

# JULIA IN CAPTIVITY

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Victor Bruno

# JULIA IN CAPTIVITY

**Victor Bruno**  
**Cover: PAUL**

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

# PROLOGUE

Readers of **NAKED CARGO**, **THE TAMING OF JULIA** and **JULIA ENSLAVED** will know of the transformation of Julia Chant from proud society beauty to submissive slave-girl.

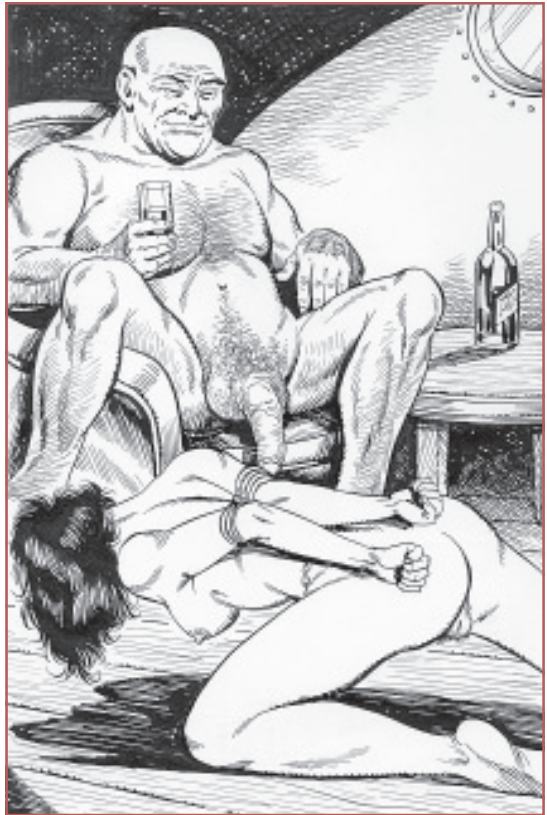
Julia has now left the SS Paradise - where was first tamed, then trained for servitude - and been sent with a companion in slavery, Melissa, to her owner's establishment in a remote part of Scotland.

# INTRODUCTION

*As with all things connected with Madame Vesta's organisation, the transportation of Julia and Melissa from the yacht 'S. S. Paradise' to Quentin Osman's Scottish retreat, Cragness, went smoothly.*

*The two young women, under sedation and safely crated, were flown first to the Malaysian Peninsula and then, by stages, westwards. Finally they arrived in Eire. From there it was a simple matter to have the crate, and the one containing equipment accompanying it, taken across the border to Northern Ireland. As the beginning of the long journey had been, the final stage of the journey was by private helicopter.*

*The machine touched down in the gathering dusk of a late Autumn evening in the grounds of Cragness. It was met by Quentin's new Major Domo, Havers, who arranged for the two crates to be taken on Fork-Lift trucks into the vast, gloomy-looking, stone-built Manor house. There they*



would await the arrival of the Master, and the new Mistress, of Cragness . . . Quentin and Glenda Osman.

Havers, a man of around forty summers, made in the hard-faced American mould, had been busy for some months at Cragness preparing for the arrival of this rather special 'cargo'.

He knew what it was, of course, having been fully briefed by Quentin Osman. Havers could be fully trusted to keep his mouth shut, and do exactly as he was told, for Quentin had enough evidence about his earlier crimes to ensure he got a term of imprisonment for life. If not the Chair.

For his part, Havers certainly had no intention of doing anything else but going along with Quentin's plans. He very much liked the sound of them. To be the gaoler of two ripe young beauties (with some perks promised) was a job many a man would have given a small fortune for. And, by the look of some of the equipment Havers had already had orders to install, those two beauties were in for a pretty tough time. So much the better. Havers had frequently fantasised about having kidnapped some girl . . . and then having fun. A girl like Miss Blandish. Well, now it was all happening. For real. He was part of it. So naturally, although he was aware of the hold Quentin Osman had over him, he was most grateful to the man.

This, he reckoned, would be a job he would be in no hurry at all to leave. Nor would Rosalie, who was his equivalent on the distaff side. She was an



*attractive looking woman of around thirty who had been engaged to act as a kind of lady's maid-cum-housekeeper for Glenda Osman. And, for a variety of reasons, Glenda's hold over Rosalie was just as strong as that of Quentin's over Havers.*

*The two members of the 'staff' at Cragness had got on well from the moment they had been introduced and both were equally pleased by the future prospects which Quentin had outlined, to them. To both of them, it seemed that their luck was in at last.*

*During the preparatory period, when the two had been alone at the manor-house, Havers had made a pass at Rosalie. This was natural for she was both shapely and sexy looking. However, Rosalie simply explained that she played the game the other way.*

*"How else do you think I got involved with Glenda Osman?" she asked. "She's as butch as they make them."*

*Havers had understood at once and accepted the fact. He would have to wait a little longer yet. Then, when Quentin gave the word, he would be able to enjoy some of his 'perks'*

*The two of them, Havers and Rosalie, stood looking at the two huge packing cases which had been set down in the high-ceilinged hall.*

*"It's incredible to think there are two women in there," said Havers. He licked pale lips. Though it was quite cool, there was a little sheen of sweat on the brow of Havers' bullet head. He was beginning to get very excited.*

*"Isn't it though," smiled Rosalie, standing hands on hips. "Amazing they're still alive really. Must have been travelling for ages."*

*"Marvellous things, modern drugs," propounded Havers. "The boss told me he's got several other quite miraculous ones. To keep the girls going . . . when, by the laws of Nature, they should have dropped out long before".*

*"Can't be very pleasant for them," said Rosalie wrinkling her brow. "Imagine it. Not being able to pass out even when someone's doing something really frightful to you."*

*"Yes . . . imagine that," smiled Havers, licking his lips again. It was obvious he liked the idea of a girl not being able to faint. Rosalie's Spanish-dark eyes were glinting too.*

*"I wonder what they look like," mused the woman.*

*"A couple of crackers, by all accounts," said Havers. "But we'll soon know. Had a wire from the boss an hour or so ago."*

*"Yes?"*

*"They're both arriving here tomorrow."*

*"Good . . . good . . ." smiled Rosalie. "And that means Id better start getting a few things ready."*

*"Me too," nodded Havers.*

*With a final, lingering look at the two crates, the couple left the echoing hall.*

# CHAPTER ONE

**JULIA AND MELISSA**, both naked, knelt side by side in the submissive slave posture which had become second nature to them. Each girl had her back ramrod straight, her hands clasped on top of her head, her thighs parted. Two pairs of lustrous eyes flickered nervously from side to side - Julia's a deep blue-green, Melissa's dark brown - as they began to take in their new surroundings. As if they had just woken from an ordinary sleep, those eyes filled with dawning dread as they gazed upon the familiar figure of their owner, Quentin Osman.

"Welcome to Cragness," smiled Quentin. He was a fat, oily man of middle age, with close-cropped hair and typically rugged American features. "I won't ask you if you had a pleasant journey here, for I am aware you knew nothing about it.

Alongside Quentin stood his new aide, Havers. He was a bullet-headed man with coarse, criminal features. Always inclined to perspire, his balding head was positively glistening with sweat as he gazed lasciviously at the two lovely young women who, having been removed from the packing case, had been brought miraculously to life by means of an injection. It was rather like having unpacked two walking-talking dolls, thought Havers, and then put them into motion. He also thought a lot of other things as he looked at the lush female charms so uninhibitedly displayed. Havers mind, in fact, positively raced. It was almost impossible to grasp that these girls were actually slaves. Who could be ordered about, punished, made to do what you wanted. At least, Quentin could do all that. Havers ran his tongue over his pale lips - a nervous

habit - and ran his sweaty palms down the side of his trousers. Well, the boss had promised him some 'perks', hadn't he? Now he was wondering, already, how long he would have to wait. And which one would he have first? Either would do admirably! My God . . . yes . . . they certainly would! Havers gazed at the gently quivering breasts (a little nervous trembling, no doubt!) and saw the smooth, depilated Mounts of Venus with their proffered sex lips.

"I think the first thing for you to do is take a shower and pretty up," said Quentin, rubbing his hands. "You'll find a couple through there." He pointed to one of the four doors which led off the room - an ordinary-looking, comfortably furnished drawing room. "So, run along, girls! And incidentally, I'll think you'll find your new quarters a considerable improvement to those on board the 'Paradise'."

Julia and Melissa rose immediately and followed each other from the room. Havers' eyes fastened on the bouncing flesh of two seductively swinging bottoms, saw the flash of long white thighs in motion. Then the two had disappeared through the door.

"What do you think of 'em, Havers?" enquired Quentin with a grin.

His aide seemed to have some difficulty in answering at first. He nodded his head enthusiastically. "G-Great . . ." he said hoarsely. "Real classy dames, Quentin. You certainly can pick them, Quentin."

Yes, thought Havers, 'classy' was the word for those two. The sort of women who had always previously been out of his reach. Society women, moneyed, confidently arrogant. He could never afford such women. They looked at him as he were dirt . . . and he had had to be content with scrubbers and low-class tarts. The sort of women who didn't mind when a man was not only a criminal but looked like one.

"I guess that's true," said Quentin smugly. "And now, Havers, I'll just repeat what I've said several times before. Repeat it for the last time. Get out of line - just once - and you're finished . . ."

Havers was nodding his head with vigorous understanding.

". . . there'll be no second chances. But play it right and you can

have a good time . . .”

More vigorous nodding from Havers!

“ . . . while I and my wife are here, you have to ask permission to have either of them. Permission may or may not be granted. Nor will you administer any punishment without a direct order. Apart from the odd slap or two, or course . . .”

Havers licked his lips. Those two bottoms were made for slapping!

“When I am not in residence,” continued Quentin, “You and Rosalie will have free run of either of the women. You will find them most co-operative, I’m sure, but you will let me know if they are not. As to any punishments in my absence, they will be administered at your discretion but will be restricted. No more than twenty-four strokes of paddle or strap in a twenty-four hour period, or twelve with the cane. Got it?”

“Sure, boss!” Havers felt almost sick with excitement. It was incredible that he was going to be permitted to thrash such lovely creatures and . . . and . . . then . . . have them do whatever he wanted! Havers heard the pounding of the blood in his head. My God, life was going to be a real bowl of cherries!

“The same rules apply to Rosalie, of course,” said Quentin. “She knows that, doesn’t she?”

“Yes, boss . . . I’ve made sure of that.” Havers was fawning, almost cringing, in his tone. He would have gone to any lengths for a man who was offering him so much. Quentin, needless to say, was aware of that. Havers was a most useful tool - rather than an ally and would enable Quentin and Glenda to come and go from Cragness as and when they wished. The freedom of Julia and Melissa might be restricted, but there was no reason why that of their owners should be!

“Well, that’s it then,” said Quentin’ “Any questions?”

“Will they . . . be staying down here all the time?” asked Havers. He was referring to the spacious cellar quarters of Cragness which had been specially converted to accommodate Julia and Melissa.

“Yes. To begin with, anyway,” replied Quentin. “Later we may have them upstairs from time to time. For kitchen duties. Or to act

as maids. Or maybe for other things. It will help Rosalie and you out. And there's no risk of them getting away. Even if they dare try."

"Don't you think they'll even try then?"

Quentin shook his head. "No," he said flatly. He seemed very sure and Havers wondered why. "By the way, Havers," added Quentin, "I must congratulate you on doing a first class job down here. Everything seems to be to my specification. It only remains to install the equipment that Madame Vesta let me bring with me. The contents of the other packing case."

"Some of the things in that are rather special, aren't they?"

"You're right. Very special. The healing lamps and ointments particularly. Puts them back in trim - and fit for more - in no time. Couldn't really do without such aids. Without them, one good hiding would put them out of action for a good week or more. As it is, they can be thrashed every day, if need be."

"It's amazing," murmured Havers. "I shan't believe it until I see it." It must, he reflected, have been exceedingly unpleasant for those young ladies to heal so quickly . . . so that they were ready to suffer all over again!

At that moment, the door opened and Julia and Melissa came back into - the room. With softly bouncing breasts they resumed their former posture . . . and Havers notice immediately an improvement in their appearance. Their hair had been brushed and combed . . . make-up had removed the ravages of travel . . . smooth female flesh was powdered and exotically scented.

Quentin strolled across and, almost casually it seemed, fondled one of Julia's breasts.

"Better than aboard the Paradise, eh Julia?" he enquired.

"Y-Yes, Master," answered the girl at once.

"You agree, Melissa?" asked Quentin, going over and also fondling her breasts. Havers noted that neither girl recoiled in the slightest; indeed they seemed to thrust out their breasts even more provocatively to receive their owner's touch.

"Yes, Master," replied Melissa equally promptly.

Quentin nodded. "Well let me tell you both something at the outset. If either of you ever Makes the slightest attempt to escape

from here . . . even an attempt, you understand . . . both of you will be sent back to the Paradise for an indefinite period. And, believe me, I shall have some very special instructions for Madame Vesta!"

The look of terror which crossed over those lovely features shocked Havers. What Quentin had threatened was obviously quite unbearable to think about. He saw now why the man was so convinced that neither girl would so much as try and get away from Cragness. That 'Paradise' must have been something else, thought Havers. Otherwise, could such women be made so slavishly submissive? And in such mortal dread of ever returning?

"Have I made myself quite clear?" asked Quentin.

"Yes, Master," they answered in unison.

"Here are one or two other things I must point out to you," went on Quentin in a suavely confident way. He was indeed very much the 'Master' now that he was in his own domain. "Your living quarters and general conditions are far more comfortable than those on the 'Paradise.' You will actually sleep on beds - even if without covering rather than on planks. Nor will there be any collar and chain to keep you there. Indeed, You may sleep on the same bed if you prefer it that way. Also, you are free to roam where you will within these quarters." Quentin paused and smiled. "You see what a kind owner, I am?" he asked . . . but did not stay for a reply. "There is one point though. A closed-circuit television system has been installed. Look around the various rooms and you will find a great number of miniature cameras in position. Also, there are microphones everywhere. As a result, every sound and movement you make can be seen on the TV screens in the house above. Your mistress . . . or I . . . can look in upon you whenever we so desire. Either in reality or by simply turning a knob. In a way, I suppose, it will rather be like being goldfish in a bowl."

The expressions on the two faces remained blank. Both Julia and Melissa had become expert at controlling their features whatever kind of news they were receiving.

"Now I'll show you round . . ." Quentin signed to them . . . and Julia and Melissa rose to their feet. They followed meekly after their Master, whilst Havers brought up the rear. His eyes were glued to

Melissa's lush bottom. He was simply aching to get his hands on that succulent flesh!

"This is your bedroom," announced Quentin, like any courteous host showing guests round.

The room, decorated in pink and white, was simply but comfortably furnished with two silk-sheeted beds, dressing tables, chairs, stools and the like. There seemed everything a woman could want to beautify herself. There were even wardrobes. Quentin opened one. It was filled with clothes . . . at which the two girls gazed in wonder. It was literally months since either had had the slightest vestige of covering on her body!

"Not to be worn unless you are given direct orders," said Quentin with a smile. "Understood?" He closed the door.

"Yes, Master," came the meek answer in unison.

What must it feel like, wondered Havers, to be a woman who could not clothe herself unless so ordered to do.

Quentin walked across the room and opened another door.

"This is what I have called the Playroom," he said. "You can, perhaps, guess the sort of thing it will be used for."

The two girls looked . . . and guessed correctly!

There was a large, circular bed in the centre. Strewn about were colourful bolsters and piles of cushions. Also, two water beds. Apart from these, there were easy chairs, stools and tables. Not to mention a huge cocktail cabinet. The walls were draped with heavy curtains and Quentin pulled a cord on one wall and the curtain slid back to reveal a full-length mirror. The ceiling, too, was one whole mirror.

"It's fun to see yourself . . . as others see you," said Quentin pontifically. "At least, I think so . . ."

The little party moved on. It is in this room that I shall enjoy these two beauties, thought Havers hotly. It still seemed scarcely possible that it could be true. He felt rather like a child who had been given a bag of sweets and was happy - but equally terrified that someone would take them away from him.

The door led them back into the living room and Quentin walked across to the door on the far side.

"I don't think you will enjoy looking at this room quite so much,"

he said with a smirk. "It has been designed for naughty young ladies . . ."

Havers saw, and sensed, the tension in the two naked figures directly ahead of him. Not surprising, in view of what they could see!

In the centre of the room were two leather-covered blocks. Curving blocks. Punishment blocks! At the head of each was a pillory device in which a victim's neck and wrists could be placed. One was labelled 'Julia', the other 'Melissa'.

Quentin made a little gesture, spreading his hands.

"Do try them out," he said. He made it sound like a suggestion, but both girls were aware that it was an order. At once, both moved forward, each to her named block, knelt at its end, placing her belly on the curving hump, and neck and wrists into the wooden half circles which awaited them. And now Quentin picked up two small boxes which looked rather like pocket-computers.

"I always thought Madam Vesta's devices, though effective, were rather crude," he said. "Here we have modernised them. Thanks to my ingenuity . . . and the skill of my aide here." Quentin smiled at Havers, then pressed one of numerous buttons on the control boxes. The upper parts of each pillory came sliding down, effectively pinioning the neck and wrists of both girls.

"You can take a look at yourselves," said Quentin, pressing another button.

Curtains over the wall in front of the blocks drew back. Two faces, two pairs of despairing eyes, gazed out. The humiliation upon humiliation was building up again. Though they had left the 'Paradise,' though their surroundings were quite different, nothing had really changed.

Both were suddenly and hideously aware of it.

"From their rear, too," smiled Quentin, pressing more buttons. Curtains at the opposite end of the room drew back to reveal another mirror. This, cleverly angled, gave the girls a back view of themselves reflected in the front mirror.

Havers' heart was thumping; he felt rather dizzy. Could this all be really happening? This was where those girls were actually going

to get punished. Strapped! Caned! On those lovely, curving buttock cheeks! Incredible!

Havers could not take his eyes of the soft, white flesh so invitingly presented.

“Additional bonds are available,” he heard Quentin saying.

More buttons were pushed and, instantly, a number of broad bands of thin, flexible steel came out of the sides of the blocks. One went over the waist of each girl, pinioning her down tight. Then two more went round the lower part of each thigh . . . pulling the knees about two feet apart as it did so . . . and clamping them securely to the end of the block.

Both girls were even more immodestly displayed.

“And,” said Quentin, “if we wish, we can tighten up . . .”

Flick . . . flick . . . went the buttons.

The hump at the end of each block rose slightly and the knees of each girl were pulled forward . . . thus tautening the flesh over the nates and pulling wide the cleft between those nates.

Havers mouth was slack; he was almost dribbling and he was showing the whites of his eyes.

“A most suitable posture for punishment,” said Quentin, giving his aide a wink. “Or for . . . well whatever you fancy, really!”

Havers gulped. He was getting hotter and hotter and his whole body felt wet with sweat. Would he ever get used to such things? Like Quentin seemed to be? The man was taking it all so calmly. As if it was the most natural thing in the world to treat two lovely young woman in such a degradingly indecent way.

Quentin began pressing buttons in reverse order and gradually the bonds fell away. The pillory was the last to be raised and then the curtains were closed again.

“Up you get, girls,” ordered Quentin almost jovially.

Obediently, together, they rose from off the black leather surfaces a look of relief in their eyes. Both were aware that, if he had been in the mood, there was no reason on earth why Quentin could not have thrashed them then and there!

Back once more in the central drawing room, Julia and Melissa knelt submissively. Both girls were still a little bemused after a long

spell under sedation but were gradually beginning to take in their new situation. At least they were off the dreaded 'Paradise'. That was something. Even if they were owned by, and were at the mercy of, a brutish pig of a man.

No More Madame Vesta . . .

No more Miss Judith . . .

No more Ahmed; no more Jason . . .

Their relief at escaping those monsters was intense. Yet, of course, Quentin remained. As did his wife Glenda. As yet a virtually unknown quantity. Surely she could not match Madame Vesta for cruelty!

No . . . no . . .

Then there was the aide of Quentin. Another pig by the look of him. Sweating and balding. Lusting. It made them sick to think of what they were going to have to do to please him.

Yet . . . yet . . . they were off the 'Paradise'!

"Havers, have you got that parcel? The one Miss Judith gave me just before I left?"

"Yes, Boss."

It said 'not to be opened on voyage'. Well the voyage is over now.

"Let's have it."

Havers came forward with a square parcel wrapped up in brown paper and Quentin looked at the two kneeling figures.

"It's a present to you both, from Miss Judith," he said. "Isn't that kind of her?"

A muscle in Julia's cheek twitched. As both girls knew, there was not a single atom of kindness in that blonde virago's whole being! They watched impassively, yet apprehensively, as Quentin unwrapped the parcel. Like Pandora's Box, only evil could come out of it.

Slowly, carefully, Quentin took off the cardboard lid and looked inside. His podgy face creased instantly into a smile, then guffaws of laughter burst from him:

"Well . . . well oh yes . . . that really is kind of Miss Judith! Oohh . . . aaahhh . . . yes. So thoughtful! Look what she's given you"

Julia and Melissa looked.

And looked in hopeless silence.

In Quentin's hands were two large black dildoes. Exact replicas of the two negro penises which had repeatedly ravished them aboard the 'Paradise'. To emphasise that point, one carried a small tab with the name 'Jason' on it, the other tab being that of 'Ahmed'!

"Here . . . catch!" Quentin tossed the two formidable looking rubber devices across to the girls. Each caught one and held it before her. "Miss Judith has sent a little note with them. I'll read it."

Quentin first glanced through the letter, then began to read it aloud:

*I am sure both Julia and Melissa will have many happy memories of Ahmed and Jason. What girl who loves the feel of a big, black cock up her wouldn't? And I know both the girls love that feeling! I have seen them wriggling away too often, while they were being solidly fucked, not to know that.*

*So, in order that neither of the girls feels deprived, I have had these replicas made. They are exact, by the way. If you measure carefully, you will discover that 'Jason' is about half an inch longer, while 'Ahmed' is a fraction thicker in the girth. Just as they really are.*

*I don't know who preferred who but now both girls can enjoy both. Whenever you give them permission, of course.*

*I am enclosing some attachments which you may find useful. There are harnesses for attaching these dildoes to someone's body. Alternatively, they can be set in a frame which, in turn, can be fastened to the front part of a chair. This latter method is best when the girls want to play games on their own.*

*Well then, Quentin, give both my very best wishes . . . and here's hoping they have many happy hours in the months ahead, with 'Jason' and 'Ahmed'. By the way, tell them they need not bother to write and thank me!*

*Sincerely, JUDITH.'*

Quentin looked up, his face wreathed in smiles.

“There, girls, isn’t that a nice gesture?” he said winsomely. “Trust Miss Judith not to forget you!”

Sick despair was written on both the faces before him. He could see that Julia’s was near to tears. The obscene cruelty of Judith’s action was biting deep into the souls of both of them.

Here were reminders of some of the most horrifying moments in their lives. Moments of pain, shame and utter degradation.

Permanent reminders!

“Well then,” said Quentin, “let’s see if we can fix them up. Ready for use . . .”

He wandered around the room and then chose two low-seated chairs. They were Edwardian in character, with gilt oval framework for back and seat, both the back and the seat being thickly padded with purple velvet.

“Let’s have those things, please Havers.”

Havers took the two black objects. By God, he thought, what a size! Those darkies really had been well made! Quite frightening for any young woman. Let alone a well-bred society woman. He was beginning to get some little idea of what Julia and Melissa must have gone through in their time. He watched with interest as Quentin fastened the dildoes into two slim, slat-like frameworks and, in turn, strapped these over the front of the chair seats.

The two mock penises thrust rigidly erect, black and menacing, the phallic heads a pinkish-purple colour.

“There,” said Quentin, standing back admiringly, “that’s fine.”

“Come along, girls, up you get and renew acquaintanceships with your two coloured gentlemen friends. Not quite as good as the real thing . . . but not at all bad, I’d say.”

Julia and Melissa stood up. The tension in them had become very evident. Julia was biting her lips furiously, Melissa was cutting her nails into her palms. Their bitterness towards Miss Judith knew no bounds as they gazed upon the obscene objects awaiting them . . .

What a vile, vile creature she was!

“Who would you like, Julia? Ahmed or Jason? But then, I don’t suppose you mind, really.”

As it happened, Julia came to stand before the chair on which

Ahmed's dildo had been placed.

"A-Ahmed, M-Master," she managed to whisper.

"That leaves Jason for you, Melissa," smiled Quentin. "He's just that little bit longer. I expect you'll like that."

Havers wiped the sweat from his brow. It was amazing that women could be made to do such a thing!

"Come along, girls . . . there's no need to be shy! I've seen you fucked by the real things often enough. And smile . . . come along . . . smile." Then each girl straddled her legs over the sides of her chair. Slowly they lowered their haunches . . .

Quentin was grinning hugely as, accompanied by gasps and grunts and squeals, those haunches went lower and lower . . . until both girls were fully impaled, their buttocks resting on the velvet padding of the seat top.

"There . . . doesn't that feel lovely? Doesn't that bring back happy memories?" asked Quentin brightly.

"Y-Yer . . . ess . . . M-Master . . ." they whispered.

"Good . . . good," said Quentin. "And now, girls, so that you can truly get the feel of your new toys, you are going to stay exactly where you are for an hour or so. No movements. None. Sorry about that. But I'm also sure you won't do anything naughty. Don't forget the TV cameras are on you all the time."

Quentin signed to his aide who was gazing in fascination at the scene. Seeing the quivering of flesh of buttocks and thighs; hearing the girls sob; watching the tears run down their cheeks.

"Come along, Havers," said Quentin, "we've work to do up above."



And now, girls, so that you can truly get the feel of your new toys, you are going to stay exactly where you are for an hour or so.

## CHAPTER TWO

GLENDA OSMAN WAS appraising her new quarters.

She was not exactly crazy about Scottish baronial halls - nor Scottish weather - but she had to admit there were compensations. Quentin had spared no expense in furnishings and decor; her private bedroom and drawing room were as comfortable as she could have wished. I am living like a 'Lady' she told herself. Like a 'Lady' of Edwardian times. That was quite something for a girl who was brought up on the wrong side of the tracks in Tulsa.

Still, all that was quite a time ago. She had come a long way since then.

"Rosalie . . . how are you making out with the unpacking?"

Glenda's voice was sharp. Domineering. It was the kind of tone she could use with Rosalie . . . a young woman who was in hock to her up to, and even over, the limit.

"Nearly finished, Glenda . . . I'm sorry . . . I mean, nearly finished, Ma'am"

A faint smile crossed Glenda's thin lips as she continued to comb her hair in front of the dressing table mirror.

"Do you know, Rosalie," she said, "that, if you were one of those two girls we have now got downstairs, you could have a cane laid across your bottom for such an error?"

There was quite a silence from the adjoining room.

"I . . . I'm sorry . . . I'm trying to get used to it . . . Ma'am . . ." said Rosalie. You'll understand . . . I'm not used to . . . to being a lady's maid . . . Ma'am . . ."

"Well, you better get used to it fast," snapped Glenda.

How lovely it was to have other women in your power! As Rosalie

was. Yet, compared with the two girls in the cellars, Rosalie was fortunate. It really was a most remarkable set-up. Still almost unbelievable. And how clever Osman was to have arranged it all.

Yes . . . there were many things to compensate for the gloominess of Cragness and the damp Scottish weather!

Glenda wondered vaguely what Osman was up to at that moment. Probably having a little fun with his two slave-girls. Well, he was perfectly entitled to that and she certainly didn't mind a bit. She could have some of her own fun later on. As often as she wanted. Glenda felt a warm glow deep inside herself. Those two girls were really something. There seemed nothing they would not do to try to please her. At least, that had been her experience aboard the 'Paradise' brief as it had been so there didn't seem any reason why things should change now.

Dark-haired, dark-eyed Rosalie came into the room and, as she had been told to, curtsied. It was a brief, almost casual gesture of respect . . . and, at once, Glenda's thin eyebrows went up.

"Once again, Rosalie," she said, "You could have earned yourself a taste of the rod if you were either Julia or Melissa. When you curtsy to me, do it properly. As if you mean it."

Biting her lips to restrain her fury, Rosalie did as she was told. Her hate for Glenda Osman was unbounded but she was fully aware of the hopelessness of her position.. If she didn't play it Glenda's way she knew she was destined for a lifetime in some foul prison. On the other hand, she reflected, compared with those two below she was lucky. In fact, after all she had heard, she could hardly wait to see these 'slaves' of Quentin Osman's. For, to Rosalie, it was past all comprehension how two women of that kind and class could have been reduced to such appalling circumstances. Even though, under blackmail, she herself was virtually turning somersaults. Still . . . there were limits.

"That's a bit better," said Glenda condescendingly. Rosalie bridled . . . but then Glenda smiled. "Sorry, Rosalie," she said, "but I can't help overplaying my hand, I suppose. When you've got a good one, you might as well. No doubt I'll ease up on you when I've got Julia and Melissa to play with."

"I . . . I'm glad to hear it . . ." mumbled Rosalie.

"Just remember," said Glenda, "that they're your servants, too. Especially when Quentin and I are not here. How does that feel?"

Rosalie's dark eyes brightened. "Not bad . . . not at all bad . . ." she said.

"I suppose," said Glenda, "I've just been trying to emphasise my control over you. For security reasons as much as anything."

"I understand," said Rosalie a little wearily.

Glenda suddenly opened her arms. "Come, my dear," she said, "let's make it like old times. Just for a little while anyway . . ."

Rosalie smiled.

It was an unexpected but most acceptable invitation. It meant that, for a while anyway, they would be equals. Indeed, she might even be in command. For Glenda could be made a slave to sex. Rosalie went into the welcoming arms and kissed Glenda fully on the mouth.

"Why do you treat me in such a beastly way, Glenda?" she asked as they broke away.

"Because . . . because . . . I enjoy doing so . . . I suppose," answered Glenda.

"Bitch!"

Glenda slapped her playfully. "You can be a bitch too "I guess so . . ."

"Think of being a bitch with Julia . . . or Melissa."

"I'm sure looking forward to something on those lines."

"They're delicious, believe me. And you can make them do anything."

"Sounds the greatest."

Both women were, by then, undressed completely. With arms around each other, they moved towards the bed. Mouth pressed to mouth, body to body. The weak and the powerful fused naked together, as one.

"Darling . . ."

"MMMMMMMM . . ."

"Isn't it lovely?"

"Mmmmmmmmm . . ."

Quentin lit a small, black cheroot, seated himself in a comfortably padded chair and turned his attention to the television set in front of him. It was operated by a similar press-button computer-console to the one he had used in the Punishment Room below.

Flick . . . flick . . .

The picture glowed into life, in full colour, to reveal Julia and Melissa still seated, facing inwards, on the velvet covered chairs. Fulsome, rounded buttocks, slightly compressed, on the edge of each seat. Two beautifully curvaceous bottoms. Bottoms which belonged to him.

Flick . . .

The camera changed so that Quentin had a front view of the two girls. The expression in the eyes of each, and on each face, was worth seeing. Despair . . . shame . . . horror. Yet . . . and yet . . . was there not also a suggestion of animal lust?

Both girls, reflected Quentin, had been in that position for about an hour. Each with a massive dildo thrust within her. Surely that must be having some effect? Even if it were an effect not truly wanted?

Yes . . . yes . . . that must be so!

Quentin grinned.

He had been planning a little game . . . and it would shortly be time to get it under way. He looked at the two smooth backs as he flicked back to the original camera . . . saw the swelling hindquarters . . . the long thighs straddling the chairs. It would be difficult to make a judgement between the excellence of either girl.

Then Quentin contemplated what was concealed from him. What was within them . . . Because he had ordered it.

That pleased him mightily.

And the thought of what he was shortly going to do pleased him even more.

Flick . . . flick . . .

The screen went blank.

And, at that moment, Glenda and Rosalie walked, arm in arm,

into the room.

“Curtsey to the Master,” said Glenda, giving Rosalie a playful slap on the rump.

Pulling a face, Rosalie did so and Quentin couldn't help grinning. He had to admit that the young woman looked most fetching in her black satin maid's outfit, with its conventional frilly white apron . . . and it occurred to him that Julia and Melissa would look even more fetching in similar but far more abbreviated and revealing versions when they had to play the role of 'maids'. That was something that Glenda had suggested and he fully approved the idea. It would do those two good to be at Glenda's beck and call, he thought, for his wife had already proved herself a natural dominatrix.

“Been briefing Rosalie again?” enquired Quentin.

“That . . . and other things,” replied Glenda with a smile.

“Oh I see.” Quentin grinned again. His wife's lesbian activities were - and always had been - an open book to him and, again, he fully approved.

“You needn't worry about Rosalie, my dear,” said Glenda. “She knows the form and is very much one of us. Isn't that so, Rosalie?”

“Oh yes . . .” came the reply. “Ma'am,” she added after a pause.

“You can cut that out now, Rosalie,” said Glenda. “I was only pressuring you to begin with. To see how you would react.” Glenda felt happily satisfied by what Rosalie had done to her and no longer felt any need to demonstrate her power.

“Thanks,” said Rosalie with a happy smile.

“Like I told Havers,” said Quentin, “you can have a lot of fun here if you keep to the rules and play it right. And keep your mouth shut, of course.

“Don't worry . . . I will,” replied Rosalie. “Frankly, I'm intrigued. Who wouldn't be?”

“Like to see them?” asked Quentin.

“Yes . . . I reckon I would,” answered Rosalie. She looked surprised when Quentin began to flick his switches and the colour picture of Julia and Melissa filled the screen.

“Closed-circuit TV,” explained Quentin. “Wired for sound, too.”

All three gazed at the naked backs and buttocks . . . and Rosalie gazed in most fascination of all. She could scarcely believe what she was seeing, even if it wasn't in actuality but only on a screen.

“Why are they seated like that. Doesn't look natural to me,” said Glenda.

Quentin laughed and gave an explanation for the postures of the two girls. Glenda joined in the laughter but Rosalie simply looked incredulous.

“You mean . . . oh my God . . . you mean that Miss Judith sent replicas of Ahmed and Jason?” said Glenda, when she could catch her breath. “My . . . what a woman! What an idea! I'd love to have seen their faces when they saw those two great black dongers again!”

“You can see their faces now,” said Quentin.

He flicked the switch so that they had a front view. Then he zoomed in to Julia's lovely features . . . seeing her resigned but despairing eyes and tear-stained cheeks. The full mouth gave a sudden quivering twitch.

“She's been crying,” said Glenda, as if that were something unnatural.

“I guess she's not too happy at having to sit there all this time with that thing up her,” said Quentin. He spoke as if he had played no part in the matter!

“I should have thought she would be getting rather excited by now,” said Glenda with a sardonic chuckle,

“Perhaps, she is,” said Quentin. “But that wouldn't necessarily. Make her feel much happier. The girl must have a little pride left.”

“Not much, from what I've seen,” replied Glenda.

Quentin smiled broadly. “No, perhaps you're right, my dear . . .”

“It's incredible,” said Rosalie. Her voice was almost a whisper. “How can they be made to stay like that? I don't understand it . . .”

“You haven't seen what they do to them aboard the 'Paradise',” said Quentin. “If you had, you would understand better.”

The dark-haired young woman shuddered. “It must be awful,” she murmured.

“It is,” agreed Quentin. “A girl very quickly learns to behave

herself aboard that vessel! To obey . . . whatever the order is. Do you know, Rosalie, a girl can get a dozen strokes of the cane across her naked bottom simply for being a little slow to obey?"

"It's almost impossible to believe," replied Rosalie, shaking her head from side to side. Her eyes never left the screen.

"But it's true," confirmed Glenda.

"How can they stand it?" queried Rosalie.

"No option . . ." grinned Quentin.

"I didn't quite mean that," said Rosalie. "Their skin. It's unmarked. You'd think they must be covered in scars."

"That's the only part that it's difficult for anyone to understand," agreed Quentin. "In fact, it's a minor miracle really. A medical miracle."

Then he went on to explain about the healing lamps and special ointment which eradicated weals and welts in a matter of hours rather than have them lingering on for days and even weeks.

"I see," said Rosalie wonderingly, a hand going to her mouth. "That really is amazing. And . . . in a way . . . makes it even worse for them . . ."

"Quite so," nodded Quentin. "They're always fresh and ready for whatever's handed out to them. You can give it to them as hard as you like one day . . . and then do the same again in twenty four hours."

Quentin switched the camera from Julia's tear-streaked face back to her buttocks, moving in close. So close that all of them could see the occasional twitch and quiver of the soft flesh.

"I do believe she is getting excited," said Glenda with a little laugh.

"Maybe," said Quentin perfunctorily. "Look at that bottom, Rosalie. Smooth as a baby's, isn't it?"

"Yes . . ."

"Yet, if I gave Julia a birching within the hour - say eighteen strokes - and then put her under the lamps this evening, her bottom would look just as it does now by this time tomorrow."

They all gazed at those swelling, gibbous-moons of buttock flesh . . . each thinking of just how much that area must have suffered in

the last six-months or so. Perhaps Quentin got the most satisfaction from the thought for, after all, he had been the instigator of Julia's downfall.

"How long you going to keep them there?" asked Glenda.

"Not much longer," replied her husband. "In fact, I'm going down there now . . . to have a little fun. Like to come along?"

Glenda and Rosalie looked at each other in sudden excitement and together replied in the affirmative.

"How's Jason feeling, Melissa?"

Standing behind the ornate chair, Quentin looked into the lovely face, seeing eyes clouded with misery, wide lips trembling a little.

"As . . . as ever, Master," answered Melissa in a low but remarkably controlled voice.

"What's that supposed to mean, girl?"

"B-Big . . . and . . . strong, Master."

"That must be nice for you. Even if it isn't the real thing, eh?"

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

"Been up you longer than usual, too, eh?"

"Y-Yes, Master . . ."

Rosalie, standing alongside Quentin, was looking half in fear, half in fascination at the lovely woman being so degraded. It was still beyond her comprehension how anyone could submit to such things. And to remain so seemingly composed and submissive.

Quentin moved on to Julia. "And how is it with you, my pretty one? Enjoying yourself?"

"Y-Yes . . . M-Master." Julia's reply was huskier and a fraction less controlled than Melissa's.

"Bet you wish it actually was Ahmed . . . and he was just about to give you a real solid fucking."

Julia's features twitched. A tear rolled out of the corner of one eye and down a damp cheek.

"Well?" demanded Quentin.

"Y-Yer . . . ess . . . y-yes . . . Master . . ." whispered Julia, nodding her head.

Rosalie had never before seen such wretched despair in any human being's eyes. Which was not surprising.

"Well, I'm afraid I can't arrange that, Julia," said Quentin, "randy as I'm sure you're feeling. However, I think something can be done to help"

Quentin strolled across the room and produced a slim, supple-looking cane from an antique, Edwardian-style cabinet. He ran its smoothness through the fingers of his right hand as he came back to the two chairs standing side by side. He lightly tapped first Melissa's bottom with the rod and then Julia's. Both sets of nates gave an involuntary convulsive twitch. Glenda smiled complacently; Rosalie continued to look on in enthralled disbelief. Both women had now moved round to the fronts of the chairs.

"Listen carefully," said Quentin, continuing his light tapping with the cane, first upon one, then the other, "I have some orders to explain to you. Orders which you will obey. These orders are designed so that you can satisfy your desires, you randy bitches. But you will satisfy them at my pace. And mine alone. I hope I make that perfectly clear"

Julia and Melissa remained silent. The tension within them was evident. Two pairs of hands clasped the tops of the chairs, the knuckles white. The soft flesh of buttocks and thighs was trembling with apprehension.

"My orders," continued Quentin with calm authority, "will come in the form of numbers. One . . . two . . . five . . . seven . . . ten . . . Any number I choose. You will respond to those numbers. At least, the girl I am addressing will respond to that number. Let me give you an example. Let me begin with Julia. I call her name . . . then I give the command 'one', possibly giving her a cut with the rod as I do so. Julia at once raises herself until only Ahmed's knob is within her. She remains there until I give her a further order. That could be 'three' or 'six' or 'twelve'. Whatever I like. And Julia will raise or lower her haunches that number of times. I hope I am making myself perfectly clear?"

"It sounds quite clear to me," said Glenda with a sadistic laugh in her voice.

"Do you understand, Julia?" asked Quentin.

"Y-Yes, Master," came the whispered reply.

"And you, Melissa?"

"Yes, Master." Melissa's voice was loud by contrast.

"Good . . ." said Quentin in an almost soothing voice. He flexed the cane in his fingers. "We'll begin with you then, Melissa." Quentin laid a wristy cut across the top of the girl's swelling nates.

"One!" he said.

Melissa gasped . . . squirmed . . . then her long thighs levered her haunches up, until only the knob of the black dildo remained within her. There she remained, muscles tense and quivering.

"Good . . ." remarked Quentin complacently. Then he turned his attention to Julia. "Three!" he said.

The cane slashed across Julia's upper nates as the order came. Then the haunches came up . . . went down again rather more quickly . . . then came up once more. Julia gasped and shuddered as she made each movement.

"Excellent," said Quentin with the same sort of complacency. "You both seem to have got the idea quite quickly." He strolled up and down, surveying each set of raised hindquarters. "I expect you're anxious to get on with it girls, but I'm afraid you'll have to do it at my pace."

Glenda was smiling hugely. Rosalie still looked nervous and disbelieving . . . yet fascinated all the same.

Coming back to the quivering Julia, Quentin tapped her bottom with the cane. "I want the next lot done slowly," he said. Then, as he rapped out the command . . . "Twelve", the rod bit again.

With a yelp, Julia lowered her haunches, as slowly as she could. A groan came from her as her buttocks touched the top of the velvet seat. Then she came up again.

Slowly . . . very slowly . . .

Then down.

Another groan . . .

UP . . .

Slowly . . .

Down . . .

Another groan . . .

UP . . .

The nates clenched convulsively.

Down . . .

“Hhaaa . . . aahhh . . .” moaned Julia.

UP . . .

Julia gave a quick little squirm as, for a moment, she remained poised at the top . . . and the big, purple phallic head escaped her briefly.

“Grip it, girl!” rapped Quentin . . . and his cane bit again.

Julia sank down with a gasping squeal.

UP . . .

The soft under-flesh of the thighs all a-quiver.

Down . . .

“Hhhhaaa . . . aaaahhhhh!”

The bottom now squirming on the velvet seat.

UP . . .

Once again Julia raised her haunches high . . . and this time she remained there. The cycle she had been ordered to make had been completed. She was breathing heavily already, her thighs trembling, her lush nates constantly twitching.

Quentin came round before her and smiled into her distraught face.

“Patience, Julia, patience,” he said softly.

Quentin came round to Melissa’s upraised hindquarters, tapping them lightly.

“Now, my beauty,” he said thickly, “twelve from you . . . but fast!”

The cane slashed across the nates and Melissa, with a gasp, jerked squirming down. Then, almost instantly, up again . . .

Down . . . up!

Down . . . up!

Down . . . up!

The shapely nakedness bouncing and quivering . . .

Down . . . up!

The solid black rubber root thrusting up between the splayed

and trembling thighs . . .

Down . . . up!

Melissa's knuckles white as she gripped the ornately rococo top of the chair . . .

Down . . . up!

Melissa now panting a little, her whole body trembling tensely as she remained poised at the end of her cycle, sex lips gripping the large phallic head of the dildo.

"Good . . . good . . ." murmured Quentin, almost to himself, it seemed. The intense pleasure he was receiving glowed from his pale blue eyes. In his book, there was nothing to touch having such power over two lovely young creatures . . . and to degrade them so utterly!

Glenda, eyes dancing with cruel amusement, went round and gazed at Melissa's face.

"How does it compare with the real thing?" she asked.

"A-Al . . . most . . . the s-same, M-Mistress," replied Melissa, in that low-pitched, cultured voice of hers.

"But not quite?"

"No . . . Mistress . . ."

"No black hands to squeeze and maul you, of course . . ."

"N-No . . . M-Mistress . . ." Melissa had lost almost complete control of her lips. They were loose and down-turned.

Glenda moved on to Melissa's companion-in-distress.

"You'll be missing those hands, Julia?"

"Yes . . . Mistress . . ." The reply a hoarse whisper.

"You like having your tits played with, don't you? And your arse?"

"Y-er . . . ess . . . Mistress . . ."

Glenda was smiling almost savagely. "I wonder when your Master is going to let you come. Can hardly wait, can you?"

"No . . . Mistress . . ." An almost indistinguishable whisper. A tear squeezed itself from the corner of Julia's right eye and ran slowly down her cheek.

Quentin, who had poured himself a large Scotch from the nearby drinks-table, came strolling back.

"Like anything, my dear?" he enquired to Glenda.

"No thanks . . ."

"Help yourself, Rosalie."

"Thanks . . . I will . . ."

Rosalie, who was trembling inside - partly with excitement, partly on account of the bizarre horror of the scene - poured herself a large brandy and drank it straight down. Then she poured another one and, almost immediately, began to feel better. More confident, more relaxed. She looked at the naked pair, utterly shamed, with their hindquarters raised and quivering. Christ, she thought, with a tingling in her scalp, what must it be like to be one of them! Yet a sadistic little smile was playing over her lips. She was beginning to enjoy herself. Catching Glenda's eye, she winked, and Glenda winked back.

"Both of you," said Quentin. "One."

With a combined sigh, Julia and Melissa lowered themselves, their curvaceous buttocks projecting slightly over the edge of the velvet covered chair seats.

"Both of you . . . two . . . slowly . . ."

Up they went, then down they came, at a measured pace. Julia uttered a little moan as she sank. Quentin grinned then paused, sipping his drink contemplatively.

"Both of you . . . four fast!" he ordered.

Joggling and quivering, the two bottoms rose and fell rapidly, each performing little squirming motions as they descended.

"Julia . . . five . . . fast."

Julia instantly worked herself vigorously up and down, head thrown back, gasping uninhibitedly. However, such was her vigour . . . or maybe because of the sensations she was rousing in herself . . . she did not check herself at the fifth movement, when poised, but descended.

Instantly Quentin leapt forward and lashed the cane across Julia's quaking bottom.

"I said five, trollop!" he bellowed.

Two more slashing cuts

"Five . . . so get it up. UP!"

Two more cuts . . . and a squealing Julia's bottom came squirming up. The black dildo was now glistening with her juices.

"I know how much you want it up you," said Quentin, "but you'll do it my way!"

There was a prolonged pause while Quentin surveyed the quivering female flesh so completely at his command. Alongside him, Glenda and Rosalie gazed with almost equal relish.

"Melissa . . . twelve slow . . . then twelve fast . . ."

Melissa's bottom began to rise and fall. Her teeth were clenched, eyes closed and she was whimpering down her nose. The intensity of those whimpers intensified as her hindquarters bounced furiously up and down during the last dozen movements. Perhaps more by luck than good judgement she managed to remain in the poised position. Her white shoulders were heaving, the trembling of her under-thighs had increased.

"I believe she's almost coming," said Glenda.

"I'm not surprised," nodded Rosalie. She was fascinated by the size of the object the girl was having to take in.

Quentin's cane tapped Melissa's bottom. "Are you?" he enquired.

"Y-Yes . . . hhaaahhh . . . y-yes . . . M-Master . . . almost . . ." came the panting reply.

"Well, you can stay there for a bit," smiled Quentin. Then he turned back to Julia and whip-lashed the cane across her bottom. With a yelp of pain, the girl descended involuntarily and instantly got another vicious cut. "Did I tell you to move? Up up . . . you randy bitch!"

Sobbing, Julia raised her hindquarters.

"M-Mercy . . . Master . . ." They heard her plead faintly.

"She wants you to let her come," smiled Glenda.

"Well, if she does before I tell her to," said Quentin, "I'll birch every inch of skin off her backside! Did you hear that, Julia?"

"Yer . . . ess . . . Master."

"Right then, my girl, let's have that lovely arse of yours in motion again. Six, I think . . . slow . . . followed by six fast."

There was a faint squelching sound as the dildo slid in and out as Quentin had directed. Julia continued to gasp and squirm, with

head thrown back and teeth clenched and bared. The effort she was having to make was obvious.

“Melissa . . . another dozen . . . slowly . . .”

It was Melissa’s turn again . . .

Thus, for something like another five minutes, Quentin, like a musical conductor, continued to orchestrate his two performers. Sometimes there were solo performances, sometimes there were duets, sometimes the tempo was fast, sometimes slow.

And, with every moment that passed, the mounting animal lust of the two women became more evident. Yet, with quite a degree of artistry, Quentin was able to control it. By giving timely pauses . . . by slowing the tempo . . . or by threatening the direst punishments if his reading of the score was not adhered to!

At long last, with both girls sobbing as they slid slowly up and down the gleaming black objects, Quentin gave the order they had been aching for.

“Alright . . . both of you . . . now you can go all the way . . .”

The frenzy of female flesh was brief but fantastically furious.

Mouths wide, gasping and crying out, Julia and Melissa bounced up and down wildly and uncoordinatedly. They were lost to lust. No longer caring what they did. Or who saw them do it.

The only thing that mattered was the moment of release . . .

And swiftly it came to both.

In perhaps no more than ten or fifteen seconds, both girls were squealing as they writhed convulsively in orgasm . . . the strength of which was most apparent. It seemed to go on and on . . .

Until both slid down, slumped against the back of the chairs, moaning and whimpering in slaked exhaustion.

There was a look of the utmost satisfaction on Quentin’s face as he continued to gaze at the still-quivering bottom flesh . . . flesh that was now criss-crossed with a multiplicity of weals.

“You can’t say I’m a bad Master, can you?” he enquired of the two watching women. “You have just seen how much I let these two enjoy themselves!”

## CHAPTER THREE

**HAVERS, WHO WOULD** have been delighted to have been present during the degradation of Julia and Melissa, had been otherwise engaged. He had been erecting the healing lamps and benches in the annexe of the Punishment Room. These had arrived in the second large crate from the 'Paradise', along with a considerable quantity of other useful equipment and a variety of punishment devices and instruments of correction. Apart from having her little joke, Miss Judith had been very thorough in her compilation of the contents of the crate.

By the time Havers returned to the central room of the slave-quarters, Julia and Melissa had at last been permitted to remove themselves from the chairs. Still weak and tearful, they tottered after their Master into the bedroom. Glenda had gone upstairs to the main house, taking Rosalie with her.

"I must say that quite turned me on," said Quentin with a grin, as the girls stood uncertainly awaiting further orders. He did indeed feel very randy and was trying to make up his mind which girl he would have, when Havers knocked on the bedroom door.

"May I come in, boss?" he called.

"Sure thing, Havers," replied Quentin."

"There's no need to knock down here, man. The girls have got no secrets to hide . . . and nor have I!"

With a thumping heart, Havers went in, his eyes instantly fastening on the two naked girls. With shock, yet with a thrill of pleasure, he noted the tear-stained cheeks and weal-striped buttocks.

"I . . . I've finished in there," he managed to say.

"Ah . . . good . . . these two are going to need a little treatment later." Quentin began to unbutton his shirt, then he pulled it off, exposing a barrel-chest covered with a mass of grizzled hairs. "But before that, I'm going to fuck one of them."

Havers mouth sagged open. For a moment, he thought Quentin was joking, but when the boss's trousers came off, he saw that he wasn't. Quentin's stiffening cock was thrusting through the opening of his pants. For a moment, Havers felt a little embarrassed. Naturally, he was not used to people behaving in this way nor to women being treated so. He was rather like a newcomer on board the 'Paradise'!

"OK, if I stay?" asked Havers.

"Of course," smiled Quentin, removing his pants and standing grossly, paunchy nude. "Perhaps you'd like to have the other one? They're both very ready. Each had had one of those dildoes up her for quite some time . . . and also I've just let them both come."

Havers had been present when the girls had first sank on to 'Ahmed' and 'Jason'. Yes . . . that had been quite a while back. The lust began to surge through his loins at the thought of enjoying one of these two young beauties, both of whom were standing submissively silent on the far side of the room, eyes a little downcast.

"Sure . . ." he said a little hoarsely, feeling beads of sweaty excitement prickling all over his body.

Quentin obviously made up his mind . . . and crooked a finger at Julia. "I think the honour will be for you today, my pretty. Get on the bed and get your arse in the air. Havers . . . you can have Melissa. They're both as good as each other, I can assure you."

Needless to say, Havers would have been happy with either and, with fumbling fingers began to pull off his clothes. He saw the girl Julia crawl on to her bed and raise her weal-striped hindquarters. Then she parted her thighs and presented herself abjectly to Quentin who had waddled over and was standing looking lecherously down.

"The real thing . . . for a change . . . you brazen strumpet," he said thickly.

Then he climbed on to the bed and knelt down behind the girl, gripping her flanks . . .”

Havers tore his eyes away and, now naked himself, moved across to the lovely Melissa. It is incredible that I am actually going to fuck such a beautiful creature, he said to himself. Never before had he had one so beautiful. What made it all the more exciting was the fact that the girl’s feelings didn’t come into it.

He felt Melissa quiver slightly as he laid a hand on her warm flank. Just touching the flesh made him stiffen faster. The lust within him welled up to boiling point.

“My God . . . you are hot, my beauty . . .” he heard Quentin say. “Juicy, too . . .” There followed a series of happy grunts.

“Get on the bed . . . like your little friend,” ordered Havers hoarsely.

Oh what Heaven that such an order should be obeyed so submissively . . . so immediately! He knelt on the bed and seized the waiting flanks just as Quentin had done. By then, Havers was solidly in erection. No need to wait!

He positioned himself . . .

Felt the warm-wet succulence of ready sex-lips . . .

Then, animal-like, and with deliberate brutality, he thrust . . .

Havers was amazed that he slid in so easily, right up to the hilt. A little moan of delight came from him. The boss had been right when he had said the girl was very ready! He felt her gripping him, then seductively moving her bottom, as if she genuinely wanted him to fuck her.

Havers slid out and then rammed in hard again.

“Aahhh!” he gasped involuntarily. His belly was pressed against lush, warm buttocks; his organ was encased in female juicy hotness . . . which wriggled and gripped invitingly.

“N-Nice, eh . . . hhaaahh . . . eh?” panted Quentin.

Havers turned his head seeing his boss’s flabby flanks working more vigorously than his.

“Yes . . . mmm . . . y-yes . . .” he agreed.”

“She . . . she’s a good fuck, that Melissa. So . . . hhaahh . . . hhhaahh . . . is this one . . .”

That Melissa was a good fuck, Havers was certainly not in doubt. He began to thrust faster, revelling in the increasingly delicious sensation. it was amazing how co-operative the girl was. Turning his head again, he saw that Julia was equally so. They did not just kneel there, taking it. Both were really working themselves. Incredible!

“C-Come . . . come again . . . aaahh . . . hhhaaahh . . . then . . . you . . . b-beauty . . .” panted Quentin.

Then Havers heard Julia beginning to squeal.

“You too!” he commanded, gripping Melissa’s flanks more tightly

“Hhhaa . . . hhhaaa . . . y-yes . . . yes . . .” he heard her gasping.

My God, he realised, she actually was coming!

How incredible . . .

How wonderful . . .

Grunting and groaning as piggishly as his boss, Havers worked himself to a frenzy of ramming. Never . . . never . . . had he had a woman like this! Never . . . never . . . had he enjoyed one so much!

Suddenly he was lost . . .

The divine moment swept up on him . . .

“Hhhhhhaaaaa . . . hhhhhaaaaa ooohh . . . oooooohh-hhfi . . . hhhhaaahhhh . . . ooohhhhhh . . .” Havers gasping-groans were ecstatic, just as were Quentin’s. Both of them had reached a climax simultaneously. So, too, it seemed, had the girls. Though whether that was true or false, it was impossible to say.

Havers slumped forward, mouth on Melissa’s white shoulder. Eyes closed, he drooled. His hands left the girl’s flanks and fondled her pendulous breast-fruit. Oh God . . . what a woman . . . what a superb woman!

“A good fuck, isn’t she Havers?”

Havers nodded, his eyes still closed. “Mmmmm . . .” he replied. He didn’t want to do anything. He didn’t want to move. Just stay there, still wallowing in Melissa’s juiciness.

“I think you’ll enjoy Julia just as much,” he heard Quentin saying. “Have her tomorrow. Any time you like . . .”

“Thanks . . . Q-Quentin” murmured Havers. What a boss to have! What a job to have! He had certainly struck it lucky this time. Then,

slowly, reluctantly, Havers opened his eyes. Tubby, sweating, but relaxed, Quentin was seated on the edge of the bed. Julia still knelt, breathing heavily. Slowly Havers withdrew from Melissa. How delightful it was to know that he could have this delicious creature again and again! He swung around and he too sat on the edge of the bed. He grinned at Quentin.

“Thanks,” he said, “that was really something!”

Quentin spread his hands. “Be my guest,” he smiled.

Havers no longer felt any embarrassment. Already he was slipping into the ways of this bizarre and cruel world. Just as once, long ago, Quentin had also done. He turned and laid a hand on Melissa’s warm, quivering bottom.

“Want me to give them some treatment now?” he asked. He felt very much a man. A man of the world.

“No hurry,” yawned Quentin. “I’m going to take a shower. Why not join me?”

“Right then . . .”

The two men moved into the shower cubicles which had been provided for the girls. Soon both were singing happily as they soaped themselves under the lancing hot water. Most . . . most enjoyable . . .

Meanwhile, Julia and Melissa remained kneeling on the beds. For the time being, they had served their purpose!

Both men sat, wearing warm bathrobes, drinking Scotch.

“This is the life, isn’t it?” smiled Quentin.

“You’re not kidding . . .” Havers raised his glass. “My God, Quentin, I really must congratulate you on this set-up. To be honest, when you first told me about it, I didn’t truly believe you.”

“I don’t blame you,” replied Quentin. “It certainly is rather unusual. Probably I would have reacted in the same way.”

“Yet . . . it’s all true . . .” said Havers, almost to himself, it seemed. He looked around the luxuriously furnished room, noting the two chairs on which the black dildoes continued to thrust menacingly erect. Quentin saw the direction of his glance.

"I'm keeping those there," he said with a grin. "I shall tell the girls they can use them any time they like!"

Havers grinned in reply. What a joker the boss was! "Think they'll have finished their showers yet?" he asked.

"Don't worry about them," said Quentin. "Have another drink man. They'll come running to you whenever you want them. At the snap of a finger."

"Sorry," said Havers getting up and pouring another stiff Scotch. "The whole thing's a bit difficult to get used to."

"I know . . . I know . . ." nodded Quentin. "But, in another week I reckon, it will feel as if you've had a couple of slave-girls all your life! That's the way it goes."

Havers sat down and drank his Scotch with gay abandon.

A quarter of an hour later, Havers found himself alone with the two girls . . . for the first time. Quentin had gone upstairs to dress; Havers duties consisted of simply putting both girls under the healing lamps. It was something which filled him with a trembling sort of excitement.

They were in his charge!

How superb! How unbelievable!

Both girls were lying naked on the beds when he entered the bedroom. They were quiet and still but, immediately he came in, each at once knelt erect and placed their hands on top of her head. It was the slave posture. The one in which Havers had seen them first of all. Although Quentin had changed a good deal of the routine of the 'Paradise', this simple piece of discipline he had maintained.

Havers, feeling very much in command, strolled from one bed to the other, studying first Julia and then Melissa. What luscious beauties they were! Amazing to think that they were slaves! But they were . . . oh yes, they were. He could still feel Melissa's juiciness, as he looked at her.

"I enjoyed fucking you, just now," he said.

"Thank you, Sir," answered Melissa in a low, controlled voice.

"It . . . it was an honour to serve you . . ."

Even more incredible!

That a woman could say such a thing!

A sudden sense of the absolute power he had, gripped Havers. It was one of the most exhilarating experiences he had ever had.

"Get your bottom in the air again, Melissa," he ordered, "I want to take another look at it."

Even as he found himself saying it, Havers had the sudden feeling the girl would not comply. She would protest. Make some excuse. Tell him to get lost. Slap his face, even.

But no . . .

Without demure, Melissa turned instantly . . . knelt and thrust up her hindquarters uninhibitedly for his inspection. Havers eyes goggled at their fulsome shapeliness. He had never seen a better bottom in all his life. Havers' hand went out and he touched the lush flesh, running his fingers over the weals, feeling Melissa wince.

"These hurt, eh?"

"Y-Yes . . . Sir . . ."

It won't be long, thought Havers, before I'm caning this lovely bottom. My God, that would be really something! Caning a classy young woman's bottom. Just as hard as he liked. Making her squirm, making her beg. Yes . . . that would be the day! For the time being, Havers gave that bottom a stinging slap . . . as he knew he was permitted to do at any time.

How delicious that felt!

So delicious, in fact, that Havers gave it a second slap, setting the soft flesh juddering.

"OK, Melissa, kneel up again," said Havers.

And, as submissively as she had gone down, the girl came up again to her former posture.

Havers got up and strolled over to Julia. He was beginning to enjoy himself no end. Exercising his newly acquired power. Julia, he saw, was just as lovely as Melissa. Different but similar. Lots of shape, lots of upper-crust class. Another society beauty, in fact.

"Enjoy the fucking the boss gave you?" he asked.

It was Heaven to be able to ask such questions of -a woman!

Where else in the world could you do so?

"Yes, Sir," answered Julia, with the seeming utmost respect.

"It rather sounded like it," smiled Havers.

He saw the girl's impassive features twitch. They might try not to show any emotion, he said to himself, but, underneath, they felt plenty alright! One could taunt and goad . . . and know that one was hurting. Delightful!

"You were his Mistress once, weren't you? But two-timed him?"

Again that twitch of the features. Then something like hate and acute anguish blazed momentarily in Julia's eyes.

"Yer . . . ess . . . S-Sir . . ." she whispered.

"What a mistake you made," sighed Havers. Then, with deliberate casualness, he fondled Julia's breasts.

"You've got good tits, girl, I'll say that for you," he remarked. He sounded more easy-going than he felt. In fact, his hand was shaking a little.

"Thank you, Sir," whispered Julia.

"Like having them played with?"

"Y-Yes . . . mmm . . . yes . . . S-Sir . . ."

"Show me your bottom, Julia . . ."

It was just like playing with a wonderful toy, thought Havers as the girl turned and knelt just as Melissa had done. He examined her at his leisure. Next time, he thought, I'll fuck this one. She's a real beauty, too. Again he ran his hand over the weals, noting that there were considerably more over Julia's buttocks than there had been over Melissa. Idly, he wondered why.

"OK," he said, at last, "you can kneel up again, Julia."

And Julia did just that. Her features remained virtually impassive but Havers noted that the girl was biting her lips. What, he thought, must not both women have endured in order to be brought to such a submissive condition. They behaved with such a degree of obedience that they might almost have been automatons.

Almost, but not quite . . .

Automatons did not have any feelings!

"Right," said Havers, at last, "time to try out those lamps I've just installed." He nodded his head towards the door. "Off you go

. . . to the Punishment Room. They're in a small room off that. I think you know the way!"

Julia and Melissa got off the beds and walked to the door, Havers following. His eyes were glued to the two seductively swinging sets of hindquarters, each laced with the red weals which Quentin had recently raised. The soft flesh of nates and thighs quivered with their movements. How gracefully they both moved, thought Havers. Rather like models on a catwalk. Controlled, yet somehow provocative.

Melissa opened the door of the Punishment Room and they all went in. Havers thought he noticed Julia give a little shiver. That would have been quite natural, he reflected. No one could have been more aware of the reason why that room had been constructed. Purely and simply to make herself and her companion suffer whenever it was deemed necessary. The very sight of the two waiting punishment blocks must have chilled both girls to the marrow.

"To the right, through that archway," said Havers.

They entered the annexe where the two leather-topped tables had been erected. Above each were two large lamps. On a smaller table nearby were rows of bottles containing liquid and ointments.

"Well, you know all about these, I'm sure," said Havers, "so up you go, my beauties!"

He managed to give Julia's bottom a stinging smack while it was projecting invitingly as she got up on to her table. Face down, face turned to one side, both girls spread-eagled themselves like starfish. Havers buckled on the leather straps at the corners of each table to the wrists and ankles of each girl. Their utter helplessness pleased him as he picked up a jar of pale pink liquid. How many, many times, he thought, they must have lain like that - with a bottom seemingly on fire waiting for treatment. Girls like these, naturally proud and stubborn, must have earned themselves one merciless thrashing after another at the outset of their slave training.

Havers poured some liquid into the cupped palm of his right hand. As he approached Julia first, he saw the girl's nates clench involuntarily. He smiled. "This makes it sting more, at first, I believe," he said.

“Yes . . . Sir . . .” answered Julia, through clenched teeth. The one eye that could see was wide, staring fixedly, like that of a wounded deer, he thought.

He rubbed the liquid over both of Julia’s buttock cheeks and the girl uttered a loud, whinnying sound as she squirmed and shuddered convulsively. Havers poured out more liquid and rubbed that in too. Julia’s head jerked up and she gasped breathlessly.

“Stings a lot, eh?”

“Ooooo . . . y-yes . . . S-Sir . . .” whimpered Julia pathetically.

With a lascivious grin, Havers slipped his hand down Julia’s widened cleft . . . and then under her. The girl shrieked and squirmed even more violently.

“Ahhhh . . . NO . . . OOO . . . p-ple . . . eease . . . Sir . . . n-not . . . there!”

Havers grinned even more lasciviously. As he had rightly guessed, the sex-lips would be exceedingly sensitive to the liquid . . . whatever it was. He kept his hand where it was and then briefly fingered Julia.

“If I want to put the stuff there, my girl, I will,” he said. And again he felt that delightful surge of the pleasure of power.

Julia moaned and a series of deep sobs shook her. No one knew better than she that this beast in human form would do just that whenever he liked! In fact, her senseless plea had made it all the more probable that he would free do so in future.

Havers went across to Melissa and gave her bottom similar treatment. The girl took it in virtual silence, thought she breathed more loudly down her delicately flared nostrils . . . and the soft flesh of her bottom twitched repeatedly and quivered all over like a jelly. It was delightful to feel and to see. This girl, he reflected, is just that shade tougher than the other one. Partly because of her longer experience, he reckoned, but not entirely. Perhaps out of a grudging admiration for her stoicism, Havers did not anoint Melissa’s sex lips as he had done Julia’s. I’ll reserve that for special occasions, he said to himself.

The liquid-bottle was replaced and Havers picked up a stone jar containing a thick, white ointment.

“Now for the nice part, girls,” he said jovially. “At least, I’ve been told it feels nice!”

He began to plaster Julia’s buttocks all over thickly with the ointment. He literally slapped it on, then rubbed it well in, as he had been told to do. Somehow he found it most sensuously exciting. From time to time, his hand slipped down the cleft, as much for his own amusement as anything else. It was lovely to have such a girl so helpless. To do just what you fancied with her. To slap her ointment-sticky bottom . . . or to frig her briefly . . . just as he pleased! And wondering just how Julia felt about what he was doing only made it all the more enjoyable!

In turn, Melissa got the same treatment. And, this time, Havers hand did slip down into the warm, sticky cleft. He titillated and probed at will . . . and for quite some time.

“Did I tell you, Melissa,” he asked, licking wet lips, “that you make a very good fuck?”

“N-No . . . Sir . . .” The reply low but firm.

“Well . . . do you know, Melissa?”

“Yes . . . Sir . . .”

“I shall fuck you often, Melissa.”

“Yes . . . Sir . . . I . . . I sh-shall be honoured . . . Sir . . .”

Havers smiled and thrust his fingers momentarily deeper, feeling the twitch of female flesh. “I’m very glad to hear it, Melissa,” he said. Then he withdrew his fingers and gave the shapely, ointment-smearred bottom before him a final slap.

This, he said to himself, as he replaced the ointment jar, is a duty which is going to be a continuing pleasure!

A final glance at the two prostrate figures, and Havers switched on the lamps above them. But one would not have known they were on. For the rays that beamed down were invisible ones.

Purveyors of a healing miracle.

“Havers seems to have got swiftly into the swing of things,” remarked Glenda.

“Yes . . . hasn’t he just,” agreed Quentin.

The couple were seated on a couch in front of the television screen. Quite a happy family scene! Alongside them, in an arm-chair, sat Rosalie . . . still, quite, quite fascinated by all that was going on. On the screen were pictures of Havers having his little fun and games with the girls on the healing benches.

"There's one thing I don't understand," said Rosalie as she watched Havers slapping ointment on to Julia's bottom. "Why do they put up with it? I mean . . . why don't they do away with themselves? Anything would be better than this. Especially for a woman."

"Oh, I agree," said Quentin, smiling knowingly. "Of course, both of them would have done that long ago. If they could."

"What do you mean?" asked Rosalie innocently.

"He means, they can't," said Glenda.

"I . . . don't understand," said Rosalie. "Oh dear, there's so much I don't understand." She watched as Havers hand delved into Melissa's widened cleft.

"It's quite simple," said Quentin. "They can't because they've been conditioned not to. Brainwashed, if you like. It's a form of deep hypnosis they're put under immediately they get aboard the 'Paradise'. Thereafter, it is literally impossible for them to harm themselves."

"Remarkable," murmured Rosalie. "But I suppose, by now, I should be getting used to such things."

"What's more, Rosalie," added Glenda, "it is impossible for them to harm any of us. That, too, was programmed into them when they were under hypnosis."

"I see . . . I see . . . yes . . . I'd rather wondered about that, as well!"

"A most necessary precaution, when you think about it," said Quentin. He was thinking about Julia having his prick in her mouth. Driven beyond the normal limits, there was no reason why the girl could not have done him an irreparable injury! Yet . . . thank God . . . as it had been arranged, it was impossible for her to do so!

Rosalie covered her face with a hand. "My God," she whispered, "what a Fate! No escape. None . . ."

"No," said Quentin complacently. "No escape. None . . ."

## CHAPTER FOUR

**SEVERAL HOURS LATER** that night, Havers returned his two charges to their bedroom in the slave quarters. He found it difficult to believe the evidence of his own eyes, for the skin of each was flawless again.

For a moment or two, Havers considered fucking Julia (his boss had given permission!) but being a little tired after a day of excitements and also rather drunk as well - he decided to postpone it until the morrow. Giving the girl's bottom a slap, he advised her of 'the treat' to come then he staggered out of the room and back up to the house above, carefully locking the security door on the way. Mustn't forget that! Quentin had told him that, if he ever did, he would be sacked instantly.

Julia lay quiescently down on her bed. She had become used to being treated in that kind of humiliating fashion. Long ago she had learnt the uselessness of lying there burning with rage and hate. That only made matters worse. Though those emotions were still there, deep down, it was better to keep them suppressed as best one could. To accept the degradation of one's existence. To accept the fact that one was a slave. And that a slave was there for the service and pleasure of others.

It had been a long, hard road for Julia to arrive at such a mental and psychological condition. There had been many 'breakdowns' on the way, many 'hold-ups', many 'accidents'. But she had got there in the end. That was something she would have considered quite impossible at the outset. That person who once was me - with pride,

a stubborn will and a temper - does not exist any more, thought Julia as she lay there. I am someone quite different. Without pride (would she not display herself indecently at the snap of someone's fingers?); without will (did she not obey instantly now?); without temper (was she not ever ready to grovel meekly at her Master's feet?). Though I am still Julia, she said to herself, I am not that Julia of long ago. Now I am Julia the submissive slave girl. It was like being re-born.

Tomorrow, thought Julia, that pig will have me . . . and I shall have to do my utmost to please him. Just as I pleased my Master earlier. Then her mind went back to the time on the dildo. A long, long hour of humiliation and frustration . . . before the final degradation. How terrible it was to be brought to such peaks of sheer animal lust! To be so overpowered by it that one became completely abandoned! Nothing more than a frenzied sex object!

And oh, reflected Julia with a sudden keen stab of bitterness, how they must love watching you in that state! For a few moments the suppressed rage and hate within her welled up. Then, shaken by a deep sob, she fought those emotions down again.

Suddenly, Julia felt a cool arm about her shoulders; then a soft smooth body. It was Melissa come to comfort her. Tears of self-pity came cascading from Julia's eyes as the two girls clung tightly together, belly to belly, breasts to breasts. Then their mouths met in a long, gentle kiss. There was no sexual passion in that kiss. It was a kiss of love and understanding. No words needed to be spoken.

They were lost souls in a most terrible, unbelievably cruel and evil world.

"Most touching . . ." said Glenda with a smile. She had decided to take a final quick look at the TV screen before retiring.

Nearby, Quentin opened a pair of tired eyes. "Rather like the Babes in the Wood," he said after a few moments.

"Mmm . . ." nodded Glenda. "I wonder if they're going to make love."

"Shouldn't think so," said Quentin. "They're not really like that,

you know. Just have to pretend to be, when you want them."

"I know that," replied Glenda a shade impatiently. "That's a large part of the fun of both of them. Feeling them perform so well, as if it were natural to them, which it isn't. Perhaps they'll grow to like it."

"Possibly," nodded Quentin. He rather enjoyed that idea.

"Do you know," said Glenda musingly, "I haven't laid a hand on either of them yet? Apart from the odd slap, I mean."

"No . . . I suppose you haven't" said Quentin, looking a shade startled. "There wasn't much time on the 'Paradise, was there? And now we've only just arrived. But that can be remedied . . ."

"Oh yes," smiled Glenda, "that can be remedied. I think I'll start with Julia." She gazed at the shapely posterior and the long, smooth thighs and experienced a thrill of sadistic delight. For my amusement, she thought. Especially did Glenda like the look of the thighs. They looked so white and soft. So tender. "Your one-time girlfriend." she continued. "Your mistress, if you prefer."

Quentin shrugged. "But never my wife," he said.

"Yes . . ." said Glenda, almost to herself, "I shall enjoy dealing with her."

"Tomorrow?" asked Quentin.

"Tomorrow," replied Glenda.

"Then I shall leave her entirely to you, my dear," said Quentin. "Melissa is quite capable of providing adequate amusement. Oh . . . and I must tell Havers. I promised Julia to him at some time tomorrow."

Glenda Osman switched off the TV screen. She seemed indifferent to watch arrangements Quentin had made, or was going to make.

Perhaps her mind was already too preoccupied with thoughts of the morrow!

On the following morning, Glenda dressed herself with some care.

She chose a simple, but most expensive gown. A Paris creation, mainly black but trimmed with gold and with a broad, gold belt. Julia would know just how exclusive that gown was, reflected Glenda, recognising in me the pampered and extravagant wife who

could indulge herself in such things. Funny to think that the girl had been kept stark naked for something over six months. Incredible that. Really never for a moment permitted a moment of womanly modesty. Always on display. Being a woman herself, Glenda could appreciate all the more how a woman must feel about that.

Glenda put on a pair of plain, black patent shoes with unusually high heels. Again, obviously expensive items. Then she put on three or four hefty diamond, emerald and ruby rings and added a final diamond cluster to her corsage.

Yes . . . thought Glenda as she studied herself at length in the mirror . . . I look the very epitome of a successful wife. Well cared-for, living in luxury, happy, care-free, fawned on by an indulgent husband. At exactly the opposite end of the scale to Julia!

With a final few flicks of a comb through her hair, Glenda left the room and made her way down to the slave quarters.

Her first visit was to the Punishment Room. Once there, she went over to the long bench along one wall upon which a vast array of corrective instruments were kept. Glenda already had a plan of how she was going to 'deal' with Julia. First the girl would be birched, entirely on her buttocks. Then she would be caned, entirely on her thighs. It was simply a matter of choosing the implements.

The birches were all kept in tall, iron canisters containing brine water and, as was only to be expected, were of varying sizes. Glenda examined the smallest . . . and dismissed it almost at once. It had four slim twigs, about two feet long, bound together at the handle end by means of a leather string. The twigs were pale green and whippy, softish on the exterior, hard underneath. In some places the thin bark had flaked away to reveal the white wood underneath. Glenda replaced the birch and took another one out of the second canister. This one had eight similar twig-slivers. Better. In fact, twice as good!

Glenda considered. On this occasion . . . a first occasion . . . she wanted to be adequately severe, yet not too severe. She took the birch out of the third container and, as she expected, this one had twelve twig-slivers. These were rather longer, too. About two and a half feet. Obviously, the two other canisters contained progressively

heavier birches . . . but Glenda felt she had gone just about far enough. She regarded the twelve, swishy green switches, trying to imagine what it would be like to have them fall across her own bare flesh. She shuddered. But it was a shudder quickly followed by a glow of cruel pleasure. Soon, Julia would not have to imagine!

Glenda moved on to where the rods and canes were lying . . . and here the selection was even larger and more bewildering. Having decided to use an ordinary willow cane, Glenda must have picked up half a dozen or more - testing them out by flexing and swishing them but still had not made up her mind. She moved a little further on and then her eye was caught by what she thought, at first, was a riding switch made of tightly-plaited white plastic. Then, tied around the leather grip was something like a luggage label. Glenda recognised Miss Judith's hand.

'This whalebone rod is not exactly Julia's favourite!' read the brief note.

Glenda wondered why. The rod was very hard, yet very flexible. Yes, it would hurt a great deal. A very great deal. Yet there were far more formidable rods in the armoury before her. Why this particular one then? Glenda, of course, was not to know that this was the rod which Miss Judith had regularly used whilst Julia was being taught to service Ahmed and Jason with her tongue. She must have writhed-under its searing bite literally scores and scores of times.

A little puzzled, but nevertheless pleased that her mind had been made up for her, Glenda decided upon the whalebone rod. If it is not exactly Julia's favourite, it will do adequately, she thought, with a grim little smile. Oh those white thighs! Those long, tender white thighs!

Glenda carried both instruments from the Punishment Room and placed them on a table in the centre room of the slave quarters. Somehow she did not wish the stark practicality of the Punishment Room but preferred ordinary, comfortable surroundings. The contrast pleased her. Then she entered the girls' bedroom.

Julia was alone and at once knelt erect.

"Where's Melissa?" demanded Glenda.

"With . . . with my Master, Mistress," replied Julia at once.

"Don't call me 'Mistress' in future," said Glenda sharply. "It is a word which had connotations I do not care for! You will call me 'Ma'am'. Got it?"

"Yes . . . Ma'am . . ." replied Julia at once.

She had been waiting with some apprehension ever since Melissa had been taken away by Quentin - with Havers in attendance - to the Playroom. Why had she not been taken with her? Poor Melissa. She would have to service both those pigs. One at a time was bad enough. What would be happening at that moment? Her mind shrank away. (Melissa, in fact, was having to use her mouth and tongue - alternately on Quentin and Havers - in a variety of disgusting ways).

"I've got a bone to pick with you, my girl . . ." Glenda's harsh voice broke in on Julia's mental wandering.

"Yes, Ma'am?" she said meekly.

Glenda stepped up close to the girl and stared into her eyes. Julia flinched.

"You were once the Mistress of my husband, I believe?"

Julia's features twitched. "Yes . . . Ma'am . . ."

"He showered worldly goods upon you. He pampered you. He trusted you."

Julia flinched again. "Y-Yes . . . M-ma'am . . ." she said in a whisper.

"For that deceit upon a fine and generous man . . . and upon my husband . . . I am going to birch you, Julia."

The full mouth quivered, a tie in one cheek flicked nervously. What have I not suffered already for that deceit, thought Julia? For that stupid deceit. Far, far too much. Beyond all reason. Yet, it seemed, her suffering for it was never to be over.

"Do you not think that you deserve to be birched for such behaviour . . . arrogant behaviour, in my view . . . Julia?"

"Y-yes, Ma'am . . ." Another whisper.

"Quentin is my husband," continued Glenda in the tones of some outraged suburban matron, "and he is a good and generous man.

Would be doing less than my duty if I did not stand by him. Protect him. And see that those who harm him suffer for it. Is that not so?"

The hypocrisy of these words was not lost upon either women!

"Yes, Ma'am," said Julia softly. She was beginning to steel herself for what she now realised was going to be a cruel ordeal at Glenda's hands. Cruel both physically and mentally. She looked at this well-groomed, chicly-clad woman . . . this woman who had everything she once had had . . . and she hated her.

Perhaps that hatred flashed momentarily in her eyes, for Glenda smiled. What Heaven it was to have such power! Not only today . . . but any day she wished in the future.

"We will go into the main room, Julia," she said. Then she turned on her heel and walked out. Julia followed with a kind of stately grace . . . her hands still clasped on top of her head. Oh God have mercy on me, she said to herself, as she had done thousands of times before.

Poor Julia!

It was a plea that seemed to go perpetually unheard!

On a table lay the birch and the whalebone rod. Julia's eyes flickered over them in dread and then flickered away. She saw, on the far side of the room, the two black dildoes standing erect, still fastened to the ornate chairs. It seemed as if they were likely to remain there permanently.

Coolly, unhurriedly, Glenda looked around the room. She was considering the best place for Julia to receive her birching.

There, covered in fluffy purple velvet, was an Edwardian chaise longue. Its curved back-end and long-stretching scat looked most inviting. For what Glenda had in mind. The old and the new would combine to create a poem of pain!

"Julia . . . place yourself over the end of this piece of furniture. Originally, it was designed for lovers. So it seems appropriate."

Julia turned to the rococco-like couch. She had once owned one very similar in appearance which had stood in her dressing room. Except that it had been covered in green velvet, not purple. Also, she had, as she now recalled, enjoyed some excitingly seductive moments upon it. That was when she had been a woman of allure,

in her own right . . .

Quaking inwardly, but still maintaining remarkable poise, Julia moved to the chaise longue and bent over its end. She placed her hands flat upon its seat. With the greatest delight, Glenda looked upon the naked curve of her victim's hindquarters. So creamy-white, so vulnerable! Hers to do with as she wished! The birch, still glistening faintly with water-drops, lay silent and menacing upon the table.

Julia was suddenly shaken by a deep sob . . . Glenda smiled, eyes almost distant. She was trying to put herself in Julia's place. Thinking of what it must be like. With all the memories of the past. Yet now with this hideous present. Glenda tried . . . but found it impossible to imagine herself where Julia was. Her mind could not grasp it; or would not. It was something beyond imaginative comprehension.

Yet it was something which Julia was having to endure!

After a little searching, Glenda found some velvet cords in the drawer of the of one of the numerous cabinets around the room. The same velvet colour as the chaise longue. Unhurriedly, she used the cords to secure Julia's thighs to the legs at one end of the couch . . . then she corded her wrists and fastened the cords to the legs at the other end of the couch. Thus Julia's arms were at full stretch . . . her back flat . . . her hindquarters up-curving. Vulnerable to anything which might be done to her.

Again Julia was suddenly shaken by a deep sob . . .

The injustice and cruelty of the world in which she found herself was quite beyond belief. Yet it was an actual world. Once in which she was forced to exist.

"Mercy . . . mercy, Ma'am . . . I have already suffered . . . beyond . . . ooh . . . beyond anything . . . y-you could imagine. . ."

The words came out, controlled and soft. As far as Julia was concerned, they came out involuntarily. It might as well have been someone else speaking the words. They were words which added greatly to Glenda's pleasure . . . and her smile was broad and happy. It was going to be the purest joy to flay this young woman's helpless bottom!

"Now, Julia," she said, as if the girl had not spoken, "I do not intend to be too severe with you. Though, in duty bound, I should be. A dozen will suffice, I think . . ."

Twelve times twelve slivers!

One hundred and forty four slivers of blazing pain!

Glenda's small teeth were suddenly bared, vixen-like. Julia's nates contracted convulsively.

"M-Mercy . . . ooohhh . . . m-mercy . . ." came the plaintive plea.

"You admit you were my husband's mistress, girl?"

"Y-Yes . . . oh . . . yes, Ma'am . . ."

"For how long?"

"F-For . . . a year, Ma'am . . . maybe . . . a little more . . ."

"And, during that time, whilst under his protection, you deceived him?"

"Oohh . . . yes . . . Ma'am . . ."

The Birch came slashing down with all the force that Glenda's right arm could command. Splaying out, twelve individual whippy twigs streaked agonisedly across Julia's buttock flesh. A howl of torment erupted from the girl and she threshed frantically over the end of the couch.

"You deceitful harlot!" Glenda almost shrieked the words. It was as if she had been personally harmed by Julia's peccadilloes. She gazed with almost lustful satisfaction upon the pink-red tracery of stripes which she had instantly raised over her victim's flesh. She saw that flesh twitch and quiver . . . could but guess what torment was being endured.

"How many lovers? How many did you deceive my husband with?" came the rasping query.

"Ugh . . . uurf . . . th-three . . . M-Ma'am . . ."

Again the birch came slashing down, in almost precisely the same area.

"Liar!" shrieked Glenda.

Julia shrieked too, but for a different reason. The pain of those multiple, slashing twigs was atrocious.

"Liar!" yelled Glenda once more. "How many?"

"Th-Three . . . Ma'am . . . three . . . I swear . . ."

Julia's words were cut off by her shriek of agony as the birch descended for the third time. Again in the same area, right in the fullness of her curving bottom.

"Liar!" cried Glenda yet again. "I was told five. By my husband. I believe him rather than you."

"Ma'am . . . I swear . . . three . . ." began Julia.

And again the slashing birch twigs contorted her in gasping-shrieking pain.

"You lie . . . it was five . . . say it was five!" bellowed Glenda. "Admit, you whore . . . admit it was five!"

Already, where one thin weal overlaid or crossed another, the flesh -Was empurpling. Glenda recalled Quentin's phrase about 'Taking the skin off' Julia's bottom.' That was what she was doing.

"Mff . . . mmmf . . . y-yes, Ma'am . . . f-five . . . then . . . although . . ."

"Ahh so you admit to five, you trollop?"

"Y-Yes . . . Ma'am . . ." It was almost a whine. A whine from a whipped cur.

"So you also admit that you lied to me originally?"

A pause . . . a sobbing pause . . .

"Y-Yes, Ma'am . . ."

"Well, I'll deal with that later. Meanwhile, does not your admission reveal you as a depraved and lecherous woman?"

Another pause . . . another sobbing pause.

"I . . . I s-suppose . . ."

"Suppose, harlot?"

"I . . . I m-mean . . . yes . . . yes . . . I suppose . . ."

"There is no supposing about it, you trollop. You had my husband and, during that year, you had five other lovers. How disgusting! Are you not a trollop? Admit it!"

The birch slashed down for the fifth time before Julia had a chance to admit it so, instead, a shriek of torment bellowed from her gaping mouth.

"Admit it!" repeated Glenda when the cacophony of sound had died.

"I . . . ahh . . . I . . . a-admit . . . hhhaaa . . ." it gasped Julia.

"Admit you are a trollop . . . say it . . ."

"I... hhaa... I... a-am... aaah... am a... t-trollop... Ma'am..."

"Fucked by five different men, while you were my husband's mistress?"

Julia's mouth was a curved-down letter-box of despairing horror. "Yer... yer... ess... Ma'am... I... I'm s-sorry... so s-sorry, Ma'am..."

"Too late to be sorry," snapped Glenda.

"Mmmfff... ugh... mmmfff... u-u-ugh..." moaned Julia.

"I suppose you enjoyed being fucked by all these men?" asked Glenda.

Julia's head shook. "Oh no... no... Ma'am..." she said.

Instantly the birch slashed down across her buttocks for the sixth time.

"You're lying to me again!" cried Glenda.

"No... oooooo!" shrieked Julia in despair.

"Yes you are..."

"No... NO... OOOO... I s-swear, Ma'am... it... it wasn't l-like that..."

Glenda's mouth twisted contemptuously. "What was it like then?" she demanded. "Tell me... tell me... tell me, trollop..."

Julia, still sobbing, fought to find coherent words. "N-Not like that..." she could be heard saying. "I... I was in l-love with one... ." A flurry of sobbing and tears. "And... and the others w-were... just n-nothing... really..."

Glenda laughed. "Nothing!" she said. "Nothing, eh? So... five different cocks up you regularly was nothing, was it? While, all the time, my husband was keeping you. And trusting you."

"I... I didn't mean... m-mean it l-like t-that, Ma'am..."

"Like what then, you whore?"

Glenda was similar to some court prosecutor. Probing relentlessly.

"I... ahh... I... don't know... Ma'am... I... I'll never do it again... Ma'am..." whined Julia pathetically.

Glenda laughed. And this time she laughed more loudly. "No... you certainly won't do it again. From now on, you will be fucked

when other people decide. Not when you want it. Right?"

"Mmmff . . . mmmfff . . . yer . . . ess . . ." Ma'am . . ." Just how right that was, Julia only knew full well!

"So, there we have you," resumed Glenda, "little Miss Hot-Pants, leaping into bed with all and sundry . . . and two-timing my dear Quentin without a second thought. My God, girl, if ever a girl deserved birching, you do!"

Sssswweeee . . . ssslllllaaaassssshhhhhh!

"AAAAAGGGHHI-IHH . . . AAAAIIIEEEEE! AAAAHHH!"

Again twelve whippy slivers of searing pain blazed across Julia's quaking bottom. She had, of course, been birched before. But the special 'personal' character of this birching made it particularly unendurable.

Sssswweeee . . . ssslllaaaassshhhhhh!

"Squirm then . . . squirm, you randy bitch . . . just as you did when those cocks were up you!"

Glenda's eyes were alight with sadistic lust. Never before could she remember enjoying herself quite so much . . . outside an orgasm, that is. How divine it was to make this young woman shriek and writhe in agony . . . all for something quite trivial, done long ago. Something which any healthy young woman might have done. It really did give one the greatest pleasure to exact retribution. Especially when it wasn't called for!

"Are you sorry now?"

"Yes . . . ooohhh . . . yes . . . Ma'am . . . I b-beg you p-pardon . . . I truly beg you pardon . . ."

"And that of your master?"

"Ok . . . ooohhh . . . yes . . . Ma'am . . . I . . . I h-have already b-begged his pardon . . . a . . . a . . . t-thousand timer, I'm sure . . ."

Sssswweeee . . . slllllaaaassssshhhhhhhh!

"I should think so too!"

"Yyyyaaaaiieeee . . . aaaaaaahhhhhhhh!"

Three strokes to go, said Glenda to herself as she looked down at Julia's squirming bottom. A bottom that was now virtually completely covered in thin red weals. Or perhaps it would have been more truthful to say, red-purple weals. Certainly there was now



situation stating they were lucky!

“That’s right . . . you’re lucky!”

The deadly birch came slashing down for the eleventh time, the twigs splaying and biting. Each one doing its agonising work at precisely the same moment.

No wonder Julia shrieked dementedly . . . no wonder she writhed with such frantic fervour!

Remorselessly, Glenda measured her victim for the twelfth and final stroke.

Up went her arm . . .

Down it came with all the force at her command . . .

Sssswweeee . . . sssllllaaassssshhhh!

Julia’s curvaceous bottom writhed frenziedly and another awful gasping howl was torn from her lungs. Then her head slumped down on to the seat of the chaise longue and, with tears pouring down her cheeks, she sobbed and moaned unrestrainedly. Once more she had been mercilessly flogged for no real reason.

No . . . not quite true.

For, in her heart, the wretched Julia was aware that the real reason she had been birched, until it seemed that her flesh had had a fire lit upon it, was simply for Glenda’s amusement. For the woman’s pleasure. Her sadistic pleasure.

And that made her sufferings all the worse.

It was a woman-to-woman affair. The one all powerful, the other quite helpless. Each aware, as a woman particularly, of how the other must be feeling.

Julia went on sobbing. Quite, quite defeated. She knew she would do anything the woman demanded. Climb up the wall even, if she possibly could. She would certainly make the attempt. Yes . . . attempt the impossible. Because she was a beaten slave, flogged into a state of the most complete submissiveness.

Glenda’s eyes remained fastened on Julia’s lacerated bottom, seeing the constant twitching and quivering of the tormented flesh. So that is what a woman who has been birched looks like, she thought. She had never seen the sight before. But I wonder what it feels like, she asked herself, with that inner glow of surging sadism. She lis-

tened happily as Julia's sobs continued to subside but slowly.

"Have you anything to say, Julia?" demanded Glenda after a couple of minutes or so.

"Mmmff . . . ugh . . . n-no . . . M-ma'am . . ." answered Julia in a choking voice.

"You have, you know!" said Glenda in a voice with an edge to it.

Julia searched her bemused brain . . . which was largely taken up in absorbing pain. What was she supposed to say? Ah yes . . .

"I . . . ahh . . . I . . . Ma'am . . . I am a t-trollop . . . Ma'am . . . a trollop who . . . d-deserves . . . to be . . . b-birched . . ." croaked Julia.

"That's right, Julia," said Glenda, a happy smile breaking out over her features. "But I think we agreed to add the word 'frequently', did we not?"

"I am . . . am a trollop . . . aahh . . . oh . . . who deserves to be birched . . . f-frequently, Ma'am . . ."

"That's it, Julia . . . absolutely right this time!"

Julia burst into a fresh flood of tears. She was getting near the end of her tether, both physically and mentally. She would have cracked long before but for the daily stimulant injections she was receiving.

"Kiss it!" commanded Glenda, laying the mass of green twigs on the couch beside Julia's half-turned face. "Kiss the birch I have just had the greatest pleasure in laying across your backside, girl!"

Julia's mouth pressed and pressed again to the supple slivers, many of which, glinting white, showed the plain wood, the thin outer bark having been stripped by reason of their action upon Julia's flesh.

It was incredible, thought Julia, as she went on kissing, that such simple, natural things could bring such pain!

"That will do," said Glenda at last. She reckoned she had extracted the last ounce of her dominance over Julia out of that first part of 'dealing' with her. "Now I'm going to leave you there for half an hour or so. To reflect upon your sins, trollop. To reflect upon the fact that it would have been far preferable not to deceive my dear husband. Then, when I return, I shall complete your punishment. And, Julia, it will be rather more severe than I originally in-

tended since you lied to me . . .”

“Ahh . . . no . . . oooo . . . have mercy! Pity me, Ma’am . . . have pity on me!”

Julia’s plea was pathetically moving . . . yet it left Glenda unmoved. Except insofar as it added to her pleasure. As she turned on her heel and left the room, she could hear Julia beginning to weep hysterically.

## CHAPTER FIVE

ONCE BACK UPSTAIRS in the main house, Glenda found her heart beating rather faster than usual. And it wasn't entirely due to climbing the stairs! She sank back into a comfortable armchair and lit a cigarette. Placed ready by her side, by Rosalie, was 'a half bottle of champagne in an ice bucket. Glenda poured herself a bubbling glass and sipped it appreciatively.

Rather my situation than hers, she said to herself, unable to restrain a grin. Yes, in life, there were the fortunate and the unfortunate' That was the way it was. It was nice to be one of the lucky ones. Glenda re-filled her glass, then got up and went over to the TV set. She adjusted the dial so that she could look in on Julia.

The girl was still weeping. Not surprising! And every now and again Julia's head would jerk up and she would 'ooooo' and 'ooowww' while her fulsome nates clenched and twitched. Those weals must be stinging and burning like crazy, reflected Glenda, sipping again at her champagne.

"Asssshhhhhh . . ." moaned Julia. "Ooofff . . . oooooffff . . ." she gasped.

A punishment was not over when the instrument of correction had ceased to fall, thought Glenda. That was just a beginning . . .

Glenda flicked a switch and changed the dial. It might be amusing to see what Quentin was up to. The screen was suddenly filled with an overall picture of the Playroom.

Quentin was laying, grossly nude, on one of the water cushions, gently playing with a half-hard while he watched Melissa at work on Havers. A thin smile flickered over Glenda's lips. The girl, it appeared was either kissing, or tonguing, Havers' fat arse. Perhaps

both. The man, as hairy as, and almost as paunchy as, Quentin himself, was kneeling on all fours on a mattress, with a fatuous, almost schoolboy, grin on his face. Never, said that grin, never did I remotely imagine that I would have a lovely young woman do this to me! A society beauty, what's more!

"Is she getting her tongue well in now?" asked Quentin.

Havers nodded. His jowls quivered. "She sure is," he replied thickly.

"Good," smiled Quentin. Obviously, his threat of a little earlier, to thrash the girl 'until she wouldn't be able to tell Easter from Christmas', unless she did exactly what they wanted, was having an effect!

"Like it?" asked Quentin.

Havers nodded again. And again that fatuous grin appeared. "Yeah . . . reckon I do . . ." Melissa's lips and probing tongue were sending strange shivers up and down his spine. And, by God, there was plenty more the girl was going to do to him yet! Quentin had made that clear. This was the life! Yet how unbelievable - still - it all was!

"How about you, Melissa . . . you liking it?" asked Quentin.

Glenda laughed. What a card Quentin was! She zoomed in on Havers' fleshy white carcass and watched as Melissa's distraught features momentarily appeared. Horror and revulsion stared from her eyes; her delicate nostrils were flared in infinite disgust. She looks as if she were going to be sick at any moment, thought Glenda. Unlikelier things have happened . . . Then Melissa could be heard speaking, her cultured voice low and choking.

"Y-Your . . . s-slave . . . is honoured . . . to . . . to . . . s-serve . . . Master . . ."

"Good . . . good . . ." smiled Quentin complacently.

Melissa's lovely features disappeared whence they had come and Glenda re-adjusted the camera. That fatuous grin was spreading once more over Havers' face when Glenda switched off the set. The boys would be at their fun and games for some time yet, she reckoned. She strolled back to her chair, stubbed out her cigarette and poured another glass of champagne. Another half bottle, shared

with Rosalie, seemed fitting that morning, she thought. After all, she had something to celebrate, in a way . . . 'dealing' with Julia for the very first time!

Glenda pressed the bell by the fireplace and, within a minute or so, Rosalie appeared. She was dressed in a simple white dress, having been given permission to discard her maid's uniform. The relationship between these two women had become that of lady-and-companion rather than Mistress-and-servant. It suited them better, on a permanent basis, and Quentin couldn't care less one way or the other. He had other fish to fry!

"Hi! Sorry I took my time . . . I'm in the middle of preparing lunch."

"That's OK, my dear. Take some time out and share a half bottle with me."

"Thanks, I'd like to do that . . ."

Rosalie fetched another half bottle from the cabinet and, dumping it in the ice-bucket, poured the remnants of the first half bottle into a glass.

"Cheers!"

"Cheers! How . . . er . . . how are you getting on with Julia?"

"Fine, thanks. All is going well, you might say."

"You've not finished with her then?"

"Oh no . . ." Glenda could see that Rosalie was dying for more details. "So far I've only birched her."

"Only!" gasped Rosalie. "You make it sound like nothing. I thought a birch was something they used on hardened criminals. Until recently, anyway."

"It is," said Glenda coolly.

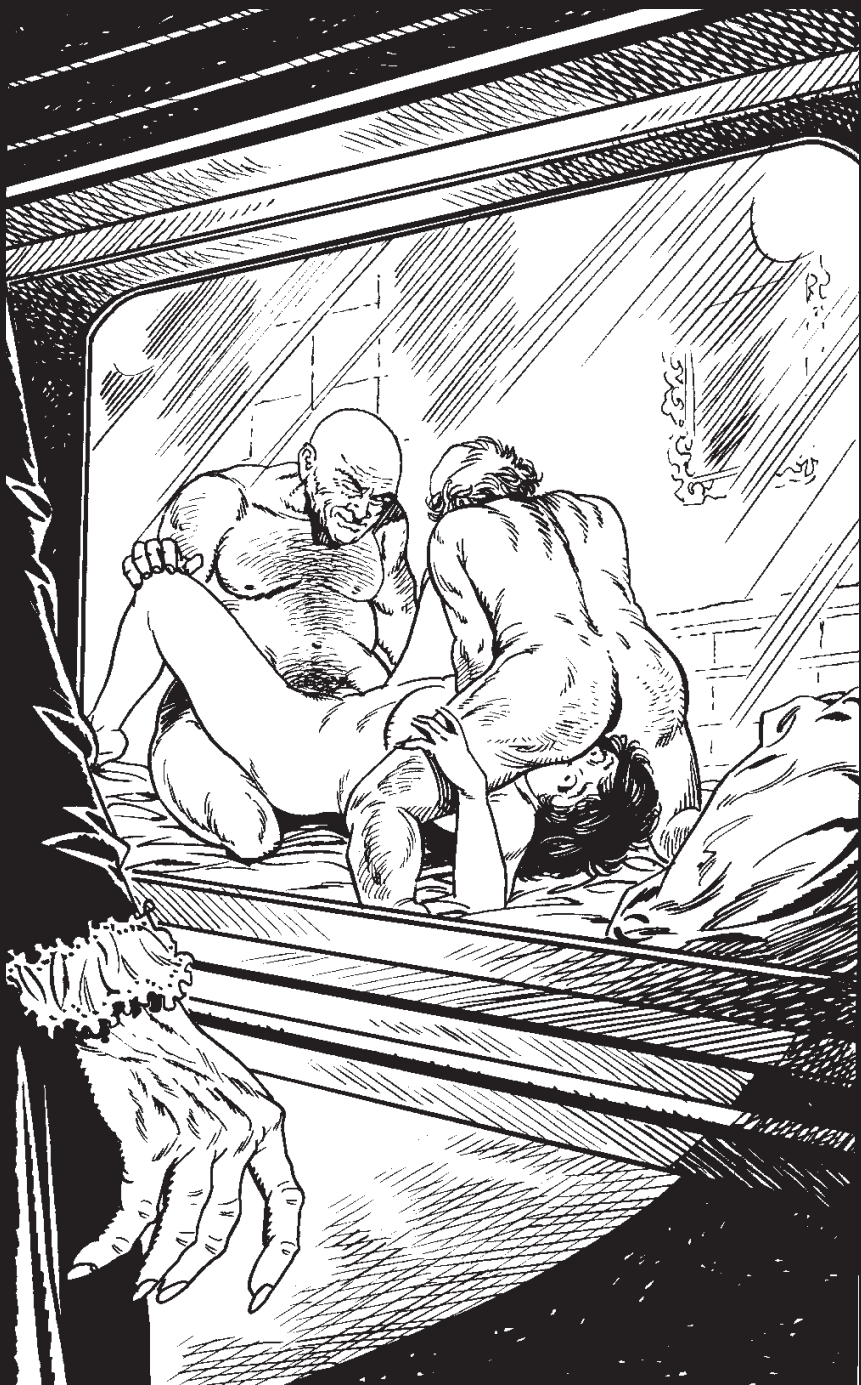
Rosalie finished her drink quickly and opened the second half bottle. It was a bizarre . . . and rather frightening . . . world where a birching was something taken so lightly.

"How is she?" asked Rosalie, filling both glasses.

"Sore, I guess," replied Glenda 'indifferently.

"Sore!"

"Well . . . perhaps burning might be a better description." Glenda smiled. "Like to see?"



"How about you, Melissa . . . you liking it?"

Rosalie nodded. She felt a tightening in her throat . . . partly dread, partly excitement . . . as Glenda turned on the TV set.

The picture of Julia, now sobbing, came on the screen. Rosalie gasped. Then she gasped more loudly as Glenda zoomed in on the girl's bottom.

"My God!"

"That's what I've done to our Julia . . . so far," said Glenda.

"My God!" repeated Rosalie. "And . . . and . . . you're going to do more?"

"Yes," answered Glenda firmly. "Look at those thighs, my dear. Lovely and white, aren't they. Still plenty of scope there, I assure you."

The two women continued to gaze at the red-purple, quivering buttock-flesh and the creamy white thigh-tops just below. Rosalie was beginning to realise just how evil a woman Glenda was. She had always sensed she was perverted and vicious but now she was disclosing new, hidden depths of sadism. I shall certainly have to watch my step while I am here, she thought. In fact, for ever and ever, after this. Such a woman was capable of going to any lengths. Rosalie shuddered.

"Like to have a look at the boys at play?" asked Glenda with a smile.

Rosalie smiled back. She must not show she was frightened. And, in any event, she could not deny she obtained a considerable degree of sadistic satisfaction herself! "Yes . . . why not!" she replied.

The picture changed to the Playroom.

Melissa had now turned her attention back to Quentin. Havers, sprawled on a low couch, was watching. Melissa was tonguing Quentin's solid erection whilst he still lay back on the water cushion.

"Makes a change from an arse, doesn't it?" said Quentin.

A pause . . . brief . . . a gulp . . .

"Yes . . . Master . . ." came Melissa's answer. Then she resumed tonguing.

Quentin winked at Havers, who winked back. Havers had an enchanting view of Melissa's hindquarters as she knelt between



Makes a change from an arse, doesn't it?

Quentin's fat thighs.

"Not exactly attractive, are they?" said Glenda.

Rosalie had been thinking that very same thing . . . but had not liked to say so, since Glenda's husband was involved.

"Well . . . you said it . . ."

"Oh don't worry! Quentin doesn't physically attract me in the slightest. Never has done. You know how I am. Shouldn't think he attracts Melissa much either!"

Rosalie laughed. "Hardly," she said. "Yet you wouldn't guess that from watching her, would you?"

"No, you wouldn't" agreed Glenda. "It's all a matter of training, my dear. You can possibly imagine what she has gone through to be made to do this sort of thing to these two apes."

"It's difficult to imagine," said Rosalie. How appropriate was the description 'apes', she thought.

"Alright, my beauty . . . take it in your mouth," said Quentin.

There was not a moment's hesitation. Melissa raised herself slightly and took the head of Quentin's phallus into her mouth. At once she began to suck . . . almost greedily, it seemed.

"Amazing . . ." breathed Rosalie. "It really does seem as if she's enjoying it. As if she were with a lover . . ."

"But we both know that isn't the case," said Glenda.

"Don't we just! All the same, I still can't get over what a woman can be made to do," said Rosalie.

"To be honest, nor can I . . . yet," smiled Glenda. "But I'm beginning to accept it. I've come quite a way since I first went aboard the 'Paradise'. And that's not all that long ago."

"I suppose one can get used to anything after a while . . ."

"Mmmm . . . even sucking Quentin's cock, like she's doing now. She really is going at it, isn't she?"

"I'll say . . . and Mr. Osman . . . I mean, Quentin seems to be enjoying it no end!"

"Doesn't he, though," laughed Glenda, "just look at that flabby belly of his quivering all over! He won't last long now, I can bet you!"

"Yes . . . he's overboard alright," said Rosalie. "I don't blame

him either. A lot of men would give a lot of money to have Melissa suck them like that. She's really some woman."

"She's a slave," said Glenda flatly.

"Yes . . ." nodded Rosalie, "she's that, too."

"She's that, first and foremost," riposted Glenda. "One must never forget that. She's Quentin's property. Therefore mine as well. And, as her owner, I can pass her on to you. If I feel like it."

"I'm beginning to understand about slavery," said Rosalie quietly. She watched as, quaking all over, Quentin was fast coming to a climax.

"Would you like her?" asked Glenda.

"You know I would," replied Rosalie. "She's a lovely girl."

She watched that lovely girl as she continued to suck and suck while Quentin jetted his lust furiously down her throat. It was a controlled performance remarkably well sustained.

"Then, before very long," said Glenda, "you shall have her. To play games with. Make her do what you want. Understood?"

Rosalie was clasping her hands. The thought of having a compliant Melissa doing as she wished was thrilling her enormously. She really was a beautiful girl. "Thanks, Glenda" she said, her voice a shade tight. "Thanks a lot."

"Think nothing of it," smiled Glenda. "After all, we're all in this together."

Both of the women watched intently as, having been pushed off by Quentin's foot, Melissa crawled across the room to Havers. Insinuating herself between his thighs, she began to kiss his balls. Havers licked his fleshy lips.

"Oh you little darling," he said. The flabby flesh of his belly had already begun to quake.

"It won't take long to bring him off," said Glenda. "Seen enough?"

"I guess so," nodded Rosalie. She was beginning to realise what pleasure could be gained from seeing a woman so subjected. Something which had not occurred to her ever before. Also, her mind was starting to throb with excitement at the idea of having Melissa alone. Simply there to please her. Having to please her. That was a truly wonderful thought!

"Very shortly," said Glenda, "I shall go back and deal with Julia. I'd ask you to come along, but I know you've got lunch to attend to."

"Right . . ." smiled Rosalie. "You just go and enjoy yourself. There's always another time."

"How understanding you are," said Glenda. She got up and, placing her arms around Rosalie, kissed her on her cheek. "Very loveable, too."

Instinctively, Rosalie responded by kissing Glenda on her mouth. It was a moment of truth for both. Delicious truth.

"I'd do anything for you," sighed Rosalie.

"I know you would, darling," said Glenda happily. "But you would do it voluntarily. With love. Melissa will do anything for you, too. But that's quite different."

Rosalie nodded. "That's nice to know. And exciting in its own way."

"Isn't it just, my dear?"

"Oh yes . . . yes . . ."

"So, if I were you, I'd take advantage of it."

"Oh . . . I will . . . yes . . . I sure will"

Glenda smiled and caressed Rosalie's hair affectionately. "We'll go into all that a little later."

"Thank you . . . oh thank you, Glenda . . . you've been so kind to me . . . so marvellous . . ."

"That's alright. It's only just beginning. One way or another, I can assure you of a lot of fun."

"With Melissa soon?"

"Yeah . . . pretty soon, I guess . . ."

Meanwhile, the subject of the two women's discussion was sucking Havers to a convulsive conclusion. And Melissa's lovely features were virtually unrecognisable as the climax came. She wore what can only be described as a hideous Mask of Horror!

"Now I must go and attend to Julia again," said Glenda softly.

"Of course," smiled a more confident Rosalie. "And do enjoy yourself!"

"I'm sure I will," said Glenda. "That girl's nerves must be get-

ting a little on edge by now. Waiting for a continuation of a punishment must be exceedingly unpleasant!"

"Exceedingly," agreed Rosalie. She thought of Julia secured helpless over the chaise longue the minutes ticking away . . . the inevitability of Glenda's return . . . and the subsequent intensification of her sufferings. What a fate!

"An revoir then, my dear," said Glenda. "If you didn't have to get on with preparing lunch, I'd ask you down. . ."

"Oh that's alright," interjected Rosalie.

". . . but there will be other occasions, I'm sure," continued Glenda. There may even be times when you will have to punish the girl yourself."

Rosalie experienced a keen thrill of pleasure even at the thought.

Julia was silent when Glenda returned. It was the silence of resigned despair. She knew there was nothing on earth she could do to prevent her tormentor from behaving exactly as she wished.

It was rather to Julia's surprise, then, that she felt her bonds being unfastened. For a brief moment, hope burgeoned.

"Stand up," ordered Glenda sharply.

Gasping out with the increased pain from her movement, Julia stood up.

"Oooww . . . ooowww!" Only with difficulty did she stop herself pressing cool hands to her burning buttocks. That was forbidden.

"I am now going to deal with the matter of your lying," said Glenda.

Hope died . . .

Yet Julia summoned her reserves. She was desperate.

"M-Ma'am . . ." she said, "p-please let me . . . t-tell you. A-About that . . ."

To speak without being spoken to was also forbidden but Julia had to try it.

"Very well," said Glenda . . . standing there very much the imperious matron before an errant younger woman. She was interested

to see what Julia had to say. It didn't make any difference anyway. Those long thighs were going to feel the bite of whalebone.

"Ma'am . . . about those men. I . . . I s-said three . . ."

"Well?"

"It . . . it was that . . . though I had two more men friends . . . I . . . only w-went to bed with . . . with . . . three of them."

"Don't be shy, Julia" smiled Glenda. "No need to use euphemisms like that. Just say only three of them fucked you."

"Only . . . only three of them fucked me, M-Ma'am . . . I swear it!"

"Even if I believed you, Julia, three is three too many when you were supposed to be devoted to my Quentin."

'My Quentin', she thought with an inward grin, who is lying somewhere well slaked after being sucked by Melissa!

"I . . . I'm sorry, M-ma'am . . ."

"I bet you are, girl!"

"I . . . I realise now how w-wicked . . . I w-was . . . how s-stupid . . ."

"I'm sure you do, Julia. Now let's get back to this matter of lying."

Julia sank to her knees and raised a pair of imploring arms. "I . . . s-swear I . . . was only . . . fucked by three!" she cried.

"What happened to the other two of the five men my husband know about?" demanded Glenda.

Julia paused, mouth trembling. She had to go on . . . to tell all. It was her only hope. But what a frail one!

"M-Ma-am . . . you must believe me. One . . . one c-couldn't . . . and . . . and one w-wanted to . . . do . . . something else . . ." Oh how hideous it was to have to tell of such things to another Woman! Particularly this cruel woman!

Glenda raised her eyebrows "You mean one of them was impotent? Too old maybe?"

"Y-Yer . . . yess . . . Ma'am . . ."

"And the other one?"

Julia dropped her arms, her hands clenched. "He . . . he wanted . . . to . . . d-do . . . something else . . ."

"What was that?"

"Fuck me . . . in . . . in . . . a-another way, Ma'am . . ."

Glenda smiled. "You mean he wanted to bugger you Julia?"

"Yes . . . Ma'am . . ."

"Well say so."

"He-He . . . w-wanted to bugger m-me, Ma-am . . ."

"And you wouldn't let him?"

"N-No, Ma'am . . ."

"What a nice girl you are, Julia!" sneered Glenda. "So restrained, so conventional!"

Julia's mouth broke, the tears began to flow again. "It . . . it's all t-true . . . M-ma'am . . . mmmfff . . . mmmmmffff . . . I s-swear!" she sobbed.

"I hear what you say, Julia," said Glenda. "But it excuses nothing. You would have let the first one fuck you if he could . . . and the second one, too, if he had wanted it that way! Isn't that so?"

Julia lowered her eyes; there was a long silence.

"Y-Yes, Ma-am . . ." she whispered at last.

"So, in effect," said-Glenda firmly, "you had five lovers, even if not in practice. You were willing to give yourself to all five. Thus, when you said three, you lied. Correct?"

Julia shook her head. "N-No not . . . really . . ." she began.

"My girl . . . you lied . . . and you know it. Admit it."

Another long silence.

"I . . . it . . . w-was a sort of . . . w-white lie, Ma'am," she whispered at last.

"A lie nevertheless," rapped Glenda. "For which are now going to be punished. Stand up, Julia!"

"A lie nevertheless," rapped Glenda. "For which are now going to be punished. Stand up, Julia!"

"M-Mercy . . . m-mercy . . . Ma-am . . ." croaked Julia as she swayed to her feet, "h-have . . . I not . . . s-suffered . . . e-enough?"

Glenda did not even deign to reply to so ridiculous a question! She simply picked up the whalebone rod off the table and flexed it in front of Julia's terrified eyes. "You have felt this before, Julia, I understand. It used to belong to Miss Judith."

Julia's eyes dilated. She recognised the rod and remembered under what circumstances it had been used! And how often it had

been used!

"M-Mercy . . . mercy . . . Ma-am . . ." she whispered.

"It hurts, Julia, doesn't it?"

"Mmmff . . . mmmff . . . y-er . . . ess . . . M-Ma-am"

"More than an ordinary cane?"

"Mmmmf . . . uugghh . . . yes . . . Ma-am . . ."

"Good," said Glenda cruelly. "Because I want it to. For you daring to lie to me!" She flexed the white rod in an easy arc. How hard and smooth it felt in her fingers. She tried to imagine how it would feel on Julia's soft flesh.

"M-Mercy . . ." began Julia.

"I am going to give it to you on your thighs," went on Glenda, quite ignoring the plea. "On the insides of your thighs, Julia"

Julia's lovely face crumpled. Tears flooded down her cheeks.

"Mmmffff . . . u-ughhh . . . mmmffff . . . u-u-ugh . . ." she sobbed, breasts heaving up and down.

Glenda walked across the room and tapped the rod on top of a solid trestle-type table which stood there. "Stand in front of this, Julia," she ordered in a voice which brooked no delay.

Immediately, but unsteadily, Julia walked across the room and stood before the table. In front of her, hanging on the wall, was a mirror in which she could see her naked upper half. She scarcely recognised her own distraught features. Behind herself she could see Glenda, still flexing the cruel rod with relish.

"Clasp your hands over the back of your neck!"

Julia obeyed, magnificent breasts rising up a little.

"And you will keep them there. Every time they leave your neck, you will get an extra stroke. Understood?"

"Y-Yes . . . Ma-am . . ." A voice so weak it could scarcely be heard.

"Now put your right foot on top of the table."

Julia raised her foot until it rested on the top edge of the table . . . which was one rather higher than usual. A table to carry ornaments and flowers rather than to be sat at. She had to lift her right thigh well above the horizontal to get her foot into position . . . thus exposing the whole of the inside of her left thigh right up to the labia majora. The white flesh quivered softly.

“Good . . .” said Glenda. She almost sighed the word. She gazed with sadistic delight upon her trembling, sobbing victim. The girl who was so utterly in her power! The girl she could do whatever she liked with! “Now, Julia,” she said after a long pause, “you will maintain that posture while I use this rod on you.” Glenda, of course, very much doubted whether that would be humanly possible . . . but she gave the order all the same! “How many lovers was it? No lying this time!”

“F-Five . . . Ma-am . . .” whimpered Julia. She was as tense as a strung bow, the inside of her exposed thigh quivering even more.

“Yes . . . five . . .” said Glenda. “So we will begin with five strokes on this thigh.” She tapped it, just about the middle, and Julia flinched violently. “One for each lover!”

The rod went back . . . then came slashing in sideways, cutting Julia across her inner thigh, just where Glenda had tapped her. Instantly a vivid twin-tracked weal sprang up, encircling the smooth white flesh.

Julia shrieked . . . her head going back . . . her mouth gaping. Somehow she managed to keep her hands clasped on her neck but her right foot slipped off the table and, as she doubled up in whimpering-gasping pain, one thigh pressed to the other.

“Get your foot back,” said Glenda remorselessly. “At once, Julia!”

Groaning, Julia obeyed the hideous command. She simply could not help flinching and cringing as Glenda measured her again. This time a little higher. Oh the agony of that rod! Especially there!

ZZZZWWWEEE . . . CCRRAACCKKK!

It whiplashed across her thigh again . . . and again Julia shrieked agonisedly. This time she writhed right down to the carpet, thighs pressing urgently together. Miraculously her hands remained in place.

“That was for your second lover,” said Glenda venomously. “I hope he was worth it! Get up . . . get up, girl . . . I’ve only just started on you!”

Moaning, Julia staggered up. She had suffered plenty in the past months but, it seemed to her in those awful moments, that she could not recall quite such suffering. Perhaps it was because it was at



Now, Julia, you will maintain that posture while I use this rod on you.

Glenda's hands . . . perhaps because it was all for nothing!

"M-Mercy . . ." she gasped as the rod tapped her thigh about three-quarters of the way up.

Glenda's teeth were bared with vicious delight as she brought the rod whistling down and across for the third time.

ZZZZWWWWEEEE . . . CCRRAACCKKKK!

Never, never had Glenda believed that the torment of another could bring such pleasure! She watched with eyes glowing hot as Julia writhed and gasped upon the carpet . . . noting that, this time, the girl's hands had left her neck and were clamped to the inside of her thigh, vainly trying to stem a little of the searing agony.

"Hands . . . hands, Julia . . . what did I tell you?" rasped Glenda. "You have earned yourself one extra stroke, my girl. And you'll get it across your backside . . . after I've finished with your thighs." She tapped Julia's lacerated buttocks whilst the girl still writhed on the floor. "Nice and tender there, isn't it? So you'll really feel it!"

Julia twisted right over in dread as she felt the tap of the rod. She thought she must surely die if it were laid there! Above her stood Glenda, looking down in contemptuous amusement, it seemed, wearing her chic, black Paris gown, her be-ringed fingers running up and down the smooth white rod.

"Mercy . . . Ma-am . . ." whined Julia piteously, from her prone position. She felt she would have done anything . . . anything . . . if only Glenda would stop!

"Get up, Julia," came the remorseless command. "And don't keep me waiting, girl. I might lose my patience . . ."

Trembling as if with fever, Julia forced herself up yet again, grabbing the side of the table to help herself on her way . . . and once more she adopted the posture demanded. The rod tapped even higher up her thigh. The broader part, where the agonising - burning weal would be longer . . .

ZZZZWWWWEEEE . . . CCRRAACCKKKK!

"Yyyyaaaaiieeeeeeeeeeeee . . . EEEEGGGGHHHHH!"

Down again she went, twisting and turning, thighs clamping, yet now amazingly, with hands still clasping on her neck.

"That was for the lover who couldn't fuck you!" laughed Glenda,

over Julia's awful gasping-cries. "I don't think he was worth it!"

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhaaaaaaa... uuuuggghhh... aaaauuughhh...!!!"

"Up... up... Julia... up! There's another one to come on this side!"

It seemed for a moment that Julia would never make it, yet somehow she did. Quaking with dread, tears coursing down her cheeks and failing on to her heaving breasts, she lifted her right foot again to expose the length of her left inner thigh. Four carefully-spaced, twin-tracked weals of excruciating pain encircled it. To keep that spacing, there was no doubt where the fifth would fall!

The rod tapped...

"No... aaappph... NO... OOOO!" whinnied Julia, in mortal terror.

ZZZWWWEEE... CRRRAACCCCKKKKK!

The fifth stroke bit into the junction between the top of Julia's thigh and her most tender flesh of all... her sex flesh!

The screeching sound which erupted was almost inhuman. It went on and on while Julia rolled over and over on the carpet, knees jack-knifing, hands clawing.

Glenda gazed down in savage satisfaction. "And that," she said, when the tornado of sound had died away a little, "was for the one who wanted to bumfuck you! Not worth it either, by the look of it!"

Julia continued to sob unrestrainedly, twisting and squirming on the floor. The weird torment in her buttocks had not abated one bit... and now she had the additional torment on her thigh. Worse! The other thigh still had to be dealt with!

Unbearable!

How could she endure it!

Through tear-misted eyes, Julia suddenly saw the gleaming of back toe-caps. Glenda's shoes. She pressed her mouth to them slavishly and clasped Glenda's ankles with her trembling hands.

"M-mercy... m-mercy... I beseech you... no more... oh no more!" The mouth slavering wildly. "I'll do anything... anything... but... no more... no more... I... beg you... Ma'am..."

What music in Glenda's ears! Never had she seen any creature, human or otherwise, so abject as Julia was at that moment!

"Of course, you'll do anything, Julia," she said harshly. "Anything it is humanly possible for you to do. Because you have no option. Because you are my slave. Because you know that, if you do not do as I wish, I shall flog you till you do!"

Merciless words . . .

Words that drove Julia over the brink . . .

She knelt erect, her ravaged features quivering out of control.

"K-Kill . . . me . . . kill me . . ." she croaked. "I . . . I s-shall be happy to d-die!"

For a moment, Glenda was startled, then she burst out laughing. It was cruel laughter.

"Kill you? Don't be absurd, Julia. That's the last thing I would do. I want you alive . . . so that I can amuse myself with you. Indefinitely!"

Julia remained kneeling, eyes wild, breasts heaving. She had tried that means of escape before . . . with equal lack of success. With bitterness, she had discovered, too, the impossibility of taking her own life.

She was inextricably caught in a perpetual web of pain and horror!

Glenda smiled a wicked smile.

"Now, Julia," she said, "enough of this. Get back to that table and put your left foot up on it. You have not yet finished paying for the deceits you practised on my dear Quentin."

As if on cue, Quentin, followed by Havers, came into the room seeing Julia slumping forward, hands over her face. "Oooohhh I c-can't . . . I c-c-can't . . ." she moaned.

"Halloo . . ." he said with a grin, "what's this Julia can't do?" He walked over, noting the state of the girl's buttocks. "Ah-ha . . . given her a taste of the birch, I see!"

"That's right," nodded Glenda. "As I told you I would, I'm making her pay for her deceits."

"What a good wife you are, my dear," said Quentin, putting his arm around Glenda. He looked down at Julia's white back which was heaving with her sobs. "But what's this she can't do?"

"I'm caning her thighs . . . with this," answered Glenda, holding

up the whalebone rod. "I've started on the left hand one . . . and am now moving over to the right. Julia seems reluctant to take up her former stance."

"Is that so?" said Quentin menacingly.

"Yes . . . she was standing in front of this table, with her right foot on top of it. Now I want the left foot up on it."

Quentin nodded. "You're concentrating on the insides of her thighs then?"

"That's right . . ."

"What a good idea! Why didn't I think of that? Do you know, Glenda, that up to now, I've only caned the backs and fronts of them?"

"That's surprising. I should have thought you would have realised how much more sensitive the inside of a woman's thighs are!"

Quentin patted his wife's shoulder approvingly. "Sometimes it takes a woman's knowledge," he said. Then he went over to Julia and pulled up her slumped body by her hair. The wretched girl was almost gibbering with terror.

"Now, slave, what's this? I hear you are refusing to obey my wife's orders!"

Julia could make no coherent answer . . . only awful sounds.

"Havers . . . get her arms . . . twist them up behind her back . . ."

"Right, boss!" Havers was quick into action. It was a joy to manhandle a naked, struggling young woman.

"Now pull her backwards over the table."

Julia shrieked and struggled desperately but Havers was far too powerful for her.

"Now lie across the top part of her . . . pinion her down."

"Sure thing, boss . . ." Julia's torso was crushed under Havers' weight. He could feel her breasts flattened against his chest.

Now Quentin pulled up Julia's left limb, doubling it up, seeing the freshly-raised weals. "Grab hold of that," he ordered. Havers got a hand around behind the bend in Julia's knee and pulled it down tight. He was looking along the thigh to the curve of Julia's bottom, upturned, seeing the havoc that had been wrought. Then Quentin took hold of Julia's right ankle and raised her leg straight and high. "There you are, Glenda, my dear, please proceed!"

Glenda tapped the centre of the unmarked thigh.

"Thank you, Quentin my dear, it will be a pleasure."

Julia was already shrieking, but those shrieks became maniacal as Glenda laid on the rod in the same merciless fashion as she had done over the left thigh.

"Is that it then?"

The fifth stroke had fallen at the apex of Julia's right thigh and the room is still echoing to awful sounds.

"She's got two more to come . . . across her bottom."

"No more on her thighs?"

"I had intended five on each, Quentin dear."

"Doesn't seem much to me. Remember, Glenda, she deceived me with five men!"

"Yes . . . quite so. Whatever you think then Quentin."

"Five more on each thigh, I reckon. That will make her wish she'd kept them closed!"

"OK, then . . ."

"Wait a moment. I'll give her an extra injection. I guess she's going to need it."

A few moments preparation and the hypodermic needle enters Julia's arm. She has been on the verge of fainting, now she will find it virtually impossible.

Wet-lipped, eyes bulging, Havers grips the right thigh that is pulled up to him. Quentin straightens the left leg and nods at Glenda.

The white rod flashes as it whiplashes down, cutting into the soft thigh between the first and second weals originally raised.

Havers struggles manfully to hold down Julia's contorting body as the room echoes again and again with her inhuman cries.

The final moments of Julia's agonising ordeal are at hand.

Still the wretched girl has not fainted, though her voice has become hoarse and weak with her screams.

"Turn her over."

Havers obliged. Julia's lacerated bottom curves over the end of



Five more on each thigh, I reckon. That will make her wish she'd kept them closed!

the table.

“Just a couple, you said?”

“That’s right.” Glenda is already measuring Julia’s juddering bottom.

“Give ‘em to her then. Hard!”

Glenda does not need any urging. “You will obey my orders, girl, however difficult you find them!”

The rod whistles and bites into excruciatingly tender buttocks.

A convulsion of juddering-squirming flesh . . . ghastly croaking-hissing sounds from Julia’s throat.

“Understand that . . . once and for all!”

Again the rod whiplashes down . . .

Again the convulsions . . . again the sounds . . .

And now, at last, at the apogee of pain, Julia falls mercifully insensible again.

## CHAPTER SIX

OVER A RATHER delayed luncheon, Glenda decreed that Julia should receive no healing treatment for twenty-four hours. It was only right, she said, that the girl should have to endure 'the weals of her deceits' for that period of time. She would regret her earlier failings all the more!

Quentin heartily concurred in this decision. After all, was he not the one who had been 'deceived'?

"How did you enjoy dealing with Julia?" he asked. "As much as you expected?"

"More," replied Glenda. "Isn't it lovely to be able to go on giving it to them when you can see and hear they're right at the end of their tether?"

"It certainly is," agreed Quentin with a smile.

"Any plans for the rest of the day?" enquired Glenda.

"Maybe Havers and I will do a bit of rough shooting," answered her husband. "How about you?"

"I think I might have Melissa amuse me a little later on," answered Glenda. After all the excitement of that morning, she felt she needed some release.

"Why not?" nodded Quentin. "That girl certainly knows how to use her mouth!"

It was Glenda's turn to smile. "I noticed that on the screen this morning," she said.

"Ah-ha . . . so you were looking in?"

"For a little while . . . yes . . ."

Quentin was quite unconcerned by this announcement. Indeed, he seemed rather pleased. "Anything goes here," he said.

"Quite so . . ."

Rosalie came into the room to clear away the dishes. "Everything OK?" she enquired.

"Fine . . . fine . . ." replied Glenda. "Rosalie," she asked, "would you like to join me later in a little session with Melissa? The boys are going out shooting."

Rosalie's eyes brightened and her cheeks coloured slightly with excitement. "Very much, Glenda," she answered happily.

"Right then," said Glenda, "get rid of these few chores, then come up to my bedroom."

"Sure thing, Glenda . . ."

Quentin lumbered up from the table and headed for the library. "Think I'll take a glass of port," he said. "Ask Havers to join me when he can, Rosalie. I want to speak to him to organise our afternoon out."

"That will make a change?" laughed Glenda.

Quentin chuckled as he disappeared from view . . . and the two women, feeling an inner glow of anticipation, looked at each other understandingly.

"Enjoy yourself this morning?"

It was something like an hour later and Quentin asked the question. He had just missed his first grouse but seemed unperturbed "Sure thing, Quentin," answered Havers. "It was out of this world. Can still hardly believe it happened. That a girl of Melissa's class can be made to do such things!"

"With the right environment and proper training, a girl can be made to do anything," replied Quentin smugly.

A grouse came across low and fast and Quentin got it with the first barrel.

"So it seems," nodded Havers, jowls quivering. He could almost still feel Melissa's mouth and tongue working between his cleft. And she had gone on to do even more sexily exciting things!

"I didn't quite believe it myself at one time," said Quentin. He ejected a spent cartridge and re-loaded. "You take the next bird, Havers . . ."

"Thanks, boss . . ."

I've got a lot to thank this man for, thought Havers. I must be sure to keep on the right side of him.

"There's one . . . to your right, man!" said Quentin sharply.

Havers fired and missed. "Damn," he said. "Haven't touched a gun for months." The two men trudged over the moor in silence for a while. Then Havers spoke. "OK if I have Julia tomorrow?" he asked.

"Ask me tomorrow," replied Quentin huffily. "Concentrate on your shooting for the time being."

"Sure thing, boss," said Havers quickly.

From time to time Quentin liked to show who was boss. Both of them knew it.

Within a minute, Havers had bagged two birds, one with each barrel.

"Great shooting!" cried Quentin.

The happy good humour which normally reigned between the men had been restored.

Very well, said Havers to himself, I'll ask him again tomorrow. There was no real hurry, he reflected calmly. But he had to admit he was much looking forward to fucking the arse off that shapely young beauty!

Quentin winged one and got one . . . and Havers was effusive in his congratulations.

At Cragness, Melissa had been summoned up from the slave quarters to Glenda's bedroom. Quentin and she had agreed that this would entail no security risk worthy of the name.

It was Rosalie who had gone to fetch the girl and she was in a high state of excitement . . . scarcely able to believe it was all happening. In the slave-quarters, Rosalie glanced almost apprehensively at Julia. The girl was lying face down on her bed, still half insensible it seemed, moaning softly. Rosalie shuddered at the sight of the lacerated flesh.

Poor girl, she thought for a moment . . . and then her pity was

overwhelmed by sadistic pleasure. The girl deserved all that was coming to her! She was a loser . . . and Rosalie was a winner!

Melissa knelt submissively waiting.

“Stand up!” rapped Rosalie sharply. How lovely it was to order a classy bitch like this around! Rosalie had been taking orders from such women for years! The urge to do something . . . to get some revenge . . . came suddenly to Rosalie. As Melissa stood up, she slapped the girl’s face.

“You still look too arrogant to me,” said Rosalie. “I know your type!”

It was sure that Melissa did look a little arrogant but that was natural to her features. She simply could not help it.

“No, Miss . . . I . . . I am not arrogant,” replied Melissa, scarcely flinching under the slap.

Rosalie slapped the girl’s face again. As hard as she could.

“Don’t argue with me!” she snapped.

Melissa’s head jerked sideways. “I . . . I b-beg pardon . . . Miss . . .” she said with the utmost meekness.

“I should think so!” What a figure this girl’s got, thought Rosalie enviously. The sort most women would give their eye-teeth for . . . and one which drove a man mad. But now what could she do with it? Quentin - and even Havers, it seemed - fucked her whenever they liked. Apart from two buck niggers on that awful ship, so she understood. “But you were arrogant, weren’t you?” insisted Rosalie.

“Y-Yes . . . Miss . . . I suppose I was . . .”

“Used to ordering people about? Getting your own way?”

“Y-Yes . . . M-Miss . . .”

“But now it is you who are ordered about?”

“Yes . . . Miss . . .”

Rosalie was fast beginning to understand about the pleasures of power. I can say anything to this girl, she thought . . . make her do anything . . .

“Kiss my feet,” ordered Rosalie suddenly.

Without hesitation, Melissa went on to her knees and began pressing her lips to Rosalie’s white, high-heeled shoes. Rosalie looked down at the smooth back, the swelling hindquarters, and

sighed contentedly. At last she was a boss lady!

"Have you been fucked today, Melissa?" asked Rosalie, feeling the thrill of being able to do any such thing.

"N-No . . . Miss . . ." came the answer from the crouching figure.

"Stand up, Melissa."

The girl stood erect, tall and graceful. A truly beautiful woman.

"What has happened today then, Melissa?" demanded Rosalie, smirking into the girl's face . . . knowing how a woman must feel at having to answer such questions.

"I . . . I sucked . . . my Master. . ." replied Melissa in a low voice.

"And . . . and the other gentleman . . . Mr H-Havers . . ."

Rosalie's smirk broadened into a wide, happy smile. "Lucky you!" she said.

Briefly, Melissa's lips twitched, but she made no reply.

"Well, there's a change of scene coming for you, girl," said Rosalie. "Your Mistress wants you for SOME fun and games. And so do I!" Again Melissa's lips twitched and horror flickered briefly in her dark, despairing eyes.

"I . . . I understand, Miss," she replied in a tight voice.

"Follow me, then," said Rosalie. "You are to have the honour of being taken to your Mistress's own bedroom."

As she trailed Rosalie up to the main house above, Melissa's features showed no particular sign that she was sensible of that honour!

"You took your time!"

Glenda was sprawled naked on a pile of cushions on her wide, wide bed.

"Sorry . . ." said Rosalie quickly. "I . . . I was chatting with Melissa."

"Chatting?"

"Well . . . you know . . ."

Glenda smiled briefly. "Yes . . . I suppose I do know," she said. After all, Rosalie was entitled to a little private fun. "Get your clothes off, my dear . . . I can see that Melissa is aching to please us!"

Melissa, in fact, was kneeling humbly at the foot of Glenda's bed.

The safest place and posture, she calculated. In the hands of two such women, how careful she had to be! They were like two great, sleek cats waiting to pounce upon a harmless mouse . . .

Trembling with unsurpassed excitement, Rosalie removed every stitch of clothing. It was always marvellous to have the attentions of a new girl. But these circumstances made it all the more marvellous! She slid on to the bed alongside Glenda and found a pair of welcoming arms. She kissed Glenda on the mouth and was kissed back. A glow of sex-pleasure was instantly fit within her. Her limbs entwined with those of Glenda.

“Us first?” she asked.

“No,” replied Glenda. “We’ll have her tongue each of us in turn. About a minute or so at a time. To warm us up nicely.”

“Lovely idea . . .” sighed Rosalie.

The two women turned so that they lay flat on their back on the bed, with thighs parted. Only their shoulders and head were turned slightly towards each other. They smiled and kissed gently, looking into each others eyes.

“Melissa . . .” said Glenda. “Me first . . .”

The beautiful naked girl slid on to the bed between the eagerly waiting thighs. If Glenda could have seen Melissa’s face, she would have noted a similarity of expression to that when Melissa had been servicing Havers that morning!

“Are you coming again?”

“Yes . . . oh . . . yes . . .” Rosalie’s voice was tight with the intensity of her pleasure.

“Good . . . good . . .” Glenda was sucking her companion’s nipples avidly.

“Ohh . . . ohhhh . . . isn’t she m-marvellous? You . . . hhhhaaahhhhh . . . you’d think she l-loved . . . doing it . . .”

“She has to make it seem that way . . .”

“Oohh . . . darling . . . go on sucking my tits I . . . hhhhaaahhhhhhh . . . I’m on . . . the b-brink ooohh OOOOOHHH . . . HHHHHAAAHHHHH NO . . . OOOOWW! OOOOH . . . I’M

COMING . . .!!!”

Rosalie thrashed on the bed, eyes wide in staring ecstasy. Between the clamping thighs, Melissa’s tongue went on working until the prolonged spasm had finally passed.

“Nice?”

“Mmmmmm . . . Heaven . . .”

A little contented pause.

“Now you can suck my tits again, darling . . .”

“I’d love to.”

“Melissa . . . I haven’t finished with you yet. Get your tongue in, girl!”

There was a look of almost desperate weariness on Melissa’s distraught features. Her jaw and tongue ached abominably yet, she knew, to fail her Mistress now, could earn her merciless punishment. So, somehow, she forced herself on. Disengaging herself from one pair of thighs, she crawled between another.

This would be the third time Melissa had brought Glenda to a climax.

She prayed it would be the last!

“Have a good afternoon?”

“Great. Must have got over a dozen brace between us. And you, my dear?”

“Lucky you! Women are more fortunate in that respect. They can go on and on.”

“Even we get tired, Quentin. It’s quite an emotional experience.”

“May I ask who gave them to you?”

“You may. But why the sudden interest?”

Quentin shrugged. “Just making polite conversation,” he said with a smile.

“Melissa brought me to three. Rosalie to one.”

“That girl good then?”

“Who . . . Rosalie?”

“No . . . silly . . . she loves you. I mean Melissa . . . who certainly doesn’t!”

"She's very good," replied Glenda, with a proprietorial sort of smugness.

Quentin nodded approvingly.

"I'm glad," he said, after a few moments. "She sucks a man superbly, too. And, as a fuck, she takes an awful lot of beating."

"She takes an awful lot of beating - period." answered Glenda with a wicked smile. But Quentin scarcely seemed to notice her attempt at a witticism.

"All in all," he said musingly, "I think it can safely be said that Melissa is worth every penny I paid for her!"

Havers was in two minds that evening.

The afternoon in the open air seemed to have stimulated him greatly. In every way! So, despite Melissa's attentions of the morning, he felt very much like having it off. Julia would have been his first choice, but he didn't want to ask Quentin again so soon after a refusal. Besides, it would be more enjoyable to have the girl for a first time when her flesh was back to a more pleasing condition. So that left Melissa. Here again, after the morning, Havers reckoned he might be pressing his luck if he asked Quentin for her again. The boss could get a bit prickly on occasions.

It was a problem to which there seemed no happy solution.

But Havers went half way to solving it by drinking the best part of a bottle of excellent Scotch whisky in his own quarters . . . and fantasising happily about the days, weeks and months ahead. Specially did he like dreaming about the times when Quentin and Glenda would be away. Then I will be in sole charge of those two beauties, he said to himself with a rapturous inner glow. Then I'll be able to fuck either, or both, of them as many times a day as I like! Or, at least, as many times a day as I have strength! And, if either of them displeased him in the slightest, he was permitted to make them squirm with pain . . .

Just think of that! Think of that!

Havers did just that . . . and the repressed lust in him became uncontrolled. There was only one thing to do!

Pulling off most of his clothes, Havers slumped on to his bed . . . and at once began to toss himself off.

Soon his criminal-face was a bestial mask and he began to groan horribly.

“OK. Havers, you can deal with Julia now.”

It was the following afternoon and ‘time of suffering’ stipulated by Glenda had elapsed.

“Deal with her, boss?” A lecherous grin had at once spread over Havers’ features.

“I mean give her the healing treatment, man,” answered Quentin a little gruffly. For no particular reason he was feeling rather edgy and out of sorts.

“Sure thing, boss,” nodded Havers, sensing his mood. He wiped the grin off his face. It looked as if he might have to wait for Julia for another day or two yet. No point in getting on the wrong side of Quentin. Still, he thought, as he made his way down to the slave-quarters, I’ll be able to have a nice feel of her.

As Havers entered the bedroom, he saw Melissa seated on a dressing table stool, brushing her rich, dark auburn hair. He was momentarily fascinated by the sight . . . the intimate womanliness of it. Then the girl slid submissively to her knees before him breasts bouncing slightly. What it must be, he reflected, for her to have to pretty herself up . . . for the sole purpose of further degradation!

“Alright, Melissa, carry on,” he said, trying to sound masterful.

Obediently, Melissa resumed her seat. Havers saw the swelling spread of her soft, white bottom as she sat down again. What a magnificent bottom that was! He remembered how it had felt, wriggling against him. Melissa began to brush her hair again. In the mirror, her almost classically beautiful face was impassive. The corners of the wide, sensual mouth were a little turned down, the wide-set, dark brown eyes were dull.

On the other side of the room, Julia was kneeling . . . waiting.

Havers simply crooked his little finger and the girl came off the bed moving gracefully towards him, hips swinging seductively. His

eyes fastened on the smooth, mound . . . and the neat, inviting sex lips.

"Still burning?" enquired Havers in a 'how-do-you-do' sort of tone.

"Y-Yes . . . Sir," nodded Julia.

"A lot?"

"Yes . . . Sir . . ."

"Only to be expected, after a birching," said Havers. "Not to mention what you got across those nice long thighs of yours!"

Julia's face puckered briefly. "Yes . . . Sir . . ." she whispered.

"Show me your bottom, Julia."

Oh God . . . what it was to be able to give such an order! Knowing that the girl was going to carry it out! Havers licked his lips as Julia turned around and, without further order, bent over and touched her toes. For good measure, she even straddled her thighs wide. Havers licked his lips with even greater relish . . . and moved close. He felt Julia flinch involuntarily as his hand just lightly touched one buttock cheek. It was remarkably hot and the mass of thin weals were a deeper purple colour than they had been originally.

"I bet you'll be glad to get some ointment on there," said Havers. And he meant it! A birching like Julia had received was quite something, even if it were possible for her to receive a more severe one. Havers was beginning to understand how these women could be made so submissively obedient!

"Yes . . . Sir . . ." he heard Julia whisper.

"Not to mention here," went on Havers, running a hand up and over the ridges of pain encircling one of Julia's thighs.

"Oooow . . . aaah . . . oh . . . y-yes . . . y-es . . . S-Sir . . ." she gasped.

Havers gave the tender bottom a none too gentle slap . . . and Julia gasped even more loudly.

"Come along then, my girl," ordered Havers marching out of the room.

Julia stood stiffly erect and, with features tense, followed after. But, at least, some relief would be soon at hand . . .

They entered the treatment room.

“UP you go!”

Julia knelt momentarily on the edge of the table. Oh what a backside that was! Certainly as good as Melissa’s. Then Julia spread-eagled herself face down and Havers secured the straps to wrists and ankles.

“First the nasty part,” said Havers jovially as he approached with the pink liquid . . . the first stage of treatment. He saw Julia’s white teeth clenched and her eyes screwed tight shut.

“Eeeeeeggghhhhhh . . .” Julia began to scream immediately the liquid went on. And she went on screaming.

While she screamed, she squirmed frantically. And went on squirming.

Both the screaming and squirming intensified as Havers’ hand went down and under the girl’s cleft. Just where Glenda’s rod had cut most cruelly of all . . . just where Julia was most sensitive of all!

Frankly, Havers was a little surprised by Julia’s excessive reactions. It was rather as if she were being punished all over again! Perhaps, he thought, it is just as bad. He let it go on for a while before he picked up a jar of ointment.

“Now the nice part,” he said, in the same kind of jovial way.

Then he began to smear the white ointment on lavishly all over buttocks and thighs.

Julia’s screams died and became long, moaning sobs.

She didn’t care how Havers mauled and probed her lasciviously.

She didn’t care about anything . . .

So long as the ointment continued to go on . . .

So long as the awful burning-throbbing pain went on easing . . .”

No . . . for the moment, absolutely nothing else mattered!

Julia spent two six-hour sessions on the treatment table before she was fully recovered. But when she had, as ever, her flesh was back to its original condition . . . soft, smooth and creamy-white.

“Ready for anything again,” said Havers as he ran his hand lightly over the girl’s bottom as he was releasing her. He was amused to feel the nates give a convulsive twitch at his words. Then he gave them a little slap. “Up you get, my beauty,” he ordered. He smiled lecherously as Julia stood meekly before him. “I’ve got some news

for you," he added.

Full, ripe lips trembled very slightly.

Havers went on smiling.

"I asked your Master for permission to fuck you," he said. Julia flinched as if struck in the face. "What do you think he replied?"

"I . . . don't know . . . Sir . . ." The voice hardly more than a whisper.

"He said: go right ahead Havers . . . that's what he said. Something else, too. Like to hear it?"

"If . . . if you t-think I should . . . Sir".

"Oh I do, Julia . . . I do. He said, if I didn't find you completely satisfactory, I was to let him know. In which case, you would find yourself over the punishment block so fast your feet would hardly have touched the ground. What do you think of that, Julia?"

Havers patted the girl's flank in a possessive fashion.

"I . . . I q-quite under . . . understand, Sir," said Julia weakly.

"So you'll do your best to please me, eh?"

"Oh yes . . . yes . . . Sir!" Julia's voice was louder; there was no doubt she really meant it!

"Good . . . good," nodded Havers. "lead on then, my girl, straight to the Playroom."

Julia turned obediently, placing her hands on top of her head in what was obviously a deliberately submissive gesture. Havers' eyes were hot upon the shapely, naked creature just in front of him. Was it his imagination or was not Julia swinging 'her hindquarters in a more suggestively seductive manner than usual? Havers quickly decided she was. He grinned. Already the girl was starting to 'do her best'!

Once in the Playroom, Julia slid down on the circular bed and it took Havers about thirty seconds flat to get his clothes off. Then he moved to the bed where Julia was posed provocatively, one thigh drawn up, the other lying flat, her depilated, 'young girl' sex invitingly displayed and proffered.

"How w-would you like me, Sir?" asked Julia in a soft voice. The effort she was having to make to control her true emotions was evident from the timbre of her voice. "I mean . . . in what p-position

... do you ... do you want me ... to ... to fuck me?"

It was one of the nicer questions Havers had ever been asked! But it was one he found it impossible to answer. For Havers wanted the impossible ... he felt he wanted the girl all ways at once! On her back ... on all fours ... on top of him ... and in all sorts of other positions as well!

"I'll make up my mind about that a little later," he said thickly as he fell upon the lush nakedness beneath him, burying his face in the juddering breasts, urgent hands mauling everywhere. To his surprise and delight, Julia did not recoil in the slightest. On the contrary, he felt her posturing and wriggling her body as if she were receiving the greatest pleasure. Her arms and legs embraced him, as if with love, and Havers felt the hairless mound pressing and rubbing against his stiffening organ.

"Fuck me ... fuck me ... I ... I'm d-dying for it ..." The words were a breathless hot whisper in his ear.

"Yes ... yes ... I'm going to fuck you ... my beauty ... fuck the arse off you!" panted Havers in reply.

He felt a cool hand grip his solid erection, firmly but gently.

"I w-want this ... I want t-this up ... up me!" gasped Julia. "It's a l-lovely big ... h-hard ... cock ... and ... I want it!"

My God, what a girl, thought Havers ... both his mind and his loins seeming to glow. It really did seem she meant it!

"Right ... you're going to get it!"

Havers simply couldn't wait a moment longer. Position ... fitness ... nothing mattered. He simply had to ram in. At once!

As he gripped the softness of Julia's buttocks, lifting her up a little off the bed, he felt her hand guide his throbbing knob right between -her soft-warm sex lips.

"Fuck me ... fuck me ... hard!" came the panting whisper.

Havers thrust fully into the hilt ... and was surprised how ready Julia felt for him. He gave a little groan of pleasure as he savoured her.

"Aaaaahhh ... you beauty ... you little beauty."

Julia began to squirm and undulate her body.

"I ... hhhaahh ... am ... your s-slave ... who ... hhaaahhh ... is



Yes . . . yes . . . I'm going to fuck you . . .  
my beauty . . . fuck the arse off you!

... is honoured to ... to be fucked by you ..."

Havers grinned grotesquely. Then he began to ram in and out with animal brutishness. To his delight, he found Julia fully and instantly co-operative, skilfully giving him everything her lovely young body could. Her sex was a shaft of sweet, wriggling succulence. Her hot flesh seemed to palpitate against his. And she squirmed and gasped as if in the extremes of sexual joy!

"Oh ... oohhh ... that's lovely ... l-lovely ... fuck me harder ... harder!"

She must mean it! She must! Surely no woman could act like this!

The idea drove Havers on to new frenzies of thrustin lust.

"Y-yes ... hhhhaaaahhhh ... yes you'll ... get it ... hhhaaahhhh ... harder!"

"Oooooohhhhhh ... that's lovely ... so l-lovely!"

"Hhhhaaaaaahhhhh ... oh ... w-what a fuck you are ... what ... hhhaaahhhh ... a m-marvellous fuck!"

Havers was suddenly lost.

Nothing on earth could hold him back.

He began to make sounds like those of a hungry pig just led to a full trough.

Snort ... snort ...

"Glil ... umph uugh ... gluph ... ggggllllll ..."

His mouth was slack and wide, saliva a wet sheen on Julia's smooth white shoulder.

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

Julia's bottom, still gripped, was jerking wildly back and forth.

"Uuuuuggggghhhh ... hhhhaaaahhhhhhhhhh ..."

Sounds of pain, rather than of pleasure ...

Urgent sounds ...

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

Snort ... snort ...

Snort-snort-snort-snort-snort ... snort ...

"HHHHHHHAAAAAAAAA ... HHHHHHAAHHHHHHHHH!"

A juddering white hulk of flabby male flesh ...

Jetting the liquid of its disgusting lust into succulent, squirming

female depths . . .

Shuddering . . .shuddering . . .

And still snorting pig-like

But now slumping down . . . eyes glazing over . . . mouth still  
slavering

Groaning . . . almost whimpering . . .

Slowing . . . subsiding . . .

A final snort . . .

Moaning . . .

Hulk of flesh now still . . . but twitching like cattle flesh troubled  
by summer flies . . .

Sighing . . .

Sighing . . .

Slaked . . .

Utterly slaked . . .

Lying there, still on her back, crushed by the mass of disgusting,  
sweating, fat, male flesh, Julia could see her own face reflected in  
the ceiling mirror.

She could see it, only partially hidden by Havers' shoulder.

The dark, blue-green eyes were wide. So wide that the whites  
could be clearly seen all round . . .

The nostrils, too were wide . . .

The mouth was twisted. Twisted as if in contempt, but it was, in  
fact, in revulsion . . .

She was looking at the hopeless face of a woman who had given  
her all to an obscene brute of a man who revolted her to the depths  
of her being!

## CHAPTER SEVEN

“HOW WAS SHE?”

“Excellent . . . I have to admit it . . . excellent!”

It was Havers answering Quentin’s question later in the day . . . and it was one which had been asked in front of Julia while she knelt in the slave-posture before them both. Actually, it had been Havers’ original intention to say that he was not fully satisfied, simply for the pleasure of having Julia punished, but something told him it was best to tell the truth.

“It certainly looked . . . and sounded . . . as if you enjoyed it,” said Quentin with a nod.

Havers was glad he had told the truth in that moment, when he realised Quentin had been watching it all. He might have guessed it!

“Yeh . . . sure . . .” he said, grinning a little sheepishly.

“Lucky for you, Julia . . .” said Quentin, addressing the kneeling figure, “or you’d be getting a cane across your backside this very moment.”

Julia made no answer. A muscle in her cheek flicked. Only that knowledge had enabled her to force herself to give everything to such a pig as Havers.

At that moment Melissa entered the room . . . and at once sank down on her knees beside Julia.

“Where have you been, girl?”

“With . . . Miss Rosalie, Master,” answered Melissa.

“Ahh,” said Quentin perfunctorily, but made no other comment. It occurred to him that the servants were having their fair share of amusement that day! “Now,” he continued, “I have something of

importance to impart to you, my pretty ones." He looked down in almost fatherly fashion. "My wife has devised a new game for us all to play. I think it's rather clever . . . and we're calling it 'High Society'." He took some typewritten papers from his pocket. "Here are the Rules of the game. You will both learn them thoroughly this afternoon . . . ready for the first game we're going to play this evening. Got it?"

"Yes, Master," they answered in unison. Each looked nervously at the paper handed to her. That no good could come of this 'game' was sure!

Quentin nodded to Havers and the two left the room.

In silence, Julia and Melissa made their way to the beds. In silence, they lay down and began to read.

## HIGH SOCIETY The Rules of the Game

*The basic idea of the game is to send you back in time . . . to when you were both free women, moving in 'High Society'. To the days before you became slave-girls. To the days when you were not only beautiful but were proud, self-willed, self-centred and with men at your beck and call. It is a situation which demands a considerable amount of acting ability and, for your own sakes, if you do not have it, you should quickly acquire it.*

*The parts you will play are yourselves . . . Julia Chant and Melissa Villiers . . . as you were 'before the fall'. My wife and I will also play ourselves. The setting for this first game will be the drawing room of Cragness, where you have been invited to tea, followed by a rubber or two of Bridge.*

*My wife and I will always be addressed as Mr. or Mrs. Osman. You will always be addressed as Miss Chant and Miss Villiers.*

*No mention whatever will ever be made to your present status.*

*Conversation will be carried out as in the normal way in such society. Gossip, mutual friends, general chit-chat . . . you both know the form.*

*Any errors or failures you make will be punished after the game.*

*It is realised it may take a little time for both of you to adjust to the*

*game, so some allowances will be made initially. But only initially.*

*Repeated errors will be punished with increasing severity after later games.*

*You must strive at all times to act realistically.*

*You will take your cues from myself and Mrs. Osman.*

*During the first part of the game, you will receive only requests and suggestions. These you may reject or not.*

*During the latter part of the game, you will receive orders. These you will obey.*

*You will require clothes for your respective roles. These you will find in the wardrobes. Make yourselves look as attractive as possible, remembering that, once again, you are 'ladies' in High Society'*

Julia and Melissa remained silent for a long time after reading these 'Rules'.

Both were acutely aware of the cruelty of the 'charade' Glenda had devised. For a brief while, they would be transported back to former days. Days which it was now both a folly and an agony to recall! For a brief while, they would be women again. Not objects. Clothed . . . addressed politely . . . flattered, maybe . . . pampered, possibly. Puppets to play out a part!

Before being returned once again to hideous reality!

Yes . . . it was indeed a cruel conception. Worthy of the mind of Glenda Osman.

"I don't think I shall be able to bear it," whispered Julia after a long, long while.

"We'd better both try," answered Melissa, with weary resignation.

Quentin gazed intently at the TV screen . . . which was focussed on the naked figures of Julia and Melissa in their bedroom. The moment had arrived for them to start clothing themselves. It was the first time either of them had been covered for over six months. A rather special moment for both girls, thought Quentin, and he could

understand their nervous, almost bird-like, movements as they spread out garments from the wardrobes on to the beds.

The choice was limited but adequate . . . all pre-planned. Not tights, but old-fashioned, sexy-looking suspender belts and stockings, fetching little bra. And panty sets; skirts and blouses; afternoon dresses; some evening gowns. Everything was fashionably chic and expensive. What Julia or Melissa would have worn if it had been their choice.

Julia hooked on a black suspender belt and, having sat down on the edge of her bed, pulled on some black, net stockings. She shuddered nervously as she did so. It was all so strange for her to perform such a simple, womanly act. Exciting too. Quentin watched as she picked up several pairs of panties and hesitated over her choice. Finally, uttering a long sigh, she pulled on a pair of pale, powder-blue briefs which clung to her curves like a second skin. Then, having done so, she covered her face in her hands and burst into tears. Great heaving sobs rent her. For, in those moments, had she not been restored to something like a free woman? A woman permitted to cover her feminine secrets? A woman entitled to some privacy?

Yes . . . indeed she had. Yet no one could have been more aware than Julia that this was but a fleeting prerogative.

Melissa, who had reached a similar stage in her dressing and was clad in a pair of brief pink knickers edged with white lace was not reacting quite so strongly. Nevertheless, silent tears were running down her cheeks.

Quentin smiled happily. These reactions delighted him. They were harbingers of greater delights as the 'game' proceeded

He saw Julia's hands trembling as she began to pull on a hip-hugging black skirt.

"Miss Julia Chant, Sir . . ."

Havers was in full butler attire, standing by the door of the drawing room of Cragness. He bowed slightly as Julia came in, moving with model-girl grace in her unaccustomed clothing. Her face was very pale, despite the fact that she was heavily made-up.

"How nice to meet you my dear!" Glenda had risen from a chair and was advancing welcomingly upon Julia, a hand out stretched. "I've heard so much about you."

"G-Good . . . a-afternoon, Mrs. O-Osman . . ." Despite and effort, Julia could not prevent a quaver in her answer.

"Miss Melissa Villiers," intoned Havers.

Melissa came easy-striding into the room, looking quite ravishing in a gold-trimmed emerald green afternoon gown. Compared with Julia, in simple black skirt and pale blue blouse, she looked almost extravagantly dressed.

"So good of you to come, Miss Villiers," cooed Glenda.

"Delighted to meet you Mrs Osman," replied Melissa, taking the outstretched hand. Her pose and control were remarkable under the circumstances.

"Please be seated, ladies," smiled Glenda. "Mr. Osman will be here shortly." She signed to Havers. "Tell Mr. Osman that Miss Chant and Miss Villiers have arrived."

"At once, Mrs. Osman," Havers bowed and withdrew.

The charade had begun.

"Another cup of tea, Miss Chant?"

Quentin was politeness itself; the perfect host. Julia was striving with all her might to maintain her composure but was constantly biting quivering lips and trying to control trembling hands.

"Y-Yes . . . M-master . . ." she quavered. "I . . . I m-mean . . . oh I mean . . . Mr. Quentin," she quickly corrected.

But Quentin had already made a brief note in a little black book he kept by his side. It was by no means the first note he had made in that book during the afternoon!

"Rosalie . . . attend to Miss Chant's cup . . ."

Garbed in the formal black and white of a parlour-maid, Rosalie stepped forward to do her duty. There was a smirk on her face . . . and she was enjoying herself as much as anybody. For, as a woman, she was aware of the bitter cruelty of what was happening.

"A little more milk, Miss?"

"Th-Thank you . . ."

"Sugar, Miss?"

"N-No, thank you . . ."

All the polite conventions of the tea party. Yet a tea party far more bizarre than anything in Alice in Wonderland!

"Another pastry, Miss Villiers?"

"No . . . no . . . thank you . . . Mrs Osman . . ."

"Watching your figure perhaps, Miss Villiers?" A condescending smile from Glenda.

"Yes . . . yes . . . I guess so, Mrs. Osman . . ."

The tension in the lovely Melissa was as evident as it was in Julia. The strains of self-control being put upon them both were immense. This sudden return to a world of normality was almost unbearable. To be clothed . . . to be treated with courtesy! Oh God . . . oh God . . .

The appetite of both Julia and Melissa was, to say the least, minimal and soon the company had retired to a couple of sofas at the other end of the room. Quentin could not check a quick grin as he watched Julia seat herself. After a brief, but understandable pause, the girl crossed one long thigh over the other. So naturally feminine; a graceful movement. It must have been a long time since she's done that, thought Quentin. Indeed, over the last months, she had been opening her thighs rather than crossing them! Julia completed the movement by smoothing down her skirt and giving it a little tug to put it over one kneecap. Such modesty! Best that she make the most of her opportunities, reflected Quentin, for at any moment he desired, he could have her remove that skirt . . . and her knickers too! That was a change from former times . . .

"Oh, I say Miss Villiers . . . what a coincidence . . . there's a picture here of you!"

Glenda had been leafing through a copy of 'The Tatler'. It was a copy of the society-gossip magazine which had been deliberately 'planted' in the drawing room along with similar, quality publications. They were all at least a year old, when both girls had been at liberty and it had been no uncommon thing for them to appear between the covers.

Instinctively, Melissa took the magazine handed to her and gazed

at the page. After a few moments, they saw her lips beginning to quiver and her eyes moisten over. Her knuckles were white.

‘A convivial group at the Westpeak Point-to-Point’ read the caption. ‘From left to right: Sir Geoffrey and Lady Helen Manning, the Hon. Jane Pellers and her sister Anne, Miss Melissa Villiers and her companion Eirk Venson, who is from Norway.’

“Let’s hear about that companion,” said Glenda with a coy sort of smile. “He looks such a handsome man.”

Melissa’s breasts heaved under the emerald green dress; a choking sob came from deep in her throat.

“There . . . there’s nothing to t-tell she said in a low voice. The effort she was having to make to control herself, and to reply at all, was very obvious.

“Oh come . . . come, my dear . . .” said Glenda gaily. “There was rumour that you were actually engaged to him. Is that not so?”

There was a long pause and Melissa visibly shuddered.

“Yes, Mrs. Osman,” she said at last, “but . . . but I’d rather not talk about it . . .”

Erik Venson, it need hardly be said, was the man who had originally consigned Melissa to the ‘Paradise’. Later, having been killed in an accident, Quentin had had the opportunity of purchasing Melissa and this he had been quick to do.

“Now, now, Glenda,” said Quentin, joining in the fun, “you mustn’t press Miss Villiers about such matters. Young ladies can be very shy about such things . . . and can be easily hurt. Look, you’ve made her cry already . . .”

It was true. Melissa’s cheeks were wet with tears. Solicitously, Quentin came over and handed her a large white handkerchief.

“Mmmfff . . . mmmfff . . .” sobbed Melissa, burying her face in it.

“There . . . there . . .” said Quentin, patting her auburn head, “get it out of your system.”

“I’m sorry, my dear . . . I didn’t know he meant so much to you,” said Glenda wickedly.

Only slowly did Melissa’s sobs subside. Meanwhile Glenda turned her attention to Julia.

"May I ask if you have ever been engaged. Miss Chant?" she enquired politely.

Julia shook her head, her thick, dark tresses brushing over her shoulders. "N-No . . . Mrs. O-Osman." Her voice a whisper almost.

"Prefer to be fancy free, eh, Miss Chant," interjected Quentin jovially.

Julia nodded again, feeling sick to the depths of her being. How long was this play-acting horror going on? She felt like a helpless doll in the hands of two monstrously evil puppeteers. But the game continued, in the fashion Quentin and Glenda wanted it to, whilst, in the background, Havers and Rosalie, in their role of servants, cleared away the tea things.

A photograph of Julia was discovered in 'The Field'. She was seen at some Hunt Ball, looking particularly enchanting in a long, white evening gown. And oh how happy she appeared! Smiling a dazzling smile at some unknown admirer on whose shoulder her white-gloved hand rested.

Again in 'The Field', another picture of Julia was discovered. This time, jodhpured and booted, she was standing alongside a hunter, ready to mount. In her hand was a meaty-looking riding crop. What would she have said, thought Quentin with almost wild inner mirth, if you had told her - when that photograph was being taken - that one day she would feel such an instrument biting into her naked bottom! She would probably have looked at you as if you were raving mad . . . told you so as well . . . and struck you across the face with the crop into the bargain! Oh dear, oh dear, how Julia's situation had changed since then . . .

For something like half an hour, the game proceeded in this cruel way . . . with Julia and Melissa being made to squirm inwardly - and often outwardly - by scenes re-visited, friends and acquaintances recalled, memories revived. Often, one or the other of the girls would be reduced to tears again.

All the time, Quentin had his little black book by his side. In it, he recorded any slips made and took notes as to where and when he thought acting techniques could be improved. He found it a most enjoyable and unusual afternoon and was most grateful to Glenda

for having dreamed it up. How clever! Having them clothed like that . . . giving them a taste of the easy life . . . of former days . . . and knowing all the time what they were going back to! Oh yes, it was almost a stroke of genius of Glenda's part. What's more, the game was likely to improve as time passed and the girls got used to acting.

"Now, how about a rubber of Bridge?" asked Quentin, when he sensed that the time had come for a change. "You both play, I'm sure . . ."

Julia and Melissa nodded in unison. Then they rose and followed the couple to a nearby baize-covered table. Havers stood by and pulled back a chair for Julia, giving a little bow and smiling deferentially. It would have been difficult to believe that, not so many hours before, he had been ravaging this lovely young woman with an animal-like brutishness!

"My husband and I like to play together," said Glenda. "Is that alright with you?"

"Y-Yes Mrs. Osman," said Melissa. Julia nodded dumbly. Bridge! It was unbelievable. Once she had rather enjoyed a rubber or two (it was nice to boss a male partner about!) but now . . . now . . . under the circumstances! Yes . . . unbelievable!

"Cut for deal . . ."

They cut. Glenda won and dealt. "Usual conventions, partner? Two Clubs . . . strong No Trump?"

"Right," answered Quentin. "You two girls the same? And Blackwood, I suppose?"

"Yes . . ." nodded Julia.

"Yes . . ." agreed Melissa.

Dumbly, numbly, they picked up their cards and began to sort them. Both found it a little difficult for they were looking through a mist of tears. And, of course, they were much out of practice.

"Oh, by the way," said Quentin, "we play for £1 a hundred. That's alright with you two?"

They agreed it was alright . . .

"One Spade," announced Glenda.

On her left, Melissa's brain seemed as if it were made of jelly.

How could one possibly think under such conditions?

“No bid,” she croaked . . . although, in fact, she had a reasonable overbid in Diamonds.

“Three No Trumps,” declared Quentin vehemently, more or less indicating to his partner that that was to be the contract, that he was going to play it . . . and so win the first game.

After three-quarters of an hour, two rubbers had been completed. Both were won by Quentin and Glenda . . . who had accrued an advantage of 1,800 points.

“£18 apiece,” said Quentin cheerfully. “We can settle that later. My goodness, you girls did have bad luck!”

“I thought they played rather badly,” said Glenda a shade acidly

“Would you say that, girls?” asked Quentin.

“I . . . we . . . we’re a little out of practice,” answered Melissa weakly.

“Ah well . . .” shrugged Quentin. “It’s not important.” He got up from the table and indicated that Julia and Melissa should return to the sofa. “I think we can say that the second of our afternoon has begun,” he said.

Remembering the ‘Rules’, both Julia and Melissa were aware, from then on, suggestions made could not be accepted or rejected. They had the force of orders. Little wonder the tensions within them began to increase.

In ladylike style they sat down. Legs were crossed, skirts pulled.

“What colour knickers are you wearing, Miss Chant?” enquired Quentin, in the same easy-going tone that he had used all afternoon.

Absurdly, Julia felt a glow of embarrassed colour come to her cheeks. How conscious she was of the unusual; of the tiny knickers clinging to her! Yet how, after all she had gone through, could she possibly be embarrassed by their mention? Yet, somehow, she was! Behind Quentin, she could see Havers grinning lecherously and the sensation of embarrassment increased.

“B-Blue . . . p-pale blue . . . M-Master . . .” she answered. But,

seeing Quentin frown and make a note in his book, quickly added. "M-Mr. Q-Quentin . . . I mean . . ."

"Very pretty, I'm sure. The same colour as your blouse, eh?"

"Y-Yes . . . Mr . . . Mr. Quentin . . ." Julia's cheeks were now highly coloured. Oh how absurd!

"And your knickers, Miss Villiers?"

"Black, Mr. Quentin . . . black net . . ." Her answer was a shade firmer than Julia's had been.

"Most fetching. Net, eh? Almost see-through, eh?"

"Y-Yes . . . Mr . . . Quentin . . ."

"Well now, young ladies. I have to tell you something. I wouldn't except for the fact that I know young ladies are so much more broad-minded these days." Quentin winked broadly, rather like some music-hall comedian.

"Aren't they just!" said Glenda with a laugh. "Quite amazes me what they'll do at times. Not like in my day . . ."

"Quite so, my dear. However, as I was saying, I have something to tell you both," went on Quentin. "You see, Havers here, my butler . . . is something of a knickers-fetishist and he confessed to me earlier he'd very much like to take a look at the knickers you girls are wearing." Quentin smiled and spread his hands. "You know how difficult staff are to keep these days, I'm sure, so I told him I'd ask you. I hope you don't mind?"

Julia and Melissa sat dumbly.

"Well, do you? Do you mind?" asked Glenda sharply.

"N-No . . . n-no . . . coo . . ." answered Julia and Melissa together.

"There," said Quentin, smiling at Glenda, "I told you girls were more broadminded these days, didn't I? I don't think you believed me. Well then, Miss Chant first, I think. Step forward Havers and take a gander . . ."

"Thank you, Sir," said Havers, respectfully. The perfect butler. He looked much like something out of PG Wodehouse!

Julia stood up nervously, seemingly not quite knowing what was expected of her.

"Can you pull your skirt up, Miss Chant?" asked Quentin solicitously.

'N-No . . . M-Master . . . it . . . it's too t-tight . . . Mr. Quentin . . .'  
But already another note had been made in the black book.

"Well, you'll have to take it off then, won't you?"

"Y-Yes M-Mr. Q-Quentin," nodded Julia wretchedly.

Her fingers went to a catch at one side, a zip hissed, the black skirt slid down and fell in a heap at Julia's feet. She really did look most fetchingly feminine in that suspender belt and stockings with the tiny little panties moulding her.

"Oh yes isn't that nice?" sighed Quentin. "Eh, Havers?"

"Yes, Sir very nice . . ." Havers coughed. "And, if I may say so Sir, rarely have I seen better . . . er . . . parts . . . than Miss Chant's for showing off such a pair of knickers."

"Parts?" queried Quentin. "You mean Miss Chant's bottom?"

"Yes Sir, that . . . amongst other things . . ."

"Mmm . . . it is good, I admit." Quentin paused and looked at Julia winsomely. "Miss Chant, may I ask you another favour? I wouldn't if I didn't think you would agree. Being a broad-minded young lady, that is. Mmmm?"

"Y-Yes . . . Ma . . . ss . . . Mr. Quentin . . ." whispered Julia.

"Good . . . good . . ." Quentin rubbed his hands. "It is that you go down on your hands and knees and point your bottom towards Havers. That will give him a better view of its curvaceousness. You see, I suspect Havers is a bottom fetishist as well as a knickers-fetishist. Right, Havers?"

"I'm afraid so, Sir . . ." A greasy, lusty smile spread over those a features as he watched Julia do as she had been told. The superbly-shaped bottom came curving up, as it had done so often before, but now with but the briefest covering adorning it. Oddly enough, in some ways, that flimsy covering and the suspender belt added to Julia's sexiness.

"Oh excellent . . . oh yes . . . a most excellent bottom! Agreed, Havers?"

"Oh yes indeed, Sir. Very much agreed!"

A heavy-breathing silence fell as everyone in the room continued to gaze at Julia's kneeling figure. It was a bizarre scene. The surroundings so everyday, so normal. The clothing conventional,

the people involved seemingly conventional too. Yet there, in the midst, was a young woman kneeling in a posture of utterly abject humiliation!

"Thank you . . . thank you, Miss Chant," said Quentin. "It is indeed most kind of you to satisfy a middle-aged man's little fad." And Julia, thinking she had been dismissed began to get up. "Ah no . . . ah no, not just yet, Miss Chant . . . please," went on Quentin. Julia sank back again. "I think we would all agree that such a magnificent bottom should be displayed to full advantage. Havers certainly would! So, my dear Miss Chant, I am going to beg one more favour. Tougher than all the rest, but I think you'll pander to my whims. You see, Miss Chant, I would like you to take your knickers down so that - and all the rest of us - can see your backside in all its natural, naked glory! Would you do that for me, Miss Chant . . . please?"

A sob shook the kneeling Julia but her fingers went at once to the elastic of the briefs. One might have imagined, having been kept stark naked for so long, Julia would have had no qualms at all about what she was doing. Yet, strange as it may seem, she did. Once having been covered . . . once having returned, however briefly, to a world of womanly modesty . . . it was bitter indeed to have to degrade herself in this fashion again.

The pale blue briefs were pushed down to the bend in her knees . . . Naked again!

Abused and shamed again!

Quentin gave a low wolf-whistle. "My, my Miss Chant . . . you really are some girl, aren't you?" he said. "A little forward, of course, but I am sure, under the circumstances, we can all overlook that."

Julia's nails were clawing into the carpet; she was weeping silently.

"I think the girl's a little too forward," interjected Glenda. "Bold, I'd call it. Probably goes around seeking such opportunities as this. She'll come to no good, in my opinion."

"Maybe . . . maybe . . . my dear," said Quentin smugly. "But, remember, I did ask Miss Chant to take her knickers down. And, like the polite guest she is, she did so. I think that, at least, is to be

commanded. Look at Havers here . . . he's not complaining, is he?"

Havers was grinning hugely. What a set-up it was! The boss and his miss certainly knew how to get the maximum fun out of a simple situation!

"No, I'm not complaining, Sir," he said. Then, joining in the game, he added: "I think it most kind and considerate of the young lady to accommodate a middle-aged man like myself. Especially as I'm only a servant."

"True . . . well said Havers . . ." Quentin smiled around the room . . . then he crooked a beckoning finger at Melissa. "I am sure Miss Villiers will be as kind and considerate as Miss Chant has been. Is that not so?"

"Yes . . . y-yes . . . Mr. Quentin . . ." replied Melissa, uncrossing a pair of lovely long limbs. "Whatever you s-say, Mr. Quentin . . ."

"How tight is your skirt, Miss Villiers?"

"Not . . . not t-too tight . . . Mr. Quentin."

"So you can pull it up?"

"Yes, Mr. Quentin . . ."

"Then kindly do so, Miss Villiers," ordered Quentin with a smile.

Missella complied . . . and continued to comply . . . humiliating herself before them all . . . until she, too, like Julia, knelt with her knickers down, provocatively exposed to all.

"You can't say I don't allow you a few perks, Havers, can you?"

"No, Sir, I can't say that."

"So you reckon you'll stay on here for a while?"

"Yes, Sir, I reckon so. You treat me very well, Sir."

Quentin smiled complacently and returned his gaze to the two figures kneeling side by side. Elegantly clothed, yet degraded by the disarray of their garments, they presented, in Quentin's eyes, a supremely satisfying picture. No two women, he felt, could be more subject to his will . . . no two women could be more submissive to his orders. In a remarkably short space of time, he had achieved all, and more, than he could have ever hoped at the outset. He did indeed owe a lot to Madame Vesta and the 'Paradise' organisation!

"Havers," said Quentin, "fetch some coffee. You can help, Rosalie."

“Yes, Sir . . . at once, Sir . . .” Rosalie almost bobbed a curtsy. What fun it all was! She’d never had such an afternoon in her life before!

“I am sure the young ladies would like a cup,” said Quentin. “After their so-generous, so-freely-given display this afternoon!”

Havers and Rosalie withdrew. Quentin and Glenda exchanged understanding smiles. This was a ‘game’ proving more rewarding than either, of them could have hoped at the outset. Each was experiencing a deep, inner glow of the most pleasurable kind of sadistic satisfaction.

“Don’t you think Quentin,” said Glenda, arching thin eyebrows, “that these two forward young minxes have had more than ample time to display their wares?”

Quentin nodded. “Yes . . . yes, my dear,” he replied. “Come along, young ladies kindly pull those knickers up again. It’s time for a little decorum, once more!”

## CHAPTER EIGHT

**COFFEE, SERVED BY** Havers and Rosalie, was drunk from thin, ornately-styled cups. White with a gold motif. It came black or white, according to choice. But, perhaps not surprisingly, the cups which Julia and Melissa held were wont to clatter a little uncertainly as they returned to the saucers.

Once again the two girls had been returned to apparent respectability. Elegantly dressed . . . decently postured . . . chic women of the world. The obscene exhibition which both of them had just had to make of themselves might as well have never have happened! Or, so it seemed on the surface.

“Good coffee, my dear . . .”

“I have it flown in direct from Paris.”

“Ahh! How do you find it, Miss Chant?”

“Er . . . v-very nice . . . yes . . . very nice, Mr. Quentin”

“Melissa?”

“Most excellent, Mr. Quentin . . . thank you . . .”

It occurred to Quentin that Melissa was putting up a slightly better performance than Julia. But then, had she not always done so?

At last the cups were emptied. The tray was taken away.

“Now we come to another matter,” said Quentin, with mock solemnity. Julia and Melissa seemed to shiver. They had hoped their ordeal was over, but now it seemed that this was not so! “Havers . . . have you noticed anything this afternoon?”

The ‘butler’ had just returned to the room. “Well, Sir . . . of course, I have noted certain things.” He grinned happily. “But what did you mean exactly?”

"About the behaviour of these two young ladies? Their social behaviour, I am referring to."

"I can't exactly say I have, Sir."

"Well . . . I have noticed. They have been committing various solecisms. Social solecisms. And I think they have been doing it deliberately."

"Really, Sir?"

"Yes . . . really. Addressing me and my wife incorrectly. Behaving oddly. Not at all as well-brought-up young ladies should."

"I see, Sir . . ."

"And do you know why they have been doing this, Havers?"

"No . . . I can't say I do, Sir."

"Then, I will tell you, Havers. Because, deep down . . . almost without them knowing it . . . both these girls are masochists!"

"Is that so, Sir?"

"In my view, it is, Havers. You see, deep down, they want to be punished for their faults. That's why they have been committing these stupid faults."

"Well, I never Sir! I'd not have believed it unless you'd told me!"

"What it boils down to, Havers, is that these girls actually want to have their backsides smacked. Almost without knowing it, I repeat. Now, girls, be honest, is that not so?"

There was quite a long silence . . . until Quentin began to get a shade restless.

"Yes . . ."

"Y-Yes . . . Mr. Quentin . . ."

Both agreed; each bowed her head.

"I thought I was right," said Quentin, almost gleefully. "It is fortunate I kept a note of the various solecisms. So young ladies, your masochistic desires can be happily fulfilled!"

"What do you intend, Quentin?" asked Glenda rather stuffily.

"Isn't it obvious, my dear? Havers and I are going to spank them."

"Is that wise, Quentin? I mean . . . they like it. According to you, anyway."

Quentin smiled. A long, slow smile. "One must be understanding with guests, my dear," he said. "Fit in with their moods, their

wishes. That's how a good host should behave, I am sure!"

"If you say so, Quentin."

"Oh . . . I do . . . I do, my dear Glenda . . ."

"Well . . . please carry on then. I do not wish to appear lacking in social graces. If that is what you feel these two ladies want, you must give it to them."

"Yes . . . I must . . ." agreed Quentin. He looked across at Havers. "Which one do you want to deal with?" he asked.

"It's not for me to say, Sir," replied Havers unctuously. "You're the host."

"Oh . . . very well then. You take Julia. I'll have Melissa." He smiled at the two seated girls, as if he had truly given them so one great benefit. "So now your masochistic desires can be satisfied," he said. "I know that's what you truly want!"

Silence . . .

Broken only by a half-stifled sob from Julia.

Quentin's finger crooked. Then so did that of Havers.

Julia and Melissa arose from the couch.

A new ordeal had begun . . .

Melissa's chic emerald-green dress was up around her waist, her tiny black net knickers were down about her knees . . . Quentin was smacking her shapely bottom heartily, his palm falling alternately on each cheek.

Julia's black skirt was off again, her powder blue knickers were also around her knees . . . and, pulled over Havers thighs, the 'butler' was slapping her buttocks equally vigorously.

Looking on, giggling and clapping, Glenda and Rosalie urged the two men to, greater efforts.

Smaacckkk! Ssmmaaaccckkk!

Sllaaaapppp! Ssllaappppp!

"Oh . . . ah . . . oww . . . ahh!"

"Oooff . . . ooww . . . ooww!"

Ssmmaacckkk . . . Ssmmaaccckkkk . . . Smmaaacckkk . . .  
SSmmaaccckkkk . . .

"Come on boys . . . give it to them . . . harder . . . harder!"

Smmaacckkk . . . Smmaaccckkkk . . . Smmaaacckkk . . .  
SSmmaaccckkk . . .

"They're loving it you can see they love it . . . oh . . . look at them wriggle!"

"Oww . . . aahh . . . oww . . . aahh . . ."

"Oooo . . . owww . . . offff . . . aaahh . . ."

The gasps and cries which came repeatedly from Julia and Melissa were not, of course, anything like the sounds they made when they were being properly thrashed. Hardened to far more severe treatment, a spanking was a relative 'luxury' as far as corrective treatment was concerned. All the same, the repeated fall of a hard, flat male palm made them gasp and yelp quite adequately. And their bottoms bounced and squirmed continuously . . . much to the pleasure of the spankers!

SSmmaaacckkk . . . ssslllaadpppp . . . ssmmmaaacckkk . . .  
Ssllaaapppp . . .

SSmmaaacckkk . . . Sssllaaapp . . . Ssllaaapp . . .  
Smmaacckkk . . ."

The jelly-juddering cheeks changed from white to pink.

Then from pink to red.

"That's it . . . hhaahh . . . squirm . . . hhaahh . . . squirm . . . my b-beauty . . ." panted Quentin. His face was almost as red as Melissa's bottom.

Havers, grinning, was sweating like a pig. "I'll give it . . . I'll give it you . . . my girl . . ." he kept on repeating. As if he were not already doing just that!

SSmmaaacckkk . . . Ssllaaapppp . . . Ssmmaaackkk . . .  
Ssllaaappp . . .

Ssllaaapp . . . Ssmmaaackkk . . . Ssllaaappp . . .  
Ssmmacckkk . . .

"Well done, boys, you're really getting through to them now!"

"Oww . . . ohh . . . oohh . . . aaahh . . . oowww . . . oowww!"

"Do you think they'll come? Masochists should if they're spanked long enough."

"I wonder . . . that would be fun! Come on Havers . . . give it all

you've got. That Miss Chant deserves all that's coming to her!"

"Ohh aaahhh . . . ooofff . . . aaahhhh . . . oowwww!"

Twenty slaps

Thirty slaps

Forty slaps

On and on the double spanking went . . . and it was obviously not going to stop when they thought the girls had had enough, but when Quentin and Havers had!

Ssllaaaappppp . . . Sillaaappppp . . . Sssillaaappppp . . .

The faces of both men became contorted with their efforts. They were red and panting . . . eyes suffused . . . lips wet. Havers was actually dribbling.

On and on

Sllaaaaaap . . . Smmaeckkk . . . Ssllaaapp . . . Smmaacckkk . . . Sslap . . .

On and on

Slapp . . . smackk . . . slapp . . . smackk .

But the arms of Quentin and Havers were visibly slowing and flagging. The steam had gone out of them, just as the sting had gone out of their palms.

Quentin stopped first, breath rasping. He slumped forward over Melissa, his face almost down to her glowing buttock cheeks. For a moment, Glenda was worried about his condition . . . but no . . . he seemed pretty well alright. It was dangerous for men of his age to make such efforts, she reflected. But then, did giving such a spanking take any more out of him than if he had been fucking Melissa? Probably not . . . and he had certainly done plenty of that!

A few more slaps on Julia's bottom and then Havers, too, stopped. He was in an even worse condition than Quentin . . . slumping back in his chair, chest heaving, mouth gaping as he gasped for air. Julia was tipped unceremoniously on the floor. Where she remained.

"Congratulations, boys!" laughed Glenda, "that was really something. Oh I did enjoy it, didn't you, Rosalie?"

"I sure did! I hope those masochists did too!"

Solicitously Glenda brought forward a jug of water from the table. "Here, my dear, put your hand in this . . . it must be burning

awfully!"

Thankfully, Quentin complied. He smiled up at his wife. "What a kind woman you are," he said.

It should be noted, however, that this same 'kind' woman did not offer any similar relief to Melissa's far more burning tender bottom!

After ten minutes . . . and a couple of large Scotches . . . Quentin and Havers were fully restored!

Meanwhile, Julia and Melissa had been permitted to clothe themselves decently again. Each sat rather gingerly on the couch, biting her lips. Their cheeks were pink, their eyes were watering. A spanking may not have been anywhere near as bad as a trashing but, all the same, it was not exactly a laughing matter. Especially a spanking like they had just received!

"I hope you enjoyed that, young ladies," said Quentin at last. His voice was unctuous, as if he had truly just conferred a favour. "It was what you had been working towards all the afternoon, I'm sure. Miss Chant?"

"Y-Yes . . . M-Master . . ." replied Julia.

"Oh dear oh dear . . . are you trying to encourage me to have you spanked again?"

"Oh no!" gasped Julia. "I m-meant . . . M-Mr Quentin . . . I'm sorry . . . Mr. Quentin . . ."

Quentin smiled. "I should hope so," he said. "And you, Miss Villiers . . . did you enjoy that?"

"Yes Mr. Quentin . . . Th-thank you . . ." answered Melissa.

Rosalie marvelled that the girl could make such a seemingly genuine reply. Amazing!

"Well now," continued Quentin, "before you go, we come to the question of your Bridge debts. £1 apiece, I think . . ."

"Correct," said Glenda.

"We'll have it now then, young ladies."

Julia and Melissa looked at each other in puzzlement. What cruel new joke was this? Of course they had no money!

"W-We . . . haven't any . . . m-money . . ." Melissa managed to say at last.

"No money!" Quentin raised his eyebrows in mock incredulity.

"You mean to say you gambled without funds?" chimed in Glenda.

Julia and Melissa sat silent, heads bowed. What was there to say? They were losers on every count.

"In that case," said Quentin briskly, "since you can't pay, we'll have to exact penalties. That's the House Rule here."

"It certainly is!" agreed Glenda.

Havers was already rubbing his hands in anticipation; Rosalie was clenching her till the knuckles were white.

"Stand up . . . both of you!" ordered Quentin.

The two smartly dressed young women got to their feet . . . pale now, and tense with dread.

"You know the penalty, I suppose?" said Glenda

"N-No . . . Ma'am . . ." they answered together.

"A stroke of the cane for every pound owed!" pronounced Glenda with gleeful venom.

Julia and Melissa both gasped . . . and each recoiled as if she had been struck in the face.

"Havers!"

"Yes . . . boss?" He stepped to Quentin's side.

"Strip Julia naked, please . . ." said Quentin. As he did so, he put his finger in the neck of Melissa's dress and ripped it down to her waist. "We'll have a look at these tits of yours . . . for a change, Miss Villiers!"

By his side, piggy eyes bright with cruel lust, Havers was tearing off Julia's pretty powder-blue blouse . . . to expose superb breasts held in a powder-blue net brassiere. The last time Julia had been stripped in this brutal fashion had been by the negro Jason, when she had first gone aboard the 'Paradise'. But her mind did not recall those even more terrible moments.

Away came the brassiere.

Beautiful breasts bounced free again . . .

Rip . . . rip . . .

And the black skirt was gone . . .

Rip . . .

And the pale blue briefs were off . . .

“Leave the belt and stockings!” ordered Quentin. “I think they’re rather pretty.”

“I think so too,” said Glenda. “They can wear them when they come up here to act as my maidservants. And those high-heeled shoes as well”.

Naked again . . . to all intents and purposes anyway . . . Julia and Melissa stood side by side . . . trembling . . . eyes wide and fearful, like those of wounded animals.

“Julia . . . kneel at that end of the couch. You Melissa, at the other!”

The return to nudity was accompanied by a return to their Christian names!

Each knelt as directed, bending over the rounded arms of the sofa, presenting glowing red buttock cheeks in a smooth curve.

“Rosalie . . . you’ll find a couple of canes in the drawer of that escritoire. Fetch them please . . .”

“Right, Mr. Quentin . . .”

The ‘maid’ opened the drawer of the antique writing desk and took the two whippy rods lying there.

“Give one to Mrs. Osman, please. The other one is for you to use.”

Rosalie’s face was wreathed in a sudden smile.

“You really mean . . .” she began.

“I do,” said Quentin, smiling in return. Rosalie’s eagerness to use the rod somehow pleased him.

“Thank you . . . thank you ever so much, Mr. Osman . . .” Rosalie sounded rather like a grateful schoolgirl who had just been given a box of chocolates.

“Havers . . . kneel on the centre of the couch . . . and hold Julia down by her shoulders . . .”

“Sure, boss!”

The ‘butler’ was more than delighted to obey such a command. He felt the warmth and softness of Julia’s smooth shoulders and upper arms as he pinioned them. He heard and felt her beginning

to sob. Before him was the white smoothness of her back, terminating in the superb swell of her bottom. The bottom that was now glowing with the slaps he had given it. My God, he thought, she'll be very tender! What a state to get a caning in! Meanwhile, he was aware that Quentin had taken up a position behind him . . . and was pinioning Melissa similarly.

"Rosalie . . . will you deal with Julia, please," said Quentin. "Eighteen strokes, remember . . . and all on her bottom if you can manage it."

"I'll try, Mr. Osman . . ."

"And give it to her hard, Rosalie. There's no point in giving anyone a light caning. They've got to be made to feel it well and truly."

"I understand, Mr. Osman . . ."

Julia began to sob louder and faster as Rosalie came into Havers' view, her bright eyes fastening on the girl's waiting bottom. As he gripped Julia even more tightly, he saw that bottom twitch and quiver with awful dread.

"Ready, Glenda?" enquired Quentin.

"Yes, Quentin . . ."

"Ready, Rosalie?"

"Yes, Mr. Osman . . ."

Havers felt a shaft of the purest sadistic joy lance through him as Rosalie, with teeth bared ferociously, brought the cane whiplashing down across Julia's thrusting, helpless buttocks.

The awful, gasping scream that erupted from beneath him was echoed by another from behind him . . .

## ENVOI

"I think Havers is going to enjoy himself next week."

"He seems to be doing that right now!" laughed Glenda.

"Even more so," said Quentin.

The two of them were watching the TV screen upon which Havers could be seen making free use of his hands while he removed Julia and Melissa from the tables after a prolonged stint of healing treatment. This, of course, had been most necessary at the conclusion of the first game of 'High Society'!

Havers slapped Melissa's bottom as she got off the table. It was a bottom restored to healthy whiteness again.

"I'm going to ask the boss for permission to fuck you this evening," Havers was heard to say.

Melissa appeared to accept the fact as meekly as she did the slap.

Glenda smiled. "Going to give it to him?"

"Probably," replied Quentin. "But I might have her myself first . . ."

"Bully for you," said Glenda. "And I might put Julia to work. Perhaps we could make up a foursome?"

"Why not?"

"Does Havers know we're going away next week?"

"Not yet. Does Rosalie?"

"No . . ."

"We'll tell them tonight, I think."

"Right. Then Rosalie can start my packing. Any plans for them while we're away?"

"No. I think we'll leave them entirely in the hands of the 'servants'. Quentin grinned. "Another step down the ladder. If that's possible!"

"Mmmm . . . I reckon Rosalie will enjoy herself every much as Havers. Servants, when they get the chance, can be even bossier than their masters!"

"True," nodded Quentin . . . "a little brief authority . . ."

"I'm looking forward to New York," said Glenda, stretching.

On the screen, Havers was fondling Julia's breasts with his right hand while he held her sitting upright by holding a hank of her hair in his left hand. Julia's features were an impassive mask . . . but in her eyes was a look of loathing and revulsion.

"Yes . . . it will make a change," agreed Quentin. "Do you know, Glenda," he went on, "sometimes I'm not sure if Julia is fully tamed even yet."

"You surprise me . . ."

"Well . . . look at her eyes now. Not very submissive, are they?" Glenda was silent for a few moments, watching Havers' hand continue to squeeze and fondle.

"No . . . I guess you're right. Perhaps it's different with Havers."

"Could be. But it shouldn't be! A slave-girl of mine ought not to have that look in her eyes no matter who I give her to!"

"Not very submissive at the moment, I agree . . ."

"Interesting . . ." mused Quentin. It intrigued him that there was still some spark left in Julia after all she had gone through. It pleased him, too. That made it more amusing than if one were dealing with a complete submissive . . . an automaton, a zombie-like creature.

"Perhaps she'll be more submissive towards him after Havers has had her in his charge for a week," suggested Glenda.

"Maybe . . . maybe . . ." nodded Quentin. "We shall see . . ."

On the screen, Havers released Julia's hair . . . slapped her bottom as she got off the healing table . . . and then ordered the girls back to their quarters. Side by side, the two lovely naked creatures left the room . . . curvaceously shaped . . . their soft female flesh quivering delectably.

Mine, thought Quentin, both mine . . .

Then he bent forward and switched off the TV set.

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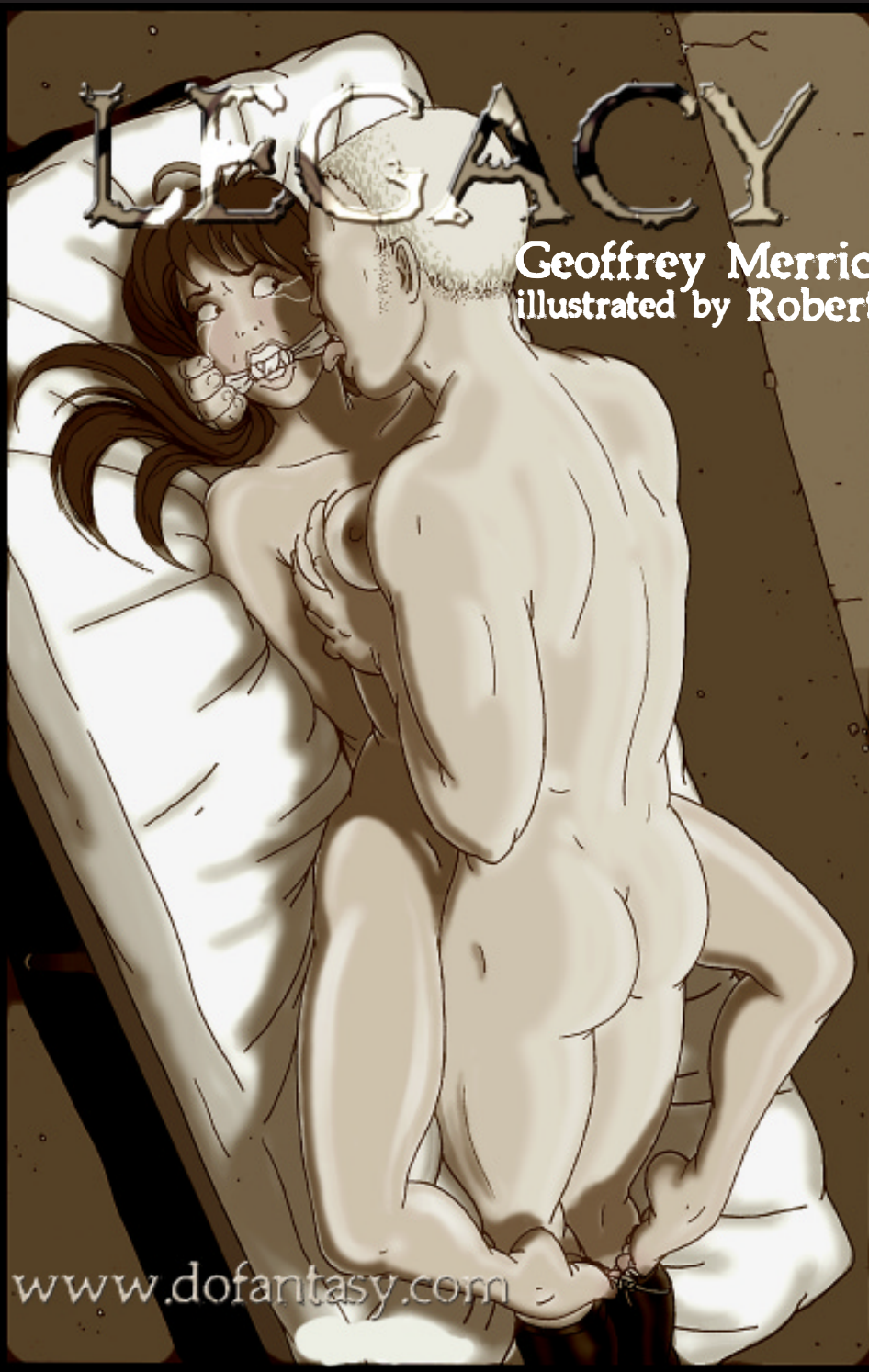
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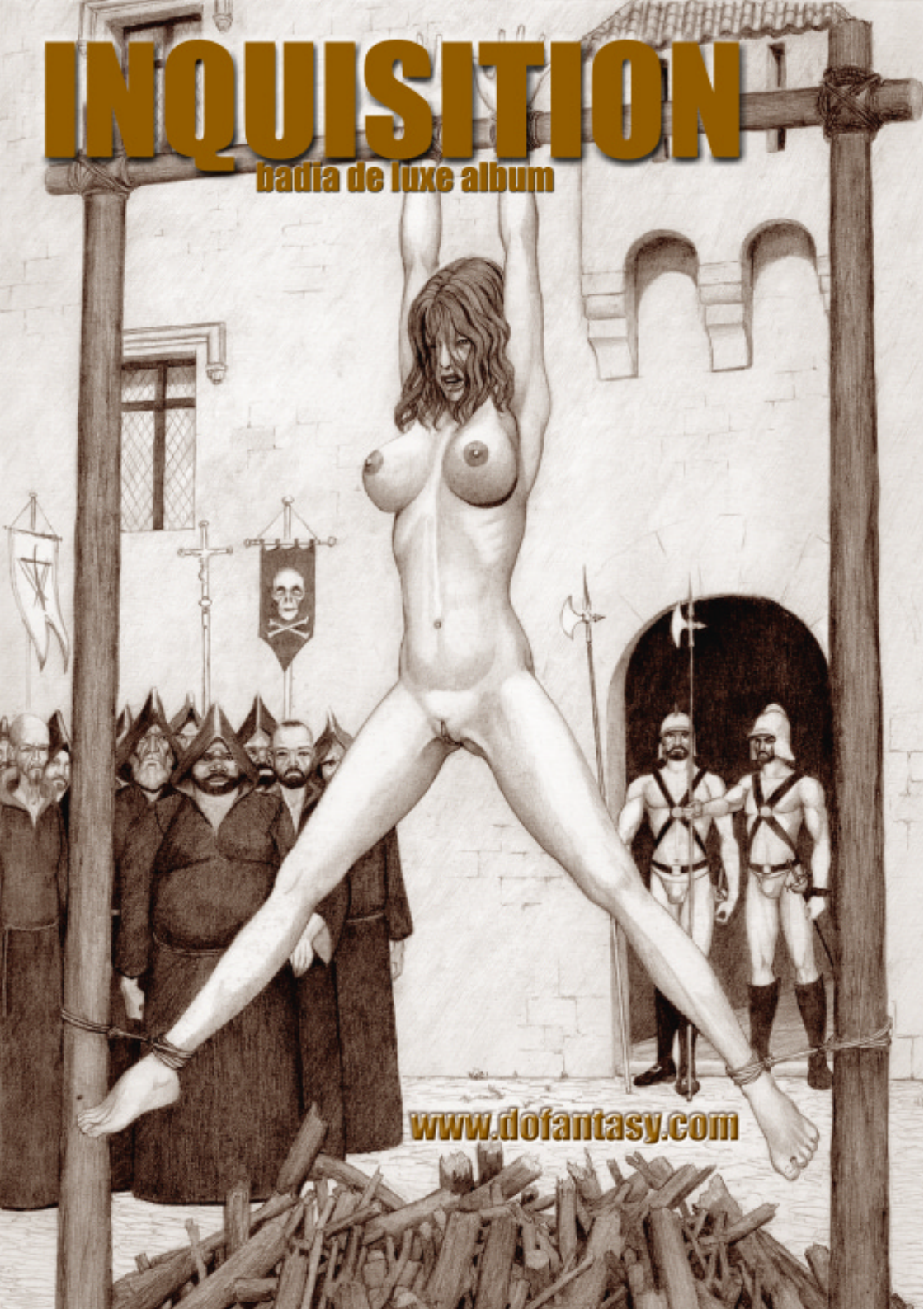
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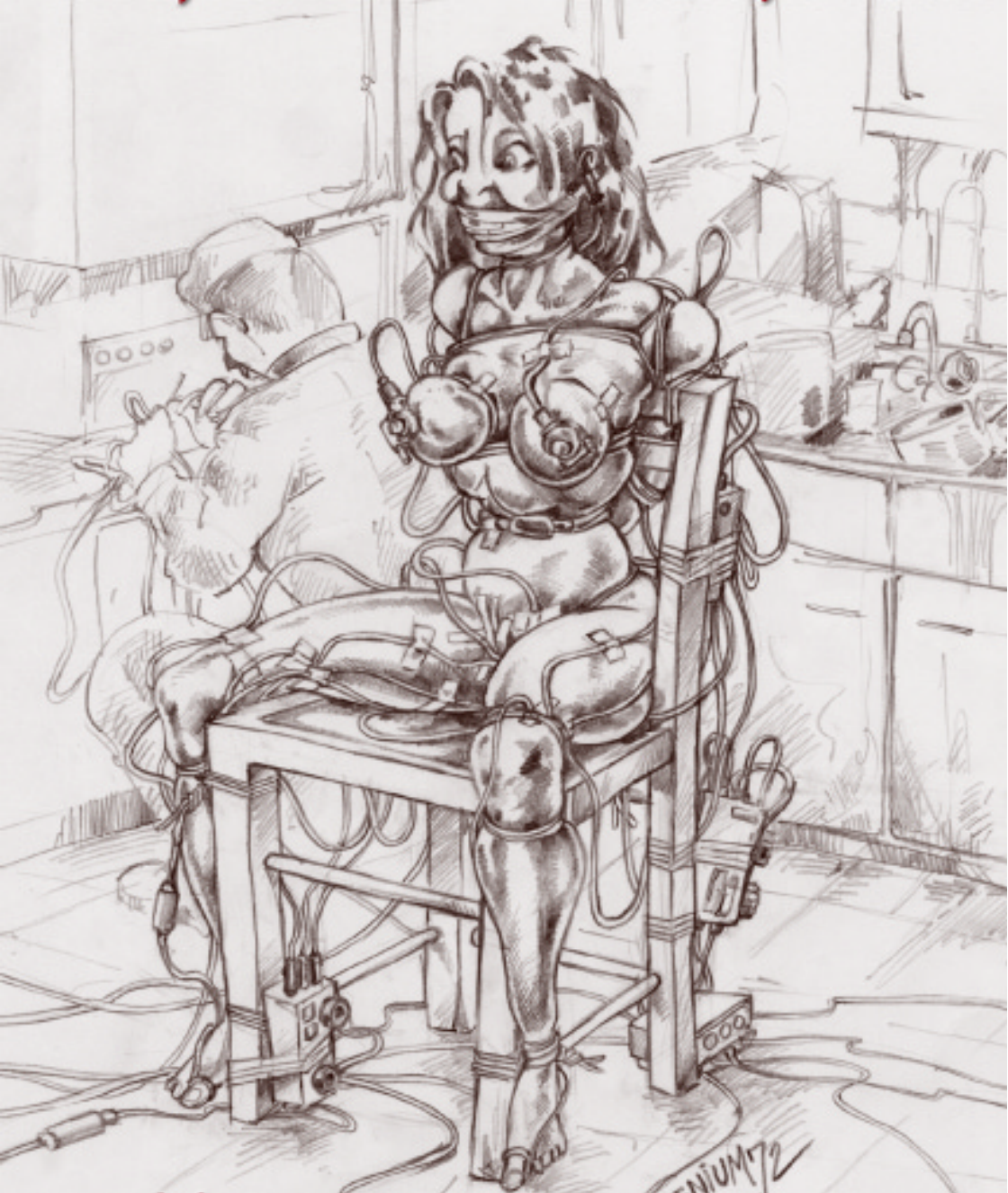


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