

SOLD AS WHITE SLAVES

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a sequel to White Slaves

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CHAPTER ONE

It was in a happy frame of mind that Edward T Monson returned home to Chesterfield. His stay on the Lauderdale Estate of Mrs Gloria Vance had been as enjoyable as ever. Not only was the place most luxuriously comfortable, but the sense of power which emanated from this remarkable, strong-minded woman, seemed to permeate headily to her guests. Especially privileged guests like himself. Certainly, he was sure, no household in Nashville County was run on stricter disciplinary lines.

As his mare trotted smoothly before him, Edward recalled the punishments he had witnessed the previous afternoon at the regular weekly soiree given by Gloria to specially invited guests.

First the pale brown-skinned Meg had been caned for Demerits. Since she had been on a similar charge only a month previously, Gloria had ordered the heavy rod to be used. Twelve strokes from that was obviously quite some experience. My God, how the young woman had howled! What vicious weals it had raised across that soft bottom! In his mind's eye he could see them encircling both buttock cheeks, a vivid purple in colour. Meg would definitely have been encouraged to work even harder in order to avoid being put on Demerits again!

Next had come young Ginnie, she of the black hair and lustrous brown eyes. Dozing while at work had earned her six strokes of the double-thonged tawse. She had had to remove her drawers to receive those... and her embarrassment at doing so was evident. Rather naturally in a 19-year-old. A nice, taut-rounded white bottom had been exposed... and then impressively dealt with by Mary, one of the maids. Three strokes of that tawse over the same piece of flesh had really got through to Ginnie... and that was followed by three more over another piece of flesh. How that girl had shrieked; how that young bottom had glowed! Excellent.

Something more serious had followed. A birching for the

mature Ella... a buxom woman of 28 summers. Eighteen strokes, would you believe! For breakages. Mind you, it wasn't the first time. That was why the sentence was severe. How they had flayed that buxom backside! It was indeed a perfect target for the slashing twigs. Not surprisingly, Ella had fainted before the end; but they had revived her, of course, and gone on with it. It was a pretty nasty sight in the end.

Finally had come the 'tit-bit' of the afternoon. That had been the most pretty young blonde girl getting her very first caning. Her faults had been trivial but Gloria had made a point of being sharp with newcomers. What had particularly delighted Edward was that the girl had been made to remove her drawers - which was not customary when a caning was given. This was because, when about to receive a strapping the previous week, the girl had been reluctant to do so. Then, even more entertaining, instead of being put over the Block, Gloria had ordered that she be secured over the Birching Hurdle with long limbs wide splayed. What a sight that had been for all eyes! Such a delicate yet so superbly shaped young creature. What shame she must have experienced at being so blatantly exposed! And how that bottom had flinched and twisted as it awaited the torment to come! Already it had earned itself four extra strokes for delay... thus making sixteen in all. No laughing matter to get as a first-timer. Fezal, the Chief Overseer, had made a real meal of that caning. How he had drawn it out! What an artist the man was! The shrieks... the pleas... the wild, wild squirming. Merely to say it had been enjoyable would have been an understatement. It had been exhilarating. Afterwards, the girl had been further shamed... being made to bend and show her lacerated bottom to all for a full minute.

Yes, Mrs Gloria Vance ran a very strict household.

Then, of course, there had been the little matter of Sue, that enchanting young creature who had so taken his fancy whilst she was acting as a serving wench. What a beauty! What a ripe figure! He had lusted after her instantly... and arranged for her to be sent to him as a chambermaid. Not surprisingly, she had not been at all amenable to his advances, despite being aware of the great danger of disobeying him. He had to spank her soundly with a hairbrush before she could be prevailed upon to remove her drawers. But that was as far as it had gone. When he had ordered Sue to suck him, she went berserk and ran from the room. That had been

momentarily annoying and frustrating, but Edward knew it was only a pleasure postponed. Next week, the girl would be severely punished (and he would watch), then she would be sent back to him. Doubtless, next time she would be considerably more amenable. And, meanwhile, the nubile black youngster they had sent him soon took the edge off his frustration. All in all, quite a day. Now he was nearly home.

Edward studied the glossy flanks of the mare before him, and his mind roved to the white flanks of the Honourable Eleanor Gordon-Bradshaw. Tomorrow, he said to himself with a tingle of anticipatory pleasure, I will pay Mrs Emma Arbuthnot a visit, on the pretext of studying her Stable arrangement but mainly with the idea of taking the Honourable Eleanor out for a solo 'spin'. Yes, it would be most pleasing to have that once-proud aristocrat alone between the shafts.

A keeper opened the iron gates of Chesterfield and Edward T Monson swept past not bothering to acknowledge the man's respectful touch of his forelock. Having alighted at the wide stone steps of his mansion, a stable-hand took the mare and carriage away. Up the steps and through the pillared portico. All the outer trappings of immense wealth. Then up the stairs directly to his suite.

Where his personal slave - the tall, lissom, olive-skinned Tess, only seventeen - would be awaiting him.

"Welcome home, Master..." Tess, who had been polishing a window, sank to her knees as Edward entered. Apart from her red cincher-corset, she wore a tiny maid's apron and a pair of high-heeled red ankle boots. Nothing else. Of course, thought Edward with an inward snicker, the girl could not mean it; but she had to say it.

"Thank you, Tess," he said with an easy smile. "Have you been a good girl while I have been away?"

"Oh yes, Master!"

"I sincerely hope so. Now go and run me a bath."

"At once, Master." Tess sprang to her feet and ran from the room, her beautiful, well-rounded bottom bouncing delightfully. What a joy it was to have such a girl at one's beck and call... one who would do anything humanely possible that he commanded. It would be an even greater joy to have two such. For Edward was determined to purchase Sue from Gloria Vance (at almost any price) and add her to his very

personal staff. It might take a little time but it would be worth waiting for.

Shortly, Tess returned and made a little curtsy. "It's ready, Master," she said.

Edward had already stripped to the buff. He gave the girl's bottom a good slap as he passed. "Come and soap me," he ordered.

"Yes, Master..."

Edward sank contentedly into the warm water, seeing two superbly rounded breasts swinging gently above him. Tess bent over further and began to soap him. My God, how this child rouses me, he thought. I shall fuck her shortly... and she'll give me everything she can. That was what she had been trained to do. By the time Tess was softly soaping his genital regions Edward had a half hard on. Soon the soaping gave him a full one.

"That's for you, girlie," he grinned.

"Thank you, Master," responded Tess. It sounded very genuine: But could it be? Could it? Maybe it was that the girl had simply forced herself to become a consummate actress. More likely, reflected Edward. Either way, one's pleasure at such responses was not diminished.

Edward dried himself on a huge, woolly towel, then got Tess to powder him all over. He felt much refreshed. Ready for anything.

"Fetch me a Pink'un, my pretty," he ordered.

"Very good, Master..."

Though, at the age of 43, Edward was most sexually virile, he liked to increase his abilities and his stamina by drinking half a dozen glasses a day of a very special mixture concocted to his doctor's prescription. It was quite remarkably effective. He had no difficulty in performing, one way or another, at least three times a day. If the urge was there, more. Very satisfying. And very essential when there was so much material available.

Edward tossed back the drink Tess brought to him and seated himself. He was still naked.

"Now, my girl, I asked you if you had been good."

"Yes, Master."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, Master."

"Not been playing with yourself?"

Tess shook her head, going faintly pink. "Oh no, Master."

"I don't believe you."

"I... it's true, M-Master... I haven't... I haven't..."

"I still don't believe you. You look too guilty for my liking."

"Oh, Master, it's true..."

"In any event, young girls like you just can't stop playing with themselves when there's nothing else to do. No, I just don't believe you. You're lying, Tess."

"No, Master... no..." Tess was getting agitated, well aware of the drift of events. This sort of thing had happened often enough before. Why couldn't he just take her and be done with it?

"Fetch the slipper, Tess."

"Oh... Master... oohh... Master..." wailed Tess pleadingly. However, she did not hesitate to obey. Of course, it made not one iota difference whether Edward believed she was lying or not. He just liked to have some sort of excuse for giving such a charming bottom a spanking. Tess nervously returned with a leather-soled slipper and handed it over. Compared with most instruments of correction in Chesterfield, this was quite a minor one. However, as Tess well knew, it could sting most fiercely. She dare not complain at this injustice. Indeed, she had to be careful not to even show any resentment for it.

"What happens to naughty girls who lie to their Master, Tess?"

"They get spanked, Master."

"That's right, Tess. And, if they go on lying, they get caned. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, Master..."

"Come across my lap."

Edward's erection had subsided somewhat since he left the bath but he began to harden again immediately Tess's soft body was draped across his upper thighs. The solid root pressed into her belly. There before him was that young, curvaceous bottom he knew so well. One which had given him so much pleasure in so many ways. Incredible to think this girl was still only seventeen. She certainly looked more mature, even though that unique, delicate bloom of youth was on her skin.

There was that familiar throb of lustful excitement as Edward tapped the slipper on Tess's bottom, making the flesh quiver deliciously. "For being naughty, I am going to give

you twelve hard whacks. For lying, I am going to give you twelve more..."

"Oh, Master!" The bottom cheeks gave a quick clench. Was that deliberate? To please him? For, as both of them knew, a twenty-four stroke spanking from the slipper was a relatively mild one compared with some he had given her. It was certainly far, far more mild than a twenty-four stroke caning... several of which Tess had had in her earlier, rebellious days.

"You deserve to be spanked, don't you?"

"Yes...yes... Master..." Oh if only he would get on with it! Get it over.

"You did play with yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes, Master..."

"How many times?"

"Tw-twice, Master..."

"Very naughty!"

WWHHAACCKK! The first stroke descended sharply on Tess's right buttock cheek. A red blotch appeared. She absorbed it with no more than a tiny gasp.

"Which means you lied as well?"

"Yes... yes... Master... oh I'm sorry, Master..."

"Even naughtier! You really ought to be caned."

WWHHAACCKK! The second stroke came down stingingly on the left buttock cheek. A second blotch appeared. How delightful it was to be able to spank a young girl like this, thought Edward. Two more strokes followed in quick succession, overlaying those he had just delivered.

WWHHAACCKK! WWHHAACCKK!

"Oww... ow!" gasped Tess, her bottom bouncing and twisting a little. That had definitely hurt more. The two blotches were brighter and redder.

WWHHAACCKK! WWHHAACCKK! Again in the same place.

"Ooowww! Ooowww!"

Edward grinned. Yes, that had got through to her alright. Made that bottom squirm quite enchantingly. Now he aimed lower down - to where the buttocks joined the thighs. On that tender spot, he would repeat the process. Three in the same place on each cheek. Lovely! Lovely to be able to do. Lovely to be able to watch and hear the effects.

WWHHAACCKK! WWHHAACCKK!

"Ahh... hhaaa... oooowww..."

WWHHAACCKK! WWHHAACCKK! Edward was hitting as hard as he

could now.

"A-Aggghh... o-ooowwww..."

WWHHAACCKK! WWHHAACCKK!

"OOOWWWW... AAHH... OOOWWWW!"

"Is it hurting, my pretty?"

"Oohh... ohh... yes... M-Master... it hurts..."

"It is going to hurt even more. There are twelve more to come." Edward's prick was a hard bone into Tess's belly. Oh how he was enjoying himself!

"P-Please, Master... please... I couldn't help b-being naughty..."

"Ahh... is that so... well... well..."

WWHHAACCKK! WWHHAACCKK!

The slipper began to fall again, now descending across the centre of both buttock cheeks simultaneously. How resilient they were, how they bounced and joggled! Getting redder and redder all the time.

WWHHAACCKK! WWHHAACCKK!

Squirming... squirming... ooowwing and ahhing. Oh lovely... lovely... ooohhh... so lovely!

WWHHAACCKK! WWHHAACCKK!

As hard as he could... all in the same place. And now it was a really red-hot place.

"Yeeeeooowwww... yyyeeooowww!" Oh yes it was hurting alright!

WWHHAACCKK! WWHHAACCKK!

"Yeeeoowww... ohhh... p-please, Master... no... m-more..."

WWHHAACCKK! WWHHAACCKK!

"Yyaaagghhh... aaaagghhh... yyyaaagghhhh!" Oh how lovely to make her yell like that... to squirm like that! Oh how lovely! Still two more to come. As hard as you can... still in the same place. A place now the brightest of bright reds.

WWHHAACCKK! WWHHAACCKK!

"OOOWWW... AAHH... OOOWWW... AAAGGGHHHH!" Oh the twisting and the turning... oh the mad joggling of that soft young flesh. Flesh now burning with pain. Marvellous. Quite marvellous.

Edward tossed away the slipper and ran his hand over Tess's bottom. Mmmm... yes... yes... that felt really hot. Glowing and glowing. Marvellous. So soft, so succulent. Mmmm... what more could he ask? Edward's male bone felt even harder than ever.

"You deserved that, didn't you?" Edward's hand was run-

ning over the hot skin... feeling the quivering and contractions.

"Yes... yes, Master... I'm sorry I was naughty, Master."

All the right words. All the submission he wanted. Under his hand was a plaything, to be spanked or fucked, just as he wished. That was mastery; that was power. That was what ownership of slaves was all about.

"You know you got off lightly?"

"Yes... oh yes... Master... thank you for b-being so merciful..."

"I could easily have given you a really good thrashing, you know?"

"Y-Yes... Master... I know... thank you for being such a good Master..."

Edward smiled. How nice to be thought of as a good Master by this child!

He thrust his hand down between the warm cleft of Tess's nates, then fingered her sexually. Far from recoiling, the girl parted her thighs to allow him easier access.

"Ohh... ooohh... thank you, Master... that f-feels lovely!" It was a quavering cry of seeming pleasure. Was it genuine? Could it be? Did it matter? Edward plied his fingers vigorously; Tess squirmed and whimpered.

"Liking it?"

"Yes... a-aahh... a-aahh... yes... Master... oh I'm so hot in my bottom... it... a-aahh... m-makes me... a-aahh... hotter inside..."

"Good." Edward frigged even more vigorously, feeling the increasing warm lubricity. He would make her come before he got into her. Then she would be really hot and juicy. Just as he wanted her.

"Hhhhaaahhhh... hhhhooorrrr... hhhhaaaahhhh... oh M-Master oh M-Master..."

That bottom was quaking uncontrollably. Twisting and jerking. Oh yes, he was really working her up!

"Are you coming, girlie?"

"Hhhhooorrrr... nnnngggg... hhhhaaaaaahhhh... y-yes... sssss... AAAHHHHH... EEEEEHHHHH... y-yes... YESSS...YESSS..."

There was a frenzied jerking of young haunches; a high pitched gagging in the throat; a head tossed back and back. Tess was spending and spending. Not doubt about it. This was no play-acting. This was genuine. Just what Edward wanted. She would now be like liquid-hot velvet inside.

Yes, just what he wanted. Slowly the tumult subsided; but the warm buttock-flesh went on twitching and quivering. Tess moaned.

"O-Ohhh... th-thank you, Master," he thought he heard her say. And, with that, he gave the rounded, reddened bottom a couple of good slaps and thrust the girl off him. Down on to the floor she went... and in moments Edward had gripped her flanks and hauled her hindquarters up. He was superbly rampant, raging with lust.

"Here it comes, girlie!"

"Ooooooohhh... yes... yes..."

Edward thrust in savagely. Right in. Up to the hilt. Feeling the young girl buck and squirm as he did so, hearing her loud, prolonged squeal. Ahhh... yes... yes... this was true possession! This was just what he wanted. Taking an even tighter grip on those youthful flanks, Edward began to drive in and out with brutal vigour.

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

Belly pounding to warm, quaking buttocks. A cunt that was hot, clinging and melting. The cunt of a submissive 17-year-old. His... his! To be taken and enjoyed as often as he wished. Oh delight... delight... DELIGHT!

Thumpity... thumpity... thumpity... thumpity...

Faster... faster... faster... faster... and even more ecstatic. Pounding madly... one's brain and whole being utterly absorbed. Oh God, how co-operative she was... could anything be better!

Gasping, groaning... jerking haunches becoming uncontrolled. Edward rutted to a furious climax. Beneath him, young Tess was wriggling and squealing loudly.

She's coming again, he thought ecstatically. Yes, he was sure!

He squirted and squirted and squirted. Draining himself. Moaning and slavering. Wallowing piggishly in his slaked lust, crushing the palpitating girl down on to the floor.

It was quite perfect...

Edward closed his eye, sighing contentedly. Against his belly, he could feel Tess's hot bottom. The bottom he had so recently spanked. From time to time, it would give a series of convulsive twitches. His flaccid penis remained for a long time within her liquid-warm succulence.

A half an hour later, casually dressed, Edward sought out his

wife Gertrude. He found her in her study dealing with correspondence. She greeted him with a warm smile.

"Good afternoon, my dear." Gertrude had once been quite attractive in a rather wholesome, cuddly sort of way. But now in her late thirties she had become over-fat with a heavily jewelled face. She also wore too much make-up. Edward didn't mind. There was no longer any question of sexual relations between them; they were simply companions and business partners. He had suspected at one time that Gertrude made use of some of the male slaves on occasions, which he considered bad for discipline but could do little about it. Latterly he had got the idea his wife was turning to lesbianism. Well, why not, if she wanted to?

"Good afternoon, Gertrude." Edward planted a dutiful kiss on the top of his wife's head. She smelt of powder and violets.

"Have a good time at Gloria's?"

"Very," nodded Edward. "There were several real good hidings handed out."

"As usual," said Gertrude. "Personally, I prefer to punish my slaves in private. I don't know why Gloria has to do it in public."

"At Lauderdale, they get punished in private as well as publicly," replied Edward. "Anyway, all her guest enjoy it, including me."

"Yes... I suppose so," sighed Gertrude. "And talking of punishments, I've got to go down and deal with one of my new girls. She cheeked Cook on her first day here... and I'm not having that. I shall deal with the matter personally and that young lady will be taking her meals standing up for the next few days, I can assure you!"

Edward smiled. "I can imagine..."

"You don't have to imagine," said Gertrude a shade tartly. "Why don't you come along?"

"Maybe I will... maybe I will..." Edward took a small cigar from a box on Gertrude's desk and lit it. His wife resumed her writing. "I thought of going over to Emma's tomorrow," he said. "To see how she organises her Stable."

"Uh-hu... a good idea, Edward." She looked up and smiled briefly. "And doubtless you will be anxious to put Nellie through her paces again?"

"That is indeed possible," said Edward gravely.

Gertrude blotted the letter she had just finished. "I

have arranged for the conversions in our Stable," she said. "I thought we'd start with just four Ponies. Two males, two females."

"I see," nodded Edward. "I, myself, would not be interested in the males."

"But I would," Gertrude almost snapped. She seemed to be in a rather irritable mood, thought Edward. Probably dyspepsia. Gertrude ate far too much.

"Of course... of course," said Edward soothingly. "The males would be blacks, presumably?"

"Yes. And I suppose you would prefer the females to be whites?"

Edward considered. "Perhaps one of each," he said, after a while.

"Quite a good idea. The white Pony would have to be specially purchased, of course. It would be nice to get someone like Eleanor - Nellie, I mean."

It would, indeed," agreed Edward heartily. "I'll have a word with Mason Fairbrother about it. I'm sure he'll be able to arrange something. Even if it does take a little time." Fairbrother was just about the biggest slave-dealer in the South and he specialised in the buying and selling of white slaves. It was he, in fact, who had purchased Eleanor Gordon-Bradshaw and then sold her to Emma Arbuthnot. At a good profit.

"Right," said Gertrude briskly. "I'll leave that side of things to you. I'll make my pick from among the black slaves. I'll leave you to choose the Negress you want."

"Thanks," smiled Edward. He was beginning to very much look forward to this new venture. "By the way, have you considered who is to run the Stable?"

"Yes," nodded Gertrude. "I thought, to begin with, we might have one of Emma's more senior hands on loan. He'll know the ropes."

"What a good idea," said Edward. "I'll speak to her about it tomorrow. Do you think one will be enough?"

"Maybe not. Better ask Emma. If she can spare two, so much the better."

"I'll do that..."

Gertrude stood up. "Are you coming down then?" she asked.

"Might as well," replied Edward. No harm in watching a black arse being tanned. And Gertrude certainly looked in the mood to hand it out!

TESS

He made me do it again! Oh how I hate him! But I hate myself more when I lose control. I found myself enjoying it; and I just couldn't stop myself. First when he played with me when I was over his knees, I spent and spent. Then, when he ravished me, I spent and spent even more.

How can one loathes something, then suddenly he made to love it?

Nature is strange; Nature is cruel. All of life is cruel. My life anyway.

Oh how my poor bottom still smarts and burns; God that slipper really hurts when it falls and falls again in the same place. He knows it and he loves making me yelp and squirm. He is a monster. A sadistic monster. Yet I must obey him and serve him in every way he wants... unless I want to suffer more than I already do.

I will go into the bathroom and sit on the cold tiles. That will cool my bottom down a little.

Ahh yes... ahh that's good. But it still goes on burning, of course. It's just that it's not quite so bad. My skin feels as if it has shrunk. It always does after one has been spanked or thrashed. Any movement after a hiding is an extra torment.

He has not caned me lately, now that I come to think of it. I have given him good reason not to, naturally. But I have little doubt that he will soon find some sort of excuse to do so. He is an unjust Master. A good Master only punishes when his slave misbehaves. My Master, as often as not, punished because he enjoys doing so. I am aware of that. He has even admitted it directly. Perhaps that amused him.

Oh, being caned is so awful: Each cut bites like a hot wire. It takes one's breath away. It is unbelievably painful. Yes, even when you have been caned countless times before, your mind, your nerves, cannot bring themselves to believe, yet again, it can be so painful.

It becomes unbearably painful.

Yet one has to bear the pain.

You tell yourself you would do anything... ANYTHING... if

only it would stop. You shriek it out.

But the caning goes on.

One hot wire after another... crossing, criss-crossing... until your whole world is only pain. Pain, pain and more pain.

When will it happen again? I tear my mind away from thinking about it. If he came back and caught me sitting like I am here, it would probably happen. That makes me get up quickly and set about some domestic duties. This place must be kept spotless always.

Oh how I hate him!

CHAPTER TWO

The Negress who was brought into the cellar-room which was used at Chesterfield for administering 'official' punishments was quite striking in appearance. Edward put her in her early twenties, but it was often difficult to estimate the true age of black girls. This one was tall, straight-backed, long-limbed and with high, well-rounded breasts. She had angular cheekbones, wide-set eyes and a full mouth. Perhaps it would not be correct to call her beautiful but she was certainly handsome and there was a certain proud dignity about her features and bearing. Her movements were graceful, with a panther-like fluidity. Excellent material, thought Edward. However, from her demeanour, this seemed a natural rebel-slave. A born trouble-maker. She would have to be dealt with early.

Chin high, the white of her dark brown eyes very pronounced, the young woman stood stiff and silent.

"Curtsey!" bellowed the female Overseer who had brought her in. She was a big-boned half-caste of ferocious appearance. The Negress, coal-black, dropped a small curtsey. With obvious reluctance. Edward was intrigued. This was no hangdog cringer; this was a woman with some spirit.

Gertrude was looking daggers. "Your name, girl, I understand, is Mandy-Lou," she said. "Is that correct?"

There was quite a pause. "Yes, Ma'am," answered the Negress finally. Her voice was deep and throaty.

"Is it also correct that you cheeked Cook today?"

"No, Ma'am..."

Gertrude looked astounded at this reply. "But... but... It has been reported to me... it must be so," she said.

"I do not think I cheeked her, Ma'am," came the calm reply.

At this point, the Overseer intervened. "May I speak, Ma'am?"

"You may..."

"Cook has reported that this girl cheeked her a second time."

"Indeed!" Gertrude's eyebrows went up. "This is a fine

start to your service here, girl, I must say. You will have to be taught a very sharp lesson. You will have to learn right at the outset that I do NOT tolerate recalcitrant slaves in my household."

Mandy-Lou remained silent; she bit a full, pale brown lower lip. She was new and she was aware she was in trouble. But how much trouble?

"Are we sure of the facts?" enquired Edward mildly. He was beginning to like the look of this black beauty more and more. It would be good to see her getting a hiding.

"I always accept the word of my Overseers," said Gertrude sharply.

"Mmmm... yes, quite so," nodded Edward suavely.

There was quite a long silence before Gertrude spoke again. "I had in mind, Mandy-Lou, to give you a really sound caning for this cheek. To impress on you that slaves at Chesterfield show respect for their betters. Cook is a servant, not a slave. Do you not understand that?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." The young Negress was trying to keep calm; to preserve her dignity. But it was an uphill struggle. This was a strange new world to her.

"As it is," continued Gertrude, "since you cheeked Cook a second time, I have decided to give you a whipping."

There was a gasp from Mandy-Lou, but she still kept her head high. Edward experienced a tingling of his nerves. It would be good to see this one stripped naked for the lash; they always were.

"A good decision," he said solemnly.

"Remove your garments," ordered Gertrude crisply.

Mandy-Lou's features quivered; her dark eyes glanced nervously upon Edward; her lower lip was bitten more fiercely. "P-Please..." she whispered. It was very obvious that it was the presence of her Master of the House what was making her so reluctant. Edward smiled encouragingly.

"If you do not do so AT ONCE," rasped Gertrude, "I shall have Overseers brought in to rip the clothes off you. And what is more, your punishment will be increased, girl."

A low moan came from Mandy-Lou. She knew she was defeated... being but a poor black slave in the power of whites. "Oh dear Lord... oh dear Lord above... how can you let this happen to me?" she cried out with a sudden, startling clarity. One of those Revivalists, thought Edward. Do-gooders. No drink, no sex. Rather different from his way

of life! Still the young woman hesitated.

"Well?" demanded Gertrude, fast losing patience.

Reluctantly, the Negress's hands went to the buttons of her white, semi-transparent blouse. She unfastened them slowly. A half-cup brassiere supported her superb breasts but Edward gained the impression that they need not be too reliant on that help. They were a couple of real beauties; like two black grapefruits with dark brown nipples protruding from them. The red skirt was next to go. Mandy-Lou stood in white drawers, brassiere and cincher corset.

"I want EVERYTHING off," insisted Gertrude. She signed to the Overseer. "Unlace the girl's corset," she ordered.

"Yes, Ma'am..." The red corset was rapidly unfastened at the back. Though it had been on very tight, Mandy-Lou's waist expanded no more than two or three inches when it was free. Edward was becoming more enamoured of the shape and stature of this beautiful black slave. His theory about the girl's breasts proved correct when, for good measure, the Overseer unclasped the brassiere. Those full-rounded orbs scarcely sagged at all.

Apart from stockings and shoes, that left only those thin white drawers.

"Come along, come along... girl... get stripped. I haven't got all day," snapped Gertrude.

Wearily, it seemed, the Negress bent to remove her stockings and shoes. Then she stood erect again, wearing only her thin cotton drawers. The look of strain on her fine features had intensified but she still managed to keep her head high. A truly fine specimen, considered Edward, noting the gleaming sheen on the young woman's flesh. It looked as if it had been polished.

"I... I don't deserve... to b-be wh-whipped, Ma'am," came a low, soft voice. "I... I only s-said..."

"Keep your mouth shut, you insolent creature!" yelled the Overseer. "Do you want to make things worse for yourself? And remove those drawers, AT ONCE!"

There was still hesitation. A single large tear emerged from Mandy-Lou's left eye, ran down over her cheek and then fell to her left breast where it hovered momentarily like a large raindrop.

"Rip them off," ordered Gertrude impatiently. The Overseer was quick, and obviously happy, to comply. Two tugs and the garment was in tatters on the stone floor. Edward had a

quick glimpse of a full-swelling, depilated black mound before it was covered instinctively by the girl's hands.

"Hand away... away, I say... at once!" bellowed the Overseer. "Put them on top of your head."

Most unwillingly, Mandy-Lou's hands obeyed. Her superb breasts were heaving under the strength of her emotions. It was cruel enough that she was to be whipped for so trivial an 'offence'; worse that it should be done before the man who was, she realised, the Master of the House. She was hideously aware of his cruel-lusting eyes upon her nudity.

"Move," ordered the Overseer, "towards the wall."

Automatically, the Negress obeyed. How liquid were her movements; how graceful, thought Edward. The back and the hindquarters sumptuously swelling. Superb! Edward could not recall having seen any woman, black or white, with a better figure. This young woman was large and smoothly muscled yet she was perfectly proportioned. And those long limbs! What a stature! Was Gertrude fully aware, he wondered, of the magnificence of the body she was about to whip?

"Stop," said the Overseer as Mandy-Lou almost reached the wall. "Raise your arms above your head."

"O-Oohh... please sp-spare me... I... I'm new... I d-didn't know..." began Mandy-Lou.

"Silence! Raise your arms." Slowly the arms were raised; Mandy-Lou began to sob quietly. It was a pitiful sound; but it aroused no pity in that cellar. Here was a slave who had earned herself a punishment and now, justly, was about to receive it.

The Overseer positioned a three-legged stool and, standing upon it, buckled a broad leather cuff around the Negress's right wrist. This cuff was attached to the end of a chain suspended from a ceiling beam. The left wrist was similarly dealt with. At this new sense of helplessness, Mandy-Lou sobbed more loudly. Next, the Overseer reached up and turned a small wheel set in the beam between the chains. This caused the chains to shorten.

Click... click... click... they went, stretching the young woman's arms and body, until she was standing just on tiptoe. She groaned. Gertrude nodded with satisfaction.

"Thank you," she said to the Overseer who stepped down and removed the stool.

All was in readiness...

Edward moved back a few paces, so he would not be in his

wife's way. Used as he was to watching, and giving, punishments, he found his heart beating a shade faster than usual. My God, that beautiful black arse! It had a gloss on it. How he was going to enjoy watching it writhe!

Gertrude moved further along the wall where hung an array of instruments of correction... vicious-looking rods, riding crops, martinetts, a cat o'nine tails and several whips. Gertrude took down one of the slimmer ones; the heavier ones were used on male slaves. The whip she chose was about four feet in length, made of tightly plaited cowhide, a dull, dark brown in colour. Gertrude ran it through her fingers, feeling a faint oily sheen. From being an inch in diameter at the handle, it tapered gradually to pencil-thickness at the tip where there was a small knot about the size of a pea. And from this knot ran through, thin one-inch long strands of leather. The final sting in the tail of a cruel implement, one might say.

"Oh Lord... oh Lord... help me!" Mandy-Lou cried out suddenly. "Oooohh... have mercy on me!"

Nothing can help you now, said Edward to himself. He saw the flint-like look in his spouse's eyes; she was not a woman to be diverted from what she considered a just action. He could never quite make out whether Gertrude enjoyed punishing slaves (as he did) or whether she truly did so out of a sense of duty. To ensure a well-run household. Perhaps he would ask her one day.

The slim whip coiled, Gertrude took up a position to her victim's left, standing so that the last two feet of the whip would fall across the flesh she selected and then curl around the body. She released the coil; the whip trailed down to the floor.

"I do not think you will cheek my servants again, my girl!" said Gertrude in a grating voice.

"M-Mercy... mercy... NO... OOOO!"

The whip trailed back, swept up off the floor; Gertrude's arm swung high. Then the whip lashed down.

Cccrrraaa... aaaccckkkkk!

Somewhat to Edward's surprise, the whip fell across the broadest part of Mandy-Lou's back. For some reason, he had expected it to fall across her hindquarters. There was a short, breathless silence, then a piercing shriek filled the cellar. Not only had the plaited cowhide fallen across the width of the back but the last six inches of the whip had

coiled around so that the leather knot bit into the right side of the woman's breast.

It was further pain imposed upon already atrocious pain.

No wonder the Negress shrieked so piercingly.

Diagonally across her strong, black-gleaming back, lay a purpled weal.

The whip trailed again over the stone floor. Then up it went... and down it fell.

Cccrrraaa... aaaccckkkkk!

"A-A-A-A-A... AHHH... EEEEEEGGGHHHHHHHH!"

This time the thong fell a little lower on that splendidly firm back. The knot of leather bit just under the breast as it curled around. But the pain experienced was most visually evident. Mandy-Lou jerked and swung in her bonds, head thrown back and back. She had never been whipped before; she had never imagined anything could be so agonising.

Back came the whip once more. Gertrude's face was a mask of concentration. Slaves must be taught to behave; and taught well. Up... and down... lashing fiercely.

Cccrrraaa... aaaccckkkkk!

Lower still down that gleaming black back; still diagonal, raising a third purple and pulsating weal. Screeching, Mandy-Lou threshed wildly in her chains... swinging to and fro, jerking and twisting. It certainly seemed a severe punishment for 'cheek', thought Edward. Still, Gertrude was in charge of the household. Perhaps she knew best; perhaps it was best to crack down hard on delinquents early in their servitude.

After the third stroke, Gertrude changed her stance, moving across so that she stood on Mandy-Lou's right-hand side. The strokes would be delivered in a backhand fashion, but no less viciously for that. The fourth, just as the first had done, bit into the Negress's breast, producing the most pitifully awful shriek of pain. This time the knot of leather happened to fall upon her nipple.

"Merccceeeee... merceeeee!" she shrieked as soon as she could catch her breath.

Remorselessly, Gertrude laid the fifth stroke across the young woman's back. She was punishing... and punishing well. Mandy-Lou's awful cries echoed from wall to wall. Sure it was she wouldn't be so 'cheeky' in future!

The sixth stroke lashed and curled. Another purple weal erupted over black flesh; another awful cry was rent from



Mandy-Lou's throat.

Gertrude stepped back; Edward assumed the punishment was over. Well, though the whip was severe it had not been over-used. Perhaps because the fault was relatively minor. Then he saw his wife extending the handle of the whip to him.

"Edward," she said, "since you are as much her owner as I am, perhaps you would complete her punishment."

"As you wish, my dear," Edward felt a surge of cruel pleasure. "What did you have in mind?"

"I want another twelve strokes laid across her backside," said Gertrude. "I want her to understand, once and for all, she is a slave in my household."

"Quite so, my dear..." Edward took a pleasurable grip on the leathern whip. It felt light and easy to swing. There before him was a lushly-swelling black bottom; there before him swung this sumptuous creature, already retching and sobbing in torment. What a bottom! Oh what a bottom! Ah well... there were times when the Master of the House had to do his duty...

Edward T Monson whipped those superb black buttock cheeks with the most infinite relish. It was a marvellous experience. Every stroke he laid on made them twist and writhe quite fantastically. Every stroke produced the most ear-splitting cries from this magnificent black Amazon who dangled, swinging in her chains.

Cccccrrraaaa... aaaaccckkkkk!

Cccccrrraaaa... aaaaccckkkkk!

Edward was careless about his accuracy. As long as his whip bit cruelly into that sumptuous, quaking-squirming bottom, that was all that mattered. It was an indescribable delight to flog with such abandon.

Crrrrrrrrraaaa... aaaaccckkkkk!

Crrrrrrrrraaaa... aaaaccckkkkk!

On and on it went, with Mandy-Lou driven to near dementia as stroke after stroke lashed and curled across her hind-quarters. Purple weal after purple weal leapt up. Agony... agony... agony!

Unbelievable...!

Unendurable...!

Edward lost all count of the strokes he had lashed across this superb creature. His mind was fevered; it became a raging cauldron of cruelty. Only Gertrude's restraining

hand on his swinging arm told him that enough was enough.

By that time, black Mandy-Lou swung senseless from the beam.

Edward was breathing fast; his forehead beaded. "Can't have sassy slaves, can we?" he said with a sloppy grin.

"No, indeed we can't," responded Gertrude firmly. She turned to the Overseer. "Take her down and give her some treatment."

"Yes, Ma'am," replied the Overseer obsequiously.

Mr and Mrs Monson left the cellar together, the former still throbbing with excitement at what he had just done, the latter with satisfaction at a duty well performed. It was Gertrude's firm conviction that all estate owners should keep firm control over their slaves. Once one owner started getting slack and going soft with recalcitrants, the whole system could well start breaking down. Thus she felt no compassion for the young and lovely black woman who had just been so cruelly whipped.

Today, that attitude of mind may be a little difficult to understand. In the early nineteenth century, especially in the Deep South of America, it would have been considered quite normal.

As they ascended to the house above, in his mind's eye, Edward could still see that superb bottom writhing in agony. Yet continuing to be whipped. By him. And it was at that point a thought struck him.

"She would make a first-rate Pony," he said.

For a while, Gertrude remained silent. She pursed her lips. It would have been preferable, she thought, for the girl to have remained duties for a while. Still, she had given Edward free choice. Beyond that he was Master of the House... although he did kindly often defer to her wishes.

"I see what you mean, Edward," she said finally. "She is big and strong that one. We'd get plenty of good work out of her, once she's trained."

"Wouldn't we just!" Edward's excitement mounted. Already he could envisage Mandy-Lou's magnificent hindquarters rolling and bouncing before him... and he flicking his whip across them to drive her on faster.

"Oh yes, that girl was going to make some Pony!

"We must try and get a white woman to match her for size," said Gertrude. "I think it is important to have a good

balanced team when one is driving a pair."

"I couldn't agree more, my dear." They entered the drawing room together. "A drink?" he enquired.

"Just lime and seltzer, thank you."

Edward poured the drink and then helped himself to a large neat Bourbon. He felt he needed to calm his nerves. Oh how civilised it was! No one could have believed that these two could have acted so barbarically. And were now planning to act even more barbarically still!

"When she's recovered, I'll measure her up," said Edward, much liking the idea.

Gertrude gave him a knowing little smile. "I reckon you'll enjoy that. She's a buxom wench, I'll say that for her."

"Yes, I reckon, I will," replied Edward, smiling in return.

MANDY-LOU

Merciful God, you have deserted me. How could you let this happen to me... me, your poor devoted black worshipper? In your mercy, you should not let it happen to any being on this earth.

Yet it has happened...

Why could I not have died whilst I remained senseless? That would have been a blessing. Oh yes, a blessing indeed. By now I would be on my way to Heaven. To live among the angels. As it is, I am still down here on earth, yet suffering the fires of Hell.

Acrid smoke fills my nostrils and throat. I am retching and choking. Tears blind me. Yet I am being brought back to this world. My senses restored. Brought back to agony. Excruciating agony.

Across my back, across my quarters, it feels as if there are dozens of hot bars been laid there. Bars which pulsate incessantly. That whip! I never imagined it could possibly be so bad. So unbelievably cruel. And the whipping went on and on, till I was at last out of my mind. Until I was senseless.

Yet still that awful pain continues.

Someone is speaking to me. I hear a woman's voice through the roaring in my ears. Is it the Mistress of the House? A cloth clears my eyes, then wipes my dribbling mouth. Dimly, I see it is the Overseer. Her ugly, hard face swims before me. I strive to focus. Oh the pain, the pain! My whole body is still full-stretched as I hang from the chains. The iron bars burn and throb excruciatingly. I hear loud groans. I realise they are coming from deep within me.

"What is she saying?"

"...yes, they are sure to give you a good whipping, girl. A real good whipping."

My groans continue. I cannot stop them; I have no wish to stop them. I only wish the awful pain to cease. To ease, at least.

"...that big black arse of yours is more purple than black, I guess. Sure is, Mandy-Lou. The Master likes to use a whip. Better remember that."

Groans. And great heaving sobs. I try to speak; to beg to be let down. Only incoherent sounds come out. Tears of self-pity flood down my cheeks.

So this is what a real flogging is like. It is terrible. So terrible. The Good Lord was flogged before they crucified Him. Could he have been flogged as badly as I have been?

"...guess you'll watch your tongue in future, Mandy-Lou. Yes, I sure guess you'll do that. You won't want another whipping like you've had in a hurry."

Words... words. But I know how I will do anything to avoid another whipping. I'll submit, work and grovel... like the rest of them. The whip is the true Master of slaves.

I feel my wrists released and falling a weak, trembling heap on to the cold stones of the cellar floor.

CHAPTER THREE

Emma Arbuthnot welcomed Edward effusively. "I'm so glad you could come so soon," she said. "It must mean you're quite taken with this idea of Ponies."

"Oh I am," agreed Edward. "And so is Gertrude. However, we're only planning to have four to begin with. Two females, two males."

"That makes sense," nodded Emma. "Don't want to run before you can walk properly. Like the Ponies themselves!" Emma giggled.

"Quite so," smiled Edward. "Which brings me to a point. We'd like some help as regards training. Also advice on equipment. That sort of thing."

"You shall have it, dear Edward, never fear," said Emma enthusiastically. "I shall lend you one of my top Stable Hands... and, as his assistant, I suggest you train up one of your ordinary Hands."

"That's very kind of you..."

"It's nothing. I'm happy to help. I shall also lend you two Equipages. One single, one double. And a Training Gig."

"A Training Gig?"

"I'll show you one later," said Emma. "They're very useful in the early stages when a Pony is learning its paces. You can arrange for a carriage maker to construct copies, then send mine back when you're ready."

"I can't thank you enough."

"I'm glad to help old friends, especially in such a venture." Emma pulled on a bell-rope. "This calls for a little celebration, I think." A short while after a young Negress entered and curtsied. She wore a full-length white skirt but she was naked from the waist up. This was how Emma Arbuthnot kept all her domestic servants, black or white. If the girl or woman had large or slightly sagging breasts, she was permitted to wear an under-halter. This did not cover the breasts but merely supported them. The girl who had entered required no such aid; her breasts were like firm, dark brown cooking apples. "A bottle of Champagne, Daisy," ordered Emma.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Another curtsy. Oh so meekly deferen-

tial! And the girl showed no concern at her partial nudity. She must have become accustomed to it, thought Edward. He was also aware that the girl would be wearing nothing under her skirt for he had once observed Emma caning a slave in her drawing room. It had happened to be one of the two white slaves she possessed and, to get her punishment, the woman had simply pulled up her long skirt high to expose bare hindquarters. As has been said before, all slave owners had their individual ideas how their domestic slaves should be garbed - or half-garbed, as the case may be.

Back came Daisy and poured the Champagne. As she extended a glass to him on a silver tray, Edward had a desire to squeeze those firm-cooking apples... but refrained from doing so. He thought Emma might not approve. She was a widow and possibly not as open-minded as his own wife, Gertrude.

When they were on their second glass, Edward broached the subject uppermost in his mind. "I was wondering, Emma," he said, "whether I might take Nellie for a spin. A solo spin?"

"By all means," replied Emma. "The more practice you can get with relatively inexperienced Ponies the better." Emma glanced at the mantelpiece clock. "She won't have had her Training Spin yet: that's due at midday. So she'll be nice and fresh for you."

"That's fine then," said Edward, feeling an anticipatory throb of pleasure inside himself. He drained his glass. Daisy refilled it at once. Again he drained it.

"Let's get down to the Stables, then," said Emma, standing up. She could see her guest was impatient to begin. Understandably.

"Right," said Edward, following his hostess towards the door. On his way, he passed close to the young Negress. As he did so, he casually stretched out a hand and squeezed one of those dark brown orbs.

The girl made not a sound but merely curtsied - as if to acknowledge Edward's perfect right to maraud her in that fashion.

"This is Pedro," said Emma, introducing her Head Lad to Edward. "He is Mexican."

"Pleased to meet you, Sir," said a swarthy, hard-faced individual.

"Thank you," said Edward politely extending his hand. "His assistant is also Mexican," went on Emma. "His name is

Paulo. It is he I shall lend you. You'll meet him later. Mr Monson would like to look round, Pedro, then take Nellie for a spin."

"Very good, Ma'am."

They walked through the yard where two Ponies were standing tethered to adjacent hitching posts. One was black and male, the other white and female. Then they entered the Stables themselves... the Stables with that familiar musty-straw smell. There were six stalls on either side, each with the name of its occupant over the entrance. Edward had glimpses of naked flesh. They stopped outside one of the stalls. Edward saw the name Bess, and recalled the blonde Pony who had made up the Threesome he had driven. They entered.

"This is a typical Stall," said Emma.

At once, the Pony, who was on a halter and rein, got up off the straw on which she had been lying and adopted an all-fours posture, with hindquarters high. Very animalistic thought Edward with a faint smile.

"This is an obligatory stance, whenever one enters a Stall," said Emma. "I recommend you institute it."

"I will... I will..." nodded Edward, drinking in the sight of the shapely naked hindquarters presented to him.

"Note the troughs set low on the wall," said Emma. "All Ponies must eat in this same, all-fours posture. They are fed morning and evening... and ALL food must be consumed. I insist on that. They don't like it at first, but a good cropping or two soon gets results." Edward looked into a trough and saw it empty and licked spotlessly clean. He also saw a fair amount of congealed mush on the Pony's face.

"Hasn't been cleaned up yet," explained Pedro, seeing the direction of Edward's glance. "Her turn next." He patted a smooth white flank. "Quite a good, experienced Pony, this one," he said. They left the Stall and Edward heard Bess sink back onto the straw. My God, what an existence for a woman, he reflected!

Then he saw the name Nellie and his heart gave a little thump. However, the Stall was empty. "She must be in the Tack Room," said Emma... and led the way to the door at the rear of the Stables.

Nellie was indeed in the Tack Room... and she was being attended to by Paulo. She lay face down on a bench and he was massaging oil into the lushness of her body. Her flesh

gleamed softly. Emma moved closer, bent and examined Nellie's buttocks more closely. "She's recovered well from that cropping you gave her, Pedro," she said. Then turned to Edward. "We've got a very special ointment here which heals them in no time. I'll let you have a supply."

"Thanks," said Edward. But his mind was elsewhere. It was on the sumptuous bottom on the bench. Soon it will be before me, he thought. That bottom was given a sudden slap by Paulo. "Over," he ordered. Nellie turned on to her back at once.

Edward saw big dark brown eyes. Eyes once lustrous but now filled with a mixture of despair, shame and terror. A wide mouth quivered. It could not, reflected Edward be exactly pleasant for the Honourable Eleanor Gordon-Bradshaw to be inspected in this way!

"Legs wide," ordered Paulo.

There was a groan and a convulsive shudder, but the limbs parted.

"Pull back your feet," came another order.

A louder groan, another shudder, but the feet came back. The kneecaps rode high, thighs flopped sideways. No woman could have been more openly or shamefully exposed. However, no one, except Edward, seemed the slightest concerned. Doubtless such sights were most commonplace in Stables.

Paulo bent within inches of the depilated sex-flesh and examined it carefully. "Mmmm..." he said at last. "Just a hint of fuzz. That will have to come off."

Fascinated, Edward watched as the Mexican took a shaving brush from a mug filled with later, on a nearby table. Nellie was generously soaped. Then Paulo picked up a cut-throat razor and, delicately and skilfully shaved all around the area of that cunt, pulling sex lips this way and that as he worked.

Nellie moaned and shivered almost constantly. Several times her eyes closed and tears squeezed out from under the lids. She knew, of course, that if she even murmured a protest, let alone tried any evasion, she would be most soundly cropped. And that she did NOT want!

Paulo deftly removed remnants of soap with a cloth, then poured some of the thick oil into his palm. He massaged for quite some time between Nellie's wide-parted thighs before moving up over her belly towards her fulsome breasts. "A Pony should always have a clean, smooth cunt," he said in a



Pull back your feet

matter-of-fact way. "It has to be well oiled and massaged twice a day. Similarly, the Pony's arsehole. Yes, there's a lot of work with Ponies."

"Not the stallions so much," interjected Emma. "They're just hosed down twice a day."

"I see," nodded Edward. He was watching Paulo massage Nellie's big breasts. What must she be feeling, he wondered! Bad enough when this was done privately. But in public...

At last Paulo seemed satisfied. "Legs together," he ordered. Thankfully Nellie closed her thighs. "Off." She twisted off the bench, and at once went into the all-fours posture. This, too, must be obligatory, thought Edward. The big-curving bottom looked in excellent condition, he considered. No visible marks. He wondered idly why she had been cropped. Paulo put on a halter and led the hapless woman from the Track Room. The bottom rolled from side to side. Could humiliation go further?

"Pedro," said Emma, "get her ready and harness her into a single equipage. Mr Monson will be taking her for a spin."

"Very good, Ma'am,"

"Meanwhile, Edward, I'll show you a Training Gig."

"Fine... thanks..." He followed his hostess from the Tack Room out of the Stables and into a subsidiary building where the carriages were housed.

"Bring out a Gig to the Yard," called Emma to one of the hands working there.

And thither they proceeded.

Edward was surprised by the appearance of the Gig. It was a single seater, set very low to the ground, with quite small wheels. The shafts were very short, too.

"If you'd like to take a seat, Edward, I'll have a Pony put in." She signed to the hand to bring over the Pony attached to the hitching post.

Gingerly, Edward to into the seat, but found it quite comfortable. It was rather like a very small chariot, which supported his back well. But where was he going to be able to put his feet? At that moment, they were resting on the ground.

The Pony... a well-built, long-limbed girl with brown hair plaited into a short, single pony-tail... was led up to the Gig and then backed into it. She was quite submissive; obviously fully-trained. The ends of the short shafts were attached to her cincher belt and the regulation under-strap

was fastened to the front of the cincher, run under her and clipped to a hook in front of Edward's seat. The proximity of the Pony's hindquarters was quite startling. They were little more than a couple of feet away. Moreover, in view of the shortness and lowness of the shafts, the Pony had to bend forward more than she would have done harnessed in a carriage. Thus her back sloped at an angle a little above the horizontal, curving her hindquarters in a more pronounced fashion and displaying themselves to Edward even more satisfactorily.

Next the Pony's arms came up and round, being folded high up on her back. The single leather sleeve encased them and was laced tight by the stable hand. Edward saw the soft flesh of the bottom quivering a little as the Pony was handled. He saw a lot more besides! He was, however, still puzzling about his feet.

The matter was then resolved for a king of saddle was fastened over the Pony's cincher and, from this, hung stirrups. These stirrups were on the end of L-shaped metal bars... so that they were brought back and made readily available for the feet. Edward raised his and slotted them into the stirrups. That felt very good. Somehow it seemed to give him even more control over the Pony. Finally, on went a bridle and bit, the reins being led back through rings on the side of the saddle.

"When training," said Emma, "we use this. It is not too severe, so it can be used frequently. Yet it stings adequately." She handed Edward a slim, single-thonged strap about two feet long, attached to a short wooden handle. Without having to lean forward, he would be able to lay it easily across the curving hunches before him.

"I must say, I'm very impressed," he remarked, feeling his throat a little tight with excitement.

"It is rather neat, isn't it?" smiled Emma. "As I say, it's very useful for training them in their paces before they go to the bigger carriages. Debbie here... this Pony... doesn't really need any more training, but you can take her out for a run, if you like."

"I'd like to," said Edward, trying not to sound too eager.

"OK, then. Off you go. We'll have Nellie ready and waiting for you when you get back."

"Thanks a lot," smiled Edward, giving a wave with the thong in his hand. Should he use it there and then... to get

things started? Why not?

"Walk, Pony," he ordered and clicked his tongue. At the same time, he laid the thong across the soft, right buttock cheek so close before him.

Wwhiiiiiiiiiiiiicccccccccckkkkkkkkk!

A pale pink stripe appeared as Debbie moved smoothly off, heading for the Yard gates. Holding the reins in his left hand, Edward kept the thong in his right, at the ready. Though there might not be any real reason to use it, he would certainly do so. Just for the fun of it. And to show his mastery.

"Trot," he ordered as they left the Yard and came to a path which led to the grounds. This time the thong fell on the left buttock cheek... and harder. The Pony only flinched fractionally and changed adeptly up to a faster pace. Thighs came up high at each pace; the bottom bounced and swung more vigorously now. Everything was on display right before Edward. So close. He was looking up at it. A delightful spectacle of fully exposed female charms and soft-joggling flesh. Enchanting, quite, quite enchanting!

They came to the grounds themselves. A winding, sandy track, slightly up hill lay ahead.

"Now I want some speed, Pony," shouted Edward. "At the gallop ... go!"

Whicckkk! Wwhhiicckkkk!

Whicckkk! Wwhhiicckkkk!

Left and right, left and right... the thong fell on the fast-swinging buttock cheeks. The Pony's thighs pounded up and down like pistons. No doubt she was putting it all together. Giving it all she'd got.

"Come on, Pony... faster yet!" Edward demanded. He doubted if he would get more out of her, but he was determined to try.

Wwhhiicckkk! Wwhhiicckkkk!

Wwhhiicckkk! Wwhhiicckkkk!

Wwhhiicckkk! Wwhhiicckkkk!

How exhilarating it was to crack that leather thong across those frenziedly juddering buttock cheeks. To drive her to even greater efforts. On... on... on!

Edward could now hear the rasping breath... see the sweat beginning to form on the back. It was a pace impossible to maintain. He knew it... and didn't care. He kept driving her on with that flailing thong. Loving every moment of it.



At the gallop ... go!

Laughing aloud... sometimes urging, sometimes threatening.

Then rounding a bend, a series of hitching posts came into view. Edward pulled on the reins.

"Whoa... there... whoa!"

It was a command the Pony was only too glad to obey. She slowed to a trot, then to a walk. All done with experienced smoothness. They came to a halt and Edward took his feet from the stirrups and got out of his seat. He hitched the reins to a post and studied the Pony. She heaving like a pair of bellows, eyes glistening wild, mouth slavering. He patted a hot flank; ran a hand over even hotter buttocks. "Well done, old thing," he said. "Now you can have a bit of a rest before we go back."

He sauntered over to a wooden seat, lit a cigar and admired the view across the undulating grounds. Behind him he could hear the Pony continuing to breath heavily. Only slowly did the sounds subside.

Edward finished only half his cigar before getting back into the Gig. Soon they were heading for home at a more sedate trotting pace... without Edward even bothering to use his thong any more. He was quite content to gaze upon the pink -candy-stripped bottom, which rolled and quivered incessantly right before him.

Oh what fun Ponies were!

It would be even better when he owned his own.

Back in the Yard, Emma surveyed Debbie's bottom with a wry expression on her face. "Give you some trouble then, did she? I'm surprised."

"No... no... not any trouble," replied Edward hastily. He suddenly felt faintly ashamed he had been so liberal with the thong, for no particular reason. "It was just that I wanted to see just how much speed I could get out of her."

"That's alright, my dear Edward. You're perfectly entitled. I was simply enquiring to discover whether the girl needed a cropping into the bargain."

"Oh I see," smiled Edward, feeling a little relieved.

"All the same, if you'll take my advice..."

"Of course, Emma, of course. I'm new to this."

"I recommend, by and large, that the thong or whip be only used when it is REALLY necessary. And not indiscriminately, you understand?"

"Yes... I take your point..."

"And that point is, a Pony should understand that when she makes that required effort, she does not feel the lash. If she does not make that extra effort, then she DOES feel the lash. It is a system with penalties but not rewards. Unless escaping the lash be considered a reward."

"I appreciate what you are saying, Emma. It's the same with my mares. I learnt long ago, there is no point in flogging them needlessly. You get a better response that way."

"True. Mind you, mares and human Ponies are rather different. The latter certainly need more of the whip than the former. Especially when under training. I am not criticising. Edward, simply advising."

"I understand perfectly, Emma. Thank you. Really it is the same as dealing with any slave. If a punishment is deserved, it should be given. If not, no." You hypocrite, he said to himself. What about young Tess? And what about Mandy-Lou? Had she deserved the flogging he had given her? He sighed. How difficult things were sometimes.

"Take Nellie, now," Emma was saying. "She is at the stage when she needs plenty of whip. She's still halfway rebellious. Resents the effort required. She's still got to LEARN. In her case, no need to stint yourself."

"I see," said Edward musingly. Well, he was unlikely to!

"She'll be all ready for you. Shall I have her brought out?"

"Thanks... please do," replied Edward. Once again his heart began to pound faster.

CHAPTER FOUR

Edward was slightly amused - but quite enchanted - by Nellie's appearance. "We have accoutred her up a little," said Emma. "I hope you approve."

"I do... I certainly do," replied Edward.

It was Paulo who brought Nellie into the Yard on a lead rein. The Pony's reins had been fastened tautly to the front bar of the Equipage so that the bit cut sharply into the sides of her mouth, forcing her not merely to keep her head high but slanting backwards a little. On top of that head was a three-plumed headdress, the long feathers being red, white and blue in colour.

This posture also forced Nellie to thrust her breasts out to the maximum. And on each nipple of those lush orbs, Edward saw a little silver bell had been clipped. The bells tinkled as she moved. What a delightful touch, he thought! Emma really was most enterprising.

When Nellie was brought to a halt alongside them, Edward next saw something which nearly caused him to laugh out loud. It would seem that some sort of rounded silver rod had been thrust into the Pony's anus - just a fraction of which could be seen protruding. And from that protrusion a short, silky tail curved up in a high arc to dangle, swaying, just above the hindquarters themselves. The tail was the same colour as Nellie's dark head of hair.

"When they are under training, and still somewhat reluctant," Emma was saying, "we keep them on a tight rein as often as possible. Then, when they start showing less reluctance, we begin letting them down. It makes them appreciate it. Teaches them that good behaviour has its compensations."

"Mmm... that makes sense," nodded Edward. He could not take his eyes of this sumptuous creature who was so humiliating, and painfully harnessed and accoutred before him. Her skin positively gleamed, especially the skin of her hindquarters, after the attentions Paulo had lavished upon it.

"The nipple bells," said Emma, flicking one casually with a finger, "are something new. Rather pretty, aren't they?"



we keep them on a tight rein as often as possible

"Indeed," agreed Edward.

"And they make a happy sound," continued Emma. "By the way, I am thinking of having the nipples - and the nose - of all female Ponies pierced. Then the bells, or possibly some sort of decoration, could hang from the rings. What do you think, Edward?"

"I think that might well be a good idea, Emma," responded Edward, liking the idea a great deal.

"Meanwhile, these little clips are quite efficient. Rather painful too, I should imagine."

Edward saw that the clips had tiny serrated edges which clamped firmly on to the nipple, squeezing its softness. Yes, he thought, they certainly would be painful! Nellie, he noted, shuddered repeatedly, her dark eyes rolling from side to side. Oh what torment and terror was in them!

"The tail is also something new here," went on Emma, giving Nellie's flank a light slap. "We're always thinking up new ways of improving a Pony's appearance. What do you think? Do you like it? If not, I'll have it removed."

"I think it's delightful," smiled Edward. "A charming touch. Also, I like the way it rises up so as not to obscure any part of the hindquarters."

"Yes... quite. Nor interfere with the whip," said Emma. "I had some longer tails made originally but I think these are better."

"She is certainly splendidly turned out, Emma. I do congratulate you. And the Equipage is absolutely spick and span."

"Don't forget to congratulate Pedro and Paulo, too," smiled Emma. "They put in a lot of hard work on these Ponies."

And, thought Edward, get a lot of fun out of it, I bet! "Of course, I must congratulate them as well," said Edward politely. He inclined his head to Paulo who acknowledged his remarks with a shallow bow.

"You will probably find her a little clumsy, Sir," said Paulo. "But she is improving all the time."

"She'd better be," remarked Emma firmly, "if she knows what's good for her!"

"Perhaps a little patience at first," said Paulo.

"Quite, quite," nodded Edward.

"But," intervened Emma, "as I have already said, at this stage of her training, this one needs plenty of whip."

"Yes... yes..." said Edward. He was getting impatient

with all this advice and was anxious to get going. He was no fool. Certainly he wasn't going to expect miracles of this comparative newcomer; nor was he going to flog her to a standstill.

"Well then," smiled Emma. "I expect you'd like to be off."

"Yes... well... might as well get going," smiled Edward in return.

"Going to be long?" asked Emma.

"About an hour or so, I guess," answered Edward... and Emma nodded approvingly.

"See you later then." Emma waved as Edward got into the Equipage. It was small but very comfortable. The woodwork was of polished mahogany; the fittings of brightly-polished brass, the seats and armrests were covered in green velvet. The outside of the carriage itself was coloured a shiny green, with gold inlays. The wheels were slim but large. Some three feet in diameter, Edward guessed. Seated, he gazed with infinite satisfaction on the gleaming white quarters before him. How superbly curvaceous they were! The thighs, too, looked long and strong. Mrs Eleanor Gordon-Bradshaw was certainly making up into a splendid Pony! But then, she had once been a splendid woman, of course!

Bending forward Edward untied the reins from the carriage bar and, at once, Nellie's head drooped forward and she uttered a sobbing moan of relief. He saw what Emma meant about Ponies appreciating being on a loose rein. He allowed her a few moments of relief against the cutting bit before taking a gently pull on the reins. Nellie's plumed head came up quickly.

"Walk," ordered Edward... and clicked his tongue a couple of times. Just as he did with his mares. He also gave the reins a little shake. Nellie moved off.

Up came her left thigh to the horizontal as she stepped forward; down it went and up came the right thigh. The soft bottom flesh joggled delicately. Delicious! Edward was at once aware of a 'clicking' sound as Nellie's feet came down on to the yard flagstones and realised that the white boots which she wore must have small horseshoes nailed on their soles. That, too, was a nice touch. Slowly but smoothly they proceeded through the yard gate and into the grounds. Now they were on a firm but sandy track and Nellie's feet made no sound but merely raised little puffs of dust.

Edward was in no hurry. He was quite content to keep Nellie at a walking pace and gaze upon the gently joggling of her flesh... and other charms exposed to him. The sex flesh was as smooth as smooth as could be, creamy white in colour divided by coral pink cunt-lips. Delicious! The silky, up-curving tail swung just slightly with the movement of her hindquarters. Faintly Edward could hear the nipple-bells jingling.

He decided on a little verbal cruelty. "How does it feel, Mrs Gordon-Bradshaw," he enquired, "to be a Pony? Of course, since you ARE a Pony, you are not permitted to answer that." He heard a whimpering moan which said it all. "Still, it would be nice to know," he continued. Then he pulled a little on the reins so that the head had to come a little higher. "And how does it feel, Mrs Gordon-Bradshaw to know that I am looking upon your beautiful naked arse? Not to mention your delectable, hairless, well-oiled cunt? Yes, I can see everything you possess... everything you once kept so modestly hidden." There were loud, sobbing-moans and white shoulders heaved. "But, of course, there's nothing you can do about it. If you misbehave, you know you'll feel the whip; if you rebel, you know you'll get a cropping - probably from Mrs Arbuthnot herself. She really lays it on, I understand." More loudly sobbing-moans. "May I also tell you, Mrs Gordon-Bradshaw, that tail you now possess looks really quite elegant. Thought I dare say that metal rod you've got rammed up you feels a shade uncomfortable." Deep, heaving groans. "Though, doubtless, in time you'll get used to it." Edward was grinning cruelly. "And finally, Mrs Gordon-Bradshaw, how does it feel to know that, in a holster alongside me, is a horse-whip which, if your performance does not please me, I can lay across your hindquarters just as often as I like?"

Edward was delighted to see the fulsome buttocks clench involuntarily at this threat. He slid the bamboo handle up out of its container and, Nellie, hearing the faint rattling sound, clenched those buttocks again. It was a sound that invariably preceded pain. Edward, however, did not use his whip but merely dangled its lead-studded tip between the widened cleft before him... which produced repeated whimpers and flinches of dread. In this fashion they proceeded for a further five minutes, but in silence except for the sounds made by Nellie.

"Time for a little extra effort, Pony," said Edward at last. "You will trot at a gentle pace for the next half mile. Up this slope ahead of us. Trot."

Two more walking strides, then the thighs moved faster up and down, the Equipage giving a jerk as they did so, whereas the transition should have been smoothly made. Instantly, the tip of Edward's whip flicked across Nellie's right buttock cheek... inducing a whinnying-squeal.

"You can do better than that," he said sharply. "Walk!" The Pony resumed her slower gait for a few strides. "Trot!" ordered Edward. There was an improvement, but still a slight jerk. This time, Nellie's left buttock cheek got a stinging flick. Another squeal; a quick squirm of the bottom. "One more time. Walk!" The thighs slowed a second time. "Trot!" came the command. This time the transition was as smooth as silk and Edward smiled in satisfaction. Remarkable how effective was even a touch of the whip!

As they moved faster up the slope, the joggling of the bottom flesh now intensified, with the two red pellet-marked weals he had just raised dancing upon it. Edward was quite fascinated by the spectacle... and satisfied by the even-striding pace Nellie was maintaining. She was, it seemed, learning fast. It was less painful that way!

After about four of five minutes they breasted the long slope... and Edward reined in. "Whoa!" he cried. Then he eased the reins. Before him a plumed head dropped; white shoulders heaved softly. "Not bad... not bad, Nellie," he commended graciously. It is to be wondered whether Mrs Gordon-Bradshaw appreciated this approval!

Ahead was a shortish downward slope then another half-mile incline, but a steeper one than that which they had just traversed. I'll give her a few minutes then put her at a trot up that, thought Edward. It would be a considerably more severe test of this new Pony's abilities.

In due time, Edward gathered in the reins. With a despairing sob, Nellie's head came up as the bit cut into the sides of her mouth. "Now," Nellie," said Edward. "We'll have some proper exercise. This time, I want a really good trot. A fine, clipping pace, you understand. We'll go down this slope, then all the way up the next. So move it. Trot," came the command.

Two paces... then at once into the faster pace, surprisingly perhaps achieved smoothly enough not to earn the whip.

Nipple-bells jingling, bottom swinging and bouncing wildly from side to side, they hurtled down the slope. Edward enjoyed the sheer exhilaration of it... and, by God, what a marvellous spectacle it was! Then they came to the up-slope and, for the first fifty yards or so, their impetus maintained their pace. Then, naturally, Nellie began to slow. Edward could hear her breath beginning to rasp.

"I want more effort!" he called. "More pace!" To emphasise he meant business, Edward placed two hard-stinging flicks, left and right, across Nellie's bottom. Two high-pitched squeals rose up... but the extra effort at once put in was evident. The pace increased again. Edward could see the muscles of calves and thighs straining... and heard louder rasping noises.

Inevitably, however, the pace began to slow again. Although Mrs Gordon-Bradshaw was far fitter and stronger than when she had begun this hideous form of servitude she was still but a woman and relatively weak. The muscles in her aching limbs were already beginning to feel as if they were on fire.

Flick... Flack!

Left and right...

The cord whip falling across the bouncing buttock flesh, the lead-shot tip curling round soft flanks and biting agonisingly.

"Y-Yeeeeee... y-yeeeeeeee!" Head tossing back, Nellie forced herself to find extra effort. If she did not, she knew she would feel that agony again. Edward smiled sadistically. This was what made it so enjoyable. MAKING them find that extra effort. MAKING them find reserves they didn't know they possessed, Through pain.

"More pace!" he ordered as, inevitably Nellie began to flag again and the under-strap slacken.

Flick... Flack!

Flick... Flack!

More high-pitched squealing... a frantic squirming and jerking of that superb bottom... a half stumble... before Nellie managed to force herself on again. Her eyes were wild, the whites glistening. Her mouth gaped wide as she sucked in air. Flecks of saliva flew from it.

They were three-quarters of the way up the slope.

"Keep it going, Pony... we're nearly there..." But Edward knew words would not suffice. Those limbs would be beginning

to feel full of lead.

Flick... Flack!

Flick... Flack!

Flick... Flack!

The long, thin weals were beginning to multiply... wriggling like thin slim red snakes over the madly juddering bottom-flesh. So, too, were the lead-pellet spots ... that extra stinging bite at the end of each snake which drove any Pony into a frenzy.

"Come on... come on... only a hundred yards to go, my beauty!" Edward's blood was racing; rarely could he remember having enjoyed himself so much.

Flick... Flack!

"Come on... put it all in... now!"

Flick... Flack!

Flick ... Flack!

Poor stumbling, weeping, panting Nellie did put it all in. She was driven to do so by that remorseless whip, cracking and biting so relentlessly into her already tormented flesh. As, at long last, they came to the summit. Nellie stumbled again and, this time almost fell. Edward reined her in sharply and laid his whip twice more across those quivering quarters.

"Steady!" he bellowed. "You almost had us over." His tone implied that it was all Nellie's fault, of course! "Walk," he ordered, "towards that copse."

Rubbery-limbed, Nellie half-staggered in the direction indicated. Her lungs were going like bellows, her breasts heaving massively. Sweat glistened on her torso, back and front, despite the fact that the air was quite chill.

"Whoa!"

Thankfully, Nellie came to a halt... and Edward looped and tied the end of the reins to a low branch. Then he stepped lightly down from the carriage and moved forward. He examined his Pony's flanks closely, then gave them a gentle slap. "Not bad for a beginner," he said. Nellie moaned despairingly, head drooping right down. Edward came round and looked into those dark, tear-shimmering eyes, filled with such pain and terror. He smiled. "Not bad at all," he said. Then he began to unfasten the leather harnessing which held Nellie between the shafts. He led her out, holding her by her bridle. "If I remember right," he went on, "there's a stream at the other side of this copse. That will be welcome



Come on... put it all in... now!

to you, I imagine, Pony."

Edward's supposition was correct. A crystal clear rivulet bubbled over pebbly stones, flowing swiftly. "Help yourself, Pony," he said releasing the bridle.

Parched as she was by her exertions, Nellie did not hesitate. She went at once on to her knees on the bank. Then, in order to get her mouth to the water, she had to bend right over and down to the stream which was a couple of feet below. Thus Edward was favoured with a delightful view of that magnificent bottom as it curved, cleft-widened and taut, right before him.

He felt the throb of mounting lust... and knew that lust must be slaked. Here and now. Well, why not? This creature was but a slave, thus there for him to do as he wished with.

His to order...

His to use...

And there was some very usable material before him!

He listened to the greedy slurping sounds. For sure, Mrs Gordon-Bradshaw must know how immodestly she was displaying herself but that counted for little compared with the need to slake her thirst.

At last Nellie had had enough. Whimpering, she knelt erect. Edward took hold of her bridle again. "Up," he ordered. Nellie stood up weakly. "Let us go a little further into this copse," said Edward. Nellie stumbled along beside him, now sobbing quietly. She was aware her ordeal was not over. There was the return journey to come. That was uppermost in her mind. Not what now actually followed.

"Kneel," ordered Edward when they came into a small green clearing, filled with happy bird-song. Nellie knelt automatically. She had got used to obeying such orders without delay.

"Get your arse well in the air, Pony," said Edward thickly. "And open your legs."

A deep, shuddering groan came from the kneeling figure. She knew in that moment there was still another ordeal to be endured. Yet another revolting violation of her being. Mrs Eleanor Gordon-Bradshaw began to sob bitterly. All the same, she obeyed Edward's obscene command.

For his part, he looked down with relish at what awaited him. Slowly he removed all his clothing. Yes... it felt good standing there naked in that clearing. It was earthy,

back-to-nature stuff. He was going to enjoy a really, good animal-like fuck.

First, however, Edward took hold of the projecting tail and pulled it out of the anus. A tremulous wailing cry came up. Higher and higher. It seemed that it was just as painful to have the penis-shaped metal rod removed as it was to have it inserted. Edward saw that it was some six inches long and about an inch in diameter. Rather more at its head. Not at all pleasant for any woman to have put up her, reflected Edward.

"There," he said in mock consideration, "I expect that feels better." He knelt, already solid in erection. "But now, Pony, you're going to get something even bigger and better up another passage." He clasped the warm, curvaceous flanks... feeling the mottled weals he had recently raised... causing his victim to shriek and squirm with pain. My God, he thought, she really IS tender. He positioned himself quickly, feeling a great surge of lust as his hard knob made contact with the pink cunt-lips he had been gazing on for so long.

Then he thrust... unhurriedly but relentlessly. Feeling the tightness. Feeling the shuddering. Hearing the gasping-moan of shock and despair. Fully inserted, his belly pressed to the soft bottom, still hot and sweaty. Mmmmm... nice... nice... very nice...

He withdrew, then thrust home rapidly. A louder gasp; a convulsive squirm.

Oh yes... very nice...

"I've never fucked a Pony before," said Edward gloatingly. "It's strange. I thought it would be different but you feel just like a woman!"

Huge heaving, sobbing-moans...

Teeth bared lecherously, Edward began to pound away solidly. Belly thumping and slapping hard to the bouncing bottom.

Thump... slapp... thump... slaaappp... thump... ssllaaappp...

Oh it was good... very good!

Faster... yet controlled...

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

"O-Ohh... h-haa... you make a good fuck, Pony," panted Edward, striving with ever-increasing vigour. "You... you've hhaaah... got a good, big arse on you... and... hhhaaah... I

like a good... big... a-arse..."

Edward realised, under his remorseless, animal like thrusting; Mrs Gordon-Bradshaw was becoming softer and warmer inside. It increased his lust further.

"Ohh... hhaaahhh... yes... yes... you're a l-lovely fuck... nnnnggghh... hhhooooorrrr... yes... yes... I... I bet those... big... black... stallions... hhaaahhh... hooooorrrr... enjoy you down... down in the straw..."

Edward could see half of his victim's distraught features, the face turned sideways, down on the green, green grass. One eye was wide and demented; the mouth sagged open, drooling, emitting sobbing-groans.

Faster... yet faster... and now losing control...

It was too good to last...

It was exquisite!

He didn't want it to last...

Edward was lost in a spasm of animal lust... jerking and jerking... grunting piggishly as he unleashed himself into the succulent depths.

He spurted and spurted... again... again... again... Then dying... drooping... moaning... panting... mouth yet on a smooth white shoulder. Only slowly the world returning. Only slowly coming back into reality. Into the cool green of the clearing. Hearing the bird-song again.

Hmmmm... yes... that had been very good. So basic, so earthy. Edward withdrew and rolled on to his back, enjoying the softness of the ground, looking up at a pale blue sky, Mmm... yes... nothing like a good, fast-action fuck.

Especially under these kind of circumstances. He turned his head to one side. Mrs Eleanor Gordon-Bradshaw lay face down on the turf, shoulders heaving with her incessant sobs.

The drive back was fairly uneventful. Since the slopes were now in Nellie's favour, less effort was required. Moreover, Edward kept his Pony either at a walk or slow trot. Just occasionally would he give that lush bottom, now with tail restored, a flick or two. Just to show he was very much the Master.

Apart from that, feeling satisfying relaxed, he was content to contemplate the bouncing-jiggling woman flesh before him.

Back at the Stables, Edward stayed briefly, mainly to watch

Nellie being hosed down by Paulo. She did not seem to take too kindly to this refreshing treatment, thought he.

"She give you any trouble, Mister?" enquired the Mexican.

"Nothing the whip couldn't handle," smiled Edward. Paulo studied Nellie's buttocks and flanks and nodded. In his view, the Pony had received just about the right amount of punishment for this stage of her training.

"You won't be wanting me to take a crop to her then, Mister?" enquired Paulo. Nellie shrieked as he removed the tail with a brisk, snatching pull. Forcing her to bend over Paulo began to hose between the clef.

"Oh no," said Edward. "That will not be necessary. In my view, she's coming along quite nicely." He wondered if Mrs Gordon-Bradshaw would feel any gratitude for his compassion!

"Good... good..." nodded Paulo. He slapped his charge's bottom. "Hup!" he cried. The dripping Pony stood miserably erect. Attaching a lead rein to her bridle, the stable hand led her away to her Stall. "Time for a good feed." Edward heard him say as he turned to leave the yard. He smiled.

It was doubtful, he thought, if Mrs Gordon-Bradshaw (who had once dined regularly off silver plates) was looking forward to that very much! He strode up towards the house. A few Bourbons with Emma Arbuthnot before he left were going to be most enjoyable.

CHAPTER FIVE

Edward emerged from his bathroom slipping a towelling dressing gown around himself. As usual, he felt far younger than his years, healthy, vigorous and macho.

"Fetch me a Pink'un, girl!" he called to his pretty personal slave, Tess.

"Yes, Master..."

"Then some breakfast."

"Yes, Master..."

He watched the lissom, naked figure of the seventeen-year-old girl hurrying to obey his orders. It seemed to him he would never tire of doing that. Those breasts, that bottom! Perfection really. Tess returned carrying the stimulating and fortifying glass of pink liquid... this liquid which helped Edward discard his years. The girl went to her knees in front of the armchair in which Edward had seated himself and extended the glass. It was taken and quaffed.

"What would my Master like for breakfast?" came the servile query.

Edward smiled. Oh those wide-set, dark eyes! Oh that full-lipped mouth! "More to the point, Tess, what would YOU like?" he asked.

There was a little puzzled look. "Nothing... M-Master... thank you..."

"A piece of my cock, perhaps?"

The puzzlement cleared. "Oh yes, Master... if my Master wishes..."

Edward smiled again. Delightful to have her answer thus, whatever her true feelings! I'll consider the matter," he said.

"Thank you, Master..." Tess still knelt, waiting.

"Meanwhile, you may kiss my cock, Tess... and my balls."

"Oh yes, Master..." Tess at once came forward and pulled aside Edward's dressing gown as he spread his thighs.

"To demonstrate that you are my truly submissive slave... and honoured to be so."

"Yes... yes... Master..." Tess's lips were already pressing along the thick but still flaccid length she had come to know so well. Gently she lifted it in her fingers and began

to kiss the dangling balls. Edward grinned down happily. Oh God, it was good to be able to make a youngster like this do whatever you wanted!

"Say it," ordered Edward.

"I am... (kiss, kiss)... your truly... (kiss, kiss)... submissive... (kiss, kiss)... slave... (kiss, kiss)... and honoured... (kiss, kiss)... to be so... (kiss, kiss).

"Lick my knob, slave."

"Yes, Master..." The penis was lifted, a pink tongue projected and began to lave the phallic head. Lovely! Edward felt the heat in his loins increasing. Gradually, he began to thicken, to stiffen.

"Put it in your mouth, slave."

"Yes, Master..."

In between the wide, wet, warm lips. Into a soft-sucking mouth. Lovely! In no time at all, Edward became as hard as a bone. Tess's head bobbed up and down. Each time it came down, she took in about half his length. All the time, she sucked avidly. Lovely! What an artist this youngster had become, thought Edward.

Should he let her go all the way?

Or should he fuck her?

On the other hand, he was having Mandy-Lou sent up later. Perhaps it might be more sensible to reserve...

No! To hell with that. He'd find the wherewithal to fuck that black beauty, one way or another! He'd let this little darling continue. Yes... yes... it was too good to stop now. Edward patted Tess's dark head of hair.

"You may have all of me for breakfast, slave," he said.

The head nodded vigorously as Tess went on sucking... as if to indicate how appreciative she was of Edward's decision. Then Edward lay back and let the joyous sensations flood over him. Each time Tess's head came down, he raised his haunches fractionally. He was going right to the back of the girl's throat but she was taking it marvellously. Sucking without cessation.

Sucking and sucking... and sucking... and sucking...

Oh Heaven!

Edward closed his eyes. Little moans of pleasure were being forced from him. His mouth sagged. His haunches began to quiver. Then, suddenly, to jerk.

"A-Aaaaahhh... aaaah... ooohh... you little... beauty... AAAAHHH... AHHH... HHHAAAAHHHHHHH..."

Explosively, Edward spunked and spunked into that ever-eager mouth. A mouth which went on sucking and sucking until it had drained him virtually dry.

Divine!

Edward slumped, breathing fast, eyes still closed. Tess's mouth, no longer sucking, gently enclosed his limp organ. There it would remain until Edward gave an order for it to be removed.

Ten minutes later, with strength beginning to ebb back, Tess had brought Edward a second Pink'un (a sensible precaution, he thought!) and gone off to fetch him a breakfast of ham, eggs and coffee. Feeling a glow of satisfaction, Edward relaxed in his armchair and picked up the weekly Journal which had arrived the day before. What a perfect way to start the day, he reflected, as he began first to study the financial columns. All his shares, he noted, were doing well. That made life seem even rosier. Then he ran his eye over the 'Personal Advertisement Section'. One item in particular caught his eye. It ran as follows:

Mason Fairbrother

announces that his next

Slave Auction

will be held at Morton's Assembly Hall

on Friday 10th April.

Recent new intake has resulted in

some fine specimens on offer.

Both black and white slaves for sale.

Catalogue available on request.

Apply to my Secretary.

Edward made a note of the date; it was still about a fortnight away. Certainly it would be worthwhile getting a catalogue and, if he liked the look of anything, he would certainly attend in person. Usually he left purchases to Gertrude but since he was looking for a Personal Pony he should go. Not exactly a hardship of course. He much enjoyed the atmosphere of auctions! Moreover, he had never before gone to one where white women were on offer. In fact, it was only recently that such announcements concerning white slaves had come to be put in the Journal; previously they had been privately arranged. However, such advertising brought in a wider circle of buyers and certainly County and State authorities had never made any objection to such advertising. Something, reflected Edward with satisfaction, which showed the consensus of the direction of public thinking as far as slave trading and slave-owning went. All to the good!

Tess returned with his breakfast on a tray and soon Edward was tucking in heartily. Nothing like sex for giving you a good appetite, he thought. As for Tess, she was sent off to clean up in the bathroom and bedroom. A personal slave's duties were varied. And endless.

Some time later that morning, Edward spoke into the voice-tube which hung on the wall near an ornate, marble mantelpiece.

"Is that the Housekeeper?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir."

"Have Mandy-Lou brought up to me," he said.

"At once, Sir."

Edward replaced the tube on its hook and swung the tape-measure he carried to and fro. He wondered how this beautiful Negress would react. Immediately he had set eyes on her he had classified her as both proud and a troublemaker. However, perhaps her character had changed somewhat since he had whipped her. He'd really whaled that black arse, had he not!

"Enter!" called Edward, hearing a knock on the drawing room door.

Mandy-Lou was ushered in by a household Overseer. The girl curtsied as her name was announced, the Overseer withdrew as Edward gave her a nod. Tall, straight-backed, the Negress stood nervously silent. Once again, Edward could not but admire her magnificent, high cheekbone features,

full mouth and wide eyes. Nor the splendour of her figure. Big, high breasts filled her thin white blouse to bursting point.

"Approach," said Edward.

With fluid, hip-swinging grace, Mandy-Lou came towards him, her nervousness becoming more apparent as she did so. She was trembling and kept biting her lower lip. A yard from Edward, she stopped. Her eyes were fearful. Big and round, the whites shining against coal-black flesh.

"You don't want another whipping like the last one I gave you, do you Mandy-Lou?" asked Edward casually.

The young woman flinched, as if she had actually been struck. "N-No... no... Master..." she replied in a whisper.

"Have you been watching your tongue since then?"

"Yes, Master..." Another whisper. Edward nodded. She has become more cowed, he thought but she still looks proud, with chin held high and up-right stance.

"The whip is adept at inducing better behaviour in a slave," said Edward pontifically. "Do you not agree, Mandy-Lou?"

"Yes, Master..."

"Speak up, girl!"

"Yes, Master." Louder now. Still trembling. Wondering of course, why she had been summoned there. This was the Master of the House. To be as much, if not more, feared as the Mistress.

"For reasons which I will explain later, slave," continued Edward, feeling a little throb of anticipatory excitement, "I am going to take your body measurements. Remove your clothes, girl. All of them."

Mandy-Lou gaped and took a step back. A hand flew to her tremulous mouth. "You... m-mean..." she began.

"I mean exactly what I say," said Edward sternly. "Take off your clothes. At once!"

"P-Please, Sir... please... I... I m-mean... it's not r-right..."

"Right? RIGHT? How dare you speak of RIGHT to me, slave? How dare you? Are you asking for another whipping?" blazed Edward.

"NO... AHH... NO... OOO... M-MASTER!"

"Then do as I order... without further query or delay. A slave has NO rights. You should have learnt that by now." Secretly, Edward was pleased by this instinctive show of

modesty. It would give him a very good reason for punishing the girl after he had measured her. And Edward often liked to have a good reason. He watched as, with shaking fingers, the Negress began to unbutton her blouse. The big, black breasts appeared in their half-cup support at the top of the cincher. The nipples were large. They, thought Edward, would carry little bells nicely! The white blouse dropped to the floor and, after some fumbling with ribbons, the red skirt followed. Mandy-Lou stood there in her cincher-belt and thin white drawers only. She raised her head, eyes brimming with tears, mouth quivering.

"Must it be e-everything... M-Master?" she quavered.

A flash of genuine anger went through Edward. How dare this black slave continue to quibble? To defy him? It was outrageous! He would have to give her a really good thrashing. "EVERYTHING!" he bellowed. "My God... is not obedience taught in this household?"

In terror, sobbing more loudly, Mandy-Lou now undid the ribbon of her drawers and pushed them down. Her head hung in shame as Edward's eyes roved over her tall, curvaceous shape. Now only the cincher-belt remained but the girl could not remove this since it was laced in at the back. Edward was happy to perform this little service for her. Below his hands, the swelling black bottom shivered. Luscious curves of gleaming flesh. Quite superb! The cincher came away... the waist expanded a few inches... and Mandy-Lou was at last stark naked.

Edward circled her several times, swinging his tape-measure. Where to begin? "Go and stand with your heels and back against that wall," he said finally. Hesitantly, but still with her natural grace, Mandy-Lou moved to obey. Oh how those hips swung! "Feet flat... head high." ordered Edward. How magnificently those black orbs thrust! Even if they did sag just a little without their cincher-support. A little, but not a lot. Yes, indeed a marvellous specimen of womanhood.

Placing a book flat on the top of Mandy-Lou's head, Edward made a pencil mark on the wall. The distance from it to the floor could be measured later. "Step forward," he snapped.

With tears now trickling down her cheeks, Mandy-Lou took a pace from the wall. "You have good breasts, I'll say that for you girl," remarked Edward as he encircled the black torso with his tape. He felt the firm smoothness of the

back, then pulled the measure around so that the back of his hands pressed lightly to the fulsome softness of those breasts. "What are you snivelling about, girl?" asked Edward sharply.

"N-Nothing... M-Master... mmmfff... mmfff..." sobbed Mandy-Lou.

"Well... STOP! Or you'll have something to snivel about!" He looked at the measure. "Forty one," he announced. "Hmmm... not bad." He smiled gratuitously into the tear-stained face. Mandy-Lou was striving desperately to control her sobs. Oh the utter shame of being a slave!

Next the tape-measure went around her waist. "Twenty eight," said Edward approvingly. "Less, of course, when the cincher's on. Probably twenty five then."

Down went the tape, around the fullest part of the buttocks. Edward sawed it back and forth then brought the ends together over the swelling-smooth, black cunt-mound. He looked close, several times. "Forty two," he confirmed at last. "Yes, girl, that's some arse you've got on you." A choking sound came from Mandy-Lou; she shuddered. "Now, legs astride, girl... I want the length of the inner thighs." With a seeming indifference he did not exactly feel, Edward ran the measure from the side of Mandy-Lou's kneecap right up into one side of her soft sex-mound. She flinched, half-twisted away with a gasp.

Edward examined the measure. "Just about eighteen inches," he murmured. "Mmmm... beautiful long thighs. Quite an advantage. I just hope I can match them." He moved to his bureau and noted down all the measurements on a slip of paper. "Tess," he called, "come in here!"

In moments, it seemed, Tess came hurrying in. Mandy-Lou's eyes widened at the sight of this young, naked white girl. It confirmed what she had heard of the Master's depravity. "Yes, Master?"

"Measure from that mark on the wall to the floor," ordered Edward.

"Yes, Master," said Tess subserviently. She had to stand on tiptoe to do so. "Five feet eleven inches, Master," she said. "Well, all but a teeny fraction."

"That's good enough for me," said Edward, making a final note. "You may go, Tess." The girl sprang to her feet and hurried out. There had, of course, been no need for Edward to have the girl in. He simply wanted to contrast Tess's smaller white curvaceousness with Mandy-Lou's more opulent

black curvaceousness. And both mine, he reflected!

Edward looked hard at Mandy-Lou, who quailed before his hard, cruel eyes. "Now, slave, you will come with me. I have not been exactly pleased with your behaviour since you entered this room."

"P-Please... Master..."

"SILENCE!" Edward smashed his open palm across Mandy-Lou's left cheek. It hurt his hand, which made him angrier. The Negress's head jerked sideways and she gave a gasping-cry. "Follow me..." Edward strode from the drawing room. If she doesn't, he told himself, I'll have her taken down and I'll give her another whipping like I did before.

However, Mandy-Lou did follow him. Out of sheer terror of just that happening. She followed through a luxurious bedroom suite, equipped with every comfort of the day, then through an archway into a small annexe. This annexe contained nothing but a three-foot long bolster being held by two upright wooden beams set in the floor. Edward often considered that few things could be simpler or more efficient as a place of punishment. The culprit simply bent herself over the rounded bolster and had her wrists shackled to her ankles. There was no escape, yet plenty of room for movement. And, since slaves were of different stature, the height of the bolster from the floor was readily adjustable. Yes, remarkably efficient. It was a place where Tess, in former days, had spent many unhappy times. Not to mention other personal slaves Edward had owned.

Going to the appliance, Edward turned a cogwheel. The bolster rose higher. In view of Mandy-Lou's height, that was necessary. Usually, the bolster was kept at the correct height for Tess, for obvious reasons.

"Over you go," ordered Edward crisply. He turned, to see a petrified Mandy-Lou standing at the doorway of the annexe. Her eyes wide with dread.

"M-Master... wh-what..." she began.

"Over this... get over it," rapped Edward. "For your behaviour this morning, you're going to get a sound caning, my girl."

"Mercy... m-mercy... Master!" cried the Negress, falling to her knees. "D-Don't b-beat me... I don't d-deserve..."

Edward stepped forward and gripped Mandy-Lou's hair... then he slapped those proud black features. Left and right; left and right. "Listen, slave," he rasped. "Every moment

you're making things worse for yourself. You're just ASKING for that whip..."

"NO... NO... OOO."

Slllaapp... slllaapp!

"Silence! Don't you dare answer me back! Now, for the last time, get yourself over that!"

Weeping, realising further delay would surely earn her a whipping, Mandy-Lou staggered up and literally fell over the red, rounded leather bolster. Quickly, Edward picked up the pair of double manacles lying nearby and locked them first around the Negress's wrists and then her ankles, this securing her in a taut, toe-touching posture. He surveyed the superb, black bottom presented to him with infinite satisfaction... then he raised the bolster another two or three inches so that Mandy-Lou was literally on tip-toe, with her limbs as straight and stretched as possible and her wide-clefted bottom even tauter.

"M-Mercy... m-mercy... M-Master... I didn't mean... I c-couldn't h-help it... mmmfff... mmmfff... please... oh please... Master... don't b-beat me..."

Edward selected one of the long, whippy canes which hung from hooks on the wall. It was of medium weight and quite adequate for the occasion, he thought.

"You, Mandy-Lou," he said, "are a sassy black bitch who needs to be taught how to behave..."

"M-Mercy... mercy..." Edward was sawing the rod across the black buttocks, which were flinching and quaking with dread.

"...and, slave, you have to be taught the meaning of obedience. INSTANT obedience to your Master's orders. I am going to give you twenty four strokes, Mandy-Lou..."

"Oh Lord h-have mercy on me... oooohhhh... NO... OOOOOO!"

"...and think yourself lucky I am not using a whip on you!"

With gritted teeth, experiencing a surge of sadistic joy, Edward lashed the first stroke across the upper part of his victim's bottom. It produced a long, red-purple weal and a howling shriek of pain. In view of the tautness with which she was held, Mandy-Lou had little room to squirm. But what room she had, Mandy-Lou used... urgently, frantically. It was a sight which pleased Edward considerably as, once again, he sawed the cane to and fro over those magnificent curves, keeping the young woman waiting for a good ten seconds.

Then... again!

Sssssswwwwweeeee... eeeeppppttttt!

An inch lower... across both big nates... the tip whipping round the flank. My God, how it made her shriek! How intense were those little squirms!

Saw... saw... saw... saw... to and fro... to and fro... the soft flesh clenching convulsively.

"You'll learn, you black bitch!"

Sssswwwwweeeee... eeeeppppttttt!

"YYYYAAIIIEEEE... EEEEEHHHH... AIEEE... AIIIEEEE!"

Saw... saw... saw... saw... clench and clench and clench and clench...

"You'll learn, when I want you naked, you strip ON THE INSTANT!"

Sssssswwwwweeeee... eeeeppppttttttt!

"A-A-AIEEEEE... AAIIIIIEEEEE... EEEEEHHHHHHH!"

Saw... saw... saw... saw... clench and quiver, clench and quiver...

"You'll learn to obey IMMEDIATELY, slave!"

Sssswwwwweeeee... eeeeppppttttttt!

"YYYYAAAAGGHH... A-A-AAAGGGHHHHH... AAAAGGHHHHH!"

Saw... saw... saw... saw... clench and wriggle, clench and wriggle...

"Obedience will be THRASHED into you, slave!"

Sssssswwwwweeeee... eeeeppppttttttt!

"Y-YAAGGH... Y-YAGHH... AGHHH... AGGHHH... AAAGGGGHHHHH!"

Saw... saw... saw... saw... clench and twist, clench and twist, clench and twist, clench and clench...

"I'll cane you EVERY day, if need be!"

Sssswwwwweeeee... eeeeppppppttttttt!

"YYYYEEEE... AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHH... EEEEEEEEGHHHHH... AAIIIIIEEEEGGGGHHHHH!"

After the sixth stroke, Edward stepped back and surveyed the results of his efforts. He had been caning hard and the weals were empurpling twin-tracked ridges across the gleaming flesh. She's certainly making one Hell of a din, he thought. Not liking it one little bit! Inexperienced, of course. He wondered what the sounds were doing for Tess. Would she be feeling sympathy? Or simply relief at the knowledge it wasn't herself getting it?

"The cane hurts, doesn't it, Mandy-Lou? Makes you wish you'd never been born, eh? That's what it's designed to do!"

"M-MERCEEE... MMMMFFF... U-UYGGH... MER... MERCEE... M-

MASTER... NO MORE... OOOOHHH... NO... NO... MORE!"

Edward uttered a harsh, derisive laugh. "No more, girl? Why... I've only just started on you!"

"NO... NOOOOO... OOOO... FOR PITY'S SAKE... NOOO... NOOOOOO!"

Edward stepped across to the other side of this helpless, curvaceous creature, preparatory to laying the next six strokes across her bottom from the opposite side.

The six weals raised so far were more or less centrally placed, an inch to half an inch apart. Now he proposed to concentrate his attention on the lower part of Mandy-Lou's bottom and the very tops of her thighs. He tapped the black flesh, began to saw to and fro again, listening with sadistic pleasure to the piteous pleas this provoked.

Then he raised the rod high and brought it whip-lashing down across its sumptuous target.

It was an unhurried, professionally administered punishment that drove its recipient to the edges of dementia.

Every stroke was an unendurable torment... yet she had to endure it. Every stroke HAD to be the last... for she stands no more. Yet the caning went on... and on. Methodically, mercilessly. With repeated little homilies from the Master on how his slave would behave in future.

For the final twelve strokes, Edward lowered the bolster some six inches. Though this meant Mandy-Lou's flesh was less taut, it gave her plenty of scope to writhe. And that was what Edward now wanted to see. Yes... he wanted to watch that lush black backside really in motion.

And he achieved that wish!

Those twelve strokes were laid on diagonally, with himself standing directly behind Mandy-Lou. They fell across alternate buttock cheeks, crossing - with deadly effect - the horizontal weals already laid there. At those multiple crossing points the agony (unbelievably!) was doubled.

Oh what a frenzy of bouncing-squirming flesh! Oh what an incredible cacophony of shrieking sound! Sights and sounds, which one would have imagined, might touch any human heart. But not that of Edward T Monson. He just revelled in the spectacle... and the piteous sounds were a symphony of pleasure for him. Because Edward T Monson was not only a slave-owner, he was a true, natural-born sadist, through and through.

Towards the end, Mandy-Lou was virtually senseless. No

longer shrieking but uttering awful retching-groaning sounds. She had absorbed more than her flesh and blood could stand and retain consciousness... swirling sightless... mindless... in a sea of perpetual throbbing-burning pain.

Well-satisfied, Edward replaced the rod and took off the manacles. Mandy-Lou slid, slumping to the floor. There she rolled from side to side, face down, twitching, jerking and moaning. Edward felt not an ounce of compassion. A slave had erred; a slave had been punished. He had no doubt that next time he gave this black beauty an order she would obey it without demure or delay. That was what punishment was for. To induce respect. To ensure submission. To achieve obedience.

Edward began to remove his clothes.

Yesterday, he had enjoyed some well-stripped white meat. Today he intended to enjoy some even better striped black meat. As he knelt and hauled up the quivering flanks of the semi-conscious Negress (oh how beautifully that black flesh gleamed!) he wondered if there would be very much difference. Probably not (oh how superb that soft black flesh felt!) but it would be well worth finding out.

Already rampant with sadistic lust, Edward entered with a single, slow thrust, finding Mandy-Lou surprisingly, clingingly warm. Could that be anything to do with the thrashing she had received, he wondered? In any event, the penetration brought the nubile Negress considerably more to life.

She gave vent to a squealing-cry of dismay and despair and began to twist and wriggle energetically in an attempt to escape. Edward, who had remained buried deep, enjoyed that a lot. His teeth bared, he clasped the black flanks tighter and closer to him.

"Go on then, you black bitch... go on... squirm then... squirm..."

"OOHH... AAAHH... OOOH... NO... NO... OO... STOP... OOH... STOPPPPP!"

Edward grinned lasciviously. "Whether you like it or not, slave," he said. "I'm going to fuck the black arse off you!"

"NO... AAAHH... NOO... OOOO... NOOO... OOOOO... NO... OOOO!"

As Edward rammed in a series of short, punchy strokes (he dare not pull out too far in case she escaped him), Mandy-Lou scrabbled about on the floor, twisting and turning in a vain attempt to dislodge the ravager mounted upon her. It all added to Edward's enjoyment... for the thrashing had ren-

dered Mandy-Lou too weak to offer any serious resistance.

And, as Edward's strokes gradually became longer and more forceful, that resistance weakened further. Before long, Mandy-Lou was simply whimpering, face down on the floor; and, instead of twisting and turning, she simply quivered and jerked feebly. Edward enjoyed that too.

Slaked earlier by young Tess, he was able to maintain control for quite some time. He had promised Mandy-Lou he would fuck the arse off her... and that he surely did!

However, judging by the sounds that came up from the floor, it is doubtful if Mandy-Lou was fully appreciative of his manly efforts...

CHAPTER SIX

On the following Wednesday, Edward was back in the heady atmosphere of Mrs Gloria Vance's drawing room which, as always on that day, was filled with guests who had come to enjoy her weekly Punishment Session. He was much looking forward to watching young Sue getting what she deserved for having rejected his advances on his previous visit... and even more looking forward to having her sent back to him after she had got it!

Prior to the girl being brought in, three Negress slaves were dealt with. The first got a twelve-stroke tawsing, the second and third each got an eighteen-stroke caning.

"Sue will be brought in next," said Gloria, leaning across the table towards Edward. "How shall I deal with her?"

He was a shade startled by her question for Gloria did not ask for any advice on such matters.

"Well... I don't quite know..." he began.

"The point is," interrupted Gloria, "the penalty for her offence - Displeasing and Disobeying a Guest - is, normally, at minimum an eighteen stroke birching."

"Is it indeed..."

"And, if she gets that, she'll scarcely be in a fit condition to be sent to you later."

"No, I imagine not." Edward considered. He certainly did not want young Sue's bottom looking like raw and bloody meat. On the other hand, the girl had to be punished.

"Why not," said Edward at last. "Have her tawsed and then, a little later, caned? The cane on an already red-hot bottom cannot be exactly pleasant!"

"Quite so," smiled Gloria. "An excellent suggestion, Edward. She can have six of the heaviest tawse, then a quarter of an hour later, a dozen of the cane. "She'll feel those alright but they won't put her out of action like a birching would."

"Well, that's settled then," said Edward smugly. Already he was thinking about what he was going to have the girl do for him that evening. She was sure to be very tender... and, thus, a great deal more co-operative! He snapped his fingers and ordered a large Bourbon from one of the serving wenches

who came hurrying up. It was in that role, of course, that he had first set eyes upon the ripely curvaceous young Sue; her body so well displayed beneath the transparent harem-style outfit she had to wear. What an ordeal for an 18-year-old! Especially one from a good family and well brought up. However, that was her bad luck. Once sold into slavery, a girl's former existence was of no account. She was treated like any other slave, black or white.

There was a sudden hush as Mrs Duprez led Sue into the drawing room. All eyes turned to the delicious blonde youngster condemned to suffer. As was customary, she was stripped of her outer garments, wearing only her cincher-belt, and white cotton drawers. Above the belt, but scarcely needing its support, were superbly rounded breasts the size of grapefruits... very milky-white, the nipples and aureoles a pale pink. Edward had already had his hands on that delicious fruit and knew he would soon be doing so again. As pale as death, soft lips trembling, Sue came to the table at which Gloria and Edward were seated. Her hands were clenched; her deep blue eyes, round with terror, were brimming with tears. She must be very aware of my presence, thought Edward; she must realise that it is on my account she is here; she must know that she is to be punished right before me. Not to mention dozens of other gloating watchers. It gave Edward considerable satisfaction to brood on that.

"Sue..." said Mrs Duprez.

"Ah, yes," nodded Gloria, opening her large book in which all punishments were recorded. "Why is she here?" A needless question of course, but it had to be asked officially.

"Displeasing and Disobeying a Guest, Ma'am," replied the Housekeeper.

"Indeed!" Gloria's eyebrows went up. "That is a most serious offence." She pinned Sue with a steely gaze; the girl shuddered violently. "Are you aware of that, Sue?"

"Y-Yes... M-Madam... yes..." came a whisper. "But... but... I couldn't h-help..."

"Silence!" barked Mrs Duprez. Sue fell silent.

"It is an offence," continued Gloria, "that merits a birching... a birching severe enough to take every last inch off your young backside, my girl!"

A loud sobbing-groan burst from Sue and her head hung. "Head up!" snapped Mrs Duprez. As it came up, all could see the tears now running down those pale cheeks.

"As it turns out," went on Gloria, "the gentleman you displeased and disobeyed, has asked me to show you some clemency. This gentleman." She pointed to Edward. "You will, Sue, thank him for his intervention on your behalf."

Edward saw the tear-filled eyes upon him; saw the fear and loathing in them; saw the loose quivering mouth. "Thank you... S-Sir..." Sue managed to say... and Edward nodded perfunctorily. Fancy being thanked for such a thing! He had difficulty in not smiling.

Gloria picked up her pen. "Your punishment... and think yourself lucky, Sue... will be six strokes of the three-thonged tawse, followed by twelve strokes of a medium cane..."

Another loud sobbing-groan burst from Sue; her breasts heaved up and down under her emotions. "Oh God... ooh... God..." she moaned. "Help me... help me..." She looked wildly from side to side, as if truly expecting help to arrive.

"...remove your drawers, Sue," intoned Gloria as she bent her head to record the punishment.

"Please... ooh... p-please..." sobbed Sue, holding out imploring hands.

"Two extra of the tawse for delay," said Gloria emotionally.

"Ooooh... no... oooo!" Quickly, Sue's fingers went to the ribbon which held up her drawers. She tugged... and the flimsy covering slipped down her limbs to the floor. All eyes looked avidly on the young, smooth, depilated mound thus displayed. None more avidly than Edward's! Mine, he thought, and felt the heat mount in his loins.

"Blanche will give the tawsing, William and Robert the caning," said Gloria. "Put her over the Block, please."

"H-Have mercy... I couldn't h-help it!" cried the terrified girl. Mrs Duprez seized her by one arm but Sue, jerking, tried to shake free. Panic had now obviously gripped her.

"Two extra of the cane for resistance," said Gloria, making another note in her book. And, shrieking, Sue was frog-marched up on to the platform by the powerfully built Mrs Duprez. There, William and Robert lifted her up as if she were no more than a five-year-old child, and placed her on the Block. The leather Bolster thrust up a beautifully rounded bottom (as milky-white as those breasts!) and two long tapering thighs ran down the back slope - where they

were at once pinioned by straps. Also the wrists, arms stretched out before her. Then the crushing waist-strap, six inches wide, which would keep Sue's uplifted bottom immobile during her punishment. Finally, a thong was attached to a hank of that blonde hair and pulled back to a ring in the waist-belt. Up came Sue's head. Into the mirror she had to gaze... seeing all those who gazed upon her. Her pretty features were contorted with horror; she babbled unceasingly for mercy.

It is, thought Edward, one of the most delightful bottoms I have ever set eyes upon. It was trembling softly with dread. Quite exquisite. And it is mine. Temporarily, at least, maybe, one day, it will be mine permanently. He was pretty sure he would be able to make a deal with Gloria.

Blanche, a hefty Negress, took down the most murderous tawse of all... two feet six inches long, three inches wide, half an inch thick, with three eight inch tails. The brown leather had a sheen of oil on it; the Negress drew it almost lovingly, it seemed, across her palm as she mounted the small platform which ran beside the Block.

"NO... OOOO! NO... OOOO!" Sue's eyes were even rounder; her mouth was open.

"Begin," ordered Gloria... and clasped her hands over her ample stomach. Edward licked his lips. That milky-white bottom was trembling even more. Soon it would be all strawberry pink. Lovely!

TTTTHHWWAAACCCCKKKK!

The first stroke descended over the top part of Sue's bottom; the tails encircled her right flank. For a few moments, the girl's mouth gaped wider, but no sound came from it. Instead there was an in-sucking of breath. Those blue eyes started wildly from their sockets - in obvious disbelief that such awful pain could be. Then a terrible series of shrieks rent the air as the deep, deep burning pain was fully absorbed. Imagine it! Leather three inches wide and half an inch thick, laid over the softness of girlish flesh!

Blanche, experienced in all forms of punishment, was in no hurry to lay on the second stroke. She wanted her victim to appreciate the full benefit of the first. Only after some fifteen seconds or so did her black, well-muscled arms swing up again. Down swooped the deadly leather.

TTTTHHWWAAACCCCKKKK!

This stroke fell a little lower down the upthrusting but-

tocks, instantly producing a second pink-red swathe over the milky flesh. Instantly producing burning agony that seared deep, deep, and deep. Sue's reactions were similar. First the disbelieving in-suck of breath... followed by a series of heart-rending shrieks.

Two similar strokes followed in the same leisurely fashion... each producing the same agonised reaction. The fourth stroke fell precisely at the junction of Sue's buttock cheeks and thighs... so that the whole of her bottom had become the strawberry-pink Edward had anticipated. Delightful to behold! Oh how it quaked and quivered, held immobile as it was! One could almost see the heat rising from it. But it will be a deeper red yet, thought Edward, for stroke would now overlay stroke.

"M-MERCY... AAAAGHHH... MERCEEEEEEEEE... NO... MORE!"

Impassively, Blanche crossed to the other side of the Block and mounted the trestle there. She looked down with satisfaction at the four swathes of torment she had created. Now this girl was REALLY going to suffer. Ah yes... when swathe overlaid swathe they learnt what true torment was! Slowly Blanch raised her arm high...

After two more stokes, the enthralled watchers saw Sue's eyes roll back into her head and, as her shriek reached its highest pitch, she appeared to lose consciousness.

"Inexperienced..." murmured Gloria, to herself it seemed. In every way, thought Edward happily. Oh how he loved them young and, even if not actually virgins, at least virginal!

Fezal was quick to produce his life-restoring joss sticks. Reluctantly... oh so reluctantly... the wretched Sue was brought, choking, back to sense and sensitivity. Her mouth was opening and closing as if to plead... but only retching sounds came from it.

Blanche's two final strokes produced what can only be described as a choking rattle from that straining throat... and those pretty features were contorted into ugliness.

Her task over, the Negress stepped down. She seemed quite unmoved by the havoc she had wrought over that tender young flesh. And, indeed, she was. As far as he was concerned, she had merely been doing her duty.

"Quite a punisher that tawse," remarked Edward to his hostess as he looked upon the deep-hued red buttocks curving up before them.

"Indeed... indeed..." nodded Gloria Vance. "It does seem

to induce the very greatest respect." She was very glad that Miss Macgarry, her distant Scottish relation, had introduced her to the instrument. The cane and the birch were all very well but the tawse had a dimension all of its own.

"She won't enjoy the cane over that..."

"Not at all," replied Gloria. "I don't think she'll give you much trouble this evening."

"No... I imagine not," said Edward, feeling a quick throb of his pulses. For a moment, he wondered if he might not suggest to Gloria that this delicious young creature might not be spared the rest of her punishment. However, he realised that, as it had been officially pronounced, there could be no reprieve. Not at Lauderdale. Ah well, ah well, he thought, it can only make her more compliant.

For half an hour the wretched Sue remained over the Block, her red-purple bottom presented fully to Gloria Vance's guests. At first she sobbed loudly; only gradually did the sobs diminish. Constantly her flesh twitched and contracted. Incessantly she had to endure the throbbing flames of torment.

They will not cane me now, she told herself.

They could not be so devilishly cruel.

I have endured enough... enough... ENOUGH! They must know that. In God's name, they cannot make me suffer more!

In the body of that drawing room, the chatter and the light laughter continued unabated. As usual, Gloria Vance's guests were thoroughly enjoying themselves. There was both refreshment and entertainment freely available. Coffee or alcoholic drinks... and the sight of naked young hindquarters in dreadful torment. What more could members of the land-owning, slave-owning class ask for? The fact that Sue - once Suzanne Delacroix - had once been one of their numbers, was of no consequence. Now she was simply a slave. Mrs Gloria Vance's property. And, as such, she could be dealt with as her owner designated. For those who held the power, it was a most satisfying philosophy.

Gloria raised her hand; silence descended. "William and Robert," she said loudly, you will now administer the caning. Strokes to be placed from alternate sides at ten-second intervals. Proceed..."

There were terrible, wailing cries from Sue; her face became a mask of disbelief and dread. How could they possi-

bly do this to her? She would rather die! Indeed, if they did do it to her, she would surely die!

"N-N-N-NOOOOOO... N-N-N-N-N-OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

The slim, whippy yellow rods were taken from the brine water in which they were kept. Two impassively-faced Flunkeys advanced to the Block; then mounted on to the trestles. One on each side.

"N-N-N-NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO... AAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH... NOOOOOOOO... OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

The eager watchers saw the reddened buttock-flesh contracting violently. Contracting with hideous dread. Yet... yet... it was helpless. Held immobile. It could do nothing but wait for the cruel agony still to come.

"AAAAAGGGGGHHHHH... OH GOD... AAAGGGGGHHH... NO... OOOO... NOOOOO... NOOOOO... AAAAGGGHHHHHH... NOOOOOO... OOOOOOOOO!"

Professionally, almost placidly, the Flunkeys measured their helpless victim. The rods lay lightly over the glowing flesh. Then those rods were withdrawn. At that moment, the frantic clenching of the buttock-flesh was a quite fascinating spectacle.

Quite, quite fascinating...

William raised his rod high... then lashed down the first excruciating stroke. It bit deep. It brought intolerable pain. Yet there were still thirteen more strokes of a similar nature still to come.

For some, as is well known, thirteen is an unlucky number.

A half-demented Sue had to be revived twice during her merciless thrashing. It was indeed a viciously cruel exposition of household discipline of one of such tender years. Yet, it must be said, a birching would have been even more cruel. Marginally, at least.

The audience was enthralled. There were cries and claps of encouragement; loud murmurs of approval; even shouted instructions.

"Give it to her!"

"Harder... harder!"

"She deserves it... the disobedient bitch!"

"Harder... harder!"

Gloria kept raising her hand for silence. She did not like such unseemly interruptions, still, she was a good hostess and realised that her guests had to give rein to their feelings. In a way, it was a complement to her pres-



She deserves it... the disobedient bitch

entation. No one would ever doubt that she ran the strictest household in Nashville County, would they?

For his part, Edward remained silent. But inwardly he seethed with sadistic satisfaction. Later this tormented young creature would be sent to him... and he would be able to do with her as he wished.

Would he not?

Oh would he not?

Yes... yes... YES!

There came the knock on the door which Edward had been happily awaiting. Sue was bidden to enter. She did so stiffly, gasping out as she curtsied.

"Lock it, Suzanne, then come over here," ordered Edward.

Pale and tense, shivering, Sue did so. Oh what despair and horror were in those blue eyes! "Y-You sent for m-me, Sir..." came a whisper.

"Correct," said Edward. "We have a little unfinished business." He shook his head. "You are a foolish child. Because of that, you have a very tender bottom. If you had done as I ordered, it would not be in its present state. And you know what will happen to you if you disobey me further, don't you?"

A violent shudder. "Y-Yes, Sir..."

"Good. Just bear that constantly in mind. What you are going to have to do may not please you, but will certainly please me. That is what matters, my pretty one." He watched two big tears run down Sue's cheeks. How delightful she was; how innocent she looked. "To start with you will remove your dress and your drawers and you will show me your bottom."

"Mmmmmfff... mmmfff..." sobbed Sue. However, she was not slow to take off her dress nor to lower her flimsy undergarment.

"Turn," ordered Edward. Sue did so... and the reason she was not slow to obey was very evident. The whole of her bottom was now a deep red, laced across with a mass of red-purple weals which blackened at the tips. "Mmmmm..." murmured Edward, "that looks VERY tender indeed. Bend over, girl." Crying out with the increased pain, Sue did so. Edward looked upon what was his to take. Under his gown he felt himself stiffening. "Stand up." Gasping out again, Sue stood erect. Edward unlaced her cincher-belt. "No need for this," he said. "Turn."

Sue turned, eyes downcast, cheeks flushing, body trembling incessantly. There were those superb young breasts, there were those beautiful curves, there was that smooth depilated mound. Edward removed his gown and stood hairy naked, half in erection. He seated himself on the edge of a chaise longue.

"First, Suzanne," he said, voice thickening, "you are going to suck me. Afterwards, I am going to fuck you. You may be inexperienced but you will make every effort to please me. If you do not, I shall have you birched. Is that clearly understood?"

"Uuuurrrfff... urrrffff..." Lovely heaving breasts! Uuuurfff... mmmfff... y-yes... S-Sir... mmmfff... uuurrrrr..."

"Kneel... and do it then..."

Gasping again, Sue knelt between Edward's parted thighs. Her eyes were half closed; her nostrils were flaring in revulsion. The effort she was having to make was very obvious; only the knowledge of what failure of disobedience would bring forced her on. Timidly, a small white hand took Edward's root; down came a blonde head. He sighed with satisfaction as he felt nervous warm lips enclose his phallic head.

"Suck, girl, suck..." he said lecherously. Oh how delightful to have an innocent 18-year-old do this! Probably she had never done it before. He felt her begin to suck timidly. "Suck harder," he ordered sharply. "Take more of it into your mouth. Come along! I meant what I said about that birching."

He felt her shudder... and he also felt her starting to suck harder and another inch or so went into the warm-wet orifice. Superb! Ah yes... aahhh yes! In no time at all, Edward became bone hard. He lowered his hands and clasped the soft, pendulous breasts available to him. Oh what a little beauty! The head bobbed gently up and down, with Sue whimpering pathetically. How she was HATING it! But she HAD to do it. One day, thought Edward, I'll have her suck me all the way. like Tess does. But not today. Today I'll fuck this enchanting young creature.

After perhaps a couple of minutes, feeling his desire rising too fast, Edward took hold of Sue's hair and eased her up and off. Her pink mouth gaped; she dribbled. Distraught, her features quivered uncontrollably. Tears drenched pale cheeks.



Take more of it into your mouth. Come along!

"Not bad, girl," said Edward. "But you'll get better. A lot better." He smiled at his shivering victim. "Now I'm going to fuck you, my pretty one. It's a nice big prick I've got for you, isn't it? I think, one day, you'll come to enjoy it."

A terrible moan came from Sue who instinctively tried to turn her head away, but Edward maintained a grip on her hair. Then she shrieked with pain as, almost brutally, he pushed her down on to the floor, on to her back... on to her agonised tender bottom. Seething with lust, heedless of the girl's cries, Edward came down on to her, pulling her smooth white thighs wide apart and then, grunting in animal-like fashion, forced himself into the tightness of that young cunt.

Sue screamed, writhing in pain. It only excited Edward more. With deliberate cruelty, he clasped the girl's hot, lacerated buttocks and began to rut savagely. The screams and writhing intensified. Edward cared not. He was lost in a world of insensate lust. This was possession. This was rape. It was what he wanted at that moment.

No finesse. No yielding. Simply taking.

Fortunately for Sue, the ravaging, though furious was short-lived. Edward found himself out of control in less than a couple of minutes. Edward cared not about that either. The moment was all that mattered. There was time ahead in plenty for different delights.

Gasping and groaning, he unleashed himself into his still-writhing victim... before slumping down in a state of exhaustion. Only a little later did he realise that Sue had fainted.

He smiled ruefully. Perhaps it wasn't all that surprising!



Now I'm going to fuck you, my pretty one

CHAPTER SEVEN

When Mason Fairbrother's catalogue arrived, Edward studied it immediately. There were some forty black females to be sold, their ages ranging from sixteen to forty. He did not bother with the details of these; that was his wife Gertrude's department. If she wanted any black slaves she would purchase them. There were also twenty black males on offer. Perhaps, he thought with an inner smile, she might be interested in some of those. Then he turned to the special section at the end of the catalogue... and saw that four white women were to be sold. That might not seem many but, in fact, it was a goodly number since, in the nature of things, far fewer white women became available than black. He read the details:

LOT NO 64 MAUD PICKFORD (Mrs)

Age 38. Widow of Henry Pickford (committed suicide on bank failure)

A mature, amply proportioned but well-preserved woman.

Height 5' 5". Bust 44". Waist 32", Hips 44".

Not suited to heavy work. Could be of interest to some as a domestic. A good buy for those who like their roses full-blown.

Of no interest to me, thought Edward and turned to the next item:

LOT NO 65 LAVINIA SHRIVER (Miss)

Aged 20. Daughter of Mr and Mrs James Shriver (now both deceased). Being sold on behalf of her guardian, Mrs Goldstein.

A very attractive, well-educated young lady with considerable spirit. It is considered she will need firm training.

Auburn hair, hazel eyes, aquiline features.

Height 5' 7". Bust 36", Waist 24", Hips 37".

Highly recommended to the discerning Owner, male or female.

Edward liked the sound of that much more. A young woman of spirit... in need of firm training... yes... yes. She might make an interesting addition to the household. Perhaps he would buy her as a present for Gertrude... but with ulterior motives! He continued:

LOT NO 66 HELEN DE COURCY (Mrs)

Wife of Desmond de Courcy (now bankrupt). Aged 30. A woman of only average looks but of robust constitution. Fit for hard work. Light brown hair and eyes. Height 5' 8". Bust 38", Waist 28", Hips 38". Could go at a bargain price.

Not much there, said Edward to himself... and turned to the last of the women on offer:

LOT NO 67 DEBORAH GLANVILLE (Miss)

Aged 23. Daughter of Mrs Glanville (now resident in England), was affianced to Mr Lyndon Chambers. A splendid specimen of young womanhood. Good features, superb figure, tall and strong. Fit for hard work but could undertake many other duties... after training. Long fair hair, blue/green eyes, a Junoesque body. Height 5' 10 1/2". Bust 40". Waist 27". Hips 42". A tall, well-made woman, most excellently proportioned... One of the finest we have yet been able to offer. We recommend her highly but warn you that her price will be high.

Edward found his nerves tingling. This was JUST the kind of woman he was looking for to team up with Mandy-Lou. Not only was she an obvious good-looker but the measurements of the two closely approximated. In fact, their hip measurements matched. In his mind's eye, Edward saw a gleaming black bottom alongside a silky-smooth white one. An equally voluptuous pair! Yes... it looked as if he was on the verge of forming a really first-rate team. An Equipage that even Emma Arbuthnot would envy. Even if this Deborah Glanville WAS expensive, he could well afford it. If she ultimately turned out to be what he wanted, he was determined to outbid anybody.

Excitedly, he slipped the catalogue into his pocket and

went down to inform Gertrude of the good news.

On Friday, 10th April, Mr and Mrs Edward T Monson drove in their carriage to Morton's Assembly Hall, where Mason Fairbrother was holding his Slave Auction. Though the man had an American-sounding name, he was by birth a Portuguese. And a pretty evil-looking one at that.

It must be stated that his Auctions were not open to the general public. Attendance was by invitation only. Naturally, Mason Fairbrother saw to it that the most influential and wealthy got his invitations. Thus, on entering the Assembly Rooms, Edward and Gertrude found themselves surrounded by many familiar faces. A few minutes after they had taken their seats, Mason Fairbrother came over.

"Are you interested in any of the white females?" he enquired, looking from Edward to Gertrude and back again.

"I am certainly interested in at least one of them," replied Edward.

Mason Fairbrother nodded. "Lot Number 65, eh Sir?" He was well aware of Edward's predilection for younger women. "You have excellent judgement."

"She may interest me," replied Edward easily. "But I am rather more interested in Lot Number 67."

"Well, I'm not surprised, Sir. She is indeed a fine, strapping young woman. Big but beautiful, you might say. She'll fetch a high price, though."

"If you wish, Mr Monson," said Mason Fairbrother, "You could have a brief pre-sale view."

Edward glanced at Gertrude. "Any interest?" he asked.

"You go along, my dear," she said. "I think you are rather more concerned than I am in this matter."

Edward followed Mason Fairbrother from the room and descended a flight of stairs. Halfway down a long corridor, the Portuguese stopped and pulled back a small grille at eye level.

"Take a look, Mr Monson," he said.

Edward did so and found himself viewing a plainly furnished room in which there were four women. For some reason, he had expected them to be already naked but they were, in fact, fully clothed... wearing the kind of expensive gowns they were accustomed to. He picked out Deborah Glanville at once; a tall, regal beauty with long fair hair. Her dress was low-cut and the splendour of her bosom was very evident.

Edward found himself licking his lips. I'll buy this one whatever the costs, he told himself. Next his eyes alighted on Lavinia Shriver. She was seated on a couch comforting one of the older women that was weeping. Edward liked the look of her very much also... but he did not give any attention to the other two who were to be sold. He stepped back and Mason Fairbrother took another look. "The two youngsters will fetch good prices," he remarked. "But I'm not so sure about the other two. But you never know. Some men have a penchant for plumpness."

"So I believe," said Edward coolly. He did not like this man though he was grateful for the services he offered.

"Very shortly," said Mason Fairbrother, "they will all be stripped naked and each put into a 'yoke'."

"A 'yoke'?"

"Well, it's a kind of 'yoke'. More like a heavy plank really, with holes through which the neck and wrists are placed. That way, they're very helpless, can hide nothing and are quite manoeuvrable. We don't use them on the blacks who are generally more docile."

The two men made their way back up to the Auction Room where the sale of Negroes and Negresses was just beginning. Some were sold singly, some in batches, all were naked. Prices ranged from fifty to five hundred dollars. That latter price was fetched by a magnificent-looking 16-year-old Negress... a somewhat smaller version of Mandy-Lou. Edward was almost tempted to make a bid himself but decided it was better to hold his fire. Blacks were always easy to come by; whites were not. Gertrude bought two hefty young bucks; both well hung, for 150 dollars and 180 dollars respectively. Edward congratulated her.

"Plenty of work in them," he said with a twinkle in his eyes.

"I guess so," replied Gertrude suavely. She powdered her nose and chin which had become a little shiny in the heat.

In all, some 200 blacks were disposed of, three-quarters of them female. They were herded out and put in chains in a courtyard to await being claimed. The Overseers and their assistants all carried long, slim whips and were not slow to use them on any slave showing reluctance or recalcitrance whilst being displayed or auctioned. Nobody minded receiving a black slave carrying a few weals and welts. They would soon have some more anyway!

There was a brief, expectant hush, then a door opened at the back of the dais and the four white women, now nude and 'yoked' in the fashion described by Mason Fairbrother, were brought in. Each was led by a black Overseer who carried not a whip but a thin strap, rather like the 'stingers' used on Gloria Vance's estate... a chain running from the front of the 'yoke' which also carried the woman's Lot Number.

Lot Number 64, Mrs Maud Pickford, was making a great deal of fuss, weeping and wailing and trying to drag her feet. She had very large breasts but they sagged too much for Edward's liking. Mason Fairbrother, who had mounted the wide dais, laid the strap her carried across the woman's plump bottom.

"Shut up you cow!" he bellowed. "Do you think you're something special? Another whack with the strap, another shriek. "Well you're not! You're simply Lot Number 64... here to be sold to anyone who fancies your fat arse!"

It was deliberately crude; deliberately demeaning. Mrs Maud Pickford's slavery was truly beginning. She sobbed pitifully as her 'yoke' was secured on to one of the upright beams at the back of the dais.

20-year-old Lavinia Shriver came next, Lot Number 65. She was as pale as death, biting her lips furiously, but her hazel eyes were flashing with fury. As Mason Fairbrother approached to secure her to her beam, the girl attempted to knee him in the groin and, at the same time, spat in his face. This earned Lavinia four hard whacks with the strap across her flanks and buttocks.

"You little bitch!" yelled Fairbrother, secretly delighted at this display of temperament. "Your new owner will soon teach you some manners, I'll warrant!"

You're right, said Edward to himself, studying the beautifully shaped youngster. He noted that she had no more than gasped as the strap fell. Stubborn eh! Well, well. He would much enjoy subduing her and moulding her to his ways, as he had done with Tess. No... wait a minute, damn it... hadn't he decided to give her to Gertrude? Perhaps he wouldn't; not until he'd bought young Sue off Gloria anyway. He watched as Lavinia was hobbled at her knees with a leather thong in order to prevent a repetition of her action. Those eyes were flashing even more furiously.

Next came Lot Number 66, Mrs Helen de Courcy... another tearful, feet-dragging specimen. She was not all that good

looking and her distress did not improve matters. She did, however, have a good, strong body on her. As the catalogue said, she was 'fit for hard work'. Unresisting, but shuddering violently, she was secured to her beam.

Finally came the prize lot of all (in Edward's opinion) Lot Number 67, Deborah Glanville. She moved with the same kind of easy grace as Mandy-Lou... and she had that same sort of head-high pride about her. It seemed that she was looking with disdain at the massed ranks before her.

My God, what a figure, thought Edward. Again, it was very like the Negress's but with the skin creamy-white.

She was tall, big in breasts and hindquarters, but perfectly proportioned. She was just what Edward wanted for his second Pony. Once again, he determined to have her.

Lot Number 64 was unshackled from the beam and hauled forward, still weeping uncontrollably. Mason Fairbrother mounted a rostrum and read Mrs Maud Pickford's description from the catalogue.

"Plenty of meat on this one, gentlemen," said Fairbrother with a grin. "If you like 'em that way. What am I bid? Shall we say 2.000?" There was a silence. No one seemed too keen. "Turn her round, Jake... show 'em her big backside."

Jake, the Overseer, turned the 'yoke' through 180 degrees and, perforce, Maud Pickford turned with it. She strove to resist, but it was quite impossible. A most fulsome white bottom was on show; a bottom which quivered like soft jelly.

"Bend her over, Jake... let 'em have a real good look..."

"NO...0000000!" shrieked the half-hysterical woman. But relentlessly, the 'yoke' was brought down and Maud Pickford was forced to bend... and show herself even more immodestly. Edward saw the value of these 'yokes' under such circumstances.

"There," said Fairbrother, "if that arse isn't made for a rod... or any other sport you fancy... I don't know what is! Now... do I hear 2,000?"

"1,500," came a voice.

"1,600," came another.

"1,700." This time it was a woman.

In 100 dollars uplifts, the bidding went through 2,000. Maud Pickford was pulled erect and turned round again. Bidding continued quite briskly. There must be quite a lot who do like them plump, reflected Edward. Finally, bidding stuck at 2,700 dollars.

"Are we all done then?" *Fairbrother's gavel was raised. Bang! Down it went. "Sold to... er... Mr Harrison, isn't it?"

"Correct," replied a ruddy-faced individual of around fifty summers.

"Will you collect or shall I have her sent?"

"Send her," came the brief reply... and, sobbing bitterly Mrs Maud Pickford was led off the dais and through the door at the back. What, wondered Edward, must it be like to know that you were now owned body and soul by some other individual (quite legally!) and all it had cost was 2,700 dollars. HMMMM... yes... VERY humiliating!

Edward tried to keep calm as Lavinia Shriver was next led, hobbling painfully, forward. There was no point in getting over-eager at auctions. Certainly not showing one was over-eager. He would let others get on with the early bidding and only come in at the death.

The girl stood quivering with rage as her details were read. She did not seem afraid. Simply outraged at what was being done to her. Not surprising, of course.

"Well here's a nice juicy, young piece... do you not agree, ladies and gentlemen? Only 20 YEARS of satisfaction to be obtained from her..."

"You... you... are not fit to live..." spat out Lavinia suddenly.

"And a girl with spirit, as we have already seen," smiled Mason Fairbrother. "I'll warrant she'll take some taming... need more than a strap across her bottom to subdue her... show 'em that bottom, John..."

As Maud had been, Lavinia was now turned and bent. There were some approving murmurs. Soft auburn down between the cleft. Four strap marks showed vividly over very white flesh.

"You swine... you filthy swine!" came the repeated cries.

"Keep her there, John... it will do the young lady good to know she is showing everyone her most treasured possessions. "Now... who'll start me at 4,000... an absurd price, I know, for such goods..."

"4,000..."

"Four and a half ..."

"Five..."

Mason Fairbrother beamed. He had expected bidding to be brisk; but not as brisk as this. Both men and women joined

in 7,500 was reached; then 8,000. Edward saw that only one man and one woman were left in.

"Stand her up... turn her round," ordered Fairbrother.

Lavinia came up and round, to show her lovely, high firm breasts and the soft smell of her belly.

"8,000 dollars," said Edward in a clear voice.

"Ah... we have a new bidder... a gentleman of true discernment... is there any advance on 8,500?"

"9,000..." said the woman. The remaining man stayed silent.

"9,500..." said Edward firmly. He didn't care if the bidding went to 15,000. He saw the woman look at him, recognising him... and his wealth. She knew she was defeated and shook her head. The gavel fell.

"Sold to Mr Monson for 9,5000 dollars," said Mason Fairbrother. The pale cheeks of Lavinia Shriver were now colouring furiously. The cruel ignominy of being sold like an animal was getting through to her to the full.

"Send her," said Edward.

"Very good, Mr Monson," nodded Fairbrother, making a note on his catalogue.

"I didn't know you were after her," whispered Gertrude as Lavinia was led off the dais.

"I did it on the spur of the moment," smiled Edward. "I'm thinking of giving her to you. As an Anniversary present."

"How sweet," simpered Gertrude. "I thought you'd forgotten."

"Tomorrow, isn't it?"

"That's right, dearest." Gertrude squeezed her husband's arm. Wasn't he just the best husband one could wish for?

Mrs Helen de Courcy was quickly disposed of... not proving at all popular but finally being battled for by two middle-aged women. Probably lesbians, thought Edward. The woman was finally knocked down for 2,000 dollars.

Alone in all her glory, Deborah Glanville remained on the dais. Still she looked proud and disdainful, her beautifully structured features impassive. But what turmoil did they hide beneath, wondered Edward? By God, that body, it was truly magnificent! He could hardly wait to get his hands on it!

Gracefully, unresisting, Deborah was led forward. She looked straight ahead, eyes seemingly unseeing.

"This," said Mason Fairbrother, after he had read the

catalogue details, "is one of the finest specimens of womanhood I have ever had the pleasure of offering. Just look at her... do you not agree?"

There were plenty of affirmative murmurs. Edward kept silent.

"She is a BIG girl, is she not? But PERFECTLY proportioned. But, though she's big, she graceful. Walk her up and down, please George..."

Stepping like a gazelle, Deborah Glanville was led twice up and down the length of the dais. Still she seemed unmoved by the shaming horror of it. Her fulsome breasts bounced softly as she moved; her buttock-flesh quivered as her bottom undulated from side to side. Edward felt his lust mounting and knew plenty of other men in that room were being similarly affected. However, few, if any, men in that room had as deep a purse as he. It was a moment when the joy of being rich was at a peak. One could buy whatever one wanted.

Deborah was bent and displayed. Two great, heaving sobs burst from her at that moment. That was all. Then she was raised and turned again, she was still dry-eyed. "Keep moving her up and down the dais, George," said Mason Fairbrother. He was a good salesman, knowing how to emphasise a girl's best aspects. This one moved superbly.

"Shall we say 10,000 dollars then?"

There was a stunned silence in the Auction. Quite a number of beautiful white women had passed that way but never had the starting prize been so high. Wasn't Mason Fairbrother over-doing it? Even for this beauty?

"Seven and a half," said someone at length.

Fairbrother looked exasperated. "Seven and a half... for this lovely creature?" He gave Deborah's bottom a pat as she passed. "By God, HALF of her is worth that!"

"But which half?" chimed a wag. There was general laughter and the atmosphere relaxed. Soon the bidding began in earnest, with four men involved. As before, Edward remained silent.

Eight... nine... ten... eleven... the tension was growing. Lust was making men reckless with their money.

"Do I hear eleven and a half?" enquired Fairbrother encouragingly. There was a silence.

"You hear twelve thousand dollars," said Edward in a loud voice. Instantly, a hush fell. There were looks of disappointment of the faces of those who had been bidding. Damn



Shall we say 10,000 dollars then?

Monson! How greedy could you get? Hadn't he already procured one delicious piece? Now, he wanted this luscious young creature parading before them.

"Twelve and a half," said one of them rather angrily.

"Thirteen," responded Edward easily. There was a long silence. Anxious faces; thwarted faces.

"Any advance of thirteen thousand dollars then?" asked Mason Fairbrother. He was quite delighted with the way things had gone.

Silence.

Up came the gavel, down it went. "Bang" Edward experienced a little frisson of pleasure. Now she was his. All his!

"Sold to Mr Monson," said Mason Fairbrother brightly.

"Send her along with the other one," ordered Edward T Monson, rising from his seat.

Graciously, hand on her arm, he escorted his wife from Morton's Assembly Hall.

CHAPTER EIGHT

"Well now," said Gertrude on the following day, "we're ready to set up our Stables. You have two excellent girls, Mandy-Lou and Deborah. I have those two fine buck niggers I bought yesterday. And, as I understand it, Emma Arbuthnot is sending over both equipment and an experienced Stable Hand."

"All that is correct, my dear," replied Edward. "But, in my view, all these new slaves must, to some extent, be broken in before they start training as Ponies."

Gertrude Monson sat silent for a few moments. "Of course, you're right Edward, as you usually are. I was just rushing ahead a little. I am so anxious to get this Stable under way."

"Very understandable, my dear. I, too, want to get things moving, but I would like a couple of weeks or so to make Deborah Glanville understand the meaning of slavery."

"Quite so... quite so, Edward... please forgive me for being so precipitate. It now seems obvious to me that a slave has to be broken in first before being trained as a Pony. That is a second stage.

Edward nodded. "Also, my sweet wife, as you know, I have made you a present on our Wedding Anniversary. Lavinia Shriver."

"That is absolutely charming of you, my dear husband. I am sure, in time, she will become an excellent personal maid. Of course..." Gertrude paused momentarily. "... if at any time you feel the need of her... er... services... you are at liberty to..."

"I was coming to that, Gertrude," interrupted Edward. "I know I am giving you the girl as a present but, quite frankly, I would like to initiate her into slavery - alongside Deborah - if that's alright with you.

"Ahhh..." Gertrude Monson smiled. It was best to indulge Edward in his little whims. After all, she was going to be quite pre-occupied in getting her two nigger-slaves ship-shape. "If that is what you want, Edward," she said, "that is perfectly alright by me. That girl looks as if she needs a firm hand to begin with.

"I agree," Edward smiled. "And not only to begin with.

Later on, that will be your affair. It is very considerate of you, Gertrude, to let me have my own way in this little matter. After all, she is your present."

"Think nothing of it, dear husband," condescended Gertrude. "After all, you are the Master of the House." She did not exactly envy those two nubile young women her husband had just purchased. He was a man who liked value for money. That is how he had prospered. She, of course, was a disciplinarian not so much because she enjoyed it (though she certainly did to a degree) but because she wanted a well-run household.

"Yes... I suppose I am the Master," sighed Edward. He smiled a most contented smile. It was a delightful position to be in.

In the annexe which adjoined Edward's large bedroom. Lavinia and Deborah, both stark naked, hung in chains. Iron manacles clamped their wrists, their arms were stretched high and taut, because their toes only just touched the floor. Between the ankles of each, was manacled a 'spreader bar', one some eighteen inches long. This had been placed there partly to stop any kicking but also because it displayed them more charmingly. The girls faced each other, one of each side of the red-bolstered punishment hurdle.

As the stretched muscles of their arms and back steadily intensified, they moaned and groaned. They spoke little. There was little to say. Except...

"O-Ohh... how c-can this be happening... to... to us..."

"Please... oh please... God... let it not be true..."

"It can't be t-true... c-can it... oooooohhh... p-people like us... c-can't be... s-slaves..."

"Help... oohhh... ooh... h-help... someone... l-let me d-down..."

"Oooooh... I can't stand it any l-longer..."

"Help... h-help... oooohhh... h-help..."

The two girls hung in their chains for the best part of an hour before their new Master entered the annexe. He was casually dressed in lightweight drill trousers, shirt and smoking jacket. Behind him came a giant of a Negro - one of the Chief Overseers assistants. His nude, well-oiled body rippled with muscles; he wore nothing but a prominently white pouch over his genitals. He took up a position, back to the wall, between the hanging girls. Impassively fea-

tured, he folded his arms and remained silent. Edward had not brought him along because he particularly needed him but mainly for effect. It amused him to see the look of horror in both pairs of eyes as they saw this brute... and the way those eyes were quickly averted.

"Welcome to Chesterfield, slaves," said Edward in a jovial tone. Then he walked around, first behind Deborah. His lust surged as he gazed upon that straight broad white back and swelling hindquarters. He patted the girl's bottom several times. "Mmmm... I like the look of that," he said. "It's chiefly why I brought you, girl."

Deborah jerked in her chains. "Oh don't p-please... don't... you mustn't... no... no..." she gasped.

Edward slapped the bottom hard. Twice. Once on each cheek. "You don't give the orders, slave!" he rasped. Deborah, swinging, gasped more loudly. Then Edward came round in front of her... and fondled the melon-breasts available to him. "And also because of these, of course," he grinned.

"Oh no! Stop... stoopppp... you mustn't... it... it's not right... oohhh... sttoo... ooopppp!" cried Deborah, twisting wildly but uselessly. Edward went on fondling. Then he removed one hand and slid it between Debbie's parted thighs. "Not to mention this..." His fingers slid along her sex lips.

"Oh... OOOHH you beee... eeast... you f-filthy b-beast... STOOO... OPPPPP!" Edward just smiled and went on titillating.

"You will soon be taught to watch your tongue, young lady," said Edward severely. Then he turned and strolled across to Lavinia. He smiled pleasantly. The girl's eyes were a mixture of fury and fear. "Thinking of spitting on me, my pretty?" he enquired. "I wouldn't advise it. Otherwise I might decide to hand you over to Jackson here..." he indicated the Negro... "to deal with. I'm sure he'd enjoy that, but I don't think you would."

Lavinia, who had been considering doing that very thing, shuddered violently and rapidly changed her mind. Oh how utterly galling to be so utterly helpless; and so utterly humiliated! She cursed and swore, swinging in her chains, as Edward fondled her at will.

"Tut-tut, what language for a well-brought up young lady," he said when he had had enough. "You, too, will be taught to control your tongue." He looked from one to the other. "I



You, too, will be taught to control your tongue, slave

expect you'd like to be let down," he said.

"Oh yes... oh yes..." the replies came in unison.

"Well, you'll have to wait a while yet," said Edward easily. There were renewed groans. "Now, my slaves, what is it that you see before you, eh?" There was no reply. "Don't you know? Ah... but I think you do; you just don't like to admit the truth of it." Edward patted the red bolster resting between its wooden uprights. "It is over this which I put my slaves when ever I think it necessary to punish them." He strolled to the wall where the Negro stood impassive. "I may use this..." He took down a leather tawse and showed it to them. "Or this..." He took down one of the numerous rods hanging there. He flexed and swished it, before replacing it. "Or this..." The final item was a martinet with three cruel-looking plaited thongs of cowhide. "Very painful this," he said musingly as he stroked the thongs. It was good to see the growing terror in those young eyes. "And, down in the cells, I have a bull-whip," concluded Edward.

"Oh no... no..." moaned Deborah, "it... it can't be t-true... you couldn't t-treat young women... like us... of our... our c-class... like that..."

Edward gave a short, harsh laugh. "I'm afraid you're in for a bit of a shock, young lady. You are now a SLAVE. MY slave. What you were in your former existence is neither here nor there.

"Listen... listen..." broke in Lavinia hoarsely. "I'll g-get the money... I know I can... I w-will... I'll buy m-myself out... oh yes... I'll get the m-money..."

Edward laughed again. He went over and tweaked one of Lavinia's nipples. "What a silly girl you are," he said. "Do you think for one moment I care about the money? If you got ten times what I paid for you, it wouldn't interest me in the slightest!" The girl's head fell forward and a despairing moan came from her. For all her spirit, icy terror was beginning to creep through her.

It was the same with Deborah. She was horribly aware of the silent menace of the Negro. Surely... this man... couldn't have meant what he said... about handing Lavinia over to him if she spat? He could not be so uncivilised as to give a young girl to a brute-nigger! Oh God, when was he going to let them down? It seemed as if the muscles in her arms and back were on fire. Her mind seemed to groan under the burden

of its knowledge. She had been bought... and she was now a slave... she was being assaulted and treated with the vilest inhumanity. And there seemed no way she, or anyone else, would stop it. Deborah wished quite simply, she were dead.

"In my view," Edward was saying. "I still do not think you believe the truth of the matter. You do not truly believe you are slaves. I suppose it is understandable. But the sooner you DO believe it, the better it will be for you. The sooner you learn to show respect for your new Master... the sooner you learn to obey him, instantly and implicitly... the better it will be."

Lavinia's eyes were blazing with anger again. The idea of respecting and obeying such a monstrous beast of a man... a man well into middle age... was complete anathema to her. Poor Lavinia, how hard it was going to be for her!

"N-Never... n-never..." she found herself blurting out. Edward smiled happily upon her. Oh how he liked them when they had spirit!

"I think," he said silkily, "it would be a good idea, my slaves, if I gave you a little demonstration. To prove to you once and for all that, whenever I wish, I can punish a slave. For good reason; or no reason at all!" He turned to the door. "Tess!" he called, "come in here..."

In moments, Tess... tall, lissom, olive-skinned... came light-footed through the door. The octoroon wore a red-satin cincher, black stockings and red, high-heeled shoes. She fell to her knees before Edward, placing her hands on top of her dark head.

"You called me, Master," she said demurely.

"I did, Tess... I did. Because I want to ask you a question. Have you often been over this bolster?" He indicated it and a flickering shadow seemed to pass across Tess's pretty features.

"Y-Yes... yes, Master..." she replied in a low voice.

"Very often when you first became my slave, yes?"

"Very often, Master."

"Because you were a foolish and stubborn girl, yes?"

"Yes, Master..."

Deborah and Lavinia were looking at the kneeling supplicant in shocked disbelief. Here was living proof of how a young girl could be absolutely abased. Forced into the most abject submission. It was a pitiful sight. And a most frightening one, too!

"Tess... get over the bolster..."

Dark eyes widened; a mouth quivered. "M-Master...?"

"You heard me, girl!"

Tess knew better than to disobey, let alone delay. She rose and draped herself over the rounded red leather. A little whimper came from her. She was aware she had done nothing wrong. This was just one of her Master's whims. To which he was entitled.

"Secure her, Jackson..."

"Yes, Suh." The massive Negro came forward and fastened Tess's wrists and ankles to the waiting shackles. Edward looked from Lavinia to Deborah.

"You see," he said, "my slave, Tess, does not hesitate to obey my orders. Even though she is aware there is no reason for them. They are simply a demonstration of my power. She has committed no fault."

Tess's young bottom curved tautly. Jackson raised the height of the red bolster to ensure that.

"You c-can't... you can't..." That was Deborah.

"How can you, you swine... oh how can you... she is so y-young..."

"Yes," nodded Edward. "Rather like you Lavinia, Jackson, take a medium cane and give this slave six strokes. Hard... but not TOO hard."

"Yes, Suh."

"No... oooo..." said Deborah.

"Oh you monster!" cried Lavinia. Edward made a mental note to have the girl painfully gagged for a very long period. She really must learn to control her tongue, no matter how she might feel.

Jackson selected a rod and came back to the curving Tess. The girl's teeth were clenched; there were tears of bitterness in her eyes. It was bad enough to suffer in any event, but so suffer for nothing was worst of all.

Tap... tap... went the supple cane on her taut bottom. Then up it went.

Ssswwweeee... eeepppttttt!

"Nnnneeeeggghhhhh..." neighed Tess between clenched teeth.

"No... oooo... no... oooo..." cried Deborah again.

"Stop it, you swine!" cried Lavinia. "Oh how can you?"

Edward smiled pleasantly... and lit a long, slim cigar. "Not quite so hard, Jackson," he said. "After all, the girl has done nothing. This is simply a demonstration."

"As you say, Suh..." Jackson laid on the second stroke. But to those who watched it seemed almost as hard as the first. And, as far as the recipient was concerned, it felt it!

"Nnnneeeegggghhhhh..." Tess neighed again between those fiercely clenched teeth. Young as she was, Tess had become hardened through her dreadful experiences at Edward's hands. Nowadays, she did not break so easily as, quite naturally, she once had done. All the same, the pain she was having to endure was pure agony. And all for nothing.

Four more stokes fell at measured intervals. Jackson didn't seem to stint himself. Perhaps he didn't know his own strength. The last two, cutting into Tess's overhang, had the girl yelping.

"Thank you, Jackson," said Edward complacently. "Hang up the cane and release the girl."

"Yes, Suh..."

Oh what shock and horror there was in the eyes of Lavinia and Deborah! They could scarcely believe what they were seeing. Oh those awful weals over the flesh! How could the poor girl possibly bear it? And it had been done by a nigger. Oh how revolting he was! Virtually naked. Oh so obscene! Oh so terrifying!

Once released, Tess fell immediately to her knees before Edward. Once more her hands were placed on top of her head.

"Have you anything to say, Tess?" enquired Edward teasingly.

There was a momentary pause. Tess knew she had not been corrected in the strict sense, so what should she reply? "M-Master..." she said, "you have had me caned. That... that is your r-right. I am your humble and obedient slave."

"Excellent, Tess, excellent," smiled Edward. "Very well, you may go now, girl."

"Thank you, Master..." The lissom girl sprang easily up on to her feet and danced lightly out of the room, her bottom-flesh now carrying six nasty-looking weals.

Edward smiled at the two petrified looking newcomers. "You see how submissive a girl can be made? Yes... yes? That, my slaves, is how submissive YOU are going to be made!" That icy terror in Lavinia and Deborah intensified. The unbelievable truth was beginning to have to be believed! But... oohh... oohhh... how could they possibly bring themselves to submit in that way? How could they bring them-

selves to endure such hideous torments? There seemed no limit to the monstrosities which might be asked of them.

It was unbearable!

QUITE unbearable!

Yet what could either of them do?

Edward, cigar in mouth, wandered back behind Deborah. He patted and fondled her lush bottom while she gasped and twisted. "I don't suppose you'd like to be caned like that. Would you girl?"

"O-Oh... no... ooo..." gasped Deborah.

"No... MASTER..." said Edward, kneading those superb buttocks.

There was a pause. "N-No... M-Master..." whispered Deborah. Edward nodded in satisfaction. It was a small step, but one in the right direction. He slipped his hand into a warm cleft. "Don't ever forget that form of address," he said, as the girl gasping out, wriggled frantically. Otherwise, you'll regret it."

Edward moved across to Lavinia and fondled her smaller but most shapely bottom similarly. "And would you like to be caned like that, my pretty."

"No... no... oh how can you?" gasped the girl, twisting and turning violently.

"No... Master..." said Edward.

"Stop... oohh... stop!"

"No, MASTER..." repeated Edward. "Say it, slave!"

"Noo... ooooo!" shrieked Lavinia. How could she call this monster any such thing?

"Jackson," said Edward easily. "Bring me the cane you have just used on Tess. This girl needs a taste of what's in store for her."

"NOOO... OOOOOOO!" Shrieked Lavinia again, eyes now wide with terror, mouth sagging.

Edward took the cane and tapped the rounded bottom with relish. This would be the first time in her life Lavinia would have felt true pain.

"STOOO... OOPPP... YOU CAN'T... YOU MUSTN'T!" Lavinia was twisting even more violently now, which only added to Edward's pleasure. He laid the cane hard across the centre of the curving flesh. A breathless scream erupted from the girl and she squirmed, again and again, in agony.

Edward gave her another...

Then another...

The screams grew louder; the squirming more agonised. Lavinia could not credit that such pain could be! She couldn't stand it!

"Say it," demanded Edward.

"Uuuuurrrfff... mmmuurrrff... Master..." sobbed Lavinia. For the first time Lavinia knew defeat. For the first time she had been made to realise that pain could quickly subdue the most stubborn pride.

Edward gave her three more swift cuts then handed the cane back to Jackson. He went around and lifted up the chin of the breast heaving, weeping girl, gazing into terrified pain-filled eyes. "Don't forget again, Lavinia," he warned. "Or I'll give you a dozen."

"Uuuuuggghhhuuuuuurrrfff... uuuuurrrrrrfffff..."

"Repeat after me; You are my Master...!"

Somehow, Lavinia managed to choke the words out. "'And I am your slave...'"

"And... mmmfff... urr... I... I... mmmf... am... y-your slave..."

"Better," nodded Edward complacently. He turned to Deborah. "I hope that was a lesson to you, Deborah."

"Y-Yes... yes... Master..." answered the girl quickly. One must overlook the humiliation of it.

"Now, Jackson... perhaps you'd like to have a feel of the goods..." There were shrieks of horrified disbelief.

"Thank you, Suh..."

"First take off your pouch and show the girls what a beauty you've got."

"Yes, Suh..." Off came the white pouch, to reveal a penis as long and thick as a black baby's arm dangling down. It had a large pink-mauve knob.

"There," said Edward. "Isn't that a whopper. Bigger than mine, I'm sorry to say. Still, I don't complain. But wait till he gets it up... then you'll really see something..."

The horrified shrieking went on; both girls had averted their eyes. "Look at him!" bellowed Edward, swishing the cane through the air. That had the desired effect. Deborah and Lavinia looked... most reluctantly. First Jackson strolled to Deborah.

"Please no... pleee... eeeease..." cried the girl cringing back as far as she could. It made no difference; there was no escape. Jackson mauled and nuzzled her melon breasts, put his arms around her flanks and squeezed that superb

bottom. In no time at all, Jackson had stiffened to full erection. There must have been a good thickly rounded ten inches of him, if not more. He grinned pressing his bone to Deborah's soft belly.

"Feel that, white Missie... big eh? One day, I guess you might feel it right up you!"

Deborah was screaming and twisting like a mad woman; retching with revulsion. But Jackson just fondled and titillated her for as long as he felt like. Then he strolled across to a cringing, moaning Lavinia. In her case, he came behind her and placed his massive root between the cleft of her widened buttocks whilst he squeezed her breasts again and again.

"Feels good, eh girlie?" But Lavinia could make no coherent reply. She was making the same retching noises as Deborah.

Edward strolled to the door. "Come in here again, Tess!" he called. The lovely, 17-year-old octoroon came bounding in and knelt. Her eyes widened at the spectacle before her; she looked both startled and frightened. Her Master did not often give her to others; especially blacks. Perhaps now that he had these new slaves, he would be making less use of her. Was that a good thing or a bad thing? At that moment, it looked a very bad thing. Oh God, the size of the brute!

"I fancy Jackson wants to get rid of that," said Edward with a smile. "Get your arse up."

Despite the horror that awaited her, Tess did not hesitate. She knew she would only suffer if she did... and then still have to endure Jackson.

"Stoooo... opppp... it... stoooo... oppppiit!" the half-demented girls were shrieking as Jackson crossed the room, hard root swinging from side to side before him. He knelt, grinning lustfully, and took hold of the smooth, young flanks, pulling them wide apart. Then, without ceremony, he thrust in. Fully. Tess's head jerked up; a wailing squealing came loudly from her and she squirmed frantically this way and that.

"Nice and big, eh? You like, eh?" grinned Jackson.

Like it or not, Tess got it. A really pounding fucking, with almost the whole of Jackson's length withdrawing and returning with each thrust. His black belly thumped and thumped against that neat young bottom. White teeth were bared with lust in a black face.

Within a couple of minutes, Tess was reduced to a whimper-

ing wreck. She would have collapsed down on the floor if Jackson had not kept a firm, uplifting grip on her flanks. Two minutes more and Jackson was unleashing himself with great shuddering-jerking thrusts, gasping and grunting his pleasure.

The eyes of the watching girls were glazed with horrified revulsion. They had just witnessed a most brutal rape! When might not their turn come? It simply did not bear thinking about.

Jackson withdrew peremptorily and stood; Tess lay quivering on the floor.

"You may go, Tess," said Edward. "It would seem that you rendered good service."

Whimpering, the girl seemed too weak to get up; she crawled slowly from the room. Oh how cruelly, in different ways, she had been used that evening!

"Now," said Edward. "I think we can put these two charm-ers away for the night."

Moaning with relief now that their muscles were no longer at full stretch, Deborah and Lavinia were led by Jackson on the end of their wrist manacles and chains. They had to walk with an undignified waddling gait, as he had not bothered to remove the spreaders at their ankles. They followed Edward through his bedroom, out of another door and then down a bare passageway. At the end of it was a large iron grille-door. Edward opened it with a heavy key.

"You will be kept in here during your initial training," he announced.

They entered a large, bleak, stonewalled cell. On opposite sides of it were wooden, planked bunks; from the walls above the bunks hung a variety of chains and manacles. On the end wall was a series of hooks from which hung a number of instruments of correction. Edward turned on some lamps - two shone down on each bunk - a fifth highlighted the instruments.

"Not too cosy," remarked Edward almost jovially. "But it will serve constantly to remind you both that you now truly are my slaves." Oh how they sobbed! Could anything be more awful?

At the head of each bunk was a foot square upright timber running up to the ceiling. Hanging from each was a short length of chain and an iron collar. "Collar them, Jackson,"

ordered Edward. The Negro was only too happy to oblige; enjoying a little more fondling as each girl in turn instinctively resisted him. Soon, each sat on the wooden bunk, back to the timber, her neck locked into a heavy iron collar. They were weeping unrestrainedly.

"If your look up on the wall, girls," said Edward, "you'll always be able to see what's waiting for you if ever you are naughty or disobedient... or if you let your tongue run away with you. Lavinia already knows what a cane feels like; Deborah has yet to learn. But, believe me, my slaves, I shall have no hesitation in thrashing you day in and day out... night in and night out, too... if your behaviour warrants it. Get that into your heads!"

Edward turned to Jackson who was still quite naked, his long organ dangling obscenely before him. "Get a couple of iron pear-gags, my man," he said. "These two called me some pretty nasty names earlier on. I want to make sure they are not in quite such a hurry to do so in future."

"Sure thing, boss..." Jackson went over to a wooden cabinet and took two solid pieces of metal shaped like pears. From the slimmer end of the pears, hung two buckling straps. Edward took one of the devices from the Negro... and advanced on Deborah. Her big, tearful eyes gazed at him in anguished terror.

"Noo... ooooh... n-n-noo... oooo!" she whimpered.

"Open wide..." smiled Edward.

"NO... NO... OOOO!" The wide mouth kept firmly closed.

"Jackson, fetch a cane..."

"NOOOOO...OOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"Yes, Suh..." A rod was taken from the array and handed to Edward.

"Use the spreader to turn her over," said he. Jackson turned the bar so that Deborah was forced to twist round and present her bottom uppermost. Oh what a magnificent bottom it was! Edward gave it six really hard stokes... delighting in every one of them. Oh how she writhed. Oh how she screamed... as the twin-tracked weals blazed, encircling, over that soft flesh. Flesh that was a virgin to such pain.

"Twist her back again, Jackson," ordered Edward and the Negro did so.

Deborah's features were contorted almost unrecognisable with pain. "Would you like the same again across your lovely tits?" enquired Edward. Deborah shrieked in abysmal terror



You will be kept in here during your initial training

as he lightly tapped the lust melon-orbs. "Open your mouth then," said Edward.

Deborah opened it. At once, in went the pear-gag, forcing the mouth open wide, as Jackson buckled the strap at the back of her neck, filling it. The girl retched and choked, eyes bulging from their sockets. "You're going to have that in there for a couple of hours, my beauty," said Edward. "But next time you dare to insult me you'll have it kept in there all night!"

He strode across to Lavinia, who was weeping copiously. "Open," ordered Edward. The girl obviously realised the futility of not doing so. She would simply get the same as Deborah. She opened her mouth hesitantly and in went the cruel iron. Jackson buckled the straps tight. Like her companion, Lavinia began retching and choking horribly. How could she endure it! How COULD she?

Both of them were going to find out HOW they could endure it! In a most uncomfortable, jaw-stretching fashion!

"Don't forget to remove them in a couple of hours, Jackson."

"Whatever you say, boss." The Negro liked the idea. Though he would not be allowed to fuck either of them, he would be able to have a good feel around. That was nice when a girl was so utterly, utterly helpless. Perhaps he would finger them!

The door clanged behind Edward and Jackson and was locked. In that brightly-lit cell, still choking, Deborah and Lavinia were left to suffer the cruellest pains and the bitterest misery.

Back in his bedroom, Edward dismissed Jackson. Then he had Tess bring him a nightcap... and ordered Mandy-Lou to be sent up to him. The activities of the evening had got his sexual adrenaline flowing.

Edward played around with the lovely, big-made Negress for a while. Humiliating her. Whacking her superb bottom with a paddle from time to time for alleged faults such as 'sulking' or 'cheek'.

Then he fucked her solidly.

He kept thinking about Deborah while he was doing so. She will feel like this, he said to himself. Or maybe even better. If that were possible.

Oh you big... black... beautiful... bitch..." he kept grunting as he rutted away powerfully for a good ten minutes.

Edward felt very strong and controlled that night. "Oh you're a marvellous fuck, my girl... aaahhh... hhhaaa... yes... a beautiful fuck!"

It is to be doubted, however, whether Mandy-Lou was particularly appreciative of the compliment being paid her!

Later, before slipping down into a deep and peaceful sleep, Edward T Monson thought of the days that lay ahead.

They would be busy ones, would they not?

But most rewarding. Ah yes, MOST rewarding!

THE END



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