

GALLEY SLAVES

Victor Bruno
Paul

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Victor Bruno
Illustrated by Paul

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**“I’d like to get you
on a slow boat to China
... all to myself, alone.”**

Words from a popular pre-War song

INTRODUCTION

He squeezed the milk-white breasts gently but insistently. He had been doing so for several minutes. The nipples felt quite firm. They were fairly large nipples of the palest brown, as were the surrounding aureoles. Gavin was perfectly prepared to understand that the girl did not truly enjoy having her breasts mauled by him so he could only assume, as he had done often enough before, that the reaction could be put down to nature. He saw that the girl's dark brown eyes were almost totally closed and that she was breathing softly.

She was in a state of submission - almost relaxed submission, it seemed. Gavin could play with her as he wished.

But it had not always been like this ...

They were lying, side by side, on the low bed, set in the centre of the cabin. It was an area Gavin liked to think of as his 'Playroom'. He had had many hours of pleasure there ... pleasures of different kinds. His right hand came away from the girl's left breast and ran almost idly, downwards. Over the smooth hump of the belly; over the neatly shaped navel. Down still further. To the soft depilated sex mound. As a single finger slid between the velvet sex-lips, Gavin felt the girl quiver. Just very slightly. He imagined it still took the girl some considerable effort to be totally submissive. He felt the thighs parting a little, acknowledging that submission. His fingers found the clitoris and the girl quivered a little more sharply. She was breathing, perhaps, just a little faster. Gavin smiled faintly, enjoying his complete mastery.

But it had not always been like this ...

Gavin was already solidly hard and had been for some time. His erection pressed into the girl's flank. She must be very aware of it, he

though. Slowly but remorselessly, Gavin began to titillate the clitoris. He wanted the girl nicely warmed up before he fucked her later on. There was something else to be attended to before he gave her that fucking. But there was no hurry. He continued to manipulate the little nub of sex-flesh, feeling the surroundings getting softer and warmer.

The girl had begun to breath rather faster; her wide, pouting lips were a little parted. Gavin steadily increased the pace of his fingers. He lowered his head his mouth was against the girl's ear.

"Let go, slave," he whispered. "Let yourself come. You know, you love to ..."

The nubile young body gave a shudder. Then the thighs parted a little wider, the girl, Gavin realised, was beginning to abandon herself to the inevitable. He was totally in control of her sensations and sexual reactions.

But it had not always been like this ...

Gavin friggd faster and faster. Short, tiny moans could now be heard. "Ah ... uh ... ah ... uh ... aahh ... uuuhh ... aahh ... uuuhhh ..."

He was working her up nicely. Her belly was beginning to quiver. Just very slightly. Also the insides of her parted thighs.

"Are you going to come soon, slave?" whispered Gavin.

"Mmmm ... aahh ... y-yes, Master"

Gavin moved his mouth and gave one of the pert nipples a small nip. This produced a minuscule squeal and a tiny shiver.

"Hurry it up, my beauty. I want you coming in floods."

"Yer .. esss .. Master ... yes ..." The belly and thighs had begun to quiver more.

"Perhaps you'd like the dildo up you?"

"N-No ... no ... Master ... I ... I ..."

"I think I'll give it to you all the same." Gavin moved his fingers and picked up the pink, rubber dildo which lay on the bed. It was not the largest one he had but it was still quite formidable. "Here it comes," he said, grinning. Then he trust the dildo fully in.

The girl uttered a series of gasping wails, her limbs kicking and splaying. But she was quite unresisting.

But it had not always been like this ...

Slowly but firmly, Gavin thrust the dildo in and out. Thump ... thump ... thump ... it went.

“Pull up your knees, slave,” ordered Gavin. The girl did so and her buttocks and cunt became more uplifted, making it easier to work the dildo. Gavin saw the girl had begun to quake rather than quiver. Her eyes were no longer closed but open and staring. However, it was a staring that appeared almost sightless. She began to gasp.

“Come ... come ...” insisted Gavin.

“H-Haaah hhaaaahhh ... y-yes ... M-Master”

The girl’s haunches had begun to buck up and down. Gavin worked the dildo ever faster. He’d really got her going. It was wonderful to see her becoming more and more out of control. Abandoned. It demonstrated his total control.

But it had not always been like this ...

The girl climaxed, little squeaking cries gasping in her throat ... the mouth now wide ... her haunches squirming and twisting uncontrollably. Jerking, juddering. She twisted to one side. Spent. Whimpering.

“Good girl,” said Gavin, patting a warm flank. “You really enjoyed that, didn’t you?”

More whimpering and then a whispered: “Y-Yes .. M-Master ...”

Gavin smiled indulgently. “And there is a penalty, is there not, girl when a slave enjoys herself sexually when her Master’s cock is not up her?”

A small pause. “Yes ... M-Master ...”!

“Nothing too severe, but a penalty all the same.”

“Y-Yes ... Master ...” A hopeless, almost despairing whimper. The admission of another defeat in a long line of previous defeats.

“Very well, slave. I want your backside up high and your thighs parted wide.”

Gavin watched with sadistic relish as his order was complied with, almost without hesitation. The girl knelt on the mattress, pressing her nose into it, her palms being placed flat down on either side of her head. Then her superbly curvaceous hindquarters came thrusting up high ... two gibbous moons of milk-white flesh ... the smooth skin taut. Then the long tapering thighs parted to display openly the silken, bulging flesh of the split-fig cunt.

The ultimate in submission, thought Gavin.

But it has not always been like this ...

Gavin picked up the cane off the bed. It was one of the most lightweight he possessed. Of pale yellow willow, hook-handled, it stung sharply rather than truly punished.

He tapped the girl's upthrust bottom lightly, delighting in the little apprehensive quivers of the flesh. My God, what a superb bottom it was! And how much untold pleasure it had given him!

"Just six, slave. Is your Master not kind and considerate?"

"O-Ohh ... yes ... Master ..." Gavin saw the nate-flesh twitch. Kind or considerate, or not, Gavin was well aware that it was never pleasant for a girl to have a cane laid across her bare bottom.

"Count," he said.

"Y-Y-Yess ... Master ..."

Standing directly behind the girl, Gavin laid the first stroke diagonally across her right buttock cheek. The girl uttered a little gasp and her bottom twisted fractionally to one side as the thin, pink weal lined itself across the curving flesh. Delightful, thought Gavin.

"One ... Master ..." said the girl in a low, tremulous voice.

Gavin laid the second stroke across the left buttock cheek at a similar diagonal angle. He liked a certain degree of symmetry when he was punishing. Not that this was exactly punishment. Merely exacting a mild penalty.

"T-two ..." said the girl. Her hands had not moved and her nose remained pressed into the bed-top. Only her bottom moved. But then only modestly. If modesty is a word that can be used under such cir-

cumstances!

But it had not always been like this ...

In his mind's eye, Gavin could see that same curvaceous bottom writhing wildly ... frenziedly ... uncontrollably ... when, on earlier occasions, it had been punished with deserved severity.

The third stroke bit into the right buttock cheek. Perhaps just a little harder. The girl gasped, squirming left and right.

“Ahh ... three ... Master ...”

“That’s right, slave. Three more to come. Keep that bottom high, my girl, or I’ll start all over again.”

Gavin smiled with satisfaction as the naked hindquarters thrust up to the absolute maximum. Beautiful to behold!

His plan was simple. He would lay on the final three strokes diagonally, each one a little harder than the one which had preceded it. The girl would be made to squirm adequately but he doubted if she would lose her designated posture.

Number four ...

“Ahhh aaaahhh!” Oh yes, she squirmed nicely. “F-Four ... Master ...” The bottom came thrusting back high again. The girl knew it must. Gavin’s erection was big and rock hard, swinging before him. He could hardly wait to get into this luscious young creature. Soon he would be making her squirm for other reasons.

Number five ...

“Oooowww aaagghhhh” Yes, he had given her that one with plenty of zip. “Oh ... Oh ... f-five, Master ...” came a whimpering cry. As the buttocks came thrusting back up into position, they clenched in dread of the final stroke.

Gavin gave it to her. Really whiplashing in. It wasn’t really fair, but he enjoyed doing so!

“Yeee ... oowwww owwww!” cried the girl, writhing momentarily out of control. “Oh ... oh ... six, M-Master ...”

The buttocks came up high again, thrusting presented ... invitingly presented ... just in case Gavin decided that a few more strokes might

not come amiss. Gavin could see what an effort it was for the girl to resume that so humiliating posture. He smiled happily.

It had not always been like this ...

Gavin tossed the cane on to the floor, then knelt on the bed behind the girl.

“And now, slave, I am going to fuck you. Have you anything to say?”

“Th-Thank you ... M-Master ... I am ... am honoured Master ...”

Grinning, Gavin gripped the two smooth flanks before him. Warm, succulent living female flesh. His balls felt heavy with lust; his prick was quivering in anticipation.

“Ask for it, slave,” said Gavin hoarsely.

“M-Master ... oh Master ... I beg you to stick your cock up me!” cried the girl.

With a lecherous snort, Gavin rammed into the succulent depths which were so abjectly and invitingly presented to his. Delicious! The girl was meltingly warm - the result of using the dildo. Mouth half agape, Gavin grunted his lustful pleasure as he rammed and rammed. Oh yes, delicious! He knew he wouldn't be able to last long, but he didn't really mind. This lovely young cunt was always available whenever he wanted it.

Gavin's pleasure was intensified by the way the girl acted and reacted to his powerful thrusting.

She was fully co-operative.

Fully!

And getting more hot and juicy all the time.

It had not - certainly not - always been like this ...

Within a few minutes, Gavin rose to a crescendo and ejaculated violently into the squirming depths he possessed. It seemed to him that the girl was climaxing too. Though she might be simulating. But what did that matter? The pleasure was just as exquisitely satisfying.

Gavin slumped down, panting, crushing the girl beneath him. She was quivering and twitching, making little moaning noises.

That was very nice. Mmmm .. yes indeed.

A really super fuck.

And it was all down to his training.

Gavin withdrew, then gave the girl's bottom a none too gentle slap.

"You can take a shower, slave," he said, "but don't be too long about it. I want to chain you up for the night."

"Y-Yes ... yes ... Master ... thank you ... Master ..." The girl forced herself up and stumbled to the door at the far end of the cabin. Her bottom, carrying six slim weals, bounced and undulated deliciously.

At a leisurely pace, Gavin followed the girl through the door. He heard the shower turn on in an alcove. To the left stood a humped Punishment Block covered in brown leather and festooned with pinioning straps. To the right, were two wooden cubicles, each containing a bed and a thin mattress. One of the cubicles was for the girl, the other was already occupied by the first slave Gavin had ever acquired. She was naked with her wrists chained to an iron collar about her neck. From the collar a chain ran to a ringbolt in the wall. It seemed to Gavin that she was asleep.

Of course, there was no need to chain the girls in this fashion, but Gavin always did so. It was a perpetual reminder of their slavery.

The girl's smooth back and bottom looked inviting but, after his recent exertions, Gavin was not at all to be tempted. In any event, he had given this senior slave girl a really solid fucking earlier in the day. He reckoned it had lasted all of twenty minutes.

She emerged from the shower and came towards him, those beautiful breasts bouncing most attractively. She went to her knees at Gavin's feet.

"On your bed," he ordered.

At once the girl went into the cubicle and lay on the bed. Gavin placed the iron collar about her neck, then locked her wrists to it. She was, as ever, totally helpless. Casually Gavin fondled the available breasts.

"Quite a good fuck, Trudi," he said. "I hope you enjoyed it."

“Oh yes, Master. Very much, Master.” Gavin grinned down briefly at the girl, then left the cubicle.

It had not - certainly not - always been like this ...

CHAPTER ONE

The idea germinated in Gavin Loman's mind when he was in his mid-twenties, then he let it lie fallow for a year or more. It remained just an idea; one seemingly impossible of fulfilling.

But ... gradually, gradually ... the idea began to take a more concrete shape. He made positive plans ... the way and means, the whereabouts. It was fascinating fun to plan his unique concept. What finally triggered him into action was his inheritance. An aunt left him her estate and it was far larger than he had ever imagined. 900,000 US\$ in fact. It meant that Gavin would have ample money for capital outlay and also, with the bulk of the money wisely invested, a steady unearned income. His parents had both died when he was young.

Ever since puberty, Gavin had always been a bit of a loner. A dreamer, a fantasier. He desired girls but he didn't really like them. He couldn't be bothered with them. He disliked having to flatter them, to seek dates with them, to give them presents, to wine and dine them. It just seemed a waste of time and money when all he wanted to do was to get them into bed and give them a good fucking. However, it soon became clear to Gavin that girls did not react kindly to his head-on approaches. They wanted to be courted, not captured. So rejections came thick and fast and Gavin began to withdraw more and more into himself.

He resorted to a great deal of masturbation, including the use of artificial vaginas. During these activities he fantasised strongly ... with women always in a subordinate, servile role.

He became a Roman Lord with scores of slave-girls at his beck and call. He could use them just how and when he pleased. And, if they did not please him, he could have them whipped.

He became a slave plantation owner with a virtually unlimited supply of slave girls, some black, some half-caste. They also were subjected to the whip. Gavin liked very much to think about flogging a naked woman who was secured helpless to a whipping post.

He became the master of a Victorian household, with dozens of maids and skivvies under his control and subject to his disciplinary regime. Bad work was punishable and he frequently had to apply a birch to a pair of writhing buttocks. In an attempt to escape such punishment, a girl would sometimes offer him her body. But he would punish her just the same ... and then take her at his leisure.

Yes, these were the kind of fantasies Gavin relied for his sexual satisfaction. But the plan for making such fantasies become a reality proceeded steadily, if slowly.

Gavin finally decided that his 'centre of operations' would be a long-barge, one of those colourful boats which have been plying Britain's canal waterways for centuries. Once such barges had been used commercially but today many were used for pleasure. His barge certainly would be!

With 40,000US\$ of his inheritance money Gavin brought a modern barge with a diesel motor and he planned to spend 10,000US\$ on conversions. He found it very easy to handle on the canals of East Anglia. When he was more experienced he thought he might try some of the waterways up North. Meanwhile, he found a suitably isolated mooring site and went to work. Fortunately he had always been good with his hands and brought a plethora of DIY tools with him. He sold his flat, took his leave of what few friends he had, saying he was probably going abroad.

He decided the long narrow boat should be divided into two halves. In one half he would live and there would be store rooms, engine room and so on. The other half would be what he was already designating as 'slave quarters'. These were to be divided into three sections, his part of the vessel into two. He called the barge 'Slow Boat'.

Gavin installed a system of sliding doors between the two sections,

each door being operated by a safe-like combination. One operated the lock in his section and the door slid back and one entered into a small area that looked rather like a lift. When the door slid back and locked again, one operated the second lock which opened the door into the slave's quarters. It was a foolproof system, totally secure.

Next Gavin, soundproofed the three sections of the slave quarters. Most thoroughly. All portholes were removed. It took a long time but Gavin was completely satisfied when he had finished. He placed a ghetto-blaster in one of the sections and turned it on full. Going outside, he found he could not hear a sound. A girl could scream as much as she liked and would certainly not be heard.

Then Gavin began a more pleasurable part of the work. He planned on having two slaves so he made them a cubicle each. Just with a plank bed and a thin mattress. It was not right that a slave should have too much comfort. He had no difficulty in obtaining chains, manacles, leg-irons and so on. He even bought a small, uncomfortable-looking cage. Instruments of correction were equally easy to obtain. All this equipment was sent to an accommodation address and picked up by him personally.

Gavin constructed a Securing Frame, a Whipping Frame and finally a Punishment Block. These items were created almost lovingly and with growing excitement, he kept thinking ahead to the time when they would actually be in use. Gavin reasoned that, if any other device was required, he could construct it or buy it. But, for the time being, it seemed to him he had enough to work with.

Finally, he fitted out his own part of the barge in considerable style and comfort. In the engine room of the barge was a small electric generator which supplied light and heat. Fresh water was kept in the bowels of the barge and had to be pumped up to smaller tanks in the living quarters. One day, reflected Gavin happily, slave labour would do that pumping.

During this period, Gavin kept very much to himself but there were occasional inquisitive intruders. These he kept easily at bay, telling

them that he was refurbishing his barge and would soon be moving up North. This seemed to satisfy them.

The day came when all was completed and Gavin took his barge on a ten-mile trip through numerous canals. He had already marked out various moorings points which he intended using later. Although it would not actually be dangerous, he thought it best not to stay in any one place too long. That was why, of course, he had originally decided his centre of operations would be mobile on water rather than a fixed dwelling on land. In the latter case, prying neighbours might be a problem.

All in all, Gavin Loman was well satisfied with his planning and preparations. Everything had gone without a hitch and frankly, he had enjoyed the work. After his ten-mile jaunt around the canals, he returned to his moorings and opened a bottle of champagne. He was quite happy to drink alone.

There remained but one thing.

To acquire his first slave girl

Having given this considerable thought, Gavin decided that a residential Women's College or even a Senior Boarding School might prove happy hunting ground. He travelled widely in a hired car, reconnoitring and observing such places with the greatest caution. During these expeditions, as an extra precaution, he disguised himself.

He observed several young women whom he considered would make suitable slave material ... and then finally

decided on one who was resident in a 'Teachers' Training College. She was blonde, well-built and long-limbed. Definitely above average in attraction. From time to time he watched her going off for the evening with a boyfriend. She was obviously happy and popular and Gavin guessed her age to be about twenty.

In the end, the actual abduction was easier than he had expected. One night the girl returned alone to the College on foot. Doubtless had, had a row with her boyfriend, thought Gavin. She had to enter

some gates and make her way up a 110-yard driveway. Gavin was ready ... with chloroform and a black plastic body-bag. In moments the girl was unconscious, stacked into the bag and over his shoulder. Then quickly into his car boot.

After that there was a 200 mile car drive. But Gavin didn't mind a bit. He'd got what he wanted without the slightest hitch.

The girl's name turned out to be Karen Norton and she was indeed twenty years of age. She had a superb Junoesque body ... fulsome breasts, sumptuous bottom ... and lovely honey-coloured skin. For the next six months, this girl gave Gavin infinite pleasure. It was far greater than he had let his imagination believe.

He had finally got what he had always fantasised about. Complete control over a woman. A woman who could, step by step be trained to satisfy his ultimate desires. Training was, of course, a slow process, but Gavin had plenty of time. Also, he was learning all the while. Karen was his first slave; he would be able to handle his second slave even better. He would have learnt; he would not make stupid mistakes as he had occasionally done with Karen.

It would, he thought, be most, most satisfying to have two slaves rather than one.

One morning Gavin let himself into the slave quarters. As he often did, he was quite naked. He often enjoyed an early morning fuck. As he entered the little cubicle where Karen was kept chained at night, the girl stirred, turned, and looked at him with fearful blue eyes. He smiled as he took off the iron collar which was linked to the ringbolt in the wall. Once released, Karen slid immediately to the floor, knelt and placed her hands on top of her head. Her big breasts thrust excellently. This was an obligatory posture once she was released from her collar and chain.

"Sleep well, slave?" enquired Gavin solicitously. He squeezed one of the big breasts almost absent-mindedly.

“Yes, Master,” answered Karen in a low voice. “Q-Quite well ...”

“Your sore bottom did not disturb you?”

“A ... A little, Master ...”

Gavin smiled again. The previous evening he had given Karen twelve full-blooded strokes with a double-thonged strap for what he termed ‘lack of enthusiasm’ while she was sucking him. He knew it was something that the girl found particularly abhorrent to do. But that was neither here nor there. She had to do it whenever he wanted.

“Show me your bottom, slave.”

At once Karen twisted round, put her nose to the floor and thrust her hindquarters high. Oh what a lovely big bottom it was! And now well reddened by strap welts. Gavin studied the lush female flesh for sometime. This was the prerogative of a slave owner.

“Alright ... come with me into the Playroom. Let’s see if you can do any better this morning.”

“Yes .. oh yes ... Master ...” The buxom Karen seemed most eager to please.

Gavin lay down on the central bed, parted his limbs a little ... and let Karen get on with her first task of the day. Soon he was sighing and moaning happily. The girl was doing a really excellent job. Giving him everything. Taking in as much of his cock as was possible. Sucking, like a vacuum cleaner. Bringing him on superbly ... and continuing to suck while he shot his load down her gullet.

Indeed a well-trained slave, he reflected afterwards, lying there recovering. His limp cock was still in the girl’s mouth. It would remain there until he was ready to remove it.

He recalled how apprehensive he had been when he had decided originally to make Karen suck him. After all, she might do him a nasty injury with her teeth. He had, therefore, to have some kind of instant control over the girl. Fortunately having been, for a time, assistant to a dispensing chemist Gavin knew a good deal about drugs. He acquired a drug which could render a person instantly unconscious and kept a hypodermic needle full in his hand while Karen was suck-

ing.

Actually it hadn't been all that simple and Gavin had had to give the girl several sound thrashings before she could be persuaded even to take his prick into her mouth. The final one ... Thirty six strokes of the cane ... seemed to break her and his hard cock found itself in a wet-warm mouth. It was a wonderful sensation made all the more delightful by the fact that he had made the girl do it against every natural instinct.

Gavin had been horrified when, suddenly, he found the girl's teeth biting agonisingly into his hardness. He had screamed and she had bitten harder, perhaps imagining she might be able to bite the end of his cock right off. As quickly as possible Gavin had plunged in the hypodermic needle and Karen collapsed almost instantly. He had lain there moaning, claspng himself. The bitch ... oh the damn little bitch! How fortunate he had arranged to have that needle handy. But, by God, the girl was going to pay for what she had done!

By the time Karen came round, Gavin had Karen on a Securing Frame, facing outwards, her arms and legs splayed wide. Clipped to each nipple was an electric wire and a further wire was clipped to her clitoris. Gavin had a rheostat with which he could control the strength of current going through the wires.

When Karen was fully 'compos mentis', Gavin explained what he was going to do to her, summing up with the phrase, 'you are going to suffer more than you have ever imagined possible'.

Karen had done, too. For something like an hour, Gavin had played with the currents through those wires ... sometimes to the nipples only, sometimes to the clitoris only, sometimes to all three together. He varied the strength of the currents, but steadily increasing them until Karen became a shrieking jelly of juddering flesh, breasts rolling and bouncing wildly, haunches jerking and twisting out of control. Finally her eyes had rolled back and she had fainted. Her body was drenched with sweat. But Gavin was not finished with her.

He had revived her with strong smelling salts and resumed his op-

erations. After a while, Karen's vocal chords cracked. Only rattling sounds came from a gaping mouth. Above were blue eyes bulging madly.

Gavin had gone on for something like an hour and Karen had fainted three more times and at the end, he knew he had completely broken her. There would be no more rebellious acts like the one she had performed.

Chained in her cell, it had taken the girl something like three days to recover. About the same time it had taken Gavin's prick to heal properly.

He had her kneeling before him. "If anything like that remotely happens again," he said, "you'll be back on that Frame, getting the same treatment, but for three days in succession." The girl's eyes had dilated in disbelieving horror. He could see she knew he meant it. Never, never would she do such a thing again.

That was good to know.

Later, as a conclusion to her punishment, he had given the girl a further thirty six stroke caning. Then, lying on the bed, he made her come crawling between his parted thighs and ordered her to suck him. There was no protesting, no delay. Karen simply took his hardening cock into her mouth and began to suck him almost avidly, it seemed. It was as if she were trying to compensate for what she had done previously.

A most satisfying incident and Karen had never looked back. Now she always sucked superbly ... as she had done that morning.

Gavin slipped his limp cock out of her mouth. "Kneel up," he said.

Karen did so. "I've got news for you, Karen," he said. "You're going to have a companion in slavery."

The girl looked bemused. "A ... a ... c-companion, M-Master?"

"That's right, Karen. A fellow slave. Of course, she will be quite untrained at first, but I will deal with that. As I did with you." He saw the girl shudder violently. He knew she would never forget those early days.

“The demonstrations of servitude which you will give, before her will be of considerable value in her training. She will not disbelieve what I say, as you did at first. She will have before her very eyes the essence of slavery - in your person. Total obedience, instant obedience, complete submission. I hope you understand what I am saying, slave.”

“Y-Yes ... I think so ... Master ...”

“Good,” smiled Gavin. “Well, I shall be leaving shortly and may be away for a few days. You will be chained in your cubicle but I shall leave you adequate food and water. Also there will be a slop bucket you will have access to.” Karen’s features quivered at this dismal news but she knew better than to make any protest.

Later when she was in her chains, Gavin brought in three plastic buckets, one filled with the familiar mush she had to eat, one with water, the other empty. “Be a good girl while I am away,” he said, patting her flank. Then he turned and made for the double sliding doors. Soon he was motoring happily through the Norfolk country side.

Alone and helpless in her cell, Karen wept bitterly.

Even though she knew she would not have to endure the attentions of ‘the monster’ for several days.

Gavin headed for an up-market Girls Boarding School, about a 100 miles from his moorings. He had discreetly reconnoitred it several times before and, from what he had seen, the material looked most promising. Ages ranged from thirteen to eighteen.

From the encircling woodland, through binoculars, he had watched them playing netball and hockey, wearing little short skirts, with breasts bouncing deliciously.

Two girls in particular took his attention. Both were real beauties, one fair, one dark. He decided to concentrate on the dark one. She would make a nice contrast to blonde Karen.

Gavin had several plans of action but decided on the most daring

one. He discovered that the Sixth Firm girls lived in 'houses' in the grounds, four to a 'house'. They had a bedroom, study and kitchenette and were virtually self-sufficient. The dark beauty was a sixth-former and Gavin soon discovered in which 'house' she resided. He decided he would abduct her in the early hours of the morning ... from her bedroom.

After dark he made close inspection of the 'house' and soon found out which bedroom the dark beauty occupied. To his surprise and delight, just before the light went out, Gavin saw a window open. Well, it was a warm evening but that did seem a little foolish. He let three hours pass then, masked, in trainers and tracksuit, chloroform bottle in hand, he silently entered the bedroom. He could hear the girl breathing deeply, obviously fast asleep. He advanced carefully, lightly felt the body on the bed then, as she stirred, but before she could cry out, the chloroform pad was in position.

He placed her on the ground outside the window, then slipped out himself. It was a hundred yards to the woods and he ran there smoothly, the girl humped over his shoulder. Into the boot she went. The engine purred into life and Gavin motored carefully down a fire-break in the woods. Soon he was on a by-road; a little later on a main road.

He was heading back to his moorings.

Everything had gone like clockwork.

Before dawn, Gavin was back on board. He had only been away two days. He carried the still unconscious girl into the slave quarters and fastened her to a Securing Frame. She seemed even more lovely than he had at first thought. He wondered how old she was and what her name was. He would soon know.

Gavin fastened the girl very securely. By her ankles, her knees and by her wrists. A band round her forehead and a hook at the back held her head against the centre post. A gag went into her mouth. It was rather like a rubber dog-bone and its ends were fastened to the centre

post. The girl would not be able to head-butt him, bite him, or knee him. As Karen had done at the outset. Gavin had learnt.

Then Gavin went to see Karen. He told her to slop out and take a shower. This the girl did with due servility. "My new slave has arrived," he announced.

"I understand, Master," said Karen meekly.

"I shall be needing you shortly," said Gavin, "to make an impression on my new slave. You will demonstrate the depths of your servility. So that she will not be able to think - as you did - that what I am telling her is some kind of bluff or threat. She will understand it is the truth!"

"Yes, Master," said Karen respectfully. She was kneeling before Gavin, hands on head. Recalling her own hideous introduction to slavery, she felt genuinely sorry for this new girl. But, on the other hand, she realised her arrival might take some of the pressure off her. That, at least, was something to be thankful for.

Gavin chained Karen up in her cubicle then went back to his own quarters. On his way, of course, he had to pass the still unconscious girl. She was totally helpless on the securing Frame and he as was sorely tempted to have a feel around. Though her pale pink pyjamas were loose, they could not hide the curvaceousness of her lovely young body. God ... how he was looking forward to seeing her quite naked! He went through to his quarters and stripped. Then he put on a posing pouch. The right moment would come when he would expose himself to this newcomer. He returned to the slave quarters with a hypodermic syringe which contained a restorative and stimulant ... one which extended any girl's powers of endurance considerably. A most useful injection to be able to give!

He stood before the Securing Frame, contemplating his new capture. What a world of degradation and torment she was about to enter! He almost felt sorry for her but this was far outweighed by the knowledge of the extent of the pleasure he was about to enjoy. Gavin plunged the needle into the girl's upper arm.

After a few moments, she stirred, eyelids flickering. Then the eyelids were raised and Gavin saw liquid-brown eyes, still glazed at the moment. Gradually, the eyes focussed and she gazed at him in bewilderment. She turned her head left and right, tugged on her bonds whilst little whimpering sounds came down her nostrils. The eyes began to look less bewildered and more outraged.

Gavin smiled at her. "Welcome aboard, young lady," he said.

The tugging on the bonds became more urgent. The eyes more outraged. And, he noted, now a little frightened. "As I want you to answer some questions," Gavin went on, "I am going to remove your gag." He unfastened the gag from the centrepiece of the Frame and took it out of the girl's mouth. Saliva ran down her chin and she heaved in a great intake of breath.

"Ooooooh ... OOOOHHHHHH ... what is happening ooooooh ... let me go ... oooooohhh release me!"

Gavin smiled again. "Not just yet, my pretty one"

"Don't talk to me like that!" It came out as a kind of screech. "Who ... who ... are you? What am I d-doing here! Let me go at once ... this ... this is assault!"

"Isn't it just," said Gavin levelly. "The fact is, my dear, you have been abducted from your cosy little School and you are now my captive."

The fear in those brown eyes intensified. "Wh-What are you talking about?" Are you quite mad. Let me go .. at once!"

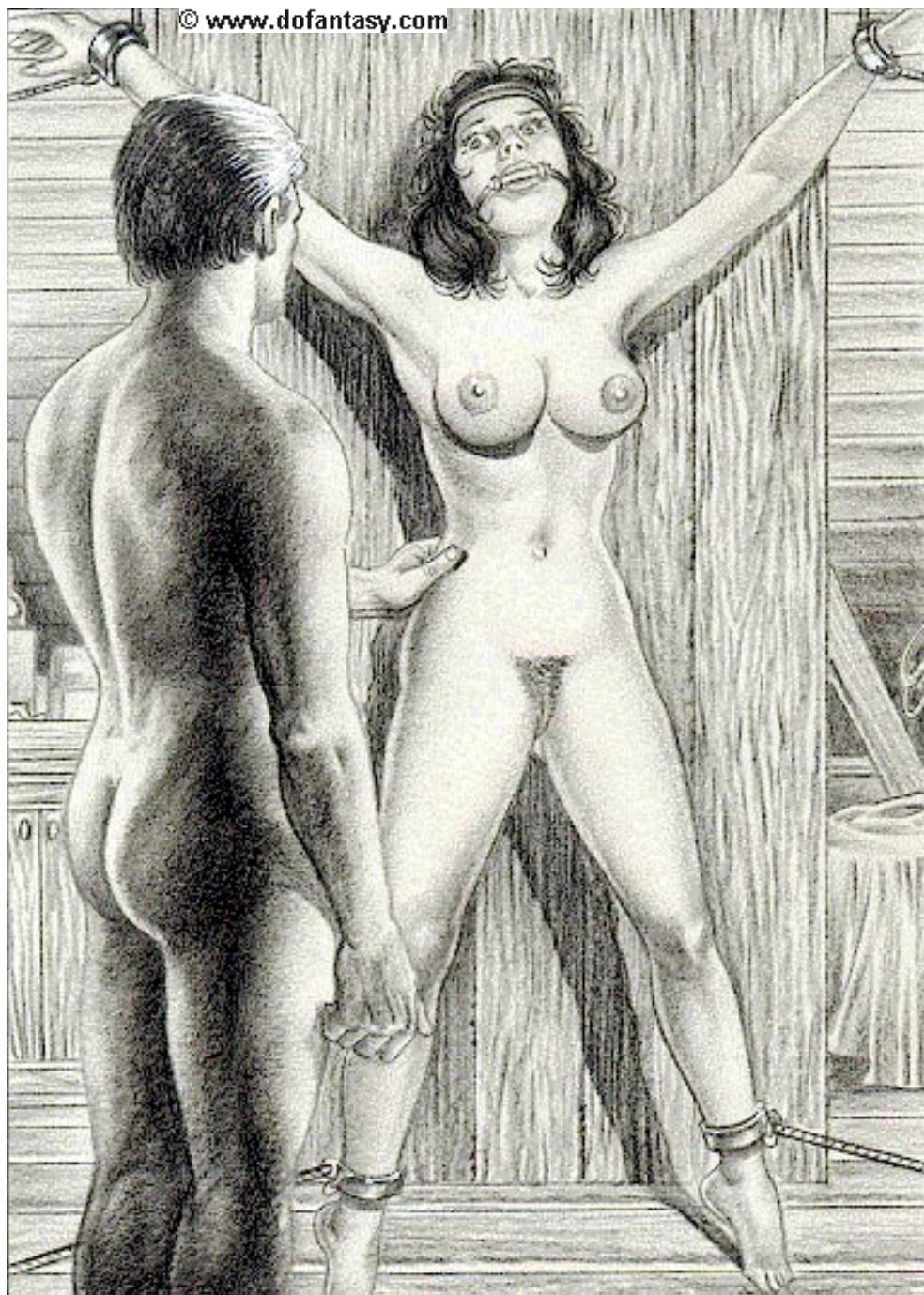
"No, I'm not at all mad," replied Gavin mildly.

He saw the girl's eyes looking at his near nudity with revulsion and horror. She began to tremble a little.

"Is ... is this ... s-some kind of practical joke?" she asked. "If so ... it is in very bad taste. Some kind of Stripogram, is it?"

Gavin couldn't help chuckling. "No ... not a Stripogram," he answered. "Something far more enjoyable. For me, at least." Tears began to trickle down those pale cheeks.

"How ... how ... can you tr-treat ... a young woman like this?" came



“Welcome aboard, young lady.”

the quavering question.

“Oh, quite easily,” answered Gavin. “I enjoy it, in fact.”

Fury blazed into those glistening young eyes. “You must be de-ranged!” cried the girl. “you need help you you’re sick ...”

Gavin laughed. “You’re the one who needs help my dear girl, but you’re not going to get it, I’m afraid. You are now my slave.”

“S-Slave?” The tone was utterly incredulous.

“Slave,” repeated Gavin.

The head shook wildly. “Now ... now ... I’m sure you’re out of your mind ...”

“My sex slave,” said Gavin. Now terror and fury combined in those luminous young eyes.

“Stop this nonsense!” Again it came out as a screech.

“What is your name?”

The answer came out immediately, instinctively. “Trudi ...”

“Ahh ... Trudi ... I quite like that name. But I want to convince you, Trudi, that this is not nonsense, as you put it.”

“It must be! Ohhh ... it must be!”

“I realise it will take you a little time to get adjusted to the idea, Trudi. But I am a patient man.”

“Stop this ... stop it ... STOOPPPPP IT!”

“I am going to begin by stripping you naked, Trudi. That will make you feel more like a slave.” Gavin advanced and undid the top button of Trudi’s pyjamas.

“NOOOOOOOO OOOOOOOO!” It was a terrified shriek.

“After a while, Trudi, you will get used to being naked.”

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! STOOOOOOPPPPPPPP OOOOOHHHH ... STTOOOPPPPPPPP!” Gavin had just undone another button. The upper part of the breast cleft was clearly visible.

“I’m quite sure you have beautiful tits, Trudi.” Another button was undone.

“NOOOOO STTTOPPPPPP ... YOU CAN’T DOOOOOOOO ... THIS TO ME! STTTTOOOOOPPPPPPPPPP!”

Gavin undid the last two buttons and pulled the pyjamas top wide. Two superb young, yet mature, breasts were nakedly revealed. They were full, firm and high. The aureoles and strong nipples, the palest shade of brown, almost pink. Gavin gazed on them with lustful delight whilst Trudi went wild with horror. Her torso jerked and twisted, which set the twin orbs bouncing and swinging delightfully, adding to Gavin's pleasure.

"My, my Trudi ... what a couple of beauties! Just about the best I've ever seen."

Trudi was shrieking despairingly. "Ahhhh no ... nooooo ... NOOOOO NOOOOOOOOO!AAAAGGGGGGGGGGGGGHH NOOOOO NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"But yes ... yes ... yes ... my lovely slave," said Gavin.

Gavin moved forward and gently fondled the lush breast fruit. Those orbs were soft yet resilient, the skin felt like warm satin. Trudi's useless struggles became even wilder and her cries half-hysterical.

"You beast AAAAAAHHHHH YOU FILTHY BBEEEEEEAAAASSSTTTT! STOPPPPPP OOOOOHHHHH YOU MONSTER STTTTTOOOOOPPPPPPPP!"

Gavin went on squeezing and fondling at his leisure. Initiating a slave into sexual servitude, he had come to realise, was probably the most exciting part of it all. A girl couldn't believe it was happening to her ... yet it was ... ooohhh ... it was!

"Yes .. lovely tits ..." said Gavin in a sighing voice. "They are going to give me a great deal of pleasure. Mmmmmmm yes ooohhhh ... yes ..." He took his hands away and ripped off Trudi's pyjamas top. "You won't be needing that again," he said. "Now let's have a look at the rest of you."

"STOP THIS ... STOOOOOPPPPP OOOHHHHH .. STOP ... YOU MUST STOP ... YOU MUST!"

Trudi was going berserk. Gavin had his hands on the waist band of her pyjamas bottoms. Then he ripped them down so that they fell in tatters around her lower limbs.

The ravishing young girl was, to all intents and purposes, stark naked.

And she was shrieking and shrieking in horror at the terrifying shame of it.

Gavin contemplated the neatly trimmed triangle of black pubic hair, saw the smooth white curve of the belly above, saw the swell of the hips, saw the long, tapering thighs ... and the lust surged through him. He had indeed made a superb capture.

Trudi had gone silent, except for great heaving sobs. Her breasts juddered up and down. Tears ran down her cheeks and dripped on to these breasts. She seemed for the moment, to have gone into a state of shock.

“Lovely,” he said, “quite lovely ...” He spoke almost to himself.

The girl’s eyes blazed with sudden fury again. She spoke in a low intense voice. “Y-You ... are a monster! A filthy, vile monster! How can you do this to a w-woman?”

Gavin just smiled. “If,” he said, “you abuse me in that fashion in a day or two time, I shall gag you. And painfully. Let me show you, my pretty slave.” He crossed the cabin and opened the cupboard which contained a lot of his equipment and instruments of correction. He came back carrying a Head Cage at the front of which was a little door to which a serrated, pear-shaped gag was fixed. “There,” he said, “You’d look nice wearing this. But I must tell you, it would be exceedingly uncomfortably, especially after twenty four hours.” He turned a ratchet ring at the base of the gag and the pear-shape expanded. “See ... it can be made larger.”

Trudi looked absolutely petrified with terror. “In addition,” continued Gavin smoothly, “before I put this head cage on you, I would lay a cane across your bottom, good and hard. Probably a dozen strokes, maybe more.” Trudi’s mouth sagged open disbelievingly; her lustrous eyes were dilating. Could this possibly be true? She must be having some hideous nightmare. Soon she would wake. “I’ll show you the cane I would use.” Gavin went back to the cupboard and

returned with one of the lightest canes he possessed. "There ..." he said, and swished it several times through the air. A moan of horror came from the terrified girl.

"O-Oh ... please stop this ... I ... I can't st-stand it ..." whimpered Trudi.

"So," said Gavin, "you'll have to watch that tongue of yours, won't you Trudi? Never been caned before, I imagine. It hurts, I assure you. And the Head Cage really is nasty. I hope you don't think I'm just threatening, my girl. I mean every word I say."

Trudi was shaking her head from side to side, as if to deny the words. "Stop ... oh stop," she pleaded in a

whisper. "P-Please let me g-go now ... I won't tell anybody what y-you've done ... I ... I promise ..."

Gavin laughed. That was rich. Very rich.

"Trudi," he said, "it is obvious to me that you still don't truly understand the real situation. That you are now my slave. So, to convince you - I hope, I am now going to bring in my first slave. Her name is Karen and she has been with me for some six months ... during which time she has become very submissive, very obedient. As, one day, you will become."

Gavin forced the runner dog-bone gag back into Trudi's mouth and fastened it to the centrepost.

Then he went to fetch Karen.

CHAPTER TWO

Having unchained Karen, Gavin fastened a leather collar around her neck, to which he attached a four-foot length of slim chain. Then he led her into the cabin where Trudi was secured. Karen was not crawling but on all fours, so that her sumptuous hindquarters were raised high.

Trudi looked aghast at this incredible spectacle. Her tear-filled eyes bulged. How could any woman be treated so? The nightmare was getting worse minute by minute. Oh why couldn't she wake?

"Kneel, slave," ordered Gavin. "Kneel erect." Karen did so, hands going to the top of her head. Her fulsome breasts uplifted. Trudi saw the look of resigned despair on the young woman's face.

"Karen ... meet Trudi, my new slave. Trudi, this is Karen." The two young women looked at each other, one without hope, the other without belief. "Trudi is pretty, is she not Karen?"

"Yes, Master," said Karen dutifully. She knew what a hideous ordeal this newcomer was enduring. She had been there herself.

"Nice tits, eh? Nice shape?"

"Yes, Master."

"We'll take a proper look at her bottom later. Reckon that will be really shapely." Gavin fondled one of Karen's breasts casually. She seemed unmoved. "How long have you been my slave, Karen?"

"I ... I don't quite know, Master. It s-seems a long time ..."

"It is six months, Karen. But you were not always as submissive and obedient as you are now, were you Karen?"

"N-No ... M-Master."

"You refused to take orders. You rebelled. You were abusive and violent. So what happened?"

Karen gulped. “When ... I ... was abusive ... I ... I had to wear the Head Cage.” She looked at it on the floor at Trudi’s feet. “And ... if I was disobedient ... or ... or r-rebellious ... I was p-punished, M-Master.”

“How?”

“I was strapped ... or ... c-caned ... sometimes you gave me the martinet, Master.”

Gavin nodded complacently and looked at Trudi to see what effect these words were having. Those lustrous eyes were still bulging with disbelieving horror. But he knew he was beginning to get through to the girl. She could not deny the evidence given to her eyes and ears.

“How often were you punished at first, slave?”

“Very often ... M-Master ...”

“Daily?”

“Yer ... ess ... I think so, Master.”

“And how many strokes would I give you?”

“A ... A ... lot, Master”

“How many?”

“Twelve ... eighteen ... twenty four ... Master ... it depended ...”

“Yes, it depended on your degree of disobedience or rebellion. Sometimes I used to give you thirty six strokes did I not?”

“Y-Y-Yessss ... M-Master ...”

“Very painful, eh.”

Another gulp. “Yes, Master.”

“But those thrashings made you steadily more obedient and less rebellious?”

“Yes, Master.”

“And now you are totally submissive and instantly obedient? As a slave should be?”

“Yes ... Master.” Gavin was fascinated to see a single tear rolling down Karen’s right cheek. Then another came down the left. So, the girl still had emotions left! Gavin looked at his capture.

“You see, Trudi, I was not just threatening idly. I was speaking the

truth. If you defy me ... if you persistently disobey me ... you will be thrashed without mercy. Ultimately you will become as compliant a slave as Karen now is.”

Oh those eyes! One could see the total shock in them. Wide, staring hopelessly, shimmering with tears.

“Now, Karen,” continued Gavin, “for purposes of demonstration, I am going to give you a light caning. It is not a punishment, merely a demonstration. Understood?”

“Yes, Master.” A whispered response. Whether a punishment or a demonstration, she would still feel the cane on her bare flesh.

“Get your backside up,” said Gavin crisply.

Immediately, Karen turned sideways on to Trudi, put her nose to the floor, placed her palms flat down, and thrust up her hindquarters to the maximum. Then she parted her thighs. Whimpering snorts of disbelieving horror jetted down Trudi’s nostrils. How could any woman be made to do anything so degrading?

“Note the posture, Trudi,” said Gavin. “Karen is straining ... yes, straining ... to get her backside as high as humanly possible. And her thighs are well splayed, are they not?” Trudi’s eyes closed. “Open your eyes ... at once ... unless you want me to give you a caning as well. This demonstration is for your benefit slave.” The bulging eyes dilated in terror at the mention of a caning. She looked incredulously at Karen’s depilated cunt so blatantly exposed. How could she make herself do it?

“Just six, Karen. Make sure you keep your bottom high .. and square on.”

“Yes, Master ...”

Ssswwiiiiicckkk!

The first stroke laced diagonally across Karen’s right buttock cheek. She flinched but her bottom remained high and square on to Gavin. He was pleased. The girl was obviously striving to do her best in this little demonstration. The weal running across the lush buttock cheek was a pale pink. If he had laid on really hard ... and with a heavier

cane ... it would, of course, have been twin-tracked and bright red. The red soon purpling.

Ssswwwiiiccckkk!

This time over the left buttock cheek. Again Karen flinched and there was an exhalation of air from her mouth. Rather like a heavy sigh. Her bottom remained high and well presented.

Ssswwwiiiccckkkkk!

Back to the right cheek and about an inch lower. Gavin found his posing pouch being considerably stretched. Caning always excited him.

Ssswwwiiiccckkkkkkkkk!

Number four fell over the left buttock cheek and was perhaps, a little harder. Karen's bottom jerked momentarily and there was a brief little gasp from her. Yet still that bottom remained high and well presented. It was an excellent example of self-control and will power. Characteristics which Karen had steadily developed during her training.

Ssswwwiiiccckkkkkkkkkkk!

Again harder and over the right buttock cheek. Karen gasped more urgently and her bottom squirmed and juddered. But back up it came ... ready for the final stroke.

Ssswwwiiiccckkkkkkkkkkk!

Harder still and over the left buttock cheek. Karen squirmed convulsively again ... and a whinnying gasp was torn from her. "Aaieeee ... aahh ..."

Gavin looked at Trudi. Her eyes were still staring wide, still filled with disbelieving horror. "That, Trudi, is just about the lightest caning Karen has ever had. You must understand that. Right, Karen?"

"Yes, Master." Her bottom was still high, her thighs still widely splayed.

"Now," said Gavin, "I think it is time you showed a little respect for your Master. Kneel up, slave."

Karen knelt quickly erect, hands on head. Her features quivered

infinitesimally. Gavin removed his posing pouch. He was already half-way to erection. More snorting whimpers jetted down Trudi's nostrils. A whole series of them. This was vile! Unbelievably vile! Ohhhh ... how could it be happening before her very eyes?

"Kiss my balls, slave," ordered Gavin.

"Yes, Master ..." Karen moved forward on her knees and having placed her hands on Gavin's thighs, moved her head a little to one side so that she could get her mouth more easily to the bulging scrotum. She kissed and kissed avidly ... with what seemed like relish. Gavin grinned. He recalled how long it had taken, originally, before Karen could make herself do that. Would it be the same with Trudi? Frankly, he hoped it would. Making a girl do something which nauseated her, was of the very essence. He came quickly to full erection. The whimpering snorts continued.

"Lick," ordered Gavin.

Now Karen began to run her tongue from the root of Gavin's penis to the circumcised knob at the top. Up ... then head down. Up ... then head down again. Long laving sweeps with her tongue. It felt good. Very good, Gavin's rigid prick quivered. He let it go on for a couple of minutes. Karen's seeming enthusiasm was undiminished. She was putting on a good show. Of course, she knew she had to unless she wanted to end up getting a damn good hiding!

"Take it in your mouth, slave ... just the knob," said Gavin, his voice a little thick.

Karen raised herself higher so that she could gain access to the peak of the throbbing erection. Then she slipped the big, purplish knob into her mouth and began to suck strongly.

High-pitched whinnies came from Trudi; her eyes were beginning to look demented. When would this unbelievable nightmare ever end?

After a minute or so, Gavin patted Karen's blonde head. "Excellent, slave ... now take more in. As much as you can." The girl obeyed at once, getting a surprising amount of the cock into her mouth without

gagging or choking. She continued to suck almost frenziedly and Gavin's lust was beginning to mount rather faster than he would wish. Suddenly he gripped Karen by her hair and pulled her up off him.

"Wwhhooaa ... there ..." he said. His prick was jerking and quivering; he was right on the brink. Karen was panting, mouth sagging, with saliva running from it, eyes glazing. Gavin continued to hold her up by her hair while he let his seething blood cool a little. It was incredible to think that this was the same girl who, once upon a time, had to be cruelly thrashed again and again before she could be persuaded to so much as kiss his cock.

"Right," said Gavin at last. "I think you now deserve to get what I know you've been aching for - and that is to have my cock rammed up you. Is that not so, slave?"

Gulp ... gulp. "Mmm er ... yer ... ess M-Master ..." The words came out as a kind of hopeless moan.

"Good ... get your backside up then."

At once, Karen adopted the same posture as when Gavin had caned her. Trudi's whinnies were getting more intense, more rapid. She was shaking her head from side to side, eyes rolling.

Gavin knelt down behind Karen's curvaceous hindquarters and gripped her soft flanks. His knob split the pink cunt-fig open and then, with one simple lunge, he thrust fully in.

A gasping wail rose from Karen and she shuddered convulsively. For some ten seconds or so Gavin remained deep within her, savouring her. She felt beautifully tight but she was not yet sufficiently warm and juicy. As she soon would be. Nowadays, the girl had no control over the natural lust he could rouse in her. Gavin could only assume that the girl had, long since, abandoned attempts to resist his driving manhood. She had realised it was useless to try and simply abandoned herself to it.

Out ... then ... thump ... in.

Hairy belly to soft, juddering buttocks.

Out ... then ... thump ... in.

Already that lush bottom was beginning to react to his powerful thrusts. As ever, he was going to conquer this lush young beauty.

Out ... then ... thump ... in.

Gavin wondered how Trudi was enjoying this little exhibition. Glancing up, it seemed to him the girl must be on the verge of collapsing from sheer horror. Well, it wouldn't matter much if she did. She had already seen plenty. Certainly sufficient to make her realise that what he had told her was not made up simply to frighten her, but was real. A matter of fact.

Steadily Gavin increased his pace, with Karen co-operating excellently.

Thump ... thump ... thump ... thump ...

The girl was beginning to squirm now.

He gave her half a dozen rapid thrusts.

Thump - thump - thump - thump - thump - thump.

The girl squirmed ever more. He could hear her beginning to pant. Gavin removed his hands from her flanks and clasped the pendulous breasts beneath. Good big breasts ... not as well shaped as Trudi's, but excellent to maul.

"En ... enjoying ... i-it?" asked Gavin. He too was beginning to pant a little now that he was working up the pace even faster. Karen had become much warmer and juicier.

"Yer ... esss hhhhaaahhhh yes ... M-Master ... hhhhaaahhh ... thank you ... M-Master ..."

Gavin grinned lecherously. He made this girl into a true slave. A compliant slave. A slave whose body was now devoted to his sexual pleasure. It was what he had always wanted for so many years. Now it was happening.

"O-Oohhh oohhh you b-beauty ... you're a super f-fuck ..."

"Thank ... thank you aaaaahhhh ... thank you, Master ..."

"That's it ... work that lovely arse hhhhhooooorrrrr hhhhhaaaaarrrrrr ... oh God ... I've got to come yerreesssssss got to now NOW ... NNNOOOOOWWWWWW!"

Gavin sensed that Karen was coming too. Her squirming became uncontrollably as he reached the final 'vinegar strokes'. Then, breath rasping, heart pounding, sweating, he crushed the girl beneath him, remaining limply within her.

Lovely ... lovely ... he thought.

Completely mastery ... complete conquest. he could hear the girl's breath rasping as his was.

Gradually, very gradually, the throbbing pulses and surging blood began to quieten. Gavin stirred and took a look up at Trudi.

She had, indeed, fainted.

Gavin took Karen back into her quarters and allowed her to have a shower. Then he chained her up in her little cubicle. He wondered exactly what she was thinking. Had she truly enjoyed it all? Pointless to ask. She would simply say 'yes', in any event.

All the same, perhaps she had enjoyed it. Perhaps she had now fully adapted to her cruel captive existence. Her old life had gone for ever.

She had become, quite simply his sex-slave.

After a half hour's rest, Gavin went back to Trudi. He was still completely nude after his little frolic. He studied her. Yes ... she was really lovely. Skin like alabaster ... a marvellous figure which, though young, had a lush maturity ... aquiline features, a full mouth ... dark hair, thick yet soft, which fell to shoulder length. A prize indeed. And now he was going to have the infinite pleasure of reducing this girl into a state of complete submission.

He decided to give her a second stimulant injection. It wasn't wise to give two a day but he had frequently done so with Karen in her early days. Sometimes it was necessary. He gently pushed the hypodermic needle into Trudi's arm and soon her eyelids were fluttering ... the dark brown eyes ... mystified ... bewildered ... were to be seen once more. Gradually the look of terror filled them completely again. Gavin removed the gag and Trudi gulped and moaned with relief.

“I hope you were impressed by that little performance, slave,” said Gavin.

Fury as well as terror now entered those luminous brown eyes. “You ... you are n-not fit to live ...” Trudi gasped out. “You ... you are inhuman ... obscene! Unbelievably vile ...”

Gavin just smiled and fondled Trudi’s breasts. “Dear oh dear ... you are a silly girl,” he said.

“Don’t touch me ... take your hands off ... you ... you animal!”

Gavin continued to smile. The girl had plenty of spirit and he was delighted. “Well ... don’t say I didn’t warn you, slave,” he said. “You’ll be wearing that Head Cage for twelve hours ... and, before that, for your abuse, I intend to cane you!”

Fear became paramount in Trudi’s eyes. Her features quivered. “No ... no ...” she gasped hoarsely, “You ... you can’t ... you m-mustn’t ... no ... oooohhh ... NOOOOOOOO!”

“I’m afraid I can ... and I must,” said Gavin. Excitement was beginning to bubble through him like wine. Trudi was about to get her first taste of pain. He began to unfasten the straps about her ankles, then her knees.

“STOPPPPP STOPPPPPPP OH WHAT ARE YOU DOING?”

“Releasing you so that I can put you over the Punishment Block. Where I shall cane you.”

“BUT YOU CAN’T ... YOU CAN’T DO THAT TO ... MMEEEEEE!”

“We’ll see about that.” Trudi had begun to kick wildly but Gavin had expected it and was prepared for it. He easily avoided the flailing bare feet. Then he released the girl’s wrists and, quickly twisting her arms up behind her back, he frog-marched her into the inner room of the slave quarters. There stood the two cubicles; there, on the other side of the room, stood the humped, leather-covered Punishment Block. Trudi began to struggle frantically. Gavin didn’t mind a bit; he was twice as powerful as she.

“STOPPPPP STTOOOPPP NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” The shrieks of protest were fear-

ful. Obviously, thought Gavin, the girl now realised he was going to do what he had threatened. “I D-DIDN’T M-MEAN IT” she screeched.

He thumped Trudi’s belly down over the leather hump, then crushed her down with his body. Nakedness to nakedness. Delicious! He buckled her wrists to the front end of the Block then pinioned her waist with a four-inch wide strap, drawn very tight. The girl was already helpless. It was just a question whether he would pinion her thighs or not. Gavin decided against it. He wanted to see her writhe with pain.

Oh God, what a superb bottom it was! As perfectly formed as the girl’s breasts. A bottom which was not as big as Karen’s but one which was classically curvaceous. A bottom worthy of the rod!

Gavin went to the end of the Block and pulled Trudi’s head by her long soft hair. Her eyes were wild with terror. Beseeking, too. “STOOOPPPP PLEASE STOPPPP OOOOHHHHH LET ME GO OOOOOOOO!”

“Too late for that, my pretty. I warned you and you took no heed. Now you are going to pay for that.” He let go the hair and selected a medium weight cane from the cupboard. It was considerably meatier than the one he had used on Karen earlier. Young Trudi was not going to enjoy it one little bit! He hauled up Trudi’s head again and swished the cane in front of her distraught face. “This is what I’m going to lay across your bottom, my girl. Good and hard! You’ll wish you had not ignored what I said.”

He let go the hair. Trudi slumped down. She was still shrieking. “NOOO ... NOOO NOOOOOOOOOO! You ... you ... mustn’t you can’t do this to meeeeeeeeeee!”

Gavin tapped the milky-white bottom. So soft ... so tender ... so unfamiliar with pain! Twisting ... joggling ... quivering. An unforgettable spectacle. Oh how incredibly wonderful it was to give a young girl her introduction to real pain!

“Twelve,” said Gavin.

“NOOOOOOOOOOO!” screeched Trudi.

Tap ... tap ... tap. “It will help teach you not to defy me, slave!”

Ssswwweee ... eepppttttt!

Gavin laid a full-blooded cut across the topmost part of Trudi’s bouncing-twisting buttocks. He saw the bright red, twin-tracked weal leap up ... heard her disbelieving intake of breath at the searing pain ... followed by shriek after shriek of torment. Oh how that lovely bottom writhed ... oh how beautiful it writhed!

Gavin gave the girl ample time to absorb the full implications of that first stroke ... the full pain of it. Then he whiplashed down the second stroke, just about an inch below the first. Once more Trudi was initially robbed of breath, before screaming and screaming with pain. A second twin-tracked weal blazed across her juddering flesh ... and again she writhed uncontrollably.

Once more, under the excitement, Gavin had come to erection. But, somehow, he was going to have to restrain himself. This was not the moment to fuck his new capture for the first time, however much he might desire to do so. If necessary he would have to fuck Karen again. No sweat!

“STOOOPPPPP STOOOPPPPP NO MORE ... NOOOOOOOOOO MOOOOOOOOOOOORE!”

Oh dear, the girl certainly wasn’t enjoying it, was she? She had obviously never before imagined such a degree of pain could be possible.

Gavin laid on the third stroke just as hard as the two which had preceded it.

Oh how it made her squirm! How wildly she kicked and twisted! Her bottom flesh a constant quaking convulsion of torment. Three vivid weals encircled the lush nates, leaping over the deep cleft between them.

Three strokes. Nine still to come. Gavin wondered if Karen could bear to watch from her cubicle. He stepped across to the other side of the Block. The next three strokes would fall right to left, the tip of the

rod now biting cruelly into the left flank.

Ssswwweee ... eepppttttttt!

The disbelieving shriek which erupted was ear-splitting. it said; such pain cannot be. Cannot be endure. It is impossible. It filled the small cabin with awful sound, bouncing off the walls.

Gavin had just about reached the centre of those convulsing buttocks. he measured them again and then laid on, grunting with the effort.

Sssswwweee ... eepppttttttttt!

“YYYYYYAAAIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEE!” Writhing ... writhing ... writhing! A fantastic sight ... a frenzy of female flesh.

A short pause. Then again.

Sssswwweee ... eepppttttttttt!

The sixth stroke bit, burying itself deep in the milky-white soft flesh. A hot electric-wire blaze of torment ... another vivid encircling weal, purpling where the tip bit into the flank.

Six gone. Six more still to come.

Gavin walked to the head of the Block and pulled up Trudi's head. She was sobbing half-hysterically and her pretty face was almost unrecognisable. It was reddened and contorted and her eyes were puffed. Tears flowed constantly. Her mouth gaped and a sound came from it. It sounded like a plea for mercy.

“Don't like the cane, do you, my slave? Eh? Eh?” Gavin shook her head to and fro. “It hurts, doesn't it? Eh? Eh?” More shaking. “Well, let me tell you, unless your behaviour improves considerably in the very near future, you're going to feel plenty of it. Plenty!”

“U-Uuurfff ... u-urrrfff ... uuuurrrfffff ...” choked Trudi. “Ooohhh ... no more ... n-no ... m-more ... stop ... ooohhhhhhh ... stop ...” she pleaded weakly.

“Six more to come, slave,” grated Gavin. “And you're really going to feel them ... believe me!”

“Merceeee merceeee” came the piteous high-pitched whine.

Gavin smiled. He liked it when a girl pleaded for mercy. And this



“you’re really going to feel them ... believe me”

ravishing eighteen year old certainly wasn't going to get it. These were the opening bars in a symphony of pain ... one which was going to last for weeks and months ... one which, slowly but surely, was going to rise to an excruciating crescendo.

Gavin walked back to the end of the Block and saw Trudi's buttocks clenching and clenching with dread. There was just room, on the lower half of the cheeks, to lay the final six strokes.

This Gavin did, in the same, measured, remorseless way as he had whiplashed down the first six. The writhing of that lovely bottom became, if anything, more frenzied, the gasping screams even more ear-splitting. The last stroke, the twelfth, fell just across the tops of Trudi's tights.

Twelve twin-tracked weals curved evenly across that juddering buttock flesh. She would be really feeling those, thought Gavin. he was pleased by the even spacing of the stripes he had raised. That had been no easy matter when that bottom had been in such a turmoil of torment.

He went back to the head of the Block and pulled up Trudi's head once more. her face was even more unrecognised ... red and wet with tears ... the eyes bulging and rolling ... the mouth loose and slavering. But for the second injection he had given her, Gavin was sure the girl would have fainted by now. As it was she had reserves of endurance beyond which she would have wished.

"Perhaps that will teach you to think twice before abusing me again, slave," rasped Gavin. "You address me as 'Master', and with respect. As Karen does. Got it!" Gavin shook the head by the long hair. "Now ... do so!" He shook again. Trudi's mouth opened and shut like that of a goldfish in a bowl. Gasps and groans were coming out. "Master!" said Gavin. "Say it!"

He saw the quivering lips trying to form the word. Some sort of sound came out. Well, she had tried.

"Now for the second part of your lesson in controlling your tongue," said Gavin, as he unfastened Trudi's waist and wrist straps. The girl

was too far gone to struggle ... too weak ... as he lifted her off the Block. She just twitched and kicked feebly. He carried her back through the doorway where the Securing Frame stood. How light she was yet how lush her nakedness felt against his. Gavin had a solid hand on him, swinging before him as he moved, but he was determined to restrain himself as far as Trudi was concerned. He wanted her fully 'compos mentis' when he fucked her for the first time. Fully aware of what was going on and that, at the moment, she would not be.

He fastened her back on the Securing Frame, this time with arms raised and pulled apart. A tight belt went about her waist, attached to the centrepost, and this time, her legs were splayed wide before being fastened. There would be no need for the head band.

"Now, slave," said Gavin, "as a second means of helping you control your tongue ... and to punish you for your previous abuse ... as I told you ... as I warned you ... you will be wearing the Head Cage for twelve hours. You won't like that. Not one little bit."

Gavin picked up the Head Cage. The little gate with the pear-gag on it was open. He slipped the cage over Trudi's head. It had an iron ring at its base, from which extended two semi-circles of iron. These rested on Trudi's white shoulders. He saw her eyes wild with terror through the iron bars; she groaned horribly, sagging slightly as she took the weight of the Cage. It was quite heavy. A babbling came from Trudi's twitching mouth. Gavin could only assume the girl was pleading with him to take the thing off her. Instead, he swung the little gate inwards pressing the serrated iron gag to her mouth.

"Open wide, slave," he said. But Trudi fought to keep her lips pressed and her teeth clenched. Gavin had a way of dealing with such resistance. He drove his fist into the girl's solar plexus and being robbed of breath, she gasped for air through a gaping mouth. Quickly Gavin closed the little gate and the gag slipped into Trudi's mouth. Her screams were cut off by a series of gulping retches.

"Ggllluurrrr uuuurrrr glumph glumph glurrrrrr"

The throat worked up and down ... fierce snorts jetted down Trudi's

widened nostrils ... her dark eyes bulged even more startling than ever before.

“Not nice, is it slave?”

Trudi was shaking her head, eyes wildly imploring. One could read the urgent silent plea in them. Take it off ... oh God take it off ... take it off now NOW!

“Ggglllluurrrrr gggglllluuuurr ... gggglllummmphhhh gglllurrrrr”

Saliva was beginning to dribble down the girl's chin. That young mouth, thought Gavin, is stretched and well-filled by a piece of serrated iron. It might feel bad now but it would feel even worse as the hours passed.

Gavin went to his equipment cupboard and returned with an electric razor. “A good time to take this off, I think,” he said as he knelt before Trudi's wide-parted thighs. Then, meticulously, he shaved off every last one of the dark brown pubic hairs. The ripe cunt lips, were fully revealed. Neat, coral pink and pouting. Infinitely enchanting. Almost irresistibly desirable. But Gavin knew he must resist them. At this moment.

He got a jar of soothing ointment and coated the delicately soft cunt flesh with it. All the time he did so, Trudi bucked her haunches violently, as if trying to throw his hand off.

No chance.

Gavin kneaded the ointment into the flesh then slipped a finger between the helpless lips. He found the clitoris and manipulated it briefly but emphatically. Then he withdrew.

Trudi was still bucking ... still snorting and groaning horribly ... as he left the cabin. Karen he said to himself, you're going to get a real good fucking. The intensity of his desire was for Trudi but he would use Karen as a kind of masturbatory device while he thought about what he would soon be doing to Trudi.

He entered the cubicle. “On your back.” Instantly Karen lay on her back, drawing up her thighs and parting them. Gavin was into her in

a flash and, gasping and groaning, was soon pounding away in animal-like fashion ... his mind full of pictures of Trudi's squirming bottom and the succulent cunt he had just fully unveiled.

CHAPTER THREE

Having given Karen a really good fucking, Gavin made his way to his own quarters and then up on deck. On the way he passed Trudi whose eyes were sticking out like organ stops. She was still groaning horribly and saliva now flowed more copiously down her chin.

“Still over eleven and half hours to go,” he said callously. Oh how wildly those dark eyes pleaded for release! The girl was certainly learning a hard lesson.

It was a pleasant day and Gavin seated himself on a canvas chair in the stern of the barge, under a small awning. As usual, there was no one about. No one to bother him. This was a very deserted part of the countryside. However, Gavin had decided to leave it for a while. He would make a tour of the many inter-locking canals of Britain and started to plot his route from a guide book he had purchased.

He decided to head south from Kings Lyn, cut across to Peterborough, then head down to Northampton. After that he would make his way up the Grand Union canal towards Leicester and Nottingham, maybe going across to Derby and up to Stoke on Trent. He could go on to Chester before retracing his steps. He would take it slowly and easily, probably travelling for six months. Trudi should be well trained by then, he reflected.

It amused him to think of travelling about the country, carrying such a delightful cargo, quite unsuspected!

Later, Gavin motored into a nearby village to get some stores and stock up with beer and wine. He went to a local garage and made arrangements for them to keep the car safe until further notice. Then he visited the local pub and had a refreshing pint. He felt relaxed and happy; all his plans had come to perfect fruition.

“Lovely day,” said the landlord civilly. “Still moored here then?”

“Yes, but I shall be moving on soon. Going up North.”

“Very nice too,” nodded the landlord. Gavin smiled inside. You don’t know just how nice, you old bastard he said to himself. “Writing a book, aren’t you? So I heard.”

“Trying to,” said Gavin. He glanced at his wrist-watch. Trudi had been wearing the iron pear-gag for almost three hours. She would be getting pretty desperate. “I’ll be off then,” he said.

“Good day, Sir ...”

“Good day ...” Gavin wondered what the man would have said, or done, if he had known the truth about him. It was idle speculation. The truth would never come out.

On his way through the village, Gavin bought a newspaper. There was a small paragraph about an eighteen year old girl who had disappeared from her Boarding School. The police were investigating. Gavin grinned. Good luck to them!

Back on board “Slow Boat’, Gavin opened a bottle of wine and made himself a sandwich. It would have been nice if Karen could have done that for him, he thought, but, of course, any such thing was out of the question. Quite unnecessarily dangerous. Now if, one day, he brought a larger vessel and put to sea, it might be quite a different matter. Also he could have more than two slave girls. Maybe four. Gavin mused about this prospect happily. Meanwhile, he was quite content with what he had got.

Gavin drank a whole bottle of wine and feeling a shade drowsy, he lay down on his bunk. Soon he was sleeping peacefully. He awoke in mid-afternoon and noting the time, saw that Trudi had now been wearing her gag for just over six hours. He decided to go into the slave quarters and take a look at her. Besides, Karen had not had her daily exercise stint yet. The girl must be kept fit for her duties!

Before going into the quarters, Gavin checked on the concealed microphone and video camera he had recently installed. The latter was

focussed on the two cubicles. he saw Karen, lying on her side on her bunk, naked and chained. She seemed to be asleep. he could hear her soft, steady breathing. Well, soon she would be breathing a lot faster!

Gavin went through the double doors and realised that Trudi had fainted. Well, what with the shock and the pain, it was not exactly surprising. He gave her a stimulant-restorative injection ... and in no time at all, the eyes were open again. Snorts and gurgling-groans recommenced. The girl kept shaking her head from side to side as if to emphasis to Gavin the absolute imperative need for him to remove the gag that very instant.

“Getting a little uncomfortable, is it, slave?” Gavin smiled. “Only another six hours to go.” Those lovely eyes rolled back in despairing horror. Six more hours was quite intolerable. Couldn’t he understand that? Gavin smiled again and went into the end cabin.

“Rise and shine, Karen,” he said jovially. “Time for you to sweat a little.” With a groan, Karen knelt erect, her breasts wobbling, her chains clinking. Her blue eyes had their normal look of resigned despair in them. “Had a nice rest?” he asked.

“Yes, Master,” came the meek answer.

“Sometimes I think you have too easy a time of it,” said Gavin as he removed Karen’s manacles and collar. The girl made no response to this. “On your knees.” Karen knelt. Now truly a submissive slave, Gavin thought. He went across the cabin and opened a cupboard. From it he took an exercise bike. This bike looked quite normal except for one thing. It had no saddle. Where it should have been was an erect, pink rubber dildo. At the centre of the handlebars was a stopwatch and alongside it, a dial. This dial recorded the number of turns the wheel made. “Crawl here, slave.” Karen crawled to the bike. “Now,” said Gavin, “shall we have a short spin to day or a long one?”

“It is as my Master decrees,” said Karen, still kneeling.

“Quite so,” said Gavin smugly. “I think we’ll make it a long one. Up you get.”

A short spin lasted for ten minutes, but Karen had to go flat out

practically all the time to achieve the necessary 1,000 turns. A long spin lasted twenty minutes and 1,500 turns were required. Not so fast, but longer exertion. If the girl's limbs wearied and weakened she might sink down on to the dildo, which would penetrate her. If this happened, she was punished. The objective was for her to keep her bottom high in the air all the time while she worked the pedals furiously. That, Gavin always thought, made an enchanting spectacle.

He watched as Karen got up on the bike, placing her feet in the pedals and gripping the handlebars beneath her, a position that had her bottom considerably higher than her head, Her fulsome bottom thrust superbly, her depilated cunt was blatantly displayed. Excellent. Gavin picked up a single-thonged strap and pressed a small button on the stop-watch.

"Off you go," he said. The leather thong swung through the air and whacked across Karen's bottom. It left a pale ping mark behind. It was not a very heavy strap; ideal for this particular exercise.

Karen's feet worked the pedals at a fast but not furious pace. She knew she had a long way to go and there was no point in exhausting herself by over-exertion too early. Gavin watched, enjoying the joggling-swinging of that bottom he had come to know so well. The big breasts also swung from side to side, pendulous beneath Karen's torso. Excellent.

Gavin recalled a book he had once read. It was called 'Pony Girls' and told of captive women who were put between the shafts of small carriages and then driven around by their owner. The pony-girls were positioned so that their hindquarters thrust high, ideally positioned to feel the sting of their owner's whip. This was a similar posture, thought Gavin ... equally delightful to observe. Soon, he thought, Trudi would be positioned similarly. Nice idea.

Karen kept up a steady pace and the recording dial clicked away merrily. However, Gavin sensed she was falling behind her required rate. He cracked his strap across that bouncing-quivering buttock flesh.

“Faster, slave,” he commanded. Already beginning to pant, Karen increased her pace and Gavin seated himself so that he could fully observe her effort. It was always the most fun towards the end, when exhaustion was approaching ... when trembling thighs could no longer properly support the bottom, which repeatedly sagged so that the dildo penetrated.

Ten minutes passed; still ten minutes to go. A light sheen of sweat was filming over Karen’s back and buttocks. Also her thighs and calves. She was beginning to pant more loudly. After ten minutes she had achieved 780 revolutions, which wasn’t bad but not really good enough ... since her rate was bound to slow as she tired.

Gavin rose from his chair and cracked his strap across the thrusting bottom again. “Faster, slave,” he repeated. Karen was stung into a faster pace for a minute or so but could not maintain it. After fifteen minutes she could be seen definitely tiring. Though she strained to do her utmost, the pace slowed further. The muscles of her thighs and calves began to quiver; her breath began to rasp. Gavin smiled faintly. This was the stage he enjoyed most of all.

“You know the penalty for not reaching your target, don’t you slave?” he suddenly demanded.

“Y-Yer ... esss ... hhhuhhhh hhhuhhhh ... yes ... M-Master ...” panted Karen. She did indeed know. It was ten cracking strokes from the strap. Briefly, she seemed to pedal faster then, gradually, her hindquarters began to sag lower and lower. Two minutes to go. She was groaning. Her muscles seemed to be on fire. Oh God, how could she go on? Weakening suddenly, her hindquarters sagged right down ... and the pink dildo penetrated her. It went right in, and stopped only at the small circular pad on which it rested.

“That’s enough of that, you randy bitch,” said Gavin. Again the strap cracked down. With a tremendous effort Karen hoisted herself off the dildo, continuing to pedal. But ever more slowly. More slowly.

More slowly ...

She knew she was not going to make her target. But there was noth-

ing she could do about it. She was verging on exhaustion.

A minute to go ...

Sobbing, Karen sagged down again and was penetrated a second time. The strap fell. "Aaahhhh aaaah oh Master ... I c-can do no m-more ..." Yet still the pedals turned feebly.

Thirty seconds to go. Karen still had 100 or more turns to make. She would never be able to do it. She was now wet with sweat, throat rattling.

Ten seconds ...

Still turning ... turning ... but so slowly ... the muscles feeling as weak as water.

Five ... four ... three ... two ... one. The time was up. Gavin announced the fact and Karen sagged down once more to be penetrated a third time. She was sobbing helplessly; totally fatigued. Her head drooped but her hindquarters remained well presented, being now supported by the penetrating dildo.

"You can't wait to get that right up you, can you slave?" asked a grinning Gavin. Then he began to whack the single-thonged strap hard across the girl's juddering bottom. Karen gasped and wailed, squirming every time the leather cracked down. But at least, the exertion was over.

Over for another day.

Crack ... crack ... crack. The strap continued to fall until the full allotment of ten had been reached ... and Karen's buttock cheeks were nicely rosy-red.

"Go and take a shower, girl," ordered Gavin.

Wearily Karen hoisted herself off the dildo and stumbled down to the floor to totter weakly into the small shower room. She was weeping bitterly but silently.

A few minutes later she was once more chained up in her cubicle with Gavin almost absent-mindedly fondling her breasts.

"You'll have to make a better effort tomorrow, slave ... as an example to Trudi," he said. Then, with a slap on her flank, he turned and

left.

On his way out, passing Trudi, Gavin noted that the girl was still alert and alive to her sufferings, even if her eyes were now glazed and unfocussed.

That restorative stimulant injection really does work wonders, he reflected. It would probably prevent the girl fainting for a second time before her time was up.

Gavin lay on his bunk thinking how enjoyable it had been to watch Karen's lush bottom juddering and rolling incessantly as she worked the exercise bike ... and, later on, equally enjoyable to crack the strap across it. He was looking forward to dealing with Trudi in the same way. Oh dear, of dear, that youngster was certainly in for some unpleasant shocks!

Having watched TV for a while, Gavin checked up on Karen on the internal screen. Her swelling, rosy-red bottom was turned towards him; a most pleasing spectacle. I may well fuck her later on, he thought. How pleasant it was to be able to fuck a woman just when and how you wanted. No frills, no finesse. All he had to do was go in and stick his cock up her and she'd start reacting. It was the kind of thing he had dreamed about long ago, now it was a reality. In fact, fantasy and reality had merged.

But first he had to attend to Trudi. He stripped himself naked.

When he got into the slave quarters, he found that the girl had passed out again. He wondered when that had happened. Still, it was obvious she had suffered beyond the limit. Not wishing to use his hypodermic for a third time, Gavin pushed a bottle of smelling salts through the bars of the Head Cage and held it under the quivering nostrils. Trudi snorted back to life, her eyes opening again, wide with pain and terror.

"I expect you'd like to have this thing off?" said Gavin with a grin. Trudi's head jerked up and down. No doubt at all how much she wanted it off! Gavin unlatched the little door at the front of the Head

Cage and opened it slowly. The serrated pear gag slid out of a salivating mouth to the accompaniment of awful groaning noises. The mouth stayed open, the muscles obviously temporarily locked. Gavin lifted off the Head Cage and put it on the floor ... and then could not resist putting his hands over those lovely, milk-white breasts. The skin was as smooth as warm silk ... firm yet resilient.

“Y-Uughhh uuuuggghhhh” groaned the girl, twisting from side to side as she tried to evade the mauling. There was no way she could do so. Very gradually the mouth began to close until it was only about an inch open.

“Better?” enquired Gavin.

“U-Uuuuggghhhhhh” came another groan.

“You didn’t enjoy that, did you slave?”

“Uuu uuuggghhh uuugggh ...” came another groan.

“Let me tell you something, slave,” said Gavin, “if you ever abuse me again, that Head Cage will go back on again ... and next time, you’ll wear it for twenty four hours!”

A look of disbelieving horror filled Trudi’s tear-filled eyes. She shook her head incredulously.

A noise came from the back of her throat. It sounded something like: “Oooohhhh noooooooooo”

“Oh yes,” nodded Gavin. Gavin went on squeezing the breasts. Oh what a ripe young beauty he had ensnared!

Trudi’s mouth opened wider. “U-Ugh ... u-ughh ... don’t ... oooooohhhh ... don’t ... oh you you ...”

“Careful,” warned Gavin. “you don’t want the cage back, do you?” He felt the girl shudder convulsively.

“Ooooh God ... no oooooooooooooo” she groaned.

“Well, be careful. I don’t threaten lightly. Now ... do you recall how I told you to address me?”

Trudi looked puzzled. “Ughh ... ugh ... n-noooooo”

“You address me as ‘Master’. Do so.”

Trudi looked bewildered and croaked: “M-Master?”

“Yes ... Master. That is how a slave addresses her Master.”

“S-Slave?”

“Yes ... slave. That is what you now are. Does not the burning tenderness of your behind convince you?”

“mmmmffff ... mmmffff mmmffff ... mmmffff ...” A torrent of sobs suddenly burst from the girl. The burning torment in her bottom had always been there but it had been overshadowed by the agony of the iron gag. Now those weals took precedence again.

Gavin went and fetched the cane he had used. He saw the total terror in those young, glistening eyes as he swished it to and fro. “Every time you forget to address me as Master ... every time you disobey me ... you will feel this.” He laid the tip on Trudi’s left thigh and she flinched violently.

“P-Please ... oooooohhh ... p-please ... let me go ... oohh ... what have I ... I d-done to d-deserve this?”

Gavin laid a stinging little cut across the soft whiteness of the thigh. The girl shrieked. “Eeeeeee aaaahhh noooooooooo!”

“You forgot,” said Gavin.

“Oh don’t don’t ... pleeeeeease d-don’t”

Another stinging cut, this time across the other thigh.

“You forgot again. If you go on forgetting, slave, I’ll have to put you back over the Block and give you another dozen.”

“NNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” It was a shriek of the purest dread.

“Say it. How do you address me?”

“M-Master ... ohh ... ohh ... it is so difficult for m-meeeeee”

“I dare say ... so you will have to concentrate your mind.” Gavin stepped back a little and looked down. “I must say, your shaven cunt looks most delightful”

“DON’T OOOOOHHHHHH DON’T SAY SUCH THINGS!”

The cane bit into each thigh in turn and Trudi shrieked with pain. “You don’t give me orders ... and you’re still forgetting,” said Gavin.

“Oh p-pleeeeeease stoppppp p-p-pleeeeeeeeeease!”

Sssswwweeeeeeppprrrr! Sssswwweeeeeeppprrrr!

A cut across each of those lovely soft thighs. The cane seemed to bury itself in the girlish flesh. How bright was the red stripe against the milky-white skin!

“Aaaiiiieeee aaaiiiieeee!” shrieked Trudi. “Stooopppp ooohhh ... stoopppp!” There was a momentary pause. “M-M-Master” she added.

“That’s better,” smiled Gavin. “But you are a little slow to learn, my girl. However, the cane is a good teacher.”

The dark eyes were despairing. Defeated. “H-How long are you going to k-keep me here Master?” The voice was little more than a whisper.

“For just as long as I want,” replied Gavin. “Karen had been here for over six months.”

Trudi gasped disbelievingly. “Oh ... noooooooo ...” she whimpered.

Gavin went to the cupboard on the other side of the cabin and returned with a wide leather collar. This he buckled round Trudi’s slim neck. “P-Please ... pleeeeeease ...” she gasped. “Pleeeeeease no Master ...” He released one wrist at a time from the frame and locked them into manacles on each side of the collar. “O-Ohhhhhhhh what a-are you going to d-dooooooo?”

Ssswwweeeeeeppprrrrrrrr! Gavin lashed the cane across both thighs simultaneously.

“Yyyyeeee M-Master M-Master!” shrieked Trudi.

Gavin unfastened the pinioned ankles and Trudi slid down to the floor to stand unsteadily in front of the Frame. “Kneel,” ordered Gavin. The girl looked at him with wavering eyes. Bewildered, frightened eyes. She knelt slowly, one knee going down at a time. What a superb body it was! High firm breasts, a straight back, a slim waist, swelling hips, a curvaceous bottom, long thighs. Magnificent! And now all his to enjoy.

“Bend right forward ... nose to the floor, slave,” said Gavin.

Trudi’s dark head of hair shook, the locks brushing her smooth white

shoulders. “Oohh ... mmmfff ... mmfff ... oohh ... please ... don’t make me ... Master ...” The cane has quickly taught her to address me properly, thought Gavin. Soon it would be teaching her a lot more.

“Bend right forward,” repeated Gavin, “and be quick about it.”

Groaning, breasts now heaving with sobs, Trudi bent forward, pressing her nose to the plank floor. Gavin walked slowly around her. That bottom looked even more curvaceous now that she was bending. The weals he had raised were purpling slightly and must have felt exceedingly painful, especially to one so inexperienced.

“What are you, girl?”

“Mmmm ... uuughhh mmff ... I don’t u-under ... understand ... M-Master”

Gavin laid a stinging cut across the curving bottom. Trudi shrieked loudly and jerked erect, hands clamping to her buttocks. “O-Ohh ... u-ugggh ... oohhhh ... oohh that h-hurt s-so ...” she whimpered, twisting from side to side.

“It was meant to,” said Gavin. “Get your hands away, girl ... and bend over again.”

Obviously now in mortal dread of the cane, Trudi did as he had ordered. But oh so reluctantly. He saw her nates clenching and flinching with dread. As well they might!

“I will repeat my question,” said Gavin. “What are you?”

There was a long pause and Gavin sawed the cane lightly across Trudi’s buttocks, causing her to twist violently left and right. “A ... aagh ... a ... s-slave ... Master ...” came the choked reply.

Gavin nodded with satisfaction. “That’s right,” he said. “A slave. My slave. Now say: I am your slave, Master.”

“I ... I ... mmmfff ... I ... a-am ... mmmff ... your s-slave ... M-M-Master ...” said Trudi in a voice little louder than a whisper.

“Louder,” insisted Gavin. Trudi repeated the phrase more loudly. “And a slave had to obey her Master. What does she have to do, girl?”

“O-O-Obey ... Master ...”

“Yes ... and obey immediately and totally. Otherwise she is pun-

ished. Repeat that.” Trudi did so in a halting voice that seemed to tremble in her throat. “Now, slave, I want that bottom higher. A great deal higher.” An awful despairing groan from Trudi. “You saw how Karen got her bottom up. You will do the same.”

“P-Pleeeee ... eeeease”

Ssswwweeeppppptttt! Ssswwweeeppppptttt!

Two whiplashing cuts had Trudi jerking up again, breasts bouncing wildly, hands clamping urgently.

“Aaaaagh hh aaaaagh hh ooowwww no m-more oh God ... no more!” shrieked Trudi.

“You’ll get plenty more unless you do as I say,” said Gavin. He watched with infinite pleasure as the girl bent again ... and, this time, thrust her bottom up a little. “Higher!” rasped Gavin. It came just a little higher. “Higher still ... right up ... unless you want to feel the cane again.” That did it. Trudi, shuddering and sobbing, thrust as high as she could. “Better,” said Gavin. “Now, slave, whenever I tell you to get your bottom up, that is the posture you will adopt. Is that quite clear?”

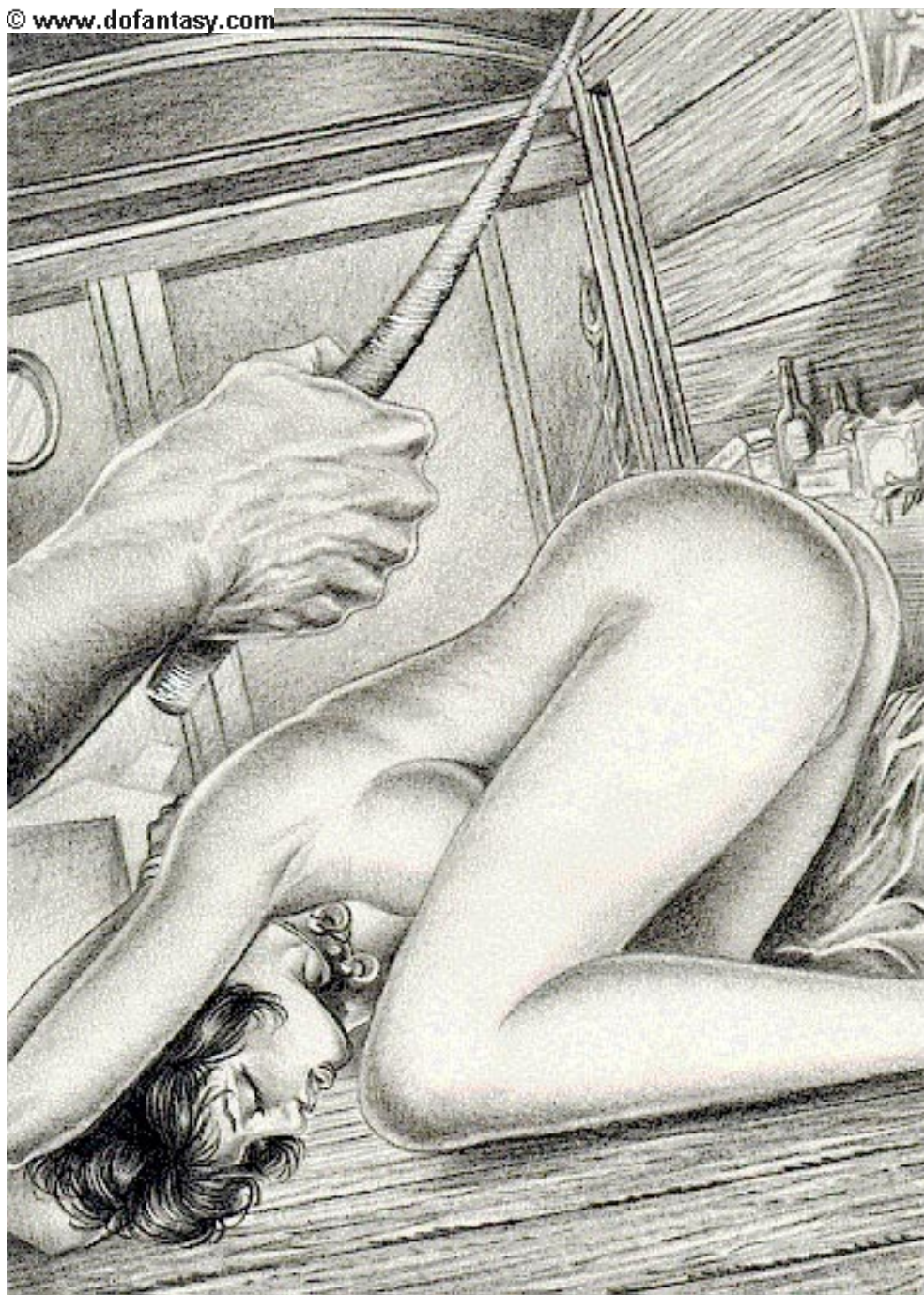
“U-U-Urrrrff ... mmmmfrrff ... uuurrrrrffff urrrrrffff yer ... yer ... er ... esss Master ...” sobbed Trudi hopelessly. She could not have been more hideously aware of the indecency of her posture nor the total humiliation of it. Oh dear God, how could this be happening to her?

“Now part your thighs. Wide,” said Gavin.

“NOOOO OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH DON’T M-MAKE MEEEEEEEEEEEE!” shrieked Trudi, jerking up and twisting her head, eyes imploring upon Gavin. He was unimpressed ... and laid on two more whiplashing strokes ... “AAAAGHHHHHHHHH ... N-NAAAGGHHHHH NOOOO AAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“Do it!” rasped Gavin. “Bottom up ... and thighs wide. Or you’ll go back over the Punishment Block! And then I’ll really give it to you!”

Despite the intensity of her terror and sense of degradation, which seemed to be making her brain boil, that awful threat was not lost



“Now, slave, I want that bottom higher...”

upon Trudi.

Moaning and whimpering, she bent again, thrusting her lovely bottom up ... up .. up. Then she parted her thighs. Just a little. Even so, by her shuddering one could see what an effort it cost her.

“Wider ... much wider ...” snapped Gavin. Again his cane sawed over the cringing flesh.

A torrent of heaving sobs came from Trudi as she finally spread her legs to Gavin’s satisfaction. He gazed lustfully upon the delights awaiting him. Soon ... soon ... he said to himself.

“You will remain in that position until I return, slave,” he said. “Exactly in that position. If you do not, I assure you, you will go over the Block.”

Trudi continued to heave with sobs as he left the cabin. But, he noted with satisfaction, she was maintaining her degrading posture.

Now fully in erection, he went through to the forward cabin. He unchained the drowsy Karen and gave her bottom a stinging slap. “Arse up, blondie,” he said thickly, “I’ve got a treat for you!”

Karen’s reaction was immediate. In no time at all, she was down on the floor with bottom raised and thighs splayed. With a grunt of lustful joy, Gavin rammed into her. He savoured the girl for a few seconds, then began to fuck her powerfully, all the time, rather perversely, thinking of Trudi’s up raised haunches.

Yes ... soon, soon ... he would be fucking that ripe young beauty.

Fucking her like he was fucking Karen at that moment.

Pounding away. pounding ... pounding .. pounding.

Thumping belly to buttocks. Thumping .. thumping .. thumping.

Lovely oohhh ... so lovely ... lovely ... lovely!

Grunting piggishly, saliva dribbling from the corners of his mouth, Gavin continued this violent assault on Karen all the time thinking about Trudi ... Trudi ... Trudi.

Then, gasping and groaning as if in pain, Gavin finally exploded into Karen’s squelching, wriggling depths.

CHAPTER FOUR

Having recovered from his lustful exertions, Gavin went back to Trudi. He was pleased to note that she was still in the same degrading posture ... even if her hindquarters were not quite as high as they had been. He picked up the cane and whiplashed it across the already weal-stripped bottom.

With a gasping shriek, Trudi writhed down to the floor, claspings at the freshly-raised streak of torment.

“Hands away,” rasped Gavin. “And get that bottom right up, slave. Get it up really high.”

Sobbing, moaning, Trudi forced her hindquarters back up again. They flinched and quaked with dread but somehow she made herself to do it. Stark terror of more pain was the driving force. With satisfaction Gavin noted the little bit of extra thrust achieved. The power of pain, he thought. The girl’s shoulders heaved and heaved. Her brain was in a turmoil. The incessant stabbing pains across her buttocks and thighs were incredible enough, but she could not believe she was actually doing what she was. The total indecency of it! The utter degradation of it!

“Alright, that will do,” said Gavin. “And don’t forget every time I do not consider your bottom is up high enough I’ll lay a cane across it!”

“Uuurrrfff ... u-urrff ... u-u-urrrrrffff ...” sobbed Trudi, sinking down.

“Now, get on your hands and knees ... and crawl. Through that door. Move it!” ordered Gavin.

Trudi crawled slowly and painfully. How deliciously that shapely young bottom rolled from side to side with her movements! She was, without doubt, the loveliest girl Gavin had ever set eyes on ... and

now she was all his. They went through the second cabin into the forward one which contained the two cubicles. “Up on your bunk.” Gavin gave Trudi’s bottom a light tap with the cane. She cried out with dread rather than pain. She clambered up, groaning. Gavin took the heavy iron collar, which hung from its equally heavy iron chain, and fastened it around the girl’s neck. The tear-filled eyes looked at him piteously as he locked Trudi’s wrists into the manacles on each side of the collar. Completely helpless, he thought happily. Then he fondled the breasts, as big as cooking apples, but far softer.

“Have a nice rest slave,” said Gavin. “you’ll need all the strength you can get for tomorrow.”

Then he left the cabin and went through the double doors to his own quarters.

It had indeed been a most enjoyable evening.

Lying naked on his bunk, Gavin sipped a glass of chilled white wine and turned on the loudspeaker and internal video. The two naked figures, chained and helpless, came clearly into view. Not surprisingly, each girl was lying on her side. Their buttocks were towards him. Good. Karen’s was rosy-red with strap marks, Trudi’s was twitching with torment from the long, encircling stripes it carried. The girl was still sobbing and groaning.

After quite a while, Karen spoke. “Don’t cry, Trudi,” she said, “it never does any good.”

“Uuurrrfff ... urrf I urrrfff I c-can’t h-help it ... urrff ... urrrfff ...”

Both girls were, of course, unaware that they were observed and could be heard.

“I understand,” said Karen sympathetically, “I’ve been through it all myself. I know how terrible it is, but you must accept it. It’s easier that way ...”

“Accept it!” cried Trudi indignantly. “H-How ... can ... I ... I ... a-accept it?”

“It’s ... t-too too dreadful ...”

“I know what it’s like ... I know how difficult it is ... but you must try to accept it ...”

“I ... CAN’T!” wailed Trudi. Gavin smiled. Karen obviously was going to be quite a help in encouraging Trudi’s submission. She would be setting an example and out of the kindness of her heart, trying to be persuasive.

“You will have to,” said Karen. “I had to ... and I did so the hard way.”

There was a long silence, with Trudi still sobbing. Gavin saw that the soft flesh of her bottom continued to twitch, ever and anon.

“We ... we ... must escape ...” said Trudi finally. “There must be a way.”

“There is no way,” said Karen with finality. “I once made a stupid half try and he thrashed me until I was senseless.” Trudi gasped with shock.

“Oh ... nooooo ...” she moaned.

“Oh yes,” said Karen. “Once I attacked him and he did such terrible things to me I can’t even bear to think or talk about it.”

Another silence. “What things?” asked Trudi.

“He ... he put electric wires into me ... and on my nipples ... then he put currents through me. For a whole hour or more. It was absolutely unbearable but he went on and on with it. I don’t know why I didn’t go mad.”

“How ... how a-awful ...” said Trudi with a whimper.

“And ... and ... he said, if I ever attacked him again ... he’d do it all over again ... but twice as bad. You must understand, Trudi, there’s nothing we can do about it.” Gavin was delighted. All unknowingly, Karen was doing a great job of softening up.

Another long silence. Trudi was sobbing less. “... I shall commit suicide,” she said suddenly.

“How?” asked Karen.

“I ... I’ll find a way ...”

“There’s nothing you can kill yourself with,” stated Karen with finality. “Believe me, whenever I’ve had the chance, I’ve looked. Everything in here is made of rubber or plastic. Nothing hard, nothing sharp. He’d thought it all out.” Too true, Gavin said to himself, grinning smugly.

“I’ll starve myself to death.”

“He’ll thrash until you eat. Or force feed you.”

Trudi groaned with despair. Every avenue of escape immediately closed in on her.

Another silence. “He ... h-he ... has already c-caned me ...”

“I heard it,” said Karen.

“For ... for what he called abusing ... h-him. Oh the monster!”

“Don’t do it again, Trudi. There’s no limit to what he can do to you. He has given me thirty six strokes before now ...”

“Oh God ... NOOO! The vile beast!”

“Don’t use such expressions, Trudi. Don’t even think them. It’s too dangerous. I suppose he gagged you too?”

“Yes ...” whimpered Trudi. “It it was a-awful ... too awful ... oh my poor jaw ... it still aches ...”

“He’ll do it again, if you abuse him. And for longer.”

Gavin nodded. Karen was quite right. He certainly would. Good that Trudi should hear this from her fellow slave.

Another silence. “He ... he must be mad,” said Trudi at last. Gavin bristled; he’d make the girl suffer for that at some time in the future.

“Not mad,” said Karen listlessly, “just disgustingly perverted.” Gavin grinned. You can say that again, he thought. I like being perverted. Get plenty of kicks out of it. Who wanted simple, straightforward sex? “Just do what he says,” continued Karen, “however ghastly it is. You’ll suffer less that way.”

“I don’t think I shall be able too,” replied Trudi in a whisper.

Gavin finished the wine. He was rather glad to hear it.

He turned off the sound and the video and prepared himself for a restful night. It was at this time, in the old days, he had had a wank or

used a rubber vagina. A relief.

But there was certainly no need for anything like that now!

He had two cunts totally available to him ... and he would make use of them just whenever he wanted.

When morning came, Gavin went into slave quarters. As usual he was quite naked. He carried a tray on which was set four plastic bowls. Two contained water, two were filled with a cold porridge-like substance which was reinforced with healthy and strength-giving vitamins.

“Breakfast!” he called out cheerfully as he came into the forward cabin. At once, Karen knelt up on her bunk, thighs splayed in a submissive slave posture. Trudi just lay there shivering with dread. She had hoped she had been having a nightmare ... but this horror was, in fact, reality.

“Kneel up, Trudi,” said Gavin crisply. “At once ... unless you’re like to feel a cane so early in the day!” Moaning, Trudi forced herself into a kneeling posture. “Like Karen,” said Gavin. Trudi could see her companion over the low partition that separated them. Reluctantly, she parted her thighs a little. “Wider,” insisted Gavin. Trudi parted them wider. She did not want any more pain ... and she recalled Karen’s advice. That she must try to accept what was happening. How unbelievable all this was!”

Gavin placed the four bowls on the floor, then unchained each girl. “Come and get it, slaves,” he called.

Karen came off her bunk at once, went on all fours and dived her head into the bowl of mush ... whilst Trudi watched with horror. “I ... I’m not hungry,” she protested. Gavin went and fetched a cane and Trudi’s eyes dilated in terror. “Nooo ... ooo!” she cried.

“Get down and eat, slave,” ordered Gavin. Sobbing, Trudi came down.

“I ... I’m not hungry ... noooo please ...” The mush looked nauseous to her.

“Eat ... eat, I say.” Gavin tapped the girl’s bottom with the cane. She shrank away from him. “Eat ... all of it.” Trudi was looking with horror at the way Karen was attacking her bowl.

“I ... aaaahhh ... I don’t want it ...”

Sssswwweeepppttttt! The cane bit into Trudi’s buttocks and flank. She shrieked and her head plunged down. Sssswwweeepppttttt!

“Get on with it ... every last morsel, girl!”

“Yyyyyaaaaaiiiiieeeee” Trudi’s head ducked into the bowl. Retching, she began to slurp up the disgusting mush. She knew she had to ... or the cane would fall again and again. Her world had become one of repeated pain ... and terror of more pain. The cane sawed menacingly; her nates clenched and clenched with anticipatory dread. It was a sight Gavin greatly enjoyed.

Karen finished her ration and dutifully licked the bowl clean. Trudi raised her head, her face being congealed with the mush. “I gggllurrr ... I gllurrr ...uurrr ... I’ve h-had enough ...” she choked.

Sssswwweeepppttttt!

“Get your snort in again, slave ... and eat!”

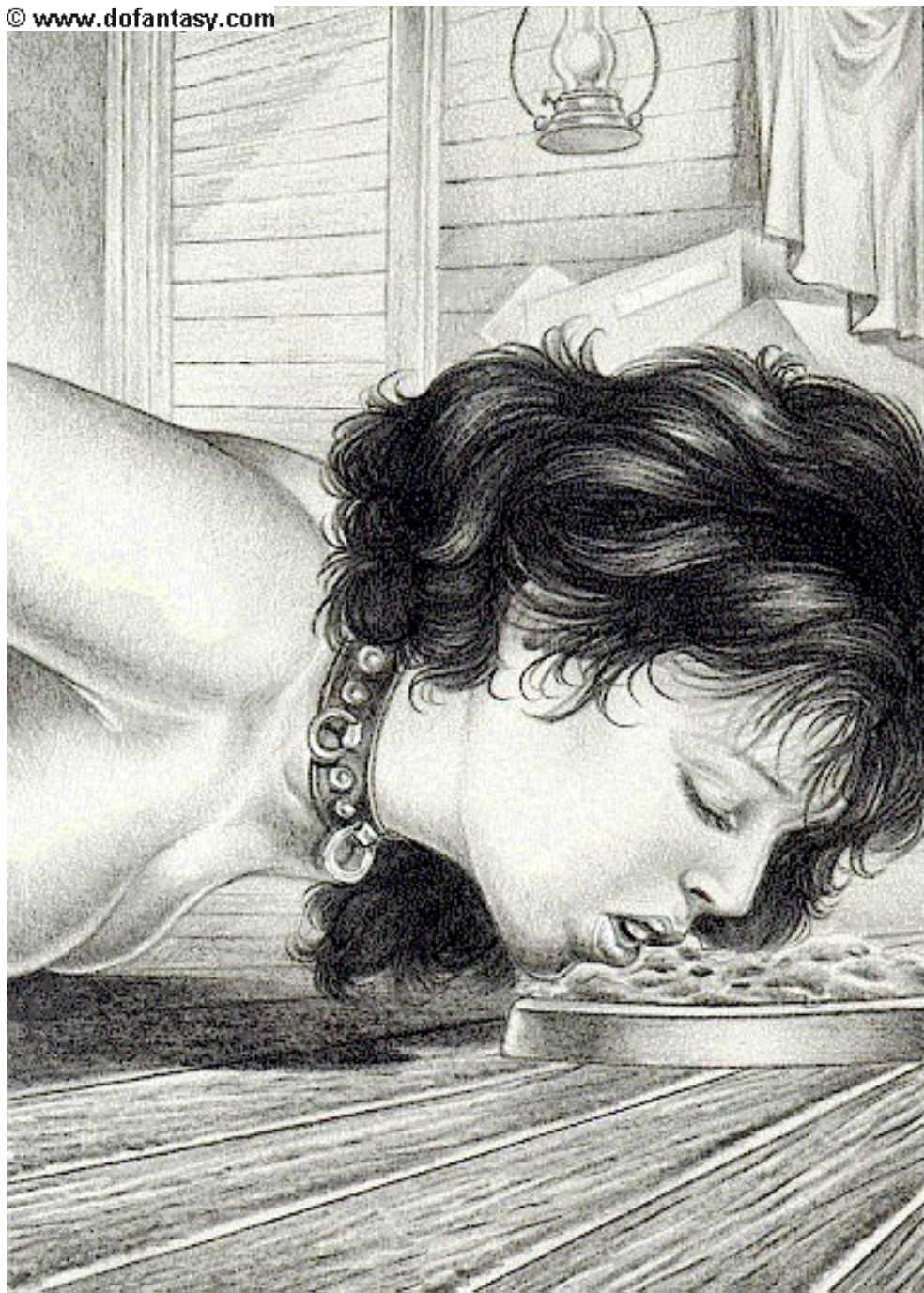
Screeching, Trudi plunged her face down again. She felt sick to the pit of her stomach, but knew she had to go on and on and on.

“Yyyuuurrr ... uuurrrgg ... gllurrrggg uuuuuuurrrr ... slurppp ... gllurrrgg gggllluurrrr” The sounds were like something coming from a pit trough. Finally, after all too long a time for Gavin, the bowl was emptied.

“Lick it clean,” he commanded. Weeping, Trudi licked the bowl clean. Gavin tapped her bottom again. “If you take all this time tomorrow morning,” he said, “I’ll put you over the Block and give you a dozen. Don’t think I don’t mean it!”

Trudi retched and retched; she was nearly sick. She saw Karen plunge her face into the water bowl and did likewise. She was cringing with terror. It was easier to take in the water ... and it partially cleansed the congealed mush on her face.

“Kneel up.” The two naked girls knelt up, side by side, wrists still



“Get your snort in again, slave ... and eat!”

manacled to the collars. Gavin looked down at them with infinite satisfaction. They were indeed his slaves! “You can go under the shower together,” said Gavin, then removed the iron collar of each.

On tottering limbs, Trudi followed Karen into the small shower room on the opposite side of the cabin. She was grateful for the warm water that came hissing down, even if it did intensify the pain of her weals.

After they had dried, Gavin took them into the middle cabin. It was nice to have two slaves rather than one. He squeezed Karen’s big soft breasts. “Would you like to kiss my balls, slave?” he asked.

“Yes, master,” said Karen without delay.

“Then you may,” said Gavin, placing himself on a sloping couch. His genitals hung over its lower end.

“Thank you, Master,” said Karen. Then she knelt at the end of the couch and bent her blonde head. Gavin smiled up at Trudi who had a look of infinite horror on her pretty features. She was trembling uncontrollably, sobs choking her throat.

“I expect you’d like to do the same, Trudi,” said Gavin. “Well your turn will come.” Karen had lifted up his flaccid cock and had begun to kiss his balls slavishly. Trudi looked on with even greater horror. How could this girl make herself do this?” It was a revolting act of utter abasement. Her mind would not let her bear to think what it must be like to have to do. Disgusting ... beyond all imagining!

Gavin patted Karen’s head. “Good girl,” he said. He was slowly coming to erection. “Now you can lick my cock.”

Karen began to do so, laving zealously from the base to knob. Again and again and again, her head bobbing up and down. Gavin came to full erection. Trudi was sobbing more loudly; her features were contorted with revulsion.

“O-Ohhh ... oooohh h-how c-can you?” she wailed. Gavin smiled lecherously.

“You’ll soon find out, my pretty,” he said.

He let Karen lick him for two or three minutes and then thought

about having her suck him. But he did not want to go too far at this stage. His main intention was to start on the training of Trudi. Already Karen was setting a very good example of what was required.

“That will do nicely, thank you Karen,” said Gavin, with another pat on the blonde head. “Kneel erect.” Karen did so ... with thighs splayed, hands clasped at the back of her neck, setting her breasts thrusting to the maximum. Gavin looked at Trudi, who was shaking like a leaf. “Now, slave, it is your turn,” he said softly.

“N-N-NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” shrieked Trudi in terrified dismay. “NNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOO I COULDN’T NOT ... EVER NNNNNNOOOOOOOOOO!”

“Is that so,” said Gavin, getting off his sloping couch. “Well ... we shall see.” He advanced towards Trudi, who turned and fled into the middle cabin. That was fine by Gavin, for that was where the Punishment Block was housed. He was after her in a flash, gripping her nakedness tightly, feeling his solid erection pressing between her nates. The girl struggles frenziedly but Gavin was far too strong for her. He lifted her up and dumped her down on the Block. Nice the way her bottom thrust up, taut and high. “We will see,” he said, as he shackled the wrists and fastened the waist-belt, “if the cane can persuade you otherwise, slave,”

“SSSTTTOOOOPPPPP OOOOOOOOHHHHHH SSSTTTOPPPPPPPPPP ... YOU CAN’T ... YOU CAN’T!” Trudi was screeching.

“I’ll start with a dozen and see if that helps you to change your mind,” said Gavin.

“NOOOOOO NOOOOOOOO I CAN’T ST-STAND ANT M-M-MORE ...” Trudi was screaming, tugging frantically but uselessly on her wrist manacles.

Gavin measured the twisting, bouncing bottom and lashed the first stroke down. An agonised gasping shriek filled the small cabin and the upthrusting bottom was contorted into a frenzy of squirming. Lucky, thought Gavin, this place is so well sound-proofed. He stepped

across to the other side of his helpless victim and lashed down a second stroke. The shrieking intensified ... and so did the squirming.

“YYYYYAAAAIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEEE ... MERCEEEE NO ... MORE!”

Gavin laid on two more strokes in quick succession. This girl was going to learn what a good caning was really like. Twelve on top of what she had already received was going to be exceedingly painful.

Ssssswwwweeeeppppptttt!

And again ...

Ssssswwwweeeeppppptttt!

“YYYYYAAAAAAHHHH AAAAAAAGHHHHHHHH AAAAGGGHHHH!”

My God, how she squirmed, thought Gavin. How delightfully she squirmed! He went to the head of the Block and yanked up Trudi’s head by a hank of her dark hair. He saw her pretty features contorted unrecognisably with pain .. eyes bulging ... tears streaming ... cheeks bright red.

“Like to kiss my balls, slave?” he asked.

The head jerked up and down in what was presumably an affirmative. The mouth gaped, opening and shutting, but no coherent words came out.

“You’ll want to even more after you’ve had another half dozen,” said Gavin callously. Then he went to the other end of the Block and laid on six more strokes, at measured intervals, just as hard as he could. Trudi’s voice cracked with her terrible shrieks and she was half-fainting by the time the twelfth stroke fell.

“Smelling salts, slave,” called Gavin into the next cabin. Within moments Karen came hurrying in, breasts bouncing, carrying a small green bottle. “Put them under her nose.” Thus, for the first time, was Karen recruited as an assistant.

Whilst Trudi was choking on the acrid fumes, Gavin unfastened her wrists and waist-belt. Then he gripped the girl by the hair, pulled her off the Block, then remorselessly dragged her through to the other

cabin. "You'll soon learn I don't tolerate disobedience, slave. When I tell you to kiss my balls, you do so. Now, get on with it." Gavin re-seated himself on the small sloping couch. Being fully in erection, his balls were conveniently exposed. Karen resumed her former kneeling posture.

Trudi also knelt, between Gavin's parted thighs. Her white shoulders heaved with deep, racking sobs.

"Uuuuuuughhhhhhhh uuuaaaaaaaaaaaaaaugggggghhhhh UUUUUGGHHHHHHHHHH," she groaned. "Oh God O-OHHHHHHHHH GOD NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO"

Gavin seized Trudi by her hair again and pulled her head down towards his scrotum. "Kiss, slave," he said thickly, "or you'll go back over that Block and I'll take every last inch of skin off your lovely backside!"

Karen was inwardly willing Trudi to obey for, if she did not, she was well aware that he would carry out his threat. Down ... down ... came Trudi's puckering features. Her nostrils were flaring with revulsion, her eyes were screwed tight.

Then her lips made contact with the scrotum.

With a cry of horror she instantly recoiled. Her hair was tugged again. "Kiss," insisted Gavin lecherously, "and I want some enthusiasm." It was the purest delight to make this delicious youngster do something that was so totally abhorrent to her. Groaning, Trudi kissed again.

Once ... twice. No more than hurried pecks.

"Karen, go and get the cane," order Gavin. At once Karen rose and went to fetch the cane from the other cabin. Gavin gripped Trudi's hair more fiercely. "Lay it across her bottom, Karen. Hard!"

Karen looked startled but she dare not disobey. Reluctantly, she lashed the cane across her companion's cringing flesh. Trudi screamed, her mouth now forced against the scrotum.

"Kiss ... and with enthusiasm," said Gavin. "Give her another one, Karen." The cane came down again and once more Trudi screamed

hoarsely. Her brain seemed to be boiling with pain and horrified revulsion.

She knew she was defeated.

She had to do the disgusting thing that was being demanded of her.

Moaning, she began to press her parted mouth to the balls. First one, then the other. Sickness rose within her, but she made herself continue. Gavin laid back, grinning happily. "That's a little better, slave," he said. Suddenly, Trudi's head drooped. She was panting and retching from her hideous efforts. "More," said Gavin ... and nodded at Karen. The girl laid on the cane for a third time. With a shriek of torment, Trudi resumed the revolting task she had been set.

A short while later, both girls knelt before Gavin who, still rampant, lay back on the couch.

"Now, Karen," he said, "I want you to demonstrate to Trudi, the proper way to lick my prick. Pay careful attention, Trudi." He saw the features dissolving in a quivering spasm; saw the mouth loose and uncontrolled. "Because, soon, you'll be doing it." A horrible, despairing cry filled the cabin.

Karen came down on to her hands and knees and crawled forward. She placed a hand on each of Gavin's parted thighs, then lowered her head, protruding her tongue. It impinged at the base of the root, then made its way slowly up the length until the big knob was reached. This was licked several times before Karen lowered her head ... and repeated the performance.

Gavin smiled at Trudi's distraught features. "You see," he said, "it's not at all difficult." Trudi's mouth wobbled out of control.

Karen went on licking with zealous application and Gavin's solid erection quivered and jerked under her skilful attentions. This is what women were made for, thought Gavin happily. To serve and to please. Totally.

"That will do, slave," he said after a little while. Normally, at this stage, he had Karen suck him and that thought was getting just a little

too exciting. She would suck him, but later, after young Trudi had titillated him some more. Karen retreated and knelt submissively erect. Gavin crooked his little finger at Trudi. "Crawl here, my little beauty," he said. Those lovely breasts began to heave with despairing sobs, her head twisted from side to side, as if in denial. But Trudi knew she would have to do what this monster was demanding ... or suffer beyond all bearing.

She went down on hands and knees and crawled forward. "Stand behind her with the cane, Karen," ordered Gavin. He looked down almost gloating as he saw Trudi's pink tongue come out. Then, with a shiver of pleasure, he felt it against the base of his cock. This girl, he reflected, is being taught to submit. Already.

Snorting and whimpering, Trudi ran her tongue upwards; then it flickered on the purple knob. Lovely! Again her features were almost unrecognisable, being twisted in revulsion.

Down went the dark head ...

Up laved that little tongue ...

Delicious!

Gavin's prick jerked and jerked with his mounting lust. He couldn't delay too long before he had Karen sucking him. Sucking him as beautifully as she now always did. Thus he allowed Trudi a couple of minutes to continue her ministrations. The girl, he considered, had made quite a reasonable start. And he didn't think she'd be in a hurry again to refuse to kiss his balls or lick his prick.

The cane had seen to that.

He yanked up Trudi's head. She gasped, eyes dilating. "Now watch even more closely, slave," said Gavin. "Karen is now going to suck me. As soon you will be doing." Trudi's eyes dilated even more widely with horror ... and her head shook in denial. I think, Gavin said to himself, there will be several more canniness before she can bring herself to do that. Well, he didn't mind that!

Karen came crawling between his thighs and his hands clasped her big soft breasts. Then the girl placed one hand gently around the base

of his prick, raised herself up and took his knob into her mouth. Just the knob. Her tongue began to flicker delightfully. Gradually, fraction by fraction, Karen's head came down and she took in more and more of his cock. Now she had begun to suck strongly ... her mouth a wet and warm squeezing little cavern of delight. Shuddering, eyes wild, Trudi looked on with remitting horror and disgust.

Before she had been abducted she did not even know that a woman did such dreadful things to a man!

"O-Ohh ... you've got ... hhaaahhh ... lovely udders, girl," panted Gavin. "Big ... and soft ... oh yes ... m-made for squeezing." He could feel the large nipples firming. "Mmmmm ... yes ... that's it ... suck ... suck ... my b-beauty hhhuuuhhhh hhhhaaahhhh ... give it all you ... you've got." Karen was doing just that. She was sucking with the power of a small vacuum cleaner. Snorting with her efforts ... nostrils flaring saliva dribbling down her chin. She could feel the big hard cock jerking in her mouth.

The thighs along side her began to quiver. It wouldn't be long now, she knew. Soon she would have to take the violent eruption when it came ... go on sucking and sucking ... sucking and swallowing ... sucking and swallowing. Gavin began to moan with pleasure. His features were heavy with lust, her mouth sagging open. Trudi was looking at him in undisguised horror. Oh how could Karen make herself do it? I'll never be able to do it, she told herself. I'd rather die.

"HHHHHHHHHAAAAHHHHHHH AAAAHHHHH A-A-A-A-A-A-A-AHHHHH!" Gavin's haunches jerked convulsively as he came to a violent climax. No need, these days, to hold the girl's head down while he spunked and spunked down her throat. She had control of herself, continuing to suck and suck until he was drained dry, gulping and gulping down his emission without spilling a drop.

Gavin sighed and patted Karen's blonde head. "Good girl," he said. Karen kept his cock in her mouth; she would not remove it until he told her to. Sometimes he kept his flaccid cock in her mouth until he got hard again. Then she would suck him a second time. Nice that ...

because it went on longer.

He looked across at Trudi who was shivering and shuddering with horror, eyes half glazing.

“Soon you will be sucking my cock, slave,” said Gavin. “And just as well as Karen has done. I’m very much looking forward to that.”

Trudi’s eyes glazed over completely and she fell fainting to the floor.

Gavin smiled. There was no doubt that the next stage of this youngster’s training was going to be most enjoyable!

CHAPTER FIVE

When Gavin took both girls back to their quarters and chained them up in their cubicles, he coated Trudi's weal-striped buttocks liberally with a special healing ointment he had acquired. It was made of a special formula and not available to the general public ... and it really did work wonders. Gavin had learn about it during his pharmaceutical days.

Although he would have preferred Trudi to have a sore and tender bottom, as a constant reminder of her status, but he wanted the girl's flesh to be in a suitable condition ready for fresh applications of strap or cane.

He gave Trudi's sticky bottom a final stinging slap. "Think about cock-sucking, slave" he said, "and what will happen to you if you disobey my orders."

Trudi burst into a flood of tears and Gavin looked down on her heaving white shoulders. This was indeed a delicious morsel ... and it would not be long now before he consumed it.

Back up on deck, Gavin made final preparations for his journey through England's waterways.

'Slow Boat' lived up to her name as it headed south towards Peterborough, since she scarcely made more than three or four knots. But Gavin was in no hurry and this gentle progress had a relaxing peaceful quality. After three hours he moored at a waterside inn, where he had a simple lunch and a bottle of wine.

Life was very good, he reflected. He had all the money he wanted ... complete freedom ... and, of course, his delightful captive cargo to do with as he pleased. What more could a man ask for?

And, over that lunch, Gavin came to a decision.

Later that afternoon, he would give Trudi her first fucking.

He moored in an isolated creek about a mile further along the canal and, feeling a pulsating excitement, made his way below. Everything was mapped out in his mind for Trudi's initiation. She could not be expected to endure this first act of rape without a wild struggle, so she would have to be secured. It had been the same with Karen. Only over a period of time could a girl be made to present herself, and submit, voluntarily. She could be made to do so by repeated punishments.

So, Gavin had decided, Trudi was going to be locked into the Pillory and have the arse fucked off her.

A supremely satisfying idea!

He entered slave quarters naked. Chains clinking, Karen knelt erect at once but it needed a couple of hard slaps on Trudi's bottom to get her up on her knees with thighs splayed. Gavin saw her eyes and cheeks red with weeping. Well, he thought, this is a tough time in a slave's existence. She could not bring herself to submit, physically or mentally. She had so much still to learn. Above all, that her body was no longer her own but now belonged to him. That was the essence of her slavery and until she accepted that - as Karen had done - she was not truly a slave.

He fondled the breasts of both girls in turn. Karen proffered herself. Trudi cringed, whimpering. "Very pretty," he murmured. In the knowledge of what was soon going to happen, Gavin was fast coming to erection.

Moving across the cabin, he took the wooden Pillory from the cabinet in which it was housed. He secured it firmly into the floor and then raised the top section. Three semi-circles awaited Trudi's neck and wrists. Right in front of the Pillory was a full-length wall mirror ... so that the occupant could see herself and what was going on behind her.

Gavin went back to the cubicle and unchained Trudi. The girl had

begun to sob. She was weak with terrified dread, not knowing what was going to happen to her. Only that it would be something quite awful. She began to struggle violently as Gavin manoeuvred her towards the Pillory.

“Stooopppp ooooh stoooppppp ... let me ... gooooooo ... for pity’s sake ... LET ME GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

Gavin grinned, enjoying the struggling young nakedness against his body. He bent the girl forward and laid a couple of stinging slaps on a helpless bottom. “Naughty ... naughty,” he said, “a slave does not resist her Master ...”

But Trudi, half hysterical, went on resisting. Not that it did her the slightest good. In no time at all Gavin had her neck and wrists in the semi-circles and the top of the Pillory came down, entrapping her. Gavin locked it in position with a metal catch. Trudi was quite helpless, totally available. In the mirror, he and she could see her eyes bulging with horror.

“LET ME OUT OOOOOHHHHHH LET ME OUT!” she kept shrieking.

Gavin patted the rounded, joggling bottom. “Don’t be a silly girl,” he said, “you’ve got a treat coming.”

He went to the cupboard and took from it one of the smaller plastic vibrators kept there. It was about six inches long and moderately girthed. Ideal for warming Trudi up before her initiation. He switched on and the appliance buzzed merrily in the small cabin.

“I expect you’ve had one of these up you before,” said Gavin, “I know what you big schoolgirls are like.”

Trudi’s tear-filled eyes dilated at the sight of the vibrator. She shook her head wildly from side to side.

“NOOOOOOO NNNNOOOOOOOOO!” she screeched, “LET ME OUT ... LET ME GOOOOOOOOO!”

Karen looked on the scene with sympathetic understanding. She had been though all these unmitigated horror herself.

Gavin touched the waiting cunt lips with the knob of the vibrator.

Trudi squirmed madly to evade it. “NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO NNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” she went on screeching. All to no avail.

Slowly and carefully, his eyes hot with lust, Gavin slid the pulsating little contrivance up into the wriggling cunt. That’s where I’ll be going soon, he thought. The awful screeching reached new peaks.

“YOU BEEEEEEAAASSSST YOU V-VILE ... FILTHY BEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSST! STOPPPPPPPP IT OOOOOOOGGGGGGHHHHH STOPPPPPPPPPPP IT!”

Gavin shook his head almost sorrowfully. “You’ll have to be punished for that, slave. Afterwards. You can’t say I didn’t warn you.”

But Trudi was beyond the threat of any punishment. Her mind had become a boiling cauldron of horror. The total obscenity of what was being done to her was beyond all endurance. Yet ... yet ... she was having to endure it! Gavin pressed the vibrator fully in and then stood back. Just the veriest tip protruded. It was pulsing strongly. Then he went to the cupboard and came back with a syringe. Trudi got a double stimulant injection. He didn’t want her passing out for quite some time yet.

Trudi’s shrieks had become disbelieving moaning-groaning sounds as she absorbed the new revoltingly indecent sensations within herself.

It was intolerable!

It must stop!

But it didn’t. The disgusting object went on buzzing and quivering incessantly.

“SSSTTTTOOOOPPPPPPPP IT SSSSSTTTTTOOOOPPPPPPPP IT OOOOOHHHHHH YOU YOU DEVIL!” Trudi’s voice finally cracked on the high-pitched shriek of ‘devil’. Her throat rattled hoarsely.

Gavin smacked her bottom several times, good and hard. “You’re not going to enjoy the Head Cage for twenty four hours,” he said, “not the caning I’m going to give you!”

Trudi's bulging eyes rolled back in terrified despair. But she did not faint. The stimulant injection she had received saw to that. Gavin strolled back to Karen's bunk and seated himself on its edge.

"I reckon ten minutes of that will warm her up nicely, eh?"

"Yes, Master," agreed Karen meekly.

"And while I wait, you can lick my cock, slave. Very, very gently."

"Yes, Master."

Karen went to her knees and began to lick the throbbing erection before her. Very, very gently. As she had been instructed.

Lustfully, Gavin watched Trudi's bottom wriggling and quivering, the nates clenching and twitching. After a few minutes, there was no doubt the vibrator was doing things to her. Much as she might not want it to. But it was irresistible. Just as Nature is.

Clench .. twitch .. wriggle ... wriggle ... wriggle ...

It was a fascinating spectacle.

Squirm and judder ... squirm ... squirm ... squirm ... and twitch and clench ...

"Uuughhh ... uuuughhhh ... uuuughhhh ..." came the gravely groans.

Gavin patted Karen's blonde head, then fondled the breasts available to him. "I expect, Karen," he said, "that one day young Trudi will make as good a fuck as you do."

"I hope so, Master," answered Karen with true servility.

"That will do," said Gavin. Karen stopped licking. Gavin's mounting lust was getting out of control.

He stood up and moved towards the Pillory. Then he removed the vibrator. Trudi let out a shuddering wail. "Feeling deprived, slave?" enquired Gavin, grinning lecherously. "Don't worry .. you're now going to get something bigger and far better up you." He fingered the soft, moist cunt lips. Yes, the girl was nicely ready. it amused him the way she wriggled so frantically at his touch.

"Don't ooohhhhhhhh ... don't ... you mustn't ... noooooo nnnooooo ... NOOOOOOOOOOO!" The voice was hoarse and weak.

Gavin gripped the smooth flanks and Trudi twisted and jerked help-

lessly. He could see her features contorted in the mirror, wild with horror.

“Now your Master is going to fuck you, slave,” he said.

Then slowly but surely he thrust into the young cunt awaiting him.

It felt exquisite. Like gliding into warm silk. So tight and clinging. And the cunt was wriggling in a desperate but vain effort to escape the hard, maundering maleness. An ululating wail came from Trudi's gaping mouth; her eyes bulged even further in their sockets.

Gavin slid right in up to the hilt, until his belly pressed firmly to Trudi's soft buttocks. There, for a little while, he remained, savouring the delights of his new possession.

Quite wonderful ...

Quite, quite wonderful ...

Almost impossibly delightful ...

And now he was going to fuck this ravishing young beauty. Fuck her hard and strong ... even though he knew it was going to be impossible to hold out for very long. But that didn't matter. He could always fuck her again. And again and again and again. Just whenever he wanted.

Lust surging powerfully, Gavin withdrew then thumped back in solidly.

Oh yes ... quite exquisite!

“Like my cock, slave?” he asked lecherously. “Like my big cock?”

Trudi was gibbering incoherently ... gasping and whimpering ... and still wriggling and squirming uncontrollably. That only added to Gavin's pleasure.

Out ... IN! Thump ...

Out ... IN! Thump ...

Out ... IN! Thump ...

Now a little faster. he simply couldn't stop himself.

“Oh you little beauty ... ooohhh ... squirm then ... squirm ... it feels lovely hhhaaaaahhhhhh so lovely ... oh what a lovely tight cunt you've got ...”

Gavin was working up to an even faster pace.

Thump ... thump ... thump ... thump ... thump .. thump. His belly pounded against the squirming bottom as his solid length rammed and rammed again and again. He realised the tight cunt was getting warmer and juicier. Unbelievably delightful!

Faster ... yet faster ...

Faster still ...

He wasn't going to be able to hold out much longer.

He didn't even want to hold out much longer.

Lust was raging through him. Mounting ... mounting. He heard himself panting and snorting piggishly. What did it matter? Nothing mattered but this juicy cunt he was ravishing. Saliva was dribbling from the corners of his mouth, down his chin.

Groaning as if in pain, Gavin worked up to an almost frenzied pace.

Thump - thump - thump - thump - thump - thump - thump - thump - thump ...

Then he exploded violently within the squelching depths. Shooting ... shooting ... shooting .. dribbling ... moaning ... still shooting, but weaker now ... too weak.

He was spent ...

Shuddering, weak-limbed from the intensity of his exertion ...

He could only moan feebly ... but so happily.

Gavin did not recognise the young face in the mirror before him. It was twisted and contorted grotesquely in a grimace of shock and the utmost revulsion.

He lay for a long while over the quivering young body, slowly recovering some of his strength. Then he withdrew his now flaccid cock and made his way unsteadily through to his own quarters.

He lay on his bunk, trembling a little with fatigue, reliving the heavenly experience. Though, he reflected, it had been fast and furious, it was just about the best fuck he had ever had. And even greater delights lay ahead. When he could maintain more control.

Then, young Trudi, he said to himself, you will learn what a good

solid fucking is all about!

Gavin closed his eyes and dozed off.

About an hour later, Gavin awoke feeling refreshed ... and with half a hard on. He took a shower, dried, and poured himself a large brandy. No reason why I shouldn't fuck the girl again, he thought lustfully. But first there was work to be done.

Working in the form of laying a cane across that lovely bottom!

Once again the girl had abused and reviled him ... and she was not going to be allowed to get away with that. Later, when he had finished with her, she would wear the Head Cage again. But this time for twenty four hours. Well, he had warned her, hadn't he.

I'll give her twenty four strokes with a medium cane, he thought as he went back into slave quarters. That would give the girl considerable anguish. So far he'd only used a light cane on her.

He heard Trudi whimpering and sobbing as he entered ... and the sounds intensified when she saw he had returned. He went across and yanked up the girl's head, looking down into distraught, terrified features.

"Well, slave, you've had your fun ... now you are going to pay for your insolence. You were warned, but you lost control of your tongue again. So ... I am a vile, filthy beast, am I? A devil? I assure you, my girl you are going to regret those words."

The dark eyes dilated; he saw that the whites were pink. The face was puffed and swollen. She began to croak.

"M-Master ... M-Master ... I uuuughhh ... didn't m-mean it ... Master Master f-forgive me ... Master ... I just h-happened I b-beg you to forgive me ... M-Master ..." There came a torrent of heaving sobs. "Mmmmmmmfffff uuurrrrrfff ... mmmmmmmfffff uuurrrrrfffff"

"I do not forgive disobedient slaves," said Gavin harshly. "They have to learn I mean what I say"

"M-Master ... mmmmmmmfffff M-Master mmmmmmmfffff ... mmmfffff

... M-Master ..." croaked Trudi, eyes wide in anguished appeal.

"At least you seem to have learned how to address me respectfully," said Gavin dryly. "But it does not excuse your previous misconduct. I am going to cane you ..."

The eyes dilated further. "Merceeeeee merceee Master oooohhh Master not the c-cane ... oooohhh noooooo noooooo noooooo ..."

Gavin smiled. It was, as far as he could recall, the first time Trudi had asked for mercy. Rather enjoyable.

"I am going to cane you. And I'm going to cane you hard ... with a heavier cane than I used before. Twenty four strokes. It's going to hurt, believe me!"

"N-Noooooo nooooo for p-pity's s-sake ... nnnnnnooooo not the c-cane ..." Trudi had no control over her mouth. Her voice was croaking and cracking.

Gavin released Trudi's head and went to fetch a cane. He chose one of medium weight made of whalebone. Smooth, ivory-hard but exceedingly flexible. It cut cruelly into soft flesh as Trudi would soon discover. He trust it in front of Trudi's mouth. "That's what's going across your bottom," he said. "Kiss it ..."

Trudi kissed the whalebone rod with almost pathetic eagerness. In those moments of terror she would have done anything he said to escape another caning. "Mercy ... mercy ... merceeeeeeee ..." she whined. But there was to be no escape. No mercy.

Gavin walked around the Pillory and tapped Trudi's helpless buttocks. Buttocks that were already clenching and clenching in dread anticipation.

"NOOOOOO NOOOOO HAVE MERCEEEEEEEEE!" she screeched.

Then the rod went up and came blurring down, whiplashing into the soft bottom-flesh, raising a vivid, twin-tracked red-purple weal. Trudi was momentarily robbed of breath but when she regained it, her screeches reached a new pitch of intensity. Her hindquarters

writhed out of control ... left, right, left, right ... at the same time bucking back and forth. For Gavin it was a most enjoyable spectacle.

Again ...

And again ...

And again ...

The strokes were falling at five second intervals, all from the left hand side.

When the sixth stroke had fallen, Gavin moved to the right hand side. Trudi was shrieking like a maniac and the contortions of her bottom were almost unbelievable in their frenzied violence. Gavin realised the girl would long ago have fainted but for the double stimulant injection he had given her. Oh the wonders of modern science!

After the twelfth stroke he went to the head of the Pillory and looked into Trudi's puffed, reddened and unrecognisable features again.

"Hurts, doesn't it, slave?" he said. "And we're only halfway."

Trudi's mouth opened and shut. A hoarse rattling sound came from it. And a good deal of saliva. The girl was certainly learning a hard lesson, he thought. So much the better.

He went back ... and the cruel thrashing was resumed.

The sight of Trudi's madly writhing bottom had brought Gavin solidly back to full erection. As the whalebone rod lashed and bit again and again into the convulsion of female flesh Gavin realised he had not enjoyed himself so much since those early days when he had given Karen her first canings.

Oh the joy of making a girl squirm and squirm!

Ever more frenziedly!

Hearing her hoarse, rattling cries of agony!

Oh the joy of inflicting pain!

And more pain ...

More ...

More ...

More ...

Gavin had lost count of the number of strokes he had laid across

that young bottom. But what did a few more or less matter? The girl was suffering quite adequately. He tossed aside the rod. His chest was heaving; he was trembling a little from the intensity of his lust. He went down and gripped Trudi's still squirming flanks.

"Now you're going to get a proper fucking, slave," he panted.

The next moment he had rammed in ...

Oh God, the girl was hotter and juicier than ever! Still exquisitely tight. Gavin began to thrust with long, strong strokes. Not fast but steadily. He had a good big cock but now it felt bigger and stronger than usual.

IN ... gliding in ... then out. IN ... gliding in ... then out. How hot and smoothly gripping was that velvet-moist cunt flesh! IN ... gliding in ... then out. IN ... gliding in ... then out.

Squelchy succulence. Wriggling succulence.

Infinitely delightful!

"Ohh ... aaahhh ... hhhaahhh ... you're a l-l-lovely fuck ... girl ..." panted Gavin. Though she was not as co-operative as Karen had become, it didn't seem to matter. The tight but exquisitely melting properties of her cunt was what mattered.

IN ... aaaahhh!

IN ...AAAAAHHHHH!

IN ... aaaaaahhhhh!

IN ... aaaaaahhhhhhh!

Trudi's throat had ceased to rattle. Now huge groaning sobs came from her gaping mouth ... sobs that seemed to heave up from the very depths of her being. Her reddened eyes remained wide but had acquired a permanent glazed condition. She seemed to have exhausted her tears. Gavin, still thrusting in steadily and strongly, hoped she was not going to faint again.

IN ... IN ... IN ... IN ... IN ... IN ...

Just a little faster now. But still well controlled. Though his lust was fierce, Gavin had it leashed. For the time being, anyway.

Squelch ... squelch ... squelch ... squelch ...

So juicy ... so juicy ... so juicy ... so juicy ...

Oh what a cunt to posses! Oh what a bottom to thump your flanks against!

Faster ... just a little faster. But Gavin soon had to slow again, for the pleasure intensified too quickly.

Steadily ... steadily ... steadily ... fucking with easy, full-length strokes. Gliding in and out with consummate ease. The Master! The Master fucking his helpless slave!

Little gagging sounds started to come from Trudi's throat, interspersed between the heaving sobs ... and ... and ... yes ... there was increased activity in the cunt passage. My God, Gavin told himself exultantly, I do believe I'm going to make this little beauty come! Well, he'd been giving her a good solid length for something like ten minutes, so why not?

Why not indeed!

Gavin increased his pace and thumped in even harder. "I ... hhhhaahhhh I'm going ... to hhhhaahhhh fuck you ... stupid ... girl ..." Gavin panted. He stepped up the pace and power further. He was beginning to lose control but he didn't care any more. He just wanted to make the girl come.

Oh how she would hate being made to do that!

But that was now Gavin's burning intention. Faster ... faster! The gagging sounds were becoming more frequent and reaching a higher pitch. Then the girl was suddenly squirming and jerking back and forth uncontrollably.

She was coming! Oh how superb!

"Come then, slave ... come ... come ... come!" cried Gavin triumphantly.

Then he felt her spasm as she did so. It went through her like some sort of electric charge and her juices flowed more copiously. The gagging sounds became heaving moans again.

He had conquered! He was truly the Master!

Gavin rejected any further efforts to maintain control of his insen-

sate lust. He simply fucked furiously and frenziedly until he was overwhelmed by his own prolonged, shattering climax.

It was hardly surprising that Gavin felt somewhat exhausted after his exertions. He needed to take a little rest before he put the Head Cage back on Trudi. Oh yes ... he was going to do that alright. He reckoned it would cure the girl for ever of abusing him. If it didn't there would simply be another severe thrashing and the Head Cage would go back yet again, for even longer. Making a girl submit totally was simply a matter of patience and constant, increasing pressure.

Leaving Trudi in the Pillory, Gavin took a hot shower and then lay down on his bunk for a while. He re-lived the exquisite memories of fucking Trudi for the first time and also the second more prolonged fucking he had given. Definitely just about the best fuck he'd ever had in his life. And the beauty of it was that, from now on, the girl would get more and more submissive, more and more co-operative, and more and more enjoyable. How much better it was, thought Gavin, than making love to a free woman. They had their whims, their fads and fancies, they could even reject you. A slave's duty was to submit totally and give you the maximum pleasure, as and when you wanted. That was what Trudi was going to be made to do.

After half an hour, Gavin got up and poured himself another large brandy. Then, still naked, he went into the centre cabin ... 'The Play-room' ... where Trudi, locked in the Pillory was groaning continuously. Her bottom was a nasty looking sight, thought Gavin, if such a beautiful bottom could ever be described as nasty. It was covered in a mass of red-purple criss-crossing weals. Lucky he had that special ointment that would repair the damage in a remarkably short space of time.

"Sorry you abused me now, are you, slave?" enquired Gavin, patting Trudi's warm flank.

An incoherent groaning sound came from the girl and Gavin took it for an affirmative. "You'll be sorrier still, shortly," he said. Then lifted

the top of the Pillory and took Trudi out. She was unable to stand and slumped, moaning, like a rag doll. "Did I tell you what a marvellous fuck you made?" asked Gavin as he carried her across the cabin on his arms. "Really juicy you were, my girl and I have an idea I made you come, my pretty one." Trudi continued to moan feebly. She was, he supposed in a state of shock. He decided to give her a third stimulant injection ... the absolute maximum in a day. But it was, after all, a special day.

Trudi became rather more active when he pressed her back against the St. Andrew's Cross and fastened the waist strap tight. Quickly he fastened her wrists and ankles. limbs spread-eagled. She was quite helpless again.

"No ... no ... no more ... no more ..." moaned Trudi weakly.

"I'm afraid so, slave," said Gavin, tweaking one of the nipples before him. "Though I warned you again and again, you continued to abuse me. That's why you got that good hiding and that's why the Head Cage is going on again."

"Nnnnnneeeee oooogghh ... nooooooooooo!" It was a cracked shriek from Trudi. The memory of the first time she had worn the Head Cage was still close and hideous upon her.

"Oh yes," said Gavin, "you should have learnt by now that I don't threaten idly."

He picked up the heavy Head Cage and saw the dark head of hair being shaken violently from side to side. "Nooooooooooooo nnnooooooooooooooooo" The appeal was totally desperate, the eyes wide with despairing horror.

Gavin lifted the Cage, placing the semi-circular iron hoops down over Trudi's creamy white shoulders. She sagged a little under the weight. "Open wide," said Gavin, swinging the little gate into which the expandable pear-gag was inserted. Understandably, Trudi kept her lips pressed tight together. But Gavin knew how to deal with that. A breath-robbing blow in the solar plexus forced Trudi's mouth to gape wide. Gavin swung the door shut and the cruel, serrated gag

slid into Trudi's mouth. He turned the little wheel to expand the pear-shape

filler slightly and Trudi retched and choked horribly. her mouth was forced wide, her jaw stretched most painfully. Her dark eyes were wide and bolting with stark terror. Strangled snorts jetted down her widened nostrils.

"Twenty four hours, slave," said Gavin, casually fondling the girl's lovely breasts, "it will I think teach you to watch your tongue for ever and ever! But, to be truly effective, the horrible ordeal had to be endured to the full.

Gavin administered the third stimulant injection of the day and then made his way off to his own cabin. Lying on his bunk, he could still hear the frantic snorting continuing. That young lady, he thought, is not exactly enjoying herself.

After a while, Gavin turned off the loudspeaker.

He was rather tired after such a day.

Soon, he was sleeping peacefully.

CHAPTER SIX

Gavin woke late the following morning, feeling very refreshed. He looked through a porthole and saw it was a lovely May morning. All was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. For some!

Going through into the centre cabin, he saw that Trudi had fainted at some time during the night. He had rather expected it. He put some strong smelling salts under her nostrils and she soon came back to life again. No need for an injection.

Oh the look of pleading in those liquid-brown bulging eyes! Even more desperate than the previous evening. The frantic high-pitched snorting was resumed. For a moment, he felt marginally sorry for the lovely girl ... but he knew that discipline must be maintained to ensure her ultimate complete submission.

“All day still to go I am afraid, slave,” he said with a hint of a smile. Tears flooded down reddened cheeks. The girl was certainly learning a lesson, he thought. Then he went thought to the front cabin, where Karen was chained in her little cubicle. She knelt erect immediately and bowed her head slightly in submission. He fed her and gave her a bowl of water.

“Sleep well, Karen?” he asked.

“Yes, Master,” she answered deferentially. Gavin thought about fucking her, then decided against it. Maybe later on in the day. He fondled and squeezed the girl’s big breasts, almost affectionately. “Lovely tits,” he murmured, almost to himself. “Lovely big tits. You’re lucky, my girl.”

“Thank you, Master,” said Karen softly. She thought she was about to be fucked but Gavin released her to take a shower, then re-chained her in her cubicle.

“I’m sorry to say, I have had to put Trudi in the Head Cage again,” said Gavin.

“I understand, Master,” said Karen.

“You have developed into a very sensible girl,” said Gavin, with satisfaction in his voice. Then he took a shower himself and went back to his cabin. Trudi was still snorting as he passed through the centre cabin. Poor dear ... it was a pity she was making herself suffer so!

Gavin pulled on just a pair of shorts and went up on deck. He had decided to have an easy day. A spot of sunbathing, perhaps a little fishing. Maybe, he’d even clean some of the brasswork. It was a pity I can’t have the girls doing that, he reflected. Nice to be able to have them toiling naked on the deck. He remember reading a book about an ocean-going yacht, crammed with slave-girls toiling, sweating and suffering under merciless Overseers, who fucked them whenever they fancied.

Maybe, one day, thought Gavin, I’ll get a sea-going vessel. When you were out of sight of land, you could have the girls up on deck. Maybe, too, he’d have more girls by then.

Gavin had a relaxed morning and then had lunch in the pub at which his barge was moored. It amused him to think how the landlord would have reacted if he had known what a delicious cargo he had below decks! Feeling drowsy after a bottle of wine, Gavin lay under an awning for most of the afternoon. Then about five o’clock, he went below decks again. He was feeling rather randy by then and made his way straight to the forward cabin. On the way, he saw that Trudi had fainted again. I’ll bring her round later, he thought. She’s only got a few hours to go now.

As always, Karen knelt erect at once. “Had a nice lazy day, haven’t you slave?” said Gavin.

“Yes, Master,” came the reply.

“No exercising ... nothing at all. So now I think I’ll give you a good fucking.”

“Thank you, Master,” said Karen. Her expression did not change at

all. She is obviously resigned to absolutely, though Gavin with considerable satisfaction. It was the right attitude for a slave.

He took off Karen's collar and chain. "I think I'll have you on your back for a change," said Gavin. Most often, he liked to come in from the rear.

"Yes, Master," said Karen submissively and spread herself out on the floor.

"No ... no ..." said Gavin, shaking his head, "come into the next cabin." He looked back as he walked out, noting that Karen was following him on all fours. It was a mode of progression to which she had become accustomed, for he often led her like that on collar and chain.

In the centre of the cabin was a big square mattress. Without being given any order, Karen laid down on it, parted her thighs and drew up her knees. Her smooth, swelling cunt was most provocatively offered.

Gavin, however, first went to Trudi and put the smelling salts back under nostrils. Once more she choked back to the hideous reality of her awful existence.

Snort ... snort ... snort ... snort ...

If possible, her eyes were even more desperately pleading. "Only a few more hours, slave," said Gavin encouragingly. Trudi went on snorting and shuddering. Apart from the Head Cage, thought Gavin, her weal-stripped bottom must be exceedingly painful. This was a punishment she wouldn't forget for a long time. Good.

Gavin turned back to Karen's lush nakedness ... so openly and abjectly offered. He soon started coming to full erection. "Are you feeling like a good fucking, slave?" he enquired.

"Yes ... oh yes ... Master," answered Karen. It sounded as if she genuinely did!

"Well that's what you're going to get," said Gavin lustfully. He knelt, then came down on her, feeling the cushion of her big breasts.

Gavin entered her slowly and easily. The girl felt warm and succu-

lent. Gavin felt lazy but strong. He began to drive in and out unhurriedly, loving the sexy sensation yet feeling he could go on and on and on. Karen was familiar to him ... not the wild, heady excitement that Trudi still was. This is going to be a long, controlled fuck, he told himself. He felt very big and powerful.

Gliding and gliding. Gliding and gliding.

Gliding in and out.

Effortlessly.

Totally the Master.

Gavin felt Karen co-operating seductively with him. Her haunches acting and reacting. The girl was getting very good. Perhaps, he thought, she is now truly beginning to enjoy it. Well, why not? Even after all her initial resistance and tantrums.

Gliding ... still gliding.

Silkily ... smoothly ... warmly ... clingingly.

Oh you couldn't beat this kind of fuck. The kind of fuck when you are totally dominating. Lovely ... lovely ... lovely ...

Gavin increased his pace just fractionally, still feeling quite in control of himself.

Slide in ... slide out. Slide in ... slide out.

Then Gavin realised Karen was getting more agitated. Her haunches seemed to be trying to encourage him ... but he went on at the same pace. Then Karen began to pant and gasp. She's going to come, thought Gavin happily. Oh yes, he really was the Master. Karen began to wriggle and jerk uncontrollably. Her hands clasped round Gavin's back and nails began to dig.

"Eeeee ... eeeee eeeeeeeee" she squealed ... and he felt the sexual spasm convulse her.

Nice ... oh very nice ... he said to himself as he continued to glide in and out irresistibly. Oh you little beauty. Gavin rolled himself about on her big, soft tits. I'm going to fuck her for a good half hour, he told himself. He certainly felt quite capable of it.

Then, once again, he increased the pace slightly, ramming harder.

Then harder and harder, thumping crotch to crotch, almost brutally. Karen went into squirms of obvious delight, beginning to pant and gasp again. It was amazing for Gavin to realise that this was the same girl who had, once upon a time, resisted him so fiercely.

Yet now ... oh now ... she was building up to a second climax. That excited him enormously and he began to fuck faster and faster.

Really ramming

Ramming and ramming ... ramming and ramming. Giving her the full treatment.

“Yeeeeee eee yeeeeee eeeee” squealed Karen, orgasming for a second time.

Still Gavin drove on rhythmically ... thought now less in control than he had been.

For Karen’s young cunt had become a tight, squelching cavern of hot succulent delight. Delicious ... so delicious! And it was all his ... his ... his! Beneath him he had a slave who he could fuck just whenever he wanted to ... and she would give him everything. Total obedient co-operation.

Suddenly, caring no more, Gavin worked up to final frenzy ... pounding away like a wild animal. As, at last, he ejaculated frenziedly, he was not sure whether or not Karen was achieving a third orgasm.

Gavin sighed, collapsing down, feeling the sweat on both bodies.

It had, to say the least, been a most satisfying little engagement.

vin went into his cabin and rested awhile, putting away a couple of brandies. He felt he had earned them. After all, he’d given that buxom lass a real good going over. And she couldn’t, in her heart, basically deny she had enjoyed it.

It was the basic power of the big prick! That’s what got them going.

How delightful it was to have a slave but also to convert that slave into a willing slave. One grateful and eager to receive one’s attentions. One day, Trudi would be like that, thought Gavin. Moreover, he sensed, it was a time not all that far off.

Thinking of her, reminded him it was about time he released the girl from her tormenting gag. He went back to the centre cabin and there was no doubt that Trudi was just about at the end of her tether. Her eyes were closed, she made repeated little whimpering sounds and her lovely young body shuddered and shuddered uncontrollably.

Gavin stood before her, feeling her firm high breasts, as he usually did, then he turned the little wheel that diminished the size of the pear-gag. There was a sudden look of infinite relief in Trudi's tear-brimming eyes. She knew, at long, long last, it was now all over. Gavin swung upon the little gate in the Head Cage and the iron pear-gag came out, glistening brightly with saliva.

"UUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRR" A huge, quivering groan came from Trudi's throat and her mouth remained open stretched wide. Her jaw muscles were locked in cramp. The dark eyes focussed a little and regarded Gavin with cringing fear. She knew now what this man could do to her ... and she knew, too, that she would have to submit to him, whatever he demanded. It was the most terrible piece of knowledge in her life. She groaned through her gaping mouth. At that moment, she knew ... absolutely ... that she could not endure that unbelievably excruciating iron gag ever again. She knew she would hold her tongue ... whatever ... oh yes, whatever ... he did to her in the future. He had conquered her spirit ... her will ... through pain beyond all belief, he was making her submit to him.

"Close your mouth, slave," said Gavin, smiling coldly.

Trudi tried. It was agony. The muscles seemed to be locked. Half and inch by half an inch she got her teeth together. The ache in her jaw was horrendous. She sobbed with self-pity. Oh why, was all this happening to her? All this unrelieved horror?

Gavin unfastened the straps which held her to the St. Andrew's Cross and Trudi immediately slumped down. He caught her before she fell to the floor. Then he carried her to his reclining chair and placed her in it. The girl seemed dazed; partially in shock. It wasn't really sur-

prising. Gavin went to fetch a large glass of brandy and forced some between her lips. Trudi choked but swallowed it down. She looked at him with glazed eyes and uttered a pitiful little moan. Once again momentarily, he felt a little sorry for her. But, after all, she had disobeyed her Master.

“I hope I don’t ever have to do that to you again, slave,” he said.

She shook her head as if agreeing that there would never be any need. Gavin tested her by fondling and squeezing her breasts. The girl made no protest but simply moaned again. Certainly there was no vituperation ... no ‘filthy beast’ or ‘monster’. The rod and the gag were teaching her,

“Bottom a bit tender, I expect,” said Gavin solicitously. “I’ll deal with that.” he went to fetch the soothing-healing ointment and, when he came back, lifted Trudi up and turned her around so that she knelt in the chair. Her deliciously curvaceous bottom was certainly quote a mess. He covered it all over with the thin ointment. It was almost like a liquid. Trudi kept gasping and wincing, shuddering uncontrollably. The girl’s thighs were a little apart and he slid his hand down the cleft and under, feeling the smoothness of her cunt. The girl jerked convulsively but, again, there was no protest, no outcry.

Gavin was well satisfied. There was no doubt that his new slave had taken several long strides that led down the path to complete submission.

He carried Trudi back to her cubicle and chained her up. Then he gave her a strong sedative, for there was nothing more that could be done with her at that moment. She would be in much better shape in twenty four hours.

Gavin gave Karen her second fucking that evening. He gave it to her in the forward cabin, with the girl kneeling with thighs spread and nose to the floor. Taking her from behind in that fashion, he had a good view of Trudi’s lacerated buttocks ... which he found exceedingly stimulating.

Oh how they had writhed under his whiplashing rod!

Oh how she had shrieked and begged!

All to no avail. He had given her the thrashing he had promised her. Just as he had once thrashed the girl whom he was now so forcibly fucking.

She felt very submissive.

Almost too submissive.

Lazy even.

“Move your arse, slave,” he growled.

Karen moved it. Deliciously.

“I’ll cane you later for being lazy,” he said.

Karen moved her arse even more energetically. But it was too late for her to escape her coming punishment.

Gavin rammed away for a good quarter of an hour before releasing himself ... and he had to admit that Karen got more and more cooperative as time went along. He intended to cane her all the same. He hadn’t done so for quite some time.

Thus it was, when he had recovered from his exertion, he fastened a whimpering Karen into the Pillory. “When I am fucking you, you respond,” said Gavin, picking up a medium cane.

“I ... I’m s-sorry, Master ... so sorry ... your slave begs forgiveness.”

I think twelve of the best might wake your ideas up,” said Gavin and watched the lush buttocks clench convulsively. The girl’s bottom looked considerably larger than that of Trudi’s; it had always been a wonderful bottom to deal with. How many times had he not caned it? Twelve, eighteen, twenty four strokes. Thirty six even. It was twisting to one side with dread.

“Keep your arse square!” he snapped. Not that it made much difference. She could twist about as much as she liked, but she’d still get every stroke across the fullness of her bottom.

Gavin decided to lay on diagonally, laying on over each buttock cheek in turn. He lashed down over the right cheek, as hard as he could. Karen uttered a gasping-shriek and squirmed and squirmed uncontrollably. Since it was some time since she had been caned, it

would come to her as all the more of a shock. Good. A slave was inclined to get complaisant if she wasn't punished regularly.

Again! Over the fulsome left cheek.

"Yyyyeeee ... aaaaiiiiieeee!" squealed Karen, bottom bouncing and twisting, the soft flesh juddering. A lovely sight, though Gavin.

Again! Back to the right cheek.

"Aaaaghhhh eeeeeeee!" Oh what a delight it was to make a young woman squirm in torment!

Again! The cane buried itself deep into the flesh ... sprang back ... to leave a red-purple weal behind. Long, curving and twin-tracked.

Again! He was back to the tight cheek.

"Yyyyaaghghhhhh! Mercy .. mercy ... Master ... I am your w-willing slave!" cried Karen.

Gavin smiled faintly and made no reply. He was he knew, being a little unfair since the fault had been minimal. No matter, he was the Master. He could do as he wished. With sadistic relish, he laid the final six strokes horizontally ... all of them falling across the join of the bottom of the buttocks and the tops of the thighs. Karen seemed to find them extremely painful.

Then he released the sobbing girl, dragged her back to her cubicle and chained her up. "Watch your behaviour in future, slave," he said, giving the quaking-quivering bottom a final stinging slap.

Karen just continued to sob hopelessly.

As Gavin sipped a final night-cap in his cabin, it seemed to him that a good day's work had been done. Trudi had been taken well down the slope to full submission and Karen had been given a nasty reminder that there could never be any let-up in her efforts to please him. Things were as they should be. It wasn't long before he fell into a deep and peaceful sleep.

On waking, he realised he had had a strange dream. It was that he had invited a woman of about his own age to join him on the barge, having discovered she was just as much into slave-ownership as he

was. There was nothing sexual between them but, together, they had a fine old time with both girls. Gavin thought about it for some time but decided it would have to remain a dream. You couldn't trust a woman really, could you?

Gavin had another lazy day on deck and in the pub.

Karen's bottom went without healing ointment and when Trudi awoke towards evening, he let her be.

Tomorrow would be the day to resume her training.

“Show me your bottom, Trudi.”

Gavin was lounging naked on his reclining chair in the central cabin. He saw the look of anguished distress pass over the girl's features. She was kneeling as Karen was, right before him, hands on top of her head, apple-round breasts uplifted. Was she going to obey? It was an intriguing moment.

Then, with a harsh sob, Trudi twisted around on her knees and pushed her hindquarters up towards Gavin. Her sobs continued.

“Get your bottom higher than that,” said Gavin warningly. “Nose to the floor.”

Trudi put her head down and pushed her bottom up. Gavin could see her trembling intensely. The effort she was having to make to obey these obscene demands was horrendous. Only the knowledge of what lay in store for her if she did not obey enabled her to force herself to such degradation. Gavin looked at the curvaceous young bottom with satisfaction. Already, its condition was improving nicely.

“You, too, Karen,” said Gavin. Karen turned and pushed up her fulsome bottom high. Her weals were still vivid for, deliberately, Gavin had given her no healing ointment. With satisfaction he surveyed the two naked young creatures forced to such immodest behaviour. How gratifying it was to know that he owned them ... that they were there to please him as he wished.

“Your bottom looks better Trudi,” he said complacently. “Not so tender now, eh!”

Trudi made a sobbing, semi-incoherent reply. "Answer!" rasped Gavin, "don't forget it can always be made very tender again."

"Y-Yes ... yes ... mmmff ... mff ... M-Master ..." said Trudi. Her voice was low and hoarse, the result of the Head Cage and her incessant weeping.

"Alright, both of you kneel again," ordered Gavin.

He saw that Trudi was crying softly.

"Is there something the matter, girl?" he asked sharply.

Trudi shook her head. "N-No .. no ... mmmff ... mmmff ... Master ..." she answered.

"I like happy slaves," he said with a grin. "Smiling slaves, eager slaves. Don't forget it either of you." He liked the way Karen forced her mouth into a travesty of a smile. "Now," he went on, "we will proceed with the training of Trudi's mouth." The girl's mouth wobbled and she shuddered violently.

"First, Karen will demonstrate once again ... and then Trudi you will copy her. Come closer, Trudi ... by my side." Fearfully, the girl edged forward on her knees. Her eyes were wild with shock and horror. She knew what she was going to have to do. "I must warn you, Trudi," continued Gavin firmly, "that, if there is any disobedience from you during this training session, you will find yourself in the Pillory and getting a truly memorable thrashing. Do I make myself clear?"

"Mmmff ... mmmfff ... yes ... M-Master ... mmmff ... mmmff ..." sobbed Trudi. Never for a moment, did her trembling cease. The effort to control her wildly surging emotions was well-nigh impossible. Only the knowledge of what would happen if she did not lend her the strength to do so. She wished there was some way she could faint and then die. But the stimulant injection Gavin had given her earlier was running strongly through her veins.

Casually, Gavin fondled one of Trudi's breasts then, with his other hand, beckoned to Karen. "Come and lick my balls, slave," he ordered.

On hands and knees, Karen came forward at once, seemingly eager to do as she had been told. She kissed and licked almost feverishly at the big swinging balls before her. The caning she had had alerted her to the penalties of insufficient zeal.

“Watch closely, Trudi,” said Gavin. “See how Karen is doing her very best, striving to please me. That is what I want.”

Gavin patted the blonde head. “That’s right ... that’s what I want ... an eager slave.” He grinned at Trudi, who looked pale and wan. “Now lick my prick, slave,” he ordered.

At once, Karen began to lave the now rigid prick. From the base to apex, again and again. A broad, warm slippery tongue ... which always lingered longest on the big pink-purple knob.

“You see how it’s done, Trudi,” said Gavin, his voice a little thick with his mounting lust. Trudi’s eyes were dilating. She did not reply at first. “Well?” Gavin almost snarled.

“Yes .. yes ... ugh .. ugh .. yes, Master,” answered Trudi.

“Right, Karen now you can suck me,” said Gavin. “Just my knob. Now, watch this closely Trudi,” he said.

Trudi watched with horror as Karen took Gavin’s big knob into her mouth. Oh dear God, how was she going to make herself do it? But she must ... she must! Or suffer torments beyond belief!

Suddenly, Gavin gripped Trudi by her hair and pulled her closer ... until she was no more than six inches from Karen’s sucking mouth. “See, how hard Karen’s mouth is working slave. She’s sucking as if her life depended on it. That’s the way it should be done. Mmmmmm ... yes ... it feels very good.”

Gavin strove to control his fast-mounting lust, but it was difficult. The succulent, wet-warm sucking mouth felt very good and, what was more, Karen had taken in as much of his prick as she possibly could. That caning certainly smartened her up, he reflected happily.

Then, when his pleasure got too intense, he hauled Karen up and off. His solid, rigid length jerked and quivered. he allowed himself a moment or two to regain control. “Now you will kiss my balls, Trudi,”

he said. Karen moved back and knelt erect and Trudi crawled between his splayed thighs. Of course, she had done this before but she seemed just as nervously reluctant as the first time. The tremulous lips pressed softly to his scrotum. How lovely it was to make her do it when she hated it so much. "More enthusiasm, slave," said Gavin. "Let me feel that tongue at work ... just remember what it's like being caned."

At once Trudi's kissing became more urgent and he felt her start licking. Oh lovely ... just the mention of a caning was now sufficient.

"Get the cane, Karen," he said.

"Yes, Master ..." Karen ran off, breasts and bottom bouncing.

"Mmmm ... nnnnnnn nnnn noooo ... nooo" whimpered Trudi, beginning to kiss and lick feverishly. Gavin smiled at this evidence of the girl's anguished dread.

"Just place the cane across Trudi's bottom ... lie it upon it ... it will be a little reminder. If I raise my finger, use it. Just as hard as you can."

"Yes, Master," nodded Karen. She felt sorry for Trudi but she knew she would lay on with all her strength if called upon.

Trudi was now going at him hammer and tongs and he could feel his balls swinging to and fro as she chased after them with her mouth. Oh lovely ... lovely! If you had told her she would be doing this a month ago, she would have thought you were raving mad.

"Right ..." sighed Gavin at last, "now lick my prick, just like Karen did just now."

Trudi stuck out her quivering, pink tongue and began to lick him from his scrotum to his knob. Long, laving licks, lingering on his knob. Excellent, the girl was learning fast. Looking down, Gavin could see Trudi's eyes screwed tight shut and her nostrils flaring with revulsion.

Again ... again ... again ... again ...

It was delicious.

But, of course a critical moment was approaching.

Gavin gripped Trudi by her long black hair and hauled her up. “Now get that knob in your mouth, my little beauty,” he ordered in a voice thick with urgent lust.

For a moment, Trudi twisted her head away and a great heaving-groan came from her. Gavin lifted a finger and Karen raised the cane high and lashed it down across Trudi’s bottom. The groan became an agonised shriek. Despite treatment, Trudi’s bottom was still very tender. Her mouth gaped and Gavin pulled on the girl’s hair. Trudi heaved and retched, but Gavin held her head down, now using both of his hands. Try as she might, she could not escape.

“Suck!” rasped Gavin, “or you’ll feel that cane until you do!”

He raised one finger again ... and Karen lashed down a second stroke. Gavin felt the jetting of her scream. But then, to his intense delight, he felt her begin to suck. “That’s right,” he said, “just think of it as one of those lollies you used to suck at school. A nice big lolly.”

Still heaving and retching, Trudi made herself go on sucking, urged on by stark terror of the cane, she could feel lying across the clenching flesh of her buttocks. She must do it ... she must! The revulsion of it was beyond all bearing ... yet had to be borne.

That sucking, virgin mouth soon became too much for Gavin. His lust soared up and up.

Up ... and up ... and up!

His flanks and thighs began to quiver uncontrollably. He gripped Trudi’s head more tightly. Kept her down on his now jerking ramrod of flesh.

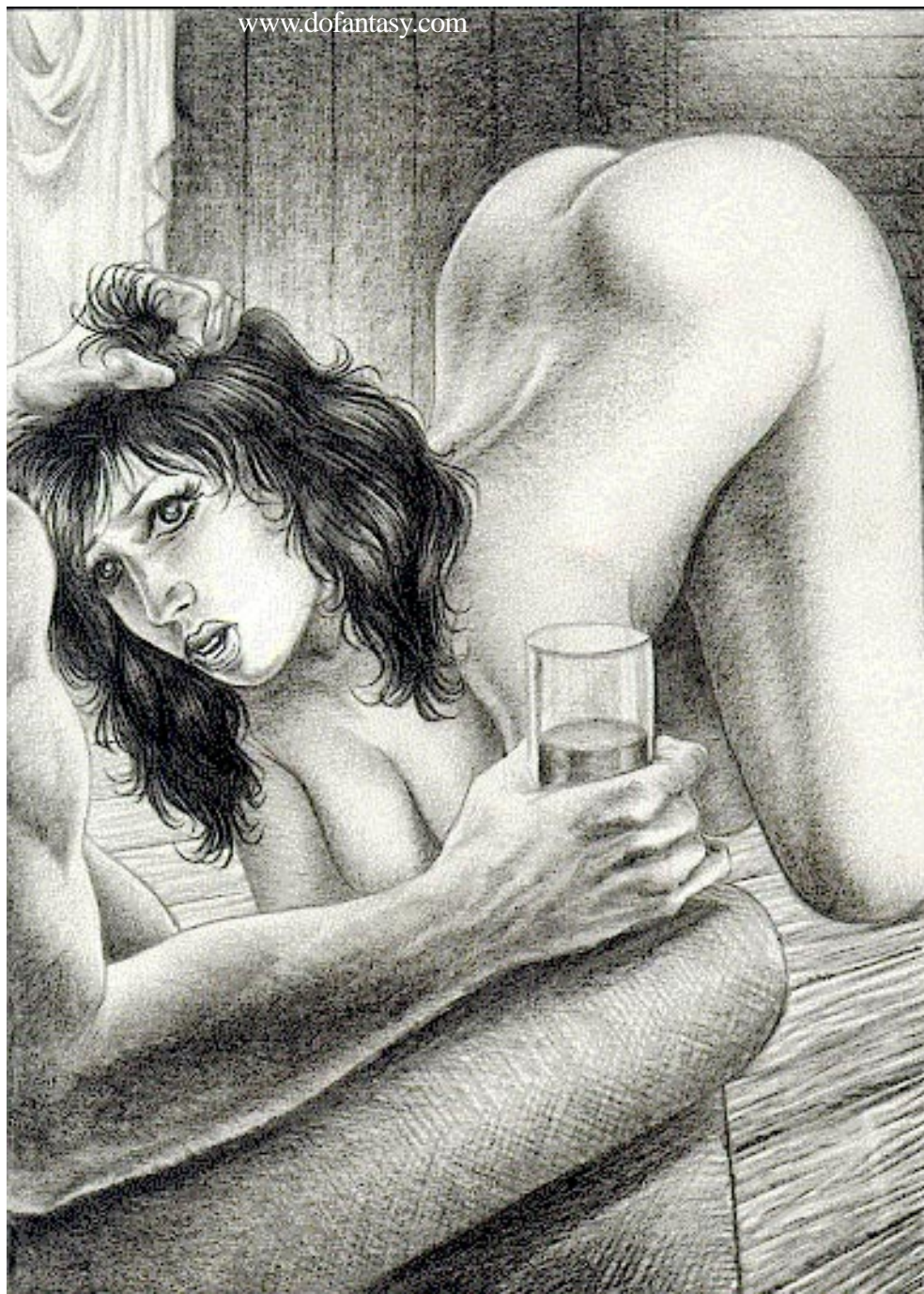
Then, suddenly, he was shooting ... shooting ... shooting.

A spurting eruption of the lava of his lust.

Exquisite!

Trudi was struggling wildly to escape, heaving and heaving, but Gavin gave her no chance. He spent himself almost entirely within the girl’s mouth before he finally released her. Trudi slumped to the floor, shuddering with horror.

It seemed that her groans and her retching would never cease.



“Suck or you’ll feel that cane until you do!”

But, of course, they did.

After a while, Trudi was merely sobbing. She felt both shame and self-pity at being forced to perform such a revolting act. Fury blazed through her for a few moments but she quickly suppressed it. She knew how dangerous that was.

She knelt alongside Karen, hands on top of her head, her firm, rounded breasts rising and falling with her sobs.

“You will soon do much better than that, slave,” said Gavin, addressing her whilst still lounging in the chair, his prick no longer rigid but still thick and suffused. It seemed that he could still feel Trudi’s sucking mouth.

“Mmmfff ... mmmfff ... u-ugh ... u-ugh mmmff mmmfff” the girl sobbed hopelessly.

“And if you do not ... and soon ... you’ll feel the martinet across your backside. That hurts more than the cane, doesn’t it Karen?”

“Yes, Master,” answered Karen meekly.

“You understand me, Trudi?” asked Gavin.

Trudi nodded her head. “Yes, M-Master ... mmmff ... mmmfff ...” she answered in a whisper.

“The martinet,” went on Gavin, “consists of three plaited leather thongs, each one with a little lead shot at its tip. Oh yes, it really hurts, I can assure you. Within five days time, you will have learned to suck me as well as Karen does ... or you will be feeling it. If necessary, I’ll flay the skin off the whole of your bottom.” Trudi recoiled, eyes dilating wide. He would, he would, she realised in an extremity of terror. “So, I hope for your sake, you will make yourself learn fast. Quite clear?”

“Yes ... Master” another whisper.

“You will come in here every morning, my girl,” continued Gavin, “and you will suck me until I am fully satisfied with your performance. Now, off you go, both of you. Take a shower and have a mouth-wash.”

Grinning, Gavin watched the two weal-striped bottoms swinging and rolling as the two girls left the centre cabin. He locked them in, then went into his own cabin and opened a bottle of refreshing white wine.

A significant step forward had been made in Trudi's training, he thought.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Trudi made better and faster progress in her cock-sucking than Gavin had expected.

He put that partially down to the fact that, on the next morning, when he led her into the centre cabin, he brought the martinet with him. He gave her a single, but a ferocious, stroke across the fullness of her bottom. Trudi shrieked and shrieked in awful torment, cavorting around the cabin with her hands clamped in frenzied urgency to her writhing buttocks.

“Imagine getting a dozen like that, slave,” said Gavin cruelly. “More, if need be.”

It was at this point that Trudi fell to her knees in front of Gavin and clasped his bare limbs frantically. “M-Master M-Master ... have mercy oooh ... have mercy ... don’t ... oh don’t whip me ... don’t, don’t oh don’t I’ll do what you want ... anything ... anything”

Gavin was a little surprised, if not taken aback. He had not quite expected such a collapse into complete submission. Not so soon anyway. He was even more surprised when Trudi raised herself higher and began pressing her lips, almost passionately it seemed, to his still flaccid organ. He patted the dark head of hair. So thick and glossy, like that of an advertising model.

“I will not whip you, slave,” said Gavin condescendingly, “unless you are disobedient or do not please me”

“I won’t disobey you Master,” cried Trudi, “and ... and ... I’ll d-do my best to ... to p-please you.”

“Good ... good ...” he said, pushing the girl away and seating himself in his chair. “Let’s have that mouth doing its duty then ...”

Trudi came between his thighs and lifted his soft prick and licking

most slavishly ... most delightfully. Already giving as good as Karen did. Karen he had placed in the Pillory earlier. There wasn't any particular reason for that; he just liked to give her the occasional reminder of her complete servitude. In due time he would do the same with Trudi.

Gavin soon came to erection under Trudi's uninhibited ministrations. Then she began to lick his hard prick avidly. What a marvelous slave she is turning out to be, he said to himself.

"Right, you little beauty, now start sucking," said Gavin.

Almost without hesitation, Trudi took hold of the root of his prick with her small, white hand and slipped his knob into her mouth. Her eyes were no longer screwed shut; they were in glazed despair.

Anything, anything, was better than the awful agonies of the rod and the lash!

"Try and get more of it in, slave," said Gavin.

Trudi tried, but not too successfully. She kept on choking as the knob neared the back of her throat.

"You'll soon get used to it," said Gavin, smiling.

Soon Gavin got to the uncontrolled quivering stage. He gasped and gasped as his pleasure intensified. Trudi was not used to the signs that he was on the brink and, when he ejaculated strongly, she instinctively jerked her mouth off his cock. Instead of getting its contents down her throat, she got them all over her face and tits.

Gavin was not particularly concerned. The girl was obviously inexperienced ... she would learn. "Slave," he said, "you keep on sucking and swallowing until I have finished"

"Yes ... oh Yes ... Master," said Trudi, clasping her hands together. "It ... it happened so suddenly ... I ... I wasn't ready ... I beg forgiveness, Master." Gavin looked at the trembling girl, who was obviously in mortal dread of getting a whipping. The semen glistened on her cheeks and breasts. It dripped down to her belly.

"You'll do better next time," said Gavin.

"Yes ... yes ... Master ... I will ... I will!" said Trudi, extending her

hands imploringly. Gavin got the impression that she would like to show him right then and there that she could do better.

He took Trudi back to the fore cabin and told her to shower and have a mouthwash. Karen, of course, was still in the Pillory. He patted her plump bottom in almost friendly fashion as he passed. "I'm keeping you there all the morning," he informed her.

"Very well, Master," said Karen humbly.

The weals on her bottom were fast disappearing for Gavin had, at last, condescended to put some healing ointment on her buttocks.

Trudi appeared from the shower room and he made her kneel while he anointed her bottom as well. The martinet weals look really nasty but they, too, would quite quickly disappear.

Having chained Trudi into her cubicle, Gavin went to his cabin, pulled on a pair of shorts and went up on deck.

There was another barge moored alongside his and there was a woman sitting at a table outside of the pub.

"Good morning,"

The woman nodded her head casually at his greeting. His eyes dwelt on her briefly. She was arresting looking woman rather than being attractive. Hard featured with a wide mouth and thin lips. Not exactly Gavin's type. She wore a red shirt and well-cut trousers which fitted into calf-length black boots. The heels were rather unusually high. Interesting, he thought. She didn't look a waterways person. Perhaps he didn't either. He was one simply for a specific reason. And that was his cargo.

He ordered a large Gin and Tonic, with ice and lemon, and chatted with the landlord for a while. "New barge arrived," he said.

"Yes," said the landlord, "the lady passed this way quite often. She really is a Lady. One with capital letter. Wealthy, I guess."

"Oh?" Gavin made no more comment and wandered out into the sunlight again. He came to the table. "Mind if I join you?" he asked.

"As you wish," the woman said, her voice flat. neither nor uninvit-

ing. Gavin sat down.

“You enjoy the canals?” he asked, trying to be social.

“It’s a way of life,” she answered. “And you?”

“Yes ... I enjoy my way of life,” said Gavin, thinking of his two captives on the ‘Slow Boat’. Travel alone, do you?” he enquired.

The lady’s eyebrows went up at such a direct question. “I have a servant,” she said after a while. “Looks after all my needs.”

“That’s handy,” said Gavin. It occurred to him that he might put Karen and Trudi to domestic use. Not that he required much.

“Very,” said the lady. Gavin noticed that she had cold green eyes. Basilisk eyes. He almost shivered as they turned full upon him. “And you?”

For a moment or two, Gavin didn’t answer. “Yes ... oh yes ... just me,” he said. Oddly enough he would have liked to have told this woman the truth. Would she have believed him? She herself looked very much the dominatrix-type of figure. How high and sharp the cheekbones were ... Gaelic or Russian.

“My servant is a submissive,” said the lady softly. “He works for nothing ... because he wants to. He worships me.”

Gavin’s nerves tingled. This woman is being very frank and seemed to be in his kind of world. “Strange,” he said.

“Not really,” the lady said. “There are plenty of male submissives about. I happen to have found one who suits my purpose.”

“Good for you,” said Gavin. “As it so happens, my predilections happen to lie in the opposite direction.”

“Oh?” the eyebrows went up again. The lady got to her feet. Tall and definitely authoritative. “Let’s go in and have some lunch ... and get to know each other a little better.” Gavin rose automatically and followed the woman into the pub. There was no doubt in his mind that this was a ‘one-off’ kind of woman. Someone special. Someone most interesting.

They sat at a discreet table. “I am Lady Feverall,” she said, extending her hand. “Miranda to my friends.”

“My name is Gavin Blake. Pleased to meet you, Ma’am.”

Lady Feverall smiled. But it was a cold smile. “I tend to find,” she said, “that people using the waterways are usually up to something. Smuggling, criminal activities of some kind. Are you up to something, Gavin?”

Gavin was a bit shaken. “Well, that’s my business,” he compromised.

“True enough,” smiled Miranda Feverall. “Discretion is all important.”

They ordered lunch. it was fresh salmon and new potatoes and salad. Perfect for a bright May day. Gavin thought momentarily of Karen in the Pillory. She would be getting hungry and thirsty. Trudi too. Oh what a pity!

“Tell me more about this servant of yours,” said Gavin, “if you wish, that is.”

“As I told you, he is a submissive. Loves to serve me in every possible way. I punish him if he displeases me.”

“Oh really?” Gavin’s nerves flared. This was surely some woman!

“Yes, really,” said Miranda. “Would you like to see him after we have had lunch.”

“Well, why not,” replied Gavin as casually as he could. He found himself becoming enormously fascinated by this strange woman he had just met. He seemed to have an affinity with her. She was a dominant and so was he.

He wondered very much about this submissive servant.

Gavin walked down the gangplank and on to the deck of the newly-arrived barge. It was named ‘Cassandra’. Lady Feverall strode positively before him, self assured, confident, her tight-fitting black trousers clinging to her well-rounded hindquarters. Some woman, he thought, but a really tough nut. She unlocked the door of the aft cabin. The set-up was very like on his own barge. Then she unlocked the door of the central cabin. It slid back to reveal a nude male on his

knees, head bowed to the floor. Nude, that is, Gavin saw later, but for a very tight leather restrainer about his genitals. He remained with head to the floor.

“This is Ricardo,” said Lady FEVERALL ... my servant. Though, more accurately, my slave.”

“Slave?” said Gavin, almost in disbelief. This woman certainly was on his wave-length!

“Up!” barked Miranda. The figure knelt erect. He had no body hair and his head was closely cropped. His features were angular but basically weak. His brown eyes darted hither and thither nervously. Gavin felt no embarrassment; just interest. It was his scene, but in reverse.

“Kiss Mr. Gavin’s feet,” said Miranda, “as a sign of your respect. If you don’t mind, Gavin.”

“I’ll put up with it,” smiled Gavin. He watched the man bend forward and kiss his canvas sneakers. “That’s enough,” he said withdrawing his feet.

“Go and pour us some brandy,” ordered Miranda. Subserviently, Ricardo rose to his feet and went into the aft cabin. Gavin was startled to see his buttocks striped with weals.

“He really is a submissive, isn’t he?” said Gavin.

“He is my slave,” responded Miranda shortly.

“It must be pleasing to have a slave,” speculated Gavin.

“Yes, as a matter of fact it is.” She gave Gavin a sly look. “I sense you know a bit about that too.”

“Maybe,” said Gavin cautiously. “We were talking about discretion. I shall certainly be discreet.”

“That’s kind,” said Miranda. “But, in a way, it doesn’t matter all that much. You see, if you told people how I am treating Ricardo, nobody could do anything about it. I have a signed statement from Ricardo stating that he is a lifelong masochist and he enjoys what I do to him.”

“Neat,” smiled Gavin. It would be nice to have the same sort of

arrangement with Karen and Trudi. At that moment Ricardo came back with two balloon glasses half filled with brandy. He knelt before Miranda and raised the tray. She ignored him at fist, then gave his a sharp kick in the flank.

“My guest first, do it!” she snapped.

“I beg pardon, Mistress,” said Ricardo. He proffered the tray to Gavin, who picked up a glass.

“Why was he caned?” he asked.

“Ah, so you noticed his backside. He broke a plate while he was in the galley.”

“Seems rather severe,” said Gavin.

“I assure you,” said Miranda, “that Ricardo gets thrashed if I find so much as a speck of dust.”

“Well, well,” smiled Gavin. He could not imagine how a man could tolerate such treatment. All the same the idea excited him. All domination excited him.

“Perhaps I could look over your barge this afternoon,” said Miranda casually.

“I don’t think so,” replied Gavin rather quickly.

“Ah, so you have got something to hide.”

“I like to keep myself private,” said Gavin and Miranda have him a long, hard stare with her basilisk green eyes.

“I will respect that,” she said at last. “Now, I’m off tomorrow traveling North. But I’ll be back here in two or three weeks. Possibly we will met again, if you’re still here.”

“Oh yes, I’m more or less certain to be here. I’d very much like to meet you again. Maybe then you could look over my barge.”

“Good ...” smiled Miranda, lady Feverall. She extended her hand and Gavin kissed it.

Back on ‘Slow Boat’, Gavin felt himself strangely excited by this unexpected meeting. He had the feeling Miranda would be much approving of the slave-girls he had acquired. Certainly he would be

delighted to show them to someone else of a like mind. It was all very intriguing. He could not quite imagine what it must be like to be a male slave, as Ricardo was.

He released an aching Karen from the Pillory and fed her and Trudi. Then, chained and helpless, he left them to their own devices. Lying relaxed on his bunk, he listened to a selection of Beethoven Concertos.

Life was very good.

A training pattern developed the following week. Each morning, he would have Trudi in the mid-cabin to suck him. She improved with every day that passed. Soon, there was no need to grip her head for she performed with enthusiastic zeal finishing him off to his complete satisfaction by sucking and swallowing until he was completely drained. It hardly seemed possible that this was the same girl who had been so reluctant to begin with. Oh the power of pain!

In the evening, he would put Trudi into the Pillory and fuck her for anything up to half an hour at a time. Depending on his mood. Though he knew she was fighting it, he always made the girl orgasm at least once. Very pleasing!

Though there was no real need to have Trudi fastened in the Pillory, Gavin enjoyed having her there. He loved her total helplessness, knowing he could do whatever he liked with her. He would put vibrator up her to get her nice and warm; he would play with her lovely tits until her nipples were projecting firmly; he would titillate her clitoris until she climaxed. Anything.

Yes ... he could do anything he liked with her.

The fuckings he gave her were as intensely exciting as ever. The girl was still virginally tight, hot and juicy. A really lively cunt. Nut then, after all, she was still only eighteen-years-old ... just approaching the peak of her sexuality.

Once he caned the girl. There was no real reason but he simply wanted to impress on her she was still his slave. He gave her twelve

strokes, not too hard. Trudi wept bitterly. After all, had she not given to her Master everything she could?

Karen was left very much to herself ... and she was very glad of the rest.

Towards the end of the week, one evening, Gavin unchained Trudi and led her, not to the Pillory but to the centre cabin. He was going to try a little experiment.

The girl lay naked and submissive on the mattress in the centre of the cabin. Nearby was the St. Andrew's Cross on which she had suffered so severely. Naked himself, Gavin came down on to the mattress. He gently fondled Trudi's lovely firm breasts, then kissed them, sucking the nipples. They quickly became firm.

"You wouldn't have let me do that a little while ago, my pretty slave," he said.

"N-No ... no, Master," she agreed.

"You would have fought ... you would have abused me. But now it is different."

"Yes ... yes ... Master."

"Now I think you enjoy it. You like my hands, my mouth, my cock."

"If you say so, Master."

"I do say so. My big cock makes you come. It gives you pleasure. Right?"

"Yes, master ..." There was a sob in Trudi's voice. She was admitting defeat. She had been conquered. Shamed. Totally violated.

Gavin ran his hand down over the curve of Trudi's belly. Slowly, slowly. He felt her shiver. Pleasure ... or the intensity of effort to make herself submit?

He reached the swell of her mound. So soft, so smooth. the girl shivered again. Then his fingers slipped between her sex lips. They were like warm velvet. She gave a shuddering sigh. This was total humiliation yet ... oh yet ... that there was sexual pleasure too, could not be denied .

Gavin found the little nub of her clitoris and very, very slowly and gently, he began to titillate it. There was a special delight in making this kind of conquest. now, not by rape but by the girl's submission.

"Get hold of my cock, slave," ordered Gavin thickly. His member was bone hard and rigid pressing against one of the warm flanks.

After only a momentary hesitation he felt the soft-warm little hand grip him. "There," he said, "that's nice and big and strong, isn't it, my girl?" Trudi made no reply. "Think of it inside you ... deep inside you ... ramming in and out of you. So big, so powerful." He felt her give a shiver and heard her breath coming a little faster. Steadily, he continued to play with her clitoris. The thighs were relaxing, parting a little. Mmmmm ... yes ... this was nice. Gradually, gradually, he was getting her going. Gavin's head bent and gently he sucked her firm nipples. Yes, she's beginning to get randy alright, thought Gavin. It was just a question which would prove the stronger ... her desire or her shame. Her hand remained on his solid prick. It seemed to be gripping a little tighter. After all, she was only eighteen and not all that difficult to rouse. She hadn't been a virgin but he sensed she had very little sexual experience. If he hadn't abducted her from her School, she certainly wouldn't have had an opportunity like this to gratify her natural lusts.

Gavin's titillating finger moved a little faster.

"You know I'm going to fuck you, Trudi, don't you," he said softly.

"Y-yes ... Master ..." the girl whispered back.

"This time, you won't be helpless in the Pillory. You'll be free. You'll be able to resist. Though I don't advise it."

A little moan from Trudi. He sensed that any idea of resistance was fast slipping away from her. Desire was overcoming shame. Her young, tight cunt had become wet and warm. She could deny as much as she wanted that she was liking it, but the evidence would be all against her.

Faster and faster moved Gavin's finger. Trudi began to breath in little gasps.

Then Gavin rolled on to his back. The moment he had been working towards was approaching. His cock stuck up like a ramrod ... and Trudi was going to impale herself upon it. He gripped the girl around her slim waist and raised her up above him, her thighs straddling wide on each side of him. Then he lowered her fractionally, positioning her carefully, so that his knob just touched her widening cunt lips.

“Down you go,” encouraged Gavin. But did not exert any pressure. Trudi was going to do it all herself. For a moment or two, he felt the tensing of her muscles then, with a whimpering moan which developed into an ululating wail she lowered herself on to the solidity of his rampant cock. Gavin felt the smoothness of her mound press to his hairiness. He was fully in her. There had been no force; she was willing volunteer.

This was true conquest!

The Master had fully overwhelmed his slave!

Purely through sexual prowess!

Gavin’s hands pressed to the warm curves of Trudi’s tightly-rounded buttocks.

“Move this lovely young arse of yours,” he said. Trudi’s head was on his chest, resting on one cheek. he could see one dark eye, open wide.

Slowly Trudi’s haunches rose.

Up up up ... then they seemed to hover momentarily before falling fast. The girl uttered another of those ululating wails. Not one of pain, Gavin knew, but one of delight. he grinned joyfully.

“Keep working slave,” he said. “It will get better.”

It did!

Slowly but surely Trudi increased the pace of her haunches. They rose and fell ever faster. Soon they were squirming too. Above Gavin’s face her lovely breasts danced and swung wildly. The girl was lost in lust. her mouth slack and open.

Gasping ... gasping ... gasping

Panting ... panting ... panting

“M-Master ... M-Master ...” he heard her saying, “I ... I can’t stop I c-can’t stop myself”

“Come, you little beauty ... come then, “ encouraged Gavin, squeezing the soft, pounding buttocks.

Trudi eyes wide, began making little gagging cries, her head went back and her hindquarters became a writhing-jerking frenzy. That brought Gavin to a peak simultaneously. He heard Trudi groaning as if in pain as she spent herself powerfully. And he heard, too, his own groans of pleasure mingling with hers.

They lay there, breasts crushing to chest, hearts hammering, breath rapid. Gavin’s now flaccid cock remained within Trudi’s liquid-hot depths.

Hail the conquering hero, he said to himself, as he closed his eyes. There was a graphic smile on his face.

It was most satisfying to set oneself a goal and achieve it.

ENVOI

In the next couple of weeks, Gavin thought quite a bit about Lady Feverall and her remarkable set-up. In view of her dominating predilections, he more or less decided to show her his small slave harem. He wondered if she liked the idea of female slaves as much as male slave. Quite probably. It would also be a new sort of trail for Karen and Trudi ... to be shamed in front of another woman.

During this time, Trudi's submissiveness increased. That was most gratifying though he would have liked to have had a good reason for making her arse squirm apart from fucking her.

One way or another, he enjoyed both girls more or less every day. Sometimes he had one twice and the other once. It was usually Trudi who got used twice. Sometimes he had both of them twice although that was inclined to get a little exhausting. Luckily, he had some special hormone pills which kept him going strongly, although he didn't like to use them too often, in case they became a necessity. He took them when he was feeling a bit jaded.

One morning he had both girls down on the big mattress in the mid-cabin and was playing around with them mauling breasts, squeezing buttocks, fingering cunts. Quite fun!

Then an idea suddenly came to him.

"Karen," he said, "I want you to kiss Trudi's cunt lips." Both girls gasped and recoiled. This was obviously a very unnatural idea!

"Oohhh ... oh no, Master, not that," pleaded Karen, "I ... I'm not that sort of girl ..."

"I don't care what sort of girl you are. I told you to kiss her cunt, so you will do it!"

"Please ... please ... Master ... no!" The girl's eyes were wide with



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he enjoyed both girls more or less every day...

pleading.

Gavin stood up and took hold of Karen by her blonde hair, pulling her erect and then towards the Pillory. "This is rank disobedience, slave ... and you know I won't stand for that."

Crying out and continuing to plead Karen was secured helpless in a matter of seconds. Her lush bottom twisted and quivered. "I didn't mean it, Master," she wailed, "I'll do it ... I'll do it."

But Gavin was not going to let this opportunity of administering a good hiding ... for a good reason ... pass.

"Eighteen strokes, my girl," he said, "and you're lucky it's not twenty four. Disobedience is a serious matter in a slave."

"Mercy, master! I'll obey ... I will ... I will ..."

But she knew it was already too late. She was going to get a thrashing, whatever she promised. Her lush nates were clenching convulsively with dread as Gavin tapped her bottom with the tip of the cane.

Ssswwweee eeppppptttt!

It blurred through the air and bit deep into soft flesh.

Karen screeched breathlessly. She was no longer caned with the same frequency as she once had been. So, as she wasn't used to it, it seemed to hurt all the more. For his part, Gavin delighted by the girl's violent reaction. It was, indeed, quite like old times.

Six strokes fell from the left, six from the right, each one delivered with all the power Gavin could muster. The weals which appeared over the madly juddering-writhing flesh were a deep purple, long and twin-tracked.

"MERCCCCEEEEEEEEE!" screamed Karen hoarsely after twelve strokes had contorted her. Surely she had suffered enough!

But no. Gavin merely smiled sadistically and laid on the final six strokes. They fell in the crease of the buttock, just at the tops of the thighs.

Karen's screaming howls became ear-splitting.

Never ... never ... never ... would she disobey her Master again ... whatever he asked ... she swore it to herself.

Trudi looked on in trembling horror, knowing just what her companion in misfortune was suffering. Thank God it wasn't her. But was she going to be ordered to kiss Karen in the same way? The idea was revolting. Could she make herself do it? She realised she would get what Karen was getting if she did not. She must do it!

Gavin tossed the cane away and released his sobbing victim. He held her face close to his. "Listen to me, slave, if there is the slightest sign of any more disobedience, I'll give you twice that number. Thirty six! Understood?"

"Mmmmmfff ... uuuggghhhuuuuuggghhh ... mmmmmffffff Yer ... esss ... Master," sobbed Karen. It was indeed just as it had been in the early days.

"Now go and kiss Trudi's cunt ... Trudi, open your thighs wide." Trudi did so with obvious reluctance, but at least she obeyed. Karen went down on hands and knees and crawled between them and put her mouth and tongue to word.

Trudi shuddered with the effort it took to hold her position.

Oh she didn't like it ...

She didn't like it at all ...

"Get your tongue well in, slave," said Gavin, tapping the bottom before him. "You've got to learn to please Karen ... just as she is going to learn to please you."

Trudi felt slightly sick.

She had thought the days of trial and ordeal were over. But, it seemed, they were not.

Ten minutes later, the positions were reversed and it was Trudi who was tonguing Karen.

Oh how strange it felt!

So completely unnatural!

But it was better to do it than suffer the agonies of a severe thrashing.

It was some three weeks later that, coming back on deck at about 11

a.m., Gavin saw the 'Cassandra' moored alongside 'Slow Boat' again. He felt a sudden little surge of excitement. As on the first day they had met, Lady Feverall was sitting at a table outside the pub drinking a glass of wine.

Gavin went straight over to her. "Welcome back, Miranda," he said, feeling much more confident that he had done at their initial meeting. "Good trip?"

"Excellent," smiled Miranda. She had very strong white, but rather small teeth, which gave her a faintly cat-like appearance. She was garbed totally in black. Black silk blouse, black leather skirt, black calf-length boots. Once more Gavin noticed the slim, high heels. "And how have you been?"

"Enjoying myself," grinned Gavin.

"I thought you might have been," said Miranda, giving him a sly look.

"Let's have some lunch, then I'll show you over my barge," said Gavin.

"Nice idea." Well, the die is now cast, thought Gavin. he had rather put himself in this woman's hands.

Miranda ordered a bottle of Champagne. "Celebrating?" asked Gavin.

"That's right. I've acquired a new slave."

"Really! How?"

"He replied to one of my discreet advertisements in a specialist magazines. Said he was a genuine submissive. But he isn't really. Wishes he hadn't joined now. But he's staying put."

Gavin laughed a little nervously. He wouldn't like to be in this woman's power!

"I've got a little surprise for you too," he said.

"I think I can guess ..."

"How?"

"Instinct," said Miranda.

The conversation became general as they continued lunch. It ended

with coffee and brandies. Then Gavin escorted Miranda to 'Cassandra'. "I'll just cheek on Pierre," she said. "He's probably a little uncomfortable by now." With a sadistic little smile, she unlocked the main cabin door.

END

**more to come...
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