

BARBARY SLAVESHIP  
BOOK TWO  
BLACK MASTERS AND WHITE SLAVE WOMEN

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PROLOGUE

This is the second book in a new series, Barbary Slaveship – the latest in the ever-popular Barbary stories by Allan Aldiss, which describe the erotic adventures of Rory Fitzgerald, alias Hussein Bey, the Commander of the Sultan of Turkey's Janissaries in Marsa, during the long drawn-out Napoleonic Wars.

Rory's mission is now to take a shipload of captured white women to open up new markets in the Caribbean for the surplus, white, Christian, women slaves captured by the Barbary Corsairs of Marsa.

In Book Two Rory is selling some of the white slaves to the black slavemasters of the newly independent Haiti. This is a story of white women being sold and used to pull pony traps, to work as labourers under the lash of black overseers, to be the personal body servant of a black General and to be subjected to the Forced Breeding of further slaves, both white and half-Dinka giants.

THE STORY SO FAR

Rory Fitzgerald had once been an officer in His Britannic Majesty's Foot Guards. Now, as Hussein Bey, he was the Commander of the Sultan of Turkey's Janissaries in Marsa, the only one of the Barbary States still under direct Turkish rule. His well-trained Janissaries played an important role both onboard the ships of the Barbary corsairs and in ensuring the loyalty of the wild tribal leaders inland.

With the British and French Navies locked in combat, the Barbary Pirates have enjoyed a resurgence and have had a virtually free hand to roam the Mediterranean, capturing shipping and raiding the coasts and islands of Southern Europe, carrying off young women and boys to be sold in the slave markets of North Africa and the then still huge Ottoman Empire. These included English women, several of whom have ended up in Rory's own harem in the charge of his chief black eunuch Matrak.

However the very success of the Barbary Pirates, coupled with the simultaneous brutal repression of a revolt in the Sultan's Balkan provinces, have caused a sudden glut in the slave market not only in Marsa but also in Constantinople, Damascus, and Cairo.

Accordingly, seeking new sales outlets, the Pasha of Marsa orders Rory to take a shipload of beautiful European women slaves to the Caribbean to try and open a new market for white women. Here in the plantations of Spanish, French and British colonies, and of the southern states of the U.S.A., black slavery is well established.

The leading slave dealers of Marsa each provide him with some ten of the type of white women they specialise in handling, included women recently captured by his own Janissaries during a raid on a nunnery.

Accordingly, Rory has embarked a hundred white slave women of different types and a dozen white eunuch boys in the fast captured brig *Opportune* together with a guard of his faithful janissaries and his equally faithful chief black eunuch Matrak and sailed for the Caribbean.

He had also taken two of his concubines, the Italian girls Francesca and Isabella, to satisfy his own needs during the voyage, together with his young assistant black eunuch, Abdul, to keep an eye on them. Ever watchful for the welfare of his men, Rory had arranged for a separate small team of white women slaves to be embarked for use by his Janissaries and the crew.

Now read on.

## PART I

### CAGED SLAVES

#### Chapter 1 – RORY TAKES HIS PLEASURE

Still dressed in his Janissary uniform, Rory sat in the owner's cabin of the brig, looking aft through the open glass stern windows at the wake of the ship as her stern gently rose and fell with the swell. With the steady North-east Trade Wind on her quarter she was making a good speed. It would not be long before they made landfall.

The enterprise had got off to a good start. Lost in thought, he was nonchalantly gripping, with each hand, the hair of the one of his two lovely, naked Italian concubines, whom he had brought with him and who were now kneeling between his outstretched knees.

His breeches were open and he was absent-mindedly directing the mouth of first one and then the other to his rampant manhood. Both had been well trained by Matrak, together with a little encouragement from his cane, in the art of giving quiet, unobtrusive, but highly pleasurable oral sex. He had taught them to use not only their mouths and tongues but also to bring their big cold, brass nose rings into play.

To make sure that they performed well, Matrak's young assistant Achmed, who was in charge of them both whilst onboard, was standing silently behind the kneeling girls. Gripping a whippy cane in one hand and the leads to their collars in the other, he was watching

carefully as their heads rose and fell. He was ready to drive them on with the cane if they showed any signs of faltering, or to pull them back with their leads if they looked like bringing their Master to a premature climax.

Achmed might still be only a boy, but he was a strict overseer who stood no nonsense from the white women in his charge. Back in Rory's harem, each of his white concubines had soon learnt to fear his whip and to obey orders instantly, without answering back. They had learnt to conceal their dismay at being intimately supervised and controlled by a mere boy.

In particular they had embarrassingly learnt never to let him find them secretly trying to masturbate. Matrak had taught him that making sure that the Master's white women were kept frustrated was the secret to ensuring that they gave him the greatest pleasure. So it was that the boy was authorised to punish a woman with ten strokes of the cane even if he only suspected her of trying to play with herself. Moreover, the women had soon learnt that, for one so young, he could wield his little cane with surprisingly painful effectiveness.

Back in the young Bey's harem, Matrak had felt that he could safely leave much of the day to day supervision of the women to his young assistant. He watched them playing in the shade of the enclosed patio or splashing in the pool – and when they were taken to perform their natural functions. Oh how the women hated having to perform in front of, and to the order of, a young boy – but how it made for good discipline in the harem!

Onboard, Matrak had his hands full supervising the hundred or so slave women the ship was carrying for sale in the Caribbean and was very happy to leave the strict young Achmed to supervise the two concubines Rory had brought for his personal use during the voyage.

Even now Francesca and Isabella kept glancing back nervously at the boy's whippy cane as they humiliatingly sucked and licked their Master's manhood. They were both thinking if only they could be alone with their handsome young Master. It was so degrading having to perform such an intimate task with the boy standing over them, cane in hand, holding leads attached to their collars as if they were dogs.

But they also knew that however much their Master might be embarrassed by being pleased by his women in the presence of an older black eunuch, he had no such inhibitions when it came to such young one. Indeed, Rory had learned long ago that the boy's presence, whip in hand, ensured that his pleasure was all the greater.

As the two young women pleased him under Achmed's direction, Rory was busy thinking of other things.

The voyage across the Atlantic had been uneventful. His friend and colleague, the Rais, the ship's Captain, had been clever in plotting a course away from the normal sea-lanes. They had successfully avoided any patrolling British, French or Spanish warships. The services of his Janissaries in manning the short range but crushing carronades had not been required. In any case with no heavy armament or cargo to weigh her down, the brig should be able to give a clean pair of heels to a pursuing warship.

The weather had been good, allowing each chained coffle of white slave women to be brought up from their cages below in turn every day, by their supervising black eunuchs, for a

spell of vigorous exercise in the upper deck display cage. This, together a daily ration of lime juice had helped keep them fit and well and ready for sale.

Putting aside such thoughts, Rory looked down at the two kneeling girls: Francesca busy sucking his manhood and Isabella rubbing her full young breasts against his loins.

Francesca had been newly married to a young merchant from Amalfi when a waiting corsair ship, lying in wait in a quiet cove on the island of Capri, had snapped up the ship in which they were taking passage to Naples. They had let her husband go – there was no demand now for white male slaves and he clearly wasn't rich enough to be worth trying to ransom. But they had kept his pretty young wife - and the large gold crucifixes, worth a King's ransom, that the priests of Amalfi had entrusted to his care, to be further embellished with yet more jewels.

The merchants who had invested in this particular Corso, as the raiding cruises were called, had been delighted with the capture of so much gold and the key role that Rory's Janissaries had played. In Marsa as elsewhere in the East, a reluctant, newly married, white Christian slave, still in love with her now lost husband, was considered to be a great prize and a source of much cruel pleasure. Accordingly, to mark their appreciation, they had presented Francesca to Rory - or rather, as he was better known locally, to Hussein Bey, the Commander of the Brigade of the Imperial Janissaries that was based in Marsa.

Rory suddenly sensed that Francesca's well trained, soft, warm little mouth and the contrasting cold feel of her nose ring on his manhood was about to make him climax. Quickly he lifted up her head and Achmed pulled her back by her lead. She was now kneeling up on her heels. He could now see the Janissary crest branded on her belly. A feeling of power, of pride of ownership, swept through him, again almost bringing him to a climax.

He leaned back, relaxing and then, as his ardour cooled, he reached forward again, this time gripping Isabella by her luxuriant jet-black hair and brought her head down onto his manhood. Achmed gave her warning tap on the buttocks with his dog whip whilst also checking that Francesca was applying her tongue lower down.

Isabella was the beautiful virgin daughter of the innkeeper of a Sardinian fishing village, much sought after in marriage by the local swains. Then one moonless night, the Janissary landing party of a passing Corsair ship had raided the village, taking off with them not only Isabella and a dozen other young women, but also two local smacks loaded to the gunwales with the fresh produce that the Barbary States had found was so profitable to supply to the blockading British Fleet off Toulon.

Here again, the delighted investors in the Corso, anxious to show their gratitude to the Janissaries commander and knowing that the honest young Hussein Bey scarcely had the resources to replenish his harem in the slave markets of Marsa, had presented him with the still virgin Isabella.

There was a sudden knock on the door of the comfortably furnished owner's cabin.

Rory waved aside the two pretty women kneeling between his knees and hastily adjusted his breeches as Achmed led Francesca and Isabella back to their cage in the curtained alcove.

‘Come in, Ali,’ called Rory to the brig’s Captain, a fellow renegade Christian and formerly, until he was captured by the Moors, a midshipman in the Spanish Navy. He was carrying a rolled up chart of the Caribbean that he spread out on the table.

‘Look,’ he said as they studied it together. ‘Here’s our noon position yesterday and here’s our Dead Reckoning position now. As agreed, we’ve kept well to the north of the normal route to the West Indies, to avoid any cruising British warships on the lookout for slavers. Now, with the North-East Trade Wind behind us, we’re ideally situated to drop down and first call in on Haiti.’

‘Haiti!’ exclaimed Rory. ‘But surely the former black slaves there have taken over the island, even driving out the French troops that Napoleon sent there during the short peace nearly ten years ago? I remember hearing that they were under the command of his brother-in-law. What on earth would they want white women slaves for? And anyway, could they afford to buy ours?’

‘Ah!’ said the Rais. ‘Let me explain.’

Suffice to say that ten minutes later they had agreed that Haiti it was, but their further conversation was interrupted by Matrak arriving to report that the Future Mothers were about to start their daily exercise in the special cage on the upper deck, and that their living quarters down below, together with the remainder of the caged women, were now ready for their joint morning inspection.

## Chapter 2 – THE EXERCISING OF THE MOTHERS-TO-BE

Followed by the Rais and Matrak, Rory stepped out onto the upper deck. The Officer of the Watch saluted him and various hands working aft stood up respectfully.

Rory glanced at the deck abaft the foremast where there was a large cage for holding animals in the process of being auctioned, together with two others: one for animals waiting to go into the auction ring and the other for those who had been sold and were awaiting collection by their new owners. A barred gangway led from the cages down below to the cage on the upper deck for animals waiting to be auctioned.

Above the cage used for holding those which had been sold was a boom attached to the mainmast from which hung special straps. These went round an animal’s chest and belly to enable it to be hoisted up and lowered over the side into a waiting boat.

It would not be long before these were in use again, Rory thought, though the animals would not be four-footed ones, but two-footed naked and manacled slave women, white women. However, the holding cage for women awaiting auction would in future be curtained off by canvas side screens from the auction ring, so as to prevent the bidder’s attention from being distracted from the current sale by the sight of other lovely creatures who were going to be auctioned next.

In the first cage the women waiting to go into the auction ring would be kneeling up to show off their bodies to potential buyers. In the auction ring they would be prancing round and round, knees raised, hands clasped behind their necks and breasts swinging, before being made to bend over and display their intimacies. In the third cage the women who had been

sold would be kneeling on all fours, hooded. Then, when their new Master's boat was alongside, they could, before they know what was happening, be swayed up into the air and down into the boat.

It would be a fine sight and a profitable one, he hoped.

Rory and the Rais made their way forward to abaft the mainmast where open skylights lit up and ventilated a large circular arena on the main deck below. This had originally been designed as a lunging area for horses and was now being used as an exercise area for the caged women in the next-door hold.

By not exercising the women on the upper deck, their skins were kept shielded from the sun. Rory had made it clear that he did not want the women getting even a slight tan. Their whole value lay in them being slaves who were clearly pure white - and white, he declared, their skins were damn well going to be when they were offered, naked, for sale!

He went down the companionway that led into the circular exercise arena. It was surrounded by bars that went up to the deckhead. These, together with bars on the skylights above the arena, prevented any escape.

As they arrived there, a tough-looking black eunuch was using his whip to drive three coffles of naked young women up the gangway that led up into the centre of this arena from the cages in the next-door hold. To prevent them from despairingly trying to reach the upper deck and throw themselves overboard, the women in all three coffles were linked to each other by chains fastened to their polished brass collars. Like all the women onboard, their wrists and ankles had also been manacled. More to the point, they had been specially and neatly branded on the right buttock with the crest of the Marsa Guild of Slave Dealers before being supplied to Rory and, tattooed below it in Roman numerals, was their Lot Number - marking them permanently as slaves.

Rory nodded approvingly as he saw that they were all clasping their manacled hands behind their necks whilst holding a little shawl that only half covered their swollen breasts, which served to heighten the nakedness of their prettily curved bellies –for they were all in foal, to use the expression used by Faisal Effendi, the much respected slave dealer in Marsa, who had supplied them all and who specialised in handling such women.

However there was a difference between them. The bellies of the first coffle of ten girls were all “showing well”, as the slave dealer had said, whereas those of the second coffle of six girls were hardly showing at all. However, those of the third coffle of six were again showing nicely, with that of the lead girl being huge.

‘Good morning, Your Excellency,’ called out the eunuch cheerfully in Arabic as he paused for a moments from cracking his whip. ‘These sluts get more difficult to get moving every day!’

‘Well, remember they’re carrying valuable progeny,’ laughed Rory. ‘We don’t want to lose any of them.’

‘Don’t worry, Your Excellency,’ came the reply, ‘I’ve been handling mothers-to-be like these, for years and never yet lost a foal.’

Rory knew he was in fact one of the most experienced Breeding Managers of Faisal Effendi who had lent him to Rory for this voyage.

The first of the coffles, that of women who had been already expectant by their Christian husbands when captured, had all been linked together by the neck with those with the most swollen bellies leading.

The third girl in the line was a particularly pretty woman, Paula, the wife of the mayor of a small but thriving Neapolitan town. Because of the violence of the revolt against the French army of occupation, her husband had sent her to the safety of the nunnery to await the birth of her child – only for her to be captured by a landing party of Rory's Janissaries and taken to Marsa.

She was now six months gone and her belly was well curved – as were those of her companions. What, she kept wondering, was going to happen to her now – and her child? Not wanting to produce a child destined for a life of slavery, she like the other women in her cofle had sadly wanted to get rid of it. But the cleverly designed breeding belt, tightly locked round her hips, with a triangular chain-mail section held securely over her beauty lips, had made this quite impossible.

It was so infuriating, she felt. She could pass liquids through the chain-mail and the chain that ran up over her rear orifice and up between the cheeks of her bottom to the little padlock in the small of her back, was too slender to interfere with the passage of more solid wastes. But not even a little finger, or a knitting needle, could penetrate the chain-mail – or get under it from the side – to harm her progeny. Oh, it was so maddening.

She had even thought of throwing herself overboard. But the cunning swine with their barred gangway that swivelled in the hold to link a cage below to the barred exercise cage had ensured that all times she was kept helpless behind bars. Moreover, her wrists and ankles were joined by heavy manacles and she was coffled – chained by the neck to the other girls who had been captured whilst expectant.

No, like it or not the women in this cofle were going to be sold still carrying and soon ready to deliver, their precious white slave progeny – and, to make certain that they did so, they would be sold with their belts still locked in place and the key handed over to their new owner.

Rory smiled at the sight of the big brass nose-rings hanging down to their chins, just like those of his own women. All the caged slave women wore them - permanently brazed closed. But whereas the women in his harem had been nose-ringed to make them look more sexually arousing, those in the cages down in the hold had also been ringed to deter them, after they had been sold in the Caribbean, from escaping and then claiming to be free white women.

A suspicious person might hesitate to ask a white women to raise her skirt so that he could see if she bore a slave brand on her buttocks, but not if she had a big brass slave ring hanging from her nose – and especially not if her new owner had added a disc, with his name engraved on it, to the nose ring.

Rory turned to look at the shorter second and third coffles of women that the Breeding Manager was driving up to the exercise area, their soft white skins contrasting with that of their muscular black overseer.

Whereas the women in the first coffle were carrying a child fathered by their now lost husbands, those in the second and third coffles were carrying one, or often two, half Dinka mulattos, having been mated with Hercules, Faisal Effendi's own giant Dinka stallion slave—one of the few Dinkas in Marsa. Like many Dinkas, Hercules often threw twins. It was Nature's way of making up for the unhealthy humid environment from which they came.

There were no female Dinka slaves in Marsa, as it had been found that crossing white women with a Dinka produced a much superior breed of mulatto slave – one that combined the brawn and resilience of their sire with the intelligence of their dam. Fortunately the Dinkas had small heads and so, despite the size of the progeny, problems rarely occurred with the delivery of the giant sized progeny, even when the dam was a delicately boned European woman.

Rory was confident that it was a crossbreed that would also arouse great interest amongst the slave plantation owners of the Caribbean and that these white women, all carrying half-Dinka progeny would sell exceptionally well - especially as he had persuaded Faisal Effendi to lend him Hercules to show them what a Dinka looked like. Similarly he had also brought the lead girl on the third coffle, whose hugely curved belly showed that she had been mated with him months earlier and was almost certainly carrying twins.

Indeed, Rory had decided that introducing Dinka blood into the Caribbean would be one of the highlights of the expedition, for giant Dinkas were unknown there. They came from the headwaters of the White Nile in the Sudan in East Africa, whereas the blacks that had been brought across the Atlantic to be slaves in the New World came from West Africa.

Although they had all been forcibly mated with Hercules, the women in the second coffle, clearly in a much less advanced stage of expectancy than their companions in the third one, had only been mated shortly before Faisal Effendi had supplied them to Rory.

Those in the third coffle, however, he had been planning to keep back to back to sell to estate owners in Marsa who wanted a white woman who would shortly deliver her half Dinka progeny. Prior to the glut in the market, these women had been much in demand and it Rory had decided they might well also appeal to Caribbean plantation owners. He had therefore decided to have on offer a choice of women carrying Hercules' progeny in various states of growth.

At the end of the second coffle was Nina, once the pretty wife of a small Neapolitan landowner. She, too, had been captured in the raid on the nunnery, together with her two-year- old son. It was the fact that she had a son to prove her fertility that had attracted Faisal Effendi's attention - for he did not want to waste his time with barren women.

Rory recognised her as the dark-eyed and handsome young woman whom he had watched, during his visit to Faisal Effendi's establishment, being mated with Hercules shortly before they had sailed. Nina's belly was only beginning to show, in vivid contrast with the hugely curved belly of the leading young woman in the third coffle.

Like all her expectant companions, Nina had longed to get rid of her unwanted black progeny. But just as Paula and her coffle were locked into chain-mail breeding belts that made prevented them both from getting at their progeny or masturbating, so Nina and the girls in the second and third coffles had been prettily, but tightly, laced up to prevent them from harming the Dinka progeny that they were carrying – or masturbating either.



Immediately on arrival in the slave pens of Faisal Effendi in Marsa, six little silver rings had been fitted down each of their beauty lips. Strong wire laces had then been threaded through the rings in a pretty criss-cross pattern like the laces of a shoe. The laces were held taut by a little padlock that hung down between their legs.

The laces had been eased during each of the girl's routine three matings with Hercules to allow his huge manhood to penetrate her. These matings had been spread over five days around the date when their experienced eunuch overseer had calculated that they would be ready to conceive. These matings had been successful as was usual – for, so as not waste time and Hercules's seed, Faisal Effendi only used married girls, like Nina, who had already had a child when captured, proving that they were fertile.

After each mating the laces had been pulled taut again and locked. Liquid wastes could slip through the laces but the girls could not even get a little finger past them. They were going to be forced to carry and deliver their valuable half-Dinka progeny. They would be sold with their laces firmly locked in place.

Some black eunuchs preferred to use chain-mail breeding belts on expectant white women, saying that the feeling of helplessness engendered by the belts helped make even the most independently minded young woman realise that she was now just a slave. Other eunuchs preferred to keep a reluctant future young mother tightly laced up, arguing that taut coloured wire laces threaded through silver rings inserted in the outer beauty lips made a prettier and more erotic sight, which would further pander to the Master's feeling of power and pride of ownership.

Faisal Effendi used both systems to arouse the buyers. He used breeding belts on young women who were expectant when captured but who now might not want to bring a slave child into the world, but laced-up girls whom he had had mated with Hercules. He would arouse further interest in the buyers by also showing the giant sire off to them.

Rory was confident that the combined sight of variously curved naked white bellies, taut laces and of the huge black naked Hercules in the next-door cage, would have the same effect on buyers in parts of the Caribbean as it had had in Marsa. Indeed, the women carrying Hercules' progeny were amongst the most valuable that the brig carried and they still bore, painted on their foreheads, the dates of their mating – now transcribed into the Christian calendar.

Nor was that all, for he also expected that whilst brothel owners and some rich plantation owners would be interested in acquiring the other white women purely as pleasure slaves, many plantation owners might request their purchases to be mated with Hercules before they took delivery of them, so as to introduce Dinka blood into their work force. Thus the slave women on board, whose black overseers had calculated were ready to conceive when offered for sale, might go for a greatly increased price – provided a mating with Hercules was thrown in, too.

This might particularly apply to the pairs of women, the mothers and daughters or sisters. Having a pair both carrying Hercules' progeny would greatly speed up the introduction of Dinka blood into their plantations. Faisal Effendi's rival, the slave dealer in Marsa who had supplied the pairs, had boasted how his black eunuchs used their native concoctions to synchronise the monthly cycles of each pair to make them ready for a simultaneous

conception – something that Matrak had carefully checked during the journey across the Atlantic.

Meanwhile it was not surprising that, when they were back in their cage, Nina and her companions could hardly take their eyes off the naked and huge black figure of Hercules as he stood erect in the cage facing them, his long manhood hanging down – the manhood that was the hated source of their curved bellies. Although his hands were kept chained to his collar to prevent him from reaching down to it, it was a manhood that was often brought into an even larger erection by the sheer frustrating proximity of so much naked female beauty.

Carrying a long driving whip, Faisal Effendi's Breeding Manager now mounted a podium in the middle of the exercise arena. Cracking his whip menacingly he soon had the future mothers in all three coffles running round and round.

It was an exercise that he had only recently started to impose on the second coffle whose bellies were only just showing. Until now the women of this second coffle had been kept lying down, or kneeling on all fours, to reduce losing their valuable progeny.

Rory turned aside to Matrak. 'We must remember to make mothers-to-be prance round before they mount the auction block or whilst bids are coming in.'

'Indeed, Your Highness, I had planned to have all the women prancing round whilst they were being sold, not only our future mothers.'

It was an exhausting exercise that the Breeding Manager strongly believed in. Not only did it keep the women fit but, as it strengthened their stomach muscles, it also was one that would help with their eventual deliveries. His whip was therefore kept very busy.

Nodding his approval, Rory now led the way down into the hold in which the cages were situated.

### Chapter 3 – SOME OF THE CAGES

Thanks to the fine weather, the hatch covers were off and the hold was light and airy and well ventilated. Canvas ducts gently blew fresh air into the hold from the big canvas scoops that caught the breeze on deck.

The women in the cages were naked, except for their manacles. There were mirrors in each cage, together with hairbrushes and paints – evidently the overseers made sure that their charges kept themselves looking well groomed and beautiful.

In the centre of each cage a strange wooden container, half filled with a sweet smelling liquid, was securely fastened to the deck. It was pyramid shaped to prevent it from toppling over with the roll of the ship. In turn, the women would straddle the pyramid to pass their wastes. Ringbolts were fastened to the sides of the pyramids to allow them to be lifted up with a tackle by the crew, taken out of the cage and emptied through a special sluice into the sea.

Also in each cage were two large tin baths of water, one with metal cups attached to it for drinking and one with sponges attached to it for washing – something that each cage's overseer made certain that the naked women did daily.

The cages were arranged in a semi-circle so that the swivelled barred gangway which led up to the exercise and auction cages could be brought up to fit onto the barred gate on the front of each cage. Thus using his whip, or a stick with a sharp point, an overseer could readily drive his women up to, or down from, the exercise cage without allowing them any chance of escaping.

Jutting out into the semicircle of cages that held the women and right in front of the now empty one that normally held Nina and the other girls carrying Hercules' progeny, was another smaller, but extra strong cage. In it was the huge Hercules himself, stark naked, like a gorilla in a cage in a zoological gardens. As a much valued Dinka slave stallion, he was much pampered and even had his own Keeper, a black eunuch boy who had been embarked with him to keep him properly fed - and virile.

In front of his cage, wooden stocks had been fastened to the deck. It was intended to allow a woman to be secured with her head and wrists in the stock and her buttocks pressed against the bars of Hercules' cage at a height level with his manhood so that he could impregnate her through the bars.

To prevent an unauthorised penetration of the woman by the aroused and enraged giant before the woman had been judged to be ready, a small locked grille had been fastened over a gap in the bars to keep his erect manhood back. When all was ready this could be raised. Hercules would then grip the bars by his shoulders with his manacled hands and thrust, with a roar of joy, his erect and expectant manhood into the beauty lips of the proffered woman. This avoided running the risk of letting Hercules out of his of his cage, or of putting the woman into it.

As Rory and his party went over to his cage, the giant stood up and, grinning happily, gripped the bars of his cage. He towered over them all. His manhood and bulging testicles were giant size as well and his muscular body was oiled and glistening.

Rory considered he must be a terrifying sight, not only for Nina and the other girls who had already been forcibly mated with him and whose half-breed progeny they were now having to carry, but the other women would also be horrified as they nervously looked at the black Dinka giant and his huge manhood through the bars of their cages. They must often be thinking how terrifying it would be to be secured, tightly bent over and helpless, to the stocks in front of his cage and then feel his huge manhood thrusting through the bars at their beauty lips. And then to feel him thrust up inside them and his fertilising seed shooting up yet further – and not to be able to anything about it. How awful!

Doubtless, seeing Hercules and the women already carrying his progeny caged facing each other in this way, would greatly increase the interest of potential buyers in these women – and in the other girls as well, especially the mothers and daughters, or sisters.

An iron collar was riveted round Hercules' neck and was attached by a long chain to a ring at the set in the floor of the cage. A chain linking his wrists and a ring in the front of his collar prevented him from lowering his hands below his waist.

‘Keep him like that,’ had advised Faisal Effendi. ‘You won’t want him wasting any of his precious seed.’

Indeed aroused by the sight of many naked women, now being called forward to the front of their cages by their overseers for Rory’s daily inspection, Hercules’ manhood was coming into a huge erection that thrust vividly, if harmlessly, against the locked grille at the front of his cage. There were gasps from the women from behind their bars.

Hercules looked at Rory as if expecting something. His young Keeper handed Rory a large raw T-bone steak that Rory promptly tossed to the jet-black giant. He caught it with his manacled hands and began to tear into it with his strong white teeth.

‘Any problems with him?’ Rory asked Matrak.

‘None that won’t be solved when buyers of the women start having them covered by him,’ laughed Matrak. He pointed to the young boy Keeper. ‘And he’s still as quiet as a lamb with that boy, even when taken up for exercise.’

‘Well, keep him looking fit and strong,’ said Rory. ‘We’ll be showing him off when we auction the future mothers carrying his progeny in their swelling bellies. It’ll put up the price we can get for them considerably. But remember that Hercules himself is not for sale – we don’t want to spoil the market for his services as a rare stallion. And anyway, I’ve promised Faisal Effendi I’d bring him back safe and sound.’

Nodding his satisfaction with what he had seen, Rory turned to the cages holding the women.

‘Cages Number One and Two: Circumcised Women ready for your inspection, Your Excellency,’ reported a eunuch boy smartly to the Bey. Rory appreciated that the lad had come on well since he had first seen him as one of the overseers in the slave pens of the Head of the Guild of Slave Dealers in Marsa a few weeks before.

Rory glanced into the two spotlessly clean cages, as he had done every morning since passing through the Straits of Gibraltar. He noted that the pyramids had been emptied and that the mirrors and hairbrushes were still in place. It was important for the women to take a pride in their appearance if they were to get the best prices when auctioned.

Inside the first cage, two young girls were chained together by the neck. From the middle of the chain linking their necks ran another longer chain, securely attached to a ring fastened to the side of the hold. Like all the girls in the cages they were kneeling down on all fours, their foreheads submissively to the deck. On their right buttock, as with all the women, gleamed the fresh brand mark of Marsa and on their left one their lot numbers: 01 and 02.

‘01 and 02 . . . Up!’ ordered the boy emphasising his order with a crack of his small whip from outside the cage.

Lucia and Teresa both jumped up, their ankle chains clattering. They stood up straight, heads high, manacled hands clasped behind their necks and firm virginal little breasts quivering. Like those of the other women in the hold, their mounds and beauty lips were smooth and hairless, thanks to the regular application of a depilatory cream by their young overseer. But that was not all, for the smoothness of their mounds was strangely continued down below them.

Oh, how shame-making these morning inspections were, they were both thinking especially when the sight of their young bodies provoked a roar of frustration from Hercules as, in vain, he rattled the bars of his cage.

Rory recalled that both girls had both been captured during a raid by a landing party of his Janissaries on a nunnery on the Neapolitan coast, to which their families had sent them, as betrothed girls, to preserve their virginities from the licentious French soldiery.

'01 and 02 . . . Display position!' ordered the boy overseer, again cracking his whip.

Blushing prettily, as Hercules let out another roar of frustration, the two girls parted their legs, bent their knees and thrust out their bellies, whilst still keeping their heads up and their hands clasped behind their necks. It was a position that Matrak, as the senior overseer, had told his subordinates in charge of each cage, to make their women practice assuming – and to hold whilst they were inspected by potential buyers.

However, it was also a position that displayed that where once there had been plump little girlish beauty lips, now there was just a stretch of smooth skin running down from their mounds with a just a rapidly fading thin red scar ending in a little puckered orifice.

'Rear display!' ordered the boy.

Biting their lips with shame, the two girls turned round. Keeping their legs parted, their knees bent and looking straight ahead, they bent over, displaying two very similar orifices. Clearly a Master could enjoy great pleasure in penetrating either.

Equally evidently the girls were now destined to give pleasure, not to receive it and it was this that made circumcised Christian women so popular amongst Moslems, for revenge for the crusades was still a powerful motive. It was a fascinating sight that reminded Rory of the similarly fully circumcised Julia, the daughter of Amanda, back in his harem in Marsa – or rather, he reminded himself sadly, now in the Pasha's harem for so-called safe-keeping in his absence.

Putting such disturbing thoughts aside, he remembered how the Head of the Guild of Slave Dealers in Marsa was, himself, a specialist in adding to the value of the captured young white Christian women by circumcising them before offering them for sale. However, this total circumcision was something that he preferred to have done only to teenage white virgin girls by his expert captured European surgeon.

Keen to establish what the market might be for circumcised white slaves in the Caribbean, he had specially added these two fully circumcised younger ones to his quota of partially circumcised older girls.

'01 and 02 . . . Relax!' ordered the boy.

Horried at having had to display what had been so cruelly done to them, Lucia and Teresa thankfully sank back down onto the well-scrubbed deck. They still did not quite understand why such a drastic operation had been performed on them, but they were both acutely conscious that they could no longer excitingly play with themselves or with each other, like they secretly used to do in the nunnery. Might they still, however, get some pleasure if a man took their virginity? It was something they often wondered. But how awful now to be so dependent on a man penetrating them for them to get much pleasure.

Meanwhile the boy overseer had turned to Cage Number Two, where a coffle of ten slightly older girls were chained to each other in a long line and back to another ring in the side of hold. They, too, were all humbly kneeling with their foreheads to the deck.

‘Up!’ he ordered. Again there was clatter of chains.

Rory recognised the right hand girl in the line. It was Maria, who had brought them coffee in the establishment of the Head of the Guild. She too had been captured in the raid on the nunnery where she had taken refuge after being separated from her husband after only a few days of a rapturously happy honeymoon. He had had to flee from French troops who were looking for him as a reported rebel.

He remembered how this same eunuch boy had dropped her pantaloons and had shown Rory and Matrak that she no longer had protruding inner beauty lips and that the outer ones were closed together like those of a little girl – the outward sign of a partial circumcision. But then he had carefully parted the outer lips to display that, where there should have been a pretty beauty bud, there was now nothing – just a little scar.

The Head of the Guild had then explained that, like the fully circumcised virgins, Lucia and Teresa, in future Maria’s only pleasure would come by being penetrated by the manhood of a hated Arab Master - something for which, despite herself, she would soon find herself desperately desiring. Indeed, he had said, she would soon be begging the eunuchs to teach her ever more degrading ways to please him and to catch his eye. Thanks to a little snip she would make a humble slave and amnoredient concubine. No wonder these girls sold so well!

However, it was the fact that she was still so in love with her husband, whom she would never see again, that had particularly attracted the attention of the Head of the Guild. Rich and devout Moslem buyers would, he knew, be keen to acquire a partially circumcised young married Christian woman who was used to having sex regularly with her husband – and had doubtless masturbated behind his back. Unfortunately the same glut in the slave market had also upset his plans and he was now keen to discover whether there would be a market for his fully or partially circumcised girls in the Caribbean.

‘Display position!’ ordered the boy, cracking his whip

There was a difference this time, however, for instead of keeping their hands clasped behind their necks the girls dropped their hands and, parting their outer beauty lips, blushing displayed the little scars that was all that left of where once had been their proud beauty buds.

Moments later, Rory and his team passed the now empty cages, Numbers Three and Four, of the expectant women still being exercised in the adjoining hold.

‘Cage Number Five. Milkmaids. Ready for your Inspection, Your Excellency,’ reported another young black eunuch.

Ten naked young women, all with the distinctive blue veins and pronounced nipples of a girl being regularly milked, were crawling round the cage, their wrist and ankle manacles clanking or, again on all fours, were admiring themselves in the mirrors, brushing their long lustrous hair or making up their eyes.

This cage was different from the others. Whereas in the other cages, the girls could easily stand up, the deck that formed the floor of this cage was much higher, forcing the girls to remain on all fours, or at most kneel up. This was something that Turki Effendi had specially recommended. He was the slave dealer in Marsa who specialised in selling girls in milk and who had provided these ones for Rory.

‘You’ll find that keeping them on all fours, even when exercising them, keeps their milk-laden breasts hanging down below them, whereas too much standing up can make them rather pendulous – and so reduce the girls’ value,’ he had told Rory. ‘And, if the floor of their cage is raised, it’ll be much easier for their young overseer, whom I’m sending with them, to milk them regularly – and so keep the flow going.’

Although their collars had been riveted round the girl’s necks, at present they were not chained together to form a coffle – though they would be when taken up to the exercise cage. Not to be kept coffled in their cage made it easier for their boy eunuch overseer to milk them.

‘Breasts for Inspection!’ shouted the boy, also accentuating his order with a crack of his whip just as had the overseer of Cage Number One.

Hastily the women all now crawled to the front of the cage, their breasts hanging down prettily below them. .

‘Lot 43 for milking and then Number 49,’ ordered the boy.

A pretty, dark haired and very buxom girl crawled up onto the milking platform next to the bars of the cage, her left buttock showing the branded number: 43. The prominent blue veins on her hanging breasts showed that she was giving a good yield – as Matrak pointed out to Rory from the charts hanging from the outside of the cage.

She was Nicoletta who, with her newly born daughter whom she was still feeding, had also been captured in the raid on the nunnery. Because of the condition of the slave market, Turki Effendi had picked up her cheaply and had sold off her little daughter to another slave dealer.

Then, like the other girls in his establishment being prepared for sale, the flow of her milk had been increased, partly by giving her the special feed that he had found gave the best results and partly by milking her half a dozen or more times a day. Like her companions, Turki Effendi had also had her nipples elongated by binding them with silken threads so as to make it easier for her future Master to refresh himself from her breasts.

It was a routine that the slave dealer had strongly recommended should be continued onboard for all the milkmaids he had provided – and to help Matrak ensure that all the girls were kept in prime milking condition, he had lent him one of his own specially trained eunuch boys with instructions to keep Rory and the Rais well supplied with fresh milk.

As Rory watched, the boy unlocked a small door in the bars facing the raised milking platform. This door gave access to the girl’s hanging breasts below which he placed a wooden pail. Then he sat down on a three-legged stool outside the cage and, putting his hands through the little doorway, he began to stroke the breasts encouragingly. Then he massaged the strangely prominent nipples. Soon little squirts of milk were jetting into the pail.

He scooped a tiny silver cup into the pail and handed it to Rory to taste. The still warm milk was delicious.

Satisfied, Rory turned to the next cage and as he did so he saw that Number 49 was crawling up onto the milking platform. She was the attractive thirty-year-old Corsican woman whose milk Turki Effendi had given him to taste when he had first visited his establishment back in Marsa.

It too had been delicious and there and then he had decided that many buyers in the Caribbean would be intrigued by the idea of buying a beautiful white woman in milk and that it would pay him to take out a good number of them.

#### Chapter 4 – MORE SLAVES

‘Cages Numbers Six and Seven. Pairs. Ready for your inspection, Your Excellency.’

Both these cages were double size ones, like the empty one that held the two coffles of expectant women, now being exercised on the upper deck, for although each only held one coffle, each was a double size one. One coffle was of ten very pretty captured mothers, each with an equally pretty teenage daughter and the other of ten pairs of sisters, including a rare pair of identical twins.

Standing up in the line of mothers and daughter and pressing their naked body against the bars for inspection were the beautiful thirty-four year old Margarita, the wife of a Neapolitan merchant and her sixteen-year-old daughter Dora. These two had also been captured in the nunnery where they had been staying whilst Margarita’s husband had gone to Rome on business.

Oh, they were both thinking, the shame of having to stand like this, naked, alongside each other for the Bey’s inspection. It was typical of the way they had been treated ever since that awful night in the nunnery when the Janissaries had burst into bedroom. But they had to admit that they had not been violated – unbeknown to them, they were far too valuable for that.

But what were they now doing in this strange ship? To where were they being taken? And why? They were questions that all the caged women constantly asked each other – and none of them knew the answer.

The family resemblance in their case was particularly strong for Margarita had kept her figure as well as her looks. Indeed, they looked more like sisters than a mother and daughter. Both had the same sleek black hair, flawless white complexions, slim waists and nicely swelling bosoms. There was an old Neapolitan saying: “Before you decide on a girl, look at the mother”. It was one that had resulted, it had seemed, in the virtuous Dora’s hand being sought after by half the eligible young men of the Kingdom of the Two Scillies.

But what had really attracted the attention of Matrak when he and Rory had visited the slave pens of the Marsa slave dealer who specialised in handling pairs of women had been Margarita’s and Dora’s similar, well-flowing child-bearing hips. He well remembered their conversation.

‘Your Excellency,’ Matrak had whispered to Rory, ‘white mothers and daughters, sisters and twin sisters might not only be sought after by rich plantation owners in the Caribbean for



their personal pleasure. They would also be ideal for anyone wanting to establish new and improved slave breeding lines for any purpose.'

'Yes, indeed,' Rory had murmured, 'such as the farms that specialise in breeding almost white and very pretty, octoroon slaves. But why bother to produce only partly white slaves when with our beautiful white slave pairs they could develop lines of pure white slaves that could make them fortunes?'

Now a month later, Matrak returned to the same subject.

'I understand,' he said, speaking in fluent Arabic, 'that most of the plantation owners in the Caribbean breed their own black slaves. Well supposing that one of them who had already bought one of our future mothers from the first coffle that we saw earlier prancing on the upper deck, then also bought one of our mothers and daughters or sisters . . .'

' . . . and had them mated with Hercules before taking delivery?' suggested Rory. 'Then he could quickly establish another half-Dinka breeding line: another string for his bow! Before long he'd be selling the surplus slaves from his new slave breeding line to his jealous neighbours.' Rory then continued in a scornful tone of voice, 'it's all very well for Faisal Effendi to boast of his white women whom he had covered by his precious Hercules, but think how much more impressed a plantation owner in the Caribbean would be if he were offered a mother and daughter or sisters both covered by him . . .'

'Well,' cut in the Rais who hitherto had been silent, 'you must be glad you've brought so many with you. I think that way or another they're going to sell very well – and that Hercules is soon going to be kept pretty busy.'

The naked young Contessa de Santa Croce gripped the bars of Cage Number Eight and looked at Hussein Bey as he strode arrogantly down the line of cages. Was it true, she wondered, that he was a renegade English officer? But how could an English gentleman, a Mi'lord as they were known in Italy, allow a boat load of Christian women to be treated in this humiliating and degrading way! And she a Contessa and the granddaughter of a Principe – even if, like her husband, he had been almost penniless, at least he had been an aristocrat.

Rory had a quiet word with her cage overseer. These were valuable women, for they were all blonde. Like the Contessa, several of the women in her coffle had aristocratic backgrounds. Two were the young wives of North European sea captains captured when the Barbary Corsairs had boarded their husbands' ships. Several others were blonde Scandinavian or German or Dutch women who had been passengers in these and other ships.

None of them could offer any explanation as to why they had been put in this ship and kept caged or where they going. Had they been coffled together because they were all blonde, in contrast to the women in the other cages who, being mainly middle class Italians, were dark eyed brunettes? Were they going to be sold to people who would pay extra for a blonde woman? What did the future hold?

The Contessa could not help looking across the hold to where the huge black Hercules was caged. She could see by the way he kept looking at her through the bars of his cage that he

lusted after her, for as he did so his monstrous manhood kept coming into a huge erection. How awful! How terrifying! And was this just because she was blonde?

Rory smiled cruelly as he saw her look of anguish. Yes, he thought, perhaps she was right to be concerned. A Contessa mated with Hercules? Well, that would be quite a draw!

Rory moved on to a couple of cages each containing a coffle of beautiful young women who had been supplied by two slave dealers in Marsa who did not specialise in handling a particular type of women. Instead they just liked to keep a good stock of pretty women. However, it had been a stock that they had been finding difficult to turn over because of the glut in the slave market – and hence their interest in Rory’s Caribbean enterprise. He looked at them carefully as their overseers proudly paraded them in front of him. All seemed very fit and well – and could be used for a wide range of purposes by their new owners: as domestic servants, labourers, brothel girls, concubines and for breeding half Dinka mulattos or more white slave girls.

They were all very attractive. Perhaps it was just as well, Rory was thinking, that back in Marsa the Pasha and the Guild of Slave Dealers had insisted that he should bring two of his own concubines to keep him satiated, just as the Rais’ two girls kept him satisfied, too. Otherwise the sight of so much naked female beauty would have been frustrating.

It was for this same reason that the Guild had supplied half a dozen other girls for use by the crew. They were kept locked up in a cage in the crew’s mess-deck. The key to the cage was kept by the Boatswain, who let the crew enjoy them as they came off watch. Another half dozen girls had been supplied for the embarked detachment of Janissaries. Rory had copied the Royal Navy’s tradition of messing Royal Marines or, in this case his loyal Janissaries, in a separate “barracks” between the accommodation of the officers and that of the rest of the ship’s company. Their girls were kept caged in there.

The previous day, Rory had accompanied the Rais on an inspection of the crew’s quarters and had had a good look at the two teams of girls that the Guild had provided for them. They were good sturdy peasant girls from Italy and Spain and seemed none the worse for having to satisfy so many men each day.

Rory now gave a quick look into Cage Number Ten that held a coffle of the curiously named “Second Hand girls”. All Christian girls, they had come from a slave dealer who dealt in the often very beautiful cast-offs of rich Moslem merchants, whose crests they bore branded on their bellies, just as his own girls bore the brands crest of the Janissaries – or in many cases, he had to admit, that of the Pasha of Marsa, who had given them to him – as cast-offs, too.

In Marsa such a brand showed that a girl had been well trained in a properly organised harem. She was therefore of great interest to humbler men. But here on this trip to Caribbean, Rory envisaged them as being very popular amongst the owners of better class brothels who wanted trained girls for their clients.

The end cage, Number 11, contained castrated white youths. In the Moslem world, a man only bought white boys as personal attendants and valets who had been castrated before puberty. They could never have an erection and could, therefore, be safely used to attend on their Masters even when they visited their harems full of half naked white women.

The slave dealers of Marsa had built up a useful trade in boys and youths who were castrated after puberty, but before their voices had broken properly and before they had grown hair on their bodies. They would remain beardless and their skin would remain forever as soft as it was on the day of their castration. However, they were different from the boys who had been castrated younger – for they could have an erection and one the boys could maintain for a long period – to the great satisfaction of their Mistresses.

For generations the slave dealers who handled these older white eunuch boys had made a thriving trade in discreetly selling them back to Europe as eunuchs trained as Ladies' Page-boys or Personal Attendants. There was a great demand for them amongst rich and aristocratic married women. Whilst their unsuspecting husbands felt sorry for these boys, their wives would be secretly enjoying their firm manhoods in bed and in the bath – without the risk of becoming pregnant.

And the boys themselves? Horribly embarrassed by the loss of their testicles, they would be very happy to be the much appreciated and loyal personal servants of rich and powerful ladies.

The Pasha of Marsa had suggested to Rory that the indolent wives of rich plantation owners in the Caribbean might also flock discreetly to acquire such boys. Rory had therefore embarked a dozen such youths with whom to sound out the market.

'Well, Luis,' Rory remarked to the Rais as they finished their tour of inspection, 'I think we've got a wide and typical cross section of the white slaves that Marsa normally handles. It's going to be interesting how they sell out in the Caribbean – and vital for the slave dealers of Marsa.'

'Yes,' replied the Rais, 'it'll be very interesting to see just how we first get on in Haiti in a couple of days time – though, of course, conditions there are going to be very different from those elsewhere in the Caribbean.'

## PART II

### THE ISLAND OF WHITE PONY GIRLS

#### Chapter 5 – A NEW FILLY

Henriette de St. Angel, now known more simply by her stable name of "Furieuse", was wondering how long she had been living the life of a stabled and naked filly. Mute, therefore unable to communicate, she couldn't be sure.

Her owners had given her this stable name after the title of the plantation her parents had formerly owned in Haiti, or St. Domingue as it had originally been called in the days before the slave revolt and the subsequent series of civil wars that had been triggered off by the French Revolution. Certainly it was a name that fitted her temperament.

It was also a name that typified what had happened during her childhood. There had been furious fighting by white Royalists trying in vain to get back their properties with white Revolutionaries opposed to the French King and to slavery and by Napoleon's troops

suspected of wanting to re-establish slavery, by rival armies of blacks and mulattos fighting each other and killing their former white masters and overseers and finally by invading British and Spanish troops.

Nevertheless Henriette's family had held onto their land right up to the final withdrawal of French troops in 1804, after which the remaining white plantation owners had been eliminated. Up till then, despite the wars and massacres, she had been the prim and proper young daughter of a leading French plantation owner in what had once been by far the richest colony in the French Empire and the supplier of most of the sugar, coffee, cotton and indigo consumed in continental Europe.

Then she used to dress in fashionable crinolines and lace - with a parasol held up by a black boy to protect her delicate complexion from the sun. All that had gone when rampaging former slaves overran their plantation and ruthlessly killed her parents. Her black nanny saved her and helped her to escape - but then she was betrayed. She then found herself treated as a white slave, put up for auction, naked, watched by the jeering former slaves who had worked on her family's estate.

She had expected to become the concubine of some cruel Negro leader. However, she had found herself reduced to the level of a beast of burden, having been bought by her present owners, Jeanne and Pierre. They were married members of a strict community of former black slaves that had been established on the small, flat, lush island of Marta, off the Haitian coast.

The island was healthy and free of the yellow fever that had so devastated the French troops sent to Haiti itself to quell the revolt. Here, in the peace and quiet of the island, a group of a few hundred black families had set up a small self-contained, religious community. It was prosperous and independent, having seized gold and jewellery from their former Masters and they did not allow any poorer families to join them.

They were also a self-supporting community since most of the men were better educated slaves and had been trained as carpenters, gardeners, saddlers, coachmen or grooms, as well as in agriculture, whilst the women had been cooks and seamstresses – all trades which were put to good use in Marta.

They now lived a life of comparative ease, raising pigs, growing most of their own food and some much sought-after "Sea Island Cotton". Once a month they sent a boat to Port au Prince, the Haitian capital, to sell their surplus produce and to buy clothes, materials and luxury foods.

Some of the community had wanted to bring their former masters or overseers as slaves, but the risk of a revolt was considered too great. Bearing in mind the bitter fighting in Haiti between rival armies of blacks and mulattos so, too, was the risk of miscegenation, this time between black masters and white female slaves.

However, because of the climate and the lack of grazing, it was impracticable to keep horses on Marta. Many of the community had seen how the scions of their former French Masters had often cruelly amused themselves by racing young black slave girls, trained as pony girls.

Revenge against their former Masters was accordingly not far from their minds when members of the community asked for permission to bring over a small number of women

from the rapidly dwindling number of enslaved white women in Haiti, to be trained as working pony-girls to do the work of horses. They told the community elders that, properly harnessed, these women could be used to pull lightweight pony-traps or surreys, even occasionally heavier carts, along the narrow sandy tracks that meandered amongst the palm trees of the mainly flat and fertile island.

However, still fearful lest the humiliated pony-girls might try to revolt, it was agreed that they must be reduced to the level of the animals they were replacing. They must therefore be muted and prevented from using their hands. Instead these white pony-girls would have to be groomed and cared for like real horses – and have to gobble up their simple but nutritious food by lowering their mouths into their wooden mangers, again just like real fillies.

Similarly, lest their introduction into the island might result in miscegenation, it was also decided that the pony-girls owners were to be responsible for the pony-girls being bred only to a selected small number of approved white stallions owned by the community and kept by their priest. They too, however, were to be muted and their hands rendered useless.

Any half-breed progeny resulting from miscegenation would be destroyed at birth and so too would any white colts. White fillies, however, would be raised for their owners at a special crèche that the community had organised.

It was under these arrangements that Pierre and Jeanne had bought Henriette – one of the last white girls still available for sale.

To Henriette's astonishment and humiliation, she had been stabled, bitted and bridled - like the other white women brought to this small island as fillies or mares. Like them, a collar had been riveted round her neck and her hands had been sewn into tight black leather gloves.

The helplessness of her hands and Jeanne's gentle handling had gradually calmed her, but not before a simple process had been carried out on her as she stood tethered helplessly in her stall.

'But first we must make you nice and smooth for Doctor Duvant,' Jeanne had said mysteriously as she had shaved off all Henriette's pubic hair. 'Real mares don't have hair there and so you shouldn't either.'

Poor Henriette was now left feeling extra naked with her shapely beauty lips nicely on display.

Henriette had not realised just what was going to happen when on the day after her arrival in Marta, Docteur Vétérinaire Duvant, the community's much-respected Veterinary Surgeon, had come to the stall in which she was tied, standing with her gloved hands fastened behind her back.

Like the rest of the community, he was a former black slave, but his Master had paid for him to be given veterinary training so that he could look after his valuable horses and supervise their breeding – horses that, alas, did not survive the violence of the slave revolt. However, he had now found a new occupation: looking the health and breeding of the community's human horses, their pony-girls.

‘This, Docteur, is Furieuse, our newly acquired young filly,’ Jeanne had explained, speaking in the in the singsong Creole French that white people found so difficult to understand. ‘Isn’t she lovely? Such long strong legs - she’s going to be taught to have such a pretty prancing action – just like a real hackney filly. But, first, of course, we must comply with the community rules regarding hands and tongues.’

Hands and tongues? Henriette suddenly recognised the words and gave a little shiver of fear. What could Jeanne mean?

Perhaps it was as just well that she had not understood the vet’s reply either. He opened his case of surgical instruments, saying: ‘I think the community is quite right. Real fillies and mares can’t talk or hold anything and these white women make much better pony-girls if they can’t do either. Moreover, we don’t want them stirring up trouble behind our backs or planning to escape.’

‘Indeed, not!’ replied Jeanne. ‘Oh and another thing, doctor, we thought we’d have her tidied up as well.’

‘That makes sense, replied the vet. ‘Animals, don’t have beauty buds and as that’s what these women now are, it’s best to remove them.’

‘Yes, doctor, tongue, wrists and beauty bud. Then she’ll be just like a real filly. And I’ve shaved her, ready for you.’

‘Right,’ replied the vet, tying a black cloth over Henriette’s eyes. ‘I find it best if the filly is blindfolded so that she can’t see what’s being to her. Right! Let’s do the tongue first.’ He took two pairs of surgical pincers from his bag. ‘Hold her tight!’ he said to Pierre. Then he turned to Henriette. ‘Tongue out, please’ he said in the perfect French still used by some of the more educated former slaves.

‘No please, Sir, no!’ begged the helpless Henriette, wondering what was going to happen. They were the last words she was ever to speak.

‘This won’t hurt,’ said the vet reassuringly, ‘just a little prick.’

With one hand, the vet gripped the end of Henriette’s tongue with one of the pincers, pulling it out straight. With the other he reached under her tongue and skilfully snipped the tendon, rendering her permanently mute. Then he wiped away a few drops of blood from under poor Henriette’s tongue and released it. Henriette shook her head disbelievingly as she found that the only noise she could now utter was a little whinny.

Then, telling Pierre to hold her wrists, he equally skilfully snipped the main tendons to her thumb and forefingers.

‘She can still use her hands to brush away flies,’ the vet explained, ‘but she won’t be able to hold anything.’

‘And,’ said Jeanne, ‘don’t forget to make her nice and neat so that she doesn’t try to play with herself. You know strict the community leaders are about these girls being reduced to the level of animals.’

‘Certainly,’ replied the vet with a smile. ‘It’s only just another little snip.’

Then whilst Pierre gently, but so embarrassingly, held her beauty lips wide apart, he had snipped off the tip of her beauty bud, sealing the resulting tiny wound with a spot of tar.

‘That’ll stop her from trying to rub herself against anything in the stable at night and so wasting her energies,’ he said with a satisfied grunt.

Poor Henriette had tried to cry out in protest, but could only make a little whickering or louder neighing ones – like a real filly.

He then ran his hand approvingly over Henriette’s hips and belly and looked up enquiringly at Jeanne.

‘This little belly is crying out to be filled - with good hips like this there should be no difficulty when it comes to delivery. Just as you can use a real mare or filly almost right up to when they are due to foal, so you can use similarly safely use a pony-girl, even though her expectant state will be far more noticeable than that of real mare. In fact, the exercise will help her drop her foal easily and quickly.’

‘We’re planning to have some little foals out of her,’ Jeanne laughed. ‘She’s such a pretty filly . . . and will look lovely with her belly nicely showing, as they say. But we don’t want any unplanned accidents with any of our more randy young male members of the community– so we think it would be better if you infibulated her as well.’

Docteur Duvant nodded his agreement and took a thick needle out of his bag. Then, taking hold of Henriette’s beauty lips, he pulled them right out. Holding them tightly pressed together with his finger and thumb, he drove the thick needle straight through them, as one might pierce a girl’s ears.

Ignoring her whinny of pain, he passed the straight hasp of a small, old-fashioned, shackle-like padlock through the two holes that he had just made. He then closed the padlock with a small key that he presented to Jeanne.

‘This’ll prevent any unauthorised penetration,’ the vet said. The girl’s beauty lips were still held thrust out and at the same time neatly pressed together.

He now removed Henriette’s blindfold.

Glancing in a mirror in the stables, Henriette had been appalled to see the way she had been infibulated. And to make it worse, by pulling her beauty lips out, the padlock put her naked intimacies so much more on display. Oh for a dress or a skirt, she thought. But, of course, fillies don’t wear clothes.

It was only after Docteur Duvant had left, pocketing his fee, that she had gradually realised what had been done. She vainly tried to run her useless hands down over her belly and found that her lovely beauty bud, the site of so much secret pleasure, had gone.

‘It’s all for the best, my dear,’ Jeanne had later explained in her simple French to the clearly distressed filly, ‘so that you can really settle down to your life in the stables, knowing that you can now never escape or lead a human life again. Like a real filly you will now be unable to talk or use your hands, but just as a real filly learns to recognise her name and various words of command, so, too, you’ll soon learn to recognise your new name and you’ll soon pick-up the more important orders in our French Creole dialect. And also, like a real filly

you won't be able to waste your precious energy by playing with yourself – though you'll still find yourself being excited by the presence of a handsome boy stallion.'

Henriette's mind was still reeling when Jeanne, stroking the girl's hair, had continued: 'And now it's time to make your tail.'

Henriette gave a little whinny. A tail?

'Oh, yes, every pony-girl looks so much better with a long pretty tail waving to and fro as she trots along and your blond hair is so long - and lovely and silky. And just like a real filly, you'll soon learn to use it to keep off the flies. '

Not, at first realising what Jeanne was driving at, Henriette blushed with pride. Her lovely long hair had always been her pride and joy. When not put up, as fashion dictated, it came down almost to her waist.

'Oh yes, your lovely hair's going to make a fine tail,' went on Jeanne, fetching a large pair of scissors. 'How lucky that you never had it cut. But don't worry, I'll leave a nice little stubble so that it'll gradually grow back again soon to form a short mane, matching your long tail.'

Henriette was horrified by these words. She longed to protest but could say nothing except make angry little grunts. Nor, tethered as she was, with her hands now useless, was there anything she could do as her long tresses were cut off, carefully gathered and attached to a strangely shaped plug-like device made of interwoven palm leaves.

'You'll find that the palm leaves make a more comfortable plug, as you prance along raising your knees in the air, than a hard wooden one would,' Jeanne explained to the bemused girl. Then she had pointed to a little circular indentation around the plug. 'Your sphincter muscles will grip this, holding it firmly in place up your bottom and, of course, stopping you from trying to eject it once it's been inserted – and I'll be very angry if try!'

As she worked, attaching the tresses to the plug, she pointed to the rear end of the plug, the end to which the hair was attached and which curved upwards so that the tail would rise clear of the girl's legs, like that of a real filly. 'This will make you look very spirited,' she said.

Finally the work was completed. She greased the end of the plug.

'Now bend over,' she said and, parting Henriette's buttocks, carefully inserted the plug, gently driving it in until the sphincter closed round the indentation. 'There now, that's fine.'

Henriette tried to eject it, but just as Jeanne had said, was quite unable to do so - and got a hard slap for trying. .

The Negress stood back and clapped her hand admiringly.

'Oh, that tail looks lovely. You're going to be so proud of it – and you'll learn to give a little wobble with your bottom to make it swish prettily. Before long, with a matching honey coloured mane and tail, you'll look even more charming – just like a real little Palomino filly.'



Pierre had been trained as a groom and subsequently as a coachman. He was used to handling four legged fillies and now lost no time breaking his new, much prized, two-legged one into harness. It seemed quite like old times!

As with real driving horses, the human ponies in Marta were controlled not only by the spoken command or by a driving whip applied to their naked backs and buttocks, but also by reins attached to the rings at either end of a braided leather bit held in place in their mouths by a bridle.

These varied depending on the degree of control that was needed for different white women, but invariably each had an adjustable head band that went round the head with a cross piece over the ears to prevent it from slipping down.

To support the bit, cheek straps went down from the head-band, just in front of the ears, to the rings of the bit, or with more fractious pony-girls, like Henriette, a strap went from the front of the head band and was divided into two on the bridge of the nose to be secured also to the rings of the bit. Thus, pulling on the reins also put pressure on the sensitive bridge of the nose.

To keep the bit in place and stop the pony-girl from spitting it out, two chinstraps ran down from the bit-rings and fastened under the chin and two neck straps ran back from the bit-rings to fasten behind the neck.

Also, as with real driving horses, blinkers were invariably attached to the headband, so as to stop the pony girl from being distracted and to keep her eyes fixed ahead as she pulled the trap.

The front of the headband, where it went over the forehead, was often widened to allow for decorative designs or the initials of the woman's owners. Similarly coloured curved plumes were attached to the front of the headband, where it went over the forehead. These would sway, especially if the girl was being made to prance, raising her knees high in the air, as Henriette was made to do.

When Henriette's hair had sufficiently re-grown, it would be was tied back with a pretty bow and left to hang down her back like a mane.

Like most of the other pony-traps in Marta, Pierre and Jeanne's had two shafts to which the human filly was harnessed by short leather straps linking each shaft to a ring on the side of a wide girth strap that rested on her hips and was fastened tightly round her belly.

One short strap on each side led backwards to a ring on the shaft and was for pulling the pony trap forwards. Another led forwards to a second ring near the end of the shaft and was for stopping, or braking, the trap. Both sets of straps were pulled taut so that, whether she liked it or not, the slightest movement of Henriette's belly was transmitted to the shafts, either pulling it or braking it.

These straps also enabled the temperamental Henriette to be positioned so that she was held too far along the shaft to be able to kick back at her whip-wielding driver, whilst her hindquarters and long back presented a good and accessible target for the whip.

To provide further pulling power, a curved metal bar rose up from each of the shafts and to this each of Henriette's wrists were also fastened so that her bent forearm was now horizontal, with her wrists and elbows held into her side. Although she could not now grip these bars, she could push against them with the palms of her hands.

Thus, as well as being made by her driver's whip to strain to pull the trap with her belly and hips, she was also cleverly made to push it along with her arms and shoulders as she pranced along, her big firm breasts swinging in time to her raised knees.

To prevent the girth from riding up at the front, two straps were fastened to rings on the bottom of the front of the girth. These went down over her mound and passed either side of her beauty lips to a ring over her rear orifice. From there, a leather cord went up between the buttocks to be fastened securely to the girth, thus holding it firmly in place and stopping it from riding up behind.

The ring itself was designed to allow her, if necessary, to pass her wastes through it. Normally, however, the greased plug to which her new artificial tail had been attached was inserted through the ring and up her backside, allowing her tail to swish in time with each swing of the pony girl's hindquarters as she ran prancing along. Although she could not speak, Henriette had been taught to indicate to her driver that she wished to relieve herself by wriggling her bare bottom.

As well as being very decorative, Henriette soon found that by giving her hindquarters a jerk to one side or the other she could use her tail, like a real horse, to swish away flies, especially when she was left, for instance, standing tethered outside a house that her owners were visiting.

An adjustable bearing rein, a strap running from a ring on the back of her collar down her back to the girth, ensured that she kept her neck back and thus pranced along in a fetching upright position, with her shoulders back and her breasts attractively thrust forward.

Although Henriette did not then realise it, if she were mated, the girth strap would be gradually let out as the curve of her belly increased, for pony-girls in foal were not excused pulling their owner's pony-traps. The straps holding the girth down would also be adjusted to make sure that it remained held in place over where her belly was the most swollen – making a pretty sight.

The broad leather collar round Henriette's neck also made her keep her head up and thus further thrusting her breasts forward.

By holding back on the reins attached to her bit and by flicking her bare buttocks with the whip, Henriette's driver could make her adopt a very fetching prancing action. Her full and firm young breasts would swing in time with her raised knees, whilst she thrust forward with her belly and with her arms and shoulders, to pull the pony-trap along at a brisk pace.

It all made up a simple and yet efficient harness.

For pulling heavy loads in carts, however, a different harness was used, as speed was not so important. Instead more pulling power was needed when going up the steep little hills of Marta and more braking power when going down again.

For this Henriette was harnessed in a bent over position with her back horizontal as she reached to push a bar in front of her that now linked the two rather longer shafts on either side of her. A trace made of chain or strong leather was fastened from a ring on the front of the girth back down between the pony girl's legs to a short spiral spring fastened to a ring on the front of the cart. Thus the driver's whip could make her strain forward with both her shoulders and hips.

This clever arrangement enabled the driver to see at a glance the extent to which the spring was stretched and at the way the woman's muscles were rippling under her skin, whether she was straining every effort to both pull the trace running back between her legs and push the bar in front of her.

Just as with real horses, braking power, when going down one of Marta's few hills with a heavy load in a cart, was transmitted from a broad breeching strap going round the hindquarters of the bent-over Henriette to the shafts. By pulling her back with the reins her driver could make her push her rump against this broad strap which in turn would hold back the shafts – just as real ponies would, in a similar situation, push back against the breeching strap going round their hindquarters.

This bent-over position could also look quite elegant for it showed off both Henriette's nicely curved rump and her breasts, which hung down attractively, swaying as she strained to pull the cart forward or pushed her hindquarters backwards to brake it when going downhill.

A further advantage of this bent-over type harness was that the driver had a better view of the path ahead – and of Henriette's rump which was forced up, displaying her infibulated beauty lips. Her hindquarters and her long back would, of course, still be delightfully vulnerable to her driver's whip.

Some of the traps were designed to be pulled by one pony-girl and some by two. Two girls were used either in tandem, pulling one behind the other, or as a pair, running alongside each other.

When in tandem, the woman in front, the "leader", wore the same harness and bridle as the girl between the shafts but, instead of her girth being connected to the shafts, it was connected by a short chain running from a ring on the back of her girth to a ring on the front of the girth of the woman behind her. Thus she was made by the whip and reins to strain to pull the pony girl behind her, who in turn was pulling the trap.

However, many drivers, who could afford two pony girls, preferred to have a matched pair and would harness them alongside each other. The pony trap would have three shafts instead of two with each girl being harnessed on her inside to the centre shaft.

The driver would still only have two reins, each attached to the outside ring on each girl's bit. Each girl's inside bit rings would be joined by a taut strap so that a pull on one rein, making a girl turn her head, would be instantly felt by the other girl. This strap also served to keep the two girls close together, prancing in time with both pony girls raising their left legs and then their right legs high in the air in perfect synchronicity.

Some drivers of tandems liked to see not only the inner bit rings of both girls being joined by a strap, but also, to further help keep the girls close together, their inner nipples being similarly joined together – with a light chain.

This simple way of harnessing two girls alongside each other, both bitted and linked and both with their hands fastened to the end of the shafts, but otherwise free of any harness to hide their naked bodies, made an exotic sight. This was especially so if the two girls were of similar build and height, with similarly shaped, firm breasts bouncing and swaying in time together, under the identical swaying plumes fastened to their headbands. It all made a very pretty sight – and, perhaps even more so, if their bellies were similarly and increasingly curved or if their breasts were similarly laden with milk.

Jeanne would frequently comment to Pierre, if only they could find a girl to match Furieuse. A matched pair, prancing in time, side by side, between the shafts of a beautifully painted or varnished surrey would look very fine – even if the ponies were both sweating as their driver made them strain to raise their knees higher and higher. It would be a spectacle that would be further enhanced if the ponies were both fitted with blinkers which prevented them from looking at each other or at their surroundings, so that they concentrated purely on the task in hand.

But the source of supply of young white women had now dried up in Haiti and it seemed that Jeanne's dream was not going to be fulfilled.

Now reduced to the level of a real filly, Henriette still felt sufficiently human to blush with embarrassment when she was taken out of her stall and driven naked and harnessed past her owners' neighbours – with her beauty lips on display and pulled forward by her infibulating padlock.

Henriette had noticed how some of the island's slimmer and more delicate black ladies had broken their stronger white fillies and mares to the saddle and used to ride them on their daily visits to Marta's village centre. However, Jeanne was clearly too large for Henriette to carry. Instead Pierre would harness her to their lightweight sulky with its large wheels that enabled her to be driven at a spanking pace along the narrow path to the store, breaking into a slower but prettier prancing action as they approached the houses of the main village. Although Jeanne was always in a hurry, on their return Pierre would carefully wash down Henriette's sweat-covered body before re-securing her to her stall.

This prancing action had its roots in that of the real high-stepping hackney horses that some of the French plantation owners had favoured on the mainland of Haiti, before the slave revolt. Their action had been bred into them and came quite naturally. Jeanne was keen to see if it could be bred into a pony-girl as well. It was something that she and Pierre often talked about – though, fortunately for Henriette, in the Creole French that she could not properly understand.

As well as teaching their fillies and mares to prance, the proud owners of these pony girls took great trouble over their appearance and over that of their pony traps, bridles and harness, vying with each other to produce the smartest turnouts.

They also took a great pride in breeding from them, not only to ensure a future generation of pony-girls but also for another more immediate reason. Just as there was insufficient pasture for horses in Marts, so too there was insufficient for cows as well. Instead the white pony-girls were regularly mated and kept in milk.

At first, seeing the prominently curved bellies of many of her fellow pony-girls, Henriette had feared for her virginity from Pierre. However, unbeknown to her, the community were determined to remain one of pure blacks only. Therefore no promiscuity was allowed between their members on the one hand and on the other the precious white pony girls that they owned. The relationship between her and Pierre was thus one of filly and groom.

The community's priest, Father Jean, strictly enforced the rule prohibiting miscegenation. He also had a vested interest in doing so, for he owned the only two young white boys, Étienne and Paul, permitted in Marta and kept them for hiring out as stallions, for producing the next generation of pure white pony girls. The two young stallions were not related to each other.

Father Jean, a former voodoo priest in the days of slavery, was an important member of the community for, like almost everyone from Haiti, their religion was a cross between the old Voodoo religion of their African ancestors and the Catholicism of their former Masters - and Father Jean manipulated his congregation with a masterly mixture of both.

## Chapter 7 – HENRIETTE HEARS SHE IS TO BE COVERED

One day, Pierre and Jeanne were invited to a lunch party given by Docteur Duvant and they harnessed Henriette to drive over to their house.

On the way, they met a slim, well dressed, young negress riding a tall and well-built white woman.

Her harness was rather different so to accommodate the specially designed saddle. This had a high back and was fastened to the small of the woman's back by a girth strap tightly fastened round the waist. To take the weight of the rider, a securing strap was fastened to a ring on the front of the saddle and this strap ran up the girl's back to divide into two padded straps that went over her shoulders to rejoin each other above her breasts. The strap then went down to the front of the girth, to which it was fastened above the navel.

To prevent the girth strap from being pulled up, a securing harness, similar to Henriette's, was fitted over her loins.

Two stirrups hung down from the saddle and the girl was bridled and blinkered with two short reins attached to the bit being held by the rider.

Under the bridle Henriette was startled to recognise the mare as the former Madame de Bigard. Previously in Haiti, she had been a well-known society beauty and hostess. Now she just made a fine hack for her diminutive black Mistress. Henriette tried to catch her eye, but she was humiliated to see that the former Madame de Bigard did not recognise the former young Mademoiselle de St. Angel, now that her head had been shaved. She longed to call out to her, but, being mute, all she could do was to give a little whinny.

As their Mistresses reined them back, and started to chat, Henrietta wondered whether the once redoubtable Madame de Bigard, reputed to have had several lovers, but now just Fifi, the favourite mount of a rich young black girl, had been "tidied", like herself.

The two French pony girls tossed their heads and impatiently pawed the ground, making their breasts swing as they self-consciously blushed at their mutual nakedness.

Then Jeanne drove the nicely prancing Henriette into the stable yard at the house of Docteur Duvant and, still harnessed to her pony-trap, left her tied to a tethering ring.

Henriette's head was held high by the bearing rein running down her back and the bit was uncomfortable in her slavering mouth. How she longed for them both to be slipped off! However, Jeanne insisted on her wearing the bridle and bit all day so that, like a well broken-in and schooled horse, she would become completely accustomed to being led about and tied up.

Marjorie Duvant, a big jolly negress with a broad smile was charming, kissing Henriette's cheek and stroking her flanks and admiring her nicely rounded hindquarters, as she exclaimed: 'Oh what a pretty new filly you have. My husband had told me about her. She's lovely!'

Madam Duvant then remarked on Henriette's full firm breasts and well shaped nipples, and on how smartly she had pranced up to their house in a perfect rhythm of high stepping thighs and swinging breasts – just as Pierre had schooled her to do.

Being muted had made Henriette's hearing more sensitive and by now she could understand much of the Creole dialect.

'With those firm full breast, she'd make a fine milker,' Henriette was horrified to hear the vet's wife say as she ran her hand over the girl's breasts, lifting them up one by one carefully, as if weighing them. Harnessed as she was, she was unable to stop her, as she stood there panting, her breasts rising and falling, from the exertion of pulling the trap carrying both Jeanne and Pierre.

'Yes, that's what my wife keeps nagging me about,' laughed Pierre.

'She quite right,' interrupted the veterinary surgeon, who had just come out of their house to join his wife in welcoming their guests. Speaking in French, he added: 'It's high time you thought about having her covered.'

Covered, thought Henriette, what does he mean? Surely they can't be talking about me?

The vet ran his hands, knowingly, down over her belly and hips.

'Yes, as I said when I doctored her, these are fine foal-bearing hips and so there should be no problems when it comes to her dropping her progeny,' he added.

My God, Henriette realised, they are talking about me! They're actually talking about breeding from me! As if I were just a brood mare! She was even more horrified as she heard the vet continue.

'And meanwhile, as I also told you, you could still use her for pulling your trap as her belly swells. She'd make a fine sight when she begins to show - prancing along with a nicely curved belly. But you'd have to be careful about using her to pull a really heavy cart.'

'Well,' Henriette heard Pierre murmur. 'It's certainly something to think about.'

Think about! Henriette wanted to scream. You're talking about me, a white girl! About forcing a white girl into an unwanted maternity!

She stamped her feet in anger.

The vet laughed.

‘So the filly doesn’t want to lose her virtue! Well, she won’t be able to do anything about that!’

Henriette remembered with a sickening feeling how her parents used to talk similarly about breeding from their favourite black slave girls. She remembered them also saying that there was nothing they could do about it either, once they had been locked into the breeding pen with the plantation’s prize black stud-stallion.

‘To keep her properly in milk, you should plan on getting her regularly into foal,’ she was horrified to hear the vet continue. ‘But she’s a valuable pedigree filly and you should take care to whom you put her.’

‘Yes, you’re quite right,’ replied Pierre.

‘If you know when Furieuse last came into season, why don’t you make a date with Father Jean, as he’s here? He won’t charge you too much. And he works on a no foal, no fee basis, so you’ve nothing to lose.’

He pointed to the priest, who had been listening to their conversation, a smile on his lips. He was rubbing his hands in anticipation, for fees for the use of his two potent young stallions was a valuable extra source of income – even if he would in this case have to give an introductory commission to Docteur Duvant.

‘A good idea,’ said Pierre. He turned to the grinning Father Jean.

‘Can I have a word with you, Father?’ he said, leading Father Jean away out of earshot of the listening Henriette. ‘It’s about the possibility of breeding from my new filly.’

When one member of the community gave a party there would inevitably be a group of buxom, and often expectant, white fillies and mares tethered outside the house. They could not talk for they had all been muted like Henriette. Instead they found themselves eyeing each other’s figures and comparing harness – for often, especially if their owner was rich, or skilled in leatherwork, the harness was beautifully made.

Henriette would occasionally notice the sign of the whip on a soft white bottom, but generally there was little real cruelty, for the negroes cherished their white mares and fillies – and not only as a means of transport but also as a source, or potential source, of milk.

She saw that several of the girls and women were clearly in-foal, as their owners called it, with their bellies showing different degrees of curve, from very slight one to huge. She shivered with fear as she remembered the conversation she had just overheard about herself. My God, she thought, am I soon going to be made to have a curved belly, too?

Standing bitted and bridled next to Henriette was one of the prettiest sights on the island: Nellie, the former Madame de Boussac, and her young two fillies who had been bought with their mother several years previously and brought to Marta. She had, then, still been nursing her little twin daughters, and Docteur Duvant had advised her owners to keep the mother in milk and let the fillies feed from her as they grew.

It was normal on the island for young white muted fillies to be kept as household pets until they were strong enough to pull a pony-trap – though some owners had miniature pony-traps made to which a very young filly could be harnessed for use as a toy by their owner's children.

But Madame de Boussac's owners had no children and instead allowed her two, fast growing, young fillies to run along beside their mother as, harnessed between the shafts of their varnished pony-trap, she was driven around the small island. It would not be long now before the fillies were also harnessed alongside their mother in a special trap, like a troika, for Docteur Duvant was a keen advocate of breaking fillies into harness whilst they were still young.

Nellie was standing next to Henriette but had been tied up bent over, so that her milk filled breasts hung down below her – allowing her progeny to get at her prominent nipples.

Pierre and Father Jean now returned. Both were now smiling as if satisfied at having concluded a good deal. The priest pointed Nellie out to Pierre and invited him to put his hand down to feel Nellie's belly. Henriette started as she saw that it, too, was curved.

'Yes, as you can see one of my boy stallions has recently done a good job on her,' said the priest to Pierre. 'We're trying for another set of twins. As I told you, one of my stallions, Etienne, has a good track record of throwing twin foals - and fillies at that. So I charge extra for him. Perhaps we should put your pony-girl to him too.'

Put to the same stallion as Madame de Boussac, thought Henriette. And twins! Oh no!

The priest paused.

'And if she drops colts instead of fillies?' asked Pierre.

'Oh there's always a good demand for young white colts in Haiti,' laughed the priest. 'There the free, leading, citizens like to be seen to be followed by a tame white, gelded, page-boy 'You'll make a fine profit selling them there.'

He pointed to the two fillies happily sucking their mother's breasts, 'Of course, it won't be all that long now before we'll be able to put them to same stallion, too. I like a filly to be mated as soon as she comes into season for the first time – it's what Mother Nature intended. And their owners would also like to breed from the mother at the same time. They reckon, quite rightly, that if they use my Etienne on all three of them, they'll soon be able to build up a prize pedigree breeding line – and all the quicker if we get some twins.'

Behind her bit, Henriette again gasped in horror. A mother and her twin daughters all put to the same stallion – and to build up a pedigree breeding line. How awful!

Then she remembered how this had been quite normal on their own plantation – also so as to get a good breeding line. She remembered how proud her father had been of their Furieuse breeding lines, called after the name of their plantation, of both pedigree pigs and black slaves.

She remembered being taken to see the pens that held both their prize young black breeding girls and the prize breeding sows. The pens were identical except for a grating over those of



the women – not only to prevent them from escaping but also to keep them down on all fours so that their progeny could get at their milk-laden breasts.

Indeed it had been quite normal, as soon as a slave girl's progeny began to crawl, for her and her hungry black piccaninnies to be put into the same pen as a sow, who had recently sowed. The girl and the sow could then share the task of feeding the hungry piglets and the crawling black babies. The girl's hands would at first be tied behind her back to prevent her from stopping the hungry piglets from getting at her nipples as a change from their mother's teats. It had been a charming sight: both the girl and the sow lying on their sides whilst both their progeny sucked eagerly at their teats. It had all seemed so natural then, for the black slaves were regarded as animals.'

'They're not proper humans, like us,' she had often heard her parents and their friends say. Now she was the animal – the white pony-girl of black owners.

'Did I hear that you call her Furieuse?' asked Father Jean No relation by any chance to the de St. Angel family who used to own the Furieuse plantation?'

'Yes, she was the youngest daughter.'

'Good heavens!' cried the priest as he and Pierre went back to join the other guests. 'A genuine de St. Angel! Are you sure? What an opportunity!'

Left tethered once again, and looking into the stables of the Duvants, Henriette now saw that a lovely young white girl was tied helpless, on all fours, on a raised platform, with her hands chained in front of her. Her neck was held raised so that her large full breasts, like those of the former Madam de Boussac, hung down soft and invitingly below her.

As she watched, the black daughter of the Duvants came running into the stables with an empty jug and sitting down on a three-legged wooden stool began to stroke the girl's milk-laden breasts, whilst all the time murmuring words of affection. Then, as her hands moved to her nipples, came gentle encouragement to let her milk down.

They made a pretty sight, the attractive and smartly dressed black girl and the naked, smooth skinned, white girl she was milking. Soon the black girl was able to take away a small jug, full of fresh warm milk, for her parents' guests to add to their cups of coffee.

Docteur Duvant came out onto the wooden terrace of his house with Father Jean. The Doctor pointed to the line of tethered white women.

'What we urgently need to make our community richer,' he said, 'are more white women slaves, from whom we can breed a good hardy working stock.'

'Yes Doctor, I agree,' replied the priest. 'But now that the revolution in Haiti is over and the wives and daughters of the white plantation owners have all been killed or enslaved, just where are we going to find them?'

'Where indeed?'" agreed the doctor.

'And it's not that we could not afford to pay handsomely for them,' added the Priest.

## Chapter 8 - THE MATING OF MADEMOISELLE DE ST ANGEL

Jeanne was very tactful when she told Henriette about the arrangements for her mating.

‘It’s time we had a good yield of milk from you,’ she explained carefully in French. Unable to reply, Henriette could only shake her head violently, terrified, as she remembered the earlier conversation she had overheard in Docteur Duvant’s stable yard. .

Then came the day when Docteur Duvant confirmed that she should now be ready to conceive.

Jeanne spent a long time grooming Henriette’s body, brushing her hair and generally washing, scenting and powdering her. Then she carefully shaved off any little hairs that grown over her mound and beauty lips before making up Henriette’s face with eye shadow and lipstick.

‘We want the stallion to find you really pretty,’ she said, patting her reassuringly on the cheek, ‘so that he’s properly aroused and we get a good deep penetration.’

But Furieuse was appalled, stamping her feet and shaking her head in dismay.

‘Here comes the stallion,’ Pierre called out.

Henriette looked up and was astonished to see a double lightweight surrey coming up the path, pulled by a matched pair of the same height. They were prancing along in perfect step, their tails swishing and their plumes waving, Their driver waved and he saw that it was Father Jean.

She was even more astonished when she saw that the matched pair was in fact a woman and a boy. They were harnessed together, side by side, just like any other matched pairs of fillies or mares on the island and were both pushing the raised bars at the of the shafts with the palms of their hands. As with other matched pairs, traces linked the rings in the small of their backs to the front of the surrey - each with a telltale spring so that the driver could see at a glance whether both ponies were pulling properly.

They made a fine sight, with the woman’s breasts and the boy’s manhood swinging in time as they pranced in perfect time up the drive. She saw that the boy’s manhood had, however, been ringed with a little padlock through the foreskin. Was this, she wondered, to prevent any unauthorised penetrations or masturbation? Indeed the boy’s swollen, seed-laden testicles illustrated the state of frustration in which he had been kept.

Then Henriette gasped again as she realised, despite the blinkers that half hid their faces, that the pair was in fact her beautiful, but haughty, older sister, Marie and her teenage son, Etienne. Marie was twelve years older than her and had made a good marriage to a well-known plantation owner, a friend of her parents. She had not seen either of them recently and had assumed that they had been killed in the bitter fighting sparked by the slave revolt.

Certainly she had no idea that they were both here on the island as white pony slaves. It had never occurred to her that the Etienne, the stallion boy about whose potency she had heard Father Jean boasting, could be her nephew Etienne. Goodness!

She was even more shocked when she saw that her elder sister's belly was clearly well curved. She had been mated! How awful, she thought, to be made to pull a carriage in her expectant state – and to be made to prance.

She heard Jeanne and Pierre warmly welcoming Father Jean. They had not previously seen this smart pair of a mare and her colt harnessed together and much admired the effect.

‘Yes, agreed Father Jean, ‘a mother and son certainly make a fine and unusual pair.’

‘And I see the mother is expectant again,’ said Pierre.

But it was the answer to Pierre's next question that made Henriette's eyes almost pop out of her head.

‘And who did you put her to?’

‘Her son, of course,’ Father Jean replied, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. ‘It something that often happens in the animal world, so, I thought, why not with these two as well?’

Mating a boy with his mother, thought Henriette, but how awful!

‘Really?’ said Pierre getting more interested.

‘You see, on a trip to the mainland nearly a year ago, I was secretly offered the woman and her son for a high price. In view of the mother's excellent confirmation and temperament, I looked up her pedigree in the records office in Port au Prince. Would you believe it? Not only had her mother, the Contesse, only had daughters but the Contesse herself was one of six sisters, two of whom were twins. Even Marie's father, the Conte, was an only son with several sisters – and again two were twins.’

‘Mon Dieu,’ exclaimed Pierre, ‘what a record of throwing fillies – and twins at that!’

‘Yes indeed and as she, like her sister, your own Furieuse, also had good foal-bearing hips, you can imagine how keen I was to get this prolific female strain for our community. As we know, white males are not allowed on Marta - except for a small number of boys for use as stallions – as they're just too much trouble. But buying this boy and mother, was an opportunity for our community that I could not afford to miss.’

Father Jean was pleased to see that Pierre was looking at Etienne even more admiringly. ‘I think we can be fairly sure that, with this breeding record, a mare or filly from the same line and covered by this young sire will almost certainly drop a filly foal – and quite likely twin ones.’

‘Which is why we were so keen to use Étienne on our Furieuse, his dam's full sister,’ cut in Jeanne, running a knowing hand over the boy's heavy testicles.

‘Indeed!’ laughed Father Jean.

‘And in your case did the dam and her foal take to each other all right?’ asked Pierre.

‘Well, I thought it best not to rush matters. So, to get them used to the idea, I drove them harnessed together, naked, to my surrey, sometimes side by side as a pair, but also in tandem, with the colt close behind his prancing dam – and then, to get them arousing each other, I'd

remove the colt's infibulating padlock. It was amusing to see how often the boy's manhood would come into erection and start to press against his dam's hindquarters – and equally amusing to see how this turned on the dam and made her press her bottom back against him.'

Pierre laughed. As a former groom he had seen much the same technique used with his Master's thoroughbred breeding mares.

'Then when I calculated that she was nearly ready to conceive, I put the colt into his dam's loose box for several nights. At first, of course, unable to use their hands and with the boy's manhood kept soft by his infibulation padlock, they couldn't do very much. But it wasn't long before he was nuzzling her like a real stallion and trying to rub himself again against her hindquarters – and she was responding.'

'Ah!' laughed Pierre.

'Of course as they can't use their hands, they can only mate with the mare on all fours and soon she would drop down and offer herself to him like a real mare in season. So when Docteur Duval reckoned that she was ready, we unfastened the padlock and the boy quickly came into a powerful-looking erection. But as he still couldn't use his hands, we had to steer his manhood into her. For three nights running we let him discharge his seed into her – with the result you can now see. Since then there's been a great demand for his services and as you can see, we had to padlock his manhood to keep him ready. I heard only this morning that three other mares have conceived by him – one of them was in her forties. Docteur Duvant had thought she was too old to breed.'

Jeanne joined in the laughter.

'I had heard there was a lot of interest in him. Quite a few of our friends are coming over after lunch to watch the boy mounting his aunt,' she said. 'Meanwhile, come in and join us.'

Whilst Étienne was put into the mating box, Henriette and her haughty sister were turned out together into a small paddock. They had not seen each other unclothed since they were young schoolgirls and since then Marie had been married.

As a girl and as a young married woman, Marie had tended to be rather plump, but now being made to pull a carriage, she had fined down except for her flaring hindquarters and now curved belly and full breasts. Like her younger sister, Henriette, she had excellent conformation.

Henriette could not help glancing at her sister's beauty lips, shaved like her own, at which her sister was in turn also silently looking. They might not be able to talk, but each knew instinctively that the other was thinking of young Étienne who had already covered his dam and was now going to cover his dam's sister as well.

They trotted round the paddock whinnying. As they rubbed cheeks and kissed, Henriette thought of Marie's handsome young husband, killed in the rebellion. Who would have then ever thought that the next male to spread Marie's lovely white thighs would be her colt – or that he would be the first to mount his aunt?

After lunch was over, Jeanne came out of the house and, slipping a halter over Henriette's head, led her into the stables. She blushed as she saw the crowd of black men and women who, together with Father Jean, were now sitting down round a small enclosure in the garden.

‘Horses and other animals naturally mate in the open air,’ explained Jeanne in a whisper to Henriette, ‘and I’m sure it’s more natural for you, too, now that you’ve been reduced to the level of an animal.’

She saw that her nephew was tied up in a corner of the enclosure. She blushed again when she saw that the padlock through his foreskin had been removed and that his long manhood was coming up into a powerful erection at the sight of her prettily shaven and powdered loins.

Jeanne made her kneel down on all fours in front of the strange-looking contraption that she had seen being taken out Father Jean’s sulky. It was a stocks and she was made to put her neck and wrists into three half holes. Then the hinged top of the stocks was brought down, imprisoning her and holding her helpless.

Her belly rested on a raised bar that held her buttocks up high and her ankles were fastened down wide apart. She was quite helpless and her infibulated beauty lips now well displayed. She felt so ashamed.

There was an intake of breath from the spectators as Jeanne unlocked and removed the padlock. Henriette could feel her beauty lips parting like the petals of a tulip coming into flower. Then Jeanne put a little lubricating oil up inside her.

‘Just to help get a good penetration,’ she explained to the young woman.

Father Jean had joined Jeanne in the enclosure and, holding his boy stallion by a lead attached to a ring at the back of his collar, led him up behind the helpless figure of his aunt. He gave the boy a sharp tap across his naked buttocks with a dog whip.

‘Rub!’ he ordered.

In no time the young stud was rubbing his hard manhood up and down his aunt’s beauty lips.

There was a little moan of horror from Henriette as she again realised the enormity of being mated with her nephew. Her own nephew! Oh, no! No! Desperately she tried to clench her muscles, but to no avail and anyway, to her shame, she began to feel her body responding to the attentions of the male.

Indeed, soon the spectators were smiling as they saw that she was could not help herself from becoming aroused and was beginning to thrust her buttocks back at her nephew in an animal-like way. Jeanne put her hand down to feel between Henriette’s beauty lips. Yes, mixed with the oil was now the girl’s own slippery juices. She reckoned her precious Furieuse was ready to be mounted.

Gripping the boy’s manhood, she placed it at the entrance between the lips. Then she nodded to Father Jean, who gave the boy a sharp stroke with his dog whip.

The boy jumped with the pain and his manhood thrust into Henriette, coming to a stop against her still intact virginity. There was a gasp from Henriette and a pause whilst the boy’s manhood became even harder.

Again Jeanne nodded to Father Jean who gave the boy another hard stroke.

‘Go on!’ he shouted. ‘Take her!’

The boy gave another jump of pain and thrust through the girl's hymen.

Henriette again gasped as she first felt her virginity being taken and then the manhood thrusting further inside her.

The spectators burst spontaneously into a little round of applause as a line of blood ran slowly down the girl's thighs.

Once again to her shame, Henriette found herself pushing back to meet her nephew as he repeatedly thrust down into her. Soon they were panting with their exertions and then suddenly . . . she felt the boy's seed flooding into her and his spent manhood's subsequent withdrawal.

He was again tied up in a corner whilst she herself was kept fastened down. Tied down as she was with her buttocks raised and her head and shoulders lower, she could feel the fertilising seed of her nephew slipping ever deeper down into her. Aghast at what she now realised was happening, she started in vain to try and expel the oily seed, her buttocks twitching frantically as her internal muscles pushed frantically. It was a sight that made the spectators all laugh cruelly.

Jeanne then replaced the padlock, closing her beauty lips again. 'We don't want any the precious seed escaping,' she explained, putting a hand down and beginning to stroke her filly's belly. She joined in the laughter. 'Our little mother-to-be can feel the seed slipping deeper and deeper inside her but is quite powerless to prevent it.'

'I think we can soon assume that she's taking,' said Father Jean in Creole to the fascinated watchers. 'But to make sure we'll give the stallion half an hour to recover and then repeat the whole process.'

There was a buzz of excitement. For many it was the first time they had seen a white woman being mated.

As for Henriette, a sensation of lust filled her body and, to her surprise, she found herself anticipating half with pleasure, but also half with horror, the repeat performance.

### PART III

#### THE FIRST SALE

##### Chapter 9 – AN INVITATION TO A SALE OF WHITE SLAVES

At first, even when she started having morning sickness, Henriette could not believe that she was carrying her nephew's foal. Not until she felt the little kicks in her belly did she really accept that it was true. How awful! But with her useless hands and the infibulating padlock back in place, there was nothing she could do about it.

Her owners were delighted as her belly began to show but they still used her as before to pull their pony-trap – indeed her increasingly curved belly made her prancing action all the more attractive to watch.

Pierre used to say ‘I remember as a stable lad seeing mares being ridden by white folks almost right up to when they were due to foal. So, as Docteur Duval said, there’s no need to stop using our Furieuse.’

Henriette could sometimes feel that the little kicks were coming from different parts of her tummy. She remembered overhearing all the talk about twins. My God, she thought, is that I’m carrying?’

Her fears were made even greater when Jeanne started to say to her friends as she ran her hand over Henriette’s increasingly swollen belly: ‘Yes, Docteur Duval thinks he can feel twins and although it’s still early to be sure, that’s what we’re hoping for.’

One day her owners drove over to Father Jean’s house for a meeting. It was obviously an important one for the whole community seemed to be there with all their pony-traps and surreys lined up outside.

There were too many people to all get into the house so instead they gathered on the lawn outside, tying their pony-girls to the hitching rail outside the house. Suddenly Henriette saw a strange-looking white man, dressed in Arab clothes. Father Jean greeted him warmly. He was the first white man she had seen since being taken to the island. Oh how embarrassing, she thought, to be seen like this by a white man, harnessed naked to a pony-trap, expectant.

Father Jean coughed and called for silence.

‘My fellow parishioners,’ he said, now speaking formally in French, ‘I have called you all together to tell you of an important development in the history of our community . . . the building up of the infrastructure of our island. We all know how dependent we have become on our white pony-girls and pony-women. But not all our families have pony girls or possibly have only one and urgently need another. The irony is that although we have the money to buy more, the supply of white women from mainland Haiti has dried up, thanks to all the massacres and civil wars.’ He pointed to the line of tethered pony girls. ‘You can see that many owners of pony-girls are, with the assistance of my young stallions, breeding from them - and that is to be welcomed. But it will be a slow process. It’s going to be hard to achieve the considerable increase in pony-girls with only a limited number of white women from whom we can breed and no new slaves available. Moreover these new foals will not be of much use to us until they have grown up. Meanwhile we need more pony-girls now – even another dozen or so would transform our community whilst our breeding programme builds up.’

There were cries of agreement and one voice from the back called out: ‘Yes, Father, we know all that, but where are they going to come from?’

Father Jean raised his hand as if calling for a blessing. There was a sudden silence as he pointed dramatically at the white man. ‘From him,’ he cried.

There cries of astonishment and anger. White men were not popular with these former slaves. Again Father Jean raised his hand for silence.

‘You must have been wondering who is this white man and why he is wearing Arab dress - and what he is doing here.’

There were murmurs of assent.

Father Jean continued, 'Let me present to you Hussein Bey, a senior official of the Turkish Empire, who speaks French and whose ship has just arrived off our island. He has indeed been sent by God to offer us a solution to our problem: more white female slaves to be used as pony-girls – slaves whom we have the money to buy.'

There were more gasps of astonishment from the audience as Rory stepped forward.

'First of all, I must thank Father Jean for his kind words,' he said in fluent French. Then he turned to the others and, just as Father Jean had done, pointed to the line of tethered pony-girls. 'I must also thank you all for allowing me to see how you use your white women – and why you need more – now. This is exactly what I and my ship can offer you - fresh white women slaves recently captured in Europe itself.'

There were gasps of astonishment.

'I can offer you a wide choice of freshly enslaved young white women, all of whom only a few months ago were happily walking the streets of their native European towns and villages. Moreover, they are fit ready for breeding.'

There were more cries of surprise and Rory paused to give more emphasis to his words.

'Indeed, some are already carrying white progeny, having been captured when already expectant by their husbands. Others, and I know this is an important factor here, are already in milk having been captured with a child at the breast.'

These words caused great interest.

'Some are sisters, or young mothers with teenage daughters, – both of whom could materially help you establish much needed new breeding lines here on your island paradise. Many are just beautiful young girls, some of whom have been partially circumcised – what, I think, you call "tidied up".'

There was buzz of excitement. Rory decided there was no need to labour the point about Hercules and girls carrying his progeny. These former slaves were only interested in acquiring white women. Nor was it worthwhile mentioning the Contessa and her coffle of other well-borne women, nor the fully circumcised virgins, nor the white eunuch boys. It would be better to keep them for elsewhere.

'So I invite you all to come onboard tomorrow morning and see our stock of white women slaves for yourselves.'

Rory then stood back. There was a round of enthusiastic applause and much excited talk. Then Father Jean called for silence.

'This is a dramatic event in the short history of our community,' he said. 'Of course purchasing such women is not going to be cheap and we will have to restrict ourselves to a small number. But what an opportunity!'

This was greeted with cries of agreement.



‘I shall be passing on the good news to other parts of the island later on today. But meanwhile get yourselves organised to go out to his ship tomorrow morning to inspect the women on offer and to decide on how many women and which you can afford to buy.’

## Chapter 10 - PREPARATIONS

‘Well,’ said a satisfied Rory, speaking to Matrak and the Rais later that day, ‘I never thought we’d be taking white women the Caribbean to be used by black people as pony-girls.’

‘Well, I had heard rumours about this island,’ said the young Rais, ‘but I wasn’t certain. Anyway the great thing is to be able to sell our women here. Can they afford to buy them?’

‘Oh, yes,’ replied Rory, ‘they’ve certainly got plenty of money and gold – some originally looted from the whites in Haiti and some earned from the produce they sell there. And they do badly need to buy more white women.’

‘Excellent,’ said the Rais.

‘But, Your Excellency,’ said Matrak shrewdly, ‘might it not be best to keep some of our cages curtained off tomorrow? From what you say, there’d be no point in showing them Hercules or coffles of girls in foal by him. These people are only interested in buying pure white girls for use as pretty pony-girls and for breeding more pure white girls.’

Rory nodded. ‘I agree. We certainly must not offend these black people by offering them half- black slaves. They’re the Masters here now!’

‘And,’ added the Rais, ‘if they only want to use the women as pony-girls, then I suggest that we also curtain off the cage containing the valuable blonde women and the two fully circumcised young girls as well.’

‘As they do not use their girls for sex, there’s no point in showing them the cage of the sexually experienced second-hand girls. We’d do better keeping them for elsewhere.’

‘And the white eunuch boys,’ said the Rais.

The big black eunuch bowed. ‘I shall see to it, Your Excellency.’

Rory went on. ‘I think we should show the women off as formerly well-to-do white women now reduced to slavery. Have you got the hats, bonnets, stockings and gloves ready?’

‘Of course, Your Excellency,’ smiled Matrak. Just as a successful fashion designer is used to dressing his beautiful and carefully trained models to show off the best of his dresses, so too, as a successful chief black eunuch, he was used to dressing, or rather undressing, the beautiful and equally carefully trained concubines in his charge, to show off their luscious bodies and so arouse the interest of their Master.’

‘Good,’ said Rory. ‘That should certainly heighten the effect – as will, of course, the wearing of wrist and ankle manacles.’

‘And the nose-rings, Your Excellency. And perhaps something else too.’

‘Oh?’ asked Rory, knowing the black eunuch’s fertile imagination. ‘What do you mean, Matrak?’

‘Oh, just a little surprise, Your Excellency,’ replied Matrak mysteriously. ‘A charming little surprise to tickle the fancy of the buyers.’

## Chapter 11 - INSPECTED AND CHOSEN

There was a festive air next morning as Jeanne and Pierre drove Henriette, her belly showing attractively, down to the jetty of the islands main harbour. Already numerous other pony-girls, all harnessed to a wide variety of lightweight pony traps and surreys, had been tethered there. Their owners were excitedly pointing to the brig that the slowly clearing early-morning mist was disclosing as now anchored in the bay.

Rowed by strange looking men in even stranger clothes, several ship’s boats began to close on the jetty. Soon they started to relay parties of chattering smartly dressed black people, including Jeanne and Pierre, out to the ship, where Rory and the Rais greeted them. An equally smartly turned out guard of Janissaries was fallen in on the quarterdeck. The buyers were conducted down into the airy and spotlessly clean hold.

If there had been a festive air on the jetty, there was a positively gala one down in the hold. At first glance, with all the white women’s bonnets and gloves and the smart red breeches of the eunuchs, it seemed like a fashionable assembly room.

But this illusion was quickly dispelled for the women were all coffled together by the neck and held behind the bars of large cages, whilst the eunuchs, standing by each cage, were their black overseers and carried long whippy canes or short little dog whips. Many of the black overseers were mere boys – black eunuch boys.

Jeanne and Pierre gasped as Matrak courteously pointed out the various cages containing the women on offer. Like the other buyers they were so impressed with the choice of white women that they scarcely noticed the curtained-off cages. The women had been carefully made up: their hair brushed until it shone, belladonna dropped into their eyes to make them seem huge and their lips painted scarlet and then outlined in black kohl.

‘Oh look,’ cried Jeanne, ‘they’re all wearing differently coloured large picture hats, stockings and long gloves – just like the rich white women used to do in Haiti.’

‘Yes, but look at the nose rings – and the manacles and collars,’ said Pierre in amazement. ‘White women in Haiti certainly didn’t wear them!’

These certainly made a stark and erotic contrast to the rest of their bodies, which were stark naked and depilated to show off their beauty lips – except that the women in the coffle, like Paula, who had been expectant when captured, had been locked into silver chain-mail breeding belts. The eroticism was certainly further increased by their wrist and ankle manacles and by the brass collars and coffle chains, but above all by the big, highly polished brass nose rings that hung down to their chins.

‘And look!’ cried Jeanne. She was pointing to Matrak’s charming little surprise.

He had ordered that, to further offset the women’s white bodies, the effect of their pouting, scarlet painted and black outlined lips was to be repeated by their exposed nipples being

similarly painted and outlined. Even that was not all, for the erotic effect had been rounded off by all their beauty lips also being similarly and carefully painted and outlined.

The effect was indeed charming – there was even a little scarlet and black outlined line painted down the centre of the chain-mail breeding belts locked over the beauty lips of the women in Cage Number Three – those who had been captured when already expectant by their husbands.

For the caged women it was hugely embarrassing being displayed with their bodies so degradingly painted in this way before all these well dressed black men and women, especially as, like the buyers at a cattle auction, they were noting down the Lot Numbers of the white women who had caught their eye.

Outside each cage its overseer used his cane or dog whip to make sure that, for ease of inspection by the buyers, all the women in his coffle remained standing right up to the bars of their cage with their bare painted breasts thrust through. The overseers were also answering questions about the women in their care and pointing with their whips to different women and to particular points about their bodies.

The one exception to the rule that the women should all stand up for inspection by the buyers was for Cage Number 7, the Milkmaids. Here the women were, as always, kept on all fours, to prevent their breasts becoming pendulous. Even in the exercise area, they had to crawl round arena as opposed to prancing round it.

Now they were at least allowed to kneel up, their heads covered, like all the other women, in a variety of brightly coloured bonnets and feathered hats. Also like the other women, their breasts were thrust through the bars of their cage, their beautifully painted and artificially extended nipples dramatically on display.

Deliberately they had not been milked since the previous evening and their large breasts felt as though they were ready to burst – their strict young black eunuch had threatened to whip any girl seen trying to ease any milk out of their laden breasts.

The pretty Nicoletta caught Jeanne's eye. Turki Effendi had sold her child to another specialist slave dealer. Turki dealt in young new mothers who had been captured by the Barbary Corsairs whilst still feeding a newborn child, but was not interested keeping these progeny. At first, like her companions, Nicoletta had wept bitterly but her natural vivacity had soon returned and her eyes were again sparkling.

'She milk very well,' said the women's overseer in a broken mixture of Lingua Franca and French, seeing Jeanne's interest in Nicoletta. He pointed to the blue veins showing prominently under the skin of her swollen breasts. 'She make fine milkmaid. Look!'

In one hand he held the little silver cup and with the other began to stroke one of her breasts with an experienced hand. Then, whilst the girl bit her lips with embarrassment, he squeezed the prominent nipple and deftly caught a little jet of milk with the cup. He handed it to Jeanne.

'Try it,' he said invitingly.

It was delicious. How lovely it would be to have such fine milkmaid.

Seeing Jeanne's delight, and knowing that he would get a commission on each milkmaid sold, he pointed to the numbers neatly branded on her left buttocks. 'She Lot Number 43. Maybe you buy?'

Nodding eagerly Jeanne wrote the number down.

'Look, Pierre,' Jeanne called to her husband who was strolling around looking at all the cages, 'I think this one would do us very well. We badly need a girl in milk until Furieuse drops her foal.'

'But I thought we had agreed we needed a proper match for Furieuse,' objected Pierre. 'Quite apart from not being in foal, this one looks quite different.'

'Yes, I suppose you're right,' sighed Jeanne disappointedly, moving on to join her husband.

It was the cage that held the mothers and daughters that had caught Pierre's experienced coachman's eye - and Marguarita and Dora in particular. Their conformation was excellent and they were so alike they were more like sisters than a dam and her filly. What a magnificent matched pair they would make.

'Stand still!' warned their black eunuch overseer, as they shrunk back when Pierre put his hand forward to feel them both through the bars of their cage. They blushed as he ran his hands over their arms and shoulders feeling the muscles. He imagined driving them down to the village, as they pranced naked side by side, their knees raised high in the air. What a sight they'd make. He lowered his hands and felt their still flat soft bellies.

They'd make an even better sight, harnessed side by side, if he had them both covered by young Etienne so that their bellies grew increasingly curved together.

'Their monthly cycles nicely in step,' said the black overseer, guessing what was going through Pierre's mind. 'Could both conceive together on same day by same stallion.'

This time it was Jeanne who interrupted the daydream.

'Come on!' she said, 'we've come to find a match for Furieuse - not take on a new mare and filly,'

Reluctantly Pierre nodded.

They next stopped at Cage Number Two, the one holding the coffle of partially circumcised women, where Maria had caught their eye.

'She married but French war interrupted honeymoon and then she captured,' explained the boy in charge of her coffle. Then he laughed. 'She very different now. You look!'

He turned to poor Maria, raising his dog whip.

'Thrust belly against bars! Part legs! Bend knees.'

Then he bent down and parted her hairless painted outer beauty lips. There was no sign of the usually protruding inner lips and instead his hands disclosed just a little scar where once there had been her beauty bud.

‘See!’ the boy cried proudly. ‘She nicely circumcised. No can masturbate.’

‘Just like our Furieuse,’ commented Pierre writing down her Lot Number.

‘Yes, a distinct possibility,’ agreed Jeanne. ‘But let’s see what else there is on offer.’

They moved onto the cage containing the cuffle of women who had been captured already expectant by their husbands.

Faisal Effendi’s eunuch breeding manager was angrily shouting at a particularly pretty woman with a very nicely curved belly who was shrinking back with shame at her naked swollen belly being looked at by so many black people. It was a sight, she realised, that was made all more piquant by her large picture hat and long black gloves and black stockings, held up by frilly thigh garters.

‘You stand up properly, or you get whip,’ her overseer was shouting. ‘I want see belly touching bars.’

Hesitantly Paula shuffled forward again in her manacled ankles. Only a few months before she had been the respected wife of the mayor of their town, proudly carrying her husband’s child and here she was being sold like a brood mare.

‘Oh, Pierre, come and a look at this one,’ said Jeanne, pointing at Paula through the bars of her cage. ‘Doesn’t she look like our Furieuse?’

‘Yes,’ replied Pierre, looking her up and down with an experienced eye. ‘Yes, her conformation is very similar and her belly looks in just about the same state as hers, too.’

‘What a fine matched pair she and Furieuse would make,’ said Jeanne longingly.

Seeing their interest, the overseer turned to them. ‘This filly expecting first foal,’ he explained. ‘Guaranteed white.’

‘Ah! Again just like Furieuse,’ commented Pierre. He peered at the date written on her forehead.

‘That her due date to drop white foal,’ explained her overseer.

‘It’s almost the same as that of Furieuse,’ exclaimed Pierre in an increasingly enthusiastic tone of voice. He put his hand through the bars and ran approvingly it over Paula’s belly.

She longed to thrust it away but with her overseer’s eye on her and with his whip raised, she did not dare to do so. The strange black buyer then felt the muscles of her thighs and of her shoulders.

‘She make fine pony-girl,’ said her overseer. ‘She Lot Number 34.’

Pierre pointed the chain-mail breeding belt. ‘I wonder if that might rub when she’s running between the shafts.’

‘We sell girl with belt,’ said the overseer, ‘to make sure she carry progeny to due date, but I also seen infibulating padlocks used for same purpose. They not rub.’

‘Just like Furieuse,’ laughed Jeanne. ‘I do like these nose rings, but for a matched pair they’d both have to have them.’

‘No problem,’ said the overseer. ‘You buy one girl we supply nose ring for another. All right?’

Pierre nodded. ‘Let’s see if we can buy her at the auction,’ he said to Jeanne.

Seeing their interest, Matrak came over to them. ‘You like put down reserve deposit on her?’ he asked, notebook in hand. Already other enthusiastic buyers had put down deposits on various girls and more were doing so. He mentioned a suggested sum. ‘That way,’ he explained, ‘you sure she put up for auction. Of course, you get deposit back if someone else out-bids you.’

Eagerly, Pierre pulled out of his pocket a little bag of gold coins.

Indeed, all around the hold, other couples were placing reserve deposits on various girls – some on pairs of mothers and sisters, some on pretty girls in the from the cage of second hand girls, some on milkmaids and some on partially circumcised girls.

Matrak was glad to see, however, that apart from Paula, no more deposits had been placed on any of the prize women captured in he raid on the nunnery. He knew that Rory wanted to keep some of them back to sell in other ports of call.

## Chapter 12 – SOLD!

Half an hour later the buyers had finished inspecting the merchandise on offer and put down their deposits on the goods that had caught their eye. They were now invited back up to upper deck where benches has been placed around the barred auction ring for the black lady buyers in their brightly coloured dresses. Most of the men preferred to stand.

Smartly uniformed and armed Janissaries were on hand in case of a dispute leading to trouble.

‘Mesdames et Messieurs,’ began Rory as he mounted the auctioneer’s podium by the side of the ring, Achmed by his side, ready to take charge of the money, ‘you have seen what excellent quality goods we are offering you. All pure white – just what you’re looking for.’

There were enthusiastic murmurs of assent.

‘We shall first auction the slaves for whom deposits have been placed. After they have been sold, we may bring up a few more slaves for the benefit of any other buyers – but only a few, for we must keep most of our stock for selling elsewhere. So to avoid being disappointed, I strongly recommend you bid for the slaves on whom a reserve deposit has already been placed.’ He paused to allow his words to sink in. ‘I should explain that our white slave women will be sold with their nose rings attached and, as I expect the overseers explained, for those of you who interested in matching one of our girls with an existing slave girl of your own, we’ll supply another nose ring for you to fit yourselves. It’s very easy – and permanent.’

This was greeted with appreciative nods. The big nose rings were so distinctive that having only one of a pair of fillies fitted with one would indeed look most odd – as Jeanne and Pierre had remarked on earlier.

‘They will also be sold with their manacles - and a key. We will be responsible for unloading the merchandise into the ship’s boats and for transferring it to the shore where we will hand it over to the successful bidders on production of our receipt for the amount bid. What you then do with the manacles – or the girls- will be your business!’

Whilst Rory had been talking, the first girls, on whose behalf a deposit had been paid, had been detached from their coffles, taken out of their cages and brought up through the barred tunnel to the screened off waiting area. Here Matrak himself was in charge, whilst each girl’s own overseer would be responsible for displaying her in the auction ring.

‘Now, let’s see the first girl,’ called out Rory.

Matrak drew back the side screen. The black eunuch boy in charge of the Second-Hand girls drove a very pretty young woman prancing into the barred arena. Her gleaming white body was cleverly offset by a large picture hat, black gloves and stockings, as well as by her painted lips, nipples and beauty lips.

The boy followed her in, a long carriage whip in his hand.

‘Prance round,’ he ordered in *Lingua Franca*, cracking his whip behind the girl’s white bottom.

It was an order that the blushing girl recognised only too well. How many times had she and the rest of her coffle been made to prance round the exercise arena? But then she had just been naked. Now she was partially dressed and painted in a way that made her feel more naked than ever. Even worse, the only spectator had been their overseer and perhaps Matrak. Now she was being made to perform in front of a crowd of ogling black men and women. Her big eyes were glancing nervously at the black buyers clustered around the iron bars at the back of the arena, with the women seated in front.

Again the whip cracked warningly behind her. Hastily she broke into a trot, straining to raise her knees as high in the air as her jingling ankle manacles permitted. Quickly she raised her manacled hands over her large hat and clasped them behind her neck.

The boy kept her prancing round and round the sanded deck. She made a handsome sight, her full breasts, big shiny nose ring and the feathers of her hat bouncing in time with every step.

‘Lot Number 83,’ Rory called out, glancing at the number branded on the girl’s buttocks as she was made to continue to prance around. He looked down at the list that Matrak had given him. ‘This is a fine specimen of womanhood who will make an excellent and obedient pony-girl, having already served as a white slave in North Africa. On her belly you can see the brand of her former Arab Master.’

He glanced down again at the list of girls being auctioned that day.

‘We have already received a large deposit on this girl.’ There were gasps of surprise as he called out the amount. ‘Now can I have any advances ... yes another two hundred ... and another ...’

He paused to let the buyers have another look at the lovely prancing girl.

‘Just look at those fine childbearing hips. Think how well she’d breed - and pull your pony-trap ... Yes, Madam, another two hundred ...’

Finally the girl was sold.

Achmed noted down details of the final bid and took the cash. Meanwhile the girl was being taken out into the screened-off waiting cage where a supervising eunuch chained her to the bars. A piece of paper with the name of her new owner was stuck onto her hindquarters, as at a cattle sale.

Next, a pair of sisters, captured in a raid on a fishing village in Corsica, were brought into the arena and made by their overseer to prance round it, side by side, still attached to each other by their collars. They had attracted the attention of a new couple in the community who, having only just arrived, had no pony-girls. These two were just what they would need in their new life in Marta.

‘These sisters would make a fine pair of pony-girls,’ Rory called out, ‘ideal for breeding here on your lovely island.’ Then he went on describe them in detail as they pranced side by side around the arena, their collars joined by a short strap. The bids started to come in. He nodded to their young overseer.

The whip cracked again. ‘Halt!’ cried the boy. Obediently the two girls halted in time together and stood there, breasts rising and falling from their exertions.

‘Right turn!’ The girls turned together so that they were now facing the buyers,

‘Look at those fine child-bearing hips,’ Rory added. ‘Think of using them to establish quickly a new breeding line. Their monthly cycles have already been brought into line with each other and they’ll be ready for breeding whenever you like.’

There were more excited bids as Rory went on. ‘Imagine them both with nicely showing bellies, having been mated with the same young stallion.’

The young overseer went up to the sisters and cracked his whip again. ‘Legs apart! Bend knees! Heads up!’

The two blushing sisters were still clasping their hands behind their necks as the boy parted each of the beauty lips in turn, displaying to the buyers a perfect set of female genitalia and provoking another round of bids.

‘Turn them round!’ ordered Rory.

The girls were now displayed bent over, buttocks towards the buyers, but with their heads up, legs apart and knees bent as before. Their beauty lips were well displayed. The buyers were strangely silent.

‘Imagine these fillies dropping their valuable foals in your stables,’ said Rory. It was enough to set another furious round of bids before they were finally knocked down to the couple who had put down the reserve deposit on them.

However, they now had to pay considerably more than their original deposit.

The next two girls were both milkmaids, though not Nicoletta – to Rory’s delight , for he particularly enjoyed his morning cup of her milk.

First one and then the other of these girls made a fine sight as they crawled round the auction ring, their milk-laden breasts hanging down below them and their buttocks being flicked by



the long carriage whips of their young overseer to keep them moving. Since the community was dependent on their white slave girls for supplying milk, it was sight that that provoked great considerable interest from the buyers.

The next two girls were from the cages of pretty women who had been supplied by the slave dealers who did not specialise in particular types. So these two were not expectant, nor in milk. Neither were they sisters, nor mother and daughter. They just beautiful, fit and graceful creatures who, as Rory said, would make excellent pony-girls. They sold very well.

Then came the moment that Jeanne and Pierre had been waiting for. Matrak held back the side-screen and pushed a girl into the auction ring. It was Paula.

She blushed as she realised how her big dark blue picture hat with a long feather, matching gloves and stockings, together with her shiny chain mail breeding belt, which made her white swollen naked belly stand out all the more, looked to the audience. She looked around the buyers nervously. Was it really true, or just a nightmare, that she was going to become the property of one, or a couple, of these grinning black people? How appalling!

She would have been even more horrified if she had understood the cries in French Creole that had greeted her entrance: 'Just look at that belly! She's certainly showing well! It won't be long now! And isn't it clever the way her chain mail breeding belt stops her from interfering with her progeny.'

Paula jumped as there was a sudden crack like a pistol shot behind her.

Faisal Effendi's breeding manager, her overseer, had slipped into the ring behind her, carriage whip in hand. 'Prance!' he ordered, giving his whip another frightening crack.

Hastily Paula grasped her manacled hands behind her neck and started to run round the ring, trying to raise her knees.

'Head up! Thrust belly out! That's what the buyers want to see.'

Poor Paula blushed, but she was too frightened not to obey. She could feel her belly pushing out in front of her – aided by all the glasses of water that her overseer had made her drink to give an added curve to her belly.

'Here's a good opportunity,' called out Rory. 'She's guaranteed to be carrying a white progeny. So, if it's a girl then it'll be two for the price of one. Yes, two for the price of one.'

Like a good auctioneer, he paused to let the merchandise sell itself. He let her prance awkwardly round the ring once more, her curved belly thrust out. Then he nodded to the black eunuch.

'Halt!' the overseer ordered.

'Just look at those firm muscular thighs,' said Rory, now really getting into his stride as an auctioneer. 'What a good pony-girl she's going make! And look at those breasts! She'll soon be a good milker as well.' Again he nodded to the eunuch. 'Perhaps you like to see what's under her belt,' he said, throwing the key to Paula's breeding belt down to her overseer.

The eunuch went behind Paula and unlocked the padlock in the small of her back. The breeding belt fell away and dropped to the deck.

‘Keep hands behind neck and head up,’ warned her overseer.

Paula could feel her formerly compressed beauty lips now opening like the petals of a flower. There were cries of approval from the buyers.

‘Yes,’ aid Pierre to Jeanne, ‘she looks very nice and normal.’

Paula longed to look down but did not dare to do so. Then to her horror she saw that her overseer, still holding his whip, was coming over her, holding a glass bowl in his free hand. She recognised it as one she had frequently seen before. It was partially filled with scented water and floating in the centre was a pretty water lily – specially picked by Rory the day before. Oh no, she thought, not here, not in front of all these people. He placed the bowl on the deck immediately in front her feet.

‘I know,’ announced Rory, ‘that you like to see that when a filly in foal stales that her wastes are nice and clear – a good sign of a healthy young mother-to-be. Well, have a look for yourselves.’

‘Position for performing!’

Paula blushed but knew what she had to do.

She parted her legs. Her breasts and the feather in her picture hat were quivering as, keeping her gloved hands clasped behind her neck and her head up, she slowly lowered herself over the bowl. Her heels were raised and her weight was now on her toes.

All that prancing had affected the glasses of water that she had had to drink. She could hardly wait. As she had been so humiliatingly trained to do, she nodded her readiness to perform.

The black overseer cracked his whip to impress the buyers. This was going to be a fine spectacle of disciplined white womanhood – disciplined and ready to be broken in to harness.

‘Perform!’ ordered the overseer.

Obediently Paula relaxed her muscles and a jet of clear liquid jetted into the bowl.

Moments later, the overseer held it up displaying the clear contents of the bowl. There was a little burst of applause. He put the bowl down and turned back to Paula.

‘Turn round and bend over,’ ordered the eunuch, with another crack of his whip. ‘Look straight ahead.’

Her buttocks thrust back and her spine curved upwards to her raised head, Paula blushed crimson as she realised that her intimacies were now on display. My God, was she going to be auctioned in this degrading position?

‘We have had a good reserve deposit already paid for this girl. Now is there any advance?’

In fact the deposit of gold that Pierre had put down on Paula had been so high that most other potential bidders were frightened off and soon she was knocked down to the delighted Jeanne and Pierre. Her breeding belt was locked back in place and she was taken through a side screen to the cage for sold girls.

## Chapter 13 – DELIVERED TO HER NEW OWNERS

In the Cage, Paula joined the women who had already been sold. Two black eunuchs were in charge of them.

‘Take off her gloves and stockings,’ said one of them as he unpinned her lovely big hat.

‘Of course,’ said the other, ‘they’ll want to use these again at the next auction.’

Then, as they already done to the other women there, they made her step over her wrist manacles so that her hands were behind her back. Then they tied her hands together. She was now quite helpless.

Like the other women, she could help looking anxiously through the bars of the holding cage at the palm trees of her new home across the bay. A new home, she thought? More like a new prison - a prison in which she and her child were going to be slaves.

She saw that a tackle that was attached to the boom had lifted part of the barred roof of the cage up. Could she escape and throw herself overboard to avoid her terrible fate –and that of her child too? But with her hands now tied behind her back there was no way she could climb up the side of the cage.

She heard the cries and bids coming from behind the screen as the last few girls were sold and then thrust, weeping, to join her and the others.

She heard the chattering and laughing buyers being escorted down to the boats that would take them to the shore – there to await delivery of the goods they had bought. Then, seeing that the black eunuchs were busy laughing and talking to another black eunuch outside the cage, she seized the opportunity to strike up a conversation with the other women who had been sold.

‘What will happen to us?’ she whispered. ‘What have we been bought to do?’

‘We don’t know,’ came the reply from several girls.

‘And why have they bought me in my state?’ she added.

But no one knew the answer.

Suddenly one of the eunuchs heard them. He turned angrily. ‘Silence!’ he shouted, with the customary and frightening crack of his whip.

Minutes later Paula heard the creaking of oars and shouted orders as the boats returned from the shore. Then a hook with two padded rope strops attached to it was lowered through the door in the roof of the cage, from a boom attached to the mainmast.

‘Which one first?’ she heard one of them ask.

‘It doesn’t matter much,’ the other one replied. Then he pointed at Paula. ‘We might as well start with that one. But be careful with her, she’s in a delicate state and we don’t want Matrak cursing us.’

Paula saw them unhook the straps.

‘Kneel down on all fours!’ one of them ordered and put a hood over her head.

Too frightened to disobey and unable to see anything, Paula did as she was told. Her curved belly and swollen breasts hung down below her.

She felt one of eunuchs pass a strap round her waist below her protruding stomach. A short length of rope seemed to be attached to it and was passed down between her legs and up between her buttocks. She heard a click as all three ends were then snapped onto the hook. Meanwhile the other eunuch had passed the other strap under her armpits and round the top of her breasts.

‘Haul away ... gently, ‘ one the eunuchs called out to a team of men hidden behind a side screen.

The hook began to rise in the air and as it did so the straps fastened round Paula’s body tightened. Suddenly she felt herself being lifted up with the weight of her still horizontal body being taken by the two straps, leaving her legs and manacled ankles hanging down below her. She was terrified as she felt herself rising up in the air, through the door in the top of the cage, her hands still tightly fastened behind her back and the strops ropes biting into her body but cleverly leaving her swollen belly and breasts untouched.

She realised that she was being swayed out over the upper deck and then down to one of the boats bobbing alongside in the slight Caribbean swell. She felt her legs being grabbed. The Arab boat’s crew guided her naked body down onto a thwart. Then they unhooked the straps and released her body from them and lifted off her hood. She saw that she was now sitting in a boat on a wooden thwart. With her hands tied behind her she was still helpless.

She looked at the side of the ship. The hook from which she had been suspended was disappearing up over the side and moments later re-appeared as another hooded young woman, one of the milkmaids, was swayed up over the side and lowered down into the boat alongside Paula. Soon the boat was full and the crew cast off and pulled for the jetty where Jeanne and Pierre were eagerly awaiting their new pony-girl.

Once ashore Matrak handed the key to her breeding belt to her new owners and checked the receipt, signed by Achmed, for the remainder of her selling price in addition to the deposit. Pierre took charge of her. To her great relief her wrist and ankle manacles were unlocked. But her joy was short lived for she then found herself, to her horrified astonishment, being tied by her collar to the back of Jeanne and Pierre’s pony-trap.

Scarcely able to believe her eyes, she saw that it was a pony-trap drawn by a girl. A girl was harnessed to the trap, just like a horse might have been. And, moreover, a girl who seemed to look very much like herself. My God, she thought, she’s even got a swollen belly just like mine. A girl in her state used to pull a pony-trap? Oh no! Is this what she had been bought for? Mamma mia!

Then despite her curved belly she had to run along behind the pony-trap, as it was drawn by Henriette, to her new home.

Chapter 14 – A FINE MATCHED PAIR.

It was a week later. So much had happened.

First, she found herself being stabled alongside Henriette, who had now been fitted with a large brass nose ring like her own. She was even more horrified when she found Henriette could not speak or use her hands – a treatment that Docteur Duval lost no time in imposing on her too – together with the loss of her beauty bud. Then finally when she had been properly infibulated with a padlock that matched that Henriette, her long blonde hair was cut off and attached to a plug to make a long tail that also matched that of Henriette.

Meanwhile Pierre had bought a new double pony-trap from a member of the community who was a fine carpenter and cooper.

Fitted with their new harness, the matched pair was discreetly whilst driven under training along a little used nearby path. Poor Paula was not spared Pierre's whip as she learnt to take the strain of pulling the new double pony-trap and to obey both the reins and the long carriage whip.

Finally came the day when a fine matched pair, their identical bellies showing well, their identical light almost palomino-coloured tails swishing in time with each other and the red plumes attached to their head straps nodding, pranced down the village street in perfect time for church – much to the admiration of the watchers.

'Oh Pierre, this double pony-trap is so much more comfortable – and faster,' whispered Jeanne.

'Yes, purchasing Paula was certainly a good investment,' replied Pierre proudly as he jumped out, handed Jeanne down and fastened the two pony-girls to the hitching rail outside the church.

After the service was over, members of the congregation surrounded the matched pair, full of praise.

'What a lovely couple,' gushed one woman.

'And with such prettily matching bellies,' said another. 'Let's hope they drop little fillies, another future matched pair.'

'Or, judging by the size of their bellies. perhaps two matched pairs!' laughed another one. 'One for Jeanne and Pierre and one for the community.'

'I've booked their progeny into our rearing nursery as I'm sure they're going to be fillies,' added a large breasted lady. 'I'm looking forward to rearing them for Jeanne and Pierre and I've got two new wet nurses to help out with the feeding in the first year.'

A hard faced-looking man stroked their full thrusting breasts sadly. 'Well I don't think I shall be selling you much more milk after these have both foaled in a few months' time,' he said.

Father Jean came out of the church porch where he had been shaking hands with his flock as they came out of church and joined the admiring crowd. Perhaps it was as well that Paula did not understand what was then said.

‘Oh, Father,’ cried Jeanne, ‘they both look so lovely with their similarly curved bellies, that we’d like to book Etienne to mount them both, perhaps three months after they drop their present foals. Will that be all right?’

‘Of course,’ replied the priest, rubbing his hands, ‘I’m sure I’ll be able to fit them in.’

## PART IV

### THE PLANTATION OF WHITE WOMEN SLAVES

#### Chapter 15 - THE BLACK OVERSEER

Crack!

High up in the remote plantation of Le Paradis, set on a plateau amongst the green hills of the north coast of Haiti, a Negro overseer cracked his long carriage whip menacingly. He was Sergeant Debelle, the insignia of an Adjudant-Chef proudly displayed on his shoulder. It was an action followed by his young assistant, also black, who wore on his arm the stripes of a Caporal.

Military discipline reigned in Le Paradis and indeed all the overseers were nominally in the black Royal North Haitian Army. General Duclos, the present owner of the plantation, had been a close military colleague of the equally black, blood-soaked King Henri I - as the former General Christophe now called himself. It was different, however, in the predominantly mulatto and republican south. A mulatto general ruled there as Président Pétion.

A sudden heavy rain shower, brought by the steady northeast trade winds, was beating down on the slaves. Soaked to the skin under their short thin cotton tunics, the long line of women had begun to slow in their work of picking the riper leaves of the indigo plants and placing them in the sacks strapped to their backs. It was hot and exhausting work and the heavy shower had not only cooled the women down, but had also given them the possibility of little relief from the back-breaking labour.

That, however, was not what their strict overseer, himself well protected by his uniform against the sudden rain, had in mind.

‘Get on with your work, you sluts’ he cried in French as, mounted on a donkey, he followed along behind the line of women, again cracking his long whip.

His monthly bonus depended on getting as much work as possible out his team of white slave women – come rain or sun. Indeed each woman knew that behind them their overseer and his boy assistant were constantly watching them – on the lookout for any signs of slackness. Each of them was being driven on by fear that one of their overseers would bring his long whip down painfully across her bottom. Even the little boy assistant overseer could inflict a well aimed and painful stroke of his whip – and one that was all the more the more humiliating coming from a boy half their age.

Each woman also knew that her sack would be weighed at the processing plant and that their demanding overseer would immediately flog any woman whose sack fell short of the daily quota that was itemized against her name in the list posted up in their simple dormitory hut.

Reluctantly, Sergeant Debelles had to take into account the growing awkwardness of the expectant women in his team and to reduce their quota as their bellies swelled. Initially he had simply varied the quotas depending on the number of months since each woman had been mated. However this did not allow for the larger bellies of the women carrying the much-desired twins that the young white sires often threw. He had, therefore, found it simpler to measure weekly his women's swelling bellies and then reduce their quota accordingly – but not by much!

The sergeant-overseer was a firm believer in keeping all his slaves hard at work right up to their moment of delivery, even if this resulted in the wretched woman producing her progeny out in the fields. In any case, just as formerly many white slave owners had denied that their black slaves were really human beings, so he now enjoyed treating his team of well-educated white women like unintelligent beasts of burden, to be made to work by the whip and to be bred from as he decided.

The women were cuffed together by six-foot long light chains linking the iron collars riveted round their necks. The length of the chains was designed to allow each woman sufficient freedom to pick the leaves of separate indigo plants and yet have to keep up with her companions.

Long experience had shown that the plantation could be worked economically only by slave labour, preferably women slaves, labouring under the fear of the lash. For years the white plantation owners had employed harsh white overseers to drive their work force of black women on and on and to supervise the breeding from them of the next generation of black slaves for the plantation – for the price of fresh slaves from Africa had begun to rise, forcing the plantation owners to rely more and more on breeding their own black work force.

But now, Sergeant Debelles sneered to himself, the situation was reversed, for the teams of slaves being driven by the whip into picking the indigo were white women and their harsh overseers were blacks like himself, whilst the future work force that many of them were carrying in their bellies was white.

It was a clever mirror image of what had gone on here on this very plantation until the slave revolt and the subsequent long civil war that had started fifteen years before. This had later triggered off an unsuccessful invasion by a new French occupying army and by equally unsuccessful British and Spanish troops as well – each scared lest the virus of revolt might spread to their own colonies.

But fighting to drive out the whites had not been sufficient for General Duclos. He wanted further revenge and in particular on their haughty and arrogant women. So it was that, in the chaos of the slave revolt, he had seized the isolated and abandoned plantation of Le Paradis with a view to re-established it as a productive plantation – but one based on the use of white slave women, driven on by black overseers.

During the long drawn-out fighting and massacres, he had discreetly tricked scores of pretty and vivacious young white women, scared out of their wits by the threat of being killed like their husbands and fathers by the revengeful former black slaves, into secretly taking refuge in his remote plantation. There, he told them, they would be safe and gratefully they had accepted his deceptively kind offer.

Only when they arrived at Le Paradis did they find that they were his helpless slaves, destined to work in the fields under the whip of a black overseer and cuffed together to prevent them escaping, as well as being branded on their buttocks with the crest of the plantation – a Rising Sun.

They had been even more horrified when they found that they were going to be made to take their turn in producing the next generation of white slaves for the plantation – sired by white boys half their age.

The General had, of course, been greatly helped in his project of using white women as slaves by the hilltop site of Le Paradis, which was both cool and healthy – and that it had always traditionally grown indigo. This was a much easier crop for delicate white women to collect under the hot Caribbean sun and tropical rainfall, than having to cut the thick stems of sugar cane.

Haiti was very fertile. Not only had it been for years the main source of sugar in continental Europe, but also of the much sought-after purple dye that came from the indigo plants. Both were produced by beating and boiling the sugar canes or the indigo leaves - and then letting the juice solidify into blocks for shipment abroad.

The line of women had reached the end of their section of the plantation and it was time to take the picked leaves to the processing plant in the centre of the plantation.

‘Form up!’ shouted the overseer, cracking his whip.

‘Form up!’ repeated his young assistant, cracking his whip at the other end of the line of white women.

The two coffles of women, one of seventeen women and the other of five, formed up in a file, with the woman standing behind one another, carrying their sacks of indigo leaves on their backs.

.Debelle again cracked his whip – for it as usual in Le Paradis for the overseers to accompany their orders with a crack of the whip. It had a marked effect on the cringing white women slaves.

‘Run, you sluts, run!’ he shouted angrily in French as he kicked his donkey into a trot.

The two coffles anxiously began to run to keep up with their overseer. Each woman was slightly bent under the weight of the sack on her back – the produce that she had painstakingly been picking. However, terrified of it slipping or spilling as she ran, each was also tightly gripping the top of her sack with her hands raised over her shoulders – a position that thrust out her breasts and belly.

Despite the well-swollen bellies of many of women in the first cuffle, all the women were carefully keeping in step with the leading girl. They knew how their cruel overseer liked to show off the control he exercised over his coffles of white slaves and would not hesitate to use his whip on any woman who was out of step.

Just as the cruel white former overseers in Haiti had never hesitated to use the whip or the cane on the backs and buttocks of expectant black slaves, saying that a good beating never



harmed the progeny they were carrying for their Master, so now similarly the black overseers of Le Paradis did not spare their expectant white slaves from the constant terror of corporal punishment.

Sergeant Debelle smiled as he saw how nearly all the women's bellies in the larger of the two coffles were thrusting, to a greater or lesser degree, out against their thin wet tunics as they awkwardly ran along. It was a clear sign of their forced maternities - to which he had subjected them, in the service of their black Master, the Negro General Duclos.

The women's beauty lips were kept clamped tightly together with a small, cleverly designed metal clasp. These devices also kept the beauty lips thrust out and prominently on display just below the hem of their short tunics. They were spring-loaded so that once they had been clicked into place, they could only be opened with a key.

These French-made breeding clasps had been originally intended to be used on reluctant young black mothers but had proved highly effective in making the white women slaves unwillingly carry their little progeny right up to delivery. They had another use of which Sergeant Debelle much approved: they also prevented the women slaves from wasting their energies by masturbating – energies that should be kept for their work in the indigo fields.

Debelle smiled again as he saw how, in the other coffle although their beauty lips were also clamped tight to prevent them masturbating, it was not their bellies that were thrusting out against their soaking wet tunics but their bouncing, milk-laden, breasts – for they were also tasked with feeding his team's precious little white female progeny that had been recently delivered for their black Master, the General.

The women were all good looking and were dressed alike in short blue tunics and, to keep off the hot sun and the rain, straw slave hats - each with a blue band round it. Blue was the distinguishing colour of Sergeant Debelle's team. It was a team, which he was determined would retain its position as the most productive one in the plantation - and in every sense of the word, too!

Yes, he reflected, the General's project had been a highly successful – except for one thing: there was an unfortunate age gap amongst the white women slaves. The General had targeted young newly married women in their twenties, or the teen-age daughters of former plantation owners, with his discreet offer of “refuge” at the remote Le Paradis.

Most these women were now in their thirties. Although many had been repeatedly subjected to forced matings, again like their black predecessors, to produce a steady supply of future white slaves, most of the resulting progeny were still quite young. Moreover, following the massacre of the former French population and the final evacuation of the French army, along with the would-be British and Spanish invaders, the supply of fresh white women slaves had disappeared. There was, therefore, a lack in the plantation of white women slaves in their teens and early twenties – an ideal age for both working and breeding.

Nevertheless, Sergeant Debelle kept telling himself, this was the life!

Here he was, a simple soldier, an uneducated former black slave who had been picked out by the General to be an overseer in his private plantation. Here, to his delight, he was in complete charge of a team of two dozen white women slaves. Yes, white women! They were the same wonderfully beautiful and desirable, but quite untouchable, white women whom, in

the old days, he used to lust after from afar. Then, carrying parasols to protect them from the hot sun, they would promenade up and down in their long fashionable dresses, totally ignoring any black slaves like himself.

Now he had a whole team of them, the Blue Team, terrified of him and obedient to his slightest command, no matter how degrading. Not only could he punish them with his whip for any slackness in picking the indigo, but he was also responsible for choosing the woman next to be mated to ensure that his team met their required average quota of one live little future white slave girl per month, or twelve a year. It was a task he much enjoyed.

He could also punish them with his cane for showing the slightest lack of respect back in the simple dormitory hut that they were forced to share with him. In the old days the dormitory had held two dozen slave women, sleeping on mats on the bare earthen floor. It still did, but the slave women were no longer black but white and his comfortable bed and well-stocked wardrobe were in marked contrast to the simple mats and blue folded cotton dress that was neatly folded at the foot of each woman's mat, together with her straw slave hat. They were the slaves' only possessions.

In the dormitory, moreover, they humiliatingly had to perform their natural functions in front of him and to his command – and to take it in turns to use their mouths and tongues when it came to his own natural functions.

There was only one slight inconvenience: the General was adamant that he was not going to add to the numbers of the hated and effete mulattos, especially as they made poor field slaves. The former white plantation owners may have allowed their white overseer to impregnate the black women in their charge, but here on Le Paradis no mulatto progeny were allowed – they all had to be pure white. The Sergeant-overseer could always unlock the clasps that guarded his women's beauty lips to take his pleasure, but he had to be careful to do so only at a time when the woman could not conceive.

But never mind, he told himself, he could always use their tongues and mouths – and, despite their horrified protests, their deliciously tight rear entrances, too. How delightful it was, cane in hand, to go down the line of still coiffed women, all lying on their backs on their mats and straddle them in turn, making one suck his manhood and another reach up with her to tongue to his rear orifice. Or make them kneel on all fours invitingly thrusting their bottoms back towards his aroused manhood.

So why should he complain because he had to be careful just when he penetrated them!

However it was not all plain sailing – the General's clever plan, of paying his overseers separate and conflicting monthly and annual bonuses, saw to that!

His monthly bonuses depended on the total weight of indigo that his team picked had picked during the month and he could use his whip to maximize this and keep all his women hard at work all day under the blazing sun. However, he constantly had to remind himself that his much larger annual bonus would be much reduced if his team had not met the quota of an average of one live white female progeny each month - and would be much increased for every additional progeny produced by his team.

Furthermore, he still had to book and pay for the use of the plantation's two young white stallion slaves for use on a day when he reckoned that the next woman chosen for mating would be at the most fertile moment in her monthly cycle. A mistake here could very costly.

To make sure he was not wasting his money he would supervise the two actual matings, which he insisted must take place, the second shortly after the first, one immediately after the other, to make sure that the fertilizing seed of both sires was properly ejaculated well up inside the woman. He always insisted on a double mating partly to make sure of a good conception and partly to give a better chance of getting twins – for the more progenies that his team produced over and above the minimum annual quota of twelve, the greater would be his annual bonus at the end of the year.

However, the female white progeny had to be healthy and live for at least three months after their birth – or they would not count towards his all-important annual bonus. Furthermore, male progeny did not count, for male white slaves could mean trouble later on and were therefore not used on the plantation of Le Paradis – indeed they were discarded at birth as being of no value, except for a few that were raised as gelded personal attendants for the Master and his friends. The milk of the sadly disappointed mothers of male progeny was, however, used to help feed the valuable female progeny.

Another complication that reduced the output of his team was the need for the newly delivered mothers, who formed the second of his coffles, to continue to feed their progeny - for the size of his annual bonus also depended on them remaining healthy and well, as much as his monthly one depended on their mothers picking the maximum weight of indigo. It was for this reason that he kept his nursing mothers on a separate coffle that could be sent, under the orders of his young assistant, back to the rearing pens during the day to feed their hungry progeny quickly, whilst the other women continued to labour in the fields.

It did therefore pay to have a small number of women who were being kept in reserve for sudden breeding and yet who meanwhile could be used to increase substantially the amount of indigo that the team picked.

Yes, Sergeant Debelle reflected as he watched his team run down to the processing plant, it was all indeed a very delicate balancing act.

On the one hand, he obviously wanted as many as possible of the women, driven on by fear of his whip, to be picking the maximum amount of the valuable indigo each day. On the other hand, the mating fees he had to pay for the services of the two plantation sires were considerable. So it was obviously desirable to make certain that the expensively newly conceived progeny were properly established within their mothers before the women were subjected again to toiling in the fields.

Yet another complication was the need to keep down the weeds between the indigo plants in his team's section of the plantation and to give up precious days of picking indigo to hoeing.

In the dry season they similarly had to keep the vulnerable plants well watered.

Yes, the Sergeant was thinking, it really was a very complicated business being an overseer here on the General's plantation - far more so than just being in charge of a squad of simple black soldiers. Indeed, at times he could not help admiring his white predecessors as

overseers, for they must have had to cope with similar problems when the work force had been black.

However, the Sergeant decided, despite all the problems, it added up to a very satisfactory life – and indeed he was looking forward to what would happen that night in the dormitory . . .

The two coffles were now running up to the central processing plant. Steam was coming up from the boiling vat and two other coffles of white women were dragging down cartloads of logs, cut in the nearby forests by free negroes, to feed the fire.

Next to this large vat, a big water wheel cum treadmill, driven partly by a stream and partly by women, was turning a series of thin metal sheets in another big vat, which were used for beating the dye out of the plants. The dye then ran into the boiling vat and where it was refined and then poured into moulds and allowed to cool into blocks.

In front of the treadmill a diminutive young black overseer stood behind a line of naked women strapped by the wrist to a bar above their heads. In his hand was a long whippy cane, which he used to make the sweating women strain to raise their legs and press down hard with their feet on each tread of the revolving treadmill wheel.

Sergeant Debelle recognized a woman as one he had supplied two days earlier. Despite her well swollen belly, her naked bottom had been well reddened by the strokes of her overseer's cane and even as he watched he saw and heard her being given another stroke of the cane, accompanied by the raucous voice of the treadmill overseer, 'Don't you try slacking here, you bitch!'

The fact that the treadmill overseer was obviously so much younger than the young widow he was caning must have been an additional source of shame for the naked woman.

The women strapped to the wheel were supplied by each of the field teams supplying one woman for three days of this unremitting toil. The overseers found the threat of being sent to the wheel to be a useful adjunct to their whips. Indeed each woman was constantly thinking whether or not she was the next one to be sent to the wheel.

A slight smile crossed Sergeant Debelle's solemn face as he saw that his woman was not the only one on the treadmill to have a rounded belly. He remembered how he and several of the other black overseers had inherited from their white predecessors the firm belief that the strain of a few days spent periodically on the treadmill throughout a slave woman's maternity and of having to constantly to lift her knees to step up onto the next tread, greatly strengthened a woman's belly muscles and prepared her body for a quick and easy delivery.

But even so, reflected Debelle, having to provide a girl for the treadmill every day did much to reduce the size of his monthly bonus. But then again the deduction from his annual bonus for his team failing to produce their annual quota of twelve live and healthy girl progenies, one a month, would reduce it by an even greater amount.

So deciding which woman should be lent to the treadmill team yet another delicate balancing act.

## Chapter 16 – THE MASTER INSPECTS HIS FIELD SLAVES

The General, the Master of Le Paradis, watched with approval as the Blue Team run up to the processing plant, keeping properly in step, with the two coffles forming one continuous line. He was a large, black, powerful, brutish-looking man with a pronounced chin. There was a decisive look about him but his eyes were hooded and cruel. He was dressed in a French-style army uniform with white trousers and a green coat that was liberally festooned in gold braid.

Sergeant Debelle had made a good overseer, maintaining strict discipline and maintaining a high level of productivity – both as regards indigo and the little white progeny, on which the future of the plantation so depended. His Blue Team had set an example for the other team overseers who were now desperately driving their teams to overtake the Blue Team in both forms of productivity. A little jealous rivalry, he acknowledged to himself, did no harm.

Seeing the General, Sergeant Debelle respectfully straightened up on his donkey. Then he cracked his whip.

‘Blue Team! . . . Halt!’ he ordered.

With practiced military precision the women took two more paces and then stopped dead, their breasts rising and falling under their tunics with the exertion of running whilst carrying a heavy load.

Sergeant Debelle quickly dismounted from his donkey. Whilst his assistant watched the coffled women, he marched over to the General and saluted smartly. The General certainly ran his plantation as he had run his troops.

‘Blue Team, present and correct, Your Excellency. Fourteen expectant white slave women; three in reserve for breeding; two resting having just been mated: one expectant on treadmill duty and five in milk, feeding four young female progeny and awaiting mating. Total: twenty-five, Sir!’

The General returned his salute and nodded.

‘So I think that makes a total of sixteen expectant mothers and four new female progeny,’ said the General. ‘That’s very good – still a little ahead of your rivals. And I see you’re also ahead on the amount of indigo picked. Well done Sergeant – and make sure the Blue team keeps it up!’

Sergeant Debelle saluted. ‘Yes Sir! Thank you Sir! I’ll certainly do that, Sir.’

Both coffles of sweating women marched up to the dreaded weighing machine. One by one the women nervously put their sacks on the machine and Debelle checked that they had met their individual quotas against a list in his hand. To heighten the tension he said nothing at the time and his black face remained grim and expressionless. Not until all the sacks had been weighted and the two coffles of white women were facing him again with scared looks on their faces, did he say a word.

‘Coffle Number One, to your Master - present bellies!’ he ordered.

As one, the entire coffle turned their heads towards the black General and reaching down with their hands, gripped the bottom of the front of their short tunics and, blushing, pulled them up to their waists. Above their neatly placed and well polished, shiny, small breeding clamps, their curved bellies were now on display to the General.

The General was pleased to see that the sergeant was showing a proper sense of military order and the women had been coffled so that their bellies progressively increased in size. On the left of the line were those with little flat bellies: the women being held in reserve for breeding and those who had only recently been mated and whose bellies were scarcely showing. The bellies then gradually grew in size until on the extreme right of the line they were huge. Beyond them was the coffle of women in milk, the milkmaids.

Followed by the Sergeant-overseer who now carried a short, but threatening swagger stick under his arm, the General strode down the line, patting a belly here and, in deliberate imitation of Napoleon, fondly twisting a cheek there. But whereas Napoleon would have been inspecting his immaculately dressed and deeply loyal Guard, this black General was inspecting some of his half naked and highly resentful white women slaves – resentful not only because they had been tricked and enslaved by their black Master but had been used by him for Forced Breeding as well.

Only fear of their overseer's swagger cane prevented them from trying to scratch the General's eyes out. Nevertheless they could also not help regarding with respect this fearsome man whose property they were and whose brand they bore on their bottoms.

The General came to the last three of the women on the right on the line. He paused and looked admiringly at their bellies. He put his hands down onto the most swollen. Was it imagination or could he feel two little kicking creatures?

'Twins, Sergeant?' he asked as casually as if discussing his brood mares with his stud groom.

'We hope so, Your Excellency,' came the proud reply.

The General nodded and stood back.

'First coffle, stand at ease!' came the order. But this was immediately followed by another order, this time in the shrill piping voice of the young Corporal-assistant overseer.

'Second coffle, to your Master, present breasts!'

Five pairs of eyes were turned obediently towards the General and five tunics were embarrassingly slipped off five pairs of shoulders, to display ten firm, milk-laden, breasts. The General was pleased to see that these women had also been properly ranged – but this in accordance with the size of their breasts. Again he walked slowly down the line, stroking one breast and squeezing a few drops of milk out of another.

'Any problems with feeding the girl progeny, Corporal?' he enquired.

'No, Your Excellency,' replied the boy. 'One of the women dropped a male and one twin females, so I have ten breasts for feeding four female progeny.'

'Any problems?'

‘Oh no, Your Excellency, their breasts had all been brought on well before they dropped their progeny and all are still giving a good flow.’

‘Excellent!’ remarked the General. The boy was showing a natural gift for controlling white women. He turned back to the Sergeant-overseer who called out: ‘Blue team! You lazy sluts! Two of you failed to produce your quotas.’

There was a horrified silence, as each woman desperately hoped that neither of them would be her. Each, fearful of a caning, had thought she had tried so hard.

‘Number Thirteen, step forward!’

With a little sob of despair, a beautiful, heavily expectant, thirty year-old woman, herself the former wife and now the widow, of a former plantation owner, stepped as far forward as her neck chains permitted. She had been a slave on the plantation for five years now and was undergoing her fifth enforced maternity, one of which had resulted in a useless boy, but three of which had produced girls and the last time twins.

Thanks to all the exercise that the Blue Team had to endure she had, like her companions, retained a good figure – or rather would have were it not for her again nicely curved belly. Oh, how she had hated it when after three months her lovely little twins had been taken away to the anonymity of the rearing pens. These were deliberately sited on the far side of the plantation, out of sight of the weeping mothers, so that they could concentrate on picking indigo – and on their new maternities.

How she had hated it when once again their awful black overseer had taken her to the pens of the plantation’s white stallions and fastened her down helpless on all fours like a dog, before letting first one and then the other young boy mount her. How awful it had been when he checked that their manhoods were well inside her and then when she had felt, one after the other, the inseminating seed of both of them shoot up inside her. Then he had replaced the humiliating breeding clasp over her beauty lips to prevent her from trying to wash it out . . . It had seemed such a short time until she had felt the telltale little kicks of her progeny.

‘Six strokes of the cane!’ said the Sergeant. ‘Coffles! To the caning stool, forward march!’

Number thirteen gave a gasp of horror. Six strokes – and in her state!

Then moving off smartly on the left foot, the line of coffles marched forward and aligned themselves slightly to the right so that Number Thirteen was now facing a much dreaded wooden stool.

‘Number Thirteen, bend over stool! Remainder, two paces forward - march!’ came the order. Leaving poor Number Thirteen bending over the stool, the others moved forward two paces. Number Thirteen’s soft white bottom was now exposed, ready for the cane, with the other women in front of her, standing at Attention and facing away from her. Although none of them would dare to look round, they would hear her cries and the terrifying swish of the cane.

Then still facing the line of women, the Sergeant picked up a long whippy cane and bent the ends together to test its flexibility, before letting it go. There were horrified gasps from the women. Thank God, they were all thinking, it’s not me that going to be caned. But could they sure, they all wondered, remembering that their overseer had said that two women had failed to meet their quota.

They saw him go behind them. There was a swishing noise as he tried out the cane, and then a crack as he brought it down across Number Thirteen's bottom. There was a scream of pain from the woman and then a long pause before the next stroke – and then the next.

The General nodded his approval as he saw that his Sergeant was aiming for a perfect ladder effect across both cheeks of the woman's soft white bottom. As well as being as salutary lesson for Number Thirteen, the sight of the stripes across her bare bottom, below her short tunic, would also act as a spur to the other women – and not only in the Blue Team.

The six strokes were slowly administered and then, sobbing and rubbing her bottom, the beautiful thirty-year-old woman rejoined the line of her companions.

'Two paces to the rear, march!' came the next order, followed by: 'In to line, left turn! Ten paces, march!' The Sergeant much enjoyed drilling his coddled women – especially in front of their owner, the General.

The women facing the caning stool were now those in the smaller coddle of women in milk, the coddle that had to run down to the nursing pens several times a day to feed what the cruel overseer termed The Team's Progeny – for the women were kept deliberately uncertain just which were theirs and all had to feed all the hungry progeny.

'Number Four! Step Forward!'

A tall, very pretty and buxom young woman gave a gasp of horror. 'No, not me,' she cried. However, just then there was a sudden interruption to the proceedings.

'Your Excellency,' cried a young black boy excitedly, running down the path that led up to the big Plantation House, 'Your Excellency! Another Moorish corsair ship has anchored down in the bay. Although the last one had only a few white women for sale, they say that this one is laden with them.'

'Good Heavens,' exclaimed the General, turning to follow the boy back up to the house. 'Send down and invite the Captain to come up here.'

So it was that he missed the thrashing of Blue Team's pretty Number Four.

## Chapter 17 – THE BLACK GENERAL

Sitting comfortably in a rocking chair on the shaded veranda of the large plantation house, the black General looked out onto his pride and joy – his beautifully restored plantation up in the hills that overlooked the bay and the sight of the chained teams of white women labouring on his land.

He turned to Rory and the Rais, both dressed in Moorish robes and who, with their sun-tanned faces and hands, could well have passed for Moors.

He was saying in a passionate voice, pointing to the fields of indigo neatly laid out in plateau below the house, 'That's where I was a slave. But it's my plantation now. And I've got my revenge on the hated whites – and above all on their women.'

'Why especially their women?' queried Rory with sudden interest.



‘Well, I could perhaps understand the white men here. They were really just interested in using black slaves to make money. But the women – they were cruel. On this plantation, after the Master died, his widow was in charge – and she was a complete bitch. I should know. I was one of her pageboys, her personal attendants - all of us permanently infibulated with two iron rings through the foreskin to prevent us from having a proper erection, no matter how much we lusted after her. It amused her to keep us helpless and frustrated and to use us to undress and bathe her, like a ladies maid. That’s when I swore revenge.

‘When the slaves revolted in Haiti and my mistress was killed, I managed to file off my hated infibulation rings. I joined one of the rival black armies and soon became one of its commanders. Before long I had also assumed ownership of this plantation and reversed everything. Instead of black slaves, I have white women slaves and instead of white overseers, I have black ones.’

‘But I thought that all slavery had been abolished in Haiti,’ said Rory

‘Not up here in these mountains it hasn’t – and I’ve still got the nucleus of my old army living round about.’

Rory and the Rais exchanged glances. This was getting interesting.

‘But where did you get the women?’ asked Rory. ‘I thought that the whites were all massacred: men, women and children.’

‘Yes, most of them were. But every time my troops captured some whites, I was always careful to put a certain number of the prettiest women and girls aside and secretly offer them asylum here in my plantation – in reality to add to my work force of white women. By the time there were no whites left, I had built up a sufficient, all-white, all-female work force to keep the plantation in full production.’

‘Do you find now it difficult now to get new ones?’ asked Rory.

‘Yes, the supply has completely dried up. That’s why, just as the whites bred their own future black slaves, so I breed my own future white female ones. But they’re still rather young and I could do with some more young stock to fill the gap.’

‘Well, there I think we might be able to help you – though our white women slaves are very expensive.’

‘Ha!’ grunted the General. ‘I am a rich man. I can afford to pay well – provided your white women are suitable.’

‘Well, if you want revenge, I think you’d be particularly interested in buying a few of our white women slaves who have been ... partially circumcised: cut and trimmed.’

‘Circumcised? Cut and trimmed?’ repeated the General.

‘It’s a simple little operation very popular in North Africa; sniping off the sensitive tip of the beauty bud and trimming back the inner beauty lips. It makes the girl more subservient and reduces the risk of masturbating.’

‘Excellent,’ cried the General. ‘Masturbation is a great problem with these white women – using up energies that should be kept for laboring in the fields or kitchens.’

‘Well, for instance, one of our partially circumcised young women is a very pretty young Italian girl whose honeymoon was interrupted before she was captured.’

‘But not expectant?’

‘Not yet,’ smirked Rory.

‘How many women were you thinking of buying?’ asked the Rais.

‘Oh, about a dozen, if they are of good quality.’

‘Well ours are top quality European women, mostly recently captured.’ Rory wondered just which would most interest this Negro general. ‘We’ve got a lot of attractive lovely young sisters and even mothers with teenage daughters. They would be ideal for establishing new white slave breeding lines on your plantation.’

‘Excellent,’ cried the General enthusiastically.

‘And you might be interested in some totally circumcised young virgins,’ said the Rais. ‘Their beauty lips have been removed and allowed to heal together, leaving just a little faint scar down a now smooth stretch of skin, leading down to a little orifice.’

‘Which, I presume,’ said the General, ‘that a Master can still use for his pleasure?’

‘Of course!’

‘Well, I keep several pretty young white women as my personal attendants and it might be amusing to have one of your totally circumcised girls amongst them.’

‘What other type of women did you have in mind?’

‘Mainly good breeding stock – perhaps like those sisters or mothers and daughters of yours. You see, I have a pair of my own young white breeding stallions – the only white males on the plantations. So just as every month the white widow used to choose a dozen young Negresses to be mated, now every month my black overseers choose a few white women to be mated. Of course, they hate it which makes it all the more amusing – but it does mean that, as in the days of the whites, there is a steady and growing future work force being reared on the plantation –but now a white and all female one.’

‘And the boys?’

‘I keep very few of them – just a handful each year to be tried out later as stallions here or to be gelded for use as servants.’

‘What about the mothers?’

‘They used to feed all the progeny for three months, with the mothers of the culled boys, helping to feed the remaining little girls.’

‘Three months,’ repeated Rory. ‘And then?’

‘Then they’re taken to the rearing pens to be raised by white women too old for breeding. Meanwhile the mothers, having proved their fertility, are mated again. I like to get a good annual crop of little white female slaves both for my own plantation and for my neighbours, who have copied me in using white women slaves – though on a smaller scale than myself.’

‘It all sounds very well thought out.’

‘And it’s a very satisfactory form of revenge – revenge on the hated white women.’ The General laughed sardonically. ‘And instead of pretty black girls being available for their owner’s pleasure and that of his guests, I have pretty white ones – as you can see.’

He clapped his hands and two young white girls ran onto the veranda, carrying cups of coffee. They wore the traditional West Indian dress of black slave women: simple Mother Hubbard dresses low over the tops of their arms, leaving their shoulders bare and half disclosing their rounded white breasts.

‘And,’ continued the General, ‘we don’t only use the field slaves for breeding white future slaves for the plantation, but also the house ones.’

He clapped his hands again and, blushing with embarrassment, the two girls parted the fronts of their dresses disclosing naked, swollen, bellies.

‘So you only breed pure white slaves?’ queried the Rais.

‘Yes, but just as the white overseers would sometimes cover the black girls in their charge and produce a small number of mulatto slaves, so I sometimes allow my few male black overseers to use some of the white women in their charge. But they have to be careful not to get them in whelp. Since the whites abandoned Haiti there has been dreadful fighting and hatred between us pure blacks and the mulattos. They still rule in the south of the country, where they have their President Pétion, just as we in the north have our King Henri I, as General Christophe calls himself. But we blacks have no time for the mulattos – any more than we do for whites. Up here in the north they have now been forced to accept a subordinate role to us blacks – but they’re not much use as labourers.’

‘Really?’ queried Rory in a surprised tone of voice. ‘No extra strong mulatto males?’

‘I wish there were. They’d be fine, but here they breed as week-kneed, lazy weaklings, almost as useless as workers as white males.’

‘Well,’ said Rory, speaking slowly with emphasis, ‘back in North Africa we have had great success in crossing wild giant black Dinkas with white women – and in getting a more docile, but still exceptionally strong and resilient, slave.’

‘Dinka giants?’ muttered the General. ‘Yes I’ve heard of them, but there are none in the Caribbean.’

‘There’s one onboard our ship,’ interjected the Rais, ‘and he’s the sire of the progeny that many of the women are carrying.’

‘And,’ added Rory, ‘is available for covering any girl you may wish to buy – provided she’s wearing a green ribbon on her collar. That shows that our black eunuch overseers consider that she’s ready to conceive,’ he explained. It was in fact a new rule that, whilst listening to the General, he had decided to tell Matrak to implement.

‘Ah!’ cried the General. ‘And a new breed of strong mulatto labourers? Well that would be something new!’ He thought for a moment. ‘Yes,’ he said. ‘I might even breed a few here to sell to my neighbours – or even to the King. Can I send a few of my girls down to your ship to be covered by this stallion of yours?’

Rory answered hesitantly. He did not want to antagonise the General. 'I am sure, General, that you will understand that we have to restrict his services to our own girls.'

The General grunted. 'So when can I come and inspect your slaves?'

'Why not come onboard tomorrow?' invited the Rais. 'I'll have our boat waiting for you at ten o'clock.'

'And,' added Rory, 'I'll tell our chief overseer to have a selection of women ready for your inspection.'

'And that Dinka of yours! I think I know just the overseer to handle the women he impregnates for me – a certain Sergeant Debelle.'

## Chapter 18 - THE GENERAL MAKES HIS CHOICE

The General had joined Rory and the Rais in an early morning glass of Marsala fortified wine in Rory's cabin when there was a knock on the door and Matrak entered. He bowed respectfully to the General.

'This is my head overseer,' Rory introduced him to the General. 'He'll take you down to see what merchandise we have on display. He only speaks a little French but I think you'll find you can get on well enough in our Mediterranean Lingua Franca.'

'Ah!' cried the General, getting up and clapping Matrak on the back, 'a black overseer in charge of white women – just like on my plantation. Excellent!'

Rory smiled. 'When you've decided which coffles you might be interested in, we'll bring them up into the display cage so that you can see them running round and then choose which ones you like - and make an offer for them.'

The General nodded and followed Matrak out onto the upper deck. What a unique opportunity this was, he mused. For the first time he would be able to augment his work force of Creole Frenchwomen with white women slaves straight from Europe.

In view of what the General had said the day before, Rory had given Matrak orders to put a curtain over the cage containing the Contessa and the other blonde women.

'No point in wasting them on this reprobate general,' he had said. 'And I think there's little point in showing him the milkmaids either. Let him see Hercules, but we'll keep the coffle of girls already in whelp by him for white plantation owners.'

Matrak nodded. 'And how about the Second-hand and General Purpose girls?'

'Yes, they might well catch his eye,' replied Rory, 'and as the General's motive for owning white slaves is mainly revenge on white women, let's have all the women on display dressed, or rather undressed, to highlight the whiteness of their skins, just we did at the previous sale at the island of Marta.'

'And this,' said Matrak proudly, pulling back the curtains that covered the giant's cage, 'is our prize Dinka stallion.'

‘Aha!’ exclaimed the General as Hercules slowly rose to his feet, allowing the General a good look at his naked muscular body. The General walked slowly round the cage looking carefully at the giant. ‘Yes, I can see that this one could sire a very different type of mulatto. Thank you for showing him to me. Perhaps,’ he added with a laugh, ‘I can come back to him when I have picked out a little bride?’

‘Of course,’ said Matrak, also laughing. He led the General over to the semi-circle of cages that held the white women slaves.

The General walked slowly up and down past them, noting any particular coffles or girls that caught his eye. Then Matrak took him by the arm.

‘These,’ he said again proudly, pointing to the coffle of girls in cage Number Two, ‘have all been partially circumcised.’

‘Ah yes,’ said the General, remembering what Rory had said the day before. What a fine erotic sight these European women made, he was thinking, just dressed in big picture hats, long black gloves and white stockings. They were standing shamefacedly in a little huddle, their branded white naked bottoms, slender waists and long backs nicely displayed. He particularly liked their degrading big brass, well polished nose rings. Several had green ribbons tied round their collars.

Seeing his interest, Matrak nodded to the women’s boy overseer.

‘Bars!’ ordered the black boy eunuch, emphasising his order with a crack of his whip.

There was a rattle of chains as the coffle of partially circumcised girls ran obediently up to the front of their cage, their bare breasts and big brass nose rings swaying. They were standing rigidly at attention, heads up and looking straight ahead. Their hands were straight down to their side and the manacles that linked their wrists were taut across their lower bellies, which were pressed against the bars. The cage was raised so their carefully depilated and sewn up intimacies were level with the General’s eyes.

He grunted as he saw the effect of their having been trimmed – a total absence of any protruding inner lips, leaving the outer lips charmingly pressed together like those of a little girl. But that, he remembered, was not all.

‘Prepare to display!’ ordered the boy, with another crack of his whip.

Still looking straight ahead, under their picture hats, the women blushing brought their gloved hands together over their beauty lips.

What a display of well-disciplined white womanhood, the General was thinking – as the cunning Matrak intended.

‘Display!’ came the next order and, biting their lips in shame, the women thrust their beauty lips forward and held back the outer lips to display the little scar where previously had been their precious beauty buds.

‘Feel them for yourself,’ invited Matrak.

As if unbelieving what he was seeing, the General thrust his fingers through the bars and felt between several of the proffered beauty lips. Yes, there was just nothing there – nothing to tempt a slave labourer into using up her energies by playing with herself.

The General turned to Matrak and pointed to the green ribbons tied round several of the girl's collars.

'You're sure they're ready?' he asked.

'Positively,' Matrak replied. 'Those ones were last in season ten days ago.'

'Well then, I'd definitely like to see this coffle being exercised – as well as the other three coffles that I liked. But which are the fully circumcised virgins that I was told about?'

Matrak beckoned forward the shrinking Lucia and Teresa. They too were made to display their intimacies.

'Ah,' cried the General as he ran his hand down over the smooth stretch of skin where once had been their beauty lips, 'let's have these ones exercised as well.'

A few minutes later, Maria was straining to raise her knees high in the air as she and the other partially circumcised girls of coffle Number Two were made to prance, in step, around the upper deck display cage by their young overseer, now armed with a long carriage whip. Still wearing her big picture hat, long gloves and stockings, she knew to her shame she made a fine and erotic sight.

Matrak and the smartly uniformed black man who earlier had come down to inspect the women in their raised cages were watching them all. Now, having shown a preference for the women in certain of the cages, entire coffles were being shown off to him, one by one, in the auction cage on the upper deck.

Oh how humiliating and subjugating it was, Maria was thinking, as she concentrated on keeping carefully in step with the other girls in her coffle. Her ankle manacles clinked and her bare breasts and big brass nose ring, thrust forward by her manacled hands clasped behind her neck, bounced in time to her raised knees. But at least her handsome young husband, who had to leave her in the nunnery halfway through their honeymoon, would never see her present degradation.

She blushed as she remembered the scene down below: her utter shame as the big uniformed Negro had felt between her beauty lips and how she had to bite her lips to stop herself from crying out in protest. She could feel the mysterious green ribbon fastened to her collar and fluttering in the breeze. What did it signify, she wondered? She had been mystified when their young overseer, consulting a list written in Arabic that was fastened to the outside of their cage, had fastened the ribbon to her collar.

'Higher!'

The sudden admonishing crack of the boy's carriage whip close behind her naked buttocks made her hastily put aside her thoughts and concentrate on raising her knees ever higher. Oh, the strain!

She saw that the big uniformed Negro was watching them closely and evidently writing down in a notebook the lot numbers of some of the women which was tattooed on their right buttock, the below the brand of Marsa. Horrified she saw him look at her bottom, too, and then write something in his notebook.

‘Halt!’ came the order and then ‘Prepare to lift!’

The coffle was now standing in front of a long thick heavy wooden spar.

‘Lift!’

The women bent down together and putting their hands under the spar, began to lift it up. It was an exercise that they had been made to perform daily whilst being exercised. Their breasts were heaving and their arm shoulder muscles were quivering under the strain as they held the heavy spar level with their bellies. The eyes of the General were running down the line of women, noting which women were the strongest.

There was another crack of the boy’s whip. ‘Up!’ he ordered.

Slowly the well-drilled women raised the spar up high above their heads. Their breasts were quivering even more and their arm and shoulder muscles were even more on display.

‘Which is the one whose honeymoon was interrupted?’ asked the General.

Matrak pointed to Maria and the big Negro added something to his notebook.

Six times the straining women had to lift the heavy spar above their heads and lower it carefully to the deck before the big Negro was satisfied. Then he pointed to Maria and to another young married woman, a Catalan girl, Inez, captured on a raid on the Balearic Islands. She too had a green ribbon fastened to her collar.

‘I’ll take those two, but first put them both to your Hercules,’ he said. ‘I can see that a little Dinka blood could be very useful.’

## Chapter 18 – HERCULES PERFORMS

Maria and the Catalan girl were both kneeling in front of Hercules cage. Their young overseer held each on a lead. He was exchanging jokes with Hercules’ own young overseer and the others, as, flicking their whips, they strolled up down outside the cages containing the women, or gathered round that of Hercules to see his forthcoming performance.

Like her companion, Maria was terrified. She was wondering if she had she really been bought by that grim-looking Negro in the funny uniform. Ever since she had been carried off from the nunnery by the Barbary Corsairs, she had realised that slavery was to be her fate – but not as the slave of a black man! And had he really ordered that she should be mated with Hercules before he took delivery of her? No, she was thinking as she eyed the huge black manhood that was already thrusting through the bars at her face. No! No!

She had seen other coffles being taken up onto the upper deck to be displayed to the Negro. She had heard the patter of manacled bare feet as each coffle was made to prance round in front of him and then the silence whilst he evidently examined those who had caught his eye

– just as he had so humiliatingly inspected them. Then each coffle had been brought down back to its cage, but now reduced in numbers – the chosen women having been taken from it.

Maria gave a little shudder as she saw how the giant Dinka's eyes were excitedly switching between the naked manacled bodies of the two women kneeling in front of him. His hands were chained to his collar preventing him from reaching down to his huge manhood that was fast coming up into erection.

She watched in horror as, unable to touch his manhood and driven mad with frustration, he furiously shook the bars of his cage and kept thrusting his huge manhood in vain against a little locked grille set in the bars of his cage. She gave another shudder as she looked at the testicles that hung down under the majestic manhood. They were so huge and must contain so much seed. How, once penetrated, could she help conceiving?

She looked at the green ribbon tied to her companion's collar, just like the one tied to her own. She remembered the cruel smile of their overseer as he had fastened them and the way he had then patted their flat little bellies. Were they an indication to a buyer that the wearer was considered to ready for mating? How awful!

Terrified, she looked at the stocks that were secured to the deck on one side of the giant's cage. Was she about to be placed in it? My God! She saw that the neck and wrist holes of the stocks were low down near the deck but that behind them was a raised bar. Was it to hold her belly and hips up high so the giant's manhood could get at her more easily?

Two comfortable chairs had been placed alongside the stocks. Between the chairs was a little table and on it two glasses and a decanter of Marsala. Were these for the spectators of the forthcoming performance? What a nightmare! Holy Mother of God, she wanted to pray aloud, save me! Save me!

She heard footstep and voices coming closer. Turning round she saw that the Negro was accompanied by Matrak and the Bey, as the women had learned to call Rory. The Negro and Rory sat down on the chairs. Matrak, who seemed to be in overall charge of the whole operation, gave an order in Arabic to the two young overseers. Her own overseer handed her lead to his companion and then deftly fastened the lead of the Catalan girl to a ringbolt in the deck.

Meanwhile Hercules' own overseer had used his whip to motion Maria towards the dreaded stocks.

'No! No!' she cried as the boy gripped her by the neck and forced her down onto the stocks. The hinged upper half closed around her neck and wrists. She was now helpless with her belly held raised by the bar. Then her manacled ankles were strapped wide apart to rings in the deck, making her even more helpless. She could feel the bars of Hercules' cage pressing against her buttocks. Only the metal grille was protecting her exposed beauty lips, but for how long? Horrified, she heard a roar of lust and excitement coming from behind her.

Matrak gave the boy another order. She saw him pick up a feather and then go behind her. As Hercules' overseer he was an expert in bringing reluctant future mothers to a suitable state of arousal so that, against their will, their bodies would be ready first to accommodate Hercules' manhood and then receive his abundant seed. It was his proud boast that he had made certain



that no woman who had ever been brought to Hercules when in the right period of her monthly cycle for conceiving, had ever not done so.

She gasped as she felt the feather slowly tickling her trimmed beauty lips. The boy knew his job and try as she might, she simply could not help herself from gradually becoming more and more moist and aroused. She could hear Hercules' heavy breathing behind her as he watched her being got ready for him.

'Oh my God!' she cried out, much to the amusement of the watching Negro.

It was even worse when she felt the fingers of Hercules' young overseer part her beauty lips and apply the feather inside her. The tickling went on and on. Meanwhile her own overseer was rubbing and pulling out her nipples, sending yet more little currents of desire down to between her legs.

Despite herself, she could feel her hips rocking to and fro and reaching back towards the eagerly awaiting manhood. Oh the shame! But how she wanted it! Oh that clever swine of a boy!

'She's being made to offer herself like a mare in season offers herself to a stallion,' laughed the General cruelly.

'We want to make sure she takes,' replied Rory

Maria realised that she was indeed being made to behave like an animal. It was even worse when the experienced young boy put aside the feather and used his fingers to further tickle up inside her. There was another roar from behind her. Oh God!

The boy said something to Matrak who came over and felt between her now thoroughly wet beauty lips. He nodded approvingly and the boy rubbed a little oil inside her to make her even more moist and slippery. There were more roars from the madly frustrated Hercules who, still unable to reach down with his manacled hands to a manhood that felt ready to explode, was again shaking the bars of his cage as he thrust his manhood against the grille that was keeping it back from Maria's delightfully tempting intimacies.

Then suddenly Matrak unlocked and lifted up the grille.

With a roar of delight Hercules thrust out his now released manhood. Deftly his little overseer guided it between Maria's proffered beauty lips.

'No!' she screamed. It was so huge! She felt as though she was going to be split asunder. But her buttocks still moved back to meet the giant's thrust.

'Ah!' she shouted as she felt it suddenly penetrate up inside her.

'No! No!' she cried, but huge or not, her body was now thrusting back in time with Hercules' repeated thrusts forwards.

It was not a situation that Hercules' overloaded testicles could support for long. Suddenly there was a deeper roar. Hercules' overseer knew what it portended. He quickly gripped the root of the giant's manhood and held it in place inside the girl. There must be no inadvertent withdrawal now.

‘No!’ Maria again screamed as she felt herself being drenched by the giant’s fertilising seed. Desperately she tried to move away from the now firmly penetrating manhood, but the boy held it in place, deeply in place.

Suddenly it was all over.

She felt the subsiding manhood withdraw.

But, thanks to her raised hips, she could still feel the slimy seed, the fertilising seed, slipping down yet further inside her.

With a grin, Matrak pointed out to the General the girl’s twitching beauty lips as she unavailingly tried to expel the giant’s seed.

The General reached into his pocket and produced a metal clamp-like device. It was spring loaded so that once closed, could only be opened with a key. ‘Put that on the bottom of her beauty lips,’ he said to Matrak. ‘It’ll keep them tightly shut and she’ll be quite unable to get at what’s now there.’

He turned to Rory. ‘It’s what we call a breeding clamp,’ he explained, ‘a simpler version of your laced up technique or breeding belts. It was invented by the French for use on the black slave women they used for forcibly breeding more slaves for their plantations.’ He grinned cruelly. ‘And now the wheel has turned. It’s white slaves that I now forcibly breed on my plantation – and I’ve given these cleverly designed breeding clasps a new life.’

Meanwhile Matrak had reached down and, holding the well-soaked beauty lips of Maria close together, snapped the clamp closed. ‘Perhaps we start using these back in Marsa,’ he laughed, as he ran his hand down Maria’s beauty lips, now pulled forward and held tightly shut.

Rory pushed back his chair and stood up.

‘Well General, I think we can now safely leave Hercules’ seed to do its work, whilst you have a closer look at how our circumcised young ladies look prancing round. Then in half an hour’s time, we can come back here and see Hercules performing again with the other young woman you’ve chosen to be fertilised by him.’

‘Will he be ready again so soon?’ the General asked Matrak.

‘Oh, yes, Your Excellency,’ replied Matrak in broken French, ‘this first woman he had since we leave North Africa, his testicles well stocked.’

‘Good!’ the General nodded and followed Rory back up to the auction ring.

## Chapter 19 – LUCIA – THE PERSONAL BODY SLAVE

It was early morning a week later in the private bathroom of the General.

Lucia was dozing on the floor of an alcove off the bathroom, chained by her collar to a ring cemented into the floor. Next to her was a bowl half filled with sweet smelling rose water and beyond her was the General’s marble bath, set into the floor and already filled with refreshing cold water. It was her turn to be on bathroom duty – a duty she had been made to practice carefully by the large fat, but very strict, Negress in charge of the white house girls.

As befitted a girl on bathroom duty she was stark naked, except for the white cotton gloves that were de rigeur for any white slave girl whose duties might involve touching the body of her black Master. She also still wore her nose ring and her wrist and ankle manacles, which the General had decided to leave on her – they made her look even more entrancing.

Oh it was all so horrific, she thought. She, pretty virginal daughter of a respectable Neapolitan family was now one of the personal body servants of a huge black General – young white women who had to dress and undress him, wait on him, bathe him, sleep with him and even degradingly attend to his most intimate toilet. They were duties that also had to be performed for the many houseguests, for the Master enjoyed showing off his plantation and its white slave women.

Her mind raced back to her capture in the terrifying raid on the nunnery; to her equally terrifying circumcision, together with her friend Teresa, in the house of a leading slave dealer in Marsa; to the voyage out here, caged with the other women, in the ship's hold; to her degrading inspection and selection by the General; and to her dismay at being parted from Teresa. Then had come the alarming experience of being slung out over the ship's side, hanging like an animal from a boom with two rope strops passed round her body and being then lowered down to the waiting jolly boat to join the other women who had also been bought by the General.

They had been rowed to the shore and there fastened by their collars in a coffle, which in turn was attached to the back of the saddle of the General's horse. As the horse had trotted up the long twisting path that lead from the shore up to the plantation, they had to run, sweating, behind him – with a black overseer mounted on donkey alongside them, with a long carriage whip in his hand to make sure they did not dawdle.

When they arrived at the plantation, the women had been unfastened from the coffle and handed over to their future overseers – all Negroes, except for hers who was a fat Negress. She had met the other young house slaves – half a dozen French girls, seized by the General as little girls and brought up as slaves on the plantation before being considered old enough to be put to work as house girls. She had been shocked to see that two of them were expectant.

The large Negress in charge of the household had lost no time in time in instructing the new house slave in her duties as one of her Master's personal slave girls – including her duties in her Master's bed as a junior girl, as the girls who were still virgins were called. Every night and every afternoon a senior girl and a junior girl would have to wait naked, kneeling humbly at the foot of their Master's bed on which lay waiting a long thin whippy cane.

Their heads down on the bedclothes they could hear the Master being undressed and bathed by the other girls - and being washed by the girl on duty in his private toilet. Then, when the General snapped his fingers they would have to slip into the bed on either side of him, running their hands and tongues over his body - and squeezing his nipples and playing with his manhood as he lay back in the bed. Always he would hold the cane ready to be applied to a soft little white bottom at the slightest sign of reluctance.

Sometimes that was as far as things went for the black General greatly enjoyed simply the sight and feel of having pretty young white girls lying helpless in his bed – just as he enjoyed being intimately attended on by a girl who was still a virgin and who would be constantly eyeing his manhood with fear and respect.

Sometimes he would take the senior girl, either lying on her back or sometimes, particularly if sodomy was in his mind, kneeling on all fours like a dog. In either case, it was the task of the junior girl, kneeling behind him, to use her tongue and fingers to increase the pleasure that her Master was taking from the senior girl.

The innocent and virginal Lucia had been horrified by her duties and by the constant sight of her Master's manhood. But fear of the cane made her overcome her shame and embarrassment, especially when the intrigued Master felt the now smooth stretch of skin where previously her beauty lips had been. It was a sight that he also enjoyed showing off to his guests, making her not only raise her skirt whilst standing nervously in front of them, but also kneel down, bending forwards, and again raise her skirt to display, alongside each other, the two tight little puckered twin orifices.

Already he had penetrated the rearmost one, painfully sodomising her. How soon would it be, she kept wondering, before he penetrated the other one and took her virginity? Or was it being kept to be offered to King Henri I, the ruler of Ruler of Northern Haiti, on his next visit?

Her reverie was interrupted as she heard heavy footsteps approaching from the bedroom. Hastily she got up onto her knees and assumed the required humble position.

A minute later, the black General was standing naked in the alcove with his muscular legs apart and his hands on his hips and as always he was holding the long whippy cane in one hand. A feeling of power and of pride of ownership spread through him as he looked down at the lovely white circumcised virgin kneeling up at his feet, chained to a ring on the floor with her horrified face level with his manhood.

He reflected on what a splendid purchase she had been. It was one thing to have, as personal attendants, white girls who had been raised on his plantation as slaves, but quite another to have one who only recently had been a shy young girl in her home in Europe and who was still a virgin – one who had been fully circumcised, something he had never seen before.

He snapped his fingers. Nervously Lucia reached forward with her manacled hands and held the black manhood to her bare young breasts. Her bowl was now placed below her belly and between her outspread knees. It was something that she had been made to practice repeatedly and now she was doing it for real. Oh, the shame!

Suddenly she felt her Master's warm flow running down between her breasts and down over her belly. Hastily she adjusted her position over the bowl to make certain that the liquid would trickle into it. She knew that if her Negress overseer found any drops on the floor, she would get the cane.

The flow stopped. She felt her Master stroke her cheek, as if he was patting a pet dog.

'Good little girl,' he said patronizingly.

Lucia could not help being pleased. Her black Master was pleased with her! She looked up at him with an ingratiating little smile.

## Chapter 20 – MARIA - A FIELD SLAVE

At the same as Lucia was attending intimately on the General, Maria was lying on her back in the early morning light, on a little mat in the dormitory hut of the Blue Team. She was secured in the large coffle towards the left hand end, with the women whose bellies were not showing – yet.

On one side of her was Maja, the Catalan girl who had been mated with Hercules shortly after herself. On the other side was the remainder of the coffle. To prevent a mass escape the two ends of the coffle were locked to rings cemented into the floor, thus also keeping the women lying on their backs on their mats spread out in a neat row on the bare earthen floor.

She looked up with loathing at Sergeant Debelle, lying snoring on his large bed, still gripping a half empty bottle of rum.

Oh how awful it was to have to share a dormitory with this odious man! To have to see him parading around naked, his eager long black manhood seemingly always at the ready. To have relieve herself with the other women to his command - to have to watch him doing the same.

Like Maja, she would, she knew, never forget that awful mating with Hercules in front of her new Master, whilst he casually sipped a glass of Marsala with the Bey. The way she had been tied down on all fours in front of his cage and then aroused against her will. The way the chains on the wrists of the roaring giant had prevented him from being able to reach down with his hands to his huge, aroused, manhood. The way, maddened with frustration at the sight of her proffered intimacies, he had again roared in frustration and had furiously shaken the bars of his cage.

Never would she forget the way the little grille set in the bars had then been opened to allow his manhood to reach out towards her and then, steered by his young boy overseer, to penetrate deep down into her. The horrible feeling of being inundated by his seed, of being held down to let it run up inside her and then of having the nasty little breeding clasp locked over her beauty lips to prevent her from getting rid of it.

Almost worse was the knowledge that she had been aroused against her will – the shame of which was something that she tried to block out of her mind.

Then had come her introduction to the terrifying life of a plantation slave. She read about black slaves having to labour under the whip of a strict overseer, but she had not realised that female slaves, whether black or white, were also responsible for producing the future work force, – whether they liked it or not. She looked up the line of women still sleeping on their backs and wondered at the way the coffle was cunningly arranged so that their bellies were increasingly curved as you looked up along the coffle.

My God, was that to be her destiny too? To find herself moving further and further along the coffle as her belly grew and as more women were taken off the end to deliver their precious progeny for the Master?

She had felt a little unease in her tummy that morning. Was it the onset of early morning sickness? My God, was she really now in whelp, as they so degradingly termed it here, continuing the usage of the former white plantation owners and overseers? In whelp by a

black Dinka giant? Was there to be no end to her humiliation? The evening before she had just managed to avoid a caning for not meeting her quota, but could she do so again today? But the terrible overseer had got his revenge, anyway, a little later on.

She had noticed how he seemed to be particularly interested in her and Maja. Perhaps, as girls straight from Europe, they made a change from the formerly overbearing French Creole women who made up the rest of team. She had seen with horror the way, assisted by his nasty little black boy assistant, he used to take his pleasure, every evening, with one or more of the other women, whilst looking at her as if to say: 'Your turn will come soon, my girl!'

Well, it certainly had the previous evening.

After the Sergeant-overseer had fed and watered his team and had tied the coffles down for the night, she had seen that he had undressed. With a sickening heart she watched him coming towards her. He was naked and was carrying his cane. His boy assistant was with him, grinning. As he looked down at her she saw that his manhood, the long manhood of a Negro, was coming into erection. Horrified she could not take her eyes off it. She longed to get up and run, but of course, chained by the neck to her companions lying on either side of her, she was quite helpless.

Turning his back towards her face he knelt over her, as she had seen him do with other women in the cuffle. It was horrible. With his cane he made her reach up with her tongue and lick him whilst he played with his manhood. Oh the shame!

Then he got up and gestured to the boy who used his little cane to make her pull her knees up to her shoulders, keeping her ankles wide apart. She bit her lips as she felt the boy grease her now exposed rear entrance. The boy had stood over her to make her hold the position whilst the overseer himself came and knelt between her legs. She had felt his manhood probing where no man had ever gone before.

Then suddenly she screamed as he penetrated her. She tried to shake him off but the boy held her down. To her dismay she began to feel herself responding to the overseers thrusts – just as she had to those of Hercules. He seemed to go on and on, clearly taking his time as he enjoyed her. Then suddenly she felt him erupt inside her.

She felt him withdraw, but even worse, perhaps, was to follow for he now knelt across her body facing her. He used his cane to make open her mouth and to lick him. Oh, the bitter taste of his seed. It was still in her mouth now, the following morning.

Was it all part of the bitter taste of being the white slave of a black Master?

## EPILOGUE -WHERE TO NEXT?

Rory and the Rais were counting the money they had taken in Haiti.

'Well,' Rory was saying, 'we certainly got off to a good start in Haiti and we've still got most of our stock of slaves. Where next, Captain?'

The Raid picked up a chart of the Caribbean and spread it out on the table.

‘I think we would do well on the south coast of Cuba. There are many rich plantation owners there who’d pay anything to get their hands on white slave-women – and plenty of isolated coves with safe anchorages and good deep-water approaches.’

‘Yes, I’m sure you’re right,’ agreed Rory diplomatically, ‘but I can’t help feeling that we might do even better by first going north to the coast and islands around New Orleans. It’s only a few years since America bought Louisiana off Napoleon, when he was short of money for his long planned invasion of England. Before that it was Spanish and is now also full of new rich American settlers.’

‘Well,’ murmured the Rais, ‘with its cosmopolitan background and many brothels, New Orleans certainly has the reputation of being the most sophisticated and wickedest town in the New World.’

‘And,’ added Rory, ‘it’s the centre of a thriving trade in beautiful quadroon and octoroon slaves. They even breed them there – and sell them at the Octoroon Balls.’

‘But why bother breeding quadroons and octoroons if you can have the real thing - one hundred percent white slaves, fresh from Europe, with a big brass ring through their noses and the brand mark of Marsa on the buttocks to show that they really are slaves?’

‘Our mothers, daughters and sisters would be ideal acquisitions for a so-called Octoroon slave breeding farm. They could establish a pure white breeding line that could make them a fortune – as Matrak had once said.’

‘And moreover,’ enthused the Raid, ‘some of the hard-faced American new plantation owners might well be very interested in the women carrying Hercules progeny. A little Dinka blood could transform the productivity of their plantations.’

‘We could tell them that a combination of buying a couple of girls already carrying his progeny and a mother and daughter and perhaps two sisters, put to Hercules before the owner takes delivery of them, would certainly give him a head start in getting a new half- white, half- Dinka, breeding line established on his plantation.’

Rory stroked his bearded chin thoughtfully.

‘Let’s sleep on it and decide tomorrow,’ he said.

THE END

Editor’s note - ‘Allan Aldiss’ died before Book 3 could be written