

**WHITE SLAVES
IN
BLACK AFRICA**

or

WHITE HUMAN CATTLE

by

ALLAN ALDISS

Introduction:

Readers of Allan Aldiss's various series of erotic books will be familiar with his stories of Emma, a beautiful young married woman. She is in thrall to a ruthless rich lesbian, Ursula, who employs a brute of a Black Haitian, Sabhu, to control her girls.

This new story, however, is quite different, for Emma is sold by her Mistress to an Arab slave dealer, who operates in a remote country, where White women are deliberately denigrated by being treated as animals – human cattle.

Moreover, whereas in the past Emma often had no idea just what was going to be done to her, especially when it came to being sponsored by an eager client for “forced breeding”, this story is again very different. This time, Emma describes vividly how she knows only too well just what is in store for her, and how she knows that, kept helpless, she and her friend Samantha will have to go right through with it all – and in a strange and terrifying setting.

This story was considered so shocking that it had to be omitted from the original series of books written by Allan Aldiss. However, the story can now be told, and, as usual, Allan has a gripping and highly arousing story to tell.



Author's note:

This is the story that the angry Emma wrote in her cage, and which the real Ursula sold to me, to have it published. Except for the names of people, it is unchanged.

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EPILOGUE

Home!

PROLOGUE

URSULA LAYS IT ON THE LINE

‘No!’ I cried in despair, ‘I won’t go through all that ever again. Never!’

‘Oh yes, you will, Emma, if that’s what the client wants – and is willing to pay me handsomely to sponsor you for it.’

‘Pay you handsomely! But I never see a penny of it.’

‘No, Emma, and you never will. You’re just my slave, and slaves don’t get paid.’

‘But it’s my body that’s being used, and it’s me that has all the pain and suffering.’

‘Yes indeed, it’s you. But having an unwanted maternity imposed on her – being used for forced breeding – is all part of the lot of a humble slave girl.’

‘No, I won’t do it! You can’t make me do it!’

‘Oh yes, I can, Emma! I’ve made you do it before, and I’ll damn well make you do it again.’

Ursula opened the drawer of her desk and took out the large already addressed and stamped envelopes, containing those shameful photographs and video tapes.

‘Won’t I, Emma?’

I shuddered, for I knew that they showed me being made shamefully to pleasure Ursula and her “Lady Clients”. Their faces were hidden – but not mine!

She picked up some other photographs. I shuddered even more – for I knew that they actually showed me being humiliatingly mated with different dogs. Others were close-ups of my subsequent incarcerations in Ursula’s breeding cages, my rapidly swelling belly, and, finally, of me shamefully dropping my little progeny.

‘Yes,’ she laughed cruelly, ‘you look so pretty with a beautifully curved belly.’

Ursula knew only too well that, if these were ever posted to my honourable mother-in-law, my unsuspecting husband or to my own friends and relations, then not only would that be the end of my marriage, but that I would never be able to show my face in any County society again.

‘Just remember, these are ready for posting – if you disobey me. You’re completely in my power, to do whatever I say – aren’t you?’

‘Yes, Madam,’ I whispered helplessly.

‘And you’re going to earn your kind Mistress a lot of money, by being offered for forced breeding again, aren’t you?’

Kind Mistress, indeed! But I just nodded, not daring to say a word of protest. And, of course, just as she had said, the money would all be going to Ursula, and damn all to me.

‘And as your husband tells me that he’s off abroad again for several months, I shall soon be making use of you accordingly.’

‘Oh no!’ I protested.

‘Oh yes, Emma, oh yes!’ replied Ursula, her eyes glinting, ‘And somehow I think that it won’t be long before you have a beautiful well-curved belly again – this time in a rather unusual setting, with you knowing exactly what is happening to you – and being quite unable to do anything about it.’

I shuddered as I heard these words, but I knew that indeed there was nothing I could do to avoid whatever fate it was that Ursula had planned for me.

‘And now,’ she went on, ‘I’m going to send you back home, whilst I go off abroad for a month, arranging some very special deals for a very special foreign client.’

‘Very special deals?’ I repeated nervously.

‘Yes, Emma, some that will include you. When I come back, I shall be sending for you again.’

‘Oh!’ I gasped.

‘And remember that whilst I’m away, Sabhu will be coming every week, to check that your purity laces are still nice and tight.’

‘But, please, do I have to be laced up? Can’t the laces and padlock be removed? Please! It’s so embarrassing – hiding them from my husband ... John’s so demanding!’

‘Certainly not, Emma! I’m not going to have you playing with yourself behind my back, nor having fun and games with a man – not even your husband. But don’t you worry – I’ve arranged for our doctor to write to John, saying that it would be dangerous for you to have sex.’

‘Oh!’ I said, thinking that, even so, John would still probably want to sleep in my bed.

‘And,’ Ursula went on, ‘you’re going to keep yourself in milk, for my “Special Client” is likely to want a girl with milk-laden breasts – and good prominent nipples that can be easily sucked.’

‘Oh no, please!’ I begged.

‘Oh yes, Emma! And although you did not realize it, you’ve already been given an injection to stop your milk from drying up. Sabhu will be giving you pills to keep the milk flowing.’

‘But my husband!’ I gasped.

‘Oh, I expect he’ll be delighted. You can tell him that you took some pills to come into milk for his greater pleasure. Sabhu will give you a nursing bra, to prevent any leaking milk from marking your clothes. He’ll also give you a little vacuum pump and bottle, so that you can milk yourself several times a day, to keep the milk flowing and keep your nipples properly elongated.’

Oh God, I thought, she really has got it all worked out. Then, changing the subject, I asked nervously: ‘But where will you be taking me? Not to that awful castle again?’

‘Oh no,’ laughed Ursula, ‘a long way from there! But never you mind where. You just go off home and rest – and get yourself fit and ready for your next ... little adventure.’

PART I –

PREPARATIONS FOR AN UNUSUAL EVENT

1 – AT HOME

I was lying in bed, wide-awake, thinking about Ursula's "very special foreign client" – presumably another horrible rich lesbian. Even more, I was anxiously thinking with dread about her frightening remark about me soon having a beautiful and nicely curved belly again. It might be a beautiful and enjoyable sight for her and her friends and clients – but it wasn't for me!

Suddenly, I felt my still half-asleep husband's erect manhood pressing against my bottom. Hastily I moved away. Luckily, I was wearing thick-padded pants, specially made for me, to prevent him from feeling my cruelly sewn-up nether lips.

Before sending me home, Sabhu had threaded the rubber-covered metal laces through the line of little eyelets down each of my outer lips, tightly criss-crossing them, like the laces of a shoe. Then he had pulled them taut. The clever thing about them was that my natural juices could still slip out between the laces.

Nor did I want John to discover the little padlock that prevented me from unfastening the laces, and which hung down between my legs – for, of course, he had no idea that his wife was in thrall to Ursula, and was kept locked-up for her pleasure.

Oh, the shame! Here I was, a married woman, being forced, behind my unsuspecting husband's back, into a secret and utterly degrading subjection by a ruthless and rich older woman – though I had to admit that at times it had been rather exciting.

Perhaps it was just as well, I thought sadly, that John was soon going off abroad again for several months. But then, of course, that would provide Ursula with a free run, to do whatever she liked with me. However, all that was in the future.

Now, to keep my awakening husband's hands off me, I hastily unfastened my pyjama top, pulled down my nursing bra and alternatively thrust first one and then the other of my milk-laden nipples into his mouth. Although he was still half asleep, I could feel him sucking. With my free hand I reached down and began to gently masturbate him.

Ursula did not mind me doing that. She did not like it, of course, for she did not want me or any of her girls to have anything to do with any man, even if he was her husband. But realistically, she realized that allowing me to masturbate my husband was a cheap price to pay for the sheer excitement of having me in her power. However, what she did strictly forbid, was any penetration – something that John, warned off by the doctor's bogus warning note, had learned to accept.

Nor did Ursula allow me to have any oral sex with my husband. That was reserved for her! My tongue, Ursula had laid down, was only for arousing and giving pleasure to her, my Mistress – or to any of her "Lady Clients". I knew that Sabhu would beat the truth out of me, if I deceived my Mistress in this way. Fortunately, John did not even suggest, never mind demand, this forbidden service, and so I was able to satisfy him with my hands.

Lucky him, I thought, as I slid my hand expertly up and down his manhood. If only I, too, could play with myself! I could feel that, under the laces, I, too, was becoming moist and

increasingly aroused. I put my free hand down to my smooth and hairless lips – but, of course, the tight laces made it impossible for me to get at my throbbing clitoris. Soon I would make John climax, but there would be no such relief for me – I was only allowed that, when pleasuring my Mistress, and even then only occasionally and with her explicit permission.

Oh, it was all so frustrating! It was also so typically cruel of Ursula, to keep me like this: pure and innocent as a little girl – just what she liked. But also, and against my will, I was being made out of sheer frustration to feel eager for her return – for I was kept utterly dependent on her for any pleasure that she might allow me.

My fingers touched the little padlock that kept the laces taut. It was a padlock, for which I did not have the key – only Sabhu had that.

John had met Ursula and been taken in by her charm. He was delighted to learn that I had met such an intelligent artist. He was equally delighted that she liked to ask me to come up, from our house in the country, to her London studio in fashionable Chelsea for several days a week, to, as she put it, “help with visiting clients”, interested in buying her pictures or in sponsoring a new one.

How horrified John would have been, if he had discovered, what Ursula’s clients really paid for – or that her studio house also doubled as a secret high-class lesbian brothel. Normal brothels for men were, of course, illegal, but who was going to mind about a discreet lesbian one, with the girls nominally studying art and posing as models for Ursula?

John had been even more delighted, when Ursula offered him “to look after” me and to let me stay permanently in her large house, whenever he was away on one of his frequent long-drawn-out trips to some remote lagoon in the Pacific, as part of his research work as an Oceanographer. It would, Ursula used to tell him, keep me out of mischief – and would allow me to earn a little pin money, to help supplement the slim housekeeping allowance that was all that John could afford to give me.

Yes, John used to say, it was very kind of Ursula to look after me so well. *Kind!* Kind, to make me service some ugly lesbian friend of hers? Kind, to have that horrible, burly great Black overseer of hers give me twenty strokes of the cane on my bottom like a child, at the slightest sign of what he regarded as “recalcitrance”, never mind “impertinence” or “dumb insolence”? Twenty strokes! They alone were enough to ensure my constant and humble obedience, never mind the pictures and videos.

Indeed, another of the reasons for wearing the padded pants was to hide the marks of Sabhu’s long springy cane on my bottom. If John and his easily shocked mother, or my own friends here in the country, knew what Ursula used to make me do, they would be appalled. But they would be even more appalled if they saw the marks of the cane.

Far worse, of course, would be if Ursula carried out her repeated threat of sending them copies of the photographs she had had made, when making me degradingly pleasure her clients – or putting me through an even more degrading maternity. That would mean the end of my marriage, and my reputation in society would be finished.

It was this Sword of Damocles constantly hanging over my head, that kept me in thrall to my Mistress and obedient to her every whim – even if this included the appalling idea of having to carry and deliver another litter of puppies, part of the miracles of modern medicine, as Ursula used to say.

At least, I thought, as I played with John’s now increasingly aroused manhood, Sabhu would not be coming to check my laces today. He had humiliatingly come down only a few days previously.

Sabhu was a big, brutish-looking and yet very cunning Afro-Caribbean from Haiti. Ursula employed him to control and oversee her girls in very degrading and intimate ways. He stood

no nonsense from any of us, and especially not from me, whom he regarded as an upper-class twit. He used his cane unmercifully to rule over us. He himself was not sexually interested in girls, preferring his new Black boy assistant, Mokid, who was also from Haiti.

Whenever Ursula was away, I was excused spending several days each week in her London house. But Sabhu would drive down once a week to my country house, dressed as Ursula's chauffeur, nominally to give me a parcel of papers that had arrived for Ursula, and which she wanted me to sort out, ready for her return. However, the real object of his visit was, of course, very different.

Firstly, it was to check the laces over my carefully depilated lips, so that he could report to Ursula that they were properly in place and taut. He could then reassure that I was therefore being kept pure and unable to masturbate, or to be penetrated by my husband, the two things that Ursula insisted on.

But this time, it had also been to check if I was keeping myself properly in milk – although I had been reporting daily to him on the amounts of milk my breasts were giving. The small plastic bottle bowl, attached to the bulb of the little vacuum pump, had a graduated scale on the side, and woe betide me, I knew, if my milk yield dropped off!

It was so embarrassing, having to invite the burly Black man up to my room, and there to be ordered to undress before him, so that he could check that I could not get at my clitoris and not be able to play with myself. It was also painful, as he rubbed a burning depilatory cream over my mound and down between my sewn-up nether lips.

Two weeks ago, driven half-crazy with frustration, I had stupidly and quite ineffectually tried to cut the rubber-covered metal laces with my nail scissors. Sabhu had seen the marks on the laces, and, furious, had produced a vicious little dog whip. Then, turning on my bedside radio to drown out the noise, he had made me bend over and had thrashed me there and then – whilst my husband was studying a professional journal downstairs.

Twenty strokes! The pain and humiliation of being thrashed by this Black brute of a man had been terrible. Moreover, I had been scared that John might hear the drawn-out beating going on upstairs. I had also been terrified of crying out.

However, that had not been all, for that afternoon, once again, I had to be careful to hide the marks on my bottom from my unsuspecting husband and from some friends, who were pressing me to join them for a swim in their pool. It was something that I so often had to do, when I returned from a few days "on duty" at Ursula's house.

It was also painful, on the day when Sabhu was due down, to keep my breasts unmilked, to ensure that this awful man could draw off a satisfactory amount of milk from each breast – milk, which he would then taste, to make sure that I had not been eating anything that might detract from its deliciousness.

I gave a little shudder, as I remembered one particularly dreadful time, when Ursula was away and Sabhu had come, to check that the laces and padlock were firmly in place. That time, however, it was also to make sure that I could not get rid of the little progeny, which Ursula had ensured was, to my increasing dismay, happily growing inside me. Then the padded pants also served to hide, when I was in bed with John, what Ursula, her clients and the sponsor who had paid for me to be mated, regarded as my "beautiful curved belly".

On this occasion, ordering me to walk up and down and pirouette round, Sabhu had videoed my tummy with his portable camera – before sending copies of the tape to Ursula and to the cruel sponsor of my secret maternity.

I gave another little shiver, as I remembered how, day by day, I then had to hide my swelling tummy under one of Ursula's cast-off corsets – until it was just too big to hide. Then, just as I was desperately wondering what to do, Ursula had returned and had telephoned John,

to say that she would like me to spend a few weeks with her abroad, helping her with a forthcoming exhibition. Little did he know that what was going in fact to be exhibited to my sponsor and to Ursula's other fascinated clients, was not Ursula's paintings, but his own wife's strangely and rapidly swelling belly.

Sometimes, Ursula would suddenly invite herself down for the weekend. Apparently innocently, she would invite me to join her in the guest room, "to see some papers she had brought". But once we were alone, she would produce her cane and order me to bare my breasts and offer her my milk.

But that was not all, for at night, as soon as John was asleep, I would have to crawl along the corridor to her room. On all such occasions, she would be waiting for me, a cane in her hand, dressed in a long loose negligée, under which I would have to crawl and apply my mouth to her mound ...

But that was all in the past, for, on his last visit, Sabhu had told me that Miss de Vere, as he called Ursula, would be back in a few days' time. As soon as John had again gone abroad, I was to present myself again in Miss de Vere's house in Chelsea. I had longed to tell him and Ursula to go and jump into the lake, but remembering those awful videos, I knew that I would have no alternative but to obey her call.

'You aren't going to put me back into that awful chastity belt, are you?' I had asked anxiously. Oh, how I had hated that clever rubber-edged, chromium-plated steel belt with its plastic grille, which prevented me from touching myself, and through which, so humiliatingly, I had to spend a penny when I needed to do so – just as now, being sewn-up, I had to do so through the laces! The belt had also served as a very effective breeding belt, preventing me, like the laces it had supplemented, from seeking a simple abortion.

'Oh no!' replied Sabhu cruelly in his broken English with a half Caribbean, half French accent, 'Miss de Vere, she now got something else in store for you.'

'What do you mean?' I gasped. 'Tell me! Tell me!'

'Oh, you soon see,' Sabhu had laughed. 'Maybe you soon visit strange country.' Then he had paused cunningly. 'Maybe Miss de Vere, she think it time you become little mother-to-be again. Clients abroad pay a lot extra, to see a Christian White girl being strangely mated, and then to see her with nicely curved belly. You'd like to have curved belly again, wouldn't you, little girl?'

'No, no!' I had cried horrified. 'Not again, please. Anything, but not that!' Yes, it was horrible being in thrall to Ursula – and to be used by her as one of her girls.

Putting aside all these thoughts, I realized that John was near to climaxing. Lucky him, I again thought. I squeezed his nipples and felt his body tremble. Then, with a sudden cry, he erupted – all over me.

2 – HUMILIATINGLY CHECKED AND WASHED

A few days later, I took a crowded early morning commuter train to London, for I did not dare to be late. I was feeling a little sad, for the day before I had said goodbye to John at the airport, as he left for several months in the Pacific, pursuing his oceanographic research. But at least, I thought, he would be blissfully unaware of what Ursula would be making me do, whilst he was away.

Indeed, I could not help thinking of how shocked my fellow passengers would be, if they knew the truth about where I was going. The attractive young woman travelling with them, so from being bound for some City finance house, was actually on her way to spend a few days on duty in Ursula's discreet up-market brothel for rich lesbian ladies – ladies, who enjoyed dominating younger girls. What would they think, if they knew that she was going to be displayed naked in one of her Mistress's cages, with a number humiliatingly painted prominently on her forehead, for ease of identification?

I shuddered, as I thought that, being displayed like this, it would probably not be long, before Ursula's mysterious special foreign client took me off abroad, to be mated with a chosen dog. Of course, this would be, after the eggs of a pedigree real bitch of the same breed had been inserted in me and I was ready to conceive, having had an injection of the special serum, which would prevent my body from rejecting the alien little creatures growing inside me.

My fellow passengers would be equally shocked, if they had known that a nursing bra hid my milk-laden breasts – ready not to feed a child, but to pander to the lusts of my Mistress's lesbian Lady friends and clients. Moreover, my breasts were feeling awkwardly full, for, knowing that they would be inspected on arrival, I had not dared to use the little vacuum pump since the previous evening.

I had had, of course, no option but to obey Ursula's summons. I wondered if my services had already been booked by some horrible fat old cow, as well as by her mysterious foreign client. I also wondered nervously whether the services she had paid for, would include beating me, just for her amusement.

On arriving in Ursula's house in Chelsea, I reported to young Mokid. It was bad enough having a burly Black man in charge of me, but to have to obey the orders of a nasty little Black boy, half my age, was too much. However, I had learned that, young though he might be, he could still very painfully wield a dog whip on a soft White female bottom – and, moreover, he was always eager to find an excuse to do so.

Grinning, the boy locked a collar, with a tag prominently marked "7" on it, round my neck. I hated having to wear it. As was intended, it made me feel like an animal – or a slave.

Snapping a lead onto the ring at the back of the collar, Mokid drove me with his little whip upstairs into Sabhu's office-cum-bedroom in the attic, next to the cages of the breeding kennels.

Sabhu was seated at his desk, dressed in his normal black butler's uniform. I bit my lips, as I saw that lying on the desk was his much feared, long, flexible cane, with a curved handle like those of the canes, which used to be used in schools. A distinctive red ribbon was attached to the handle.

I blushed as, standing awkwardly before him, he silently looked me up and down. Oh, how I hated and feared this awful, big, strong Black man, with his cruel blood-shot eyes! Why did Ursula have to employ him?

My own attitude to Ursula was different. I half loved and half hated my ruthless Mistress. It was both exciting and terrifying being in her power. But Sabhu just provoked fear.

'Strip, girl!' he ordered, picking up the cane. Oh, how awful it was for me, a married woman, to be insultingly called "girl" by a Black man!

'And hang clothes in cupboard,' he added.

I hesitated. It was so embarrassing, having to undress in front of a man and in front of the boy.

'Naked – at once!' the boy added, bringing his dog whip down with a frightening crash on the desk. I saw Sabhu glance approvingly at his young assistant, and then, blushing, I

hastily undressed and hung my clothes in the cupboard. I knew that I would not be seeing them again for some time.

‘Attention!’

Hastily, I stretched my fingers straight down and looked straight ahead, my ankles touching, my chest thrust out and my tummy sucked in – like a soldier on parade. My heart was in my mouth, as Sabhu silently ran the tip of his cane over my hips. I did not dare to move,

He turned to Mokid. ‘Nice puppy-bearing hips,’ he commented. He ran his cane over my naked tummy. ‘I expect this soon be nicely curved again.’ I wanted to scream out aloud in protest, but I bit my lip and kept quiet.

He pointed at my painfully milk-laden breasts. ‘Leave these as they are,’ he said. ‘I want our client to see milk oozing out of them.’ Oh God, I thought. I had been counting on Sabhu having me milked, to ease the pressure.

He turned to me. ‘And you not try to ease the pressure either,’ he said in his rather broken English. ‘If I see one drop of milk on floor of your cage, you get fifteen strokes for disobedience. Understand?’ Scared by the threat of a caning, I just nodded humbly.

He turned to Mokid. ‘But now, you get her spotlessly clean,’ he said. ‘Miss de Vere, she has special foreign client coming today.’

The “special foreign client”? The one she had told me about? Oh God!

‘So,’ went on Sabhu, ‘you take her into girls’ bathroom. Get her into bath and start to wash her. I come soon to check.’

I knew that Sabhu was very fastidious and liked his girls to be absolutely spotless clean when shown off to a client, but it was embarrassing being talked about, as if I were a mindless child.

Then I saw him hand Mokid a little key. ‘Here is key to padlock. You will need that.’

Giving me a sharp tap on my bottom with his dog whip, the little boy led me into the adjoining girls’ bathroom. In the centre of the room was a little table, on which I recognised with dread a black leather muzzle, shaped like a surgical mask, but thicker. The figure “7” was painted prominently over the mouthpiece.

I knew of old how effective these muzzles of Sabhu’s were. They fitted tightly under the chin and over the nostrils, making it almost impossible to open the mouth. Inside was a thick rubber flap, which pressed down on the tongue. All you could do was to make little moaning noises, and even these were muffled. The muzzles were held in place by tight straps on either side, which were fastened with a little padlock behind the neck. Even with your hands free, you could not get it off.

But that was not all, for I also saw on the table a female douche, a pair of wrist manacles, linked by a short chain, and a similar pair of ankle manacles. I also saw the boy put the little key down on the table – the key to the padlock, which had been keeping me so pure and frustrated.

Meanwhile, Mokid was running a hot bath. He came over to me and gently squeezed each breast in turn, smiling as he was rewarded with a little squirt of milk from each one.

‘Good!’ he exclaimed. Then he picked up the key. ‘Bend over!’ he ordered. ‘Legs wide apart! Head up! Keep quite still, or you get whip.’

I again blushed at the boy’s humiliating orders, but frightened of getting a stroke of the dog whip, I hastily obeyed.

The boy came behind me. I felt his hand between my legs, running down the line of the tight laces. Then I saw him pick up the key, heard the meaningful little click and saw him put the key and padlock back onto the table. I felt the laces ease, and then the boy began to undo

them, pulling the strings out of the little steel eyelets, which had been inserted, a long time ago, down the length of my outer lips.

As he did so, I could feel my lips, that had previously been so tightly constrained, begin to open again, like the petals of Morning Glory flowers greeting the sun.

‘Hold up wrists!’ Mokid ordered. He locked two manacles onto my wrists, which were now linked by a short length of chain.

‘Ankles together!’ He similarly linked my ankles. These, I knew, were to make us look more than ever like abject slaves in the eyes of Ursula’s wealthy “Lady Clients” – and particularly, I presumed, in those of this special foreign one.

He ran his hand over my smooth and hairless mound and nether lips. All of Ursula’s girls were kept completely depilated. ‘Sabhu’s new laser very good – just a few little hairs beginning to show,’ he commented. ‘But I use old system today.’

I shivered, for I knew what that meant. Sure enough!

‘Clasp hands behind neck! Head up and legs apart!’ the horrible little boy ordered, putting on a pair of rubber surgical gloves and picking up a jar of Sabhu’s favourite burning depilatory cream. Biting my lips, I straightened up, looked right ahead and parted my legs.

I felt the boy’s hands rubbing the burning cream in every part of my crotch. Moments later, I was writhing in pain, as the cream did its work. I wanted to lower my hands and rub the cream off, but Mokid was holding his dog whip, tapping it warningly against the palm of his hand. ‘Keep still!’ he warned.

At last, he was satisfied and sponged off the cream. He ran his hands down my mound. ‘Yes, lovely and smooth now,’ he murmured to himself.

But worse was to follow. ‘Bend over and turn round,’ came the order. ‘Keep head up.’

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the boy pick up the douche. Then, moments later, I felt my nether lips being parted and the douche being inserted at full length into my vagina. The boy squeezed the rubber bulb, and I gave a little shudder as I felt the scented soapy liquid squirting into me. Then it was removed, and, after some moments, I was allowed to squat over the bathroom bidet.

The douche was cleaned and the rubber bulb refilled with soapy water. Then, horrified, I felt the boy’s finger on my rear orifice.

‘You been today?’ came the embarrassing question. Blushing, I nodded.

‘Properly, girl?’

‘Yes, Sir.’ How I hated having to call this mere boy “Sir”!

‘We soon see.’

I felt the douche being inserted into my bottom. Again, the bulb was squeezed and then removed. Watched by the boy, I was allowed to empty myself into the loo. The boy was satisfied. I was both clean and empty.

‘Get into bath and stand up,’ the boy ordered. Picking up a sponge, he began to wash me all over like a baby, lifting up my breasts and arms to get better at me. Once again, I bit my lips to stop myself from protesting.

‘Hands behind back,’ came the order. ‘Head up!’

Not daring to look down, I felt him part my beauty lips and wash between them. How awful for something so intimate to be done by this young boy!

Then I was allowed to lie back in the bath and enjoy the hot water. But Sabhu came into the room and sat down on a stool by the side of the bath. So, hastily, I rose respectfully to my feet, and, as I knew I must, turned to face him and came to Attention.

I could feel Sabhu looking my naked body up and down. I was still one of the most beautiful of Ursula's girls, with blue eyes and long honey-coloured hair, which hung down over my shoulders.

He picked up a bar of soap and ran his hand carefully over my breasts. 'Yes, Mokid,' I heard him say approvingly, 'they nice and firm – and milk-laden. No sign being made to feed her puppies did any harm to them.'

He felt my prominent nipples that he had, so shamefully, considerably elongated during horrible daily sessions with his little nipple vacuum pump, even before my previous mating, to help my hungry little progeny to get a good suck later. He nodded approvingly.

Oh, the shame!

He ran his soapy hands over my belly. 'Yes,' he said, 'she now quite recovered from forced maternity, and her figure now back to normal slim self. Evidently, she properly carrying out the exercises that I ordered her to do at home – under threat of a good thrashing, if she not do them.' He laughed. 'Yes, Mokid, only two months ago, this little belly was very prominently curved – by the pedigree litter she being made to carry for her sponsor.'

He ran his hands down lower. 'Legs wide apart, bend knees!' he ordered.

Once again, biting my lips with shame, I obeyed. Sabhu ran his hands, slippery with soap, over my smooth and hairless mound. I saw him point at the little padlock now lying on the table and smile cruelly. 'That can play key role in any future maternity: preventing her from interfering with, or getting rid of any little progeny that she being made carry delivery – against her will.'

Again, he laughed. 'How simple and convenient, when she next mated, to undo padlock, to ease the laces sufficiently, to allow passage of chosen dog's manhood, or Miss de Vere's own dildo, or that of one of her clients – and so allow fertilising seed to penetrate deep up into her, when, against her will, she next mated.'

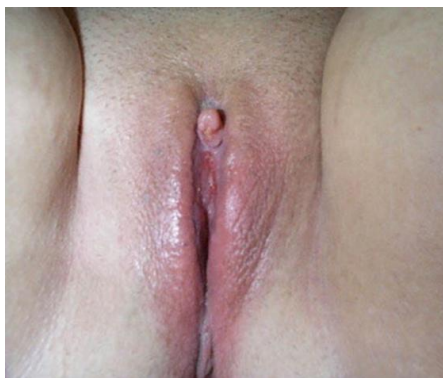
'And for delivery?' I heard the boy ask precociously.

'No problem,' came the reply. 'We just unlock padlock, to ease the laces, to allow progeny to slip out, and then later, when it's all over, tighten them up again and replace padlock. That way Miss de Vere, she keep control of girl's body. That what she like.'

Yes indeed, I thought ruefully, that's exactly what my Mistress likes!

I felt him lower his hands from my mound to my equally hairless nether lips and feel the eyelets for the laces. 'These two lines give great pleasure to "Lady Client", pressing her own beauty lips down onto the wriggling girl below her,' he explained to the wide-eyed boy.

'You see,' he added, 'no sign of ugly protruding inner lips – for they snipped off by Doctor Anna, when she fitted the two lines of steel eyelets down her outer lips. Now I check beauty nub. You look carefully and see it nestling between the top of the two lips. The covering foreskin has been also taken away by Doctor Anna. Now you tickle it.'



I was appalled at my intimacies being shown off like this by a brute to a mere boy. I could not help giving a little moan of pleasure, as he gently stroked my provokingly displayed clitoris. But, still standing at Attention, I did not dare to look down.

‘You see,’ I heard Sabhu grunt, ‘she still properly responsive.’

‘And getting wet,’ said the boy. I could feel myself blushing yet again.

‘Great pity,’ muttered Sabhu, ‘at same time we snip off sensitive flaps of inner lips, we not allowed take opportunity to snip off even more sensitive clitoris. That would put end to many of Emma’s little tricks to give herself pleasure. And also have earned me even larger tips from “Lady Clients”. They love idea of a circumcised girl, made by fear of the whip to wriggle under them, and not getting any pleasure themselves.’

‘But then why she not “done”?’ I heard the boy ask.

‘Because, alas, circumcising Ladies illegal here in England. But female circumcision allowed in other countries,’ added Sabhu in a grim tone of voice that made me tremble, as I listened open-mouthed to what he was saying.

‘Just a tiny little operation – just a snip, and then girl feels nothing. No more pleasure, no more masturbating. Only pleasure then, when penetrated by manhood or by a Lady’s dildo. Make girl desperate for that.’

He laughed cruelly. ‘But, Miss de Vere, she have to be very careful, and only have girls “done” abroad.’

Taken abroad to be circumcised! Ursula was always threatening to have done this to me. It was another Sword of Damocles, hanging over my head. If I were “done”, I knew that from then on, to prevent John from discovering it, I would always have to fake pleasure – if we were ever allowed to make love again!

Sabhu then stood up. ‘Right!’ he said to Mokid. ‘Replace the laces. Make sure that they’re tight, and padlock her up again. Manacle wrists and ankles, and put her into Cage 7.’

Cage 7? My usual cage was Number 4. What, I wondered, had happened, to make them change my cage? Who was in my old cage?

‘And don’t forget to mark her,’ added Sabhu. I saw that Mokid was grinning. How he enjoyed humiliating us grown-up White women. I shuddered. I knew that my new number, “7”, would be painted on my forehead and on the right-hand cheek of my bottom. This was not only for ease of reference, to supplement the numbered tag attached to my collar, but also to help a client, when filling in a brief “Performance Report” on me, which could then be offered to a following client – and now perhaps to the mysterious “Special Client”.

It would then be so humiliating, having to stand before Sabhu, like a naughty schoolgirl, who had been given a note to take to her Head Mistress. I had to watch him, nervously, as the envelope was opened – except that, unlike the schoolgirl, I was a grown-up woman and would be standing naked and stiffly at Attention, and not in front of a Headmistress, but in front of a beastly, burly great Negro.

His eyes would light up with pleasure, if a £ 20 note fluttered out of the envelope, a tip for him, as a reward for my satisfactory performance. He would then pat my cheek and give me a little sweetie, as if rewarding a little dog, before ordering Mokid to freshen up my inevitably smudged lipstick and make-up, and brush my hair until it shone, before locking me up in my cage again – ready to be shown off to another client.

But I knew that his bloodshot eyes would widen in anger, if the Performance Report contained any criticism such as “*Number Seven was slow to suck me properly*”, or “*Number Seven answered me back, when ordered to lick my bottom, as I sat on her*”. Then, seizing me by the hair, he would, I knew, there and then make me bend over, to receive twenty desperately painful strokes of his cane.

A beating like that was quite enough to ensure that next time I behaved like the submissive little girl that was the hallmark of Ursula's girls. The client might be an ugly, lesbian friend of Ursula's with short-cropped hair, or a hugely fat and revolting-looking, but rich Arab, or an African woman, eager to subject a White girl to her will. Either way, I would have to show utter subservience if I were to avoid another beating.

But the number was not only painted on me to help the client scribble her Performance Report. It was also painted onto the back of my hands, to serve as a constant reminder, as I crawled about my little cage, of utter helplessness in the power of Ursula.

My reverie was interrupted by Sabhu's voice. 'And don't forget to muzzle her,' he added, pointing to the muzzle marked "7", which was already lying waiting on the table. 'She's going to have a shock, when she sees who's in the next-door cage.'

I wondered what he meant – and even more so, when he added: 'So I not want them start trying to whisper sweet nothings to each other. They both here to be shown off to the special visitor – not to chatter to each other!'

3 – CAGED!

Mokid led me out into the attic, on a lead like a dog, collared, muzzled and crawling on all fours, with my wrist and ankle manacles clanking.

I glanced at the raised line of ten small numbered cages, which I knew so well. I was surprised that they all seemed occupied. Normally, Ursula only kept a few girls in the cages. I remembered, what she had said about going abroad on a very special mission. Goodness! Had she brought these girls back with her?

They all seemed to be blue-eyed blondes – like me! Where had they come from? Had she, as usual, found them abroad in Eastern Europe and seduced them, or simply enticed the unsuspecting girls back to London – only to find themselves handed over to Sabhu and kept locked up in a cage? Had they, too, I wondered, all been tricked into signing the innocent-looking "Form of Assent", which Ursula made all her girls sign, saying that they voluntarily gave permission to Miss de Vere to use them as she wished?

I passed a rather pretty, frightened-looking young blond girl in Cage 1. She was kneeling and gripping the bars of her cage with her manacled hands. Like me, she was collared and muzzled, in her case the number "1" gleaming on the mask of her muzzle and on her forehead. Like me, she was naked, except for her collar and her wrist and ankle manacles.

I gasped as I saw that she was clearly pregnant, with what Sabhu and Ursula would regard as a beautifully curved little belly. Poor thing, I thought. Moreover, I saw that a shiny chain-mail pouch had been fastened over her mound, with little flat securing chains going back over her hips and up between the cheeks of her bottom, to meet a padlock in the small of her back. It was, I recognised, one of Sabhu's dreaded breeding belts.

I saw that the usual heavy chain linked the ring at the back of her collar to a ring set in the wall at the back of her cage, which like the other cages was too low to allow her to stand up.

I gave a little shudder, as I remembered hearing Ursula telling a prospective sponsor, that it was safer to keep little human brood bitches crawling on all fours, when they were carrying their valuable litters. And, she had added, it was also best later on, when they were in milk, to keep them crawling, with their milk-laden breasts hanging down below them. As with all

the cages, a lead was hanging from a hook outside her cage – a constant reminder to the girl inside – if she needed a further one – of her subservience.

Then, as I was led crawling past Cage 2, I saw that the blond blue-eyed girl in that cage was also pregnant and locked into a shiny breeding belt. Goodness! But how did these two expectant girls fit into Ursula's "very special commission"? And, moreover, a special commission, which, she had said, included me. Then I saw that the girl in Cage 3 was also pregnant, but very much more so, with an even more beautifully curved belly. My God!

Then, suddenly, I stopped dead in my tracks. There, in the next cage, marked "4", was a blond boy. Yes, here in one of Ursula's cages, was a boy! Perhaps I should say, a youth, for he looked only a few years younger than the girls in Cages 1, 2 or 3. What on Earth was he doing here?

Like them, he was naked, collared, chained, muzzled and manacled. The only difference was a little leather chastity pouch, tightly strapped over his manhood and testicles. I saw that it was locked with a padlock in the small of his back. There were little holes in the bottom of the pouch – presumably to allow liquid wastes to be passed out through his evidently strapped back manhood. I remembered hearing some of Ursula's clients boasting that they kept their toy boys locked up like this.

I saw him looking at me eagerly over his muzzle, as I crawled past his cage. Was it imagination, or did I also see his pouch quiver slightly, as if his manhood was straining to become erect at the sight of my naked body?

The next two cages, 5 and 6, held two more blond women. They were strangely very similar in looks and very beautiful. One looked rather older than the other. My God, I thought, are they mother and daughter?

I remembered that subjecting a mother and daughter simultaneously to forced breeding, was highly popular amongst Ursula's clients – and very profitable for her, too. Poor things! I wondered if they had any idea of what might be in store for them.

I glanced again at the slightly older woman in Cage 5 and at the younger girl in Cage 6, and then back at the boy in Cage 4. There was a distinct family resemblance. My God, I thought, was the boy the older woman's son? And thus, the brother of the girl in Cage 6? Had Ursula had not only brought over a mother and daughter, but a son as well?

However, I did not have time to think more about this, because, with a crack of his dog whip on my bottom, Mokid pointed impatiently to a still empty cage next to the daughter's cage, Number 6. Like the numbers painted on my forehead and on my muzzle, this cage was marked "7".

The boy began to unlock the heavy padlock, which kept locked the small barred door to the cage. As he was fumbling with the keys, I looked at the beautiful blond girl in the cage beyond mine, Number 8. I gasped, for although her face was half hidden by her muzzle, she seemed familiar. Suddenly, I recognised Samantha.

Yes, she was Samantha! My beautiful one-time lover – until Sabhu had found us together, making passionate love in a hotel bedroom. Like me, Samantha had been a young married woman in the power of Ursula – and kept as equally frustrated as myself, which was why we had broken out to seek a little relief, at last, in each other's arms.

Furious, Sabhu had taken us back to Ursula, to be punished for being unfaithful to our enraged Mistress. What followed, had been so painful and awful that neither of us had ever dared to see or even contact each other again.

Now here she was, in the cage next door to mine. No wonder Sabhu had told Mokid, he did not want us whispering sweet nothings to the girl in the cage next door.

Over her muzzle Samantha's eyes looked as wide open in surprise as mine must have looked. I saw her vainly trying to reach out between the bars of her cage with her manacled hands. I heard a little stifled moan come out from under her muzzle.

Why was she here? Was she, too, part of Ursula's mysterious "special commission"? Was she, too, destined for forced breeding? Were we both going to be mated simultaneously? Two married women being offered for sponsoring for a degrading forced breeding? Little did I know at that time that our fate was not going to be so simple.

I moaned back in reply. 'Silence!' screamed young Mokid, again bringing his dog whip down hard across my bare bottom. 'Breeding bitches don't talk!' Then he opened the door of my cage and thrust me in, fastening the heavy chain to the back of my collar, and closing the padlock on the barred door. He hung my lead on a hook outside my cage.

Although Samantha's and my cage were adjoining, a separating wall prevented us from seeing each other, and, of course, our muzzles prevented us from even whispering to each other behind the backs of Sabhu or Mokid.

The cage was too low to stand up in, and I knelt, gripping the bars with my manacled hands, hoping against hope to catch another glimpse of Samantha – or perhaps the boy in the next-door cage on the other side.

4 – SAMANTHA IS CANED

Suddenly, I saw Sabhu enter the attic. As usual he was holding his dreaded cane with its distinctive red ribbon round the handle. 'Punishment!' he announced.

There were little gasps of fear from behind the muzzles of the caged girls, as each waited to know whether it was her, who was going to be punished. Each was desperately thinking back, as Sabhu intended, examining her conscience for any misdeed she might have committed.

Suddenly, Sabhu called out: "Number Eight!"

Number eight, I repeated mentally. That was my beloved Samantha's number!

'Bring her to my office, for punishment,' Sabhu told Mokid, and left.

Punishment! I wondered what offence Samantha had committed. She had always been an outspoken girl, and, like me, had hated Sabhu.

There was the rattle of a key in a padlock and the creaking noise of a cage door being opened. I heard Samantha's heavy collar chain being unfastened, and saw Mokid pick up her lead. 'Out!' shouted the boy, bending down to attach Samantha's lead to her collar.

I saw Samantha now being led on all fours past my cage. Her lovely full breasts, the soft breasts that I used to know so well, were hanging down prominently below her. They looked as milk-laden as mine. Goodness! What had Ursula been doing to her?

She turned her head and looked at me. There was terror in her eyes. My heart went out to her, and I reached out through the bars of my cage, making a little gesture of sympathy. There was nothing else I could do.

Then she was led out of the attic and into Sabhu's adjoining office. As usual the door was left ajar. This was, I knew of old, to allow the other terrified girls, still locked in their cages, to hear the strokes of Sabhu's whip.

There were two main punishments: ten strokes for “Lack of Respect to Sabhu”, and twenty for “Lack of Zeal with a Client”.

“Lack of Respect” covered such misdemeanours as “arguing”, “answering back” or “dumb insolence”, and was the way that Sabhu kept us girls so well disciplined. “Lack of Zeal” with a client was, when a client did not give Sabhu a tip as big as he expected. It made sure that a girl – or girls – desperately strove to give pleasure to the client, who had chosen them. The thought of Sabhu’s waiting whip was never far out of a girl’s mind, as she strained to give more and more pleasure.

Now, through the open door, I could hear the noise of Sabhu’s whip being slowly applied to poor Samantha’s bare bottom. As was intended, I found myself automatically counting the well spaced-out strokes.

One! A long pause, and then ... Two! Another long pause, and then ... Three! Then Four and Five. The slow beating went on. It stopped at fifteen. What, I kept wondering, had been Samantha’s offence? Telling Sabhu, what she thought of him?

Moments later, a sobbing Samantha was led crawling back past my cage. There were now ten neatly arranged stripes on her bottom. I saw her reach back with a manacled hand, trying to rub her aching bottom. My heart went out to her.

I heard her being put back into her cage. There was rattle of a chain, as her heavy collar chain was fastened to her collar. The small barred door was slammed shut and locked. Then Mokid left the attic. Except for Samantha’s sobbing and the occasional rattling of a chain, there was silence.

I looked nervously across the attic at the little internal television camera, which I knew traversed endlessly up and down the line of cages, enabling Sabhu in his office to check that none of us were misbehaving. It also enabled Ursula, in her sumptuous drawing room downstairs, to give new clients a preliminary and tantalising glimpse of the merchandise on offer.

Now I, too, was now just another one of Ursula’s girls. But my mind was in turmoil. With John having just gone off again for several months, did Ursula intend to have me mated again? Perhaps together with Samantha?

I remembered Sabhu’s strange and guarded remarks about being taken abroad. I remembered feeling pity for the mother and daughter in cages 5 and 6, for not knowing what was in store for them. My God, what was in store for me?

Had Samantha and I, the boy and this rather large number of girls, all been brought together and caged here for some purpose? But what for, for Heaven’s sake?

PART II – A TERRIFYING ARAB

5 – THE STRANGE VISITOR

‘Kneel for Inspection!’ Sabhu ordered, emphasising his order with a frightening crack of the whip. The new girls’ knowledge of English might only be rudimentary, but clearly they had been trained to obey this order. I heard a rattle of chains, as we all lined up sideways onto the bars of our cages. It was, I knew, a position that gave a visitor a good view of our breasts hanging down below – and of our bellies too, especially if they were swollen.

‘Heads up! Look straight ahead – at walls of cage,’ ordered Sabhu, as he walked up and down in front of the cages, checking that each of us was in the correct position. Then there was a sudden swishing noise as, satisfied that we all made a perfect picture of well-disciplined and submissive womanhood, Sabhu pressed the button that closed a pair of thick blue velvet curtains over the front of each cage. These had been one of Ursula’s recent improvements, and enabled each girl to be displayed in turn, kneeling behind the bars of her cage and lit up by a spotlight in the ceiling of her cage, to a visiting client.

Each pair of curtains had an embroidered pelmet, so that they resembled the curtains on the stage of a theatre, and each could be drawn aside by Sabhu pressing a button outside each cage, to disclose a new scene – or rather a different pretty girl, naked, manacled and muzzled, kneeling in her lit-up cage.

I was now kneeling on all fours in the darkness behind the closed curtains of my cage, keeping quite still – like a well-trained ballerina on the stage at Covent Garden, waiting for the curtain to go up. Indeed, Ursula was a keen balletomane, and the curtains were miniature copies of those of the Royal Opera House, but instead of the Royal Cipher being embroidered in gold on the bottom corner of each curtain, they bore her initials “U de V”, short for Ursula de Vere. I knew that her earnings from her girls had increased substantially, since she had introduced this dramatic way of showing off her girls. Doubtless, she was planning to make a similar effect on the mysterious “Special Client”.

A little later, I heard the noise of the locked door to the attic being opened, and recognised the heavy footsteps of Sabhu and the clattering noise of Ursula’s high heel shoes. Those of the visiting “Special Client” seemed strangely muffled. How odd, I thought.

There was a swishing noise, as the curtains in front of Cages 1 and 2 were drawn back. I heard the visitor gasp. It seemed a rather deep gasp, but then many of Ursula’s “Lady Clients”, all keen lesbians, had deep voices.

‘So, Effendi,’ I heard Ursula say ingratiatingly, ‘have a look at these two.’

‘Thank you,’ came a man’s voice in a strong foreign accent, ‘Hmm! Yes, they look very nice. Very suitable. And I see that they’ve already got nicely curved bellies.’

Goodness, I thought, is Ursula’s very special visitor a man? *A man! A man here in Ursula’s very private brothel for dominant lesbians?* Normally, Ursula did not like her girls even seeing a man, never mind being inspected, naked in our cages, by one. Our life now revolved round pleasing women, not men. So, what was a man doing here? What could Ursula be doing with him?

‘Yes,’ I heard Ursula continue, ‘you told me that your clients would pay extra for genuine blonde cattle.’

Cattle? How dared Ursula refer to us as cattle! We might be under her sway, but we were still human beings.

‘Yes,’ came the man’s voice, laughing with delight, as if he were rubbing his hands together. ‘They’ll certainly make very interesting merchandise.’

Merchandise? Who did this man think he was?

‘Well, all the girls here are genuine blue-eyed blondes,’ Ursula went on. ‘And you said your clients would pay even more, if some of the cattle were already expectant by a similarly blond, blue-eyed young man – like these two.’

This man’s clients paid extra for expectant girls? My God, what sort of a man was this “Very Special Client”? A slave dealer? A White slave dealer? A real-live slave dealer – and in these days and ages! A dealer who regarded the White women he handled as mere cattle? How terrifying!

Had Ursula secretly collected these girls, to sell them to this modern slave dealer? Was this her “very special deal” – to find girls for this awful slave dealer? How awful!

I shuddered, as I remembered how she had told me that I was to be part of this deal. But surely, she could not sell me for good? She knew she had to return me to my husband in a few months’ time – and doubtless the same applied to Samantha.

‘But how did you get hold of these expectant ones?’

‘That was easy,’ I heard Ursula reply. ‘Now that the Eastern European countries are part of the European Union, there are no restrictions in their citizens coming here.’

Eastern Europe? So that’s where these new girls had come from!

‘I just let it be discreetly known,’ I heard Ursula continue, ‘that I could help pregnant young women, by taking them back to England to have an abortion – something that is forbidden in their own country. Then I asked the girls to show me photos of their precious, but impecunious young lovers – to make sure that they, too, were blond, and chose them accordingly.’

‘And then, I suppose,’ laughed the slave dealer, ‘when they arrived in England, they found themselves not in a clinic, but here, locked up in a cage, awaiting my arrival.’

‘Exactly,’ replied Ursula, ‘and with a nice shiny breeding belt locked over their nether flaps, to make sure they could not interfere with their blond progeny – progeny that they were now going to be made to carry right through to delivery.’

There was the familiar noise of a further pair of curtains being opened. ‘And as you can see, this one had left it a little late, and so she’s got a really well-curved tummy.’

‘Excellent!’ I heard the slave dealer exclaim. ‘My clients will pay well for such a beautiful belly.’

‘And the others, too?’ queried Ursula.

‘Oh yes! I don’t think there’ll be any problem about the price,’ I heard the man say. ‘There’s always a good demand from my clients for White women, for their hobby of keeping breeding herds of White women cattle. But what we haven’t yet got in my rich, but remote part of Africa, are blond ones. However, Allah has been kind to us, and thanks to our gold and diamonds, my clients are all very rich.’

Breeding herds of White women in a remote part of Africa? I shuddered. A good demand for White women from his clients?

‘Well, Achmed Effendi,’ I heard Ursula say, ‘remember that I can always produce more girls from where they came from. There’s always a big demand to come to England.’

‘Good. The more the merrier, as the English say.’

I could not help feeling sorry for these three lovely young mothers-to-be. Now what fate awaited them? It was, I thought, just as well that none of them, newly arrived, could understand much English, or they would have been horrified. But, just in case they realized the truth, Sabhu had made very sure that none of us had access to a knife or anything sharp, which we might have used to harm ourselves.

Then I heard the curtains of the first three cages being closed. 'So, let's have a look now at something rather different.' came Ursula's voice. Again, there was a swishing noise, as, this time, the curtains over Cages 5 and 6 were drawn back.

'But these still have flat bellies,' I heard the slave dealer say.

'Yes – for the moment. But have a closer look at them.'

There was a pause. Then came the slave dealer's now excited voice: 'By Allah! Are they a mother and her daughter?'

'Yes, a beautiful mother, and a daughter with her mother's features. You told me that your clients, being rich and keen breeders of White cattle, would be particularly interested in acquiring a blond mother and daughter.'

'They'd certainly be of great help in establishing a new line of blond White cattle. These two would certainly sell very well, very well indeed.'

'Good!' said Ursula. 'And I think, Sabhu, you said that they'll both soon be ready to conceive.'

'Yes, Madam,' came Sabhu's deep voice. I heard a rustle of papers, and I realized that Sabhu did present Achmed the monthly graphs of the girls' daily temperatures – just as in the past he had often shown mine to other clients.

Sabhu continued: 'You see how I bring on monthly cycles. They now exactly in line, ready for new Master. Graphs show both soon at their most fertile point of monthly cycle.'

'And ready to be put, by their new Master, to the same stallion boy,' said Ursula, in a strangely earnest tone of voice.

'Yes,' cut in Sabhu, 'and I put them both on course of special fertility pills – so they produce twins or triplets, if you keep them on the pills until mated.'

'Oh, I shall certainly do so. Twins or triplets! But what a pity that we do not have any blond stallions in my country, with whom to mate them.'

'But you soon will have one, Achmed.'

'What? What do you mean?'

'Well,' Ursula said with a laugh, 'you also said that if I could not find a suitable blond mother and daughter, then a blond mother and son would do instead. So, I've managed to do even better for you: not only a mother and her daughter, but her fine virile young son as well. Have a look!'

I heard another pair of curtains being pulled back, and another delighted gasp of astonishment from Achmed.

'Oh, a real blond boy. Wonderful! What a chance, to cross him with his mother and sister and establish a really new blond breeding line. When several of my clients see these, they'll hardly be able to wait – they'll all be so anxious to get them into their mating arenas.'

My God, I thought, he is casually talking about mating the boy with his mother and with his sister. How dreadful!

'What a coup!' went on Achmed, almost beside himself with excitement.

'Yes, I thought you'd like them,' replied Ursula dryly. 'But they'll cost you!'

'Money is no object here. My clients will pay anything to get their hands on these ones.'

I heard the curtains being drawn shut on Cages 4, 5 and 6. Would I be next, I wondered? But surely, even Ursula would not dare to sell me, a married woman? After all, my husband knows where I am.

However, my heart was in my mouth, when I heard Ursula say, ‘And now for something different. You asked me if I could find you a blond upper-class Englishwoman. That was quite a challenge!’

‘Yes, but my clients would dearly love to humiliate such a woman by putting her into their breeding herd.’

‘Well, then have a look at these two upper-class Englishwomen.’

I blinked when light suddenly flooded into my darkened cage, as the curtains were drawn back and I was lit up by a floodlight in the ceiling of my cage. The curtains of Samantha’s cage next door were also being drawn back. I realized that I was being looked at, but I was far too frightened to move, and I tried to keep my eyes fixed on the bare brick wall at the side of my cage.

Like those of the other girls, my cage was raised off the ground – not only to allow the clients to get a better view of the girls on offer, but also, so that they could see us through the bars, without having to bend down.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a large, fat, dark-skinned and grey-bearded man looking at me. He was wearing a Moorish dress: a long grey robe with a hood, and soft Moorish slippers. I blushed with shame, as I heard him exclaim: ‘Very nice indeed!’

I had already heard him speaking surprisingly good English. *But he was a man! A man was peering at me through the bars of my cage!* Ursula was showing me off, naked, to a man – and her other girls too! She was letting us see a man, where normally we only saw lesbian women. Ashamed, I could feel myself becoming aroused at the mere idea.

Sabhu was standing proudly by the side of the Arab, clearly delighted to show off his charges for once to a man. His whip was coiled back into his belt, and he was holding his cane.

I glanced at Ursula. I had not seen her for several weeks, as she had been away, making her, now no longer mysterious, “deals” – evidently recruiting girls for Achmed. I shivered, as I thought that he must be paying her a very high price for us, to make it worth for her – but then clearly his clients, in turn, must be very wealthy

Ursula made a stern-looking figure, with her dark hair pulled back into a bun behind her neck. She was dressed in an expensive blue velvet suit. She looked like a lesbian and a successful artist, both of which she just was – except that, of course, she also used her painting and her models as a screen, behind which she ran a lucrative secret brothel for rich lesbian-minded women.

‘A-ha!’ exclaimed Achmed. He peered eagerly alternatively through the bars of our raised cages at my and Samantha’s naked bodies. ‘Yes, I’d like to have a couple of respectable Englishwomen to sell. The higher their status, the greater their fall.’

‘And moreover, both are married women.’

‘Married women?’ exclaimed the large fat slave dealer with a cruel laugh. His eyes glistened.

‘Yes, they work here for me, four days a week. Their husbands think that they are working as my personal assistants – which in a way they do, though not in the way their husbands imagine. They are fine little earners, and although they hate the work, they have no choice in the matter. I have some detailed videos and photographs of them performing in ways that, if made public, would be the end of their marriages. They’d be social outcasts and penniless.’

‘So, they’re reluctant slaves, are they? Well, that makes them all the more interesting.’

‘But they also know that any sign of recalcitrance or unwillingness with a client will be punished by the whip,’ said Ursula with a grim smile. ‘Turn ‘round and show my guest the marks on your bottom,’ I heard her say to poor Samantha.

There was a rattle of Samantha’s collar chain. I saw Achmed nod approvingly. Then Ursula pointed to the long whippy cane with its red ribbon on the handle, which Sabhu was holding. He was wearing, rather incongruously, his black butler’s suit. ‘Sabhu is my overseer, in charge of my girls,’ she added.

The Arab looked at Sabhu approvingly. ‘I expect that you like having a big Black man in charge of your girls?’

‘Oh yes,’ replied Ursula with a laugh, ‘the girls are far more scared of him than they ever would be of a White Assistant Mistress or Matron.’

She turned back to me and Samantha. ‘You won’t believe it, but once they deceived me, in a way. Behind my back, these two were secret lovers.’

‘Secret lovers?’

‘Yes, they had thought they were safe, but Sabhu caught them in bed together in a hotel. Of course, I had both of them thrashed – and got my further revenge for their unfaithfulness in other ways, too – including having them both sponsored for nicely curved bellies.’

So, I thought, like me, Samantha had also been punished by being offered for forced breeding.

‘Ah! Curved bellies? Yes, that sounds interesting,’ laughed the slave dealer. ‘I think my clients would also much enjoy taking ... revenge ... on such immoral Christian women. Traditionally, mating a captured Christian woman with a Black slave or a White boy, was always considered a fine form of revenge – especially, when carried out on a married Christian woman.’

My heart sank again, when I heard these words, and even more so, when I heard Achmed add: ‘A nice, nine-month-long revenge.’

‘Nine months?’ queried Ursula. ‘I’m afraid I must tell you that I can’t let you have these two for as long as that. I shall have to let them go back to their husbands when they return to England in a few months’ time.’

Oh, I thought, what a relief! I smiled, as I heard the slave dealer murmur sadly: ‘Oh, what a pity!’

‘But,’ Ursula added, ‘although these two won’t be available for regular slave breeding, they could still be very profitably leased out for a shorter, but still sufficiently long period.’

‘Leased out? Ha! That sounds an interesting idea. But for how long?’

‘For long enough,’ replied Ursula, ‘to allow your client to indulge in his favourite hobby, by making each of them carry and deliver a litter of valuable little puppies, sired by his favourite hunting dog.’

‘Oh yes, our well-trained Arab veterinary surgeons, who look after our herds of White human cattle, are familiar with this new technique – and with the serum that stops the women’s bodies from rejecting the process.’

‘Well, there you are then,’ said Ursula. ‘You can tell your clients that it will make an interesting change.’

‘Yes, they’ll rather enjoy treating these upper-class Englishwomen as real brood bitches.’

‘And if they want to know more about what to expect, then show them these.’ She took a couple of photos out of a large envelope, fastened to the bars of my cage. ‘Look!’

My heart went down to my boots, for I knew that some of the photos were those that Ursula was always threatening to send to John and my mother-in-law.

They showed me being mated with a big Alsatian dog, then naked with a huge belly, and then dropping my puppies into a straw-lined delivery basket. Finally, they showed me feeding my canine progeny, as I knelt on all fours, whilst the puppies guzzled from my milk-laden hanging breasts.

‘Excellent!’ commented Achmed. ‘A few more photos like these will make a lot of very rich human cattle breeders only too anxious to pay to have a litter out of each of these two arrogant Englishwomen.’

‘Good!’ laughed Ursula. ‘Remember that we’re in this deal together, and that the more you get for leasing them, the more I will get as my share.’

‘And,’ added Sabhu, ‘although they not know it, I synchronised their monthly cycles, so that they both can conceive at same time.’

‘Ah, that’ll help me sell them as a pair, ready for mating.’

‘Indeed,’ smiled Ursula, ‘which is why you can ask a high price for their services.’

Services? My God!

‘And they’re not on the pill?’

‘No, Effendi,’ replied Sabhu, looking shocked, ‘no need for that here, for girls only pleasure women. They not allowed near any male animal – until, of course, sponsored for forced breeding.’

‘And when will they be ready for that?’ asked the slave dealer.

‘They at most receptive in three weeks’ time,’ replied Sabhu.

‘Three weeks! Fine, that’ll give me time to prepare them for sale, and for their new owner get things organised with his vet.’

Prepare us for sale? What preparations?

I was shaking with horror at all of what I had heard, when suddenly the curtains across my cage were closed and the spotlight went out, leaving me trembling in the darkness.

It was shortly after this that I heard the curtains over the last two cages being drawn back. ‘Flat bellies again!’ I heard Achmed say in a disappointed tone of voice.

‘Yes,’ came Ursula’s voice, ‘but, for an extra fee, you could offer the buyers the chance to have each girl put to your new prize blond stallion, before they take delivery of her. I think, Sabhu, you said that they’ll both be ready to conceive by then?’

‘Yes Madam,’ came Sabhu’s deep voice, ‘in a week’s time.’

‘Umm,’ I heard Achmed ruminating. ‘Yes, I can sell them with a positive testing certificate – and a confirming photo of their mating with the boy.’ He laughed. ‘Yes, that’ll certainly make the rich breeders of White cattle desperate to get their hands onto them.’

He paused, as if reflecting. ‘And, I think that, as the boy will be the only blond stallion in the entire country, it will be more profitable to keep him for myself and hire out his services rather than just sell him.’

‘Good!’ laughed Ursula. ‘But, coming back to these two girls, are you sure you’d not get a better price for them by selling them as concubines for use in a harem?’

‘No, not really,’ I heard Achmed reply. ‘You see, we all have plenty of beautiful Arab and Turkish girls in our harems. Although a Master may well occasionally use one of his White cattle for his pleasure, our Mullahs do not approve of us keeping Christian girls in our harems, where they could be of bad influence on our good Moslem girls.’

‘However, they do enthusiastically support the more denigrating use of them in our breeding herds. Therefore, as we have no genuinely blond human cattle at present, it would be more profitable to sell them as breeding cattle.’

6 – I AM INSPECTED

‘I should like to see more of these two,’ I heard the slave dealer say.

‘Numbers Seven and Eight ... Bars!’ I heard Sabhu from beyond the closed curtains of my cage. I also heard a warning crack of his whip.

There was a hasty rattle of chains from my cage and that of Samantha’s, as we both obediently and silently knelt up in our still darkened cages, our manacled hands clasped behind necks, our naked bodies pressed against the bars of our cages, and our bare milk-laden breasts thrust out through them. Our silence was, of course, still ensured by the degradingly numbered black leather muzzles fastened over our mouths.

The curtains parted, disclosing us humbly displaying ourselves, and once again, I found myself blinking in the sudden light. I saw that Ursula was smiling approvingly. She clearly liked the way Sabhu displayed her girls: humbled, manacled and chained – and muzzled.

The big, fat slave dealer reached forward, to rub the palm of an experienced hand against my proffered breasts. I saw that Sabhu had slightly raised his whip, as if warning me. I knew that he would not stand for any of his girls showing any hesitation, when they were being inspected by a client. Quickly, I pressed my breast into the man’s hand.

‘Nice and firm,’ commented the Effendi. ‘And still in milk.’

‘Yes. Madam like keep girls in milk for clients, after they deliver progeny,’ said Sabhu proudly, tapping his dreaded cane whip against the palm of his hand. He was, I knew, very proud of his girls, and of the way he kept White women utterly subservient. Oh, how shame-making this all was, I thought, as I listened to the callous way, they were all discussing us.

The slave dealer lowered his hand and felt for my prominent nipples, which Sabhu had told Mokid, earlier on that day, to extend again with his little vacuum pump. There was nothing like really extending a girl’s nipples, he used to say – and he liked to see really long ones on all of his girls. He said, it gave these arrogant White women an animal-like look. This was a view that the slave dealer evidently shared, for he turned to Sabhu and gave him a little nod of approval.

He lifted up my other breast with an experienced hand, as if weighing it. Then he squeezed it. Milk squirted out across the room. ‘This excellent,’ he said. Then he lowered his hands to my now once again flat belly. He pointed to the fading stretch marks on my tummy. ‘I can see that this one has had a recent maternity. My clients will like to see these as a sign of her proven fertility.’

‘Yes, she was in whelp, and dropped her progeny only two months ago.’

‘In whelp!’ repeated the fat man with a laugh. ‘Successfully?’

‘Oh yes! With Sabhu supervising them, we rarely have any problems.’

‘And she didn’t try and get rid of them?’

‘She not able to do so, Sir,’ answered Sabhu, respectfully in broken English in his half French, half Caribbean, Haitian accent. ‘Not even if she want to do so. Look, Sir!’

He pointed down at the strong laces that were threaded through the two lines of little steel eyelets on each side of my nether lips. The effect was like the crisscross laces in a shoe.

‘Legs apart, bend knees!’ he ordered. ‘Head up, look straight ahead!’

Not daring to look down, I blushed, as, out of the corner of my eye, I saw Sabhu pointing out down and explaining to the Arab the clever way, how the small padlock, hanging between my legs, kept the laces taut, and hence my lips kept closed together.

And very effectively closed together, too, I thought. How many times had I tried, especially when carrying my unwanted progeny, to try and part them – only to be frustrated by the lacing!

I remembered the relief, when I delivered my progeny, of at last having the padlock unlocked and the laces eased, to enable my little progeny to slip out between the now freed lips – and then, when it was all over, suffering the humiliation of Sabhu tightening the laces up again and replacing the padlock. ‘Until your next mating,’ he had explained. I had been horrified.

I now blushed again as I heard Sabhu point out elaborately, how my labia minora had been completely cut off, so that they no longer projected over the outer labia, which now could be held close together by the laces – resembling the pubic area of a little girl.

‘And alas, here it is illegal to take opportunity to snip off the girl’s clitoris,’ Sabhu added.

My heart was in my mouth, when the slave dealer replied with a nasty smile: ‘But it’s not illegal in my country.’ I shuddered at his words.

Sabhu paused, and then went on: ‘But as you can see, the laces keep her precious beauty nub hidden away under her outer lips, where she can’t touch it. So, she kept nice and pure – and frustrated.’

Kept frustrated? I’ll say!

The slave dealer was now running his hand over the steel eyelets on my beauty lips.

‘So,’ I again heard Sabhu explaining, ‘if “Lady Client” want use girl for pleasure, she has choice of rubbing herself against the steel eyelets, or, if she like use dildo on girl, of unlocking padlock and then having laces eased, to allow the dildo to penetrate the girl – unless, of course, she like take girl up backside.’

‘Which is how my clients use their White cattle,’ laughed the horrible slave dealer.

‘Well,’ added Ursula, ‘all my girls are kept laced-up like that. It keeps them subservient and docile – even the normally rebellious Emma. Doesn’t it, Emma?’

Unable to speak, I nodded hastily. It was certainly very true, alas, that being kept laced-up did have a strange effect on my personality – and made me desperate to be chosen by a visiting client for her pleasure, especially one known to use a dildo.

The dealer ran his hands knowingly over my hips. ‘Although she’s slim, she’s got good child-bearing hips,’ he commented. ‘My clients will like that,’

‘Yes, carrying fair-sized litter splays hips nicely,’ explained Sabhu, ‘and so little whelps just slip out without problems. We even able to delay birth for ten days, to get little creatures bigger and stronger.’

‘Ten days! Her belly must have been really big!’

‘See for yourself.’ Ursula reached into the plastic envelope hanging from my cage. She handed the slave dealer some more of the large photos, which he had not seen earlier. Once again, I recognised them as those that Ursula kept in her desk, ready to send to my unsuspecting husband and mother-in-law.

I saw Sabhu pointing out to one particular photograph of me, naked, taken only the day before I delivered my unknown progeny. I was looking very pretty, with my hair well-brushed

and shiny, my lips made up with scarlet lipstick, and my eyes beautifully painted. I was standing in front of my cage in the position of Attention with my head up, looking straight ahead, with my manacled hands clasped behind my neck and my similarly manacled ankles close together. Above my hugely curved tummy, my breasts were firm, but greatly swollen, and my nipples – as always – extraordinary long.

‘It’s interesting how Mother Nature in these cases always seems to make up in quantity of milk, what a girl lacks in the numbers of teats,’ remarked Ursula.

But what really caught the slave dealer’s eye, was a photo, taken sideways-on and showing my then hugely curved tummy. I was obviously having to lean back, to counterbalance the weight in my belly.

‘Ah! Yes, this is what my clients will really like to see,’ he said with a laugh, putting this photo with those he had already been given.

‘And presumably,’ Ursula said with a cruel little smile, ‘you will be telling them that, if they lease the girl, they could soon arrange to be able to see her looking like that again.’

‘Yes, indeed.’

‘And,’ added Sabhu, ‘you might also like to show them this one of her, having no problem in dropping seven healthy and very valuable little progenies for her delighted Lady sponsor.’

He was pointing to another photograph of me, kneeling on all fours by a basket of half a dozen little crawling puppies. Sitting comfortably to one side was Ursula with my sponsor and her friends – all of them wearing masks and evidently enjoying the sight. Oh, how that shameful photograph brought back horrible memories!

‘Yes, my clients would certainly enjoy this, too,’ replied Achmed, with another cruel laugh.

Listening to all this, I had felt overwhelmed with shame. They were talking about me as if I were just a toy or some animal.

How dreadful it was, to be back in Ursula’s power! And how awful it was, to be made, by fear of Sabhu’s whip, to earn Ursula money with my body – and to be treated, like the other girls, as a whore for women and a mere tart, especially as I was a most unwilling one.

Now, to make my feeling of shame even worse, Sabhu handed the slave dealer my “Red Book”. It was marked not with my name, but with my new number “7”. Sabhu kept a similar “Red Book” for each of Ursula’s girls.

I saw Achmed open it and turn over the pages carefully. I could not help blushing, as he did so, for I knew that it contained a record not only of my height, weight and measurements of my bosom and waist, but also of my monthly cycles.

‘Nice and regular,’ commented the slave dealer knowingly.

‘Yes, I like to keep them all the girls like that,’ replied Sabhu proudly.

Achmed nodded and turned over the page to where were listed my major punishments, ten strokes and over, together with the date and offence that I had committed.

‘I keep girls well disciplined,’ commented Sabhu. He then pointed out the pages, which listed all the money I had earned for Ursula, pleasuring one or more of her clients, or being sponsored for some horrible fate.

‘She’s been a regular little money-spinner for me,’ said Ursula.

‘Despite being a married woman?’

‘Oh yes! My clients really enjoy taking a young woman behind her husband’s back.’

‘And does she get a part of what she earns?’

‘Good Heavens, no!’ exclaimed Ursula in a shocked tone of voice. ‘Certainly not! I have my girls trained by Sabhu to earn money for me – not for themselves.’

How true, I thought sadly. I’d be a rich woman by now, if I had even a quarter of what I had been made to earn for Ursula.

The horrible Arab was now closely examining the pages at the back of the book.

I blushed again, as I remembered how on separate pages there were details of my recent forced maternity, together with the date of being covered, the name of the sire, the date of my first morning sickness, and more photographs of the progress of my swelling belly and breasts, and of the delivery of my progeny, together with the date and their number. There were also records, like those of a cow, of my lactation, together with the milk yield, and date of coming into milk.

The horrible Arab had a similar close and enthusiastic look at Samantha and then moved on, to look at the other blond girls in the cages beyond her, before coming back, to look at Samantha and me again, and then at the mother and daughter. But it was at the son’s cage, when he really paused.

7 – CHECKING THE SON’S VIRILITY

‘As he’s going to be sold as a stallion slave,’ I heard Achmed say, ‘I must see first that he can perform properly.’

‘Of course!’ laughed Ursula. ‘Emma here is experienced at masturbating her husband – the only relief the poor booby is allowed. So, I suggest we use her.’

I did not know whether to be proud or horrified at these words.

‘I’ll just get him ready, Effendi,’ said Sabhu, reaching into the boy’s cage. Moments later, he stood back, turned to my cage and unfastened the chain attached to the back of my collar, and the padlock holding the small barred door closed. ‘Out!’ he ordered.

I crawled out, my manacles clanking, and knelt still, while he fastened the lead hanging from the bars to my collar. Then, holding me by my lead, he made me turn around and face the boy’s cage.

I saw that he was now kneeling up, gripping the bars with his manacled hands. Straps round his neck and waist kept him in position there. But what really caught my eye was that the locked pouch over his manhood had been removed, and his large member was dangling down just behind the bars.

‘Use hands to arouse him!’ ordered Sabhu, but already the mere sight of my naked body, so close to him, was having a marked effect.

I put my hands through the bars and began to stroke the now turgid penis. At the same time, he put his hands through the bars and groped for my breasts, moaning with delight and excitement from under his mask-like muzzle.

‘Go on!’ ordered Sabhu with a sharp tap of his dressage whip on my naked bottom. ‘Make him climax.’

Soon, thanks to my ministrations, the boy’s manhood was thrust out between the bars. Sabhu unfastened my muzzle from behind my neck. ‘Now lick and suck him,’ he ordered.

I felt highly embarrassed at having to do this in front of the watching Ursula and Achmed, but Sabhu’s whip drove me on. Still holding the thrilled boy’s manhood with my manacled

hands, I took it into my mouth and licked and sucked diligently. Soon, I could feel with my tongue that every moment now he was about to ejaculate.

Suddenly, Sabhu pulled my head back by my lead, and the boy erupted all over my face.

‘Yes, a very satisfactory demonstration,’ I heard the fat slave dealer say to Ursula.

‘Back into cage!’ Sabhu ordered me, strapping my muzzle back on again. The boy’s semen still covered my face.

8 – SOLD!

From behind the nearly closed curtains covering my cage I could vaguely hear Achmed and Ursula apparently bargaining over something, and I managed to get a cautious glimpse on them. The figures being discussed about seemed extraordinarily high. *Was it for us? How awful!*

I was even more horrified when I heard the fat Arab go on: ‘And on top of that, I will give you twenty per cent of what I make on leasing these two, as well as reselling the others, over and above what I’m offering you.’

‘Done!’ said Ursula, rubbing her hands.

‘Then there’s just one small item that I’d like to clear up about these two. Before reselling the others, they will, of course, be ...’ Then he dropped his voice, and now I could not make out what he was saying. But I saw Ursula nod her head and laugh.

‘Certainly, you can “do” these two as well,’ she said. ‘After all, they did deceive me, and such a treatment appears to me both justified and adequate. Moreover, it’ll make them more popular than ever with my clients, when I get them back here. So, the more thorough the better, I’d say! But in any case, you have to guarantee me that they won’t be closed up in any form – not even after their delivery! Sooner or later, they will be returned back home to me, and when my clients get the news about their changes, they’ll be queuing up to have an unhindered look at them. Oh, and please make sure that they’re both in milk, with their nipples kept properly elongated, when you send them back.’

‘No problem!’ laughed Achmed, adding briskly: ‘Now, I’d like to take them all out tomorrow, whilst our plane is still here.’ Then he turned to Sabhu. ‘My staff will take over from you on arrival, but you will be responsible for them until then. OK?’

Sabhu smiled and nodded, saying: ‘You not worry. I never lost a girl yet.’

“*Well, you might lose this one!*” I tried to scream from under my muzzle. I shook the bars of my cage, desperate to get out and escape – but all in vain!

‘You want them travel out in burqas, like Moslem women?’ Sabhu asked.

‘Yes, please,’ replied the awful slave dealer, ‘it is always best if they look like Moslem women. Then, to avoid offending their men folk, their passports are never closely examined.’

“*Moslem women!*” I gasped under my muzzle. Again, I wondered where we were being sent. How terrible it was not to know, but I knew that I would just have to do whatever Ursula had decided on.

‘Can you please give me the girls’ passports, so that I can go and get the visas now?’

I knew Sabhu had my passport – to stop me from running away from Ursula. But visas? Visas for where? I heard him go into his office and return almost immediately, presumably holding a pile of passports.

Once again, my mind was in a whirl, as I wondered where I was going to be taken. Then I heard Ursula chattering, as she led the slave dealer out of the attic. She sounded very pleased with herself – and so did the dealer, too. But I was left shaking with fear.

In the past, Ursula usually had not told me what was going to happen to me. But this time, I knew I was about to be taken off abroad, to be leased out for a few months to a White slave dealer, together with my beloved Samantha.

Once again, I knew that – thanks to Ursula's threat to send her dreadful videos and photos of tapes to my husband, his mother and their friends – there was nothing I could do about it. Moreover, although I was only going to be leased out for a period of months and not sold forever, I was probably also going to be made to have another forced and quick maternity for the amusement of the rich Arab who leased me – and all to make more money for the already rich Ursula.

Oh, how I hated her!

PART III –

IN THE HANDS OF A WHITE SLAVE DEALER

9 – A FLIGHT TO AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION

That evening, Ursula came back into the attic. Smiling proudly, like a drill sergeant showing off a squad of trained recruits to an officer, Sabhu followed her respectfully, his dressage whip in his hand.

There was a rattle of chains, as we all hastily crawled to the front of our cages, kneeling up dutifully with our knees respectfully parted in the presence of our Mistress. None of us wanted to risk ten strokes for “Lack of Respect”.

‘Pay attention, girls! And you, boy!’ said Ursula in a peremptory tone, speaking alternatively in English and in what might have been Polish or some other Eastern European language. ‘I’ve got some very exciting news for you all. Tomorrow, I’m going to take you abroad, to where it’s nice, warm and sunny.’

Tomorrow! There was the sound of little excited moans coming from under the muzzles – including my own. If I’ve got to remain under Ursula’s thumb, I was thinking, putting aside my fears from what I had heard earlier, then how lovely it would be to get away from these awful cages – and, with John now away for several months, anything to get away from the dreary English winter.

‘You’re going to love it – and you’re going to make your Mistress very happy,’ Ursula went on. ‘And to make it even more exciting for you, our destination is going to remain a secret.’ There were muffled gasps of excited anticipation, including, once again, one from me.

‘So, I don’t want to hear you saying one word to each other, when your muzzles and manacles are taken off tomorrow and we start our exciting journey together – and any girl who disobeys, will be left behind. Moreover, in case anyone is thinking of running away, just remember that you’ll still be wearing your collars and you’ll still be sewn up. Think how embarrassing it would be to have to show these to anyone else – and as your work permits specify working for me, you’d be sent back home.’

What a clever way of keeping control of these Eastern European girls, I thought. Because of their poor English, they didn’t even know that they’ve been sold to an Arab slave dealer.

‘But, girls, to make it even more exciting you’re all going to travel out dressed like strict Moslem women! And boy, you too.’

* * * * *

So it was that, early next morning, we were hidden under all-embracing black burqas, which covered us from head to toe. Underneath, we were stark naked except for our collars. The burqas had a little lace grille in front of the eyes, through which we could peer. We had to put on ugly black boots, which hid our pretty ankles, and black gloves, which hid our hands.

As well as looking like a subjugated Moslem woman, I now certainly felt like one as well.

Then we were taken by minibus to a small airport, somewhere on the south coast. A casual observer would simply see a group of Moslem women, flying back home, accompanied by two Black servants and a White Lady.

We were all too frightened to try to run away, or even say anything, as Sabhu showed our passports to the immigration control. They, in turn, evidently did not want to upset a friendly Arab country and, without even bothering to look at the passports, waved us on board of a small jet, belonging to some little known African airline, which was waiting for us.

Achmed, the horrible Arab, was already on board. He greeted Ursula effusively and counted us all carefully.

‘The boy and all the ten girls that you ordered, are here,’ I heard my Mistress say, as the cabin doors closed behind us, ‘including the two married ones for short-term leasing.’

‘Excellent!’ beamed Achmed and gave the signal for the pilot to request permission to take off.

We girls were made to sit well apart from each other in the half-empty plane – for there were no other passengers. Thus, we could not try to speak to our neighbours without attracting the attention of Mokid, patrolling up and down the aisle. The blond boy, still dressed in a woman’s burqa, was seated even further apart.

‘Put your hand up if you wish to go to loo,’ said Sabhu, ‘and Mokid will take you.’

Of course, back in the attic, we always had to perform to Sabhu’s orders and under his supervision – it was, I knew, all part of his way of asserting his moral superiority over us, and of enforcing discipline. But to have to do so here in this plane, seemed much worse.

The journey took several hours, and I saw the other girls, one by one, blushing put up their hands and ask to be taken to the loo. Desperately wriggling in my seat, I tried to put off the evil moment, but, finally, I too had to raise my hand.

Grinning, the horrible little Mokid beckoned me to follow him down the aisle. He had his little dog whip in his hand, as he opened the door of the toilet. How on earth, I wondered, was there going to be room for us both in the usual aircraft toilet? However, to my surprise, I saw that that the toilet was much larger than usual. Had it been specially designed to allow women to be accompanied by an attendant or overseer?

‘Hands on head,’ ordered the nasty little boy, and obediently I placed both my hands on the top of my head. He rubbed a little grease onto one of his fingers. Why, I wondered. Then he unfastened the front of my black shroud and pushed it aside, baring my breasts and belly. I made as if to sit down on the metal seat.

The boy slapped my face. ‘You keep bottom raised above seat, so that I properly see you performing!’ he screamed. He put down his dog whip and put his hands under my breasts. ‘Now, when I lift up breasts, you lift yourself up.’

He raised my breasts with his cupped hand. Obeying the pressure on my breasts, I began to straighten my widely parted knees, until I was well clear of the bowl. What a humiliating way, I thought, to control a woman squatting over a loo!

But once again, worse was to follow. He put his hand down and felt the laces, which kept my nether lips closed. I could feel that he was checking if they were loose enough at the bottom, to allow my liquid wastes to slip out through. Then his hand went down further between my legs. I felt a well-greased finger on my rear orifice. It went right up. ‘Here, too, girl?’ he asked.

I shook my head. I knew I had gone properly into the bowl, half-filled with rose water, in my cage before we left – for Sabhu had made us all do it together, with Mokid walking up and down in front of the cages, checking that we were doing so. It had all been so degrading.

‘No, Sir,’ I said. How I hated having to call to this mere boy “Sir”!

He washed his finger and then bent down and put a podgy, but experienced hand onto my tummy. ‘Get ready!’ he ordered.

He again cupped my breasts, making me straighten out. With my knees still widely parted, it was a humiliating position. However, he still was not satisfied.

‘Head up!’ he ordered. ‘Hands behind neck.’

Blushing under the burqa still over my head, I bit my lip and began to relax my muscles. Oh, how awful it was, to have to do this to the orders of a boy! ‘Ready, Sir,’ I finally reported.

Still feeling my tummy, he nodded. However, he kept me waiting – it seemed for ages, and I was terrified of starting before he had given permission.

‘Go!’ he finally ordered, and I heard my liquids tinkling in the bowl below me. Moments later, I made my way back to my seat, feeling more abjectly controlled than ever, but worse was to follow.

Mokid had milked both Samantha and me the night before, and again before we left. Now I could feel my breasts becoming uncomfortably full again, but I did not like to say anything. Nevertheless, Mokid knew and, showing us two little human milking pumps, made us sit in a vacant row at the back of the plane, with him seated between us.

Watched over by Sabhu, who was standing in the aisle, Mokid unfastened some buttons on the front of our burqas and bared our breasts. Then, just as he had done through the bars of our cages, the boy squeezed the bulb of each pump and put them over our elongated nipples. Then, alternatively further squeezing each of the rubber bulbs, he was rewarded by squirt after squirt of milk into each of the small collecting bottles.

Ursula soon brought the horrible Achmed to come and see the sight. ‘Look how we are keeping the flow going nicely for you,’ she said to him, with a laugh that made me hate her even more ever.

I felt like an animal being shown off.

* * * * *

I was never quite sure to where we were taken, but it was very hot and dry, and probably somewhere just south, or on the side of the Sahara. After having to spend a penny and being milked, Sabhu had made me swallow some pills, and these ensured that, like the other girls, I slept most of the rest of the way there.

I only properly awoke when we landed at small airport surrounded by desert. The doors opened, and we were unceremoniously ordered out of the air-conditioned aircraft and into a hot shed. I managed to recognise Samantha under her shapeless burqa, and discreetly slid up to her.

‘Where are we, darling?’ I whispered.

‘I don’t know,’ she replied quietly, ‘but it looks like somewhere on the little-known south side of the Sahara. Perhaps somewhere where the Arab world merges with the Negro world – maybe Timbuktu, or near Khartoum, or Lake Chad.’

Another big fat Black man now joined Sabhu. Later I learned that he was the overseer of Achmed’s slaves, and that his name was M’basa – or rather Mr M’basa to me and the other girls.

Several Black, equally burly assistants accompanied him. They all wore distinctive white conical-shaped caps and had high-pitched voices. I was horrified to see that they all carried short black leather whips or nasty-looking bamboo canes.

‘Black eunuchs!’ Samantha whispered to me. Nevertheless, fat eunuchs or not, they were still very strong-looking – and strict.

I then noticed a line of iron rings, cemented into one wall. Hanging from each ring was a very short length of chain, ending in a snap hook. We were made to line up, with our backs to the wall. I could feel a ring pressing against the back of my neck. Samantha was next to me on one side, and the beautiful mother and daughter, and her son, on the other.

‘What’s going to happen to us?’ I whispered nervously to Samantha. However, before she could reply, Sabhu called out: ‘Silence!’

He and Mokid came down the line and fastened the short chains to the ring at the back of our collars. I bit my lips, to prevent myself from calling out in protest, as my head was pushed back and the chain snapped into place. Like the other girls, I was now held quite still.

M’basa now came up to us, carrying a basket of what looked like black leather mittens. As Baba held out each of our hands, he slipped off the black travelling gloves and instead slipped on one of the mittens. I gasped, as I realized that they were not mittens at all, but little fingerless bag-like gloves which prevented us from holding or gripping anything with our fingers. Our hands were now completely immobilised. On the side of each bag, where it was fastened tightly round our wrists, was a little metal ring. What for, I wondered naively.

I was soon to learn, for M’basa came down the line of helpless women and slipped off our burqas. He also took off our ugly black boots and socks – neatly packing them into suitcases – evidently ready to be taken back to London. Then he fastened black leather belts tightly round our waists. Like our collars, the belts had rings at the front and back. Additionally, there were rings at both sides, and it was to these rings that the immobilising gloves were now clipped. Our hands were held helplessly to our sides, with our elbows back.

Then similar broad black straps were fastened round the tops of our thighs. They, too, had rings at the side, to which, I was to learn, the immobilising gloves could also be fastened, holding our arms straight down our sides. Usually, our wrists were fastened to the belt by day and when we were walking or prancing, and to the thigh straps at night, or when we were lying down. In either case, we were reduced to utter helplessness.

Unable to get at our precious beauty buds, there was no question of us now being able to masturbate. Nor could the three pregnant girls get at their beauty lips, to try and get rid of the progeny they were being made to carry.

I felt so ashamed at being undressed by a mere boy and at being stark naked again in front of the watching Achmed. I remembered overhearing the awful man talking in the attic about Christian White women being deliberately reduced to the level of animals with the support of the local Mullahs. My God, I thought, it was true!

The boy was similarly treated and his pouch unfastened. Clearly, with his immobilised hands fastened like us to his belt, he would be kept as frustrated as us, though being kept alongside a group of beautiful and naked women, constantly caused his manhood to surge into an eager erection.

With a satisfied smile, Achmed walked the line of naked and helpless women and the boy, looking at us each in turn closely. He turned to Ursula. They shook hands, and Achmed handed her a cheque. She glanced at it and smiled happily. Then she pointed at Samantha and me. ‘Don’t forget – I must have them back in London by 1st of June,’ I heard her say, ‘but that gives you plenty of time.’

Plenty of time for what, I wondered nervously. But I could guess only too well.

I saw Sabhu handing over our passports to M’basa, who counted them and put them away in an inside pocket. I saw him also hand over our personal red books, including mine, marked “7”. I remembered, how closely and degradingly Achmed had examined it in the attic.

Ursula turned to Samantha and me. ‘Au revoir, my pets. See you again in a few months’ time. Remember – you’re both earning me a lot of money. I don’t want to hear any complaints about you, or Sabhu will give you the thrashing of your lives when you get back. Then, you really will have something to hide from your husbands.’

Leaving those terrifying words ringing in my ears, Ursula left the room, followed by Sabhu and Mokid carrying the suitcases containing our clothes. Surely, I thought, she is not just abandoning us here in the back of beyond?

But that was exactly what she did. I was not to see her, or Sabhu, or the clothes, for several months.

10 – NOSE-RINGED LIKE A PIG

We were called, one by one, including the boy, into a next-door room. The door closed behind each of us, as we disappeared.

After mother, daughter and son had been led away, it was my turn to be beckoned through the door. I saw that I was in a small room, in which there was a sort of stocks in the middle, with a hinged top and a hole for the neck, into which I was put immediately.

Next to it was what seemed to be an operating table, with several shiny metal dishes to one side. There was also a Bunsen burner, which was already alight, and something I recognized from my youth as the type of portable sterilizer, used by vets when carrying out for minor operations on horses.

Standing by it were M’basa and another of his assistant eunuchs, each carrying one of those frightening-looking short black whips. But there was no time to wonder more about that, for I saw that M’basa was now coming up to me with something shiny in his hand, which looked like a pair of pliers.

He blindfolded me, and then, as one of his assistants held my head back, I felt him shove the pliers deep up into my nose. He moved them around, as if trying to find the right place, and then suddenly squeezed them shut with all his strength. I tried in vain to scream, and almost fainted with the pain, for I felt that he had deliberately perforated my nasal bone.

Quickly and deftly he then slipped what I later saw was a thick brass ring, through the hole in my nose. It must have had a slight gap. I felt the ring coming down to my upper lip. Then he squeezed again, this time apparently closing the gap tight shut.

He lifted the ring and turned it, re-awakening the pain. He must have rotated it until the gap was visible from the outside, for I felt a hot flame, presumably from the Bunsen burner, near my face, and the ring became very hot.

Apparently satisfied that he had brazed the ends together, he let it go and took away the flame. I felt some blood being wiped off my face. A little blob of healing cream was pushed up my nostrils, and the ring was painfully turned several times.

Then I felt my collar, Ursula’s hated dog collar, being unlocked and removed. Instead, I felt something small and heavy being fastened tightly round my neck. Again, I felt a hot flame, as if the two ends of my new collar were being brazed permanently together.

My blindfold was now removed, and, while one of M’basa assistants sterilized the pliers ready for the next girl, M’basa himself proudly held up a mirror to my face.

I gasped in horror, as I saw that I now was bearing a nose-ring like a pig. This horrible shiny device dangled freely, reaching down to my upper lip – and there seemed to be no possibility to slip it off, because there now was no visible gap in its circumference.

Nose-ringed like a pig!

I remembered that pigs were regarded by Moslems as just a low form of mammals. Were we Christian White women being deliberately nose-ringed like pigs, to denigrate us further in the eyes of our future Masters?

Oh, how awful! Oh, the shame!



I remembered Achmed and Ursula agreeing that, as Samantha and I were both married, we would only be leased out pending our husbands' return. However, removing the brass ring would need a skilled man and a file – and what about the hole in my nasal septum?

Was this the reason that M'basa had perforated my nasal bone deep inside my nose instead of making a hole in the soft tissue at the anterior part, so that it would not be seen in a normal case when the ring was removed? If so - thank God, I thought.

I also saw that round my neck was now welded a simple black iron ring. Evidently not a pretty slave collar for me, but just an ugly iron ring. It had a small ring welded to it at the back, but nothing in the front.

Clearly, thanks to our new nose rings, our iron collars did not need another ring on the front. Had Ursula also agreed to these awful iron ring collars, knowing that the sight of them on pretty, sophisticated young women like Samantha and myself, would further excite her "Lady Clients"?

11 – TRANSPORTED TO SLAVERY

Hardly had the pain in my nose eased, when I was released from the stocks. I tried to use my hands, to explore what had been done to me, but not only were my fingers immobilized inside the black bags, strapped round my wrists, but they had now been clipped onto the rings at the sides of the leather straps strapped round my thighs. At least, I thought, my elbows were no longer being held back. Nevertheless, I was still helpless – as helpless as an animal.

M'basa clipped a sort of chain onto my new nose ring and led me, tottering, out of the room. I found myself in another room together with the girls who had already been nose-ringed. They were lined up as in the first room, with their bare backs to the wall and chained to rings in the wall by short chains, fastened to the rings in the back of their collars. Like mine, their bagged hands were fastened to their thigh straps.

When all ten of us had been nose-ringed and collared, we were made to turn, so that our left sides were now touching the wall, with the short chains fastened to the backs of our collars bar taut. These were now unlocked from the rings on the wall, and instead fastened to the nose ring of the girl immediately behind each of us. Thus, my nose ring was painfully connected to the little ring at the back of Samantha's new iron collar. I say painfully, because unless I followed immediately behind her, I received a very painful jerk on my still sore nasal bone.

Similarly, the ring at the back of my collar was joined to the nose ring of the mother, ensuring that she and, behind her, her daughter followed me close behind. We now were certainly coffled in a very effective way.

The outside door of the shed was now opened, to reveal the lowered ramp of a cattle truck. 'Up!' ordered M'basa. 'Up! Up!' shouted the other eunuchs, cracking their whips.

Hastily, pulled by our nose rings, we all ran up into the truck. The ramp was raised and locked into place, leaving us in darkness. The only light and air came from little slits in the sides of the cattle truck, set too high for us to see out.

I heard the eunuchs get into the front of the truck, which then moved off along a rough track. Only our chained nose rings prevented some the girls from slipping down, as the truck shook.

Half an hour later, the truck stopped and the eunuchs got out. I heard deep male voices, mixing with their high-pitched ones. Then the back of the lorry was lowered and light streamed in again. Looking over my shoulder, I was astonished to see that we were on a rickety wooden quay, on the bank of a wide river or maybe a lake. Was this a tributary of the River Nile in the Sudan, or the Niger in West Africa, or Lake Chad in Central Africa? I do not yet know today.

The height of the river or lake was evidently low, and I could see mud in front of the quay. Moored some yards off the quay, to avoid the mud flats, was an old-fashioned river steamer, with smoke pouring out from its twin funnels. It was fitted with a long cargo derrick, which reached out over the quay to load or discharge cargo or, as I was soon to learn, animals.

Suddenly, the eunuchs cracked their whips again. 'One pace at a time, left foot first, backwards march!' came the order.

The entire coffle having initially run up into the truck, and being chained too close together to allow us to turn around, we were all now facing away from the lowered ramp – hence the order to step back one pace at a time.

Still facing away from the quay and from the steam boat, I saw out of the corner of my eye that the girl at the end of the coffle had finished stepping backwards down the ramp and was now standing on the quay.

The chain fastening her nose ring to the collar of the girl in front of her was unclipped. Instead, she was made to bend over – her immobilizing gloves still fastened to her thighs. A hook was lowered from the cargo derrick and was fastened to a ring at the back of her belt. An order was given and, amid high-pitched laughter from the eunuchs, the naked, terrified and screaming White girl was swayed aloft, head and legs hanging downwards, swung across to the steamer and down into a hold, where she disappeared from sight.

Moments later, the hook, now freed from its human load, appeared again and was swung back towards the truck, where another terrified girl was held bent over. Once again, the hook was lowered and passed through the ring at the back of the girl's belt. Once again, the tackle of the derrick tautened, and the girl was swayed up into the air, across to the steamboat and lowered down into the hold. Oh my God, I thought, in a few minutes' time that would be going to happen to me, too.

Indeed, a few minutes later I, too, was swayed up and then lowered down into the hold of the steamer. Two burly eunuchs unhooked the tackle from the back of my belt. Then, as the hook rose up ready for the next girl, my hands were unclipped from my belt, though the immobilizing gloves were left on.

Crawling on all fours, I was driven by the eunuchs' whips into a barred cage. It was straw-lined like a cattle pen and already held three of my companions, also crawling on all fours – for the bars, which formed the roof of the cage, were too low for us to stand up.

I could not help wondering, whether this was deliberate to make us think of ourselves as animals and in my case, being in milk with my breasts hanging down below me, to think of myself as a cow. *How awful!*

I saw the blond boy also being swung on board like an animal, but he was put in a separate cage on his own. But unlike us, his hands were still clipped to the sides of his belt, evidently to prevent him from getting at his young manhood, which, to the amusement of the eunuchs, kept coming into a helpless erection at the sight of so many naked girls.

As the girls in my cage spoke little or no English, I was unable to ask them, where they thought we were being taken – or why. I kept asking myself, what was going to happen to us, now that Ursula had abandoned us to the dreadful Achmed. Then, I felt the throb of the ferryboat's engines, and realized that we were underway.

* * * * *

We spent two days caged on board the river steamer – going God knows where to.

In each cage was a feeding trough and another for water. We had to sleep on the straw – just like cattle. Every morning, we had to line up in our cage, and when a whistle was blown, we had, one by one and still crawling on all fours, to deposit our wastes onto the straw in a corner of the cage. We would then, embarrassingly, have to press our bottoms against the bars, to allow a eunuch to clean us with a big rubber sponge, which was just as well, for with our hands still encased in the immobilizing gloves, we were quite unable to clean ourselves – just like we never were able to play with ourselves.

To drink we had to lower our heads, like cattle, into a large water trough, and to eat lower them into a trough, to gobble up the cheap porridge-like food, on which we were fed.

Twice a day, I had to kneel by the bars to be milked – no longer by the little vacuum pumps, but by hand by the evidently experienced eunuchs. They sat on little three-legged stools outside the cage and, reaching through the bars, squeezed my nipples, pulling them down alternatively, to direct little jets of milk into a pail placed below me. It was, I realized with shame, just as a cow was being milked.

12 – A CHANCE TO TALK

To my great joy, Samantha had been put into the cage next to mine. With our heads separated by the bars, we were often milked simultaneously by two young eunuchs, who were sitting on little stools and calling out to each, as they competed with each other to get more milk from us.

But at other times, too, we used to crawl over to the bars that separated us. No longer muzzled nor enjoined to silence by fear of Sabhu's whip, we were at last able to talk to each

other through the bars of our cages. Little did we know then that, for a long time, this would be our last chance to do so.

Of course, we also longed to touch and kiss each other passionately as we used to, but the bars and our immobilized hands prevented this. It was so humiliating and frustrating, but it was wonderful just being able to talk.

I told Samantha all that had happened to me, since we were caught by Sabhu in that hotel room, and how Ursula had gotten her revenge by making me submit to forced breeding – what she regarded as the very apogee of re-exerting control over an unfaithful and wayward girl of hers.

Samantha told me that the same had happened to her. Luckily, we had both only been used once to carry a litter of valuable puppies, and so our maternities had only lasted for a couple of months. Like me, she had had to hide her swelling tummy from her husband, until she, for the last few weeks of her shortened maternity, was moved permanently to Ursula's breeding cages, where, watched by a fascinated audience of Ursula's Lady friends, she had to deliver her litter.

Now, we both agreed, it seemed that Ursula had given Achmed carte blanche to offer us to his clients for another canine maternity. How terrifying – and how degrading it would be, to be used again as breeding animals!

We wondered just what was going to be our fate. Samantha spoke of how she had heard Achmed telling Sabhu that, at the goal of our journey, there was a big demand for blond White women. Apparently, the fall of the colonial empires in Africa had resulted in a stream of young Portuguese and Spanish women arriving there and seeking refuge. They were the wives and daughters, and few young sons, of murdered former White settlers in the colonies in the south.

'Little did they realize,' went on Samantha, 'what they were letting themselves in for, when in exchange for safety they accepted the status of indentured servants, especially as by local laws, the offspring of an indentured woman are also indentured. But it gave the rich local Arab landowners a taste for using White women as ... cattle.'

'Cattle!' I exclaimed. I remembered, how in the attic Achmed had repeatedly referred to herds of human White cattle. 'Is that why we're being kept penned up like cattle? And depriving us of the use of our hands certainly makes us more like animals.'

'Yes!' agreed Samantha, 'and I think that's one of the reasons why they nose-ringed us and replaced our pretty collars with these hideous iron rings.'

'But these people couldn't get away with that – not in these days and ages,' I said. 'There would be an international scandal!'

'Well, apparently it's a very remote, but rich part of Africa, that lives by farming and exporting gold and diamonds, and they never allow any White or Christians people in – except female indentured servants like us.'

'But I haven't signed any indentured agreement,' I objected.

'Oh, I don't think that would worry them. Here, a White woman would be an indentured servant because they say she is.'

'Oh! But what do they use their White women for? I heard Achmed tell Ursula that they didn't keep them locked up in their harems.'

'No! As far as I could understand, they have plenty of beautiful Arab women for their sexual pleasure, and Negresses to work in the fields and in the diamond and gold mines, which are the source of their considerable wealth. No, what they really enjoy, encouraged by their Mullahs, is reducing us despised White Christian women to the level of naked and dumb

animals. That's why they refer to them as "White Cattle". It's a fine form of Moslem revenge against the arrogance of the Christian West.'

'Oh!' I gasped again.

'Yes! It seems that some landowners like to have small herds of White human cattle, milked several times a day. Their milk makes very tasty yoghurt or cheese. Or they keep them stabled like fillies, to pull their light carriages, or kennelled like pet bitches.'

'Bitches!' I exclaimed. Hearing that dreaded word, my heart went down to my boots.

'Yes, many owners use their White women for all three: in a milking herd, in a stable of carriage girls, and as pet bitches.'

'Oh!'

'And they regard breeding from them, showing off their progeny, as quite normal.'

'Like breeding from animals? You mean like cows in calf, brood mares or brood bitches?'

'Exactly!' said Samantha in a horrified tone of voice. 'It seems that the progeny of those dark-haired Spanish and Portuguese women and boys have all turned out to be similarly olive-skinned, whereas what they really want, are blue-eyed, fair-skinned blond women like us, and the odd blond, blue-eyed boy, with whom they can be mated.'

'And that's just what Ursula is providing them with – through Achmed. My God!'

'Yes. I heard Achmed say that his rich clients would pay handsomely to own a few really blond White women and boys, whom they can breed from, to form a new strain.'

'Thank God,' I said, 'that in our case, Ursula has insisted on us both being returned to England in a few months' time.'

'Yes, indeed,' murmured Samantha.

* * * * *

Over the next two days, Samantha and I endlessly discussed what lay in store for us. It was horrible not knowing our future. Nevertheless, two things did reverberate round and round our minds.

'What worries me,' Samantha said one day, 'is that if these awful men really enjoy reducing White women to the level of animals, then surely they will want to make us dumb.'

'Dumb!' I exclaimed.

'Well, animals can't talk, can they?' said Samantha.

'No, I suppose not,' I had to agree. 'But Ursula would never let them make us dumb. What would happen on our return?'

'Supposing we were only made temporarily dumb?' said Samantha. 'And there's another awful thing that's worrying me.'

'Oh?'

'Well, you certainly know that animals don't have clitorises.'

Again, I gasped, all my old fears arousing again. 'You mean they might circumcise us? How dreadful! But, in any case, surely not those who are pregnant – or about to be.'

Instinctively, I tried to protect my private parts with my hands, but chained as they were, I only could press my thighs firmly together.

'Oh, I don't think that would stop them,' Samantha continued. 'But I don't expect that Ursula would let them fully infibulate us – leaving us completely sealed and smooth down between our legs, with just a fading scar where once were our lovely private parts, and only a little remaining orifice at the bottom – alongside our existing rear one. That might indeed cause some problems when we return. But just cutting off our clitorises would be very easy.'

‘And very effective,’ I added bitterly. ‘Ursula would be sure that we’d never reveal that to anyone on our return – not even to our husbands.’

I remembered thinking that, if Ursula ever had me “done”, then I would have to fake my pleasure with John in future.



‘And,’ went on Samantha, ‘Ursula’s clients surely would pay her a lot extra to have a circumcised woman wriggling under her – knowing that she is sensing nothing. Think of the feeling of sheer domination that it would give such a client.’

Oh God, I thought, remembering how I heard Ursula agree that Achmed could “do” something to Samantha as well as me – and then her final statement: ‘That’ll make them more popular than ever with my clients, when I get them back here.’

At that time, I had not entirely understood what she meant – but, by God, I did now!

13 – PREPARED FOR SALE IN SOME PARTICULAR WAYS

On the third day, the steamer anchored a short distance off Achmed’s slave dealing establishment. In the distance was a range of low hills. There seemed to be excavations in the hills. Were these the diamond and gold mines, the source of these people’s wealth?

Our immobilizing gloves were again fastened to the sides of our belts and, once again, we were muzzled. Then, one by one, we were taken out of our cages and hoisted outboard. However, this time we were lowered into small boats with outboard engines, manned by Negro servants. I was mortified to be naked in front of so many randy-looking Black men.

The boats took us near to what I was to learn was Achmed’s riverside slave dealing establishment – a white-painted compound, a mile away. Once ashore, our nose rings were again attached to the collar of another girl, so that we once again formed into a coffle. I was chained behind Samantha, with the mother and daughter following behind me.

M’basa and his colleagues mounted donkeys and, cracking their whips, made us run on our bare feet across the sandy soil towards the white buildings. We must have made an erotic sight: ten naked young White women, coffled by our noses, with our elbows back and our swaying breasts thrust forward, running in step, with our immobilized hands fastened to the sides of our belts, with the Black overseers’ whips cracking behind our bottoms.

As we approached the buildings, my heart sank, for I saw that a high wall surrounded them, with what seemed to be an electrified fence on the top. Escape was clearly going to be

very difficult, with our nose rings, our collars, our immobilized hands and now this electrified fence.

A barred gate, guarded by armed guards, was opened and, still being made to run by the cracking whips, we were driven through it. It was closed behind us, and we were driven on into a bare-looking hall, with a line of rings fastened along one wall.

In the centre of the hall was a strange Y-shaped wooden table, covered in leather straps, and, alongside of it, I was horrified to see a huge number of surgical instruments, hypodermic syringes and shiny metal dishes, whilst arranged neatly behind them was a row of small bottles. Oh no, not again, I thought. Curiously, there was also a vase holding several long feathers.

However, it was a dark-skinned man standing there, who really caught my eye, for he was dressed like a surgeon, with a nose mask and thin rubber gloves. Indeed, he was a veterinary surgeon, as I later learned.

What new horror faced us here, I wondered? In retrospect, it seemed only too clear what was going to happen right here and now to us unlucky women, but at that time, my mind completely refused to let that horrible truth sink in.

Before I could get a closer look at it all, we were halted. Our nose rings were detached from the collars of the girl in front and instead clipped onto the line of rings in the wall. We were thus, once again, held helpless, with our faces directed against the wall and our backs and bottoms showing to the hall with that strange table.

Our hands were fastened to our thigh straps. We were still muzzled. Samantha was now again on one side of me, and the mother and daughter on the other. When I tried to turn my head and look back at the surgeon and his table, I immediately got a stroke across my bottom from M'basas's whip. 'Eyes to wall,' he shouted, accompanied by another crack of his whip.

I did not dare to try to turn around again, but out of the corner of my eye, I saw the nose ring of the girl at the end of the line being unclipped from the wall. She was then led, by a short chain fastened to her nose ring, to the Y-shaped table, with M'basas driving her on with his whip.

'Get up on table!' I heard him order. There was some noise, as if she was being fastened down by straps.

I vaguely made out that the surgeon now took a syringe in his hand. He leaned forward, but I could not see what he was doing. Moments later, I thought I saw him shaking some liquid onto a piece of cotton wool and again bend down, this time towards where the two ends of the table divided. How odd, I thought.

Then I saw him pick up a strange shiny instrument, like a surgical scalpel, and again bend down. I heard a muffled moan, and the surgeon stood up. What had he done?

Again, he seemed to bend forward, this time holding a piece of cotton wool, which seemed to have been soaked in something black. Then he stood back and said something in what sounded like Arabic. There was the noise of straps being undone.

'Take her to the metal bars,' I heard M'basas order. Then I saw the now sobbing girl being led by her nose ring, not back to her place in the line of chained girls, but towards two bars that ran across the room, supported by other bars from the ceiling.

The lower bar was waist-high, and the other, from which hung little clip fasteners, was head-high. Below them was a line of rings set in the floor.

Her nose ring was clipped to the upper bar, with the lower bar pressing against the small of her back, forcing her to thrust out her tummy. Her ankles were fastened wide apart to the rings in the floor. Because the rod was higher than her nose, her head was held back by her

nose ring, and she had to stand on the tips of her toes. It was a position, which made her thrust out her tummy even more.

As her muzzle had been removed, I expected to hear her crying out aloud, but she was strangely silent. I also saw between her legs a blob of what looked like the Stockholm Tar, which is used to seal wounds on horses and stop bleeding. How odd, I thought. Had the girl been muted? Suddenly I remembered what Samantha had whispered in our cages. Had she also been ... circumcised?

My God! If so, then perhaps all of the girls were going to be “done”? What about me?

Desperately, I tried to wriggle free. However, my nose ring prevented any movements. There was a shout from behind me. ‘Keep still!’ ordered the burly eunuch, who had just led the next girl, sobbing silently like the first one, back to the bars. He brought his whip down across my bottom. It hurt like hell, and I did not dare to move again.

The same procedure was carried out on the next girl. Afterwards, she, too, was fastened by her nose ring to the upper bar. Her ankles, too, were chained wide apart to the rings in the floor.

I lost count of the following procedures, but eventually, Samantha’s nose ring was released from the wall, and she was led away. I was almost hysterical with fear. So I would be next!

After what seemed an eternity to me, she was led to the bars, sobbing silently like the others, with her muzzle removed. I saw that she, too, had Stockholm Tar applied on her private parts, although it seemed to be far more extensive than the blobs on the other girls. Why that, I wondered, when she, too, was chained in position, with her tummy thrust forward.

Then, inevitably, my own nose chain was unclipped from the wall and two of the men led me, with a firm grip on my chain as well as around my upper arms, towards the dreaded table. I began to struggle – anything to avoid being circumcised! But the pain from a jerk on the chain leading to my nose ring, soon put any idea of revolt out of my head.

I shivered with fear, as, tucking their canes under their arms, two eunuchs pushed me down onto the wooden surface. Straps were passed over my neck and waist and pulled tight. Then I felt my ankles being pulled wide apart, laying bare my still laced-up intimacies. A thick pad was stuffed under my hips, keeping my sex embarrassingly well displayed. My thighs were firmly strapped down, with slightly bent knees, one to each arm of the “Y”. A further strap was passed over my forehead, as if also to keep my head quite still. I was totally helpless now.

Then my muzzle was removed. ‘What are you going to do to me?’ I called out.

There was no reply. Instead, this tall Arab, with his surgical gloves and face mask, laughed and said something in Arabic to M’basa. Then he came over to my side, with a raised hypodermic syringe in his hand. ‘This not hurt,’ he said in quite good English. ‘Just make you mute – dumb like an animal.’

‘But you can’t do this!’ I cried out. ‘What will happen, when I go back to my husband in England in a few months’ time?’

‘Don’t you worry,’ came the reply. ‘We give you married women an injection of an antidote, before you are sent back to England. Now keep quite still.’

I felt the needle going into my neck. I longed to snatch it out, but, with my immobilized hands fastened to the sides of the belt round my waist, there was nothing I could do. Even if I could have done anything, I do not honestly think I would have dared to do it.

The needle was withdrawn. There was a strange feeling in the back of my throat. ‘What have you done to me?’ I tried to call out. However, I already seemed to be unable to speak. ‘My God,’ I tried in vain to scream, ‘what have you done to me?’

I remembered what the veterinary surgeon had said about being made dumb like an animal. Had I really been muted? It seemed so. I also remembered how Samantha and the other girls seemed strangely silent, when they were brought back to the wall. They must have been muted as well.

Then I heard the veterinary surgeon say something in Arabic. I saw M'basa fiddling in the pocket of his robe and finally pulling out a small key marked "7". I recognized it as the key to the padlock hanging down between my legs. He bent down over me, and I felt him unlock the padlock and ease the laces through the eyelets in my outer lips.

Oh my God, I thought, what were these men going to do now? I did not have to wait long to find out.

The vet parted my well-displayed outer lips, to expose my lovely clitoris, my precious bud! In situations like this, and without any concealing foreskin and inner lips, I knew it would always straighten up in its entirety.

The man parted my lips even more, and then I felt a pleasant feeling around my clitoris. Obviously, he had begun to caress my hungry waiting bud with one of his feathers.

Immediately, I responded to that sensual touch. Having been deprived of such a sensuous feeling for what seemed almost an eternity, I could not help but getting aroused within just seconds. Being stimulated this way, I felt my lovely pleasure bud enlarge more and more.

Suddenly, the situation changed. I felt him grabbing my clitoris with his fingers, and then he began to rub and roll it expertly between his thumb and index finger. But still there remained a sensuous feeling down between my wide-spread legs.

The stimulation went steadily on and on, and very soon I was moaning with pleasure. Indeed, only the tight straps which held me down onto the table, stopped me from wriggling with excitement.

Within seconds, I was on the brink of an enormous climax. However, I was never to reach it, because I was soon to learn that these cruel men would deny me even this last possible orgasm in my life.

With his free hand, the surgeon suddenly grasped an instrument that resembled some medical forceps. With a swift and expert motion, he gripped my by now fully engorged clitoris with the metal branches and began to tug it upward and towards him.

The pleasure of my upcoming orgasm immediately changed into an excruciating pain. I cried out in horror, but only a muffled groan came out of my mouth. Through a red haze, I could see M'basa grinning from ear to ear. Without doubt, he seemed very pleased as he saw that one of his greatest wishes would come true at any moment.



The surgeon strived to pull my poor lovely clitoris out between my widespread labia and away from my body, using now all the strength he could administer. Every moment, my tender flesh could be ripped off!

The cruel man only seemed content with the exposed length of my clitoris, when he had assured himself with some extra tugs that no further millimetre of that sensitive piece of flesh would come out between my widespread lips. The pain now was almost unbearable. I screamed and screamed, but only muffled noises were to hear.

Without releasing his tug, he now grasped a sharp and glistening scalpel with his other hand and held it up, for me to see it for some seconds between my widespread thighs. He clearly wanted to demonstrate me, what was going to happen to me right now. Time stood still. I was so shocked that I could not move a single limb.

As if in slow motion, I saw him bring the shiny knife out of my sight and down between my legs. Through all my pain I could clearly feel, how he placed it at the base of my so cruelly stretched-out clitoris.

There was a short pause, as for some moments the sharp blade rested motionless on my precious piece of flesh. Then I felt some cutting and sawing movements between my outer lips. This added another, more searing pain down there, and I tried to cry out all my despair and horror – but in vain.

This horrible tearing and cutting between my labia went on and on for what seemed an eternity. But all of a sudden, there was a stop. Then, to my horror, I felt the blade again touch my clitoris, and the grasp of the clamp was even more intensified. There was a little pause, and then, with a searing pain and a sudden snap, the tug was released. Apparently, the veterinarian had sliced off my clitoris – right off!

In this moment, I realised that my worst fear had come true. The unimaginable had happened! Without further ado, these bastards had performed another circumcision on a helpless girl. Mutilating another woman this way quite obviously meant nothing to them - but this time, the hapless victim had been me!

Circumcised! Oh my God!!

I was petrified with horror and could not move a single limb, while, gradually, the searing pain between my lips turned to a dull and constant ache, throbbing with the rhythm of my heartbeat. I was too shocked of what had just happened to me that I was not even able to shed a single drop of tear – not for now!

I suddenly noticed the surgeon standing up and bending over me. This he had not done to the other girls, as far as I had noticed. In his hand, he still held the forceps and brought it now up over my face. Clearly, he wanted me to see and appreciate the result of all his efforts.

Between the branches of the instrument dangled a piece of severed flesh. It resembled to a thick and motionless worm, pink-coloured, but bloodstained now, and at least an inch long.

My God, I thought, he really must have excised my lovely clitoris down to its very roots! Apparently, he had not left any remnants between my lips, and, without any doubt, my well-developed clitoris had been completely removed just now!

He sat down again, and I felt numerous stitches down between my legs. Obviously, the cuts in my private parts had been quite extensive, and now the vet was closing the wounds meticulously with fine surgical threads, to prevent any bleeding or infection. Strange as it might seem, I only prayed in this moment that he would not stitch me up completely!

Finally, I saw M'basu handing him a pot of something black – the same Stockholm Tar that had been used on the other girls. I felt the man spread the sticky ointment liberally on my crotch.

My God, I thought, I have been circumcised, and now they are smearing Stockholm Tar over where my lovely clitoris used to be just moments before!

I remembered Ursula saying that she would have no objection to both of us English women being also “done”, provided that it was performed abroad – and what could be more abroad than this dreadful place somewhere in Black Africa? But what a terrible thing it was that these ghastly Arabs had “done” to a poor helpless girl like me!

For a moment, however, I forgot my own impaired future pleasure. I was more concerned about the possibility of John discovering what had happened to me. From now on, I would have to fake my pleasure, so that he would never notice what had been done to me!

A cold chill ran down my spine, as I realized that, in any case, I could never ever again permit him just the slightest glance at my maimed private parts, not to mention let him touch them! He would react quite appalled, for with my labia minora already removed in that dreadful “Castle of Fear” and the excision of my clitoris just now, I would bear in the future a strange resemblance to those unhappy East African girls who had undergone a complete “Pharaonic Circumcision”.



I hadn't been allowed even the slightest glance at the results of this final mutilation of my crotch, but I could vividly imagine how, from now on, whenever I would spread my thighs and part my remaining outer lips down there, only a puckered opening amidst an otherwise smooth and shapeless area could be seen at first glance. As I was hardly ever penetrated by a man down there and only rarely entered by a dildo, my vagina was mainly used when I was mated with dogs, and thus it would appear unused and rather tight – like that of a little girl.



In the future, only some scar lines around this entrance to my vagina would indicate the places where, a long time ago, my delicate inner lips had been sliced off, and where, just now, my proud and lovely clitoris had been excised in its entirety by this abominable "veterinary surgeon".

Fortunately, this scoundrel hadn't trimmed back my outer lips, too, and their remnants sewn together. Well-developed as they were, I hopefully would be able to hide more or less all the devastation between them, at least from an occasional glance – if I always remembered to keep my thighs closed! However, even with these lips left intact, a very unhappy girl I was now!



I felt sick and began to tremble uncontrollably, as I realized the full meaning of the fact that never again, I would be able to reach an orgasm. And now at last, my tears began to flow freely.

Oh, what a monster Ursula was, to have allowed this to happen!

Then I saw M'basa lean over me with the laces and padlock in his hand. I realized that he was going to close me again. Through all the throbbing pain, I felt every touch of his hand, as he re-threaded the laces through the eyelets in my lips. Having been neatly circumcised, I now was likewise neatly sealed again!

Then I was unfastened from the table and led by the short chain, attached to my nose ring, to the bars running across the room. I was stumbling and tottering and sobbing silently now – just as I had seen Samantha and the other girls do, when they, too, had been led over to the bars.

I was again chained up next to Samantha, with my tightly clipped nose ring keeping my head back. I felt the lower bar pressing against the small of my back and moved my legs forward. However, instantly they were seized, pushed back and chained, wide apart, to the rings in the floor, forcing me like the other women to thrust out my tummy. The tension on my nose ring made me, too, stand totally still on tiptoe.

Apparently, our torture was not yet over, and there was another harm awaiting us.

Unable to utter any words, Samantha and I only glanced at each other in utter horror from the corner of our eyes. Both of us were quivering and sobbing uncontrollably now. Fortunately, the pain continued to subside somewhat, and, thanks to the Stockholm Tar, there was only a little bleeding, as I could see at Samantha's crotch.

I longed to touch myself, to find out what exactly they had done to me, but once again, with my hands immobilized and strapped to my thighs, there was nothing I could do.

The circumcision today had been quite a simple and quick procedure – for most of the women, albeit not for Samantha and me! No wonder, I reflected, that it had been carried out with ease for centuries in this part of the world, on little girls as well as on captured adult White slave women.

At last, first the mother and then her daughter were also “done”. Again, I saw the tell-tale marks of Black Stockholm Tar at the top of their laced-up nether lips. And they, too, seemed to have been rendered mute.

A young eunuch with a black whip in his hand was now walking up and down behind us, doubtless just to terrify us into subservience. I could not help thinking that, after what we had all just been through, they now really didn't need him to ensure our cringing obeisance.

Indeed, the little operation seemed to have already induced a strange new feeling of servility.

14 – BRANDED!

Oh, how I longed for taking Samantha in my arms, to give each other at least a little bit of comfort in this our darkest hour of desperation! However, chained up as I was, I could barely move my head. I just had to stand on tiptoe and wait for what new horror was to come.

When all of us women had been muted and circumcised, and were held lined up with our tummies so mysteriously thrust out, a little mobile forge, resembling that of a blacksmith, was wheeled in by a huge Black man, who was wearing a thick leather apron and gloves.

There was a roaring noise from air being driven into the brazier, and I saw red-hot coals. Several irons with wooden handles had been thrust into the blaze, and their tips, too, were glowing red-hot.

With a shock, I identified them as branding irons – like those used to brand cattle. And suddenly, I realized to my horror why we were being held quite still, with our tummies thrust out. We were going to be branded on the belly!

Oh my God, not that as well! I panicked how I could ever show myself again back in England with such a slave brand on my belly? Then I thought that perhaps it would not be too difficult to hide, even beneath a bikini.

Had that swine Ursula given Achmed permission to brand Samantha and me, knowing that the sight of a branded girl would excite her “Lady Clients” all the more?

I saw the blacksmith remove one branding iron from the furnace. He blew on it, making it glow even more. I saw that it was in the form of a simple, but delicate oval. Was this so that the Masters, to whom we were to be sold, could further brand us, with their own distinguishing marks for their cattle placed within the oval?

The two burly eunuchs kept holding the girl at the end of the line quite still, and then the blacksmith pressed his branding iron against her tummy. I was expecting to hear screams of pain, but there were none – a clear sign of the effectiveness of our muting.

I saw the blacksmith thrust his branding iron back into the furnace and rub some black paste into the brand, to make it stand out: black on a white skin. Then, without further ado, he took out another red-hot iron and branded the tummy of the next girl.

I was almost driven mad by the thought that it would soon be my turn, but, once again held as I was, there was nothing I could do, as the mobile forge was wheeled closer and closer.

I watched, frozen in shock, as my friend Samantha was branded below her belly button. And then it was my turn to feel the searing iron on my body, with the big Black eunuchs holding me perfectly still.

When the glowing iron touched my skin, the pain was appalling. I screamed and screamed, but all that could be heard from my paralyzed throat, were some moans. The Black eunuchs intensified their grip, to prevent even the slightest movement.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity to me, the branding procedure was over. In conclusion, the blacksmith rubbed the usual soothing black paste onto my wound. Indeed, it helped to ease my pain – but at the expense of dying black the brand mark.

Now, for the rest of my life, I would carry a black oval, running about 6 inches across my lower belly, for sure awaiting its completion with a further brand in the future ...

15 – TRAINING

For the next days, all ten of us White women were kept locked up in a big, low cage that was raised off the ground. Slowly, we recovered from the stress of our journey and of what had been done to us. Our brand marks healed, to form a black oval. The bits of Stockholm Tar gradually fell off, but the sealed nether lips of us girls prevented any look at the place where once our clitorises had been.

For me, the pain that had at first diminished a little bit after the initial shock, renewed with a searing and throbbing sensation during the days that followed my circumcision. It especially intensified every time I incautiously brought my thighs together. And of course, being regarded as just a human breeding cattle, there were no painkillers for me.

Thankfully, this burning pain gradually subsided. However, for a long time a strange feeling of numbness as well as of hypersensitivity still remained between my legs – indicating the place where, up to that horrible day, the existence of my lovely clitoris had proven that I once had been a real woman, even with my labia minora missing. After all, lots of women had these parts of their femininity voluntarily more or less trimmed back! But now, after the complete excision of my clitoris, I felt just like some strange sort of female eunuch.

For days on end, I had to fight back my tears every time when I realised, more and more, the consequences of this grievous loss and what it meant for my future life. And especially the nights proved to be dreadful, when I was overwhelmed by the horrible truth.

Due to our lacing-up, Samantha and I never were able to get a look at our private parts, let alone touch this region, but from the prolonged duration of our healing process, I recognized that the surgery on us two married women had been considerably deeper and much more profound than that on the other girls.

However, all of these incisions had been thoroughly closed with tiny surgical threads, which, one by one, fell off after the flesh underneath had healed properly. And gradually, I realized the full purpose for this our radical variation of genital mutilation.

For the other women who would forever stay here in Africa, it seemed to be sufficient that just the easily accessible part of their clitorises had been removed. Anyway, for the rest of their lives, they would never be free again. But unlike them, we two married women were to go back to England again, sent back to our unsuspecting husbands.

And unlike Samantha had assumed and hoped, it had obviously been Ursula's explicit demand that both our clitorises were to be eradicated root-and-branch. Not the slightest trace of sensitive tissue, even in the depths of our bodies, should remain. Therefore, for both of us the circumcision procedure had not meant just a simple "snipping off the nub", but our clitorises had been thoroughly and completely excised – with a maximum of pain for us!

I had no doubt that, neither by reconstructive surgery nor any other way, this irreparable eradication of our clitorises could ever be revoked. Obviously, it was meant to be irreversible and for good. And thus, never again in our lives would we be able to derive pleasure from that intimate spot down between our lips.

Oh, what a swine this woman was!

* * * * *

We were kept on clean straw like cattle. We were even fed and watered like them.

Once again, the cage was too low to stand up in, and our hands were freed from our thigh straps, to allow us to crawl about on the straw on all fours like caged animals. Naked and muted, with our hands still immobilized, caged animals were, to all intents and purposes, what we now represented. However, we were regularly groomed, and our hair was shampooed and brushed, like cattle being prepared for an Agricultural Show.

When ordered by our eunuch boy, we had to line up and bend over, to strain to deposit our wastes onto the straw in one of the front corners of the cage. Still keeping us bending over, the boy would wash us all clean and then stretch our rear orifices with large rubber dildos – moving them slowly in and out.

Even worse, he would leave them in place, held there by our sphincter muscles, until we were next ordered to perform. I could see that all this made Samantha feel as ashamed as myself – and we could scarcely bear to look silently at each other.

Periodically, our wastes would be taken away, like a stable being mucked out.

* * * * *

Then, on the tenth day, Samantha and I were temporarily taken out of our cage. Still kept on all fours, we were washed down with a hose and our rear orifices were greased. I longed to stand up, but with a boy walking up in front of us and, as usual, tapping his cane menacingly on the palm of his hand, neither of us dared to move.

‘Now, you two infidels listen carefully,’ one of Achmed’s eunuchs called out in surprisingly good English. ‘You will now be displayed to prospective buyers, crawling on all fours like animals – like a nose-ringed Christian pig. If a buyer shows interest in you, you will be told to stand up. Now, assume that a buyer is interested in you, and stand up. Now! Jump up!’

He waved his cane menacingly, and we hastily jumped to our feet. Then our gloved hands were again clipped to our belts, rendering us helpless. Little leather aprons were fastened to the front of our belts. However, these aprons were so short that they did not hide our hairless nether lips. The cloth was decorated with the logo of Achmed’s slave dealing business and some Arabic numbers – presumably they were our slave numbers, and were for ease of identification.

‘Right!’ said the eunuch. ‘Now comes Lesson Number One. You will try to attract the interest of the buyer in using you as a breeding slave, by parting your legs, bending your knees and shaking your bellies to and fro, so to flick up your leather aprons, to display your brand marks and your circumcised status, whilst all the time looking straight ahead.’

Oh, how degrading that would be, I thought.

‘And,’ he went on, ‘if you have caught the buyer’s eye as a possible breeding animal, you will be told to keep still, and your laces may be eased, to allow a closer evaluation of your purity grade. If either of you fails to show humble obedience, she will be immediately beaten. Understand?’

He paused. I found myself trembling with a mixture of shame and fear. I could see that Samantha also seemed to be shaken by the callous way we were going to be treated.

‘Now, Lesson Number Two. If the buyer wants to see you pass water, with or without your laces eased, you will assume the same posture, and your gloves will be unfastened from your belts, to allow you to hold up your leather apron. Meanwhile, you will be getting your bladders ready for immediate release. On my word of command, you then immediately pass water onto ground.

‘Again, if either of you fails to do so, she will be beaten immediately. Remember, those buyers will want to see a good flow – the sign of a healthy animal. And they will want to see you both performing simultaneously, as a sign of a pair well broken-in women.’

Again, he paused. Once again, I felt utterly ashamed. But did this mean, I wondered hopefully, that Samantha and I were going to be sold together – as a pair? Oh, I hoped so!

‘Lesson Number Three. If the buyer wants to see how subservient you are, on the order “Show subservience!” you will immediately kneel down in front of him, put your head under his robe, and use your tongue to find and lick his manhood. Then you will take it into your mouth. You will suck it diligently and humbly. If you do not quickly arouse him, or fail to give proper pleasure, you will be beaten ... and if he turns around, you must eagerly lick his rear orifice. If you fail to get your tongues up inside him, you will be beaten.’

Once again, he paused.

How could I possibly do this to a man? I did not know. And an Arab at that. I was horrified – and yet, deep down, I knew that fear of a beating would make me do it.

‘Lesson Number Four. If, at any time, he snaps his fingers, you will immediately turn around on all fours and thrust up your buttocks. You will humbly present your stretched rear entrance to his fingers. The buyer will want to feel your muscles alternatively gripping and releasing his finger in a milking fashion – which will be the way that you may – occasionally – be allowed to please him – if he buys you. Remember that it is normal here for an infidel White woman to be taken up her backside, to humiliate her all the more. A buyer will therefore want to see, how good your internal muscles will be at giving him pleasure. So, if I do not see your buttocks clenching properly, or the buyer is not impressed by your performance, you will be beaten.’

He went on. ‘Now, you two – when your present owner, Achmed Effendi, arrives in a few minutes’ time, I want to see you giving a live demonstration to the other girls, who do not understand English. You are to treat him as if he were a prospective buyer – and remember that if you do not carry out all four lessons eagerly, you will be thrashed.’ He raised his cane, adding: ‘By me, and with this cane.’

Then he repeated the four lessons. Terrified of being thrashed, I remembered them diligently. I could not help feeling, however, that clearly our future Masters might well, after all, be interested in using us as women, as well as enjoying denigrating us as mere animals.

Achmed now entered the room. He spoke in Arabic to the eunuch, who had so vividly and shame-making described the various lessons to us. Then he nodded approvingly and turned to us, as if appraising us like a buyer.

He ran his hands over us, as we now knelt on all fours. Then he stood back and again nodded to the eunuch, who gestured to us to stand up. Our little denigrating rehearsal had begun.

‘Lesson One,’ the eunuch slowly called out to the other girls, watching with horrified expressions from behind the bars of the cage. He raised his cane. ‘You watch and learn – or else!’

They may not have understood much English, but his meaning was clear – very clear! I saw the mother and daughter both looking carefully looking at me.

All went well, until he called out: 'Lesson Three!' and raised three fingers in the air, to illustrate his words to the girls in the cage. Samantha and I fell to our knees in front of the fat Achmed. He pointed at Samantha, who, hiding a grimace of disgust, edged forward on her knees. She put her head under his robe. I could see her head moving up and down under the robe. But, suddenly, Achmed said something angrily to the eunuch, who pulled Samantha back from under the robe.

'You failed to lick properly. You get beating ... now ... ten strokes ... bend over!'

I and the other girls in the cage had to watch, as Samantha was beaten. Poor girl! My heart went out to her. I found myself counting the strokes and thanking God, that it was not me, who was being as an object lesson to the other girls still in the cage. They may not have understood the eunuch's words, but Samantha's failure was clear.

'Get back and do it properly,' he ordered with the last stroke. Sobbing, and rubbing her now well-striped bottom, Samantha now eagerly put her head under Achmed's robe. I could see her head thrusting forward under it. Achmed smiled and said something approvingly to the eunuch.

We had all learned our lesson in obedience, blind obedience, no matter what we were ordered to do.

Moments later, it was my turn to lick the horrible manhood, which, thanks to Samantha's finally eager ministrations, was rapidly coming into erection. I took his manhood into my mouth and sucked as if my life depended on it. I'd do anything not to get ten strokes. It was horrible, but the fear of a beating drove me on ... and on ...

Suddenly, he pulled back and turned around. I gasped in horror at the thought of what I must now do. I put my head again under his robe, under which he was naked. It was dark, and there was a musk-like smell. Anxiously, I felt for his buttocks with my tongue and parted them with my nose. Doubtless, the feel of my nose ring would give him extra pleasure.

Reluctantly, I thrust out my tongue and began to lick. It tasted horrible. However, I knew I had to do more if I was to avoid a beating, and I thrust my tongue into the tight orifice.

Suddenly, there came a snip. Moments later, Samantha and I were bending over, proffering our well-greased bottoms to Achmed's probing fingers. Desperately I tried to grip and release his finger, as I would a manhood. Oh, the shame! But the sight of the stripes on Samantha's bottom made me try even harder.

Once again, he paused. How awful! I had heard that Arabs liked to use a woman, especially a White one, in that denigrating and humbling way. However, I never thought that I would be actually trained to give pleasure in this way.

Samantha's beating was another lesson that was not missed by the horrified watching girls in the cage – and, although Samantha and I were put back into the cage, the other girls were now taken out, one by one, and made to practice Lessons One to Four. The only exception was that the mother and daughter were taken out together and made to perform in front of one another – just as Samantha and I had been.

It took several beatings, before Achmed and the eunuch were satisfied that the girls were all satisfactorily broken-in. Indeed, thereafter we were put through this degrading performance several times a day, until we all could do it perfectly – with a variety of Achmed's Black guards playing the role of the prospective buyers.

16 – THE CATTLE MARKET

Samantha and I were kneeling sideways, on all fours, in a shaded cage on Achmed's raised display platform in the middle of the noisy open-air cattle market.

It was indeed a busy scene. Real live cows and sheep were being displayed in pens. Tethered camels were snorting. Horses were being run up and down the sandy ground, to display their paces, and so, too, were some dark-haired White women, who, like us, wore immobilizing gloves, which were attached to the sides of their belts. I saw that they, too, were all nose-ringed – which gave them, like us, an animal-like look.

In a well-attended corner of the market were male animals, whose fertilizing services were apparently being offered for hire as bulls, rams, stallion horses and stallion dogs – and I discovered the naked figure our young boy, the son of the beautiful mother.

The hinged front bars of the cages of Achmed's women had been lifted up, to show us off better. Samantha and I were facing away from each other, with our bottoms almost touching. Our heads were held up and back by our nose rings, which were fastened to rings in the top of the low cage, and our ankles were fastened to rings in the floor. Thus, we could hardly move.

It was a position that made us arch our backs and thrust forward our breasts that hung down between our arms. The rest of our party were similarly being displayed, kneeling on all fours in other open-fronted cages on Achmed's platform.

Numerous other White women, all dark-haired, were being similarly displayed on other shaded raised platforms by other slave dealers. They all seemed to have been muted, like us. Again, like us, the hands of all of those White women were also encased in immobilizing gloves, which were attached to the sides of their belts or straps round their thighs, rendering them as helpless as cattle.

The bodies were still very white, despite the hot sun. Evidently, I thought their Masters liked to preserve their skins white and kept them out the sun. Shocked, I saw that, irrespective of their age, the women were nearly all either pregnant or in milk. Like us, they were being treated like animals, and all of them seemed to have been muted.

The atmosphere seemed to be more like that of a public cattle market than a discreet slave market. Numerous richly dressed Arabs were strolling round in front of the various display platforms, chatting and laughing and occasionally pointing to a particular White woman.

Clearly, we blond girls were the centre of attraction. Standing in front of our platform, one of Achmed's eunuchs was calling out our attractions. I did not understand, what he was saying, but I could imagine that he was drawing attention to our blond hair and blue eyes – and, in the case of Samantha and me, that we were married women, available only to be leased out for several months. This, he would doubtlessly be saying, would still give time for a rather special maternity that would still pander to an Arab's natural desire to degrade and humiliate a Christian woman, especially a married one, by using her for forced breeding. How awful to be talked about in this way – as if we really were animals!

Many buyers came and looked at us, especially at Samantha and me and at the beautiful mother and daughter. Evidently questioning the eunuchs about us, they would run their hands down our curved back heads and over our bottoms. Clearly, they were delighted to find, in the case of Samantha and me, that our aching breasts were almost over-flowing with milk – for we had deliberately not been milked that morning.

They raised our hanging, milk-filled breasts, as if judging their weight and yield – as if they were feeling the udders of a cow. Held as we were, helpless and on all fours, we had no option but to submit to these denigrating examinations.

Suddenly, there seemed to be great excitement amongst the crowd of potential buyers. Instructed to keep my eyes on the wall in front of me, I was too scared to turn my head, to see what was going on.

Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a huge fat man with a black beard ponderously making his way towards Achmed's display platform. He looked revolting. He was wearing a distinctive bright blue robe and a golden-coloured turban, and was surrounded by armed Black bodyguards and eunuchs. There were many salaams and respectful bows, as he passed through the crowd.

Could he be the local Governor, or Caid, I wondered? Later I learned that indeed he was the Caid – and a leading breeder of White cattle.

Achmed appeared from behind the platform and greeted the Caid effusively – and yet very respectfully. Bowing, he indicated the line of ten blond girls, which he was selling – or leasing, in our case.

Watched by a crowd of admiring onlookers, the fat Caid slowly moved down the line, commenting on us as he did so. He seemed particularly interested in the beautiful mother and daughter – pointing to their naked bodies and asking Achmed numerous questions about them. I saw him reach forward as if to feel them, but the wooden wall of my cage prevented me from seeing what was going on. I saw him discussing something with Achmed, and then they seemed to agree. My God, I thought, has he bought the mother and daughter?

Finally, he came to the raised open-fronted cages that rigidly held Samantha and me. I felt his hands on my breasts. It was clear that he was very interested in us.

'Quickly! Get them up,' whispered Achmed. The eunuch quickly unfastened our noses rings and manacled ankles. He cracked his whip and, blushing with embarrassment, Samantha and I hastily rose to our feet and turned around. Immediately our gloved hands were again clipped to the sides of our belts.

Hastily, we assumed the position 'Number One', parting our legs, bending the knees and shamefully shaking our tummies to and fro, to flick up the little leather aprons, as if trying to attract the attention of the repulsive-looking Caid to our potential as breeding slaves.

Then, whilst we looked straight ahead, the eunuch lifted up our leather aprons, to display our branded bellies and laced-up outer labia. I felt the Caid's podgy hand run along my beauty lips. The spot, where once my clitoris had been, felt still sore and I longed to brush his hands away, but with my gloves clipped to the rings at the side of my belt, I was helpless. I wanted to look down and see what he was doing, but I remembered the eunuch's warning about looking straight ahead, and I kept my head up and my eyes fixed.

I heard the buyer say something in Arabic and felt the eunuch unfasten the securing padlock that hung between my now outstretched legs. I felt him ease the bottom of my laces. He apparently repeated the same to Samantha and then stood back.

I felt the Caid part my lips. Was he looking to see if we had been properly circumcised? Oh, how shame-making!

The fat Caid thrust a probing finger between the now eased laces and felt up inside me. Yes – he was quite obviously examining the spot where once my clitoris had been. And then he fingered deeper and deeper in me. Oh, how embarrassing! Thank God we had been muted – or I would have cried out loud, right into his face!

During a long time, I had only been touched down there by Sabhu at home and the African overseers here in this country. And now a stranger worked his fingers on my crotch and deep inside my vagina! Due to my profound clitoridectomy, I did not feel the merest hint of pleasure. This probing was just awkward – and still a little bit painful!

At the same time, I felt him running his hands over my hips, as if assessing my capability to carry and deliver a chosen progeny. I saw him do the same to the blushing Samantha. Then he gave an impatient order to the eunuch.

‘Position Two!’ the latter called out to us.

Achmed held up our aprons, and the eunuch, tucking his cane under his arm, held my now only partly laced-up lips apart with the fingers of one hand, and those of Samantha with the other. Our knees were bent, and we were still looking straight ahead, just as we had been taught to do. Nervously, I was getting ready. Oh, the shame!

The eunuch looked enquiringly at Achmed, who nodded. ‘Perform!’ cried the eunuch, holding each of our laces back with a different hand.

To have to do it between his fingers, was almost more than I could bear. But then I thought of the threatened beating. The same thought must have crossed Samantha’s mind, for within seconds two gushes of urine were shamefully jetting out from between the eunuch’s fingers and splashing onto the sandy ground.

Once again, the Caid said something to the eunuch, who nodded and smiled ingratiatingly, like a good salesman. Then he turned to Achmed and began to bargain with him over us. At least, we had been spared the ignominy of Positions Three and Four!

Moments later, we had been leased to the awful Caid – leased for four months, including the option of forced breeding.

Minutes later, the Caid had also acquired the mother and daughter, and Achmed was looking very happy, secure in the knowledge that, with this lead from the Caid himself, the other girls were also going to be sold at a good price as well.

PART IV – MY MASTER

17 – IN THE POWER OF THE CAID

With our immobilizing gloves again strapped to the sides of our belts, we were taken out into a courtyard next to the slave market.

There, in the shade of a large tree, stood a beautifully made gharry, a lightweight four-wheel carriage. It had rubber tires and a sun hood that shaded a big luxuriously furnished seat. In front was a groom's small driving seat, with a long driving whip held in a tub alongside of it. The two shafts were linked in front by a bar. However, what was between the shafts really caught my eye. Not a fine pair of matching Arab horses, but a pair of tall, naked, dark-haired White women, wearing high white boots.

Despite the hot sun, their bodies, like those of the other White women I had seen, were still surprisingly untanned. Their nakedness, like ours, contrasted sharply with the covered-up look of the local women, hidden behind their burqas. Clearly, it did not matter here that White women slaves were naked in public – we were mere cattle anyway.

The two girls' harnesses gleamed in the sunlight. High white plumes were fastened to a strap round their foreheads, which formed part of their bridles that held rubber bits, to which were attached reins that ran back to the driver's position. Their nose rings hung down over the bits in their mouths, which on their part ended in cheek rings.

These rings were held in place partly by tight straps that ran back on either side of their faces, from the rings, to meet behind the neck, and partly by further straps, which ran up from the rings on either side of their nose, to meet on the bridge of the nose. There the now combined straps ran up over their foreheads, to meet the straps holding the plumes.

Other straps ran from the rings, to meet under their chins – to prevent them from opening their mouths. A further strap linked the two girls' bits, so that they could not separately turn their heads. It was a simple and yet ingenious way of bridling human carriage horses.

The two White women were being held by their bridles by a young boy, whose colourful dress of a big red turban, open blue waistcoat embroidered in green with Arabic letters, and billowing green Turkish trousers gathered below the knee, contrasted sharply with the nakedness of the pony girls.

I saw that, like us, the girls' hands were encased in immobilizing gloves, which were fastened to the sides of their belts, thus keeping them erect with their breasts thrust out. However, they were still able to grip and push the bar that lined the shafts.

However, it was not only their breasts that were thrust out. I gasped, when I saw that both girls had well-curved bellies. As I was learning, all the White women here, the White cattle, were used for breeding, and the sight of a beautifully curved White belly was quite normal.

I saw that it was not only with their hands that these girls would push the bar. Their harnesses ensured that they would also have to push it with their swollen bellies. Even that was not all, for their bellies were also pushing against their broad, soft-leather belts, which were held in place over the curve of their tummies by two straps.

One strap ran up between their breasts and then divided into two to go over their shoulders, before joining up again in the small of their backs. This strap was attached to a small ring at the top of the belt, at the back.

The other strap ran down between their legs, dividing into two on either side of their laced-up lips, to be joined up again just above their rear orifices. From there the strap ran up between the cheeks of their bottoms, to be attached to another small ring at the bottom of the belt, also at their back.

These straps were fastened to both the front and back of the broad belts, forming a shiny leather harness, into which the girls had been strapped. I saw that the belt itself was thus prevented from slipping down by the straps that went up over their shoulders, and prevented from slipping up by the straps that went down between their legs.

Leather traces, running tightly back to the carriage, were also attached to larger rings in the back of their belts. Thus, by pushing their swollen bellies against the bar joining the shafts, they would also automatically pull the light carriage as well.

This harness, like their bridles, was very cleverly designed. Not only, driven on by the whip, would the human carriage horses have to use their arm and shoulder muscles to push the gharry, but also have to use their swollen bellies, to help their immobilizing gloves to push it – and pull it with the belt fastened over them.

Evidently, plugs had been inserted up into their rear orifices, where the lower strap parted. They were held in place by their sphincter muscles. The plugs curved upwards between the cheeks of their bottoms and, attached to them, were fine long tails, made of real horsehair. They swished realistically from side to side with their every movement.

I saw Achmed's distinctive oval-shaped brand just below the belt over their bellies – as with us. However, whereas in our case there was still nothing inside the oval, these girls bore some distinctive Arabic letters branded inside the oval. I saw that they were the same that the groom bore on his waistcoat – clearly the crest of the Caid.

How cruel, I thought, to use pregnant girls like this. Nevertheless, I had to accept that they made a fine sight, pawing impatiently at the ground like real horses, with their booted feet, with their beautiful and identically curved bellies thrust out prominently, the plumes on their heads swaying and their long tails swishing.

Attached to the back of the carriage was a long bar with several rings, to which were attached short chains, ending with a clip. These clips were fastened to the nose rings of the four human cattle that the Caid had bought: the blond mother and daughter, Samantha and me. Our hands were again fastened helplessly to the sides of our belts. Thus, we were now lined up helpless, behind and attached to the Caid's carriage.

Moments later, surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd, the hugely fat Caid returned from the cattle market and, with scarcely a glance at us, his purchases, ponderously climbed up into the rear seat of the carriage. He was helped by the young groom, who then got up into the driving seat, took up the reins and, with a crack his whip, set the two pregnant young women prancing in step along the dusty road, with my companions and me being dragged along behind by our nose rings.

Luckily, the boy driver was holding the two women back by their reins, whilst using his whip to make them prance slowly along. I saw that, considering their state, they were being made to raise their knees surprisingly high in the air, making a fine sight.

18 – MARKED WITH THE CREST OF MY MASTER

When we arrived at the Caid's palace, the nose rings of my companions and me were unclipped from the carriage.

I saw several naked women, evidently being kept as cattle or carriage horses in milking parlours or stables, but we were led into what seemed to be a kennel area. But first, we were taken into a shed, where a Negro blacksmith was standing by a brazier, in which several branding irons were being heated. Oh no, not again! I was terrified.

We were fastened with our backs to branding posts, with our ankles strapped to the bottom of the posts and our immobilised hands held high above our heads – to keep our tummies taut. Leather cushions in the small of our backs kept them thrust out for a further kiss of the branding irons.

Then, one by one, the blacksmith took irons out of the brazier and pressed them firmly against the white flesh of the mother and daughter. I saw them open their mouths to scream – but all that came out, were little moans.

Then he sprayed green dye over the brands and stood back, smiling. I saw that inside the previously empty ovals, there were now green-coloured Arabic letters – the same as on the groom's waistcoat.

I trembled again, as I saw the blacksmith turning towards Samantha and me. However, instead of pulling fresh irons from the brazier, he undid the covers of some sticky transfers pictures and carefully placed one of them inside each of the ovals already branded on our bellies.

We, too, were now marked with the crest of our Master – but not permanently. I remembered vaguely hearing Ursula saying something to Achmed about: “no permanent brands inside”. I had not then understood, what she had meant – but I did now!

19 – KENNELED!

A little later, we were unfastened and led out of the branding shed.

To my surprise, I now saw some twenty naked White young girls crawling on all fours in what seemed to be a wired-in, shaded dog run that led out from a straw-lined kennel, outside which was a line of dog bowls. The girls' hands, like ours, were encased in thick leather gloves, but in the form of dog's paws.

However, it was their legs that made me gasp, for they were doubled back at the knee and totally enveloped in large double-size rubber thigh boots that were padded over the knee, and which kept their ankles strapped back to their thighs, thus forming a shortened and more dog-like hind leg.

Very realistic and identical dogs' headpieces, complete with glistening muzzles, had been strapped over their heads and mouths, completely hiding their faces and nose rings, whilst leaving the rest of their bodies on display. Each head piece had Arabic numbers painted on it, to identify the girl under it.

Thus, except for their hanging bare breasts, the girls had a genuine four-legged canine appearance, as they silently crawled about on their padded hands and knees.

In no time, we were all similarly outfitted and dressed – if that is the right word, for we were still naked, from the black iron collars encircling our necks down to our laced-up nether lips. Our belts and thigh straps had been removed, as our hands would now be used as front paws. With our knees held bent back, there was now no question of being able to stand up.

I found that I could see quite well through the little eyeholes and hear well through the realistic dogs' ears that stood up over my own ones. I could open the jaws of the headpiece a little with my mouth, to eat and drink. But I felt utterly dehumanised. I was now just a dumb four-legged human bitch.

We were put in with the other bitches – all of us unable to talk, even if we had had a common language. I saw that there was one noticeable difference between the other girls and Samantha and me. Whereas their dark hair appeared to have been cut short, our blond hair was carefully plaited by the kennel boys into a single pigtail that hung down from under our headpieces and over our shoulders. Evidently, the Caid was particularly proud of having a pair of blond young women amongst his pack of human bitches.

Shocked, I saw that a dozen of them, even though still very young, were clearly in various stages of pregnancy, their curved bellies hanging down noticeably below their bodies, as they crawled about the sandy run. Half a dozen of them, however, seemed to be more like happy puppies, frolicking and chasing each other like real animals.

Were they younger girls, awaiting their first mating? Would we be treated like them? Did the owners of White breeding herds here like to start breeding from their human cattle very young? Did they like to start their White girls off, for their first forced maternities, as brood bitches, before promoting them to the ranks of brood mares or heifers for their subsequent maternities?

Clearly, as I had heard Achmed explain to Ursula, the men here got their kicks from reducing White women to the level of breeding animals rather than using them as human slaves. At the cattle market, for instance, I had not seen any sign of White women being sold as field slaves or concubines, pregnant or not.

Suddenly, I noticed, through the wire, another similar dog-run, this time holding just one young human dog, whose face was also hidden by a headpiece and who, too, was crawling on immobilised hands or paws and padded knees. This human animal was different. I gasped, as I saw that, hanging down below it, as it crawled on hands and knees, were not human breasts, but a human manhood and testicles. He was a young human stallion dog!

I noticed that he had been branded on his right buttock with the same black oval brand as we, with the same green brand inside it. I could also see that he was dark-haired. Goodness, I wondered, was he, like all the White women, one of the Spanish or Portuguese refugees who had so misguidedly sought sanctuary here, only to find themselves treated as human cattle?

More to the point, was he the sire of the progeny that these young human bitches were carrying – or would carry? Did it amuse the Caid not only to have his young female White human animals denigratingly mated, when in the guise of a bitch, a brood bitch, but also to be covered by a White boy in the equally denigratingly guise of a stallion dog?

Certainly, the human dog was taking a great interest in the appearance of the four new human bitches in the next-door dog run. His manhood was even coming into erection, as he crawled over to the wire fence that separated us, and made little grunting noises. My God! Was he assuming that he would be covering all four of us?

The wretched mother and daughter perhaps, but didn't the Caid know that Samantha and I had to be returned to Ursula long before the nine months of a normal human maternity would end?

20 – MY MASTER'S PET PUPPIES

For the next few days, we blond human bitches were treated just like the other young bitches, awaiting our mating.

Every morning, after we had had embarrassingly done our business, our bodies were washed down, and our bottoms cleaned out with a douche and greased. Then, coupled together in pairs by the neck, we were taken out of our dog run for little walks, or released in the palace spark, to join the young dark-haired human bitches in gambling about like puppies, as if we did not have a care in the world.

Indeed, I was so overcome by this new environment that I soon found myself putting aside my fears of what was going to be done to me. I would playfully tease my companions and have mock fights with them – like real puppies. Happily, I chased after rubber balls, thrown by my Master, and competed to bring it back to him – and so earn the reward of a little sweet.

Clearly, the Caid got great pleasure in showing off his frolicking young human puppies to his friends. He would constantly point out Samantha and me to the grim-faced mullahs, distinctively dressed all in black. Doubtlessly, he would be telling them that we both were married Englishwomen – just the type of promiscuous Western women, of whom they so disapproved. But clearly, they approved of him reducing us to the level of human puppies, awaiting their mating.

We were even led into the Caid's sumptuous palace, for him to stroke us idly as we knelt at his feet, whilst he sat on a Turkish sofa at his majlis, surrounded by his seated principal advisers, deciding on petitions or dealing with criminals.

Evidently, he had no qualms about mere White puppies being seen naked by other men, as we crawled about on our hands and knees, like real dogs. On the contrary, we were evidently a sight that enhanced his standing, especially as we were blond. In any case, our faces were hidden by our headpieces – and, of course, those other sources of Arab eroticism, our hands and our ankles were still hidden by our gloves and by the big boots that kept our feet bent back to our thighs.

The majlis over, we would have to follow him into the harem. I had a glimpse of numerous beautiful young Arab women strolling around the air-conditioned large, marble-floored rooms. Their slightly coffee-coloured skin and exquisitely embroidered caftans, little golden caps and slippers, all that made a stark contrast to our own nakedness and White skins.

No wonder, I thought that, with so many lovely Arab girls at their beck and call, the men here were more interested in their White woman as breeding cattle, carriage horses or human bitches, rather than as concubines.

Certainly, the Arab women treated us as mere dumb animals, to be played with, and their future breeding discussed. I felt very much as, perhaps two hundred years ago, a young Black girl in the West Indies or Southern States of America might have felt, when brought in by her Master from working on the plantation, to amuse his scornful White womenfolk, as he discussed with them his plans for breeding from her.

It was equally humiliating.

21 – SODOMISED!

It was on one of these little trips into the harem, that the Caid allowed his Arab concubines to play with Samantha and myself. Encouraged by their little whips, we had to race after a ball, compete to catch it, and then bring it back again. Clearly, the girls enjoyed seeing White women being degraded and treated like a pet puppy.

It must have been a sight that also aroused the hugely fat Caid, for suddenly he called out an order to the watching eunuch, who had been standing passively against the wall, with his arms crossed and with a cane tucked under one arm.

Now, raising his cane, the eunuch waved the girls away. As the girls sullenly strolled out of the room, rolling their hips provocatively, they looked back jealously at us. I wondered why.

I did not have long to wait, for the eunuch seized us both and snapped leads onto the rings at our iron collars, below our headpieces. Tapping our bare bottoms with his cane, he led us, crawling, up to where the Caid was ponderously seated. I saw that the front of his robe was now open, with his aroused manhood poking out through the folds below his fat belly.

We were made to turn around, still on all fours, of course. Kneeling next to each other, we had to present our bottoms humiliatingly to our Master. Oh my God, I thought, was this why we had been douched and greased?

Whilst the eunuch, still holding us by our leads, used his cane to make us keep quite still, the Caid ran his hands over our proffered bottoms. Suddenly, I felt his belly pressing against my hips and then, horror of horrors, his manhood pressing down onto my well-prepared rear orifice.

He gripped my waist with his podgy hands. 'White Christian slave!' he murmured, and with a sudden jerk thrust his manhood past my sphincter muscle and deep into my rectum, making me gasp in a mixture of pain and horror. The Caid might have been revoltingly fat, but he was clearly still very virile.

'Grip!' ordered the eunuch, emphasising his order with a tap of his cane across my shoulders, and then 'Relax!', and almost immediately 'Grip!' again. I was having to use the muscles of my bottom, to give pleasure to my Master, whilst feeling none of that for myself. However, I could not help giving a little gasp of disappointment, when I felt the Caid withdraw. How strange!

Seconds later, I heard Samantha, kneeling by my side, give a sudden gasp. Then she, too, was made to use her muscles, to milk our Master's manhood. I could hear his breath coming faster. I felt his hand stroking my bottom. Then, with a raucous cry, he ejaculated up Samantha's bottom.

Minutes later, we were both led back to our dog run by the now grinning eunuch and handed over to the attendants. I felt utterly degraded, and Samantha must have felt even more so.

Two days later, the same scene was repeated. But this time, the puppy who finally received the Master's semen up her backside, was ... me!

22 – THE MATING OF THE BLOND MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

One morning, I saw that the attendants were looking excitedly at some graphs. Horrified, I recognised them as the ones of our monthly cycles that Sabhu had kept and given to Achmed. Now these awful Negroes had them. How embarrassing!

All four of us had to press our bottoms against the wire cage, to allow the attendants to insert thermometers up us. They added the results to the graphs and became even more excited in a rather knowing way – and then left us to our dog bowls.

Later that day, I saw another human dog being led, crawling on all fours, into the dog-run on the other side of our run from that of the dark-haired human stallion dog. Immediately, to the great amusement of our attendants, the first human stallion showed signs of anger, growling behind his face-piece and trying ineffectually to get at what he regarded as his rival – a new human dog. It was rather like a stag trying to drive off a younger rival from his harem of hinds, but in this case, the two males were kept in separately wired-off runs.

I saw that, like the original human dog, this new one was also branded on the buttock with Achmed's distinctive oval brand. However, unlike the other dog's brand, there was nothing inside it. Evidently, he still belonged to Achmed and had presumably been hired out to the Caid to cover one or more of us. But which, I thought nervously?

His hair had been hidden under his headpiece, but suddenly I saw peeping out from under it a few strands of hair. They were blond! However, there were no blond White slaves here. Could he be the very same boy with whom we had been travelling out here – the son of the beautiful mother, now penned in the next-door dog-run to him and awaiting mating?

There was a sudden commotion, as the Caid and a few of his friends arrived and sat themselves down on comfortable chairs surrounding a small, sandy arena right in front of our run. The attendants ran up with trays of what looked like iced milk and yoghurt. Was it human milk, I wondered? Was it my milk? Like Samantha I had been milked three times a day ever since being out into our run.

I could hear them chatting and laughing, as the Caid pointed out to each of us in turn. How I hated them!

My heart again went down to my boots, as I saw in the arena a sort of low stocks. Might that be a mating frame – used to hold a girl immobile, whilst she was being covered? Was this the Caid's mating arena? Oh, how awful!

Then the attendants entered our run and snapped a lead onto one of the other human bitches with a long blond pigtail showing. I knew that it was not Samantha, and because of her rather more mature figure guessed that it was the beautiful blond mother, rather than her daughter. I watched, spellbound, as she was led out of our run and into the arena and then led up to the stocks. At least, I thought, it was not me.

The top half of the hinged stocks was closed, imprisoning her neck and wrists. She was strapped down, so that her head was to the ground and her bottom raised. Her ankles were held wide apart, disclosing her still laced-up lips.

One of the attendants unfastened the padlock that kept her laces taut, and temporarily eased them over her beauty lips. Another attendant, holding a long bamboo cane in his hand, now proceeded to thrash the unfortunate woman. Soon her bottom was red, as the blood raced down to her nether regions.

Apparently satisfied, he eventually stood back. The other attendants went into the blond boy's run and attached a lead onto his iron collar, too. However, he then was hooded. Was this to prevent him from perhaps recognising his mother and baulking at covering her?

My God, I thought, mother and son really were going to be mated.

The hooded human stallion dog was now led into the arena. He was led up behind the human bitch waiting in the mating stocks. The Caid and his party laughed at the fuss that the other human dog was now ineffectually making in his run at the sight of one of “his” women being put to his new rival. However, it was a sight that made me realise why all the female White cattle here were kept laced-up by their Masters – so that their breeding could be properly controlled.

Despite his immobilised hands, the boy could feel his mother’s naked body, and his manhood had now come erect. Using a dog-whip, one of the attendants urged him to mount her, so that he was gripping her waist with his front paws – just a like a real dog does, when mounting a bitch. Another attendant bent down and steered his manhood through the eased laces. Clearly, his now circumcised mother was feeling nothing and, held as she was, could do nothing to prevent her forthcoming insemination.

A sharp stroke of the dog-whip made him surge forward, driving his manhood deep and clearly excitingly down into his mother. Nature took over, and soon he was jerking back and forth – just like a real dog. After a while, another well-judged stroke of the dog-whip made him ejaculate.

Mother and son were then left like that. I knew what the wretched mother must be feeling, as the unknown seed slipped down deeper and deeper into her.

The Caid rose to his feet, congratulated the grinning head attendant and pressed a little purse into his hand. Then he and his friends left. The boy was pulled out of his mother by his lead and put back into his run. The mother was kept in her receiving position, but her laces were drawn tight again and the little padlock replaced.

An hour later, the woman was unfastened and led back into our run. Behind her headpiece, her eyes were large and horrified. Her daughter crawled up to her and gave her a sympathetic nudge with her headpiece. Had either of them, I wondered, recognised the boy stallion? Did the mother realise that she had just been inseminated by her own son – not that there was anything she could do about it.

The boy was evidently very virile, for that afternoon, the whole performance was repeated – this time with the daughter. She, too, was thrashed before being mounted – evidently to increase the chances of a good conception. How dreadful, I thought, a girl being forcibly fertilised by a boy who, presumably unknown to her, was her brother.

The following day, both mother and daughter were again thrashed and mated – as if to make sure that both of them had conceived. Then the boy was taken away, and I never saw him again. Presumably, as a rare blond sire, he was being regularly hired out, to cover the human cattle of other Masters.

PART V – BREEDING FOR MY MASTER

23 – MATED WITH A REAL DOG

Unable to speak or stand, kept down on all fours and surrounded by other human dogs, I was increasingly beginning to regard myself as a real bitch. It was about this time that the attendants started to spray a strong-smelling scent onto my laced-up lips – and onto Samantha's. Was it, I wondered, to make us smell like bitches on heat? How awful!

Then I suddenly saw the attendants leading a real dog into the now empty dog-run, the one that had previously held the beautiful mother's son. The dog was almost as big as a Great Dane, but was as slender as a greyhound. He was, I recognised, an Arabian hunting dog, bred to be able to keep up with a cantering horse or camel.

Clearly attracted by the scent that had been sprayed on us, it came bounding over to the wire fence that separated us. Horrified, I saw its pink animal appendage emerge from its furry sheath, like that of a real dog faced with a bitch on heat. My God, I thought, are we going to be mated for real with him? Was he the "lover" that had been chosen for me?

He really was, I had to admit, a magnificent beast and, as we were kept down on all fours, he was taller than me. I found I could not take my eyes off him.

Of course, the human stallion in the other dog-run made an awful fuss about the arrival of this new rival. Once again, another virile male was challenging his dominance over his harem of human bitches. However, the Arab dog soon frightened him off with a series of snarls, and he crept away into his covered kennel.

Shortly after the arrival of this real dog, our Master, the Caid, came to our dog run. This time, he was accompanied by several black-clad mullahs and by a man in a white coat, whom I recognised, with a little shudder, as the veterinary surgeon who had muted as well as circumcised me. They, too, were looking at our records of monthly cycles and pointing at Samantha, as they did so.

My Master gave an order, and two of the attendants entered our dog run. Although Samantha tried to scuttle away from them, she was quickly caught. After clipping a dog lead onto her collar, they led her crawling out of the dog run and into the nearby mating arena. There, she was fastened down onto the mating stocks, with her legs spread wide apart and her behind being the highest part of her body.

One of the attendants unlocked the padlock of her laces and opened her up. Other attendants had various types of cameras ready. I lost count of the numerous photographs they took of what followed. But how awful, I thought.

Meanwhile, the vet had put on a pair of thin rubber surgical gloves. He then put a vacuum flask and a metal dish on a table behind the now shamefully exposed Samantha, together with a sort of surgical tongs and a number of metal clips. He turned to Samantha and placed the clips at her outer labia, so that they were held wide apart.

I held my breath when I saw him reach into the flask and pick up something, which he placed on the dish. He repeated this half a dozen times. My God, I wondered, were these dog eggs – eggs of a real Arabian hunting bitch?

He carefully picked up something from the dish with the tongs, and inserted the instrument deep into Samantha. There he released the tongs. This process was repeated several times.

Goodness, I thought, he must be inserting the eggs, ready for fertilising by the semen of a real dog!

I saw him give Samantha an injection into her bottom. Was this the special new serum that Achmed had at that time mentioned in the attic? The serum that would prevent her body from rejecting these alien eggs and instead accept them as her own?

The vet turned to the Caid and the Mullahs, and said something. Was he reporting that poor Samantha was now ready for mating? In any case, the Caid smiled and nodded.

The attendant, who had thrashed the blond mother and daughter, now appeared with his cane. Horrified, I watched him thrash the poor helpless Samantha. Then two of the attendants greased her between the loosened laces and sprayed her with the strong-smelling scent.

This was again picked up by the now excited big dog in his nearby run. Pulling excitedly on his lead, he was led into it the little arena and released. He bounded up towards Samantha's bottom and eagerly began to sniff excitedly.

Horrified, I saw that his pink and erect male appendage had again emerged from its furry sheath. A few times, the dog licked over her wide-open entrance, then suddenly, with an excited bark, the animal mounted her, gripping her round the waist with his paws, just as the "human stallion dog" had done with the beautiful mother and daughter.

This time, there was no need for the attendant to steer the dog's manhood through the loosened laces – they were just pushed aside by the force of the dog's thrust, as he drove his manhood deep into his woman bitch with a to and fro motion that was carefully photographed and videoed by the attendants.

I saw Samantha desperately trying to struggle and shake him off, but she was quite unable to do so. Had she realised what had been inserted into her? Was she now desperately trying to avoid receiving the dog's fertilising seed? Poor girl! Little moans of protest came from under her headpiece. Her eyes looked wild under the little eyeholes of her mask.

Suddenly, the movements of the dog slowed down and his developing knot could be clearly seen. From my point of view, it nearly had the size of an orange, and it must have stretched her to the utmost.

Not paying any attention to Samantha's muted screams of pain, the dog pushed his penis forward until the knot had been completely hosted in her poor little vagina. Then the animal erupted inside her, again and again, sending his impregnating semen deep into her, to meet the waiting eggs, each of which, once fertilised, would attach itself to the walls of her womb – to complete this dreadful strange conception.

I saw the Mullahs applaud this dreadful denigration of a hated Christian woman and, apparently, congratulate the Caid on his piety. Oh, how ghastly! And would I be next? Perhaps as soon as the big dog had recovered his virility?

When the dog had withdrawn his member, I saw Samantha's nether lips opening and closing, as if she were trying to expel the dreaded semen. But, with a laugh, one of the attendants put a stop to that by drawing her laces tight again. Then he replaced the padlock that held them taut. Poor girl, I thought.

But worse was to follow. While being closed-up and still fastened to the mating frame, the dog was led in front of her and shoved towards her face, until the still half-rigid shaft of the animal was in reach of her mouth. With some sharp taps of the cane, Samantha was forced to lick it diligently dry and clean - just like the dog would have done by itself.

An hour later, she was released and put back to our run. I longed to say words of sympathy to her, but all I could do was to rub my artificial black nose against hers.

* * * * *

That evening, several hours later, it was my turn to perform with that Arab dog and to be impregnated in the arena in front of the Caid and the horribly grinning Mullahs – and, to my horror, surrounded by attendants with all types of cameras and video recorders.

I, too, was strapped down onto the mating frame. I, too, felt the real bitch's eggs being so horrifically inserted up inside me. I, too, was given an injection to make my body accept them, as if they were my own. I, too, was thrashed, to get my blood racing round and increase the likelihood of conceiving. Then I, too, was greased to allow the dog's manhood to penetrate me easily, and sprayed to make me smell like a bitch on heat.

At last, I was mounted by the dog. With one single thrust, he forcefully entered me up to the hilt. I should have known it from my former copulations, but nevertheless the girth of a canine penis made me cringe. Once again, I was completely filled up by a dog's member.

The animal tightened his grip round my waist to achieve a secure position, and then immediately began to pump. His hips were banging back and forth against my buttocks like a jackhammer, with his huge shaft ramming in and out like a piston.

This time, the ruthless and brutal act of copulation with an uncaring animal meant nothing but torture to me. Having been thoroughly circumcised, I did not feel the merest hint of pleasure. During my previous copulations with dogs, the inevitably generated feelings of arousal had always given me at least a little bit of comfort during the degrading act of being mated with an animal, but this time, there was none ...

This violation of me went on and on for what seemed an eternity to me. All that I felt was utter humiliation mixed with a helpless wrath and a good deal of pain, resulting from my almost dry crotch and the lack of arousal. Due to the dog's force, my whole body was jerking back and forth, without me being able to hinder it.

This humiliating copulation seemed to last forever. But finally, I felt the dog push his knot deep inside my entrance, dilating me to the utmost. I, too, screamed with pain – but nothing but a moan could be heard. When I was properly sealed by that ball of dog flesh, the animal seemed to double his efforts and then, only moments later, I felt his surprisingly hot seed squirting like a torrent deep inside my womb.

I, too, heard the humiliating applause, while I felt the inseminating sperm slip deeper and deeper into my body – as I was made to conceive against my will, with the canine penis still locked inside me for several minutes more and his knot stretching me to the tearing point.

After, finally, the dog had turned away from me, the attendants instantly tightened my laces and replaced the padlock, to keep this precious canine semen inside me. The implanted dog eggs would be inseminated right now. Oh, the horror!

And at the same time, as an ultimate humiliation, I also, just like Samantha before, had to clean and dry the dog's penis meticulously with my mouth. Moreover, I was forced to lick up and swallow without hesitation every remaining drop of his seed – the same seed that I, just at that moment, was impregnated with!

My eagerness was ensured by a liberal use of the cane on my bottom. Only after I had completed this task to the satisfaction of my wardens, the animal was led away.

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As with the mother and daughter, to make sure that we had indeed conceived, Samantha and I were, once again, both thrashed and mated once more the very next day.

I was appalled and ashamed, as I was again led back to Samantha and the other human brood bitches. Yes, I realised that was what we all were: the Caid's human brood bitches, irrespective of the type of progeny we were going to have to produce.

It was a shame-making and horrible feeling.

24 – EXPECTANT!

Every day, the attendants made the four of us, the mother and daughter, and Samantha and myself, release our liquid wastes into special testing-jars. Judging by their happy expressions we all, one by one, were tested positive.

A few days later, much to the delight of the attendants, Samantha and I both experienced our first morning sickness. Clearly, our maternity was progressing far faster than the normal ones of the mother and daughter – or those of the other women.

Indeed, it was not long before that, to my horror, I felt little kicks in my tummy and I could feel my tummy beginning to swell. This was again much to the delight of the attendants, who kept putting their hands down to feel our tummies, as did the equally delighted Caid on his now daily visits. He even brought the Mullahs back, to see for themselves the results of our mating. It was all so awful!

The vet also returned, bringing with him a portable ultrasound scanning machine. Looking closely at the monitoring screen, he ran the machine's scanner over our bellies, evidently to see how many puppies Samantha and I were each carrying – or, in the case of the mother and daughter, whether they were carrying twin blond cattle.

I longed for a glimpse of the screen, but the vet carefully hid this from me. However, he and the attendants seemed delighted with what the machine had shown – as did the Caid himself, when the vet showed him the print-offs.

It was a strange feeling, being kept in the dog run with so many other expectant White women, all muted, so that we could not talk to each other. Even worse was that we all had our hands immobilised under those thick gloves, so that we could not even try to pull aside or cut the awful laces, which kept our lips sewn-up – so that we could not get at the unwanted progeny that we were being made to carry.

All that and the realistic dog's head headpieces, which covered all our heads, was making me feel even more like a brood bitch – even if the rest of our naked womanly bodies were glaringly on display.

The Caid would come to our dog run several times and have us let out. He clearly enjoyed the sight of his White brood bitches gambling around him, like puppies.

Samantha's and my belly were now showing well, to use Sabhu's degrading expression, whereas those of the blond mother and daughter were still almost flat, despite having been mated before us. This was, I realised, a clear sign that we were each, shamefully, carrying a litter of puppies, whereas they were both carrying human blond twins.

25 – IN THE STABLES

Suddenly, our life changed. The day before, I had seen the Caid pointing to Samantha and me and giving orders in Arabic, but of course I had no idea what he was saying. The following morning, two Black men, dressed as grooms in breeches and boots, came our dog run and spoke to the attendants.

Samantha and I were caught and led, crawling, out. To our delighted surprise, our degrading dog-like head-pieces were removed, and so, too, were our horrible boots. At last, we could straighten our knees. Oh, the joy of being able to stand up again and to feel free!

However, the joy was to be short-lived. Our thigh straps were put back on again, and soft black leather belts were once again fastened round our waists – now over our swelling tummies. Our gloved hands were clipped onto the rings at the sides of the belts, pushing our elbows back and thrusting our swollen breasts and curved bellies yet further out.

Looking in a mirror, I saw that indeed my tummy was already showing well – as was Samantha's.

Leads were clipped onto our nose rings, and we were then led away from the kennel area into what seemed to be the Caid's large stables. There, waiting for us, was the Caid's Head Groom, carrying a frightening-looking short black whip. He led us past a dozen handsome Arab horses, who looked at us from above their doors of their loose boxes on either side of the wide central passage.

Further on, the loose boxes gave way to half a dozen stalls on either side of the aisle. They were like those in which horses could be kept tethered, as opposed to being left free in a loose box. They had raised cobbled floors leading down to a drain, for horses' liquid wastes, on either side of the central passage.

I caught my breath, as I saw that in each stall was standing a silent, naked, dark-haired, White woman. Each was tethered by a chain, fastened to the back of her iron collar and leading back to a ring set in the rear wall of her stall. A short, light-handling chain was fastened to each of their nose rings.

Whereas there had been a line of saddles and riding bridles outside the horses' loose boxes, here there were just harnesses, like the ones that I had seen being worn by the two girls pulling the gharry – together with the pretty plumes and long tails.

I would learn that the Caid, like the other cattle breeders here, used his four-legged horses for riding, and his two-legged human ones as carriage horses. I would also learn, too, that they all enjoyed showing off their White human carriage horses in an expectant state – as befitted captured Christian girls, and as was demanded by the Mullahs, anxious that the White women were kept in their place and properly degraded.

The Head Groom gave an order in Arabic and emphasised it with a crack of his whip. Evidently, the whip was used with the White women, rather than the horses, and was to keep them suitably cowered. I was to learn that this order meant: "Display yourselves!"

There was a clinking of chains, as each woman came to the front of her stall, standing up straight and looking right ahead, gripping the edge of the cobble stones with her toes, her tethering chain now stretched out horizontally behind her neck.

I caught my breath again, as I saw that they nearly all had nicely curved bellies, just like the White girls who had pulled the Caid's gharry back to his palace from the cattle market. Like us, their black immobilising gloves were fastened to rings in the side of their belts, keeping their swollen bellies and breast well thrust out – though they also had straps round their thighs, to which the gloves could be attached when they were lying down, resting or sleeping.

I saw that the girls were neatly arranged, with those with the biggest bellies down at the far end, and those, whose bellies did not yet show or hardly showed, in the stalls near the loose boxes.

Half way down, there were two empty stalls facing each other across the aisle, and Samantha and I were put into these. Our iron collars were chained to the back of our stalls, and we were made to come forward to the front of our stalls to display our bellies.

Moments later, the Caid arrived, together with some other cattle breeding friends. Accompanied proudly by the Head Groom, his whip in hand, they all made their way slowly down the aisle, examining each woman with a knowledgeable air, as they passed.

To keep the woman quite still as they did so, a young groom would be proudly holding taut the little chain attached to her nose ring. I saw that the other women did not dare to turn their heads or look down, as their thigh and shoulder muscles and their swollen bellies were felt, prodded and discussed.

When they came to me, the boy also held the chain of my nose ring taut. This, together with the sight of the Head Groom's warningly raised whip, ensured that I, too, blushing kept quite still, head raised and looking straight ahead, as my beautifully curved belly was felt and eagerly discussed. Oh, the humiliation!

Once again, I was struck at how the White women here were all used for one degrading purpose: forced breeding – just as I had heard Achmed saying to Ursula. We were just brood mares and to be bred from, like animals, without consultation or explanation.

Breeding from their White women, their White cattle, was clearly a favourite hobby here. It was also one that, of course, provided the additional satisfaction of humbling, normally arrogant, White Christian women, and thereby earned them the approval of the grim-faced, black-dressed Mullahs.

No wonder that, although Samantha and I had to be returned before there was time for a normal maternity, we were still being used by our Master for a special quick one instead.

It all made me feel utterly subjugated – even more so, indeed, than if he had put me into his harem. In the eyes of the Caid, I realised, I was just another of his brood mares, who had bred to a chosen stallion.

26 – BROKEN IN TO HARNESS

Our training as carriages horses now began in earnest – despite our curved bellies.

Twice a day, Samantha and I were put into white trainer-like boots and harnessed to a little training gharry. Then we were made to prance round and round an exercise arena, being made to raise our knees ever higher, despite our swollen tummies. Was this, I wondered, not so much cruel as a clever anti-natal exercise – and one that these breeders of human cattle had found made delivery easier?

We were harnessed just as I had seen the two girls harnessed when the Caid had bought us. Rubber bits were held in our mouths, under our nose rings, by the bridle that went up to meet up over the nose and by the straps that went under our chins and back behind our necks.

We learned to fasten the high plumes to our foreheads and the long tails to the plugs thrust up our backsides, both swaying, in time together, with our every movement. We also learned to use both our gloved hands and our swollen bellies to push and pull the gharry along ever faster and faster. The slightest let-up, and down came the driver's long carriage whip across our bottoms and shoulders.

We were getting fitter and fitter, and our bodies became well-muscled – once again, I thought, not only as befitted human carriage horses, but also to ease our forthcoming deliveries.

Soon, we were ready to be driven by the big fat Caid along the tracks that criss-crossed the countryside, and shown off, with our blond hair, blue eyes and increasingly curved bellies, to his neighbouring cattle breeders.

I saw many other gharries, also being pulled by naked White women – often with curved bellies, too. I also saw other women being kept as puppies, just as we had been, with their legs pulled back to their thighs to form more realistically shorter hind legs.

However, I also saw something new: next to large fields of horned African cattle were many small paddocks, containing small herds of dark-haired White women, with unusually large milk-laden breasts, or a number of human cattle clearly about to calve.

The African cattle were clearly too wild to be milked – but not the White human ones.

27 – THE CAID’S HUMAN BED OF WOMEN

Meanwhile, I had noticed how several of the women with well-curved bellies were taken out of the stables in the afternoons and led away – before being brought back several hours later. I had wondered why.

Then, one afternoon day, Samantha and I were similarly led away. Curiously, that day we had not been milked at noon. Our gloved hands were, quite unusually, clipped onto our thigh straps. Short chains were clipped onto our nose rings, and we were led by these into the sumptuous palace, and this time handed over to his eunuchs.

Several other naked, dark-haired White women were already waiting there – their gloved hands also clipped to the thigh straps. They had apparently been brought from his paddocks or milking parlours. They all had plump bodies with curved bellies.

We were then led into what seemed to be the Caid’s well-appointed air-conditioned bedroom. Was it here, I wondered, where he took his siesta?

Before I had time to ponder any more, Samantha and I were seized and strapped down across the bed, with our ankles and collars strapped alternatively to different sides of the bed.

Then the other naked White women were similarly strapped down across the bed, alternatively head to tail, like the fish in a tin of sardines. With our soft swollen bellies and breasts in the middle of the bed, we would, I realised with a shock, form an erotic mattress for our Master.

I saw that the girl with the biggest belly was fastened down at the top of the bed, where her raised tummy would form a comfortable pillow. Samantha and I were next, so that, irrespective of whether the Master was sleeping on his left or right-hand side, the milk-laden breasts of one of us would be readily available to succour his eager mouth, if he felt thirsty.

We had only just been strapped down, when the Caid appeared, accompanied as ever by several grim-faced Mullahs. Their faces lit up approvingly, as they saw the use to which the Caid was putting his White women and especially Samantha and me. Doubtless, it was a story which would soon be spread in the bazaar – much to the credit of the Caid.

After the Mullahs had left, two pretty Arab girls helped him out of his robes, and then helped him to climb naked up onto the bed. From their expressions of utter disdain towards us, they clearly felt that acting as a mere human mattress was a suitable role for us despised White human breeding cattle.

Then, horror of horrors, the Master, pulled up my head by the little chain attached to my nose ring and, kneeling over my face, lowered his huge buttocks down towards my face. ‘Lick!’ he ordered. Hesitantly I put out my tongue. It was horrible.

‘Properly – or you get whip.’

It was quite ghastly awful, but the threat of the whip drove me on and on. Nothing made me feel him being my Master so much as having to do that.

At last satisfied, the Master half rose and lay back, curled up on our stretched-out naked bodies, taking his ease and occasionally snoring and occasionally playing with our proffered bodies or his own manhood.

It was horrible, having to lie there helpless, with our breasts and bellies bearing his weight. We had to keep quite still, under pain of a thrashing, so as not to disturb our Master's sleep – in which, doubtless, the closeness of soft naked bodies made his dreams highly erotic.

It was even worse the next day, when he decided to enjoy one of his Arab concubines, before falling asleep.

The girl was still dressed in an open long caftan, which only partly disclosed her sultry body, that now more than ever contrasted with our nudity. Looking down contemptuously at us, she knelt on us and across the prone Master, as he lay on his back, his head resting on the raised belly of the top girl.

As we lay there, feeling both helpless and jealous, she started to play with his manhood, moaning with delight, as she rubbed it against her beauty bud – for, unlike us mere human cattle, she clearly had not been circumcised.

Then, when she was aroused, she slipped the manhood inside her and slightly bent forward, so that her hanging breasts were only a few tantalising inches above his head. Slowly, she rose up and down on her knees, which were pressed into our naked bodies, as he fondled her breasts with one hand and mine with another, until with two raucous cries they both climaxed – leaving us frustrated and discarded.

The girl then slipped away. However, our Master evidently felt the need for a little refreshment and began to suck my breasts. It was shame-making, but I could not help feeling rather proud that I was succouring my Master.

However, what followed was far worse. He evidently felt the need to relieve himself. 'Open your mouth,' he ordered me, sliding over towards my head and pulling up by my nose ring, 'Wide open.'

I felt my Master's still soft manhood in my mouth, and shivered with fear.

'You swallow every drop, or you'll get the whip.'

Again, it was awful as the horrible-tasting liquid began to jet into my mouth. Held still by my nose ring I desperately began to swallow and swallow again and again, terrified lest I might spill a drop.

At last, it was over. He patted my cheek. Somehow, I could not help but feeling proud. My Master was pleased with me!

He lay back, sleeping off his exertions on his human mattress.

28 – DELIVERY !

As our tummies swelled and as I felt my impatient and evidently numerous little progenies kicking and wriggling, Samantha and I, facing each other across the central aisle of the stables, were placed further and further down the stables – until we were in the end pair of stalls.

How I longed to be able to commiserate with her, to tell her how I was feeling as my tummy swelled, and to learn how she felt! But, of course, we were just dumb animals here.

How helpless I felt at not only being dumb like an animal, but also, like an animal, being unable even to feel my swelling tummy – thanks to my immobilising gloves always being clipped on to the sides of my belt or to my thigh straps.

Of course, a real female animal has its inherited instincts to fall back on, when she is pregnant, but I found that I had precious few. I was just quite helpless and increasingly dependent on the attentions of the grooms, who were evidently highly experienced in handling temperamental two- and four-legged brood mares.

It was a feeling of helplessness that was highlighted every day, when the Head Groom brought the happily smiling Caid down the line of his dumb human brood mares. Oh, how he enjoyed running his hands over our bellies and discussing us both with his Head Groom or with other breeders! But it was even worse, when the Caid was accompanied by his vet.

Just as a vet may put his hand up inside a valuable mare to feel her progeny, he would regularly instruct the Head Groom to unlock the padlock hanging down between my legs and ease the laces, so that he could feel up inside me. He would also wheel his portable ultra sound scanner down the aisle, running its mouse over each belly in turn, and showing the Caid and his friends what was being shown on the monitoring screen, whilst taking care that the women, including myself, did not see it.

From his smile of satisfaction, as he reported to the Caid, I deduced that everything was in order. But, oh, how I longed to see how many little puppies I was carrying! Oh, how I also longed to know, how soon I was due to drop my progeny!

Looking across the aisle at Samantha's now hugely curved belly made me realise that it could not now be long. Indeed, I remembered that the Vet had recently given me some injections. Where they to delay my delivery? To ensure that my progeny was born bigger and stronger? Or, merely to give my Master, the Caid, greater excitement? How awful!

Just as I had often heard horsy friends back in England boasting that they had ridden a pregnant mare to within days of her dropping her foal, so too the Caid enjoyed, with the evident approval of his Vet, using his human mares to pull his gharry right up, to when they were due to foal.

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At last came the great day.

The vet came and gave us both an injection. Soon, I felt my contractions start. Later, I saw comfortable chairs and bowls of milk being taken up into the little gallery, which looked down into what I had guessed, with dread, was the mating arena at the end of the aisle, just as I had seen when other human brood mares had foaled.

A small crowd of Arab spectators, including the black-robed Mullahs who had witnessed my mating only a couple of months before, then made their way down the aisle and up into the gallery, laughing and chattering. Here they were greeted by a smiling Caid.

I could see that Samantha's contractions were growing more and more frequent – and so were mine. I felt like an actress, nervously waiting in the wings for her cue to step onto the stage.

Our gloved hands were unclipped from our thigh straps and instead fastened to the sides of our belts – thus throwing our swollen tummies into even greater prominence. The vet now came and examined us. Evidently pleased, he gave us both another injection.

Then the Head Groom, immaculately dressed in what was evidently his brightly-coloured Dress Uniform and carrying a frightening-looking long bamboo cane, snapped leads onto the front of our collars. Raising his cane menacingly, he led us into the straw-lined mating box.

I caught my breath, when I saw two simple high wooden structures in the middle of the box. They resembled gallows, with a slender rope hanging down from a pulley below the high crossbeam.

To one side of each gallows stood a burly Negro groom, stripped to the waist, his well-oiled torso glistening menacingly. Each was holding one end of the rope. Clearly, thanks to the pulley, if he pulled down on the rope, then the far end of it, dangling down below the gallows, would rise.

Oh my God, I thought, was the Caid so angry at having to return us to Ursula, that he was going to execute us in front of his friends and the Mullahs? White Christian women being executed as a display of piety? Were we going to be literally strung up in the traditional way until, our legs kicking helplessly and our arms fastened to our belts, we were slowly strangled to death?

Terrified, I was led up under one of the gallows. However, the rope was not fastened round my neck, but was clipped onto my nose ring. Samantha was now similarly secured alongside me. We were both facing the audience in the gallery, who seemed for the moment more interested in their refreshments than in us.

We were now sweating profusely, and our contractions were more violent and frequent than ever. Only the rope, held by the now grinning Negro and attached to my nose ring, was painfully forcing me to keep standing up – and I could see that the same applied to Samantha.

Our ankles were now chained apart to rings in the floor, and a bowl and a soft straw-lined basket was placed between our legs. We were encouraged to squat over them, with the rope attached to my collar being eased over the pulley above our heads by the burly grooms. Suddenly, I realised the truth. We were not going to be hung after all!

A portable screen was placed in front of each of our tummies – evidently to hide the preliminaries from the more squeamish of the spectators. The Head Groom then bowed to the Caid up in the gallery, who nodded in return. Grinning horribly, the Head Groom raised his cane – as if to get things started.

My God, I thought, did the Head Groom's reputation depend on ensuring a display to Caid's invited guests of two controlled and simultaneous deliveries? How awful!

Suddenly, I started to scream, as I felt a painful stroke across my bottom. Then Samantha received a similar stroke. A few seconds later, we both got another equally painful stroke, and then another and another. I screamed on and on, but only little moans came out of my muted mouth. Oh, how I longed to rub the pain away! But, of course, my hands were tethered.

Later, I was to learn that just as a good caning was considered here to be a vital prelude conception, so, too, a good thrashing before delivery was also considered to be the key to a quick and easy delivery. "White cattle should conceive under the cane and deliver under the cane" was apparently the local watchword.

Certainly, things now started to happen rapidly. Indeed, moments later, the screen was removed, and the burly Negro pulled me straight up again by the rope attached to my collar. The Head Groom then came and felt my tummy. He gestured to the burly Negro, who eased the rope, until I was squatting over my basket. I saw that Samantha was squatting over hers, too.

The Head Groom stood back and proudly bowed to the spectators. I felt, as if something was about to happen, and bit my lips in pain. I saw that Samantha was doing the same. Again, the head Groom picked up his cane. He gave us both a sharp tap on our bottoms, making us give a jerk.

Suddenly, I heard the spectators clapping. There was a sudden flash as from a camera. My God, I was being photographed – again!

I looked down. There, slipping out of my body and down into the basket, was an adorable little puppy. He was still blind and looked so helpless, lying there, wriggling, in the basket. My heart went out to him.

I looked across at Samantha's basket. There, too, lay a little helpless puppy. There, too, was an adoring look in Samantha's eyes.

Then the Head Groom gave another signal, and the two burly Negroes pulled us back by our nose rings onto our feet again. A minute later, they relaxed the ropes and let us both down into a squatting position again.

Another stroke of the cane, and, moments later, another two puppies lay in our baskets. It was a procedure that was repeated, until we had both delivered six lovely little puppies.

We were then made to curl up in the baskets. Attendants from the kennels came and, watched by the fascinated spectators, held each puppy in turn up to our milk-laden breasts.

I found myself loving each of them. Oh, how I longed to hold and hug them! How cruel it was to deny this to a mother – even she had been a reluctant one!

29 – THE MILKING PARLOUR

Together with our litters, Samantha and I were now put into two little adjoining cages. The cages were raised, to allow visitors to see easily into them, but were too low to allow us to stand up. We had to remain crawling on all fours, like real brood bitches feeding their newly-born puppies.

Because our deliveries had been artificially delayed, the puppies had been born bigger and stronger than normal. Their eyes were open almost immediately. All this made them all the more demanding as, often watched by the smiling Caid and his guests, I knelt over them in my cage, with my breast hanging down towards their eager mouths.

It was clearly an arousing sight, and one that made our fat Master again take us, kneeling on all fours, up our backsides, again with a little chain clipped onto our nose rings to keep us still – and make us raise our heads and proffer our bottoms humiliatingly. This time, however, not by a fawning Black eunuch, but by the fat Caid himself, as he thrust into me.

Never have I felt so helpless and degraded, as, with my head pulled up and back by the little chain running over my forehead back to his hand, I felt his fat belly pressing against my bottom, as his powerful manhood thrust in and out of my rear orifice.

Meanwhile, with his free hand, he reached forward, to feel my hanging breasts. They were now larger and more milk-filled than ever, and my nipples became more and more elongated and animal-like, as I struggled to feed my litter.

Looking across to Samantha's cage, I could see that her breasts, too, had become bigger.

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Perhaps it was this increase in our milk yield, which made the Caid decide that we were ready to be moved onto his herd of human milking cows.

Led once again by a lead clipped onto our nose rings, we were taken to a cattle corral near the Caid's palace, which held a herd of some twenty muted White women of different ages. I recognised some of them as former companions in the human bed. They were all depilated like me and sewn up.

Several had recently calved – as I now learned to call it. Others had curved bellies of different sizes. Plastic identifying discs, each bearing numbers in Arabic numerals, were attached to our nose rings. Mine, I learnt, were a 6 and a 5.

So, from now on, I was just »*Human Animal 65*«.

Our gloved hands were again fastened to the sides of our belts. This was not to prevent us from masturbating – for we had all been circumcised. Instead, it was to prevent us from wasting our milk and easing the pressure building up in our breasts, as we waited for milking. It was a horrible feeling, but one, I realised, that real milking cows must experience every day.

To prevent our heavy growing breasts from sagging, we were fitted, like the other human cows, with special supporting bras, which left the nipples bare. Then we were turned out in a fenced-off small paddock with the other women, under the supervision of a boy herdsman carrying a cane.

In an adjoining paddock was a large naked, dark-haired male. I was to learn that he was the human bull of this milking herd. Like us, he had evidently been muted, and his gloved hands were kept clipped to the sides of a belt round his waist, to prevent him from wasting his precious semen.

Between his paddock and ours was a sandy mating arena. It was just like the one in the kennels where I had been mated. In the middle of the little arena were mating stocks similar to the one to which I had been fastened.

I could see that both the human bull and this mating arena were looked on with dread by the women, especially by those who had already dropped their progeny and were being got ready for their next mating. My God, I thought, am I in this category?

I was to learn that, whilst the young White females here were treated as puppies and mated in the kennels, when their bellies were showing, they were usually either transferred to the stables or brought here to join the milking herd.

Indeed, I saw in the middle of the paddock a replica of the gallows-like delivery scaffold, on which I had had to drop my progeny. That, too, must have been an object of dread for the human cows, as their tummies swelled and their day of delivery approached.

We were milked several times a day, starting, as with real cows, very early in the morning. We were driven from the grass paddocks, in which we were encouraged to lie down, into the milking parlour. Here we had to kneel down on all fours in two lines, tethered by our nose rings, with our breasts, now bursting with milk, hanging down below us.

Supervised by the Black Head Dairyman, small Negro boys, each carrying a milk pail and a three-legged wooden stool, would work their way down the lines, expertly milking our nipples and directing the resulting jets of milk into measuring bowls. Having recorded each of our yields into a notebook, they would pour it into the pail.

When they had finished, they would write the yields in Arabic numerals up onto a big blackboard for the benefit of the Head Dairyman, who would then add the amount of special feed that we were to be given. All of us, as in a herd of cows, were fed special food, to either maintain our milk yield or to ensure that the yields after calving would be high.

To encourage a competitive spirit amongst us, the numbers of the top yielding women were outlined in red, and a red ribbon was fastened to their iron collars. I could not help being jealous of them, with their bulbous breasts and extra food.

Between our regular milkings, we just dozed or ambled silently around the paddock. How I longed to talk to these women and learn their stories! But muted as we all were, this was impossible – even if we had had a common language. With our hands secured in our immobilising belts, we could not even use our fingers to trace words in the sand. We were indeed just like animals.

At first, I was hopeful, when the boy herdsman was dozing, of escaping through the bars of the wooden fence. I had no idea of what I would have done then or where I would have gone, but anything was better than the humiliation of being treated as a human cow. However, I soon realised that, with my hands strapped to my side, there was just no way I could get through the specially designed fence. There was no escape.

The Caid would often bring a party of friends, or fellow breeders of White cattle, to come and see his milking herd, as we would regularly use several of us to make up his human bed. Furthermore, much to the rage of his jealous Arab concubines, our Master would often send for Samantha and me, and use us for his pleasure – up our backsides.

It was all so shame-making, having to kneel down and proffer our washed out and greased rear orifices to our fat, but still virile, horrible Master.

* * * * *

I had almost forgotten that another life existed outside the milking herd, when, suddenly, Achmed, the slave dealer who had brought us here, appeared. The Head Dairyman handed Samantha and me over to him.

‘Time to send you back to London,’ he said, adding: ‘as soon as the vet has given you the injection which allows you to talk again, and has removed your nose rings.’

Our stint of being treated as White cattle was over.

EPILOGUE

30 – HOME!

‘Let’s have a look at her!’ I heard Ursula’s voice coming from beyond the closed, thick velvet curtains of my cage. Once again, I was kneeling naked, manacled and muzzled in the darkness of my raised cage. Samantha was in the cage next to mine.

We had been flown back under the rule of M’basa, Achmed’s chief eunuch. Sabhu had met us at the small private airfield. The two Negroes had greeted each other again effusively.

We had still been wearing the ugly black burqas that we had travelled in. They covered us from head to toe, and underneath which we had been kept naked – and muzzled. Although we now were able to talk again, we had been prevented from doing so.

Sabhu had with him half a dozen women, shrouded in burqas – just like we had been, when we flew out to Africa four months previously. I saw glimpses of blond hair protruding from under two of the burqas.

Goodness, I thought, was the plane going to return to Africa with a valuable fresh consignment of blond Eastern European girls from Ursula? How many of them already had curved bellies under their burqas? How many were destined to be mated with the young blond sire?

I longed to warn them, what they were letting themselves in for, and to tell them to run away quickly now, before it was too late. But, not for nothing had I been muzzled.

Not until quite a time later, it became clear to me what that encounter at the Airport had really meant. If some of those girls would have been worried about their fate, then the mere sight of Samantha and me, clad in a similar way and obviously just returning from a holiday stay at that mysterious "warm and sunny place abroad", would have had an instant calming effect on the group. Thus, their attendants would have had it quite a lot easier to handle the unsuspecting girls.

And so, in a way, Samantha and I, although returning from a horrible adventure as completely circumcised women, had nonetheless and involuntarily acted as some kind of "Judas goats".

Now, Sabhu exchanged his women for Samantha and me. Without bothering to look at us, they exchanged signed receipts, as if they were dealing in some inanimate merchandise. The insouciance, I thought, of modern White Slave dealers. M’basa had also handed Sabhu a cheque. What for, I wondered?

Not until Sabhu had gotten us back in the attic of Ursula’s house, these horrible all-enveloping burqas were removed – and even then, our muzzles and manacles had been left on. We had been put back into our cages. I was astonished to see that the other cages now were all empty – until I remembered the girls, I had seen being handed over at the airport.

My reverie was interrupted. ‘Number 7 – Bars!’ ordered Sabhu. As usual, he was holding the dreaded cane with the red ribbon that he used to keep us all so helplessly subjugated.

Hastily, I pressed my still milk-laden breasts with their elongated nipples through the bars. At the moment, I didn’t wear the supporting bra that always left my nipples bare, and which I had been wearing in the Caid’s awful herd of human cows. My now again flat tummy was pressed against the bars.

Suddenly, with a swishing noise, the curtains parted and, once again, I was humiliatingly displayed, lit up by the spotlight in the roof of my cage. There, looking at me through the bars

of my cage, stood Ursula – the woman, who had so callously sent me to Africa, to be used as an animal for breeding.

How could she have let this happen to me? Oh, how I hated her!

And alongside her, as always carrying his dreaded cane with the red ribbon, was Sabhu. Oh, how I hated him, too! It was just as well that I was muzzled, for otherwise not even the sight of the cane would have prevented me from screaming out a torrent of abuse and incrimination.

She turned to Sabhu. ‘A good flow?’ she asked, reaching forward with an amused smile, to feel my heavy breasts. How I longed to brush her fingers away with my manacled hands! But, well broken-in and disciplined as I was, I did not dare to do so.

‘Excellent, Madam.’

I blushed, as I remembered how Sabhu had partly milked me, before putting me back into my cage. It had been enough to ease the pressure, but still left them well milk-laden.

‘Good! That’s what my “Lady Clients” like.’ Then again, with an amused smile, she reached forward, to feel my elongated nipples. ‘Still very animal-like,’ she commented. ‘They’ll like that, too. But when we send her back to her husband again, we’ll have to give her that special bra, to stop leaking.’

Sabhu nodded. ‘I have it ready to put on her.’

‘And make certain that she knows she’s got to keep herself in milk. I don’t want her trying to dry herself off, behind our backs.’

‘Oh, I think she far too frightened of my cane, Madam,’ said Sabhu with a laugh, ‘to try anything like that.’

It was true, I thought ruefully. But how shame-making it was for a married woman like me, to be so terrified of this horrible servant of Miss de Vere!

Ursula touched the iron collar, now permanently brazed round my neck. ‘I *do* like this,’ she said. ‘It’s far more slave-like than the pretty dog collars or shiny metal ones that I’ve previously used. I think we’ll leave this on her. It’ll really excite the clients. And she can easily hide it with a scarf, when she’s at home.’

I moaned in disappointment. It was so degrading, and I had hoped that Ursula would take one look at it and order it to be removed, brazed on me though it was.

Ursula then ran her hand over my lower tummy. ‘Well, little bitch, so they did brand you, did they? Such a pretty oval shape. You must be very proud of it.’

Proud of it? I hated it! It was so degrading.

‘Well, my “Lady Clients” are going to find that very exciting, too. They’ll be queuing up to pay to have their initials branded inside the oval. But I think I’ll keep that for myself.’ She put her hand on the brand. ‘Yes, I think “*U de V*” would look very nice here – and very suitable, for, after all, Emma is *my* slave. Don’t you agree, Sabhu?’

‘Yes, Madam, and it keep her properly subservient, too.’

I was horrified, listening to these words. Oh, how humiliating it was, to hear them discussing me, as if I were just a child – or a dumb animal.

‘So, Emma, you’re going to have to take extra precautions to keep it hidden at home, just like your collar. And of course, you’ll only be able to see our own lady doctor.’

I nodded. It was something that was already worrying me.

Sabhu now handed her some photos. Horrified, I saw that they were copies of the ones, which had been taken of me being mated in the kennels and then dropping my progeny in the stables.

She laughed. 'So, you did have another litter of puppies, well?' Blushing with shame, I nodded. What else could I do?

'Without doubt, you must have enjoyed that,' she laughed cruelly. Desperately, I shook my head, but she ignored me.

'And now,' she went on in her hypnotic voice, 'you certainly are very pleased with having earned your kind Mistress a special extra bonus for your litter, aren't you?'

I remembered the cheque, which M'basa had handed Sabhu. An extra bonus for her, I thought, but nothing for me.

She picked up a photograph, showing the big Arabian hunting dog mounting me from behind. 'And how you must have loved your lovely canine lover, Emma! He looks so big and strong. You certainly must have adored him.'

'Oh yes,' she went on, 'and when I show these photos to some of my "Lady Clients", I think they'll fall over each other in the rush to sponsor you for a repeat performance.'

'No! No!' I tried to scream behind my muzzle.

'And one of them, I know, is anxious to use her big poodle, to father a litter.'

'No! Please, no!' I again tried to scream.

But Ursula turned to Sabhu. 'Is she ready yet for another litter?'

'Oh yes, Madam, and I check with our doctor. She have plenty of poodle bitch's eggs ready to implant in Emma, before we put her to dog.'

'And so, little Emma,' Ursula added with a cruel laugh, 'you're soon going to have another canine lover, with whom you'll again be going to deceive your naïve husband.'

'No! No!'

'And you'll again be earning your Mistress another very nice sum of money. I think I'll buy a completely new wardrobe with what you've already earned me. Perhaps it should be predominantly in black, as it was earned in Black Africa? Yes, that would be very suitable, wouldn't it, Emma?'

Oh, how I hated her!

She again turned to Sabhu. 'Was she circumcised – as I gave Achmed permission to do?'

I recalled how, immediately after our return, both of us had to undergo a thorough examination of our reshaped genitals by Sabhu. Afterwards, he had stated teasingly: 'Well, certainly no more need of laces and padlocks to stop you masturbating – what you think?'

Now he informed Ursula of the result: 'Yes, Madam, root-and-branch – just as you requested. Now all is smooth and clean down there, and she feel nothing – just like Samantha. And M'basa told me cutting these two honourable English women been a special delight for his crew, 'cause they now go back home as fully circumcised wives. But they never ever reveal their disgrace to their unsuspecting husbands. And likewise, no talking or complaining to anybody else about what has happened to them!'

Ursula clapped her hands with delight. 'Oh, I just can't wait to see for myself!' she cried.

'On your back! Legs up! Display yourself!' ordered Sabhu harshly. 'Move!'

Although hindered by my manacles, I quickly lay back, parted my legs and raised my feet, with bent knees, to the top of my cage. Thus, my proffered pudendum was easily accessible through the iron bars.

Looking straight upwards, I shivered involuntarily as Ursula probed inquiringly the miserable leftovers of my once so lovely genitals. In the beginning, I did not feel the slightest hint of sexual arousal between my legs, as my cruel Mistress meticulously examined me there.

‘Oh yes, her clitoris has indeed been neatly removed! It’s completely gone and, now at last, all is smooth there between her legs. And look, Sabhu – that resulting scar is really small and barely perceptible. Apparently, they do an excellent job on my girls down there in Africa!’



‘Oh, Emma! How you must miss your lovely little clitoris! Certainly, you do lament its loss for now. But then again, just think how much more money you’re going to earn your Mistress from her fascinated clients this way. So, cheer up and keep a stiff upper lip, my girl!’

‘Moreover, the good news for all of us here is that, finally, there will be no more playing with yourself behind my back, my girl! In the future, you’ll will never again be able to bring yourself to an orgasm – nor have one with a man. And so, you won’t have to be worried about that great problem of yours any longer,’ she taunted me, bearing a malicious smile all over her face.

Sabhu coughed discreetly.

‘Ah, yes,’ I heard Ursula say, ‘perhaps we’d better check for that elusive “G-spot”.’

Without further ado, she penetrated my remaining outer lips, and then I felt her very cleverly and expertly fingering and tickling all parts of my helplessly proffered pudendum.

Never in all those months following my circumcision, had I myself been permitted to touch me down there, neither to feel for any remnants of my recently excised clitoris nor for my long-missing inner lips! And apart from an occasional glimpse now and then, there had never occurred an opportunity to get a detailed view of my appalling new look in a mirror.



However, I could well imagine how the remnants of my once so lovely, but now so mutilated sex would appear by now. As Ursula had described it, a viewer, by parting my outer lips, would just see an odd-looking smooth area down there. Apart from my narrow vaginal entrance, he would not find the slightest hint of either a woman's labia minora or clitoris.

On closer examination, he might detect just some tell-tale scars – two older ones on both sides of this orifice, indicating where, a long time ago, my labia minora had been sliced off. By now, those fine scars were certainly gradually fading and hardly perceptible, but over all those years since that terrible procedure, I had been all too aware of their existence.

In addition, this viewer would find a new scar, directly in the middle of my sex, leading downward into my vagina. Although it would appear small and barely visible, as Ursula had stated, it was nevertheless the unmistakable proof of my definitive complete circumcision.

I desperately prayed that this viewer never ever would be my husband, John!

The more Ursula touched and probed my private parts, the more I became moist. Then, suddenly, I gave a little jump of pleasure – the first that I felt, since I had been circumcised.

'Well, it seems that we've found that mysterious "G-spot", have we?' I heard Ursula laugh. 'So, Emma, you can still feel pleasure down there if you are properly penetrated, can you? That's going to make you desperate for a man more than ever, isn't it?'

She went on. 'It'll be just like in these Eastern harems, where the girls are circumcised to prevent them from masturbating, and yet it makes them even more desperate to catch their Master's eye. But of course, they don't want their Master to take them in his favourite way – up their bottoms. Nor will you, my girl! However, that's what you're going to get in future.'

Again, she laughed. Then she withdrew her fingers from my meanwhile wet crotch.

'Yes, like the preference of many Eastern men, lots of my "Lady Clients" prefer to use a dildo up a girl's bottom, too. So, little Emma, like the girls in these harems, you'd better get used to the idea of giving my "Lady Clients" pleasure, without receiving any yourself.'

She paused, then added: 'Oh yes, Sabhu, I think that my clients will be very keen to try her out with their dildos – all the more so, knowing that she's now going to be desperate to be penetrated as if by a man. They'll enjoy using a dildo up her bum all the more.'

Listening these words, I was horrified. But I knew they were very true. I now understood why the revolting Caid had always sodomised me – to prevent me from getting pleasure.

'Now, let's make plans for both,' Ursula went on, unmoved. 'Unlike Samantha's husband, Emma's has unexpectedly had to delay his return, and in fact won't be back for another two weeks from now. Therefore, we've now got a little time in hand to use her! Let's see how ...'

Oh no, I thought, it was so unfair! I was really looking forward to going home straight away and getting away from all of ... this.



‘Yes ... Samantha’s got to go back to her husband tomorrow, but I hope that we will get her back here for some days next week, to offer her to my clients. Meanwhile, we’ll just have to use Emma, to hold the fort. “Come and try my freshly circumcised married English-woman!” I’ll tell the clients. They’ll be queuing up to get their hands on her.’

How horrible, I thought. Then I heard Sabhu chuckle. ‘Thanks to my cane, she’ll be only too anxious to satisfy half a dozen clients a day,’ he stated.

I gasped under my muzzle. *Half a dozen clients a day? How awful!* But one quick glance at his cane through the bars of my cage, and I knew that I’d have to do it – and put on a show of being eager to please them all.

‘And,’ went on Ursula, ‘I’ll also be offering Emma to our Lady with the poodle – to sponsor her, to have another litter of puppies. So, when she goes back home to greet her husband, she’ll already be secretly carrying them. But right now, I think Emma should be closed up again without delay, to prevent her from examining her new look down there. And most certainly, I won’t allow her to play with her G-spot. And the same goes for Samantha, of course!’

‘OK,’ said Sabhu with a laugh, doubtless thinking of the big tip he would be getting from the delighted sponsor. ‘I take care of that at once. They go home with beauty lips again tightly sewn up and padlocked. So, Emma not able to get rid of poodle puppies.’

‘And,’ said Ursula, joining in the laughter, ‘I’ll make sure that she takes home for her husband another note from our doctor, saying that he mustn’t have sex with his wife. He’s only going to be back for a month, and after that, Emma can come back here with her growing belly, to whelp her litter.’

I heard Sabhu grunt with satisfaction.

‘And meanwhile, Emma,’ Ursula to me, ‘locked in your cage and between the services for your clients, you’re going to write me a little book, describing all that happened to you in Africa and here, before you left. Yes, I want the full story, in your own words. I especially want you to describe in detail just how you felt – and perhaps still feel.’

Write a story? Good, I thought, that’ll give me a chance to say what I really think of her.

‘Yes, I think it will be very popular with our clients and sell very well – in certain circles. In any case, I want it finished before you go home.’

Then, as the curtains closed again in front of my cage and the spotlight went out, I heard her say: ‘Yes – in one way or another, Emma’s turning into a very profitable young woman – what my friends in the city would call a real “cash cow”.’

THE END