

URSULA'S CAGED GIRLS by Allan Aldiss writing as Hilary James
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A NEW UNEXPURGATED VERSION of the best selling book originally published by
Nexus as 'Emma's Submission'

In this new and unexpurgated version of the popular "EMMA'S SUBMISSION",
by Allan Aldiss, writing as Hilary James and published by Nexus, Emma is
abducted by an angry Ursula and kept caged in her lesbian brothel. Much of what
then happened to Emma and to the other caged girls had to be censored in the
published version, but is described here in unexpurgated detail.

"Emma's Submission", a sequel to "Emma's Secret Diaries", "Emma Enslaved"
and "Emma's Secret World", was the fourth book in the best selling and erotic
Secret World Series, published by Nexus about the erotic adventures of Emma, a
young married woman in the power of Ursula, a strict and terrifyingly ruthless
woman who demands complete obedience from her girls and makes sure that she gets
it.

In this story, little did Emma think when she awoke to find herself caged,
manacled and muzzled, amongst Ursula's other girls in Ursula's high class
brothel, that she was going to become involved in the breeding of puppies and
dwarfs, as well as becoming the plaything of a black African dictator and his
huge wife.

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PROLOGUE

A strange awakening

Slowly Emma awoke from a deep sleep. She could hear soft relaxing music.

She remembered that she had been taken off to Ursula's and how terrifying, and yet exciting, she had found the prospect. Was she already in her Mistress's bed? Soft music was playing. Oh how lovely! She stirred. But there seemed to be something strange.

She opened her eyes and blinked. Then suddenly wide awake, she raised her head and looked around in amazement.

She saw she was lying curled up on a thick rubber mat in a little alcove. It was like a cage with brick walls at the back and sides, and iron bars across the front and top.

The cage was not high enough to stand up in, perhaps four feet high, and only four feet wide. Then she saw that it also only went back about four feet from the bars at the front, making the cage seem even smaller.

She looked down and saw, under the mat more iron bars. It really was a cage! And one from which there would be no escape. It was like the cages in which animals were kept - animals being experimented on. Suddenly she remembered the strange Doctor Anna's remark about being kept available to be sponsored for certain treatments - or experiments. My God!

She saw that the cage was lit up by a bright light in the corner. It was protected by a locked metal shield, but there was no sign of a switch.

On one wall of the small alcove was a mirror and, below it, a shelf containing a hair brush, a comb, lipstick, eye-make up and a bottle of Chanel Number 5 scent.

Neatly folded up on the thick rubber flooring was a heavy thick grey blanket. Hanging from the bars on the front of the cage was a drinking bowl and a metal feeding trough to which a simple wooden spoon was attached by a short chain. Both the bowl and the trough could, she realised, be filled from outside through the bars of the cage - again just like cages used to hold animals.

She looked down at herself. She remembered that when the strange big estate car had driven up to her house, she had been wearing slacks and a blouse. Now, she saw, she was just wearing a simple short sleeveless cape, made of blue velvet. It only came down to her hips, leaving her buttocks and intimacies exposed.

She saw that the cape was well cut and made of a heavy superfine material that was warm and would not get crushed in the cage. It was fastened down the

front by a line of brass buttons and fastened round the throat by a strong leather strap.

She put her hand up to her neck and found to her horror, under the strap, a studded leather dog collar. A small padlock held it closed. There a ring on the front - presumably she thought, with a shock, for fastening a lead. How awful!

She tried to struggle to her knees. There was a clinking noise from her hands under the cloak. She lifted up the front of the cloak and saw that her wrists had been chained together! And so, too, were her ankles! Iron manacles, locked round each wrist and ankle, were joined by two short lengths of heavy chain.

Horrified, she tried to cry out. But she found she had been gagged! She looked in the mirror and saw a shiny black leather gag had been fastened over her mouth. Inside the gag there was something that pressed down on her tongue, making it quite impossible for her to even whisper.

She also saw that on the side of the leather collar was a metal plate with some writing on it like the name, address and telephone number normally engraved on the collar of a dog. Oh! How shame-making!

Then, she felt with her hands underneath the cape and found that under it she was naked - stark naked! She must have been stripped whilst unconscious. Who by, she wondered uneasily.

Then she remembered what the lady doctor, Doctor Anna, had said about the huge Haitian, Sabhu, now looking after Ursula girls. She remembered he had said he was now in charge of her. Had he stripped her? Oh no, not him! Nervously she pulled the cloak tightly round her naked body.

Hesitantly she felt down below the front of the cape. All the soft little hair that she had begun to grow again on her mound and beauty lips, as a sign of her independence from Ursula had been removed again. Once again she was as hairless as a little girl. But who had depilated her? That awful Haitian? She blushed at the thought.

Then looking down at the thick cloak, she saw that the figure "4" had been prominently embroidered on the breast. She glanced again into the mirror and saw that the same number, "4", had been painted onto her forehead. Goodness!

But that was not all, for as she knelt in front of the mirror she noticed something beneath the join in the front of her cape. She parted it and looking into the mirror saw neatly painted on her belly another number "4". Oh! It made her feel like a branded animal.

She looked down at her cloak again and saw that some initials had been embroidered under the number - rather like an owner's initials on a race horse rug.

She gave a little excited shiver of apprehension as she made out the initials 'U de V' - Ursula de Vere! Goodness, Ursula was certainly making sure that she realised that she was back in her Mistress's power.

Emma peered through the bars of her cage and saw what seemed to be an attic room with a sloping beamed ceiling. Her cage seemed to be raised two or three feet off the ground, perhaps so as to make it easier to see into.

Then she noticed that the rubber mat on the floor of her cage sloped down slightly towards a barred sluice in the floor near the front of the cage. Through the sluice she could see more iron bars and below them a metal collecting tray. She blushed as she realised it's purpose.

The walls of the attic, like those of her cage, glistened with shiny white gloss paint and it looked as spotless as a well kept kennels. There were radiators to keep it warm and an extractor fan to remove smells. There was a loudspeaker on one wall from which the relaxing music was coming.

There were two small windows which let in light and air. But they were both heavily barred and the windows themselves were of frosted glass which prevented anyone from seeing out - or in!

There were also metal bars on the solid looking door that led into the room. It had a strong looking lock and she saw, on the wall by the door, one of those modern electronic lock control devices with a row of buttons.

Goodness, she thought, security is certainly tight here. Even if she should ever manage to get out of her cage and get hold of the key to the door,

she still not be able to get out of the attic unless she also knew the combination to the electronic lock.

Then she noticed a strange looking circular metal apparatus in one corner of the room. It was fitted with several nozzles pointing inwards. With a shock of surprise Emma remembered that she had seen something identical in the changing rooms of the swimming pool at the Gleneagles Hotel, where she had once stayed during a wild short trip to Scotland with Henry.

It was a shower!

A girl could be put into it, she realised, and even if she were manacled she would still be showered whether she liked it or not.

In another corner was a large sluice, such you see in the annex of a hospital ward. Security might be strict here, but clearly so too was cleanliness!

Between the shower and the sluice, high up on the wall, was a small raised balcony, facing her cage. It seemed to be a sort of viewing balcony, or gallery, with its own entrance door and several comfortable looking chairs.

Along the front of the gallery was a pretty ironwork balustrade. Emma gasped as she saw that there was also a row of iron spikes, like she had seen in a zoo. It would, she realised, both protect any one in the gallery from a creature down below, and also prevent any creature down below from leaping up to try and escape through the gallery.

In the middle of the room, painted on the bare varnished wooden floor, was a line of small red circles, each marked with a number from 1 to 7. Just beyond the line of red spots was a row of immaculately clean white china bowls, like children's pots, each also marked with a number.

Along one wall was a row of hanging cupboards and shelves containing girls dresses, clothes and shoes. Again each was marked with a number.

She recognised her own clothes hanging in the cupboard marked 4, but there were other clothes there as well which she couldn't see properly - though she made out a school girl's black gym slip and ballet tutu. She saw similar gym slips and tutu's hanging in the other marked cupboards.

But what really astonished her was that high up the wall, facing her cage, was a small television camera. She saw that a little red light was shining on the side of the camera meaning, presumably that it was switched on.

Indeed, as she watched, the camera moved and traversed slowly to the left of her cage and then came back and pointed directly at her. Someone was watching her on a remote television screen! Was that why her cage was so brilliantly lit up? She wanted to cry out, but the gag prevented her.

Then she saw that hanging down from the ceiling was a microphone. How strange!

Emma turned and again looked around her cage. The only furniture was a solid looking three legged stool, standing on the rubber mat. There were no books but she saw a couple of magazines neatly stacked in a corner.

There was also a pretty baby doll, dressed in realistic rubber rompers and a little girl's dress. It had lovely blond hair and appealing blue eyes. Emma picked it up and hugged it to her. It would be her friend and companion, she decided. She would call it 'Baby'.

Still hugging the doll to her with one arm, she idly picked up the magazines. They were all old copies of "Mother and Child", full of happy and carefree young mothers and mother-to-be. How odd, she thought. Emma scarcely knew whether to be appalled by all this or, instead, rather excited by the thought of being kept caged, manacled and gagged by her Mistress.

Was it all rather sinister, like when she had been kept in a dungeon in the castle of the strange Roumanian Countess? ** (** See "Emma's Secret Diaries" by the same author published by Nexus.)

Or was it all just another exciting preamble to Ursula's passionate love making? Certainly it was all rather thrilling - and the doll was lovely!

She was lying in her cage, clasping the doll, and wondering what to make of all this, when she heard a rustling noise. It seemed to come from behind the right hand wall of her cage. Moments later she heard a similar noise from behind the left hand wall.

Were they rats? She recoiled and gasped in horror behind her gag. But then she heard clinking noises like that made by her manacles. Then, from one side, she heard a girl's voice, whispering with bated breath, and in a strange language.

Was, Emma wondered, her cage one of a line of similar ones? Was that why the camera had traversed to it's right and then come back to her? She remembered the numbered clothes cupboards. Was she in cage number 4 and were other girls in cages 1 to 7? Was the girl whispering because of the microphone?

Suddenly the music was switched off remotely and she heard a man's deep voice coming from the loudspeaker. At the same time the camera moved to its right, pointing towards where she had heard the whisper.

'Number Two!'

Emma recognised the heavy French-Caribbean accent. The voice was that of the huge Haitian, Sabhu, dressed as a butler, who had come into her house and abducted her. He must be here somewhere - watching her on his television monitor screen!

She remembered, with a shiver, that he had he would be in charge of her in future. My God! she thought, so it must have been him who had stripped naked whilst she was sleeping, and had then chained and gagged her, and put her into this cape. Oh how shame-making! And it who had depilated her. How doubly shame-making!

'For talking in cage without permission, Number Two,' the heavily accented voice went on, speaking slowly as if to someone who did not understand much English, 'you get now punishment!'

She heard a little gasp, a girl's gasp, coming from behind the wall of her cage - from where she had heard the whispers. The hanging microphone must have picked up the girl's lowered voice.

'Yes,' the man's voice repeated slowly, 'you get punishment ... now!'

Suddenly the girl screamed and then stopped. What on earth had made the girl scream, she wondered. How had she been punished? There was no sign of the horrible black butler.

'And next time you get three strokes as well ... Remember, three strokes!' the man's voice slowly added.

Again there was a gasp, and the rattle of manacles as if the girl had raised her hands to her mouth in horror. But she did not apparently dare to say a word in protest.

Then the soft music started again.

Emma gripped the bars at the front of the cage. They were strong and unyielding. She saw that in the middle of the bars, down at the bottom, was a small hinged gate, similarly barred, through which a girl could crawl in and out of the cage. Eagerly she shook it. But it was locked with a heavy padlock.

She heard a scraping noise as if the girl in the next cage was moving her stool. She pressed her head against the bars to see if she could see the other cages, but the bars were too close together for her to see anything.

She remembered that Ursula often used to like having several young girls in her power, and older women as well. Often they came from Eastern Europe and scarcely spoke a word of English. Was she now just one of Ursula's girls? Just one of several caged girls or women? But why?

She remembered Doctor Anna's mysterious remarks about being put in with Ursula's other girls, of earning her Mistress large sums, of being sponsored for certain treatments or experiments. She gave a little nervous shiver of fear.

With a shock she also remembered the Baroness's last words. How she had threatened to tell Ursula all about what Emma had been getting up to. Emma had been terrified at the time. She might no longer have been officially one of Ursula's girls but, she knew, Ursula was still extremely jealous about her behaviour.

For Ursula to know that Emma was living quietly in the country with her husband was one thing. But, but hearing that Emma, formerly one of her own girls, was galivanting around London, having affairs with Ursula's own women friends, or even worse with their husbands and toy boys, would make Ursula livid. She would be wild with jealous, possessive, rage.

And now, Ursula had her abducted and brought here! But where was here? There had been no attic like this in Ursula's previous London house, but she remembered hearing that she had moved to a larger one. Was this where she was now?

And what was going to happen to her now? Why was she caged, muzzled and manacled? Who were the girls in the other cages?

Still wondering, she thought back to how it had all started ...

1 - ENTER THE BARONESS

It all began as just a platonic friendship. She was a Baroness and, of course, Emma loved a title.

Emma had accepted an invitation to a big dinner party at the Dorchesters' London house - Number 222 The Boltons. She had an idea it was going to be an unusual fun party as Maximillian Friend had been invited, having just completed a rather shocking nude of Lady Dorchester - "Annie" to her friends.

Emma had told her unsuspecting husband that Ursula wanted her to help at a late evening showing at her gallery. In fact, Emma was keeping away from Ursula who, to her relief, seemed recently either to have been abroad, or busy getting her new London house ready.

Emma had ignored Ursula's angry letters and peremptory phone calls. Previously, as a confirmed masochist, she had adored being under Ursula's strict control, being her helpless slave, and never knowing what was going to happen next. It had all been so exciting - even if had also been very painful at times.

But it now was time to move on. Emma really had had enough of Ursula and her exhausting ways. She was, she kept telling herself, free and independent, and a married woman to boot - even if her husband was often abroad for months at a time. Moreover, she had her own friends who greatly admired her vivacious and bubbling personality - whereas Ursula just enjoyed putting her down and denigrating her.

No it was time to make a clean break with her demanding Mistress.

It was true, of course, that Ursula was a vengeful and demanding woman. But what harm, Emma asked herself, could she really do to her? And, anyway, the feeling of freedom, of being able to do what she wanted and see whom she wanted, was so wonderful that she soon forgot all about her worries over Ursula.

But Emma was completely taken aback, and dismayed, to see Ursula there at the party. She was with a very beautiful young woman from Eastern Europe, who spoke little or no English or French. Ursula just introduced her as her "niece".

The girl's role seemed merely to look decorative, to attend constantly on Ursula like a Lady-in-Waiting, and just to look adoringly at her. It was a role that she evidently found thrilling.

Emma could not help feeling jealous. How often had Ursula used her in the same role! She, too, had been taken by Ursula to parties as her 'niece', sometimes with another of her 'nieces', simply to be shown off - having been instructed not to speak one word to anyone and just to look adoringly at her Mistress.

She, too, had found it thrilling to be treated publicly almost like a slave. But now she had grown out of all that! Ursula had no hold on her now!

Emma avoided Ursula but could not help overhearing how one of her collection of very valuable pictures, all gems of modern art, had been stolen. Ursula was going round saying that she suspected that one of her set had organised their theft, and that she would move heaven and earth to get it back.

Serve her right, thought Emma. Quite apart from selling her own pictures, Ursula had always used her contacts in the art world to acquire paintings cheaply and sell them at a considerable profit in order to finance her acquisition and subsequent subjugation of beautiful young women ... like Emma!

The dinner was excellent and Emma was impressed by the liveried men servants. But everyone was on edge to know just what sort of amusement Annie would have arranged for after dinner. Sometimes it was games, but this time, rather intriguingly, she had had a little cinema screen erected in the ball room.

The atmosphere was very jolly as the guests all took their seats. To her delight, Emma found herself sitting on a little gold seat next to the Baroness. On her other side was Martin Klein, who was well known in theatrical circles.

Behind her, eyeing her with a baleful stare, was Ursula, her 'niece' sitting dutifully at her feet, resting her head on Ursula's thigh like a little dog, whilst Ursula, talking to her neighbour, absent-mindedly stroked her hair.

Few people at the party knew of the turbulent past relationship between Emma and Ursula - and at this stage, new readers to this series, you need not know either.

Suffice to say, however, that at first Emma felt she really ought to be very careful how she behaved. But then her new-found confidence returned. Ursula was just something out of her past. It was the future that mattered. So, tossing her hair in a gesture of independence she turned her back on Ursula and ignored her.

Emma was feeling unusually excited that evening. Several of the men and women had complemented her, and when she took a look at herself in the long mirror in the hall, she also thought that she was looking particularly attractive.

Her long silky blonde hair was put up in a sophisticated almost Edwardian style, her blue eyes were sparkling between long carefully painted lashes, and her scarlet provocatively pouting lips contrasted with the perfect complexion of her cheeks. Two sparkling earrings, heirlooms from her husband's family, completed the picture.

Then looking down, Emma could not help admiring her blue taffeta old shoulder short evening dress. Her intriguing cleavage was further enhanced by a black opal hanging from a chain round her neck.

The only criticism she could make was she would have liked her waist to be as slim as it used to be. The trouble was that me, since becoming free of Ursula's discipline, she simply could not resist delicious nibbling chocolates and sweets.

But all in all, she decided, she was a very pretty and amusing looking young woman ...

During the dinner she found the Baroness the most amusing person at the party. But whenever she laughed out aloud at her jokes she had felt under the table, someone, she knew who, jealously stick their high heels into her little feet, making her want to cry out in pain.

The Baroness was dark haired and very soignée. She had a very cultured and well bred look, with strong dominant-looking features.

Emma could not quite understand why there was a tension between the Baroness and Ursula - or did she, perhaps, understand only too well? Certainly, they were both dominating women, and equally certainly no one had given Emma permission to make eyes at the Baroness!

The lights went out in the ballroom, and they all sat still on the seats whilst some music played. Suddenly Emma realised that it was a French naughty film that they were going to see.

Although her French was limited, she could see that even her little knowledge would not really be necessary as this was a film about lesbian love with the most explicit sex scenes.

You could have heard a pin drop in the ballroom, Emma thought. The men were loving it too. Emma could see that old Bollocks Roustead was actually playing with himself, whilst Annie, who was well known in London for her little dalliances with the fairer sex, had a young girl on her knee! To some of the guests it may have looked as if it was her daughter or her niece, but Emma had seen the same girl before - with you know who! Goodness, she thought, surely Ursula was not now hiring out her girls to other women?

Emma was longing for the Baroness to look her way, or even perhaps to put a hand on her skirt- but nothing happened.

As she watched the bondage scenes, she began to get very excited. Would anyone notice, she wondered, if she moved her hand up under her dress? In the end she simply could not stop herself and slowly slipped her right hand up, so as to put her little finger into her already wet panties.

As she used her fingers a bit more, she could feel her breasts swell and she was getting more excited with every minute. She was horrified lest Ursula

would notice, but luckily she was too preoccupied watching Annie and her girl. The girl had once been one of Ursula's 'specials' and Emma could see the proprietary way that Ursula was watching her.

Then suddenly she felt someone lean over her.

'Stop it, you naughty girl!' came a soft whisper.

Emma felt utterly ashamed. It was the Baroness! Would she despise me, she wondered. Would she ever talk to her again? Emma glanced up at her nervously. She was looking cool and detached - watching the film in a rather bemused way, and looking somewhat bored.

And yet, in spite of her embarrassed and frustrated state, Emma could not help feeling attracted to her ...

She remembered how she seen the Baroness once before. Ursula had taken her one evening to Maximillian's. She was strangely aloof and Emma longed to know if Maximillian was painting her, or having an affair with her, or ... what?

Emma had not dared open her mouth, or even to sit down, but the others had made polite conversation and had tea. Then, after tea, Ursula had gone out for a few minutes, and Maximillian had asked Emma if she would like to see his latest canvases. Emma had been thrilled, for she had heard that normally he would not let anyone see his pictures - even after they had been finished.

'Stefanie,' he had asked the Baroness, 'do you want to see how it's progressing?'

'No, no,' the Baroness had replied rather aloofly.

'Very well. Come Emma!'

Emma had followed him up an old rickety staircase to a small and very untidy room, with canvases lying around everywhere, a couch, and an old iron bedstead. And there on the bedstead was a young girl lying asleep.

But that was not all, for then she saw the canvas. It was a full frontal, almost pornographic painting of the Baroness in a sort of Eve pose lying on the couch with an apple sitting on her beauty lips and the young girl licking the apple.

So, Emma had thought, there is more to be Baroness than she had originally imagined! She tried not to gasp, or to show any sign of shock, but she did find difficult to express words of artistic appreciation. She heard herself murmur some trite words of amazement. But she did not want to wake up the young girl and so they soon went back down.

The Baroness had shown no sign of embarrassment - she just went on smoking a little cigar and even ignored Maximillian. What could this triangular situation be all about?

Emma had then left them, but she had thought long and hard about the Baroness and had even fantasized about meeting her again.

So it was a wonderful surprise when she saw her again at the party.

2 - AN EROTIC LUNCH - AND AN EMBARRASSING INTERROGATION.

Baroness Stefan von Altman, or Stefanie to her friends, was dark and gorgeous. She was Italian by birth, but she seemed to be able to talk in any language. Everybody adored her. She was so cool, charming and sophisticated - everything that Emma aspired to.

A week had gone by without Emma hearing a word from her - she had given Stefanie her telephone number and told her to ring at any time.

'You must come and stay,' Emma had even added, hoping she would really say, 'No', for she could not quite see the Baroness in the country.

Poor Emma was without Ursula, and Henry, her long standing lover, was half in her mind and half forgotten, but more forgotten than in.

So it was that she could not banish the hauntingly attractive Stefanie from her mind and was desperately longing for her to make contact. She was constantly remodelling their next meeting in her mind's eye, as one always does in such cases, and deciding how she would make herself even more attractive.

She recalled the Baroness's features; the tiny mole on her ear, which in most people would have been a flaw but, with the Baroness, was rather attractive.

She recalled her walk: her little girl steps, almost like a little run, and the serenely forceful impact of her personality.

Finally she decided she could wait no longer. She would ring herself. She dialled the number. Bother! It was an answering machine. Emma put the phone down without leaving a message.

But she had already got into a terribly agitated state of excitement. She was now almost beginning to build up to a frenzy - a feeling she simply had to see the Baroness, just had to touch her.

She rang five times that evening and eventually got her, but by then Emma was cross and had forgotten just what she was going to say. But she need not have worried as Stefanie was very friendly.

'Oh, Emma darling! How nice to hear you. Are you coming to London? How is Ursula? What! You haven't seen her? Well, do come and have lunch. How about next Tuesday?'

'Oh, yes!' said Emma, although she had other plans.

'Lovely!' said Stefanie, and abruptly put down the phone. Clearly she was not one for long girlish chats.

Emma was over the moon, except for the fact that the Baroness seemed to know Ursula well. She desperately hoped she had not heard about their relationship. The last thing she wanted was to have to talk about Ursula or Henry. She wanted to escape from their clutches and their overpowering manipulative ways.

Oh, how she wished she had never met Ursula!

Tuesday came very quickly. Emma caught an early train to London, so as to have time to for a facial in Harrods' beauty salon and have her hair done.

At noon she took a taxi to the Boltons arriving at twelve thirty and feeling very good.

A slim boyish Italian youth opened the door and showed Emma into a wonderful room with mirrors everywhere. But it was not garish, despite the gilding and ormolu.

There, lying on a chaise longue at the end of the room, was Stefanie, looking effortlessly beautiful, her long legs stretched out. There was a little chair beside her, almost facing her, and she beckoned Emma to sit down. In the background some music was playing.

'Darling Emma! You do look pretty!'

Stefanie uncrossed her legs, revealing just the top of her stockings. But then Emma caught a glimpse of her beauty lips which were exquisitely painted. Emma was transfixed. It was incredibly exciting!

Stefanie deliberately left her legs apart - and went on talking. Emma looked across at her bosom which in the portrait had appeared round and soft, not too ample. But now the sight of her little nipples, which seemed to be almost breaking through her organza shirt, made Emma almost burst with sheer lust.

They chatted with habitual ease, but Emma was stunned by her sleekness, she was like a jungle cat.

'So little girl, does Ursula know you are visiting me?'

'No! Certainly not! I'm my own mistress,' protested Emma, 'I don't have to ask Ursula's permission to do anything. I can go where I like!'

'Hmm! Well on your head be it!' laughed the Baroness, leaning back against the cushions, a faint smile on her face. Then she pulled Emma by her long hair.

'Get your head down!' she said, pushing Emma's head down between her beautiful legs.

My goodness, thought Emma, she's literally melting! She drank Stefanie's wonderful juices and felt herself almost exploding. Then, just as Emma thought the Baroness was going to turn her attentions to her, she heard her ring a little bell.

Embarrassed Emma raised her head, and saw coming into the room the same youth who had ushered her in. Perhaps, she thought, he was older than he looked.

'Yes, Baroness?' he said.

'Dear Gianni, I'm ready for you now - and little Emma is going to be our guest.'

Emma was stunned.

'Gianni take Emma upstairs. Put her naked in the chair looking into the large mirror. And, Emma! I don't want you to turn round.'

Emma climbed the stairs behind Gianni. In fact she had to run to keep up. Then deftly he took off her clothes.

Emma, to her embarrassment, heard herself groan with excitement under his touch. But he barely looked at her and she was left sitting on the chair facing the mirror with her back to a four poster bed.

Fifteen minutes of excited anticipation slowly passed, whilst she just looked into the mirror, admiring the reflection of what she saw was not merely a pretty young woman, but also a very eager and aroused one. Oh, how much longer was she going to be kept waiting?

Then, in the mirror, she suddenly saw Stefanie, naked, with Gianni crawling equally naked after her. He was on a lead with a studded later dog's collar strapped round his neck!

Emma did not dare to turn round. She saw the youth slither onto the bed after the Baroness. Again, Emma was stunned, and wondered what was to come next.

She could hear Stefanie moaning, panting and letting out sudden shrill cries and yelps. Astonished she saw that the youth was as hairless and smooth between the legs as Ursula used to keep Emma. Now as a sign of her new found independence she had let the blond hair grow again. But the youth had been completely depilated!

But depilated or not, there was nothing wrong with the boy. She saw him, with his manhood now poised, go on top of his Mistress and ... yes, she could see him penetrate the now wildly writhing and beautiful Stefanie.

For some minutes there was creaking crescendo of bed springs. Emma could not stop playing with herself, but she still did not dare to turn around. She could feel herself coming with them, but was longing to join in. Gianni was now also gripping and sucking Stefanie's nipples.

'Let me join you!' she screamed.

'Yes,' she heard, to her amazement, the Baroness reply. 'But you must make yourself useful.'

Emma climbed in beside Stefanie. Even though Gianni was still inside her, it was still terribly exciting for Emma. She put her mouth on Stefanie's free breast. She crushed her mouth on this soft intoxicating breast and her tongue played with the nipple. Her body was on fire. She longed for Gianni to come into her. She arched her body - tense but abandoned, she waited. She could feel Stefanie collapsing with exhaustion - she had obviously climaxed.

But Gianni, being a mere youth, with a slim athletic body was still firing on all cylinders. He pulled himself out of Stefanie and before Emma could move, she felt him up inside her - pushing, thrusting and holding her down with his hands. Then he suddenly cried out.

Emma could feel his seed, like hot gushing water, inside her. Then he was off her, gone to shower, and Emma curled up beside Stefanie. The two satiated women stroked one another. It was a marvelous feeling and they fell asleep like two small children ...

Emma half woke up later to find Stefanie already dressed.

'What about a late lunch, Emma?' she was saying. But Emma had drifted off to sleep again.

Finally Emma drowsily awoke from her trance.

Where was she? She could hardly move. She always adored the sleep after love - the wonderful tranquillity. Men usually want to jump up, which spoils it all - whereas women join together, stay together, stroke one another, whisper little words together. It's like an ointment, and then they fall asleep, enraptured, in one another's arms.

Emma had always loved this side of her relationship with other women and had found it more satisfying than with men. They treat making love like having a game of squash - something to be followed by a quick rub down or a bath, and then they are ready to go out hunting or back to the office or whatever.

Slowly, Emma stretched out of her hand for Stefanie's, but it was not there. She looked up to the ceiling. It was all mirrors and she could see a delightful reflection of herself - the pink cheeks and her hair, more golden

than usual, falling down over the pillows. She looked more beautiful after making love, as did most women.

Her face was still covered with Stefanie's juices and she could still feel the tingle between her legs. As she lay there, still half way between sleeping and awaking, she could feel herself getting excited again. Then she heard a voice calling.

'Darling, lunch! Hurry up. It almost four o'clock. Do you want to eat or not?'

Emma jumped out of bed. Quickly she had a shower and put on one of Stefanie's wraps. To have put on her own clothes might have given the signal that she had another appointment, whereas she was really hoping to go back to bed again after lunch.

Emma wandered into the elegant Smallbone kitchen, where lunch was set out for two - lovely table mats, Portmerion plates, freesias in a crystal vase and a bottle of Hock. The sun was streaming in and everything seemed so bright.

Stefanie was looking stunning, She was dressed in a Dona Karina all-in-one leisure suit, which showed off sharply her slim body - not an inch of fat to be seen.

'Well, darling Emma, you've deserved a good lunch. Gianni has done a salad for us and the clever boy got some meat and cheese at Justin de Blanc's. Isn't he a darling?'

The baroness laughed.

'His mother is one of my greatest friends. She didn't know what to do with him. He didn't want to join the famous family factory. So she sent him to me to learn English. Of course, I told his mother I could, maybe, also teach him some other things as well! But Dieter was simply furious. He enrolled him at the Institute and said he must go there every day. But, of course, he sometimes comes back for lunch with me, particularly if I have friends like you, Emma, coming!'

She glanced at Emma.

'And, my dear, Gianni whispered that he rather liked you - he's going through a phase of adoring older women. And, of course by keeping him depilated, I make sure he's too embarrassed to go running after girls! And anyway I like it! ... So, darling, I'm making hay whilst the sun shines, and I suggest you do too!'

The Baroness paused.

'In fact, Emma darling, you could possibly do me a favour by entertaining Dieter for me. Take him away for a bit whilst I enjoy Gianni.'

Emma made a face. She did not particularly want to get involved with Stefanie's husband. He was rather a Hitler type, doing a job at the Embassy and furious that he was not the Ambassador. He kept telling everyone how wonderful his family was - which, of course, did not earn him any marks back at the Embassy.

'But Emma, what's all this I hear about you and that Ursula woman. People say that you are her slave and that she treats you like dirt.'

Emma went scarlet. Why did that awful Ursula have to spoil everything? Who had she talked to and what did Stefanie really know? What about Emma's own reputation?

'Oh yes,' Stefanie went on mockingly, 'we all know she treats you like a servant and, of course, there are all the rumours about her cages, her baby pens, her young nieces, her ...'

'Stop, Stefanie,' cried Emma, 'oh please stop. I hate Ursula! I hate her! I can't stand her!'

Emma was in a state. Tears began to fall. She had now realised that the world of Stefanie was much more her scene - and that it would also help to kill off the ghost of Ursula. She knew she could have a really good happy and contented relationship with somebody like Stefanie. It would enable her finally to break away from Ursula - and Henry.

She knew, of course, that Mark was safe but that relationship was now all one way, with Emma just doing what Mark wanted - never being her own person, never saying what she really thought. With Mark everything was on the surface and there was no real magnetic attraction,

You cannot make magnetism, Emma had decided. Why should one's body tingle, and open and melt like a like a peach, when a particular man or woman touches you, and yet hundreds of others leave you cold?

And now, here she was feeling madly attracted to Stefanie. She almost asked her to put her hand on her nipples during lunch.

But Stefanie was being cool and calculating. She wanted Emma to take her husband off her hands and meanwhile she would pester Emma about Ursula.

In fact, Stefanie knew all about Ursula from Maximillian. He had regaled her with stories of Ursula's amazing exploits with younger women whilst he painted her picture, and Emma's name had, of course, been mentioned quite a lot.

'So, Emma, when are you going to see Ursula again?'

'Oh, please be quiet, Stefanie. Let's forget about Ursula.'

But Stefanie was not going to let up. She shook Emma by the shoulders.

'Now tell me the truth, you little bitch.'

'Well, let's go upstairs,' cried Emma, 'It's easier to talk in bed.'

They climbed the stairs rapidly. Emma threw off her wrap, and Stefanie was soon naked too.

'Lick me, you bitch!. Lick me the way Ursula had you trained to lick in Paris! ... Oh yes, I know all about you, alright.'

Emma started to whimper. Stefanie picked her belt off the floor and gave Emma a sharp wallop.

'Stop your silly little tears. You're a grown up woman ... Now tell me the truth about Ursula.'

'Oh, please, please, I can't. I just can't.'

Stefanie lost all patience.

'You little bitch! You stupid cow! Stop acting like a little school girl with me - or you'll pay for it!

She left the room for several minutes whilst Emma continued to sob. She was determined not to confess everything to Stefanie.

Suddenly Stefanie appeared with a whip. She lashed Emma on her bare buttocks. Then she turned her over and gave her six more strokes across her beauty lips.

Emma was wailing and miserable. Then just as she was trying to pull herself together, she heard footsteps - and there was Gianni.

Oh, the shock, the horror! Oh, the sheer humiliation of it all. There she was naked with marks on her body everywhere, her face all contorted with tears, her beautiful make-up all running down her face, and the formerly lovely blond hair all untidy. She looked a total and horrible mess. And there were Gianni and Stefanie laughing at her.

There was a sudden hush. Gianni had put his fingers to his lips and was saying that he could hear a car outside. It must be Dieter!

'Fly to your room, Gianni. I must quickly do my face - and you, Emma, get dressed and tidy yourself and be downstairs in twenty minutes to met Dieter. And remember. darling, you are to make eyes at the old bore. Flatter him . Laugh at his jokes and entice him to make a plan to meet you. And do it - or I'll tell Ursula all about your little unfaithful ways!'

Emma was in a turmoil. She just wanted to run away. She did not want Dieter, she wanted Stefanie! She was feeling all muddled and unhappy - and insulted about Dieter. Why should she do what Stefanie wanted? But, my God, supposing she does tell Ursula! That was something she just could not risk.

Emma washed and dressed hurriedly - realising that she had no alternative but to please Stefanie and do what she required. She had better just get on with it.

3 - USED!

Stefanie rang to say that Dieter would be away on Friday, and also darling Gianni. Would Emma come and keep her company for supper? Emma was delighted. This was what she had been longing for.

They quickly had supper and then went up to the Baroness's room

'Emma darling,' said the Baroness, 'I've been shopping and you really must see some of the Valentino Collection I bought. Shall I give you a fashion show?'

'Oh, yes,' cried Emma, clapping her hands with excitement. At this stage she would have done anything to please Stefanie.

Emma watched as the Baroness glided in, showing off first a rather tweedy suit, and then a ball gown. But it was the playclothes that fascinated Emma - "teasers" the Baroness called them. There was a see-through black lace teddy and this was followed by an all-in-one cat suit.

Emma was electrified. Stefanie held her with her eyes as they looked at each other. A warm creeping tingle of desire was coming over her, glowing in her loins. What delirious happiness it was to feel once again that thrilling sensation - Ursula had always told her that she would only feel it with her, and Emma almost believed her.

Stefanie pranced about, acting like a cat and purring. Then she crawled near Emma.

'Get your clothes off, darling!'

Emma obeyed immediately. Already Stefanie had started to play with herself. Now she zipped the catsuit open to reveal her shimmering body. Her hand was over her beauty bud.

'Hurry Emma! ... Get down on your knees ... Now lick, my beautiful little girl ... Lick your Mistress!'

Emma at first licked her smooth thighs. They were like silk - not a hair. It was so much easier to lick a woman, Emma thought, bits of hair did not keep getting in your mouth.

Emma moved up towards the warm tender little place, her little haven she called her own one. Stefanie was clammy and on fire. She held Emma by the hair.

'Lick! Lick!' she called out. 'Lick faster, my darling!'

Emma was doing her best. Stefanie's beauty bud was different from Ursula's which was huge. Hers was small for a tall woman like the Baroness. Emma had expected that it would be bigger but, like her breasts, everything about Stefanie was neatness itself.

Stefanie's long strong torso began to heave and shudder. She was crying out. She moved towards her bed and stretched herself out on it.

'Kneel by the bed, Emma, and use your hands - and mouth!'

Stefanie's voice had become urgent and harsh. Her long legs were stretched out and she continued to make loud and incoherent sounds. Her breathing gradually grew louder and faster, and Emma could see that her eyes were dilated.

It was an exciting moment for Emma - to feel that she could make this wonderful woman become so excited by just using her mouth was thrilling. It was even more thrilling when a sudden scream announced that Stefanie had climaxed - in Emma's mouth.

Meanwhile poor Emma had been almost begging to be allowed to climb in beside her - to moan and shudder with her, to squeeze her ripe nipples and have her own ones fondled. But, then, all of a sudden Stefanie sat up.

'That's enough now little bitch!'

'But, but,' stammered Emma. 'Please ... '

'Stop your nonsense, at once!'

Emma could not believe it. Why should anyone want to stop just when the fun was starting?

'Now, Emma, come and sit on the bed beside me - and bring me my wrap - if you're cold you can borrow my silk dressing gown. It's just over there.'

Emma felt so frustrated. She began to feel so inadequate. Was Stefanie - or should she now start calling her, more respectfully, Baroness? - bored by her love-making, or what?

But the Baroness said nothing. She was just extremely matter of fact as if nothing had happened. She was obviously a woman who could control her own arousal, something that Emma had always found very hard. But Ursula who, like her friends, enjoyed keeping her girls frustrated, used tell her teasingly that she must learn to do so.

'It's merely,' Ursula used to say, 'a question of mind over matter', adding that Emma would have to learn to train her body to obey, rather like food and appetite. Ursula would then smile, knowing perfectly well that that with Emma's sensuous nature she would never learn to do so of her own free will.

'It's just a habit,' Ursula would say to Emma, 'to have three meals a day. Dogs get used to eating only once a day, and so similarly you're going to get used to only being allowed to climax as a special reward - and only when I say so.'

Although, like Ursula's other girls, Emma had to please her every day, she kept them all on tender-hooks by keeping them aroused but only rarely allowing them any relief - perhaps once a month or, if they were very lucky, once a fortnight.

The result for Emma had been a continuous and terrible frustration, mixed with wild hopes of being allowed at last to reach a climax when Ursula next sent for her to please. It was a frustration that had gnawed at Emma's mind, by day and by night.

It had been a frustration that was rigorously enforced, even when she was at home, by constant daily telephone reports, by threats of terrifying thrashings, and sometimes by a special chastity belt, or purity belt as Ursula preferred to call it - since it prevented a girl touching herself even with a little finger, never mind a dildo or a vibrator.

Even the telephone reports, four times a day, first thing in the morning, at midday, in the evening and last thing at night, had heightened the frustration. Not only did she have to report her natural functions and to confirm her continuing purity, but she also had to confess in detail her desperate longing to be allowed to climax and give a colourful account of how.

If Ursula was out or too busy to take her call, then she still had to make the reports - onto Ursula's recording machine, or, more humiliating, to her Caribbean maid, Babindu, who used to insist, in her heavy accent, on the white woman giving her every detail, and then writing it all down to give to Ursula later.

'Well, Emma, we'll see. But only if you are a good girl, and show by your complete obedience that you really love your Mistress,' was the invariable, and cleverly enigmatic reply to Emma's constant pleadings.

This awful, and yet wildly exciting, frustration had been one of the worst aspects of Emma's relationship with Ursula. And now the Baroness seemed to be repeating it too!

The Baroness laughed.

'After all, darling Dieter does pay for everything. Just look at my lifestyle. And if you're good, you can share some of it too!'

Then her mood changed.

'Now, Emma, I want you to tell me all about your little night with my darling husband, Dieter. Come on, Emma, I want to hear all about it, every word. He liked you a lot, so you must have been a good little girl. And you're going to see him again, I hope. Ursula won't mind you seeing Dieter, and of course you and I can also have great fun - as long as you please Dieter.'

'Oh, Stefanie, please no... ' begged Emma.

'I don't like you calling me Stefanie, Emma. You must show more respect. You must call me Baroness. Now come on and tell me everything.'

Emma turned white - the memory of her evening with Dieter was so ghastly. She now could understand why Stefanie, sorry the Baroness, was keen to provide someone else for him. Outwardly he looked distinguished, and initially Emma had thought that they would have some intelligent conversation - or just have a civilised meal out together, whilst the Baroness and Gianni enjoyed themselves.

'So, Emma, tell me. How did you spend your little evening? Make Stefanie happy, tell her all!

Emma wondered whether the Baroness knew how ghastly Dieter really was. She knew several husbands who were awful to their mistresses, but quite placid and compassionate with their wives. Would Stefanie be disgusted?

The word disgusted had hardly crossed Emma's mind when she felt the Baroness's hand smack her hard across the face.

'Come on, Emma. Tell me, did he rape you? '

Rape? It was worse than that, Emma thought.

'I'm going to get my cane, Emma, and you will be beaten until you tell me everything.'

Emma could see that the Baroness was getting on a real sexual high - her eyes were all glinting, as if she was on Ecstasy. Her breasts were swelling and Emma could see that, under her wrap, she was touching herself.

'So Emma, if he didn't rape you, then perhaps you just had a romantic evening?'

Romantic! Emma started to squirm at the thought of Dieter. She had put all memories of that horrible night right out of her mind. She saw that the Baroness was being sarcastic.'

'Alright, Emma! So it's going to be the cane!'

The Baroness got up and went towards a cupboard.

'No, no! I'll tell you ... Baroness ... well ... what he really enjoyed most was watching me on the loo. This gave him a terrific kick. He told me he adored watching girls spend a penny - especially in the open, and that you used to let him watch you. He said that you had stopped, but that you had promised you would supply him with a few naughty girls.'

'And,' laughed the Baroness, 'as I knew you were one of Ursula's girls, I reckoned you would know all about that sort of thing and ... '

'Oh stop it, you horrible woman,' suddenly shouted Emma. 'I hate you, Stefanie - you knew all about him and yet you deliberately sent me to the slaughter whilst you were enjoying Gianni!'

'Don't be such a silly little girl, Emma,' replied the Baroness angrily. 'I told you he pays for all this and that you can share it. Have you never heard of mind over matter? All you had to do was to take down your knickers - well that sounds pretty harmless to me!'

She began to roar with laughter. Rather to her own surprise, Emma began to laugh too.

'I suppose I was being rather silly,' she admitted

'Of course you were, little girl. So what else happened?'

Well, I had to indulge his little fad three times - but instead of doing it in the loo, he made me do it in a bowl in the middle of the floor, squatting down over it - with my skirt up and my panties down around my ankles.'

'And then?'

'Then he spent a penny between my legs, aiming his stream at my beauty bud before pushing me into the shower where he forced himself into me.'

The Baroness laughed even more.

'So, Emma, now you know how much nicer it is to be with me! Come on, get the vibrator out of my drawer and I'll show you how to use it on me.'

She forced Emma's hand, holding the vibrator, to move over her body. She was in a very aroused state. Clearly hearing what Dieter had done to Emma had made her very excited. Before Emma could ask her any questions, she began to cry out.

'Oh, how wonderful! Oh, go on!'

Suddenly her body collapsed in a heap.

Emma was left again with no pleasure, but she hoped that the Baroness would later relent and certainly would not ask her to see the dreaded Dieter again. Indeed she had decided that if the Baroness would only see her on condition that she amused Dieter, then she would give her up.

That night, Emma tossed and turned in a restless and frustrated half sleep. Furtively, she tried to touch herself, but she was caught and stopped by an angry Baroness.

'I'm getting my cane, Emma,' she had said getting out of bed, going to the cupboard and pulling out a long whippy cane with a crooked handle. 'And if I catch you touching yourself again, then you'll get six strokes. And just to remind you, you're going to grip the handle of the cane with your teeth all night, whilst the cane hangs down between your breasts and between your legs. Just remember, Emma, mind over matter!'

Oh, that same awful expression of Ursula's! Poor Emma was terrified - and utterly dissatisfied sexually.

In the middle of the night the Baroness had removed the handle of the cane, seized Emma's hair and pulled her down between her legs.

'Lick! Lick properly, or you'll get the cane !' she cried hoarsely, giving a sharp tap to Emma's buttocks.

Then, satiated, the Baroness had, without a word, replaced the handle of the cane in Emma's mouth, leaving Emma again aroused and even more frustrated. But worse was to follow, for the Baroness had rolled Emma's nipples with experienced fingers for several minutes - something which had aroused Emma yet further.

Then the Baroness lay back, ready to fall asleep again.

'Oh, it's exciting feeling relaxed and satiated with a frustrated little girl lying aroused and helpless alongside me - not daring to touch herself,' she had laughed.

Oh how Emma had hated her! But again gripping the cane tightly in her teeth, she had not dared to beg, or even say a word. She knew that she was just being used by the Baroness. She felt she was just a little performing animal, doing its tricks for both Dieter and the Baroness - nothing more.

To make it worse, the Baroness was even keeping Gianni for herself. She was dashing off with him the following morning to go racing and both onto stay with friends near Sandown. She had not suggested that Emma should join them.

At last, still gripping the cane in her mouth, Emma fell asleep, only to be awoken next morning by a smiling and fully dressed Stefanie.

'You've been a good girl,' she said removing the cane, 'but now it's time to say goodbye! And, darling, don't forget, you look after Dieter and I'll look after you! And, if you don't, then Ursula's going to be told all about it.'

Emma felt miserable. This was all very unsatisfactory - and unsatisfying. Once again she felt she had just been used.

On the train home she felt little tears coming. Why, oh why, did everyone just use Emma for their own pleasure?

Well, she wasn't going to go on letting them use her like this. And she would jolly well say so, next time either the Baron or the Baroness phoned. She'd show them! And to hell with her threat to tell Ursula about it all! She was no longer Ursula's helpless plaything!

But it was not the Baroness who phoned two days later, nor the Baron, nor even Ursula ...

4 - GIANNI

Emma jumped as the telephone suddenly rang. She had been day dreaming about the Baroness and thinking that, after all, she wasn't nearly as cruel as Ursula. So why didn't she give her a ring?

Was this the Baroness herself ringing, she wondered as she picked up the receiver. But it was man's voice, she heard, a young man's voice, speaking excitedly with a foreign accent.

'Emma? Is that you? It's Gianni.'

'Gianni! What are you doing ringing me? Do you have a message for me from the Baroness?'

'Yes. I mean ... no! Listen! I want to see you!'

'Oh ... ' gasped Emma. 'But the Baroness?'

'That's why I'm ringing you - they're both away! For several days. We could have such fun together, Emma, darling. I love you! . So please do come quickly!'

Emma hardly knew whether to laugh or cry, as Gianni went on telling her that he loved her, and that he just longed to see her, and that this was their chance. Well, she thought, he is a very good looking young man - and very virile too. It might indeed be great fun to go up and see him ...

It would certainly be a good opportunity for her finally to exorcise the memory of Ursula, and to throw off the strange hold that Ursula had had over her. An eighteen year old toy boy! Well that really would be one in the eye for Ursula - not that she would ever hear about it. She'd make certain of that! But it would give her the resolve to rebuff Ursula the next time she tried to lure her into her lair.

The fact was that she was fed up with the way that Ursula was always trying to brain wash her into agreeing that she hated men and was really and truly a lesbian.

'You're one of us now,' Ursula used say.

But she knew it wasn't true. She just enjoyed a good time and found Ursula's way of life, and dominating ways, very exciting. But so would be a submissive young Italian toy boy! And what better way of metaphorically putting two fingers in to the air to horrible Ursula? And to the selfish Baroness, who also so enjoyed keeping her frustrated. And they'd both never know!

'Yes, darling Gianni,' she heard herself murmur as if in a dream. 'I'd love to come and see you again. I'll come up this afternoon and we can spend a couple of days together.'

Oh there's really nothing like a virile young man! thought Emma for the umpteenth time as yet again Gianni brought her to a height of ecstasy.

They had spent almost a whole day in bed together in the Baroness's bedroom. It had been magnificent. No wonder the Baroness kept this boy for her personal use. He was insatiable, as only a highly sexed boy can be. He had taken her in every possible way; backwards, frontwards, upside down, kneeling like a dog ... she had lost count of all the different ways.

And now, exhausted, they were sleeping like young lovers should, in each other's arms, when suddenly the door of the bedroom burst open and there - standing on the threshold was the furious figure of the Baroness herself!

Emma and Gianni huddled up under the sheets as she railed and stormed ...

5 - ABDUCTED!

It was two weeks later and Emma, alone and busy in her husband's isolated 17th century former rectory, had almost forgotten the dreadful scene with the Baroness and her final threat to tell Ursula everything.

Anyway, she thought, what could Ursula do about it? After all, she was a married woman - even if her husband, John, was away abroad. She could do what she liked. It was none of Ursula's business!

Indeed, in the intervals of gallivanting around London whilst John was away, Emma had thrown herself into doing up the pretty house and its delightful garden - in the intervals of galavanting around London! The garden was so lovely and the countryside so entrancing that Emma soon forgot all about the Baroness and even about Ursula. London seemed a long way away.

She had been alone in the house for the day, when suddenly she heard the front door bell ring. She looked out of the window and saw, parked in the drive, an odd looking, extra long, estate car with black opaque windows.

How strange, she thought. It looked rather like one of those small ambulances you saw on the Continent - except that it was not painted white with Red Crosses with the word Ambulance all over it, but simply looked a plain and unobtrusive black van.

Two burly looking men in white paramedical uniforms were unloading a stretcher from the back under the supervision of a middle aged woman wearing a short white doctor's coat and carrying what looked like a doctor's medical bag.

They must be lost and have come to the wrong place, she thought, as she ran down the stairs to open the door.

'Miss Emma?' asked a huge black man of about 30, in a deep tone of voice. He spoke with a strange French accent. He was dressed in a black tie and coat, with black striped trousers. He was wearing white gloves which contrasted sharply with his black skin.

Goodness, thought Emma, he must be somebody's butler. But his face had a sinister look about it and his bloodshot eyes gleamed cruelly. Normally Emma liked black men, but this one seemed rather frightening.

Behind him stood the lady doctor and the two men in white suits with the stretcher.

'Yes,' replied Emma in some confusion, 'But what ... '

'Don't worry, we just come to take you away for your treatments,' said the butler in his deep voice and in a strange half French and half Caribbean accent. Then, with a sinister smile, he pushed his way past her into the hall.

'Treatments!' cried Emma. 'What treatment. I'm not due for any treatment ... There must be some mistake ... You've come to the wrong house. You ... '

The men with the stretcher were already placing it on the hall table. Horrified, she saw that, behind them, the woman doctor, a rather grim faced woman, had opened her case and was preparing a syringe.

'No, there's no mistake,' said the woman doctor in a strong German accent. The white coated men had put down their stretcher and were laying out some straps attached to its sides. 'I'm one of Miss de Vere's friends.'

Miss de Vere! Ursula! Ursula had sent these awful people!

'She's made arrangements,' went on the lady doctor, 'for you to be put in with her other girls.'

'Other girls?' she queried half jealously. She hated it when Ursula had other girls too.

'Oh yes, and like them you going to be kept available to be sponsored by certain of her lady friends.'

Sponsored? Surely that meant earning money for someone else by doing something you didn't really want to do?

'What do you mean?' Emma cried out. 'Sponsored? For what?'

'Yes, sponsored perhaps for a choice of certain treatments. Miss de Vere has made a lot of money from that.'

'But I don't need any treatments.'

'Well, perhaps I should say experiments, certain rather exciting experiments,' replied the woman doctor mysteriously.

'What experiments?' Emma cried.

'Ah, you wait and see,' replied the woman doctor mysteriously.

'Oh my God! Who are you? And what are you doing with that syringe?'

'I'm Doctor Anna,' came the reply. 'I look after Ursula's girls and I shall now be looking after you in future.'

Doctor Anna! That was the cruel lady doctor whom Ursula had previously got, without consulting Emma, to send a note to her husband certifying that she not fit to carry out her conjugal duties. ** (** See "Emma's Secret World" by the same author published by Nexus.)

'No!' Emma screamed, backing up against the wall. 'No! My husband ... '

'Ursula has already contacted your husband in the Pacific,' replied Doctor Anna calmly. 'She told him that I said you need a long rest. He said he was only too happy to let us look after you for a few months whilst he's away.'

A few months, thought Emma, oh my God!

'Oh, no!' she cried again in desperation. 'I'll scream and the cleaning lady will hear ... The Police will come and arrest you all, and ...'

But the large black butler just laughed. 'We know no one now in house except you ... We've been watching.'

The two white coated men had now finished preparing the stretcher.

'But the house, what will happen... '

'Don't you worry, little girl!' replied the German woman, now speaking as if she was reassuring a little girl. 'Just relax, my child. Everything has been taken care of. Ursula has hired a reliable house-keeper to look after the house whilst you are away.'

'But the mail, my letters, the bills, the ... '

'Oh the house-keeper will be forwarding them to Ursula to deal with.'

'But what about the garden? And my part-time office job?' cried Emma in desperation.

'Don't worry, child. Your Mistress has taken care of everything. She's paying a nice jobbing gardener to look after the garden whilst you are away and do any little jobs that the house-keeper wants done. And as for your job, I've already spoken to them, as your doctor, and said that you aren't well and will be away convalescing for several months. They've even agreed to keep your job open for you until you return.'

My God, thought Emma, Ursula has thought of everything!

'So, just relax and leave everything to your kind Mistress. Won't it be lovely not to have a care in the world - just like her other girls ... Now just go and lie down on the stretcher.'

'But my clothes! I must pack.' Perhaps, she thought desperately, this might give her the chance to telephone for help.

'You not need any clothes where we taking you,' said the big black man with a horrible grin. 'We dress you as required!'

'Oh!'

The two big white coated men were now coming towards Emma, one on either side.

'Everything is going to be alright.' again came the almost hypnotic voice of the doctor. 'Now just lie down on the stretcher, like a good little girl, and you'll soon be back with Ursula, your beloved Mistress. You'll love that won't you?'

Oh no! thought Emma. I want my freedom! But the doctor's voice was so persuasive. Perhaps she would be happy back with Ursula, after all. Anyway there seemed nothing she could do about it. And it was all rather exciting being carried off like this. And, at least, life with Ursula was never dull.

'Aren't you proud that your Mistress has arranged to take you back into her care? You know you're longing to be looked after by your Mistress again,' went on the hypnotic voice, echoing her own secret thoughts. 'She'll take complete care of you and you won't have to worry about anything at all. You'll just be able to concentrate on serving your beloved Mistress. You'll love that, won't you, little girl?'

Emma found herself nodding, almost eagerly. Indeed, how exciting it all sounded! And how wonderful to think that Ursula cared so much about her and wanted her back!

'That's better! Now just lie down on the stretcher, like a good little girl,' came the same hypnotic voice. 'Or the men will put you down on it - and you won't like that, will you?'

Nervously Emma eyed the big butler and the two other men, standing on either side of her. Hastily she lay down on the stretcher. Quickly the straps were fastened. Within seconds she was quite helpless, strapped to the stretcher, with her legs strapped together and her arms strapped to her sides.

The butler nodded to the two men and they picked up the stretcher and carried it to the car. They placed it on a rack. Emma saw that the doctor was there too, looking down at her.

'What are going to do to me?' cried Emma, suddenly frightened again. 'Where are you taking me?'

But the doctor merely smiled.

'Now no more talking,' she said in her hypnotic voice, again picking up her syringe. 'Or I shall have to use this! Now be a good girl! We're taking you to a new place - a very exciting place, where Ursula's arranged some lovely little surprises for you.'

Emma caught her breath, half in fear and half in excited anticipation.

'Now would you like to have a sleeping pill for the journey? They'll make the journey much more comfortable - and then you can sleep sound and then wake up in your new surroundings!'

She held out some pills enquiringly. Emma nodded, and the doctor popped them into her mouth and gave her a little sip of water.

'Now I'll leave you to have a nice little sleep,' said the doctor. She drew the curtains over the windows. Emma could not now see out. Then the doctor pointed at the frightening looking butler, now sitting on a stretcher opposite her. 'Sabhu will be staying with you, so you'll be alright. And when you wake up you'll be in his care along with your little companions - Miss de Vere's other girls '

Emma looked wonderingly at the big strong black man. Sabhu! What a name! Not at all like an innocent young elephant boy!

'Sabhu looks after Ursula's girls now,' explained the doctor, 'And he comes from Haiti.'

Haiti! thought Emma. Surely that's the island in the Caribbean, where they speak a sort of French. No wonder he has an odd accent. But what did the doctor mean about him looking after Ursula's girls? He's a man! A black man from Haiti looking after Ursula's girls!

She knew all about black eunuchs controlling girls in Moorish harems. **
(** See "Emma Enslaved" by the same author published by Nexus) But this was
England, and Sabhu with his deep voice, was clearly no eunuch.

The doctor followed the other men out of the back of the car. The rear
door was slammed shut. Emma heard them climb into the front. She heard the
engine being started and then they drove off.

Emma looked at the sinister big Haitian.

'You just have good sleep!' he muttered, adding with a laugh, 'I now in
charge of you!'

Emma just lay there, as the big converted estate car drove quietly on,
wondering what was going to happen to her, and about Ursula, about being
"sponsored", whatever that meant, for some strange treatments, about Doctor Anna
and above all about this huge ugly Haitian brute Sabhu.

Soon she began to feel drowsy ...

6 - CONFRONTED BY URSULA

Muzzled so that she could not call out, Emma was in despair as she gripped the
bars of her cage with her manacled hands and wondered where she was and what was
going to happen to her.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the soft relaxing music suddenly stopping.
There was the noise of a key in the lock of the door. The music, she realised,
must have been switched off by a switch outside the door.

There was a slight tapping sound from beyond the door, as if the code for
the electronic lock was being inserted. Then the door was flung open.

Emma gasped as in walked the huge Haitian, Sabhu, whom she had last seen
in her own house just before she had been drugged unconscious. He was wearing
the same black butler's suit and the same white gloves. The formality of his
dress made Emma, wearing just her little cape, feel even more naked and
frightened.

He was looking grim and unsmiling. His bloodshot eyes looked hard and
unforgiving. Horrified she that he was carrying in one white gloved hand a long
flexible riding whip with a little leather tip -like a dressage whip.

His black coat was open and she saw, with a shiver, that hanging from his
belt on one side was a short stiff leather strap. Also fastened to his belt was
what looked like a small control box with several buttons. Emma wondered what on
earth it could be.

Quickly he strode over Emma's cage, and without a word, he unlocked the
padlock, reached into the cage, and grabbed the shrinking Emma by the hair.
Quickly he dragged her out and stood her up, the chains of her wrist and ankle
manacles clanking as he did so.

Emma tried to struggle against him, but he was far too strong.
Contemptuously ignoring her pounding little fists, he just picked her up,
effortlessly threw her back over his shoulder and strode off towards the door.

'Put me down!' she ineffectively tried to scream from behind her gag. She
tried to hammer with her fists against his back, and to kick him with her feet.
But her heavy manacles made it difficult.

'You keep still,' he grunted, 'or I throw you down stairs.'

Terrified she now kept still. She looked around. She had a brief glimpse
of over half a dozen other cages in a row along one wall of the long attic. Hers
was near the middle. Each cage was prominently numbered. As she suspected her's
was numbered '4'.

She saw that in each cage was a woman and prominently painted in bright
red on each woman's forehead, just like on her own, was the number of her cage.
The women were dressed identically to herself in a velvet cape with the same
number as on the cage also prominently embroidered on the breast. But some of
the capes were blue like hers and others were red. She wondered why the
difference.

Like her, the girls were all manacled but, unlike her they were not
muzzled. They were kneeling up in their low cages. Some were clasping a baby

doll, just like hers, with their manacled hands, others had put down their dolls and were gripping the bars of their cages.

The first three cages, numbered 1 to 3, seemed to contain young blond girls of about twenty, two in blue caps and one in a red one. She had a glimpse, in the cage after hers, Number 5, of a very beautiful dark haired woman of about forty in a blue cape. She could just make out two dark haired girls in red capes in the cages, Numbers 6 and 7.

The women were all looking at Emma and smiling at her encouragingly. Despite their cages and manacles, and the obvious strict discipline, they seemed to be happy, Emma thought.

She remembered how she herself had been blissfully happy at times when she had been forced to be one of Ursula's own secret harem of girls. Was she now going to be made to be one again? A harem ruled over by Sabhu? Gosh, how exciting - and yet also how terrifying. At least it was reassuring to be with these other girls - all in the same boat.

With a shock Emma recognised one of the blond girls, Number 1, as the pretty girl whom Ursula had taken to the Dorchesters' party.

Then she noticed that the girl in a red cape, in cage Number 3, was holding what seemed to be two identical twin dolls. How odd! But was it imagination or the girl's tummy pushing her cape out in a rather strange way? Surely she could not be in an interesting condition? Not here in a cage? What an idea!

Before she could have a closer look, she found herself being carried out of the attic room. She heard the door slam shut automatically behind her. Then Sabhu carried her down two flights of stairs to what seemed to be the first floor.

When they reached the landing he stopped.

'When I put you down,' he muttered harshly, 'you kneel down on all fours and keep quite still! Understand?'

Emma gave a little grunt from behind her gag. He put her down and immediately snapped a lead onto the ring at the front of her collar. She was now kneeling on all fours, held by the lead like a dog, in her short cape with her manacled hands and bare knees on the floor. With her buttocks exposed she felt very naked and embarrassed alongside the huge, well dressed, Haitian butler.

Slowly she started to look around. There was a large closed door in front of them. Sabhu was impatiently tapping his long dressage whip, in an alarming way, against the palm of one white gloved hand.

'You keep your head down!' he snarled. 'And keep your eyes on the floor!'

Frightened by the sight of the whip, Emma did what she was told. There was a long pause. What was going to happen now she wondered.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw that Sabhu was looking at his watch. It was as if he had been told to bring Emma here at a certain time. For what seemed hours, Emma just knelt there, in front of the door, gagged and too frightened to move.

Then suddenly Sabhu knocked on the door.

'Number Four, Madam,' he called out. 'Ready for your inspection'

'Bring her in!' came a woman's cold, clear, and precise voice. Emma recognised the slight foreign, almost Russian or Slavonic intonation. It was Ursula!

'You crawl behind me to Madam's feet!' said Sabhu as he opened the door. 'Keep eyes down on floor!'

He gave a sharp tug to her lead and Emma found herself crawling behind him across a thick carpet. Her heavy wrist and ankle manacles clinked loudly as she did so. Her eyes were fixed on the back of his black shoes. She did not dare to look around, but, she thought, this must be Ursula's new drawing room, perhaps on the first floor.

He stopped.

'Stay here and keep still!' he ordered harshly, and moved aside. 'Head down!'

Emma kept her eyes on the floor, but could not help noticing that in front of her were now the legs of a chair and a woman's crossed legs. They were long and slim. She was wearing expensive red leather shoes with a short heel.

'Thank you, Sabhu,' she heard Ursula's cold voice from above her, as she took the lead from Sabhu.

Then there was another long pause. Emma became increasingly frightened. Oh what a fool she had been, thinking that she could ever get away from Ursula!

'So you ungrateful little slut!' Ursula was speaking slowly in a contemptuous tone. Emma shivered as she recognised the controlled anger. 'So the little bitch thought that because she was a married woman she could get away with running away from me, did she? She thought she could have pleasure without my permission, did she? She thought she could rush around London, making a fool of me of me, did she? Well, the slut is now going to learn that she was wrong - quite wrong!'

Emma wanted to say something in her own defence, but the gag prevented her. And deep in her heart, she knew that all that Ursula had said was true. She had indeed behaved disgracefully. And she had been wrong, stupidly wrong to think that, even if she was a married woman, she could ever really get away from Ursula.

She raised her head and her manacled hands in a silent gesture of submission, looking up beseechingly at Ursula. She had a glimpse of a long black dress, and of two furious looking dark eyes.

'Head down!' screamed Sabhu.

Emma screamed behind her gag as she felt him slash her with his whip across the back of her exposed calves, just above her manacled ankles. Humbly she lowered her head again, feeling like a slave kneeling humbly in front of an imperious Mistress.

'Lift her head up!' she heard Ursula say. Sabhu bent down and pulled her head up by the hair. Then he jerked it backwards, so that she was now looking straight at the terrifying figure of Ursula.

Ursula looked down at her contemptuously. Emma could not meet her eye. Then Ursula lent forward and smacked Emma hard across the face.

'You disgusting little trollop!' she said coldly, and then smacked her hard again across the face. 'Bah!'

Sabhu released Emma's hair, and Ursula, raising one foot, kicked over the kneeling girl. Emma fell on her side, amidst a clanking of her heavy manacles. For a moment she lay there, terrified at Ursula's sudden display of anger.

'Get back on all fours!' shouted Sabhu.

Quickly Emma wriggled back up on her knees again. She had a glimpse of a large television screen alongside Ursula's chair, and on it a view of one of the cages upstairs with the beautiful dark haired older woman gripping the bars.

She remembered the little television camera in the corner of the attic that was pointing at the cages. So, Emma thought, Ursula could amuse herself down here in her drawing room, looking on her screen at her caged girls upstairs.

'Head down!' shouted Sabhu.

Meekly Emma lowered her head. Her eyes were only inches from the carpet at Ursula's feet.

'And not only did you deceive me with the Baroness, but you also deceived her with her toy-boy,' the ice cold voice went on. 'A young man! You actually had the impudence to go to bed with a young man - although you know very well that you're not allowed to have any sexual relations with any male! You're one of us now, and by God, you're going to remember it in future!'

Emma shivered with fear, not only at the threat but also at the furious tone in Ursula's voice. In the past it had always been rather exciting, she thought, being punished by Ursula - and she had also rather enjoyed making Ursula jealous of her long standing affair with Henry. But it sounded as though this time it was going to be different.

'And,' went on Ursula, 'you'll find several changes in the life of my girls since I moved into this house. One, the introduction of "sponsoring" by my lady friends may come as a nasty little shock if they should choose you. Others you will have already seen. For instance, you've already experienced the cages upstairs in which I now keep my girls locked up when I don't require them, or when they are not being exercised or shown off. And you're already wearing the heavy manacles that I now like my girls to wear.'

She paused for greater effect.

'And you've met Sabhu here, who acts not only as my butler, but also as my girls' overseer and trainer - like a Keeper in a zoo! He's now in complete charge of my girls, enabling me to get on with my painting and my business affairs. He brings my girls to me, trained, docile and eager, whenever I want their services.'

A Trainer! A Haitian man training white girls to please a woman! Emma's mind was reeling. And, Ursula had said, 'docile and eager'. Emma eyed Sabhu's dressage whip with renewed respect.

'You'll always call him Sir, or Mr Sabhu,' went on Ursula in her cold, contemptuous tone and almost Slavonic accent. She had never dared to ask Ursula just where she came from. 'He'll call you just Number Four. But you don't speak to him, or anyone else, without permission.'

Emma remembered hearing the girl, Number Two, being caught whispering to one of the other girls, and then being mysteriously punished. Goodness, she thought, discipline was certainly tight here.

'If you do want to speak, then you must put your hand up and ask permission to speak - just like girls at school with a strict Mistress ... And you'd better remember always to be very polite to Mr Sabhu for he will be in complete charge of you from now on, responsible to me for supervising your most intimate moments so that he can give a fully comprehensive report to me every day on the health and exact state of each of my girls.'

Again she paused. Emma was horrified. To be supervised, intimately, by this horrible Haitian man! How awful!

'And, Emma, just bear in mind that he has the authority not only to use his strap on my girls, but also to give them up to three strokes of his whip, without reference to me. Indeed, he's so good with the whip that he does all my beatings for me now, usually as a little display in front of my friends.'

Emma could not help giving a little shiver. It was one thing to be beaten by Ursula, but quite another by this huge powerful looking Haitian.

'And he tells me that you had the effrontery to let your body hair grow again, although you know very well that all my girls have to keep themselves absolutely smooth - for ever! Sabhu's put you back into your proper state down there - and he'll be keeping you like that, a nice little shiny bald mound and pretty smooth little beauty lips.'

Oh, how awful, thought Emma, to be controlled like that by a man, a Haitian man.

'And you've met my German lady doctor friend - Doctor Anna.'

Emma shuddered as she remembered the grim faced middle aged woman who had come to her house with Sabhu and had given her the sleeping pills.

'She had considerable experience in the East German women's prison camps before the Berlin Wall came down - and is now practising over here,' went on Ursula in her cold voice with its foreign accent. 'With her experience of dealing with recalcitrant young ladies, she's very useful in making my girls perform properly - and in giving them certain, shall we say, rather interesting, little treatments!'

Emma gave a little jump. Treatments! That was the word that Doctor Anna had so mysteriously used to her when she was abducted from her home.

'Sabhu keeps Doctor Anna fully informed about the state of their monthly cycles and general health,' went on Ursula. 'He even sends her regular specimens to analyse. Between them they keep a pretty close eye on my girls!'

Emma shuddered. Oh no!

'And that brings me to your punishment, Emma. You've been a very naughty girl, haven't you. You've let your Mistress down badly - and publicly. I thought I really ought to send a report on your behaviour to your husband.'

'What!' screamed Emma from behind her gag.

'Yes,' went on Ursula imperturbably, 'I've already contacted him out in the Pacific and told him that Doctor Anna thinks you need a long rest . He was overjoyed when I told him that I was willing to look after you here. But I think he also ought to know just what you've been up to in his absence: his precious wife having affairs with a woman and with her husband ... caught sleeping with a young boy. What's he going to think about all that? Well?'

'No! No! Please don't tell him' Emma tried to cry out behind er gag, shaking her head violently.

Ursula laughed at she looked down at the moaning creature at her feet.

'Yes, little girl, I think when he hears about it that he's going to be shocked and appalled - and, of course, only too delighted that you're now in my care until he gets back. Don't you agree?'

Reluctantly, Emma nodded. It was true that in the past her husband, blissfully unaware of Ursula's real interest in Emma, had only too willingly agreed that she should take Emma away with her so that she could keep an eye on her whilst her husband was away on his interminable oceanographical trips to the Pacific. He had even innocently thanked her for her kindness.

'Yes, little girl,' she picked up an envelope stamped ready for posting, with an Air Mail sticker in the corner, 'here's my letter to him ready to go. Mind you, I expect he'll feel that he'll then have to divorce you. Then what'll happen to you? You haven't any money of your own!'

Again Ursula smiled as she looked down at Emma moaning and begging behind her gag.

'Well, if you don't want me to post the letter I suppose I needn't. But then I would still feel it my duty to him to keep you here under Sabhu's control, so that you don't further disgrace your husband any further. Would you accept that?'

'Oh yes, Emma tried to cry out, nodding her head. Anything rather than the shame of that letter being sent to her husband.

'Very well then,' Ursula said. O

Oh the relief, thought Emma, the sheer relief!

'But,' Ursula added, suppressing a laugh, 'I shall, of course, need your formal agreement. We don't want you going around later saying that you were kept here against your will, do we?'

She put down the addressed envelope and picked up a typed pieces of paper on a stiff blotter.

"This is a letter from you to me, signed of your free will and countersigned by me, spelling out in detail just what you've been up to and asking me to take you in and protect you from your uncontrollable lasciviousness. It also asks me to take any steps I consider necessary, to keep you under control and allows me to employ you without a salary in anyway I consider suitable, to help recuperate the cost of housing and protecting you from yourself and of running your house whilst you are here.'

She paused for a moment.

'This letter will be kept locked up here as a pledge for your good behaviour. But if you try to run away or ever try to accuse me of holding you, and using you against your will, copies of it and of the other letter will be sent to your husband, to your own family and to your friends.'

Oh my God, Emma thought, how dreadful that would be. The shame!

'Yes, Emma,' cried Ursula knowing what would be running through the girl's mind, 'think of the shame! But if you behave properly and Sabhu is pleased with you, then no one need ever know about what you got up in your husband's absence.'

She bent down and handed the paper to Emma with a pen. 'Just sign at the bottom.

Emma hesitated. She was signing away her freedom. She was agreeing to become Ursula's complete slave - presumably just like the other women in the cages upstairs. But did she really have any other choice?

'Hurry up and sign, Emma,' said Ursula coldly, 'or would you rather I posted the first letter to your husband today?'

With a little moan, Emma signed it and handed it back up to Ursula who handed Emma's leads back to Sabhu and, smiling triumphantly, went across the room and locked the letter up in a drawer of her desk.

Then she came back and stood over the Emma who was again kneeling on all fours. 'Well, little girl, if I'm again to continue to keep yo8 here then you're damn well going to punished by your kind Mistress for your disgraceful behaviour. You deserve that, Emma, don't you. Well, child, don't you?'

Emma gave a little sob behind her gag and slowly nodded. Yes, she had behaved very badly. Deep down she knew that it was only right and proper that she should be punished. She nodded.

'Of course, it'll be Sabhu who will be thrashing you.'

'Oh no!' Emma wanted to scream aloud. 'Not that muscular brute! He'll kill me!

'Yes,' went on Ursula in her cold quiet voice, 'he's going to thrash you with his dressage whip in front of me and in front of a specially invited guest. She's going to really enjoy watching you squirm! And she'll be going back to spread the word amongst our friends that you back in my power again and no longer available to accept invitations on your own!

Just then a bell rang - it sounded like a front door bell.

'Ah, this will be her. The maid will let her in. Now, Sabhu, take this revolting creature back upstairs and put her back in her cage again until we are ready to witness her punishment - and meanwhile bring us some tea and cucumber - and perhaps a couple of scones.'

Sabhu bowed and turned as if to lead Emma crawling out of the room.

'And Emma, make sure you're looking really pretty for your thrashing - or you'll get a double ration! And you know what I mean by pretty!'

Emma blushed. Yes, she knew very well what her Mistress meant.

'Oh Emma,' added Ursula, 'I want you think about how many strokes of Sabhu's dressage whip you deserve and then you can ask me nicely for them - in front of my friend.' She picked a piece of paper with something written on it and gave a cruel laugh. 'I've written down here the number of strokes that I have decided on but, if you ask for more, then so be and that's what you'll get. However, if you ask for less than what I have written down then the shortfall will be added to the number that I have written down. So think very carefully, my girl, about that whilst you're waiting for your thrashing.'

Emma gave a little gasp of despair behind her muzzle as Sabhu gave her lead a sharp tug.

7 - PREPARATIONS FOR A THRASHING

Once again the attic was filled with the relaxing noise of soft music.

Trying desperately to put out of her mind her forthcoming thrashing, Emma knelt up in her cage and tried to concentrate on making up her eyes above her black shiny leather gag with her manacled hands. She outlined them with black kohl to give herself the Eastern look that Ursula liked.

She looked down. Her mound was now looking beautifully powdered and smooth, and her beauty lips, outlined in black kohl to match her eyes, were painted red.

Then she pulled back the front of her cape and checked her nipples. They too were now painted the same shade of red, and also outlined in black kohl.

She was looking, she knew very exotic and normally would have felt very excited as well. But although making up like this had all helped to keep her mind off her forthcoming thrashing, secretly she was absolutely terrified at the thought of Sabhu's long whip and his bulging muscles.

Equally terrifying was her urgent need to decide on how many strokes she would have to tell Ursula she deserved. Six seemed quite enough to her, but when she remembered Ursula's anger at her behaviour with the Baroness and her toy friend - and her husband! - she knew that opting for such a low figure would only result in her getting several more strokes.

But would Ursula really go as high as twelve? My God, twelve from that brute Sabhu would be kill her! And if, she did go as high as twelve and Ursula had only written down, say, ten on that on that piece of paper then she would get an unnecessary two painful strokes. Oh how difficult it was to know what to opt for. Suppose Ursula was planning for her to have fifteen or eighteen!

Still undecided, she nervously began to brush her hair down over her shoulders in the little school girl style that she knew Ursula so liked to see in one of her grown up girls. Then she sprayed Chanel No. 5 round her hairline and under her chin so lavishly that it ran down between her breasts.

As she did, she could hear the clink of the other girls' manacles as they moved about their cages. There was no more whispering - just an ominous silence broken only by the clanking of the heavy chains.

Who were they, she wondered, and what was the strange language she had heard one of them speaking. Ursula had connections with Eastern Europe and

perhaps these girls had come from one of those newly liberated, but still impoverished, countries.

But who was the slightly older woman? She knew that Ursula liked young girls, but also liked to dominate the occasional older woman - such as me, she thought, for Emma herself was now just in her thirties. But, with her long blonde hair and her size 10 figure, she could still pass as a much younger girl ...

With her forthcoming beating still preying on her mind, she longed to ask Sabhu if he knew how many strokes she was going to get. It was awful for a girl not knowing and being kept in suspense all this time ...

Suddenly the soft music stopped again and the door opened. Again Sabhu strode across to her cage.

'Number Four! Kneel up!' he ordered in the harsh voice he used when speaking to the girls in his charge.

Emma saw that he was checking her eye make-up. Satisfied, he nodded.

'Kneel right up! Legs apart'

Emma saw that he was now checking her mound and beauty lips

'Hand me the lipstick and press up against the bars of your cage! Head up and keep looking straight ahead.'

Nervously Emma did what she was told. He bent down and put his white gloved hands between the bars. Suddenly she jumped as she felt his hands on her beauty lips.

'Keep still' he ordered. 'We want you looking beautiful for your thrashing. Eyes to the front!'

Not daring to look down, she felt him hold her beauty lips apart and apply the lipstick.

Then he leant back and looked down at her.

'That's better,' he muttered. 'Now turn round and press buttocks against the bars.'

Blushing with shame, Emma did so.

'Head right down!' he grunted. 'And buttocks up'

Poor Emma blushed even more at the thought of what she was now displaying. She felt his hands part her buttocks and again she felt the lipstick being applied.

'Very nice!' she heard him say. 'Now turn round and undo front buttons on cape!'

Biting her lips she did so.

'Pull back sides of cape and thrust breasts through bars.'

Emma had always been proud of her shapely firm breasts, but she could not help feeling humiliated as he slowly stroked them and examined the lipstick on each nipple and the surrounding black circle of kohl.

'Button-up cape!' he finally ordered.

Then he unlocked the little gate in the bars of her cage.

'Crawl out!' he ordered.

Feeling highly apprehensive about what was going to happen, Emma crawled through the little gate onto the floor of the attic.

'Follow me downstairs on all fours!' he ordered in his sharp voice, snapping his lead back onto the ring at the front of her collar.

Like a little dog, Emma hurried after him, fear and resentment in her heart. Why, oh why, did Ursula now employ this hateful and terrifying creature? At least with Ursula there was always the chance of using her charm, or her obsequiousness, to win her over. But this great brute of a negro seemed impervious to the charms of a white woman. Oh why did Ursula allow him to treat a helpless girl as if she were just a dog?

Minutes later Emma was standing up on a Restoration oak stool in the middle of the strikingly decorated room with its valuable antique furniture - a reflection of both the artistic taste and wealth of Ursula.

She was facing away from the sofa on which two well dressed women, Ursula and her lady guest, were sitting quietly chatting and enjoying cups of tea and cucumber sandwiches, apparently ignoring her completely. She felt so humiliated standing there, still muzzled, her lead now hanging down in front of her, her

hands were clasped behind her neck, her eyes fixed on the wall in front of her and her heavy blue cape covering only the top of her body, leaving her buttocks and hairless mound and beauty lips quite bare.

Who, she wondered, was the guest? She had longed to look up and see when she had been led crawling on all fours into the room. But with her nose to the carpet and Sabhu's whip tapping her exposed bottom to remind her to keep it there, she had been too scared to risk it. How embarrassing it was to have to stand with her naked bottom exposed to this strange woman.

Now, as ordered, Emma was still looking straight ahead. She seemed too scared to turn to look at the women. Indeed, she was petrified out of her wits.

This was partly because behind her stood the huge figure of Sabhu, the Keeper and Trainer of Ursula's women, a long dressage whip in his hand. But it was also partly because she had recognised the stool as the Beating Stool over which she had so often, in the past, been made to bend over to receive Ursula's cane.

But there was a difference now. This time Ursula would be watching as Emma got, not the cane, but Sabhu's dressage whip! But getting the cane from Ursula would be nothing as compared to a thrashing from Sabhu. Oh God!

For what seemed ages she was just left there. She heard Ursula introducing Sabhu to her guest.

'Very honoured, Madame,' she heard Sabhu say in an unusually smarmy voice.

'Don't be taken in by him,' she longed to call out, 'he's a cruel swine!'

'Well Sabhu, are you going to show my friend your little charge?' she heard Ursula say.

The she heard Sabhu's heavy footsteps coming towards her. She shivered as she heard him swish his terrifying long dressage whip through the air. Still looking straight ahead, she felt Sabhu pick up her lead.

'About Turn,' he ordered harshly. Remembering what Sabhu had made her practice whilst standing outside the door, she raised her right knee as high in the air as her ankle manacle permitted and paused for a second. Then, keeping her eyes fixed on the wall and her hands clasped behind her neck, she turned round in a smart military way, marred only by the clatter of her chains.

For second she allowed her eyes to drop to the woman sitting next to Ursula. It was Stefanie, the Baroness! She was appalled. The very woman who, by reporting her to Ursula, had caused her abduction, and now her thrashing.

'Head up! Eyes straight ahead!' shouted Sabhu angrily. Then he unbuttoned Emma's cape and held it drawn back, displaying her naked body to the two women, as they sipped their tea.

Emma could feel herself blushing with shame. Moreover, the combined presence of Ursula, Sabhu, the dreaded Beating Stool, and now the Baroness, made her tremble with fear at the thought of her forthcoming thrashing. Try as she might, and she certainly wanted to, she was scarcely able to concentrate on listening to what the two women were saying.

'Well, Baroness,' Ursula said, 'I am very grateful to you for having sent me such a full report on what little Emma has been up to in London whilst I was away. The little liar had assured me that she would be living quietly living with her husband in the country.'

'When in fact,' said the Baroness, 'he was also away and she was going around London making you look a complete laughing stock.'

Ursula flushed angrily.

'And perhaps,' she said, 'she made you look a pretty good fool, too, by carrying on with your young Gianni behind your back.'

'Indeed,' agreed the Baroness bitterly. 'She's just a liar and a strumpet, who can't keep her hands off men.'

'And yet,' said Ursula slowly, 'she knows very well she's not allowed to have anything to do with men - and preferably not even with her booby of a husband. And so she deliberately choose to defy me - and you. Very well, she's now going to be punished for disobedience - a punishment that she knows she thoroughly deserves.'

Emma caught her breath. Oh what fool she had been to think that she could ever get away from Ursula's tentacles.

'And I much appreciate being asked to come and watch her punishment,' said the Baroness with conviction. 'And that trainer of yours certainly looks as though he can lay it on pretty hard. The harder the better as far as I'm concerned.'

'Indeed!' laughed Ursula.

'Before you start, however, I really must congratulate on you on her attire. That little cape set off her naked body very well, and the manacles are very fetching, as is the make-up - and she smells delicious.'

Hearing these words, Emma found herself again blushing, this time with a mixture of excited embarrassment and pride: excited embarrassment at her body being so erotically displayed to these two strict women, and pride that they found her so pleasing.

What a masochistic slut I am, she thought. I just love pleasing other people - men or women.

'Yes,' mused Ursula, 'and I find that overseas visitors like them, too, when my girls are paraded before them.'

Overseas visitors! What did Ursula mean, Emma wondered. She knew that Ursula sold many of her own pictures to women visiting London. Did she also now show off her girls to them? How awful to be paraded by Sabhu, like an animal, in front of strangers.

'And I love the idea of her being gagged,' added the Baroness.

'Yes,' agreed Ursula, 'I prefer a girl to be gagged when she's going to be beaten - being unable to make sniffling excuses or begging for mercy. She then concentrates just on thinking what a little fool she has been, and how much more obedient and submissive she'll be in future.'

Emma caught her breath. How true! Much as she hated being gagged, it would certainly make her resolve, during her beating, to be more obedient and subservient in future.

'And, of course,' went on Ursula, 'thus ensure that both I and my clients get all the more pleasure from her.'

What, Emma wondered, did Ursula mean by clients getting pleasure? Surely her clients simply came to buy pictures?

'Yes,' added Ursula, 'I like my girls to be really subservient. And the interesting thing is that the harsher I treat them, the more they enjoy it. It may sound incredible but there's no doubt about it! Look at that girl, I bet she's now wet with excited anticipation at the mere thought of beaten in front of us.'

Both women laughed. Emma gave a little shiver. How right Ursula was - as always when it came to her girls!

'Well, let's see,' said Ursula. 'Sabhu! Test her!'

The big Haitian smiled and pulled a piece of pink coloured paper from his pocket.

'My German lady doctor friend devised this,' Ursula whispered to the intrigued Baroness.

'Legs apart!' shouted Sabhu.

The two women watched, fascinated, as Sabhu bent down and slowly parted Emma's beauty lips, and then drew the coloured paper along them. Then he held it up for the women to see, it was changing colour to blue.

'Number Four is extremely aroused' he reported. 'She's wet and very slippery.'

Emma was blushing with shame.

'Well, what did I tell you?' laughed Ursula.

Again Emma found herself catching her breath. How unfair they all were to treat a poor girl like this! How awful it was to be kept waiting for her beating.

8 - EMMA IS THRASHED

'Well, we might as well make a start!' said Ursula after a pause. She nodded to Sabhu who temporarily released her muzzle, 'Well Emma, have decided how many strokes you deserve?'

There was a pause. Then came a little whisper from Emma. 'Eleven, Madame?'

'Not far off, little girl.' She picked up the piece of paper on which she had earlier written down the number of strokes that Emma was to get. 'No I had decided that you're to have twelve. So you'll now get an extra stroke, making thirteen in all. Unlucky for some!'

Thirteen strokes! Oh my God, thought Emma. She was about to cry out, begging for mercy, promising never to betray her Mistress again. But Sabhu had tightened up her muzzle again.

'Number Four! Bend over Beating Stool,' Sabhu ordered.

Dumbly, her manacles clinking, Emma turned and, facing away from the two women, bent over the dreaded stool. She then lowered her head and shoulders and raised her manacled hands over her head so that she could grip the legs of the stool.

Her buttocks were now tightly bent over and on display to Ursula and her guest. Emma blushed at the thought of the erotic view she was now presenting - thanks to the hated Sabhu's additional touches of lipstick.

Sabhu pulled Emma's cape up to her shoulders, leaving her whole back and buttocks bare.

'Legs apart!' he ordered. 'Up on toes! Slightly bend knees!'

Once again Emma blushed at the realisation of what she was displaying to Ursula and the Baroness, never mind to the terrifying Sabhu.

There was a sudden swishing noise as Sabhu made a few practice strokes of his whip through the air, and then a crash as he brought it down on a cushion.

Emma jumped with fear. She wanted to run away, to run anywhere to get away from this terrifying whip. Her manacles tinkled as she hesitantly straightened up.

'Get back into position!' Sabhu shouted. 'Keep still!. Bend over tighter! Tighter! Higher up on toes! Now legs of stool.'

Then he stood back several yards, looked carefully at Emma's little white bottom, and ran towards her his whip high in the air. There was another swishing noise and this time the whip cracked down right across Emma's soft little buttocks, making her jump in the air and scream behind her gag.

'Get back into position!' snarled Sabhu.

'Of course, he's not really using all his strength' laughed Ursula in a little whisper, 'or he'd half kill the girl. But all this play acting really does put the wind up a woman he's thrashing, even if the actual pain he's inflicting is pretty limited.'

'Yes, of course,' the Baroness answered in another whisper. 'But I suppose that with his run, his powerful muscles, and his long whip, he really makes the girl think that she's being half killed!'

'Exactly!' laughed Ursula, 'especially as he likes to give a girl six strokes on her bottom, followed by six across her front: breasts, belly and upper thighs,' Ursula explained to the Baroness. 'that's what he calls his Serious Punishment - one that gives the appearance of being a proper flogging. However, I only allow him to give it to a girl who really needs to be taught a lesson - like Emma here. I'm sure you'd like her to think she's being really flogged to death, after what she did to you, deceiving you with your young toy boy.'

'Yes! yes!' replied the Baroness harshly. 'He got the thrashing of his life and so should she - or at least be terrified into thinking that she is. But, anyway, what's the alternative to your trainer's Serious Punishment?'

'Well, I do allow Sabhu to give a girl what he calls his Standard Punishment - three strokes, two on the bottom and one on the front - to any girl without reference to me. It may not sound very much, but you must remember how strong he is. Even one stroke can reduce a girl to a snivelling wreck. That's why he has to be careful and why he also carries that strap. He uses it to punish minor infringements of the rules - on a girl's hands. It still stings like hell! So you can see how the threat of a beating from Sabhu ensures that discipline here is very good - they're all as terrified of him as they are of me!'

'Yes, I'm sure,' laughed the Baroness. 'Oh by the way, is there any chance of seeing your other girls sometime?'

'Of course!' She dropped her voice so that Emma would not hear. 'After Emma's had her beating, I'll take you up to the little viewing gallery that I

often take my clients up to. You'll be able to see them in their cages. They're an interesting new lot and already earning me a lot of money. Quite apart from rich American and European women, wealthy Middle Eastern and African women will pay anything to have a pretty, submissive, European 'Ladies Maid'. Perhaps you'll be able to introduce some new clients? I'll make it worth your while!

'Oh!' laughed the Baroness. 'A little pin money! Well, I do see quite a few rich women passing through London.'

'And you can tell them that soon I shall have at least one girl in milk.'

'Aha! That'll intrigue them!'

'Yes, it's very popular. The clients just love it!'

'And Emma?

'Well, we'll see!'

Emma was so concentrating on holding her position, that she scarcely took in Ursula's remarks. She was just too frightened to listen as Sabhu carefully examined the new long red weal on her buttocks. Apparently satisfied, he put a little chalk mark an inch below it.

'He likes to have a perfect ladder effect,' explained Ursula.

Indeed Sabhu now walked back again, like a fast bowler in cricket going back to start his run. Again he turned, paused, raised his whip and took careful aim, like toreador with his sword at the moment of truth in a bullfight. It was a magnificent and erotic sight for the two spectators. Then he ran forward again, very fast, and brought the whip down exactly on the chalk mark.

Emma's screams were muffled by her gag, and she was crying helplessly, as the Baroness congratulated the now beaming Sabhu on his accuracy.

Sabhu noticed that Emma was trying with one manacled hand to reach back and rub her bottom to ease the pain.

'Hands to front!' he roared. 'Go on gripping legs of stool. Or that stroke not count!'

Not count, thought Emma, My God! She quickly gripped the arms of the chair again, biting her lips under her gag as she writhed with real or imagined pain. She was used to being caned by Ursula, but never had anyone thrashed her in such a terrifying and drawn out way as this.

The actual physical pain as not too bad, she now realised, and soon wore off. But even so, she was really scared of what Sabhu might do to her.

However, what was so shame-making about it all was that, despite the pain and fear, she could feel herself becoming more aroused at the thought of being beaten for the amusement of her Mistress and her guest.

She longed to beg for forgiveness, to cry that she would never deceive Ursula again, that she would never go to bed with a man, and not even kiss one ... but gagged as she was, there was nothing she could do. She knew that she would simply have to take the full six strokes, that she had heard Ursula mention, on her soft little backside.

'Sabhu likes a woman to keep still and absorb the full pain of each stroke before getting the next one,' explained Ursula. 'It makes a better spectacle and ensures she does not quickly forget it.'

'Woman?' queried the Baroness. 'I thought you only had young girls.'

'Oh no! Emma's thirty now - scarcely a young girl. And I've a lovely forty year old woman now as well as two young ones. You'll see her shortly. Funnily enough, I think Sabhu enjoys thrashing an older woman even more than he does a young girl!'

Sabhu had been marching around the still tightly bent over Emma, making her keep quite still, even though she longed to ease the terrible pain with her hands.

Emma was terrified as she then felt him place his chalk marks on her bottom for the third stroke. But he seemed in no hurry and it was not for another long minute that he slowly and deliberately walked back across the room, raised his whip, took careful aim, and again ran very fast towards the proffered soft white bottom ...

'I always think this part is the best,' laughed Ursula a few minutes later as Sabhu made the crying Emma stand up, unbuttoned the front of her cape and then slipped it off her shoulders, leaving her standing there her breasts and belly exposed, and shivering with pain and fear.

The after a long pause, he made her lean backwards over the back of the stool, raising her heavily manacled hands above her now lowered head to grip the legs of the stool again.

Emma's body was now strained backwards like a bow, with her feet parted by as much as her ankle manacles permitted. Her knees bent, and her painted beauty lips, powdered mound, soft little belly and firm breasts all pointing up at the ceiling. Her hair was flung back over the front edge of the stool and hung down to the floor.

Sabhu fussed about making her adjust her position until it was just right. The Baroness caught her breath with excitement as Sabhu, standing over the petrified Emma, raised the long whip, took careful aim and brought it down across her breasts, on the soft tender flesh just below the nipples.

Poor Emma managed another piteous muffled scream. She was writhing and squirming in apparent agony. She long to rub her breasts, but somehow managed to go on gripping the arms of the chair as the pain subsided.

'One of the advantages of this position,' said Ursula, 'is that the whip can properly get at the tender under-side of the breasts.'

Indeed a fresh red weal was now appearing just below the nipples on both breasts.

'He really is an artist with the whip,' exclaimed the Baroness, 'no real harm done, but plenty of induced fear.'

'Yes, and it's brilliant the way it's all done with a just a flick of his strong wrist,' laughed Ursula. 'He doesn't leave a permanent mark and yet he really makes the girls wriggle! ... Its such a relief being able to leave him in charge of my girls, knowing that there is no way that they can get round him - as they might with a white overseer.'

Ursula paused for a moment.

'Do you know, I now even leave it to him to recommend which girl, or girls, to take to my bed, knowing that he will have told the girl just what she is to do to please me. He really does seem to know all the most exciting ways a girl can please her Mistress, and to understand how a Mistress likes to enjoy her girls.'

'You mean,' queried the Baroness, 'you can now lie back and let the girl selected by Sabhu arouse you in the way she has been trained to do by him?'

'Exactly!' Ursula again dropped her voice so that Emma would not now hear. 'And also arouse my clients!'

'Who I suppose are then more than eager to buy your pictures as well?'

'Indeed!' laughed Ursula. 'They are certainly interested in the services my girls can offer - for a substantial fee, of course. And then, being delighted with the girl's performance, they often also buy a picture or two as a memento of an unforgettable experience, for many of my pictures feature my girls, half naked or exotically dressed - or even manacled! And then they come back for more excitements and also tell their friends.'

'Well! That's certainly one way of beating the recession in the art world!'

'Indeed! And, of course, some of are interested in paying a large sum to have a girl "sponsored", as I call it, in a choice of different ways.'

'Sponsored! A choice of different ways!' repeated the Baroness with a laugh. 'That all sounds very interesting. What's the choice?'

'Well, you'll see later when we go upstairs.'

'Aha!' the Baroness again laughed. 'And will our little friend Emma be on offer to your clients too - and on offer to be sponsored, as well?'

'Shush!' laughed Ursula, keeping her voice down, 'She doesn't yet know it! Yes, she'll be on offer, just like my paintings and the other girls, just as soon as Sabhu has trained her up.'

'Trained her up?' queried the Baroness. 'I'd have thought she was already pretty well trained in the art of pleasing a woman.'

'Yes, but you see, many of my clients don't speak much English, nor do most of my girls. So my girls are all trained by Sabhu to respond to a printed list of certain key orders which is given to the clients. In this way they don't have to waste time trying to explain to a girl what they want her to do - one simple word of command, and she does it!'

'But do they? These girls can be such contrary little bitches.'

'Oh, Sabhu makes certain that mine aren't. They're far too frightened of his whip. My girls all know that if they do not completely satisfy me, or any of my clients, then they'll get the whip from Sabhu afterwards or next morning! It's something that concentrates their minds wonderfully, and indeed all the time they are in my bed, or that of my clients, they're thinking of little else.'

Emma was again far too concerned with her pain to take in what was being said. But she saw that the Baroness was now clapping her hands with admiration.

'Wonderful!' she cried 'But where did you find this ... Sabhu?'

'In a circus!' laughed Ursula. 'He comes from Haiti - that's why his English is rather limited. He was an expert trainer of performing dogs and wild animals. But I thought that he was rather wasted and would make an ideal trainer of performing ... girls. And he has!'

'Indeed!' laughed the Baroness. 'And Sabhu - what a suitable name for a black animal trainer!'

'Yes, that was his name in the circus and I kept it on to help make my girls feel more frightened of him and subservient.'

'And more like performing animals!' said the Baroness with another little laugh.

'Yes! I like him to treat the girls as if they were just animals and that's why he calls them only by their numbers ... '

'But he's still a man - and they are girls. How can you be sure that ... '

'Oh,' laughed Ursula, 'there's no risk of that! He's far too busy with Babindu, my Caribbean housekeeper, whom he much prefers to any white woman! They get on very well, and as he's a damn good overseer and trains my girls beautifully, I turn a blind eye to what they get up to!'

'Ah, well!' smiled the Baroness. 'I can see you're very lucky to have found him and kept him happy.'

'Yes, he just adores being in charge of my girls - and he's also a good butler. He and Babindu, make a good team. She's a good cook - not that she has to cook very much for the girls. Sabhu likes to keep them on a very light diet: mainly just fruit and yoghurt - very cheap!'

Sabhu had now again lifted his whip. Again like a bullfighter preparing for the kill he turned sideways on to the terrified prostrate girl, raised himself up on his toes, took careful aim - and then brought the whip down across Emma's belly - noisily, but in reality not too hard, and exactly in line with her navel.

Once again the pain seemed terrible. But all that Emma was thinking was that she could not risk being awarded another stroke like that one. She just had to keep still and grit her teeth.

'It's interesting to see how much a girl can absorb on her belly,' observed Ursula nonchalantly. 'I've seen Sabhu do this to a girl in an interesting condition - with no harm whatsoever. Indeed it was one of the standard punishments for lazy black slave women in the West Indies. That's why Sabhu now so enjoys to give it to a white woman. The black man's revenge!'

The Baroness nodded. 'It's all very educative,' she murmured reflectively.

'Well, this next stroke is even more interesting. The aim is to divide the pain equally between the tender tops of the thighs and, of course, the girl's most sensitive part of her body - her beauty bud. It calls for great accuracy - or the whole point of the stroke will be missed. A really good stroke, however, and the girl will think of little else for hours!'

Indeed Sabhu had again raised himself up on his toes and taken careful aim. There was a sudden crash and two long weals began to spread across poor Emma's upper thighs, and then slowly they spread and met just above the top of her beauty lips. It had been a perfect shot!

'Now he'll repeat those three strokes again,' explained Ursula, 'and then give her the final extra one.'

'Good!' laughed the now stimulated Baroness ...

Sabhu stood back and bowed. Ursula and the Baroness clapped their hands enthusiastically. Poor Emma had slid to the floor and was lying there sobbing, one hand holding her breasts, the other between her legs.

'Never, never, not ever,' she was muttering to herself under her gag, 'will I ever again risk deceiving Ursula, my Mistress.'

'Now another cup of tea, Baroness,' said Ursula politely, 'another scone? Then in a few minutes Sabhu will blindfold the girl for the next little part of our little entertainment!'

9 - THE BIKINI BELT

'Get up, Number Four' shouted Sabhu.

But Emma just lay there sobbing. Sabhu raised his whip. The whip, thought the crazed Emma, the whip! With a sudden gasp she jumped up, her eyes fixed on the terrible whip. She would do anything, absolutely anything, not to experience that terrible whip again.

'Clasp hands behind your neck!' he ordered.

Emma raised her manacled hands over her head and again clasped them behind her neck. Then he dropped a little hood over her head, and tied it with a strap round her neck.

Except for some little ventilation holes under her nose, Emma was in complete darkness. She could see nothing. What's going to happen now, she wondered anxiously. She tried to call out but her gag muffled her cries, making the two women laugh at her helplessness.

'I like a girl to be hooded when it's first put on her,' she heard Ursula say. 'Then she doesn't realise just what has been done to her until it's too late - for once it's on, it stays on!'

My God, what was going to be put on me, she wondered. trembling apprehensively. She longed to untie the hood and take a look, but she but she dare not do so.

She felt Sabhu unbuttoning the front of her cape and then slipping it right off. She was now standing there, gagged and hooded, but otherwise stark naked.

'It's a nice little body,' she heard Ursula say, 'but I see I shall have to tell Sabhu to get it slimmed down a bit. The little slut has obviously been eating too many sweets whilst she thought she had escaped from me. Well Sabhu keeps them on a very strict diet here - and well exercised!'

Once again Emma trembled, but it was true - she simply could not resist sweets, and she had put on a little weight.

'Another of my problems,' Ursula was saying, 'is keeping my girls pure. I just can't stand the idea of them playing with themselves, or even worse with each other, behind my back. They exist only to give pleasure to me.'

Then she momentarily dropped her voice so that Emma could not hear. 'And, of course, also to earn money for me by giving pleasure to my clients!'

'Aha,' laughed the Baroness, putting her fingers to her lips with a conspiratorial wink. 'But either way I don't allow them to have any pleasure themselves - except when I occasionally allow it as a special reward. I find it very exciting keeping my girls pure and frustrated,' Ursula said, before adding in a whisper, 'and my clients will pay extra for a girl guaranteed to have been kept pure for several weeks.'

'But how can they be sure?' smiled the Baroness.

'Well, I've got a new toy that makes it all much easier. Sabhu's going to put it on Emma now - if you'd like to watch?'

'Oh yes, please,' cried the Baroness with an eager laugh.

'Lift up left leg!' ordered Sabhu.

Wondering what all the whispering had been about and what was happening now, Emma felt something strange and soft being drawn up over her left ankle.

'And now the other leg.'

Emma felt that she must have stepped into something - something soft that was being drawn up her legs, over her knees, and over her hips. It felt strange between the legs. Her beauty lips seemed somehow isolated.

She felt Sabhu draw it up tight to her waist, where he seemed to be fastening it with a belt. She heard a click in the small of her back as if a small padlock had been closed.

Then, still wondering what was happening, she felt her leather collar being unlocked and taken off. Something soft was now drawn up between her breasts. It seemed to be attached to the belt round her waist. She felt something wide and stiff being loosely fastened round her neck. Then she felt Sabhu doing something in the small of her back. There was a little noise like a key being inserted in a lock, and a click as if something was being switched on.

'Belt switched on, Madam,' reported Sabhu.

'Well that's it,' she heard Ursula laugh, 'and it's switched on and working now. Would you like to see how it works?'

'Yes, please,' she heard the Baroness reply.

What on earth did they mean, Emma wondered. How can a belt be switched on? How can a belt be working? She was soon to learn the answer!

'Right!' came Ursula's voice. 'Now, Emma, you can drop your hands. Now I want you to try and touch yourself - like a naughty girl.'

Wonderingly, Emma put her manacled hand down between her legs. She felt soft leather, and then, below her mound, what seemed to be a thick rubber pad, going down between her legs. It seemed to have little rubber knobs or studs on it, and at its sides were strips of velcro keeping the rubber pad leather tightly fastened down onto the leather.

Surprised, she began to peel the velcro strips back to get to herself, and then she lifted up the rubber pad. She touched something hard - and immediately felt a little electric tingling that made her quickly drop the rubber pad.

She heard Ursula laugh.

'Go on little Emma, go on! Try again!'

Nervously Emma again put her hand down. She felt the velcro strips, and again lifted up the rubber pad. Again she touched something and again she got a slight shock, making her cry out under her gag and take her hands away quickly.

'You see,' she heard Ursula explain, 'she can pull back the rubber pad over the grill but every time she touches it, trying to get at herself, she gets a little shock. It's only just a tingle really but, being unexpected, it's quite enough to make a girl jump!'

Yes and how awful, thought Emma, and how frustrating for the girl!

'But that's only part of what this belt will do. Watch this!' she heard Ursula laugh. 'Now, Emma, are you going to be a good girl, and do what you're told? Well Sabhu had taken off his shoes and socks and you're now going to kneel down and press your muzzle to his feet. Then he's to slip off your muzzle again and you're going to lick his feet with your tongue. Well? Do what you're told!'

Emma's hood was removed. She saw that she was now kneeling in front of Sabhu's horrible bare feet. She was furious. It was often fun and rather exciting, she knew of old, being Ursula's slave and having to kiss her feet, but to have to kiss the revolting feet of this awful Haitian man ... No! ... No!

'I can see you're being obstinate Emma. I don't like that. You know very well that my girls have to be obedient and instantly do whatever they are told. Don't they, Emma? ... Well do it!'

Suddenly she felt a slight shock between her legs. It made her jump.

'Now, do what I've told you!'

There was another little shock, and this time Emma fell to her knees and awkwardly began to grope around desperately with her manacled hands for the Haitian's feet. Then she equally desperately she started to press her muzzle to his feet.

With a contemptuous laugh Sabhu bent down and unlocked her muzzle.

'Now, girl, lick her feet with your tongue,' ordered Ursula

But Emma simply couldn't bring herself to do it.

Suddenly she received another sharp shock between the legs. 'Alright!' she screamed. 'I'll do it.'

Overcoming her feeling of revulsion she began to lick eagerly. She heard the two women laugh. How she hated them!

'You see!' cried Ursula triumphantly to the Baroness. 'I can use this to enforce absolute obedience and make a girl do anything - even against her will!'

'It's certainly very impressive,' agreed the Baroness. rough her gag.

'Yes,' Emma heard Ursula say, 'it's quite remarkable how now, thanks to modern electronics, such tiny can generate a shock. It's only a mild one, of course, but is strong enough to make a girl do anything rather than have another one! ... Now stand up, Emma, and look in the big mirror on the wall.'

Emma's muzzle was replaced and, still frightened lest she got another shock, she looked nervously in the mirror. She gasped in astonishment. She seemed to be wearing a sort of topless Bikini made of very soft, almost elasticated, leather, like doe skin.

She saw that the black leather was very thin, and fitted her tightly - almost like another skin. It was decorated with little diamond-shaped ventilation cutouts, through which her white skin showed erotically. There was a slightly larger cut-out on her belly, prettily and erotically framing the number "4" that had been painted on it.

Looking further down she saw a thick rubber pad that went over her beauty lips. It was covered with hard little rubber knobs. She remembered feeling them and wondered why they were there.

She twisted round and looked back in the mirror over her shoulder. A little padlock hung down from two interlocking catches at the back of the belt. She also saw that there was a little bulge in the back of the belt.

But that was not all, for turning back and facing the mirror again, she saw that going up from the front of the belt between her breasts was a strip of the same thin leather. It divided in two above her naked breasts, with each strip attached to a stiff, broad, leather collar like a dog collar that went quite loosely round her neck.

She gasped as she saw that the collar was prettily decorated with silver studs and imitation precious stones. Just as the belt itself was fastened in the small of her back by a small padlock, so the collar was fastened at the back of her neck by another one.

Two small straps went from the back of her collar, on either side of the padlock, and then joined up and ended in a metal loop. This was secured to the padlock in the small of her back. It was all very ingenious and fitted her like a second skin. Clearly there was no way of taking it off except by unlocking the two padlocks

On the front of the collar was a ring, like on the dog collar she had been wearing, to which a lead, held by Sabhu, had again been fastened. Once again, she was being held on a lead like a dog.

'Bring her over here, Sabhu, so that the Baroness can see the girl's belt better,' called out Ursula.

Sabhu gave the lead a little tug. But embarrassed and furious at the way she was being treated, Emma held back. She did not see Sabhu smile and quietly put a hand to the little control box hanging from his belt. Suddenly she got a mild shock between her legs, making her again cry out behind her gag.

Immediately she quickly scuttled over, on her knees, to Ursula. Anything, just as Ursula had said, not to get another shock! Naked, except for the terrible bikini-belt, she knelt nervously on the floor in front of the two well dressed women sitting comfortably on the sofa.

'You now learn what to do when I order 'Attention!'' shouted Sabhu. 'Now stand up, Number Four!'

Then, in front of the two watching women he began slowly calling out a series of orders, each of which was accompanied by a little shock to ensure its instant compliance.

Each order, and each shock, made Emma give a little jump - much to the amusement of Ursula and the Baroness. They were each orders, Emma resolved, she would always remember whenever she was ordered, in future, to come to Attention!

'Head up! ... Higher! ... Eyes looking straight ahead! ... Shoulders back! ... Properly! ... Hands clasped behind neck! Tummy in! ... More! ... More, I said! ... Legs wide apart! ... Knees bent! ... And don't forget ... Eyes looking straight ahead!'

Emma was now straining to hold her position, standing right in front of the two women, terrified of being given another shock by the watching Sabhu.

'Thank you, Sabhu' she heard Ursula say from below her. 'I think we can now see her very well.'

Emma was aware of the horrid Haitian man giving a little bow of pleasure.

'So you can see, my dear, how Sabhu breaks-in the girls he trains for me, just as he used to break in the animals he used to train for the circus . There he did it partly by fear of his whip, and partly by electric shocks from an electric goad. Here he still uses his whip, but the goad is replaced by something more subtle - an electronic belt!

'Brilliant!' cried the Baroness.

'Of course,' went on Ursula, 'normally, and when the girls are in the house, he just relies on the threat of his whip. But the belts provide a wonderful back-up, especially outside.'

'Oh?' said the Baroness, not quite understanding what Ursula meant .

'Yes, you see they are so much more versatile than the simple electric goads he used in the circus, for they can be controlled by radio from another room, or from across the street, or from another table in a restaurant - and all without anyone suspecting what is going on. No one notices his control box, but the girls can get a painful little shock ... For instance, I don't like any talking when the girls are shut up in their cages. I don't want them talking about me behind my back! But Sabhu can't be there all the time.'

'So how does he stop them talking unless they're kept muzzled?' queried the Baroness.

'Simple! He keeps a very sensitive microphone hanging down in front of the cages so that even when he is relaxing in his own room he can hear if any of the girls try to talk to each other. Of course he can also watch them, like me, on the internal television system.' She pointed to the large monitor screen. 'And using his remote control box, and without even having to move from his room, he can still give a girl a nasty surprise if he sees her misbehaving in her cage, or hears her talking.'

Or even hears them whispering, thought Emma horrified, realising what had been going on earlier, upstairs, when she had heard a girl being mysteriously punished for whispering in her cage.

'So,' went on Ursula in her precise foreign accent, 'my girls feel they are always under his supervision and control. They may sometimes hate it, but they also find it very exciting, knowing that he is simply acting for me, their beloved Mistress!'

'But can a girl really give you pleasure whilst still locked into the belt,' asked the Baroness intrigued.

'Oh, yes! That's the whole point. The belt normally remains firmly on when you take the girl to bed!'

'But ... 'the Baroness began.

'Look down,' explained Ursula, 'and you'll see that over the girl's mound and going down between her legs is a rubber pad with a line of little rubber knobs. The pad being made of rubber acts as an insulator, so that a girl's Mistress rubbing herself against the knobs won't get a shock, even if she gives one to the girl to make her wriggle harder. You can imagine that these little knobs can be very exciting for a Mistress, especially if the girl is wriggling under her like mad, for fear of getting another shock or being told to report to Sabhu for a thrashing. I always keep my own control box in bed with me to make sure that the girls are really trying hard to please me and bring me to a satisfactory series of climaxes. But although the girl is exciting me with the rubber knobs, she herself won't feel anything - unless the belt is taken off.'

'Goodness! How very subtle,' said the Baroness.

'Ah, but you haven't yet seen the really clever part.' She turned to Sabhu. 'Give me the key!'

Sabhu handed her a tiny key which she inserted into the back of the belt. There a little humming noise.

'Put your hand on the rubber knobs' Ursula invited the Baroness. 'It's quite safe - you won't feel the slightest shock.'

Gingerly the Baroness reached forward.

'Good Heavens!' she exclaimed. 'They're vibrating - like a vibrator!'

'Exactly - and you can imagine the way they can excite a woman pressing down on the girl underneath her.'

'Yes, but the girl, won't she too ...'

'Oh no!' laughed Ursula. 'Thanks to the rubber pad, she feels nothing, nothing at all - and her Mistress can still use her control box to make her wriggle, and so excite her even more! I tell you, it's sheer heaven!

'My God!' cried the Baroness in wonder. 'But where on earth did you get these belts?'

'In Australia,' replied Ursula with a laugh. 'A woman I know there, imports them from a firm of innovative Chinese in Singapore. Apparently, the local Chinese millionaires there like to keep their girl friends, often including Europe women, locked up in these belts - but without the rubber knobs, of course. They add those specially for use with girls in the power of a woman!

'But,' said Ursula, 'you haven't yet seen the really clever thing the Chinese did when they designed the belts, bearing in mind that they're intended to be kept on permanently - the arrangements for a girl's natural functions.'

'But I don't want to get a shock!' said the Baroness.

'Oh it'll quite alright now,' Emma heard Ursula explain. Then Ursula said something to Sabhu and Emma heard a click in the small of her back as he inserted and turned his key.

'Sabhu's just switched off the electric shock between her legs, so we won't get a shock whilst we have a closer look. But don't worry, he's still got his whip, so she won't dare do anything silly.'

'No I don't expect that she would,' laughed the Baroness, as Sabhu raised his long dressage whip warningly.

'So let me show you,' Ursula began. Emma did not dare to look down, but she felt Ursula's fingers between her outstretched legs. 'You've seen how the rubber pad with the little knobs over the girl's beauty lips is held down with velcro. Now, if you peel the velcro back, like this, what do you see?'

Emma was aware of the Baroness leaning forward, and giving a gasp.

'A sort of open wire mesh ... and below it ... a little ... long ... narrow ... flexible but firm ... plastic mesh grille!'

'Exactly!' said Ursula. 'And underneath the grill, like a little prisoner looking our through the bars of his cell, the imprisoned little beauty bud itself and the shorn beauty lips which are now kept tightly closed like a sea anemone!'

'Oh, how clever,' laughed the Baroness, clapping her hands. 'And so, if she unfastens the velcro and tries to touch herself, then, she gets a shock from the wire mesh. And the plastic grill prevents the shock from being transmitted onto her beauty lips. So if the girl tries to touch itself, then it is just her fingers that feel the shock.'

'And how about the control box?' asked the Baroness.

'Ah, that gives the girl a shock under the plastic grill, onto her beauty lips - as you saw!'

'But supposing the battery is flat or switched off?'

'Then, of course, she won't get a shock from the wire mesh, but nevertheless she'll soon find that she can't get even a little finger through the plastic grill!'

'But couldn't she get her fingers underneath it from the side?' asked the Baroness, still a little sceptical.

'Feel the sides of the little bikini, my dear ... Can you feel the stiff plastic rod sewn into the edge of the bikini? A girl would never get a finger properly underneath that!'

'And how about down from the top?' queried the Baroness.

'Feel just above the grill. There's another stiff plastic rod there too, curved just above the girl's beauty bud, pressing into the girl's mound and making it almost impossible for her to get a finger underneath it.'

'So even if the battery runs down, and there are no more shocks, she still can't get at herself?'

'Exactly!' laughed Ursula. 'It really is very ingenious.'

'But how does she spend a penny?' asked the Baroness.

'Simple! She just unfastens the rubber pad from its velcro fastenings and then, pulling up the rubber pad, she spends her little penny through the grill - and all without touching her beauty lips, or even being able to touch them! But if she's here, of course, then first of all she has to put her hand up and ask

Sabhu to supervise doing it. And he being a fairly busy man, not surprisingly, will insist on them all doing it together at specified times!

'It's all very clever,' enthused the Baroness, 'but how about when she needs to ... '

'No problem!' laughed Ursula. 'Sabhu will show you. It's not something that I like to get involved in, thank you very much - I leave all that to Sabhu. But it's interesting to see how cleverly the belt has been designed to cope with it.'

She turned to Sabhu. 'Go and bring down Emma's bowl,' she said, 'and you'd better bring a towel - I don't want the slut marking my precious carpet whilst she still learning how to use her belt.'

Smiling Sabhu handed Emma's lead to Ursula.

'From now on, Emma,' said Ursula in a firm tone of voice, 'you'll never be off the lead outside your cage, except sometimes when Sabhu takes you out of the house for exercise,' said Ursula. 'And then you'll be under the control of your belt. Isn't that right, Sabhu?'

'Indeed, Madam,' grinned Sabhu. 'This girl has lost her freedom. She now just do what she is told - and at once!'

Then he left the room.

10 - SOME INITIAL TRAINING

"While we're waiting I'll show you how a girl copes with her more serious wastes," laughed Ursula. "Not that I want to get involved in that, thank you very much! Of course, I leave all that to Sabhu. But it's interesting to see how cleverly the belt has been designed to cope with it all."

She turned to Emma, and gave her lead a tug.

"Now wake up, Number Four! Put your feet together and drop your hands to your sides, Emma, so that your manacles are hanging down to below your knees. That's fine. Now bend your knees until the manacles are lying on the floor. Now step over them and stand up again."

Emma's hands were now linked by the manacles behind her back.

"Now turn round, Emma, and feet apart again. Get your head up and look straight ahead again ... That's better. Now bend forward."

Emma's buttocks, covered by the black leather Bikini bottom with the diamond cutouts, were now right in front of the two women on the sofa. The weals of the first two strokes were partly hidden by the Bikini, but those of the third stroke, being lowered down, were well exposed. Ursula ran her finger along the red line.

"A good, well placed, stroke," she murmured admiringly. "That negro of mine can certainly lay it on hard - and accurately."

Then she turned to the Baroness. "Put your hands down between the girl's legs. Can you feel a little slit in the Bikini? And two hard interlocking pieces of plastic sewn into the leather? Can you feel their serrated edges? Intended, of course, to keep out a man!"

"Yes!" cried the Baroness, "and beneath them, there's another piece of plastic that slides up! How clever!"

"Well, let's give Emma her first lesson in relieving herself!" said Ursula. "Now Number Four, on the order "Prepare Rear!", put your hands on your buttocks and pull the plastic shields apart with forefingers and thumb, and then with little fingers slide up inner curved piece - thus baring rear orifice for inspection by the Baroness. Now are ready, Number 4? ... Prepare Rear!"

Oh, what a terrible belt this is, thought poor Emma, overwhelmed with wonder and embarrassment, as she did as she was told, straining to keep the outside plastic shields apart and then to keep the inner piece raised as well. But she to admit, it was also unbelievably exciting. Never had she felt so controlled, so thrillingly and completely controlled. What an extraordinary woman Ursula was, what a wonderful Mistress!

'It's brilliant,' again enthused the Baroness her finger pressing into the now displayed little puckered and rouged orifice, and slightly caressing it .

'Yes, and, of course, although when they're here, Sabhu insists on them performing together in front of him, nevertheless Emma will soon learn how to do it by herself when she's at home. And, of course, one of the clever things in the design is that the three small shields covering the girl's backside are plastic making it easy to keep clean and hygienic.'

'Well! They certainly seem to have thought of everything,' laughed the Baroness. She appeared reluctant to remove her finger and Emma felt she was enjoying Emma's discomfort.

'And, although the serrated edges to the two side shields will deter any man, a Mistress's dildo wouldn't feel a thing - if she wanted to take the girl there, as I often do. And the girl knows she'll get a thrashing if she fails to strain to keep the serrated edges back - and there are any marks on my dildo!'

The Baroness laughed out aloud, giving a sharp prod with a long finger nail and then, as Emma winced, trying to insert it.

'I see,' she said. 'So thanks to the grill in the front and the serrated plastic guard pieces at the back, a girl can be safely left locked in the belt on her own, and yet kept completely pure and deliciously frustrated, for days, or even weeks, on end. And no one looking at her would ever guess!'

'Exactly!' said Ursula, adding with a little whisper, 'and, as I said, there are many rich women who will pay handsomely for a girl who's been locked into one of these belts for some time ... '

'... So that she's all the more frustrated and eager,' laughed the Baroness, as she caressed Emma's orifice with a soft finger.

'And meanwhile, of course,' added Ursula with a quiet giggle as she again dropped her voice, 'thanks to the clever vibrating knobs, both my clients and I can have exquisite pleasure, too, - without the belt having to come off.'

'But don't some of the women want the girl with the belt off?'

'If they do, then they have to pay far more!'

There was a little pause whilst the two women laughed.

'But what happens at an airport security check, if you are taking, or sending a girl abroad?'

'Oh there's not enough metal in the metal to trigger off the alarm - that's why it's made of leather and plastic.'

Ursula bent over to whisper into the Baroness's ear so that Emma would not hear. 'Of course Emma would not hear, this belt can also be left on if the girl is expecting a Happy Event - Sabhu just has to let the belt out at little, at the rear padlock, from time to time. '

'Wonderful!' laughed the Baroness, finally removing her questing finger..

There was a little pause whilst the two women laughed.

'So, Number Four, when Sabhu gives you the order "Prepare Rear!", you'll now what to do - but make certain you keep your head up and look straight ahead. Understand?'

Emma nodded dumbly, appalled at the idea of being given such an order by this horrible black man.

'But, if you get the order "Present Backside", then you first drop to your knees, and then put your head right down and raise your buttocks in the air before exposing your little orifice. Alright?'

How confusing it all was, thought Emma. She was, she realised, being trained to obey certain simple words of command - like a performing dog.

Just then Sabhu came back, carrying a large towel and the bowl marked "4" that Emma had seen upstairs in the attic. He put the folded towel on the floor in front of the two women and placed the bowl on the towel.

"Come and inspect your new little charge, Sabhu, called out Ursula."

The huge black man came over to where Emma was bending over. and leant down for a closer look. He smiled approvingly at Ursula as he saw how Emma was holding back the small plastic shields in the correct way. Then taking off his white gloves, he carefully felt up Emma's little exposed orifice with one finger, before allowing and then allowed Emma to release the plastic shields again.

"Yes, Madam, it all seems to be very satisfactory," he reported.

Desperately embarrassed, Emma could not help noticing that although Sabhu only spoke simple, almost broken, English to her, the sort of English a man might speak to a well trained dog, he nevertheless spoke excellent English to Ursula.

"I shall, of course," he then said, lowering his voice so that Emma could not hear, "now give her a dose of castor oil to clean her out, so she'll then be able to practice what you've been teaching her."

"Good," replied Ursula with a laugh, "but I think we'll leave that to you. I don't think we'd want to watch that disgusting little performance! But when you've finished with her, I'll bring the Baroness up see the other girls we've got in the cages." She turned to the Baroness, "If you don't mind waiting, that is?"

"No not at all," laughed the Baroness enthusiastically.

"If I may have your permission, Madam," said Sabhu very formally, and lowering his voice so that Emma could not hear, "As Number four is shortly going to be dosed, I'd like to take the opportunity to start her course of worming pills,"

"Worming pills?" whispered the baroness incredulously. "You mean like you give a dog?"

"Indeed, Madam," replied the big black man unsmilingly. "You can't be too careful about these things. My time as a trainer of performing dogs taught me that. You just don't know where these bitches have been before they are put into Madam's cages. I keep a very strict eye on their health and I certainly don't want this one passing on something to the others.

He pulled a small box of suppositories from his pocket and extracted one, and began to rub a little grease along it.

"I always find these work best with girls," he said taking care that Emma did not see what he was doing. "They're very quick acting."

"Carry on, Sabhu," Ursula said.

"Very well, Madam," Sabhu gave a little bow, and then turned to Emma.

"Number Four!" he shouted "Present backside!"

For a brief moment Emma hesitated, not certain just what she should do. Horrified she saw Sabhu's hand go his control box. His hand was hovering over the button marked "4".

Then, she remembered what Ursula had taught her, and flung herself onto her knees, facing away from Sabhu. She lowered her face to the floor, raised her bottom, and then, reaching back with her manacled hands, she pulled the serrated plastic edges apart, disclosing the inner guard to Sabhu's eyes. Then, as she had been taught by Ursula, she slowly slid the inner guard up. She blushed, knowing that her little painted rear orifice would now be prettily exposed.

Sabhu bent down and, with a white gloved hand, inserted the suppository.

Emma was appalled. She did not understand what was being done to her. Unable to speak because of her gag, she wanted to use her fingers to extract whatever it was that had been inserted, but Sabhu gripped her hands, pulled the inner shield down over her anus and made her release the two outer ones. Then he made her step over her manacles again so that her hands were now in front of and quite unable to get at her backside. She could feel a little burning sensation up inside her.

Ursula turned to the Baroness. "You see how useful it is to have an experienced Keeper in charge of my girls. I can leave all these tiresome things to him ... And now, Sabhu, will you now show the Baroness how the girl spends a penny, even when the belt is fully switched on."

Sabhu nodded and with his key again switched on the bottom half of the belt..

"Go and stand over bowl!" he ordered, the control box in his hand. "Facing Madam and her guest."

Once again, scared stiff and scarcely able to take her eyes off control box, Emma stood on the towel.

"Now you listen carefully, Number Four," he said, reverting to the harsh basic English he used when speaking to Ursula's girls, "you make one mistake and you get another shock - like this!"

Emma gave an involuntary jump as the shock hit not only her neck, but this time also her beauty lips. She wanted to cry out; "Oh Sir, I'll be a good and obedient little girl. I'll do whatever you say. But please don't give me any more shocks."

But all she could do was to flash her eyes submissively at the horrible negro."

"Now Number Four," he resumed, as if talking to a stupid child, "Madam has taught you Position Number Two, for Laying Egg. I now teach you Position Number One, used for Spending Penny ... Now you stand with feet on either side of bowl and with ankle manacles, nice and taut in front of it, so that can we see them ... Now you practice adjusting position of bowl without using hands, pushing it forward with ankles and back again with manacles ... Now make sure it's in just the right place ... Now with your hands peel back the velcro and hold it back on either side of grill."

The Baroness saw that the grill was now displayed.

"Now bend you knees and lower backside down towards bowl." Emma started as she felt his whip give her a sharp tap across the tops of her thighs. "A little lower ... That's right ... Now you remember, this position is same for both types of wastes: Spending Penny and Laying Egg. But for Laying Egg, instead of hands being in front holding velcro back from grill, hands would be behind you holding back plastic shields to allow egg to pass. You understand, Number Four?"

Emma nodded, blushing with embarrassment. How awful that a girl's private matters could be so controlled by this awful black man.

"Now look down and adjust position of bowl," he went on. "Now raise head and look straight ahead ... When I give order "Go!", wastes must be immediately released. Any delay and you get shock or stroke of whip across belly! ... Now you have one minute to get ready."

Ursula smiled as she saw Emma's terrified eyes, and the way, just above her hands holding the velcro strips wide apart, she was now alternatively thrusting out and pulling in her soft little belly in a desperate attempt to be absolutely ready to spend a penny when Sabhu gave the order. It was all very good disciplinary training.

Suddenly Sabhu brought his whip down with a crash onto a cushion.

"Go!" he yelled.

The watching Baroness was now fascinated to see, between the girl's parted hands, a little trickle penetrating the grill mesh.

"Move bowl slightly forward," ordered Sabhu.

The liquid was now splashing onto Emma's wrist manacles as she held the rubber velcro apart, and dropping prettily on down into the bowl.

Finally it stopped.

"Stand up!" ordered the big negro. "Hands behind neck!"

Then he bent down and carefully washed the grill with a soapy sponge, dried it and closed the velcro fastening.

Emma's first live performance was over

Then still walking painfully from the effects of her thrashing, and carrying her bowl, she had been lead by Sabhu, like a dog on a lead, back up to the attic.

There, Sabhu taught her to wash out her bowl in the sluice in the corner of the room, and then, ordering her to stand Attention on the red spot marked "4", he had taken off her gag. But before she could say a word, he had put his finger to his lips, and raised his whip menacingly, in a clear reminder that no talking was allowed.

"Tongue out!" he ordered. "If you not gagged, you always put out tongue when standing at Attention. Don't forget!"

Again he raised his whip menacingly

Then, dropping her lead and leaving her standing nervously at Attention on, with her hands tightly clasped behind her back and her tongue now out, he had gone to a cupboard marked "Medicines".

Why, thought Emma anxiously. What is he going to do to me now? She knew she must not turn her head and keep her eyes fixed ahead, but she caught a glimpse of her new terrifying Keeper taking out a bottle and a large spoon. She heard the noise of a liquid being poured into the spoon. He seemed to be pouring something oily into the spoon. Then he returned to her.

"You spill any of this and you get whip," he said threateningly.

Emma gave a little tremble of fear, as she saw him raise the spoon to her outstretched tongue, and thrust it into her mouth. Then deftly, as if dosing a

dog, he emptied it's foul tasting contents down her throat. Choking, and wondering what it was, she tried to spit it out. But, again as if dosing a dog, he held her mouth closed with one hand, and stroked her throat with the other to make her swallow it.

Satisfied that she had now swallowed the full dose, he put down the spoon. Then he unfastened her lead and hung it from a peg in the front of her cage. Emma noticed that similar leads were hanging from the fronts of the other cages.

"Into cage ... move!" he shouted.

With a rattle of her heavy manacles, Emma scuttled into her cage. Sabhu closed the barred gate with a bang and closed the padlock.

"No talking!" he warned her and pointed to the microphone.

Then still without saying what he had done to her, he left the attic.

It was not long before the dose had started to work, and the now anxious Emma was relieved to see him return and unlock her cage door.

"Number Four, Out!" he shouted. Then attaching her lead to her collar, he pointed to her bowl. She saw that it was now half filled with sweet smelling rose water.

'Prepare Rear!' he ordered sharply.

Remembering what Ursula had taught her downstairs, Emma stepped over her wrist manacles so that her hands were behind her back, and positioned herself. But this time, she realised, it was going to be for real.

Emma preferred to forget the next few minutes. Suffice to say that, silently watched by the other women from behind the bars of their cages, and with Sabhu standing over her, holding her lead in one and his raised whip in the other, whilst she herself strained to keep back the little plastic shields, she was indeed made to carry out for real what she had been made to practice downstairs.

Then emptied and cleaned, she had been put back into her cage.

11 - THE BARONESS VISITS THE CAGES

The attic was now empty except for the line of silent girls in their cages. Sabhu had gone off to the privacy of his own room next door, switching on the soft music again before he left.

Emma was kneeling up, in her blue cape, silently gripping the bars of her cage with her manacled hands. The weals on her bottom still made it painful to lie down, or sit on the hard little stool. The pretty little doll was lying beside her and she would occasionally pick it up and hug it.

She could not help noticing, hanging in front of her eyes, her hated dog lead, and she longed to call out to the other women in their cages for reassurance. But she did not dare even to whisper one word. The extent of Sabhu's control over her, she realised, was terrifying.

She could still feel the belt - indeed she felt it the whole time. She could feel it loosely round her neck and more tightly round her waist. But even more she could feel it tight over her mound and tight down either side of her beauty lips. She could feel the metal grill over her beauty bud and the stiff little plastic shields over her backside.

She had been put into chastity belts before, but never anything like this. Any second she was expecting to feel another little shock. It was a terrifying prospect - and one that had reduced her to willing and servile obedience.

Her tummy was still feeling empty and weak from the effects of a dose of castor oil that Sabhu had forced down her throat when he took her back to the attic. He had told her that being given a good cleaning out, to use his humiliating expression, was all part of her induction process.

She still remembered her horror as she now knelt on all fours on her spot, behind her the bowl marked "4" half full of scented water, whilst the violent dose worked away on her insides, and the awful Haitian stood over her, whip in hand. Then she could have died of shame as he had made her pull apart the plastic shields ...

She was still thinking about the extraordinary control that Ursula and Sabhu had over the caged girls, when the door to the viewing gallery suddenly opened, and Ursula ushered in ... the Baroness!

Simultaneously the music was switched off and the door into the attic opened. In strode the sinister figure of Sabhu, his long dressage whip in his hand, a black strap and the little control box hanging from his belt.

Watched silently and apprehensively by the women in the cages, Ursula invited the Baroness to sit down on one of the comfortable chairs in the gallery.

'Show respect!' shouted Sabhu.

Emma heard a rattle of chains from the other cages. What was she supposed to do? She soon learnt.

'Number Four! Get down on all fours before your Mistress!' Sabhu shouted at her. Simultaneously she saw him press one of the buttons on the control box. Instantly she felt a little warning shock from her belt.

With a little cry Emma put her hands onto rubber mat. But evidently that wasn't enough. She felt another shock as she heard Sabhu angrily order: 'Head to the floor!'

Hastily she lowered her head to the rubber flooring of her cage. But still she was not showing proper respect, and she received another shock.

'Tongues!' came the next order. Emma heard a clanking of chains from the other cages. She wondered what to do.

'Number Four, push tongue out between the bottom bar!'

What! That would be too awful, too ridiculous, too awkward - like a caged animal begging for food.

'Go on, Number Four! Do it!'

She felt another shock. My God! This time she desperately thrust her tongue out through the gap between the floor of the cage and the first bar. The number painted on her forehead would also, she realised, be well displayed there too. How shame-making!

She felt like a caged animal begging for a titbit. She remembered what Ursula had said about Sabhu having formerly been an animal trainer, a trainer of caged performing circus animals ...

The Baroness ran her eyes along the line of cages, each with it's pretty occupant. What an exciting sight! 'Do you,' she asked, 'keep them caged the whole time?'

'Oh yes, it's a sight that the clients love to see!'

'But isn't it rather stressful for the girls just waiting to being chosen by a ... ?'

'Oh no, on the contrary!' Ursula quickly cut in, lowering her voice so that Emma would not hear. 'They soon settle down and become very happy in their cages. They've got no financial or family worries. They don't even know what's going on in the outside world. They're forbidden to talk and so unable to wind each other up. Of course they're thrilled when they are occasionally taken outdoors for a little fresh air. Otherwise all they do is just play with their dolls and listening to the relaxing background music - like young cows in a byre. Being paraded before a client, being chosen by her, and then pleasing her, is the biggest event in their daily lives!'

'Aha!' laughed the Baroness.

'Yes, like slave girls in a harem, they soon find themselves thinking of nothing else but of being chosen to give pleasure and of jealously planning how they, and not one of their other companions, can best catch the eye of the client - and then of what they should do to really please her.

'And if they do really please the client, are they rewarded?'

'Oh yes, they earn a little sweetie! Sabhu doesn't normally allow them anything sweet tasting, so they just long for a little sweet or a little piece of chocolate or fudge. And they all know that if they please a client he'll give them one. And if they don't ...'

'... Then they'll get his whip!' laughed the Baroness.

'Exactly. Reward or punishment! It's based on his experience as an animal trainer - on how he used to treat the animals under his control in the circus. It's a simple system that works very well with these girls.'

'And Emma?'

'Oh, don't worry! Thanks to Sabhu's system, in no time she'll be just as frightened of Sabhu's whip as these girls and just as desperate to please my clients.'

'But what about her husband? I know he's away for several months, but what about his letters and running their house?'

'Oh I'll take care of all of that.' Ursula dropped her voiced so that Emma would not hear. 'All his letters to Emma will come to me first. I don't want her being distracted from what is now her only task - being made to earn me money by pleasing my lady clients!'

'Good! That'll teach the little slut!'

'Remember, my girls are kept for the enjoyment of women and I certainly don't them, including Emma, mooning over men! Sabhu doesn't allow them to even see a photograph of a man, never mind talk about a man or hear a man's voice ... Don't worry Emma will soon have enough on her mind not to think about her husband whilst he's away.'

'Good! ...'

'Incidentally, will she have to wear these heavy manacles the whole time?' asked the Baroness. She was looking at the heavy shackles hanging down Bluebell's back as she stood obediently at Attention, her hands clasped behind her neck, her eyes fixed on the wall in front of her.

'Oh yes, anyway as much as possible,' Ursula replied. Then whispering into the Baroness's ear, she added: 'Many of my clients are foreign women visiting London and it greatly excites Middle Eastern and African women, in particular, to see European woman caged and in chains. They can hardly wait to get their hands on them!'

Ursula laughed and went on.

'And, of course, it also has a strong psychological effect on the girls themselves - making them feel excitingly submissive as they realise that they are no longer free, but belong to me. It is for this very same reason that I like Sabhu to keep them always on a lead outside their cages.'

'And anyway,' Ursula laughed, now speaking normally, 'I also get a kick from seeing a girl carrying heavy manacle chains on her wrists and ankles - and I like them on her in my bed - it gives me a lovely feeling of power over the girl! That's why I also like to hold a girl by her lead when she is pleasuring me.'

Again she laughed.

'Moreover, these manacles, like the cages, the belts and the leads, all affect a girl's whole attitude - they keep her feeling submissive and servile, which is what I like in a girl. And, funnily enough, the girls themselves secretly adore it. They secretly find it so exciting being kept caged, manacled and on a lead! They're all such masochists at heart!'

Oh, how true that was, thought the listening Emma. Of course, she resented being abducted, and brought here to be caged and manacled under the control of that terrifying Sabhu. But even so she had to admit that it was thrilling being one of Ursula's girls again, whether she liked it or not - and even though it had meant being thrashed by Sabhu. And, anyway, she knew it had been a thrashing she had well deserved.

'But, as you know, I'm a sadist - and I can afford to indulge my fantasies,' went on Ursula with a laugh. 'So secretly masochistic young women suit me fine!'

Emma looked down at her manacles, at her belt, at the whip marks on her thighs, at the bars of her cages, and at Sabhu. She remembered the sight of the other half naked, and caged girls. They hadn't looked unhappy! Yes Ursula was right. She was indeed a rich sadist, able to live out her wildest fantasies by taking advantage of the secret longings of many young women to be dominated and to be under the complete control of an older woman - or man, though they knew their Mistress would never permit that!

Ursula now dropped her voice so that Emma could not hear her.

'And, of course, they earn me a lot of money!'

'And Emma will too?'

'Oh, yes!' whispered Ursula angrily. 'She certainly will - Sabhu will see to that! ... But to answer your question about the manacles: , yes, the manacles

do have to come off sometimes - when, for instance, as a special treat Sabhu takes the girls out for a walk, and a little fresh air, down the street or in the Park ...'

'But the belts stay on?'

'Oh yes! He controls them outside by their belts. They always on!'

'Oh, how they must hate that,' murmured the Baroness. Then she pointed up at the television camera in the corner, and laughed. 'Ah, I see you have them under constant security surveillance as well!'

'Yes,' replied Ursula, 'both Sabhu from his room, and I from downstairs, can control the camera and switch on the bright television lights in each girl's cage.'

She reflected for a moment and then went on.

'You see, originally I intended the television camera as a way of ensuring that the girls did not play with themselves, but the belts are so effective in preventing that, that we really don't have to worry about that now. But it's still very nice to be able to keep a close eye on the girls.'

Again she lowered her voice.

'And, of course, it's also a useful way of giving a client a preview of the goods on offer.'

The Baroness laughed. 'And that presumably is the microphone you use to enforce your "No Talking" rule,' she remarked admiringly. 'So they're under complete control in their cages even if Sabhu isn't in the same room. How exciting!'

'Indeed!' replied Ursula with a chuckle.

'Well, I'd heard you were doing up your new house, but I never dreamt just how! To the casual passer-by, or even to the casual visitor, your house looks like any other well restored Chelsea house. No one would ever guess about what went on upstairs, about these cages, these girls, about Sabhu ... '

12 - BLUEBELL AND PANSY ARE PARADED - ONE SHORN AND ONE IN MILK

Moments later Ursula was pointing to the cage marked "1".

'This is the girl I call Bluebell' she said, in her cold foreign accent. 'I like to give them all the names of farm animals!'

She nodded to Sabhu, who unlocked the large padlock on the small cage door.

'Number One! Out!' he ordered. It was clearly one of the orders in English that he had taught this foreign girl to obey - one of the orders indeed, Emma realised, that she too would quickly have to learn to obey.

Watching behind the bars of her cage Emma saw the girl she had seen with Ursula at the Dorchester's party quickly crawl out of her cage. She was thin faced with sparkling eyes. The number "1" was prominently painted on her forehead. This bright red figure would, she realised, make the girl look very subservient when viewed from the little gallery. The girl now knelt on all fours on the floor of the attic.

Emma saw that the girl was a very young looking blond, of perhaps eighteen, with soft blue eyes and a trim figure. As well as the same terrifying black leather Bikini belt, she also wore wrist and ankle manacles just like her own ones. and a similar little blue cape with the number "1" embroidered on it, together with the initials "U de V". Above and below the back of the cloak she saw the two little padlocks behind the girl's neck and in the small of her back. of the girl's back.

Sabhu unhooked a lead hanging from the front of the girl's cage and reaching down fastened it to the ring on the front of her collar.

'To you spot - go!' he ordered, raising his whip with one hand and holding the end of the lead in the other.

Her wrist and ankle manacles rattling, the girl scuttled across the floor to the red spot marked "1". She made a pretty picture as she now knelt up on her spot, her lead held by Sabhu, her hands clasped behind her neck and her eyes fixed straight ahead.

Clearly, Emma realised, this was all another drill that she, too, would have to learn - or risk Sabhu's whip.

A sudden pang of jealousy shot through Emma as she saw the girl briefly look up at the gallery and give an adoring little smile to Ursula. She knew the signs! This chit of a girl must be Ursula's favourite - even if she was under strict discipline.

Emma saw Sabhu look up at Ursula with a quizzical look and then saw Ursula smile and nod.

'Lower head and hands!' Sabhu ordered and obediently the girl bent her head towards the gallery and lowered her manacles hands to the floor.

Sabhu now reached down to the kneeling girl and gripped her lovely long blonde hair. Then suddenly he pulled it all off - it was all just a wig!

Emma gasped as she saw that under the wig the girl's head had been completely shaved. But more than that, the girl's whole head was not only utterly hairless and bald, but it shone as if it had been polished, giving her a strangely erotic, sub-human, look.

Horrified. Emma remembered how Ursula had several times threatened to do the same to her, saying that it would make her look a very erotic young woman and would bind even closer to her Mistress - for no man would then want to have anything to do with her. Emma had indeed been so infatuated with Ursula that she had actually found the idea very exciting.

But then, in the cold light of day, back at home, she had been horrified by the idea - and by the idea of having to wear a wig when away from Ursula. Anyway, what would she have told her husband? She shivered as she realised that Ursula would simply have got Doctor Anna to tell him that it was for some medical reason - just as in the past Ursula had got her doctor friend to tell him that she was not fit enough for any love-making.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the Baroness's voice, also coming from up in the gallery.

'How erotic, and slave-like, she looks with her shiny bald head. It would certainly be exciting to look down and see that working away between your legs!'

'And, for a client, even more so,' added Ursula with a cruel laugh, 'if, when you looked down, you saw that Sabhu had neatly painted your own initials onto the smooth top of the girl's head.'

'Goodness! Yes that would be exciting!' gasped the Baroness.

'Oh, yes, that's why I had her done!' laughed Ursula. Then she added in whisper so that Emma, down in her cage, would not hear, 'All part of the service we offer our clients!' whispered Ursula so that Emma, down in her cage, would not hear.

'Aha,' also laughed the Baroness.

'Originally,' went on Ursula in a normal voice, 'Sabhu persuaded me to let him shave her head simply to make her look more subservient and animal-like. Then that so excited my clients that I got my German lady doctor, Doctor Anna, to make a proper job of it, by having her treated with special rays that kill off the hair completely. I must say that I find it very exciting too - and so does the girl, too. Don't you Bluebell?'

The carefully rehearsed words came out slowly, but Emma felt that they were still heartfelt even the girl had had to learn them by heart.

'I just love having a shiny head - it's so exciting, having to please my Mistress,' the girl said in a strong Slavonic accent, as she still knelt, her bald head bowed and her lead held by the huge black man.

Emma gave a little shiver as she heard the girl speak. She herself had been so nearly brainwashed by Ursula into feeling just the same and into begging Ursula to have her done.

Holding the lead, Sabhu now stood back looking at the girl and tapping his whip against the palm of his hand. The girl must have been terrified, Emma thought, as she knelt there motionless, whilst Ursula and the Baroness took in the erotic scene.

'Up!' the black trainer suddenly ordered.

Nervously, her eyes on Sabhu's whip and on the control box hanging from the black man's belt, Bluebell jumped up, still facing towards the gallery.

'Attention!

Again she clasped her manacled hands behind her neck and looked straight ahead. Then she parted her legs, bent her knees and put her tongue out for inspection.

Just like, I suppose, I'll have to learn to do to Sabhu's command, thought Emma. What a fantastic discipline Sabhu instills in the girls in his charge! It was all so humiliating and there was so much to learn, so many words of command to learn to obey - and so much pain in store if she made any mistakes.

'Shoulders back!' Sabhu shouted.

The girl straightened herself. Then slowly Sabhu unfastened the shiny brass buttons on the front of her cape. Slowly he pulled the sides apart disclosing more her belt more fully.

'Belly in!' he ordered. Emma saw the girl obediently suck in her tummy.

'Belly out!' The girl thrust her belly out against her belt, giving herself an expectant look.

Sabhu put his hand down and ran it over the girl's straining tummy. 'This crying out to be sponsored,' he said.

'Yes, Sabhu,' laughed Ursula. 'I know.'

Sabhu now consulted a temperature graph hanging on the front of the girl's cage and a notebook which he had taken out of his pocket, and then looked respectfully up at Ursula. The girl meanwhile was still standing at attention.

'Number One, Madam!' He might have been a circus trainer making a formal report on the animals in his care, as he went on. 'Its weight is steady. It eating up it's feed, and it's morning performance was satisfactory - firm and a good colour. Its liquid wastes were clear and tested negative. Temperature graph shows monthly cycle slightly advanced and it's now due to come into season in a week.'

Emma gasped in horror as she listened to the awful Haitian's embarrassing report. And how dare he refer to a pretty white girl, as 'it'. How insulting! How could Ursula have given him such humiliating authority over her girls? And anyway why?

Ursula had always taken charge of her girls herself, on the previous occasions when Emma had been with her. She had been strict, it was true, but nothing like this Sabhu. Why was she now employing this terrifying Haitian to take charge of them? What was different?

As if half in answer to her question, she heard Ursula say to the Baroness. 'You see, he's very thorough and records everything the girls do. It's a great relief for me, being able to leave so much to him, and to know that he won't stand any nonsense from them either.'

Then she again lowered her voice, and Emma could not now hear properly.

'And, of course, the clients are fascinated to see an uneducated Haitian in charge of these intelligent European women!'

'Yes, it's certainly pretty arousing!' laughed the Baroness.

'Of course,' went on Ursula, 'Bluebell speaks very little English and so I don't expect she understood half of what Sabhu said about her, but Emma will when he reports on her in future.'

'Good, I want that little bitch humiliated,' said the Baroness.

'Oh she will be,' laughed Ursula. 'She certainly will be!'

Sabhu coughed discreetly and then went on with his report.

'She had been kept pure for four weeks ...'

A whole month of enforced frustration! thought Emma in horror. A month of being locked in that awful belt!

'... until two nights ago when she was allowed an orgasm in her Mistress's bed.'

'Yes, she's an affectionate little creature, who had given me great pleasure,' said Ursula, and then added in whisper that Emma could not hear, 'and she's earned me a lot of money!'

'I'm not surprised!' smiled the Baroness.

'Anyway, I took pity on her and as a reward sent for Sabhu to take off her belt.'

'But wasn't she horrible and hairy?'

'Oh no,' explained Ursula, 'Sabhu takes off their belts to depilate them once a week, so that under it she was still nicely soft like a little girl, and having been unable to get at herself for a whole month she was really ready!'

Emma simply did not know whether to be jealous or excited. On the one hand she felt madly jealous that Ursula should have allowed any relief to this chit of a girl, especially in her own bed, but also greatly excited to hear that the dreaded belts were sometimes taken off and a girl allowed at least a little pleasure.

'But isn't there a risk that they might take the opportunity to play with themselves whilst they're being depilated?' asked the Baroness.

'Oh, no' laughed Ursula with a cruel smile. He does it with the girls standing with their wrist manacles fastened to a bar above their heads as he puts on the burning cream. So they can't touch themselves, even though they may be longing to do so!'

'Indeed not! Well, let's move on ... Sabhu, put this one back in her cage and lets have a look at the next one.'

'Number One! Back into cage ... move!'

With a rattling of her heavy manacle chains, the pretty girl scuttled back into her cage, pulling her cape back around her shoulders.

'And this one I call Pansy,' came the voice of Ursula from the gallery. Then she added with a whisper that Emma did not hear. 'She's a great favourite with my clients for a reason that you'll soon see!'

She gestured to Sabhu.

'Number Two - out!'

Within moments another young blond girl had crawled out of her cage, her manacles clanking, and was now kneeling on all fours, her head raised, on the red spot marked '2'. She was a rather chubby faced girl with a happy-go-lucky expression and slightly plump figure. Sabhu was proudly holding her lead, like a the owner of a winner at a dog show.

Emma again saw that under her cape, the girl was locked into a belt just like hers. She noticed the figure "2" in the cutout on the girl's belly.

'Pansy and Bluebell were lovers when they entered my service,' said Ursula as she and the Baroness looked down on this new kneeling girl. 'But, of course, I told Sabhu to put a stop to that.'

'I should think so too!' exclaimed the Baroness. These sluts are here to please and adore their Mistresses, not to become emotionally involved with each other. Any sign of that and I'd soon use the whip on them.'

'Which is just what Sabhu did!' laughed Ursula. 'And to good effect!'

Following a nod of approval from Ursula, Sabhu now began to unbutton the front of the girl's cape.

If Emma had been astonished by poor Bluebell's bald head she was to be even astonished when she saw what had been done to Pansy, as Sabhu flung the top of her now cape back over her shoulders, baring her pert breasts for the Baroness's inspection.

Emma gasped, for the girl's breasts were heavily swollen and showed the distinctive blue veins of a woman in milk. Moreover the nipples looked dark and strangely elongated.

Whilst the girl stood motionless at attention, Sabhu lifted up, in turn, the girl's quivering breasts, as if carefully weighting each in turn. 'These are milking well, Madam,' he reported to Ursula.

He began to stroke first one and then the other in a knowing way. Pansy bit her lips, as if ashamed and yet excited at what was being done to her. Then, satisfied, he gently pulled first one nipple and then the other. He smiled proudly as two little jets of milk shot across the room.

'She's my little milkmaid,' laughed Ursula, lowering her voice so that Emma, down below in her cage, would not hear her. 'You see, many clients go mad for a girl in milk. So, I always tell Sabhu to have at least one of them in milk -and to keep her properly in milk too, with a really good flow. Not that he needs much encouragement for he gets even bigger tips for a good milkmaid from the delighted clients!'

'You mean this girl is in milk because she's just had a baby?' queried the Baroness.

'Oh no,' laughed Ursula. 'You're looking at one of the miracles of modern medicine. My Doctor Anna just gives a girl a course of her special pills and soon she's well and truly in milk! She doesn't even have to know what's being done to her as her breasts swell and firm up - until the milk starts. Then here in her cage, she'll love it!'

'Good Heavens! How exciting to have that done to an unsuspecting girl!' cried the Baroness. Then she lowered her voice. 'Are you going to have Emma done?'

'Oh I expect so,' again laughed Ursula cruelly. 'She'd make a very good milkmaid and be very popular with the clients! And it would be so amusing to send her home like that, when her husband returned, knowing that she must go on taking her pills - or get the whip when she returned to her cage! Of course, I might also offer her, like Bluebell and Pansy, here, for sponsorship at my forthcoming Auction of Promises.'

'Sponsorship! Auction of Promises! What do you mean?'

'Aha!' laughed Ursula mysteriously.

Meanwhile down in her cage, a shocked Emma was thinking of how one girl had had her head shaved and another brought into milk. My God! What more tricks did her cruel Mistress have up her sleeve? And was Ursula, in her anger, planning to use any of them on her?

13 - A GIRL IS KEPT AT LIVERY - AND CUT!

'Let's now have a look at something different,' said Ursula, pointing at the cage numbered 6.

Moments later the lead of very pretty brunette girl was being held by Sabhu as she knelt up on spot Number 6, in front of the gallery. She was wearing a red cape instead of a blue one, and was manacled just like the other girls. On her forehead was painted the number 6.

'Unlike the girl's you've already seen, this one doesn't actually belong to me. She just kept here temporarily at livery by her Mistress.'

"At livery?" queried the Baroness.

'Yes,' replied Ursula, 'I often take in girls at livery for my clients.'

'But what do mean?'

'Well,' replied Ursula, just like a rich client might keep a favourite mare, perhaps a hunter, at livery in a stables, because she hadn't got proper stabling at home. She'd want her kept properly exercised and schooled, of course, ready for you to ride at any time, perhaps every day. So, too, some clients like to keep their girls caged here under the supervision of Sabhu - ready for them to come and enjoy at any time.'

'How clever!' exclaimed the Baroness.

'Or,' went on Ursula, 'perhaps a girl's Mistress might be going away and she doesn't want to take her girl with her, then she might leave her here temporarily knowing that she be would be kept securely locked up - and unable to be unfaithful to her Mistress with some young man whilst she was away!'

'My dear Ursula,' laughed the Baroness, 'what a useful service you provide!'

'In this case, the girl's Mistress, is a married woman whose husband who works abroad and doesn't know about her secret taste in girls. So whilst he's temporarily back, she discreetly keeps her girl here, knowing that Sabhu will keep her, caged and manacled, ready for her daily enjoyment, whilst her husband is innocently at his office! What a secret feeling of power she would have! Think of the excitement she would feel as in front of her unsuspecting husband she rang up to make a booking for, say, a full massage!'

'Brilliant!' laughed the Baroness.

'Of course as with a horse that you might not want hunted by other clients of the stables, so we can keep a girl for her Mistress's enjoyment only - in a red cape, like this one, to show that she's not for hire, though, of course, I myself have the use of her, to make sure that she's being kept up to the mark!'

'Ah, now I understand why some of the girls are wearing red capes, and some blue ones' said the Baroness, looking at Emma's blue one. 'Aha!'

'Yes,' continued Ursula, 'but, of course, just as some owners might be happy for their horses to be hired out, when not required by them, to help pay for their keep, so some Mistresses are happy for their girls to be kept here in a blue cape - and available to my other clients. I give the girl's owners half of what their girls earn! I think, in fact, that this girl's Mistress is soon going to switch her over to a blue cape - and Sabhu and I think she's well enough trained now to be a good little earner.'

'Like Emma!' whispered the Baroness with a laugh.

'Indeed!' replied Ursula, 'though she doesn't yet know it! But there's something rather special about this girl that will make her particularly popular with the clients.'

'Oh?' cried the Baroness intrigued.

It was as cry that was repeated behind her muzzle by Emma. She might not have been able to hear all that the two women up in the gallery were saying, for they often seemed to whispering and pointing at her, but she had heard what Ursula had just said. What could she mean?

Ursula gestured down to Sabhu who, whilst still holding the girl's lead, not only unbuttoned the front of her cape, but also started to unlocked her bikini belt.

Soon the beautiful girl with her full breasts, slim waist and flowing hips, was standing up naked, her hairless mound and beauty lips on display.

'What a lovely creature!' exclaimed the Baroness. Indeed, she could not help thinking, if she's shortly going to be put into a in a blue cape, then she might be interested in booking her for herself.

'Now take these opera glasses and look carefully,' said Ursula handing the Baroness a small pair of binoculars.

Sabhu now put his hands down and parted the beauty lips of the blushing girl to disclose her beauty bud. But the Baroness looking down through her opera glasses could not see any thing there at all. Instead there was just a tiny scar. 'My God!' she cried.

'Yes,' explained Ursula, ' her Mistress is very strict and sent her off to North Africa to be "cut" as it's called - to have the tip of her beauty bud cut off. It's illegal to have it done in England, but, of course, it's a very common operation in North Africa and can be done quite safely and cheaply there by a surgeon in a Nursing Home. Just a little snip and the girl's whole is changed is for ever. Think of the feeling of power that would give you - which is why, of course, is partly why the men there like to have it done to their women.'

'Oh yes!' cried out the Baroness. 'How exciting that would be! And no more worries about a girl playing with herself behind your back!'

Emma was horrified as she heard Ursula explain what had been done to the poor girl. Suppose Ursula every got the idea to dispense with her chastity belts and have her girls "cut" instead. My God!

'But wouldn't it make the girl dull and unresponsive in bed?' went on the Baroness.

'Oh no,' replied Ursula, 'on the contrary she's more keen than ever - for her Mistress's dildo - for the only pleasure she can now have is inside her. That's the other reason why the Moorish men have had it done to their women and harem slave girls for centuries. It makes a girl just mad for her Master's manhood - the only form of pleasure she can now have. Or with our girls for her Mistress's double dildo! I've tried her out using my own one, I call it Duet, and it's wonderful!'

'Oh, I can't wait for her to be put into a blue cape,' cried the Baroness enthusiastically.

Poor Emma was shivering with fear as she listened to this conversation. She knew Duet of old. Supposing Ursula decided to send her off to North Africa!

It was now the turn of Daisy, Number 3, also wearing a red cape, by Sabhu before Ursula and the Baroness.

Just as Pansy had had to repeat a little catechism that she'd been made to learn by heart, so now too did Daisy, as she too knelt on her spot below the gallery. But Emma was startled when she heard what the girl actually said.

'It's so exciting for my new Mistress,' she said, 'And I just love pleasing her.'

What new Mistress, thought Emma.

'In Daisy's case,' explained Ursula, 'her Mistress left her here after she'd paid a large sum to have her sponsored. She didn't want her then escaping!'

'Oh!' exclaimed the Baroness.

'Well, nor would you if you'd paid to have a brood mare put into foal and she was carrying two very valuable and rather special progeny!'

'What! You mean that ... ' cried the Baroness. 'But just what has her Sponsor paid for?'

'Well let's have a look at part of it,' replied Ursula giving little clap with her hands, which was acknowledged by Sabhu with a little bow.

'Lower Head!' he ordered, tapping the girl's naked buttocks below her red cape with his whip.

Then just as he had bared Pansy's head, so too he now removed a wig from Daisy's head. Her cranium, just like Pansy's, was smooth and shiny. But there was a difference.

Looking down, the Baroness gave a gasp. There tattooed on the girl's bald head were some Arabic numerals and an Arabic crest of two crossed scimitars and a star.

'Those are Arabic numerals!' cried the Baroness. 'And that's an Arab crest.'

Her gasp of surprise was repeated by Emma, behind her muzzle, when she too saw, as the girl slightly moved, the crest tattooed onto the top of her bald head.

She remembered that when Ursula had threatened to have her hair removed, she had also said that she would then have her initials permanently tattooed on her cranium. It was a threat that she had scarcely taken seriously at the time. But now, my God!

'You mean ... ' the Baroness started.

'Yes,' interrupted Ursula, 'that's the crest of the rich widow of an Arabian Prince, and the number is the girl's breeding number.'

'Breeding number' repeated the Baroness in astonishment.

'Yes the Princess likes to keep detailed records,' replied Ursula enigmatically. And she's a very valuable client.

'But ... but,' stammered the Baroness.

'Well, you see, it all began when Daisy caught the Princess's eye. So much so that she paid handsomely to have her crest tattooed onto her cranium.'

'My God!' cried the Baroness. 'How exciting!'

'And then she also paid to keep the girl here at livery, in a red cape, for her own use.'

'Goodness!' murmured the Baroness. 'You must have charged her an arm and a leg!'

'Yes!' answered Ursula with a smile, 'especially when she later decided to have the girl sponsored and added her breeding number. Now she just loves coming, whenever she's in London, to see the girl's progress

'Progress?' queried the Baroness. 'Look, you haven't told me yet what the Princess paid to have done to the girl - sponsored as you keep calling it. Stop keeping me in suspense!'

With a little laugh, Ursula again clapped her hands and made a gesture down to Sabhu.

Sabhu now ordered the girl to stand up at Attention for the Baroness's inspection, standing up straight with her hands clasped behind her neck.

He seemed particularly proud of this girl and Emma wondered why. Then she remembered noticing, when first being taken downstairs, how, her tummy seemed to be thrusting forward from under her cape. Surely, she had thought, the girl

could not be in an interesting condition. Not here! Not in these cages! She had dismissed the idea as absurd.'

So now, if Emma had been shocked to see what had been done to the girl's shiny bald head, she had even a greater shock when Sabhu unbuttoned the front of her cape. Pulling the cape aside he disclosed a shiny chain mail belt fastened over her mound and down between her legs. He put his hand down onto the belt to demonstrate how tightly it was fastened. Then he pointed to the girl's prettily swollen belly and cupped it proudly in his huge hand.

Yes, there's no doubt about it, thought Emma. My God, how cruel to keep a girl in her condition manacled and in a cage - and in such a strange belt.

'A breeding belt,' explained Ursula. 'It's simpler than the chastity belts the other girls have to wear, but is still very effective in making sure a girl carries what she's been sponsored to do - and easy to let out as nature takes it's course.'

'This one just loves expecting a Happy Event, as we call it here,' called down Ursula, with a laugh as she pointed to the girl's swollen belly. 'Don't you Daisy?'

The girl smiled happily.

'Oh yes, Madame,' she replied slowly, once again in obviously well rehearsed, but still heartfelt, broken English, 'I love expecting Happy Event for Her Highness, my Mistress.'

'Her Highness?' queried the Baroness.

'The Princess who paid to have her sponsored to have this Happy Event.'

'Oh! exclaimed the Baroness, her eyes fixed on Daisy's swollen belly. 'Do tell me who it is!'

'Well, I can't breach client confidentiality,' whispered Ursula with a smile, 'but I expect you'll guess when I tell you that her hobby, and a very profitable one too, is breeding dwarfs, or midgets. They're in great demand in the palaces and harems of the Middle East - rather like jesters in mediaeval Europe ...'

'Oh, I think I know who you mean,' interrupted the Baroness. 'When she's over here she's often had had one or two little midget or pygmy boys in her entourage. They were so sweet! But I didn't realise that she bred them herself. Well how fascinating! But why her interest in this girl?'

'Because,' replied Ursula, 'midgets are very difficult to breed. Midget women are too small to breed from safely. Luckily, however, the genes in the males are so strong that even when crossed with a normal women the result is very often a midget. In the old days the Sultans of Turkey successfully used to cross their favourite midgets with their blond Circassian slavegirls - and it worked well. So, for a long time, the Princess has also wanted to experiment with breeding from a blond white girl, and here was her chance. So she and Doctor Anna got together - and now you can see the result!'

'It is very exciting,' went on Daisy slowly as if continuing a catechism she had to learn by heart, 'and I am very grateful to my Mistress for fertilising me.'

'Her Mistress fertilising her?' queried the Baroness. 'Didn't she see the father?'

'Oh no!' Ursula laughed. 'It's much more fun the Mistress to be the father - or anyway play the paternal role.'

'But how?'

'Well,' whispered Ursula, 'the Princess brought over her prize male midget and took him to see Doctor Anna who was then able to acquire a good stock of midget seed. Now I've got a special dildo, which my clients like to strap on and which enables them to play, very realistically, the male role. The feeling of power is fantastic, when girl is really wriggling under you and you reach down and squeeze the rubber testicles - and the mixture of milk and cream shoots up into the girl.'

'Oh yes,' exclaimed the Baroness

'It was something that the Princess much enjoyed doing to Daisy. But then Doctor Anna perfected an improved version of the dildo which you can load with live sperm, and keep it alive in the testicles. So this time, when Sabhu reported that Daisy was at the most receptive part of her monthly cycle the girl, the Princess came and took her, on successive days, using the specially loaded

dildo. So, this time, it wasn't just the harmless mixture of milk and cream that jetted up into the unsuspecting girl, but real fertilising semen, midget semen - with the Princess playing the part of the proud father. And hey presto!

'As simple as that?' gasped the Baroness

'Well, ' laughed Ursula, ' after all, dairy farmers have been using artificial insemination for years, so why not use it on a girl too? 'Oh what a thrilling idea! And if the mystified girl hasn't been allowed near a man she'd psychologically start regarding her Mistress as the father of her child. What a laugh! And in this case has she any idea of how she conceived?

'No!' replied Ursula. 'Nor does she know that, with a little help from Doctor Anna, the Princess had scored a left and a right, as the shooting fraternity say, so that she's carrying twins. Actually I wanted triplets so that I could charge a greater sponsorship fee! But the doctor said we should stick to twins for her first time round.'

'How clever! But when did you tell her that she was going to have what you call a Happy Event?'

'Oh not until she felt the little creatures kicking inside her,' replied Ursula in a matter of fact tone. 'At first she was appalled and we saw her on the television screen tearing in vain at her breeding belt as she tried to get at the little progeny that she's being made to carry. But soon she settle down again and, thanks to the dolls, was thrilled. Anyway there's nothing she can do about it!'

'But is she alright here, caged and chained like this, in her state?' asked the astonished Baroness.

'Oh yes, Doctor Anna keeps a close eye on her and, of course, Sabhu had plenty of experience in looking after caged expectant performing animals - and, after all, that's just what she is, too. He's very proud of her, but still keeps her under the same strict discipline as the others.'

'Yes, I see that she still gets the whip,' the Baroness laughed, pointing to several weals on the front of the girl's thighs.

'Oh yes,' said Ursula, 'Sabhu says that the whip, carefully applied won't harm her progeny - and that's what matters! Of course, he won't be satisfied until all the girls are have been sponsored and are all carrying prettily swollen bellies. That'll earn him a lot in tips from the delighted sponsors and that's why he gives them all dolls to play with - to bring out their maternal instincts.'

'What a lovely sight - a line of caged little mothers-to-be,' laughed the Baroness cruelly

'Yes,' agreed Ursula. 'Just imagine him training them to obey the order "Show Bellies" by unfastening their capes. Imagine the sight of half a dozen little swelling tummies being pressed against the bars of their cages.'

'Oh that would be exciting!' cried the Baroness, clapping her hands with excitement. 'Oh yes! Just like in the breeding pens of the old slave plantations. Oh! How exciting! And Emma, too?'

'Perhaps,' replied Ursula, pensively. 'It would be rather fun sending her back home carrying twin midgets, when her booby of a husband next returned. Imagine putting her into a corset to hide her state.'

'And making her go back to work, scared lest the other office girls guessed the truth.'

'Yes, it would be rather fun - I'll just have to see. But certainly we'll make a start at getting a few more girls sponsored at what I'm to call an 'Auction of Promises.'

'Oh can I come?'

'Oh course, though it'll cost you!'

'Oh that's alright. It sounds so exciting! But when is it going top be?'

'Oh, after I bring the girls back from a Dog Show that another client of Doctor Anna's is arranging in Germany. It sounds rather interesting and a good way of showing off my girls to more prospective clients ... but I want to have my Auction of Promises before Daisy has her Happy Event.'

'But won't there be complications with the authorities here in England when she, and indeed they all, deliver their little ... '

'No, that's the whole point of my liaison with the Princess. She's only too pleased for any girl carrying midgets to be sent out to her special breeding

farm in Arabia to have her Happy Little Event there. She borrows her family's private jet so that there won't be any awkward questions and she keeps her breeding girls locked up so that Daisy won't escape. After her Day of Deliverance, as it's called, the progeny will be put in the special rearing pens and later sold at a considerable profit - which I shall share with the Princess. Of course Daisy will not be allowed to see or touch her progeny and will soon be wondering if it was all just a dream.'

'And what'll then happen to her?'

'Oh I've agreed with the Princess that as soon as possible after she leaves the delivery cage, then she'll be crossed out there with another of her little studs, this time a little black pygmy - to see what results! Apparently the pygmy has a track record of siring twins, hopefully she'll be expecting another double Happy Event.'

'What an exciting idea!' enthused the Baroness.

'Of course, when she's been done, the Princess will send her back to me for Doctor Anna to keep an eye on. So I'll have the use of her again for my clients for several months, before being sent back to the Princess, this time to produce her pygmy progeny. She'll be very popular with my clients.'

'And does she know when she's now due?'

'Oh no, Sabhu makes sure that none of the girls have access to a calendar, or to newspapers or the radio. He keeps them quite ignorant about the passing weeks and months - and about the outside world. That way they concentrate more on their job of giving me and my clients pleasure - or, in the case of Daisy, of letting their little progeny grow nice and strong.'

'And earning you more money!' laughed the Baroness yet again!

'Yes, indeed! They don't even really how long they've been shut up here in their cages or, for Daisy, how long she's been carrying her mysterious progeny.'

'How clever,' cried the Baroness.

'In fact,' added Ursula, again in a whisper, 'she'll be due in only a few months time.'

'Quite soon! Well she hardly looks it!'

'That's another great advantage of using midgets. The girl never gets big and bloated - not even with twins. She remains looking an attractive young woman, and very sought after by the clients! She's in a red cape now as the Princess has come back, but whilst she's been away she lets me put the girl back into a blue cape. She's been earning me a lot of money from clients fascinated at seeing how the belt prevented the girl from getting rid of the little twins - and by her humiliatingly erotic shiny head with its crest and breeding number. She may be expecting a Happy Event, but with the client, as usual, using a cane to drive her on her on, she still makes an delightful little licking girl. Just imagine that little crest bobbing up and down between your thighs as you lie back with your legs parted and the cane in your hand. It's wonderful - I've used myself!'

'Oh yes,' cried the Baroness clapping her hands with excitement.

'Of course,' went on Ursula, 'when the Princess is in London, she comes every day to inspect the girl's belly. But what she, and the clients, really love is when Sabhu shows them on the screen of his ultra-sound scan how the two little dwarf progeny are coming along.'

'Oh yes, that must be very exciting, too,' exclaimed the Baroness, 'especially if the girl can't see what's on the screen!'

Unable to hear what Ursula was saying, Emma had been looking at Daisy with a mixture of amazement and trepidation. Dear God, she thought, may Ursula never have the idea of doing the same to me, of putting me into an interesting condition. What would I tell my friends ... my family ... my husband! Luckily, she reflected, in her case it might be difficult for Ursula to have her way, but these Eastern European girls were all alone here and Ursula could do what she liked with them ...

'And,' Emma now heard Ursula say, 'now that Daisy's going off and, thanks to the Princess, I've found a ready market for midget progeny, I really must look into offering the other girls for sponsorship, using Doctor Anna's "treatment", as we call it! I'm planning to make it a very special event - the Auction of Promises, that I was talking about, some rather special promises!'

Emma gasped. The other girls! That must include her! Oh, no! Despite her muzzle, she wanted to cry out and protest. Then remembering her thrashing, she kept quiet.

'But won't the girls be horrified at the idea?' asked the Baroness.

'No, the joke is that, whether we use the secretly loaded syringe on them, or the equally loaded dildo, they too won't realise for some time what's been done to them - and by then it will be too late! As with Daisy, there may be some tears when they first realise the truth and they may also start tearing at their breeding belts, but they'll soon settle down. They'll find it all very exciting.'

'Yes, I expect they will,' said the Baroness with a smile.

'Well, you heard what Daisy said! And, of course, Sabhu has already cleverly brought on the girls natural maternal instincts, whilst they're shut up here in their cages, by giving them little baby dolls as the only toys they have to play with, and by only allowing them to read magazines full of pictures of happy young mothers and future mothers. He's really brain-washed them and got them in the right frame of mind. Here in this artificial environment, just being taken out of their cages for exercising, or to please me or my clients, they really love the idea of being in an interesting condition - just as they also love coming into milk!'

'And Emma?'

Emma jumped. She had already been startled to hear her name being mentioned, even though she could not hear properly what Ursula was saying.

'Oh,' she heard Ursula reply, 'doubtless Sabhu will soon have her just as eager as the others'

What! gasped Emma, pushing away her little doll. No! No!

But, moments later, she found herself reaching out for it again.

15 - COWSLIP - THE PUNISHMENT OF AN UNFAITHFUL WIFE.

'And this one I call Cowslip,' said Ursula, as the beautiful older, dark haired, and rather Latin and aristocratic looking woman crawled out of her cage to kneel nervously on the red spot marked "5". 'Her real name is very grand, but just being called Cowslip emphasises to her that now she's just one of my girls.'

'Yes, what a humiliating name!' laughed the Baroness. Then she pointed enquiringly at the woman's buttocks. Emma was shocked to see the weal marks on her bottom.

'Oh yes,' smiled Ursula, 'my African lady clients just love watching this one being thrashed by Sabhu. They'll pay a large fee to see a haughty-looking older white woman being humiliated and beaten by a strong young black - and being called Cowslip into the bargain!'

'Number five! Attention!' roared Sabhu.

She was a tall, slender woman with good legs and prominent breasts, thrusting up under her cape.

'She's Argentinian,' Ursula went on, 'the wife of a South American millionaire, who discovered that she was having an affair with a young man here in London.'

Then she lowered her voice so that Cowslip couldn't hear.

'In fact she'll very soon be his ex-wife, although she doesn't know it. Her husband is using her affair as an excuse to divorce her, and go off and marry his pretty young secretary. So he's paying me a large sum to keep her locked up here, so that she can't interfere with the divorce. Sabhu, of course, made her sign all the necessary papers without letting her see what she was signing. So she's no idea what's happened.'

'And presumably he won't have to give her a large financial settlement either!' laughed the Baroness.

'Exactly - instead, he pays me keep her here! And the joke is that she herself also earns me a considerable amount of money - for she's very popular with the clients, especially, as I said, with the African women who enjoy dominating an older, but still very beautiful, and reluctant white woman.'

'Reluctant' queried the Baroness.

'Yes, she's never had a lesbian affair before, which made it all the more challenging for Sabhu to break her in to it - and exciting to watch. But, thanks to the threat of Sabhu's whip, she's learned to perform very well now, and I rarely get complaints from the clients.'

'And being older, I suppose Sabhu has had to be much stricter with her than with the younger girls,' said the Baroness.

'Indeed, and, as a married woman, she feels the frustration of the belt, and the humiliation of being manacled and caged, as well as being controlled by Sabhu, much more than they do. I've had to be very strict myself in not giving way to her constant pleading to be allowed relief.'

Ursula paused.

'When the Princess had a couple of her midgets over here recently, Sabhu trained Cowslip to perform with them to amuse my clients, but of course she's not allowed any relief. She's going to bring them back again shortly and you must then come and watch them in action!'

'Oh yes, I'd love to!'

'I expect Sabhu will also train Emma to perform with the midgets as well - so you could see them both being mounted simultaneously!'

'That would be thrilling!' cried the Baroness, catching her breath.

'Incidentally, Doctor Anna says I should also use the midgets as a preliminary to having any of the girls treated with the syringe, or the loaded dildo. Apparently, strange as it may seem, her potions, as she calls them, take better if the girl has first been mounted by the actual donor! So I might be making several more of the girl's perform with the midgets as a preliminary to something else!'

'Goodness! And it must be pretty exciting to watch!'

'Well, the clients certainly adored watching Cowslip being taken - especially as she hated it. So we always had a lot of tears and strokes of Sabhu's whip before she'd kneel down, and open her legs, to be mounted by the midget.'

'But what about the belt?' asked the Baroness.

'Oh, Sabhu put her into a special bikini belt without the grill, and made her kneel down on her elbows. Then, with his whip, he made her use her hands to hold up the rubber pad, so that the little dwarf, mounting her from behind, could get at her properly'

'But was that safe?' queried the Baroness

'Well, of course, we only used the special belt, without the plastic grill, when we're sure she's in a safe period - otherwise she had to offer her rear orifice to the midgets' little manhoods. We didn't want any unplanned little Happy Events.'

Ursula pointed to the temperature graphs hanging on the front of each cage, like those at the foot of a patients bed in a hospital.

'Sabhu records their temperatures several times a day, so Doctor Anna knows pretty well what's going on! And if there's any doubt, Sabhu puts her into different belt - one without the serrated edges behind. Then with the woman kneeling down with her head to the floor, and her manacled hands behind her back, he makes her pull back the plastic guards to offer her other little orifice to the midget ... Either way it's a pretty amusing sight and one that certainly brings in the clients - and helps sell my pictures!'

'Well, what with one thing and another you must be coining in the money! And it all certainly sounds very exciting,' murmured the Baroness, her eyes gleaming.

'Yes, it is! It was an erotic sight that the clients came back to watch again and again - and brought their friends. I also photographed and videoed it and then to her delighted former husband in the Argentine. As a result he's now asked me about getting even more revenge by making her go through the full trauma of carrying an unwanted progeny.'

'Oh!' gasped the Baroness.

'Apparently, the new wife of Cowslip's ex-husband doesn't want to go through the trauma of having a child. So, at first, he asked Doctor Anna if Cowslip could be specially prepared so that she could be used as a surrogate mother with his new wife as the official mother, but without her suffering all the discomfort. It would certainly be a fine way for to get his revenge, but

Doctor Anna has told him that, in view of Cowslip's age, it would be better not to use her for breeding his sons - but perhaps something else!

'So,' continued Ursula, 'he then wanted her to be mated, this time for real, with the midgets. However, the trouble with that was that the Princess doesn't want Cowslip's progeny. She says she looks too much like the Arab women she's used already. She wants to experiment with blondes! So Cowslip's husband has now asked if I can't devise an alternative even more humiliating mating for his former wife.'

'Oh, yes?' asked the Baroness inquisitively

'Well, because the midgets are so small, watching them with Cowslip had always reminded me of a dog mounting bitch, as he jerks his buttocks to and fro ... and this has given me an idea. I think, with Doctor Anna's help I may well, before long, be able to satisfy Cowslip's husband's desire for further revenge!'

'What!' cried the Baroness.

'Well, it's a little early to go into it now,' said Ursula mysteriously, 'but Doctor Anna would certainly like to try out a certain experiment on her!'

Emma had only been able to hear bits of this conversation. She was now startled when Sabhu unbuttoned the front of Cowslip's cape and, as he had done with the other women, threw one side of it back over her shoulder. This time, however, he revealed two fresh weals across her fine firm breast.

But that was as not all. There were two more weals across her belly and another two across the tops of her thighs. She had not merely been whipped, like Emma herself, Cowslip had been given Sabhu's 'Serious Punishment'.

But that still was not all. Her breast was tipped with a strangely elongated nipple from which a large, but thin, steel ring was hanging. And from the large ring hung a little silver name tag, like you often see hanging from a dog collar.

'I wanted to do something to Cowslip that would, like the belt, make her realise that she now belonged to me. So I readily agreed when Sabhu asked permission to try out his special nipple stretcher on her, and it has been a great success. So much so that I then told him to go ahead and pierce her nipples and fit them with these rings. They're made of toughened steel and the ends have been specially welded together, so it's almost impossible to get them off. And the little name rings have been engraved with "The property of Miss Ursula de Vere"

Ursula paused.

'So,' she went on, 'even if she could ever escape from Sabhu's strict control and run away, I don't think she'd be very keen to meet her young boy friend again, whilst still wearing those rings!'

Sabhu cupped the exposed full breast with one hand and raised it up - as he had with Bluebell.

'This too would milk well,' he said.

'I told you that he won't rest until they're all either in milk or expecting a Happy Event - or both,' laughed Ursula. 'But it's an interesting point. You see, Cowslip was just a typical well fed plump South American woman when I handed her over to Sabhu. Now look at her! Thanks to Sabhu's strict feeding arrangements in the cages, she's lost two stone since being caged, and thanks to his daily morning exercise period she's now fit and has muscled up nicely.'

'And she's kept her full breasts!'

'Not exactly! I asked Doctor Anna to give her a breast implant. She's very experienced at that too - and, as you can see, it's turned out very well.' She dropped her voice again. 'And financially it's paid off very well. Her breast and nipple enlargement is another reason for her popularity. So despite being older, she's in regular demand from the clients.'

'I'm not surprised. But will she milk well having had an implant?'

'Oh, yes, Doctor Anna is quite adamant that it will make no difference. Anyway, I expect we'll soon see!'

'Oh!' queried the Baroness.

'Yes, we've told Sabhu to start giving Doctor Anna's hormone pills, the ones that bring a girl quickly into milk, to both Cowslip and Emma - starting today!'

'So soon you'll have three milkmaids,' laughed the Baroness. 'Well!'

16 - URSULA RELAXES IN BED

Ursula and Baroness left the attic, accompanied by the fawning Sabhu. There was silence in the cages, with none of the women daring to say a word.

Ten minutes later Sabhu came back, as usual his whip in his hand.

'Buttocks!' he ordered.

Emma could hear the rattle of chains from the adjoining cages, but being unable to see what the other girls were doing did not understand what she was supposed to do. Suddenly she felt a sharp little shock.

'Number Four! On the order "Buttocks" you turn round and press backside against bars of cage, and pull back plastic shields at back of belt to uncover backside. And keep head up and eyes on back of cage. Now move!' Terrified of getting another shock, Emma did as ordered, her manacles clinking. Then pulling back the outer shields and holding up the inner one, she humiliatingly pressed the now naked center of her bottom against the cold bars. She heard Sabhu coming down the line of cages. She did dare to turn round to look and see what he was doing.

Then when he was opposite her cage, he angrily shouted.

'Number Four! I said uncover backside!'

Appalled at such words being addressed to her by someone she regarded as an ignorant Haitian, Emma, who had unwittingly allowed the shields to close partially, hastily pulled them back again. Seconds later she felt something slim being pushed up inside her. She tried to expel it with her muscles, but Sabhu again shouted.

'Number Four! You grip it tight!'

Keeping her eyes fixed on the wall at the back her cage, and her bottom pressed against the bars, she heard Sabhu go to the end of the line of cages and start coming down back again towards hers again. A minute later she felt what ever it was being withdrawn. Then there was a scratching noise as he wrote something on the temperature graph hanging from the front of her cage.

He was recording her temperature! He must have been taking all their temperatures, she realised, so that he could check their monthly cycles and report on them to Ursula and Doctor Anna. Oh, how shame-making for that to be done by a man!

Indeed, Emma would learn that 'Buttocks' was a routine that was repeated several times a day.

Sabhu now came down the line of cages, dolloping out a little yoghurt and sliced fruit into the metal feeding troughs hanging from the bars at the front of each cage. Feeling very hungry after all that had happened, Emma picked up the spoon and dipped it into the metal trough. Immediately she felt a shock. She dropped the spoon with a scream.

'Number Four!' she heard Sabhu's now well known shout. 'You not eat until given permission - and then you eat up quickly.'

Sabhu now slowly walked up and down in front of the line of cages. He could feel the girls' eyes watching him eagerly.

'White sluts! he suddenly shouted. Then, after the usual pause, he ordered: 'Eat!'

Emma heard the clatter of wrist manacles banging against metal troughs, of wooden spoons scraping metal, and of sloppy food being hastily gobbled. Then she too was gobbling up her feed.

She heard the noise of troughs being cleaned by little tongues. She baulked at the idea, but then she remembered the awful shocks and the terrifying dressage whip. Soon, she too, was licking her trough clean.

Then Sabhu came back to her cage. 'Number Four! Tongue!' he ordered.

For a moment Emma was nonplussed. Then she remembered the same order being given when Ursula first brought the Baroness to look down at the line of caged girls. How humiliating it had been! Now again feeling ashamed at having to

perform in such a servile and animal-like manner, she lowered her head to the floor of her cage and thrust her tongue out between the gap below the bottom bar.

Horrified she saw Sabhu produce two distinctive looking blue pills. He put them on her tongue. 'Swallow!' he ordered and stroked her throat to make sure she did so - just like, Emma thought, the way one makes sure a dog swallows a pill.

Desperately she wanted to ask what the pill was for. But she did not dare to ask. Moments later she heard the order: 'Number Five! Tongue!' She saw Sabhu lean down. She saw he was holding another two of the blue pills.

Sabhu now strode out of the attic. What Emma wondered anxiously was being done to her and to Cowslip?

Some hours later Sabhu returned and ordered the girls to smarten up their make-up. Then, one by one, he took them out of their cages and lined them up, standing at Attention, on their numbered red spots. They were facing a row of numbered brass bowls.

Tapping his whip menacingly, Sabhu walked slowly up the line of trembling women, all looking straight ahead, and then down behind it, like a drill sergeant.

Emma was shivering with fear. Her gaze was fixed on the wall, Emma heard the sudden swish of the long dressage whip behind her as it landed on a thin leather bikini - the one that was stretched tightly over the curvaceous rump of the older woman, the one whom Ursula so insultingly called Cowslip.

'Number Five!' she heard Sabhu shout. 'Buttocks clenched!'

Hastily Emma strained to further clench her own buttocks, further straighten her shoulders and yet further pull in her tummy.

'Position Number One!' he shouted. 'Move!'

Emma followed the other girls in scuttling over to the bowls, and then turning round to face Sabhu. Then, keeping her eyes fixed ahead, and her knees bent, she humiliatingly stood with her ankles pushing her bowl forward from behind, and her ankle manacles holding it back from the front.

'Prepare Front!' shouted Sabhu, his whip raised.

Taking her time from the other girls, and keeping her eyes raised, Emma desperately felt down with her manacled wrists to the velcro strips that held the rubber-studded pad in position over her beauty lips.

'One!' ordered Sabhu.

There was a rasping noise as she and the other girls each pulled back their velcro fastenings.

'Two!'

With both hands the girls lifted up their rubber pads, thrust their beauty lips forward against the underlying plastic grill and stood stock still. It was a humiliating position.

Sabhu looked along the line of trembling European women, all looking straight ahead. Oh the feeling of power! And to think that he was being paid to do this! How many of his friends back in Haiti would have given their back teeth to be able to treat hated European women like this!

'Get ready' he warned in a harsh voice. Nervously Emma checked with her ankles that her bowl was properly positioned below her. She did not dare look down and was terrified lest she might miss and mark the floor. She could imagine Sabhu's anger if she did.

As if answering her concern she heard Sabhu's voice: 'Remember, one drop on the floor and you get three strokes - and you lick it up!'

Emma was now terrified that she might not be ready in time. But the sight of the whip which Sabhu was now impatiently tapping against his trouser leg, and of the soapy sponge he was holding ready in his other hand, speeded up her reactions considerably.

'Go!' shouted the big black man. There came the noise of liquid trickling into the bowls ...

Sabhu came down the line with his sponge. Emma winced as she felt the cold soapy water being squeezed through the plastic grill and onto her sensitive beauty lips.

Sabhu stood back and looked at each girl in turn. Yes, he thought, his girls were now ready to be paraded in front of their Mistress.

Ursula was sitting in a large comfortable, chintz covered chair in her beautifully decorated drawing room. An elaborate old French gilt chandelier hung from the ceiling lighting up the thick fitted carpets and Persian rugs on the floor.

There were matching old-fashioned gilt candle stick holders on the walls and the curtains were of heavy blue velvet, picked out in green. The furniture was all eighteenth century antiques but the pictures, reflecting her own taste, were modern abstract paintings by well know artists.

Dressed in a long simple black dress, Ursula exuded an aura of sophistication and wealth as she sat sipping a glass of vintage champagne and chattered to her black cook-housekeeper, Babindu. She had just got back from an amusing dinner party at which one of the leading gallery owners in London had offered to put on an exhibition for her.

She was delighted. If all went well and her pictures sold as well as they had in the past, then they would make a useful supplement to the considerable amount of money she was now making out of providing girls for female overseas visitors.

Already the cost of doing up the house had been more than paid for - not that she was short of capital, but as a good business woman she liked her current expenditure to be covered by her current income.

The only fly in the in the ointment was the theft of one of her most valuable pictures. But she now had an idea where it was - and how she might get it back!

So she was feeling like celebrating - with one or more of her girls in her bed, whilst the remainder writhed in frustration in the child's cots off her bedroom.

Sabhu led in four girls, all wearing blue capes. Under their velvet capes, they were all naked - except, of course, for their bikini-belts, and their heavy ankle and wrist manacles. Emma saw that numbered red spots had been stitched into the rug in front of her. She followed the others in lining up on their spots facing Ursula.

'Attention!' roared Sabhu, and all four women raised their manacled hands behind the necks, bent their widely separate knees, put out their tongues and looked straight ahead.

Emma had noticed the black woman standing behind Ursula's chair - Babindu her new housekeeper. How she hated her presence! It was bad enough being paraded, half naked and locked in her belt, by Sabhu in front of Ursula. But for a grinning Caribbean woman servant also to be present was just too humiliating ...

Sabhu now went down the line of silent women, unbuttoning and taking off their capes. Their breasts were now bare.

'Number!'

'One!' called out Bluebell, taking a step forward. Ursula noticed her keenness to catch her eye. It gave her an excited feeling.

'Two!' cried Pansy. She too stepped forward. A feeling of power spread through Ursula's loins as she took in this girl's anxiousness also to catch her eye. It really was very exciting having these pretty young girls competing for her attention.

She remembered similar scenes in which the two girls had been paraded in front of clients - fascinated that the girls had formerly been lovers, but were now kept chaste for the greater pleasure of the clients themselves. .

'Five!' called out Sabhu.

Once again a feeling of power surged through Ursula, at the thought of having reduced this beautiful and sophisticated woman of the world to utter subservience.

There was a pause. Sabhu looked at Emma and raised his whip. She knew her number and it was obvious what she was expected to do - and the punishment that awaited her if she did not comply.

'Four!' called out Emma in a submissive little voice as she, too, stepped forward. Ursula smiled, revenge was indeed very sweet.

'Your sluts present and correct, Madam,' reported Sabhu, proudly.

Sluts! thought Emma. So that's how this damn Haitian thought of them! What a swine he was!

But Sabhu, like Ursula, was once again enjoying the feeling of power surging through his loins, the power of a simple and relatively uneducated Haitian over a team of European women in his charge. The fact that Number Five, and now Number Four, were slightly older women, and well educated and socially upper crust, made it all the more enjoyable.

It was indeed a wonderful feeling. It was a natural feeling that was as old as the successful slave revolt against the hated European slave owners, two hundred years ago, in Haiti, where he had been born. How he hated and despised European women, and yet here he was being paid to control and humiliate them, by one of the few ones he respected!

All this was a feeling that Ursula well understood, and took advantage of. Sabhu made an excellent overseer whom she could safely leave in charge of the girls, and a clever trainer who seemed to know just what a dominant woman wants from a submissive girl.

'Shake!' ordered Sabhu, raising his whip menacingly.

Terrified of the whip, Emma simply did not know what to do. She looked at the other girls. They were shaking their breasts from side to side. Poor Pansy's heavily milk laden breasts were swinging wildly. How degrading!

But a sudden shout of 'Number Four! Shake!' made her too shake her breasts, much to Ursula's amusement. Sabhu's aim, she knew, was to give an idea of what it would feel like having a particular girl's breasts writhing under her own. It was a display that accentuated Cowslip's elongated nipples and nipple rings.

'Hips Thrust!'

Emma saw that each girl was now thrusting her hips backwards and forwards erotically, as if trying to impress Ursula with her ability and desire to give her pleasure with the little rubber studs over her beauty lips.

'Tongues!'

Each girl was now wriggling her tongue rapidly from side to side as if trying to show her Mistress the thrills that Sabhu had trained her to give to her Mistress with her tongue, if she were chosen.

This was a display that, on the one hand, highlighted Cowslip's natural repugnance for doing any such thing, and the way that fear of the whip, and of the little shocks, made her overcome her revulsion; and on the other hand, the natural masochistic desire of the two younger girls to please Ursula in this way.

Ursula smiled as she saw Emma hesitate. Revenge was sweet, she decided, as she watched the girl gradually overcome her resentment at having been abducted and forced into becoming, once again, one of Ursula's girls.

She continued to smile as slowly Emma, consumed by her natural jealousy of the other girls, also began to wriggle her tongue, anxious to show that she, too, longed to be chosen to give pleasure to her Mistress. Oh, to be back in her Mistress's bed! It was a longing she simply could not control.

It was also, Ursula felt, a sign that Sabhu was going to be able to train Emma to become a really keen and submissive little bed companion for her clients - a really good fee earner, especially now that she was being brought into milk.

But although there were no clients tonight, Ursula did not yet intend to take Emma into her bed again. No, the girl must first be properly trained by Sabhu! Meanwhile she would enjoy making Emma madly jealous, as well as kept frustrated by her belt, as she listened whilst her Mistress enjoyed Bluebell and Daisy.

'Bluebell and Cowslip, I think, ' she said to Sabhu. 'But fasten the other two in the alcove.'

'Very good, Madam,' he replied. 'And may I suggest the Crucifixion position for Cowslip, for Madam's initial pleasure, and the Foot position for Bluebell, bringing her up later from below the bed clothes to give further pleasure.'

'Um ... Yes, Sabhu,' Ursula smiled, 'I think I'd like that very much. I look forward to finding them suitably secured in half an hour's time.'

Once again, she felt what a relief it was to have a such an intelligent and understanding overseer for her girls. She could leave the detailed disciplining and training of her girls to him, just as she could also leave much of the detailed running of the house to her housekeeper, Babindu.

It was past midnight.

Emma lay writhing with a mixture of pain, jealousy and frustration in a tiny cot in the alcove off Ursula's luxurious bedroom. The pain came from having to lie on her well thrashed bottom. The jealousy from hearing Ursula enjoying herself with the another girl - or rather with two. And the frustration came from her belt.

Pansy lay in a similar cot next to hers. To heighten their frustration, both girls had been gagged by Sabhu to prevent them from disturbing their Mistress's pleasure, and both girls' wrist manacles were fastened above their heads to the bars of their cots. Their ankle manacles were fastened well apart to the bars at the foot of their cots.

For an hour, Emma had been driven almost mad by the sounds of Ursula's love-making coming from the open door that led into her bedroom. When she and Pansy, wearing short little nightdresses over their belts, had been led by Sabhu, holding their leads, into the alcove, she had a glimpse of Cowslip stretched out across Ursula's bed - the same bed in which she herself had such pleasure and pain in the past, in her Mistress's previous house.

As he had suggested, Sabhu had chained Cowslip with her arms stretched out to the full extent of her wrist manacles and fastened to the head of the bed. A bolster under her hips threw into prominence the little rubber knobs on her belt, between her equally outstretched legs. They now glistened with a little oil, just below her tummy, so that her Mistress's pleasure would be all the greater. A little key projected from the side of her belt, ready to be switched on to make the rubber knobs vibrate deliciously.

Then Emma had noticed the crouching figure of Bluebell kneeling down between Daisy's ankles. A chain was fastened to the ring at the front of her collar. It ran down between her breasts and her legs to the foot of the bed. It was a chain long enough to allow her to reach forward and further excite Ursula with her tongue, whilst her Mistress was taking her pleasure from the body and oiled rubber knobs of Daisy, lying beneath her. However the chain was also short enough to keep her down, humbly, close to the foot of the bed.

Soon, Emma had jealously had to listen to Ursula taking her pleasure from Cowslip lying prostrate beneath her. A slight humming noise showed that the little rubber pads were now vibrating.

Gagged, and chained to her cot, Emma had found it all madly frustrating. How she had longed to call out to Ursula to say that she would give her so much more pleasure than that chit of a girl, Daisy!

But it had been even worse when Ursula had called on Bluebell to lick her from behind just as she was reaching her climax. Now furiously jealous, Emma could imagine the erotic scene that was taking place only a few feet away, beyond the open door.

Nor had Ursula's visit to the alcove, after her first series of thrilling climaxes, made things any better. She had teased the chained and gagged Emma, describing in detail just what each of the two girls had been doing, and asking the gagged Emma if she would have liked to have been in each girl's place. Then she had mocked Emma's obvious but, thanks to her belt, totally frustrated, state of arousal.

Finally she had excused herself saying, to Emma's silent fury, that she really must go back and again enjoy the two girls, who being younger than Emma, she found so much more exciting - though if Sabhu reported that Emma was making good progress with her training, then she might one day ...

Then Emma had to listen to another long drawn out repeat performance, before, satiated, Ursula had fallen asleep between the two girls, whilst Emma, torn by pain, jealousy and frustration, lay awake most of the night.

17 - SABHU REHEARSES THE GIRLS' MORNING DISPLAY

It was next day and Sabhu had decided that Emma should be put through his full routine morning discipline - just like the other women in his charge.

Although no clients were expected that morning, several had booked in for later in the week to watch, from the little viewing gallery in the attic, the

girls being put through the first part of the humiliating morning display. Sabhu therefore wanted to start rehearsing Emma in what to do.

Sabhu prided himself in always putting on a good show of well drilled European women being put through their paces - just as in the circus he would put on a good private display for the circus owner and invited local dignitaries a display of his animals being put through their paces.

He was now no longer dressed in black as a butler, but more like a circus lion tamer, with tightly fitting white breeches, and a smart red jacket with blue cuffs and lines of gold embroidered frogging across the chest. On his feet he wore gleaming black boots with a strap at the top. As usual he was carrying his long dressage whip.

To the women in his charge, he looked even more frightening than ever - as he intended.

Sabhu quickly unchained the women from Ursula's room and its alcove, and then, leaving Ursula sleeping, led them by their leads back into the attic.

There he removed the gags that had ensured that Emma and Cowslip had not disturbed either their Mistress's pleasure or her beauty sleep. They all had to hang up their nightdresses and line up on their red spots.

Then holding their leads in one hand, and his raised dressage whip in the other, he had shouted out the orders which ensured that the women, half crouching over their bowls, had all simultaneously spent a penny to Sabhu's embarrassing satisfaction.

This followed by them being washed, one at a time, in the metal shower. Sabhu controlled the jets and sprayed them each with a soapy gel to make sure that they were thoroughly cleaned all over.

He even ordered them to hold up the rubber pad that normally covered the little grill over their beauty lips and sprayed that too with the gel.

Emma could feel first the gel and then the jet of warm water penetrating and washing out her beauty lips. Then she had to pull back the protective shields over her bottom and humiliatingly present her backside to Sabhu's soapy spray as well.

After being washed and dried, they had to put on their short capes again and were put back into their cages for a light breakfast, of more yoghurt and fruit. Sabhu did not allow his caged girls to put on weight, any more than he had allowed kennelled bitches at the circus to become plump. In both cases he kept them fit and trained for the prime purpose to their lives - to perform their tricks, and to order!

Then locking the door of the attic behind him, Sabhu switched on the soft music and left the women to have a little rest. They had a busy morning ahead of them!

Curled up in her little cage, Emma reflected that she still had not spoken to the other girls.

She did not even know if they spoke much English - apart from having learnt to understand, like performing animals were taught to understand, the brief standardised words of command that Sabhu shouted at them. Ursula, she had noticed, spoke to the younger girls, Bluebell, Pansy and Daisy, in some Eastern European tongue, and to the older Cowslip in Spanish.

Although she had heard Sabhu speak reasonably fluent English to Ursula, to her he used just the same broken, basic English that he used to the other girls. Clearly, he regarded her as just another animal to be broken in and trained.

A quarter of an hour later, the music suddenly stopped and Sabhu again entered the attic. Astonished, Emma watched him sit down, in front of the silent women in their cages, to a hearty breakfast with Ursula's black housekeeper Babindu. It came up on a tray up a little lift that apparently led down to the kitchen.

It looked, and smelt delicious: fresh coffee, croissants, grapefruits, toast and bacon and eggs. The comparison with the girls' simple and meagre breakfast was dramatic.

Sabhu looked along the line of cages as he alternatively spread dollops of butter and black cherry jam on the fresh croissants and gobbled down large mouthfuls of crisp bacon, sausage and eggs.

The girls' eyes were fixed on what he was eating, and they were licking their lips enviously - even Emma, who had, of course, not long been on the strict diet on which the girls were kept by Sabhu.

It was, she realised, yet another clever way the huge Haitian brain-washed the European women in his charge - making them realise just how subservient their position was.

But worse was to follow, for rising to his feet, Sabhu picked up a now congealed piece of bacon from his plate and holding it up with his fingers walked slowly towards the cages. He laughed as he thought how clients watching from the gallery always loved this little scene.

Emma caught her breath, she could hear the other women doing the same.

Sabhu looked along the line of women, each gripping the bars of her cage, and each silently pleading with her eyes for the precious and rare piece of bacon. Yes, he thought, he really had reduced these once proud white women to the level of animals!

Then suddenly he flung the piece of bacon through the bars of the cage of Cowslip, the older Argentinian woman, Number Five. It hit the wall at the back of her cage and fell to the floor. But though she was longing to eat this succulent morsel, she did not dare to move.

Sabhu watched her, kneeling at the bars of her cage, her eyes occasionally flicking back to where the bit of bacon was lying. She was licking her lips in eager anticipation. Oh, how the clients always enjoyed this!

'Fetch!' he ordered.

Emma heard a rattle of chains and a scuffling noise as the woman eagerly crawled back, picked up the bacon in her teeth, brought it back to the front of the cage and reluctantly dropped it on the rubber floor.

Again Sabhu picked it up. Again he waved it in front of the cages with each woman eagerly eyeing it.

Then he flung it again, this time into the cage of Number Two, Pansy. Again he kept the girl waiting, before ordering her to Fetch.

This time, however, he patted her cheek through the bars.

'Eat!' he ordered.

The girl picked it up off the floor and started to chew it slowly - to draw out the pleasure. It may have been cold and congealed, but it was the first little piece of meat that she had been allowed to eat for what seemed days and days!

Taken out of their cages, and their capes taken off, they were again lined up on their red spots, waiting for the next order. Emma saw that Babindu was watching and laughing at the European women's evident embarrassment.

Then, crouching over their numbered brass bowls, now half filled with sweet smelling rose water, they again had to perform in perfect unison to Sabhu's barked orders, this time holding back with their manacled hands the stiff plastic shields that normally covered their backsides.

After being sponged and cleaned by Sabhu, they had to stand up and hold their bowls in front of them, for Sabhu to inspect their meagre offerings. He noted down the appearance of each bowl's contents and then carefully weighed them.

Oh how shame-making it had been, Emma thought - and how much worse it was being conducted by a man - and this awful black shouting Haitian man in particular.

It wasn't even as if he was one of those nice kind and gentle black male nurses she had come across in hospitals - there was nothing nice, kind, gentle or nurse-like about this terrifying giant, with his whip and his shouted orders. He was more like a tough drill sergeant than a nurse.

She wondered if she would she ever get used this dreadful daily routine - or indeed being controlled and supervised by Sabhu at all?

But Emma would soon learn that the embarrassment would be even greater when they were watched from the gallery by several cruel faced women, specially invited for a "Working Breakfast".

The humiliation would even greater if they were African ladies, enjoying the spectacle of European women being made to perform to the orders of a Haitian overseer.

No wonder Ursula was making a fortune out of her girls! ...

Sabhu had just finished putting the other five women back into their cages, locking each cage's big padlock. He turned to the cages.

'Breasts!'

Another word of command, another routine she must learn, thought Emma. She watched as the three women knelt up in their cages and thrust their naked breasts through the bars. They also raised their manacled wrists above their heads.

Sabhu went down the line of cages fastening the raised manacles to one of the horizontal bars high above their heads. They would not now, Emma realised, be able to interfere with whatever he was going to do to them

But she saw that he was also securing each of them to the bars of their cage by two straps, one round the neck and the other round the waist. She gave a gasp as she realised that they would not now be able to withdraw their breasts - they were held there firmly, thrust through the bars.

Emma was wondering why on earth Sabhu had done this, when he turned to her.

'Number Four! Into cage!' he ordered, raising his whip warningly. ' ... Go!'

Her eye on the whip, Emma dropped to all fours, and then scuttled through the small barred door into her cage.

'Breasts!' he ordered nonchalantly. Quickly Emma knelt up and thrust her breasts through the bars of her cage, just as she seen the other women do. Sabhu then fastened her wrist manacles to a bar above her head and strapped her neck and waist to the bars in front of her.

Emma, too, found herself now held helplessly in position - but in position for what?

She saw Sabhu go to the corner of the attic. Moments later he wheeled a little trolley up in front of the line of cages. She saw it was connected by an electric flex to a plug in the wall. She also saw on the trolley a rather strange looking piece of equipment that included an electric motor.

Then she noticed several pairs of small rubber cups, with straps, each connected to the trolley by long transparent plastic tubes. The tubes seemed to lead back to a row of little numbered bottles

She saw him go to each cage with a pair of the cups and, putting his hands through the bars, do something with them. When he came to her, she tried to shrink back, but the straps held her firmly up against the bars of her cage.

Mystified, she felt him put the cups onto her nipples. Then putting his hands through the bars of her cage, he secured the cups onto her breasts with another strap which went round her back. He tightened the strap.

Sabhu now stood back and looked at the six pairs of lovely breasts securely thrust forward and linked to the trolley with rubber tubes. Of course, at present only one pair, those of Pansy, Number Two, were in milk, but he smiled as he looked at those of Emma and Cowslip. They had started the course of pills. It would not be long! And meanwhile the action of the milking machine would help bring it on - and psychologically prepare them for what was going to happen.

'Get ready!' he ordered.

Ready for what, Emma wondered. But she did not dare to say anything.

Sabhu switched on the machine and it started to make a pulsating noise as if sucking in air through the cups. At the same time, music started to come from the trolley - a distinctive soft and soothing tune.

Emma felt her cups beginning to pulsate. She felt her nipples being alternatively sucked and squeezed.

Sabhu laughed as, horrified, she tried in vain to pull down her hands and tear off the cups. He laughed again as she then tried, again vain, to shake off them off. They were securely fastened onto her breasts, just as she herself was securely fastened to the bars of her cage.

There was nothing she could do to stop the alternate sucking and squeezing of her breasts. But, in any case, she began to wonder, did she really want to? The pulsating was very soft and gentle. It was a very exciting feeling, very exciting indeed.

Indeed, already she could feel her nipples being elongated as the cups sucked at them. She felt little shafts of delight shooting through her body. She could feel her nipples being pulled out and elongated and her whole breasts swelling.

She remembered overhearing Ursula talking to the Baroness about the clients wanting the girls to be in milk. Oh exciting that would be she thought, as she revelled in the delightful feeling in her breasts. Oh, how she longed for her breasts to be producing milk for Ursula too!

She looked down at the cups pulsating on her breasts. Would this machine be used to milk her? Would her milk, in little jets, flow into the bottle marked "4"? Oh, what an exciting idea! How she longed for it to come true! Was she being brain-washed, by this clever milking machine, into begging to be allowed to produce milk for her Mistress?

She could feel her nipples being sucked right out by the machine. Oh it was so exciting. Was this how Cowslip's nipples had been so stretched? Were her's going to be elongated too? How shameful and animal-like. And yet how unbelievably exciting.

Emma looked at the machine on the trolley outside the bars. She could see little jets of white milk passing through two of the plastic tubes and into the bottle marked "2". So, she thought, remembering the sight of Pansy's breasts with their prominent blue veins and dark nipples, she really is in milk! How thrilling!

Suddenly her excited thoughts were interrupted.

'Report!' shouted Sabhu harshly. This, he knew, was regarded by watching clients as one of the high points in the display.

'Number One, Sir,' came Bluebell's carefully rehearsed, and yet clearly thrilled, voice. 'Oh I long to be able to give my milk for my Mistress.'

Number Two, Sir,' came Pansy's voice. 'Oh, Sir! I'm so proud to be giving my milk for my Mistress.'

Number Three, Sir,' came the vice of the pregnant Daisy. 'I do hope I will be milk for my Mistress soon.'

'Number Five, Sir.' It was the first time she had heard Cowslip's strong Latin accent. She too was obviously speaking with considerable emotion. 'Oh please, Sir, I, too, long to be able to give her my milk!'

'Number Six, Sir' came a strong German accent, 'I do hope my Mistress chooses to have me put into milk.'

There was a pause. Emma saw Sabhu looking at her. His hand moved up towards the button marked 4 on the terrifying control panel.

'Number Four, Sir,' Emma heard her own voice, panting with desire as if in a dream. 'I'd do anything, Sir, I'd go through anything, to be able to give my milk to my Mistress.'

They were all being cleverly brain-washed into egging to be ... Oh no! But the pulsating machine quickly made her brush her fears away. Instead, it made her genuinely feel, that it would be the most exciting thing that had ever happened to her.

Crouching in her cage, Emma looked down at her nipples. When Sabhu had unfastened the cups he had, embarrassingly, rubbed a little cream into them, but they still felt slightly sore. But, she thought, proudly, they looked longer. Oh how exciting! But was it imagination or could she feel a strange little tingling in them? How strange!

She looked up to where Sabhu was walking up and down in front of the line of cages, alternatively tapping his long dressage whip against the palm of his hand and against his leather boots.

They were signs that Emma had learned to recognise as meaning that her terrifying overseer was impatiently waiting for something. Indeed there was an air of expectancy throughout the attic, as if the women, too, were impatiently or, more likely, anxiously waiting for news about something.

Suddenly a telephone rang stridently. Emma heard a hiss of breath being caught from further down the line of cages - from Bluebell and Cowslip, the two girls who had shared Ursula's bed the night before. What were they worrying about now? What was it that they seemed to be anticipating?

Was this too, Emma wondered, part of the normal morning routine?

She would soon learn that when clients had spent the night in the house, enjoying one or more of the girls, this was the moment of truth.

This was when Sabhu learned whether he was likely to be given a large tip by a client delighted with the services of a girl he had trained, or whether the client had complained to Ursula who now ordered the girl to be punished.

On this occasion, of course, Ursula would be judging the performance of the girls in her own bed. Quite apart from getting her own pleasure, she also liked to check up on how Sabhu was getting the girls to perform.

It was therefore an important moment for Sabhu, for Ursula could be generous if she was really pleased with a girl's performance. .

Again the phone rang. Sabhu strode over to it and picked it up. His face darkened.

'Yes, Madam. Right. I quite understand. I don't expect she'll do it again. Thank you.'

He put down the phone, and then slowly and deliberately picked up his dressage whip. Angrily he swished it through the air several times. One of the little sluts had done him out of a good tip from Ursula. My God, she'd pay for her impudence!

He came slowly over to where Bluebell and Cowslip were kneeling in their cages, gripping the bars until their knuckles were white, their eyes fixed on the whip.

He bent down and unlocked the barred little gate marked "1" and then went up the line of cages and unlocked that of cage Number 5. 'Numbers One and Five!' he roared angrily. 'Out!'

Emma saw the two women, one young and the other a little older, scuttle into the center of the room, and then kneel humbly on all fours on their numbered red spots, their heads raised and their eyes looking straight ahead.

'Raise buttocks for punishment!'

Looking terrified, both girls straightened their legs. Under their short capes, their leather covered bottoms were facing Emma and Cowslip, still locked in their cages, and watching what was happening with bated breath.

'Tighter!'

Both girls bent over more and raised their little bottoms.

'Number Five' Sabhu paused. Emma saw that Cowslip was trembling with fear. '... Mistress satisfied! You get little sweet'

Cowslip gave a sigh of relief. But how cruel of Sabhu, Emma thought, to have kept her right up to this moment thinking she was going to be beaten.

'Number One!' Emma saw that Bluebell was shaking with fear. 'Mistress say you speak to her without permission to ask her to take off chain to foot of bed ... Three strokes!'

Horrified, Emma watched as, slowly and deliberately, Sabhu brought his whip down across the thin leather covering the now sobbing Bluebell's little bottom. She gave a little cry of pain.

'You keep silent next time, and try harder!' shouted Sabhu.

There was a long pause. Sabhu raised his whip. Emma could not take her eyes off it. How terrible for poor Bluebell, she was thinking. 'Remember you not speak to Mistress unless she first ask you question. You just a slut and sluts are seen and not heard!'

Again there was a long pause. Then Sabhu again slowly raised his whip

'Sluts just obey orders and give pleasure. You speak without permission to a client and you get six strokes next time.'

Again the whip fell. Bluebell screamed with pain.

'Numbers One and Five! Back into cages!' Sabhu shouted. '... Go!'

Then he contemptuously threw a little Malteaser into Cowslip's cage and, once again locking the heavily barred door behind him, he left the girls alone in the attic.

There was complete silence, except for little sobs of pain from Bluebell and the noise of Cowslip gently sucking her sweet as she tried to draw out the pleasure it was giving.

Then the soothing gentle music started again.

Shortly after this little scene, Sabhu reappeared. He was now dressed more like a physical training instructor in white, tight fitting, long gym pants, above which the muscles of his now naked, well oiled, torso gleamed menacingly.

Clearly not in a mood to stand any nonsense, he quickly took the women out of their cages, clipped their leads to their collars and lead them, running down behind him with their manacles clanking, to the basement. There they were taken into a specially built gymnasium cum training room, for what Emma would learn was the second part of their regular period of discipline - the exercise period.

This formed an essential part of Sabhu's training - for he liked to keep all Ursula's girls, even those expecting a Happy Event, keen and fit, so as to give greater enjoyment to the Mistress and her clients.

As in the attic, there was also a little viewing gallery with its own door and a row of spikes below the iron balustrade. Like the first part of the morning routine up in the attic, the spectacle of half naked European women being put through their exercises by a virile young Haitian overseer was also very popular with Ursula's lady clients.

Emma saw that on the walls were wooden parallel bars, and that scattered around the sides of the gym were several fitness machines: bicycles, various types of weight lifting machines and a rowing machine.

There was also a running machine with a controllable and fast moving track. There was a bar above the machine with straps to which a girl's wrists could be strapped above her head. The sweating girl could then be made, at Sabhu's whim, alternatively to sprint, then run at a steady trot whilst she got her breath back, and then sprint like mad again.

On the floor in the center of the room was a line of red numbered spots - just like those in the attic. Emma followed the example of the other girls and ran to her spot. They all stood there silently and expectantly.

'Capes Off!' ordered Sabhu.

Emma followed the other girls in quickly unbuttoning her cape and hanging it up on a peg marked "4". Now naked except for her strange bikini belt cum collar, she joined the other girls standing silently up at Attention on their spots, and nervously eyeing Sabhu as he walked up and down tapping his dressage whip menacingly against the palm of his hand.

Suddenly the door to the little viewing gallery opened and in came Ursula, wearing a lovely peach coloured silken negligee over her nightdress. She made a vivid contrast with the half naked girls below.

'Show Respect!' bellowed Sabhu, just as he would do if it had been clients who had filed into the gallery.

As one, the line of women, dropped to their knees, and flung themselves forward, their foreheads touching the floor, and their hair flung forward between their outstretched manacled hands.

They made, thought Ursula, a perfect picture of feminine submission - an erotic picture that was further enhanced by the shiny bald heads of Pansy and Daisy.

The sight of white women of different ages being drilled by a strict young negro, carrying a long dressage whip, never failed, she knew, to make a great impression on her clients. It was a scene that she could rely on Sabhu to make the most of. Even Emma was in the properly abject position and in a perfect line with her companions. Sabhu was breaking her in well!

However, she thought, he must be disappointed at her complaint about Bluebell's impudence. Perhaps she would give him his usual tip after all. He was, after all, a vital part of her new enterprise to provide girls for certain rich lady visitors from overseas - a service for which, although she did not yet know it, Emma was now destined.

There were, of course, many call girl agencies for overseas male visitors, but she was unique in providing a discreet service for wealthy women wanting a girl - and all under the very civilised pretext of coming to see her pictures.

The combination of using her girls as models for her pictures and as submissive slave girls for her clients had been highly successful - and Sabhu had played a key role.

Ursula was now delighted to see three fresh weals on the back of Bluebell's thighs - Sabhu had not wasted time in punishing her. Bluebell was her favourite, but she needed to be brought to heel occasionally and nothing did this better than the judicious application of Sabhu's whip. Yes, she would give him his usual tip!

Her mind once again ran back to the only seriously annoying thing that had happened to spoil her new venture: the stealing of one of her collection of valuable pictures of abstract modern art. But she had a pretty shrewd idea of where it was - and of how she might get it back!

'Knees Bend!' called out the big Haitian, as he put the women through their preliminary warming up exercises in front of the watching Ursula. His naked torso was shining as he stood behind the line of the already sweating women, each standing exactly on her numbered red spot.

Her eyes looking straight ahead, Emma was very aware of the cold eyes of Ursula, watching the girls every movement. She could not help wobbling a little as she strained to obey Sabhu's order. The heavy weight of her wrist manacles, now hanging down her back as she clasped her hands behind her neck, half unbalanced her.

Terrified she heard behind her the familiar noise of Sabhu once again impatiently tap his long dressage whip against the palm of his hand. Please God, she thought, don't let me topple over, as poor Daisy, unbalanced by her swollen tummy, had just done. Her condition had not saved her from Sabhu's anger - nor from his whip.

'Number Four! Lower!'

Scared stiff, Emma strained to bend her knees more.

'Up!'

Oh, the relief of standing up straight again! But it was only momentary.

'Knees Bend!' again came the order ...

Sabhu blew his whistle. Immediately Emma stopped pulling down on the shiny bar of the exhausting weight lifting machine. The heavy weight of her wrist manacles had made it all so much harder work. The other girls had also stopped working on one of the fitness machines. All of them were breathing heavily, trying to get back their breath back before the next equally exhausting exercise.

Emma had seen Daisy being made to do a fast stint on the running machine, her wrists fastened above her head, her ankle manacles clanking, and the muscles of her swollen belly responding to this pre-natal exercise of Sabhu's. Not satisfied with merely making her run fast, Sabhu had then slowed down the machine and with sharp little taps of his whip made her prance, raising her knees high in the air, whilst her breasts swung wildly from side to side.

Emma saw that he was watching Daisy closely as, terrified of the whip, she had strained and strained to raise her knees level with her hips. Then, with his whip still raised in one hand to keep her prancing, with his other hand Sabhu carefully felt the girl's belly, above her shiny metal breeding belt.

Sabhu knew from experience that, carefully controlled, this exercise was an effective way of exercising a girl's tummy muscles to ensure that she could give increased pleasure to a client - or if expecting a Happy Event to safely deliver the precious progeny that she was being made to carry for her Mistress.

Then it was Emma's turn on the running machine. Whilst the other girls continued to strain at the other machines, she had to stand on the rubber track whilst her wrists were fastened to the bar above her head. She saw Sabhu turn a switch and she found herself having to run fast, very fast - or else her manacled feet were dragged painfully along the track, as she hung from the bar above her. She found that the heavy weight of her ankle manacles made running and sprinting very hard work, but their weight made the prancing, that Sabhu then made her then do, even worse. She had to strain to raise her knees properly with every stride.

She had felt utterly exhausted, as with her wrists strapped helplessly to the bar above her head, Sabhu had shouted at her emphasizing each command with a sharp tap of his dressage whip

'Knees higher!'

'Keep back straight! Head up! Shoulders back!'

'Knees higher!'

My God! the sweating Emma had thought, no wonder even Daisy looked quite slim despite her condition. But how cruel!

'Change!' shouted the big young negro.

Emma rushed across the gymnasium to the rowing machine. Quickly she sat down on the sliding seat and picked up the looms of the imitation oars.

Sabhu came and strapped her wrists to the oars. Then he stood over her, his long dressage whip raised terrifyingly. There was another blast of the whistle and Emma, her eye on Sabhu's whip, strained to pull her oars against the heavy springs that kept them back.

Twice, seeing that this new girl was beginning to slacken off, Sabhu brought his whip down across her naked back with fearsome crack, making her redouble her efforts until the sweat was pouring down between her breasts.

Then he pointed to a dial facing Emma. An adjustable red hand on the dial showed the required number of strokes per minute, and a black hand showed actual number of full strokes the girl had completed so far that minute.

'You pull your guts out, girl,' the big Haitian laughed cruelly, 'or else!'

Emma soon learnt that cheating by taking short strokes did not work. Unless each stroke started with the girl reaching right forward and then pulled the loom of the oar right back against the pressure of the machine's strong springs, it did not count.

If at the end of a minute the girl had not reached the required number of strokes, a loud bell would ring to attract the attention of the overseer - and Sabhu's whip was applied across her back to stimulate her into trying harder.

Sabhu now set the red hand at 20 strokes a minute.

'Number Four! You watch dial,' he ordered. 'If you row at 20 strokes each minute, bell rings and I come and beat you again. You understand?'

'Yes, Sir!' Emma cried hastily, fearing another stroke of the whip if she annoyed him.

Then satisfied that Emma could now be left to strain away on her own, he went around the little gymnasium, looking at the other women.

Cowslip, her eye also on Sabhu's whip, was straining up and down on the weight lifting machine, bending and straightening her knees as she did so.

Bluebell was peddling like mad on the bicycling machine, looking at the dial in front of her that showed how far she was deemed to have travelled, and desperate to reach the 'mileage' that Sabhu demanded that she was to reach if she were to avoid a beating.

He gave a little laugh as he watched Daisy begin to lift up two heavy dumbbells, and raise them high above her head, before bending her knees and lowering them to the floor again. Hard pre-natal exercises formed part of his girls routine - and certainly made a fine sight for watching clients.

'Change!' shouted Sabhu.

Emma had lost count of how many times she had heard this order. Sweat was running down between her breasts and over her belly. She felt as if she had already lost pounds and pounds.

Panting hard she rushed across the gymnasium and back again to the rowing machine. Quickly she sat down on the sliding seat, picked up the looms and held up her wrists for Sabhu to strap them to her oars. Desperately she wondered if this time she would be able to avoid getting his whip across her tender back.

19 - SABHU TAKES THE GIRLS OUT FOR A LITTLE FRESH AIR

'Line up!'

It was later that morning and Sabhu was once again dressed innocuously as a butler with a short black coat and trousers.

Ursula smiled as obedient to Sabhu's order, the four girls lined up in front of her in the downstairs hall. Sabhu's formal suit contrasted excitingly with that of her girls.

Their wrist and ankle manacles had been removed, and for once they were not on a lead. But any feeling of new found freedom was reduced by the fact that over their bikini belts they were now wearing identical black schoolgirl gym-slips and white blouses.

They also wore felt school girl hats, with a red ribbon, under which, except of course for Pansy and Daisy, their hair now hung down their backs in two schoolgirl pigtails. Pansy's and Daisy's wigs had again been removed and their hats also served to hide their shiny bald heads.

On their feet, the girls wore identical schoolgirl flat heel shoes and white socks.

Under her gym-slip, Emma could feel her already slightly extended nipples pressing against her blouse.

Sabhu had supervised their make-up, to ensure that to a passer-by they would just look like a crocodile of pretty young teenage schoolgirls being taken out for a walk by a devoted servant.

Indeed, Ursula thought, how young and sweet her girls were looking. How embarrassing it must be for them, especially for the older Cowslip and Emma. And how they must feel the comparison with their dowdy school uniform and her own smart London business suit.

It was, Ursula knew, certainly a sight that greatly tickled the fancy of her clients. They would enjoy watching Sabhu and the so-called school girls from an upstairs window, or even follow them in the street, fascinated by the sight and by the knowledge of what was really going on. Of course, going out today was really just a practice run for Emma, and to make sure that she knew she had to conform or else ...!

Sabhu's harsh voice interrupted Ursula's reverie.

'Number Four! Just you remember, all girls still under my control'

Sabhu's hand moved to the small control box, attached to his belt, and now discreetly hidden under his black jacket. Instantly Emma cried out as she felt a little shock.

'Well, Number Four?'

Emma raised her hand in the air. It had taken her several strokes of the whip to learn how to address her dreaded overseer in the only approved way.

'Yes, Number Four?'

'Permission to speak? ... Sir!'

'Permission granted!'

'Sir, Number Four is still very much under your control ... Sir!'

'Good! Just you remember. You no try escape!'

Ursula smiled again. Emma was learning fast! Already, after only one day, there seemed little in common with this clearly terrified and well disciplined young woman and the loose living creature who had raced round London, deceiving her and making her look such a fool.

Revenge was indeed sweet! It would be even sweeter soon when she realised that her only object in life was now to earn money for her Mistress with her body.

'You walk two by two,' Sabhu was saying slowly, mainly for the benefit of the new girl, Emma, for the others were evidently used to being occasionally taken out for a walk. It was an exciting change from being kept locked up in their cages.

'Numbers One and Two in front. Then Numbers Three and Four and finally Five and Six. Each pair hold hands like young girls. Remember, I behind you - watching you! You walk on inside of pavement. You stop when I order 'Halt!' and when pavement stops. Only when I order 'Cross!', you all cross road. When I order 'Turn Left!', front two girls turn left, when I order 'Turn Right!' front two girls turn right. If I order 'Run', all girls run. Any girl slow to obey, or who moves without order, gets shock ...'

Sabhu paused to make sure his orders had been taken in.

'And you, Number Four! Remember all girls keep eyes down on ground. No looking at men and no talking - or you get shock! Remember, me just behind and always watching you.'

Emma gave a little gasp of fear and Sabhu turned respectfully towards the well dressed Ursula.

'Little girls ready for walk, Madam!' he reported.

'Carry on Sabhu, please,' Ursula replied in a superior way. She might have been an officer on a parade, receiving a report from a drill sergeant.

'Form up!' shouted Sabhu.

The crocodile was formed. Emma found herself behind the two younger girls. Daisy shyly put her hand in Emma's, and risked a little smile. Neither dared to say a word. Emma saw that Daisy's gym-slip had been loosened to hide her swollen belly

'Open door! March out into street. Turn Right!'

Emma found herself walking down a little street, behind the two young girls. Several people looked at them for a moment and then turned away. Clearly their make-up as teenagers, was realistic.

How shocked these people would be if they knew the truth!

But, nevertheless, Emma thought, how wonderful it was to be out in the fresh air again after being locked up in her cage or confined to the house. And, oh the feeling of freedom that came from not having to wear the heavy manacles, and from not being on a lead!

Elated, Emma had not noticed that she and Daisy had started to drop back, forgetting that Sabhu was behind them.

Suddenly she jumped as she felt an admonishing little shock.

'Close up, Numbers Three and Four!' came a muttered order.

Hastily they moved up to just behind the two younger girls, the feeling of freedom over - just as Sabhu intended ...

They passed two young men talking to each other and Emma hastily lowered her eyes. Men were forbidden now!

They went past several shops with busy housewives coming and going. They all seemed so natural. But what, Emma wondered, would they think if they knew that the innocent-looking crocodile of schoolgirls really consisted of grown up women, made up to look like teenagers, and controlled electronically by a cruel Haitian overseer.

Indeed, the thought that at any second, at the slightest sign of any misbehaviour, Sabhu might give her another shock scared her stiff.

But, Emma had to admit, it was all also very exciting - as well as humiliating and terrifying. Or was it the very fact of being humiliating and terrifying that made it so exciting? Life with Ursula was never dull!

Sabhu walked them round the area and back to the house again. Sabhu liked to give them a little fresh air, but not too much!

Upstairs they had to hang up their schoolgirl clothes and then, naked except for their bikini belts, they had to hold out their wrists and ankles to be manacled again, before being allowed to spend a penny together - once again in a line and in time with Sabhu's harshly barked and humiliating orders.

The girls refastened the velcro strips along the sides of the rubber pad and stood hesitantly on their spots, expecting that Sabhu would put them back into their cages again. But there was a change of plan.

'Get dressed for restaurant!' he ordered, pointing to their numbered hanging cupboards.

What does he mean, Emma wondered. What restaurant? But evidently it was an order that the other women knew and recognised with joy.

20 - URSULA SHOWS OFF HER GIRLS IN PUBLIC

Clapping their hands with excitement, like schoolgirls who had been promised a second special outing, the girls all rushed to their cupboards and held out their hands for Sabhu to unlock their wrist manacles. Their ankle manacles would, evidently, not be removed until later.

Emma watched in amazement as the other three women all started to dress in identical well cut and fashionable green and cream silk day dresses. They looked rather like the identical uniforms of an airline, with matching little hats,

shoes and gloves, and lovely silk green scarves that hid the leather collars round their necks.

She saw, however, that whereas Daisy's gym-slip had been left loose to hide her state, now her dress prettily showed off her condition.

She also saw that, whilst waiting for their ankle manacles to be unlocked, they were even sliding exciting white lace, self supporting, stockings up under the rings on their ankles and on up their legs. They were outfits, that though identical, showed them off prettily.

Soon they were brushing their hair and putting it up in an identically sophisticated style - with Pansy and Daisy allowed to hide their shiny bald heads with really lovely and realistic blond wigs. Then they started to make up, and paint their finger nails, making themselves look lovely and quite irresistible in a quiet and submissive way.

With their identical outfits, hair styles, hats and shoes, they looked like a team of top class air hostesses - all anxious to please. But please who? What was going to happen?

Initially Sabhu seemed content for her to watch - and learn. But then her reverie was suddenly interrupted.

'Number Four. Get dressed - at once!'

Sabhu was pointing to the wardrobe marked '4'. She saw an green and cream outfit. Hastily she put it on over her belt. It felt gorgeous. She looked in the mirror. She loved it! Then she too brushed her hair, put it up like the others did and started to make up. Before long she, too, was looking quite lovely - and just like the other girls .

'Line up for Inspection!' came the order.

Slowly and ponderously the huge Sabhu came down the line, looking closely at each trembling girl in turn. The slightest fault or imperfection, and the girl had to hold out her hand for his strap, and then run back to the mirror.

Finally, fastening their leads back on again under their scarves, Sabhu lead them all downstairs, but not this time to the front door, but to a side door that Emma had not previously noticed. It lead out to the garage where Ursula's stretched long black estate car was parked.

With a shock Emma recognised it as the ambulance-like car which had she had seen parked outside her house on the day she had been abducted. She saw that it had the same darkened windows through which nothing could be seen from the outside. A black friend of Sabhu's was already in the driving seat, wearing a chauffeur's hat with Ursula's monogram.

Sabhu opened the door at the back.

'In!' he ordered, raising his whip.

All six women, hampered by their ankle manacles, hastily scrambled in. Emma saw that the top two stretcher beds, which enabled the long car to be used as an ambulance, had been folded up against the sides forming the backs of two simple bench seats, facing each other, on which the women seated themselves, on each side.

Sabhu followed them in and then locked the door, before sitting down on a comfortable seat, facing backwards and situated just behind the darkened glass partition that separated them all from the driver. The driver, having apparently opened the garage door electronically, started the engine and drove out into the street.

Nervous of speaking, Emma looked out of the tinted window.

Suddenly she saw a familiar figure. She caught her breath with excitement. It was Henry! Henry! She longed to wave, to call out, to ask them to stop the car, to get and talk to him.

But there was nothing she could do.

He hadn't even noticed the car! Her feeling of helplessness was overwhelming.

As Emma recovered from the shock, she remembered that Ursula and her friends often lunched at a restaurant near Harrods. It was a well known meeting place for rich lesbians.

It was, Emma thought, all rather exciting - just like the old days with Ursula. Ursula was bound to be angry with her at first, but soon, she was sure, she would relax and they would be lovers again.

The big estate car stopped. The driver got out and went into the restaurant. Moments later he came back and nodded to Sabhu, who then started to take off the girls' ankle manacles.

'You remember,' he warned for Emma's benefit, for this was clearly a routine to which the other girls already knew, 'I sitting at nearby table and I still give you shocks if I see you misbehave. You get up from table without permission, or talk unless Madam or her friends first speak to you, and you get shock. You here just to be seen - but not heard. Remember I watching you all the time! You understand, Number Four?'

'Yes, Mr Sabhu, Sir!' Emma replied very respectfully.

'Now you all walk after me into restaurant. You walk in lady-like fashion. And you sit down quietly at end of Madam's table'

He unfastened their leads.

'Come!' he ordered.

To a casual observer, the six attractive and uniformly dressed women, being politely handed out of the car, might have been just a party of off-duty airline hostesses or receptionists. No one would have guessed the degree of control and supervision to which they were being secretly subjected.

Emma found herself, as Number Four, in the middle of the line of women. There was a sudden hush as the six lovely and identically dressed young women entered the restaurant behind a black suited negro. The tables were crowded, mainly with fashionably dressed women, many obviously foreigners.

They watched in astonished silence as Sabhu ushered the six gorgeous creatures towards the table at which Ursula and several of her women friends were already sitting talking, sipping champagne and enjoying a delicious lunch.

Emma saw that several of women in the restaurant were pointing at one or other of the girls, and especially to Daisy's prominent tummy, as if comparing them. How embarrassing! Was Ursula just showing them off, to all her friends in the restaurant? Was she also using Daisy to show off her power? She also saw that several women were pointing at her in particular and whispering to each other. By having her dressed identically to her other girls, and bringing her here to this fashionable restaurant, frequented by her friends, was Ursula giving a signal to her world, her secret world, that Emma was now back in her control again - and hands off! Or was there more to it?

Anyway being paraded in public like this, as one of Ursula's girls, was very shame-making - yet also terribly exciting!

'Isn't that Emma,' one of Ursula's guests said in an astonished tone of voice as the girls nervously sat down at the empty end of the table.

'Yes,' Emma heard Ursula reply in a grim voice. 'She's back again - and under Sabhu's orders. Of course, I've had her severely thrashed by him as a punishment.'

'I'm not surprised,' said another woman, 'after the way she carried on whilst she thought she was free.'

'I don't somehow think that she'll be doing that again in future,' said Ursula with a laugh.

Then, she gestured towards the other women in the restaurant, many of them her clients, and others her part-time introducers of rich foreign visitors. Then, lowering her voice so that Emma would not hear, she added: 'The word will now get around after today and I expect there'll quite a demand for her services!'

Her friends smiled and nodded in agreement.

'Meanwhile,' Ursula continued in a normal voice, 'she's being taught a lesson in abject obedience, aren't you Emma?'

But Emma was too overcome with shame to reply.

'Emma! I asked you if you were being taught a lesson in abject obedience ... Well, answer!'

'Yes, Madam,' Emma replied nervously.

'Yes, what Emma?' said Ursula coldly. Emma saw Ursula look across the room to where Sabhu was now sitting.

'I'm being punished and disciplined, Madam, like the naughty girl I've been' cried Emma in haste, terrified of another shock.

'And do you deserve it, Emma?'

'Oh, yes, Madam,' Emma cried fervently, 'I do deserve it. I do.'

'Tell my friends why, Emma.'

'Because I was silly and tried to run away from my Mistress,' sobbed Emma, adding with genuine emotion, 'the Mistress I love!'

'And are you going to enjoy being back with her, Emma?' Ursula's cold hypnotic voice went on. 'You're finding it all very exciting aren't you?'

'Oh, yes, Madam,' cried Emma. And the awful thing was, she knew, that she really meant it.

A waiter handed a menu to each of the girls. Emma looked at it hungrily. What a change from yoghurt and fruit! But she was to be disappointed.

'They'll all just have a little plain salad,' Ursula told the waiter. 'And just mineral water to drink.'

Minutes later, a waiter brought six little plates of salad, and six glasses of water to the silent girls. Clearly, they were to be seen but not heard, thought Emma sadly, and certainly not allowed to interrupt their betters or even eat the same food.

There must be several people here who she knew of old. How embarrassing it was being treated like this in front of them! But, she decided, she would put a brave face on it. She began to look around. She saw several faces she knew quite well. How awful!

But Emma had not seen the silent signal that Ursula, with an almost imperceptible nod of her head towards Emma, flashed to Sabhu, sitting by himself across the room.

Emma almost jumped out of her chair with surprise at the sudden little shock.

'Emma! Keep your eyes down on your plate!' said Ursula angrily. 'I don't like young girls looking around in a forward way like that. I like my girls to be shy and retiring.'

Terrified of getting another shock Emma lowered her eyes and kept them down.

Towards the end of the meal, Ursula turned towards Bluebell and said something in a foreign language. Emma saw the girl smile. She stood up and put her hand on Emma's shoulder as if taking charge of her.

'Come!' she said.

Angry at being given an order by a younger girl, Emma looked at Ursula.

'Yes, Emma,' said Ursula harshly, 'Bluebell's going to take you to spend a penny. Do what she says - she's the Head Girl! But remember no talking to anyone - or Bluebell will report you!'

Blushing with embarrassment, and resentful of being put under Bluebell's orders, Emma followed the pretty young girl to the powder room, passing the tables of several people she knew. They were looking up at her in astonishment. She longed to say something - a brief word of explanation. But she did not dare say a word.

There was no one else in the Ladies. Bluebell pointed to one of the cubicles.

'Go!' she said. Then she stopped Emma from closing the door completely and stood there.

Emma looked up at the little window. It was too small for her to climb through and anyway Bluebell would stop her. She gave a little sob of despair. There was no escape from Ursula's clutches!

'Hurry!' ordered Bluebell.

Emma lifted up her dress, and sat down on the seat.

'No!' said Bluebell with an admonishing shake of her finger, and gestured to Emma to stand up. Emma remembered how Sabhu also did not allow the girls to sit down to spend a penny. Emma made a face at Bluebell. She was just an officious little bitch, showing off her authority! She had no right to put on airs - she had been beaten that morning just like the others.

But Emma stood up and bent her knees, as Sabhu had taught her to do over her bowl, undoing the velcro fastenings and holding up the rubber pad that covered the grill in her belt.

She heard other people come into the powder room, but Bluebell remained looking at her through the slightly open door.

'Hurry!' she whispered angrily. 'Or I tell, Sabhu!'

Terrified at the threat, Emma quickly spent a penny, dried the grill, dropped the rubber pad, closed the velcro fastenings, and lowered her skirt. Then she followed Bluebell back to their table.

'Did she perform properly?' she heard Ursula ask Bluebell.

'She slow and rude!' replied Bluebell, adding something in her own language. Was she reporting that Emma had made a face at her? Oh gosh!

'That'll be three strokes from Sabhu's whip, when we get back, Emma,' said Ursula. 'I'm not going to have you being insolent to my Head Girl!'

Emma was about to protest, to say that it was unfair, and that ...

'And if you say one word,' said Ursula with a deceptive little smile, 'it'll be another three for answering back and another three for speaking without permission!'

She turned to her neighbour and continued her conversation, leaving Emma fuming, her eyes down and not daring to say a word. But occasionally she would flash a quick look of hatred at Bluebell.

Finally the meal was over. Ursula signed the bill and called Sabhu over. Emma saw her point to her. She said something to the big Haitian and held up three fingers. Oh my God! Three strokes! She saw Bluebell laugh.

Then they were led back to the limousine. The door shut. Sabhu fastened the girls' ankle manacles back on again. Then the car started.

The little outing was over! But as Emma looked out through the tinted window at the crowded streets, she could understand the excitement of the other girls at being occasionally taken to a smart restaurant as a change from life in the cages. It had indeed been a thrilling change!

But her forthcoming punishment was preying on her mind. Nothing was said by Sabhu as he supervised the girls taking off their dresses and as he refastened their heavy wrist manacles. Then he put them, one by one, back in their cages. They were kneeling there naked, silently gripping the bars, their eyes on Emma.

She turned to crawl into her cage.

'No, Number Four!' shouted Sabhu,

Horrified Emma saw that he had taken off his coat and rolled up his sleeve. In his hand was his long dressage whip. 'On your spot ... Go!'

There was a rattle of Emma's ankle manacles as, with a little cry, she ran to the red spot on the floor marked '4'. She stood there at Attention, breathing heavily, her hands clasped behind her neck with her wrist manacles hanging down her back. She heard Sabhu come behind her. She was trembling with fear.

'Bend over!'

It was difficult position to hold with her hands clasped behind her neck.

'Thrust back buttocks!'

There was a pause. Nothing was said. Then suddenly there was whistling sound as Sabhu brought his whip down across Emma's scarcely covered bottom.

The pain was like a line of fire across her bottom. She managed to suppress a scream.

'Attention!'

She jumped up. The pain was acute, but somehow she managed to hold her position and to look straight ahead. Sabhu walked slowly round her, tapping the dressage whip against his palm.

He raised her chin with his whip and then tapped her belly. Desperately she pulled it in. She could feel the eyes of the other women on her as they gripped the bars of their cages.

'Bend over!' came the sudden order.

Twice more the whole drawn out process was repeated, before a contrite Emma was finally allowed to scuttle away to her cage. As she did so she saw the triumphant look on Bluebell's face from behind the bars of her cage.

Then as Sabhu slammed closed the small barred door to her cage and locked the padlock, Emma picked up her lovely little doll with a sob and hugged it to her breast.

'Lick!'

Sabhu once again was dressed in his tight white gymnast tights, his black naked torso and strapped leather boots gleaming.

It was later that afternoon and the girls had been taken to a little room next to the gymnasium. For once there was no viewing gallery, for this was Sabhu's private training room. It was here that he trained the women to please Ursula's clients - and thus earn him a series of generous tips.

But Emma, of course, still unaware of what Ursula, intended to use her for, just assumed that he was training them for Ursula's own pleasure.

She was kneeling on the floor at the foot of the couch on which lay two life-size rubber dolls. One was white skinned with blond hair, and looked rather Ursula herself. The other, between whose legs Emma was kneeling, was of a black woman with crinkly hair - just like some of Ursula's richer and more demanding clients.

Sabhu was standing over her, holding her lead taut with his left hand, and his raised dressage whip in his right hand.

Emma had had to watch as each of the five other women was quickly put through a standard routine of basic words of command. Now it was her turn to show what she had learnt.

Lined behind her, and watching, were the other women. Each was remembering her own first lessons from Sabhu in giving a woman pleasure, and how painful and embarrassing they had been.

They had been painful because of the way that Sabhu relentlessly used his whip to make his pupil not only do exactly what he had ordered, but also to do it with zeal and eagerness.

They had been embarrassing because the teacher had not been another woman who had gently shown them to give pleasure to another woman, but a man, this harsh black Haitian, who had taught them to obey instantly a list of certain words of command that Ursula and her clients would use.

'Lick!' Sabhu repeated, and gave Emma a sharp tap with his whip across her naked back.

Hastily Emma reached out with her tongue to caress the doll's realistic black rubber beauty lips. Sabhu dropped her lead and now reached down to check that her tongue was licking properly as he had taught her: twice slowly up and down, and then six little quick sideways movements with the tongue stretched right out.

Satisfied, he began to teach her all the other orders and to put her through the standard routine that he had devised for the greater pleasure of both Ursula and her clients.

Slowly and deliberately, he punctuated each order with a tap of his whip and checked with his free hand that she was carrying it out in the way that he considered would give the greatest pleasure - and, of course, thereby earn him all the more in tips from the delighted clients.

'Sideways! ... Faster! ... Slow! ... Up and down! ... Sideways again! ... Faster! ... Purse lips! ... Thrust inside! ... Right in! ... Rub with nose! ... In ... Out! ... In! ... Out! ...'

Poor Emma was exhausted, but the whip drove her on and on. It was so unfair, she thought, she knew just how to excite Ursula without all these orders. But, she supposed, it would be very exciting for Ursula to be able to lie back, and control with these standard orders, whichever girl was pleasuring her. But why was she being trained on the black doll?

'Suck!'

Oh the relief of just sucking! But was to last for long.

'Suck and tongue! ... Thrust inside! ...'

'Number Four! You now learn orders for using fingers and tongue together ... Fingers!'

There was a rattle of chains as Emma brought her manacled hands up to the doll's intimacies.

'Now on the order "Tongue and fingers!", you thrust tongue through fingers. Lick with tongue and tickle with fingers. Now ... Tongue and Fingers!'

Sabhu reached down to check that Emma's forefingers were correctly playing with the doll's beauty bud whilst her tongue and remaining fingers vied with each other to give pleasure elsewhere ...

'Lick neck!'

Emma was now kneeling on the couch alongside the doll which Sabhu had now placed face down. Remembering what she had seen the other women do, she started to lick the back of the doll's neck in the place where she knew from old that Ursula loved. How clever of Sabhu to know that too!

'Down!'

Obediently Emma ran her tongue slowly down the doll's spine to the crease of its buttocks.

'Up!'

Emma's tongue ran up the doll's spine again.

'Lie on back!'

Emma was now lying on her back. Sabhu picked up the rubber doll and moved its flexible legs so that it was now sitting down on Emma's face. She gasped as she felt its weight. It was as heavy as a real woman! It must she realised be filled with water - not air.

'Lick behind!' Sabhu ordered.

How dreadful, Emma thought. But she knew it was something that Ursula loved and anyway she was far too frightened of Sabhu's whip to hesitate. Obediently she reached up and began to stroke the doll's realistic rear orifice with her tongue. Sabhu put his hand down to check that she was doing it properly .

'Beauty bud up!' ordered Sabhu.

Emma was now again lying on her back. The heavy doll was lying on her, its flexible rubber arms gripping her round the shoulders. She raised her hips to press the rubber pad and its line of little rubber knobs against the doll's beauty lips.

It was ironic being told to raise her own beauty bud whilst still wearing the belt for, of course, she could feel nothing - thanks to the plastic grill. But she realised the same order might one day be given in Ursula's bed after the horrible belt had been taken off, and then ...

Oh, how exciting that would be! She imagined Ursula kissing her passionately and then sending for Sabhu, to tell him to unlock her belt and take it off. She imagined Ursula then throwing her down on the bed and ...

Oh, how she longed for that, just as, she realised, the other three frustrated women must also dream of Ursula having their belts removed, too. Oh, but how long would she have to wait for it?

Meanwhile, she also realised, the line of little rubber knobs could give Ursula great pleasure without the belt being taken off - especially she were wriggling under her Mistress ...

Then Sabhu reached down and inserted the key that activated the vibrator in the rubber pad. Emma heard the humming noise, but, of course, could feel nothing herself.

'Wriggle!' came, indeed, the next order.

Sabhu stood to one side to watch her efforts. Then put his hand down between the doll's realistic intimacies and the rubber pad over Emma's own ones, to judge to judge whether she was trying hard enough.

He could feel the little rubber knobs vibrating away. They would certainly give great pleasure! He laughed as he thought of Emma wriggling away under a client, desperate from fear of his whip to accentuate the pleasure.

Sabhu liked to teach the women not only to move their pelvis's up and down, but also to give little sideways wriggles as well. It was a combination that together with the vibrating knobs, would give a client really exquisite physical pleasure.

Meanwhile, holding the wriggling girl down under her would also give the client a wonderful feeling of power - the mental pleasure that came from exerting physical power over her.

'Backside!'

Emma raised her legs in the air, dropped her wrist manacles over her toes, and rolled over onto her tummy, her hands now behind her back. Then, not knowing

what to expect, she raised her buttocks as she had been taught and pulled back the main plastic shields and raised the small internal one to expose her little orifice.

To her embarrassment, she felt Sabhu greasing her. Then her heart sank as out of the corner of her eye she saw that he was strapping onto the doll a hard rubber dildo complete with testicles.

She recognised it as being just like the one that Ursula so often used to enjoy strapping on herself and then using on her girls - as if they were boys. She remembered that the pad that pressed against Ursula's own body lips used to have clever little rubber projections on the inside that would rub excitingly against her beauty bud, giving her great pleasure whilst the girl only suffered pain and humiliation.

She felt the weight of the doll as Sabhu laid it over her back. She felt Sabhu moving it's flexible arms so that they were gripping her breasts. Then as she knelt, straining to keep the plastic shields held back, she felt Sabhu inserting the dildo between them so that it was pressing against her orifice.

'Press back!' was the next order - the next in a new sequence of orders she would have to learn to obey.

Instantly, she felt Sabhu thrust the doll forward. She screamed as she felt it's artificial manhood enter her. She tried to push the doll back, but instantly Sabhu's whip came down hard across her back.

'Keep presenting backside, Number Four!' Sabhu shouted. 'Keep shields back!'

Desperate to avoid another stroke of his whip, Emma obediently raised her little bottom to accommodate the invading manhood.

'Wriggle!' came the order. A client would now be madly aroused both mentally with the idea of taking Emma in this humiliating way, and physically with the pleasure of her beauty bud being pressed against the wriggling dildo.

Sabhu then squeezed the artificial testicles and a mixed jet of menthol and watery soap shot up inside Emma. She gave a little cry as a burning pain began to build up.

'Concentrate on holding the shields back,' warned Sabhu harshly as Emma began to wriggle and buck with the pain. The client's pleasure would now be intense, as she rode the wildly wriggling girl.

Running through the basic standard routines was over.

Emma and Cowslip were now standing at Attention on their numbered red spots and watching as Sabhu put Bluebell and Pansy through a well tried joint routine he had devised to amuse Ursula and her clients. He now intended to Cowslip and Emma to perform together as well.

It was not all that different from the very successful routine which he had suggested for Ursula's bed the night before.

The life-size doll was now lying on its back.

'Routine number six!' he ordered. Emma's heart fell. Number six! There was so much to learn. But she knew she just had to concentrate and remember - like the other girls had done. Sabhu's whip would see to that! But how awful to have to be taught to give such intimate feminine pleasure by number - and by this revolting instructor.

'Number One, top position! ... Go!'

Her manacles clanking, Bluebell rushed to the couch and knelt on it. Then kneeling down she lowered her head and began to suck avidly at one of the doll's nipples.

'Number Two, bottom position! ... Go!'

Pansy rushed to the bottom of the couch, knelt on the floor and reaching up with her head and manacled hands, began fondling and sucking the doll's intimacies.

'Lick!' called out Sabhu.

There was a pause as both girls eagerly practised applying their tongues.

'Competition!'

Emma saw the two girls both give a little shiver of fear. They were now avidly kissing, sucking and stroking the doll. Evidently this order meant that both girls were now free to use their hands, mouths and tongues, in any way they

chose, to give maximum pleasure, knowing that in real life the client would enjoy calling in Sabhu to whip the girl who had given her the least pleasure.

'Change round!'

The two girls quickly exchanged positions.

'Continue competition!'

Emma saw that they were both straining, under Sabhu's approving eye, as if to give the doll the greatest pleasure.

Suddenly a little bell rang, as if Ursula, represented by the rubber doll, had rung for Sabhu.

'I think, Sabhu, that one of these girls would benefit by your attention,' Sabhu said in a very fair imitation of Ursula's sarcastic cold tone. Emma saw that the bottoms of both the kneeling girls were trembling deliciously. How much Ursula would enjoy this scene when she was playing it for real.

'You, Number Two! you not try hard enough! Two strokes!'

Emma heard Pansy give a horrified gasp.

'On spot! Bend over!'

With a shrug of his shoulders, as if saying that there was no point in arguing, Daisy stood up, ran to her spot, put her manacles over her head and clasped her hands behind her neck. Then she bent over in front of Sabhu.

He raised his whip. Then he lowered it again.

'Tighter!'

With a little moan of protest, poor Pansy bent down lower and raised her leather covered bottom. The thin leather would in any case have given her scant protection, as it had with Bluebell earlier on. But this time, Sabhu was aiming further down, on the backs of her thighs, when he brought his whip down.

Pansy screamed aloud and jumped up. But Sabhu was standing no nonsense.

'Bend Over!' he shouted.

Only when he was satisfied that Pansy was in just the right position for his whip, did he bring it down again for the second stroke. Emma gave a shiver of fear - there was no escaping Sabhu's whip. Like the belts, fear of that long dressage whip would dominate her life here, she realised.

'Back in position!' Sabhu shouted.

Pansy hastily resumed her position between the dolls legs, her tongue reaching out keenly.

'Number Four!' shouted Sabhu at Emma, standing at Attention, horrified, on her numbered spot. 'You watch! You learn. When Mistress or client send for two girls for her bed, they both thinking all the time that soon one will be getting my whip.'

Clients! What did he mean? Surely, thought Emma, the only clients that Ursula had were those who bought the pictures she painted. Was she now sometimes offering her girls to them as a way of persuading them to buy a picture. A sort of procuress! How awful!

'You saw Number One get whip this morning,' went on Sabhu. 'So each girl trying hard all night to make sure she not get whip either then or next morning - and here in training classes, each girl also has fear of whip, too! You understand!'

Emma nodded her head violently. Fear of the whip! Oh, yes, she understood alright!

'Yes, Sir! Yes, Sir!'

Sabhu smiled to himself. This new girl certainly looked scared stiff. She would train well and give the clients much mental and physical pleasure - and so earn him many valuable little presents.

'Now Number Four! You now learn special performance with Number Five.' Sabhu emphasised his words by bringing his whip up against his leather boots with a crack.

'Numbers Five and Four! Arousal!'

Emma saw Cowslip step smartly forward two paces, and stand rigidly at Attention, her wrist manacles hanging down her back as she clasped her hands behind her neck. Nervously Emma copied her.

'Number Five! Lick neck!'

Cowslip now came behind Emma. Suddenly she felt Cowslip's tongue running gently up and down her spine, just below her neck. Oh what a lovely feeling! It

was delicious, so delicate and yet so exciting! Only a women could give such pleasure.

As Sabhu's bloodshot eyes watched closely, the gentle stroking of tongues went on and on. She could feel herself becoming wet and aroused under the grill on her belt. Oh, How she longed to be able to touch herself! How cruel the belt was! But how embarrassing being aroused like this in front of Sabhu.

'Turn Round!'

Emma was now facing Cowslip's back. She was panting with excitement.

'Number Four! Lick neck!'

Now Emma in turn began to excite Cowslip. Out of the corner of her eye she was watching Sabhu's whip, as she leant forward and ran her tongue up and down the bottom of Cowslip's neck - just Cowslip had done to her. Soon she heard Cowslip give little moaning noises.

Sabhu seemed satisfied.

'Number Five! About turn!'

The two women were now facing each other, their naked breasts almost touching as they still stood rigidly at Attention, their leads held by Sabhu in one hand, his raised whip held in the other.

'Number Five! Caress right breast!'

Cowslip brought her manacled wrists back over her head. Then with her left hand she lifted up Emma's right breast and with the thumb and forefinger of her right hand she played sensuously with Emma's nipple, and gently began to pull it out.

Emma caught her breath. It was so exciting! She moaned with delight.

'Number Four! Caress right breast!'

Both women were now stimulating each other's right nipples, alternatively rubbing and stretching them. Both of them were moaning with pleasure.

'Number Five! Suck!'

Emma could hardly restrain herself from screaming out with the sheer thrill as Cowslip bent down and began to suck her nipple. She could feel herself becoming wetter than ever under the grill of her belt. Oh the sheer bliss! She even forgot the shame of all this being done to the order of their trainer.

'Number Five! Head up! Caress!'

They were back playing with each other's nipples again.

'Change nipples!'

Now Emma was fondling with Cowslip's left nipple and she was doing the same to her left one.

'Number Four! Suck!'

It was Emma's turn to bend down, and as Cowslip continued to play with her nipple, she began to suck Cowslip's. Both women were now panting hard. Both were longing to be able to touch their throbbing beauty buds, cruelly locked away behind the grills of their belts.

'Attention!'

Reluctantly both women straightened up

'Line up!'

All six women were now standing at Attention on their spots. Their leads were hanging down in front of them, hanging down between their naked breasts. There was the distinct scent of feminine arousal in the room, a scent accentuated by the enforced frustration.

All were so ashamed at being so obviously in such a state in front of their trainer who was walking up and down in front of them, smiling and tapping his whip against his boots.

'And you Number Four! You now ready to be put on Selection Parade.' Sabhu pointed to his whip. 'Any girl not selected gets this! So you try hard! You smile and look submissive. And if you selected, then you still remember this waiting for you, if you not give full pleasure, or if you reported for disobedience or impudence, or just lack of zeal. Understand?'

Emma's heart was pounding. Selection Parade! Was Ursula again going to choose her girls for the night? How exciting! Oh, dear God, please let her choose me this time - I'll please her alright! She looked at the whip. My God, she would!

'But if you give proper pleasure, you get little sweet.'

He reached into a pocket and pulled out a chocolate. Six pairs of eyes watched as he tossed the chocolate into the air a couple of times and then put it back into his pocket.

'Yes,' he said teasingly, 'a real piece of delicious chocolate - but only if you give real pleasure. So little girls, just remember, the choice is yours - chocolate or the whip!'

22 - A SELECTION PARADE - AND EMMA LEARNS THE TRUTH

From behind the closed door into Ursula's drawing room came the sudden sound of the introductory bars of the music to which Sabhu had them practice.

Sabhu raised his whip.

The six women, standing one behind the other, half naked under their capes and clasping their manacled wrists behind their necks, straightened up nervously. They were all now wearing blue capes. Emma did not then realise the significance of Daisy and the Number Six being switched out of their red capes into blue ones.

Sabhu was wearing his smart 'lion tamer' uniform with gold frogging on his red tunic, white breeches and black leather riding boots. Emma wondered why. Did Ursula get an extra kick from seeing him put her girls through their paces whilst dressed like that?

There seemed no end to Ursula's extraordinary and exciting inventiveness. It really was very exciting being kept here as one of her girls, but it wasn't she ever going to relax and take Emma to bed? Perhaps she would tonight! Oh how thrilling ... !

'Prance!'

Eyeing the whip fearfully, the six women started to run on the spot, taking their time from Bluebell, their leader.

Sabhu glanced down the line of prancing women. He liked to see each one straining to raise her knees as high in the air as her clanking ankle manacles permitted.

It was, he realised, hard for Daisy - and indeed for Emma, too, for she was not yet properly fit. But she soon would be, and meanwhile fear of his whip was making sure she tried her best, and he certainly wasn't going to accept any excuses.

'Up!' he shouted bringing his whip down across Emma's backside. 'Higher!'

With a sob poor Emma, taking her time from Daisy, prancing just in front of her, somehow managed to raise her knees almost as high as hers.

Sabhu turned to Cowslip prancing behind Emma. He felt he had done very well to get a pretty forty year old woman prancing so well. He had had to use his whip on her frequently during the morning exercise periods, but she was now fit and sleek with hardly an ounce of fat on her - a real credit to him. And yet, thanks to the implant, her breasts were firm and full.

He turned back to Emma. She was breathing heavily, and there was a little fat to get off round her waist. But he was confident that he'd soon get her fit and sleek too. Emma jumped as Sabhu snapped his long dressage whip across her bouncing buttocks.

'Number Four! Higher!' he snarled. He wasn't going to let this new girl spoil the well disciplined effect that he had so patiently trained the women to achieve.

'Left! Right! Left! Right!' he shouted, emphasising each order with a sharp tap of his whip.

Terrified, Emma was now prancing well, her breasts juggling up and down under her cape. She could feel herself becoming wet with arousal at the thought that she was about to be paraded in front of Ursula. For the umpteenth time she prayed. Please God, let her choose me for her bed this time. I'll be a good girl and really please her!

Suddenly the door into Ursula's large drawing room was opened.

'Forward!' shouted Sabhu.

Led by Bluebell, the four women pranced round and round the room. Emma, in the middle of the line, tried to keep her eyes fixed on Daisy's back, just in

front of her. She was also trying to concentrate on keeping in step and on raising her knees high enough.

Then, out of the corner of her eye she saw Ursula, strangely dressed in a black business suit and holding a pencil and pad, sitting at one end of a long sofa with Sabhu now standing proudly behind her.

But they were not alone! Sitting on together on the other end of the sofa were two large, middle aged women. They were stern looking with short cut hair. They both looked like lesbians, Emma thought, feminist lesbians. They were pointing to the various prancing girls and then questioning the now smiling Ursula. Emma could not make out what they were saying.

Emma saw Sabhu glaring at her. Hastily she turned her eyes away from the sofa, praying that her lapse of discipline would not later cost her Sabhu's usual three strokes.

'To your spots!' called out Sabhu.

Bluebell led the now panting women to the line of spots. Each stopped at her spot but continued to prance.

'Halt!' at last came the order, followed by 'Into line left turn!'

In unison, the panting women raised their knees and stamped, turning with military precision, just as Sabhu had trained them to do. They must have made an erotic sight, Emma realised.

They were now in a line facing the wall with their backsides towards Ursula and the women. Emma blushed as she realised that two strange fat women would now be looking at the weals on the backs of her thighs.

'Unbutton capes!'

Hastily Emma brought her manacled wrists up over head and unfastened the buttons. Then moving in time with the other women, she raised her manacled wrists and again clasped her hands behind her neck.

Sabhu now stepped forward and gave a little bow to the women sitting on the sofa. Then he moved down the line of young women, throwing the left side of each woman's cape back over her shoulder, baring her left breast, and her belly - and, behind, the top of one buttock, displaying more weal marks.

'About turn!'

Once again, stamping in unison, the women turned with military precision towards the women, keeping their eyes fixed on the wall behind the sofa. Once again, Emma blushed as she realised that the weals on her left breast and across her belly would now be erotically displayed to the two strange women.

Sabhu came down the line of women and stopped in front of Pansy. He lifted up the exposed breast which was rising and falling fast as she tried to get her breath back. Then he gently squeezed the nipple. As Pansy blushed prettily, a little drop of milk appeared on the nipple.

'Well, fancy that!' said one of the seated women in an American accent.

Sabhu bowed to the women and enquiringly repeated the process with Bluebell. No drop of milk appeared.

'No!' said the same woman. She pointed at Pansy and Daisy. 'That sure is the one I want!'

Out of the corner of her eye, Emma saw Ursula pointing to her pad on which she written some figures.

'As you can see,' Ursula said, 'I charge more, of course, for the two younger girls and more for the one in milk. Number Five being older is a less expensive and, as Number Four is not yet properly broken in, I also charge less for her. But there is a twenty per cent discount if you want two of them. The charges are, of course, for the whole night in a large bedroom with bathroom and includes breakfast. The girls are guaranteed not to have allowed near a man, and to have been kept quite pure.'

Emma's head was reeling as she slowly took in what Ursula was saying.

She was being displayed and offered as if in a brothel - a brothel for women!

A brothel for women! Well, there was nothing illegal about that!

Ursula's new house must be a secret and very expensive up-market brothel specialising in satisfying foreign women visitors! And she was now one just one of its helpless inmates!

Ursula must have had her abducted to earn money for her in her new brothel! Goodness, what a revenge!

Everything was now falling into place ... Sabhu, the belts, the cages, the manacles, the discipline, the drills, the odd remarks about clients, Ursula's strange whispers to the Baroness, the exhausting exercises and that awful special training in making love.

And that strange outing to the restaurant - Ursula must just have been showing off her girls, and in particular her new girl, Emma, to potential clients! My God! What a life! No wonder the girls were kept locked up and helpless in those cages!

She wanted to run away, to escape, before she was locked back in her cage. But how could she, manacled as she was? She looked round desperately - and promptly felt a sharp warning tap on her buttocks from Sabhu's whip. With a little sob of despair she fixed her eyes again on the wall behind the sofa.

Sabhu now came down the line again - unfastening the capes collar strap. 'Off capes!' he ordered.

Six capes fell to the floor. Emma blushed again at the display of her near nudity.

'Left turn!'

'Prance!'

'Forward!'

The orders came in rapid sequence. Emma found herself again prancing round the room behind the other women. But this time her naked bouncing breasts were on display - as, of course, were the expanded ones of Cowslip with their stretched nipples and large nipple rings. Moreover Daisy's prettily curving belly was also being shown off - and many women adored having a helpless girl in their beds who was being made by her breeding belt to carry two unknown progeny.

Emma could hear the two women gasp in admiration. Certainly if the display had been erotic before, now it was just super erotic!

At last they were halted, and lined up again facing the sofa, their naked breasts rising and falling after their exertions.

She saw Ursula hand each of the women a little plastic coated list.

'These,' she heard Ursula say encouragingly, 'are the words of command that they have been trained to obey - instantly. If you have any problems during the night, just ring for Sabhu ... Now which of them would you like?'

'Oh, I'll take the young girl in milk and the one expecting,' Emma heard the same American voice say.

'And I'll take the two older ones,' came another American voice. 'It'll be more humiliating for them - not that they look very old, especially your pretty little new Number Four!'

Emma blushed at the compliment. But it did not soothe her inward rage. How she hated Ursula! She would rebel! Then she remembered Sabhu's morning beating of any girl who had been complained about. My God! she would do anything to avoid another beating. She would be a good girl! She really would! And she'd earn a little sweet!

Half an hour later Emma lay tied down a bed in the large bedroom, with her wrist manacles tied well apart to the head of the bed and her ankle manacles similarly fastened to the foot of the bed. Sabhu had placed a large cushion under her buttocks, thrusting up the rubber pad covering her beauty lips.

She could hear a little hum from the vibrator concealed in the rubber studs. But she herself could feel nothing.

The large woman came down onto her. In one hand she held the plastic covered list of words of command. She had already tried out several of them and had been delighted with Emma's response. Now with her other hand she clasped Emma's small body as she alternatively rubbed her beauty lips against the excitingly vibrating rubber studs and thrust her ugly nipples into Emma's mouth.

'Lick behind!' she called out and Cowslip, kneeling behind her, lowered her head.

'Oh yes, you little sluts,' the large woman cried out in ecstasy, 'Oh yes!'

Sabhu, looking through a secret little keyhole, smiled contentedly. He would certainly get a good tip in the morning!

Emma was gripping the bars of her cage. It was a week later - or was it two - since Emma had been abducted from her home and had awoken to find herself, caged and manacled, now just another of the girls in Ursula's luxury lesbian brothel.

With no access to a calendar, she had lost track of the date, and indeed each day had seemed rather like another - just as it was intended to be.

As usual the attic was filled with the noise of soft relaxing music coming from the loudspeaker on the wall.

She now lived, she realised, in constant terror of Sabhu's whip. If it wasn't for that life would not be too bad, she had to admit. But Sabhu and his whip played an essential part of Ursula's new enterprise, just as overseers and their whips had played an essential part of life on the American slave plantations.

It was Sabhu and his whip that kept Emma and the other girls on their toes and desperate to please the clients. It was Sabhu and his whip that made Ursula's enterprise such a profitable one.

He did not apply it very hard, Emma had learnt, and left no permanent marks. But it still stung like mad! She found herself being increasingly obsessed by the fear of more strokes to come.

The strange thing was that Sabhu and his whip, and the strict routine to which the girls were subject, made her look on her cruel and implacable Mistress with increasing respect and adoration. If only her love was returned! If only Ursula knew just how cruelly Sabhu treated them!

She felt like a former favourite slave, who had runaway and then been recaptured and, as a punishment, had now been put to work on her Mistress's plantation under the whip of a cruel overseer.

She bitterly resented what had happened to her. But was far too frightened of Sabhu to say a word. But, oh how could Ursula, her beloved Mistress, have used her in such an awful way?

It was true she had defied her Mistress, and had been unfaithful to her - and with a young man at that. But she had been punished for her behaviour - indeed she still remembered that awful whipping from Sabhu in front of the Baroness with dread. She knew she had deserved that. But not this awful fate.

She wondered what would have happened if she had never left Ursula. Would she still have been put to work, under Sabhu's whip, in Ursula's new and obviously highly profitable enterprise? She sighed sadly, for in her heart she knew that the answer was undoubtedly - Yes!

She still remembered her first client with disgust. A girl doesn't easily forget her first paying client!

But there had been numerous other clients since then. Every day, throughout the day, a succession of well dressed foreign women would ring to make an appointment "to see Ursula's paintings". Even the mornings were busy, for often clients, highly aroused by watching the girls being put through their humiliating morning routines, would want a girl there and then. There was also a stream of afternoon bookings and many women would come to choose, more expensively, a girl, or girls, for the whole night.

For some clients Ursula would order the girls to be made to prance round her drawing room as they had for Emma's first client. Other clients would pay extra to come to the viewing gallery to see the girls in their cages and have them paraded one by one for her inspection, just as they had been paraded for the Baroness.

Sometimes, as when Ursula had chosen a girl for herself, Sabhu would order them to shake their naked breasts, thrust their belted hips to and fro, and wriggle their tongues round and round, all in a parody of giving pleasure.

Sometimes for a special client they might be displayed dressed in their little girl outfits and made up as young teenagers. On one occasion they had even been displayed crawling in a little playpen, dressed as baby girls with comforters strapped into their mouth and wearing diapers over their bikini belts.

But always Sabhu was there, whip in hand, proudly showing off the state of blind obedience to which he had reduced the women in his charge.

To make sure that the women all tried to out do each other in catching the eye of a client, and looked eager and submissive, Sabhu had now introduced a blackboard facing the line of cages with the girls numbers painted on it.

Every time a girl was selected by a client, a tick was placed after her number. At the end of the week the girl with the lowest number of ticks would be given a thrashing by Sabhu as a spectacle for more discerning clients.

It would not be an ordinary thrashing but one of Sabhu's Special Punishments - the same as Emma had been given in front of the Baroness when she had first arrived. The terrified girls all knew what that meant: twelve strokes of his long dressage whip. six on the backside and six spread across the breasts, belly and thighs. They might not be very hard, but they still hurt terribly!

This weekly thrashing was itself a considerable money earner for Ursula - and moreover invariably resulted in the now well aroused clients bidding against each other to take the now well striped girl off to bed - or if they failed to obtain her, then one of the other girls instead.

Like her companions, Emma found herself gripping the bars of her cage and endlessly counting the ticks after each girl's number. It had made them all, she realised, become even more desperate to be chosen by the next client and so earn a precious tick.

To further ensure that, once selected, a girl strived her utmost to please, the slightest complaint from a client resulted in the removal of the tick which she had tried so hard to earn at the Selection Parade. That was not all, however, for as Emma had also soon learned, the slightest failure to concentrate on giving the utmost pleasure to the client would also result, not only in the removal of the tick after her name, but also in a severe thrashing from Sabhu - furious at being done out of the normal substantial that the normally well satisfied women handed him.

What was so unfair was that sometimes a particularly cruel client would unfairly report her to Sabhu - just so that she could then watch Emma being thrashed. And if she tried to protest, she was given double the strokes for 'insolence'.

Now Emma had jealously noticed that the other girls had slightly more ticks after their names. As the threat of being given a Special Punishment by Sabhu loomed ever closer, so Emma's jealousy also grew. She was prettier than the others! It wasn't fair not being chosen so often!

So, whether she liked it or not, Emma knew that she had now become a good little tart, earning her Mistress large sums, though she had no idea just how much Ursula was charging for her increasingly expert services - nor how much the grinning Sabhu was earning in tips from the delighted clients.

Certainly, Emma would angrily calculate, Ursula's outgoing on food, clothing and entertainment for her girls must be minimal!

Still, to her great disappointment and chagrin, Ursula had ignored her for her own bed, preferring apparently the other girls.

Not only did Emma feel desperately frustrated, and often physically repelled by the clients she had so eagerly to please, but she was also becoming increasingly jealous of the other girls - jealous of their success in sometimes being selected by clients in preference to herself, jealous of their bigger breasts, and even more jealous because Ursula chose them and not her.

Meanwhile Sabhu's daily strict routine continued.

Each day started with the awful morning routine all performed under Sabhu's whip, and under his blood-shot beady and watchful eye - and of course to his command. The simultaneous performance of natural functions, washing, feeding, the milking machine, and the exhausting half hour in the gymnasium, all formed an essential part of Sabhu's disciplinary training.

Sometimes, as on Emma's first day, and as a special treat they would be taken out, dressed as little girls, for some fresh air.

But every day Sabhu would also again put them through their paces in his special training room, making sure that they would almost instinctively obey whenever a client, holding the printed list of commands in her hand, called out an order.

If Emma had been selected the evening before by a client spending the night, then Sabhu would collect her early in the morning and holding her lead take her back upstairs, her ankle manacles clanking, to her cage.

All the time she would be longing to ask him if the client had been pleased with her efforts and whether she was going to be thrashed. But she knew that to do so would only incur Sabhu's wrath, something that she was far frightened to risk doing.

Sabhu liked to keep these once proud European women constantly scared and uncertain about when they would next get the whip.

If she was not selected by a client, then she would lie silently curled up in her little well lit cage, watched by the television camera and still not daring even to whisper to any of the other girls who were also still in their cages.

Constantly her eyes would anxiously flicker back to the illuminated blackboard displaying the number of ticks that each girl had earned so far that week. Oh, if only she had tried harder to be selected!

Over and over again, she would wonder why she had not caught the client's eye and would making little plans to try and ensure that she was picked by the next client, no matter how humiliating it might be. Fear of another Special Punishment was never far from her thoughts.

So it was that Emma, scarcely aware of the passing days and her life at her home and with her husband forgotten, now spent most of her time, like the other girls, just kneeling up silently in her cage, looking nervously at the ticks on the blackboard, brushing her long hair with her manacled hands, looking anxiously in the little mirror in her cage to make sure that she was looking irresistible and clasping her baby doll to her breasts.

She never knew when suddenly and unexpectedly there would be the excitement of the door to the viewing gallery being opened to usher in a client, or of Sabhu suddenly taking them all downstairs on their leads, to prance round in front of a client, the manacles on their ankles clanking erotically.

Although the clients, of course, made appointments for specific times, the girls were deliberately not told what was going to happen, so that they were kept constantly on their toes.

Emma now just existed, she knew, to earn money for her Mistress, and handsome tips for Sabhu, by giving pleasure to order. Her only reward for a good performance was a little sweet - and not to get the whip! Such was her fate!
#

24 - EMMA COMES INTO MILK

Sabhu looked carefully at the pert breasts of first Emma and then Cowslip, as they thrust them through the bars of their cages for his milking machine. He squeezed the nipples and noticed how they were becoming firmer and darker in colour. The pills and the twice daily stimulation of the milking machine was making them bigger, firmer and more sensitive. It would not be long now!

Both unsuspecting women would, he knew, have noticed that the strange tingling in their breasts was becoming stronger but, he was certain, it would not occur to either of them to link that to the strange blue pills that he made them both swallow daily.

He was glad that Doctor Anna was coming at the evening milking to inspect the progress of both pairs of breasts. To keep the two women guessing he would blindfold them before the German lady Doctor friend of Ursula's arrived ...

'Number Four! Breasts!' Emma heard Sabhu order. Hastily she unfastened her cape and clumsily began to grope for the bars of her cage. She could not see what she was doing for Sabhu had blindfolded her.

'Hurry up, Number Four!' came Sabhu's impatient voice.

Quickly she grasped the bars of her cage, knelt up and thrust her naked breasts through them. As when using the milking machine, Sabhu now fastened her neck and waist tightly to the bars with two leather straps. Her breasts were now held on display.

There was a long silent pause and Emma wondered what was going to happen.

Suddenly she heard the noise of the attic door being opened. She heard footsteps. She heard Ursula's voice and that of another woman. They were talking to Sabhu. They came closer.

She felt something being pressed to her right breast. Although she could not see it, it was in fact a little transparent plastic tube with a rubber bulb on the end.

Doctor Anna squeezed the bulb, expelling the air and creating a vacuum. Then she excitedly pointed to the nipple inside the tube. A little drop of white milk had appeared. She squeezed the bulb again. This time a much larger drop of milk appeared. Silently she pointed to it.

Ursula smiled. She would soon be able to charge even more for Emma. She smiled again as Doctor Anna successfully repeated the process. She looked even more pleased when the process was again successfully repeated on Cowslip's exposed breasts - despite the rings through her nipples and her evidently artificially enlarged breasts.

Then Doctor Anna came back Emma. In one hand was now a hypodermic syringe and in the other a wet tissue.

Emma gave a little cry as she felt something freezing being rubbed over her right nipple. It seemed to make it go dead. She tried to pull her breasts back, but her body was firmly held pressing up against the bars. Then she felt a little prick.

Doctor Anna drove the needle down through the nipple and squeezed the syringe. Then she repeated the process with Emma's other breast before moving onto Cowslip's.

Satisfied, Doctor Anna to go. At the door she whispered to Sabhu, 'Keep them both fastened to the bars for another hour so that the serum has a chance to spread throughout the breasts,' she said in her strong German accent, 'and meanwhile periodically massage the breasts to further assist proper penetration. Then you should get a good result from both women at tomorrow morning's milking.'

Next morning Emma watched Sabhu trundle the milking trolley along in front the cages. During the night, the strange feeling in her breasts seemed to have reached a crescendo.

'Breasts!' again came the order to all the girls.

Emma heard the usual clanking of heavy manacles as each girl moved to the front of her cage and obediently knelt up to be strapped to the bars.

She saw Sabhu pick up the plastic tubes that pack to the numbered bottles. Soon it was turn to have the two, that lead back to the bottle marked "4", fastened onto her nipples.

Satisfied that all the girl's breasts were firmly attached to the tubes, Sabhu came back to the trolley and pressed a switch.

Emma heard the same relaxing music and again began to feel the well known pulsating sensation. But this time it seemed different. Her breasts seemed to be responding to the rubber cups. Anxiously she tried to pull back from the bars, but of course it was in vain. The cups went on pulsating.

Then something seemed to be happening. She looked down at the plastic tubes leading from her nipples. She could see little jets of white milk shooting along the tubes to the bottle marked "4" - just as she had so often seen with Pansy's tubes and the bottle marked "2". My God! She was in milk! How thrilling! In milk for her Mistress! How exciting and yet how humiliating! But how had it happened?

She saw that Sabhu was looking proudly at her breasts. What had the brute done to her?

She glanced at the bottle marked "5". Little jets of milk were cascading into that too. Cowslip was also in milk! She remembered seeing Sabhu giving her the same strange blue pills. Goodness!

That evening Ursula and Doctor Anna both came to watch the milking of the two girls who had just been brought into milk.

'The flow will get better shortly,' explained the lady doctor. 'Make sure you keep them on the pills!'

'And when can I offer their milk to a client?' asked Ursula.
'Now!' came the reply.

So it was that the next day Emma and Cowslip were paraded before the clients, not only merely as highly trained lesbian tarts, but also as milkmaids ready and able to offer their swollen breasts to a client who had paid extra for the privilege.

25 - SPONSORING COWSLIP TO BE A BROOD BITCH

Ursula and Doctor Anna were sitting down in the drawing room toasting in champagne the successful use of Ursula's two new milkmaids.

'I want,' said Ursula, 'to talk to you seriously about the invitation I've had from our friend Irma. She's also a client of yours, I think?'

'Yes indeed,' said the large lady doctor.

'Well, She wants me to bring some of my girls to her castle in Germany for what she calls her Dog Show.'

'Well I'm going to it,' said Doctor Anna with a smile. 'I've been asked to give my Special Treatment to one of the girls, Fifi, being kept there. And I think that by showing off some of your girls, it would be a wonderful opportunity for you to recruit more clients.'

'But is it safe there?'

'Oh yes, the castle is very isolated, on an island in a lake, and anyway the Germans take a pretty robust attitude to this sort of thing between grown-up women.'

'And will you be demonstrating there this new technique of yours - your Special Treatment?' asked Ursula.

'Of course - and with the live insemination of Fifi! It's very expensive, of course, for I only use pedigree Dalmations.'

'Black and white spotted Dalmations,' enthused Ursula. 'Their puppies would be lovely and valuable, too. So no wonder it's all rather expensive.'

'Well, to give it the best chance of working properly, and to reduce the risk of wasting your money, you need the right environment. This can make all the difference. The girl needs not only to be prepared physically by my Special Treatment, but also prepared psychologically - and that's much easier in the kennels there than here in your cages in the attic.'

'But why?' queried Ursula.

'It's really quite simple,' replied the doctor. 'Before being treated she must be made to feel she really is a dog, and means being made to look like a dog and being treated as one. Then she'll associate herself with the real dogs, both mentally and, in some strange way, physically too, so that her body finds natural to be carrying a litter of tiny puppies.'

'Well!' laughed Ursula, 'that should be quite amusing.'

'And, moreover,' added the lady doctor, 'the more she's been mounted by other dogs before she has the Special Treatment and is put to the Dalmation, the less the risk of rejection. It's as if their bodies get used to dog seed. We call it the Assimilation Process.'

'Good Heavens! But can that be arranged at the castle?'

'Oh yes, although my Special Treatment uses only beautiful pedigree Dalmations, our friend Irma has plenty of fierce Alsatian guard dogs at the castle and they need to be serviced frequently.'

'I see!' laughed Ursula. 'That's something that would really appeal to Cowslip's ex-husband. As you know, he's always seeking more revenge for her cheating on him. These macho South Americans feel so strongly about that! So I'm under pressure to sponsor her for an unusual Happy Event. He was happy to pay for my normal form of sponsorship. However, as you know, the Princess is only interested in having midgets by blond white women - and anyway I want to Cowslip in her cage here for as much as possible. She's very popular with certain type of overseas clients - particular ones who like to see a cosmopolitan and mature white woman being controlled by a brute of young negro!'

'Well then,' replied Doctor Anna enthusiastically, 'I think a spell as a brood bitch, using my new Special Treatment would be ideal for her. Don't forget that unlike when I use midgets, with puppies it will all be over, of course, in a couple of months - even if we delay things slightly to allow the progeny to get stronger. Then you you'll be able to ask her ex-husband, or one of your clients, to sponsor her for something else! Financially, you'll be having your cake and eating it!'

'Better and better! Yes, that sounds fine, then,' agreed Ursula.

'Well,' said the lady doctor, 'I can do your Cowslip at the same time as I do the girl, Fifi, whom I've already been booked to do. Her owner has already booked one of Irma's pedigree Dalmation dogs to cover the girl immediately she's been treated and you'll need to book another one for Cowslip. Of course she'll be charging a fairly hefty stud fee, but I don't suppose Cowslip's ex-husband will mind paying that - nor my own fee.'

'Oh, don't worry, he'll be just so delighted to be getting his revenge that he'll certainly pay both the extra sponsorship fee for your Special Treatment and the stud fee for Irma's prize dog.' Ursula paused for a moment. 'And, of course, when we bring her back here, my clients will be thrilled to see her expecting such an unusual Happy Event.'

'And your clients will be able to see her little progeny on my screen,' laughed Doctor Anna. 'You'll have sold them all before they're born!'

'But will they be quite normal puppies?'

'Oh yes, and valuable, too, with both the real mother and the father being prize pedigree dogs and Cowslip, being bigger, will make an ideal surrogate brood bitch.'

'Yes, I see.' Ursula paused her mind racing. 'To really get his revenge, I expect her former husband will want to see your all your Special Treatment on video,' laughed Ursula. 'From conception to delivery!'

'Oh, they can do the first part easily at the Castle and you'll be able to video her swelling belly and the last part here in you cages. But they'll also be able to video it when she's mounted by the guard dogs earlier on, together with her companions.'

'Companions?' queried Ursula.

'Yes, the Assimilation Process is greatly helped if the girl-bitch, as we call them, sees other girls, she knows, also not only looking like herself and being treated like her, but also being regularly mounted like her.'

'Well,' objected Ursula, 'I'm not sure if I want the other girls going near anything male.'

'But think of the fee you'll be able to charge Cowslip's ex-husband if it all comes off as planned. Remember that the Princess isn't interested in Cowslip for the Midgets and so it's my Special Treatment or nothing! Anyway think of the feeling of power you'll have making the other girls submit to a series of randy dogs!'

Ursula hesitated for a moment.

'Yes, of course, you're right' she said finally. 'But I wonder which girls to send with Cowslip ... I had in any case been thinking of sending Emma for a quite separate reason. I want her to act as decoy. I suspect that someone at the Dog Show may know something about my missing picture.'

'Well, anyway, I think that Emma would be ideal,' said Doctor Anna, 'even if she's acting as a decoy. Remember that she herself doesn't have to be given the Special Treatment. However, both she and Cowslip are now in milk and this could play a major role in the Assimilation Process in the castle kennels.'

'Well, in that case, it might be an idea also to send young Pansy, as she's also in milk - and she might well win some of the prizes for the prettiest girl-bitch at the Dog Show.'

'Why not!' laughed the lady Doctor.

'Alright then! But going back to Cowslip, after she's had your Special Treatment, what happens when it's time for her to ...'

'Oh, then she can have them here in her cage - it'll be quite safe, and easy to video for her ex-husband. Or you can always send her back to the castle to have them. The clients there will pay also well for the progeny!'

'Good. So that's settled then,' said Ursula decisively. 'I'll tell Sabhu to get all three of them fitted for their dog skins.'

It was, Emma imagined, a month or so after she had been first caged that Sabhu had mysteriously taken all their measurements - even those of their legs, their arms and their heads.

Unknown to her, Ursula was making sure that their dog skins would fit really tightly. But she wanted to keep it all a surprise for the three girls!

So it was that Ursula made sure that Emma and the other girls did not hear the instructions that, two days later, she gave Sabhu.

'Right! Now that the costumes are ready, I want you to take the three girls, tomorrow, to Irma's castle in Germany, where I shall join you. If I'm not there when you arrive, then turn the girls over to my friend Irma and return to London. Make arrangements with Babindu, as housekeeper, for her look after the girls whilst you're away. I shall want you to return again to pick the girls up again a week later, after the Dog Show. I'll give you a ring to confirm the actual date. I've warned most of the regular clients that I shall be away but if any others ring then make appointments for after I get back.'

'Right Madam,' said Sabhu. He was used to being left in charge whilst Ursula was away.

'Go by the Channel Tunnel, so that the girls can stay out of sight in the car, and not attract attention. Doctor Anna will be coming with you to Dover and she'll give each of them several sleeping pills before you get there. So you'll then be able to take off their wrist and ankle manacles. Then if anyone wants to look inside the car, all they'll see is three sleepy girls wearing their cloaks under the blankets. You know what to do when you get to the castle. I'll join you there.'

Emma saw Ursula hand several passports to Sabhu, including her own. Her's, she thought, must have been taken it when she was abducted from her home. But why? Where was Ursula sending them? And how exciting after being shut up in their cages for so long!

Early next morning Sabhu had taken them out of their cages, and made them step over their wrist manacles so that their hands were chained behind their backs, under their capes. Then he had led them downstairs and made them, one at time, climb into the big estate car.

The narrow bunks had been pulled out, and Emma watched as each woman was made to lie down on one on her back. Sabhu then covered each girl with a blanket over which went straps which held her down on the bunk. A second blanket was then tucked into the bunk, hiding the straps.

Emma found that with her hands manacled behind her back, she was quite unable to get at the restraining straps. All she could she could do was simply lie there helplessly.

'No talking!' warned Sabhu raising his whip menacingly. Then, as reminder, he left his whip hanging menacingly from a hook in front of the women, before closing and locking the rear door.

Sabhu now climbed into the driving seat. The large, frightening Doctor Anna now appeared and climbed up beside him. He put the control box for the women's belts down alongside him, ready for instant use if required. He glanced up into a special mirror. It gave him a clear view of the girls lying helplessly, strapped in their bunks.

Sabhu and the doctor set off with their load of women.

They might have been a family setting off for a Continental holiday - except that the doors were locked, and the windows were opaque so that no one could see in - and the curtains were drawn so that the women could not see out.

After an hour Sabhu stopped the car in a lay-by and Doctor Anna came into the back of the big estate car. Smiling encouragingly, she gave each of the helpless women some pills and a little sip of water.

Soon Emma had began to feel sleepy ...

It was night and, astonished, she saw that she was looking up at the moon. She could also see stars. She must be outside!

Indeed the air felt fresh and there was a smell of newly cut grass. But over her head were bars - metal bars. She was in a sort of cage. Oh, not back in that awful attic with it's line of cages! But she couldn't be, they weren't open to the stars!

But if she was in the open why wasn't she colder? She could feel the night air on her cheeks. Or could she? She raised a hand to put it up to her face, expecting to feel the weight of the heavy wrist manacles and to hear them clinking. But her hands were free. Free! Or were they? They seemed to be encased in some sort of thick padded glove, which kept her fingers tightly closed so that she could not hold anything. They looked rather like an animal's paw. How odd!

She put her gloved paw to her face. Through the thick glove she feel little - but there seemed to be hair on her face. Hair growing on her face! My God!

She gave a little cry of horror. Now what dreadful thing had Ursula done to her?

But her cry was strangely muted! She put her hand to her mouth. It was covered with seemed to be a sort of muzzle. Indeed, her whole head was encased in some sort of hairy plastic cover. There were just little slits in front of her eyes. And inside this cover over her head was some sort of chain across her mouth that kept her tongue down so that she could not talk properly.

Terrified, she tried to pull the cover off. But her paw-like gloves prevented her from gripping anything. She felt a little bulge below her neck. As she touched it, it gave a realistic dog's bark. Astonished, she pressed it harder. Again came the bark, but this time louder and repeated. How clever, she thought.

Immediately other dog's barks answered her from all around. Some, like her own bark, were squeaks like those of a bitch, others were like the deeper bark of a large dog.

Scared stiff, she tried to jump up only to find that a heavy chain was fastened to a brass studded collar round her neck. The other end was fastened to a ring in the cement floor of her cage, keeping her down on all fours.

But there was something else keeping her down. She found she could not straighten her knees!

Emma's eyes were now getting used to the moonlight. She began to make out her body. It seemed to be tightly encased in some sort of black and white spotted dog skin - like that of a Dalmation. To make sure that it fitted tightly, there seemed to be narrow elastic strips running down the side. And her hands were like the paws of a dog.

Only her breasts were free and she saw, as she knelt on all fours, that they were hanging down through two cut away holes in the dog skin, looking like rather the teats of a bitch, but much larger and erotically white.

She put her stiffly gloved hands down and awkwardly felt a strange bent metal bar inside the dog skin on either side of each knee. It must be these that that was keeping her knees bent. They cleverly kept her permanently kneeling down on all fours, or at best kneeling up like a dog begging. There was also some sort of padding over her knees.

And what about that awful Bikini belt? She put her paws down between her legs. She could not feel it! Instead the dog skin seemed to have been cut away between her legs and over her bottom.

She looked around. She was in a small barred kennel. She tried to crawl over to the barred side, but her collar chain prevented her from reaching it. Through the bars of the cage she saw another dog like figure. It was looking at her and growling. It really was a dog!

On the other side she could make out another figure. This one looked more like a human being that had been put into a dog skin, like herself. Its head was encased in a very realistic hairy dog's head with upright ears sticking up on either side, and a smooth black muzzle. Goodness was that what she was wearing too?

Emma put her paws up to her own head. She felt similar shaped false ears on either side of her head, ears that led down to her own ears. Then she felt her mouth, it too was covered by what seemed to an imitation dog's muzzle.

There was now a glimmer of light on the skyline. Dawn was approaching! As the light got better, she saw that the human figure in the kennel next to her was about her size. But there were no breasts hanging down below it as it crawled across its cage, its collar chain clinking. And the bare bottom, displayed by the cutaway on the buttocks, was not soft and rounded like her own, but had a distinctive muscular and male look. Goodness, she thought, it must be a youth!

She saw that, like hers, the creature's dogskin fitted tightly. But whereas her skin was that of a short haired black spotted white Dalmation, the other's was that of a long haired Pomeranian with a bushy tail curled back proudly over its hindquarters.

She saw that its dog skin was extra tight over the belly. But there was no sign of a zip fastener. Then she gasped. Whereas her dog skin was cut away over her beauty lips, the youth's Pomeranian skin was only cut back at it's rear orifice. Instead, there hanging, just as in a real dog, was a hair covered sheath through which could be seen the tip of a rather pink and human looking manhood - and behind it hung two rather large pink testicles. Clearly If she had been transformed into a girl-bitch, then this must be a boy-dog!

Emma tried to see the creature's face, but it was totally hidden by the realistic dog's head. As she looked at it wonderingly, she saw it crawl over to the bars that separated their two kennels - evidently it was excused the ignominy of being chained by the neck to a ring in the center of its kennel, though it did have a stout leather collar strapped round it's neck.

She saw it tap it's chest and immediately there came a deep barking noise. The creature was trying to communicate with her! She tried to call out in return, but the dog's muzzle once again muffled her voice. What should she do?

Suddenly she knew and tapped the bulge in the dog skin below her neck. Immediately it gave a distinctive little higher pitched bark, which was again answered by the creature. Soon they were happily barking at each other like real dogs.

Then she noticed that the dog was looking at her hanging white breasts. As he did so, his pink manhood began to thrust its way through its enveloping hairy sheath, and becoming more and more erect. Under her head piece Emma blushed with embarrassment - but it was rather exciting being the cause of such a very male reaction.

As the light improved, she saw that she seemed to have been zipped up the front into her dog skin, with the zip locked with a little padlock at the neck. It was all rather soft and lovely. Her headpiece had also been locked into place round the neck.

Peering through the little slits in front of her eyes, she saw that she was in a line of small iron barred kennels around what seemed to be a courtyard. And in nearly all the kennels there seemed to be human beings dressed up like different types of dog with different coloured dog skins.

What on earth were they doing here. For that matter, what was she doing here and anyway where was she?

She saw that, on the other side of her kennel from the randy human Pomeranian, were two girl-bitches also in black and white Dalmatian skins, with hanging white breasts. Could they be Pansy and Cowslip? Goodness! Then suddenly she saw hanging from the nipples of the nearest girl-bitch were two large rings. It was Cowslip! And the other must be Pansy!

But then who were the others? And what about this strange and randy male in the next door kennel?

It must have been two or three hours after first awaking that Emma suddenly heard voices - girls voices, speaking in what sounded like German.

Then through the door into the courtyard came two pretty girls dressed in Bavarian peasants costumes with low cut white blouses, black laced bodices and speckled red and black skirts. Long blond pigtails hung down their backs. They carried dog whips.

They were laughing to each other as they unlocked Emma's kennel and that of the strange male creature next to her. One of them stepped into Emma's kennel and still talking to her companion, who was now in the other kennel, unlocked the heavy chain fastened to her collar, and replaced it with a dog lead.

Giving Emma a sharp tap from her dog whip, and an incomprehensible order in German, she led her, crawling on her hands and knees, out of the kennel to where her companion was already standing holding lead of the other, male, creature.

The two girls lead their dog-like charges through a locked grill doorway into a pretty garden. There sitting on a terrace, in front of a castle, were half a dozen well dressed women sitting having breakfast. And amongst them was Ursula!

She was sitting between two Teutonic looking women in their fifties. Near them was Doctor Anna. Sabhu, dressed again as a butler, was standing behind them serving breakfast.

Emma heard one of the women call out.

'But, Ursula, is this Dalmation the little bitch who gave you so much trouble? Well she looks very nice and docile now. And doesn't she make a pretty pair with my little Pomeranian dog hound? Her soft little bottom contrasts so well with my dog's muscular buttocks. Oh, and doesn't he look so proud alongside her! Oh look! Your Dalmatian has got my Pomeranian aroused - the naughty boy! You'll have to forgive him - he's kept so frustrated here, except for my visits of course! ... Yes, keeping him here in the kennels has certainly turned out to be a great success. He's developed into another obedient and satisfying ... Oh, what is the English expression? ... Ah, yes ... another toy-boy.

Toy-boy! he word caught Emma's attention. That randy male creature was a toy-boy! A youth kept, by a rich and dominant woman, here in the kennels, sewn into a dog skin? Goodness!

'Did you say 'another' toy-boy?' Emma heard Ursula laugh. 'How many have you got here?'

'Oh, I've the two of them, one sixteen and one seventeen -ideal ages for pleasing a woman. And they do get so randy, locked up in their cages, unable to play with themselves with their hands strapped into those thick padded paws!'

Randy! thought Emma, looking at the pink manhood forcing it's way out of the fur covered sheath, I'll say! No wonder, poor little bastard, if he's kept shut up here!

'And only I have the keys to their kennels,' went on the woman. 'I don't trust those kennel maids! They just hose out the kennels and put their food into their dog bowls - but they can't go into their kennels, or take them out, unless I give them the key - as I have done now ... And, of course, being sewn into their dog skins means that no other woman can see their faces - or their bodies. So they're mine, just mine! My randy little toy boy dogs!'

'Ah!' said Ursula with a sudden intensity, 'I know what you mean - the feeling of ownership and control, complete power!'

'Yes, you can't imagine how excited I get at the thought of coming here to see them. And then, when I arrive, I take them out for a little run and then give the keys to the kennel maid and undress and crawl into one kennel, telling her to come back in half an hour's time. And then my toy boy dog, randy as hell, can't wait to mount me. And by this time, kneeling on all fours, I'm feeling like a bitch on heat! Oh, it's so exciting as he drives into me, gripping me with his paws and barking!

The woman paused.

'Oh the feeling of his fur on my soft skin! If he's a good boy I let him do it twice. Then it's time for me to be let out and to repeat the performance in the kennel of my other toy-boy, who'll have been driven more randy than ever by watching me with his companion! ... Sometimes I have them put into the same kennel and let them fight over me! ... Either way, as I drive home, I feel utterly satiated.'

'Well!' laughed Ursula. 'If that's what turns you on! But I don't want them mounting my bitches - they're not normally allowed to have anything to do with a human male - not even one in a dogskin!'

'Oh, don't worry about that,' laughed the woman. 'My young toy boys dogs are equally not allowed to have anything to do with young women! They've never even

had a real girl friend. They're kept strictly for me - and one or two women friends of my age.'

'But where did you get them from?'

'Eastern Europe, of course. It's so poor! Their mothers were only too anxious for them to sign a contract of domestic service, in return for me sending them a regular monthly remittance. And, of course, real Pomeranians come from East Germany too. So I thought it very appropriate to put them into Pomeranian dog skins.'

'But don't they revolt about being kept here and sewn into dog skins?'

'Well ... sometimes. But I only have to threaten to stop the monthly payments to their homes, and they soon settle down again to their carefree life of ease!'

'But why keep them here? Why not employ them as page-boys in your own house?'

'What! And have them making love to every pretty young servant girl? Anyway, my husband would be far too suspicious. Like many rich and successful men, he's very jealous. But he knows I'm genuinely interested in breeding dogs, and would never suspect what I really do when I come here!'

'But suppose he asked to come and see your dogs?'

'Then he would be shown my real dogs in the other kennels at the front of the castle. He'd never know that there's also a separate set of kennels for human dogs'

'Umm! Well I don't have quite the same problem!' laughed the woman sitting on Ursula's other side. 'Like you, Ursula, I'm really only interested in girls, and I keep a pretty little bitch here. If I kept her at home as my maid, or companion, then my husband would soon make a dead set at her. But keeping her here, I can relax knowing that she's quite safe from his attentions - and can't deceive me with any young men either! So I tell my husband I'm going off to give our two dogs, Red Setters, a run in the country. Then in fact I come here. Oh I can't tell you how exciting it is - having the girl brought to my bed in her dog skin. My obedient little girl-bitch! The only problem is that my two Red Setters are also in love with her.'

'What!' cried Ursula looking rather shocked.

'Oh yes, they can't wait to get at her in her dog skin and would mount her like a shot if I gave them half a chance. '

'My, my!' laughed Ursula. 'So my friend Irma provides a useful service with her kennels and dog skins! No wonder she invited me to bring my own bitches for her annual dog show.'

Dog show! Emma caught the words. What did that mean? But she could not hear any more as the two kennel maids, with sharp taps of their dog whips, led Emma and the young toy boy back to their kennels, their exciting exercise period over.

She saw them then going down the line of kennels, giving each human dog a little morning run.

Meanwhile Ursula was continuing her conversation with the second woman.

'I've brought my girls over here,' she was explaining, 'because Irma thinks that some of her clients might well also be interested in coming to see more of my bitches, as they call them here, in London - and so earn her a hefty commission!'

'Oh, I think you'll find lots of new clients here,' laughed the second woman. 'I hear you provide a most stimulating service! We're not all like Sofie here who only wants toy boys! ... But did you know that Irma's also got another interesting side line?'

'Really?' said Ursula, her voice suddenly hardening.

'Yes,' came the reply, 'she's copied you and gone into the art world as well - selling expensive pictures to her richer clients who keep young men or women in her kennels, with no questions asked about where the pictures came from!'

'Oh, yes?' said Ursula, putting on a rather bored voice to mask her growing excitement. She had suspected all along that something like was going on here and had been waiting for a good excuse to come and tactfully see whether her own missing picture might perhaps have passed through Irma's hands.

'Oh, mainly very modern abstracts. She sold one last month to a hugely rich African woman. I thought it was just of jumble of colour, but she got a good price for it, as it was by a well known artist.'

'Oh, which one,' asked Ursula in an innocent voice.

'I think it was an American, with a name like Tolstoy or Template .. no, I remember now ... Templeton'

'Maurice Templeton!' exclaimed Ursula, hardly able to contain her rising excitement. It was indeed one of his pictures that had mysteriously disappeared from her house after Irma's last visit.

'Anyway, the African woman was the fat and ugly wife of an African dictator. She certainly had plenty of money to spend!'

'I wonder what she did with the picture,' said Ursula in artificially casual tone.

'Oh, I think I heard Irma saying that the woman had had it sent back to Africa in her husband's Presidential plane.'

'Did she, indeed,' murmured Ursula. No wonder that it had so mysteriously disappeared.

'She's probably going to be at the Dog Show next week - I hear she rather enjoys the sight of white girls being humbled. You might even be able to tempt her over to London after the denouement!'

'The denouement?' queried Ursula

'Yes, the moment of truth. After each of the various classes, stallion dogs, young bitches, brood bitches and matched pairs of bitches has been judged and the prizes awarded, the winners are auctioned for the night.'

'Oh!' laughed Ursula. 'But if one of Sofie's toy boys wins, won't she be madly jealous?'

'Yes,' interrupted Sofie with a laugh, 'especially if there were any young women bidding! But I expect there will only be older women there. And of course I may get the chance to bid for one of the other toy boys kept here. So it's all rather exciting!'

'Yes,' added the other woman, 'and the same applies to people like me who like girls. If my girl wins, I'll have to offer her for auction, but, if she doesn't, then I can bid for someone else's girl - like one of yours!'

'And what makes it all the more exciting,' laughed Sofie, 'is that both the girl and toy-boy winners are auctioned whilst still in their dog skins - so you don't know just what you have bought.'

Ursula was deep in thought. Which classes should she enter in to best tempt this African woman to London?

'I think,' said Irma interrupting Ursula's thoughts, 'it's now time for your three girl-bitches to be taken to do their duty in the mating courtyard. My guard dogs will be getting impatient!'

27 - EMMA HAS TO SERVICE THE GUARD DOGS - AND FEED THE PUPPIES

Half an hour later Emma was gripping in horror the bars of her cage in the mating courtyard of the castle. Peering through the little slits over her eyes she watched what was evidently Pansy, sewn like her, into a spotted Dalmatian-like dog skin, being prepared to be mounted by a big fierce looking Alsatian guard dog.

The girl-bitch was held, unable to move, kneeling on all fours over the padded bench in the center of the room with her front and rear paws fastened down with leather straps to rings in the cement floor. A bar behind her knees kept her buttocks well raised.

The courtyard had been lit up with floodlights and a two video cameras had been set up on one side of the girl and pointing at her. Another video camera had been fixed low down between the girls knees, pointing up, so as to get a good close-up of the actual penetration. Both cameras were running and two large monitoring screens showed just what the two cameras were recording. One screen showed a side view of the trembling girl-bitch as she knelt helpless. The other showed her hairless and also trembling beauty lips.

A rough looking elderly kennelman, with a leather apron and stout looking leather gloves to protect him from being bitten, held the Alsatian loosely on a lead. In one hand he held a short dog whip and in the other a can of special spray. He bent down and switched on the video between the girls legs and then, making sure that his action was being captured by the camera, began to spray the girl's exposed beauty lips. She now the aroma of a dog on heat - irresistible to a dog!

'Duty, Bismark,' he cried to the dog, 'do your duty.'

The word "Duty" evidently acted a trigger for the dog, for sniffing excitedly the aroma left on the girl by the spray, he began to lick her between the legs. Soon he was slavering at the mouth and licking the woman's beauty lips - an action that was displayed well on the monitoring screens.

Emma watched in mounting horror as, evidently aroused by the aroma, the dogs pink manhood began to thrust itself out of it's hairy sheath between his legs - in a more authentic version of what she had seen earlier with the boy-dog.

A door opened into the room, and Emma saw a tall woman, with short blond hair combed straight back, enter the room. She was wearing khaki coloured breeches and black boots with a white blouse. In her hand was a short dog whip. Following her was Ursula. They were speaking in German, so Emma could not understand what they were saying. Perhaps it was just as well!

The woman introduced the elderly kennelman to Ursula.

'This is Kurt, my head kennelman,' she said, 'he's had a lot of experience in supervising girl-bitches.'

'Well, don't stand any nonsense from mine,' laughed Ursula, eyeing his dogwhip.

'Don't worry, dear lady, they'll be treated just like the others.'

The woman turned back to Ursula. 'Well, my dear, this is the mating courtyard where we keep the servicing girl-bitches when they're on duty - and I see we're just in time to see one of them servicing my hard-working guard dogs.'

'Oh, of course, Irma!' Ursula exclaimed. 'Doctor Anna told me about them.'

'Well, they patrol the island by night and day. So I every morning I like to reward those who have been on duty all night and again those who have finished a day-time stint. It makes them so keen! They so love taking a girl-bitch and hate it when they are left in their kennels.'

'But, my dear Irma, how many dogs, coming off duty, do the girl-bitches each have to service each day?' asked Ursula unthinkingly switching to English.

'Oh usually only two or three, but with the extra Guard Dogs here on patrol for lead up to the Dog Show it'll probably be more like half a dozen, depending on how many visiting Mistresses, like you, let us use their girl-bitches. It's very good of you letting me give my own girl-bitches a well earned rest.'

Behind her dog's head mask, Emma's mind was reeling as she heard this exchange. Servicing the guard dogs as they come off duty! Two or three! Or half a dozen! A well earned rest!

'You see, Ursula, although quite a few of my clients keep their girl-bitches here for their own use, they don't all like the idea of their precious little girl-bitches being mounted anything male - even it is only an Alsatian guard dog.'

'I can understand that,' said Ursula, switching back to German again. 'I wasn't sure at first whether I wanted my own girl-bitches being mounted by real male dogs.'

She looked at the haunches of the big Alsatian thrusting in and out of the tied-down girl. 'But I can see that it's an exciting sight alright!'

'Well, anyway I'm glad I've got the use of your girl-bitches,' said Irma with a smile, 'to supplement the girl, Fifi, whose already been booked to have Doctor Anna's Special Treatment at the Dog Show - before being inseminated, of course. She's been servicing the guard dogs for a little time now and is already well assimilated, as Doctor Anna calls it.'

Irma now went up to the kneeling girl and looked at the disc hanging from her collar.

'Oh, yes, this one's one of yours,' she laughed: 'Pansy!'

'She put her hand down to the girl's hanging breasts.'

'Goodness! She in milk!' she cried.

'All three of them are,' replied Ursula. 'I thought you'd like that!'

'Indeed! Indeed!' cried Irma. She bent down and whispered something Ursula's.

'Certainly,' said Ursula with a smile. 'Provided all three of them are made to do it.'

'No problem!' replied Irma. They'll make such a sight for the Dog Show. I think we'll have a special class for them!'

Then she pointed to a blackboard on which the names of the dogs and bitches had been written. 'I see,' she said in English, 'that this is Emperor, one of my fiercest dogs. Then after this it'll be the turn of your Emma and that she'll be servicing Caesar.'

'Oh no, please no,' cried Emma. But her cries were muffled by her muzzle.

'She sounds very pleased at the prospect,' laughed Ursula cruelly. 'She loves males! That's her problem'

'Well,' laughed Irma discreetly switching back to German, 'she may be in for a little surprise! It's always particularly amusing to watch Caesar in action, for he often prefers to use a girl's rear orifice. It'll be interesting to see if he does so this time on your Emma.'

Again Ursula laughed cruelly. 'That'll serve her right!' she said. Then she pointed to the way that Emperor was licking Pansy between the legs and the way the poor girl could not help responding with little wriggles of her hips. 'Yes,' she went on, 'perhaps, after all, it is rather exciting watching ones girls being mounted by a fierce dog. With the girl having no choice in the matter, it certainly gives one a wonderful feeling of power!'

As if to support her words, the Emperor suddenly rose up and with his front paws gripped Pansy round her dog skin on her waist. His manhood was now thrusting between the girl's exposed beauty lips - for the dog skin had been cut away between her legs, just as it had around each of her hanging breasts.

Emma could hear Pansy's muffled screams coming from under the muzzle strapped over the girl's dog head,

Soon the dog was jerking to and fro as his pink manhood thrust in and out of the girl with the two monitoring screens showing that the video cameras were recording every detail.

Irma nodded and then pointed to the next names on he board and then at Cowslip's cage on the other side of the courtyard. 'Then it'll be the turn of your Cowslip and my Regent. He's a fine randy dog.'

'Good!' said Ursula, still in German. 'I'd like to stay and watch them. As you know Doctor Anna wants to get Cowslip completely used to satisfying your guard dogs over the next few days and so think of herself as a real bitch - and then as a brood bitch as well!'

'Oh I'm sure that Kurt, here, can give her lots to do!' laughed Irma. He's very experienced kennelman and I've explained what you plans.

'Well don't forget I still want Pansy and Emma to do their duty as well - Doctor Anna says that seeing them being mounted as well, will all help get Cowslip in the right psychological frame of mind for when she's mounted for real - by the Dalmation.'

'Don't worry, Ursula, I'm sure that Kurt here can also find plenty of dogs for them to satisfy as well!'

Irma now pointed to the monitoring screens. 'The video cameras seem to be catching it all very well. It's something we specialise in here, for most Mistress's want a good video recording of their girl-bitches being mounted.'

'Or being actually inseminated?' said Ursula thinking of Cowslip's future performance at the Dog Show.

'Of course!' laughed Irma. 'Don't worry, your angry South American millionaire going to get a splendid video of his ex-wife's new life as a brood bitch! And you'll get some excellent videos of Pansy and Emma, too, - which you can show to your clients back in London.'

'Good!' laughed Ursula. 'Changing the subject, I know that Doctor Anna finds her Special Treatment works best if the girl is in season - like a real bitch - so that the dog is even keener than ever to mount her and that she then conceives in the normal canine manner. But will everything be alright for the Dog Show?'

'It's alright,' replied Irma, 'my kennel-maids are already giving her and Fifi pills to bring them into season in time for the Dog Show. I want the insemination of her and of Fifi to be a highlight of the Dog Show!'

'And then she'll later be nicely in pup in time for my Auction of Promises in London,' said Ursula, looking pleased. 'And before the Show, we'll have a week to make her feel thoroughly assimilated, as Doctor Anna puts it, by keeping her and her two companions busy servicing your guard dogs.'

'Exactly!' replied Irma.

Poor Emma had little idea of the real sense of this terrifying conversation, but understood enough to be horrified and shocked. Poor her! But what was this Special Treatment they kept going on about for Cowslip?

Ten minutes later, Emma had her first dog.

It was terrible and yet also rather exciting - for, tied down as she was, there was nothing she could do about it. And realising that it was all being videoed made it even more exciting. Moreover, after weeks of being locked into the awful restraining Bikini belt, she could not help becoming aroused when, for the first time for ages and ages, she felt a male manhood pressing against her beauty lips.

She could not stop herself from wriggling against Caesar's proud manhood. How awful, she thought, realising that the sight of her aroused beauty lips were now being displayed on the monitoring screen. But then, just as Irma had warned, Caesar made clear his intention of using Emma's rear orifice for his pleasure. And Kurt had carefully greased there in readiness. Oh the humiliation! Oh the shame! But with her well oiled buttocks held raised as if for his attention, there was nothing that Emma could do to prevent Caesar from penetrating her.

Ursula was clapping her hands with pleasure as she watched the scene and heard Emma's muffled screams. 'Revenge!' she cried as the dog's slippery sperm jetted up inside Emma 'That'll teach the slut to try and cheat on me!'

'But your little bitches will have also have another little duty to do after they've serviced guard dogs. In their state they'll be able to help look after the next generation! You must see that!'

It was an hour later and Emma and her companions, shocked and horrified by what they had just been made to do, were back in the kennels. They had now been put in cages next to each other and could see each other through the bars. The strange Pomeranian Boy-dog had been put out of sight in another cage, so as to distract them from their new duty. Emma could still feel the seed of three dogs up inside her. Oh the shame! But not having been milked since leaving London the day before, she could also feel how full and uncomfortable were her breasts. She kept trying to use her fingers to squeeze out a little milk to ease the pressure but, of course, stiff animal-like paws made it impossible.

Suddenly she saw three prettily dressed kennel-maids coming towards her cage and those of Pansy and Cowslip. Behind them came Ursula and Irma and several other women. Irma began pointing out details of the kennels to a delighted Ursula.

To her astonishment Emma now saw that each was carrying two little tiny puppies. They appeared to be all from the same litter and to have been born only a week or so before. How sweet they looked!

One of the girls came to Emma's kennel and beckoned her forward towards the bars. Eager to touch the puppies, Emma crawled forward and reached towards them with her paws, her tummy resting on a padded bar that ran along the front a couple of feet back from the bars.

Smiling, the girl put down the puppies and quickly reached into the kennel, grabbing Emma's headpiece and pulling it out through a small round hole in the bars. Then she dropped a lever behind Emma's neck so that her headpiece was now held thrusting through the bars.

Desperately Emma reached up with her paws to try and free her head. As she did so the kennel-maid seized each paw in turn and strapped it to the bars. Emma was now held helpless, kneeling up at the bars with her heavy breasts hanging down below her, the nipples almost grazing the floor of her cage.

Glancing round she saw that Pansy's and Cowslip's head pieces were also held thrusting out through the bars of their cages. Her kennel-maid now unlocked the little entrance to her kennel and picking the helpless little puppies one of them to each of Emma's nipples.

Eagerly the puppies began to suck. Appalled Emma tried to hold back her milk - but no avail. Gradually each of the puppies succeeded in obtaining a steady flow of milk. Gradually, too, Emma began to take pleasure, and even a certain pride, in what was happening. After all the puppies were so sweet and helpless. She wondered what had happened to their mother. Perhaps she should take her place.

Looking down at the puppies sucking at her breasts she mentally called one Greedy-Guts and the other Gentle-Suckler. Greedy-Guts was always pressing at her nipples to get more milk whilst Gentle-Suckler just quietly sucked away. What lovely puppies they were. Her heart went to them. She longed to hold them, she realised - even to her breasts.

She saw that Pansy and Cowslip were similarly now feeding two puppies each. It was a sight that made her feel that it was natural for her to do so too.

Seeing that Emma had begun to bond with her puppies, the kennel-maid gently unfastened one of her paws. She saw that Emma reached down and stroked the puppies, moving them gently so that they could get at her nipples better. Reassured, the kennel-maid freed Emma's other hand and, after a nod of approval from Irma, Emma head too.

Emma was now free again in her cage. Instinctively she lay down on her side and let the puppies suckle. She remembered seeing brood bitches similarly lying down on their sides to allow their pups to suckle. She was doing the same! The puppies were now snuggling up to her, each sucking at a breast. She stroked them gently with her paws. She loved them!

Emma could feel her breasts being milked by the little creatures. Oh, how natural it felt. Oh, what a lovely feeling it was. Greedy-Guts and Gentle-Suckler - what lovely puppies they were. How lucky she was. She wanted to be with them for ever. They were hers and she was a real bitch now.

She was vaguely aware that Pansy and Cowslip had also been freed and were now also lying in their kennels letting their puppies get at their milk laden breasts too. So absorbed was she with her puppies that she was scarcely aware of the women, watching fascinated from outside the cages.

Irma nodded approvingly to the kennel-maids and then turned to Ursula. 'Well!' she whispered, anxious not to break the spell for Emma and the other two girl-bitches who were so clearly forgetting that they were really human beings. 'I must say that your three girl-bitches have quickly taken to their new duties. I think we can now safely leave the puppies now in the girls' cages.'

'Yes,' replied Ursula proudly. 'You can tell your girls they needn't bother to go on giving the pills. Nature, and their hungry little puppies, will now ensure that the flow continues well.'

28 - THE DOG SHOW AND COWSLIP IS SPONSORED TO HAVE PUPPIES

It was a week later when Emma realised that she was now going to take part in a Dog Show. It had been a week in which she, like Pansy and Cowslip had become fully assimilated to her new life as girl-bitch. And, just Doctor Anna had said, as each saw how the others were accepting the Assimilation Process, so she became yet more assimilated herself.

Emma's only regret was being constantly taken away from her two lovely little puppies, Greedy-Guts and Gentle-Suckler. Oh how she missed them and how, like Pansy and Cowslip, she longed to get back to her kennel and to her puppies! They were so helpless without her - and so hungry.

The kennel routine had now become well established in their minds. First, all three of them, still in their kennels, had to feed the puppies in their care. This was followed by the three girl-bitches being taken out on a lead for an early morning walk in the park. Then, they were taken to the mating courtyard and put into their little cages, ready to be taken out in turn to service their first group of Alsatians of the day.

Kurt would bring the eager guard dogs in, one by one, from the kennels next door, having first secured one of the girl bitches down on all fours, ready to be mounted. Pansy always had the first dog, then it would be Emma's turn, then Cowslip and then Pansy again ... and so depending on the number of dogs to be serviced.

All three of the girl-bitches had now learned to dread Caesar. Each would look anxiously at the blackboard to see if they would have to service him that day - with her little rear orifice being specially, and humiliatingly, well greased beforehand.

Still feeling the dog seed inside them, they would then be taken back to their own kennels where their puppies would be waiting for another feed. This was followed by their own daily feed of raw meat, dog biscuits mixed up with milk and chopped raw carrots. They were then allowed a little rest before being taken back to the mating courtyard to service the next batch of eager guard dogs.

And so it went on, feeding the puppies, servicing the guard dogs, feeding the puppies, servicing more guard dogs ...

The dog skins, the kennels, the puppies, the dog food, and the strict routine all helped to make Emma and the other two girl-bitches feel more and more like real dogs. But there was no doubt about it, as Irma said to Ursula, it was the constant servicing of her guard dogs that psychologically really made them feel like bitches - just as Doctor Anna had forecast.

Indeed, when Doctor Anna arrived she seemed very pleased with the degree of assimilation that Cowslip, encouraged by that of the other girl-bitches, had achieved.

Earlier that day Emma watched as the girl-bitch Fifi was mysteriously put into a kennel next to Cowslip. Then tables and chairs had been placed in front of their kennels, together a video camera and with a big television screen.

Then a large group of Irma's lady clients and friends, including Ursula, arrived and chatting away sat down. Emma's mouth had watered as, through the slits in her headpiece, she watched them sip coffee and tuck into delicious German cream cakes.

The audience were fascinated to watch as Emma, Pansy and Cowslip each fed their two puppies, a scene that was captured by the video camera and displayed on the screen. Irma explained that this was the first Class of the Day: the Best Girl-Bitch Wet Nurse. After a close inspection, which was again videoed, the judges awarded first prize to Emma, saying that they were 'very struck with her devotion to her puppies'.

Then to her dismay, Cowslip's puppies were mysteriously removed from her kennel.

More coffee and cake was served and the video camera moved to just outside Cowslip's and Fifi's adjoining kennel. Meanwhile the kennel-maids were fastening the two girl-bitches on their knees so that their buttocks were pressed hard up against the bars of their kennels with their heads down on the floor. Both were clearly on heat.

Suddenly, to a round of applause, Doctor Anna arrived dressed in a surgeon's cape, mask and gloves. Terrified Cowslip and Fifi watched Doctor Anna come up to their kennels - for they had no idea what was going to happen.

Each gave a little yelp as the lady doctor gave them a mild sedative injection into their bare bottoms. Then she opened several thermos flasks and began to extract some strange vials, placing them on a metal surgical tray. Opening the vials she had loaded a series of syringes. Then, parting their exposed beauty lips she injected the contents of the syringes one by one, half a dozen into Cowslip and half dozen into Fifi.

'We don't want their first litters to be large,' she explained in German to the spell-bound audience.

The two girl-bitches were then left with their heads tied down and their buttocks raised, whilst more coffee and cake was served.

Finally, Doctor Anna announced that it was safe to take the now specially prepared girl-bitches 'for their insemination in the natural canine way that nature intended.'

Fascinated, and carrying their chairs, the audience followed as the two girl-bitches were led, crawling, to the mating courtyard. Here Kurt first locked

Fifi away in one of the little cages and then strapped Cowslip down helpless on her knees. The television light were switched on and the two well placed video cameras began to whir.

Cowslip's ex-husband, Ursula told herself, was certainly going to get a first class video record of her humiliation.

Kurt now picked the special aerosol and gave Cowslip's well displayed beauty lips a quick spray. 'As the girl-bitch is herself already in season,' he explained in German to the audience, 'we only need give her a little spray to arouse the dog.'

Cowslip felt highly embarrassed that she evidently going to be mounted on again, but this time in front of such a large and critical audience. Mystified, she was astonished when instead of a fierce Alsatian guard dog, Kurt lead in a splendid looking Dalmatian.

To the delight of the audience, the dog immediately caught Cowslip's scent and pulling at his lead bounded up to her and started to lick her between the legs.

Soon Cowslip could not help reacting to this stimulus and, judging that she was ready, Kurt, still holding the dog by the lead, proudly allowed him to mount her. Once again spellbound, the audience applauded as the dog proudly jerked to and fro with it's muscular buttocks. Kurt made sure he finally jettied well and truly into the wriggling Cowslip and then took her back to her cage.

Then it was the turn of Fifi with another splendid Dalmatian.

The audience were enthusiastic and repeatedly questioned Doctor Anna about her technique, the availability of her material and her charges. Many wanted to know if their own girls could be treated at home, but Doctor Anna was insistent that a period in the kennels was necessary for the Assimilation Process.

The Dog Show had certainly started with unusual displays.

It was late after lunch when the last class was judged: the Matched Pairs of Bitches.

The judge, an attractive, well dressed, woman in a cream linen dress and a picture hat, and holding a pencil and pad, peered down at her notes. Then she looked again at the three pairs of bitches. They all made a fine sight as they knelt on all fours in the small fenced off and mown grass judging arena, in front of the Bavarian castle with it's yellow painted walls and green shutters.

Then, turning to her assistant, one of the kennel maids, she pointed to two young women sewn into matching dog skins. Each had the number 10 painted onto her naked hindquarters.

'Number Ten - Out!' called out the kennel maid in German for the benefit of the women sitting around the arena.

The bitches' owner, a stout blond woman, looked angrily at her charges and gave a sharp jerk to the lead fastened to the middle of the chain linking their collars. Looking furious at having been eliminated, she led them crawling out of the arena to a barred dog run in which several other pairs of already eliminated pairs of bitches were waiting.

Still in the ring with Pansy, Emma peered around through the tiny eye holes in her head piece.

There was now only one other pair still left in the competition; a pair of pretty long haired Red Setters. Temporarily off their lead, but still chained together, they were bounding about the little arena chasing little dog biscuits that their owner was throwing to them to show off their fitness and obedience.

All that could be seen of the young women inside the furry skins were their swinging breasts hanging down under them, their exposed little soft bottoms and the occasional glimpse of hairless little intimacies in the cut away part of the skins between their legs.

From the slightly olive colour of their exposed skin, Emma thought that they must either have been sunbathing both topless and bottomless or, more likely, were from the Eastern Mediterranean or Middle East.

Emma herself was chained to Cowslip who was also locked into a Dalmatian dogskin. It must be Cowslip, she knew, because of the distinctive big rings that hung from her elongated nipples. Emma remembered watching Doctor Anna doing something rather strange to Cowslip that morning, after which Cowslip was led

away to the mating courtyard. She wondered what had happened there - before Cowslip was brought back and locked up in her cage again

The judge murmured something to the kennel maid.

'Lead round!' called out the girl.

Sabhu, who had driven specially for the Dog Show to take the girls back to London, now gave the two girls' lead a jerk. He was exotically dressed, once again in his circus lion tamer outfit, and was carrying his long dressage whip in his hand. He was center of much attention amongst the spectators and Ursula was widely congratulated on her muscular and stern looking "girl trainer".

Obediently Emma and Cowslip started to scamper round the little judging arena behind Sabhu. The other matched pair were led round behind them, whilst the judge watched them both closely.

'Keep buttocks well up!' muttered Sabhu, raising his whip imperceptibly - a gesture that might not have been noticed by the judge, but which certainly had been by the two crawling women.

Sabhu was anxious for his pair to impress the judge. If these two bitches won, then he would also get a prize as their Trainer - and a handsome tip not only from Ursula, but also, with a spot of luck, from the woman who won the right to enjoy them for the night.

Ursula was also watching closely as her entry were paraded round. Already Pansy had come second in the Young Bitches class. Her new friend Sofie had won the Stallion Dog class with one of her toy boys.

This last class had been a close run thing and the judge, unable to decide between Sofie's toy boy and another young stallion dog, had asked to see them both in action as a stallion so to further judge their qualities.

To the delight of the spectators, the winner of the Young Bitch class had agreed that her bitch should be used for the contest and Irma had persuaded Ursula to let Pansy be used too. Whilst their owners had stood over the two girl-bitches, the two rival stallion dogs had been brought in to cover them.

The judge had awarded marks to each stallion dog for licking his mate to bring her to arousal, for his dexterity in then mounting and penetrating her, unaided, whilst still in his dog skin, and then for the speed with which he then reached his climax.

It had been a remarkable demonstration of the training and virility of these young toy boys, with their hindquarters jerking to and fro, animal-like, as they covered their allocated bitch.

The prizes for the various classes had been pretty pieces of silver that would innocently serve to decorate their Mistresses' dinner tables. But the Championship Cup, a magnificent silver cup, with the names of the previous winners engraved on it, was reserved for the Matched Pairs class.

Ursula looked across the small grass arena to where a large African woman, dressed in a brightly coloured robe and matching head scarf, was sitting. She smiled as she saw that the eyes of Her Excellency, Madame M'tout Korema, the wife of the cruel and ruthless dictator of a certain Central African republic, were still fixed on the very white bottoms and hanging breasts of Cowslip and Emma - and on their delicate pink coloured intimacies.

Clearly, Ursula decided, her two girls had caught the black lady's eye. The first part of her plan was working well! But all now depended on the girls winning the Championship so that the judge could make the announcement that Ursula had already agreed with Irma.

As Ursula watched Emma and Cowslip parade round, she cursed herself for not having told Sabhu to put a pair of big rings, like Cowslip's, through Emma's nipples, too. That would really have made them a matched pair!

But she need not have worried. Suddenly the judge announced her decision. Perhaps it was indeed the very whiteness of their bottoms and hanging milk-laden breasts, and the delicate shade of pinkness of their intimacies, that swayed the scales. Anyway, Emma and Cowslip had won!

Everyone crowded round Ursula, congratulating her. But then the judge clapped her hands for silence.

'Ladies!' she called, 'The show is not yet over! The winner of the Matched pairs has made a most generous gesture. Instead of the winning pair being separately auctioned for the night, she has suggested that the two bitches be

raffled together instead, and moreover has agreed that the proceeds should go to improve our kennels here!'

There was a round of applause, for not all the spectators could afford the sort of money that this pair of lovely bitches would raise at auction - especially as it was known that they were owned by the famous Ursula!

Moreover, many felt, a raffle would prevent that fat rich black woman from using her husband's ill-gotten wealth to out-bid the other spectators to get these prize girls. Now, instead, there was a chance for them all to enjoy them.

Indeed, they had already agreed, as they whispered amongst themselves during the judging, that one only had to look at the girls' great brute of a Trainer, with his whip ever ready in his hand, and on the weals on their exposed bottoms, to imagine how well trained they must be to give pleasure!

'So hurry up,' the judge went on, 'and buy your raffle tickets from our kennel maids - and then go back and buy another lot, before it's too late!'

It was an invitation that was followed up with eager laughter and alacrity. Clearly all were intrigued to see and enjoy what lay behind the dog skins and dog headpieces.

Ursula smiled as she saw that Her Excellency was buying entire strips of raffle tickets. If she won, well and good, and if she didn't then her frustration would even more anxious than ever to visit Ursula's little establishment in London ... and then ... ah!

And, in any case, it was all excellent publicity.

Meanwhile, Emma was horrified, the expression on her face hidden by her dog's head piece, as she realised what was happening. She was even more horrified to see a fat, cruel-faced African woman buying so many tickets. She had often found pretty African girls very attractive, but not this horrible gross creature!

The judge then clapped her hands again.

'To make the draw even more exciting, I will now ask the bitches' owner to hand over the keys to their dog skins. Not that of their head pieces, mark you, just their dog skins.'

With a delighted laugh, Ursula tossed the keys to Sabhu who now slowly and tantalisingly unzipped first the front of Emma's dog skin and then that of Cowslip. Then, amidst cries of laughter and approval, he made them put their hands behind their backs and then eased the skins back over their shoulders and down to their wrists, baring their backs and shoulders.

Then he humiliatingly eased the tight skins down over their hips to their knees. Blushing with embarrassment under their head pieces, the two women were now made by Sabhu's whip to shuffle awkwardly forward towards the increasingly excited spectators.

It was a highly erotic sight that produced another flurry of buying tickets. But still the judge had not finished.

'Of course, ladies you will now be anxious to know yet more about what you are hoping to win! Well,' she waved Ursula's now famous printed list of commands, 'this is the list of words of commands that these women have been trained to obey - instantly.'

Amidst much laughter, and murmurs of astonishment and approval, she then read out extracts from the list, together with a description of just what the women would do at each command.

Ursula smiled to herself as there was another rush to buy tickets. There would indeed be plenty of new clients coming to London shortly - all determined to make up for their disappointment in the draw.

As for the African lady she almost seemed to be slavering at the mouth with lust as she looked at the lovely white naked white bodies being so wantonly displayed, and heard how they had been trained to perform.

'Now ladies,' cried the judge, 'the final denouement! Have you wasted your money buying your tickets - or do you desperately want to buy more?'

She nodded at Sabhu who unlocked each woman's headpiece and slowly drew them off.

Gasps of astonishment and admiration greeted the sight of first Cowslip's aristocratic features and then Emma's blond beauty. There was yet another rush to buy tickets.

Then finally the judge invited Ursula to draw the winning number.

'Pink five four six!' she announced.

'Yes!', cried an excited and sophisticated German woman, stepping forward to claim her prize.

At least, thought Emma, I won't have to satisfy that awful looking African woman!

Meanwhile, Ursula was smiling happily as she saw how Her Excellency was eyeing the blond Emma and biting her lips in anger and disappointment.

Clearly, the trap was well and truly sprung! And Emma was going to be the bait!

29 - BACK IN URSULA'S CAGES

Emma slowly awoke - she was still feeling slightly sleepy and rather exhausted. For a moment she couldn't quite recall where she was. Was she in a hospital or where? Her memory of recent events seemed strangely vague.

All too soon she saw that far from being in a hospital, she was lying in a familiar narrow bunk in the back of the big estate car, that doubled as an ambulance, with its dark opaque windows that prevented anyone from seeing inside. She saw that once again she was just wearing her velvet cape.

Under her cape, she could feel her wrist manacles - and their joining short length of heavy chain. She heard a rattle of a chain under the blanket. Her ankles were similarly manacled.

She vaguely remembered being manacled before - and her subsequent delight at finding in the kennels that they had been removed. But why had they now been put back on?

Emma was now rapidly coming out of her daze. Opposite her, also in bunks, were Cowslip and Pansy, still fast asleep. She saw that the driver was a woman and that next to her was that horrible Haitian, Sabhu, once again dressed like a chauffeur.

Sabhu's seat was not facing towards the front but had been swivelled round towards them. His deep black eyes were staring right through Emma, as if he knew her every thought. How she hated that man with his ugly face and arrogant manner. The memory of being closely supervised and controlled by him made her want to be sick.

She was now fully awake again, and as the car sped on she made out a sign pointing to London and, on the other side, one pointing to the M25 and to the Channel.

The Channel! The word gave her memory a jolt but, try as she might, she could remember so little of just what had happened in the last few days. She did vaguely remember swallowing some pills and later the car been driven up onto a train. But just where had she been?

Vaguely she remembered a raffle and having, with Pansy, to please a charming German woman and being thankful it had not been a particularly horrible fat African woman. Vaguely she remembered something strange being done to Cowslip. But what was this ghastly Sabhu doing here? She seemed to remember that he went everywhere with Ursula's girls, always watching them and always ready to use his whip.

Emma could not resist making a face at him. But then she suddenly felt a little electric shock. She gave a little cry. My God, she thought, has the ambulance been struck by lightning? But, of course, it hadn't, for it just sped on. Then when she made another face at Sabhu, she felt it again! This time and it was stronger and in her neck. She put her hand up and felt what seemed to be a tight collar around her neck - like a dog collar, she thought.

A moment later they went under a tunnel and she could see a mirror image of herself in the window of the car. Yes she could see a large stiff leather collar round her neck and similar collars round the necks of the other girls. She saw that Sabhu was holding a small control box with numbered buttons on it.

A Control Box! Emma suddenly remembered that it was this control box that in turn controlled that awful Bikini belt. She remembered that, like the manacles, it had been taken off in the kennels. She put her hand down. It was back on now!

That was how she had been given the shocks! But why had it been taken off? She had a hazy memory of having to wear something furry and of her intimacies and breasts being on display. She wondered why they had now been taken off and the Bikini belt replace.

She now recognised the driver of the ambulance as the German woman doctor - that same wicked woman, Doctor Anna who, she vaguely remembered, had come with Sabhu when she had been abducted.

She began to remember how on that occasion the Doctor had offered her some sleeping pills so that she have a little snooze during the journey - and how she had not woken up until she was firmly locked up in her cage.

Then she remembered how the same thing had happened when they had been taken off abroad and how she had woken up in the kennels. Had she and the other girls again been put to sleep to keep them quiet during this journey - and perhaps to make them forget what had recently been happening?

Emma wondered if the other girls had felt a shock like hers. But if so they had said nothing. She tried to talk to them but again she felt a shock and saw Sabhu's horrible black eyes staring at her. He warningly put a finger to his mouth. Oh, yes, she remembered, talking was not allowed.

She looked more closely at them and saw they were all still fast asleep. But now where were they going and what was going to happen?

Emma looked out of the window again. They must be getting near the center of London, as the traffic was building up and they were slowed down by several traffic jams. Sabhu hated traffic jams, she remembered, perhaps because he was nervous lest the girls might try and jump out of the ambulance.

But the doors, she remembered, were always locked and anyway she now knew better than to try to escape. Sabhu would be furious and made life dreadful if you were merely disobedient, and as for trying to escape ... well, Emma had tried once and the punishment afterwards had been so horrific.

So she remembered that she had learnt to be subservient and to obey. But she also remembered that she still resented the way Sabhu treated her, and sometimes this resentment spilled over and she wanted to try and kill Sabhu, or even Ursula herself.

Suddenly the big estate car drew up outside a garage door alongside a newly painted terraced house off the King's Road. Hazily Emma recognised it as Ursula's new house. They were home!

Sabhu pressed a button on the dashboard of the car, and the garage door slid open, closing again after the car had driven in.

He now roughly woke up the other three girls, tapping them sharply on the breast with what Emma now nervously recognised as his long dressage whip.

'Wake up, you white sluts,' he shouted. 'Wake up!'

The girls sat up. their wrist manacles rattling under their capes, and looked around in surprise.

'Up!' shouted Sabhu.

It was one of the commands the girls had all been taught to obey unthinkingly. Shakily, their ankle manacles now clanking as well, they staggered out of their bunks. Their capes came down only to just below their waists, and Emma saw that, like her, each had again been locked into the thin leather bikini belts.

Sabhu now snapped a lead onto the ring at the front of each of their collars. 'Out!' he ordered, unlocking and opening the rear doors.

Still half asleep, they were scarcely able to walk, but with Sabhu gripping the arms of the two younger girls, Pansy and Emma, and with Doctor Anna, rather strangely, solicitously supporting Cowslip, they made their way into the house. Emma recognised Babindu, Ursula's Caribbean housekeeper.

'I've got everything nice and ready upstairs for the white trash,' Emma heard her whisper to Sabhu.

Then suddenly Ursula appeared, all dressed up as if she had just come in from a business meeting.

'And how are my little ones?' she purred. Despite her proprietary tone, Emma found herself warming towards her. 'Are you tired after your journey? Well you know, you've all done very well for your Mistress, and she's very pleased with you - especially you Cowslip!

Cowslip looked proud but mystified at being singled out.

'And Emma, you may soon be doing a special little job for your Mistress!'

Emma was thrilled, though she did not understand what Ursula meant. Was it something to do with the way the horrible fat black lady had been looking at her? She gave a little shiver.

Then, glancing towards Doctor Anna, she added: 'Though I don't expect they can remember very much about it, can they?'

Grimly, Doctor Anna silently nodded.

'Well they're all going to be performing in the arena in three weeks time,' smiled Ursula. 'It's a well booked show!'

Then she added in German to the large and unattractive woman doctor: 'Before we send Daisy away with the Princess, I think we ought to use this performance to get Bluebell and Pansy sponsored - either naturally or using your stock of midget seed. Have you enough to do them properly?'

'Oh, yes,' replied the lady doctor meaningfully. 'Oh yes!'

The girls were all now recovering fast and were wondering what Ursula and the Doctor were talking about.

They watched as Doctor Anna carefully studied a file full of copious notes and of Sabhu's meticulously kept temperature graphs. . She studied several pages and then looked up at Ursula.

'Of course you can use my treatment at any time, but surprisingly it does seem to work best at the natural times,' she muttered in German. Then pointing at Pansy, she added: 'Three weeks time ... her ... yes!'

Then pointing at Emma, she just she shook her head and smiled enigmatically. 'This time,' she said switching back to English, 'as you may want her for something else, we just pretend?'

'Yes,' agreed Ursula mysteriously. 'But, although they won't understand what's going on, my little Bluebell and Pansy, are going to be the stars of a special and very exciting Auction of Promises. And then they're going to earn their Mistress a lot more money.'

Pansy looked very pleased with herself at being the center of attention, even though she did not understand why.

'And what about me?' asked Emma petulantly, also not understanding what was going to happen, but feeling jealous at being left out. 'Why can't I earn a lot of money for my Mistress, too?'

'Oh you will, little Emma, you will' smiled Ursula enigmatically, 'but differently, and starting tonight!'

Then before Emma could ask what she meant, Ursula turned to Sabhu.

'I think my little girls deserve a break before you take them back upstairs again. Let's have all have a little tea together to celebrate Cowslip's forthcoming happy ... well I'd better not say what!'

Then she turned to Doctor Anna. 'She did test positive before you left, didn't she?'

Doctor Anna nodded, with a smile. 'Oh yes,' she said proudly and Sabhu gave a little laugh. .

Sabhu now led the three women by their leads up to Ursula's immaculate drawing room, the one that was so beautifully decorated in French Louis XV style. Babindu brought Bluebell and Daisy down from her cage in the attic to join them. Daisy's tummy was looking rather more swollen, but they both seemed thrilled to see the other girls again.

Emma saw that Pansy and Cowslip were now fully awake and were obviously very pleased to be back with Ursula again. Despite being manacled and still kept on leads held by Sabhu, they were soon flirting with her, as were Bluebell and Daisy whose leads were still held by the grinning black Babindu. Clearly, she like Sabhu, enjoyed holding white women on a lead like little dogs.

Bluebell and Pansy were talking in a strange language and in whispery voices, calling her Mistress in English, as they made lots of little eyes at her, interspersed with seductive little curtsies. Soon Daisy and Cowslip joined in flashing their eyes and shaking their breasts provocatively under their capes. They were all rewarded with encouraging affectionate little pats from Ursula.

Ignored by Ursula, Emma felt very jealous and excluded from all these flirtations. It's not fair, she thought, surely I've been punished enough for my indiscreet behaviour before Ursula had her abducted and caged like the others.

Then giving her two girl's leads to Sabhu, Babindu went off and brought in a tray of tea and cakes for Ursula and Doctor Anna. Emma found herself eyeing the tray hungrily. How long was it since she had been allowed to eat anything sweet? It felt like months!

Now holding in one hand the leads of all five girls, and his whip in the other, Sabhu went behind them.

'Kneel!' he ordered.

They all knelt down in a line in front of the now seated Ursula.

'Beg!' he ordered.

It was one of the commands they had been taught to obey instantly, and like performing animals they raised their cupped manacled hands towards Ursula, licking their lips as they jealously watched their Mistress and the awful Doctor Anna tucking into the delicious looking cakes.

Finally, unable to resist her girls silently pleading eyes, Ursula put a little piece of cake, with jam and cream in the middle, into each girls' cupped hands.

Emma was thrilled. Oh what a treat! Her earlier feelings of jealousy forgotten, Emma looked up at her Mistress, her eyes brimming with tears of gratitude. Oh how kind she really was.

'Wait!' ordered Sabhu. Oh, trust him to spoil things, thought Emma.

The girls were kept waiting for a full minute.

'Eat!' finally came the order.

Raising their manacled hands to their mouths they eagerly eat the little pieces of cake. Jam! thought Emma. And real cream!

Ursula nodded to Sabhu to take the girls back to the attic. She had several telephone calls to make, and much to discuss with Dr. Anna, as well as expecting an important visitor.

As soon as Sabhu had got the girls back into the attic, and had closed the electronic lock on the door, his strict regime was resumed.

Emma's heart dropped as she recognised the line of numbered cages, each with it's little door invitingly open, and in front of them the line of numbered little brass bowls, each containing a little scented water with a flower floating prettily on it.

'On your spots!' shouted Sabhu.

Spots? Emma shook her head, her mind still misty. Suddenly she remembered it was another of the words of command she had learnt to obey - and at the double! Encouraged by a sharp stroke of Sabhu's whip across her backside, prettily exposed under her short cape, Emma rushed forward to the spot marked 4.

Like the other girls she raised her manacled hands and clasped them behind her neck, put her tongue, and bent her knees. Like them, she did not dare to look down and kept her eyes fixed on the wall in front of her, but she could feel the bowl between her manacled ankles and adjusted her position accordingly - just as, she remembered, she had been taught to do.

Still holding their leads in one hand, and his raised whip in the other, Sabhu was now standing in front of the line of silent women. It was time to impose a little discipline again. They had got slack.

'Bellies in!' he warned.

He went down the line of straining women, tapping each one's belly with his whip. 'And you Daisy!' he ordered harshly giving her a sharp stroke across her pouting belly.

Poor Daisy, thought Emma sympathetically. How awful it must be to be kept under Sabhu's strict discipline when you're expecting a Happy Event.

'Prepare!'

Each woman now lowered her manacled hands to below her short cape and keeping her eyes fixed ahead of her, unfastened the velcro keeping the rubber pad down over her intimacies.

'Up!'

Each woman now held up the rubber pad, exposing the plastic grill over her beauty lips.

'Stand by!' Sabhu raised his whip menacingly.

He paused.

'Remember! All together! Three strokes for any girl who is slow!' he warned.

Oh, this was so humiliating, thought Emma. She longed to revolt from the Haitian's cruel control. But three strokes! Desperately Emma relaxed her muscles. She must be ready! She must!

'One ... Two ... Three ... Perform!'

The women were blushing now, as instantly there came the noise of five fountains each prettily trickling into its own numbered brass bowl ...

Sabhu smiled contently. This was the way to teach stuck up European women obedience and humility! Treat them like performing animals! Tomorrow he would dose them those he had brought back from the kennels - he did not want to risk one of his little animals having picked up a tummy upset there.

Locked up in her cage, later that afternoon, Emma felt very jealous when Sabhu came in and woke up Cowslip, and then took her down on her lead to Ursula's bedroom. Why hadn't Ursula chosen her for her afternoon pleasure, instead of that Latin American bitch?

Her jealousy knew no bounds as she lay awake, curled up on the rubber mat of her cage, frustratingly wondering what tricks Ursula was making Cowslip perform for her.

Angrily she gripped the bars of her cage to prevent herself from pointlessly tearing at the plastic grill over her beauty bud - and getting a shock.

Would Ursula have switched on the hidden vibrator in the rubber pad on Cowslip's belt? Were the little vibrating rubber knobs giving Ursula exquisite pleasure at this very moment? Was Ursula now being driven to a peak of excitement as she pressed down on Cowslip? Was Cowslip's eager little tongue now delicately further exciting Ursula? Was ...

Emma tossed and turned in her little cage in a frenzy of frustration and jealousy. But she would have been even more jealous if she had know what was going through her Mistress's mind as she held Cowslip down under her; that under her Bikini belt half a dozen little creatures were quietly growing. Soon, Ursula was thinking, it would be time to replace the Bikini belt with a proper chain mail breeding belt like Daisy's.

So it was that Emma was thrilled when later Sabhu came for her, and led her crawling down to a large bedroom. Obviously, her Mistress, dissatisfied with Cowslip's performance had sent for her! Oh how exciting! This was her big chance!

She saw that there was a figure lying hidden on the huge bed on her back, her feet outstretched. She was thrilled. Ursula was waiting for her! Waiting for the feel of her hot little tongue between her legs. Oh yes! She'd soon show her Mistress how much better she was than those other girls of hers.

'Remember, I waiting with whip. You get Special Punishment - twelve strokes if you not please,' whispered Sabhu, as he lifted up the bedclothes.

Not please! Not please Ursula? Emma gave a little laugh. Sabhu needn't worry - she would please Ursula as she'd never been pleased before!

She saw that there was a chain hanging out from the bedclothes at the foot of the bed. Sabhu gestured to her to kneel down and, unfastening his own leather lead from her collar, replaced it with this chain one. Then he gestured to her to climb, as she had so often had to practice under his guidance, up under the bed clothes from the foot of the bed.

Eagerly she put her head and shoulders under the bedclothes, eagerly waiting for the tug on her lead that would tell her to creep up higher and higher, her tongue licking as she went.

'Madame,' she heard Sabhu say, 'the girl is in position and awaiting your orders. I shall wait for a moment with my whip to ensure her instant obedience.'

How silly, again thought Emma. She would not have to be driven by the whip to please her beloved Mistress!

There was a tug on her lead. She started to crawl up the bed hidden in the darkness under the bedclothes. Soon she found she was between two outstretched

legs. She started to lick one and then the other humbly and respectfully. She heard a little moan of pleasure. Slowly she made her way higher ...

But something was wrong. This wasn't Ursula! She started to back down the bed again. But the lead held her tight.

'Beat her, Sabhu!' she heard a strange woman's heavily accented voice. 'Use your whip!'

Emma felt the bedclothes being lifted up, exposing her bottom. She screamed as the whip came down, once ... twice. Hastily she applied her tongue reaching up to where the two legs joined.

Then she saw, in the now half light under the bedclothes, that that the skin she was so assiduously licking was black. She drew back in astonishment.

Down came Sabhu's whip again across her backside.

'Lick it!' he ordered.

She did so and suddenly the top of the bedclothes were lifted up. Keeping her tongue stroking the woman's beauty lips, Emma raised her eyes.

There looking down at her, above a huge fat belly, was the cruel face of Her Excellency, Madame M'tout Korema.

Emma recoiled in horror.

'No!' she cried. 'No!'

'Oh yes, white slut! Oh yes!' answered Her Excellency with a cruel laugh.

'Beat her Sabhu! Beat her!'

Emma's Calvary had begun ...

It was a shaken and sobbing Emma who, two hours later, was put back into her cage by a grinning Sabhu. A new Fifty Pound note, a tip for services well rendered, was almost burning a hole in his pocket!

He smiled as he remembered how with his whip he had driven Emma into pleasing Her Excellency in increasingly humiliating ways. It had culminated in Her Excellency taking the girl from behind with a dildo. The sobbing Emma had had to hold back the little plastic shields of her belt, just as she been taught to do, to proffer her little rear orifice to the grinning African lady.

Alas Her Excellency now had to return to her home country but, she had said, she would soon be back for more! And so more tips for him!

30 - A VISIT TO A STRANGE GALLERY

For several weeks Emma's life in the cages carried on as before. The horrible fat African lady had not returned, thank God, but not a day passed without at least client demanding her services. But even so her thoughts were dominated by the desperate need not to be bottom of the points table displayed by Sabhu so cruelly in front of the cages as a way of spurring each girl, from fear of his whip, into yet greater efforts- and greater tips for himself.

Horrified she had heard poor Cowslip starting to be sick in the morning in her cage. Surely she could not be expecting? How could she be if she had not been allowed near a man. It was just not possible! She remembered the strange thing that Doctor Anna had done to Cowslip and Fifi at the Dog Show, and how they had subsequently been taken to the Mating Courtyard. But she was still mystified.

But, possible or not, Sabhu had, without a word of explanation, put her into a chain mail breeding belt just like Daisy's. Emma had heard her in the next door cage tearing at it in vain and sobbing, whilst Sabhu stood outside her cage laughing cruelly and viding the scene - for sending on, although she did not then realise it, to her revenge-seeking former husband.

Moreover, possible or not, there was no doubt that above the breeding belt that was locked over her beauty lips, Cowslip's belly was getting larger every day. She was already almost as large as Daisy. What on earth was happening to her.

Twice a day, a special party of clients would excitedly come to the attic and, fascinated, look at a screen, as ordering Cowslip to press her belly

against the bars of her cage, Sabhu would run the ultra-sound scanner over her belly.

Two days later, Emma was astonished to hear Ursula telling Sabhu to take off the girls' manacles and belts. She could hardly believe her ears. What was going to happen?

Then Ursula told him to dress them all in their matching little girl smocks, little matching hats and dancing shoes. She said she was going to have a portrait of them done at the Gallery.

All five of them were very excited and even Ursula seemed to be affected by her girls' infectious gaiety. Although Ursula was usually very strict, it amused her at times to see her girls smiling and jealously flirting with her again - just as they had on their return from the Dog Show.

But, Emma reflected, Sabhu was coming as well, which would spoilt the fun. How she wished he were dead! How much more fun they would have with Ursula if only they were rid of him - and preferably the other girls as well. But Sabhu was an evil influence -and so was Doctor Anna.

Ursula checked that they were properly dressed and then off they all tripped merrily down the Kings Road in pairs, one pair behind the other. This time Emma walked hand in hand with Bluebell, to whom she was becoming more and more attracted.

They all made a pretty sight as they skipped along, all so happy to be free of their horrible belts and heavy manacles. But they still kept a wary eye on Sabhu grimly bringing up the rear.

Carefully made up as they were, they could pass as young girls, certainly to a casual observer. Emma's own hair had grown longer and, thanks to Sabhu's strict diet, she was now getting quite thin. She wore little bows in her hair, like Bluebell and the other girls.

She felt very excited. Life as one of Ursula's girls was really all a huge laugh and she knew that Ursula would be nice to her in the end. She just had to suffer in the meantime, while the other girls got all the goodies and all the attention. Even Sabhu was nicer to them. Of course he paid special attention to Bluebell because she was Head Girl.

They arrived at the Gallery where Ursula was already waiting for them. She was being very strict again.

'Now girls, customers want to see the pictures on display, not a crowd of silly schoolgirls gawking at them. So off you go - stand at the back of the Gallery!'

Emma was startled to see Doctor Anna sitting there at the back, smoking, a smile on her ugly face. She had a big doctor's bag with her. What on earth, wondered Emma, was she doing with that here.

She saw that Layla, the girl who was apparently running the gallery, was talking to a customer. Emma would have liked to stay with her, after all she had helped Ursula on many such occasions and now knew quite a bit about the business.

However, she was hardly dressed for the part and anyway Sabhu was angrily gesturing to her to join the others. He may not have had his whip in his hand, but she still did not dare disobey him.

After a few minutes, to Emma's surprise, Sabhu opened a little door and ushered them. He led them through a storage room with paintings slotted into shelved compartments - presumably all ready to be shipped abroad. Then, before she had time to take in any more, they were all pushed into a darkened back room. The door was shut and locked behind them.

Suddenly some brilliant spot lights were switched on. Emma gasped as she saw that it was not just a room, but was fitted out as a shop - an old fashioned butcher's shop.

But it seemed really more like a little arena with a viewing balcony on one wall similar to those in the attic and gymnasium in Ursula's new house - except that it was larger and curtained off, with the curtains hiding it completely.

However, it was the feeling of sawdust under her little dancing shoes that really struck Emma. It brought back childhood memories of Ireland, where all butcher's shops used to have sawdust on the floors.

She remembered the fun she used to have making designs and patterns out of the sawdust whilst her Nanny chatted away to her lover, the assistant butcher, in his blue ribboned boater hat. She never minded waiting for her Nanny, she loved her so much.

But these days, and especially in London, she had never seen a butcher's shop like this. She was amazed. What was going on?

In her usual innocent way, Emma suspected nothing. Always naturally light hearted and good humoured, she entered into the spirit of everything. She smiled at Bluebell and, forgetting that she only understood a little English, was starting to tell her about her childhood days in Ireland when she heard a frightening crack of a whip.

She turned and saw Sabhu coming towards her in his menacing way, with his whip once again in his hand. Overcome with trepidation, she fell silent. He towered over her and tied her hands behind her back. Then he did the same to Bluebell and Pansy.

Cowslip and Daisy were left free, and moments later, much to her annoyance, Emma saw Ursula slip into the room and take them off with her. What were they up to?

Emma felt so jealous, but there was no time to think about that, for the next minute Sabhu was fastening a wide, strong strap round her waist. Another thick leather strap was fastened round her chest just above her breasts. The two straps were joined behind her back by another strap, this time with a big ring in it.

She saw Sabhu pull down a chain attached to a pulley. At the end of the chain was a hook. He clicked the hook onto the ring at her back and turned the pulley. Suddenly Emma found herself being hoisted up high and then left there suspended, like a carcass in a butchers shop.

She felt little or constriction, but being suspended in mid air, her arms and legs and breasts hanging down, and her little panties exposed from behind, was at first a horrible feeling. Underneath her was the big butcher's table, and she tried in vain to reach down and rest her feet on it.

As she got used to the feeling, however, she had to admit that it was rather exciting being hung up there, dangling quite helplessly. Certainly, life with Ursula was unusual!

She heard Pansy give a loud scream, and she saw Sabhu's whip give her a wallop. She, too, evidently was not used to being hung up! Horrified by the sight of what had happened to Emma, Pansy kicked and screamed and tried to fight off Sabhu. But he quickly overpowered her and Emma had to listen to her painful whimpers as Sabhu gave her three more strokes of his whip as a punishment.

Eventually after more moans and tears Pansy joined Emma, dangling helplessly on an adjoining hook.

Then it was the turn of Bluebell. Having seen what had happened to Cowslip she did not struggle as the heavy belt was fastened round her slim waist and the hook was attached. Moments later she, too, was hanging there, helpless. How lovely she looked, Emma could not help thinking. She was getting more and more fond of the young girl.

Sabhu then amused himself by pushing them all to and fro as if they were on swings.

'Now little girls,' he mocked, 'you all so pretty - but in one way not pretty enough ... Your Mistress will be back shortly with her friends and they'll want to see three beautiful little girls dangling from hooks - nicely positioned for Doctor Anna's treatment and waiting helplessly for it!

What treatment, thought Emma anxiously. And why does she need the girls to be hung up like this?

'But first I want to sure that everything is perfect,' he said mysteriously.'

Then Emma saw Sabhu go off to a corner of the room and start boiling something in a saucepan. It was difficult to see properly, suspended as she was, and anyway, when Sabhu did see her looking at him, he turned and raised his whip.

'Eyes down!' he growled

Emma lowered her gaze submissively, but out of the corner of her eye, she saw that he kept adding something to the boiling saucepan, as if making some

sort of paste. . What was he doing? It had a sweet smell, like sugar. Surely he wasn't going to use this paste on them - and in a particular place! Oh, no!

Like the other two women, she was still in her pretty smocked dress - and they were all wearing pretty little lace pants. But within seconds Sabhu had pulled their little dresses up over their heads, so that they could now see nothing. Then he pulled down their lace pants.

Doctor Anna had now entered the arena and was peering at each girl in turn and pointing out to Sabhu any hairs she apparently wanted removed.

Next minute Emma felt hot paste being ladled between her legs and over her beauty lips. She gave a little cry as she felt it beginning to burn.

It was barely a week since Sabhu had last carefully depilated all the girls with tweezers. But evidently this was a special occasion and he was now going to use a special paste to make sure that not one little hair was visible.

Emma and the other two girls were now crying out in pain as he applied several coats of the hot burning paste. Under Doctor Anna's approving gaze he began rubbing the paste in between their beauty lips with a brush. Both ignored the girls cries.

'You don't cry out so much,' said Doctor Anna, 'this not really hurt!'

Well it might not if you were a fat and ugly German, thought Emma, and never used depilatory creams. But she and the other girls had no protective hairs and the paste burnt like hell.

Although the girls seemed as smooth as little girls, Sabhu went on remorselessly working the paste up into a lather on each girl.

Watched by an approving Doctor Anna, the horrible brute also started to open up Emma's, and the other girls', backsides with oil. Up and up went his finger. It was horrible. Why was he doing this, Emma asked herself desperately. She tried to tighten her bottom to stop him, but this made him only probe deeper with his oily finger.

Then she heard Doctor Anna say something to Sabhu about getting the girls ready whilst she prepared the treatment. Then she heard her unlock the door and leave the room.

Moments later she felt Sabhu rub some oil onto her beauty bud, massaging carefully into erection, and then slowly manoeuvred his great black hand inside her.

Emma was disgusted but powerless to prevent herself from becoming aroused. Hanging as she was with her dress over her head, she could not properly see what he was doing. Then to her utter horror she could feel his long wet tongue expertly moving in and out.

Emma was getting wet with arousal and, hanging as she was, her moisture embarrassingly began to drop onto the sawdust, making a damp spot.

'So,' she heard Sabhu laugh with that horrible smirking laugh of his, 'your Mistress will see what a naughty girl you have been.'

Then his mood changed.

'How dare you get excited, without my permission!'

Down came his whip making Emma cry out and wriggle helplessly as she swayed there, hanging helplessly from her hook.

But Sabhu was now enormously excited himself. He simply could leave the girls alone, running his hands over their helpless bodies. The paste was still burning them, but he continued to oil all their bottoms, his finger going up each girl, carefully loosening her. Then his slippery hands lifted her breasts and pinched her nipples ...

At last, he scraped the paste off them and then rubbed in some wonderful soft cream. After all the brutality, Emma began to relax as the cream eased the pain.

Suddenly Emma felt Sabhu's huge manhood push up inside her now well prepared rear orifice. He was standing behind her, on the table, pushing her head and shoulders down so that he could drive deeper and deeper into her as she just hung from her hook. It was horribly uncomfortable for her as he began to pump slowly in and out of her, enjoying the oily and slippery feeling.

He was now just like an animal. The sight of the three women hanging there had obviously turned him on. Why should he not try them out and help warm them all up for Doctor Anna's treatment?

Emma felt herself melting again as his fingers cunningly used the cream to arouse her again. Overcome with wanton desire, she began to pant and to open her legs. To her disgust she now wanted Sabhu inside her.

It was a strange feeling. Although she hated him and he disgusted her, here she was hanging helplessly from a hook, her intimacies wet and longing for a hard manhood to penetrate them - but properly this time, not up her rear orifice. She was displaying her availability like a mare in season or a bitch on heat.

But Sabhu, his virility intact, had moved onto Pansy. Emma could still see nothing but she heard the young girl cry out, first in helpless protest, but soon in helpless delirium. Her cries mixed with Sabhu's animal-like grunts of pleasure. But he seemed to saving himself for yet further delights.

Indeed it was now the turn of Bluebell. But first he cruelly pulled Emma's dress down so that she could see him, first again oiling and opening up Bluebell, just as he had with her. Emma could not help feeling jealous as she watched him driving himself up her bottom, pushing her head down so that her body was at just the right angle for his proudly curved manhood, whilst his creamed fingers were rubbing her beauty bud.

'Stop, you beast! Stop!' cried younger girl, in vain.

Soon she too was became excited. Emma could see her the pupils of her eyes go glazed. Her cheeks turned pink, her mouth opened, and little drops of saliva dropped out onto the sawdust. She looked as though she was going to faint, but she had reached her climax.

Sabhu stayed inside her, swaying her body so that his manhood was pumping in and out of it.

It was all too much for Bluebell, and she fainted. Alarmed Sabhu pulled himself out of her. Quickly he lifted her off her hook and put her down on the rough butcher's table.

Emma was scared. Could Bluebell be dead? She made no sound. What a dreadful thing. She thought of the headline news: "Girl dead in butcher's shop". And what about herself? She imagined the questions: 'What were you doing hanging from a butcher's hook?' And the awful examination to see if she had been sexually assaulted. Everyone would read about it ... her friends ... her husband. Her nerves were shattered, she was shaking with fear.

'Bluebell, darling, are you alright?' she called out.

There was no response.

Sabhu seemed terrified, too.

'Miss Ursula come back very soon!' he muttered. 'She bring party of clients who have paid to watch you little bitches being done ... and now one of you dead!'

He pushed Bluebell. There was still not a sound and she was as white as a ghost.

Emma began to pray. Like a good Irish girl, she always did so in times of trouble. 'Hail Mary, full of grace ... '. She prayed as she had never prayed before. Poor Bluebell you can't be dead! You can't!

'Get her a drink of water!' she screamed at Sabhu. 'Open her mouth and breathe into it!'

Emma was endeavouring to remember her First Aid and Sabhu was trying to give artificial respiration. Still hanging helpless from her hook, Emma could only watch.

Sabhu had lost his usual arrogant self confidence. He was trembling and very frightened. He was calling out all sorts of Caribbean voodoo cries which Emma could not understand.

'Fetch more water,' she cried and Sabhu went off to the back of the arena which was still in darkness.

It was just at that moment that Emma looked down once again nervously at Bluebell - and to her astonishment saw the girl give her a little wink. Bluebell was just pretending!

Emma longed to whisper to her, but did not dare to, for Sabhu was coming back with the drink of water. He poured some into Bluebell's mouth. He was being amazingly gentle. This horrible great brute must have another side to him, thought Emma.

Bluebell was now responding. She moved her head and opened her eyes. Sabhu was almost crying with relief, cradling her in his arms. It was an astonishing sight - this huge great Haitian who had always appeared to have no feelings, to take and never to give, and to scorn the women in his charge. Yet here he was, now holding Bluebell, caressing her, and mumbling little words of tenderness. Emma could only stare in disbelief.

Then suddenly Sabhu straightened up and looked at his watch.

'The Mistress here in twenty minutes,' he roared, pointing with his whip up at the curtained balcony. 'Now what do I do with you lot of useless wimps?'

When the curtains were pulled back, he knew, the clients were supposed to see all three girls, hanging there beautifully and ready to be warmed up for Doctor Anna's treatment - even if was only to be a pretence in the case of Emma. It would certainly all have been very erotic and the thrilled clients would doubtlessly have tipped him well.

But Bluebell was continuing her act of being ill and weak. How could he possibly hang her up again from her butcher's hook. And Emma was still suffering from shock and fright. Only Cowslip, still blindfolded by her dress as alright, although still lost in the ecstasy of her climax.

Sabhu thought hard. He would have to change the plan and yet produce a display that would both satisfy the clients, enable Ursula to auction the sponsoring of the girls and enable Doctor Anna to give the girls the treatment she had prepared for them. If not, he might be sacked, and the tips he was getting were far too good for him to want to risk that happening.

Clearly the simple original plan would have to be changed. Pansy of course, could still be given her intended treatment as she hung from her hook, but it was the sight of 'unusual couplings' that really excited the clients. That was what the Mistress had promised them and they had paid to see.

Quickly his fertile brain devised a new scenario. Indeed, he thought, it might even be better than the original one, especially as he remembered that there were some useful dressing up clothes here!

31 - A GLIMPSE OF PLANTATION LIFE

Sabhu now lowered Emma down from her hook.

'Oh, what a relief!' she could not help exclaiming.

'Shut up, you white trash!' Sabhu shouted, picking up his whip. He switched on a light at the back of the arena and opened up what seemed to be a large refrigerator. Inside Emma could see all sorts of rubber dresses and masks. The outfit that he handed to Emma was one of a Barbie Doll nurse.

'You ... put on this ... quickly!' he shouted and then busied himself putting Bluebell into a set of baby clothes, complete with rompers and a nappy.

He thrust a rubber soother into her mouth and tied it with a ribbon behind her neck. Her hair was covered with a baby's cap and her hands were immobilised in baby's gloves, tied together with a pretty blue ribbon. Only her naked breasts betrayed the fact that she was not just an outsize infant.

Evidently, thought Emma, as she struggled into the very tight rubber Barbie Doll outfit, Cowslip was to be left as she was, hanging from a hook.

Her own outfit was freezing cold having been kept chilled to prevent the rubber from perishing. It felt horrible and clammy on Emma's soft skin and clung to her almost like a second skin. It had huge false breasts, which fitted over her own ones, distorting her body and making her look ridiculous - almost a figure a fun, Emma thought ruefully, like a woman on a 1930's postcard from Blackpool.

Sabhu now quickly transformed the butcher's shop into a cross between a nursery and a hospital operating theatre. Over the table he laid a white cloth, and next to it a playpen into which he put the helpless Bluebell.

Then he looked at the now transformed Emma and grunted his approval.

'Five minutes to go!' he said, speaking slowly and carefully so that Cowslip and Bluebell could understand, waving his whip to emphasise his instructions.

'When Mistress and clients arrive, you all look at me as if terrified out of your wits. In any case, soon you will be! You do as I say. You act part of white slaves of black Sabhu, sent here by your Mistress for special treatment. And remember any disobedience and you get Special Punishment - yes, Special Punishment! And very hard! Clients will like that!'

He pointed up at the still curtained-off balcony.

'You now put on special exhibition for clients and Mistress and you earn me good tips - or you get thrashed. Understand?'

He paused, looking thoroughly relieved at the now trembling women.

'And you, Emma,' he said pointing at her with his whip and speaking more quickly, 'You will play special roles. I tell you what to do. You remember always, you do as I say - or you get beaten. You lucky this time. You not get Doctor's treatment - you just help give it. Exciting for clients to see a girl having to help Doctor Anna. Understand?'

Help give the treatment? What treatment, Emma wondered, yet again wondered. She was mystified and yet also horrified. What was this awful doctor going to do to her poor companions for the amusement of Ursula's friends. She would not be a party to any outrage!

'No! No!' she cried, adding bravely, 'Beat me if you like, but I won't do it. I won't, so there!'

Before she could say another word, however, Sabhu had seized her by her hair, and bent her over. She felt his whip on her bare bottom. The rubber dress was so skimpy that it only came down to the tops of her thighs, barely covering her precious beauty lips - and when she moved everything was exposed, for there were no knickers with the outfit.

Sabhu raised his whip again, and again brought it down across her defenceless buttocks.

'You damn well do what I say, white slut!' he roared. Then he pushed her down onto her hands and knees. Then, standing over her, his strong calves gripping her wriggling waist, he again raised his whip. Aiming at the tender opening between her legs, he again brought it down.

'Alright!' Emma screamed. 'Alright! I'll do whatever you want.'

'Yes! You damn well will,' shouted Sabhu, holding her down and giving her another stroke of his whip. 'Now get up!'

Next moment the now thoroughly chastened Emma heard Ursula call out for Sabhu from beyond the locked door into the arena.

'You, Barbie Doll! Just stand at Attention next to playpen,' ordered Sabhu. 'You, Cowslip, when I give order, you make crying noises and swing from your hook, and you, Bluebell, make noise with this rattle! ... That's better! But now stop and don't move until I tell you. I now go and tell Mistress about change of plan. You all keep quite still - and no talking or you get whip!'

A few minutes later Sabhu returned, now dressed in his tight fitting white breeches and black riding boots and wearing a military style cap. His muscular naked torso was oiled and gleaming. He was smiling confidently as he looked at his girls.

Almost immediately the lights all went out plunging them into darkness.

'Keep still!' warned Sabhu in a whisper. 'Quite still. You not move!'

Emma saw that there was now a chink of light showing beneath the closed curtain up on the balcony. She heard the noise of a door opening up there, and of women's voices, laughing expectantly. She heard the scraping of chairs being moved behind the curtain as they sat down. Then there was a silence broken by the voice of Ursula.

'Good evening, ladies! Welcome to my little show. I hope you will find it interesting! ... Now I want you to imagine that you are in a mythical land somewhere in, say, Latin America where slave plantations still exist - owned by rich ladies who also enjoy owning young women. But here the slaves are not black but white, white women, and the overseers working for our lady plantation owners are not white but black - big burly black men who stand no nonsense from their obstreperous white charges.'

She paused. There were little gasps of excitement. Evidently Sabhu's change of the scenario was going down well.

'Traditionally, of course,' she went on, 'on all slave plantations, the breeding of slaves and the provision of well run breeding and rearing pens was always important, but was, naturally, subsidiary to the production of cotton, sugar or coffee. But now the main purpose of a slave plantation is to produce an annual crop of little children who can be sold to the Mafia to meet the incessant demand for beautiful little white children for adoption in America and Europe - and for ... shall we say? ... certain other types of progeny ... for the Middle East. It is a very profitable business and every slave girl has to produce her quota.'

Once again there little giggles of excitement.

'So ladies, our first scene will be a Tableau Vivant, a Still Life of this vital part of life on our plantation.'

Suddenly the curtains parted, whilst the rest of the room remained in darkness.

'Keep still!' again warned Sabhu. Emma had a glimpse of a couple of dozen well dressed and sophisticated looking women. Amongst them she noticed the Baroness. Oh no! How embarrassing to be seen by her wearing this absurd outfit. Then with a pang of jealousy, she saw Daisy looking very smug as she stood in attendance behind Ursula's chair.

But what really caught her eye, was the huge fat African woman sitting next to Ursula and dressed in brightly coloured African robes. The woman turned and Emma saw that she was the horrible cruel woman whom she had to please the other night. Oh no!

'Firstly,' came the voice of Ursula, 'we will see a representation of one of the rearing pens with a pretty little baby slave girl in it, and with her one of the plantation nursemaids, all under the control of the breeding overseer.'

Then Emma blinked as a spotlight suddenly lit up the playpen with Bluebell inside it and she herself standing by it. There were cries of admiration from the balcony and a little round of applause.

Horrified, Emma wanted to turn and run to the door. But she could not move, for Sabhu had put her on a lead which he was holding tightly. She felt utterly idiotic standing there at Attention with her huge rubber breasts and her body encased in the tight rubber, leaving her backside and legs exposed.

Meanwhile the blond little Bluebell made a very pretty picture, kneeling up in the playpen in her rompers, her body well sprinkled with baby powder. She was making little girlish noises behind the comforter strapped into her mouth, as she played with her rattle, her eyes fixed fearfully on Sabhu.

The light suddenly went out again, leaving the arena in darkness. Emma felt Sabhu snap her lead onto the top bar of the playpen.

'Keep still and keep silent!' he quietly warned Emma and Bluebell.

Seconds later another spot light came on, this time lighting up the highly erotic picture of Pansy swaying from her hook and crying, whilst Sabhu stood behind her, parting the cheeks of her bottom.

'Here,' came the voice of Ursula, 'we see the breeding overseer checking a slightly older girl who is hanging ready from a hook in the mating stall - but ready for what? You may well ask!'

Again there was a round of applause from the balcony, together with some excited shrieks of delighted anticipation.

Then the spot light went out again and this time the curtains of the balcony also closed, leaving the clients excitedly wondering what was being prepared down below. A shaded light came on in the arena enabling Emma to make out that Sabhu was now standing alongside her and had unlocked her lead from the playpen.

'Quickly!' he whispered to her. 'Get up on the table and kneel down. Move!'

He gave her lead a sharp tug and tapped her naked buttocks with his whip. Too scared to argue, Emma did as she was told, scrambling awkwardly in the half light.

Sabhu now fastened her lead to a ring at the end of the table which with its white sheet now looked more like an operating table than a butchers table.

Then, holding her tight, he slipped a leather mask over her head. It completely covered her face. It was a horrible feeling for the little slits, through which she should have been able to peep, were closed, and there was a zip fastener across her mouth, effectively muzzling her. At first she was terrified, but then she found she could breathe freely through two little holes in front of her nostrils.

'Now you other girls,' Emma heard Sabhu warn Bluebell and Pansy, 'You keep silent and quite still.'

Hooded as she was, Emma did not see the curtains of the balcony being drawn back. Nor did she realise that the table, on which she was kneeling on all fours, was now lit up by a spotlight, leaving the rest of the room, and the other girls, hidden in the darkness.

'Ladies,' came the voice of Ursula, 'we are going to start with perhaps one of the more traditional techniques used in the plantation mating pens. Here, for instance, we have a rather recalcitrant slave girl slave, who has had to be chained down ready to be put to the chosen human stallion.'

There was a ripple of excitement from along the balcony.

'You may find this stallion rather unusual,' Ursula's cool voice went on, 'but of course a well run slave breeding plantation has to produce progeny of all sizes, shapes and colours to meet the varying demand.'

Oh my God! thought Emma. What now?

There was an expectant hush.

'Stay still!' warned Sabhu, giving her a sharp tap with his whip across her exposed bottom. She gave a muffled cry and heard the women in the balcony laugh.

Then she heard Sabhu walk towards the door. She heard him unlock it. He seemed to be letting something in - or was it more than one? My God! She heard the patter of little feet coming towards her, and then more laughter and applause from the balcony. Oh no!

'First,' she heard Ursula say, 'the girl must be introduced to her lovers.'

Lovers< thought Emma in horror. Does she more than one?

Suddenly Sabhu undid the zip over her mouth.

'Tongue out!' he shouted. It was one the words of command that Emma had learnt to obey instantly.

Horrified she felt another tongue licking her's: a man's tongue. But it seemed surprisingly small.

'Exchange kisses with your first little lover!' ordered Sabhu, enforcing his order with another stroke of his whip. Little lover! Emma gasped not understanding what he meant. But it was horrible thrusting her tongue out through the slit ... and licking ... and kissing ... who? She could hear Ursula and the other women laughing at her efforts.

'Now,' came the voice of Ursula, 'it's time for her to be aroused for the stallion - whether she likes it or not! And for that, like stud farms for horse breeding, we use the traditional teaser.'

Suddenly Emma felt another tongue - licking her from behind as she knelt on all fours. Horrified, she gave a jump. Was this her second lover?

'Keep still!' snarled Sabhu giving her another stroke of the whip. She felt him part her buttocks to allow the tongue better access to her intimacies. Then he thrust her head down, making her raise her bottom. She felt him turn the table on its castors so that her bottom was now facing the balcony. Oh the shame of it!

'Tongue out and go on licking!' Sabhu shouted. She strained her neck up and again thrust out her tongue, finding that it was again in contact with another small tongue.

Both sets of licks grew in intensity. Emma fought against it, but she simply could not help becoming more and more aroused. Soon she found herself parting her legs ... Then she felt a finger, a rather small but well greased finger, pressing against her rear orifice. It penetrated her - opening her up again.

The second tongue now became more active, licking, sucking, and stroking her wet beauty lips - lubricating her as it explored her most intimate parts.

Meanwhile she was still having to exchange licks with the first tongue - as Ursula explained in a running commentary to her fascinated clients.

Who was it who was licking and kissing her, Emma wondered anxiously. And why did they seem so small?

'Come on! Come on, little bitch!' came a woman's cry from the balcony. Mortified, Emma recognised the voice of the Baroness. Yes, she was now indeed a little bitch, a very wet little bitch. Through the rubber breasts, she could feel hands, little hands, squeezing her own swelling breasts. She was trying to control her excitement, but in vain. Little drops of dampness were dropping onto the table. The audience were loving it.

'Get ready!' she heard Sabhu whisper, apparently to someone else. He was now standing by the side of the table away from the audience.

Both tongues were suddenly withdrawn. But there was no respite for Emma, as Sabhu now pulled her lowered head up by her hair with one hand and with his other one brought whip down across her back.

'Arch you back! Thrust you buttocks up!' he shouted. 'And now wriggle!'

Appalled at her wanton eagerness to obey him, Emma now wriggled her backside towards the gallery. It must, she realised, be an erotic sight for the audience.

She felt Sabhu hands again part her buttocks and then she felt them guide into her rear orifice what seemed to be a rather small manhood. What was it for God's sake? She gave a muffled scream as she was penetrated behind, a scream that was answered by laughs from the balcony.

She could feel the small creature, whoever it was, kneeling behind her on the table, gripping her by the waist like a dog mounting a bitch. He was pressing down her back and crushing her, so as to draw himself deeper and deeper into her.

Then she felt Sabhu's hands on her belly thrusting down between her parted legs towards the little manhood. She jumped as he found her beauty lips. She felt just a plaything - a bitch on display.

'Bark!' ordered Sabhu from her side, giving her back a tap from his whip.

'Woof! Woof!' she obeyed.

'Woof! Woof!' came from behind her in clearly a male voice .

'Woof! Woof!' answered Emma in a frenzy of excitement that was interrupted by a burst of laughter and applause from the gallery.

Then suddenly she felt the little manhood spilling itself into her.

Vaguely, she was aware that Sabhu was holding it to make sure it stayed hard - and inside her. Despite herself, and the feeling of quite appalling embarrassment of being on display on the table, she, too, suddenly climaxed. It had been so long!

But it was also so shame-making being treated like a performing animal - and taken like one too. She loved mixed-up sex. Somehow in ordinary sex she never seemed to climax, never had a proper orgasm, and normally felt little. But this was different - quite different! Hooded, unable to see, and taken like a boy, she was wildly excited.

As the throes of her climax eased, she thought of how she resented Ursula using her as a show piece for her damn friends. A little Hors d'Oeuvre before the main action!

'You will appreciate that the advantage of keeping the girl hooded,' Emma now heard Ursula explain, 'is that she is unaware of just to whom she has just given her favours!

There was more laughter from the balcony. Then Ursula went on.

'In this way she will not be tempted to form any annoying and irrelevant emotional relationships that would distract from her continuing work on the plantation - hard manual work, under the hot sun, chained to other girls all due to produce at about the same time. And, of course, irrespective of their condition and of their valuable little progeny, their overseers whip will ensure that they all still work hard for their owner.'

Emma was horrified by the matter of fact tone of Ursula's voice. In her mind this mythical stage setting was becoming mixed up with reality. Thank God, she thought, she had been taken from behind. Was it a safe period for her? With no access to calendars, she could not be sure. Of course Sabhu and Doctor knew alright, but they kept it all to themselves - the cruel swine.

'And, of course, here in real life,' went on Ursula with a chuckle, 'because the girl can't see her mate, she will remain, whether she likes it or not, emotionally attached to her beloved and wonderful dominating Mistress. Her Mistress is indeed the focus of her life. She thinks about pleasing her all day and dreams of being in her arms all night. She will do anything, submit to anything, just to be rewarded by a little pat and a smile from her Mistress.'

Emma gave a little gasp. How true that was! How unfair and yet how true!

'Yes,' went on Ursula, 'she will even take a pride in presenting her Mistress with a valuable little midget!'

'Oh no,' gasped Emma. She was now longing to lie down and sleep. But Sabhu jerked her collar chain.

'Wake up! And kneel up properly again'

'Well, ladies,' once again came Ursula's laughing voice, 'I'm sure you can imagine that breeding from a midget woman can be a rather dangerous business. Luckily, however, experience has shown that crossing a midget with a normal sized woman will often produce a genuine midget. Nevertheless, a good breeding overseer, might be rather sceptical of the hit and miss aspect of this traditional technique - which is why we shall shortly show you some ... shall we say? ... more certain ways.'

Mystified by what Ursula meant, the still hooded Emma once again heard the patter of little feet withdrawing.

Moments later, still kneeling on all fours on the table, her head down and her buttocks raised, she felt Sabhu fastening a chain round her waist. There seemed to be something metallic hanging from the front of the chain, something which she now felt being drawn up and over her beauty lips. It was cold and Emma gave a little shiver, as it was held tightly over her beauty lips by a another chain that went up between her buttocks.

She felt it being drawn taut and heard a click as it was fastened, with a strong padlock to the other chain at the small of her back.

'Naturally,' she heard Ursula say, 'after taking such trouble over this slave, the breeding overseer would not want to risk her getting at herself and undoing all his good work.'

She heard Sabhu unfasten her collar lead from the ring at the front of the table. Then he removed the mask off her head. She blinked in the strong light.

'Get off the table,' Sabhu ordered.

Emma slipped off it and stood up. She was now standing facing the balcony, lit up by the spotlight. There was no sign of whoever they were who had just taken her.

'Attention!' shouted Sabhu.

Automatically, as she had been taught, Emma parted her legs, bent her knees, clasped her hands behind her neck and looked straight ahead. To her embarrassment, she noticed that the women in the gallery were pointing to her hips and laughing.

'The breeding overseer will be taking no chances! He's now going to make sure that the breeding belt is firmly fastened,' explained Ursula.

Breeding belt! Emma gave a gasp. Was this for real or was it all just clever play acting - just a bit of fun? Had the audience not realised that Sabhu had ensured that she had been innocuously penetrated behind - like a boy.

She could certainly still feel the little manhood's discharges up inside her. But innocuously placed or not, could she be sure that, in all the excitement, no little mistake had perhaps occurred?

Sabhu bent down and she felt him checking the tightness of something fastened over her beauty lips - the breeding belt!

Greatly daring she glanced down - and gasped in astonishment. A pretty, meshed, triangular shaped, chromium plated, flexible pouch was now held tightly over her beauty lips by two short little chains fastened to the top corners of the pouch.

These little chains were in turn were fastened to a another chain that went round her waist. She could feel another chain going up between her buttocks. It was obviously fastened to the bottom corner of the pouch, and kept it secured tightly down over her beauty lips. She remembered hearing the click of a padlock. This third chain must be locked to the belt in the small of her back.

'Head up!' shouted Sabhu angrily giving her a sharp stroke of his whip across her naked buttocks. The audience laughed. Then he made her turn round so that the audience could see the padlock in the small of her back and checked that it was securely fastened.

He nodded.

'Prance round the table!', he shouted, and gave her another stroke of his whip.

Obediently, still clasping her hands behind her neck, and raising her knees up high in the air, Emma did as she was told, the shiny pouch still fastened tightly over her intimacies. But, being flexible, it was quite comfortable and did not rub.

'Many successful breeders insist on this post-coital exercise to get the seed really well distributed.' she heard Ursula explain to her clients with a cruel laugh.

There was another burst of applause from the balcony as the spotlight went out.

32 - CONCEPTION! BLUEBELL IS SPONSORED FOR MIDGET BREEDING

The room was now in half darkness.

The only light came from under the closed curtains of the balcony. Out of breath from being made to prance round, and still feeling the creatures' discharges under the breeding belt locked over her intimacies, Emma collapsed over the table.

'Stand up, white slut! You now act as Dr. Anna's assistant, her theatre nurse!' whispered Sabhu, thrusting a nurse's green operating theatre apron and cap at her, and then rubber surgical gloves and a white gauze operating mask to strap over her mouth and nostrils.

'You put these on quick! And you then do just as she says, or you'll get the whip!'

Then he rushed off to the playpen where Bluebell was still happily playing the role of a little girl in the plantation rearing pens. Emma heard him strip off the girl's baby clothes and lift her up out of the playpen.

He carried her over to the "operating table" covered with the white sheet. He tied her down on her back, with a strap across her neck holding her head down, her hands back over her head, and her feet on the edge of the table with her knees bent. He thrust a gag into her mouth and fastened it with a strap that went round her neck. Then he thrust a pillow under her hips so that her powdered hairless beauty lips would be well displayed to the eagerly watching women.

Then he drew a small curtain across her body. She would not now be able to see anything below her waist. But her anxious raised face would be well visible to the balcony.

Then he drew a small curtain across her body so that she could not see anything below her waist. But her anxious raised face would be well visible to the balcony.

Moments later the curtains of the balcony parted and a spotlight lit up the scene of a naked, but blindfolded, Bluebell lying on her back on the table with Emma standing alongside now dressed very realistically as a theatre sister.

'Now, Ladies, we are now looking down into the operating theatre of the breeding pens. However this young slave cannot see what is happening. She does not understand why she has been brought here, nor will she realise just what treatment, a very special treatment, she is going to be given. And remember, Ladies, this is now for real!

What did Ursula mean, Emma wondered. Surely if this was for real then Bluebell's friend, Daisy, would tell her afterwards! Emma looked up at the balcony. Daisy and Cowslip were no longer standing in attendance behind Ursula. Indeed there was no sign of them.

Emma gave a little gasp as she realised that they must have been deliberately sent out of the balcony so that they would not see, or know about, what was going to be done to Bluebell. So the only girl who would know was herself. Goodness!

The audience now saw that approaching the operating table was a woman dressed as a surgeon with a white gown, rubber gloves and a medical mask over her mouth. It was Doctor Anna. She was carrying a tray of instruments which she handed to Emma.

'We find that this technique works best if the girl's body is first stimulated - and in a realistic and natural way,' Emma heard Ursula explaining to her clients.

Wondering what Ursula meant, Emma then heard a patter of footsteps. Sabhu, she realised, must be bringing someone up to the table.

She turned to look and, to her astonishment, saw that Sabhu was holding by the arm ... a little coloured creature ... a little miniature man ... a dwarf! Or was it a pygmy? She wasn't sure. She had never seen either before.

He was naked and his small manhood was rapidly becoming erect, as he stepped up onto a stool between Bluebell's hanging legs, and reached forward to grip the blindfolded girl's waist.

My God! thought Emma, was it he, and perhaps another one like him, who had so shamefully aroused her and then ... But her thoughts were cut short.

'Hold it and rub it between her legs, whilst I get everything ready' ordered Doctor Anna, taking the metal dish from Emma and laying it on the table.

'Go on!' whispered Sabhu. 'Do as you're told!'

Watched by Ursula and her delighted clients, Emma hesitantly reached forward and gripped the little manhood. Gently she began to rub it up and down between the beauty lips. It was appalling, she thought, for the girl was becoming aroused although she could not see what was happening.

Meanwhile the doctor had opened a medical vacuum flask. Out of the corner of her eye, Emma saw that she seemed to be loading two special syringes. They were just like the ones Emma had seen her use on Cowslip and Fifi at the Dog Show. Goodness!

Sabhu now took the midget away from Emma, and led him out of the room.

The doctor came forward. She handed the tray of syringes to Emma and picked up one of them.

'What you have just seen,' came the voice of Ursula, 'was a little preliminary. A little old fashioned warming up to make sure that the girl's body is receptive. We don't want to waste the doctor's expensive treatment!'

Emma now saw to her astonishment that a small closed circuit television camera was aimed at the girl's now well displayed intimacies. A large monitor screen suddenly lit up, showing to the audience the contrasting black fingers of Sabhu, holding the hairless beauty lips well apart, and the white hands of the doctor slowly inserting the syringe - just as she had done at the Dog Show.

Appalled, Emma turned her head away, as Bluebell uttered a little cry ...

Moments later Emma jumped as the doctor suddenly called out in a sharp tone of voice: 'Tray!'

Emma held the metal tray up to her. The doctor dropped the now empty syringe into it and picked up another.

'Of course,' she heard Ursula explain with a laugh, 'we don't want to put all our eggs into one basket - if you will excuse the pun. And what this girl is going to produce is much sought after by certain wealthy men and women in the Middle East. So if we can get twins then so much the better.'

The audience joined in the laughter, and Emma saw that there was even a little smile on the normally grim face of the doctor as she inserted the second syringe. Bluebell gave another little cry.

'Now ladies,' came Ursula's voice, 'this girl is now ready to conceive little creatures of the right size. Which of you would like to sponsor their conception, to take control of the girl's forthcoming maternity, to visit her in her cage every day and see her belly swell as the little creatures grow, or have her brought to your bed.'

There was an excited murmur from the balcony.

'Perhaps, whilst you think about sponsoring this exciting event, you would like to see a girl who was sponsored by a client for this very same method as we're going to use on Bluebell. You'll be able to see that it works - very well! ... Forget about the play-acting about a modern slave breeding plantation in South America. We've got one here and now!'

The light illuminating the operating table on which Bluebell was strapped down was switched off. Immediately another lit up a Cowslip. She was standing up on a low wooden turn-table with her back to the audience. Her heavy ankle manacles had been replaced.

She was wearing just her pretty velvet cape which just came down to her buttocks. Her arms were hidden beneath it, with just her hands showing, fingers outstretched and straight down her thighs - and linked by her wrist manacles.

Standing alongside her was the impassive and menacing figure of Sabhu. As usual, in one hand he held his long dressage whip, and in the other a chain lead that was fastened to a collar round Daisy's neck.

There was a long silence. Then Sabhu reached forward and slowly began to unbutton the front of her cape. Then he gradually turned the turn-table so that she faced the balcony.

Sabhu now barked an order. Keeping her head raised and her eyes looking straight ahead, Daisy raised her hands and clasped them behind her neck. As she did so, her cape flared open, displaying her full breasts and pretty little belly.

The audience now saw that, under the girl's little swelling tummy, there now gleamed a shiny metal flexible pouch fastened with little chains - a similar breeding belt to the ones that they had seen being put onto the other young women after their treatments.

The spot light on Cowslip went out and again Bluebell, lying strapped down on the operating table was lit up.

There was a long pause and then Doctor examine the girl, running her hand over her beauty lips. Satisfied she raised her head and nodded.

'Of course in this case what you have seen is merely half the treatment,' came Ursula's cruelly laughing voice, 'useless in itself, but now in position and ready to meet the second half!'

Sabhu now waved the little creature forward again.

'Play with him!' ordered Sabhu to Emma raising his whip.

Hastily Emma stepped forward and nervously began, with her hands, to arouse the little creature's manhood.

'Mouth!' shouted Sabhu.

For a moment Emma hesitated. Then Sabhu's whip came down hard across her buttocks. With a sob she fell to her knees in front of the little creature and took his manhood into her mouth.

'Work, white slut! Work!' shouted Sabhu his whip again raised.

Desperately Emma sucked and licked as she held the little manhood in her hands. She could feel it quickly becoming hard.

'Enough!' ordered Sabhu. He glanced at Doctor Anna who nodded in assent.

The little creature now stepped up onto a stool beneath Cowslip's hanging legs. Her backside was now facing him, and he eagerly gripped her by the waist, holding her tight as she wriggled and cried out in protest. His erect little manhood was now pointing at the well moistened beauty lips.

'Now Ladies,' went on Ursula, 'who would like to sponsor this pretty young girl's enforced forthcoming maternity - a maternity the progeny of which, as you can see, will be a rather unusual - and hopefully a double one!.'

There a murmur amongst the women in the balcony.

'Come along Ladies. The girl has been prepared and is ready to conceive as soon as she is mated. You can see the midget's manhood is rearing to go. And you can see that Sabhu is holding the girl's beauty lips open. As soon as we have a sponsor, I will give the order for the midget to mount the girl - and we will have ... Conception!'

Quickly the bidding started. Quickly Ursula's sponsorship target was reached.'

'Right!' cried Ursula. 'Insert the manhood. Now!'

'Insert it!' Sabhu shouted angrily at Emma, his whip still raised menacingly as he parted Cowslip's proffered beauty lips with his other hand. Obediently Emma then guided the little thrusting manhood between them. There was a scream of protest from Bluebell and a round of laughter and applause from the balcony.

Bluebell gave a little shriek of protest as the midget eagerly pulled her hips towards him, and this time Emma nervously guided the now rock hard little manhood firmly into the girl's body.

The midget was now panting as he thrust in and out like a copulating animal. Emma longed to pull him away to save poor Bluebell, but Sabhu was now standing behind her, his whip raised.

'Hold it in place!' ordered the watching Sabhu as the little creature started to jerk excitedly in and out. Nervously Emma held the little manhood, desperately keeping it in place as the wriggles of the still blindfolded Cowslip intensified, first in protest and then, slowly and despite herself, in increasing arousal.

Emma wondered if it was he who had earlier climaxed inside her and, if so, whether this had simply been intended to get rid of his pent-up desire and so enable him to prolong the arousal of Bluebell. Or was it instead the second creature with whom she had merely had to exchange licks and kisses. If so, had he been deliberately, perhaps, been specially kept fresh for this scene?

'Hold it inside her' he ordered again, giving Emma a slash with his whip.

Nature was now taking its course as the little creature continued to pump away and soon Bluebell too was panting with excitement and giving little cries of excitement. Emma wondered if it was he who had earlier climaxed inside her and, if so, whether this had simply been intended to get rid of his pent-up desire and so enable him to prolong the arousal of Bluebell.

'The Doctor will want the girl to climax,' came Ursula's voice. 'It usually gives the best results for this particular treatment.'

Indeed Sabhu had put his hand down under Cowslip's belly and began to tickle her beauty bud. She was now wriggling almost out of control, crying out in her excitement. Suddenly the little creature gave a hoarse cry and a final jerk of his haunches. Seconds later this was answered by a little cry from Cowslip as she, too, climaxed.

Oh, how clever they all were, she thought bitterly: Ursula, Doctor Anna and Sabhu. They had merely used her body to make this scene more exciting. Scene? Was it a just a scene? Was it just a sort of erotic grown up game of Doctors and Nurses? Or was it for real?

Suddenly the little creature climaxed, his seed flooding into Bluebell. Seconds later with a cry of pleasure, she too climaxed. The little creature collapsed over her belly for a moment and then withdrew.

Moments later, the little creature withdrew and disappeared into the darkness surrounding the well lit up and exhausted Cowslip.

Sabhu now stepped up. In his hand was a shiny breeding belt, just the like the one he had already strapped onto Emma. Deftly he began to fasten it over Bluebell's loins.

'Of course,' Emma heard Ursula comment, 'we don't want the girl, interfering with what has been done to her - even if she doesn't yet know about it!'

Emma was shocked. It was all too horrible, but Ursula and her clients were laughing and applauding as the curtain was drawn and the lights went out.

33 - PANSY IS SPONSORED FOR MATING BY HER EXCELLENCY

'The next scene, Ladies,' Emma heard Ursula announce, 'illustrates the other technique of our innovative lady doctor. You've already seen how one injected half, can meet the other half in the normal and traditional way. But many Mistresses do not like the idea of their girls, their lovely little mothers-to-be being, as they call it, sullied by contact with a hated male. '

'Indeed not!' cried several voices from the balcony. 'Indeed not!'

'Well, in that case we can offer three choices. One is the rather dreary option of employing Doctor Anna to inject the other half, the male seed, into your perhaps unsuspecting girl, after the first half, the female egg, has previously been injected. The second is for the two halves to have met previously in a test tube and for the tiny resulting embryo to be injected into the again perhaps unsuspecting girl.

'There were several cries of disapproval.

'Yes, indeed, few Mistresses enjoy using this "In Vitro Fertilisation" or "IVF", as it is called, on their girls - unless they want to enjoy keeping the girl unaware for some time what has happened to her. But if that's what you want, why not use Doctor Anna's third system which can give the Mistress great mental, and indeed physical pleasure as well.

'What do you mean? cried several of the women.

'I mean a system that can enable you, if you so wish, to keep the girl unaware of what has happened to her, or alternatively, if you prefer, make her only too well aware that she is being made to conceive against her will. Think of the feeling of power for the Mistress that will come from either as, like a man, she holds the girl down as the deadly seed jets into her whilst she herself reaches a thrilling climax!'

There were gasps of delight from the women.

'Is not that what you would really like?' asked Ursula with an innocent air.

'Yes, yes, but how? How?' cried the women.

'And, moreover, make the girl, if you like, mentally regard you as the father of her child - since no man was involved and you assumed the paternal role.'

'Paternal role?' the women queried. 'What do you mean?'

'This!' cried Ursula in triumph, producing Doctor Anna's cleverly devised double dildo with insulated rubber testicles.

There a sudden silence as the women looked in astonishment at what she was holding. Only the Baroness, remembering what Ursula had said to her about Daisy a month before. seemed unsurprised.

'A double dildo,' explained Ursula which you can strap on to give yourself pleasure as you take the girl.

'Yes, indeed,' said one woman angrily - but there's nothing new in that. I've use one on my girls regularly - loaded with a mixture of milk and cream.

'And so have I!' laughed Ursula. 'But this one is different. This one you can also load with live sperm and the sperm, instead of dying immediately, will remain alive in the rubber testicles as you hold the girl down under you or make her present her buttocks to you as you kneel or stand behind her.'

'Oh!' cried the woman, 'I see!'

'And then when you feel the moment has arrived you simply reach down and squeeze the testicles and the live sperm shoots up into the wriggling and either unsuspecting or violently objecting girl. She may think, if you wish, that it is just another injection of milk and cream as before, or you may tell her, or indeed taunt her, that live sperm is being shot into her and she is about to conceive.'

There were cries of 'Oh how wonderful!'

'So you yourself, the Mistress, whilst enjoying the thrill of having complete power over the girl, the power of life, can also enjoy deciding how much or how little girl realises is being done to her. You can keep her mystified as to how she became expecting a Happy Event or, as I said, you can make her mentally regard you as the father of her child, or her progeny.

'Progeny?' queried a woman.

'Well, thanks to Doctor Anna's Special Treatment there is no need to limit yourself to loading the dildo with human sperm if she has previously injected, into the girl, the egg of the animal whose sperm who have loaded into your dildo.'

'What!' the women cried in astonishment.

'Oh yes!' said Ursula. 'See for yourselves!'

The light over Cowslip was again switched on. Sabhu went over to her and pulled back her cape to display her prettily swollen belly.

'She was only mated a month ago - and look at her now!'

There were cries of amazement.

'If any one is interested come and see me later,' laughed Ursula and the light over Cowslip went out.

Moments later, the spotlight came on again, this time lighting up the helpless figure of Pansy swaying helplessly and moaning as she hung from her hook. She was watched over, as usual, by the dreaded figure of Sabhu, whip in hand. It all made an erotic and dramatic picture.

'This position is, of course, an ideal one for giving a slave the desired treatment ... She just can't interfere with what is being done to her!'

Their curiosity aroused, the women were now eagerly whispering to one another. Ursula paused for a moment before continuing.

'As I said, this is a more natural method, as you will see! Once again I will shortly call for bids for the right to sponsor pretty little Pansy here, using a loaded dildo.'

'Loaded with what?' asked a woman.

'Well as Doctor Anna will be injecting into the girl the female half of conceiving twin midgets, like the ones you saw earlier, then what I am about to auction is the right to consummate the conception by inseminating Pansy with midget sperm - as soon as she, too, has been prepared by Doctor Anna.!

'Oh!' gasped the women.

'And while you're considering your bids, let's have a look at a girl who was sponsored seven months ago and who was then taken by her sponsor,' Ursula again held up the special double dildo, 'using this same innocent looking contraption!'

There were giggles from the balcony.

The spot light over Pansy was switched off and that over the low table was switched on again. But this time it was not Cowslip who was standing there manacled but young Daisy.

Once again Sabhu slowly drew back her cape to display her now heavily swollen belly. Then he removed her wig displaying her erotically shiny bald head and the Arabic crest and numbers tattooed on her cranium.

There were gasps from the audience.

'Yes,' came Ursula's voice, 'this young lady, Daisy, caught the eye of a certain wealthy Arab lady whose passion is the breeding of midgets. For years she had wanted to experiment with a white girl and now she has - and moreover fertilised the girl herself using that self same double dildo. So you can see that it works!'

Ursula paused to let her words sink in.

The spot light over Daisy was switched off and that over Pansy was switched on again.

'Now Ladies just think of doing here and now to Pansy what our Arab Princess did to Daisy seven months ago. But first she must be made ready.'

Out of the darkness stepped Doctor Anna, followed by Emma carrying the metal tray of sterilised instruments. She parted Cowslip's hanging legs. Then she stepped back and nodded to Sabhu.

Then slowly Sabhu raised his whip and brought it down across Pansy's exposed buttocks, gleaming white and shiny in the bright light.

There was a scream of pain from Pansy. The audience laughed.

'The overseer usually finds, in these cases, that as a little preliminary thrashing gets the blood going, it therefore improves the chances of this more natural type of treatment being successful,' explained Ursula, as Sabhu raised his whip again ...

Four times he brought it down, and four times the room echoed to Cowslip's screams as she writhed helpless from her hook. Then he put his hand between her leg, looked up at the balcony and nodded.

'You may be surprised,' Ursula said with a little laugh, 'but the breeding overseer finds that a little thrashing rarely fails to get the girl's body aroused and more receptive to what is to follow.'

'Tray!'

Once again an appalled Emma had to hold the tray while Doctor Anna twice gave the wriggling Pansy her Special Treatment.

'Now Ladies what am I bid?'

'But do we have to do it here in public,' asked one woman.

'I'm afraid so,' said Ursula. The girl has been prepared and the little things that have been put into her are anxiously waiting for their mates. We can't keep them waiting!'

The bidding was brisk, but down in the arena it sounded to Emma as though one particular voice was predominant - and finally victorious.

Astonished, Emma saw that the doctor was now appearing to be loading not a syringe but a dildo, complete with realistically hanging testicles.

There were laughs and claps from the balcony as Doctor Anna held up the now loaded dildo.

'And now comes our winning sponsor - as the paternal lady!' Emma heard Ursula laugh. Seconds later into the spotlight walked Her Excellency, the horrible black fat woman whom Emma had so dreaded. Emma gave a gasp of horror at seeing her again. She was wearing brightly coloured robes over her huge body. Suddenly, as the doctor approached her, the double dildo in his hand, Sabhu gripped Emma and thrust her down onto her knees at Her Excellency's feet.

'Get under and lick!' he ordered, giving Emma a smart tap with his whip across her buttocks to make certain she obeyed - and with alacrity.

With a yelp of pain, Emma quickly put her head under the fat woman's robe. Immediately she felt the woman's hands pressing her head to her already moist intimacies. Fear of Sabhu's whip overcame Emma's repulsion and she applied her tongue.

Suddenly she was thrust out of the way by Sabhu as the doctor, discreetly parting Her Excellency's robes, deftly strapped the dildo onto her now well aroused loins. Meanwhile, Sabhu had gripped Emma by the air and now pushed her face, down between Cowslip's legs, and onto on to her intimacies.

'Lick!' he ordered.

Soon, an aroused Cowslip was moaning with pleasure and then, once again, Emma was pushed out of the way as Her Excellency, her robe parted to display her thrusting dildo, advanced on the hanging Cowslip. There was a ripple of laughter along the balcony as she now thrust deeply and repeatedly down into the madly wriggling Cowslip.

'Take it, you white bitch!' Her Excellency suddenly screamed ecstatically, as she reached down and squeezed the loaded rubber testicles.

There was a muffled scream from Cowslip as she felt a strange liquid shoot into her, and then spotlight was extinguished.

In the darkness Emma now heard Ursula explaining to her clients, how the whip was used before the mating to increase the chance of a successful conception. 'Experience shows,' she went on, 'that repeating it afterwards also helps to ensure that this technique works - and helps result in a left and right! The doctor's treatment and material is expensive and we don't want to waste it!'

The light came on again, showing Sabhu now standing behind Cowslip. Slowly he raised his whip. There was an intake of breath from the balcony and then he suddenly brought it down sharply. There was a scream from Cowslip and Sabhu raised the whip again ... and again.

Finally Sabhu stood back. He swung the hanging Cowslip to show to the balcony a neat red tracery on the woman's white buttocks - a sight that was greeted with a little round of applause.

'Never underestimate the power of the whip,' is an old maxim of successful slave breeders!' came the voice of Ursula, drowning the sobs of pain from the still hanging Cowslip.

There was pause and then, with a laugh she added: 'Another maxim, perhaps more appropriate in this case, might well have been 'You can't make an omelette without breaking an egg - or hopefully two.'

Another round of laughter and applause greeted this sally.

'Anyway we shall see before too long,' Ursula said joining in the laughter and then adding rather mysteriously: 'And you'll then be invited to come and see for yourselves! ... But returning to our little scenario, once again the breeding overseer will not want to allow our young lady to interfere with ... shall we say ... nature? So on goes the breeding belt!'

Indeed, as Cowslip still swung helpless and sobbing from her hook, Sabhu had stepped forward and fastened a chain round her waist. Then parting her legs

he reached down and pulled a shiny flexible metal pouch up over her exposed beauty lips. Then, just as he had with Emma and with Bluebell, he pulled the rear chain up between Cowslips buttocks and locked it to the ring in the waist chain in the small of her back, checking that the breeding belt was now securely in place.

Suddenly the spotlight light was switched off. There was a burst of applause and the curtains across the balcony were again drawn.

From behind the curtains there now came the rattling of cups and saucers, and the buzz of animated conversation, as the audience discussed what they had seen over coffee and biscuits.

'Now for as long as possible,' Emma was saying in a low voice, so that the girls down in the arena would not hear, 'Sabhu will keep all these girls ignorant of their true state and tell them that it is all just indigestion. Of course when they finally suspects the truth, there will be a few tears at first and some desperate tearing at their breeding belts. But Sabhu's whip will soon put a stop to all that and they'll soon settle down again. Indeed they'll feel very proud and happy, and will just love it all - they always do!'

'But they won't know just what happened?' whispered a woman.

'Oh no! Nor will they be allowed to ask any questions about it. They'll be kept not quite understanding what's happened.'

'How exciting!' exclaimed the woman. 'This is as much fun as the National Lottery'

'Oh, I think the odds of winning are much better here!' laughed Ursula.

'And if we've won the jackpot and a girl then suspects the truth, she'll just think it all very mysterious and thrilling.'

'Oh I'm going to like all this,' came a voice of the woman who had sponsored Bluebell's maternity.

'And there will be more!' laughed Ursula. 'With the agreement of the various girls' sponsors we shall be offering you a fascinating monitoring service. As well as enjoying the girls services, my clients will be able to come back regularly to monitor the girls progress - for a modest fee, of course!'

'What do you mean,' asked one woman, 'you make it sound all rather intriguing - much more fun than the service I get from my money broker!'

This sally was greeted by a gale of laughter and agreement.

'Well, let's ask our doctor friend to come and tell us all about it - but in a whisper for it will spoil your future enjoyment if our young friends down below heard it.'

There was a pause whilst Doctor Anna made her way up to the balcony.

'Every week,' she began, whispering slowly in her strong German accent, 'I will come and check them.'

'Yes, and what then will happen?' interrupted the Baroness impatiently.

'Well,' said the doctor, still speaking in a low voice, 'first Sabhu unlocks the girls belts and takes them off. Then so that I can inspect them all properly they will be tied in a line, standing up on the tips of their toes on a bench, with their legs apart and their knees bent. To prevent them from interfering, their wrist manacles will be tied high above her head. Sabhu will then rig up a large monitor screen in front of them so that the watching clients can get a good look at the tiny progeny as I run my ultra sound in turn over each girl's belly.'

'Always tiny?' queried a woman.

'Oh yes,' laughed the doctor with a cruel smile, 'As you may have guessed today, I only use midget and dog material ... both male and female ... for my treatments. It gives so much less trouble later on - and of course the end result is so valuable and easy to dispose of.'

'But,' cried the woman, 'don't the girls realise the truth when they see what's on the screen?'

'Oh no!' replied Doctor Anna. 'They don't know what we are looking at, for Sabhu makes sure, of course, that the girls themselves can't see the screen. They'll still have no idea just what they are carrying - nor that, hopefully, it's twins!'

'Twins, did you say?' asked a woman.

'Oh yes, as you saw early on, we certainly always try for a left and right,' laughed Ursula, still keeping her voice down. 'It's our equivalent of a double jackpot! More valuable little creatures to sell!'

'Sell' queried another woman.

'Yes! As I said, the midgets are a valuable commodity in the Middle East and there's always a good price for healthy pedigree puppies.

'Well, you can put me down for your monitoring service,' said the Baroness.

'And me ... and me,' came a chorus of voices.

'And I'd like to send my own girl to be treated by Doctor Anna,' came another voice.

'Of course,' replied Ursula. 'We shall be happy to oblige! And if you would like to take on the paternal role yourself, then as you have seen our doctor can even provide the necessary arrangements - just as she did for Her Excellency!'

This idea was greeted by a buzz of excited talk and then the curtains closed for the last time.

Ursula was thinking how well it had all gone off, despite the change of plan brought about by Bluebell fainting. She smiled delightedly as a black lady, wearing coloured robes and a turban, looking a little flushed, re-entered the balcony.

'That blonde girl who was wearing the Barbie Doll suit and then the Nurse's one ...' muttered Her Excellency Madame M'tout Korema, 'I want her again ... I want her again tonight!'

'Oh, I'm terribly sorry, Your Excellency, I'm afraid she's already booked,' lied Ursula. If the rich African woman was all that keen to have Emma again, then she'd pay even more after being kept waiting for a day or two! 'She's terribly booked up.'

'Booked up! I'll pay double. But I must have her!'

'Well, of course, Your Excellency!' smiled Ursula. 'I'm sure I can arrange something.'

'And I wonder if it might be possible to take her back to Africa for a few months, when I return there shortly? She'd make a good maid servant'

'Oh no, Your Excellency, I could not possibly let the girl go,' laughed Ursula, her eyes gleaming. Her Excellency was taking the bait! She'd get her picture back yet - by sending Emma to make certain that Her Excellency really had it in her palace in Africa.

'I'd pay very handsomely!'

'Well, Your Excellency, perhaps just for one month only ...'

'Wonderful,' laughed the big African woman. 'But I presume that that first scene we saw featuring her was just play acting and there's no risk of her expecting a ... a happy little event?'

'Yes, Your Excellency, it was indeed just an exciting warm-up act - but a quite ... should I say, innocent? ...one!'

'Good!' laughed Her Excellency.

But, Ursula was now thinking, if Emma was to be taken off whilst Daisy is also away, then she would soon need another girl here for her clients - or more particularly for herself.

Ursula smiled as she remembered the FAX she had received only that very morning from Rome ...

34 - DAISY GOES OFF TO HAVE HER MIDGETS

Down below in the arena, Sabhu called Emma over. She was still shaken by all that she had seen.

'Now you listen to me, white girl,' he muttered menacingly, 'and you listen carefully. The Mistress, she not want Bluebell and Pansy to understand what was done to them here. Nor want Daisy to learn what will happen when she goes to North Africa. They only know truth if you tell them. So one word from you, one little hint, and you get the biggest thrashing of your life.!!'

Terrified, Emma saw him raise his long dressage whip and bend it back with both hands.

'I shall enjoy beating you, you stuck up white pig, but by God you won't! Remember one word, one little hint, from you or one from them that they know what happened and why, and this whip will be waiting for you. Understand? ...Answer me!'

Scared out of her wits, Emma could only whisper.

'Yes, Mr Sabhu, Sir!'

'Right!' replied Sabhu. Then carefully locking the door of the arena after him, he went up to the balcony to bid the clients goodbye, or rather as he would suggest, au revoir - and to collect the generous tips that the thrilled women would now be only too keen to thrust into his hand.

Left alone with the other women in the half darkened arena, Emma saw that Bluebell was struggling to get up off the table. Oh how she pitied the beautiful young girl. She longed to tell her what had happened and to console her, but Sabhu's terrifying threats were still ringing in her ears. No, she knew she would never dare to say one word to her - nor to Cowslip either.

Looking at Bluebell, Emma almost felt as though she loved her. She longed to put her arms around her. But she did not dare to do so - Bluebell, she knew, was Ursula's prize pet.

Back at her house again, Ursula had instructed Sabhu to clean the girls up and put them back in their cages, having first put their wrist and ankle manacles on again.

'And on second thoughts I think we'd better put them all #back into their proper Bikini belts. Those shiny metal pouches look good at the display but I'm not too sure just how effective they are in the long run. And Doctor Anna's bill for all three treatments is going to be pretty high, so I don't it all being wasted by those sluts getting at themselves. Moreover, they don't have the built-in vibrators that enable even an expectant girl to give a client tremendous pleasure. '

'Of course, Madam,' Sabhu said with conviction, 'you can rely on me for that!'

'Good!' frowned Ursula. 'Now look, several of this afternoon's audience will be coming here over the next few days to enjoy one or more of the girls. So just make sure you put the fear of God into them - so that they really try to please them.'

Sabhu smiled.

'That's just why I always carry my whip, Madam. It keeps them all really scared and on their toes!'

'Good!' laughed Ursula. 'But in particular I want Emma to please the African lady, Madame M'tout Korema, when she comes here this evening.'

Indeed, it was a petrified Emma, struggling hard to hide her revulsion, who was put through the full gambit of the words of command printed on the little card that Ursula had handed to Her Excellency - a little card that she held in one hand whilst lying back and enjoying Emma's attentions

So delighted was she, in fact, that she was more determined than ever to persuade Ursula to let her take this white woman back to Africa for a spell in her palace ... for a little discipline ... and to show her off as her servant girl to her friends

Ursula had been delighted with the Her Excellency's reaction, but did not say yes - not yet! Her plans for getting her picture back were indeed coming into shape!

It was time, Ursula decided, to test Emma's state of training herself and to have her brought to her bed.

Emma was beside herself with joy. Thrilled, she strained every nerve to please her beloved Mistress, as Ursula put her through the standard words of command, delighted to see how well Sabhu had trained her.

Twice Emma raised the vibrating little rubber knobs of her belt and wriggled madly to bring her Mistress to an exciting climax whilst feeling nothing herself.

Indeed Ursula was so pleased with Emma's performance that, strapping on her double dildo, she sent for Sabhu to take off the girl's belt. Overcome with gratitude Emma flung herself down at the feet of her adorable and wonderful Mistress, kissing them abjectly, whilst Ursula stood over her, her little cane in her hand, her dildo jutting out masterfully.

Ursula smiled as she looked down at the grovelling Emma. How well Emma, like all her girls, responded to the excitement of strict discipline and of being kept frustrated. It really was a very simple and yet highly effective regime for young women - and, remembering Cowslip, for not such young ones too!

Then holding Emma down beneath her, Ursula used her dildo to take her like as a man would, making the girl cry out with a mixture of pain and pleasure. She thrust in and out of the wriggling little creature until she felt her own climax approaching again.

Still holding the girl down with one hand she lowered the other and then, at just right moment, squeezed the dill's testicles. A jet of sticky warm cream shot into Emma, making her give a sudden jolt of surprise and then a violent wriggle of sudden protest and horror as she remembered how Her Excellency had used a loaded dildo to give Cowslip the secret "treatment". They were movements, however, that brought Ursula to the very heights of pleasure.

But horrified or not, Emma could not now control her own arousal.

'May I come for my Mistress,' she screamed in abandoned excitement.

'Yes, little girl, yes,' grunted Ursula as she felt her own climax upon her. 'Now!'

Both women collapsed in each other's arms.

For Emma it was her first climax time since she been abducted from her home and brought back to Ursula. Oh the relief! Oh the excitement! Oh how she loved her Mistress!

It was indeed a satiated and exhausted Emma, once again locked into her Bikini belt, who an hour later crawled, under Sabhu's supervision, back into her cage, watched jealously by the other silent women.

It was now a little time after the highly successful performance in the strange arena behind the picture gallery. Not only had the actual spectators been impressed, but the word had got around ... A steady stream of new lady clients had come to buy Ursula's pictures - and to enjoy her girls. Several had also made arrangements for Doctor Anna to treat their own girls.

Ursula was also delighted when Sabhu had come to her with the news that, although they did not themselves, of course, yet know it, Doctor Anna's treatment had worked on both Bluebell and Cowslip.

Of course, it was still too early to know whether, to use Ursula's own euphemism, they had achieved a left and a right with both girls. But soon they would both join Daisy and Cowslip in being paraded before the clients subscribing for Ursula's monitoring service, using Doctor Anna's ultra sound machine, on which all was revealed.

Already the subscribers were used to watching in fascination the wriggles, on the screen, of the twin midgets that that Daisy was carrying in blissful ignorance and the litter of little puppies that Cowslip was carrying, also in blissful, but in her case also mystified, ignorance.

Now Ursula was taking bets from her clients that the big screen, again carefully placed so that the chained up girls could not see what was on it, would soon be able to show that a left and a right had been achieved in both Pansy and Bluebell.

Thereafter both girls would continue to provide regularly an increasingly fascinating double display on the big screen, for the eagerly watching clients, when Doctor Anna brought her ultra sound machine for her weekly visits.

Meanwhile it was decided that Bluebell, like the other girls, should start the same course of pills that, to their surprise, had quickly brought on their milk ...

A few days later, Ursula, still thrilled with the exciting new developments, decided that it was time to rest her girls for a couple of days whilst she herself went off abroad on some rather special business - taking Sabhu with her.

She could go for long, of course. For one thing she would soon have to arrange Cowslip's public, and well videoed, delivery of her progeny in her cage.

She wanted to reward her girls by giving them a change from keeping kept locked up in their cages and, when a horrified Sabhu protested, she cut him short.

'No, Sabhu, you're wrong. You may now be earning much more in tips, but to modify the old proverb: 'All work and no play, makes my girls dull and boring for the clients!' Don't worry, you'll earn even more when you come back!'

But Ursula was worried about Cowslip. She knew, of course that something had been done to her in her kennel at the Dog Show just before she was mounted by the Dalmatian. She could see her quickly swelling belly. Indeed she would be delivering her valuable puppies in only a few week's time. Sabhu's initial laughing explanation of just a little indigestion had obviously worn thin. Obviously she must be able to feel some thing or things kicking away inside her. But muzzled in her cage, the puzzled woman, to the delight of visiting clients, was given no opportunity to demand, or beg, for an explanation. Had she now guessed the truth

Indeed, Sabhu had reported that Cowslip, like Daisy before her, had been caught by the internal television screen desperately tearing in vain at first her chain mail belt and then at her Bikini one. They were pictures that, dispatched to her ex-husband, together with the video of her being taken at the Kennels, first by the Alsatian guard dogs and then for real by the Dalmatian, had delighted him. He had had no quibbles in paying Doctor Anna's considerable bill - plus Ursula substantial "handling fee".

However, Ursula was worried lest, if Cowslip did now realise the truth, she might try to warn Bluebell that perhaps something similar had been done to her too, or even try to escape.

So Ursula agreed with Sabhu to compromise.

Cowslip was to remain locked in her cage whilst they were away. The other girls, however, were to be allowed to relax, under the more friendly supervision of her Caribbean maid, Babindu, in what Ursula called her Nursery Wing - a comfortable girls' playroom, complete with a row of little cot beds and a bathroom. Babindu would also, of course, be responsible for feeding and watering Cowslip.

Emma was thrilled when she and Bluebell, together with Pansy and Daisy, were taken out of their cages and put in the playroom. There was still an electronic lock on the door and bars on the windows, but the regime was much more relaxed.

Sabhu had allowed them to take their baby dolls with them, and there was even a video on which they could play a selection of children's tapes - and a telephone. It had been fixed so that no outside calls could be made from it, but the girls were thrilled when Babindu explained that their adored Mistress would be able to ring them whilst she was away.

They still did not, of course, have newspapers, calendars, radios or television. But, Emma realised, they would, at last, be free to talk.

Indeed, as they played with their baby dolls, the four girls were soon chattering together - or rather struggling to do so, for although Daisy spoke a little English, Bluebell's command of the language was minimal.

Emma, of course, was wondering whether she should, using a mixture of mime, drawings and broken English, tell Bluebell and Pansy somehow about what had been done to them. It was so appalling! How could Ursula have allowed the doctor and Sabhu do such dreadful things to these lovely girls, as a show for her clients, whilst they had been held helpless in the arena?

But would it, perhaps, be kinder to say nothing, and just let nature take its course?

Anyway, she kept remembering not only Sabhu's threats about what he would do to her if she said one word to Bluebell or Pansy about what had happened, but also what Ursula had said, taking her aside, just before she left.

'Now Emma, you're the only girl who actually saw what happened to Bluebell and Pansy in the arena, and I'm trusting you, whilst you're allowed to rest in the playroom, not to tell them. Although they're later going to be very excited when they realise the truth, they'll only start to fret now and anyway it's much more exciting for the clients if they don't know. So I want them both to be kept

quite ignorant about it all for as long as possible - just as Daisy will be. So woebetide you if you spill the beans!'

Scared of talking to Bluebell, as she was longing to do, Emma instead had to listen in silence as Bluebell, like Pansy, delighted at last at being able to talk, described in her broken English her surprise when she suddenly started to feel sick in the mornings and noticed that her breasts were slightly swollen.

Sabhu had, as usual, pacified both girls by saying that it was all just an attack of indigestion. He told them that there was nothing to worry about and that in the case of Bluebell, Doctor Anna had given him some strange pills for her to take.

Bluebell also described her astonishment two days earlier, when Sabhu had, as usual, strapped the exciting cups of the milking machine onto her nipples and little jets of milk started to spurt into the bottle marked "1". Indeed, very strangely, her milk had mysteriously and excitedly begun to flow well - much to the delight of Ursula and of her clients.

Haltingly she explained how thrilling it was. Moreover, being in milk had meant being taken out of her cage with Pansy and taken down to her Mistress at least once a day. It had been so exciting giving her milk to her Mistress who was now treating her more than ever as her favourite girl - and the clients had loved it too.

Moreover, Bluebell haltingly went on, the Mistress had told her that when in future Doctor Anna came to the attic to make her weekly inspection of the girls, she and Pansy would be taken downstairs, just as Cowslip and Daisy already were, to be paraded in front of a line of seated and admiring clients who would have come specially to see her. The idea made her feel very special and important!

But she still did not understand the reason for all the interest in her, nor for how she was in milk. When, greatly daring, she had asked Sabhu about it, he had angrily replied that it was none of her business. He had even beaten her for asking a question without permission.

But locked in her cage when not taken out to give pleasure to Ursula or her clients, and prevented by her Bikini belt from getting at herself, she had had to admit that she was finding it all increasingly, and strangely, exciting.

Emma could not help laughing to herself at these words, and wondered what her reaction would be when she finally guessed the truth - or rather some of the truth, for she would probably never know that she had been used for breeding valuable midgets to make money for her Mistress!

Emma smiled as she looked at the way Bluebell was innocently holding her baby doll to herself with a much increased passion. Already, though she did not realise it, nature was really bringing out the girl's maternal instinct.

Again Emma could not help smiling as she looked at the increasingly prominent blue veins on the girls already swelling breasts. She felt quite jealous.

Daisy had been listening to what her friend had been describing.

'Ah, yes,' she said, 'It all reminds me of two of the Mistresses favourite sayings; "'Life is stranger than ... fiction!" And the ... how you say it? ... ah yes: "The maternal instinct, once aroused, is very strong!"

She paused, collecting her thoughts and then went on, speaking in English slowly and with difficulty.

'Many things in life we start off hating. School and then working. Soon you start to enjoy them! I not understand, but I now love being my Mistress's slave.'

Emma remembered that strange little pygmy-like midget creature who had been used on Bluebell and shivered. Perhaps, however, such creatures were really quite sweet. Perhaps it was only in our Westernised society that they seemed so unnatural. Anyway Bluebell had seen him, nor did Pansy know anything of his involvement with her.

Daisy was now telling them how Ursula had just told her that she had arranged for Sabhu to take her out to the Saudi Arabian Princess's special farm in North Africa. And, she added proudly, Doctor Anna would specially come out to look after her in a strange land.

'It all shows how the Mistress really cares about me,' she said proudly, adding: 'More than about you others!'

Poor kid, thought Emma. How she would be shocked when she learned the truth about the farm to which she was going to be taken. But, thank God, that horrible German doctor would be away for a bit. It was her influence over Ursula, and her desire to continue the experiments she had made in prison camps for young women in Eastern Germany, that had caused so much trouble.

That night, Babindu taking pity on Bluebell and Daisy, and thinking it no harm, just for one night, surprisingly unlocked their belts. They were thrilled.

'Me too! Me too!' Emma had begged. But Babindu had ignored her. The two Eastern European girls were nicely submissive, but Emma, she knew, spelt trouble.

Daisy and Bluebell slept together and Emma felt utterly excluded. All night she could hear them, in the bunk below her's, kissing, licking, making love to one another, laughing and crying. Her own cot vibrated with their love making. Driven half mad with frustration, she tore at her own belt in vain. It was so cruel of Babindu!

She now longed for Bluebell so much. But she would have to hide her love from Ursula, for Bluebell was a special favourite.

It was strange, she thought, she had often been present with a man and a woman making love and had never felt jealous. But she felt sick with jealousy whenever Ursula chose another girl for her bed, or when she had to watch or hear other girls making love. Perhaps it was because, basically, other girls excited her more than men. Envy of a man's manhood was something that Emma did not suffer from!

The following morning Babindu carefully locked Bluebell and Daisy back into their Bikini belts. Then, with Ursula and Sabhu still away, the girls were left to themselves in the equally carefully locked Nursery. Bluebell helped Daisy pack for her forthcoming journey and Emma just lazed about.

It was, she thought, a lovely feeling just relaxing and talking, or trying to talk, to kindred spirits. Despite her belt and the locked door, Emma was feeling as free as a bird. In this circle she felt accepted. These girls were her friends now.

She felt closer and closer to Bluebell and she was thrilled at the thought that when Daisy left she would have Bluebell to herself.

Indeed that very afternoon Daisy was suddenly collected by a grim faced Doctor Anna to be prepared for her journey. She just came into the room, gripped Daisy's arm and led her out, ignoring Bluebell and Emma.

Poor Daisy had not time even to kiss her friends goodbye. She gave them a rather sad little look and then was just whisked away. The door was locked behind her.

35 - WHILST THE CAT'S AWAY ...

That night when Cowslip and Pansy were both asleep, crept into Bluebell's bed and put her arms around Bluebell.

'Don't be sad,' she whispered soothingly. 'I'll look after you.'

Bluebell, still half asleep, and anyway missing her friend, Daisy, was not at first very responsive, but Emma continued to kiss her.

'Now lie down and rest,' she said.

The pink had now returned to Bluebell's cheeks and she looked so beautiful. Emma felt madly guilty that she had been forced to help Doctor Anna give the treatment and then to hold the little creature's manhood inside her. It was a shocking thing that had been done to innocent little Bluebell.

The girl was now lying on her cot with her beautiful large bosom in full display. The blue veins were becoming more visible by the day!

Emma kissed her nipples and they began to grow hard. Bluebell was only nineteen, so her breasts were beautifully ripe and wonderfully firm. The more Emma played with the girl's nipples, the more she could see her lovely breasts swelling.

Soon Bluebell was getting very aroused. She was indeed an excitable little girl, which was probably why Ursula had chosen her in the first place. Ursula,

Emma knew, had an uncanny knack of recognising girls who were submissive and over sexed: girls, who like herself longed to be dominated and who needed sex not just once a day, but as often as possible; girls who would become her love slaves; girls who became frantic with desire when kept frustrated by their Bikini belts.

Emma put her mouth down to suck one of Bluebell erect little nipples. Soon she was rewarded with a little sweet tasting liquid, the first drops of Bluebell's milk!

Eagerly she sucked at both nipples and soon achieved a little regular flow - whilst Bluebell called out with pleasure and astonishment. It was thrilling - thrilling for them both. No wonder that the clients would pay extra for a girl in milk!

Emma was delighted with the effect that she having on Bluebell - her legs were now spread wide apart, and she was now rolling her hips in frustration and alternatively squeezing her breasts and vainly pulling at the belt that so effectively covered her intimacies.

Then suddenly Emma saw in the darkness something shiny lying in the corner of the room. She could not believe her eyes. It was the key to their beauty belts! It must have fallen out of Babindu's pocket when she bent down to pick up Daisy's little suitcase.

Eagerly Emma picked it up.

Soon both girls were quietly stepping out of their hated belts, laughing excitedly under their breaths as they did so. They were both now stark naked. They kissed and fell into each other's arms before collapsing onto Bluebell's little cot bed.

Emma put her hand down onto Bluebell's now exposed and hairless soft beauty lips. They were wet with arousal.

'Please, Emma,' Bluebell cried, 'please lick me! Hard!'

Emma longed to use a vibrator, but, of course, these were forbidden in the Nursery. Instead she tantalisingly used her fingers, touching the little beauty bud and then withdrawing again.

She watched fascinated as Bluebell's eyes glazed over and her breasts grew more sensitive, whilst her body heaved in eager anticipation. She was now crying all sorts of obscenities and yelling for Emma to take her.

But Emma wanted to get Bluebell thinking only of her - so she would prolong the pleasure and anticipation ...

Bluebell was screaming with frustrated excitement ... and then suddenly the phone rang. Cowslip and Pansy stirred in their sleep. Emma started up like a little girl found doing something naughty. Wonderingly she picked up the phone.

'So Emma, darling,' came the well know voice, 'this is Ursula. I am ringing from Rome, where Sabhu and I have just taken delivery of a very interesting piece of merchandise, which you'll meet very soon. ... Well, how are you all? Are you all being good girls? Are you all Bluebell thinking just of me as you just sit about strapped into your little belts? ... Now can I speak to Bluebell?'

Emma could see that Bluebell was in no fit state to talk. She could hardly speak herself. She wanted to say that Bluebell was in the loo, but in fact Bluebell was now screaming again with excitement - and Emma simply could not stop her. Ursula must have heard!

'So Emma,' came her cold voice, 'you're having fun, are you, with my little Bluebell! So you've both got your belts off have you? It's a case whilst the cat is away the mice will play, is it? Well, I shall be looking into all this when I get back tomorrow, but meanwhile tell me out loud, just what you're doing. Go on! Go on, little girl!'

Too terrified to speak, Emma put her hand down again onto Bluebell's beauty lips, making her cry out in ecstasy.

'There, there, little Emma, you are a clever girl, aren't you ! But have you beaten Bluebell yet? She adores the cane when she's coming . You'll find one in the cupboard,. Use it and make her wet herself! I want to hear her scream ... And plug in the tape recorder to the telephone and put it on 'Extra Hearing ' so that I will be able to hear it all properly - and then you can keep the tape for me.'

Bluebell was looking so flushed and so carried away that Emma wasn't sure whether beating her would be such a good idea or not.

'Emma!' screamed Ursula down the telephone. 'Beat her! Beat her, but make sure that you don't come yourself. Do you understand?'

Watched in astonishment by the still sleepy Cowslip and Pansy, Emma found the cane and gave Bluebell a terrific beating on her bare bottom. The red marks made Emma very excited herself. She did it again and this time also put her fingers between her own wet beauty lips. Gosh, this was exciting!

'Pull my nipples! Gently! Suck them!' she heard herself crying to Bluebell, who was herself about to explode into a multiple climax. The beating had indeed been just what she needed.

Emma, too, was making herself come. She thought about Ursula on the phone. She could hear her Mistress shouting on the telephone loudspeaker.

'Emma! Emma! What are you doing?'

But Emma didn't care by now. She gave Bluebell another two strokes. Bluebell was in ecstasy, her face bright red and her eyes bulging. The sight of her, together with the physical release of thrashing her, made Emma explode. She cried out in her ecstasy.

'You'll pay for this, you bitch!' came the furious voice of Ursula. 'I told you were not to come!'

But Emma and Bluebell had fallen upon each other. They were about to lick off each other's wetness, when suddenly Emma remembered the telephone.

'Oh, Ursula! Sorry! What did you want?' she said in a cocksure voice, now feeling thoroughly satiated.

'Just you wait until I get back, you little trollop! I might have known that you couldn't take your sticky hands off my Bluebell whilst Sabhu and I were away. You'll both play for this and although I don't know you got out your belts, but I'm going to ring Babindu straight away to tell her to put you both back into them pretty damn fast - and back in your separate cages!'

Emma caught her breath, scared by the angry tone of Ursula's voice.

'And as you seem to be so keen on being unfaithful to me, I shan't now have any qualms about sending you off to Africa - to be lent to Her Excellency for a spell. You'll like that won't you - you ungrateful little bitch!'

'No! No!' screamed Emma. 'Not that awful fat woman. You can't do that to me! No, please no! And anyway what about my husband?'

'Ha! I've already told him you've got a wonderful opportunity to go and learn about African artifacts, and he's agrees that it a wonderful opportunity for you.'

'Oh, no please, please, no!'

'Oh, yes, Emma, oh yes! And if you ever want to see London again, you'd better do something useful for me whilst you're there.'

'What do you mean?' cried Emma.

But Ursula had already put the phone down.

36 - URSULA RETURNS

It was the following afternoon.

Ursula and Sabhu had returned early that morning. Emma, together with Bluebell, Cowslip and Pansy, were now kneeling at Ursula's feet in the drawing room. Cowslip was now looking very ripe as Sabhu called it.

Dressed in black as a butler, he stood behind them holding, as usual, the leads to their collars in one hand and his dressage whip in the other.

Emma and Bluebell were shivering with fear at the thought of their forthcoming punishment. In addition, Bluebell, like Cowslip was holding a silver bowl of milk in her manacled hands. All the girls had lowered their heads respectfully and submissively.

Sabhu had been delighted on entering the attic to be told by Babindu that both Bluebell and Pansy had again slightly sick in their cages that morning.

'Excellent!' he had laughed.

Then turning to the two worried looking women, he had put his hand between the bars and given them a reassuring little pat.

'Just a little indigestion!' he murmured, once again. 'Don't you worry your little heads. Sabhu will look after you.'

Then he had stood back and picked up his whip, 'Breasts!;' he ordered.

Obediently all four women had knelt up in their cages and thrust their breasts through the bars for his inspection. Squeezing Bluebell's now well veined breasts he had been delighted to find that she was indeed in milk - and even more delighted to find that after a little squeezing and massaging the other three girls were once again ready to give milk.

The doctor's pills never failed, Sabhu had ruminated, but what a pity, though, that they only worked properly on girls who had first been given the doctor's treatment.

He had brought the milking machine up to the cages and soon the pulsating cups had brought on a regular flow. Before long first one and then the other woman had filled a little glass bowl marked with her numbers.

Being milked, made Emma wonder if Ursula have her done at the next little show behind the gallery? How awful - but again, how exciting! She looked longingly at her baby doll. How thrilling it would be to hold a real little baby to her breasts - a baby of her own! Oh how lovely!

But when the exciting machine was switched off, realism set in. She would never, of course, be allowed to even see the baby, never mind hold it to her breasts. She was just being brain-washed into thinking like that. Oh she felt so confused by it all!

Sabhu had laughed to himself as he saw her first throw her baby doll away and shake the bars of her cage in anger, and then quietly pick it up again and hold it to her breast. He recognised her symptoms. He had seen it all before!

But now was the moment of retribution as she knelt before the angry Ursula. What a fool she had been to seduce Bluebell behind Ursula's back.

Ursula pointed at the muzzled Cowslip and snapped her fingers. The older woman blushing held up her small bowl of milk. Ursula took it and began sip the milk.

'Umm ... Umm, 'she said. 'It's rather nice and strong tasting. I think the clients are going to like this. You're going to earn lot's of money for your Mistress, Cowslip. Sabhu's going to keep you in milk after you've delivered ... your little progeny. And if you're a god girl you'll be allowed to come down and offer your milk to your Mistress as well.'

Emma saw Cowslip blush with pleasure and mystification. Progeny?

'And you'll love feeling your Mistress sucking your milk, won't you, Cowslip?'

'Oh, yes, Madam, oh yes,' mumbled Cowslip with genuine fervour, behind her muzzle her eyes glistening with delight.

Goodness, thought Emma, I'm not the only one who's been brain-washed. She heard an angry little gasp from Bluebell kneeling down along side. Nor the only one who's jealous!

Ursula again snapped her fingers imperiously.

'Now let's try my little Bluebell's milk,' she laughed.

Eagerly the girl held up her bowl.

'Oh, yes, very nice and sweet.'

It was Bluebell's turn to blush with pleasure, and again Emma felt a pang of jealousy and anger that her breasts were still dry.

'Indeed it's so delicious that I'm going to let you off being punished for being naughty with Emma. I'm sure she was the instigator of it all - and she's going to be severely punished.'

Oh how unfair, thought Emma desperately. It take's two to tango!

'Indeed, Her Excellency has offered to pay a large sum - just for the pleasure of beating you this evening, Emma. She wants to use one of the special rattan canes, like a carpet beater, that they use in her country on young women. Apparently it leaves no mark. She says it's called a " Girl-Warmer". I shall enjoy watching her and you'll be earning your Mistress a handsome fee by being

beaten! A fee of which you will not receive one penny! You're going to love that, aren't you Emma? And what a lovely revenge for me!

Oh my God, thought Emma. What a fool she had been to have ever thought she could get away with seducing Bluebell.

But her fear of forthcoming pain, was suddenly interrupted by Ursula ringing a little silver bell.

Instantly a door opened, and into the room danced a very pretty slim young girl, her eyes sparkling. She was olive skinned, like an Arab girl, and her long dark hair hung down her back in bejewelled and interwoven tress.

There were no manacles on her wrists or ankles, Emma noticed jealously. She was wearing a long transparent Arab caftan through which her otherwise naked body gleamed entrancingly. Her pert little breasts pushed up entrancingly, but there was no sign of a belt - nor of any body hair.

Emma and the two other girls watched jealously as, with a confident laugh, the young girl who could not be more than seventeen jumped up onto Ursula's lap and put her arms round her Mistress's neck.

Never, thought the astonished Emma, had she ever dared to behave like that - Ursula would have been furious. But instead of angrily pushing the girl away, Ursula hugged her to her, like a new plaything.

The still kneeling girls, their feeling of jealousy at fever pitch, looked up in open mouthed astonishment and anger. Only Sabhu's warning jerks on their leads, stopped them from rushing at the girl and scratching her eyes out.

'Oh, Leisha, my lovely little pet,' murmured Ursula, eagerly running her hands over the girls caftan. 'And what do you think of my other little girls?'

The beautiful young girl looked down contemptuously at the chained and kneeling humbly at their Mistress's feet. She pouted, and then spoke slowly in a strong Arab accent.

'They're so big and ugly.' She pointed at Emma and Cowslip. 'And those two are so old!'

Big and ugly! Old! The little bitch! Emma could hardly restrain herself, as she felt Sabhu give her collar another warning jerk.

'Yes, I agree,' laughed Ursula, then to further stoke up the jealousy her new girl was provoking she added. 'Oh, my darling, what a lovely little plaything you are. Quite the prettiest I've ever had. I'm going to keep you for myself - and make these other ones work all the harder to please my clients.'

There was an angry intake of breath from the line of kneeling women.

'And, Emma, as well as letting Her Excellency thrash you this evening, I'm now going to punish you for making love to Bluebell without permission, by making love to my little Leisha in front of you.'

'Oh no,' gasped Emma.

But Ursula was already giving her orders to Sabhu.

'Put Bluebell, Pansy and Cowslip back in their cages, and take Emma to my bedroom. Fasten her by her lead so that she's kneeling on all fours by the side of the bed. I don't want her to miss a thing as I enjoy myself with my lovely new girl.'

Ten minutes later, a wild-eyed Emma was kneeling on all fours by the side of Ursula's large bed, her neck held down by the lead being fastened to a ring let into the floor.

Emma could not help feeling excited by the idea of being so near Ursula's bed - a bed she had so thrillingly shared only a few days before. Under her felt she feel herself moist and aroused - and very frustrated.

What a slut she was, she reflected. She just loved being dominated and controlled. But she was also a jealous slut and her jealousy hit fever pitch as Sabhu came into the room, carrying Leisha, now dressed a pretty red silken nightdress that was split right up the sides.

He placed the Arab girl in the middle of the bed, and with a smile put his fingers to his lips. But hardly had he left the room, before Leisha turned and whispered contemptuously down to the kneeling Emma.

'You now nothing in Mistress's eyes. She only now make love with little Leisha. You just work for her as a whore - and I tell her have you whipped often.'

Emma was about to scream in protest, when Ursula, now dressed in a long satin negligee entered the room, and without word threw herself onto the bed. She took Leisha into her arms, smothering her with kisses.

'Darling!' Emma heard her cry. 'You're going to give me so much pleasure.'

After several minutes of mutual kissing and stroking, Ursula knelt up and straddled the still lying girl, looking down at the girl's lovely body, her buttocks raised just above the girl's now hidden face.

'Lick, darling!' came Ursula's voice. 'Reach up and lick!'

It was, Emma knew of old, one of Ursula's preferred positions - one that gave not only exquisite physical pleasure but also, and equally importantly, a strong mental feeling of power. She herself was an expert at satisfying her demanding Mistress in this humiliating position. How could that chit of a stupid young Arab girl begin to rival her own expertise?

Jealousy again coursed through her veins as she heard Ursula cry out in pleasure.

'That's a good girl! Oh yes! ... Yes!'

37 - EMMA'S NEW MISTRESS

It was later that evening when Sabhu took Emma out of her cage.

She was still brooding jealously over her Mistress's lovemaking with Leisha. Having to witness it all had been a terrible shock, but it was equally terrible being put back into her cage, still frustrated, whilst the Arab girl, continued to lord it about downstairs like an honoured guest.

In her jealous rage, she had completely forgotten about what Ursula had said about Her Excellency. Now suddenly, as Sabhu took her downstairs, it all came back. She longed to ask what was going to happen.

'Permission to speak, Mr Sabhu, Sir?' she asked piteously.

'No!' was the curt reply.

She was taken into one of the large bedrooms used by clients and told harshly to bend over the end of the bed and to grip the bedclothes. Then Sabhu unlocked her belt and took it off.

Moments later Her Excellency entered. The right hand sleeve of her long voluminous robe was rolled up to display a muscular looking arm. She was carrying what looked like a small carpet beater made of prettily interwoven bamboo with a flexible bamboo handle.

A smiling Ursula followed her into the room.

'Ah, Your Excellency,' she laughed. 'I see that Sabhu has her ready for your "Girl-Warmer".'

Smiling, the fat African woman ran one hand over Emma's quivering buttocks and then down between her legs.

'She's excited already!'

'Yes, Your Excellency, these sluts just can't help becoming aroused at the mere thought of a beating!'

There was a sudden whistling noise and Emma screamed as the carpet beater landed painfully on her bottom. She felt a strange warming feeling spread across it.'

Ursula clapped her hands with delight as a red rash began to spread across Emma's naked little bottom.

Moments later the large African woman, her sleeve still rolled up, gave the sobbing girl two more strokes. Emma was now gripping the bedclothes desperately to prevent herself from putting her hand back to ease the pain. Sabhu, she knew only too well, always insisted on a woman, who was being thrashed, keeping quite still to absorb the pain properly.

There was a pause, and she felt Ursula's hand on her bottom.

'Yes!' she exclaimed, 'it's lovely and warm - no wonder it's called the "Girl-Warmer"! There's no ugly marks and it's made the girl soaking wet with excitement. You must let me have one of them before you go!'

Her Excellency's only reply was a grunt as she brought the "Girl-Warmer" down again.

'Well, we'll leave you now, Your Excellency. Enjoy the girl!'

It was tear stained and sobbing little Emma who, two hours later with her Bikini belt firmly locked back in place, was standing in the attic on the red spot marked "4". She was looking straight ahead and holding up, with both hands, the rubber pad over her beauty lips. Her legs were apart and her knees belt. Between her ankles she could feel the large brass bowl marked "4".

Like a sergeant major inspecting a recruit, Sabhu walked slowly round the still and silent girl.

He always liked to re-impose his authority on a girl after she had been with a client - and what better way than this? It was indeed a humiliating position for a girl to have to hold in front of her overseer - and one that tested her present state of discipline.

Emma did not dare to move a muscle. She tried to hold her breath. Only the trembling of her naked breasts gave away her anxiety.

As he went behind her he noticed with a smile that she was clenching her buttocks tightly in the prescribed way and that a reddened flush spread under the thin leather bikini. She had indeed been well thrashed.

'Ready!' ordered Sabhu.

Not daring to look down Emma adjusted the position of her bowl with her ankles and relaxed her muscles. Out of the corner of her eye she could see Sabhu's raised long dressage whip. No more beatings, please, she silently begged, desperately trying to get ready.

'Perform!' at last came the order ...

Moments later, watched by the silent Bluebell and Cowslip, from behind their bars, Emma was made by Sabhu to crawl back into her cage.

As the little barred door slammed shut behind her with a clang, she picked up her baby doll and hugged it to her. She gave a little sob at the thought that the satiated fat and repulsive Excellency would now be enjoying a glass of Champagne with her Mistress - and with that spoilt little Arab bitch, Leisha.

And to rub it all in even more, she knew that any minute Sabhu would be summoned to be given a large tip by a delighted Excellency!

Oh, how she hated them all! And yet ... and yet, how exciting it was being Ursula's slave. It fulfilled her deep felt need to be dominated. If only ... if only she could be Ursula's only girl!

38 - EMMA IS GIVEN A SPECIAL SECRET TASK

The soft relaxing music was suddenly switched off remotely. Emma quickly put down her doll and, through the bars of her cage, saw the attic door slowly open. In stepped Ursula, wearing a well cut business suit.

There was a little gasp of surprise from the caged women, for a such a visit was rare. Their Mistress might occasionally take a client up to the little balcony that faced the line of cages, but otherwise she largely left what went on in the attic to Sabhu.

There was a slight pause as Ursula looked down the line of silent women each gripping the bars of her cage, each smiling up at her Mistress coquettishly, each trying to catch her eye. Oh, the feeling of power! The sheer thrill!

Emma looked adoringly at her Mistress. How wonderful, she thought, that their kind Mistress should bother to come and see them.

Then the smile was wiped off her face, as the Arab girl, Leisha, stepped into the room. She was wearing a very expensive looking little short dress.

Smirking, she went up to Ursula and took her hand, proudly showing off to these half naked white women, that it was she who was now the Mistress's favourite and, moreover, that she was not subjected to the humiliation of being caged or having to wear a belt and manacles.

Emma was overcome with jealousy. Oh, to be free like Leisha! Oh to be her Mistress's favourite girl!

Then she saw Sabhu come through the door. He was dressed in his tight white breeches and gleaming leather boots, his naked oiled black torso gleamed menacingly in the bright light. In his hand, as ever, he held his long dressage whip.

'Show Respect!' he shouted.

There was the usual rattle of chains, as like well drilled automatons, the women dropped onto all fours and lowered their heads to the rubber floor of the cages.

Then they silently thrust their tongues out below the bottom bar, like caged animals begging for titbits. It was a remarkable display of female obedience and discipline, that further thrilled Ursula.

Emma had been too well disciplined by Sabhu, and was too frightened of his whip, not to thrust her tongue out, too - like a little dog. But the humiliation of having to do this, in front of that smirking chit of an Arab girl, was dreadful.

Sabhu smiled proudly. How well trained and disciplined were the women in his charge! He glanced at Leisha. Doubtless he'd have her too - when the Mistress had got over her present infatuation with her. It would be interesting to discipline such a exotic and spoilt creature. Idly he imagined what she'd be like in milk or with a swollen belly like Cowslip, or suffering, like Bluebell and Pansy, from morning sickness without realising why.

Ursula now reached into her pocket and handed him a packet of little sweets.

'Give them one each!' she said.

A grinning Sabhu went down the line of cages putting a little sweet on each proffered tongue. Then he looked at Ursula. She nodded

'Sluts!' he ordered and then paused. At last came the order they were so eagerly awaiting. 'Eat!'

Thrilled, the women all sucked and chewed their little sweet. Oh kind their Mistress was! Not like their cruel overseer, Sabhu, who never allowed them anything sweet - saying he liked to keep them slim and fit.

Ursula laughed as she saw the women all watching anxiously as Sabhu handed her back the little bag of sweets. How easy it was to train and discipline young women! Punishment and reward! Just as with little dogs.

But it was time to get with the purpose of her visit. She and Leisha went over to Emma's cage and sat down on comfortable little chairs that Sabhu hastened to draw up for them. Then he stood back behind them, his whip still at the ready.

'Relax!' he shouted, and then immediately added, 'Stand fast Number Four.'

There was a rattle of chains as the other girls sat up on their haunches, their manacled wrists meekly folded in their laps.

Ursula glanced down at Bluebell and Pansy. Was it just imagination or was there already a sign of little swelling bellies thrusting up under each of their tight leather bikinis? Sabhu would soon have to start slowly letting out their belts! How exciting! Another feeling of power swept through her.

But just what would each produce? You could never quite be sure - and this uncertainty made it all the more piquant, more tantalizing, more cliff-hanging.

It would be fascinating to see the results soon on the screen, but, even more, when the time came, to see them in real life. She would simply have to go out to the Princess's breeding farm to see for herself! It was certainly all so thrilling - a real live game of Doctors and Nurses.

Once again, a overwhelming feeling of power swept through her. Goodness, no wonder slave breeding had been regarded as such an absorbing, and rewarding, business in certain slave plantations of the Americas.

Then she thought of the Anatolian slave breeding farms of the Turkish Empire, where less than a hundred years ago beautiful girls from the conquered Christian countries were still being used to produce an annual crop of carefully bred, and very valuable, little creatures. Perhaps this was a more apt comparison!

She could not help giving a little laugh as she looked down at the two beautiful women kneeling up submissively in their cages, still innocently unaware of their true state, unaware of what was going on beneath the plastic grills of their locked belts, and unaware of what they were going to produce for their adored Mistress.

Was it also imagination or did their cheeks show a certain tell-tale paleness?

Certainly, however, there was nothing imaginary about the way their breasts were now heavily lined with blue veins - "milk veins". She glanced at the milking machine in the corner. It was certainly remarkable the way Sabhu had already used it so effectively to bring on their milk. The flow was really good now and the clients had been delighted.

She glanced up the line to cage Number Five, which still housed Cowslip. Her tummy was beautifully swollen - as indeed it should be, since she was carrying six adorable little Dalmatian pedigree puppies. Already her clients were vying to buy them. Once again an exciting feeling of power went through her at the thought of this enforced human brood bitch whelping soon in her cage ... It would be an extraordinary spectacle.

'Number Four! Breasts!'

Surprised, Emma automatically obeyed Sabhu's well rehearsed order. Her eyes on his whip, she hastily straightened up, clasped her manacled wrists behind her neck, and thrust her naked breasts through the bars of her cage.

'Well, little Emma, it's time that you and I had a little talk,' said Ursula reaching forward and stroking the proffered breasts as if trying to bring down the milk.

It was such a pity, she thought, that this girl, too, was not in an interesting condition. But it was all just too complicated at present to let Doctor Anna loose on her. Not only was the girl married, but she wanted to use her now for a special task ...

However, perhaps later on? And perhaps sponsored for puppies, like Cowslip. There would be no lack of eager clients. Certainly, the idea of making a married woman hide her state and then deliver her progeny for her sponsor would be very tempting!

Emma soon found herself giving little gasps of pleasure. She could not help thrusting her breasts forward. She wanted to cry out and beg her Mistress to go on, but with the sight of Sabhu's whip just in front of her, she did not dare to break the strict rule of no talking in the cages.

Ursula now began to rub the girl's nipples between her finger and thumb. Sabhu, she reflected, had done a good job in elongating them. They were now much more prominent - something that both she and her clients liked.

She heard Emma give a little moan of pleasure. How clever these belts of hers were, she thought. By leaving the breasts bare but covering the beauty bud, a modest level of arousal could always be induced, but not enough to make the girl climax. Of course, the watching television camera would show if a girl was illicitly playing with her nipples in her cage, but even if she did, she would still remain frustrated.

'Now, Emma, you do love your Mistress, don't you?' she said, giving the girl's nipples an extra little exciting rub with her fingers.

'Oh, yes, Madam, little Emma loves her Mistress,' Overcoming the humiliation of Leisha's presence, the thrilled Emma lisped in the little girlish voice that Sabhu insisted on them using when allowed to speak to Ursula or a client.

'Well, your Mistress is pleased at the way you've settled down since you were brought here and caged.'

'Oh Madam!' lisped Emma, thrilled that her Mistress was pleased with her.

'Yes, you've been a good little girl and you've earned your Mistress a lot of money - and Sabhu lots in tips.'

Yes, indeed, thought Sabhu - thanks to fear of my whip!

'And you've nearly made up for all your naughty behaviour when you thought you could do what you like and ignore your Mistress. But your Mistress had you caught and brought back, like a runaway slave, for punishment. Didn't she?'

'Yes Madam!' whispered Emma contritely. Indeed what a fool she had been!

'And now you know you'll never be able to get away from your Mistress's control, don't you? Even when she lets you go back to your husband!'

Emma nodded her head.

'And anyway you love being under her control and having to do whatever she says, don't you?'

'Oh yes, Madam,' Emma cried. How true that was. Being controlled by her Mistress was the most exciting thing in the world! 'Oh yes, Madam!'

'Good! And now you're to be able to show your love for your Mistress in a new way! You're going to earn your Mistress a lot of money and, at the same time, help her get back her famous stolen picture.'

'But how Madam?'

'Well, I've told you I'm hiring you out as a maid servant, for a large sum, to Her Excellency for a few weeks ...'

Emma gave a gasp of horror. She had almost forgotten about being sent to Africa. As nothing more had been said by Ursula she had assumed, to her relief, that the idea was dead.

'No! No! Not that! You've no right ...' she cried out.

There was a sudden crack as Ursula angrily slapped Emma's exposed breasts.

'How dare you speak to me like that you stupid little chit of girl! You'll damn well do as I say - and you'll address me as "Madam" - or you'll get another taste of Sabhu's whip!'

'I'm sorry, Madam,' whispered Emma, overcome by Ursula's anger and with the pain in her breasts. Oh, how she longed to rub away the pain, but she did not dare to unclasp her hands from behind her neck.

'I should think so!' answered Ursula. 'Now don't be a stupid little girl, Emma. You're going to do as you're told and as I want. And if you ever want to see England again, you'd better listen carefully. Just remember that it will be easy for you to just disappear without trace, once you're out there - and then I shall get an even larger sum for you! I'd just tell your husband you died of fever. Her Excellency could easily arrange for a false Death Certificate to be issued.'

'Oh my God!' gasped Emma.

'However, I don't suppose Her Excellency would appreciate the publication of certain photographs she knows I've had secretly taken of her here with you. Call it blackmail if you like, but provided you do as I say, then I will use the threat of publishing them to ensure your safe return. But, as I say, only if you succeed in finding my missing picture which she has got somewhere in one of her palaces.'

Ursula paused for a moment.

'Well Emma, what is to be - do I sell you permanently to her - or do I just hire you out for a month?'

'Oh please, Madam, please ... don't sell me. I want to come back ... back to you!'

'Very well, Emma,' said Ursula in a brisk tone of voice. 'Sabhu will show you pictures of the painting so that you can recognise it. As you will be out there as Her Excellency's white maid servant, you'll be taking out suitable maid's uniforms that will underline your subservient status to Her Excellency's friends. For instance, she says you'll have to wear a white maid's cap and white gloves at all times - and never touch her, or hand her anything, with your dirty little hands.'

Again Ursula paused whilst Emma took in what she had been saying. A white maid! A white maidservant to a wealthy black woman! Dressed in maid's uniforms! A white cap and gloves! A subservient status!

Ursula laughed and turned to Sabhu.

'I think Her Excellency's idea of a white cap and gloves is something we might copy here - if not in the cages, then certainly when they're paraded in front of the clients.'

'Certainly, Madam,' smiled Sabhu. Another little humiliation for these stuck-up white sluts! 'I'll see to it.'

Ursula turned back to Emma.

'But your white cap's going to be rather special. A tiny little "spy camera" will be sewn into it and Sabhu will teach you how to use it. It will then be up to you to find the picture and photograph it in situ, so that, when you return, I have proof that she has it.'

'But how long will I have to stay there?' wailed Emma.

'Until you've reported that you've found the picture and photographed it, of course!' replied Ursula harshly.

'But how will I be able to do that?'

'I've arranged with Her Excellency to let you send post cards back to me to say that you are well. You're not, of course, to mention the word "picture"

but, when you've found and photographed it, then you're to put the word "Eureka!", meaning "I've found it", in the text of a card. Then I'll make arrangements for you come back straight away. Understand? '

Emma nodded. Her head was in a whirl.

Ursula stood up, still holding Leisha by the hand.

'And don't think of cheating by writing the word "Eureka" until you've found my picture. If you do, then not only will Sabhu thrash the living daylights out of you when you come back empty-handed, but it'll also be straight back to Africa for you, my girl, - and this time for ever!'

39 - AFRICA!

Emma was sitting in a window seat of the big aircraft. She was dressed in a simple white blouse and blue skirt - as befitted a maid servant. She was also wearing the white gloves that Her Excellency insisted that a white maidservant should always wear when serving her mistress.

Between her and the aisle sat Sabhu. A little chain discreetly linked her left wrist to his right one. There was to be no escape!

Free from the overwhelming presence of Ursula, her thoughts turned to Henry - what would he think if he could see her now? Probably he'd just say it served her right for playing around with that bitch Ursula. Perhaps he was right. But the mental link that kept her tied to Ursula was so strong ...

'She'll just have a little soup and a glass of water,' she suddenly heard Sabhu say to the air hostess, as he himself accepted a large tray of delicious food and lovely wine. It was first such food she had seen since being abducted from her home - and she wasn't being allowed any of it! Oh, how cruel!

Up in the front of the plane, and being treated as a VIP in the First Class section, sat Her Excellency ...

When they arrived at the airport, Her Excellency was whisked off in a large Citroen car. Two uniformed black guards took over charge of Emma from a grinning Sabhu, handing him a receipt in exchange for her wrist chain.

Emma could hardly understand their heavily accented French, but they led her to a van into which her Excellency's baggage was being loaded. They loaded her unceremoniously into the van as well and slammed the doors shut.

The President's country palace was several miles outside the town, surrounded by a high wall with one heavily guarded gate. Peering out through a little window in the back of the van Emma's heart sunk as she saw the iron gates being shut behind the van by gun toting guards. Clearly there would be no escape here either!

But did she want to escape? Did she dare to try? She remembered Ursula's warning about how she must first obtain information about the missing picture - or risk being sold, disappearing for ever, apparently dead. No she must go through with it all. She had no choice.

'Now white slut!' came Her Excellency's harsh voice from the spacious bathroom next door to the luxurious bedroom. 'Come and wash me!'

It was the following day. Emma, dressed in just her white gloves, a little white frilly pinafore that left her otherwise naked, and her white maid's cap, hastily grabbed a bar of soap and a large towel and rushed into the bathroom. Four fresh stripes across her naked bottom explained her rush. She had indeed learnt not to keep Her Excellency waiting - for anything.

From under the bedclothes Emma could hear several voices - men's voices. They were talking politics - the politics of ensuring that all opposition to Her Excellency's husband, the Dictator, was ruthlessly crushed almost before it was mooted.

Her Excellency enjoyed receiving her underlings in the secret police whilst in bed - especially when a pretty white servant girl was pleasuring her under the bed clothes.

Emma had now been in Her Excellency's service for several days - days in which she Her Excellency had thoroughly enjoyed showing her off her half naked white servant girl to her friends. It had been a humiliating time for Emma - but also a frustrating one for she'd had seen no sign of the picture. But the tiny camera sewn into her maid's cap remained undetected.

Emma felt her Excellency adjust the loose bed clothes in the air conditioned room. She felt cool air on her feet. She blushed as she realised that Her Excellency was deliberately, if apparently accidentally, displaying her white feet to the gaze of the much impressed, if astonished, men standing around her bed.

Moments later she was even more embarrassed when she felt Her Excellency's hand grip her hair under the bed clothes and firmly guide her head down over her huge belly to the spot where, she knew, her duty lay. Overcoming her disgust, Emma began to apply her tongue. The voices continued ...

After a time, Emma was aware that that the voices had stopped. She was alone with Her Excellency. Her hair was still tightly gripped, holding her down. Her face was wet with Her Excellency's juices. She could hear Her Excellency groaning with pleasure.

Her Excellency lifted up the bed clothes to look down at the soft little white body that was giving her so much pleasure. To have a white woman in her power! To make her pleasure her! Of the excitement!

'Lick, white woman!' she began to call out as her ecstasy approached.
'Lick, you white slut! Lick!'

It was minutes later. Her Excellency was lying back resting for a moment. But, she knew, she was still not satiated.

'Come up, white woman, and lie on your back!'

Her Excellency knelt over her.

'Lick, white slut, lick!' she called out in a hoarse voice. This was her favourite position. Oh, the ecstasy was mounting again! She ground her body down onto the face of the white woman lying helpless beneath her.

Then she turned round so that she was facing the girl's legs and the entire slender white body was laid out in front of her. She gripped the girl's arms. The soft little body was now wriggling in protest as she pressed down, but she could still feel the obedient little tongue was active behind her. Oh the excitement!

'Lick, white girl, lick!' she cried out as another climax went through her body like an electric shock.

Oh, there was just nothing like using and dominating a white woman!

Emma held out the post card she had written to Ursula for Her Excellency's approval

The large fat woman took and read it suspiciously. "I am well and having a lovely time and Her Excellency is being very kind" was all it said. No harm in that!

'I'll have it sent by our special diplomatic mail,' she said.

Three days later Ursula smiled as she read the card. She could imagine the sort of kindness that Emma was experiencing. But Her Excellency was paying a large fee!

Emma moved the heavy fan to and from over Her Excellency's head. A pretty black girl, Emma's fellow servant girl, was doing the same from the other side of the chair in which Her Excellency was sitting talking to two African women friends. As usual Emma found it almost impossible to understand their sing-song French.

Both Emma and the black girl were identically dressed like French maids on the stage, with frilly little short black dresses, stockings and high heel shoes, white caps and pinafores, and in the case of Emma white gloves. The short black dresses flared out behind displaying the girls' naked behinds.

There was, however, one rather strange difference in their dress, the significance of which Emma did not understand: sticking out from between the glossy black cheeks of the other girl's bottom was a bunch of long white feather that curved over prettily behind her like the tail plumage of a cockerel.

She seemed to be strangely proud of them as they swayed with her every movement as if they denoted some sort of status. They seemed to be secured to a little silver plug thrust up into the girl's behind.

Thank Heavens, Emma had thought, I don't have to wear anything like that!

The two visitors kept glancing jealousy up at Emma, as if thinking what fun it must be to have a pretty white servant girl. They could not help noticing the red patches on her bottom - clear signs of a recent encounter with Her Excellency's 'Girl Warmer'. Oh how exciting it would be to beat a white woman!

'His Excellency,' announced a servant.

Smiling Her Excellency got up and greeted her husband. They lived separate lives now, for she was fat and ugly, but they were still too dependent, politically, on each other and each other's families to split up. And anyway what would be the point of doing so? Neither objected to the girls that the other kept and used - on the contrary they often swapped them!

The Dictator was a tall brisk, severe-looking black man with unsmiling eyes. He was dressed in a well cut blue suit with a white shirt and a dark blue tie. He looked, for the world, like a successful businessmen - as indeed he was.

He greeted his wife and then turned to her guests, who curtsied each in turn, and then left the room.

Emma looked at him as if hypnotised. With his cold pig-like eyes and expressionless face, he was the most terrifying man she had ever seen - except perhaps for Sabhu. .

He turned and pointed at her, saying something incomprehensible to his wife. Emma blushed.

'Put down your fan and come and stand here in front of His Excellency'

Nervously Emma did as she was told. The contrast between her own skimpy dress and the formal suit of the Dictator made her blush yet more. Then following the example of the other women, she gave a little curtsy. The Dictator for once gave a slight smile and said something to his wife.

'Bare your breasts!' ordered Her Excellency.

Appalled, Emma hesitated.

'Do as you're told - or I'll fetch the 'Girl Warmer'

Hastily Emma pulled her skimpy dress down over shoulders. Expressionless, the Dictator reached forward to feel Emma extended nipples. Then he stood back and sat down alongside his wife, again murmuring something to her.

'Lift up the front of your dress!' she ordered. '... Properly!'

Again Emma blushed as she displayed her hairless beauty lips to the seated Dictator. But he seemed to shake his head disparagingly, and made Emma turn round and bend over.

Emma felt his hands stroke her soft bottom admiringly and part the cheeks of her bottom. Horrified she gave a little gasp as she felt him testing the tightness of her sphincter muscles.

He grunted and said something to Her Excellency.

Then she felt his hands withdraw.

'Pick up your fan, and fan His Excellency! And do it properly, as you've been taught,' ordered Her Excellency.

Whilst the black girl continued to fan Her Excellency, and Emma concentrated on the Dictator, husband and wife were soon deep in conversation ...

Suddenly Her Excellency pointed at a little foot stool in front of the Dictator's chair.

'Kneel down and show His Excellency what a well trained whore you are ... Go on!'

Emma knelt down on the stool. Nervously she lowered her head, the threat of the 'Girl Warmer' still ringing in her ears. The Dictator and his wife had resumed their conversation. Nervously she wondered what she should do next.

Slowly, without interrupting his conversation, the Dictator parted the bottom of his robes. Emma found herself now kneeling between his parted knees. Then he parted his robes higher up and not bothering to look down at Emma, simply pointed downwards.

Emma gasped at the sheer size of him. She had come across Africans before, but this one was exceptional. Still talking he snapped his fingers and again

pointed down. Obediently, Emma lowered her head. She almost choked as she took his huge manhood into her mouth.

A feeling of natural and utter submission flowed through her and she found herself applying herself diligently to her task.

Suddenly the Dictator kicked her away.

He got up and turned to go. He said something to Her Excellency, who smiled.

As Emma grovelled on the floor, trying to pick herself up, she thought she caught the word "elargissement", or stretching. But she did not understand what he meant.

40 - HIS EXCELLENCY'S HELPLESS PLAYTHING

Emma was attending on Her Excellency in her bath when later the four black page boys came for her.

They had often come for her companion, the black servant girl, taking her away rather mysteriously, with the approval of Her Excellency, and then bringing her back two hours later looking rather chastened.

On this occasion, both girls were attending on Her Excellency in her bath. Emma was holding her soap, and the black girl, naked except for her tail feathers proudly sticking out behind her, was holding her towel.

Her Excellency made the black girl part her beauty lips and show Emma the little scar where her beauty bud should have been. Emma gasped. She had heard of female circumcision being common in Africa to reduce a girl's pleasure and make her less promiscuous.

'I like that done to my servant girls,' said Her Excellency to Ursula grimly. 'It makes them more obedient. One day, perhaps, you too ...!'

Emma was about to fall on her knees and beg Her Excellency to spare her, when the boys had entered the room.

Emma had assumed that, as usual, they had come for her companion. She was very startled when she saw that it was at her that they were pointing.

Her Excellency smiled knowingly and nodded in approval. The four boys gripped her and led her away to another part of the palace. She tried to struggle free, but they were surprisingly strong.

They took her into a bathroom and made her kneel down on all fours. While two held her down, another parted her buttocks. Horrified, she saw that the fourth boy was holding the well greased plastic end of a long rubber tube fitted with a small tap.

The tube led down from a large bottle on a shelf above her. The bottle had graduations on the side and contained a soapy looking, green coloured liquid.

Moments later a horrified Emma gave a little cry. She tried to struggle free but her hands were firmly gripped. There was nothing she could do.

She felt a boy reaching down to put his hand on her belly. Then he grinned at his companion holding the tap and nodded ...

...At last it was all over. Oh the relief! But, oh the shame of having it done by these grinning black page boys.

But they had not yet finished.

They now produced some pretty plume of white tail feathers, just like the ones the black girl wore. They were attached to a curiously shaped silver plug, with an indentation round it so that once inserted, her stretched muscles would grip it and hold it in place.

She could feel it stretching her. It was a horrible feeling. Horrified she remembered what the Dictator had said about "elargissement". She was being deliberately stretched!

She tried to pull it out but the boys had fastened a tight chain through a little ring at the end of the plug - a chain that went round her hips, down between her legs, through the ring, and up between her beauty lips. It was then fastened back to the chain by a little padlock on her belly.

The boys laughed as Emma tried ineffectually to ease the plug. They laughed again as the white plumes of her tail feathers dipped and swayed with every movement of her loins as tried to ease the discomfort.

Her Excellency also laughed when they brought Emma back to her, with her tail feathers swaying prettily behind her.

Twice a day the four page boys would now come for her, take her back to the bathroom with the dreaded bottle of green soapy water and the long tube. There they would unlock the padlock on her belly, remove the plug, and insert the tube.

But each time, after the tube had been removed, and she had been judged to be sufficiently washed out, a slightly larger plug was then inserted, and the stretching process continued.

Then after three days the boys seemed satisfied with her progress.

It was a huge low bed that Emma was led towards later that evening by the four young grinning black page boys. She was naked, except for her white maid's cap and her white gloves. Her bottom was still red from a special application of Her Excellency's 'Girl Warmer', applied by her when the page boys had come for her.

'You'll get it again if he's not satisfied' she had said mysteriously.

Once again the page boys had taken her to a bathroom next door and given her an enema, holding her down so that she had to accept a 'Full Ration'.

Then afterwards they had carefully greased her, and replaced the plug and plumage, but this time without the restraining chain.

Now, she saw, there was a large leather bolster lying across the foot of the bed and half way up it the lower half of a sort of leather padded wooden stocks with one large half circle and two smaller ones. Above the bolster hung a steel hook linked to by chains to a pulley.

Silently the boys motioned to her to kneel across the bolster.

Dumbly, too scared not to obey, Emma climbed up onto the low bed. The boys then silently thrust her head forward so that her neck was lying in the larger cutaway half circle. One of them held her head still and two of them held her wrists in the smaller cutaway half circles.

The fourth boy now lifted up a hinged matching half of the stocks. It was also leather padded. He lowered it across the back of her neck and across the back of her wrists, before fastening the two ends together with a little catch.

The other boys now released her head and wrists, and equally silently fastened a little pole behind her knees. The ends of the pole fitted into little slots on either side of the bed.

Then they fastened a leather strap tightly round her hips. It must have had a ring in the small of her back for she heard the pulley being turned and the hook pulled down until it slotted into the ring in the belt.

Satisfied they nodded to each other. One of them dimmed the lights and each retired to a different corner of the now darkened room.

Emma was now held rigidly kneeling on all fours on the edge of the bed, with her buttocks and the pretty white plumes of her tail feathers raised high in the air. Her head and shoulders were held down on the bed by the leather padded stocks.

Whether she liked it or not, she realised, she was now offering herself completely and helplessly. She must look a very erotic sight now with the long white feathers sticking up from between her buttocks. She felt utterly debased and extraordinary sensual.

There was a long and silent pause. Then Emma heard the door open. She tried to look round but with her neck tightly gripped by the two halves of the stocks she could only see the wall ahead of her and the top of the bed.

She heard heavy footsteps approaching the bed behind her. There was the noise of robes being cast off, and one of the page boys slipped forward to pick up and carefully fold the discarded clothing.

A man, she realised, a naked man must be standing at the foot of the bed immediately behind her buttocks. It must be the Dictator! She was going to be taken by the Dictator! How awful!

But the Dictator, himself, was enjoying the feeling of power and authority that was surging through his loins as he surveyed the beautiful European woman chained helpless for his enjoyment. His wife might now be fat and unattractive, but he could forgive her anything whilst she produced such gorgeous creatures as this one for his enjoyment.

As for Emma, she could not help a feeling of pride and arousal flowing through her at the thought of all the preparations that had been made to her body to make her ready for the all powerful and ruthless Dictator. She recognised her weakness: power and ruthlessness in any man are indeed a heady cocktail for a woman.

There was indeed something very attractive about such a man, especially as she had been cleaned and stretched especially for him! She simply could not help proudly giving her buttocks a little coquettish shake, so that her pretty tail feathers shook attractively.

She heard the Dictator laugh sardonically at her movement. These white women were such sluts at heart!

Then Emma jumped as she felt a man's hard hands on her buttocks, stroking them and then pulling them apart. She jumped again as she felt the plug being removed.

But she jumped even more when she felt something hard pressing against her - a manhood, the Dictator's manhood, she suddenly realised. She began to scream.

But no attention was paid to her cries. Indeed they seemed to excite him all the more. She heard the chains and pulley being adjusted and felt her hips being slightly raised so that the manhood was now pressing exactly on her well greased rear entrance.

Again she screamed and tried to writhe in protest, but the hook on her hip band, the bar behind her knees and the stocks holding her neck and wrists, all combined to hold her quite still - and now, she realised with a sob, exactly in position.

There was a long pause. Emma held her breath. She simply could not believe what was happening.

Then suddenly the man thrust forward and entered her.

He was huge. No wonder they had stretched her for three whole days! Once again she screamed and tried to wriggle, but the more she screamed and the more she tried ineffectually to wriggle, the deeper the Dictator penetrated and the greater the pleasure she gave ...

It was a performance that she was often called on to repeat over the coming weeks - much to the delight of Her Excellency whose hold over her husband was much strengthened by it all.

Poor Emma never knew when Her Excellency was going to summon her to her bed, nor when the four black page boys would grinningly come to collect her for yet another trip to the bathroom and on to kneel across the foot of the Dictator's special bed.

It seemed so strange that Her Excellency was interested in her tongue and her beauty lips, whilst the Dictator was only interested in her backside. But between them, they certainly kept her busy and exhausted and, of the two, at least the Dictator stimulated her to reach climax, and showed a curious interest when she did.

She remembered the little scar between her black companion's beauty lips. Presumably he was used to girls who could not climax. How awful!

Her Excellency was giving a party for her particular women friends. Delicious food and Champagne was being handed round by girls dressed in brief traditional costume, decked in heavily beaded jewellery..

This costume went back to the days when the country villages had just consisted of clusters of crudely thatched mud huts - and girls went naked except for rows of beads round their necks, and wore over their intimacies a little embroidered flap that hung down from a string round their waists. Even before maturity they enjoyed a full sexual freedom.

The exposed black skins and pert breasts of the native girls were an arousing sight. But a sight that was being particularly discussed by the chattering crowd of well dressed African women was that of an even more arousing young woman.

This young creature was dressed identically to the other serving girls - except for white gloves and a white maids cap. But what was really attracting attention was her equally exposed white skin which contrasted erotically with

the black skin of her companions as she blushing handed round a tray of Champagne.

Poor Emma could hardly believe it when she was just given a little native flap to wear for Her Excellency's party. It scarcely hid her hairless beauty lips - quite apart from leaving her bare breasted in public.

Now she was so ashamed that she scarcely knew where to look. Oh how she longed to hide from all these leering African men and sneering women!

She saw a door leading into another room was ajar. Emma was intrigued for it was a door that normally was kept locked. She had never had a chance to look inside for Her Excellency insisted on her waiting on her day and night and following her about like a little lamb. And when she had gone into it, she had made Emma wait outside.

But now Her Excellency was busy with her guests. She would not notice if Emma slipped into this other room for a few minutes to hide her nakedness.

Quietly she opened the door, entered the room and closed the door behind her.

Then she gasped, for she was in a picture gallery - a gallery of Modern Art. Astonished, she looked around her. Their Excellencies must be secret collectors of modern abstract pictures. It was collection that even the Tate Gallery would have been proud to own.

She started to explore and then gave another gasp. There hanging on the wall in front of her, specially lit up, was Ursula's missing picture. She rushed up to take a closer look. Yes, there no doubting it really was identical to the photos that Sabhu had showed her.

There wasn't a moment to lose! At any moment Her Excellency might notice she was missing or a guest might walk through the door.

Thank Heavens she had been allowed to wear her cap and not made to put her hair into African plaited locks as Her Excellency had at first wanted - to make her look more like the black serving girls.

Quickly she took off her cap and pointed the tiny camera at the picture... She took several pictures of it and, whilst she was about it, some of the other pictures as well.

"Their Excellencies are now both being very kind to me" Ursula read on a pretty post card three days later. "So I'm a very lucky girl, Eureka!"

'Eureka!' cried Ursula

She picked up the phone to arrange for Emma's immediate return.

41 - BACK IN HER CAGE

It was a week later that Emma returned to London and handed to the delighted Ursula the photograph proof that the stolen picture was hanging up in a secret picture gallery in Her Excellency's palace.

Ursula was so pleased with Emma that, to Emma's own delight, she kept her in her own room for three whole days.

It was three wonderful and thrilling days for Emma - a second honeymoon. Just like our old times together, she thought, before the awful Sabhu, and before those awful cages. belts and manacles - and awful clients.

Even more wonderful was that there was no sign of that chit of an Arab girl, Leisha, whom Ursula had been so besotted about. Emma had Ursula all to herself!

Emma fell more in love again with Ursula than ever. Ursula was her wonderful and clever Mistress - and the source of so much pleasure and delight. She even allowed Emma to reach peaks of arousal and excitement that made her forget all about Her Excellency and the Dictator - and all the humiliations she had suffered earlier from Sabhu.

Indeed, there was no mention of Sabhu, nor of any clients or of having to return to the attic. It all seemed a new world for Emma. She even persuaded herself that Ursula would now keep her for herself. She would be her exciting Mistress's pampered favourite, allowed to come and go as she liked. She would be free - free as a bird!

But all good things must come to an end and on the third morning Sabhu suddenly entered Ursula's bedroom in response to a secret summons. In one hand he held his long dressage whip - the whip that Emma had so dreaded. In the other he held a collar and lead.

'Put her back in her cage!' Ursula ordered brusquely.

'No! No!' Emma cried.

But Sabhu pointed to the carpet in front of him and raised his whip.

'Number Four!' he shouted. 'Here!'

The sight of Sabhu and his whip, and his shouted calling of her former number, brought back all Emma's training. With a little sob, she found herself instinctively crawling to his feet, and holding out her neck to be collared. Then with tears running down her cheeks she turned and looked pleadingly at Ursula as Sabhu lead her away, crawling on all fours at his feet.

But Ursula was already busy telephoning a client to say that Emma, Number Four, was now available again if she wished to make an appointment to use her ...

Back in the attic, Emma was again put into one of the awful belts and had her wrist and ankles manacled again. It was all a terrible shock after a month of freedom from the cage, the belt and the manacles in Africa, followed by their absence during her short, but wonderful second honeymoon with Ursula.

However she was delighted to see that an equally crestfallen Leisha, now renamed more humbly Buttercup, or simply Number Six, who was now occupying the vacant cage at the end of the line.

Not only was Buttercup now belted and manacled like the other girls, but Sabhu seemed to be taking a particular delight in humiliating her as he broke her, like a performing animal, into performing his tricks.

Perhaps, in fact, his strict attitude to Pansy was in part a reaction from the proud care with which he was now handling both Bluebell and Pansy whose tummies were now well swollen.

She was also glad that Daisy was back in cage Number Three, on one side of hers. She was now back again after her trip to the Princess's special farm in North Africa. She seemed, however, to have returned suffering from what Sabhu smiling assured her just a touch of indigestion - again!

As for Cowslip she was still in cage Number Five on the other side to hers. Astonished, she saw that half a dozen little Dalmatian puppies were also sharing her cage - and her milk laden breasts. Indeed Sabhu would also put one of the puppies into the cages of each of the other girls in milk to help ease the strain on Cowslip.

Emma was longing to tell them all of her experiences in Africa and of hearing about what had happened to Daisy when Doctor Anna had taken her out to the Saudi Princess. She was also bursting to tell Bluebell and Pansy about the truth of their enforced maternities.

But, of course, no talking was allowed in the cages. It was a rule that, thanks to the microphone hanging down in front of the cages, was now even more strictly enforced than ever - so as to keep the other girls still ignorant about what was happening to them under their now slightly expanded belts.

Emma was given her old doll to play with in her cage. But she was surprised to see that whilst Buttercup still had a single doll, like hers, to play with, Sabhu had given Bluebell, Pansy and Daisy two identical dolls each.

Indeed Sabhu would quietly watch them playing with their twin dolls, a curious smile on his face.

The twice daily exciting encounters with the milking machine soon had their old effect on Emma and, with her maternal instincts being also brought on by her doll, she found herself giving a good flow - much to the delight of the puppy she was given to feed.

Oh how she sometimes wished that she, too, had been given Doctor Anna's Special Treatment! And then at other's was very thankful that she hadn't - indeed, how could she be, as a married woman, shortly due to be returned to her husband?

Soon, however, like the other girls, she was back to just concentrating, more than anything else, on attracting and pleasing Ursula's clients. It had been a terrible shock when a rather slack performance with a client, on her first day back in the cages, had resulted in her being thrashed by a furious

Sabhu. To make it worse, she had been thrashed in front of the again smirking Buttercup.

Emma found that one change had been made whilst she was in Africa. Ursula had borrowed the idea of Her Excellency and now for the Selection Parades down in her drawing room, the girls were naked except for their Bikini belts - and, to heighten their half nudity, they had to wear white gloves and white maids caps.

Emma found herself, once again, being madly jealous of the young Arab girl - not this time over Ursula, but because, being so young and exotic looking, clients sometimes chose Buttercup in preference to herself.

Indeed with six girls to choose from now, and five of them being exciting in milk and three of them in an interesting condition, it was much harder now for Emma to be chosen at all. Whilst Sabhu welcomed the increased jealousy and competition amongst his charges, Emma soon realised that it was now a serious matter if she was to avoid the end of week thrashing for the girl who had pleased the least number of clients.

Soon she was again desperately counting the ticks against her name on the board and awaiting, tense and on tender-hooks, for the phone to ring to tell Sabhu just how pleased or disappointed her latest client had been with her performance. As before, it was on these that Sabhu's tips depended - and consequently whether he gave her a little sweet or a thrashing.

She never, now, had a chance for a private word with her Mistress, and her success in locating the missing picture seemed to have been forgotten. As before, her life revolved around avoiding Sabhu's whip, and spending long periods gripping the bars of her cage, as she desperately thought up ways of outdoing her companions in attracting the attention of clients and then of providing them with unforgettable pleasure.

All this was, of course, just what Sabhu intended.

So the days passed - with poor Emma becoming more jealous and receiving more than her fair share of Sabhu's frightening whip.

But, unknown to her, a new factor had entered her life as one of Ursula's girls. Her oceanographer husband was at last returning from months of scientific study on a remote Pacific atoll ...

42 - HOME AGAIN - BUT IT'S NOT THE SAME NOW!

Emma's husband, John, might be quite well off and well connected, but he was also a serious minded scientist, who lived for his work as an oceanographer.

He was often away and, on these occasions, would be delighted when Ursula, often unknown to Emma, asked for his agreement for her to give "young Emma" what she would describe as "an interesting job in the art world that will keep her out of mischief."

Indeed he had a high opinion of Ursula and of her intelligence and understanding. But he had no idea of her preoccupation with submissive young women of her own sex.

Ursula had, of course, intercepted his letters to Emma. She had not even told her what they said - she did not want the girl being distracted from her job of pleasing the clients. Nor did she want to disturb Emma's acceptance of her subservient role by getting any ideas above her station.

Instead she herself used to reply to his letters, saying that Emma was away on a course, but sent her love.

On one occasion to allay any suspicions, she had dictated a letter for Emma to sign, saying what a wonderful and interesting time she was having, how kind Ursula was being to her, and how she was looking forward to his return. When Emma had then tried to ask her about him, she had her beaten by Sabhu for impertinence.

When John wrote to Emma saying that at last he was on his way back home, his letter was immediately forwarded to Ursula by the housekeeper she had put into Emma's house. Ursula did not say anything about this to Emma. She would first have to earn a lot more from the clients!

So, it was a greatly surprised Emma, who one day was taken out of her cage by Sabhu and told to put on a pretty dress that Ursula had specially bought for her.

Emma was thrilled, thinking that Ursula was going to keep her downstairs for another honeymoon. Still wearing her manacles, she proudly paraded up and down in front of the other girls, who were all looking at her jealously from behind the bars of their cages.

Her manacles and Bikini belt were left on, but Sabhu did not put on the usual lead before taking her downstairs. Emma glanced back at the other girls in their cages, and gave a superior little toss to her head. She was special!

To her surprise Sabhu took her to the garage. Ursula was already sitting in the back of her private car, busy reading some business papers, her brief case open. She did not even look up as Sabhu told Emma to sit beside him in the front and to keep quiet. Like a servant, Emma thought.

Sabhu drove off. Emma did not dare to open her mouth. But how exciting it was to be out of her cage and away from the house. She saw that Ursula was packed as for a journey. She did not dare to ask where they were going. Perhaps to Venice for a second honeymoon? Oh how exciting!

But instead of heading for the airport, they turned up North.

'I'm taking you back to your home where your husband has just arrived,' called out Ursula from the back and putting down her papers. 'He's asked me to stay for a few days whilst you settle down again to domestic bliss! The housekeeper I put in, whilst you were away, has got everything ready and you can leave everything to her'

'John's back! Oh, how lovely!' cried Emma like a little girl. Then she looked down at her manacles wrists and ankles. 'But... '

'Sabhu will take those off before we arrive, but the belt remains on! I'm not going to have you rushing around looking for men like a bitch on heat, just because you've been let out from my house for a few weeks before your husband goes off abroad again'

'But John ... surely he'll ...'

Ursula laughed and pulled a letter out from her bag.

'This is a copy of the letter that Doctor Anna sent him saying that you caught a rather nasty illness, and a possibly contagious little rash, whilst you were in Africa studying native art and so you won't be fit to perform your conjugal duties for some time. I've told the housekeeper to put you in separate rooms.'

'Oh!' gasped Emma. Ursula always thought of everything. But how embarrassing to have to wear a chastity belt in her own home - and have to spend a penny through the grill and ...

'Your new housekeeper is also trained as a child's nurse and will be keeping an eye on you,' went on Ursula. 'Sabhu will be briefing her about the belt, but he'll keep the key himself - in London. Otherwise you'll be free to entertain and live your normal life - for the time being until John goes off again. Then it will back to the cages again for you, my girl. Doctor Anna and I have got some special new plans for you - and that's another reason why meanwhile you're going to be kept locked up in the belt!'

Emma gasped and put her manacled hands up to her breasts. Oh no!

'What do you mean ... Madam?' whispered Emma anxiously. 'What plans?'

'Ah! You'll have to wait and see!' Ursula laughed. 'I don't like inquisitive little girls! But, anyway, I shall be calling you back to London for your weekly inspection by Doctor Anna, and for Sabhu to make sure your still nice and smooth under the belt. Of course, doubtless, whilst you're there, we'll be able to find a client or two for you - or, who knows, I might even use you myself!

Emma's brain was in a whirl, not knowing to whether to be appalled or thrilled at the thought of serving her Mistress again personally.

'And Sabhu will be weighing and measuring you to make sure you haven't put on any weight. So if you want to avoid his whip you'd better make sure you don't touch a single sweet! Doctor Anna's letter says you're to be kept on a strict diet and the housekeeper has been told. She's also been told to hide all chocolates!'

Emma did not know whether to be sad or excited. On the one hand her hopes of being free again in her own house had been dashed, on the other she had to

admit that then idea of appearing to be free but really under Ursula's secret control sounded very exciting.

But there was more to come.

'And, of course, every morning you're to ring Sabhu and make a formal report to him about your natural functions - and again at mid-day and in the evening, so that he can keep his record book up to date. He'll tell me if you fail to make a single call. And I shall expect a call from you last thing at night in which you can tell me what you've been up to - and how much you miss your Mistress!.'

How horrible, thought Emma, to have to report to Sabhu. But at least she would be able to speak to her Mistress as well.

'But we shall still be seeing quite a lot of each other as John seems keen for me to come down for weekends. I've asked him if I could perhaps bring the odd interesting lady friend and he was delighted. So unknown to him, you'll still be earning money for me, Emma - it'll pay for the housekeeper!'

Emma gasped again. Bring a friend! A client! To my own home! Under the nose of my husband! My God!

'Yes it will be a rather piquant situation. Real country house romances with little footsteps creeping along the passages at night! Of course, I shall be charging a good deal extra for it all!

That evening, Mrs Maunder, the housekeeper served a delicious dinner. She was a typical former Nanny, and delighted to have another young lady, Emma, to look after.

'Don't you worry, my dear,' she had whispered to the embarrassed Emma, 'Mr Sabhu has told me all about you and I'm sure that we'll all get on very well - and Miss de Vere ... well! ... Isn't she a charming lady - she's been so kind and generous whilst I've been looking after the house whilst you and your husband have been away. You're lucky to have a friend like her!'

Ursula had picked out a low cut shimmering lime silk caftan for Emma to wear. Like nearly all Emma's dresses it had originally been Ursula's, but Ursula had had it adjusted so that Emma's nipples were \only just concealed and a matching flowing silk scarf hid the tell tale collar of her Bikini belt.

'But no underwear, Emma!' she had ordered. 'Just your Bikini belt.'

As Emma sat there, wearing a real evening dress for the first time in months and toying with the first real meal she had eaten since she had been abducted, she was more aware of the belt than ever.

But what a situation! She could hardly bear to meet John's eyes. Clearly he was longing to bed her and had been bitterly disappointed to read Doctor Anna's letter.

'Well we must get you better soon,' he had said hopefully.

And as they went in dinner, Ursula had gently pinched her bottom.

'I want my little puppy dog to come to my room at midnight sharp,' she whispered whilst John busied himself lighting the candles. 'She's to crawl in as the clock strikes twelve and then I want to hear three little woofs. And she's to make sure she's wearing the little dog mask I shall ask Mrs Maunder to put on her bed ... And if she's a good little puppy dog, I might even let her out of her belt for the night!'

Emma could hardly believe her ears! Let out of her belt!

But then, as they sat down, Ursula deliberately tossed a little key up into the air.

Emma, now nearly overcome with anticipation and excitement, recognised it instantly. It was the key to her Bikini belt, her horrible combined chastity belt, purity belt and control belt, - the belt that perhaps her Mistress might be unlocking later that night!

'What's that the key of?' asked John jokingly. 'Your jewel box?'

'Ah! That would be telling! Just something I rather like to keep locked up for my pleasure from time to time,' replied Ursula enigmatically, putting the key down on the table beside her place and picking up her evening bag to take out a prettily embroidered hankie.

Emma simply could not take her eyes off the key. She could feel herself becoming more and more aroused under her belt at the thought of being controlled like this. It was terribly exciting - and terribly frustrating. Would Ursula

really take off her belt at midnight? Oh, the thrill of it all! Oh, how she longed for relief!

Whilst Ursula and John were talking she could not resist slyly put her hands down to her lap. Through her dress she could feel the belt locked round her loins. She simply could not help gently lifting up the velcro fastenings. But then of course her fingers touched the hard unyielding plastic grill. Oh the frustration of it all!

Then suddenly she jumped and gave a little cry as she felt a nasty little shock between her legs. Ursula, she saw, was quietly putting her hankie away into her bag.

My God, Emma thought, Ursula must have one of those little control boxes in her bag! She must have noticed what Emma was doing and had deliberately given her a shock to remind her that she was still under her Mistress's control - even if she was now in her own house and sitting down opposite her unsuspecting husband.

'Are you alright, Darling,' asked John solicitously.

'Oh, yes, thank you,' murmured Emma. What explanation could she give? She lowered her eyes and continued: 'It must have been the sudden shock of being back here again.'

'A nice shock, I hope, Emma,' laughed Ursula. Then she turned to John. 'I'm afraid that, as my friend Doctor Anna wrote and told you, our little Emma is still rather weak from her illness. It's her nerves, you see. She keeps imagining these little shocks.'

Imagining, thought Emma! But John was already nodding understandingly and Ursula turned to Emma.

'No more little shocks, Emma?'

Emma was staring at her like a rabbit hypnotised by a stout.

'No! No! Please no!' she cried.

'What do you mean, Emma?' asked Ursula innocently, and then adding, apparently enigmatically: 'You brought the shock onto yourself, didn't you?'

'Yes!' whispered Emma contritely.

Ursula turned to John again. 'Remember what Doctor Anna said in her letter? Emma just needs a little quiet rest.'

'Yes, so I see,' replied John. 'I'm very grateful to you and Doctor Anna for your help.'

'Oh we're all very fond of little Emma,' laughed Ursula. 'She's very popular with my friends!'

Then as John turned to fetch another bottle of wine from the sideboard, she turned to Emma and whispered angrily: 'Just you keep your hands on the table, your dirty little slut! Where I can see them! ...'

'Are you alright again now, Emma?' teased Ursula in her normal voice as John sat down again

'Yes,' murmured Emma demurely. In fact, she could hardly stop herself from falling to her knees at her Mistress's feet and then, looking up at her adoringly, to lisp humbly, like a little girl, just as Sabhu had taught her to do, crying out: 'Oh yes, Madam, oh yes!'

Ursula was in sparkling form over dinner, making John laugh and laugh, but Emma was quietly pensive.

Here she was, she kept thinking, sitting at her own dining room table with her husband and, unknown to him, with the woman who was her strict and adored Mistress - a woman who had such control over her that she had secretly punished her, in front of her husband, for trying to touch herself, and who had locked her up in a chastity belt to keep her for herself, and her clients.

It was an explosive and yet highly arousing situation. Oh how she longed to be able to touch herself, to relieve the tension. But of course she couldn't do so - nor would she dare to try.

John now wanted to know what she had been up to, whilst studying art with Ursula, whilst he was away. Fortunately Ursula diverted the conversation away to his own adventures in the Pacific.

What, she wondered, would he have said if she had told him about the cages, about Sabhu and the clients, about Their Excellencies and the picture, about ...

Of course, she told herself, he would dismiss it all as another of Emma's little fantasies!

But the truth was that she had had a far more exciting time than he - far more!

That night a pretty young woman crawled quietly down the darkened corridor. She was naked except for her Bikini belt and over her face was a plastic dog mask.

The house was in complete silence.

Suddenly she heard the clock in the tower of the village church starting to strike twelve. She scuttled along to the door of Ursula's bedroom and waited on her knees until the last chime of midnight.

Then she reached up, quietly opened the door and crept into the darkened room. She paused, uncertain as what to do next.

Suddenly she felt a sharp shock again between her legs. She had forgotten to bark!

'Woof! ... Woof! ... Woof!'

'Good little dog! Now come and please your Mistress, and if you use your tongue really nicely. then perhaps I will think about ... '

43 - AN UNEXPECTED HOUSE GUEST

It was a three weeks later and soon John would be leaving again for several months on another remote atoll in the Pacific.

Every day, three times a day, Emma had had to make, on her private telephone in her bedroom, a humiliating report to Sabhu - and answer his embarrassingly intimate questions. It was she realised all a clever way of making her feel that she was still one of Ursula's girls, and still under Sabhu's control, even if she was now living back at home.

Indeed all day she could not help thinking longingly about Ursula, a longing that was made even more poignant by her frustration at being kept locked up in her belt. Every night on the telephone she would jealously pour out to Ursula her love - madly jealous because she could hear one of the other girls licking and stroking her beloved Mistress.

Every week a shamefaced Emma had reported to Sabhu in London and had stood stark naked on the red spot in the attic marked "4". Then watched from behind their bars by the other four girls, Emma had had to stand quite still, her hands clasped behind her neck, her legs apart and her knees bent, while Sabhu had rubbed his special potion over her mound and down between her legs ...

Then he had taken her, still stark naked and now as smooth as a little girl, down to the drawing room where Ursula and Doctor Anna were waiting. She was made to lie on her back on a couch whilst Doctor Anna, talking in incomprehensible German to Ursula, had examined her intimately.

How Emma longed to know what they were discussing. It couldn't just be the weather! She remembered with dread, Ursula's remark that they had special plans for her.

Then Sabhu would take her back to the attic, lock her Bikini belt back on her, fasten on her old wrist and ankle manacles, and thrust her back into her old cage. There she had to await in silence either for a client who had specially booked her or to be paraded, with the other girls, to a client who had just come "on spec".

As Emma knelt silently in her cage, longing to be able to talk to her former companions and to hear how they were getting on, she could not help thinking how awful it was that she, a married woman, was being treated like this. Awful, yes! But also very thrilling!

Once Ursula had come to stay again for the weekend - but without the threatened "lady friend".

But now she was coming with one.

'I'm bringing an old friend of yours, Emma, but I'm not going to spoil the surprise by telling you who she is. But I'm sure John will find her an interesting guest.'

Who could it be, Emma repeatedly asked herself. Perhaps it was the Baroness? But in any case how humiliating to have to make love to another woman in her own house, almost under the eyes of her unsuspecting husband.

She wondered if she would dare to refuse to do so. But the memory of Sabhu's whip was still very strong. No she would just have to go through with it.

Ursula arrived alone on the Thursday night 'to make sure everything was ready'. John was delighted to see her - intelligent conversation was rare in the country. But, as usual, Emma had to crawl to Ursula's room at midnight, this time carrying Ursula's own whippy little cane in her teeth.

But this time the belt had not been taken off.

'I want you in good form tomorrow night for my client,' Ursula had said. 'She's paying me a fortune to come here and take you in your own house! And you'd better please her! I've told Sabhu to accompany her and to bring his whip. If you show any hesitation to please my client, or she is not entirely satisfied with your performance, then he'll be taking you out for a little walk to the old stables and give you a thorough thrashing. So you've been warned!'

Emma was looking out of her bedroom window when Ursula came back from the station with her mysterious "guest".

Before leaving to pick her up, Ursula had told John that Emma had a headache and must rest. Then, just to make sure that Emma did not try to run away, she had secretly locked her in her bedroom .

Emma now saw Ursula's car drive up to the house. Her heart in her mouth she watched as she saw the sinister figure of Sabhu, dressed as a chauffeur, get out and open the back door. First Ursula got out and then ...

Emma simply could not believe her eyes. But there as no doubting the huge figure dressed in bright coloured robes with a matching turban. It was indeed Her Excellency!

Oh no! Not her! Emma ran to door desperate to get out, to run away, to escape. But the solid door was firmly locked.

Emma beat on it, but no one heard. Mrs Maunder, the Housekeeper-cum-Nanny was in the kitchen. Emma's husband had gone to the door to greet his distinguished guest - and to apologise for his wife's temporary indisposition.

Running back to the window, Emma saw that Sabhu was now bringing in Her Excellency's luggage and moments later she heard his heavy steps on the staircase. Then she heard voices, Her Excellency's and Ursula's, as the guest was shown to her room.

She also heard John politely inviting Her Excellency to come down for tea in an hour's time, after she had relaxed from her journey. By then, he added, his wife would probably be up and about again.

Oh, my God, she thought, how awful, how embarrassing! Sobbing she flung herself onto her bed.

It was few minutes later that she heard the door being unlocked and in came Ursula. Following her was Sabhu. As he came into the room, he pulled his long whip out from the waistband of his trousers.

The whip! Crouching up on the bed, Emma could not take her eyes off it. Oh the humiliation of being threatened with the whip in her own house!

'Now, little Emma,' came Ursula's voice. She was speaking softly and kindly. 'You're going to be a good and obedient little girl, for your Mistress, aren't you? You're going to please Her Excellency aren't you? You don't want Sabhu to take you to the stables do you?

'No! No!' Emma almost screamed, her eyes fixed on the whip.

'So you're going to undress - except for your Bikini belt, of course, and you're going to run along the passage to Her Excellency's room and you're going to go in and say how pleased you are to see her again - aren't you?'

Emma nodded as if hypnotized.

'And don't say a word about the picture - yet'

Again the terrified Emma nodded.

'Number Four!' came Sabhu's harsh voice. He raised his whip. 'Move!'

Emma tore her clothes off like a mad woman. Sabhu opened the door. She ran along the passage, her naked breasts bouncing, and flung open the door of Her Excellency's room.

The hugely fat woman was standing in the middle of the room legs apart. She was obviously expecting Emma. Her robes were half open. Emma had a glimpse of flesh, black mountainous flesh.

'Well, little Emma!' she cried in her strange half French accent. 'My hostess! Now come and give me a kiss ... no not on those lips ... on these ones!'

Emma felt her hair being gripped and her face was thrust down. She fell to her knees. She felt Her Excellency part her legs and thrust forward.

'Now let me feel some nice little kisses!' she heard Her Excellency laugh.

There was a sudden knock on the door. Sabhu entered. He saw Emma on her knees at Her Excellency's feet and smiled.

'Forgive the intrusion, Your Excellency, ' he said in his Haitian French. 'But Your Excellency will not have had time to unpack her 'Girl Warmer', I thought that perhaps she might like to use this.'

He handed his whip to Her Excellency who silently took it in one hand whilst holding Emma's face to her body lips with the other.

'Your Excellency will find that the white woman is scared of that whip. It need not be applied very hard.'

He bowed and left the room.

Her Excellency gave Emma a sharp tap with the whip on her naked buttocks.

'Lick, white woman, lick!' she cried hoarsely.

Her Excellency was fascinated.

It was the following afternoon and she was sitting in one of Emma's comfortable chintz covered chairs, deep in conversation with John and Ursula, who were sitting opposite her.

Sabhu was helping Mrs Maunder, the housekeeper, by acting as a butler, handing round cups of tea and plates of cucumber sandwiches.

To one side, seated in an upright chair, was Emma. She was wearing a tweed skirt and woollen jersey. She was looking flushed and agitated, and saying little.

She saw Her Excellency glance at her. Deeply embarrassed she lowered her eyes. Oh the humiliation! To have had to service a client of Ursula's in her own house - and this one in particular!

But Her Excellency was delighted. To be invited to stay in an English country home was unusual enough. But then secretly to have her pretty hostess at her complete service was thrilling - especially when the hostess had been her own maid servant for a month, and was the very girl she had come back to England to enjoy again.

And the girl's husband was blissfully unaware of what was going on under his very eyes - even when the girl had had to spend all of last night in the bed of an African lady guest!

Ursula had demanded a high price before agreeing to bring her here, saying that otherwise she would not be able to have Emma. But goodness, it was all proving very well worth while. Just as Ursula had promised, the mental satisfaction was proving as exciting as the physical.

Ursula had told her that the girl would be at her disposal whenever she wished throughout the weekend - and that was just how it had turned out. And, moreover, to ensure the girl's continual frustration and eagerness she was kept tightly belted the whole time!

Her Excellency coughed and obediently Emma looked up. Discreetly Her Excellency pointed upstairs. Emma glanced appealingly at Ursula, and then with a little gasp, excused herself and went out of the room.

'You really must excuse my wife,' John said to Her Excellency, 'but I'm afraid she hasn't been very well. Some bug she apparently picked up somewhere in Africa.'

But Her Excellency was not listening. She knew that in a few minutes time, she would again find Emma kneeling naked on the bed in the guest room, eyeing with terror the "Girl Warmer" which she had left lying on the bed ready for Emma. Should she give her four strokes this time or six? Perhaps a nice round five!

And which was greater, the present mental satisfaction, or the physical pleasure which was to come?

It was Sunday evening. Ursula and Her Excellency were about to leave Emma's house for London, where Her Excellency was due to catch a plane back to Africa.

Ursula had sent for Emma and humiliatingly told Sabhu to make sure the Bikini belt was properly locked on her. Oh, the frustration! Oh, also the excitement of being under Ursula's complete control!

Emma could hear raised voices coming from Ursula's room. The door had been left slightly ajar. How exciting, she thought. What are Ursula and Her Excellency having a row about? About herself? Gosh! Like a naughty eavesdropping school girl, she crept along the corridor to listen to what her elders and betters were saying.

'Your Excellency,' she heard Ursula say in a voice she was obviously trying to control, 'how you got the picture is none of my business, nor how much you paid or to whom. But you must have suspected that it was stolen goods.'

'Bah! So you say!' Her Excellency replied angrily.

'All I know is that I have proof that it is my property, that it's theft was reported to the police, and that I now have this photographic proof that is now hanging up in your palace. I want it back - and with as little fuss as possible - or else Interpol will be asking some embarrassing questions and there'll be a great scandal.'

'Interpol! A scandal! Oh no, I don't want that. My husband would never ...

'Then give me back my picture!'

'And if I do, then what do I get - Emma?'

'Emma? Well ... She earns me a lot of money - and Doctor Anna has made rather special plans for her, as soon as her husband goes off abroad again. But I suppose we could compromise ... Let's see ... How long would you want her for? ... Why don't you simply see her on your visits to Europe? ... Anyway we can discuss that further on the way to the airport. I'm going off abroad myself for a few months - though I haven't told Emma! Now let's get your baggage down into the car.'

Emma scuttled away, back to her room, her mind in a torment.

They had been talking about using her as if she had no mind of her own - as if she was a mere slave. It was very exciting not knowing what was going to happen to her next, but this was too much!

She hardly knew which was a more frightening prospect: Doctor Anna or Her Excellency?

Oh, what did the future hold in store?

Suddenly the telephone rang. It was her private line - the one she used in the privacy of her bedroom to make her humiliating reports to Sabhu and Ursula. Hardly any one knew the number. Who could it be?

Hesitantly she picked up the handset.

'Emma?' boomed a man's voice. It seemed familiar.

'Yes,' she said nervously, looking at the door. Ursula would be furious if she learned that she was taking a call from a man.

'Where the hell have you been? I've been trying to get hold of you for weeks!' went on Henry's loud distinctive voice.

Henry! It was Henry, her former lover, before he went off and got married. Henry! The only man who had ever thrilled and dominated her in the same exciting way as Ursula. She felt a sudden tingling sensation running through her body.

'I suppose you've been off with that bloody bitch Ursula! Has she got her claws into you again? Locked you up in a chastity belt did she?'

How did he know? Henry always seemed to guess everything.

'Yes,' she whispered.

'Yes, what?' boomed the voice again. 'You call me Sir - and don't forget it'

'Yes Sir!' whispered Emma, giving a frightened look at the still open door. But the tingling feeling was growing stronger. Oh Henry! Why did you disappear?

'That's better!' came Henry's voice. 'Now listen carefully. I'm in a hurry. Meet at my Club in London for lunch next Tuesday. One o'clock sharp!'

'But ... ' Emma began to wail.

'No ifs or buts - just be there. And look pretty - and don't wear anything under your dress - unless you're still locked in that bitch's chastity belt! See you Tuesday!'

The phone went dead.

Emma heard footsteps coming down the corridor. Ursula! Guiltily she hastily put down the phone, her mind more in a torment than ever. But the exciting tingling feeling was almost overwhelming.

'Now, Emma, come and say goodbye to your Mistress,' she heard Ursula call out.

Her mind in a whirl, Emma rushed out into the corridor - and with a sob flung herself into her Mistress's arms.

'Oh you are being an affectionate little girl, Emma. Are you going to miss your Mistress very much? Well, we'll meet again very soon - and meanwhile don't forget to make all your daily reports to Sabhu. And remember, no flirting with any man - or else!'

Oh my God, Emma was thinking, now what am I to do?

end