, I didn't know was there.

We've made something I like. I want you to tie me and hurt me a little. I trust you. I trust Peggy as well. She made feel so special. As she buckled me into the arm binder and harness, I realized it is trust. This whole thing is built on trust. I love this whole thing. We are good together and although I enjoyed sex with Peggy. I want to go back to our house and be with you, tied and given tasks that may hurt. That may be bloody painful. As long as you are there to be with me, I will be happy."

She stood and walked to me and hugged my head to her body. I wrapped my arms around her and hugged.

We just snuggled up and I went to sleep. That night was filled with strange dreams...

Morning arrived.

We awoke to breakfast in bed. It was lovely and a nice morning. We talked about anything but bondage. The day was free except for what we dreaded and looked forward to in equal measures.

Finally, Claire brought up the afternoon's training. "If JC decides he wants to have sex with me shall I let him?" she asked quite unabashed.

"I get the impression that if JC decided to make love to you it wouldn't take a lot of doing as you will be tied up."

She looked at me again. "You don't get, it do you? If I decide I don't want to I say the stop word and he will stop, as I expect you to do." She sighed, "It is all about trust. That is all. If I say no, it is rape... and assault."

She encircled my erect cock and bent to kiss the end. "And besides I bet you would like to fuck Peggy!"

I grabbed her head and thrust deep into her throat. "Slaves should be seen and not heard," I muttered as she softly sucked and mouthed me, grinning up at me all the time. She'd hit home.

We wandered the city until dinner when we packed the car and found our way to JC's house. He met us at the door with a grin and a foreign kiss.

"Come in," he boomed. "Peggy is a little hung up at the moment; come, I will take you to her."

He took us across to the barn and opened a little door to a tall chamber. There in the center was Peggy with her hands above her head and her legs widely spread outwards so her whole lower area was exposed. Naked she was as beautiful as I expected. Her breasts were small but round. Two huge clamps hung from her crushed nipples.

JC stood to the side and said to Claire, "You were naked to my partner last night and here she is naked for you."

"Come my friend, we will film this!" he led me to one side. "Your automatic cameras are good but here I will show you to do things better." We watched as Peggy told Claire to pick the crop up off the table.

She did so and listened to Peggy's instructions. We filmed as she bent the tip back and let it flick the left cheek of the taut bottom in front of her.

The sound echoed across the room. Claire looked closely at the mark it made and reached out to touch it. Peggy looked back over her shoulder to watch as Claire kissed it.

I was gob smacked! Peggy said something and Claire struck the crop across both cheeks making them bounce. A welt came up on the line of attack. Peggy didn't even grunt. Claire kissed both cheeks and moved between the legs of the "victim". I watched fascinated as Peggy said something to Claire who seemed to hesitate; then as Peggy said something else Claire brought the crop up hard between the outstretched legs. Not too hard, but enough that the wet slap echoed across to us. I saw that JC had moved in with a video camera.

Peggy's scream was real, and it amazed me that she seemed to be in orgasmic bliss. Claire's stance changed as she kissed the pussy before her, and I tried not to freak out.

Admittedly I had a hard-on the size of Big Ben; but fuck, I had a lesbian for a girlfriend. Then my mate's voice entered my subconscious, "Man is only lucky if his girlfriend has a female friend who is as dirty as his mind."

'God, I am lucky then,' I thought as Claire inserted a couple of fingers into her new friend's pussy.

It was ten minutes before we had to go, and Claire put a box in the car. She giggled about how customs would be wondering about how weird we were. 'But not as much if they look at the CD's in the stack system,' I thought as I wandered into the building with the jib in it. The gallows looked scary.

But they didn't look as scary as Peggy looked standing on the trap naked except for handcuffs and heels. JC was dressed in the garb of a hangman. His hood and dark clothes looked the part as Claire put on an old cockney accent and read a charge sheet. "Witchcraft etc.," and gave the signal and the trap dropped. Dunk.

Peggy kicked, groaned and expired. All very real.

Claire watched with admiration. "She is such a good actress," she muttered as I kissed her neck.

I was fascinated and moved close. There was a thin clear plastic harness around her shoulders. It was engineered to not pinch or crease the skin. It was biased so that the body hung to the side of the knot.

Peggy was lifted up and released.

Peggy kissed both of us and JC handed us a script.

"Will we see you again?" he asked as we sat in the car. Peggy was whispering with Claire. They giggled as I shook his hand and answered, "Yes, no problems, we will try to do a film this week." I looked at Claire and smiled. She smiled back and we were on our way home.

We both ran into the supermarket to grab the usual emergency supplies. Claire was sitting reading the script as we sat in the queue for the boat, the car laden down with beer. She kept laughing out loud.

"We can have some fun with this," was all she would say as I tried to look. "You will have a lot of enjoyment doing this one, Master," keeping the script out of my vision.

Driving up the ramp Claire hadn't even looked up from the script. I had to knock her to make her aware that we had to get out of the car now. She smiled all the way home.

The night on the ferry home gave us a little time off from these worries and my overthinking of what was happening. A nice meal, a show and a night just cuddled up on a single bunk gave us a break.

What would the future bring I didn't know but I did know I was going to hang on to this amazing woman.

Chapter Four

It was cold; very clear and frosty.

Claire was standing looking at the trees as the morning's light glowed off the sun's first rays as it reflected off the shiny white sheet of the lawn. I saw her in silhouette as she pulled the curtains back.

Her breasts were white and topped with those nipples that I'd kissed and sucked on only a few hours before. The curve of her hips and buttocks showed gloriously in the shadows. Seeing me looking at her, she moved to the bedside and slid under the covers.

"Morning my lover," she murmured in my ear as she slid her leg over my thighs and felt me shiver from her chilled skin.

"What's wrong darling?" I asked sensing her troubles.

Swinging over me Claire snuggled in and I felt her nipples pressed into my skin. Kissing my nose Claire looked into my eyes. "We had fun in Belgium, didn't we?" She looked at me in a strange way.

"Yes... I think so," I paused.

She looked at me and smiled, "You didn't like me being touched by Peggy, did you?"

I had to admit she was right. I was also worried by my reaction to it. Well, I am a sensitive guy after all.

"Why? What's worrying you about it?"

I felt her hand take my erection and guide it into her as she slid down leaving the faint impression of her hard nipples on my chest.

Claire's eyes widened as I made my cock swell inside her.

"Well, it's weird. I wanted to suffer the pain that she was having when I gave her the crop. I enjoyed the feeling of power in a way. But I need to be loved by you, so I won't be too bothered if you decide that we don't go down that route."

I looked at her as she moved her hips and I felt the wet warm glorious clasp of her slick tunnel along my length.

"What do you mean? I am your partner not your Master. You decide our fate too. I might find it hard to accept but if you need to try these things, well I would rather be with you than leave you vulnerable and alone in a nasty situation."

I looked at her as she smiled at me and started humping me.

"But you are my Master! I want us to do the things Gran did with Gramps. We are compatible with each other; you can't disagree with that. I see it in your eyes that you love me tied up and I think you even got a kick out of using the belt on me! I never thought I could be able to like a man who hurt me in any way. But after seeing what Gran enjoyed and watching the video of us that JC edited I want this more than anything!"

Her actions were very distracting. The clenching of her pussy on me was having the effect she wanted, and I lost track of my train of thought.

It was a while before we caught our breath. I had no doubt that I loved her.

However, as mentioned above, I was still a little confused.

Breakfast was nice. As I had to leave to go to work, Claire was looking forward to a day of looking around the cellar's storerooms.

She had been very busy shutting down her old life in the town where we came from. The solicitor had been surprised when she'd marched into his office and demanded to have the house transferred into her name. He'd made up his mind that she would sell.

I'd returned from Belgium on that Monday morning a changed man in some ways. I'd realized that I loved Claire.

Moreover, although I was scared by the feelings of lust, power, control and downright horniness; it was something that I thought I could control.

My major concern was being found out by the police.

The thought police in the UK are weird. In addition, although films can be watched, woe be to anybody who makes money out of it.

In addition, the Internet is a two-edged sword. While it frees up people to see things they never dreamed of it makes the world smaller and who knows if stills that were posted would we be recognized?

Still one thing I knew was that I wanted Claire in bondage. She was as if a drug to me.

Claire had become more confident.

Her demeanor had changed from the shy girl next door to someone who was actually moving with an aim to her life. It was admittedly a kinky aim. Take the phone call I got at dinnertime.

"Hi Master. It's your slave girl here, just been looking over the scripts for this weekend's film we are making. Oh, you are going to love this!" Her voice dropped low, "Oh, Master when you get to use me, oh, how you will come."

And she put the phone down before I got a chance to say anything with a giggle, leaving me with the problem of getting to the toilet without showing my hard on.

I found myself watching a couple of Grandma's videos that night as I talked to Claire on the phone. Claire was telling me about her day. She still had to finish her task of cataloguing everything.

There was so much stuff. "I will spend tomorrow cleaning the leather gear. I've found some wax to polish and soften them. Oh Chris, this is so much fun. I have some things that I have no idea what they do."

God it was a hard to concentrate at work with the updates I got at work that week.

Claire didn't seem to mind being on her own; to be truthful she was glad to have the time to explore. Debbie had been to see her as well.

I booked Friday off and took my things to work so I could get straight off Thursday night.

So, as I moved to the car I admitted that my mind was not on work.

It was lucky that there were no police about, as I would have picked up a speeding ticket.

The house was lit up like a beacon as I drove down the long drive.

Parking the Volvo in the garage I was met at the door by a beautiful Claire; she had dressed in short skirt and a tight top. She glowed with happiness.

"Oh god I have missed you," she says in my ear as I crushed her in my arms.

She kissed me and moved to pull me into the house locking the door behind me. There was a smell of food cooking and I realized what married men feel when they come home to their wives.

It felt good. And as Claire pulled me to the kitchen which was giving off the wonderful smell. A large pot contained a stew. Claire donned an apron and served up. I uncorked the wine.

We had a really pleasant meal and her constant chatter was a boon. I soon began to relax.

"I want to know something," she asked as she cleared away, "do you want us to continue playing?"

I looked at her. "Why?"

She looked at me and explained, "Chris I want you as a lover; also as a Master. I have been watching the videos of Gran and I found a diary Gran kept. They learnt the way as they moved into their relationship. Can we do the same?" She looked scared.

I smiled at her. "Yes, I would like that." I kissed her as she sat on my knee. Taking my hand, she pulled me to my feet and took me to the trap door. "Darling this is our future." A bit dramatic, I agree, but she meant it.

Claire walked us down into the cellar and we entered the storeroom. Looking around I saw that she'd polished all the leather gear and hung them from the hooks in the wardrobes. Taking me around the boxes, she pointed out how busy she'd been. All the videos were catalogued. She'd oiled all the cuffs and collars. Rope had been uncoiled and labelled with length and thickness.

"See, I have been a good and busy slave." She changed her voice a little as she said this. I smiled to her as she held out her hand.

"See if you can think of what this is." Claire was pointing at a door. I opened it and there was another wall right there as if it was a dummy door or a prop or something.

"Weird." She grinned at me. I pushed at a brick or two - nope, no movement.

"Watch and learn," she said and reached up on the door frame and with a click the door came open. For the wall was false.

It swung up. In addition, we went down the stairs into the depths. Claire gave me a torch. We entered the gloom. I realized that we were below the cellar upon entering the room; and it was a very strange room. Everything was dusty. Not used and as if it was being built.

A large clear glass tube with valves and pipes was in one corner. There were strange wooden devices and a lid on the floor. Claire moved around and told me how she found it.

"Granddad has a book of ideas and receipts for all his building materials. He was a dude. I found a diagram for the door. Look at this." She opened the lid. Two rails went deep into the darkness.

Pointing my torch deep into the depths I saw water rushing past. She moved to a body-shaped metal frame that looked cruel. Two guide rails locked into the grooves in the tunnel.

"He called this the water room." Claire opened the other lid on the floor and pointed down. I wanted to say "no" but entered the short flight of stairs. They finished at a glass window below the level of the water rushing by. This was for a camera shot.

"Can we try this?" she asked as I came back out of the tunnel.

"If I can work out how we get you out of there."

"Oh god I didn't think of that," she said. A slight look of horror was on her face.

We tried to find a light switch and failed. Still there was plenty of time to sort it out. Claire and I wandered up to the storage cupboard.

Claire looked at me and said, "I've missed you. Can we play tonight before we make a film tomorrow?" She picked up a body harness complete with head harness as well. "I have wanted to try this on all week!"

Therefore, we did.

Morning started late due to our tiredness. Still, at ten o'clock we were in a cell in the basement. Clare was dressed only in army boots and socks. Her naked body was hooded and stood in a corner so the camera could catch the way I had crushed her arms together from shoulder to wrist with harsh cord.

Her stance was hurting her, as she was standing head in a corner, leaning on her head so her neck muscles were taking all the strain.

"Zo Englander, Ve know you are a helicopter pilot and you claim to be flying a `medivac' mission. Why did your helicopter have rockets and guns fitted if this was so?" I stalked the room and swished the riding crop through the air behind her.

"2323 3433 23. Hudson. Kate. Flying officer RAF," she shouted aloud.

I sighed and shook my head. In addition, I swung my arm and brought the riding crop across her buttocks, watching as they bounced. The red welt appeared as the thwack echoed around the room.

Claire repeated the name rank and serial number bit as I asked again.

Again, I swung and left another welt on her soft-skinned bottom. We'd discussed how much pain she should suffer but the good news was that I got to try to make her talk for real.

Claire had said she wanted it to look real so she needed to suffer a lot and we could edit out the boring bits. Claire would be locked in the cell block and we would film it in real time as per scripted lines. However, the rest was up to me to make her talk.

The interrogation continued with Claire's bottom taking a lot of cropping.

It felt so strange to actually hurt the person I loved and to know I was doing it with her blessing.

The scene ended with a shot of Claire's hooded head sobbing.

The beginning of the next scene started with Claire tied to a chair and electrodes attached to her nipples, clitoris and thighs. Her body was roped to the chair so tight it actually dug into her flesh. The design of the chair left all her crotch exposed and vulnerable. I walked around her and gripped her breasts and squeezed them hard. All the time I was hoping that the camera angle was right.

She groaned and moved her face to look at me. I smiled a sinister smile.

"I want you to talk. Save me the guilt of making you talk."

She shook her head and I moved over to the control panel and switched the power on.

We'd both tried it before we started the scene, finding a level she could cope with. It bloody hurts I can tell you!

Watching her body tense as the shocks were automatically sent to her body, I admired her so much as the pain grew with each shock.

Sweat dripped from her glistening body as the shocks were getting faster and stronger.

Claire started to scream but not the safe word.

I paused the shocks. "So, you must tell me what unit you belong too."

Shaking her head, her eyes stinging from the sweat running from her hair she watched as I threw the switch.

The dance of her body as the shocks hit her was so erotic and scary.

I held out for the end as she pretended to faint.

'She is so horny,' I thought as I eased her to the table and bent her over it. I tied her ankles spread wide to the big chunky legs and pulling her arms out above her head and then tied these as well.

The script now called for me to use her anally and I was excited and scared, as we hadn't done this before. We'd lubricated her before we started, and I looked at her and felt so weird. I was totally in control but in love and not happy to be hurting her. It was still hard for me to realize that the whole thing was for her. But it was strange to know that I loved her and could hurt her as she needed.

Gripping her ass cheeks, I parted them and unbuttoned my fly. I was erect and hard as a rod of steel.

Claire started to beg and act her socks off as I pushed and eased the head past her ring. Her scream as I shoved halfway in made me look at her. Her eyes were wide, and her mouth opened in a silent gasp.

She nodded and I pushed all the way in.

"You bastard! You dirty German bastard," she groaned as I picked up speed and reached under her crushed breasts and squeezed her nipples. My thrusts soon got out of control as instinct began to take over.

I pounded her so hard that the table moved across the floor. She was meeting my thrusts and thrusting back. I groaned and shot deep into her bowels.

I lay on her back and whispered, "Darling I love you."

She smiled and said out loud, "I love you too."

Chapter Five

Naked and hog tied on the barn floor, the girl struggles to reach the open door.

Bits of straw are sticking to the mud that smears her bulging breasts.

The rope around the base of each rounded red orb makes them throb in time with her pounding heart.

A look of fear and pain can to be seen in her eyes which are tear-streaked.

A large strip of duct tape across her mouth shines with snot and tears that runs down to add to her discomfort, as she inches forward again.

She glances at the rear feet of a horse in the raised stall now level with her head, it's only held in the stall by a chain across its rump. The horse can be heard eating and chomping on something.

The woman's ginger hair is matted, and she wipes her sweat on some straw that also sticks to her forehead now. A wry smile flashes across her face.

She moves again and as she gets level with the horse, its tail lifts and big hot balls of dung start to land on her head; and as she quickly tries to get out of the way, some of it falls onto her arms and the hollow of her back between her bum and wrists. She mutters some obscenity in to her gag and continues to work towards the early morning light.

Her body gives a large shudder and her breath shoots through her widened nostrils as she orgasms. Clenching her thighs, she groans and wiggles on the twin invaders buried deep in inside her two holes.

She pauses to catch her breath, resting her head on the ground.

A shadow falls across the hot sweaty body and she looks up expecting to see the man who placed her in this predicament earlier in the morning, before turning the cameras on and leaving her to go attend to the gardening.

A scream echoes in the barn and the horse jumps in its stable and a short dark-haired girl darts into the picture.

Ripping the gag of the wide eyed, tied girl, the incomer starts to unpick the knots in the hemp rope that ties her friend. The tied girl tries to protest, having to shout to get the babbling girl to get her listen.

I watched the film and thought back to the results of this encounter.

The first problem was that we lost a morning's film.

Well nearly, I managed to save most of it.

The first I knew of Debbie's arrival was a naked, but still harnessed Claire running over to me and telling me of the problem.

Debbie was sitting in the kitchen waiting for us to explain.

And could I undo the harness as she didn't want to take the dildos out in front of her friend. I walked back to the house after recovering the chips from the cameras so I could get an idea of what happened.

I walked into the kitchen to be greeted the by the very upset-looking Debbie.

"Hi, want a cup of tea?" I asked.

"Where's Claire?"

"She's getting changed."

"How could you do that to my friend? It's so degrading. You are a sadistic pervert and I will be seeing the police about this. I think you have brainwashed her. No normal woman would let any man do that to her!"

My mind was racing with options.

One was kidnap her, tie her up, ravish her and send the films to JC.

Nope, this was the real world and one just doesn't do that sort of thing.

The next was that either we were finished as a film world or as a couple.

The final one was that this just upset the apple cart and we would end up going our separate ways. And the one I really didn't want was that Claire loses a friend; for god knows she doesn't have that many.

Deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, I continued to make us all of us a cup of tea.

Claire opened the door and walked in dressed in a tee shirt and shorts.

The multitude of rope marks on her limbs gave witness to the harshness and Claire's pride in them. She kissed me and asked me to leave them alone so she could chat with her friend.

I picked up the chips and unlocking the larder door and the trapdoor into the cellar, wandered down into the darkness.

Clicking on the lights, I went to the editing suite and ran the digital pictures into the computer. My mind was in turmoil from this morning's events. I sipped my tea and ran the disks.

Watching the transfer, I marveled at the horse's timing. We bought one for Claire to ride a while back.

Well, we can afford it, as the film side of our relationship has grown and made us and JC very comfortably off.

It was another winner.

We could even keep Debbie's inopportune arrival in if I knew she wouldn't object.

I moved to the security controls and tried to work out how Debbie got past the sensors and into the internal area without detection.

No car so how did she get here?

I moved the replay cameras and watched her creep up to the house.

She had bypassed the two movement sensors and knocked on the door. Ergo, the beepers not vibrating on my belt.

We had the security beefed up after a van load of gypsies turned into the driveway, and I believe, thought the house was empty.

And then she walked around the side of the house, tight to the wall, passing beneath the camera on the wall.

I then saw her walk across the yard to the stables at the front where she patted Barney the horse and gave him something.

He was looking out of the stable door.

The rear of the stables has an open plan and a crap tray at the back, and this is where Claire was shuffling down when discovered. To be fair we had cleaned it and laid fresh straw, so it wasn't as gross as it looked, well until Barny delivered his load on her back.

I must admit to being worried.

It's been five months since the first awakenings of passion brought on by the discovery of all the photo albums.

Five months of falling deeply in love with someone who is complex and wonderful.

As I looked at the photo album for this month, we decided to keep a record just like Grandma had done.

I realized that she is so beautiful that I never want her to lose her.

Last Friday's photo shoot was of Claire riding the wooden horse and then me strapping her to a chair, like her Granddad did, but never got to finish.

The two large rubber dildos whose entry to Claire's holes took a lot of lube and effort filled her so full that when I turned on the vibrators, her whole body shook slightly to their insidious rumblings.

The leather straps pinned her to the chair and dug into her flesh.

The large blue, ball gag forced her jaws open.

Her look of pain and pleasure grew as the whole experience gathered its yearnings and lusts deep inside her.

Another one showed Claire tied in hog tie position hanging in mid-air as she sucked on my dick and tried to work her swing out, so she slid back along the dildo that was held on a pole between her thighs.

But it's not been all plain sailing.

This 24/7 thing isn't possible: one, you get bored and two, I still felt that I wanted a normal love life.

You know; meals out and holidays. I have also gone back to work three days a week at the TV studios.

That was caused by a remark from the local copper, who was a little curious about how we make a living.

So, we had tried the living off Grandma's inheritance as an excuse.

But he was still interested. More in Claire, I think.

We have also somehow, gotten mixed up in the local church.

Claire being a practicing Christian, she had gone one Sunday and had been made welcome.

Also, the women's institute had been down to the house for tea and scones. And Claire had started to enjoy being the nice lass from the big house.

She often comes home with a tale about her grandparents: how godly they had been and what a kind caring man her grandfather had been.

The laughs she has when all she can think about is Grandma being whipped over the table in the lounge -- the same one the ladies who do lunch sit around.

Deep worry crossed my mind as I wondered how we get out of the Debbie mess. Hopefully Claire won't tell her about the film making, just keep it that we are just kinky, I think aloud.

After editing the film, I walked back under the stables into the pony girl stable that Granddad built. We haven't used it much as I don't find it that sexy.

The gear's good but it's just actions that make me uncomfortable.

Wandering back into the storeroom with the secret door, I pushed it open and wandered into the water world as we have come to know it; we think it was never used.

Peggy and JC are coming over to help us do an idea at the weekend and I want to see if we can use this.

Peggy has been over a few times to help us and to have a lot of fun with Claire.

That's another thing, Debbie might be shocked that her friend seems to swing both ways, mainly when it comes to bondage.

Although she does have fun with Peggy as well...

And being a man, if she has fun, I get to enjoy myself.

Take the whole thing last week.

We were out at the coast, having bought two Labrador pups for me to train as gun dogs.

I too am taking the country house thing as seriously as Claire is taking the WI thing.

We go to the beach and the dogs love the sea.

We have just the normal people in love type day, which I need as I find the bondage does at times get in the way of our relationship.

Claire wants the tied-up thing far more than I do, she definitely has her grandmother's genes.

Then comes the fun part! Claire wanders off into the toilets with the bag.

What bag? You ask.

Well I admit to seeing her put one in the car.

But I was thinking it was a goody bag for the dogs.

Anyway, she came back with a secret smile on her face and handed me a box.

Climbing into the car she held out her wrists.

Also, there in the box was a pair of handcuffs with a length of chain to attach them to the seat fore and aft bar.

I cuffed her and picked up the other things in the box: remote controls, two of them. I wondered what they did, but I could guess. Both had clips to attach them to the steering wheel.

She is a thorough girl who had the ability to think!

I picked them up and clicked them onto the wheel. I didn't do anything with them as we left Whitby.

The road between Whitby and Thirsk is a bumpy one and from the way Claire was squeaking on most of them, gave me an idea of what she had done.

Claire had that mischievous look on her face and kept glancing at the controls.

So, I studiously ignored them.

It wasn't until we passed through Thirsk that I pushed one of the buttons.

I heard a faint hissing sound and left my finger on it.

Claire's eyes went wide and then she groaned the safety word.

Very perplexed I looked at her as I took my finger off the button.

She bravely smiled at me and I just shook my head.

Whatever she was letting me do to her, I had no idea.

I was wondering what she had found in the myriad of cupboards that we still hadn't gotten around to cataloguing.

I stopped in the town center and pushed another button on the same box.

This one did what I expected it to, and I heard a faint vibrator buzz.

Walking across the town square to the post office of this wonderful old Market Town, I marveled at my luck.

Sitting in my Volvo was a beautiful girl who loved me, was seriously kinky, and set herself up for me to play with as a toy. James Herriot may have been the town's best export, but we must be making more money than him.

I wandered the streets getting a few things, so we wouldn't have to stop in Masham where we live.

It was only twenty minutes away, but I didn't fancy trying to explain why Claire was handcuffed with a pre, post orgasmic expression on her face to ladies of the WI.

Arriving back at the car I found Claire was slightly sweaty and lost in her own world and didn't even open her eyes until I'd backed out of the parking space.

I looked at the remote's and gently pressed the same button as I had pressed previously on the other one.

Very quickly, Claire went up in her seat and said the safe word.

I waited until the traffic light turned to green before pressing the vibrator button.

Claire let out a long groan which made the dogs sit up and look forward through the dog guard as if to say, "What's up mum?"

The other buttons seem to cause Claire either pain or pleasure.

So, I had great fun for the last twenty miles home and slowed down to make it last.

Claire managed to orgasm a few times, but I got very good at catching the pain button just as she got to the top and I think in the end it was the pain that gave her the final orgasm.

On our entering the house she dropped her jacket on the floor and lifted her long skirt, bending over the kitchen table and begged me to release the pressure.

The thing she'd found uses compressed air cartridges to inflate the rubber dildos inside her and the first one I pressed was her anal one, on her clit is an attachment clamp. This vibrated or shocked depending on which button I pressed the belt that goes with it carried the cartridges and battery packs.

Claire muttered something about how Granddad must be laughing at her and that was the last time I got to play without reading instructions.

Unfastening the belt, I pushed the valves and both leaked the air out of the bases of the dildos and Claire's groin area seemed to deflate.

Kissing me she staggered upstairs to the toilet leaving me and the dogs looking at each other.

Smiling to myself at this memory I felt a slightly uncomfortable feeling that maybe things had gotten out of hand.

Claire walked in behind me and wrapped her arms around me kissing my head.

I looked up at her.

"How did it go?"

Claire smiled and said, "Not good but also not as bad as it could be. She has lectured me in how I should report you for cruelty and have you shot as a war criminal. Debbie doesn't believe that I am not brainwashed and that I need physiological help."

"So, what's she doing now?"

"Waiting for me to get dressed and we are going out for a walk; I think we need a bit of time on this one. How did the film look?"

"It's bloody good even the bit where Debbie walks in and frees you."

"Well my lover we will have to see if we can get a new star in our film's!" And with that she turned and left a very confused man behind...