

JULIA ENSLAVED

Victor Bruno



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Cover: PAUL

A sequel to 'The Taming of Julia Chant'
also available in this same collection

PROLOGUE

This book is a sequel to those volumes entitled 'NAKED CARGO' and 'THE TAMING OF JULIA CHANT'.

Quentin Osman, a rich, middle-aged man, has sent his proud, lovely and arrogant mistress, named Julia Chant, to serve aboard the 'Paradise'. This is a vessel owned by a certain, Madame Vesta and it sails the remoter regions of the Pacific Ocean with a cargo of beautiful slave-girls. The object is for Julia to be tamed and trained to become a submissive plaything for Quentin Osman's personal pleasure.

Several dozen young women, with similar backgrounds to Julia, are simultaneously undergoing such training. Maybe they have been unfaithful to a protector; perhaps they have resisted his demands.

Now, because their protectors are rich and powerful, these women are suffering for their previous behaviour.

Quentin Osman knows this full well, for he has spent some time aboard the 'Paradise' as the guest of Madame Vesta. He considers it a place eminently suitable for the arrogant and wayward Julia. The fees he has to pay are high but he considers every penny well spent if he can ensure the required changes in Julia's character and behaviour.

Julia spends several months aboard the 'Paradise' - months that are hideously humiliating and painful. These months have been described in 'THE TAMING OF JULIA'.

Ultimately, Madame Vesta considers her fully broken and ready to serve her owner, Quentin Osman, as his personal slave girl. She summons him to return to the 'Paradise' - to take possession of his property.

REPRINT FROM THE FINAL PAGES OF 'THE TAMING OF JULIA'

Naked and 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 something to say to me," he said thickly.

"Yes, Master," replied Julia in a low voice.

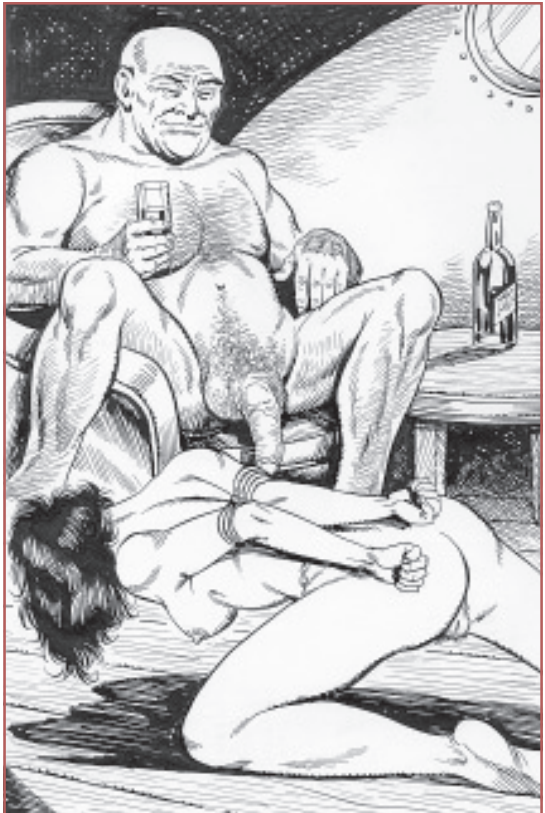
"Well then..."

Julia knelt erect. Her splendid, full breasts thrust 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 very same Julia who had frequently slapped his face, even if she had 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. Anything. She's mine... 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 his 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 voice.

"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. Her voice grovelled as submissively as her body had done. Then she went down on to her hands and knees and crawled slowly towards the bunk.

A new chapter in her life of servitude had begun...



NOW READ ON...

CHAPTER ONE

DESPITE ALL HE HAD seen and heard previously about the 'Paradise', Quentin could hardly believe it was actually happening. He lay on the bed in his cabin, savouring the feel of the lips which pressed again and again to his hindquarter... feeling the firm flickering of a tongue... delighting in the way a nose delved into his flabby cleft.

It is Julia Chant doing this, Quentin had to keep reminding himself. Julia, who is now my slave. Unbelievable, but true! Yes... this was the same Julia who had been wont to slap his face for so much as laying an unwanted hand on her knee. Who had taken him for a sucker; accepted his wealth and then two-timed him with other men. Julia, the arrogant, aristocratic one, who once had but to snap her fingers to have men come running.

Now Julia was doing something which, not so long ago, she would not have imagined possible in a million years.

All thanks to Madame Vesta... and the methods employed aboard the good ship 'Paradise'. It really was quite wonderful. Even if the fees - which were fantastically high - had been five or ten times as much, Quentin reckoned, at that moment, they would have been worthwhile. he could not remotely recall ever enjoying a situation so much in his life before. Now he could do whatever he liked to Julia, and make her do whatever he liked to him. The very thought was hot wine in his veins. He owned her. She was his plaything.

What, therefore, should he do when ordered her to cease the abasing ministrations he had demanded?

He could give her a damned good hiding if he wished...

He could have her suck him...

Or fuck her to his heart's content...

But, already, a little plan was forming in Quentin Osman's mind. When one had complete ownership, one had plenty of

time. There was so much to enjoy in one's possession, and so many ways of enjoying it.

"All right, slave, that will do for the moment," said Quentin and gave Julia a little kick with the back of his heel. "Get off the bed."

At once Julia slid off the bed and knelt by its side. She knelt in the fashion that Quentin was accustomed to see the slave-girls on the 'Paradise' kneel. That is to say, with back straight and hands clasped at the back of the neck, thighs parted. A posture of submission. Quentin admired the high, thrusting breasts... noted the smooth depilated mound of Julia's sex... and saw the coral-pink pouting lips. His lust suddenly surged almost beyond control. Then he managed to get a grip on himself. Greater pleasures, he knew awaited him if he proceeded at a slow pace with this lovely creature.

'Festina lente', he told himself. He looked into Julia's large, blue-green eyes and saw them shimmering with tears. Once those eyes had sparkled with pride and confidence. Now they were dulled with despair and dread.

"Your behaviour has certainly improved, Julia," said Quentin. He lolled fat and naked on the bed, grinning, aware that he must repulse this young woman as much, if not more, than he ever did... and was glad about it. "They must have put you through it here, I reckon."

Two large tears rolled slowly down, one over each of Julia's cheeks. She gave a sudden shudder and bit the fullness of her lower lip.

"Yes, Master," she said in a short whisper.

"I've heard one or two tapes," said Quentin. "Most instructive. And enjoyable, if I may say so."

Julia shuddered again. "Yes, Master," she said in almost automaton-like fashion.

"How does it feel to be my slave, Julia?" asked Quentin, his eyes roving happily over the lush naked body. A body that was his. A body that trembled with apprehension.

"I... I am honoured to be your slave, Master," answered Julia. "I will s-serve... and... and please you... in any way you wish..."

Quentin nodded. Like all the slave-girls on the 'Paradise', Julia was indeed well trained. Incredibly well trained. Neither Madame Vesta nor her methods could be faulted. "I know that, Julia," he said, "but how does it feel?"

Several more large tears trickled down over Julia's cheeks

and her rounded breasts heaved. "I... I am h-happy, Master," she choked, "Happy to... to b-be your slave..."

Quentin grinned more broadly. Then he leaned over the side of the bed and, with one finger, casually toyed with Julia's sex lips. The finger ran up and down and Julia shuddered more violently. But she did not recoil. "I'm, glad about that, Julia," said Quentin. He continued to play with her for a few moments, then withdrew his fingers. "I expect you'd like me to fuck you, wouldn't you?"

"Yes... Master..." whispered Julia.

"After all, you've been aboard this ship quite some time... and haven't had what you enjoy so much. A solid piece of male flesh, I mean." Quentin saw Julia's cheek twitch. "That silver chain about your waist has seen to that."

(As Julia owner, Quentin had been entitled to put a silver or a gold chain about the girl's waist. The former indicated that, as far as full sexual intercourse was concerned, she was reserved for him alone. A golden chain would have indicated that she was available to anyone aboard the 'Paradise.)

"Yes, Master," said Julia. "Your slave is willing and happy to please you... to be fucked by you..."

What an effort it must cost her to say that, thought Quentin. Even now.

"I dare say," he almost sneered. "You were always too free and easy with your offerings. Except to me. That's why you're here. Still, now that it comes to it, I'm not sure I fancy you all that much."

The look of shocked amazement on Julia's face was a unique joy for Quentin. Having been put through Hell on Earth in order to be made to offer herself in this fashion - now she was being rejected! Quite delicious...

"Still," said Quentin, "you might as well show me what you've got to offer, I suppose."

Julia's features quivered uncontrollably for a moment. This was development she could have scarcely have imagined. Rejection! From this gross pig! All the same, she quickly took hold of herself - as her slave training had taught her to - and turned away from Quentin she went down on hands and knees, pressed her nose to the floor, and thrust her hindquarters high. Then she parted her long thighs. Quentin could not have been given a better view of 'what she had to offer', as he put it. It was a degrading posture which over

the months, Julia had become used to. However, there was a special extra shame to it, now that she had to adopt it in front of her actual Master.

Quentin, face slack with lust, studied the female loveliness displayed to him. What a beauty this women was! And all mine, he kept on saying to himself. Mine, mine, mine! I can have her whenever I want, in whatever way I want.

"Mmmmm..." he said musingly, after a minute or so, "Yes - it's true. I'm not so sure I fancy you as much as I did, Julia." He saw the girl tremble. "Not as much as that Melissa, for example," continued Quentin. "The girl you've been sharing a cell with. Now there's a real beauty. I fucked her quite often when I was last aboard. Or, perhaps she told you?"

"Y-Yes... M-Master," croaked Julia. Her abasement was complete. Every fibre, every nerve, had been concentrated on forcing herself to give herself utterly to this vile monster... and now this! This!

Quentin Osman picked up the bedside telephone. He was enjoying himself no end. "Put me through to Madame Vesta," he said... seeing Julia tremble again.

"Yes, Sir..."

There was a click, and Vesta came on the line, brisk as ever.

"Hallo Quentin. Having trouble?"

"Oh no," purred Quentin. "She's being as good as gold."

"I'm glad to hear it... for her sake..."

"It's just that I'd like Melissa sent up here. If she's free."

"You old dog," laughed Vesta. "Yes, I'm pretty sure she's free. I'll have her brought up right away."

"Thanks, Vesta..."

There's service for you, he thought as, smiling broadly, he put down the receiver. You would think I was ordering a cup of coffee to be sent up, rather than a ravishing young beauty who would do whatever was demanded of her!

"O.K. Julia... I've seen enough of your wares. You can kneel up again" said Quentin.

With a little sobbing moan, Julia resumed her former posture and Quentin smiled upon her benignly.

"You heard that, slave?" he asked.

"Yes... Master..."

"It means that I have decided to fuck Melissa rather than

you."

Pale as Julia's face was, it seemed to blanch and her lower lip quivered uncontrollably. "Yes... Master..." she somehow managed to say.

So you'll have to wait awhile before you get what you're aching for," went on Quentin. "Still, no doubt you'll enjoy watching Melissa and me. She is a very capable girl. I trust I find you equally so when the time comes."

Julia's face puckered and her breasts heaved with her sobs. "I... I... w-will please... my Master... in every way... yes... in every way, Master..." Julia managed to choke out.

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Quentin. Then his features hardened with a sudden cruel lust. "Because, if you do not, it will give me very great pleasure to cane that shapely posterior of yours until you do!"

At that moment, there was a knock on the door, Quentin gave the word to enter. In came the tall, blonde Miss Judith, leading Melissa on a collar and chain.

The overseer was garbed just as she had been when Quentin had first seen her. That seemed a long time ago now. She was all in black leather... thigh-length boots, short skirt; brief bolero jacket. At her waist was looped the long leathern thong she always carried. Quentin recalled what Miss Judith had said when he had told her that Julia was something of a tigress. 'So much the better... we like taming tigresses here'. Well, Julia had been tamed alright.

Everything O.K., Mr Osman?" enquired Miss Judith, glancing at Julia's kneeling figure.

"Yes, thank you," answered Quentin. "I just fancied having Melissa along. Take that collar and chain off her please!"

"Sure..."

Miss Judith removed the items and Melissa sank submissively to her knees alongside Julia. She had a superb figure... tall and lissom... and her features, as well as her temperament, were rather similar to Julia's. But Melissa's arrogance, selfishness and short-temper had been subdued and eradicated even earlier than Julia's. Quentin had enjoyed her frequently when he first come aboard the 'Paradise' and, indeed, Melissa had been the first woman he had ever whipped.

"You remember me?" he enquired.

"Yes, Master," answered Melissa. Her voice was firmer than that of Julia and, though her demeanour was fully

submissive, she seemed more in control of herself than the girl alongside her. A matter of experience, doubtless. She had been through so much with so many men there did not seem to her now any lower depths to which she could sink.

"There's just one thing, Mr Osman," interrupted Miss Judith. "I must apologise for the state of Melissa's bottom."

"Oh... why so?"

"She was caned this morning... and there has not been any time yet for her to have Treatment," said Miss Judith. "Show your Master, Melissa."

The girl turned at once and postured herself as Julia had done a little earlier. Quentin studied the dozen or so crisscrossing weals that encircled that curvaceous bottom.

"What was she caned for?" he asked.

"Simply for the amusement of the gentleman she happened to be servicing I gather," replied Miss Judith with a thin smile. "A Mr Svenson. I don't think you've met him yet."

"No, I haven't," said Quentin. "But it doesn't matter a bit, Miss Judith. Thanks for telling me though. I'll call you when I want her taken away again."

"Very well, Mr Osman," nodded Miss Judith. The guests on the 'Paradise' had to be treated with courtesy and their requests complied with. After all, they were footing the bill! With a final glance at the trembling Julia, the tall blonde left the cabin. She was satisfied that the girl was in prime condition to give her Master what ever enjoyment he wanted. Her weeks and months of training had seen to that!

"You may kneel, Melissa," said Quentin when the door had closed behind the overseer.

He sighed contentedly as he looked from one naked beauty to the other. It was a moment very much to be savoured.

"I have had you brought here, Melissa," he said finally, "because I wish to fuck you." Hardly surprisingly, Quentin was more than half way to full erection and was gently playing with himself in order to achieve rigid solidity. Thanks to the 'booster pills' Vesta had supplied him with, Quentin was able to perform more like a man in his thirties than one in his fifties! "I have decided I fancy you more than my own slave."

Julia's features twitched; Melissa remained silent, simply waiting. She had been repelled by Quentin before - and pleased him. She had been repelled by countless men - and pleased them. What difference did it make any more? She had

become an object merely to be used for brutish pleasures.

"I think I'll have you on top of me," said Quentin, reclining back on the cushions. He was well pleased with his rigidity.

"As my Master wishes," said Melissa. She rose and moved seductively towards the bed. "I am honoured to be summoned to please you," she added as she insinuated herself on to the bed.

Quentin looked up at the lush breast fruit swinging above him and his hands clasped soft buttock cheeks as Melissa straddled him. He felt the weals upon them; heard the girl give a tiny gasp. He squeezed and Melissa gasped louder. Then Quentin felt her hand on the base of his root, guiding him. His knob slide along the lips - so meltingly warm. Then the girl lowered her haunches, in an almost languid fashion and Quentin went fully into her. The sensation was exquisite.

"Aahh... you beauty..."

Melissa raised herself slowly, wriggling her bottom slightly, contracting the muscles of her sex. She kept just the knob of Quentin's organ within her whilst she wriggled some more, before sinking slowly down again.

"Aaaahhh... you beauty..."

At the same leisurely pace, Melissa repeated the movements. She had the skill and she was quite unstinted in her efforts to please the flabby pig beneath her. That was her duty. Her duty as a slave. And, if she failed in it, she could not complain if she found herself being taken to the Punishment Room.

Quentin turned his lust-filled face, towards where Julia still knelt, watching submissively.

"Melissa makes a marvellous fuck," he said thickly. His hands were still on the girl's buttocks. How deliciously they squirmed to please him! just as they had squirmed - but more violently - when he had whipped them. He would never forget that day. Nor when she had been sent to him as his personal slave, whilst he was on his first visit, and he had caned her for the first time.

"Faster," he said. "I want it quick today..."

"Yes... Master..."

Melissa's hindquarters begun to undulate more swiftly but she kept a well-controlled rhythm. Above Quentin, her pendulous breasts were bouncing and swinging. But Quentin's eyes were not upon them. He was still turned to Julia, his

face a mask of lechery.

"I... I don't n-need you... you trollop..." he panted.
"Not... not aaahhh... when I've got slaves like... aaahhh...
M-Melissa... aahh... hhaaa... I'll give you... to others."

Faster and faster swung Melissa's weal-striped bottom...

Up and down...

Up and down...

Up and down...

She knew the pig she serviced was nearly there.

Faster yet...

But controlled...

Faster... faster

Suddenly, all the pig's fat was a quiver. His belly, his bowels, everywhere. And he was snorting like a pig, too.

Heaving and turning... eyes closed and mouth open-slack... Quentin spent himself again and again in the luscious, liquid depths of the young woman who still squirmed upon top of him...

CHAPTER TWO

A SHORT WHILE AFTER, having performed the service required of her, Melissa was taken away... again on the collar and chain, and by Miss Judith. Quentin knew well the bare cell she would be taken to, with its two plank beds and shackles, to wait the time she would be required for some other duty. it was the cell which Julia also occupied.

Waddling across the cabin, Quentin poured himself a long brandy and soda, then seated himself on the edge of the bed. Julia remained precisely where she had always been, waiting tensely.

"Mmmm... I enjoyed that," said Quentin, sipping his drink. "Melissa is a girl who knows how to use her arse."

He felt very buoyant. Not in the least tired. Those 'boosters' were really miraculous. His immediate lust had been slaked and he could look upon Julia a little more dispassionately. And perhaps have a different kind of fun. He wondered how the girl felt at what she had just witnessed. Though he might be the last thing she wanted, it must have been galling, in a way, to have built oneself up with such agonising effort to submit... only to be told you were not wanted! In fact, that another woman was preferred.

"You remember what I said just now?" he asked.

"Yes... M-Master..." nodded Julia. Her voice sounded dry.

"It means," went on Quentin, "that I shall be changing that chain about your waist from silver to gold. I expect you'll be glad about that."

"Yes, Master," agreed Julia, shuddering convulsively.

Quentin smiled indulgently, continuing to sip his brandy. he felt very, very good. What a thing it was to have complete power of a young woman!

"Have you anything to say to me, Julia?" he enquired. "I

don't mean the formal things a slave has to say. But anything else? I shan't punish you for insolence, or anything like that. Just be frank, Julia"

He saw the girl's cheek twitch. it was a nervous tic she seemed to have acquired since coming aboard the 'Paradise'. He realised it indicated some special emotion she felt or effort of control she had to make. Maybe being told he wouldn't punish her for being 'insolent' had something to do with it. Or possibly the very fact that she had been given permission to say something more than the mere formalities or servitude.

"Y-yes, Master... I... I have..." said Julia, after Julia, after quite a prolonged silence.

"Go ahead then," smiled Quentin.

"I... I realise I am now your s-slave, Mater," said Julia, in that same dry hesitant voice, "and... and... I will do anything you ask of me... anything... I have been trained to it..."

"I know that," nodded Quentin, "So?"

Julia's once haughty features crumpled, tears burst out of her eyes. "But... M-Master..." she sobbed, "f-for... mmmff... p-pity sake... mmmfff... mmmff... take me off this... d-dreadful ship...!" The desperation in Julia's voice transferred itself to her body. Suddenly she flung herself forward, clasping Quentin's ankles, grovelling before him as she kissed his feet. "I... beg you, Master! Ooooh... I beg you... I implore you, Master... take me anywhere... mmfff... mmmff... keep me anywhere... but. mmmfff... but not on this a-awful ship..."

Quentin made no comment about Julia altering her posture without permission. It was simply Heaven to have her down there, kissing his feet and begging so frantically. He just let her go on doing it. It seemed impossible this was the same Julia Chant he had once known.

"Cruising the Pacific doesn't take your fancy then, Julia?" he remarked with heavy irony.

Julia raised a tear-stained face. "Master... I b-beseech You... you don't know what they d-do to me... what they m-make me d-do... for God's sake t-take me away...!"

"I've got a pretty good idea of what they do to you," said Quentin. "It was outlined to me... and demonstrated to me... when I first visited the 'Paradise'. Also, I have heard some tapes they made of you. Kneel up again slave. I

think I'll refresh my memory with one or two of them."

Breasts heaving with her sobs, Julia forced herself back into her original submissive posture. Oh how could this monster disregard her pleas? Everything had been done to her that he had wanted. She had been broken. Could he not see that she was at the end of her tether? And now she was going to have to re-live some of her own sufferings! Agonies of mind and body that were of his making!

Quentin pressed down the switch of the cassette-holder on the bedside table.

Recording of Julia Chant (said a woman's flat voice) aged 25, property of Q.O., made in the Punishment Room during early weeks of training. (High-pitched whimpering sounds of terror followed by Miss Judith's voice) "Julia on Report, Ma'am!"

(Madame Vesta's voice) "I know about this matter, of course, Miss Judith".

"Yes, Ma'am..."

"A serious offence of course. Most serious. But we must make allowances for Julia's inexperience."

"I suppose so, Ma'am."

(A babbling scream from Julia, then Madame Vesta speaks again) "You will receive eighteen strokes of the cane, slave (Louder and more terrible screams)... and while you are getting them, I want you to remember one thing! If ever you are guilty of disobedience of that nature again, you will get thirty six!"

Quentin's eyes were fixed on Julia's face... watching the play of emotions passing over them... seeing her mouth quiver and her cheek twitch as memories so terrible flooded back. He switched off the cassette.

"What was that disobedience, Julia?" he asked.

The lovely breasts heaved with even deeper sobs. "I.. I think mmmfff... mmmfff.. M-Master... I wouldn't kneel... and... and sh-show myself... mfff... to a gentleman... it... it was on the deck..."

Quentin smiled understandingly. "Well, you do it right away when you're told to now, don't you?"

"Y-Yer... ess... Master..." choked Julia.

Quentin pressed the switch of the cassette-player again.

(The sound of Julia babbling, begging and screaming even more loudly. Madame Vesta's voice comes over the noise) "Ahmed... bring up the whipping pillory. Jason... you will

put this disobedient wretch into it! ... You. Miss Judith, will administer the punishment. Use a four-foot-six, medium-weight rod."

"Yes, Ma'am..."

(The sudden sounds of violent movements, gasps and shrieks) "Hey... come back, my beauty...!"

"Get her, Jason...!"

"Sure thing, Ma'am..."

(Scampering feet, cries and shouts. Julia is heard above all) "No... oh... no... no... NO... OOO... No... OOO!"

"Got you my pretty one!"

(A hand slapping flesh) "NO.. OOO.. NO.. OOO!"

"You will receive six extra strokes for resistance, slave."

(Julia's awful shrieks and pleas continue... and there is much clanking and banging as the whipping pillory is moved into position and she is fastened into it. The high-pitched sound of a rod being swished is heard) "Alright, Miss Judith... begin please...!"

(The sound of the swishing rod again, but louder and more vicious this time... followed by the sound of it biting into flesh. An agonised, gasping scream for Julia. A five second interval... and the sounds are repeated. Julia's awful screams grow more ear-splitting as the caning proceeds. After some dozen strokes, Julia's vocal cords break down under the strain. As each stroke now falls, piping, croaking and rattling sounds come from her throat... and a noise that is something like the hissing sound made by a steam train).

Quentin switched off the cassette-player after twenty fourth stroke had fallen. Julia's eyes were closed and she was swaying a little from side to side. For a moment, Quentin thought she would faint and, but for the stimulant injection she would have received before being sent to him, no doubt she would have done.

"So you see, Julia," he said. "I do know what they do to you here. I have some other tapes, would you like to hear those, too?"

Julia opened her tear-filled eyes. The anguish in them was indescribable.

Quentin was not moved by the sight; he simply enjoyed it.

"H-Have... mercy, Master" whispered Julia, "please... please... no..."

"Perhaps a little later," said Quentin. "There really are some most entertaining ones. Like when you were made to suck

Ahmed's cock for the first time. Miss Judith gave you a pretty sore backside before you could make yourself do it, eh? Still, you've done it plenty of times since, I've no doubt."

"Yes, Master..."

"Jason's too?"

"Yes, Master..."

"But not mine yet."

"No, Master... but... but I would be honoured to..."

"Naturally," replied Quentin with the blandness of a man in full control and who also had been recently well satisfied. "Now, Julia, you were saying something about my taking you off this ship..."

"Yes... ooohh... yes, Master... please... ooohhh... please take me off it!"

"That presents certain difficulties, Julia. In the first place, you would try to escape..."

"NO... OOO! Master... I swear I wouldn't I S-SWEAR IT! I'd sat... I'd be your slave... I do anything... anything..."

"You keep on saying that," smiled Quentin indulgently. "But it presents problems."

Julia was trembling violently in her agitation. The fact that Quentin was actually considering her request was something quite incredible to her. Once more she flung herself forward and grovelled she clasped and kissed his feet.

"Master... please... lock me up..... chain me... do anything you wish... but OOOHHH... for mercy's sake... TAKE ME WITH YOU!"

Quentin was smiling as he looked down at the prostrate, naked figure before him... What a body it was! And this was Julia Chant... actually begging him to lock her up somewhere and do whatever he liked with her! Quite... oh quite... remarkable. Music to his ears; balm to his soul. Oh how low were the mighty fallen!

"Kneel up, Julia" he said. "I can't go on overlooking these undisciplined actions of yours."

"I... I... agh... I beg pardon, Master..." Julia returned to her kneeling position, breasts thrusting fulsomely.

"There is another problem, Julia," said Quentin suavely. "You see... I'm engaged to get married. My future wife may not approve of you. After all, you'd have to serve her too."

A stunned expression transformed Julia's features. She suddenly looked even more defeated.

"Y-You're f-future w-wife...?" she stammered.

"That's right," said Quentin coolly. "She knows all about you of course. But she'd want to come and inspect you. To see if she thinks you're worthy to be my slave. And hers..."

Julia gulped and shuddered, head drooping. "Master," she said in a low semi-controlled voice, "I would be honoured to serve any wife of yours..."

"Naturally," answered Quentin briskly. "The point is, does she want you to serve her, Julia? That's the problem."

Oh how matter-of-fact he was! As if he were at some board meeting discussing a client's likes and dislikes.

"M-Master... you asked me to... to speak... and, again I beg you to take me with you... as your slave... oohh Master..."

"I shall consider the matter, Julia. And discuss it with my fiancée," said Quentin perfunctorily.

"Thank you, Master," said Julia with cringing humility. "And... how soon will I know?"

Quentin's face hardened. "Don't ask me stupid questions, girl," he snapped. "In fact, I withdraw permission for you to ask any more questions. You will learn whether you stay on this ship or come with me when I decide you will learn. Is that understood?"

"Y-Yes... Master," whispered Julia abjectly. Yet there was a minuscule of hope in her heart. Incredible as it may seem, she now considered it preferable to serve Quentin Osman (and his future wife) than to stay on the 'Paradise' under the iron discipline of Madame Vesta and her aides. Well, perhaps she was right about that. But how could she be sure?

Naturally, she could not!

It was that, at the moment, anything seemed preferable to staying for an indefinite period aboard that Hell-ship!

"Stand up, slave!" ordered Quentin.

Julia rose, long-limbed and curvaceous, black hair falling richly to her shoulders, but the Mound of Venus fleshly smooth. A thrusting provocative mound. Quentin got up off the bed and begun to rub his hand over the body he owned. Breasts, back, buttocks, thighs... and that succulent mound. His fingers played and delved. His... all his!

"I expect you'd like a fuck," said Quentin. "As I said earlier, it's been a long time."

"Yes, Master," answered Julia tremulously. She pressed

herself close to the flabby body, determining in her mind to please this brute to the limit of her capabilities. That was it might help to ensure he took her with him.

"Oh not me, girl," said Quentin casually. "I told you, I don't fancy you all that much these days. So I'm going to arrange to have Ahmed and Jason come up here... and fuck you. One after the other. While I watch."

The wretched Julia's features dissolved once more. Tears flowed, her head drooped. "Ooohhh... no... oooo..." she sobbed.

"What do you mean Oh... no...?" demanded Quentin, in sudden seeming anger.

"M-Master... I... I..."

"You should be glad... an honoured... to have those two black heavy-weights on the job."

"I am... I am... M-Master!" Julia had realised the error of her initial protest and was quickly trying to make amends. "I want... to be f-fucked by them... both of them... I... I'd love it!"

Quentin gripped Julia by her hair. "Slave," he said, "you made a slip didn't you? I know. Your first reactions at the news were your real ones..."

"No... NO... Master!"

Quentin slapped the girl's face. Left and right... left and right. Stinging, head-jerking slaps. "Don't lie to me, you bitch!"

"No... I swear..."

Slapppp... slapppp... slaapppp... slappppp!

"Please... please... M-Master..."

"Julia... you know a slave does not lie to her Master."

"I.. I know, Master..."

"And what if she does?"

"She is punished, Master. Deservedly..."

"And you lied to me, Julia."

"P-Plee... eease... Master..."

"Yes... or... no... Julia?"

"Master... I didn't mean..."

A stinging slap on Julia's bottom... and then another.

"Yes or no, Julia?"

"Yes... Master... I suppose... a little... yes, Master..."

"Uh-uh. And what happens to a slave who lies, Julia?"

"She... she is p-punished, Master."

"So now you will be punished by me, Julia. For the very first time. By me personally, that is. But not, I am sure, for the last time."

Julia's throat worked; she was trembling violently. She had always known and dreaded this moment. Now it had come. Quentin was about to thrash her.

"Master... if I deserve your punishment..."

"If? You do deserve it!"

"Yes... Master..." agreed Julia. "And... and... I will accept your punishment... and. th-thank you... f-for correcting me..."

Quentin went to the drawer of the dressing table and opened it. There within were a multitude of minor corrective instruments... straps, tawses, canes, riding switches and so on. He took out a fairly lightweight cane with a hooked handle.

That would be adequate to start with, he told himself.

Running the smooth wood through his figures and flexing the cane lovingly, Quentin turned back to Julia. It was a most beautiful moment. One which, not so many months before, he could never imagined possible in his wildest dreams. Nor, naturally, could Julia.

Julia went down with the speed and precision of a guardsman on parade. Her palms flat, her nose to the carpet, her bottom thrust up to the maximum.

Quentin surveyed it with relish. How often it had been made to squirm on his account... now he would see it for himself! "Excellent..." he breathed, tapping the lush flesh with the tip of the cane and seeing it quiver delectably. "And now, Julia, I have some news for you," went on Quentin. "If you do not maintain this posture while I punish you, I will later on have you taken down to the Punishment Room and properly caned by Miss Judith. Is that quite clear?"

"Yes... Master..." answered Julia in a muffled voice. She was actually biting into the pile of the carpet. Quentin saw her hands clawing white... and the quick contraction of the nates in dread anticipation.

Delicious...

"I am giving you a dozen, slave... I think that will suffice on this occasion..."

With sadistic delight, Quentin laid on the first stroke, right across the centre of the curvaceous, upthrusting bottom before him. It was not a stroke which had all his strength...



I am giving you a dozen, slave...

but a good, hard, wristy cut all the same.

Ssswwweee... eepppttt!

A slim, twin-tracked weal curved across the flesh and Julia's bottom jerked back and forth, at the same time making a series of tight, little squirming movements. All the same, Julia took the stroke well, biting deeper into the carpet and making only a gasping-grunting sound. Her bottom remained fully thrust up. Quentin gave her another.

Ssswwweee... eepppttt!

The result was similar... with perhaps the squirming a little more urgent.

Again...

Ssswwweee... eepppttt!

And still no more than a gasping grunt from Julia as her bottom twisted this way and that... yet all the time presented.

Quentin found himself wishing he'd taken a heavier cane... or a riding switch.

He hadn't realised that Julia had become so hardened. Could not have imagined it. He wanted to have her yelling and begging for mercy. Still...

Ssswwweee... eepppttt!

"Agh... oww..."

That was better. He'd put more beef into that one and Julia had obviously felt it. What a joy it was to make her beautiful bottom squirm so uncontrollably!

Ssswwweee... eepppttt!

"Oowww... aagghhh..."

Even better! A louder gasp and an even more convulsive series of squirms. Perhaps she was losing control...

Ssswwweee... eepppttt!

The sixth stroke, cutting into the lush overhang, had Julia squirming right over to one side as her mouth gaped with her breathless gasps.

"Keep your bottom up, my girl!" rasped Quentin, "Are you forgetting what I promised you?"

"M-Mer... mer... ceee... M-Master..." choked Julia. Her hands and nails clawed more savagely; her teeth renewed their grip on the pile of the carpet.

Quentin laid on the final six strokes in fairly quick succession and, although Julia's hindquarters and writhed frenziedly, and although her gasps became agonised yelps, she somehow managed to keep her bottom thrust up high throughout. It was a remarkable effort of will and fortitude.

But then, of course, she had plenty of incentive...

With shoulders heaving, with breath rasping, Julia remained kneeling on the floor in the same humiliating posture. Quentin examined the criss-crossing weals - a bright pinkish red... with the very greatest satisfaction. This was his Julia's bottom he had striped. Even in that moment, it still scarcely seemed possible.

"Anything to say, slave?"

"Th-Thank... you... mmff... ugh... ugh... for c-correcting... m-me... Master..."

"If you ever lie to me again, Julia, I shall be far more severe."

"Yes... M-Master... I would deserve it, Master..."

Quentin grinned. There was true submission for you! He strolled over and replaced the cane in the drawer. It had been a relatively mild punishment compared with most aboard the 'Paradise' but Quentin rather doubted if any man had had greater pleasure in giving one!

"Stand up, Julia."

Julia got to her feet. Her lips were trembling, her cheeks twitching. No one was more aware than her just how much pleasure Quentin Osman had got from caning her. She fought down the bitter fury in her heart.

She could not indulge in it...

That way the greatest dangers lay...

She had to accept... had to submit...

This man was her Master... she his slave...

And was it not now her prime object to please him to the utmost and somehow induce him to take her off the 'Paradise'?

In Quentin's hand she suddenly saw a slim golden chain... and two small keys. In a matter of moments, the silver chain had been removed from her waist and the golden one substituted. The key turned in the tiny padlock.

"There," said Quentin with a little guffaw, "no one can say I am not a generous man. I'm giving you away even before I've had you myself! What a jolly decent fellow I am!"

He walked across the room and poured himself another long brandy whilst Julia fingered the golden chain, a look of despairing misery on her lovely face. No one could be more aware than her of what it meant.

From that moment on, she was the plaything of anyone!

Anyone!

Quentin lifted the telephone. "I think we'll have Ahmed

and Jason up here!" he said. "My dear girl... you must be simply aching to feel a piece of solid black meat!"

His mind went back to former days.

How Julia had hated blacks! How they had repelled her! To have them near her was bad enough... but if they touched her...

Well, he reckoned, it was doubtful if she had changed much. If at all. Mark you... that would not be the impression she would have to give!

CHAPTER THREE

HAVING SUMMONED the two negro assistants, Quentin put on a quilted dressing gown and seated himself in one of the armchairs. Julia remained kneeling, contemplating what was now to happen. She had always known it would. One day. Now this was the day. And it was all Quentin Osman's doing.

There came a knock on the door.

"Enter," said Quentin.

The door opened and in came Ahmed and Jason. They were two magnificent specimens of the negro race. Tall, muscular, carrying no fat. Each was coal black, skin gleaming faintly with oil. As usual, each wore only a brief white 'pouch'.

"You sent for us, Sir," said Ahmed as Jason closed the door.

"That's right, gentlemen," smiled Quentin. "I believe you have both been of some assistance in training my slave. Name of Julia. This one here..." Quentin pointed.

"That's correct, Sir," said Ahmed. Jason grinned, big teeth startlingly white.

"May I thank you both," said Quentin. "You seem to have done a good job."

"Thank you, Sir," said Jason. And this time Ahmed grinned.

"I have decided to give you a little reward for your efforts," continued Quentin. "As you may notice, I have now put a golden chain on Julia. You both know what that means."

The features of both negroes lit up and they looked with gathering interest at the kneeling figure of Julia. She was silent, shoulders heaving gently, tears running softly over her cheeks.

"Yes," said Ahmed, "we know what that means."

Quentin smiled encouragingly. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "if you are so inclined, I invite you to enjoy my slave in whatever way you wish."

Ahmed and Jason looked at each other happily. "I think you might say, we ARE so inclined," said Jason.

The other negro stepped forward and took Julia by her hair, hauling her up to the accompaniment of a wailing cry. "Why girlie," he laughed, "I've been looking forward to fucking the arse of you ever since I first saw you!" A broad black hand slapped Julia's bottom. "And I know you're just going to love it!" Ahmed released Julia's hair and the girl slumped back to the floor before kneeling erect again.

Meanwhile Jason had slipped off his white 'pouch' and Ahmed followed suit.

Quentin studied both men with added interest. He realised they had been specially chosen but was both pleased and envious at what he saw. Both had eight or nine, thickly-girthed inches hanging down between powerful thighs... inches which Quentin reckoned would stiffen up to twelve inches or so. Formidable indeed!

"Aren't you a lucky girl?" said Quentin, getting up and twisting Julia's head round towards the two nude giants.

Of course, Julia had seen both of them often enough before. And indeed, she had serviced them with her mouth. But the fact that she was now being given to them completely put a rather different complexion on things. Her mouth quivered uncontrollably.

"Y-Yes... Master..." she managed to make herself say.

"Show a little respect to these two gentlemen then," ordered Quentin. On the 'Paradise', showing respect had its own meaning. Julia knew it well.

Crawling forward, she kissed Jason's feet. The she insinuated herself up his strong limbs, crushing her breasts to him. When her mouth came to his organ, she kissed it the full length with slavish fervour, whilst cradling the still-soft, large 'banana' of black male flesh in her small white hands. Already that 'banana' had begun to swell a little; soon it would be a far larger 'bone'. Julia repeated her ministrations with Ahmed, whilst Quentin looked on, grinning with lustful cruelty. He almost had to pinch himself to make sure he was not dreaming. The woman doing this was Julia. Julia Chant! Incredible! And wonderful!

"Good... good... slave," he murmured as Julia sank down again, having shown the 'respect' required of her. "Now, gentlemen, which of you wants to have my Julia first?"

The two men looked at each other. Jason shrugged. "Toss



Show a little respect to these two gentlemen, slave...

for it?" he suggested.

"Sure," smiled Quentin. He liked very much the idea of Julia being tossed for. He picked up a coin from the table. "Call... Ahmed."

"Heads..."

The coin fell silently to the carpet. "Tails," announced Quentin. "so she's all yours Jason."

Now virtually in full erection, the young negro seemed to consider for a moment. Quentin was even more impressed by the size of him. Quite fearsome.

Jason crooked his fingers, indicating that Julia should rise. "White missie," he said, "you go and lie on the end of the bed, on your back."

Trembling, the silent tears still flowing, Julia obeyed. It had been Quentin she'd keyed herself up for... not these two massive black brutes. She lay down as directed. Lush, soft, white... seductively inviting.

Jason grinned down at her. "I got a big one, eh Missie? You had it in your mouth plenty... but never where you're going to get it now. You like I think."

The expression on Julia's face scarcely confirmed these words! Her eyes filled with dread and her nostrils flared with revulsion. "Yes... Sir..." she was heard to whisper.

"Bring up your knees... right to your shoulders," said Jason.

Julia did so, her bottom curving deliciously.

"Now open wide," said Jason.

Julia parted her limbs... to proffer herself openly and blatantly. Quentin gazed fascinated. This is my Julia, he said to himself, presenting herself for the pleasure of a negro. A day to remember...

Jason came down, hands flat to the bed. Carefully he positioned himself. The large, ping-mauve knob hovered for a moment, just before Julia's pouting lips. Then Jason gave a sudden lunge... obviously a deliberately brutal lunge... and was buried in Julia to the hilt.

Julia's mouth gaped... a high-pitched hissing cry coming from it. Her back arched in a semi-circle and she thrashed wildly on the bed while her nails clawed Jason's back.

"Big prick, eh Missie?" grinned Jason, savouring the feel and reactions of his victim.

Julia could only groan... and she began to groan more loudly as Jason began to thump in and out of her. There was

no question of gentleness... no finesse. All was for Jason's brute pleasure; Julia was just a fuckable object.

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

"L-Lovely... eh... Missie..."

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

Black flesh and white...

Thumpity... thumpity... thumpity... thump...

"Wiggle then, Missie... wriggle that arse..."

Thump... thump... thumpity... thump..

Quentin's piggy eyes were hot. Often as he had imagined himself doing what Jason was, he reckoned the spectacle was giving him even greater pleasure. This was the haughty Julia getting it! Getting it good and strong too. This was Julia groaning, moaning and gasping as twelve inches of solid black cock rammed into her again and again.

Thumpity... thumpity... thumpity.. thump.. thump... thump...

Now Jason's pace was increasing. And Julia was threshing and writhing about on the bed quite frantically.

"Do you reckon she's going to come?" asked Quentin, glancing at Ahmed.

The negro shook his head. "Reckon Jason's just warming her up for me," he said.

Faster... faster... and yet faster...

There was no holding Jason now. He was literally galloping towards a climax.

"AAAAGGGGHHHHHH!" he suddenly cried, haunches jerking frenziedly as he released himself.

Julia laid back, eyes screwed tight, mouth wide and slack. Shuddering moans came from her. For a moment, Quentin wondered whether she was going to be sick.

"Enjoy her, Jason?" enquired Quentin as the negro peremptorily withdrew.

"Only because she was a first-timer," replied the negro. "The girl's not really willing. And she needs plenty of training."

Quentin's eyebrow went up in mock surprise. "Not really willing?" he said. "After all this time... well, well, I'd never have believed it. And you think she needs training, eh? Well, I'm sure that can be arranged."

He smiled down at Julia who lay on the bed with eyes still closed. There was a sheen of sweat over her lovely body and tears had never ceased to trickle down her cheeks. This, for

her, was the ultimate in degradation. At least, so she thought.

"Julia..." said Quentin, "now Ahmed is going to fuck you. I do hope you please him more than you did, Jason."

Ahmed smiled and took a couple of pillows off the bed, tossing them on the floor. "Up my beauty... and kneel," he ordered.

Sobbing, Julia struggled up. Her eyes were wild, she trembled incessantly. There, right before her, swung Ahmed's massive weapon... ready to ravage her. She knelt.

The negro knelt down behind her, clamping big black hands on the fronts of her thighs, pulling them apart. The he positioned himself and entered. Julia uttered a long, low moan.

Out... then in...

Out... then in...

Out... then in...

Out... then in...

Ahmed's haunches moved with a steady, easy rhythm. He had none of the violence of Jason, but, all the same, he drove home to the hilt each time, his belly slapping to Julia's soft white bottom. The negro even had time to wink at his companion.

"She's warming up a bit now," he said.

Out... then in...

Out... then in...

Out... then in...

Out... then in...

"Use your arse of yours, girl... use it... or I'll take the skin off it!" Ahmed's voice was suddenly harsh.

Quentin smiled delightedly. He was well aware that Julia knew how to 'use her arse', but could understand her reluctance. He watched fascinated as the white haunches began to act and re-act with the black ones.

"That... that's a bit... better... girl..." grunted Ahmed.

Out and in...

Out and in...

Out and in...

Out and in...

The pace was warming up. And Julia's haunches were keeping up with that pace.

"Do you think she'll come this time?" asked Quentin of

Jason.

"Could be," nodded Jason. "she's getting plenty, isn't she? And Ahmed's not finished yet. He already had a fuck earlier today. Plenty in reserve."

Quentin nodded understandingly. "Good... good," he said.

"Work it... work it..." Ahmed was saying, each time slapping Julia on her flank.

The girl began to move her haunches in a more violent, more animal-like fashion. Her rasping breath could be heard and her head drooped as her nails scrabbled into the carpet.

"I think he's got her going," said Jason.

Quentin's smile broadened and he sat himself on the edge of the bed, pulling up Julia's head by her hair, gazing into her distraught face. "Let yourself go, my girl," he encouraged. "You should be delighted to be getting such a nice big prick up you. Come along... come along... show your true colours. Maidenly modesty does not become you, my dear!"

Ahmed was working up to a really furious pace, but one could sense he still had something left. As for Julia... encouraged or not encouraged... she was suddenly aware that she was lost. That Nature had taken over. That she could not contain the surging sensations within herself. The ravaging organ had quite conquered her; fully possessed her. As she had seen it possess Melissa. Yet had never believed it could do the same to her.

Hating herself, she began to snort and whimper, her eyes rolling. And through a mist of tears, she could see Quentin grinning lasciviously, his face close to hers, still holding her by the hair.

"Come... come... you randy bitch... come... you know you love it!" he cried.

Julia did just that... with a long, shuddering, violence... squirming and jerking uncontrollable... sagging down... yet still held up by Quentin. Ahmed had to work hard and fast to catch up with her, only succeeding about a minute later... which only added to the frenzy of Julia's orgasmic contortions.

"My, my," smiled Quentin, when the tumult of black and white flesh had finally subsided, "you did enjoy that, Julia, didn't you?"

But Julia could make no coherent answer.

She could only weep.

She could only weep the bitter tears.

Ten minutes later, Quentin still lounged on his bed. Well content, Ahmed and Jason had taken themselves off. Quentin's final words to them had been to the effect that they had carte blanche with Julia.

"If you are not otherwise engaged... and, of course, if you fancy her enough... I'd like each of you to fuck her at least once a day." he had said.

"Sure thing, Mr Osman..."

"And we'll train her up so that she gives as good as that Melissa."

"Yes, please do that," Quentin had said, "you have my permission to give her a good hiding any time you feel she is not giving of her best. Julia likes to pretend she is not all that keen on the male flesh and it is a trait which must be eradicated. For it is simply not true."

Julia's expression while she was being consigned to these black giants - and at Quentin's instructions - gave her owner the very greatest delight. Then he had ordered her off into the bathroom annexe of his cabin.

"Take a shower, go and clean yourself and make yourself presentable again!" were his words. What a joy it was to treat her like that!

In due time, Julia returned. She had repaired the ravages of her tear-stained face, brushed her rich, shoulder-length hair, and her beautiful body was bathed, powered and perfumed again. She sank to her knees by the side of Quentin's bed.

"I expect you feel a lot better now, Julia" smiled Quentin.

"Yes, Master..." agreed Julia.

"I don't mean because you've refreshed yourself... but because of the good, solid fucking I arranged for you."

A quiver of the lower lip, a twitch of the cheek. "Y-Yes, Master..."

"And, as you will have heard, there's plenty more to come. Every time you get one of those big, black pricks up you, I want you to remember you've got me to thank for it."

A convulsive shudder. "Yes, Master..."

"There's another thing, of course," went on Quentin, "any gentleman guest on the 'Paradise' can also now have you. So I wouldn't be at all surprised if you aren't kept fairly busy."

Julia was already fighting to hold back her tears again. The new Hell that this gross monster, reclining before her, was devising, did not bear contemplating. "Y-Yes, M-Master,"

she found herself saying, nevertheless.

"All right, Julia... run along and prepare a bath for me. I've got to get dressed. Madame Vesta's entertaining us to cocktails at six." Quentin had not quite decided whether or not he would retain Julia as his body slave during his stay, but she would do for the time being anyway.

The girl rose a little unsteady to her feet and made for the annexe again. With the pleasure of possession, Quentin eyed the swinging hips and the soft jiggling of the buttock flesh... carrying the weals he had raised.

There was much more enjoyment yet to be obtained from Julia!

Julia bathed and towelled Quentin, laid out his evening clothes, even helped him put them on. He could find no real fault with her service but all the same occasionally slapped the girl's bottom on the pretence that she was being a bit slow or had not done something exactly to his liking. Julia took those slaps with scarcely a sound. Then, when Quentin was ready to leave the cabin, he fastened a leather collar, which had a chain attached, around his lovely slave's neck. The end of the chain he then secured to a small ringbolt at the end of the bed.

The girl would lie there, to await Quentin's return later in the evening. Doubtless, reflected Quentin, she will have quite a lot to contemplate. Not only concerning the immediate past, but the future too.

CHAPTER FOUR

QUENTIN OSMAN ENTERED the main saloon of the 'Paradise' in an exceedingly relaxed frame of mind. On the way there, he had been considering how he would handle Julia. This policy of 'rejection' he found most amusing. It wasn't all that difficult to carry out, either, when there was so much female flesh around to enjoy. He could, of course, leave the girl on the 'Paradise' indefinitely. That was what Julia obviously dreaded most of all. Yes... he might do that, visiting her occasionally, when he was in the mood, to have some fun.

Or, of course, he could do exactly what he had told Julia... and that was, bring his fiancee Glenda Heine aboard, so that she could 'inspect' his slave. It would be great to have Julia serve, and service them both. Glenda would certainly demand the latter since, although she was not entirely averse to men, her preferences were of a lesbian nature. His forthcoming marriage to this wealthy American - a brittle blonde in her mid-thirties - was for reasons of finance and companionship as much as anything, even though there had been, and would continue to be, some degree of sexual relations between them. The two understood and tolerated each other, sharing similar interests. From the outset, it had been agreed that Quentin should have his girl-friends on the side... and that Glenda should have hers. Glenda also knew all about Julia and found it quite fascinating.

"I'd love to see her one day," she had once said.

"Maybe that could be arranged," Quentin had agreed. But he was not too sure about it at the time. Madame Vesta might not approve. However, having broached the subject to the owner of the 'Paradise' no objections were raised.

And, if we ever did decide to take Julia off the 'Paradise' thought Quentin, we could keep her under lock and key in a

wing of that ancient castle-cum-ruin they had purchased together in the Scottish Highlands. Nice and remote there.

Incarcerating Julia in a place like that should present no problems at all. Still, he would consult with Glenda. If she liked the idea, he would certainly go along with it. Otherwise Julia could say where she was.

A tall, fair-haired man of around forty was standing in the saloon when Quentin came in.

"Svenson..." said the man extending his hand.

"Osman..." replied Quentin taking the hand. It was a firm, dry one unlike his which as inclined to be podgy and sweating. All the same he sensed a certain nervous tension in this man. An air of trying to look unconcerned, yet not feeling it. Just like Quentin had been when he had made his first visit to the 'Paradise'. He knew how difficult it was to adjust to the bizarre atmosphere of the ship and to take naturally the things that were not at all natural.

To take as natural, for example, that an exceedingly pretty girl, who was standing in the background with a tray in her hand, was naked but for a few fetching items. A suspender belt and black fishnet stocking and a pair of exceedingly high-heeled shoes. Also frilly white maid's cap and apron. The apron was so short that it reached just to the top of the swell of her depilated mound.

Once such a spectacle would have slightly unnerved Quentin. Now 'an old hand', he took it completely in his stride.

"Fetch me a gin and tonic, girl," he said briskly, "with plenty of ice." His eyes dwelt on the girl for a moment as she turned to obey his order. She was a neat little thing, with a nice, tightly-rounded bottom. Quentin could not recall having seen her before.

"First time aboard?" he enquired of Svenson, with an understanding little smile.

"Yes... as a matter of fact it is," nodded the stranger.

"Takes a bit of getting used to, I know," said Quentin in a man-of-the-world fashion. "I heard you had Melissa this afternoon? Or was it this morning?"

A startled, rather embarrassed look came to the blonde man's face and he flushed slightly. "How did you know that?" he asked.

"Because I had her myself later on," laughed Quentin. "Miss Judith happened to let it slip."

"Ahh... I see..."

"Makes a marvellous fuck that one... quite some beauty too..."

"Er... yes... yes... that's quite true..."

Svenson looked even more embarrassed, so Quentin dropped the subject for the time being and turned his attention to the slave-girl who was bobbing a curtsey before him as she presented him with his drink. He saw that she had high breasts, as firm and as round as apples. She also had light brown hair, worn in a pony-tail, and doe-like eyes. Eyes that had that familiar look of dread and despair in them.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Marisa, Master," came the whispered answer.

Very shy, this one, though Quentin. "Been here long?"

"A... About... t-two m-months, Master," replied Marisa, lips trembling.

Quentin's inclination of the head indicated that the girl could retire again and he seated himself in one of the armchairs. Svenson took a seat opposite him.

"Swedish?" enquired Quentin politely.

"Yes," replied Svenson. "I'm in the arms business."

"Ah... plenty of money in that!"

"Fortunately," said Svenson. For the first time he relaxed a little and laughed. "Madame Vesta certainly knows how to charge."

"Too true," said Quentin wryly. "Still I can assure you, Svenson, she gives value for money. It's worth every penny."

"You've got a girl here then?"

"Oh yes... she's fully trained now. I can tell you, it's the most delightful thing imaginable to send an arrogant bitch here... and then return here to have her grovelling at your feet ready to do anything. And when I say anything, I mean it."

The Swede's eyes lit up and his jaw clenched. He rubbed his hands together.

"Yes... I can imagine that..."

"You're considering sending someone here, obviously."

"Yes... my wife actually. I discovered she's been sleeping around with business rivals. What she told them could have ruined me. Fortunately, I found out in time."

"This seems just the place for her. What's she like? Young? A blonde Viking Goddess?"

"Twenty three or so. And yes... she's what you might describe as a Viking Goddess. Very tall; rather icy in

appearance."

"They'll melt her here!" laughed Quentin. "By the way, you know about the silver and gold chains used here?"

"Yes," nodded Svenson.

"What are you going to put on her?"

"Silver, I reckon..."

"Oh well, I won't have the pleasure of her company then." Quentin suddenly looked rather smug. "I've just put a gold chain on my girl... so you can have her whenever you like. She's a very similar type to Melissa."

"Really? Well, I like that type. That's very decent of you."

"Not at all," smiled Quentin. "Now she's wearing gold, you're at perfect liberty to send for her at any time. Like anyone else."

"Quite so... quite so..." mused Svenson. "Perhaps one day I'll convert my girl to gold."

"The option's always open," said Quentin. He finished his drink snapped his fingers at Marisa. The girl came hurrying, apple-round breasts bouncing prettily. "Another one," said Quentin brusquely.

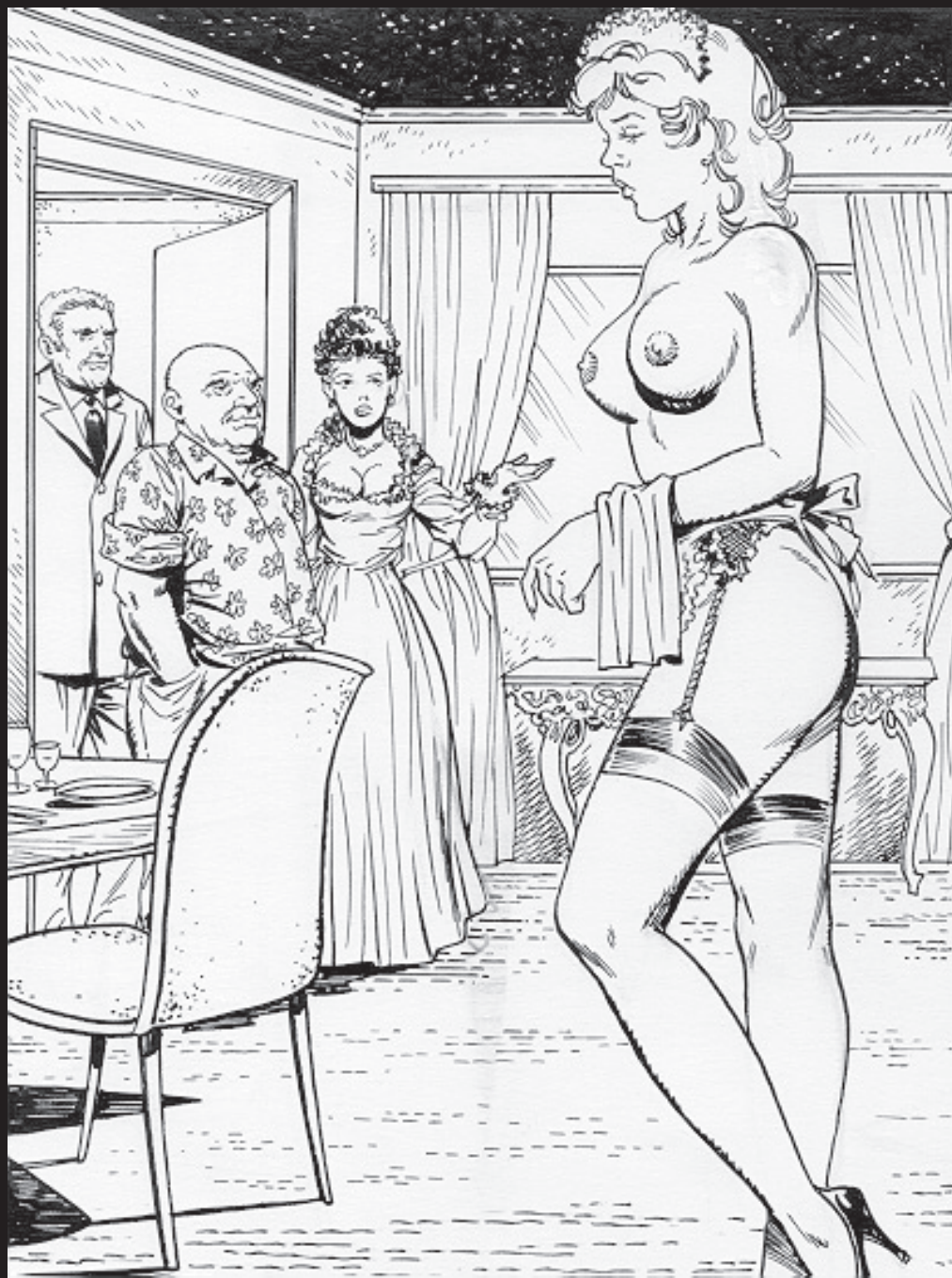
"And... and for me..." said Svenson, without quite the same authority. But his eyes were hot upon the young girl's nubile body as she took his glass. Silver, he noted... rather a pity.

At that moment, Madame Vesta entered. She looked even taller with her black hair swept up in an elaborate coiffeur. The eyelashes of her black, slanting eyes had been heavily coated with mascara and this somehow made her look even more evil and menacing than usual. She wore a full-length black evening gown trimmed with fur.

"Good evening, gentlemen," she said in that low, sombre voice of hers. A voice which she could also make sound as sharp as a whip-crack.

Both men rose. "Good evening, Madame Vesta," they said respectively. She was the kind of woman who inspired respect in all, not only those in her power. The girl Marisa curtsied low and the tension in her seemed to double at the appearance of this formidable figure.

"Chilled white wine," said Madame Vesta to no one in particular. Quentin saw the girl's hand tremble as she poured the wine into a cut-glass goblet. Madame Vesta's black eyes regarded Marisa stonily as she took the wine.



This girl happens to be the youngest slave on the ship...

"This girl happens to be the youngest slave on the ship," she said. "Not yet eighteen..."

The two men looked at her with renewed interest. Only seventeen! What a pity about that silver chain. They saw the colour mount in the soft young cheeks under their combined lecherous gaze... before the girl was dismissed by a gesture from Madame Vesta. "Another rather unusual thing," she went on "Marisa was not sent here by a man, but by her stepmother, who thought the girl was having an undue influence on her father and was affecting the marriage."

"Indeed?" remarked Quentin, raising his brows.

"How was Julia?" Madame Vesta asked him.

Quentin clasped his hands over his fat belly and looked smug. "Excellent" he replied. "You and your staff are to be congratulated, as usual. Apart from her looks, I wouldn't recognise her."

"Yes," smiled Madame Vesta thinly, "her behaviour has certainly improved since she first came here."

"I haven't actually had her yet," said Quentin, and this time it was Madame Vesta's turn to raise her eyebrows. He went on to explain his policy of 'rejection', for the time being anyway, and was delighted by the expression of approval that came to his hostess's face.

"An unusual ploy," she said. "And now it is my turn to be congratulating you, Quentin. It emphasises even more to the girl how absolutely you possess her. Good for her should if not exactly for her ego!"

"Quite... that's what I thought," laughed Quentin. "I gave her to Ahmed and Jason, though, with instructions for them to fuck her every day, if they wished."

Madame Vesta nodded. "Indeed," she said. She was looking at Quentin with considerably more respect... not having previously suspected that this flabby, middle-aged Yank had such subtlety in him.

Svenson was regarding him disbelievingly. "You... you mean.. you haven't had this Julia yourself... and yet... and yet..."

"Yes," nodded Quentin, smiling away. "It pleases me extraordinarily this way. She's in my cabin and you can go there and have her now if you like."

That faint air of embarrassment returned to Svenson. "I... I think I'll have dinner, thanks," he replied, trying to laugh the moment off.

"Just as you like" said Quentin... very much the owner.

The three of them continued to drink and chat for another half hour or so, with the delectable young Marisa flitting silently to and fro with remarkable efficiency. But for a quirk of fate, reflected Quentin at one point, this girl could well be at some expensive finishing school. Wearing a gym slip, he said to himself, as he gazed avidly at the tightly-rounded bottom. It would be nice to have a schoolgirl!

"Shall we go in then?" enquired Madame Vesta at last. The two men rose obediently and followed her into the adjoining saloon. This was the dining room and a blonde and buxom girl, garbed similarly to Marisa, stood waiting to serve them. Quentin recalled her at once. This was the Danish girl, Birgit, and she too was young, if he remembered alright. Only nineteen. Magnificent half-melon breasts and fulsome hindquarters yet with a very slim waist. She was the first girl Quentin had ever had on the 'Paradise'. A real juicy bit. And had he needed it! It had been just after he had had the divine pleasure of whipping a woman for the first time in his life. That had been Melissa. He could still remember vividly how that beauty had writhed and screamed even under his inexperienced lash. Some afternoon that. He wondered idly, as Birgit came alongside him to serve - lush breasts swinging pendulously - whether she remember him as well as he did her. Probably not. Plenty of guests would have enjoyed her since him. He ran his hand up the smoothness of the back of her thighs and caressed her plump bottom. Birgit trembled fractionally but did not recoil in the slightest. She was often called upon to serve at dinner and was used to such attentions.

"I am continuing Mr Svenson's tour tomorrow morning," remarked Madame Vesta later in the meal. "Care to come along, Quentin?"

Quentin well recalled the fascination and excitement of his first tour. "Thank you... I would..." he answered, trying to look casual about it. "What time?"

"Oh about ten thirty, I should think," said Madame Vesta. "We'll meet on the sundeck, under the awning."

"Fine," said Quentin. He knew the spot well, having spent a happy hour there watching the slave-girls move about the decks. Or scrubbing them.

"Alright with you, Mr Svenson?"

"Yes... thank you Madame Vesta. I look forward to it."

"We can't go on calling you Mr Svenson," smiled Madame Vesta.

"My name is Gunnar," said Svenson.

"Gunnar," they said together, nodding politely. By then the wine was flowing with considerable freedom and Quentin noticed that the Swede was now caressing Birgit's bottom whenever she came alongside him. Madame Vesta also noticed it, it seemed.

"Do you fancy the girl?" she asked.

"Quite," responded Gunnar, his voice a little thick.

"She's Scandinavian like yourself, of course" said Madame Vesta. "I'll have her brought to your cabin later, if you like."

"Quite a nice idea," Gunnar said, grinning lecherously. He was looking straight across the room at the big breasted youngster whose features, however, remained expressionless as she was arbitrarily consigned for sexual service. Again, it was something she had grown accustomed to.

Quentin, oddly perhaps, felt a faint twinge of jealousy. He had been considering Birgit himself. That plump and shapely bottom with the honey-coloured flesh was really something. Still, there was Julia back in the cabin. Chained and waiting. His.

No... he must not give way. It would be a sign of weakness to take her so soon. He must continue his plan of 'rejection' for a long while yet. Still, he thought, with a deep glow of pleasure, there is no reason why she shouldn't suck me. Julia hadn't ever done that to him, not even when she was his so-called mistress. He recalled what she had said when he had once suggested it... and the pleasure within him increased.

"I think I'd rather do it to a real pig than you," had come the scathing words, the mouth curling in a sneer.

Well, now Miss Haughty was going to have to do it. And do it real good!

After dinner, coffee and brandy were served in the saloon by Marisa and at about ten thirty, filled with food and wine, Quentin made his way a little unsteadily back to his cabin. It was incredible to realise, he thought, that such a civilised and conventional dinner party could have taken place in such bizarre surroundings.

And the slaves... those glorious, so submissive creatures who only existed to serve. My God... what a prospect.

Some would lie asleep in a state of exhaustion after arduous duties...

Some would lie, still sobbing, enduring the throbbing pain of weals and welts across buttocks and thighs...

One or more may have been receiving a merciless thrashing in the Punishment Room, even while he, Gunnar and Madame Vesta had been taking their ease in the saloon...

Some would be lying with wide staring eyes, filled with despair, thinking of the days, weeks and months ahead...

Yes... the 'Paradise' was indeed a unique vessel.

Quentin opened his cabin and went in. Instantly, there was the clink of chains as Julia knelt erect, parting her thighs and placing her hands behind her head. The posture of slavery. The posture of submission. Standing over her, looking down, Quentin fondled Julia's breasts. They were very good breasts. Full yet firm. The nipples were quite large and he felt them harden a little under his touch. That amused him.

"Glad your Mater is back, slave?" he asked.

"Yes, Master," replied Julia huskily. She had been weeping a lot in Quentin's absence. Praying, too. Praying that he would decide to take her with him when he went.

"I wonder," grinned Quentin happily.

He turned and went into the bathroom... and when, a few minutes later, he came back, he was naked. Gross and hairy, punch wobbling, he waddled across the room and took the collar and chain off Julia.

"You're going to suck me, slave," said Quentin. "Are you glad about that?"

Julia's nostrils flared slightly, her full lips quivered. "I... I am honoured, Master," she managed to say.

Quentin grinned hugely... drunkenly... as he seized Julia by her long dark hair and peered close to hear distraught face. "Good... good, he said "because, if I remember right, there was a time when you felt rather differently!"

Julia just managed to stop her features crumbling completely. She knew she should be showing pleasure, not distress, at the duty she had to perform. She knew, too, there was a cane in the drawer and, flown with drink, Quentin might thrash her without mercy if she did not pull herself together.

"I... I have changed, Master..." said Julia. "B-Been... changed, Master... and... and rightly so. Now I am your s-slave, Mater... and I want to please you in every way... I

want to suck you... I swear it!"

"Oh that's good... very good..." said Quentin, flopping down on his back on the bed. "Then you can begin, my pretty... but it might take some time... as... as I'm a little drunk." He parted his fat, hairy thighs. "You can begin by kissing my balls... and go on doing it till I tell you to stop. After that... you can to on... to... higher things..."

"Y-Yes... Master..."

Julia slid between the thighs to begin her nauseous task.

Her eyes were closed, her mouth was twisting in revulsion. Yet she knew she must give everything... use all her acquired expertise... to satisfy this vile beast who had her in his power.

"That's it... my beauty.. that's it.. suck... suck..."

It must have been all of twenty minutes since Julia had begun her ministrations... using lips and tongue with skill and zeal... yet only now had Quentin come to anything like erection, at least Julia had something firm to suck on.

Julia felt the organ swelling in her mouth with mingled dread and relief. At least it would soon be over.

She had kissed the revolting balls reverently...

She had kissed and licked the even more revolting penis...

She had taken - most revolting of all - the phallic head into her mouth and sucked and sucked as if her life depended on it...

Still no response. Except grunts of pleasure from the beast. Oh yes... he was enjoying it alright! He didn't care if it took him half the night to get an erection. His slave would just go on sucking him until he did. Doubtless he enjoyed it all the more because it took so long.

"Mmmmm... you beauty... they've taught you well... suck then... suck then..."

It was scarcely necessary to give Julia any such instructions. She was sucking avidly as she knelt between the flabby, quivering thighs... the hairy belly above her head quaking.

Quentin's head turned to one side on the pillow. His eyes were glazing, his mouth sagged open. He was dribbling from one corner of it.

Sheer Heaven!

His Julia was sucking him...

And, any moment, he was going to shoot into her mouth...



Mmmmm... you beauty... they've taught you well...
suck then... suck then...

Right down her throat...

Yes... any moment!

NOW!

NOOO... OOOWWWWW!

There were sounds of a pig at a trough... if not several pigs. There was a jerking and juddering of hairy flesh.

Dark head jerking, mouth working frantically, Julia went on sucking until Quentin was dry...

CHAPTER FIVE

ON THE FOLLOWING morning, after Julia had attended to his toiletry needs, Quentin rang up Miss Judith on the house phone and asked for the girl to be taken back to her cell.

"I expect Jason or Ahmed, or maybe both, will be looking in there a little later on," he said with a smile to the kneeling figure. He liked the way Julia gave a shudder. The dark lustrous eyes were on him wide and frantically pleading.

"M-Master... may I speak?" asked Julia in a low voice, rather to Quentin's surprise. The girl was taking a risk, for slaves were not supposed to address their owner unless they were spoken to. She must be pretty desperate, he thought.

"Well?" Quentin kept his voice hard.

"Master... may I ask... h-have you yet decided? About t-t-taking me with you?"

How delightful to have her begging him to remove her and incarcerate her as his permanent slave! Who would ever have once believed it? Nevertheless Quentin frowned.

"No, I have not, Julia," he answered sharply. "And how dare you ask me such a question, Girl? I've a good mind to report the matter to Miss Judith. It's sheer insolence..."

"Plee... eeease... no... M-Master..." Julia extended her arms imploringly. She had already broken one rule... so it was in for a penny, in for a pound.

"You admit it was insolent?"

"Yes... yes, Master... but... Master... I so much want to c-come with you... as your s-slave... and the slave of... of your f-future wife..."

"I am not interested in your feelings, Julia," said Quentin severely. "Only your actions." He strolled slowly across to the drawer, opened it, and took out the cane he had used the previous evening. "However, I'll deal with the matter myself.

Bottom up, girl!"

Nose to carpet... nails clawing... curvaceous bottom thrusting... What a joy to whiplash the cane across that bottom just as hard as he could! What a joy to hear Julia squeal, to watch her squirm, yet keep her hindquarters high.

Again!

And again!

"I will not have insolence..."

Again!

"Aaahhh... I beg pardon... Master..."

And again!

"Aaaiiiieeeee!"

The tops of the long white thighs were unmarked and Quentin laid the sixth and final stroke there, drawing a yelping cry of torment from his victim.

Quentin strolled back and replaced the cane whilst Julia remained, weal-striped bottom upthrust, white shoulders heaving. Painful as it had been, she had expected worse. Also, she had not been reported to Miss Judith. Thus, in a slave's world, she had something to be thankful for!

At that moment, there came a knock on the door and, on receiving permission, Jason entered.

"Ah..." smiled Quentin, "be so good as to take Julia away, Jason."

"Yes, Sir..." The hulking negro smiled in return, showing a battery of gleaming white teeth. "Up with you, Missie."

Julia stood a little unsteadily as a collar was put about her neck. Jason took the end of the chain attached to it. From the look in his eyes, thought Quentin, his immediate intentions are fairly obvious. This was confirmed as Jason led Julia from the room.

"Come along, pretty one, I've got a treat in store for you," he said.

Few men could have felt more contented than Quentin as the door closed behind his erstwhile mistress.

After a light breakfast, Quentin went a little early to the sundeck. He had his reasons... and was rewarded. For, as he had hoped there would be, down on the lower deck was a kneeling slave-girl, scrubbing and scrubbing.

It was a scene that took Quentin right back to his very first visit to the 'Paradise'. Indeed, the very first morning when he had feasted his eyes upon a similar sight. Almost disbelievingly then; now he took it as a matter of course.

Quentin took up the pair of opera glasses from the table beside him and focussed them on the naked girl. Her swinging breasts and quivering bottom flesh came into close-up. So did the sheen of sweat on her back. She wore a silver chain and, Quentin guessed, was around twenty four or five. A well-made strong-looking girl. She would, he realised, be a relative newcomer to the 'Paradise'. Deck scrubbing was one of the ways of 'breaking in' girls to the arduous regime. As yet, noted Quentin, the girl's flesh was unmarked so she would not have been long at her task nor would one of the overseers been around to give her a little stimulus with the leather thong.

Julia had scrubbed those decks, Quentin said to himself. Day in, day out. Scrubbed till her arms and back were one whole burning ache. And then gone on scrubbing. Because her bottom burnt even more fierily due to the throbbing welts implanted by the leather.

A joyous thought!

Then Quentin heard a footstep behind him and lowered the glasses. It was Gunnar Svenson.

"Ah, good morning..." he said politely. He noted the Swede's eyes fasten at once on the kneeling figure below. "Sleep well?"

"After I'd finished with that Danish piece... yes. Like a log," smiled Gunnar. "What a body she's got!"

He's acclimatising already, thought Quentin. "Yes... hasn't she," he agreed.

"There's not a bad one down there, either." The opera glasses changed hands and Gunnar got a close-up of the sweating, nude figure.

"My God, they certainly put them though it here," he murmured after a while.

"It's the only way to re-mould their characters," said Quentin dryly. He guessed that Gunnar would be imagined his own 'Viking Goddess' sweating her guts out in a similar fashion. As he had done with Julia.

The black clad figure of an overseer came strolling along the deck... and Quentin rather wished he still had the opera glasses. Still, Gunnar was on a first visit. He watched as the overseer unlooped the long leather thong from her belt. The girl was still scrubbing, her efforts intensified. But no matter. The thong swung high and fell across her bottom. The sound of it, and the accompanying gasping-cry came floating

up to them. The girl threshed like a white eel on the deck and got two more strokes across her thighs.

"Christ," said Gunnar, "she seemed to be working hard enough..."

"Not the point," said Quentin. "That is just to encourage her to keep on working hard. She'll have an hour or more to go yet. And it's getting hotter by the minute."

"I am beginning to see how it is they are made to submissively obedient" remarked Gunnar. He still had the glasses on the girl, who had now resumed scrubbing, with three long, broad welts across her white flesh.

"Even the most stubborn spirit can be broken," Quentin assured him.

At that point they were joined on the sundeck by Madame Vesta, who was accompanied by Miss Judith. The latter was introduced to Gunnar Svenson, who was obviously impressed by the powerful appearance of the tall, commanding blonde overseer.

"Refreshments first or when we return?" asked Madame Vesta.

"Er... when we return, I think," answered Quentin, for both men.

"Well, then," said Madam Vesta. "Miss Judith has just informed me that Miss Mara is holding one of her small drill classes. Afterwards, we might go and look at the Treadmill. That's a fairly recent innovation on the ship. There'll be somebody on it, I suppose, Miss Judith?"

The blonde woman glanced at her wrist-watch. "Rebecca should just about be going on now," she answered.

Quentin pricked up his ears. "Rebecca?" he queried. "I think I recall her. A Jewess, I think... and rather a hefty one, at that."

"Correct," nodded Madame Vesta. "Her Master, Otto Gerbon, ordered that she be put onto the Treadmill, twice a week for an hour at a time. Said it might help to keep her weight down." A faint expression of sardonic amusement passed over Madame Vesta's face. "Well, gentlemen... if you will follow me..." The owner of the 'Paradise' turned and led the way down from the sundeck. As on the previous evening, she was dressed all in black but her dress was now of a short length and she wore a pair of lace-up leather boots. Miss Judith brought up the rear, in her customarily abbreviated leather garb. The party made its way towards the stern of the vessel.

Before they arrived, all four could hear sharp words of command being given. Then they turned a corner and an intriguing sight met their eyes. Four naked girls were marching with the precision of guardsmen across the deck. Each carried a pack upon her back and wore a waist-nipping cincher-belt of red leather. They were shod with red leather boots with six-inch stiletto heels.

"About turn!"

The command came from the tall figure in command of the group. This was, the dusky-skinned Miss Mara; six feet of athletic womanhood. Well-muscled yet not mannish. She wore the same short skirt and bolero as Miss Judith, but hers were of white leather not black.

"Please be seated, Gentlemen," invited Madame Vesta, indicating to four upright canvas chairs by the side of the square over which the girls were exercising.

Quentin and Gunnar happily accepted the invitation and feasted their eyes on the sights before them. The girls were all much the same in height and build for Miss Mara hand-picked her various drill squads in order to maintain this kind of uniformity. Every slave-girl came under her orders for one hour three times a week. It was all part of the ship's discipline.

The four girls came marching towards the chairs, features tense and distressed, breast bouncing, thighs raising to the horizontal with each step. Two were dark-haired, one fairish, the others chestnut. Each had her hair pulled back into a pony-tail held by a red ribbon.

"About turn!"

The four girls performed a regulation 'about turn' manoeuvre right before the watchers, then marched away from them. Now they were favoured with the sight of four straight backs, loaded with packs, and four sets of swinging hips and joggling buttocks beneath. Two of the squad carried a long red welt across their flesh... evidence that Miss Mara's thong had already been at work. It was of the 'standard' kind, like the one Miss Judith and all the other overseers carried.

"Those packs weigh fifty pounds," said Miss Judith informatively.

"Jeesussss!" breathed Gunnar.

"No wonder they look a bit fatigued," said Quentin. "How long have they been drilling?"

"Oh... no more than a quarter of an hour or so," replied

Miss Judith. "This is more of a warm-up period."

"About turn!"

Back the four came... high-stepping, arms swinging to shoulder level. How deliciously those pairs of breasts swung and bounced. There was a kind of unison in their rhythm. The strain of carrying those heavy packs was evident and one could see the straps which held them cutting into soft flesh. And this, thought Quentin, was what Miss Judith merely called a 'warm-up'!

"Halt!"

One.. two.. a stamp of the foot and four girls pulled up in line. Except that the one on the extreme left stumbled slightly. At once, with long-striding, feline grace, Miss Mara moved out on to the square. The thong swung.

Thwack!

It fell resoundingly across the errant girl's bottom. Gasping, mouth wide, eyes filled with pain, she staggered a step forward before quickly withdrawing back into line.

"Watch it Gina," bellowed the coffee-skinned overseer. Gina was the girl with the chestnut hair and her bottom already carried a swathe of pain.

"Do they keep at it for a whole hour?" asked Gunnar incredulously.

"No," replied Miss Judith, "they have a five minutes break after half an hour. But you will note that the exercises get more strenuous as the time progresses."

"About turn!"

The squad turned like one, so that the girls had their backs to the watchers.

"Legs astride... arms raised... bending and touching the toes... GO!"

The four girls straddled their limbs, raised their arms high and then bent over. They were, to say, the least, displaying themselves most provocatively. Miss Mara prowled behind them, strap swinging.

"Up!"

Up the four came together...

"Down!"

Down the four went together...

Thwack!

The strap rose and fell across a taut pair of nates and a yelping cry rose up to the skies.

"Keep your legs straight, Cynthia!" barked Miss Mara.

A couple of dozen times the girls bent, then rose, straining under the weight of their packs. Every now and then, Miss Mara's thong thwacked across bare flesh as she gave some reprimand.

"Up! Attention! About turn!"

Now the four girls were facing the audience again. The look of distress on each face had intensified.

"Running on the spot! Begin!" bellowed Miss Mara. There was no let up.

With arms straight by their sides, the girls began to raise their thighs to the horizontal. Their movement had the precision of a chorus line. Fascinated, Quentin watched their heaving chests... not to mention the rolling, bouncing pairs of breasts... and saw the gaping mouths as they sucked in air.

Thwack!

The girl with the chestnut hair got it again.

"legs higher, Gina," bellowed Miss Mara.

Idly, Quentin wondered how Julia had taken to these exercises when she had first come aboard. She had never been much of a one for exercise. Rather lazy,

in fact. Nor could one have said she enjoyed taking orders! Oh dear, oh dear, what a time Julia must have had.

"Halt!"

Panting, and now glistening with sweat, the four girls came to a halt. How long can they go on like this, wondered Quentin? There must be almost ten minutes before the break. He could only suppose that previous exercising had made them all excessively fit. And, of course, there was the incentive of avoiding Miss Mara's swinging thong.

"Dumbbells!"

The four girls scampered to the side of the figure and picked up the pairs of iron dumbbells lying there.

"They weigh ten pounds each," said Miss Judith.

"Arms stretching and bending," announced Miss Mara when the four were in line again. "Upwards.. sideways.. and forwards. Begin!"

Up went the arms high.. and straight. Breasts lifted, muscles quivered. Then down again. Then sideways. The effort was obvious. Back again. Then forward.

Oh the strain! Back again.

"Repeat," ordered Miss Mara.

Again...

And again...

And again...

And yet again...

And yet again...

Two of the girls began to sob with the effort. Once the blonde's arm sagged as she stretched them out. It did not escape Miss Mara.

Thwack!

"Yyyaaagh... aaahaaa!!!!"

"Keep your arms up, Liza!"

Again.. again.. again...

Quentin almost began to feel sorry for the sweating, straining creatures. He could imagine the agony of it... having to drive on muscles that kept repeating they had reached their limit.

"It's the last five minutes of each half-hour session that really makes them suffer," said Miss Judith. Her eyes were glinting sadistically. It was very obvious she liked to watch that suffering.

"Yes..." nodded Gunnar, "I can see that..."

All the girls were sobbing with exhaustion by then, and no matter how often Miss Mara barked her commands, and no matter how often her thong fell, not one of them could stretch and bend her arms to the overseer's satisfaction.

Finally, Gina collapsed in a weeping heap upon the deck... there to receive stroke after stroke from the thong. But, painful as that must have been, the girl seemed past caring.

"Alright... we'll have the break," called Miss Mara... then strolled unconcernedly over to the group which had been watching her. "Morning all," she said, with a friendly smile. One could never have imagined she had just been driving four young women to the very limits of their endurance.

"Good morning, Miss Mara," said Madame Vesta formally. "You seem to be as efficient as ever..."

"I try... I try..." smiled the half-cast, glancing back at the naked figures which sprawled on the square, breath rasping, breasts heaving.

Quentin and Gunnar were introduced and added their compliments. This tall powerful woman was somewhat frightening in appearance even to them. It made one wonder how the girls regarded her!

"Do you get many of them fainting, Miss Mara?" asked Quentin.

"Not too many," she answered. "They shouldn't because they have a 'booster' injection before they come on parade. If they do, they're sent on Report."

"On Report?" Gunnar looked enquiring at Madame Vesta.

"Didn't I tell you about that, Gunnar?" asked the black-clad figure. "On Report means having to attend the evening session in the punishment Room. That's not something any of them look forward to!"

"That's held every evening?"

"Well... every evening there is someone on Report, shall we say."

"I see..." mused the Swede. He watched Miss Mara strolling back on to the square then saw her pick up a length of hose pipe.

"Up!" she shouted "and against the railings..."

The four sprawling figures staggered up and over to the side of the ship. Miss Mara turned on the nozzle of the hose and a fierce jet of water thumped into the belly of one of the girls, almost bowling her over. Casually, Miss Mara turned the hose on each in turn and, despite its fierceness, each one seemed glad to receive it and eagerly lapped up what water they could out of the palms of their hands.

Dripping wet they were at last ordered back to the centre of the square.

"Now they have what we call 'Saddle Strap' put on them," said Miss Judith. "It makes exercising considerably more painful!"

Miss Mara advanced, carrying four thin thongs of red leather.

"Legs astride!" she ordered.

At once, the girls straddled their limbs. Coming to the first, Miss Mara fastened the thong to a ring at the front of the cincher-belt. Then she pulled the thong down and under the girl... pulling it up again to fasten it to a another ring at the back of the cincher-belt. The thong was pulled very tight and the girl gasped out as it cut deep into her tenderest of flesh. Unhurriedly, Miss Mara treated the other three in the same way... before taking up her position at the side of the square.

"Now," said Miss Judith, "they do all their exercises over again... but this time with the handicap of the Saddle Strap."

"By the left... quick march!" bellowed Miss Mara.

And off the four wretched creatures went again. Arms

swinging, legs raising.

But now they gasped and winced at almost every step... and the cruelty of this device known as Saddle Strap was very obvious.

Soon Miss Mara's thong was falling with greater frequency. Every time the girls turned away from their audience, their buttocks seemed to have taken on a redder and redder hue. Now, too, swathes of red were appearing across the fronts of thighs.

To say the least, Miss Mara was relentless.

Cruel and callous in her commands and comments.

The drill Sergeant personified... but in female form.

After a quarter of an hour's marching, the girls were put to their bending and stretching exercises. Now even more agonising than before, of course. Quentin had to keep reminding himself that each of them was carrying a fifty-pound pack. Incredible!

He wondered when the first one would drop.

But the threat of being on Report seemed to drive each one on and on... and on... and on.

"Seen enough?" asked Madame Vesta, glancing at her wrist watch.

"Er... yes... I think so," nodded Quentin. When Madame Vesta hinted, or made a suggestion, it was best to go along with her.

"You'll have got the general drift, anyway," she said with a thin smile.

Thwack! thwack! Miss Mara was hard at work!

"Yes..." said Gunnar. "I must say, I did not realise you had such severe discipline here."

"You approve, I hope," said Madame Vesta, a shade sharply.

"Oh yes... oh yes, Indeed," said Gunnar quickly. He spoke no more than the truth. The idea of his 'Viking Goddess' being on such a parade filled him with the greatest pleasure!

"Very well, let us go and inspect the treadmill," said Madame Vesta. "Thank you Miss Mara!" she called as the four of them rose and began to move off. But Miss Mara was rather too preoccupied to answer.

Thwack... thwack... thwack... went her thong, as the party left the deck.

Now the party made its way down into the lowest part of the ship. What used to be termed the bilges in former times. It

was silent, rather dark and gloomy in the corridor they finally arrived at.. Not a pleasant place to be, brought, reflected Quentin. They came to a door which, on a plaque, carried one simply word - TREADMILL. Simple but terrifying for anyone who was going to be put on it! Miss Judith unlocked the door and it swung open. She indicated that the two men should go in and, with eager anticipation, they complied.

It was not a very large room and the treadmill it housed (which was rather like a large water wheel) was not fully contained within it. It came down through the ceiling and disappeared into the floor, only a quarter of the circumference of the wheel being in the room at any one time. The steps of this wheel-treadmill were something like eighteen inches in height and three feet wide.

Rebecca was on the treadmill and, naturally, she took the first attention of both men. She was in an erect position, arms aloft, wrists being held by manacles set in heavy crossbeam above. By placing one foot after another upon each step, she was moving the treadmill round. That it took some effort to turn the wheel was obvious. It was heavy and turned fairly slowly. Rebecca had to step high each time and press down firmly. Her buxom, white bottom swung judderingly from side to side with each step and she grunted with the required effort.

Quentin remembered the fulsomeness of that bottom... and the splendid creamy-whiteness of the ample flesh. Yes, Rebecca was a big woman alright and he recalled her owner explaining that he liked his women that way. Fair enough.

Everyone to his own taste.

"There are thirty steps on the treadmill," explained Miss Judith, as they all stood there gazing at the sweating, grunting figure. "If a slave puts her back into it, she can turn the wheel completely in thirty seconds. Two revolutions a minute. Or, if you prefer, one hundred and twenty in an hour."

There was a 'click' and a little metal flap to one side of the wheel flipped over '81', it read. To one side of the flap was a small dial which indicated '45'.

Miss Judith now pointed to these. "The flap records the number of turns," she explained, "the dial, the time spent on the treadmill. The occupant, as we can see them. So she knew how she's doing and what she's still got to do."

"Intriguing," smiled Quentin. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Miss Judith, taking the thong from her belt.

"Rebecca, as you can no doubt calculate," she went on, "Should have achieved 90 turns by now. So she's got something to make up in the last quarter..."

The thong thwacked across the big, swinging bottom and the sound was loud in that small room. So was Rebecca's gasping bellow.

"Get moving you lazy cow!" snarled Miss Judith... and laid on the leather viciously again.

Rebecca's bottom twisted and contorted violently with the pain and, for a few moments, her ever-climbing footsteps faltered. Then, as the woman grunted and groaned more loudly, the pace of them increased somewhat. The effort she had to make was evident by the quivering of the muscles of her thighs and calves. Her full-fleshed body was so drenched with sweat, one might have imagined she had just stepped out from under a shower.

"I reckon," said Madame Vesta, "she loses three or four pounds after an hour on this."

"What happens," enquired Quentin, "if she does not fulfil the number of turns?"

Miss Judith pointed to a rod which hung on the wall alongside the indicators.

A potent inducement to effort! "I shall lay that good and hard across her fat arse," she said.

"Ahh... I see..."

"She will get two strokes for every turn of the wheel she is short. So if she does only 110 turns, she gets twenty..."

Quentin wondered what it must be like to be on the treadmill... and to hear this kind of conversation going on! No wonder Rebecca appeared to be making even greater efforts.

"...she has to complete the required number of turns, in any event," Miss Judith was continuing. "She gets two strokes each time the wheel comes round and the flap clicks over."

"Quite salutary," remarked Madame Vesta soberly. She was obviously delighted by this new device for torment which she had had recently installed.

"Ugh.. agh.. ugh.. agh..." grunted the wretched woman straining every sinew.

The indicator passed 100...

Fascinated, Quentin's eyes devoured the plump bottom, swinging and juddering incessantly. What a fate for a woman!



She will get two strokes for every
turn of the wheel she is short

'Click',

105 had been reached...

Quentin glanced at the dial. There was but five minutes to go. Rebecca had no chance of reaching her target. 15 turns in 5 minutes at the end of stint, was just not on. All the same, the groaning woman made a supreme effort. As the dial reached '60' and the a bell rang, the flap registered '115'.

Five too few turns, so Rebecca had earned herself ten from the rod for her 'failure'!

Her head hung, her shoulders heaved, her breath rasped stertorously. She was as near complete exhaustion as made no difference. Miss Judith moved forward and took down the rod. It was three feet long, highly polished, and a little thicker than the one Quentin had used earlier on Julia.

"Right, slave" said Miss Judith, measuring the ample rump with the rod, "you will now complete the task your Master set for you!"

Somehow, Rebecca pulled herself up out of the depths of her exhaustion and set her trembling legs in motion again.

'Click'.

116 had been reached...

Instantly, Miss Judith whiplashed the rod twice across Rebecca's bottom... setting it writhing frantically as gasping screams filled the small room. For a moment, in her agony, the woman literally hung from her wrist manacles.

"Move it!" bellowed Miss Judith.

Somehow, only she knew how, Rebecca set the treadmill in motion again. Slowly... slowly it turned...

'Click'.

117... had been reached...

And once more the rod bit viciously into the ample flesh.

Three more times the performance was repeated. It was incredible that any woman in the state Rebecca was, could make such efforts. Yet she did... she did...

The over-riding factor was pain.

Yes... sheer pain was the driving force.

And, when at last it was all over, Miss Judith released the near-fainting woman from her manacles. The heavy body slumped to the floor, Rebecca sobbing piteously.

Then they simply left her there.

"I'll have her taken back to her cell later," said Miss Judith, as they sauntered out... the overseer carefully

locking the door behind them.

To say the least, Quentin had been impressed by what he had seen that morning. Gunnar Svenson even more so!

"Has Julia ever been on the treadmill?" asked Quentin, when they had regained the pleasant warmth of the sundeck, where refreshments awaited.

"Not that I am aware of," answered Madame Vesta, glancing at Miss Judith. The overseer shook her head. "Do you want her to?"

"Well..." said Quentin slowly, "it's something to be considered, isn't it? I'll think the matter over... and let you know."

"Just as you like," said Madame Vesta, rather primly. Then she snapped her fingers... and shapely young Marisa came running to serve them the drinks which had already been set for their enjoyment.

CHAPTER SIX

FORTY EIGHT HOURS later, dressed in a cool linen suit, Quentin Osman was strolling along the deck of the 'Paradise', heading towards the stern where a helicopter stood poised on its platform. Behind him came Julia, carrying a pair of suitcases. Her lovely face had a drawn, almost gaunt, look about it and her lustrous eyes were brimming with tears. The strains of the last few days were beginning to tell.. and now a moment of crisis was approaching.

The departure of her Master.

Would he, or wouldn't he, take her with him?

Certainly Quentin Osman had given no sign of having come to a decision. He had simply gone on treating his new slave as he had done on the first day of his arrival. That is to say, heaping one humiliation after another upon her and accepting her grovelling submission and absolute obedience as something now perfectly natural. In addition, to his immense satisfaction, Quentin had succeeded in his policy of 'rejection'.

In this connection Melissa had helped considerably. And so had the curvaceous young Danish girl, Birgit. On several occasions Quentin had sent for the girls, either singly or as a pair, and enjoyed them as the mood took him. On each occasion, Julia had been a silent, enforced spectator of his uninhibited lust.

As a variant, Quentin had twice more asked Ahmed and Jason to come to his cabin... and handed Julia over to them. The first time, the negroes took her in turn and upon enquiry, they informed Quentin that Julia was now 'co-operating' better. But then, Quentin had but to use his own eyes to see that this was so. On the second occasion that the two black giants were called in, Quentin had Julia perform fellatio on

Jason whilst Ahmed took her from the rear. He was gratified to observe that both men reached a climax at virtually the same moment.

It was Gunnar Svenson who announced he would have to cut his stay a little short, as urgent business matters had come up. Quentin decided to leave on the same helicopter, for there would not be another one arriving for several days. He was already well-satisfied - if not to say slaked - after his stay as Madame Vesta's guests. For all those marvellous pills she gave him, a man of his age could take only so much dining, wining and womanising at a time.

And there would always be another time.

Besides, there was Glenda Heine, his fiancée, to be consulted about Julia's future.

Gunnar Svenson was already standing by the helicopter, talking to Madame Vesta. "Just leave all the arrangements to me," Quentin heard her say. "I should reckon your wife will be safe and sound on this vessel within a month."

Another satisfied customer in the making, thought Quentin "Put my bags on the helicopter, Julia," he ordered.

"Yes, Master..."

He watched with pleasurable amusement as the naked figure struggled up the small ladder with the two bags. What a most delightful backside the woman had! And... perhaps even more delightful... there were still times when he found it difficult to believe that this was the same arrogant woman he had once known.

Oh God, Julia was praying, please make him take me off this terrible, terrible ship...

Please... oh... please...

Anything would be better...

Anything must be better...

Surely!

As she stooped to put the bags in a luggage compartment, Julia felt a hand clasp the golden chain about her waist. "Hallo, beautiful," came a leering male voice, "I see they've changed you from silver to gold..."

Julia gasped with shock, turned, and saw the pilot's grinning face close to hers.

"So we'll be able to have some real fun and games next time I stay aboard," he continued.

"Y-Yes... S-Sir..." Julia croaked. And her tears brimmed over and began to run down her cheeks. Yes... now that she

wore the gold chain, anyone could have her. And that included crew. It was one of the perks of all these trusted members of Madame Vesta's team, that they could spend three days in any month enjoying themselves with the girls on the 'Paradise'. It was an incentive that not only made them keep their lips tight shut about operation but also made them exceedingly loyal.

The pilot patted Julia's bare bottom. "I look forward to that," he said.

Julia, blind with tears, stumbled back down the small ladder. As it happened, that brief encounter, and all it implied, was the final straw. Despite all the training, reason left Julia. Nor surprisingly, perhaps. At all events, she lost control.

Suddenly the naked figure was sprawling at Quentin's feet claspng his ankles, sobbing and wailing hysterically.

"MASTER... OOOOOHHHH... M-MASTER... T-TAKE ME WITH YOU... OH FOR GOD'S SAKE... TAKE ME WITH YOU... YOUR SLAVE BEGS YOU... YOUR SLAVE... BESEECHES... YOU!"

Interrupted in his farewell thanks to his hostess, Quentin looked down. For him, it was a most superb moment and he simply couldn't keep the smug smirk off his face.

He looked at Madame Vesta, whose face was granite hard, and shrugged his shoulders.

"The girl seems to have become quite devoted to me," he said.

"MASTER... MASTER... I'LL DO A-ANYTHING... TAKE ME... OH FOR P-PITY'S SAKE TAKE ME!"

"Unforgivable behaviour," said Madame Vesta.

"Well... yes..."

"MASTER... MASTER..." Julia was claspng Quentin's ankles in almost vice-like fashion, as if to indicate he and she could never be separated.

"She will, of course, go on Report," said Madame Vesta with steel in her voice.

"Yes..." mused Quentin. "I think a really sound thrashing might meet the case..."

Something of the enormity of what she had done just was beginning to get through to Julia. Also, so were some of the words passing between her owner and Madame Vesta. Suddenly her mind was ablaze. I must be mad, it screamed" To do what I have done, in front of her! Quite mad!

"MERCEEE... EEEEEEEEEE!" screamed Julia, her lungs at

bursting point.

"At that moment," said Madame Vesta, "I have in mind a severe birching."

"Whatever you say," replied Quentin easily. He looked down at Julia's juddering white bottom and wondered what state it would be in that evening. By which time, he would be safely aboard a Jetliner on his way back to the States. "I'll just leave the matter to you..."

"MERCCEEEEE... EEEEEEEEEEE!"

"Thank you, Quentin. Any idea of when you will be returning?"

"Not too long... and I'll be bringing my fiancee with me, as I have said. In fact, she'll be my wife by then."

"MERCCEEEEE... EEEEEEEEEEE!"

"Have a nice honeymoon..."

"Part of it will be spent here, I reckon." Quentin turned and took Gunnar Svenson by the arm. "All set?" he enquired.

"Ready to go," said the Swede. He was obviously quite fascinated by the scene being enacted.

"MERCCEEEEE... .EEEEEEEEEE!"

Julia's voice was cracking. Callously, Quentin kicked himself free from her weakening clasp and moved towards the helicopter. Then he turned back.

"Oh, Madame Vesta," he said, "I think, in addition to the birching, I would like to have Julia scrubbing these decks every morning for a week."

"A very good idea, Quentin..."

"And I think you might also put her on the treadmill. Once a week, for an hour, will do..."

"Certainly, Quentin. And, if you have any further instructions, just cable me."

"Will do..."

Quentin was mounting the ladder to the helicopter, behind Svenson, waving farewell. Horrible, animal-like retching sounds were coming from Julia, but they were lost as the plane's engine burst into life and its blades began to whirr.

Faster and faster they went, until the sound became a roar, and the down-draught from them swirled wildly over the platform. Then the helicopter lifted off and soared easily away into the pale blue sky.

Julia did not see it go.

Only heard and felt it.

But Quentin, from on high, looked down for as long as

possible at the small white figure he could see still sprawled on the deck. Smaller and smaller it became. It was incredible, he thought, that so tiny a thing, could contain so much torment.

Soon the figure was no longer separately discernible... and the 'Paradise' became a toy boat on a silver sea.

Back on deck, Madame Vesta was giving orders for Julia to be taken below and chained in her cell. She would have most of the day to contemplate what lay in store for her that evening.

* * * * *

"Marisa on Report!"

It was Miss Judith's voice which echoed through the dreaded Punishment Room... and it was the young girl who faced the dais upon which Madame Vesta sat, flanked by her two negro assistants, Ahmed and Jason. Marisa was weeping profusely and trembling like an aspen tree in the wind.

By contrast, the only other occupant of that room stood stock still and silent. This was Julia. Ever since the morning she had been in a kind of trance, shocked into mute numbness, it seemed. Now, not even the barest flicker of hope remained within her. Once, she had imagined, she had plumbed the depths; now, it seemed, there were still yet further depths to descend.

To contemplate that was more than her mind and her emotions could cope with.

However, it was not she with whom Madame Vesta was immediately concerned.

"Facts, Miss Judith," she said with her usual icy severity.

"A report from Mr Svenson, Ma'am," replied Miss Judith readily. "When he made some attempt to fondle Marisa she tried to evade him and gave vent to what he describes as 'hysterical protestations'."

Madame Vesta frowned. Her black, basilisk eyes took in the weeping figure, which looked as if it might crumple to the floor at any moment.

"Reprehensible behaviour," she said. More to herself than anyone else, it appeared. "Are you not aware, slave," she continued, addressing Marisa directly, "that it is your duty to accept - and accept gracefully and willingly - the attentions and fondlings of any of my guests? That you do not attempt

to avoid them? That you do not recoil? That, in fact, you proffer yourself to them?"

"I.. mmff.. I.. couldn't h-help it, Madame.. I.. I'm just not used to it.. oh p-please M-Madame.. you must under.. understand..." sobbed Marisa.

"I do understand," said Madame Vesta icily. "You found these attentions not to your liking - and you strove to avoid the. Quite contrary to orders you have received. In other words, you were disobedient. This I will not tolerate." Madame Vesta paused; the girl swayed and moaned. "I will make some allowance for your youth and the fact that you have been here a fairly short while," resumed the black-clad figure. "On this occasion, you will receive ten strokes of the medium birch..."

"Oh God.. NO... NO... not the birch!"

"...but Marisa," continued Madame Vesta, quite unmoved, "I shall not be so lenient if this sort of behaviour recurs. If it does, next time you will receive twenty strokes. Understand that quite clearly, here and now!"

Whether or not Marisa fully understood it, was not apparent. She was more concerned with the present.

"Mercy... mercy... M-Madame..." she cried as she fell to her knees. "I couldn't help it... I c-couldn't..."

"Ahmed... put her into the Whipping Pillory... Jason, fetch a medium birch. Miss Judith will administer the punishment..."

Relentlessly the punishment 'machine' rolled into action. There was no resisting it. Once Madame Vesta had made her pronouncement, it was carried out. No matter what. Only Death could have intervened. And he was not going to! Shrieking with terror, Marisa was secured into the Whipping Pillory - neck and wrist clamped, her tightly-rounded hindquarters curving over a bar.

"NO.. NO.. P-PLLEEEE.. EASE... NO... OOOOOO!"

Julia still stood silent to one side. Very soon, she thought, I will be where Marisa is. But to receive something far worse. Perhaps, she thought, this time I actually will die, rather than think I am going to if I receive just one more stroke. It would be a blessed relief. Yet, even as she thought it, Julia remained in the same trance-like state. It was almost as if she were

outside herself. A stranger looking impassively as Miss Judith measured Marisa's clenching nates with the medium

birch. She knew the instrument well enough. It consisted of ten green birch-slivers, each two feet six inches long... each sliver a whiplashing, biting-burning agony.

"Begin...!" ordered Madame Vesta complacently.

Miss Judith, tall and powerful, birched the shrieking girl with cruel efficiency. Also with obvious enjoyment. She flayed the writhing bottom with strokes which slashed down at two or three second intervals. Fast and savage punishment which drove Marisa into a paroxysm of screaming torment.

It was all over in little more than half a minute, but what the young and tender Marisa had endured during that time would always be etched on her memory. One always remembers most vividly the first time one is birched.

"Leave her where she is," ordered Madame Vesta. "It will do her no harm to stay there a while and reflect on the error of her ways. Just move the Pillory aside, please Jason."

The negro shifted the heavy wooden contraption still containing its weeping contents.

"Julia on Report," announced Miss Judith.

Automatically, Julia stepped before the dais upon which Madame Vesta sat... as immovable as stone, as relentless as doom. Yes, thought Julia, I am sure that this time God will be good and let me die. She felt a strange calmness. Normally in the Punishment Room she was a quaking jelly of terror, and had sometimes had to be forcibly held by one of the overseers.

"I know of this case, of course, Miss Judith..."

"Yes... Ma'am."

Madame Vesta regarded the naked woman before her stonily. She felt no pity; nor did she feel a great deal of pleasure either. This was her profession. She carried it out as efficiently as possible in order to achieve the objectives originally laid down. And they were the transformation of Julia from her peaks of pride, will and stubbornness to the lowest depths of utter submission and complete obedience. Madame Vesta was not quite sure whether those very lowest depths had yet been plumbed.

"It was my original intention to have you birched, Julia," she said with solemn severity. rather like a judge; as if there were right and justice in what she was doing. "Severely birched, I may say. Because I consider your uncontrolled behaviour on the deck this morning quite outrageous. Quite unforgivable after all your training. It reflects on me... and I scarcely know what your Master thought."

Julia gazed silently ahead, seeing her tormentor and the black, muscled giants with folded arms behind her. The words were getting to her but, somehow, not getting through to her. It was as if her brain had become numbed with shock.

"However, Julia," continued Madame Vesta, "I have decided to have you put on the Ring... and there I shall deal with you personally."

"Ooohh... no... oooo..." It was more like a groan which came from Julia and she shuddered convulsively. The first sound she had made. In the background, Marisa could be heard as she continued to weep.

The Ring, it should be said, was a contrivance on which particularly stubborn or arrogant slave-girls were put in their very early days of training. Julia had been on it.

It was a raised ring of iron in the centre of which was a low iron pillory. This inner pillory could turn through 360 degrees and, first, the victims neck and wrists were clamped into it. Perforce, her hindquarters were uplifted and draped over the iron ring... around which it was possible for her body to move, in view of the circular mobility of the pillory.

When the Ring was put to use, it was about the only time Madame Vesta punished personally... and she used a particularly vicious instrument. It was a four-foot length of tapering whalebone which had been tightly bound with plaited rhino-hide. The last six inches or so of this deadly instrument (actually a cross between a whip and a rod) were studded with diamond-hard zircons.

"Put her on," ordered Madame Vesta. She had expected that Julia would be pleading hysterically and resisting by now. However, neither of these things were happening. She watched with some amazement as the girl walked in a zombie-like way towards the Ring... and then placed herself over it. Admittedly she was shuddering uncontrollably, but that was very understandable. If Ahmed was surprised he didn't show it but simply raised the top section of the iron pillory and locked in Julia's neck and wrists.

I am going to die... I am going to die... Julia kept repeating to herself. It doesn't matter. It will be a blessed relief. I just hope it doesn't take too long. Soon it will be over. Everything...

Madame Vesta picked up the vicious hide-plaited whalebone rod. It swayed flexibly up and down in her grip. She felt a sudden twinge of sadistic pleasure as she gazed at Julia's

luscious white bottom. The bottom she was going to lacerate without mercy.

The rod went up and came whistling down and bit deep into the soft buttock flesh, the zircons biting into the flank.

As the long red-purple weal blazed its way across Julia's convulsing buttocks, the first terrible howling-shriek of agony echoed around and around the Punishment Room.

* * * * *

Julia did not die.

As she had prayed and hoped.

On the other hand, she fainted three times (only to be revived) during her fearful flogging. As her lovely body twisted and threshed over the Ring... and twirled round and round it in a vain attempt to escape the deadly strokes... Madame Vesta laid on without mercy, whiplashing again and again across buttocks, or the backs or fronts of thighs. Whichever happened to be most conveniently presented. She had but to step this way or that to find a target. Or wait for Julia's threshing hindquarter to come full circle!

Soon the white flesh virtually disappeared...

Weal overlaid weal...

Soon Julia's vocal chords cracked under the strain... and, though she shrieked in agony, no shrieking sound came. Only a hoarse, rattling noise from the back of her throat.

* * * * *

The fourth time Julia fainted, Madame Vesta tossed away the rod. She knew it was pointless to continue. The ultimate limit had been reached.

"Take her for Treatment," she ordered. "Keep her there for the maximum."

The maximum was three days and, despite the miracles which could be worked in the Recovery Room, Julia was going to need every one of them before her poor lacerated flesh was restored to its pristine beauty.

Julia had been scrubbing for an hour and her back was a mass of aches. The sun beat down and the deck shimmered beneath her.

He ordered me this, she kept thinking. He... him... THAT

MONSTER!

Perhaps it was the heat of the sun affecting her, but Julia found herself seeing Quentin's face grinning up out of the deck beneath. Sobbing, she would beat at it with the back of the brush.

THWACCCCKK!

The thong of leather blazed across her bottom.

"What do you think you're doing, you stupid bitch?"

THWWAACCCCKKK!

"Yyaiieeeee!"

"You scrub it... not hit it!"

TTHHWWAACCCCKKKK!

"Aaagh... aaiieeee!"

"Get on with it... come on, put your back into it..."

"Yes... Yes... Miss..."

Julia scrubbed and scrubbed, regardless of her aches and her exhaustion.

She had to!

For Miss Judith stood there, with the thong ever ready.

And this was but the first of seven long mornings that she would sweat her guts out... because her Master had ordered it!

* * * * *

The treadmill turned with agonising slowness.

Julia's thighs and limbs seemed filled with lead. She had lost all account of time; and almost of place. She just lifted one leg up after the other and pressed it down, straining with effort. Perhaps I have died she thought at one point... and this is Hell.

On and on...

Up and up...

Round and round...

Click...

Another turn completed.

How many more turns to go? How much time to make them in? So drenched with sweat was Julia's hair and brow that she could not even see the dials. What did it matter? She was sure she could not make it...

Click...

Soon Miss Judith would be back. Yes, soon now. With that blazing thong of leather. Yes, soon now, Miss Judith would

be reaching up to take the rod down from the wall.

Julia sobbed and panted breathlessly with self pity... and her never-ceasing efforts.

On and on...

Up and up...

Round and round...

Are my limbs still moving?

Click...

Yes, they must be. So keep them moving...

On and on...

Up and up...

Round and round...

Click...

It was my Master who ordered me to be put on this treadmill!

Julia was almost past caring when she heard the door behind her opening. Soon... soon... she would be able to stop.

"This is the treadmill, Mr D'Arcy," she heard Miss Judith saying. "We usually put a girl on it for an hour at a time. She has to do 120 turns in that period... and it takes effort believe me."

"I can see that," said a male voice. "My God, this one looks pretty done in."

"Yes... she does, doesn't she," replied Miss Judith. Then a low whistling sound came from her. "Not surprising," she said. "This girl has done 12 more turns than her allotted stint. That's very odd. And most unusual, I can assure you, Mr D'Arcy."

"Yes, that does seem strange. Perhaps she's stronger and fitter than some."

"She should be," said Miss Judith smiling thinly. "Actually, I think the girl's idea was to try and curry favour with me..."

"Nice shape," commented Mr D'Arcy.

"I'll have her sent along to you, if you like, Mr D'Arcy. When she's recovered, of course."

"Not a bad idea that..."

"Julia," said Miss Judith with sudden sharpness. "You can stop turning the treadmill now!"

Julia finally stopped. And hung by her wrist manacles in a dead faint.

CHAPTER SEVEN

"WELL NOW, HOW did it go then?"

Glenda Heine, wife-to-be of Quentin Osman eased herself further into the soft cushions piled on the Ottoman upon which she reclined. She wore a lightweight trouser-suit of flower design. Her light, blonde hair fell to her shoulders and this lessened the hardness of her rather angular face. She was a woman who once might have been pretty but now, in mid-thirties, was no longer that. On the other hand, she had not become a beauty. In effect, she had one of those rather timeless American faces. Rather immobile; verging on the 'plastic'.

"Very well," smiled Quentin Osman.

He never felt quite at ease in Glenda's luxurious penthouse apartment. Not did he ever know quite why that was. It was a pity she hadn't agreed to come to his house on the outskirts of town.

"Been fucking yourself silly, I suppose," said Glenda with a little curl of her pale-pink, almost translucent lips. Very thin lips, they were.

"Not so..." answered Quentin with a certain demureness.

"You mean to say, after all you've done - and paid - you haven't been really taking it out of that bitch?"

"I've been taking it out of her," answered Quentin quietly, "but, it so happens, I haven't been fucking her."

Glenda Heine looked slightly incredulous. She knew her Quentin... and just how he felt about Julia.

"I can't believe it," she said.

"True though," smiled Quentin. "Mind you - I had a little touch of here and there with some of the others."

Glenda smiled in return. "Ahh... that's more like it. That's how things go on the 'Paradise'.

"Yes... that's how they go," agreed Quentin.

"Well... tell me all about it then..."

Glenda had been expecting Quentin to be brimming over with details of all the fun he'd had with his ex-mistress - now his slave. But in the main seemed strangely reticent.

"Not much point," said Quentin. "The girl wants to remain as my personal slave indefinitely. And yours, too. She said she would serve you in any way you want. Just as she has to serve me."

"Sounds interesting," replied Glenda, raising pencil-thin eyebrows. "Does she mean it?"

"She can't help but mean it," answered Quentin. "I own her body and soul. I've only to send a cable at this very minute and I can have her whipped."

"Even more interesting," smiled Glenda. "I always knew you were a sadist Quentin. Did you know I was one too?"

"I guessed it," nodded Quentin. "Perhaps that's one of the reasons why we get on so well together."

"The difference is, I've never properly been able to indulge my sadism," said Glenda. "Never had an unwilling girl please me. I reckon that would be really something."

"It is," grinned Quentin lecherously. His mind flickered reflectively over the delights of Melissa.

"So, are you asking me something? I gather you want this Julia as some kind of permanent slave. I don't quite know how you're going to organise that. Especially from the security point of view."

"Yes... I am asking you something," replied Quentin. "I want you to agree to both of us having Julia as a slave. To serve us in every way. But, particularly in sexual ways. It won't interfere with our own relationship."

Glenda smiled wryly. "No, I imagine not," she said. "I'm all for this. It's just that I don't see how it can be arranged."

"Craigness," said Quentin. "We own it. It's isolated. Just needs a little conversion... and we can keep her there."

"Possible..."

"But I'd like you to look her over first."

"Julia, you mean? Well, I wouldn't mind. Just for kicks."

"But you agree in principle to what I am suggesting?"

"That we keep the girl as a slave? Oh yes! It sounds the greatest fun. I just want to make sure about the security aspect."

"Leave that to me... and Madame Vesta."

"Very well..."

Quentin Osman stood up and moved towards the drinks cabinet. He had not thought that Glenda would make any objection to his proposal, still he was glad everything had gone so smoothly. Perhaps that was the main reason why he intended to marry Glenda. She was the kind of woman who took the most bizarre sort of suggestion without turning a hair. A kink. A pervert. Unbalanced in so many ways. Yet absolutely balanced when it mattered most. Yes... he liked that type.

"And have you had a good time while I've been away?" he asked.

"Not very," answered Glenda. "Had a row with Sandra. I've got an idea she's falling out of love with me."

"Oh dear... what a pity..." Quentin was aware that Sandra was one of Glenda's most long-standing girl-friends.

"In a way," sighed Glenda, accepting a drink from Quentin. "But there are plenty of other fish in the sea."

"And Julia," smiled Quentin.

"Yes.. and Julia," smiled Glenda in return.

* * * * *

"What about staff at Craigness?"

It was coffee-time after dinner in just about the most expensive restaurant in New York.

"I could take Havers over," replied Quentin. "I've got enough on him to be absolutely sure he keeps his mouth shut. Apart from that, he'd love having Julia occasionally. He'd make a first class factotum."

"Mmm.. yes.. I agree. I'd need somebody, of course. A general amid."

"Apart from Julia?"

"Yes.. of course apart from this Julia. We need some proper staff as well." Glenda sat pensive for quite some time. "I think Rosalie is the answer," she said at last. "I've got enough on her, too, to keep her quiet. She was that abortionist, remember?"

Quentin didn't, but nodded. "Right then," he said, "is it agreed that all the other details are left to me? Organising.. timing.. and so on?" Naturally he had Madame Vesta in mind as the one who was really going to lay it all on. But then, why own a dog and bark?

"Yes.. that's agreed, Quentin. Order me another brandy, my sweet."

"A pleasure, my darling," smiled her swain. "I'm so glad we're agreed on this one."

"If we weren't" answered Glenda, her pale blue eyes just about as cold as slate, "we wouldn't be getting married."

"It takes a hard one to know a hard one," said Quentin.

"Doesn't it just," smiled Glenda.

Outwardly she looked as tough as old boots. Inside she was a jelly of excitement at the very idea of having someone like Julia to play games with. After all, it is an accepted fact that the female of the species is cruellest to its own kind.

* * * * *

Cable to the 'Paradise'

'Now on honeymoon. Wish to bring my bride aboard in ten days time'

Cable from the 'Paradise'.

'You'll be welcomed aboard. And your bride. Julia is behaving.'

Cable to the 'Paradise'

'Return Julia to silver. She is to be untouched ready for the arrival of my bride.'

Cable from the 'Paradise'

'Your instructions received. Will comply. Julia still behaving.'

* * * * *

Prior to leaving for a month long honeymoon in the Bahamas, Quentin had flown to Scotland, landing at Ayr with his man Havers and then driving North to the remoteness of Craigness. This was a grey stone manor which Quentin had bought some years before with the idea of using it for salmon-fishing and shooting parties. It had only been used once for such a purpose and had largely remained unoccupied.

"It will need quite a lot of renovation," Quentin had told Havers, "apart from the modifications I mentioned."

"I should imagine so," Havers had smiled. He was a bullet-headed man of around forty with a typical criminal face... an opportunist who had turned his hand to many things; he had also done several stretches. Now Quentin had enough evidence of a certain crime to send him to gaol for life... so naturally Havers was prepared to play ball, whatever Quentin Osman said. Having made the position clear, Quentin did not mention, or threaten Havers, again.

"The main thing is for you to keep your mouth shut tight. See all, hear all, say nothing. I shall pay you well... and you'll occasionally be able to have some fun yourself. My wife is bringing along a personal maid. If you play your cards right, you should be able to enjoy yourself in that direction as well. Remember, you'll be alone at Craigness for a lot of the time. Apart from Julia, naturally. But she'll be kept in her own private quarters. Got it?"

"Yes... I've got it. You can trust me, Quentin..."

"That's why I chose you. Not just one slip up and your finished Havers."

"I won't slip up," Havers had promised. He knew a good billet when he saw one! Not that he was exactly taken with Craigness when he first arrived. It was a bleak, stark Victorian-style building, all the bleaker when seen in the winter mist.

"You can get builders and decorators from Inverness to do the renovations," said Quentin. "Spare no expense. I want this place exceedingly comfortable inside. As to the modifications in the cellar, you'll have to undertake those yourself, on security grounds."

"Of course..."

"Get in all the materials you need and go to it. You have my outline plan. Soundproofing and escape-proof system are absolutely essential."

"Of course, boss..."

"Don't worry about equipment, I shall be bringing that with me."

"Right..."

So it had been left before Quentin and his bride flew off into sunnier climates. And he was confident that Havers would do a first rate job in the time allowed. The man was an excellent organiser. Simply a pity that he was a crook.

Tanned and well-rested, Quentin and Glenda flew from the Bahamas to the Far East. There they put themselves in the

hands of Madame Vesta's organisation... and were soon on the secret undercover route that ultimately ended at the 'Paradise'.

They helicoptered in late one afternoon.

Looking down from a great height, Quentin saw the vessel just as he had left it. Like a toy. Then he thought of its cargo. Its naked cargo, as he had once called it. He thought especially of Julia, his own personal slave. Awaiting his pleasure. And Glenda's pleasure. It would be amusing to see Julia's reactions to having to service a woman. And, thought Quentin with a sudden exhilarating glow, I reckon this time I'll fuck her. There were limits to his initial policy of 'rejection'!

The plane touched down softly and the blades quietened as they slowly revolved to a halt. Madame Vesta was waiting to receive the couple. She appeared absolutely no different, garbed as ever in black and shod in lace-up boots.

"Welcome aboard," she called as they reached the deck.

"Hi there, Madame Vesta," replied Quentin. The thought flashed across his mind that he, and everybody else, always called her Madame Vesta. Not simply Vesta. She was that kind of woman. "Meet Glenda..."

"I've been looking forward to your arrival."

"Thank you, Madame Vesta," said Glenda. Quentin could see that she, too, was impressed by the owner of the 'Paradise'. She had the most remarkable aura of authority.

"I expect you'd like to go below and freshen up right away," said Madame Vesta.

"That would be nice..."

"This time, naturally, I've allocated you a double cabin, Quentin."

"Thanks..."

"And for the moment, I've given you just one personal maid. It's Marisa. If you want another one, just let me know."

"Sure thing..." Quentin felt pleased it was Marisa and, on the way down to the cabin, he explained to Glenda that the girl was the youngest slave on board.

"Only seventeen!" said Glenda. "My God, poor little bitch. What a life at her age."

"It's the luck of the draw," said Quentin callously. "It's no use getting soft and sentimental on this ship."

"Don't worry," laughed Glenda. "I think I might surprise

you, my dear Quentin. I told you... I am a natural born sadist who, hitherto, has been rather frustrated."

The cabin was luxurious. Softly lit and furnished with pink drapes and coverlet. The suite was in deep red leather, with white leather cushions; the furniture had a Louis XV look about it. Marisa was kneeling on a foot-stool at the end of the bed, awaiting their arrival. She was, of course, nude but for the tiny little white apron and cap, and a pair of white leather high-heeled shoes. Glenda could not take her eyes off the youngest; she was the first slave-girl she had ever seen.

"Just use the house-phone if there is anything you want." said Madame Vesta.

"Thank you," smiled Quentin. Already he was slipping into the unique atmosphere of the 'Paradise'. The door closed behind their hostess and Quentin put his arm around Glenda. "It takes a little time to relax.. to acclimatise..."

"Does it?" replied Glenda. There was the faintest trace of a smile on her thin, pale pink lips. She strolled over and stood before the kneeling Marisa. The girl's eyes flinched as they met the cold blueness of Glenda's gaze.

Then Glenda smacked the girl's face. Hard. She used the palm of her right hand and, as Marisa's head jerked round, Glenda gave her an equally hard backhander. Marisa gasped.

"You look a bit cheeky to me," said Glenda harshly. "Get down and kiss my feet, girl. I like to be shown a little respect by my servants."

Marisa did not delay a second to do as she had been ordered. Glenda's eyes looked triumphantly across at Quentin's.. who stood there with his mouth open. Glenda's instant action had certainly surprised him. My God, he thought, she is a Dominatrix to the manner born!

"Well.. well..." he said.

"I think I shall acclimatise quite quickly," said Glenda, giving Marisa a sharp little kick in the shoulder. "Go and run a bath, girl.. and then come back and disrobe me."

"Yes.. M-Ma'am.. yes.. at once, Ma'am..."

Quentin watched with amusement as Marisa scuttled across the room, her young, tightly-rounded bottom swinging and bouncing. It certainly was a pity about the silver chain!

"And there was me thinking I'd have to wise you up on how to behave here," laughed Quentin, taking off his jacket.

Glenda's lips curled fractionally. "Where are the instruments of correction kept?" she asked.

"Usually in a drawer.. the dressing table drawer..."

Glenda went across and opened it. She took out the single-thonged strap and slim, whippy cane with hooked handle which lay there. "These standard?" she enquired.

"More or less.. for bedroom use, that is," said Quentin. "Of course, there are longer, thicker and meatier ones for proper punishments. These are just meant to give a girl the odd reminder."

"I see," nodded Glenda. She seemed satisfied and replaced the two implements and closed the drawer.

A short while later, Marisa came hurrying back into the bedroom.

"Your bath is ready, Ma'am," she said. She was a cowed and terrified little creature. Understandable. She had received a second birching since her initial one of ten strokes. It had consisted of twenty strokes... and Marisa's most urgent desire was not to return to that Punishment Room. All her energies, all her mind and will, were devoted to that cause. "May I undress you, Ma'am?"

Glenda nodded curtly and Quentin, stretched out on the soft bed, and watched idly. Glenda had a svelte, well-kept figure. Good, but without the curvaceousness of a Julia or a Melissa. When the last garment had been removed she strolled to the bathroom with Marisa close in attendance. My wife is obviously going to enjoy herself here, reflected Quentin with an inner smile. So much the better.

Then he considered the afternoon and evening ahead. After he had taken a bath, it might be an idea to send for Julia right away. To get his ex-mistress and his new wife acquainted. Still, he'd be guided by Glenda's wishes on that. This was largely for her benefit.

There came the sound of Glenda's sharp voice from the bathroom.

"My God, girl.. this water's far too hot for my tender skin. Help me.. out.. quick.. quick!"

Then there was the sound of several hard slaps. Quentin grinned. What a marvellous woman he had married!

"Go and fetch that strap out of the drawer...!"

Quentin grinned even more broadly. Marisa came scurrying in, face tense, to fetch the strap. Then she disappeared again.

"Bend over the stool!"

There was the sound of leather on flesh.. and a gasp from Marisa.

Again.. thwack!

"Oww... oww!"

Again.. thwack!

"Ahh.. owww!"

I wonder how many she's going to give, thought Quentin. I hope she keeps a sense of proportion. Mild faults should be treated mildly, serious ones seriously. Glenda would learn that.

Again.. thwack!

"Oowww!"

Again.. thwack!

"Aahhh..."

"Get up, girl... and run some cold water in."

"Y-Yer.. ess.. Ma'am... at once, Ma'am... I beg pardon, Ma'am..."

Five, said Quentin to himself. Sensible woman. That was just about what Marisa's offence deserved. It did not seem that Glenda had very much to learn.

He closed his eyes to the sloshing sounds of water and Glenda's crisp orders as she took her bath.

Perhaps he dozed, for when Quentin opened his eyes again, Glenda was seated before the dressing table mirror, wearing a long white dressing gown, and Marisa was brushing her hair.

"Taking a bath?" asked Glenda, seeing Quentin awake.

"I think I'll have a shower," answered Quentin. "If you've finished with Marisa, I'll have her into soap me."

Glenda's lips twitched in a fractional smile. It must, she thought, be quite something for a fat, middle-aged bastard like Quentin to have a ripe 17 year-old do that for him! Still, good luck to him. He'd been smart enough to organise the whole set-up. "sure," she said, any time." She gave Marisa's reddened bottom a slap. "Run along, girl," she said. Never, never had she had such a

delightful personal servant. How often she had wanted to order some hotel maid about and slap her face if she didn't please her! Now she could do far more than that.

Quentin stripped off the rest off his clothes and waddled into the bathroom after Marisa. The girl was already running the shower, adjusting the taps to her the right heat and flow. She didn't want another strapping! She stepped aside

as Quentin approached the cubicle. "Oh no..." he said, "you come in with me..."

Marisa's pretty features quivered and she bit her lower lip. All the same, she stepped quickly into the shower. Two birchings and a further warning from Madame Vesta had made her realise that, whatever her feelings, she must submit with apparent willingness to the obscene maulings of whatever beast of a man happened to fancy her. And, it need hardly be said, the gross, pot-bellied Quentin Osman particularly revolted her.

No sooner had she picked up the soap than Quentin pulled her to him, crushing her apple-round breasts to his chest, squeezing those tight bottom cheeks. "Soap me, little one," he said.

The girl did her best, but could not get very far in his bear-hug. "I... I can't do... do any more, Master," she whispered, "if... if you hold me like this..."

Quentin released her. "Soap my prick," he said, grinning hugely. He was swelling and stiffening fast. Marisa did as she was told, clenching her teeth. The effort she had to make was very obvious. "That's good," said Quentin. The girl went on soaping him, quite unnecessarily.

Then, when he was fully erect, Quentin took the soap from the girl "Open your legs, my pretty" he ordered.

Marisa hesitated. But only for a fraction of a second. The memory of those birching was strong! Looking down into the girl's face, holding her by her hair so that her head was tilted back, Quentin massaged the slippery bar of soap between the girl's sex lips.

"Nice?" he asked after a little while.

"Y-Yes... sss... M-Master," whispered Marisa, blinking back her tears.

"Get hold of my prick..." said Quentin. "That's it. Now play with it. Gently. Just gently. That's it..."

He dropped the soap and began to use his fingers between the soapy lips... and then concentrated on the clitoris. "I am going to make you come,, girlie," he

said lecherously, still gazing down into the distraught features.

"Y-Yes... M-Master..." Marisa shuddered violently. The sickness was rising with her. Yet she had to fight it down. She had to endure this monstrous indecency. She had to!

"Don't try and fool me," warned Quentin. "I shall know..."



Soap my prick, girlie...

"Yes... M-Master..."

Quentin friggged the girl expertly, sometimes delving in with his fingers. He knew what he was about and he knew the girl would not be able to resist him, despite all her loathing and revulsion. That was the way of the world!

Soon he was aware of a greater warmth and an even greater wetness of the soft young lips which parted so easily under his probing, titillating fingers.

"Nice?" He breathed.

"Y-Y-Yes.. ss.. Master..." nodded Marisa. The tears were running down her cheeks.

"Feel you're going to come soon?"

"Y-Yes, M-Master..."

Grinning lasciviously, Quentin worked his fingers faster. My God, only seventeen he thought... and his prick jerked under the girl's gentle massaging. He'd have to be careful. Much as he would have liked to let go, it would be wise to save himself for something even more enjoyable later.

Marisa began to moan, her eyes closing. Then her haunches and bottom began to give little jerks.

"That's it," said Quentin, "lovely, isn't it, eh?"

Marisa had begun to pant. Quentin knew the girl had passed the point of no return... and he revelled in it.

"Go on... spend... spend... you little beauty," he said thickly.

The young body... the sex all hot and slippery... suddenly jerked violently and Marisa collapsed against him, her mouth opening, harsh rasping sounds coming from it.

"Lovely... just lovely..." smiled Quentin, continuing to titillate his victim until the last spasm was rung from her. Then he gave the girl's bottom a stinging slap. "O.K... off with you, little one," he ordered with a raucous laugh.

Sobbing, face buried in her hands, Marisa tottered out of the shower.

Still laughing, Quentin turned on the cold water. Partly to remove the soap, partly to freshen himself up, but mainly to get rid of his erection. Marisa was still drying herself when he emerged... and he wondered in the bedroom with his bath-towel draped around himself.

"What have you two been up to?" asked Glenda, with a mock-expression of wifely indignation on her face.

"Nothing... nothing, my dear," answered Quentin, smiling away wickedly.

"I don't believe you," said Glenda smiling back.

"Well... I couldn't have been fucking her, could I?" he said. "Not with her having that silver chain on."

"I wouldn't put it past you..."

"Oh no... I very much respect Madame Vesta's rule on that."

"Well, what were you up to?"

Quentin managed to look suitably guilty. "I played with her. Frigged her.

Till she came..."

"Lucky her!" laughed Glenda. She could just imagine what it must have been like for that girl to have to submit to such attentions from Quentin. The idea pleased her greatly. Yes... life aboard the 'Paradise' was certainly going to be fun.

"Yes.. lucky her," agreed Quentin.

"What's the programme?" enquired Glenda, in a wifely way.

"That's rather up to you, my dear," said Quentin, all husbandly concern.

"Thanks..."

"We could have Julia sent up. We've got a couple of hours to play with before evening drinkies with Madame Vesta."

"Not a bad idea. Not a bad idea at all..."

"You might as well make the young lady's acquaintance as soon as possible."

"Yes," nodded Glenda. "I must say I've been looking forward to that."

Quentin picked up the house-phone.

"Mr Osman, speaking," he said. "Have Julia sent up to my cabin right away."

"Certainly, Sir," answered the unseen voice.

Quentin replaced the receiver and towelled himself dry. Then he put on a dressing gown and seated himself in one of the armchairs to wait.

And he, like Glenda, waited most expectantly.

CHAPTER EIGHT

"NOT BAD... NOT bad at all..."

It was Glenda who spoke. At her feet knelt Julia in the required slave posture, with hands clasped at the back of the neck, back straight, thighs splayed.

"I am glad you approve," said Quentin, smiling down possessively. Julia looked no different, he thought, except that possibly her features were more set in a mask-like mould of control. Glenda raised a bare foot and jabbed at one of Julia's breasts with a toe. "Good boobs," she said.

"Yes," nodded Quentin, "and an excellent backside too."

"I haven't studied that yet," said Glenda.

"Show your Mistress, slave," ordered Quentin sharply. It was a delight to be able to show Julia off in this way to another woman.

Instantly Julia twisted around and thrust her hindquarters high in the air.

"Mmmm..." said Glenda. "I see what you mean..."

On her brittle face gleamed cruel pleasure. It was quite wonderful to see a woman being made to do such things. But still she found it incredible that she could be made to do them. Could she herself, she wondered, be made to abuse herself so? It certainly did not seem possible. Yet, from all she had heard of the Julia of former days, she was as proud, arrogant and as stubborn as they make them. Yes.. it was quite remarkable.

"Alright, kneel up again, Julia," said Quentin.

Julia resumed her former posture, her face still impassive. She had gained a considerable amount more control since I was last here, thought Quentin. Now she is more like Melissa. Not only tougher physically, but tougher mentally. But, naturally, these things took time. By comparison, Marisa was still very much a novice.

"I believe you once considered Julia a bit of a tigress," drawled Glenda, walking slowly round the kneeling figure.

"True," nodded Quentin. "And it was true. Still as Miss Judith told me on the first day I came here, they are adept at taming tigresses on the 'Paradise'."

"So I see..." Deliberately Glenda was trying to goad Julia into some action. By both contemptuous words and looks. It did not seem possible to her that any woman could just kneel there and take it all without reacting in some way. Had she not one atom of pride left? But then, of course, Glenda was not cognisant of the extent and depth of Madame Vesta's training methods. It was understandable that she should be incredulous.

"Did you get a birching on the day I last left, Julia?" enquired Quentin. He turned to Glenda. "I'm afraid she made rather an exhibition of herself on the deck... kept clawing at me and hollering for me to take her with me. Before you'd even seen her, mark you, my dear. I agreed that she be punished." He turned back to Julia and saw the tic of the nerve in her cheek.

"No, Master," she answered softly.

"Not birched?" queried Quentin, raising his eyebrows.

"No, Master... Madame Vesta had me put on the Ring..."

"Ahhhh!"

"...and flogged me until I was insensible, Master."

"What's the Ring?" asked Glenda.

Briefly, Quentin explained the working of this pinioning device.. and also the instrument which was used. Glenda nodded, eyes sharp.

"And then you scrubbed decks for a week?"

"Yes, Master..."

"And went on the treadmill?"

"Yes, Master..."

Quentin smiled as if he had done Julia a good turn. "Ah well," he said casually, "it all helps to keep you fit and your figure in trim."

For the first time, Julia's set features quivered uncontrollably and she bit her lower lip. It was bitterly cruel to hear such agonies so lightly dismissed.

The new husband turned to the new wife. "Well," he asked, "is it O.K. by you if we share her as a personal slave? Take her back with us?"

There was a sudden light in Julia's eyes...

"I think so," answered Glenda. "But I am not yet quite sure."

"You mean, perhaps, you'd like Julia to service you first, before you make up your mind?"

"That's right," answered Glenda.

Both knew, of course, that Julia was not a lesbian. Also, as had been reported by Miss Judith - who had recently given her some training in the practices - she had a very natural revulsion for them. Something, which has already been said, pleased Glenda, who had always wanted an unwilling girl.

She unbuttoned her white dressing gown and let it slip to the floor. Her body was hard, smooth and white. Small breasts, large nipples, flat bottom, slim limbs. A well-preserved body.

"This is the body you will have to serve, Julia," said Glenda.

"Y-Yes, Mistress," whispered Julia, her eyes flickering, her nervous tic returning.

Now, thought Quentin, the strain is really on.

"Serve.. and please, Julia..."

"Yes... Mistress..."

"You have some training, I believe?"

"Only... only a l-little Mistress... Miss J-Judith... she..."

"Alright," said Glenda, raising a hand. "What you don't know, I shall teach you." Glenda turned and slid down on her back on top of the bed. "But first, let us start by seeing what you do know."

Quentin watched fascinated as Julia stood up and moved to the bed.

Glenda's limbs parted and Julia's dark head slip between them. He saw her white shoulders heaving and realised she was sobbing. The effort of will she was having to make to submit to this final degradation was bringing her near snapping point. He saw Glenda grip the dark head of thick hair.

"Start by just using your lips, slave" she said. Eyes bright with desire and cruelty, she smiled up at Quentin. She was obviously a very happy woman.

Quentin strolled over and poured himself a drink. He had watched Glenda play lesbian games with a friend - and found it most intriguing. But the fact that it was now Julia between her thighs added a big plus to the scene. He contemplated the curvaceousness of Julia's bottom as she

knelt on the bed, head down. Quite superb. Yes... yes... I shall definitely fuck her this time, he said to himself.

"Now start using your tongue," said Glenda suddenly. Her face was preoccupied. "Get it well in..."

Julia's head bobbed rhythmically up and down. There were little lapping sounds. Glenda raised her arms suddenly above her head, stretching luxuriously.

Again she smiled at Quentin. It was evident that her pleasure was increasing.

"Now concentrate it there," she ordered suddenly. "You know where a woman is most sensitive."

Ah, thought Quentin, that tongue will be working on the clitoris now.

"That's it... good... that's it..." sighed Glenda, eyes half closing. Julia seemed to Quentin to be doing a remarkably good job for a novice. Perhaps, though, Glenda was more excited than usual because this was both a first-timer and Julia and enforced lover.

"Now get your tongue in deep, girl," said Glenda hoarsely. "Deep... right in... girl... mmmmmmm... mmmmm..."

Quentin watched as Glenda's haunches began to squirm this way and that on the coverlet. Gradually she brought up her knees higher and higher, clasping them and then pulling them wide.

"Right in... slave... r-right... i-in... aaahhh... y-yes..." she gasped.

There was snorting sound and slurping sounds. No doubt at all, thought Quentin, that Julia is giving all she can.

"Aaaahhhh... AAAAHHHHH..." Glenda's belly began to quake. She suddenly clasped her breasts. Her cry grew louder... higher. "AAAAHHH.. AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH..."

The climax contorted her body, sending it writhing over the bed. She gripped Julia's hair, again, keeping the girl's head down, making sure that probing tongue worked and worked till the final spasm was over.

* * * * *

"She isn't bad... in fact, for a beginner, she's good."

It was but a few minutes later and Glenda was contemplating the figure of Julia which once more knelt beside the bed.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Quentin.

"Of course, there's room for improvement."

"She'll make it; never fear."

Quentin watched as Glenda slithered herself off the side of the bed and walked to one of her cases which lay on a rack. She rummaged around for a few moments and then, to Quentin's surprise, she took out a large pink rubber dildo. A number of straps were fastened to it and these she quickly secured around her flanks.

"I always like to show a new girl who is boss," said Glenda with a wicked grin.

Quentin shrugged. If Glenda wanted to play games, that was her affair. But with plenty of hard cock around, it seemed rather unnecessary! However, he was impressed by the startled look on Julia's face as Glenda strode across the room with the dildo swinging before her. No doubt at all that the girl did not like the look of what was coming to her!

"On to the bed... flat on your back... legs open wide," order Glenda briskly.

Just as briskly, Julia obeyed the command. Quentin saw that she was trembling; her mouth beginning to crumble. No doubt she had imagined her ordeal was over for the moment. But no...

Julia proffered herself blatantly, as she knew she must.

Glenda smiled down with sadistic possessiveness. "You like being fucked?" she asked.

"Y-Yes... Mistress..." quavered Julia.

"Good," said Glenda. "Because you're going to be. By me."

She positioned herself and, without any preliminaries at all. thrust the dildo fully into her victim. Julia screamed, her mouth gaping wide, her body wriggling like a caterpillar on a pin. It was, thought Quentin, the very epitome of rape. And how strange that it should be committed by a woman!

Having entered, Glenda clamped her hands under Julia's buttocks and began to thrust vigorously in and out. Julia continued to utter short, gasping screams at each savage thrust... but, gradually, these weakened.

"Put your arms around me, girl... kiss my mouth," Glenda ordered. Like Julia, she was panting.

Julia obeyed.

"Clasp your legs around me... you love me... remember..."

Julia obeyed.

Quentin just couldn't help grinning as he looked at the



Put your arms around me, girl... kiss my mouth...

two woman on the bed, with Glenda's small bottom humping up and down and Julia writhing away underneath her.

You love me... remember. That was rich, he thought. If ever any woman had reason to hate, it was certainly Julia. Yet she was clinging to Glenda as if her life depended on it, pressing her mouth passionately to the lips above. And, soon, her haunches were beginning to work co-operatively with Glenda's as the dildo continued to drive in and out.

"That.. that's it.. girl... let yourself go..." panted Glenda, when she could break her mouth free for a moment.

"Hhhhhhaaa... aaaaahhhh... hhhhhhhhaaaaaa..." Julia began to gasp.

"Come... come... come then..."

"Hhhhhhhhhhaaaaaaaa... hhhhhhhhhhaaaaaaaa..."

Julia threshed violently, thighs clamping and unclamping, as she spent herself in an uninhabited climax. Her arms remained clasped around Glenda throughout, her mouth never ceased to kiss.

The delight glowed on Glenda's face. This girl was really something. Hers. She revelled on the feel of the voluptuous body palpitating beneath hers. How wonderful it was to know that Julia was her slave! That she could do whatever she liked with her, whenever she wanted. And that she could make Julia do whatever she wanted to her. Yes... no doubt, about it, to be the owner of a slave added an extra dimension to one's pleasures.

Abruptly Glenda removed the dildo and rolled off her victim.

"Marisa," called Glenda, "come and take this thing off me."

The young girl, who had been ordered to stand in one corner until she was required, came running to do her mistress's bidding. With a look of terror in her eyes, she removed the large mock-penis.

"Go and wash it... then put it back in my case."

"Yes, Ma'am..."

Marisa scuttled off once more to the bathroom. The sights she had been witnessing made her realise the full extent of the horrors that existed on board the 'Paradise'.

"Why don't you fuck her now, Quentin," said Glenda. "She'll be nice and warm and juicy."

Quentin regarded the figure on the bed. To be frank, he was sorely tempted. Yet, somehow, it did not seem quite the appropriate moment to take full possession. So he continued

with his previous policy of 'rejection'.

"Oh no," he answered airily. "I can't be bothered at the moment." He stood up. "Like a drink, Glenda?"

Glenda looked at her husband admiringly. He had more to him than she had once imagined. She realised how difficult Julia must have been to resist at that moment. Also she was aware how wounding it must have been for Julia's ego to be so casually refused.

"Yes, please, my dear," she said. "Campari with ice and soda."

"Coming up..." Ice tinkled merrily in a glass.

"Julia," said Glenda. "Go and kneel on that stool at the end of the bed. You are not required for the moment."

"Yes, Mistress..."

Obediently Julia rose from the bed upon which she had been obscenely ravaged and knelt as ordered. Once again she had managed to compose her features into an impassive mask of submissive acceptance. She realised she was, as it were, 'on trial'. This maybe her last chance of getting off the dreaded 'Paradise'. Not that her future existence could be exactly termed a bed of roses... but it couldn't possible be worse than the one she had to endure at that moment.

She bit her lips and fought down the bitter gall in her breast as she watched Quentin and Glenda relax with their drinks on the couch... and discuss the pros. and cons.

It was beginning to seem, however, that there were more pros, than cons.

Dinner that evening was its usual friendly affair, even if there were only three of them at the table. It was halfway through the meal that Madame Vesta made an announcement of considerable interest to Quentin.

"I had some rather unfortunate news today," she said.

"Oh yes?"

"You remember Melissa?"

"Very well..."

"I am afraid her owner is no longer with us. I had news that he was killed last week in a car crash."

"How dreadful!" Quentin considered the news. Where did that leave the shapely Melissa? "So I suppose Melissa stays here indefinitely," he said.

"That could happen," agreed Madame Vesta. "On the other hand, I could sell her." She looked directly at Quentin, who experienced a sudden tingling in his veins.

"Ah.. you could, could you?" he said.

"Who is this Melissa?" interposed Glenda.

"Oh, just one of the slave-girls here," answered Quentin. "One I happen to rather fancy."

"Uh-hu. Is she worth buying?" asked Glenda.

"I should say so..."

Madame Vesta was beginning to get a satisfied look on her face.

"Well buy her then, if you want to!" said Glenda.

"That I may well do," answered Quentin, contentedly rubbing his fat belly. "She'll make the perfect companion for Julia in Craigness. After all, we don't want our Julia to be lonely, do we?"

"No we don't," smiled Glenda. Already her mind was racing ahead. Two girls to service her were far better than one. And it would be the greatest fun to make them play games with each other" Life certainly was a bowl of cherries at that moment.

Quentin looked at Madame Vesta. "Price?" he asked.

The black-gowned woman shrugged. "Well.. she's quite some beauty. And, at twenty-four, there's a lot in her yet. What's more," she smiled, "I know you fancy her..."

"I can take her or leave her."

"Maybe. Still, Quentin, you are an old client now. A valued client. Shall we say ten thousand? Pounds, not dollars."

"My God... that's too steep!" All Quentin's natural business instincts were aroused. It didn't matter a damn; he could just as easily have afforded twenty thousand as ten. Or much more. It was the principle of the thing.

After ten minutes hard, but agreeable bargaining, Melissa was sold to Quentin for a price of eight thousand five hundred pounds.

It was, he thought, as they took coffee and brandy in the ante-room, really quite some bargain. Possibly it suited Madame Vesta's book well to have a non-owned slave off the 'Paradise'... which, in any event, never seemed to be short of new arrivals.

"Has Svenson's wife arrived?" he asked, apropos.

"Yes," answered Madame Vesta. "Quite a woman."

"I might take a look at her tomorrow."

"As you please, my dear Quentin." Madame Vesta glanced at her watch. "Ah well, I think I'll turn in. It's been quite a long day."

Quentin stood politely as their hostess departed.

"Enjoying it here?" he asked Glenda.

"Very much," came the answer. There was genuine warmth in Glenda's answer. "It's all rather like a dream though."

"I suppose it is," nodded Quentin. "A dream for us. A nightmare for the slave girls."

"I'd like to look at his Melissa, by the way."

"Sure thing. I'll have her sent up to the cabin when we get back. But this time, my dear, it will be my turn. I'll accompany the news of her changed ownership with a good fucking!"

Glenda laughed. "Well, why not," she said. "I should think you must be ready for one."

"I am," grinned Quentin, thinking how wonderful it was to have such an understanding and co-operative wife. He finished his brandy. "Like to go then?"

"Yes," nodded Glenda. She rose, very soignée in a sleek red evening gown. Already her mind was looking ahead to Julia. "We can both enjoy our new slave together," she said, smiling happily.

Quentin put his arm around her. "A nice idea," he said. "A very nice idea indeed."

The couple made their way slowly along the white-scrubbed deck and down the companionway that led to their cabin.

CHAPTER NINE

JULIA WAS ALREADY going down to Glenda - and her new Mistress was sighing happily - when Melissa was led into the cabin. Unchained, the girl made the familiar obeisance.

"Mmm... she's pretty... rather like Julia," said Glenda, running her eyes greedily over the kneeling figure.

"Yes, isn't she." replied Quentin. "Thank you, Miss Judith, that will be all for now."

"Goodnight, Sir..." The powerful blonde overseer took in the erotic scene with evident satisfaction, inclined her head and left.

"You will have heard of the unfortunate demise of your owner," said Quentin.

A look of evil satisfaction passed quickly and briefly over Melissa's lovely face. "Yes, Master," she said.

"I have some news for you, Melissa. I have bought you..."

A rather different expression passed quickly and briefly over those same features.

"...and as you were quite expensive, I shall expect the very best of service from you. Understood?"

"Yes... Master..." answered the girl submissively.

"Ahhhhh... aaaaaahhhhhhh..." moaned Glenda at Quentin's side... obviously coming to her first orgasm of the night.

"You may suck me," said Quentin, stretching himself out naked on the bed, pot-belly curving up.

"I am honoured, Master," said Melissa.

Quentin smiled. Ah yes, that was the stuff. The girl was honoured! He revelled in the feel of Melissa's lush nakedness - the breasts soft and warm - insinuating itself seductively up his thighs. Then her lips began to press gently - almost lovingly, it seemed - to his organ. he felt it stir at once. The pressing of the lips intensified. Soon Melissa's tongue was flickering. Quentin swelled and stiffened fast. My God,

he thought, this girl really knows what she's about. He put out a hand and took hold of Glenda's. He turned to look at his spouse, to see an almost beatific expression on her face. The eyes were half closed, the mouth a little open. She was breathing quietly but fast. Obviously Julia was bringing her as much pleasure as Melissa was to him. Quentin groaned happily as the girl finally took his rigid organ into her mouth and began to suck.

So smoothly...

So deliciously...

With such consummate skill...

My God, it was marvellous to know that this beautiful creature was now his slave as well as Julia! Quentin relaxed completely and then let the pleasure-lust mount slowly, but irresistibly, within him. He knew that Melissa would complete her task to perfection. Gradually he was being brought to a climax, trying all the time to hold it back. trying to prolong his delight. But, all too soon, he knew he was lost. He groaned and moaned as the divine sensations spread all over him, moving from his head down and his feet up, it seemed, then filling his balls with exquisite, overwhelming force.

His body jerked and jerked as he jettted the lava of his lust into Melissa's mouth. His eyes rolled back and his mouth opened, breathless gasp coming from it.

And, in those final, joyous moments, he was aware that Glenda beside him was making similar sounds.

They had reached Nirvana together!

* * * * *

"What do you do with them, when you've finished with them?" enquired Glenda drowsily.

"Send for Miss Judith," answered Quentin. "Or put a collar and chain on them and secure them to the end of the bed."

"I see. Well, let's do that, shall we?"

"Whatever, you say..."

"I might want Julia again in the morning... or possibly Melissa."

"Quite so. I suppose you want me to do it?" Quentin spoke a shade petulantly, as if he had been asked to put the cat out by his wife.

"Yes, dear," she said, smiling faintly.

Quentin rolled out of bed... and put a collar around two slim, submissive necks. The he secured the chain attached to each collar to the end of the bed.

"Goodnight, girls," he said mockingly. "Pleasant dreams."

"Goodnight, Master," they answered in unison.

* * * * *

For Quentin and Glenda, there was, of course, no urgency about getting up. In fact, after waking late but refreshed, they decided to spend the morning in their cabin. It would be their last day on the 'Paradise' so they might as well take advantage of it!

Marisa served coffee and rolls... and then bathed them both. Her round bottom got plenty of slaps, not so much because she committed any faults, but simply because, Quentin and Glenda found it something most enjoyable to do.

Finally, Julia and Melissa were released. To take a shower and 'pretty up a bit', as Quentin put it.

Both girls came back looking quite ravishing.

"I'd like to see them playing games with each other," said Glenda.

"What a good idea," smiled Quentin.

Julia and Melissa eyed each other a little nervously. it was something they had never been called on to do before. But they knew they were going to have to. And, most probably, from now on, were going to have to do it quite frequently.

"On the floor," said Glenda, sitting up on the bed.

The two lovely young women, naked and depilated lay down on the floor, at once taking up a 'soixante neuf' position. Melissa lay with her back to the carpet, Julia was on top of her. Lips pressed to lips... tongues began to thrust... flesh began to quiver.

"I think they like it," said Glenda after a little while. There was a laugh in her voice.

"So do I," said Quentin. He was loving the way Julia's bottom was squirming, with Melissa's dark head upturned between her thighs.

For something like five minutes, the even tournament continued.

Then there was a hectic and exciting thirty seconds as both girls mounted to a climax. They twisted and writhed,

flesh juddering, gasping and squealing as the surging lust gripped them.

The moment came...

Was sustained...

Then passed...

"Excellent!" cried Glenda, clapping her hands.

"Not at all bad for beginners!" agreed Quentin. The spectacle had given him a solid erection and he was wondering what to do with it. That Glenda had been excited, too, was evident from the way she urgently summoned Julia to her. The girl was still breathing heavily from her previous exertions, but that made no difference to Glenda.

"Get your head down there, girl," she ordered abruptly.

Julia obeyed, kneeling with her magnificent hindquarters thrust up. It was at that moment, Quentin knew his policy of 'rejection' was finally over! Julia simply could not be resisted any longer. With blood racing fast through his veins... the desire like a brand within him.. he got up and moved around to the end of the bed.

There was... his slave...

So blatantly exposed...

So provocatively exposed...

His for the taking...

He grabbed Julia's warm thighs, felt their soft smoothness, then positioned his hard knob to the liquid-worm sex lips. Lips which his other slave, Melissa, had prepared for him. Smiling, Quentin looked down into his wife's lustful eyes... then thrust deep into Julia's depths.

He felt the girl jerk under him; felt her squirm. What Heaven!

"Keep that tongue in!" ordered Glenda sharply, gripping Julia by the hair. Keeping rammed in, Quentin savoured the delight of the girl.

* * * * *

This was his Julia! All his!

His flabby haunches began to lumber back and forth. His belly slapped and slapped against the curvaceous bottom, which remained thrusting up. Inviting him; accepting him; giving him everything.

She'd like liquid satin, thought Quentin, ramming in and out faster. Like hot liquid satin. Oh God... what a

girl... now his to fuck whenever he wanted!

Faster.. faster...

Oh, he wouldn't be able to last long, he knew that.

Faster... faster...

"What's... she l-like...?" Glenda's voice was tight, like that of a woman on the verge of orgasm.

"Ahh... a... v-very... good.. p-poke..." panted Quentin.

Glenda opened her mouth to smile... and a series of squealing gasps came out of it as Julia's mouth brought her to once more to the peaks.

Quentin quite lost control and, grunting bestially, came thundering to his own climax.

"Tired?"

"No, not really," answered Quentin. "I should say I was relaxed." All the same, his wife's query reminded him of something. He stretched out his hand and picked up a couple of Madame Vesta's pills. They would soon have him as right as rain again. Fit as a thirty-year old. Fit to fuck both girl's within the space of an hour, if he were so minded. He must certainly arrange for Madame Vesta to give him a good supply of the pills before they left.

"Is it too early for a drink, do you think?" asked Glenda.

"It's about half past ten," said Quentin. "Still, we are on what you might call 'holiday'. Honeymoon, in fact!"

"Too true," smiled Glenda. "A rather unusual one, if I may say so!"

Quentin contemplated the two naked girls who knelt on a stool at the end of the bed, facing them in the 'slave posture'. The posture which epitomised their unending submissiveness.

"Yes.. I think you may say so," grinned Quentin. "Marisa, put some champagne in an ice bucket and bring a couple of glasses. No.. make it four glasses!"

Marisa went smartly to work and, within a few minutes, was pouring out the amber liquid. She handed one to Glenda and then on to Quentin.

"To us," said Quentin.

Both raised their glasses and drank.

"To us," repeated Glenda.

"Now give a glass each to the girls, Marisa," said Quentin.

Wonderingly, nervously, Julia and Melissa took the proffered drink. It was noticeable that the hand of each shook slightly. Was this some cruel trick?" Some trap?

"To our future," said Quentin, raising his glass. "To our future together!"

He drank... Glenda drank. "To, our future together," she said.

Quentin nodded to the two girls at the end of the bed and smiled condescendingly.

"To our future... together..." they both whispered softly.

Quentin and Glenda laughed heartily as the two girls choked and spluttered on the now unfamiliar, bubbling wine. Neither had touched champagne since their palmy days. Days gone beyond recall. Days it was now far better not to be recalled.

"Yet, sometimes, how difficult that was..."

"Drink up," encouraged Quentin, "there's plenty more. I think it only fair to say you deserve it!"

* * * * *

"My God, what a size they are!"

Glenda was regarding the two black, nude figures of Ahmed and Jason with some awe. Was she, Quentin wondered, referring to the over-all size of the negroes or merely their genitalia? Whichever, there was no doubt that Glenda was impressed.

Alongside them, looking rather self-satisfied, stood Miss Judith.

It was a kind of a small 'farewell party' which Quentin had dreamed up. Marisa was passing round the champagne again.

"When are you leaving?" asked Miss Judith politely.

"Tomorrow morning," replied Quentin. He smiled and gave the blonde a little bow. "I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for all your help," he said. "Julia and Melissa are a credit to you."

"Thank you, Sir," said Miss Judith smugly. "Dare I say, it has been a pleasure?"

"I think you may," laughed Quentin. "I think the girls would like to thank you, too." He slapped first Julia's bottom and then Melissa's. "Say it nicely," he ordered sharply.

The two girls went down on to hands and knees and crawled to Miss Judith... and kissed the gleaming black leather of her boots with abject servility. How they had hated that woman! How terrified they had been of her!

"Th-Thank... you.. thank you.. M-Miss Judith... thank



Slavishly they knelt erect...
and each kissed the massive organ that had so often...
ravaged them

you for everything..."

"Thank you... thank you for... for making m-me... a s-slave, Miss..."

Each mumbled her words of complete submission and utter defeat, whilst Miss Judith smiled down with a look of the purest delight shining from her cold blue eyes... and Quentin looked on like some benign father-figure!

"Now you can say goodbye to Ahmed and Jason," said Quentin, when he considered enough leather-licking had taken place. "I don't think I need to tell you how to do that."

The girls crawled to the two waiting negroes. In what horror they had held them! And with what revulsion!

Slavishly they kissed their black feet... slavishly they knelt erect... and each kissed the massive organ that had so often ravaged them. And, when each had made a 'respectable' farewell to one, they changed places, and each made it to the other.

Glenda watched fascinated as the big, dangling organs slowly swelled and stiffened into massive rigidity.

"My God..." she said under her breath. What must it be like to have to service such brutes!

"Bottoms up!" cried Quentin with a laugh, as he emptied his glass. Glenda and Miss Judith followed suit.

But, of course, for Julia and Melissa, the words had a quite different meaning.

Both girls knelt and proffered themselves fully.

"O.K. boys" nodded Quentin, "enjoy yourselves..."

Eagerly the two blacks went down to the creamy-white flesh. Soft, succulent flesh; flesh they had enjoyed so much, and so often.

Now this would be for the last time...

Each plunged in, Ahmed taking Julia, Jason taking Melissa.

Like well-oiled machines, their gleaming flanks thrust back and forth whilst the girls gasped and squirmed co-operatively beneath them.

There were contented, possessive smiles on the face of their owners.

Glenda their Mistress...

Quentin their Master...

THE END

ENVOI

Two large packing cases stood at the stern of the 'Paradise', under the wing of a waiting helicopter. They stood there for about a quarter of an hour before a small squad of girls, under Miss Mara, picked up each case in turn and humped it into the plane. That the cases were heavy was evident by the frequency with which Miss Mara applied her thong to the bare flesh about her.

In one case were Julia and Melissa, under sedation.

In the other was a considerable amount of valuable equipment supplied by Madame Vesta.

A little while after the two packing cases had been safely stowed, three figures appeared on deck. They were Quentin and Glenda... accompanied by the owner of the 'Paradise'.

"I hope you have enjoyed yourselves," said Madame Vesta. "And that all goes well in the future. Just let me know if you need any advise or help."

Quentin and Glenda were profuse in their thanks... and their praise.

Madame Vesta smiled one of her infrequent smiles. And then with her mouth only. She liked to have contented clients.

"Come back and see me one day," she said.

"Thank you," said Quentin, "I am sure I... we... would love to."

"And, if you ever want to send Julia or Melissa back, you can, of course."

"I won't forget," smiled Quentin.

"Or, you can always send anyone else you like."

"I'll remember that..."

"Goodbye now, then."

Madame Vesta shook hands with them both. "Goodbye," they said.. and went up the small ladder into the helicopter. In moments the blades began to whirr.

"Well," said Quentin, as the machine lifted gently off,
"Julia got her wish at last."

"What's that?" asked Glenda.

"For me to take her with me!" answered Quentin.

And he smiled and smiled... all the way to the horizon...

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