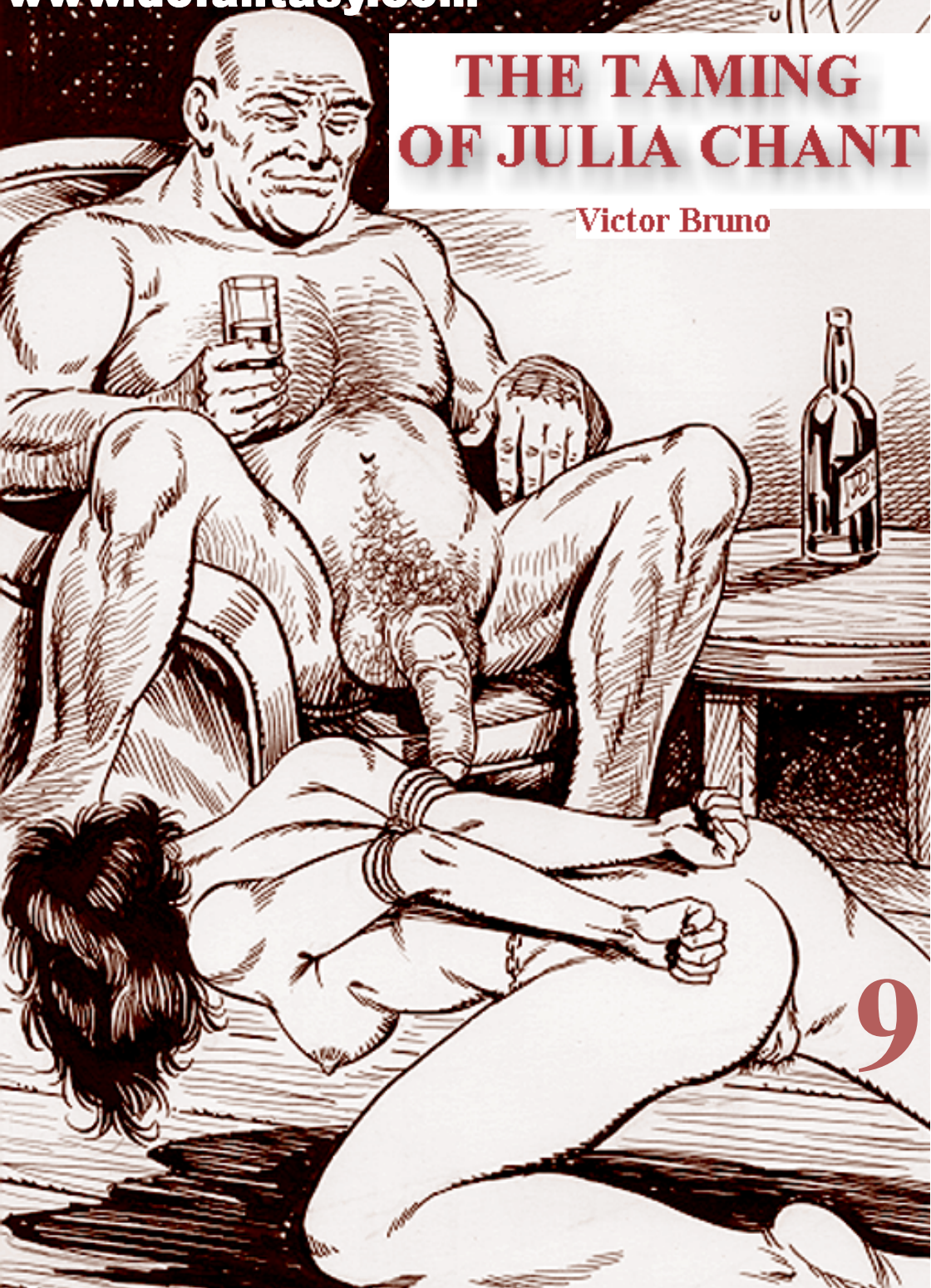


THE TAMING OF JULIA CHANT

Victor Bruno



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Cover: PAUL

A sequel to **NAKED CARGO**
also available in this same collection

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www.dofantasy.com
with permission of
Olympia Press International Ltd.
First published in English as: **The taming of Julia**

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d'O Fantasy ♦ Apartado 107 ♦ 08190 Valldoreix ♦ Spain
Fax +34 93 5890865
www.dofantasy.com ♦ e-mail dofantasy@dofantasy.com

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CHAPTER ONE

ALTHOUGH CHIEF ORGANISER and controller of the Paradise and all its works, Madame Vesta customarily left general matters of discipline and training to her numerous assistants. No one knew better than she how capable they were at carrying out tasks.

Miss Kaufman, for example, the chief overseer, was a middle aged woman with iron in her soul - a natural disciplinarian to her very fingertips. Her assistants, such as Miss Judith and Miss Mara, whilst being somewhat more attractive to look upon, were scarcely less efficient in their duties. And sometimes even more enthusiastic.

However, Madame Vesta did make it a practice to inspect all new arrivals aboard the Paradise so that, when news of Julia's safe arrival was brought to her, she first of all consulted her records. She read as follows:

JULIA CHANT

Aged 25 years

Anglo-American origin

Occupation: Minor modelling career in youth. Escort to numerous wealthy men. Enjoyed life as a 'playgirl'. Became mistress of Quentin Osman. Cheated the latter both sexually and financially.

Characteristics: Tall, good figure, above average in looks.

Figure: 38 - 24 - 38. Long dark hair, blue-green eyes, aristocratic features. Selfish, arrogant, short-tempered.

Madame Vesta smiled faintly as she studied these brief details. They were fairly typical of the young women who were sent to her. She had also learnt at first hand from Quentin something more of Julia's life style. All in all, she reflected, Julia made excellent material for the regime aboard the Paradise.

It would be a pleasure, in due course, to present her to Quentin in a quite remarkably reformed condition.

Madame Vesta lifted the house-phone on her desk.

'Ask Miss Judith to come to my quarters as soon as it is convenient,' she said.

Some five minutes later, a tall attractive blonde in her early twenties knocked and entered Madame Vesta's cabin. She was clad in the customary garb of a female overseer ... thigh-length black boots, a brief black leather skirt and tiny bolero jacket to match. Through the belt above her waist was looped a long leathern thong attached to a short wooden handle.

'Good evening, Ma'am,' she said respectfully.

'Good evening, Miss Judith,' came the reply.

'I am sorry to have kept you waiting, Ma'am,' said the tall blonde, 'but I was in the middle of giving Tania an extra caning.'

'An extra caning?' Madame Vesta's voice showed no surprise. It was flat, almost indifferent.

'Yes, Ma'am,' said Miss Judith, 'As you may recall, Tania was on the official Punishment Session this evening ... but in my opinion something additional would not come amiss in her case.'

Madame Vesta nodded. 'I quite understand, Miss Judith,' she said. 'You have a free hand in such matters. Tania is inclined to be a little rebellious, I believe.'

'I think we can now begin to say was,' answered Miss Judith with a faint smile.

Madame Vesta nodded again. Her high cheek-boned face remained impassive. She rarely interfered in disciplinary matters - unless she considered them lacking in severity.

'The woman Julia has arrived aboard,' she said. 'Owned by Quentin Osman, the American. You remember him?'

'Indeed, Ma'am,' replied Miss Judith, 'I had heard she was now on board.'

'When Mr. Osman was on the ship,' continued Madame Vesta, 'he made a specific request that you be put in charge of Julia's training. He seemed to be impressed by your efficiency.'

Madame Vesta's lips moves slightly in a grim charade of a smile. On the other hand, Miss Judith smiled more openly, showing white tigerish teeth.

'I am pleased to receive such a commendation from a guest,' she said.

'Well ... ' said Madame Vesta, 'I intend to put this woman in your charge. According to Mr. Osman, she is quite a handful.'

Miss Judith smiled her tigerish smile again. 'He did mention something of that to me,' she said.

'However,' said Madame Vesta. 'I am sure that will not present many problems. Life at liberty and life aboard the Paradise are two rather different things. What were difficulties for Mr. Osman, will present no difficulties for us.'

'I agree, Ma'am,' said Miss Judith. Her pleasure at the assignment she had been given was obvious. There was nothing she liked more than having something of a 'rebel' to deal with!

'Lets go below then' said Madame Vesta, rising from her desk. 'We'll have Jason along. He's always quite an impressive sight for a newcomer.'

Jason was one of the two giant Negro overseers on board the Paradise, both of whom acted as assistants to the female overseers.

Miss Judith went to the house-phone and made the necessary arrangements, then the two women left the cabin and began to descend to the lower depths of the ship.

There was a look of smug satisfaction on Miss Judith's face. It was quite a time since she had been assigned a newcomer. And a so-called 'rebel' at that.

Though Julia Chant's features were a little grimy and her clothes somewhat dishevelled, that scarcely detracted from the loveliness of her features and her figure. It was scarcely surprising she looked as crumpled as she did, having travelled under sedation in a packing case for a considerable number of days - the normal method of shipment of 'cargo' despatched to the Paradise.

She stood in the centre of a small, bare cabin, her arms aloft and held by manacles and chains. 'Stood' is not exactly the right word for, being still semi-conscious, she was half erect by the manacles about her wrists rather than by her own volition. Madame Vesta and Miss Judith studied the tall, shapely figure which was now in their possession.

'Mr. Osman certainly has good taste,' remarked Miss Judith.

'Indeed,' replied Madame Vesta perfunctorily. She switched on an overhead spotlight so that Julia was more strongly

illuminated. 'All the same,' she added, 'he does not like being two-timed.'

'Naturally,' said Miss Judith. 'Well, she'll soon learn that now. Shall I give her an injection?'

'Please do.' answered Madame Vesta.

Miss Judith advanced with the hypodermic she had brought with her and plunged the needle into the side of Julia Chant's neck. It was the first of the daily injections Julia would be receiving from that moment on. They were a special stimulant which prolonged powers of endurance remarkably. Also they ensured that a far greater physical effort than normal was possible. Without the stimulant a girl would have fainted long before through pain, shock or fatigue ... so it was a most valuable asset in the regime of the Paradise.

Valuable ... but scarcely welcome by those who receive it!

Julia's large, wide-set eyes opened a few moments after the needle had been removed from her neck. They had a liquid luminosity about them - but a bewildered blankness too.

'W-What has happened ... to me?' she asked in a hoarse whisper. 'Have ... have I had an accident?'

'No,' said Madame Vesta with a sardonic smile. 'Your presence here is by design.'

Julia's eyes took on a deeper bewilderment. She looked up, seeing the chains and manacles that held her.

'M-My ... wrists are hurting,' she said weakly. 'Please take these .. these things off and let my arms down. They ache awfully. Is ... is this some sort of hospital? Please tell me what has happened. I remember I was in that taxi ... then I got drowsy ...'

No reply came. Madame Vesta was waiting for the stimulant to get a stronger hold.

'Who are you?' asked Julia plaintively. 'Where am I?'

'All in good time,' said Miss Judith.

'Let me out of these things. It's hurting, I tell you. What the Hell's going on?' There was a flash of anger both in Julia's voice and her eyes. She was beginning to come to life properly again. 'Don't just stand there ... do something, whoever your are,' she snapped.

Again no answer was forthcoming.

'Do you hear me?' Julia almost yelled. 'I'm called Julia Chant ... and I don't know what game you're playing ... but you'll certainly pay for it!'

Madame Vesta stepped forward casually. Then she gave

Julia's face two stinging slaps. Extremely hard slaps, across right and left cheeks.

'Lets get your head a little clearer, my girl,' she said.

Julia's mouth gaped in shock ... then a stream of vituperation came from it. One could scarcely call it the kind of language one would have expected to hear from a young woman of her background.

Madame Vesta slapped Julia's face again. This time she got two resounding slaps on each cheek and her head jerked from side to side as if she were a rag doll being shaken. Momentarily she was stunned into silence. Then a further stream of vituperation came from her ... culminating with threats of what she would do as soon as she got her hands free.

'This is assault!' she screeched. 'I ... I ... I'll see you go inside for this ... oh my God ... I'll kill you for this!'

Miss Judith smiled delightedly. It seemed that this Julia had as much spirit as she had hoped.

'Now listen to me ... ' said Madame Vesta, gripping Julia by a hank of rich, glossy black hair.

'I won't ... I won't ... let me go!' cried Julia, now distraught. The fury blazed from those glinting blue-green eyes.

Unhurriedly, methodically, Madame Vesta smacked Julia's face again. This time four smashing slaps fell on each cheek and, head reeling and ringing, Julia slumped in her chains.

'Oh ... oh you b-beast ... how c-can you ... ' she sobbed.

Madame Vesta took hold of the girl's hair again. 'I told you to listen to me,' she said calmly. 'Are you going to or not? I don't mind slapping your pretty face all night if need be.'

For perhaps the first time a flicker of fear passed over Julia's face. She realised that something quite unpredictable ... quite ghastly ... had happened to her. She must have been kidnapped by these horrible women. She was being held to ransom. Well, thank God Quentin was well-heeled. He'd pay whatever asked, the stupid bastard. No ... she mustn't think of him like that not any more. Suddenly he had become her lifeline.

Julia swallowed, trying to get a grip on herself. Her ears were still ringing and her cheeks felt aflame. I must keep calm, she told herself.

'I ... I'll listen,' she managed to say, with all the meekness she could muster.

'The first thing to get into your skull, girl,' said Madame Vesta, maintaining a grip on Julia's hair, 'is that your life is no longer your own. You are now a captive slave-girl, owned by Quentin Osman ... and here, on board my ship, for training. For training to his requirements and satisfaction.'

Julia's mouth sagged. Her face, scarcely surprising, looked uncomprehending.

'What are you talking about?' she said. You must be mad. A slave? Of Quentin? Oh ... don't be ridiculous ... '

Remorselessly, Madame Vesta slapped Julia's face left and right again. Four more slaps on each cheek ... until Julia was crying out half hysterically.

'S-Stop ... oh ... stop it ... stop!'

'If you ever call me mad again,' said Madame Vesta menacingly, 'I'll have you whipped until the blood runs.'

Julia froze, then shuddered violently. A clarion of bells were reeling through her head. What was this nightmare?

'Whipped?' she croaked, between sobs, 'what ... what ... oh no ... you must be ... '

Her voice dried up. Just in time she had checked herself. She must humour these imbeciles. She must be careful. Her life was in danger. How it had all happened...



You are now a captive slave-girl, owned by Quentin Osman

even exactly what had happened ... and an inexplicable mystery. If she kept her head, all might still be well.

'Yes ... whipped.' said Madame Vesta icily. 'And now I will repeat what I said ... and you will remain silent, girl.'

Julia bridled at the contemptuous form of address but, biting her lips, managed to remain silent. She did not want to invite any more of those murderous slaps from this mad-woman.

Coldly Madame Vesta repeated the facts of Julia's new situation. That she was now a slave. Sent there by Quentin. That she was but one of many such. That, in due time, Quentin would arrive and see her as a reformed character. As his slave.

At this point Julia's patience snapped.

'His slave,' she almost snarled. 'That fat slob!'

The relentless face-slapping was resumed, until Julia was in a state of near delirium.

'When Mr. Osman arrives, in a month or two's time,' said Madame Vesta above Julia's retching sobs. 'You will be happy to go on your knees and beg to be allowed to have the honour of kissing the arse of that fat slob - as you so arrogantly call him.'

'No ... oh no ... ' moaned Julia. 'It ... it ... mmmfff ... c-can't be true ... it can't be real ... this ... this must be a nightmare. Oh please let me wake up ... p-please ... let me go ... '

'Give her another injection, please Miss Judith,' said Madame Vesta. 'It won't do any harm at this stage.'

Miss Judith was quick to comply, with Julia desperately trying to cringe away from the needle.

'You may be interested to know that I am going to be in charge of your training, Julia.' said Miss Judith as she jabbed. 'Mr Osman requested it ... and I think I'm going to rather enjoy it.'

'Osman ... Osman has been here?' croaked Julia. 'I can't believe it ... I can't understand it ... it ... it ... it's all s-so ... impossible ... '

'Of course,' responded Madame Vesta, 'it is always a little difficult for any girl to comprehend at first. Such words, such statements are difficult to take in. A practical demonstration of the facts is, however, more convincing.' She turned to Miss Judith. 'You gave Jason his instruc-

tions?'

'Yes, Ma'am,' answered the blonde overseer. 'He is bringing Rebecca with him.'

Julia, eyes wide, was looking disbelievingly from one woman to the other. Every moment her predicament was seeming to get even more frightful than it had seemed at the outset.

'Ah yes ... Rebecca,' said Madame Vesta. She turned back to Julia. 'Rebecca is the slave of a friend of Mr. Osman's. A certain Otto Gerber. She has been here for some time now ... and learnt to behave herself.'

There was knock on the cabin door.

'Come in,' called Madame Vesta

The door opened and Jason, one of the two massive Negro assistants aboard, entered. As usual he was naked, but for a brief white triangle of cloth about his loins. The triangle bulged prodigiously; the Negroes body glistened with oil under the harsh light. A choking sound came from Julia ... and then a disbelieving, wailing cry.

For behind Jason came Rebecca, a voluptuous red-head, slave of Otto Gerber. She was naked and crawling meekly on all fours, led by a collar and lead.

'Herr Gerber,' said Madame Vesta complacently, 'likes Rebecca to be exercised a couple of times a day. Jason usually takes her on a little tour. This seemed an appropriate stopping point this evening.'

Mouth agape, Julia's face quivered with incredulity. Her eyes were starting from her head.

'No ... oh ... no ... oh ... no ... no' she whimpered as she gazed on the crouching figure.

'Kiss your Master's feet, slave,' said Madame Vesta peremptorily.

Without hesitation, Rebecca's mouth pressed to the black flesh.

'No ... oh ... no ... no ... ' Julia continued to whimper.

This is a nightmare, she told herself. I must wake up soon!

'Show your bottom to this girl,' said Madame Vesta.

Again without hesitation, Rebecca moved so that her voluptuous hindquarters were directly towards Julia. A dozen freshly-raised twin-track cane weals encircled the lush white flesh.

'NO!' Julia almost shrieked.

'Before Rebecca was brought here,' said Madame Vesta,

quite unmoved by Julia's reaction, 'she was caned. Caned by Jason here. One of my assistants. Not, I may say, for any fault on this occasion, but merely to demonstrate to you, my girl, that any slave aboard this ship can be thrashed at any time ... Julia for any reason or none. Simply at my command. And you ... Julia ... you are now such a slave!'

Julia's eyes dilated in horror.

'No ... no ... NO ... OOO!' she cried. 'I can't believe it ... I won't ... I won't believe it ... it ... it's impossible! It's hideous ... it ... it's disgusting ... oohhh ... that poor woman ... ohhh ... you will pay for this vile monstrosity!'

Madame Vesta's face remained impassive. She was all too familiar with such outbursts from newcomers. It was something, to one degree or another, that they all went through. Just part of the process.

Disbelief ... desperation ... they were all quite natural.

After a few weeks there was a fatalist acceptance.

Then they truly knew they were slaves.

'Up!' ordered Madame Vesta.

Jason gave a tug on the lead and Rebecca sprang to her feet, setting her fulsome white breasts bouncing. Her flesh was velvety, creamy white. Her features were sharp, her nose long; the red hair fell to her smooth shoulders. In her hazel coloured eyes was that familiar look of despair acquired by a trained slave. Her body hair had been shaved. That was an order of her owner, Otto Gerber. Round her waist was a slim silver chain.

'Put her on a hook!' ordered Madame Vesta.

The Negro assistant led Rebecca to the wall and fastened the leash to one of the strong hooks projecting.

'Are you beginning to believe me, girl?' asked Madame Vesta.

'No ... no ... it can't be true ... ' was all Julia could whimper. Yet her eyes were fastened with a hideous fascination on Rebecca's docile nakedness as she stood submissively leashed to the hook.

'Well then' said Madame Vesta calmly, 'we shall have to continue to make you believe that you are now a slave. It does take rather longer with some than others.' She turned to the black giant. 'Jason,' she ordered, 'strip this creature naked. Let's look at the wares which she prizes so highly.'

Jason stepped forward slowly. His strong teeth showed

suddenly and startling white. A mixture of amusement and lust. He too enjoyed a newcomer.

'NO ... OOOO!' cried Julia, her voice almost screeching. She recoiled back as far as the manacles and chains would allow. She had a natural aversion to coloured people anyway.

Casually Jason hooked his finger into the top of her dishevelled dress.

'NO ... NO ... OOOOO!' cried Julia again.

In one easy movement Jason's finger opened her dress from neck to hem, to reveal a brief bra and panty set of rose-pink net. The firm fulsomeness of her figure was even better revealed.

'You ... you beast ... you filthy b-beast ... stop it ... stop it ... ' screamed Julia, twisting violently this way and that. 'How dare you ... I'll kill you ... I'll kill you!'

Unhurriedly Jason hooked his finger into Julia's flimsy brassiere and ripped that away too. Her white, strong-nippled breasts came thrusting out, swinging wildly with her attempts at evasion. Madame Vesta regarded them stonily, but there was a hint of appreciation in Miss Judith's eyes. Yes ... Mr. Osman certainly had good taste. Julia was one of the better developed arrivals for some time.

'You ... you devils ... you ... you swine ... oh God ... you'll pay for this ... ' Julia's eyes were blazing fierily; her mouth was a quivering gape of shocked horror.

Jason's finger went to the sole remaining brief garment, pulling teasingly on the elastic of the panties. As he well knew, this would be the last time Julia had any covering of that nature, unless her master decreed.

'NO ... YOU CAN'T ... YOU CAN'T!' came the wailing cry.

In her desperation, Julia jerked her head forward and her teeth snapped at Jason's biceps like a cat trying to catch a fly. Accustomed to such tactics, he avoided her easily ... and ripped the panties away.

Julia swung there, now completely naked in her chains, her features a contorted frenzy of hate and fury.

'Monsters ... aaagggghhh ... you monsters!' she screeched hoarsely.

Madame Vesta remained impassive Miss Judith smiled benignly being very pleased with her charge's display of spirit

The body revealed could scarcely be faulted. It was full and lush yet superbly proportioned. Upthrusting breasts, smooth curving belly, swelling hips, long thighs.

'Slaves do not try to bite,' said Madame Vesta, giving Jason a nod.

Jason moved around behind the still twisting Julia. He was no novice at this sort of initiation. He surveyed the curvaceous quivering white bottom with considerable satisfaction ... and then he slapped it hard.

He slapped it hard again and again, with Julia yelping loudly with pain and shock. The slaps on her face had been horrifying enough ... but to have this black brute smacking her bottom was a humiliation beyond anything she had imagined possible.

Jason's hard black palm fell first on one cheek then another ... and Julia squirmed ever more frenziedly. Both with the pain of the slaps and in an attempt to avoid them.

D-Devils ... aahh ... oww ... you d-devils ... I'll kill you for this ... beasts ... BEASTS ... BEEE ... BEASTS!' she screeched.

Indeed, within half a minute or so, she became almost incoherent in her verbal frenzy. That anything so vile could ever happen to her had never remotely crossed her mind before. There she was stripped naked. Having her bare bottom slapped by a brutal black man! Unbelievable! Unbelievable ... and unbearable! IMPOSSIBLE!

Yet ... yet ... it was happening!

Julia thought she would gladly have died in those moments. Anything ... anything ... was better than what was happening to her. Oh ... oohh ... the hideous horror of it! ... The whole world ... everything ... had gone mad ... mad ... mad!

'STOP IT ... SSSTOO ... OOOOPPPP ... IT ... STTT ... OOOOPPPPP!' she shrieked.

Grinning complacently, Jason continued to slap the wildly squirming buttocks until he received another nod from Madame Vesta. Breasts heaving, choking with sobs, Julia hung and swung in her manacles and chains. Her eyes rolled back in her head, saliva dribbled from the corners of her mouth. How ... how OH HOW ... could this be happening to HER!

'Are practical demonstrations beginning to impress you more than words, girl?' enquired Madame Vesta when Julia seemed to be gaining some little control of her seething emotions.

Julia's eyes blazed like hot coals at the black-clad figure who stood before her.

'She-devil!' she screeched. 'Devil ... devil ... she

devil ... I ... I'll ... rip you to pieces for ... this ... ahhhh ... ohhh ... my God ... I'll follow you to Hell ... to m-make you p-pay ...'

Julia burst into a torrent of sobs and her head slumped. She swung in her chains, temporarily mentally an emotionally drained.

'Quite the tigress,' remarked Miss Judith with her self-satisfied smile.

'Oh yes ... quite,' nodded Madame Vesta. 'But we were led to expect that. But I think the time has come to start taming the tigress properly. We can now, I think you will agree, dispense with these fun and games.'

'I agree entirely,' said Miss Judith.

Madame Vesta signed to JASON. 'Put on a collar and chain,' she ordered, 'and then released her from the manacles.'

Jason fastened a broad leather collar about Julia's white neck, then attached a slim length of chain to a small ring at the front.

S-Stop it ... ooooh ... stop ooo you can't do this ... ' choked Julia. Wild with fury as she was, there was now an edge of panic in her voice. She was beginning to realise she was deeply into something more frightful than she had first dared to contemplate. Her face still burnt and her ears still rang from Madame Vesta's slaps; the cheeks of her bottom still stung from the negro's slaps.



I think the time has come to start taming the tigress properly

Yes ... the negro's slaps! How could she ... SHE ... have had her bottom smacked by a negro! It was all so utterly ... incredibly ... impossible!

Meanwhile, Miss Judith had unleashed Rebecca from the hook on the wall.

'Down,' she said.

Immediately the red-head went to all fours, curvaceous bottom thrusting high. There she waited in abject resignation.

The manacles about Julia's hand went to the chain. With all her might she strained back, trying to resist Jason's pull.

'NO ... NO ... OOO ... ooohh ... what are you doing?' she shrieked.

'Down you go ... like Rebecca,' said Jason, giving Julia's buttocks another full-blooded slap.

'Yee ... oowww ... no ... no ... stop it ... stop ... oh stop it!'

'Disobedience,' said Jason, giving Julia's bottom yet another sweeping slap.

'NO ... NO ... OOO!' screamed Julia, now quite distraught.

'Don't bother with it,' intervened Madame Vesta. 'She'll be doing as she's told soon enough. Just bring her along Jason.'

'Very well, Ma'am,' nodded the overseer.

Then he picked up Julia in his muscular arms, pulling her back on the collar and chain so that she had no chance to bite at him. He marched to the door with Julia kicking and threshing wildly.

'NO ... NO ... NO ... OOO!' the screams continued.

It need hardly be said that Jason was not unappreciative of the touch of the lush womanly body struggling against him. Struggling so uselessly. He could handle Julia as easily as if she were a five-year old child. Nor need it hardly be said with what horror and revulsion that Julia found herself clamped helplessly against the muscular black nakedness. She wanted to murder the brute ... she wanted to die! But why ... oh why ... at least, did she not faint with the appalling horror of it? It was not possible for a woman like her to endure such things! But then, of course, Julia knew nothing, at that moment, of the relentless power of the stimulants which flowed through her veins. Normally, she

would have fainted. But no longer. She had been endowed with powers beyond her own wishes.

The little convoy moved along the passageways of the Paradise. Jason with the struggling shrieking Julia in front, Madame Vesta in the middle, Rebecca docily trotting along at the end, led by Miss Judith.

Up a companionway, along another passage, and the dread, black double doors appeared ahead. Above them in Gothic lettering, the words 'PUNISHMENT ROOM' stood out in bold relief. How many slaves aboard the Paradise had approached those doors with indescribable dread! How many more in time to come - including Julia ... would do so equally!

In they went ... into the largest cabin-chamber of all on the Paradise. There was the dais with its chairs, from which Madame Vesta or Miss Kaufman made their irrevocable pronouncements ... there was the Whipping Post, the Whipping block, the Horse, and the wide variety of intricate contrivances up which 'recalcitrants' could be helplessly secured in every conceivable kind of posture. There were the chains, the manacles, the leg irons ... the vast array of corrective instruments ... all waiting ready. A familiar enough sight to those accustomed to make to make use of it; a veritable Chamber of Horrors to those who had to suffer in it.

As it happened, the Punishment Room was not empty. There was, one might say, some remains of corrective discipline meted out earlier in the evening. At the appointed hour for such things. It consisted of a naked slave girl still tightly secured over a kind of wood and leather Hurdle. Her wrists were shackled to her ankles; her fingertips and toes were an inch or so from the floor. Thus she took the weight of herself on her belly and flanks, her hindquarters upthrust in a curve. These hindquarters were stripped from the top of her buttocks to halfway down her thighs ... for, earlier that evening, she had been flogged with a three-tongued martinet. Painful enough indeed but, with calculated cruelty, her pain had been prolonged and even intensified. For over the thrusting buttocks and down the thighs had been placed a thin sheet of gauze. Still wet, closely impregnated with salt crystals, it clung like a second skin, so thin that the weals showed clearly through. The added agony that the stinging-biting salt induced was very evident ... for the tormented flesh never ceased to twitch and quiver, and the groaning sobs were continuous.

Madame Vesta, now leading the little convoy, passed the figure with utter indifference. A punishment had been decreed: a punishment had been administered; a punishment was being endured. That was all there was to it.

They came to a halt in the very centre of the Punishment Room. Julia still clamped in Jason's arms, had ceased struggling. Probably through temporary exhaustion. Eyes wide, she simply whimpered like a wounded, cornered animal.

'Put her on the ring, Jason,' ordered Madame Vesta.

The Ring designated was right before them. It was a simple enough affair ... and was indeed a ring of iron some seven or eight feet across, raised three feet of the floor. In the centre of the Ring, set in the floor, was a pinioning device on a small iron turn-table. In effect, the device was a small pillory into which the victim's head and wrists could be locked, the rest of her body then being draped over the raised iron rim of the Ring. Thus it will be understood that, whilst being held completely helpless, the victim would have complete freedom of movement ... in a circular direction only. Round and around the rim of the Ring, in fact, with her hindquarters raised up in a convenient curve.

In panic, Julia came actively to life again when Jason began to fix her neck and wrists into the iron pillory. Understandably enough, for it was a daunting moment, even for the most hardened who ever had to visit that dread Room. Jason's task took less than a minute to complete. There came the click of the key in the padlock which held the pillory crushingly tight.

'Excellent,' commented Madame Vesta, surveying Julia's nakedness, so invitingly and so helplessly presented.

'Indeed ... ' smiled Miss Judith in agreement. Though she was well aware that it was Madame Vesta's prerogative to make the first vivid impressions on this newcomer, it would not be long before her turn came. In fact, her pleasures would be of a more prolonged and satisfying nature.

'Now, you arrogant harlot,' said Madame Vesta in a voice of steel, 'you are going to be made to understand that every word I have said is true ... '

'Oh ... l-let me ... go ... oh God ... I'm choking ... ooh ... let me go ... ooh ... what are you g-going to do?' croaked Julia.

'Do?' Madame Vesta smiled faintly. 'I, Julia, am going to give you a thrashing that you will remember for the rest of

your life ... '

'NO ... Y-YOU C-CAN'T!'

'... and while you are getting it, my girl, I want you to think of one thing in particular. Whether you are capable of coherent thought, that is ... '

'NO ... OO ... LET ME G-GO ... LET ME G-GO!'

'... and that is, I say, that Quentin Osman has arranged it all ... and that it is he whose slave you now are ... '

'NO ... OOO ... NO ... OOOOOO!'

Julia's choking cries and protests continued as Madame Vesta walked across to a rack where an astonishing variety of instruments hung in readiness . She did not take long in making her choice. She nearly always used the same instrument at these 'initiations'.

The instrument she took down had a smooth ebony handle. From this extended some four feet of tightly plaited leather. It could only extend as straight as it did, not drooping as a whip would, because the leather was plaited round a thin core of whalebone. At the handle end, this instrument was about the thickness of an index finger ... and it tapered to its tip where it had no more than the thickness of a knitting needle.

Not the deadliest of instruments used aboard the Paradise, but quite, quite deadly enough for a newcomer!

Moreover, it has to be said that the sting of this particular instrument was literally in its tail. That is to say, at the tip ... where it would bite most viciously of all. For the last six inches of this switch were not plaited with leather. The white whalebone was exposed and, inset into it at half-inch intervals were a dozen zircons ... tiny, diamond-hard pellets.

Madame Vesta ran the switch lovingly through her fingers, then flexed it with relish. It was always the greatest pleasure for her to 'initiate' a newcomer. It was almost the only time she took any truly active part in matters of discipline.

Complacently - yet with inner sadistic delight - she gazed upon Julia's voluptuous hindquarters, unmarked but for the blotches left by Jason's slaps. Never, she thought, will this woman be the same again.

Her slavery is beginning in earnest!



Quentin Osman has arranged it all ... and
that it is he whose slave you now are

Expertly, methodically, and without haste, Madame Vesta whiplashed the switch across Julia's buttocks.

The effect of each full-blooded cut was, to say the least, remarkable. The sounds Julia made were well-nigh indescribable ... and can perhaps be best compared to the sound of a pig in a slaughter-house. And the contortions which her shapely hindquarters performed had to be seen to be believed.

Sometimes the strokes came from Julia's right, sometimes from her left. Sometimes there was ten seconds or so between each stroke, sometimes as much as half a minute. For, naturally enough, in her frenzy of pain, Julia swivelled wildly around and around the Ring. Partly because of the intensity of the pain and partly in a vain attempt to evade the next stroke to come. Never for one single second did her bottom cease to squirm with uncontrollable violence. With a frantic kind of frenzy. The nates clenching and unclenching incessantly.

But no matter how much Julia swirled and twisted around the Ring, Madame Vesta was always ready for her. Ready to strike in her own time; at the most appropriate moment.

There were times when Julia's thighs were played wide in her agony ... and then the switch would bite into the soft inner flesh of them. Perhaps once, perhaps twice. Then Madame Vesta would return her attentions to the lushness of the madly juddering buttock-flesh.

The cacophony of hideous-shrieking sound became even louder.

Impassively watching, Jason stood with folded arms. Alongside him was Miss Judith, eyes bright with sadistic pleasure. It was great to see a woman getting her first thrashing. It was one, she knew, whatever happened later, they never, never forgot. And Madame Vesta was pulling out all the stops on this occasions, no doubt sensing that Julia had more pride and arrogance in her than most ... apart from above average looks and figure.

Alongside Miss Judith still crouched the compliant figure of Rebecca. Her head was bowed, so she could not see Julia on the Ring. But she could hear her. It recalled to her that first dread time she had been there and, involuntarily, her own nates twitched and contracted from time to time. The agonising bite of the zircons at the end of that whiplashing switch was something never to be forgotten!

But could one say that Rebecca felt pity, or even sympa-

thy, for Julia? Scarcely so. For, after one had been aboard the Paradise for a few days one could only have room for pity for ones self. That drained up all the supply of that emotion. Indeed, sometimes it was a kind of relief to see or hear another being punished ... saying to oneself that, this time at least, it is not me!

'MERC ... EEE ... AAAAIIIEEEE ... MERC ... EEE!' The agonised, high-pitched pleas could not be heard between the screams.

Face set, unmoved, Madame Vesta laid yet another stroke fully across the centre of Julia's juddering bottom when it conveniently presented itself as she threshed around the Ring.

Again ...

This time across the tips of the thighs.

Again ...

Back to the buttocks again, the zircons biting into the flank.

Again ...

This time on the inner part of a thigh, for the thighs were splayed.

Again ...

Back to the writhing, up-thrust nates.

'YYYYAAIIIEEEEE! AAAHH ... M-M-MERC ... EEEEEEE!'

But there was no mercy.

The thrashing continued remorselessly.

Until despite the double dose of stimulant she had received, Julia's flesh, blood and spirit could endure no more.

A merciful oblivion descended upon her as her head slumped down, senseless at last ... having known pain far beyond all normal endurance.

The sudden silence in the Room seemed almost strange. The ears of all were still ringing with the shrieking sounds which had just ceased. Seemingly quite unruffled, Madame Vesta replaced the deadly switch back in the rack.

Then she surveyed the havoc she had wrought ... the still-twitching flesh of buttocks and thighs criss-crossed in a multiplicity of red and purpling weals. A thorough 'initiation' indeed. Madame Vesta's head nodded slightly as if in congratulation of herself. Yes ... for sure, Julia would never forget what had just been done to her.

'Take her to the Recovery Room, Jason.' said Madame Vesta.

'Sedation. And, by the look of her, she'll have to remain there for two or three days.'

'Very well, Ma'am ... and I agree,' said the Negro, also studying Julia's lacerated hindquarters.

He entered the Ring, unlocked the iron pillory, and picked up Julia's slumped figure in his arms. Slowly he carried her out.

'Right, Miss Judith,' said Madame Vesta with brisk efficiency, 'you can take over when she comes out.'

'Very well, Ma'am,' said Miss Judith with smug satisfaction.

'But I would like reports from time to time.'

'Of course, Ma'am ... '

The two leather-clad figures strolled towards the door of the Punishment Room. Obediently, silently, Rebecca continued to pad along behind them.

Two or three days? How, you may ask, could Julia possibly recover in so short a time after such a thrashing?

But, if you ask, you will not be aware of the ways and means of the Recovery Room aboard the Paradise.

Lamps with miraculous fast-healing powers, ointments almost equally efficacious, were employed there. They had a capacity to repair the flesh twenty-four times faster than under normal circumstances. Thus one hour under treatment was like a whole day and night. A whole day and night was like twenty-four days!

How merciful, you might say, to heal such ravages so fast. but, of course, it was a kindness to be cruel. The quicker the flesh was back to normal again, the quicker it was ready to feel the bite of rod or lash again.

Needless to say, without such a remarkable, scientific advance in healing methods, it would have been impossible for the regime aboard the Paradise to proceed as it did. No constitution, no flesh could have withstood it.

But the stimulants, the lamps, the ointments, made sure they could withstand it. Thus a shorter time for recovery meant a shorter time without suffering and a prolongation of endurance meant a prolongation of pain.

In short, the Recovery Room was a key factor in the disciplinary regime which Madame Vesta had personally initiated.

Senseless, face down, Julia lay upon one of the tables in the Recovery room, her wrists and ankles held by straps at its four corners. Above her, focussed on her hindquarters, the unseen rays of the lamp poured carelessly down.

And as she lay there, Jason's black hand smoothed some white ointment over the weal-stripped flesh. His features displayed little emotion, despite what he could see and fondle at leisure. For this was all very much part of every day duty for him. Scores of naked slave girls lay on those tables every week while he attended to them.

But, of course, as he looked down, he did not deny himself that, if ever the time came, Julia would make a most tasty dish.

Would that time come, though?

For not all the slave girls aboard the Paradise were 'available'. That was a decision for their owners. Some liked to keep a slave exclusively to themselves for sexual purposes; others stated categorically that the girl could be had by anybody who wanted her.

This distinction was made visibly plain. The former category wore a slim silver chain about the waist, the latter a gold one.

As yet, Julia wore no chain at all.

CHAPTER TWO

Miss Judith decided that Julia should occupy the same cabin-cell as the lovely Melissa. She was the auburn-haired girl who had been made Quentin Osman's personal slave while he had been aboard. She had rather similar looks to Julia ... and a similar background too. The difference between them, of course, was that Melissa was fully trained and her owner, having taken the pleasures he wanted, had decreed that she wore the golden waist-chain of full availability.

The overseer smiled to herself. The girls would have something in common besides looks and temperament. They would have Quentin Osman. That ought to give them something to talk about.

After a little over forty-eight hours, having had a report from Jason, Miss Judith made her way to the Recovery Room. There Julia still lay under sedation, face down on the table. There was not a sign that a hand had been laid on her.

'Injection, Jason,' said Miss Judith with a nod of approval. 'Better make it a double one. Then release her.'

Jason carried out the instructions and Julia slowly turned over, her eyes blank and bewildered. Then the horror rushed into them. With a cry she jerked erect, instinctively covering her naked breasts with her hands.

'No ... oh no ... ' she whimpered to herself. The living nightmare had begun again. And the memory of the unendurably, endlessly-biting switch made her start trembling uncontrollably. It was the last memory she had had before senseless oblivion.

Miss Judith smiled faintly at Julia's display of modesty.

'Put your hands behind your back and stick those tits out,' she said. 'Here you display them, not hide them.'

Julia's face puckered. She knew she had to do it, because now she knew what they could do to her. Yet still she could not make herself do it.

Swiftly Miss Judith unhooked the single thonged strap which always hung ready from her belt. It was two feet of supple leather, two inches wide and a quarter of an inch

thick ... and it cracked down viciously across the upper part of the front of Julia's thighs.

The girl uttered a startled yelp of pain and clasped at the burning welt across her flesh.

'I said behind your back!' rasped Miss Judith, laying the strap on a little lower down the thighs.

Another startled cry from Julia, but this time, she quickly clasped her hands behind her back. Already she knew that that strap would fall again if she did not. Oh God, how could she be treated so! How could she be made to do such things!

Yet deep inside, she knew how and why ...

The unimaginable agony on the Ring still burnt like a brand deep in her soul.

'Shoulders back, stick those tits out as I told you,' said Miss Judith. 'They're good ones ... and you know it.'

With quivering lips and tears rolling down her cheeks, Julia forced herself to the humiliation of obeying such an order. It was all the worse with that grinning black monster alongside. Oh the beasts, the beasts! If only she had the strength to leap up and claw them to pieces! If only she could dare to do it!

Miss Judith ran the meaty leather thong through her fingers.

'I will tell you at the outset, slave,' she said (and Julia flinched at the mode of address), 'that whenever you disobey me ... or indeed, do not obey me quickly enough ... I shall lay this across you. Is that clearly understood?'

Biting her lips, Julia could not bring herself to speak; only nod.

The strap cracked down again across the smooth thighs ... and once more Julia clasped her hands involuntarily to the searing pain.

'Answer me, slave!' barked the overseer.

'Yes ... y-yes ... ' sobbed Julia, 'oh ... please ... not again.'

But the strap went down again with all the force at her command ...

With a shriek, Julia catapulted backwards, clasping the welt, almost falling off the table. No longer did she care about how her naked breasts danced before the eyes of the Negro. She only cared about the pain ceasing ... and about avoiding more.

'Miss ... yes ... M-Miss ... ' she cried.

Hating herself for doing it. Hating to have to do it. But driven to it by dread of pain.

'You always address me as "Miss"' said the blonde overseer. 'If you ever forget again, I'll have your backside up and you'll get half a dozen. Clear?'

Julia flinched at the threat. 'Yes ... Miss,' she answered quickly.

'And, apart from this,' went on Miss Judith, indicating the strap again, 'always remember, slave, that I can take you down to the Punishment Room for something considerably more painful. A sound caning for example. Or perhaps you'd like to feel Madame's switch again?'

'NO ... OOO!' Julia literally shrieked the word. 'N-No ... oo ... Miss,' she added hastily.

'It is well that you should be told these things at the outset, slave,' said Miss Judith complacently. 'Then you can have no complaint at the consequences of your behaviour. Now, get off the table ... stand erect, shoulders well back and legs astride, hands on the top of your head.'

Tearfully, Julia slid off the table and did as she was told. It was amazing to her that she could stand at all. How could she feel so strong, so alert?

'Cuff and collar, Jason please,' said Miss Judith. 'Don't move an inch, slave ... '

Julia stood stock still, filled with an awful dread. She could not possibly control the quivering of her mouth nor the trembling of her body.

She cringed as Jason approached. Oh how his black flesh repelled her! And she sobbed uninhibitedly as he fastened a leather collar around her neck and leather cuffs on both wrists and ankles.

'Your master,' said Miss Judith, 'who, as you are now aware, is Mr. Quentin Osman,' (Julia's features literally seemed to quake) 'has decreed that you retain your body hair ... so there will be no need to shave off that pretty bush.'

Julia's mouth sagged incredulously. How could such things be!

'He has also decreed,' went on Miss Judith, 'that you are not to be sexually available to anyone but himself. At this stage anyway.'

Julia's mouth sagged even more incredulously. Sexually available? How could she be made sexually available to

anyone? Least of all Quentin Osman!

'Accordingly,' continued Miss Judith, 'you wear a silver chain about your waist ... '

Jason fastened on the chain, turning the key in the tiny padlock.

'... and that symbol,' she concluded, 'indicates to members of the crew and guests that you are exclusive property. For the time being, as I say.'

Julia swayed, the tears trickling faster down her cheeks. It was almost impossible for her to credit what her ears were hearing. Surely they could not be truly meant? Surely they must be a bluff to frighten her?

Yet ... yet ... after what had already happened ... possibly anything could happen! Julia shuddered violently and her breasts heaved under her harsh sobs. The appalling images which were surging into her mind were too frightful to contemplate.

Yet ... yet ... she was forced to contemplate them!

'I hope everything is now quite clear to you, Julia,' said Miss Judith. 'Of course, I realise it will take a little time for you to assimilate it properly. That is natural ... and I make allowances for it. Have you any questions?'

Julia shook her head wretchedly. She wished the floor would open up and swallow her ... or that some thunderbolt from Heaven would descend and strike them all dead.

'N-No ... o ... ' she croaked, between sobs.

Miss Judith's eyebrows went up slightly and she gave Jason a slight nod.

The next moment Julia found herself up-ended. Jason had his massive hands about her waist and was thrusting her head between his tree-trunk thighs. Between them, as she shrieked out in shock and terror, her head was clamped. The hands lifted her waist until her hindquarters were thrusting up high.

'How soon to forget, slave,' Miss Judith said. 'So soon after my warnings.'

The strap swung and thwacked across Julia's squirming bottom ... and that bottom squirmed even more as it absorbed the burning pain. Of course, it was nothing compared with Madame Vesta's switch ... but it was still very much something to Julia as a novice under discipline.

Two ...

Three ...

Four ...

Five ...

Six!

The last stroke was the hardest of all ... and drew the most anguished yelp of all from its recipient.

Jason released Julia from between his thighs and took her by the hair. Doubtless she would have fallen if he had not done so. Julia, sobbing and retching, pressed her hand urgently to her burning bottom.

'Ohh ... oohh ... mmmfff ... mmmfff ... ooh ... oohhh ...' she gasped.

'You can't say I didn't warn you, slave, can you?' said Miss Judith, smiling.

'No ... no ... Miss ... mmmfff ... mmfff ...' answered Julia. 'I ... I ... mmmfff ... I ... j-just f-forgot ...'

'Well, I advise you not to forget again,' snapped Miss Judith, 'otherwise you're likely to feel a cane across that shapely arse of yours. That is more likely to stimulate your brain matter.'

She signed to Jason. The preliminaries were almost over - and familiar enough they had been. Reactions in these early stages were always much of a muteness. Naturally a new slave took time to adjust ... but that did not mean she was allowed much latitude!

'Put a chain on the collar,' said Miss Judith.

Jason fastened on the long slim chain and Miss Judith took its end.

'Come along, slave,' she said. 'It's time for your to see where you are going to be kept. And to meet someone who I might term a "companion in misfortune!"'

CHAPTER THREE

JULIA LAY ON the hard planks which had been scrubbed almost to whiteness. A heavy iron collar was about her neck and a chain linked this to a ringbolt in the wall. It was, in fact, the very same collar which Madame Vesta had predicted to Quentin Osman that would one day encircle Julia's pretty neck. She was face down, shoulders heaving with harsh sobs, hands pressed to the burning swathes of fire across her buttock cheeks.

The hideous memory of Jason's clamping black thighs ... the way he raised her hindquarters as if she were a toy ... the torment of Miss Julia's strap ... all were still fierce upon her. She felt sick to the depths of her soul. And the horror of her situation was like a crushing weight upon her.

For, after what had already happened ... what was happening ... she realised all this was no 'bluff' designed to scare her. Not something temporary either. No brief nightmare.

This was harsh reality.

Absolutely for real!

In some unbelievable way (outside all normal credibility) Quentin had managed to have her abducted and transported to ... to ... this hell ship. A place devised and designed by a monster and directed by devils!

Impossible really ... yet true.

For, though she might have wished to, Julia could no longer deny the evidence of her own eyes. Even less her own feelings.

How could she deny the sight of that poor naked woman-creature led on all fours, on the end of a chain by that hideous brute negro?

How could she deny the spectacle of the Punishment Room itself?

Or what had happened there?

Julia's mind reeled away from that memory. Even to recall it was an agony. How welcome death would have been then!

How was it possible she could endure and survive such inhuman torments? It was past all normal understanding.

How could she deny the sick-making repulsion of Jason's clasp? Her abasing nakedness? The humiliation of the iron collar and chain ... and the fear they induced?

She could not deny them.

Though she prayed to Almighty God to let her be able to deny them, it was possible to do so.

Impossible.

Unbelievably impossible .

As Julia continued to sob, her tears made a dark, damp patch on the white boards of the bunk.

Julia's nerves flared as she caught the sound of a key turning in the lock of the cabin cell to which she had been taken. Shuddering, she pressed closer to the boards of the wall and beneath her, closing her eyes like a child wishing to get rid of an unpleasant idea.

Ssmmaaa ... aaacckkk!

A broad palm, seemingly as hard as a piece of wood, smashed across Julia's bare bottom.

'Up!' bellowed a harsh male voice.

With a shriek of shock as much as pain, Julia leapt up off the boards, her chain clanking.

'Up ... and kneel ... when Ahmed enters!'

Before her terrified eyes swam a black figure. The figure came into focus. It was a negro as muscular as Jason and as scantily clad, with only the white pouch about his loins. To her added horror, Julia saw that he had led a lovely naked woman on the end of a collar and chain, similar to the one about her neck.

'You not kneel like that,' said the negro. 'You kneel with legs wide. So ... open them, slave ... '

The nightmare was beginning again. How could this brute order her about and address her as slave?' It was absurd ...

Yet, in the back of Julia's mind was the knowledge of the danger of such thoughts. Of the danger of not doing what one was told. She parted her thighs a little.

'Wider,' came the command.

Oh the hideous shame of it! Sobbing with humiliation. Julia parted her thighs wider.

'Now you puts your hands behind your head, little miss

slave girl. Then you clasps them there and sticks out those nice big udders God has given you, said Ahmed with a big-toothed grin.

Sobbing more harshly, hating herself, hating the negro, hating the whole world. Julia forced herself to do as she had been ordered. How dare she do anything else? Suppose the negro sent for Miss Judith and she started to use that strap again? Oh what a terrible thought!

'That's the position you gets yourself into, missie, whenever ah come in here ... or Miss Judith ... or anyone else. And yo gets yourself into it mighty quick ... yeh ... mighty quick ... unless yo wants a sore arse. You follow me, white missie?'

Julia was conscious of the negroes eyes roving lasciviously over her nakedness and could not help shuddering uncontrollably. It made her feel unclean. She felt she would have given anything to be able to cover her breasts with her hands.

'Yes ... ' she whispered.

'Yes , suh,' said the negro assistant. 'Mah name is Ahmed, but you call me suh, slave girl.'

Julia gulped. Oh God ... fancy having to ... she saw a flicker in the whites of the negroes eyes. Shuddered again.

'Yes ... sir ... ' she answered. And a deep groaning sob welled up from within her, her head slumped and the tears flowed copiously.

'You keeps yo head up, girlie,' said Ahmed. 'Blub away ... much as yo like but yo keeps yo head up. UpI say!'

Julia raised her tear streaked face. Her mouth quivered uncontrollably, her breasts heaved violently. 'Yo got to learn all these things mighty quick, slave girl,' said Ahmed, 'otherwise Miss Judith get to know. And she soon take some skin off that pretty arse of yours, I reckon.'

'N-NO ... NO ... P-PLEASE ... NO ... ' Julia found herself pleading. The thought of Miss Judith was intolerable. 'Please ... no ... sir ... ' she added.

Ahmed grinned again. 'Yo already learnin,' he said.

Then he turned to the woman he had led in. Even through her tears, Julia could see she was beautiful. Rich, dark auburn hair surmounted lovely features. She was tall, long-limbed, her figure excellent. Here was another living proof that this was no nightmare but reality.

Ahmed gave the woman a playful slap on the bottom. 'You've

learnt to be a good girl, haven't you Melissa?' he said.

'Yes, sir,' answered the girl with meek respect which did not accord with her naturally proud features.

Suddenly, with a shock, Julia saw that the woman, who was just about her own age, she guessed, had been depilated. Then with an even greater shock, Julia saw Ahmed's fingers casually fondle the exposed sex lips.

'Juicy ... ' he said, grinning again.

To Julia's amazement, the woman did not recoil or protest. Rather to the contrary, she seemed to proffer herself for Ahmed's attentions. Julia wanted to close her eyes, but was riveted by the awful obscenity of the scene. How could a woman submit to such indecencies with seemingly so little emotion?

Julia watched as Ahmed led the girl to the wooden bunk on the opposite side of the cabin, fastened her chain in the ringbolt on the wall and gave her another slap on her bottom. Like an obedient dog getting to its resting place, Melissa slid on to the hard boards and knelt down in the same fashion as Julia was already doing.

The negro looked from one woman to the other. There was a certain smug satisfaction on his face. He reckoned he had two of the top beauties aboard the Paradise in one of his cabins!

Then he turned on his heel, closed the door and locked it.

Julia and Melissa were left alone.

Melissa relaxed from the obligatory posture and lay down resignedly ... and Julia followed suit. There was a silence. The auburn haired beauty's eyes were closed. Julia simply could not stop herself continuing to gaze on the nude figure on the other bunk. Here, so near, was living proof of unimaginable horror. If such things could happen to such a woman, they could happen to her!

She must find out, she must ask ...

'How ... how could you let him do that to you?' she asked. Her voice was hoarse, the vocal chords still strained from the continuous screams when Madame Vesta had flogged her.

Melissa opened her eyes wearily. 'You do not understand,' she said. 'I cannot ... I must not ... stop him ... or anybody. You do not understand yet'. Melissa closed her eyes again. 'But you will,' she added.



Juicy ...

'Cannot? Must not?' quavered Julia. 'Oh ... how can you say such things? Do you really mean them?'

Melissa bestirred herself, raised herself and lent on one elbow.

'You do not understand', she repeated. 'Nor did I But it would be well if you took my advice. Do not resist. As I did. Submit. Obey. You will suffer less. I know ... '

'I ... I c-cannot ... I will not ... it's impossible ...' croaked Julia.

If Melissa had been capable of smiling, she would have done so.

'Everything is possible here,' she said simply. 'I know. Please remember I realise how you feel. I have been through it all myself. Just take my advice , that's all'.

Julia looked at her new companion in disbelieving silence, the tears trickling slowly down her cheeks.

'How ... how can I?' she asked after a silence.

You will find out', replied Melissa. 'For example after you have received twelve strokes of the rod simply for being slow to kiss Ahmed's toe when ordered, you will begin to find out how you can be made to do anything'.

'N No ... no ... no ... ooo' whimpered Julia.

'Yes,' said Melissa. 'You will certainly find out. Sooner or later. That's up to you I'm simply trying to help you'.

There was another silence, while Julia covered her face in her hands. 'No ... no ... ' she kept repeating and then: 'How can this have happened to me?'

'You're Julia, aren't you?' asked Melissa, who was now sitting up on her bunk, knees dangling.

'Y-Yes ... that's right ... but however did you know?' answered a startled Julia.

'Because I have already met your owner,' answered Melissa in a flat voice. 'Quentin Osman, isn't it? At our introduction, in this very cabin at Madame's invitation, he whipped me. And much enjoyed doing so'.

'No ... no ... ' Julia kept saying, shaking her head from side to side, 'it ... it's not possible ... I mean Quentin ... doing that ... to you. How ... how could it be ... Quentin .. oh my God!'

'Afterwards,' went on Melissa, in the same flat voice, 'they made me his personal slave while he was on board. I had to do anything he wanted'.

'You . yo.. you ... for Quentin?' gasped Julia. 'Oh ...

how could you?’

‘You’re not jealous, are you?’ asked Melissa with almost a sneer in her voice.

‘Jealous!’ cried Julia. ‘He repulses me ... ’

‘He repulsed me, too,’ said Melissa, ‘but I had to do it all the same. Now he has put you in the same position. So that, ultimately, you will have to do anything that anybody wants. Him included.’

‘No ... ooo!’ cried Julia despairingly. ‘I’d rather die!’

Unfortunately,’ said Melissa with calm cynicism, ‘they make sure here that no such easy way out is available.’

There was another silence, before Julia started repeating again and again, ‘I can’t believe it ... I can’t believe it ... ’

A sudden flash of anger came into Melissa’s blank eyes. ‘For God’s sake start believing it,’ she snapped. ‘Let me try and help you. Let me try and give you some more facts. Get it into your head that, from now on, however hard you try, you’re going to feel Miss Judith’s strap day in, day out. That’s the least you can expect. Step out of line in the slightest and you’ll find yourself down in the Punishment Room. They’ve got rods, birches, martinets, whips ... the lot ... there. No doubt you’ve been on the Ring, so you’ve got some idea ... ’

Julia groaned horribly.

‘... but let me tell you some more, Julia,’ continued Melissa. ‘What do you think I’d been doing before Ahmed brought me back here?’

Julia just shook her head.

‘I’d been servicing him,’ said Melissa, the corners of her mouth down-turning. ‘Simply for his animal pleasure. I had to suck him. Then, when he’d had enough of that, he fucked me. And, believe me, I had to give him full measure ... ’

Julia’s mouth was agape. Her head still shook from side to side. ‘Y-You ... you ... with ... with that ... horrible ... b-black ... brute?’ she quavered. ‘Oh how could ... y-you?’

The sharpness and the sneer came back into Melissa’s voice. ‘I’ve told you how. You’ll learn, as I say. Which would you prefer, another go over the Ring or Ahmed?’

Julia’s face crumpled. That the decision was an impossible one, was obvious.

Another, and a longer silence fell.

'I see,' said Melissa at length, 'that you are wearing the silver chain. That means, in case you haven't been told, you're reserved for Quentin. In due time, as mine did, he'll arrive and have his fun and games ... '

'No ... no!'

'He'll thrash you morning, noon and night, if he feels like it ... '

'NO ... NO ... OOO!'

'... and after that you'll still be grovelling and begging for more ... '

Julia could only croak hoarsely, mouth agape.

'... then, when he's had enough of his own fun - like my owner did - he'll have your status changed to Gold. See ... I'm wearing a Gold chain. That means I'm available to Ahmed and Jason. They only have to put in an official request for me. And do you imagine that is ever refused? Also, if any of the so-called guests aboard this ship take a fancy to me, of course they can have me too.' Melissa lowered her voice a little. 'Worst of all, they can take you down to the Lower Deck. Where the crew are. Then they leave you there for a couple of hours or so. That hasn't happened to me yet, thank God. I should imagine it's the worst.'

Julia was still shuddering silently, mouth still sagging.

'... am I beginning to get through to you, Julia? You're lucky, I had no one to help me. To advise me. I resisted. In the first week I was here, I was taken down to the Punishment Room five times. And each time was worse than the one before. Try and understand that ... try ... try ... however you feel. And, believe me, no one knows better than I how you feel.'

Julia's head drooped. She was filled to the depths of her being with the blackness of utter despair. And horror. Not to mention terror.

'Is ... is there no way to escape?' she whispered at last.

Melissa snorted. 'None,' she replied. 'Just forget it. The whole ghastly system is fool-proof. You must accept it. As it is. Submit to it, I say, don't fight it. That way it may not be quite as bad for you.'

Silent tears trickled down Julia's cheeks and splashed onto her lush breasts.

Osman ... Quentin Osman ... that horrible slob whom she'd taken for an easy meal ticket (and a lot more!) had done this to her! It was incredible. How could he? Yet he had. Hate

and fury burned like a hot iron through her. whatever the consequences, she would kill him the moment she set eyes on him. Kill him with her bare hands. Rip his fat belly to pieces ... tear off his ... his ...

'Better get some rest,' Melissa was saying. 'You'll need it if my guess is right about Miss Judith's first disciplinary duties for you.'

'Disciplinary duties?' queried Julia, raising her head. She looked a sorry sight.

Melissa nodded. 'Yes,' she said. 'Disciplinary duties. You don't imagine they just keep us here, chained up all the time, do you?'

It was, in fact, something that had not yet occurred to Julia. Her mind had been far too full of other horrors.

'I ... I hadn't th ... thought,' she said.

'It is my guess,' said Melissa, 'that come midday, when it is getting really hot, she'll have you out scrubbing down the decks. It is, I believe, her favourite way of "breaking in" newcomers, as she calls it.'

'S-Scrubbing ... the d-decks?'

'Yes,' said Melissa. 'That's how it began with me. And, believe me Julia, you'll scrub as you've never scrubbed before. If you've ever scrubbed before. Frankly, you don't look the type. But you will. You'll scrub till your arms feel like lumps of lead and your back seems to be breaking in half. That's how it is. So get some rest.'

Melissa herself turned over and curled herself up on the hard boards. Her curvaceous bottom thrust nakedly towards Julia. It was unmarked. but, by then, Julia knew the reason for that.

Quentin has whipped that bottom, she thought with shuddering disbelief. And ... and enjoyed it in other ways. Just as Ahmed had done not so long ago.

How could it be ... how could it be?

Yet it was ... it was!

Julia turned over and lay on her belly. Gently she placed her hands on her buttocks. How hot they felt. How sore. The memory of the falling strap made her nates twitch involuntarily. She didn't want any more of that. Yet how could she escape it?

Had not Melissa said it would happen every day?

Surely that must be an exaggeration. Surely. Yes ... she was just trying to make out things were worse than they

really were, so that it would not seem so bad for her later on. Well, that was kind of Melissa. Poor Melissa. Fancy having to put up with that awful Quentin. To be his 'slave'!

Then she was seized with an uncontrollable trembling fit.

But I ... I ... am his 'slave', she said to herself.

Once again she began to sob uninhibitedly. Then, after a while, her fists began to pound the board on which she lay.

'I hate him ... I hate him ... ' she snarled between clenched teeth. 'I'll kill the bastard ... I'll kill him ... I will ... I swear I will!'

Resignedly, on the other bunk, Melissa listened to Julia's outburst. She shook her head sorrowfully. Her advice did not seem to have been heeded, to say the least.

CHAPTER FOUR

The heat of the upper deck hit Julia like that of an oven after the comparative coolness of the cabin cell in which she had been confined. She arrived on that deck, struggling awkwardly up a steep companionway, led by Miss Judith on the end of her collar and chain. Across her thighs flamed two fresh swathes of pain ... on account of the fact that Miss Judith had considered her too slow in getting into the required posture when she had entered the cabin.

Julia stumbled as she reached the deck, looking around her in bewilderment, blinking in the strong sunlight. For the first time it was truly apparent to her that she was on board a vessel. Through the mesh grilles which guarded the sides of the ship, the sea stretched away smoothly blue. An idyllic scene - under different circumstances.

Miss Judith unlocked the collar about her charge's neck and Julia gave a groan of relief. But, despite the heat, she was trembling - for she was already in dread of the hard-faced blonde. Now Julia knew that, without the slightest compunction, her hand could smash across her face, her fist could drive into her belly or, worst of all, that leather strap could crack across her tender flesh.

'Right,' said Miss Judith, 'it's time you went to work, girl. Probably never done any real work in your life before, I guess. Relied on other attributes for your keep ... '

Julia flushed at the implication and bit her lip hard to hold back a retort - for she knew what it would earn her. The frustration of having to restrain herself burned deep.

'You see this deck?' continued Miss Judith. She indicated some forty to fifty feet of bleached deck. 'You are going to scrub it, from end to end.'

Julia looked along the deck, shimmering under a heat haze. 'But it's already clean,' she said automatically.

Her head reeled and she saw stars as Miss Judith's palm fell across first one cheek and then the other.

'Don't answer me back, slave ... and don't query my or-

ders,' she rasped. 'When I say you scrub, you scrub. Now, get down to it.'

On the deck stood a bucket of water, alongside a tin of some powder and a scrubbing brush. Tears came to Julia's eyes as she looked down at them. Tears of self-pity that she could be made to do such a degrading menial task ... working naked before all who care to see. Oh the injustice of it ...

Thwacckkkk!

The flame of Miss Judith's strap across her buttocks brought her swiftly back to reality.

'I said get on with it!'

Gasping, shuddering, Julia fell to her knees. The relentlessness of Miss Judith terrified her. Not for one moment was she allowed a respite nor, seemingly, were allowances made for the fact that she had just been pitched into a hideous new existence.

Beside her, out of the corner of her eye, she could see the black, high heeled boots of authority. The deck was hard under her knees, the sun was hot on her bare back. Julia picked up the scrubbing brush. It was true that she had never done any manual labour of consequence before. But now she had to, she knew. For, alongside the black boots of authority dangled the leathern thong of authority. She picked up the scrubbing brush, dipped it in the bucket and then the powder.

'I shall be back in ten minutes to see how you're doing,' said the iron voice from above.

Julia began to scrub as the high heels clicked off down the deck.

After five minutes Julia felt she had had enough.

For one thing, it was so hot. For another, her right arm and shoulder ached horribly. Also, it seemed so pointless to scrub an already-clean deck. Still, she went on with it, sometimes changing the brush to her left hand. If Miss Judith is returning in ten minutes she thought, I want to seem to have done well. After that I'll be able to take it a bit easier.

As the effort grew greater and the aches worse, Julia's hate and fury steadily mounted. It became like a ball of fire in her belly. It was Quentin who had done this to her. Quentin! There was murder in her heart at the thought.

Then she began to scrub a little harder as she heard the click of returning heels.

'What's this, you lazy trollop,' came the voice from above. 'Is this all you've done?'

Thwwaacckkk!

'... you'll put your back into it properly ... '

Thwwaacckkk!

'you'll scrub till it really hurts ... '

Thwwaacckkk!

'I'll teach you the meaning of toil, sweat and tears ... '

Thwwaacckkkk!

'do you hear, you slack bitch?'

Julia heard all right. And she felt. She felt the burning blaze of the strap across buttocks and thighs as, like an eel, she twisted about on the deck in an attempt to avoid it. Quite unsuccessfully. Miss Judith was adept and accurate, quick in her stride, swift to lay on whether Julia's bottom, flanks or thigh-fronts were best presented.

'Yaaiiee ... aahh ... no ... no!'

Thwwaacckkk!

'Aggh ... no ... oo ... st ... opp ... stop!'

'You'll soon learn the meaning of obedience here!'

Thwaacckkkk!

'NO ... OO ... aaaggh ... NO ... M-MORE!'

Thwwaacckkk!

Thus it proceeded, until Miss Judith had laid on some dozen strokes ... and Julia was reduced to a cringing, weeping heap, clutching the ship's rail.

'Now get back to it,' ordered Miss Judith. 'And I want to see a great improvement next time I return.'

Groaning horribly, Julia crawled back to the bucket, her back heaving with sobs. Of course, but for the stimulant injection she had received earlier, she would never have had the strength to do any such thing. As it was, she was driven on despite herself ... and could only be inwardly amazed by her own powers of endurance.

It must be said in addition, though, there was also the strong incentive of further pain if she disobeyed!

Still sobbing, she picked up her brush and went to work again.

And now she worked harder and faster, absorbing the burning-throbbing pain of the fresh welts across her body ... earnestly eager to receive no more.

So much for her plans for easing up a little!

On the upper passenger deck, where Quentin Osman had once frequently sat, a lean-faced man lounged in a chair alongside Madame Vesta. It was from that very same vantage point that Quentin had watched a young slave-girl scrubbing, just as Julia was. He had been both amazed and enchanted, for it was his first day aboard the Paradise. The thought that, one day, Julia would be doing just the same had thrilled him to the core. Now, though Quentin was far away, it was actually happening.

'She's being put through it, isn't she?' asked the man, lowering his opera glasses.

For the last ten minutes or so, he had been much taken with the spectacle of Julia's shapely nakedness ... and all the secrets she was forced to display continuously.

Madame Vesta took the opera glasses.

'She's new, very new,' she said. Miss Judith's always tough on them at the outset. Rightly so. They've got to learn we mean business aboard the Paradise. There'll be far worse for her than a taste of the strap in the days and weeks ahead. I can assure you of that.'

The lean-faced man took back the opera glasses. His thoughts were very much as Quentin's had once been; they concerned his errant young wife. Yes ... it certainly seemed as if the Paradise would do nicely for her!

'She's quite some beauty,' remarked the man. Clearly he could see the red swathes across Julia's white bottom ... the sweat beginning to glisten on her back ... the swing of her breasts underneath her as her arm moved from side to side.

'Yes,' agreed Madame Vesta. 'Even among our collection, I think she stands out. Name of Julia. Belongs to a rich Yank.'

'I see he's classified her for himself,' said the man. He had been made aware of the significance of the Silver and Gold chains.

'Yes ... pity about that from your point of view,' said Madame Vesta. 'If you fancy her, that is ... '

'Oh yes ... I fancy her alright ... '

'Still, don't worry, I'm sure I've got someone for you who you'll enjoy just as much.' She was thinking of Melissa. 'Very much Julia's type ... but fully trained now.'

'Thanks ... ' said the man. He felt his blood beginning to tingle. This Paradise certainly was some place! Luckily, if he made up his mind definitely, he had the money to afford it.

His opera glasses continued to focus on Julia's curvaceous hind-quarters and long tapering thighs. Her whole back was now one sheen of sweat. The arm was beginning to move more slowly; the shoulders and head to sag.

Then he saw the tall figure of the blonde, leather-clad overseer come striding down the deck. He saw Julia's fulsome nates contract convulsively with dread.

Julia, of course, had heard the sound of Miss Judith returning and a spasm of dread went through her. She had put twice the effort into it ... and was, perhaps, halfway along the deck.

Despite her near exhaustion, she increased her efforts as the foot-steps grew nearer. She cringed as the boots stopped alongside.

'Did I tell you to stop?' snapped Miss Judith.

'N-No ... Miss ... ' gasped Julia.

Her hand and arm moved sluggishly again; her back heaved with sobs of effort.

Miss Judith looked down at the sweating figure for a while. There was no doubt Julia had put in considerable extra effort. To the limit of her ability for sure. That was how it should be. Effort ... then effort beyond effort. That was the way to break them in!

'Stop!'

Miss Judith was a very good judge of when enough was enough ... and knew the pointlessness of 'flogging a dead horse'. Not that Julia's morning ordeal was over. Far from it. It was simply that the time had come for a recovery of some strength ... to facilitate a renewal of suffering.

Julia slumped down on the deck, sobbing bitterly. Never, never before had she remotely known such an agony of effort. The muscles of her arms seemed to be on fire, yet as weak and soft as jelly. Her back was one massive ache, her kneecaps two tender torments. Not to mention the other torments across her buttocks and thighs.

Oh ... if only they would let her die!

Why, at least, did she not faint?

The whole world had gone mad - that she could be driven to such hideous effort. At the same time she was quaking inwardly at the thought of Miss Judith's swinging strap.

Would it fall again?

Surely ... surely not! Had she not, in God's name, done all and more than asked of her?

'W-Water ... water ... ' she croaked hoarsely. She suddenly realised how raging was her thirst. 'Water ... miss ... water ... for pity's sake ... '

Needless to say, Miss Judith did not give things out of pity. Only if the circumstances seemed to require them. And, dehydrated as she was, it was obvious that Julia would not be able to continue.

'There is a trough at the end of the deck,' she said brusquely. 'Drink from that ... then come back here. On your knees ... '

Wearily Julia pushed herself up and crawled slowly along the deck. The blessed sight of water greeted her. It was in an iron trough and into it she greedily plunged her face. The indignity of it did not concern her one little bit. All she wanted to do was to gulp and gulp until her belly was filled. What did anything else matter but that?

Slaked, she retched violently ... then she turned and crawled back down the deck.

Oh God, how long was this horror going on?

Had they not done enough to her already? She, a weak and defenceless woman? Surely they had done enough?

If only they'll stop ... just for a little while ... I'll do what they ask of me ... Yes I will ... I'm sure I will, she told herself. Somehow I'll make myself do it. Then the twin vision of Jason and Ahmed loomed up, and in her heart, Julia knew she would not be able to do anything they asked of her.

Even so, she continued to tell herself she would - if only they'd stop tormenting her.

'Kneel erect ... the proper posture, slave ... '

Julia moaned as she knelt up. Oh that back! Then, as she had been taught to do, she parted her thighs wide and clasped her hands at the back of her head.

Up on the passenger deck, the lean-faced man was most appreciative of the firm up-thrust of Julia's full-rounded breasts.

'What boobs,' he murmured.

Madame Vesta showed no interest. Her eyes were half

closed as she lay back under the shade of the awning. The scene and the sounds were very familiar to her.

Below, Julia saw the tall blonde through a haze of tears, sweat and fatigue. Her head was swimming. Only slowly did the figure come into clearer focus. There, hands on hips, strap dangling from one wrist, stood the woman who had complete power over her. Who, at will, could make her suffer. Who, in the last hour, had made her suffer more than she could have thought possible. Apart from the Ring ...

'Well Julia,' enquired Miss Judith, 'are you now feeling more of a slave?'

How she relished the look of fatigue and despair on that arrogant face ... the sweat glistened on the body ... the humiliation of the posture enforced. Perhaps she relished even more the thought of the turmoil she knew there was in Julia's mind and spirit. The hate, the fury, the frustration ... all kept in check by fear of pain. Pain she could inflict at will. Yes ... Miss Judith was a true sadist; and well aware of it.

'Yes ... M-Miss ... ' answered Julia, her voice still a croak.

'And are you beginning to understand the meaning of discipline?'

'Y-Yes ... Miss ... '

'And the meaning of obedience?'

'Yes ... mmmfff ... mmmfff ... yes, Miss ... '

Did Julia truly feel and know these things? In some ways - yes. In others - no. All she was aware of was that she must answer as expected. And with respect.

Oh how that galled her! She fought down the rage that welled up in her. No ... no ... she must not ...

'And that, whenever I deem fit, I shall make your precious backside squirm?' Deliberately, she was goading Julia. Testing her in a way. Seeing if she would crack.

Julia ground her teeth. If she had not felt so weak she might have been tempted to leap up and claw out her tormentor's eyes.

'Y-Yes ... Miss ... ' she forced herself to say.

'Good,' nodded Miss Judith complacently. 'Keep your back straight, girl. No slouching.' Julia obeyed the command. 'Now,' continued the overseer, 'you will stay where you are for ten minutes. Just as you are. A nice little break from your labours, eh slave? Then I shall return'

Miss Judith strode off down the deck, leaving Julia kneeling erectly immobile.

A break?

Julia had scarcely been able to believe her ears. She felt sick to her stomach. She shuddered with apprehensive dread. Surely it was not intended that her toil and her torments should continue? Surely they must know there were limits?

Tears of weakness and self-pity began to trickle softly down over Julia's cheeks.

What she was not aware of was that Madame Vesta and her guest had left their loungers under the awning and were making their way down to the deck on which she knelt.

Instinctively Julia's head and eyes turned slightly as she heard the sound of approaching footsteps.

'Eyes front!' came Madame Vesta's barking voice.

Julia cringed at the sound of it. It was the most terrifying voice in the world. Even more terrifying than Miss Judith's. At the same time a flush of hideous shame and horror spread from her face ... down her neck ... even to her breasts.

For she had glimpsed, alongside Madame Vesta, a man!

Every instinct in her told her to leap and flee. At least, to attempt to cover herself. Yet she remained there ... paralysed by the very fact of what was happening. Beyond that, of course, there was Madame Vesta's presence. Perhaps that was an even more potent factor in keeping her pinned to the deck in the her humiliating posture.

For there was always the Ring ...

'This is Julia, Mr. Crane,' said Madame Vesta coolly. She spoke rather like some shop manageress offering an item for sale.

'Uh-hu ... ' said a male voice.

Julia had lowered her eyes. The degradation of it seemed to be blazing in every nerve of her body. If only ... if only ... the deck would open up and swallow her! She sensed the man's eyes devouring her. She wanted to be sick. She wanted to die.

None of these things happened.

'As I told you,' continued Madame Vesta in the same calm way, 'she's very new here. Just beginning training. One

cannot, therefore, expect the same standards of discipline and obedience that will apply in a month or so's time.'

'I can understand that,' said Mr. Crane. One could sense he was more interested in what he was looking at than what he was listening to.

'On the other hand, we make some allowances for that,' said Madame Vesta. 'Girl, get your head up ... open your eyes ... and look straight ahead.'

With a tremendous effort, Julia forces herself to obey.

She saw the lustful male eyes; she knew the shame that only a woman can know. Alongside she saw the diamond hard, black eyes of Madame Vesta. Pitiless eyes ... from the depths of Hell. Julia shuddered, and went on shuddering.

'This ... and other kinds,' responded Madame Vesta. 'I will show you more later.'

'It seems ... most suitable,' said Mr. Crane, almost to himself. His eyes never ceased to roam lasciviously. As Quentin's had once done, he was obviously substituting another for Julia at that moment. Moreover, Madame Vesta was already aware that he had virtually made up his mind about the ultimate destination of his wayward young wife.

'Perhaps,' said Madame Vesta, 'you would like to examine more closely the treatment Julia has received - to stimulate her to greater effort.'

'Er ... well ... yes ... why not ... I suppose,' replied Mr. Crane. A muscle in his cheek twitched. This was altogether a new and quite fascinating experience for him. Women under complete discipline.

'Get on your hands and knees, slave,' ordered Madame Vesta sharply, 'and show your backside to this gentleman.'

Julia's features seemed to dissolve. She shuddered even more violently than before. Emotion after emotion shook her like tempestuous winds.

'P-please ... please ... ' she whimpered pathetically, 'I'm a ... a w-woman ... '

'That is evident,' said Madame Vest contemptuously. 'Did you hear my order, slave. Get your bottom up this instant, slave ... and get it up high!'

The voice of steel, the eyes blazed. Julia felt as if hot knives were going through to her very vitals. How could she do such a thing? How could she before an utter stranger ... a cruel lecher?

Something snapped..



Girl, get your head up ... open your
eyes ... and look straight ahead

'NO ... NO!' she shrieked, falling forward, her fists pounding the deck, 'I W-WON'T ... I WON'T ... YOU CAN'T MAKE ME! I'D DIE FIRST ... NO ... NO ... NO ... NO ... OOOO!'

It was quite an outburst ... even though quite understandable.

Madame Vesta smiled benignly at Mr. Crane. 'As I told you,' she said, 'Julia is very new. This sort of thing is to be expected at first. They have tantrums, you know. But they get cured of them.'

'I quite understand, Madame.' he said. Actually he was quite surprised that an attractive young woman like Julia had been able to maintain as much self-control, under the circumstances, as she had already done.

The commotion had caught the ears of Miss Judith - who now arrived on the scene. She looked venomously at Julia's prostrate, deck-thumping figure.

'Trouble, Ma'am?' she asked.

'Nothing untoward,' replied Madame Vesta. 'In a newcomer that is. However Julia is to go on tonight's Report. She will be dealt with then.'

'Certainly, Ma'am.' said Miss Judith. There was evident pleasure in her voice.

Madame Vesta and her guest moved off.

'What does Report mean?' asked Mr. Crane.

'Oh ... well ... it's an expression we have.' replied Madame Vesta. 'Any slave girl can be put on Report, by an overseer or an assistant. It happens when it is considered that an offence merits more than some on-the-spot correction.'

'I see ... ' said Mr. Crane. Though he didn't quite.

'Such cases,' continued Madame Vesta, 'are considered and adjudicated upon each evening in the Punishment Room. We take all factors into consideration. Julia's inexperience will be one such factor. If a trained slave girl had done what Julia just had, she would have been dealt with, with the utmost severity. Rank disobedience is one of the most serious offences. As it is, I shall probably simply order a good, sound caning.'

My God, thought her guest, how simple can you get! That was going to be exceedingly unpleasant on an already tender bottom.

'Let us continue our inspection,' said Madame Vesta. 'I have one or two other things which might interest you, Mr.'

Crane.'

And Mr. Crane was most happy to follow his hostess into the lower regions of the Paradise.

Meanwhile, Miss Judith had yanked up Julia by her hair and was looking into the distraught, terror-stricken face.

'I ... c-couldn't ... I couldn't ... ' Julia kept on sobbing out, 'don't ... you ... you under ... understand? How ... oh how ... could any woman?'

'You'll soon learn how,' replied Miss Judith. 'I've little doubt I shall have the satisfaction of giving you a most memorable thrashing tonight.'

'No ... no ... have m-merc ... eee ... ' wailed Julia. 'I ... I couldn't help it ... I couldn't ... I just couldn't ...'

'Shut up!' said Miss Judith with some viciousness. Then she jabbed the needle of the hypodermic she held, into Julia's neck. It was generally necessary to give newcomers a double-dose of the stimulant during the first week. Quite understandably!

'Mercy ... ' moaned Julia. 'I ... I can't s-stand any ... any ... any ... m-more ... '

'You'll be surprised,' smiled Miss Judith cruelly. 'In my view you had it a little too easy earlier. Now you'll do it the hard way.'

'No ... please ... stopI'll do what ... anything ... please ... please ... just stop ... '

'Open your mouth,' ordered Miss Judith.

'W-why?' whimpered Julia.

'Don't ask questions ... do it!' snarled Miss Judith. Then she drove her fist into Julia's solar plexus.

Naturally enough, as Julia gasped fran-



tically for air, her mouth gaped wide. Into that gap, Miss Judith thrust another scrubbing brush. This one had straps attached to each end. Swiftly Miss Judith buckled the straps at the back of Julia's head.

Julia's eyes stared wildly, disbelievingly.

'You'll scrub like that,' said Miss Judith. 'And you'll scrub the rest of the deck.' She unhooked the strap from her belt. 'Get your snout in the bucket and get started.'

Thwwaaaccckkk!

The strap fell across Julia's flank. She twisted over, contorted with pain.

Thwwaaaccckkk!

The strap fell across the other flank.

'Come on you lazy cow, get scrubbing ... '

Thwwaaaccckkk!

This time the strap caught Julia full across both buttock cheeks as she writhed agonisedly on the deck.

Frenzied with pain, inspired with extra strength by the stimulant, she dragged herself up and plunged her face into the sudsy water of the bucket. Then her head went down to the deck and she began to scrub.

Miss Judith looked down with evident satisfaction at the figure which crouched on hands and knees ... the head jerking back and forth ... the face swinging and plunging into the bucket ever and anon.

'Come on ... ' said Miss Judith, 'let's hear that neck creak. Unless you want to feel some more leather.'

Julia's efforts became even more frenzied. She was lost in a world of pain and horror, driven on by forces beyond her control. Quentin would indeed have been amazed to see her at that moment. Especially so soon after her arrival aboard the Paradise!

'That's it,' said Miss Judith, 'and keep at it ... right to the end of the deck.'

Thhwwaaaccckkkkkk!

A final full-blooded stroke fell across the upthrust buttocks of the wretched woman ... sending her sprawling and writhing along the deck.

Then Miss Judith strolled casually away.

She had scarcely taken a few paces before Julia had forced herself back to her terrible task.

She was learning ...

And learning fast!

'What do you think of her?'

The question was addressed by Madame Vesta to her newest guest, and possible client, Mr. Crane.

'Well ... well, I must say ... er, she has considerable merit ... ' replied Mr. Crane. His lean cheeks were slightly flushed and there was the heat of lust in his eyes.

For Melissa was showing none of the natural modesty that Julia had done. She was kneeling on the plank bunk, her hindquarters up-thrust, her thighs wide. Blatantly she displayed her depilated charms as she had been ordered to. For Melissa now knew better than to disobey.

'And you agree there are some similarities in looks and figure to Julia?' asked Madame Vesta.

'Yes ... yes, indeed,' said Mr. Crane. He was still trying to get used to the fact that there was so much luscious, naked beauty displayed aboard the Paradise. Naturally enough, new guests found it both remarkable and lustfully stimulating.

'The main difference is, of course ... this,' said Madame Vesta. She indicated the Gold chain about Melissa's waist.

'Ah yes ... ' nodded Mr. Crane, his eyes gleaming even more hotly. He could still hardly credit the fact that it meant this lovely creature was ... was ... well, available to him, as Madame Vesta had put it.

'Well?' enquired Madame Vesta.

'Well ... er, what?' answered Mr. Crane. He could scarcely mistake the implication but he did not want to seem over-anxious.

'Well, do you want her or not?' said Madame Vesta a shade testily. Sometimes this bashful attitude on the part of possible clients got on her nerves a little. She sighed inwardly. Still, one had to make allowances. It was all new and rather strange to them. And one had to be understanding and co-operative to gain their confidence ... and their business. 'I mean, Mr. Crane,' she went on in a more equitable tone, 'would you like to have this Melissa as your personal slave while you are on board?'

'I ... I must ... say ... yes ... I must say, I would, Madame Vesta,' blurted out Mr. Crane.

Melissa's nose and mouth were pressed to the planks. Her eyes, which had been wide and filled with blank despair while

she was being so indecently examined, closed. The long eyelashes lay over the skin and from one corner of one eyelid, a single tear escaped and trickled. The tiniest of shudders ran through her body ... for she knew that another nightmare of submission and degradation was about to begin. She was about to become the plaything of some stranger ... some beast. It was not for the first time, it would not be the last; but that made the moment no easier.

'Very well then, Mr. Crane,' said Madame Vesta, 'I will make the necessary arrangements and have the girl sent to you later.'

'Thank you ... thank you very much, Madame,' said Mr. Crane. He could hardly believe his good luck. This beauty ... this lovely, naked beauty ... was going to be his. To do as he liked with! It was wonderful to know.

'Up, girl,' said Madame Vesta.

At once Melissa lowered her hindquarters, twisted around to face the two in the cabin, and placed her hands behind her head. Mr. Crane regarded his new 'possession' with the very greatest satisfaction. He could hardly wait to get his hands on her.

'Have you anything to say, girl?' asked Madame Vesta.

'I am honoured that this gentleman has chosen me as his personal slave,' replied Melissa in a low but controlled voice.

Madame Vesta nodded. 'Rightly so,' she said. 'Very well, let us go on Mr. Crane. As I say, all arrangements will be made ... '

The couple left the cabin, the door closed and was locked. As the key turned, Melissa slumped down on to the bunk, covered her face in her hands and burst into uncontrollable tears.

Hardened as she was, such an ordeal was still a torment. And the knowledge of what lay ahead an even greater one.

Julia finally collapsed just before she reached the end of the deck. A combination of intense heat and an effort far, far beyond her norm, took their toll in the end. Stimulant or no stimulant, there were limits. She had reached them ... and, whilst doing so, had gone through unrelieved mental and physical agonies. Again and again, she had driven herself on ... beyond anything that seemed humanly possible. And the

driving force behind that drive was, of course, terror of Miss Judith.

When the overseer returned to find the slumped heap at the end of the deck, she realised that Julia had truly given her all. Beyond that, she was aware that it would be dangerous to employ yet another stimulant dose. Two a day was the prescribed maximum ... and they had been given.

Thus, for the moment, it was the end of the affair. One, which she knew, Julia would not forget in a hurry. That had been the intention from the outset.

Accordingly, Miss Judith summoned Jason, who picked up the lifeless figure and carried it to a small cabin alongside the Recovery Room below decks. There Julia spent five minutes lying under an icy shower before recovering some degree of sensibility.

Then she was taken back to her cabin-cell and the iron collar and chain were once again fastened to the ringbolt in the wall.

There she lay, flat down, still almost lifeless, murmuring and moaning to herself. She was not yet fully conscious of her surroundings again. Indeed, it was rather as if she had had an operation and was recovering.

From the other side of the cabin, Melissa looked at her with indifference. It was much as she had expected. She noted the mass of strap marks that lay across Julia's buttocks and thighs ... she noted the state of complete exhaustion. It had been much the same with herself on that first awful day of 'disciplinary duty'.

They deliberately made it as awful as possible. One never forgot it; even if worse things happened later.

Idly she wondered if it were the end of the day for Julia. She could hardly imagine one of Julia's temperament going through the day without some resistance of petulant outburst. That could mean trouble for her later that evening. Still, it was not her affair. she had enough to contemplate regarding herself.

Melissa wondered when they would come and fetch her ... and take her to that mean-faced swine who had visited the cabin earlier.

It took about an hour for Julia to return to something like normal. Every muscle in her body ached excruciatingly. But

particularly in her jaw and neck. Her hindquarters seemed to be on fire. She pressed her hands to them in an effort to cool them, but with no effect.

She groaned at the memory of that hideous morning. How had it ended? Julia could not properly remember that. A kind of madness of fatigue had finally enveloped her. She must have passed out, of course. The thing that puzzled her was why she had not done so long before.

Then came the memory of Madame Vesta ... and that man ...

'Oh GodNO!' she cried out, half sitting up and turning towards Melissa.

The auburn-haired girl, who had been dozing, opened her eyes.

'I'm sorry ... ' said Melissa, 'but I told you it would be bad. It's always worse at first ... '

'But what does being ... being on Report mean?' asked Julia, eyes wide with dread.

So, thought Melissa, it was as I expected.

'It means, I am afraid, Julia,' she answered, 'that you will be taken to the Punishment Room ... and there thrashed according to the degree of your offence.'

'NO ... NO ... OOO ... ' shrieked Julia, 'they couldn't possibly do ... do any more ... to me ... ' Once again she burst into tears.

'They can ... and will,' answered Melissa flatly.

'NO ... no ... it would ... k-kill me ... ' whimpered Julia.

'It won't,' said Melissa.

'I ... I just couldn't bear it ... ' the sobs came heaving out.

'You'll have to. I warned you earlier. Don't resist. Just submit and obey ... '

'It's not possible!' Julia screamed.

A wry look passed over Melissa's features. 'What did you do anyway?' she asked.

Julia covered her face in her hands. 'Oh ... oh ... it was awful ... there was this man ... with her ... that monster woman ... and ... and she told me ... to ... to show myself to him ... horribly indecently. Oh ... I just couldn't!'

Melissa regarded her dispassionately, thinking of how she had had to display herself earlier. 'I know how difficult it is,' she said with all the sympathy she could muster, 'but, as I have said, you only make things worse for yourself if

you don't obey. In time you'll get used to showing yourself to all and sundry; so the sooner you make a start the better.'

'How can you say such things!'

'I don't just say them ... I do them,' replied Melissa. 'Listen Julia ... doesn't it make sense. If you'd done it, you wouldn't be going to get a good hiding.'

'But I couldn't ... I just couldn't ... '

'You'll think differently when they're strapping you down on the Whipping Block ... '

'Don't ... OH ... DON'T!'

'You'd like to be able to change your mind then ... '

'DON'T ... ST ... OOPPP!'

'And when the rod begins to bite, you'd like to be able to change it even more.'

'ST ... OOOOPPP!' shrieked Julia.

Melissa shrugged. 'I'm only trying to help,' she said. she lay back and closed her eyes. What was the use. She knew she had reacted just the same herself at the beginning. It seemed that Julia was going to learn the hard way.

On the other side of the cabin, the heaving sobs continued.

Only just in time, as she caught the sound of the key turning in the lock, did Julia manage to jerk erect into the required kneeling posture. Icy terror went through her. Were they coming for her?

An attractive, dusky skinned woman entered the cabin. In contrast to Miss Judith's black, she was clad in white leather. Small bolero jacket, short skirt, thigh length boots on teetering heels. The 'regulation' strap dangled from her waist.

'I've come to take you to your knew master, Melissa,' she said with a happy smile.

The suggestion of a shudder went through Melissa. 'Yes, Miss,' she said. 'I am honoured to be called to serve him ... '

'True ... true ... ' The dusky woman's eyes turned to Julia. 'I see you have acquired a pretty companion,' she said.

'Yes, Miss,' said Melissa. The meekness she could put into her voice was quite remarkable.

The overseer's eyes turned to Julia. 'I'm Miss Mara,' she

said, 'I have no doubt we will be meeting again.'

The dusky hand stroked the length of supple tan leather which dangled down from her waist belt.

'Y-Yes ... Miss ... ' whispered Julia, striving to imitate the meekness which Melissa had just voiced.

'In fact,' said Miss Mara, 'I don't think it will be too long before I'll be having you on one of my Department Classes. Something all the girls appreciate. eh Melissa?'

'Yes, Miss ... '

'Come along then,' said Miss Mara, as she unfastened the chain from the ringbolt. 'I'll take you to the Treatment Room first ... where you can pretty up for your master.'

Submissively Melissa followed the half-caste out of the cabin on the end of the collar and chain. There was no point in resistance, no point in protest, no point in pleading. This she knew all too well. She had tried all three before. and suffered accordingly.

She knew, as sure as night followed day, that she would spend a half and hour or so in the Treatment Room (where every aid to beautify herself was available and had to be used) before being led into further depths of degradation.

Melissa strove to close her mind.

It was simpler that way.

Left alone, Julia lay trembling weakly.

From what she had witnessed it was obvious that Melissa was simply being given to some man for his enjoyment. An impossible thought! Yet evidently true!

Would it ... could it ... ever happen to her one day?

Julia sobbed heart-rendingly. How could she deserve such a terrible fate? Whatever had she done?

Then Julia began to tremble more violently, recalling Miss Judith's words that morning. I can't bear any more pain, she said to herself, I simply can't. They must know that. They must!

Surely I will faint the moment they come for me? Anything more would be impossible to endure. There must be some mercy, some release, in the Universe somewhere!

And as her nervous apprehension mounted moment by moment, a niggling worm of doubt came into her mind.

Perhaps Melissa was right. Perhaps it would have been better to degrade herself as had been demanded of her.

Gordon Crane lay on his bed, wearing only a pair of trunks. He had had a couple of large brandies to calm his nerves. Yes ... to calm himself down. For it was difficult to believe that a ravishing creature like Melissa was to be brought to him. As his personal slave. For his use.

Of course, a delightfully exciting idea ... but not all that easy to take in one's stride. With casualness. After all, it was a little unusual. What he didn't realise was that his reactions were perfectly natural for a 'first-timer' on the Paradise. On the other hand, as had happened in Quentin Osman's case, it only took a day or two to adapt to a quite unique environment.

There was a knock on the door.

'Come in ... ' he called, his heart giving an extra thump.

The dusky Miss Mara entered, leading Melissa on a slim golden chain attached to an equally slim collar about her neck.

'Your slave, sir,' said the overseer.

Melissa looked even more desirable than before. She wore black stockings held by the flimsiest black suspender belt. And the tiniest black net bra and panty set imaginable. Not a covering, but sheer decoration. Rich auburn hair cascaded gleaming to her white shoulders.

'Er ... thank you,' said Gordon, half sitting up.

He watched as Melissa went to her knees while Miss Mara unfastened the golden collar about her neck. Could this lovely woman really be his?

'Any misdemeanours on the part of the slave should be reported, sir,' said Miss Mara.

'Oh ... yes?'

'And they will be dealt with accordingly.'

'I see ... '

'On the other hand,' continued Miss Mara, 'any minor matters may be dealt with by yourself personally, sir. You will find a paddle and a cane in the chest of drawers. Do not hesitate to use them if you think fit.'

'No ... I see ... well then ... if that's what you say,' said Gordon, feeling the twitch of his nerves again. He couldn't take his lustful eyes off Melissa's body. My God ... she's ... mine ... he kept saying to himself. It was incredible, but it was obviously true.

'You have only to use the house-phone if you want me ... or anything else,' said Miss Mara.

'Thank you ... thank you ... that's most kind,' said Gordon.

Miss Mara withdrew and closed the door quietly. Melissa remained kneeling, head slightly bowed. She felt sick to the depths of her soul, but not for an instant did it show.

Gordon lay back and contemplated her. What a marvellous fuck she's going to make, he thought, blood beginning to bubble.

Yes ... really marvellous ...

But, before that, there would be a few games to play. After all, he could do what he liked, couldn't he? He had certainly been told that. Then his thoughts turned to the implements in the drawer. He could use those if he wished. The idea was very exciting. But, perhaps, a little later. Just for fun ...

Yes ... there could be a lot of fun in that!

Meanwhile his slave knelt submissively, awaiting his orders. How quite utterly delightful!

CHAPTER FIVE

Frantically Julia fought to check the pull of the iron collar about her neck. She pulled on the chain, she tried to dig in her heels ... yet remorselessly Miss Judith strode on before her.

'No ... no ... please ... ' Julia kept choking out, 'it wasn't my fault ... I ... couldn't help it ... please ... please understand.'

Miss Judith strode on ... her victim in tow.

It was time for those 'on Report' to be dealt with.

The double doors of the Punishment Room came in sight. The lettering above them was stark and clear.

'NO!' shrieked Julia. 'NO ... OOO ... MERCE ... EEE ... I'LL DO ANYTHING ... ANYTHING YOU WANT ... '

Miss Judith strode on, the collar cutting into Julia's neck. The doors opened and Julia was lugged mercilessly in. Virtually dragged in. But that made no difference. She was in. To receive what, in terms of the regime of the Paradise, was justly regarded as 'her desserts!'

Two naked women were already linked to a side wall by collar and chain. Julia, weeping hysterically, joined Miss Mara who was already seated on a leather chair alongside a wooden dais. At the back of the dais, stood Jason and Ahmed, faces impassive, arms folded. There were two seats on the dais. Both were empty. They awaited Madame Vesta and Miss Kaufman, who was her chief assistant.

The stage, one might say, was set.

And, on the Paradise, it was a very familiar stage and a very familiar setting. The performance began regularly at seven o'clock in the evening precisely.

A minute before that time, the double doors opened again and the two black clad figures entered. Menacing, remorseless, and as inevitable as doom. Julia, still weeping, crouched like a desolate child against the wall; the two women alongside her, though silent, began to tremble.

Madame Vesta and her chief assistant took their seats on

the dais. There were a few seconds' tense silence.

'I will now deal with those on Report,' announced Madame Vesta in a sepulchral voice.

'You've got very good tits,' said Gordon Crane, his voice a little thick.

'Thank you ... master,' responded Melissa. She was now kneeling between Gordon's thighs, having removed her tiny bra and panty set, as ordered. Gordon, too, was naked, and solidly in erection.

Yes, two lovely handfuls, thought Gordon hotly, as he felt the nipples firming involuntarily. Although she was temporarily his 'slave', Melissa had more 'class' about her than any woman he could remember. That made it all the more enjoyable.

'Do you like me doing this?'

'I am your slave, master ... '

'But do you like me doing this?'

'Y-Yes ... master ... it is an honour ... '

One of Gordon's hands slipped down and he began to fondly Melissa more intimately. To his surprise and delight, she did not recoil but, if anything, proffered herself to his touch.

'And that?'

'Ah ... y-yes ... master ... I am your slave ... '

Gordon's fingers delved.

'And that?'

'Yes ... yes ... master ... I am here to please you, master ... '

My God, this is the life, thought Gordon. And I've got this beauty as long as I stay here. He couldn't imagine Diana - his wife - ever being made to behave like this. Still, what did that matter at that moment. You never knew anyway.

'Suck me,' he said, with a sudden urgency.

A warm, wet mouth instantly slipped over his rigid organ, with lips and tongue working at once to perfection.

She certainly knows what she's doing, thought Gordon happily, as he lay back on the bed ... yes ... oh yes ... indeed. It was just a question of how long he had the will-power to go on letting her do it.

As he enjoyed the exquisitely sucking mouth ... so expert

... so zealous ... he let his mind review the images of the day. Of the kneeling Julia in particular ... of her sweating body on the deck ... of the strap falling repeatedly on her shapely bottom.

Delightful ... oh ... oh ... yes ... quite delightful ...

He looked down to see Melissa's deep auburn head rising and falling rhythmically.

Mmmm ... pure joy ... pure joy ...

And his ... yes ... his!

What was more, this was but a beginning to his pleasures.

In the Punishment Room, a young, fair-haired woman knelt on a wooden stool before the dais. Though well-developed, she could scarcely have been more than twenty or twenty-one years old. Beside her, one hand on hip in easy arrogance, stood Miss Mara.

'Jennie on Report,' said the overseer.

Madame Vesta inclined her head gravely. Miss Kaufman stared impassively ahead.

'This is not a matter of disciplinary punishment, Ma'am,' said Miss Mara, 'but a directive from her owner ... '

'Ah yes,' said Madame Vest, 'I recall the cable.'

Julia's sobbing wails continued loudly. She was huddled to the wall. Madame Vesta signed to one of the black assistants behind her. Ahmed stepped forward.

'Gag her,' came the command. Madame Vesta's finger pointed to the cringing figure on the wall.

Ahmed stepped off the dais, took a rubber-ball gag off a bench and moved towards Julia.

'NO ... OO ... '

The cry was cut off in mid-air as the gag went into her mouth and the straps which were attached to it were buckled behind her head. The wails were at once reduced to whimpering snorts.

'That's better,' said Madame Vesta. 'Please proceed Miss Mara.'

Julia's eyes bulged wildly as she gazed upon the unbelievable scene ... and heard the equally unbelievable pronouncements.

'The directive is,' said Miss Mara, 'that Jennie receive ten strokes of the birch ... on three alternate nights. No reason is given by her owner.'

'No reason is necessary,' pronounced Madame Vesta majestically.

'Quite so, smiled Miss Mara in return.

The kneeling figure remained with fair head bowed, shivering delicately.

'Was the type or weight of birch specified?' asked Madame Vesta.

'No, Ma'am ... '

'Hhmmm ... then I think a normal, medium weight birch would be appropriate,' said Madame Vesta. She signed behind her again. 'Jason, put this slave over the Birching Hurdle.'

The huge Negro descended from the dais. Momentarily Jennie shied away, but was immediately gripped by the neck and carried rather like a chicken to one side of the Punishment Room. There stood a stout wooden pole on two equally stout supports. Jennie was draped over the pole ... and her ankles locked to her wrists by manacles. Her toes just touched the floor. It was at this point that her shoulders began to heave with sobs, though she made no actual outcry or protest.

'Miss Mara,' said Madame Vesta, 'since Jennie is primarily in your charge, you will apply the birch.'

'Yes, Ma'am ... '

Miss Mara moved to the opposite wall. There stood three tanks in which the three different weights of birches were kept constantly in brine water. The light birch was composed of eight supple, green birch slivers ... the medium of twelve ... and the heavy of sixteen. Miss Mara removed her birch from the middle tank and swished it through the air, sending the brine water flying.

Then she took up a position several feet behind Jennie. She eyed the young white flesh which was already beginning to quiver and quake. Jennie's whimpers grew louder.

With accustomed expertise, Miss Mara took two paces forward, raising the birch at the same time. Then it came slashing down ... delivered with maximum force.

A howl of pain came from Jennie and she threshed wildly along the length of the Hurdle. A multiple blaze of weals striped her buttock flesh. Then Miss Mara stepped a pace or two back ... and, as she stepped forward, the birch came slashing down once more.

Julia closed her eyes to the terrifying scene. She slumped down so that the iron collar bit cruelly into her neck. She couldn't bear it ... she couldn't!

But though she did not look, she could not stop herself hearing.

Again and again ... at rhythmic intervals ... there came the deadly hissing-whistle of the birch slivers ... the slashing sound of them across naked flesh ... the agonised howls of torment from Jennie.

Ten times did she endure this torment.

Because it had been directed by her owner.

A mass of thin weals lacerated her hindquarters when Miss Mara replaced the birch in its tank. The girl's moaning cries were pitiable ... as, unceremoniously, Jason released her from the Birching Hurdle, carried her back to the wall and re-chained her alongside Julia.

There she hung, still sobbing, having received but the first of three such 'directed; punishments from her owner!

It can't be ... it can't be ... Julia's mind was screaming! It can't be ... it can't! Oh god ... they can't be going to do anything more to me! It's not possible ... no ... no ... no ... surely I must die first!

'Next ... ' said Madame Vesta coldly.

With long striding grace, Miss Mara moved towards the girl who was chained next to the weeping Jennie.

Julia was to be kept until last.

That, understandably, was a most salutary experience for new-comers!

For to watch and to wait was a torment in itself.

Gordon Crane was really beginning to enjoy himself. He had had another brandy and was even more relaxed. And he was getting used to the idea of having a lovely woman as a 'slave' ... whom he could order to do what he liked and he could do whatever he liked with. A unique experience and a uniquely satisfying one.

'Let's have another look at you,' he said. 'Like in the cabin. You made a pretty picture.'

He couldn't help grinning with lascivious delight as, without delay or demure, Melissa knelt on all fours, pushed her nose to the carpet, thrust up her hindquarters in a high curve and then parted her thighs.

'Mmmm ... ' he said, 'very pretty ... '

He slipped his hand between the widened cleft and began to finger the pouting sex lips.

'I'm going to frig you,' he said, a finger going to the clitoris, 'you'll like that, won't you?'

'Y-Yes, master,' whispered Melissa.

She gritted her teeth to endure the marauding touch ... that touch which she knew would ultimately bring her to a climax. A climax she did not want but which Nature would force upon her. That was one of the things she hated most. Giving a man that satisfaction.

Gordon's finger moved faster and faster as he gazed down at the lush white curves before him. He played for some two or three minutes, feeling Melissa getting wetter and warmer all the time.

'Liking it?' he asked. Somehow he sensed what an effort it was for Melissa to maintain her self-control under such treatment ... and thus enjoyed what he was doing all the more.

'Yes, master,' answered Melissa in a tight voice.

Gordon saw the soft flesh begin to quiver slightly; noted the little jerks of the haunches. What fun it was to have a plaything like this! He grinned again.

'Tell me when you're going to come,' said Gordon.

Melissa's haunches began to jerk faster. The inevitable was happening to her, try and resist it as she might. She hated it ... she hated herself ... she hated the beast who was doing it to her. But there was nothing she could do about it.

'Ahh ... ahh ... ' she gasped suddenly. 'I'm c-coming ... I'm coming ... you're making me ... c-come ... master ... '

'Good ... good ... ' smile Gordon happily, his finger moving even faster, 'enjoy yourself, my pretty.'

Melissa suddenly twisted squirming to the floor, uttering a loud moaning cry.

'Now ... now!' she sobbed out breathlessly.

Gordon removed his finger from between the still twitching cleft and gently slapped the delicious curve of Melissa's bottom.

'Good girl,' he said.

His lust was intense but, somehow, he wanted to put off the moment of taking Melissa for the first time. Perhaps the fact that he knew he could do so whenever he wanted, and as often as he wanted, enabled him to control himself.

'Kneel up.' he said. He was getting used to giving orders already.

Melissa obeyed, a bleak despairing look of humiliation in her eyes. This beast had witnessed her inner lust.

'Tell me about yourself,' said Gordon Crane, sitting back on the bed, 'your background ... who sent you here ... how long you've been here. I'm interested. You see, I'm thinking of sending someone here.'

This was another thing Melissa particularly hated. Having to go back over old ground ... to recall a life that now seemed an unimaginable dream. It was a mental agony.

But she had to do it. She had done it before. Potential clients seemed to like to find out as much as they could. So she had her story off pat. Occasionally Gordon would interrupt her as she went along.

'This man James wasn't your husband then?'

'No, master ... '

'But you were unfaithful to him?'

'Yes, master ... '

'With one man or many?'

'Only one, master ... '

'You certainly paid for that,' grinned Gordon.

Melissa's features twitched. How bitter to be reminded of that!

'Are you often whipped here, Melissa?'

'Not often actually whipped, master.'

'But you have other punishments, yes? What are they?'

'Mostly the strap, master.'

'That would be the strap the overseers carry?'

'Yes, master.'

'What else?'

'Mostly the cane, master. For what are considered more serious offences. Sometimes the birch.'

Gordon nodded ... and took another swig of brandy. It was astounding to be talking to this woman in this fashion and to be getting such replies. Replies stated with complete frankness; as if they were the natural order of events.

'What was your last punishment, Melissa?' he asked.

Melissa brow puckered. 'You mean a punishment on Report, master?' That is to say, an 'official' one, as against the overseer's strap?'

'Yes,' nodded Gordon. It was amazing, that vicious strap scarcely seemed to rank as a proper punishment!

'Eighteen strokes of the cane, master.'

Gordon's eyebrows went up. 'Whew ... ' he said, 'that

must have been rather painful, eh?’

‘Yes, master.’ Melissa’s voice was a whisper. Of God, how long was this hideous interrogation going on!

‘What was that for?’

‘I ... I ... it seems ... displeased one of the overseer’s assistants ... ’

‘How?’

‘Sexually, master ... ’

‘Oh ... they can have you too, can they?’

‘Anyone can have me, master. That is what my owner has decreed.’

Gordon nodded again. ‘Would you say eighteen strokes of the cane was a severe punishment?’ he asked.

Melissa shook her head. ‘No, master. About ... perhaps ... average ... ’

‘Well, what’s the most strokes of the cane you’ve had?’

‘Thirty-six, master ... ’

‘My God!’ How the Hell could a woman endure such a thing, he wondered.

‘I was ordered forty-eight, master ... but fainted after thirty-six.’

‘I’m not surprised,’ said Gordon. He was not, at that stage, aware of the special stimulants which were employed.

‘I got the remaining twelve the next day,’ said Melissa.

How could she say such a thing so calmly, wondered Gordon Crane? It was quite incredible. Madame Vesta’s methods and regime certainly were remarkable.

‘Well,’ he smiled benignly, ‘if you’re a good girl, I won’t have to cane you, will I? Maybe I’ll just smack your bottom for fun. It’s an excellent bottom ... and I’ve never smacked a woman’s bottom before.’

‘Thank ... you ... master ... ’ replied Melissa, her mouth twitching.

How nice, reflected Gordon, to have a woman thank you when you’ve just told her you’re going to smack her bottom!

Gordon lay back on the bed.

‘Alright,’ he said. ‘Now come and suck me again, girlie. You’re very good at that. Afterwards I think I’ll simply have to fuck you. I’m sure you’re very good at that as well.’

Melissa made no reply.

Submissively she ingratiated herself on to the bed and, sliding between Gordon’s thighs, took his half-flaccid penis

into her mouth.

The second girl in the Punishment Room had been dealt with. She had not been punished there but had been sentenced to two hours on the Treadmills which were situated in another part of the vessel.

When she had been taken away, Miss Judith stepped forward.

'Julia on Report, Ma'am,' she said.

Madame Vesta signed to Jason to bring the cringing figure forward. She was literally dragged to the stool ... and then kept there by Jason's vice-like grip on her neck. The high-pitched sounds of terror never ceased to jet from her flared nostrils.

'I know about this matter, of course, Miss Judith.'

'Yes, Ma'am ... '

'A serious offence, of course. Most serious,' went on Madame Vesta. 'But we must make allowances for Julia's inexperience.'

'I suppose so, Ma'am.' By her tone, one could guess that Miss Judith was not particularly in favour of 'leniency' for newcomers!

Madame Vesta swivelled her black eyes back to Julia, and Jason yanked the girl's head back by the hair so she had to look directly into that dread face.

'You will receive eighteen strokes of the cane, slave,' she said. 'And, while you are getting them, I want you to remember one thing. If ever you are guilty of disobedience of than nature again, you will get thirty-six!'

It seemed for a moment that Julia's eyes would bulge right out of her head. She shook her head slightly. She reckoned twenty-four would have been nearer the mark. Still, as she would be giving them, she intended to make sure Julia really felt every one 'loud and clear'.

'Ahmed ... bring up the Whipping Pillory,' ordered Madame Vesta. 'Jason you will put this disobedient wretch into it ... '

The two Negro assistants hastened to obey.

'You, Miss Judith, will administer the punishment,' went on Madame Vesta. 'Use a four foot six medium weight rod.'

'Yes, Ma'am ... '

Miss Judith was glad of the choice of instrument. The one specified was the longest one employed and thus one could get

the maximum whip-lashing effect out of it. Certainly more than the other lengths, which went down in six inch decreases until three feet was reached. She turned and stepped to the rack from where the rods hung, each held by a small loop attached to the leather handle-grip.

It was at this point that Julia, who had slumped forward after Jason had released her, realised she had powers of movement. Making a last frantic effort, she forced herself up ... stumbled this way and that ... then began to run wildly hither and thither about the Punishment Room. She had the panic-stricken, darting motions of a rabbit being chased by hounds.

Madame Vesta seemed quite unmoved.

Then Jason, who had helped Ahmed move the heavy Whipping Pillory into a position in front of the dais, loped across the room ... and, in no time at all, it seemed, had pounced. Julia was brought kicking and struggling back. Once more she was forced to her knees on the stool.

Madame Vesta regarded her stonily.

'You will receive six extra strokes for resistance, slave.' she said.

A brief smile flickered over Miss Judith's lips. She now had the cane and was flexing it experimentally. It seemed in very good condition to her. All the rods were kept in a mixture of water and vinegar to maintain their suppleness ... and were only hung up when required for use. She ran her fingers along the smooth length. The rod was of willow, a very pale yellowish colour. Miss Judith swished it once or twice through the air. Yes ... it felt very good. She hoped she was in accurate mood for she wanted to overlap as many weals as possible. Those were the truly memorable ones!

Ahmed raised the top of the Whipping Pillory and Jason placed Julia's neck (the iron collar having been removed) in the lower semi-circles alongside the larger one. Then Ahmed lowered the top of the Whipping Block, bringing down the other halves of the circles. Julia was most effectually entrapped. The padlock on the latch at the side clicked home.

A small 'horse' was now manoeuvred into position. It had a rounded, leather bolster-type top and was placed parallel with the back of the Pillory. Then Jason picked up Julia's body and draped her over the bolster ... so that her belly and flanks rested on it.

'I want her tight,' said Madame Vesta. 'As tight as possible.'

The reason for this directive was that punishments were administered in two fashions. One with the victim left 'loose, as Julia was at the moment, and the other with her 'tight' ... which meant that the thighs were pulled under the 'horse' and secured, thus curving the buttocks and stretching the skin taut.

This latter method, as will be understood, was a more painful fashion in which to receive the rod than the first!

Jason and Ahmed each took one of her long white thighs and pulled it under the 'horse'. Then leather straps were buckled about the lower part of the thighs. From each of these ran a leather thong, which went through an iron eyelet set in the back of the Pillory. These thongs were then pulled until Julia's thighs were stretched as much as possible.

Miss Judith stood watching with sadistic pleasure as the curve of her bottom became more tightly rounded ... the flesh at its tautest ... the cleft widened.

Jason and Ahmed stepped back and Miss Judith stepped forward into position. This would be the first really good hiding she had given Julia (but surely not the last!) and that was always enjoyable.

'Remove the gag, Jason!' ordered Madame Vesta, 'and let's hear this English nightingale sing!'

'Oh you beauty ... y-you b-beauty ... I knew you'd make a lovely fuck ... '

Having enjoyed his various hors d'oeuvres, Gordon Crane was getting down to his main course.

Part of those hors d'oeuvres had consisted of giving Melissa a manual spanking. That was something she could take in her stride. Certainly the humiliation of the thing was far worse than the pain. For his part, Gordon had much enjoyed the shapely bottom bouncing and quivering under his repeated slaps, and getting redder and redder. As he had told Melissa he had always wanted to smack a woman's bottom ... and he found he enjoyed it more than he expected. Perhaps he would use a paddle on her later.

'Mmmm ... yes ... work it, my girl ... mmm ... yes ... that's good ... good ... '

Miss Melissa was in the same position as that when Gordon had

first inspected her. That is to say, kneeling with hindquarters raised, thighs splayed ... and Gordon was taking her from the rear, Roman fashion, as it is sometimes called. Others like to call it dog fashion.

Gordon gripped her flanks and was looking down at his rigid member gliding in and out. He couldn't have been enjoying himself more. This luscious young woman was liquid hot and she was giving him all she could. Gordon could feel that. Melissa, of course, had to. She worked her haunches in rhythmic reactions to Gordon's thrusts, undulating and squirming to give him maximum pleasure.

Soon she began to pant ...

That was not simulated. Nature had taken over again as the solid organ drove relentlessly in and out.

'Are ... are ... y-you ... coming, my b-beauty?' panted Gordon in return.

'Y-er ... ess ... y-yes ... master ... ' gasped Melissa.

Gordon began to thrust harder and faster.

'M-Me ... ee ... t-toooo..' he said.

Whimpering, knowing yet another defeat for her pride, but lost in the irrepressible surge of her orgasm, Melissa squirmed convulsively with lust.

Julia could not squirm.

Not even with pain.

For her hindquarters had been so tightly and tautly secured, she had hardly an inch of play.

Yet in her mind she squirmed. Frenziedly, but never able to escape ... while she howled like a demented banshee..

She had received twelve strokes from Miss Judith ... and, at each one, Julia had felt she would rather die than receive another. Yet steadily they came at about five second intervals, biting with an agonising bite beyond true description.

Six fell from her left hand side ...

Six fell from her right hand side ...

So, in turn, each flank felt the full whip-lashing effect as the rod whistled down under the full flailing force of Miss Judith's arm. Skillfully she was concentrating her attack on the central six or nine inches of Julia's curving buttocks. This was made easier, since her victim was unable to writhe this way or that. Something that was, perhaps, a more pleasurable spectacle; but on the other hand, this was

a more effective punishment.

A punishment that was but half over.

Miss Judith stepped back to the left hand side again. There was a sadistic brightness in her eyes. She was enjoying herself hugely. Julia would not forget this in a hurry! Especially the second half.

Miss Judith brought the rod slashing down, overlaying a weal already raised.

One would have expected Julia's awful shrieks to be even louder and more agonised ... because of the even greater intensity of pain.

But not so. Such had been the terrible strain on her vocal chords, they had lost their resilience. High-pitched piping, croaking and rattling sounds came from her throat ... and something like the hissing sound made by a steam train.

Seen from the front - the view of those on the dais - at each new stroke Julia's eyes gaped blazing wide and her mouth became a letter-box red maw of excruciating torment.

Yet the faces on that dais were impassive. This was no unusual spectacle for them. It was simply part and parcel of any punishment of any severity. All the same, deep down, throbbed the sadistic delight at what they saw; at what they had organised, and had the power to decrease or increase at will.

Eighteen strokes completed, Miss Judith stepped to the other side again. That had been Julia's original allotment. Now there were six more to come for her 'resistance'. Those six would be the worst of all. So Julia was unlikely to 'resist' again. That was the purpose of punishment.

the rod whistled and bit into the weal-striped flesh ... and the inhuman sounds continued to jet from Julia's throat.

Perhaps she fainted just before the end, for her eyes closed and her head slumped forward. All the same, she virtually escaped nothing.

CHAPTER SIX

After two days under sedation and treatment, Julia was taken back to her cabin-cell by Miss Judith.

'Now you know what a good caning's like, don't you, slave?' said Miss Judith.

'Y-Yes, Miss ... '

Julia was shivering as she knelt on her bunk. Now she was in even greater dread of the blonde overseer ... not to mention the whole system. Her pride and resistance had already seemingly shrunk to a pin-point. She would not have recognised herself as the same person of a few weeks before ... nor even believed she could have become so cowed in so short a time. but it was a fact.

She scarcely resented Miss Judith's authority over her. she simply accepted it.

The fact that she was addressed as 'slave' scarcely concerned her either. She accepted that too.

Indeed, she was gradually being forced to accept the fact that she was a slave.

Which, of course, was the intention. Furthermore, she would be made a most able and willing slave by the time Quentin Osman returned.

'And you recall what Madame said before I thrashed you?'

'N-No ... n-not exactly, Miss ... '

'Well, I will refresh your memory, slave,' said Miss Judith. 'she told you that, if there was any more disobedience of that fashion - that is to say, refusing to display your wares to a gentleman - you would receive thirty-six strokes.'

Julia shuddered convulsively. Such cruelty did not seem possible. Certainly not endurable. But she knew in her heart that this was no idle threat. The punishment would be carried out if it was considered merited. No matter how unjust ... or how vile ... the circumstances.

Her mind reeled.

Somehow ... somehow, she said to herself, I must make myself obey. Oh God give me strength to do so!

'Is that clearly understood?'

'Y-Yes ... Miss ... '

'Good. And let it also be clearly understood that, if the occasion arises, I shall enjoy giving them to you.' Miss Judith deliberately spoke with callous cruelty. 'You have a bottom made for the rod, my girl.'

Julia shuddered uncontrollably again. Though there was a black core of hate in her heart for this blonde sadist, there was a bigger black core of fear of her.

'Yes, Miss,' she said meekly.

Miss Judith smiled suddenly and briefly. 'I do believe you're beginning to learn,' she said. 'Though you've got a long way to go yet.'

It was delightful to have this supremely arrogant and short-tempered woman beginning to crawl to her!

'Now,' said Miss Judith, 'we'll have a little rehearsal ... of what happens it, at some time in the future, a gentleman wishes to take a look at your charms.'

Julia's mouth twitched, she shuddered again, but remained silent.

'Now,' continued Miss Judith, 'you at once get down on hands and knees, if you're not already there, and stick your nose down to the bench, the deck, the floor or whatever. Do that ... '

Julia moved from the obligatory kneeling posture on the bench, knelt as instructed and pressed her nose to the wood. She closed her eyes, fighting down her thoughts ... the sudden prickling resurgence of pride ... and willed herself to obey.

Shut off your mind, she said to herself. But how difficult it was!

'Next,' said Miss Julia, 'you dip your back here ... ' She put a finger in the small of Julia's back, 'and you stick your bottom as high as you can. Do that ... '

Julia obeyed, gritting her teeth. How worse it would have been, she thought, if a man had actually been present.

'You can do better than that,' said Miss Judith. 'Get it up and out as much as possible. Yes that's better. You've got a good bottom ... and you should be proud of it. Proud to show it.'

Julia gritted her teeth tighter. She could have wept. but did not.

'Finally,' said Miss Judith, 'you open your thighs. Do

that ... '

Once more, shaking with the effort, Julia obeyed. Oh the utter humiliation of it!

'Wider than that,' said Miss Judith. 'You're supposed to be showing yourself, remember.'

With a dry sob, Julia splayed her thighs wider; as wide as she could. It was the most undignified posture that a woman could possibly adopt. Both of them knew it.

'Good,' said Miss Judith complacently. 'Yes ... that's quite good. And that, slave, is the correct position under such circumstances. If you had adopted it on deck, or something similar to it, you would have escaped a good hiding. Still, I don't suppose you'll make the same mistake in future, will you?'

'No ... Miss ... ' whispered Julia.

'Right then,' continued Miss Judith. 'To impress it on you ... you will remain like that until I return, if you are not in the same position when I return, you'll go on report again.'

'Oh God ... no ... ' gasped Julia involuntarily.

Miss Judith smiled. With that caning she had certainly got through to her 'new recruit'!

'I'm afraid so,' she said. Then she turned and left the cabin-cell. The key turned.

Thus it was that, twenty-five-year-old Julia Chant, the desirable and desired pseudo-socialite ... once the object of repeated flattery and attention ... once the envy of so many ... knelt naked and shamed, her nose to the boards, an iron collar attached to a chain about her neck.

And she dare not move!

'Suck, girlie, suck ... mmm ... that's great ... '

This was the third day Gordon Crane had had Melissa as his personal slave girl. Unfortunately for him, it would be the last (for the time being anyway) for the demands of business-duty called. He had to leave the Paradise.

He lay back enjoying the delicious sensations. This time I'll let her mouth do all the work, he said to himself. He'd done that before needless to say. A little later, he'd just about have time to fuck her once more.

Yes, he must have her again. She was too good to miss. The perfect sex-slave.

'Mmmm ... mmm ... lovely ... you're going to get the load this time ... '

The mouth seemed to suck even more zealously.

Gordon had been having a whale of a time in the previous forty-eight hours ... and was beginning to feel just a trifle jaded. Well worth that, of course!

In between slaking his inordinate sexual lust upon the lovely Melissa he had enjoyed exceedingly having her simply as a plaything. To order about as he wished ... to pose as he wished ... to humiliate as he wished. There had seemed nothing humanly possible that she would not do whenever he said the word. Quite remarkable!

He had spanked her a few times, paddled her and once, just for the Hell of it, had caned her. Nothing untoward. Just a dozen good, crisp strokes. Melissa, in fact, had made more of a fuss over receiving them than she need have done. She realised her 'master' got more kicks that way.

Gordon began to mount swiftly to his climax, gripping Melissa's auburn hair as he did so. Oh God ... it ... it was marvellous ...

She was giving him everything ...

Haunches jerking, the bubble burst ... and Gordon jettied the lava of his lust.

Melissa went on sucking avidly.

A 'slave' did not stop before her 'master' had given everything he'd got!

The helicopter was due to land shortly on the platform which had been raised at the aft end of the Paradise.

It was all part of the organisation.

'I'm glad you're sending Diana here,' said Madame Vesta. 'I'm sure you won't be disappointed.'

'From what I've seen, I'm sure I won't,' smiled Gordon Crane. He felt contented and relaxed. Masterful and confident. That Melissa really had done something for his ego. 'It will be damned good for her,' he added with almost a snarl.

'Yes ... yes ... ' said Madame Vesta sympathetically, 'infidelity can be a most painful and annoying thing. That is probably the reason why over two thirds of the girls are sent here.'

'So I would imagine ... '



He had enjoyed exceedingly having her simply as a plaything...

'You will make the necessary financial transfer then? Into the Swiss bank account? And I will make all the other arrangements. It will go quite smoothly, I assure you, Mr. Crane. I should think Diana will be aboard in a month or six weeks.'

'Fine ... fin ... ' said Gordon, instinctively rubbing his hands. That two-timing bitch deserved all she was going to get!

At that moment, Gordon Crane espied the tall, leather-clad figure of Miss Judith coming down the deck towards them. In tow, she had a slave-girl. Gordon saw it was the exceedingly attractive Julia ... the one similar to Melissa but with dark hair. His mind went back to that day on the deck and he rather wondered what had happened. However, he noted that the shapely figure looked fit, well and unmarked again. Amazing place that Recovery Room.

'Good afternoon Mr. Crane,' smiled Miss Judith, 'you may remember Julia?'

Gordon smiled and nodded. 'As a matter of fact I do,' he said. A few days before he would have felt embarrassed at the situation. No longer.

'Er ... you put in a request the other day ... '

'Did I? Oh yes ... I remember now.' Gordon could see a nerve in one of Julia's cheeks twitching. She was biting her lower lip fiercely.

'Are you still of the same mind?'

'Well, yes,' grinned Gordon. Slaked as he was with Melissa, indeed why not?

Miss Judith looked at Julia.

'Show yourself to this gentleman, slave,' she ordered.

With scarcely a moment's delay, Julia got down on to hands and knees. A terrible groaning sob came from her as she swivelled round. Then, as she must, she put her nose to the deck, thrust up her hindquarters and opened her thighs. She remained there, shuddering ... groaning ... the knuckles of both hands clenched white alongside her head.

'Mmmm ... ' said Gordon appreciatively, 'very pretty ...'

He continued to gaze. Yes, this Julia was quite some dish.

'You may note, Mr. Crane,' said Miss Judith, 'that Julia's behaviour has improved in the last few days.'

'Yes, I do,' said Gordon.

'She has learnt what disobedience brings,' said Miss Judith.

Gordon saw the faint, quivering twitch of Julia's soft white nates. No doubt they'd really put her through it. Still ... it worked ... it worked ... no doubt of that!

It was a final and fitting demonstration of the efficiency of the regime aboard the Paradise.

For at that moment the sound of the approaching helicopter could be heard.

'W-Where have you been?'

Julia was back in the cabin-cell; the degradation of the incident on the deck still burned within her.

'I have been the personal slave of a beast called Gordon Crane,' answered Melissa with weary bitterness.

Julia realised that, compared with what Melissa had had to do and what she had had to do - she must be making a fuss over nothing. Yet it did not feel like it.

'I ... feel sorry for you ... ' she whispered.

'Don't,' said Melissa shortly. 'Save any sorrow for yourself. It could happen to you one day.'

It was something that Julia would have believed utterly impossible not long ago. Now she knew it was true. She stayed silent.

'What happened to you?' asked Melissa after a while.

'On ... on Report ... you mean?'

'Yes ... '

'I got caned. By Miss Judith.'

Melissa nodded. 'It might have been worse,' she said.

Julia raised her eyebrows disbelievingly and shuddered.

'Oh no ... ' she whispered.

'How many did you get then?'

'Twenty-four ... ' replied Julia, still shuddering at the memory. 'Eighteen to begin with,' she added, 'then another six for ... for being foolish ... '

'Resisting?'

'Yes ... '

Melissa sighed. 'Although I warned you, I know it isn't easy, believe me. But do go on trying, Julia. And ... and ... I do understand that, especially when you're first here, twenty-four of the rod really is quite terrible.' She composed herself as best she could on her hard bunk. At least she was rid of that disgusting bastard.

Julia composed herself likewise. The two lovely young women lay naked, in abject silence.

CHAPTER SEVEN

During the following week, Julia had two more sessions at deck scrubbing and, although she made a greater effort from the beginning, and also achieved considerably more, she still got plenty of leather from Miss Judith.

Also, to her terrified dismay (for she had worked her guts out, she thought) she was put on Report again after the first session. Her mental ordeal on being led to the Punishment Room beggared description.

Once there, weeping with dread, she was forced to watch and listen while young Jennie received the third and final birching, as decreed by her master. The poor girl's bottom was already in a most tender state, for she had received no treatment after the first two birchings. That had been deliberate.

Her cries were truly heart-rending as the twigs slashed down ... and filled Julia with even greater dread.

Then, before the dais, Julia heard her 'crime' pronounced by Miss Judith.

It was 'lack of effort'.

Incredible! And untrue.

'Twelve strokes of the medium rod. Three foot length,' said Madame Vesta.

Terrible as that was, it was not as terrible as Julia had half expected. Wisely, she made no resistance as Jason led her to the Whipping Block. For such minor correction, the Pillory was not employed.

Involuntarily, she begged and promised as she was strapped down. Even though she knew it could do no good.

Miss Judith laid on with her customary venom and, though the rod was not as vicious as the first Julia had felt, it was quite, quite agonising enough for Julia. Moreover, she was given no treatment following this ordeal so that the weals throbbed and stabbed through-out the night.

'You'll work harder tomorrow, slave,' said Miss Judith complacently as she chained up her charge. 'You'll be sur-

prised what you can do.'

Julia was.

Never had she imagined she was capable of such unstinted effort ... exhausting as it was.

And, by that effort, she escaped a second caning.

Miss Judith was quite pleased. Julia was 'breaking in' nicely.

On the following day, Julia had to attend one of Miss Mara's 'Deportment Classes'.

This was scarcely less exhausting. Or less painful. For, since she was a newcomer, the dusky overseer was inclined to concentrate on her. The word 'Deportment' was a misnomer ... for this was a kind of Drill Class, with six girls being put through their paces, each one wearing a heavy pack. Miss Mara seemed to expect a guardsman-like precision, which was impossible for one of Julia's inexperience. So the resounding thwack of leather across her bare flesh was heard often enough.

Hard as was her bunk, Julia slept like a log after that first class. She was utterly exhausted.

The next morning, having examined her, Miss Judith decreed that Julia spend twenty-four hours in the Recovery Room. And Julia was grateful to be able to stumble into that room, spread-eagle herself face down on a bench, and have Ahmed buckle her wrists and ankles.

She did not even mind when his marauding hands began to spread the healing ointment over her tender buttocks, flanks and thighs. Oh the relief!

And she welcomed the sedation needle which would send her into temporary oblivion.

Temporary oblivion ends.

Unwillingly, Julia was fully recovered and physically restored within those twenty-four hours.

Miss Judith decided that, after the initial 'softening up' process, it was time for the second stage of Julia's training to begin. It was one, she sensed, which would be even less to Julia's liking. Well, so be it. She would undertake it, come what may.

Thus, on the next day, instead of being taken back on deck as she had expected, Julia found herself led to a small cabin. In the centre of it was a six feet dais ... a dais

about two feet off the floor and covered in some red plush material. That was all there was in the cabin.

Except for Ahmed.

He stood there, arms folded, tall, muscular, basilisk-faced.

And Ahmed was naked.

He grinned as he saw Julia recoil instinctively on the end of her chain. Though she had seen the bulge in his brief loincloth often enough, she had never seen him like that before.

Never seen his massive masculinity.

'No!' she gasped out.

'What do you mean -"no"?' enquired Miss Judith sharply. 'Get on your knees, girl.'

Julia sank to her knees, trembling, sick at heart. Supposing, she thought, I did not wear this silver chain, what might happen then? What happened frequently to poor Melissa, no doubt. Oh God no! She could not bare to look upon the nude giant. How could she not help being naturally repelled by black flesh.

Miss Judith removed Julia's iron collar and chain. Then, from around her waist, instead of the customary strap, she unlooped a slim, plaited leather switch. Very much like a riding switch ... which usually falls across the tough hide of a horse.

On this occasion, it fell across Julia's far from tough hide .. on top of her buttocks as she knelt.

She yelped piercingly, squirming as she clutched at herself.

'That hurts, doesn't it?' said Miss Judith. 'And there's plenty more where it came from, my girl.'

Julia absorbed the pain, tears misting her eyes. Oh God ... what were they going to make her do?

Miss Judith clarified the situation.

'Slave,' she said, 'if it were not for that Silver Chain, you would now receive an order to offer yourself to Ahmed. He, if he so wished, would then fuck you.'

'Oh no ... ' whispered Julia, her features puckering.

She got another cut of the switch. 'Do not keep saying "no", slave,' said Miss Judith sharply. 'It is an honour for any slave to serve ... in whatever fashion. Particularly in that way.'

'Oh God ... ' whispered Julia almost to herself.

'Look at Ahmed,' ordered Miss Judith. Julia forced herself to do so. Oh what a horrible, huge brute he was! 'Would you not be both honoured and delighted to service such a man?'

'Oh ... Miss ... please ... no ... Miss ... no ... p-please ... ease!' Julia simply could not restrain her outcry. After all, it was a perfectly natural one!

'Bottom up!' ordered Miss Judith crisply.

'N-No ... ooo ... please ... ease!'

Another cut ...

Julia knelt and, cringing and quaking, thrust up her hind-quarters.

'M-Mercy ... mercy ... Miss ... ' she choked out.

She received three more vicious cuts which had her squirming right across the cabin.

'Merc ... ee ... merce ... oohh ... stop ... stoo ... oopp!' she shrieked.

'Come back here,' ordered Miss Judith relentlessly.

Julia had been sufficiently 'softened up' to obey.

'Kneel erect. Look at Ahmed again. Are you prepared to answer the question now?'

Erect, but still on her knees, Julia gazed at the brute figure. 'Miss ... ' she whimpered. 'You said ... Miss ... forgive me ... but ... you said, I must tell the truth.'

Miss Judith smiled acidly. 'Correct, slave,' she said. 'But are you telling me you don't like being fucked? Your record before coming here would not seem to subscribe to that. Are you telling me that?'

Julia's head was in a whirl. What could she say? What could she do?

'N-No ... no ... Miss' she answered.

'So you do like being fucked?'

Tears ran down Julia's cheeks. 'Y-Yes ... Miss ... sometimes,' she managed to answer.

'Now we're getting somewhere,' said Miss Judith. 'However, as I have told you, for the time being, you'll have to do without. That's a pity, isn't it?'

The overseer could not help smiling faintly at the expression on Julia's face.

'N-No ... Miss ... I mean ... y-yes ... yes ... Miss,' said Julia.

'Do you like cock-sucking?' came the next question.

Julia's mouth trembled, her breasts heaved. 'No ... no

... Miss ... '

She got the switch hard across the top of her nates. 'Don't lie to me!' rasped Miss Judith.

'It's ... it's t-true ... Miss ... ' whimpered Julia, clasping herself.

'Is it then? That's a pity ... for that's what you are going to do.'

Julia shuddered violently, her face twitching, the nausea rising in her. Right before her, the Negro grinned lazily, horribly.

'No ... no ... no ... ' she gasped out. 'N-Not ... that ... '

'I told you not to keep saying "no". Get your bottom up again, slave.'

'Mercy ... no m-more ... ' Julia dissolved into tears.

'Get it up ... or I'll have Ahmed hold you and give you a dozen.'

'Merc ... eee ... merce ... eeee ... ' But even as she said it, Julia forced herself into the required position, her soft buttocks clenching uncontrollably.

'I told you it was an honour for a slave to serve ... '

Sswee ... eeppttt!

'Yyaaieeeeeee ... '

'What is it?'

'An ... aaahhh ... an ... honour ... Miss ... '

'And a privilege ... '

Sswweee ... eeppppptttt!

'Aaaaaggghhhhhhhh!'

'So it will be an honour and a privilege to suck Ahmed's cock, won't it?'

'Yes ... yes ... M-Miss!' shrieked Julia. She simply couldn't take any more of that agonising biting switch.

'Say it ... '

'I ... aaah ... mmmfff ... it will ... will be an honour ... mmff ... mmmfff ... and a p-privilege to ... aahhh ... to s-s-suck Ahmed's cock ... ' sobbed Julia.

She was on hands and knees, trembling violently. Was there no limit to the horrors she was being subjected to? How could she go on?

'However,' continued Miss Judith, tapping Julia's clenching buttocks lightly with the tip of the switch, 'you are not getting that honour or privilege yet. You will kiss his foot.'

Somewhere at the back of her mind, Julia remembered one of those remarks of Melissa's ... one of those remarks which had seemed so unbelievable at the time. She had said once that she had got a dozen with the cane for being slow to kiss one of the black overseer's feet .

She crawled quickly forward and pressed her mouth to the foot placed squarely on the floor. The sickness in her rose higher.

'Lick it,' ordered Miss Judith. The switch was now sawing across Julia's bottom. She knew, even if she hesitated, it would cut viciously.

Julia licked ... feeling the supreme degradation of it.

'Now the other foot ... '

Julia repeated her servile performance.

'What was that?' asked Miss Judith when she had finished.

Mind bewildered, Julia could make no answer. A slash of the switch jogged her memory.

'Yyyaaaiiee ... aaah ... ahh ... an ... an honour ... and privilege, Miss,' she cried.

'Right ... now crawl round behind him ... '

Julia obeyed. There was nothing ... absolutely nothing else she dare do!

'Now kneel erect ... '

She did so. There before her, right before her, was the hard muscular rump of the Negro.

'Kiss his arse,' came the order.

'Oh God ... no ... no ... please ... nooo' shrieked Julia, turning her head away.

'Ahmed!'

The black assistant needed no further orders. He turned, took hold of Julia's torso, upturned her and thrust her head between his thighs. His big black length, already half swollen to erection, lay along the white back.

Julia's writhing hindquarters received five full-blooded cuts of the switch ... and the small cabin was filled with her awful, choking cries.

'Ask to kiss his bottom,' said Miss Judith.

'P-Please ... please ... for god's sake stop ... ppp ...'

'Unless you want some more.'

'No ... oh God ... NO ... OOOOO' Julia's contorted face protruded between the back of Ahmed's thighs. Oh ... oh ... anything was better than that switch!

'Let me ... let me ... k-kiss Ahmed's b-bottom ... ' she

choked.

'Please ... '

'P-Please ... please ... ' wailed Julia.

Ahmed released the girl. Then he had the very pleasurable sensation of hands lightly clasping his flanks ... and the mouth pressing to his flesh.

'You can do better than that ... '

Yet another cut had Julia squirming to the floor, crying out breathlessly with pain. The utter relentlessness of Miss Judith seemed to her to be beyond all reason.

Julia forced herself up on her knees again ... and began to press her lips with far greater zealously.

'Get your nose in there ... and your tongue ... between the cleft ... '

Oh no ... not that ... surely not that! But yes ... that was the order ... and the switch continued to saw menacingly, ready to strike on the instant. So that order had to be obeyed!

Half retching, nostrils flared, Julia somehow made herself carry out the revolting task given her.

Desperately she tried to shut off her mind. Her eyes were already screwed tight. But hideous degradation of it seared through her to her soul. She, Julia Chant, was kissing a Negro's asshole!

'That will do,' said Miss Judith at long last, 'don't make too much of a meal of it.'

Julia slumped down, sobbing hysterically ... and got two whiplashing cuts across her already weal-striped nates.

'Up ... up!' commanded Miss Judith.

Somehow Julia forced herself to obey. 'No ... m-more ... no m-more ... ' she whispered.

Meanwhile, Ahmed had seated himself on the edge of the square dais.

'Now,' said Miss Judith, 'we come to something far more enjoyable ... for a randy trollop such as you. First you will kiss and lick Ahmed's prick and balls. All over. Later you may be permitted to suck him.'

Julia's head was back; her eyes were beseeching upon the blonde overseer. Her mouth opened and shut like a goldfish in a bowl. How ... oh how ... could she do such a thing? Yet ... she knew ... she had to!

The powerful thighs parted. Ahmed was now almost fully in erection. Terrifyingly large. Grossly obscene.

'Do it now ... ' said Miss Judith menacingly. 'Or I'll take every inch of skin off your backside.

Sobbing, Julia crawled forward. There before her was the disgusting male apparatus she had to deal with. How could she make herself do it?

Oh how?

'Come along, missie,' said Ahmed, 'you know you really want to do it. So don't be shy ... '

And with that he clasped the lovely fullsome white breasts in his big black hands.

At that point, Julia went quite beserk.

'NO ... NO ... NO ... OOOO!' she shrieked. 'I won't ... I WOON'T ... I CAN'T!'

In that mad moment, all past lessons, all past sufferings were forgotten!

Julia would, of course, go on Report for her act of defiance. Meanwhile, however, Miss Judith had other plans for her. A rather special form of 'persuasion' she was wont to employ from time to time. It was one she had found amusing - and effective - in the past.

Thus the weeping Julia was carried up on deck by Ahmed.

'Mercy ... mercy ... ' she kept whimpering softly, almost to herself, 'I can't stand anymore ... '

'Put her in the Cage, Ahmed,' ordered Miss Judith. She looked at Julia's distraught, despairing features. 'Your owner once said you were a bit of a tigress. Well, tigresses are put in cages ... and tamed.'

Julia was now too petrified to resist. Ahmed opened the door of a small iron cage, thrust his victim into it, and padlocked the door. The cage was about six feet high and three feet square.

Like an animal, Julia clutched the bars and stared wildly through them.

'W-What ... what are ... you d-doing?' she choked out.

'Giving you a little dip,' smiled Miss Judith.

Ahmed fastened the top of the cage underneath a small crane which he had secured alongside the ship's rail. Then, with Julia shrieking, the Cage was swung out over the water.

'Lower away, Miss,' said Ahmed.

Miss Judith operated the crane and the Cage descended slowly into and under the water. Julia's shrieks were cut off abruptly as she disappeared.

For just about half a minute, the Cage remained under the

water ... then it was hoisted out again. Water streamed off Julia's naked body ... water jetted from her nose and mouth.'

'Enjoy that?' enquired Miss Judith.

The wretched Julia could, of course, make no coherent answer. She simply clasped the bars and looked wildly and pleadingly at Miss Judith ... alongside whom she swung ... continuing to get the water out of her system.

For some two minutes she remained there. Then

Miss Judith began to lower the Cage again.

At once the shrieks of terror began again ... only to be abruptly silenced.

For another half minute Julia had the horror of being caged beneath the green waters ... feeling her lungs must burst ... then having to gulp in the water.

Spewing, retching, she was brought to the surface again.

Ten times Miss Judith repeated this cruel torture. By then Julia was a near a state of insensibility as made no difference. Then she was left swinging over the side of the Paradise.

'I'll give her an hour to dry out,' she said to her assistant.

'Very well, Miss,' smiled Ahmed.

He could guess what was going to happen after that!

Julia had more or less recovered when Miss Judith returned. She was gripping the bars as if her life depended on it.

'Mercy ... Miss ... for God's sake have mercy ... Miss ...' she cried out. 'I'll do anything you ... want ... I will ... I swear I will!'

Miss Judith nodded. 'Good ... that's better,' she said. 'but are you sure? Sure you won't change your mind, I mean? Perhaps another half dozen dips would do the trick properly.'

'NO ... OOO!' shrieked Julia. 'I'm sure ... I'm sure ... Miss.'

'Very well ... we'll see, won't we ... '

Julia groaned with relief when the Cage swung back over the deck. She wasn't even thinking of what she was going to have to do. Anything was preferable to that 'water treatment'.

Down in the small cabin where she was taken again, Ahmed was seated on the dais. His thighs parted; the heavy organ

hung flaccid.

'Very well, Julia ... but you will ask first ... ' said Miss Judith.

'May I ... Sir ... May ... I k-kiss ... '

'No ... no ... girl.' said Miss Judith impatiently. 'You say, "May I have the honour of kissing your prick." Repeat it.'

Julia repeated it, striving to shut the awfulness of it from her mind.

'You may, slave,' said Ahmed seriously.

Julia went down on hands and knees and crawled forward. Crawled between the thick black thighs. Saw the gross penis before her. Then she summoned every fibre of her will-power.

You've got to do it ... you've got to ... she told herself.

Then her mouth pressed to the repulsive black flesh. As she began to lick, she felt it quiver.

To say the least, Miss Judith made Julia do her job thoroughly.

She made her lick Ahmed's balls and prick for a good ten minutes before 'allowing' her to slip the big knob into her mouth.

'One day,' she said, 'if you are lucky, you'll have that up you. For the moment, you'll have to make do as you are ...'

Automatically, Julia put one hand on the throbbing root and began to suck. Of course, she had done this sort of thing often enough before, so she knew what she was about. She kept her eyes clenched tight ... and tried to imagine she was dealing with a real lover.

An almost impossible task.

'Is she any good?' asked Miss Judith at some point.

'Not bad ... not bad at all,' replied Ahmed. He was really enjoying what this young beauty was doing to him ... and had started to fondle her pendulous breasts again. This time, Julia had not recoiled.

'Lucky for her,' said Miss Judith.

She watched complacently as Ahmed grasped Julia's dark hair with both hands.

'Faster, white missie,' he said. his voice thickening with lust.

He jerked Julia's head up and down ... and Julia half

retched as she was forced, at the same time, to take more of the massive organ into her mouth. It seemed to go almost right to the back of her throat.

Then she suddenly felt Ahmed's flanks quivering. Felt the jerk-jerk on his root. And, to her horror and disgust, knew what was about to happen. Desperately she strove to lift her mouth off, but her head was pushed down and held there.

Juddering and twisting. Ahmed spent himself violently. And Julia was forced to take it all.

Enough for one day?

One might have imagined so ... but it was not to be.

In the afternoon, Julia and Melissa lay silent in their cabin-cell. As usual, Julia was weeping softly. Certainly she had good reason to after the horrors of the morning. And, beyond that, there was the knowledge she was on Report!

Then the cabin door was unlocked and opened. Jason entered.

In moments, both girls were kneeling erect, white breasts bouncing softly.

Jason smiled at them. You would have imagined it was some polite social occasion.

'I hear you've learnt some new tricks, slave girl,' he said to Julia.

A spasm ran over Julia's proud features. She made no answer.

'Well?'

'Y-Yer ... ess ... Sir ... '

'Right, let's find out how good you are at it,' said Jason, removing his brief loin cloth. 'Down here ... kneel on the floor ... '

Julia's eyes dilated. Oh God ... not twice in one day!

But ... yes ... yes ... so it was to be ...

She knelt and saw there was little to compare between Ahmed and Jason as far as brute size went. Julia began to kiss and lick as she knew she must. With slavish devotion. Zealously. Devotedly. Anything less would not do ... Miss Judith had made that quite clear.

When Jason had come to erection, Julia began to suck him.

'Mmmm ... ' he remarked after a little while. 'I believe you like doing that. It certainly feels like it.'

Sick to the depths of her soul, Julia went on sucking the

revolting black cock. She now knew she had no option.

Somewhat to her surprise, but to her great relief, Jason removed himself before the climax came ... and Julia was ordered back on to her bunk.

The Negro turned to Melissa.

'I think I'll finish this off on you, my beauty,' he said.

Julia was forced to watch, in silent disgust, while Melissa compliantly positioned herself. She came down on the floor and knelt, proffering her hindquarters. This was the way, she knew, in which Jason enjoyed her most. From the rear. In fact, most men seemed to enjoy her that way best.

Melissa gasped as the organ which Julia had brought to rigidity, rammed brutally into her, the powerful hands gripping her flanks like a vice. It was an all too familiar sensation for her. At once she began to co-operate skillfully with Jason. For a slave was never simply taken. She had to use all her expertise and give everything she'd got.

Once again Jason grinned and winked at Julia as he rutted furiously away.

'She ... she's a lovely ... fuck ... ' he panted. 'I bet you are too ... '

Julia felt sicker than ever. She had little doubt that, one day, Melissa's fate would be hers too.

It didn't take long. Perhaps three or four minutes. For Jason was already well worked up. Grunting piggishly he spent himself on the shuddering Melissa ... who was gasping out involuntarily in her own climax.

Seeing that, Julia could feel only disdain and disgust for her companion.

How could she ... how could she?

Julia, needless to say, still had a lot to learn.

CHAPTER EIGHT

'Julia Chant on report ... '

The trembling figure knelt, Miss Judith alongside her. There was no longer any need for the grip of assistants. Julia had learnt that lesson, at least.

'What is it this time?' asked the grim-faced Madame Vesta.

'Disobedience, Ma'am.'

'Again!'

'Yes, Ma'am ... '

Miss Judith went on to recount the incident ... and also stated how Julia had finally been made to submit.

'The fact that she finally obeyed does not excuse her,' said Madame Vesta.

'I agree, Ma'am, that's why I put her on Report.'

'Slave ... you do not yet seem to be aware of the folly of disobedience ... '

'Mercymercy, Madame ... I ... I d-did not m-mean it ... truly ... ' sobbed Julia.

'The cane does not seem to have taught you. But perhaps the birch will!'

'Mercy!' shrieked Julia.

For had she not seen the birch in use!

'Ahmed,' ordered Madame Vesta, 'Bring up the Whipping Pillory.'

The terrifying pinioning device on which Julia had already suffering such agony was brought up.

'Jason,' said Madame Vesta, 'you will carry out the birching. Use the heavy birch. Give her twenty-four strokes.'

'Yes, Ma'am ... '

Miss Judith looked a shade disappointed. Still, there was the satisfaction of knowing that Jason's right arm was stronger than hers.

Meanwhile Ahmed was fixing a shrieking Julia into the Pillory. Instinctively she struggled ... but quite uselessly. She was as helpless as a babe in the Negroes grip.

As before, her lush hindquarters were draped over the rounded 'horse' ... but this time they were left free to move.

And, let it be said, when Jason began to birching, they took every advantage of that freedom!

Madly Julia's hindquarters threshed up and down the 'horse' as her animal-like shrieks echoed around and around the Punishment Room. It was a sight to delight the sadistic eyes of Miss Judith ... and the others who watched.

Mercilessly Jason flailed the multiple switches over the juddering bouncing flesh ... until not a trace of white was to be seen.

After the twelfth stroke, the lacerated skin began to break.

Julia would have to spend longer than usual in the Recovery Room.

Indeed, she did.

Four days to be precise. But when she came out, she had the appalling knowledge that she was fully restored. In body, at least ... even if her mind had been further warped.

Warped further towards slavish submissiveness.

As Miss Judith took her back to her cabin-cell, there to rejoin a recumbent Melissa, Julia told herself she would do anything that was demanded of her. I will obey ... I will ... I will, she said inwardly. Nothing was worth those terrible visits to the Punishment Room.

What did it matter if she were repelled? If she were degraded? If she lost all pride and human decency?

Were those things worse than the agonising bite of the rod ... or the excruciation of the flailing birch?

They were not.

That she knew for certain. What Melissa had told her at the outset had been true. But then it had simply been impossible to believe her. Now Julia knew better.

As Miss Judith locked on her collar and chain, Julia had a strange impulse to kiss the hand that fettered her. Just to show that, now, she truly understood she was a slave! She only just resisted it.

Miss Judith, with her experience, did not need Julia to kiss her hand to be aware of the state of her submissiveness. It was not yet quite complete, but nearly so. In the end, she reflected, Julia had turned out to be rather less stub-

born than Melissa.

Of course, there would be minor rebellions. There were almost bound to be during the first month or six weeks. But they would grow fewer and fewer.

Until the submissiveness was truly complete.

Then Quentin Osman would be sent for, so that he could enjoy his ownership!

Julia had to service Jason and Ahmed almost daily with her mouth. Soon it became second nature to her. Soon she scarcely thought anything of it. She was simply a thing to be used by them. They could do anything they liked with her but fuck her ... and, no doubt, one day her owner (yes ... she was now thinking of Quentin as that!) would arrange for it to happen.

Sometimes she and Melissa were attached for twenty-four hours at a time as 'domestic slaves' to the two blacks. Then, apart from being used as sex objects, they would have to wait on the two of them hand and foot ... bathing them, clearing up after them, feeding them and so on.

Julia could never quite accustom herself to the degradation of her role. The white woman serving black males ... and perhaps her resentment showed in her minor ways at times.

Naturally, she could have been reported but, more often than not, the Negroes would not bother. One or the other would simply put her over his knees and give her bottom a really good slapping. And, with hands as hard as theirs, slapping was no laughing matter!

But just as with the sexual services she had to give, it soon seemed second nature to Julia to find herself over a pair of black, tree-trunk thighs with a stinging palm descending again and again. It would have seemed an impossible situation ... and an unimaginable fate ... not so long before! She would have laughed herself sick, or thought you were crazy, if you had told her that she would submit to such a thing.

Now Julia had learnt.

Like Orwell's hero in '1984'. she had learnt that the impossible was possible!

The strap did not cease to fall ... and canings were fairly

frequent. Julia received about one or two a week on average. But these were not the savage penalties of the Punishment Room. They were simply part of the day-to-day 'disciplinary regime' of the vessel. From time to time, half a dozen girls would be summoned up to the Pillory which was kept on one of the decks. There they might get anything from six to a dozen cuts across the buttocks. Not as a punishment but as a matter of 'discipline'. To re-emphasise to them, however experienced they might be, the fact of their slave-girl status.

For the Paradise, relatively gentle treatment, but not exactly pleasant for all that!

After five weeks, Madame Vesta sent a cable to New York. It stated simply: 'PARCEL READY FOR COLLECTION' V., and told Quentin Osman all he wanted to know.

He could not stop his hand from trembling with excitement.

'Well, Julia,' said Miss Judith with a sardonic grin, 'the man you once referred to as a 'fat slob' is on his way here.'

Julia's eyes had acquired that blank despair of all slave-girls ... but there was a momentary flare of hate and dread. Then the light died again.

'Do you remember what you were told on that occasion?'

'No, Miss,' replied Julia. That was true. Those were terrible days at the beginning of it all seemed a whole lifetime away. Yet it was not even six weeks.

'You were told,' said Miss Judith, 'that when Mr. Osman arrived, you would be happy to be allowed to go down on your hands and knees and beg to be allowed the honour of kissing his arse. Your reactions were rather violent. You feel differently now, I imagine.'

'Yes, Miss,' nodded Julia. She truly did. After all she had had to do it for Jason and Ahmed, what could Quentin matter? Admittedly, he had started the whole thing ... but now she merely regarded him as a piece of distasteful male flesh she had to serve.

That, it seemed, had developed into being her function in life.

Of course, she still hated him, But it was not that initial, wild uncontrolled hate. It was continuous, low slow-burning hate. Something she would learn to exist with.

Miss Judith unchained her charge. She was well content

with her work. Quentin Osman would be both amazed and delighted, she was sure. The conversation of haughty Julia Chant to abject slave-girl was quite some change!

'Come along,' she said, 'let's go to the Treatment Room. We want to look our best, don't we?'

'Yes, Miss,' agreed Julia meekly ... and followed the overseer out of the cabin.

Quentin was tense, now that the great moment was at hand. As a result - and as usual - he was drinking too much. Madame Vesta had opened some champagne to celebrate his arrival. She and Miss Judith were helping their guest drink it, while he plied them with questions about Julia's behaviour and training.

'You'll find it difficult to recognise her,' said Madame Vesta. 'Not in the matter of looks, of course, but as far as character goes. Oh indeed quite a change. Miss Judith has been largely responsible for seeing to that. And you know our methods.'

'Yes ... yes ... ' agreed Quentin.

He looked at the hefty blonde. My god, he thought, what Julia must have gone through at her hands!

It was at this point that Miss Judith recounted the incident when Julia had first arrived ... stating what she had called him ... and what she been told at the time.

'Well, well.' grinned Quentin hugely. 'A fat slob, eh?' In that case I'll get her to do just that. Or give a damned good hiding.'

'Do both, if you like,' said Madame Vesta, in that matter-of-fact way of hers. 'After all, you own her now.'

Naked, on her belly, nose to the floor. Julia came crawling ... grovelling ... across the carpet of the cabin.

Equally naked, piggy eyes gleaming with lust, Quentin looked down at the figure inching forward. He was lying on a pile of pillows on one of the bunks.

'I believe you've got something to say to me?' he said thickly.

'Yes, Master,' replied Julia in a low voice.

'Well then ... '

Julia knelt erect. Her splendid, full breasts thrust



I believe you've got something to say to me, slave?



After that I can set about finding out just
how well you've been trained, my beauty

forward as she clasped her hands at the back of her head. The customary, now so familiar pose. The pose of a slave-girl.

'Master,' she said, 'your slave ... begs ... begs the honour of ... of kissing your bottom ... '

Quentin almost burst out laughing. How incredible to hear such words coming from Julia! The same Julia who had frequently slapped his face, even if she thought he was getting only slightly out of line. Oh yes ... it was quite incredible!

What wonders had been worked ...

He feasted his eyes on the lovely body.

All mine ... all mine ... he kept saying to himself. I can do whatever I like with her. Any time. She's mine ... mine! I own her body and soul.

Yes ... this is my slave!

Somehow Quentin controlled his glee. But it bubbled away inside him, mixing with his surging sadism and his raging lust.

'Indeed,' he grinned, rolling over on the bunk ... to expose fat, flabby white buttocks. 'I think I might grant that honour, slave ... '

'Thank you, Master,' said Julia in the same low, controlled tones.

'Just as a beginning, mark you,' said Quentin. 'After that I can set about finding out just how well you've been trained, my beauty.'

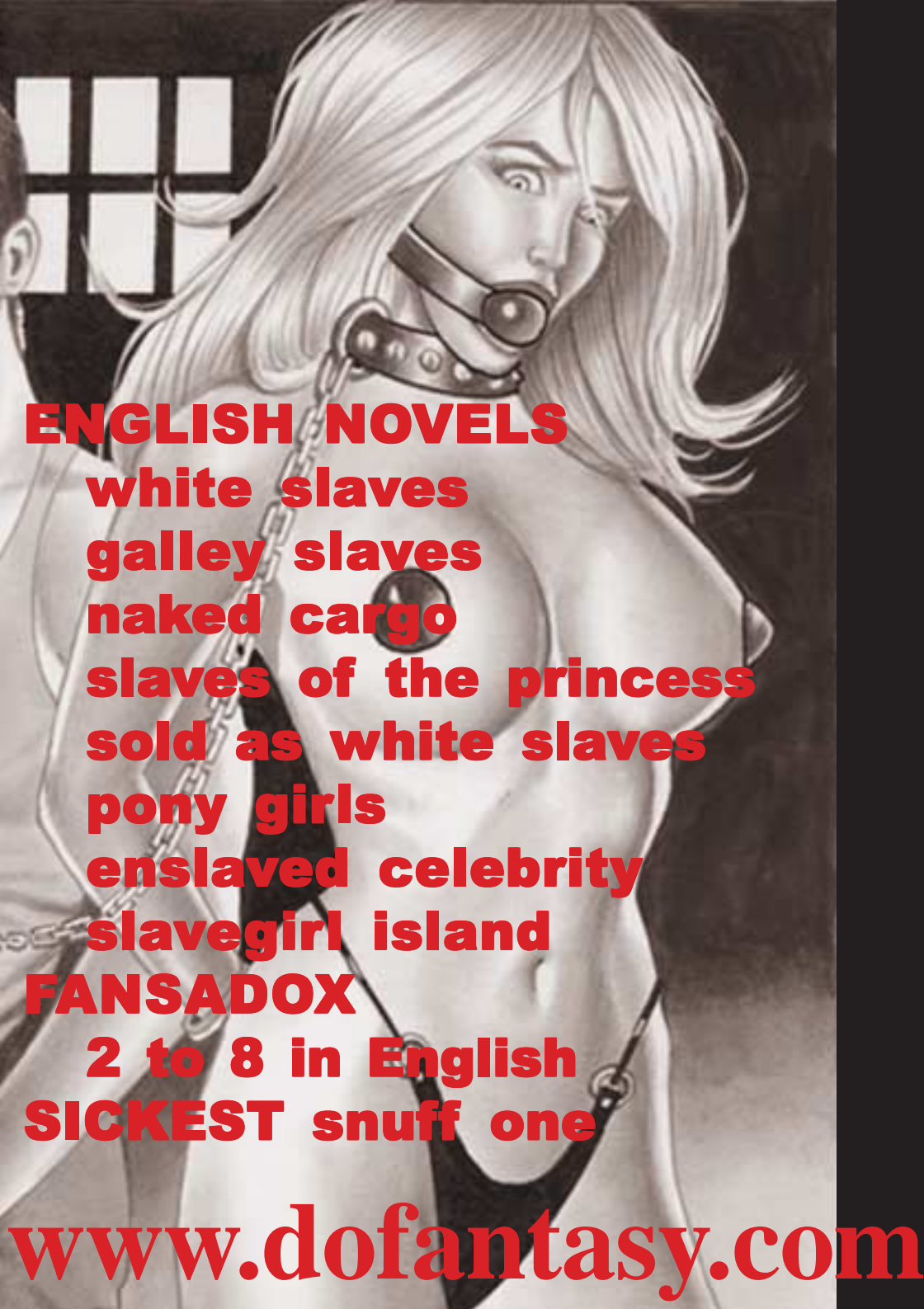
'Yes, Master ... ' replied Julia.

She went down on hands and knees and crawled slowly towards the bunk.

A new chapter in her life of servitude was about to begin...

THE END

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JULIA ENSLAVED**



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