

URSULA'S SLAVEGIRL by Allan Aldiss as Hilary James
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PART I

MARRIED BUT IN THRALL TO MY MISTRESS

- 1 - KEPT PURE AND FRUSTRATED

I jumped as I felt my sleeping husband's half erect manhood pressing against my bottom. Thank Heavens, I thought, that John was still asleep and was not groping for my beauty lips, locked as they were under Ursula's awful chastity belt. How silly I had been, I thought, when carried away by the sheer excitement of being seduced by such an internationally sophisticated woman as the famous painter Ursula de Vere, I had agreed to sign an embarrassingly explicit Contract of Personal Service. John had been away abroad on one of his many long trips and I had regarded the contract as just a rather exciting joke.

But since then, every time I had tried to get away from Ursula's thralldom, she had threatened to send a copy of the humiliating contract to John - and, even worse to his mother and sister.

I would, I knew, do anything to stop her doing that - even allowing her to lock me into a chastity belt when she had to let me go home to get our house in the country ready for John's return.

I now gently pushed John back onto his side of the bed. How embarrassing it would be if he found out that another woman had locked his precious wife into a chastity belt. How on earth would I talk my way out of that?

He had only just returned from one of his long trips abroad and naturally had been looking forward to having sex with his beautiful and desirable young wife - just as I, too, had wanted to have sex with him. But, of course, I was not allowed to do so by my implacable Mistress. She controlled my body now - partly with a chastity belt and partly by fear of her cane.

'You're such a sensuous little creature, Emma,' she had said in her distinctive Slav accent, as she locked the horrible belt round my waist, 'that I can't trust you to keep yourself pure for your Mistress. But now, whether you like it or not, you're going to be kept as pure as a nun.'

'Oh, please, no, Madam,' I had begged.

'Oh, yes Emma, yes. And moreover I don't want you getting yourself into a family way.'

'But the pills, Madam,' I said, for Ursula had insisted on putting me on the pill as soon as she heard that John was coming back. 'Surely ... '

'You're such a silly girl, Emma, that I don't know whether I can trust you not to forget to take them, when I'm not there to see that you do. No, this way I can be doubly sure - for I've got some special plans for you when John goes away again - plans that I don't want to risk upsetting.'

'Special plans,' I had repeated. 'How exciting. What are they?'

'Never you mind, Emma. You'll just do as you're told.'

With that, I had to be satisfied, but I could not help wondering what my Mistress had in store for me that made her take such precautions.

I had been mystified in the past about how little I seemed to remember about what had happened on previous occasions when Ursula had had made special plans for me. My memory of them seemed strangely vague. Had she, I often wondered, perhaps had me hypnotised to forget what had happened, or kept me on some drug that would wipe out my memory.

I had strange half memories of being treated sometimes like a tart and sometimes like a dog. If I ever asked her about it, she would become very angry and start reaching for her cane - something that would soon shut me up.

Had I really been used for some shameful purpose? More likely, I told myself it was all just a dream - or a nightmare.

Fortunately, John had accepted my rather glib explanation that it was not the right time for me. Earlier, I had played with him and brought him to a climax, even though I knew that merely doing this would earn me nine strokes of the cane when Ursula made me confess to doing it. But it would have been eighteen if I had let him use my backside or my mouth. Even so, nine strokes! I resolved not to be brain washed into confessing it. Why, I thought, should I?

Whilst pleasuring him, I had let him see and suck my breasts, which he loved doing and which excited me madly too. But, of course, with my chastity belt firmly locked in place, there could be no fun and games for me, no relief. Indeed I had to concentrate on brushing his hands away from my waist and loins for fear that he felt the embarrassing and horribly humiliating chastity belt for which that Ursula had embarrassingly had me specially measured.

Beneath the thick woollen pants that I had specially put on under my satin pyjamas, I could feel the two flat steel chains pressing against my buttocks. They ran up from between my legs, leaving my rear orifice exposed, over my bottom and up to the strong wide rubber band, reinforced with stiff wire, that was locked round my waist by a little flat lock in the small of my back.

Down from the front of the rubber band, of course, ran the flat, cleverly shaped rubber flange, again reinforced with steel wire on the sides, that covered my mound. More to the point it also ran down between my legs to meet the two chains which ran up over my buttocks. Oh how I hated the long narrow slit in the flange, through which my beauty lips were forced and kept tightly compressed - and, hence, my beauty bud itself kept hidden away out of reach.

But even that was not all, for to stop me from using a vibrator merely on the my sensitive beauty lips, Ursula had insisted on the slit being covered with a curved plastic grille, through which not even a feather could penetrate. The plastic grille was hinged at the top and fastened at the bottom by a tiny padlock that hung down innocently between my legs.

Oh, how I hated the way that, in front of her admiring friends, Ursula would unlock the padlock and make me hold up the grille for her to show off my well guarded beauty lips, or to check that they were still as smooth and hairless as those of a little girl.

Oh, how I also hated the cruel way that she and friends would laugh as they saw how, to my embarrassment, my frustrated beauty lips would respond to their fingers by becoming moist and glistening with desire - just indeed as I could feel, beneath the horrible locked grille, that they were at this very moment responding to the nearness of John's aroused manhood.

Oh yes, it was a horribly clever way of keeping a girl pure and unsullied by a masculine manhood, and yet allowed her to spend a penny through the slit and on through the grille. And yet the belt was almost unnoticeable, anyway under panties, except of course to the touch.

Yes, there was little chance of it being detected by a man unless you were dancing with him - and if you were dancing with Ursula or one of her lady friends, then, they would, of course, just love feeling the way their partner was being kept frustrated and pure.

But the belt was not all that all that I was desperately anxious that my husband would not feel. Ursula also insisted that, when I was at home, I must still wear her flexible, shiny metal, dog collar locked round my neck, and hidden under a scarf. This, I knew, was largely psychological - to make sure that I never forgot that she was my Mistress.

Quite apart from constantly feeling it round my neck, I knew that on the front of the collar, next to the ring for attaching a lead, was a metal plaque engraved with Ursula's name, address and telephone number. I could not unfasten the collar for it was fastened with a little lock at the back to which only Ursula held the key.

Oh, how embarrassing it would be if John ever saw that inscription! It was so embarrassing having to hide the collar all the time - even in bed. Like the chastity belt, it constantly reminded me that, married woman or not, I belonged to Ursula. Oh, how she enjoyed having a married woman in her power! Oh, how humiliating it was being sent home by my Mistress, deliberately still looked into the horrible and frustrating chastity belt and with her collar still locked round my neck.

Hesitantly, I put my hands down to the front of the chastity belt, and sucked in my tummy. But, I knew that it was a waste of time - the rubber flange was pressing far tightly against my skin to allow me even to get a little finger underneath it. Oh the frustration! Oh how I longed for a little relief! Oh what a cruel woman Ursula was!

And yet, I knew, it was largely because she kept me so frustrated that, husband not withstanding, I was so besotted by her.

I hated the embarrassing chastity belt. But having to wear it was, I realised, better than Ursula's threatened alternative.

'Yes, Emma,' I remembered she had said, 'the next time Doctor Anna comes back to London, I'm going to talk to her about having you sewn up.'

'Sewn up, Madam?' I had nervously queried.

'Yes, Emma, having Doctor Anna sew up your beauty lips.'

'Oh no!' I had cried out in horror.

'Oh yes! After all many Arabs girls are kept sewn up, and so why not you. Then even you were not locked into a chastity belt, you still couldn't deceive me behind my back by playing with your naughty little beauty bud. You wouldn't also not be able to allow your husband, or any other brute of a man, to drive his manhood up inside you - something I know you love, you little slut.'

'Oh no, Madam,' I had again gasped.

'Oh yes, Emma,' Ursula had laughed cruelly. 'Of course, Doctor Anna would have to write to your fool of husband saying that she had to operate on you in this way for special gynaecological reasons - but that would be no problem. Then I'd know that like it or not you simply could not possibly be unfaithful to me.'

'Oh!' I had cried out.

'And, moreover,' Ursula had calmly continued with a cruel laugh, 'if Doctor Anna also took the opportunity to snip off any protruding inner lips, your now nicely compressed, and hairless, outer lips would look just like those of an innocent little girl. It would be lovely!'

'Oh, no, please, Madam,' I had begged.

'Well, you'll have to make sure that you are faithful to me even when your husband is at home - or you'll be sewn up. You can play with him, provided you tell me afterwards, but it'll cost you the usual nine strokes of the cane - won't it?'

Dumbly I had nodded. Ursula's dreaded standard nine strokes! How often had I tried to lie to Ursula about pleasing John, but she had always got the truth out of me - and had then given me her standard nine strokes of the cane. They may not have always been very hard ones, but they still stung like mad - and left a mark. Oh, how I hated that awful cane of hers. I even had nightmares about it. It seemed to have a malevolent life of it's own.

Ursula used her cane to punish me for the slightest fault: answering her back; forgetting to call her Madam; failing to lay out her silk pyjamas properly; being caught helping myself from one of her silver bowls of delicious chocolates; or not walking three paces behind her in the street - the list was endless, and all earned me, and married grown-up woman, the standard nine strokes.

It was not only the excruciating pain at the time. There was also the shame of it all - for invariably being beaten by my Mistress made me wet with arousal. There was also the highly embarrassing subsequent problem of hiding the marks on my bottom from my husband - and disguising the fact that for two whole days I could scarcely bare to sit down or lie on my back in bed.

'Of course,' Ursula had then gone on, 'it might be more amusing to have Doctor Anna just cut off the tip of your beauty bud. Girls make such a fuss about female circumcision, but it's a very effective of keeping them faithful. And such a simple little snip! And your dolt of a husband would probably not even notice what had been done to you. But you certainly would!'

Female circumcision! My God! What a terrible Sword of Damocles was hanging over my head.

Desperately trying to put all that out of mind, I thought back to the telephone call I had received that very evening from Ursula.

'Be at my house on Thursday at 2 p.m. sharp,' my Mistress had abruptly said.

Then without another word, not even to conform that I could get away, she had put the phone down, leaving me to tell John yet again, that Ursula wanted me to go up to London to give her a hand at the exhibition of her paintings.

Yes, I thought, it was so much easier to make excuses to meet your lover if she was woman, especially a much-admired painter. Even a jealous husband would not normally suspect the truth. But, oh, how these apparently innocent trysts would arouse the most exciting and secret feeling of anticipation - and fear! Now, I could hardly wait for Thursday.

Ursula's pictures, largely of half naked nubile young nubile women, were in great demand. Little suspecting the truth, John was delighted that Ursula had chosen me to be her part-time assistant - and model .

Very rich and highly intelligent, Ursula was a leading personality in the artistic world, a keen supporter of ballet and in particular of young penniless girl dancers.

Tall, with an angular almost boyish figure, dark hair, high cheekbones and a Slavonic accent, she was also a fervent and dominating lesbian who stood no nonsense from the young women in thrall to her - like me!

2 - A STRANGE ORGY

It was at precisely two o'clock the next day that, dressed up to the nines to impress Ursula, I pressed the door bell of Miss Ursula de Vere's West End house.

I had been so excited at the thought of seeing my Mistress again. She was, I thought, bound to take off my chastity belt and give me the relief that she had prevented me getting from my husband. Oh, the thrilling feeling of anticipation!

Ursula's sour faced Italian housekeeper silently let me in. At least there was, no longer, any sign of the awful big Haitian, Sabhu, the terrifying black overseer whom Ursula had so often employed to take charge of her girls. He used to really enjoy supervising and controlling them and we were all really scared of him. I had hated him.

He had, I knew, originally been an animal trainer in a circus, responsible for feeding the caged animals and for teaching them new tricks. Ursula had offered him a job to treat her girls similarly - even me a married woman!

It wasn't so much that he was black that made him so awful. I have always prided myself on having no racist feelings - though undoubtedly there is something very frightening for a sophisticated white woman about being intimately supervised by an uneducated black man, who only spoke broken English with a strong half French, half Caribbean, accent.

What made it worse was more the cruel way in which he treated the women he was supervising and the strict discipline he imposed on them.

Moreover, in his circus days he had also, apparently, specialised in breeding from his charges. I had heard Ursula talking excitedly to her like-minded lady friends about the idea of forced breeding, of imposing an unwanted pregnancy, supervised by Sabhu, on an unwilling girl. It would, they laughed, be the very apogee of imposing a Mistress's will on a girl and of asserting her power over her.

A forced pregnancy! And one supervised by Sabhu. Oh, how awful! Thank God, that it was quite impractical for Ursula to impose that on me, a married woman. Even if she wanted to do so, how on earth could she hide my state from John and from our friends for nine whole months?

Ursula had allowed Sabhu a freehand when it came to punishing us - and no questions asked. All that she would say when she saw the marks of Sabhu's cane on my bottom was: 'I see you've been naughty girl again, Emma.'

Indeed she was just delighted to have to a set of strangely obedient girls, all desperately anxious to please her and her lady friends and clients - for fear of Sabhu's cane, as well as her own one. But he had not been around recently - thank God!

Anxiously I looked around for Ursula. I was so longing to fall into her arms. To my dismay there was no sign of her. Instead the housekeeper pointed to a note lying on the table by the door.

'Emma,' I read, 'go into the alcove and undress. You'll see a dog lead there. Snap the lead onto the ring on the front of your collar and push the end of the lead under the bottom of the door into my bedroom. Then wait for me - on all fours.'

Oh, how exciting! How I loved being my Mistress's little dog, provided, of course, I was the only one - and evidently I was!

The housekeeper led me up to the alcove. It was one I knew well. It had two locked doors: one into outside corridor and the other into my Mistress's sumptuous bedroom. It also contained a small iron-barred punishment cage, like a dog kennel. How often had I had to wait there, naked and locked into the alcove, and sometimes even into the cage, silently waiting for her to finish her siesta and to decide that she now wanted me to pleasure her.

As I followed the house-housekeeper up the stairs I could hear Ursula's voice, and that of another woman, coming from the dining room. Ursula must have invited a lady friend to lunch. How disappointing!

The housekeeper unlocked the door on the corridor and pushed me through it. It was dark. The door shut behind me. But I could hear breathing! There was someone else in the darkened alcove. Scared, I tried to open the door to get out. But in vain, it was firmly locked.

'Let me out!' I cried.

I heard the housekeeper's sardonic laugh and the noise of her footsteps going away down the corridor. I was alone with whoever it was.

'Who are you?' I cried.

'Me Maja,' came back a little whispered voice. 'Me no speak English' There was a little chink of light coming from under the other door, the one into Ursula's bedroom. As my eyes got used to the darkness, I made out a dark haired young girl kneeling on all fours in front of this second door, just as Ursula's note had ordered me to do. I saw she was naked - except for a collar round her neck that looked just like mine. Her full breasts were hanging down beneath her. She looked about eighteen.

I felt furiously jealous at finding a younger girl also apparently waiting to please Ursula. Who was this chit of a girl who spoke no English?

I remembered Ursula's instruction that I, too, was to strip naked. Ursula might be coming upstairs at any moment. She would be furious if she did not find me kneeling abjectly and naked alongside the other girl. It would be cane for me!

That terrifying thought made me forget my jealousy. All I could think about was obeying Ursula's instructions. Hastily I undressed and put my clothes onto a shelf I felt in the darkened cupboard. Then I knelt down alongside Maja, my breasts hanging below me like hers.

I made out a little chain dog lead lying on the floor. Again remembering Ursula's instructions I quickly snapped it onto the ring at the front of my collar. Then I pushed the end of the lead under the door into Ursula's bedroom. I saw that there was another chain lead dog lead there - and that it led back to Maja's collar, again just like mine.

Goodness, how exciting it would be for Ursula to come into her bedroom and see the ends of two dog leads poking out under the alcove door, knowing that each was attached to the collar of a naked girl, humbly kneeling on all fours on the other side of the door, humbly waiting to be summoned for her pleasure. How typical of Ursula to have arranged such an erotic scene.

I now felt something strange pressing against my hip. I looked down and saw that Maja was wearing a rubber chastity belt - again just like mine. I looked enquiringly at her, but she just put a finger to her lips and then shook it admonishingly.

'Not speak,' she whispered softly. 'Get cane!'

Yes, indeed I thought, as the two of us silently knelt there abjectly on all fours next to each other - like little dogs waiting to be summoned by our Mistresses. Indeed, I thought, perhaps this Maja girl was not one of Ursula's girls after all, but belonged to her luncheon guest, and had been put into the cupboard whilst they eat - just as I had.

My feeling of jealousy abated. Poor girl, like me she was perhaps in thrall to a dominating woman.

It was some time before I heard voices and, then, the sound of footsteps going into Ursula's large and sumptuous bedroom. I heard cupboards being opened, and the swishing noise of clothes being taken off and satin ones put on. I recognised Ursula's cruel laugh.

'Shall we let the little dogs out, and put them to work?' I heard a strange woman's voice ask in a Scandinavian accent.

'Why not?' I heard Ursula laugh. 'I can't wait to try out your clever little toy, Sonja. It's already giving me quite a thrill. I think my little dog's going to have a quite a shock!'

'Oh, I think you'll find she soon learns,' came the reply. 'Mine did!'

There was a swishing noise, this time as of a cane being swept through the air and then being brought down onto the bed.

'Well, she'd jolly well better!' I heard Ursula grunt.

I shuddered with fear. What was it that I was going to be made to learn to do under the threat of the cane? It would be so humiliating, me a thirty year

old married woman, being treated like a naughty schoolgirl, in front of this young girl.

Moments later, I felt a tug on the chain lead attached to my collar and the door into the bedroom opened. I blinked in the sudden light. Then I saw Ursula standing before me. She was dressed in a long green negligee of heavy satin. She was holding the lead to my collar in one hand. But I could not help trembling when I saw what she was holding in her other hand: a long whippy cane with a curved handle.

Standing next to her was a slightly shorter slim woman: evidently Sonja. She looked as though she was in her forties and her eyes had the same hard look, ruthless, look of Ursula's. But whereas Ursula had the typical dark haired, thin faced, look of a Slav, Sonja had the softer blond look of a Scandinavian. She was holding the pretty dark haired Maja's lead in her hand - but, like Ursula, she too was holding a cane.

She pulled the crawling Maja towards her. Then she thrust her tummy forward and I was now astonished to see a very realistic, pink, rubber manhood thrust itself forward through the parting at the front of her long negligee.

'Emma!' ordered my Mistress, giving my lead another tug and raising her cane menacingly, 'watch carefully!'

Open mouthed, I watched as Sonja put the hand that held the dog lead down to the dildo. She began to move it up and down gently - like a man masturbating. She gave a little cry of ecstasy.

Then she took her hand away and snapped her fingers. Immediately Maja crawled forward. Then, like a dog that has been taught to sit up and beg, began to tickle the tip of the dildo with the tip of her tongue. As she wriggled her tongue from side to side, Sonja again began to cry out in ecstasy.

I realised that the dildo must be a special double one, with the other half hidden inside Sonja. The slightest vibration of the part being tickled, evidently was cleverly, and thrillingly, being repeated inside her, hence the evident ecstasy.

Ursula now pulled me towards her loins. A similar pink manhood appeared in the front of her negligee. She too held it between her fingers and began to move it up and down like a man pleasuring himself. She too began to moan in ecstasy.

'Now make your girl tickle it with her tongue,' said Sonja.

Ursula snapped her fingers and raised her cane. Remembering what I had seen Maja do, I too sat up on my ankles and began to wriggle my tongue across the tip of the rubber dildo. There was a gasp of pleasure from Ursula.

'Go on, girl, go on!' she cried tapping me on my bare bottom with her cane. Desperately I went on, until my muscles were aching.

'Now make her suck it, like mine is doing,' cried Sonja. I saw that Maja had taken her dildo into her mouth and was gently moving it up and down - evidently giving her Mistress much pleasure as she did so. I did the same.

'Oh, how wonderful!' I heard Ursula's voice coming from above my nodding head. Then I felt another sharp tap on my bottom. 'Keep at it, girl!'

There was silence broken only by the cries of pleasure from the two older women.

'Now get your girl to do this!' suddenly cried Sonja. I saw that, sweeping the folds of her negligee aside and gripping Maja's hair to hold her head still, she then stepped over the kneeling girl so that the girl's body was now hidden behind her, and under the heavy satin of her negligee.

Still gripping the girl's hair, she now gripped her head between her thighs and pressed her face up to the base of the double dildo.

Astonished, I now saw that that hanging down below the dildo was a rubber scrotum, which was now being avidly licked by Maja. Once again the action of her tongue was producing delicious vibrations not only inside Sonja, but also thanks to little rubber studs, along her beauty lips and onto her beauty bud itself.

Seconds later I found myself being similarly gripped between my Mistress's thighs and forced by more sharp taps of her cane to use my tired tongue to alternatively lick and tickle the scrotum of her double dildo.

Finally with raucous cries both women reached their climaxes and fell back exhausted onto the bed - but each was still holding her girl's lead.

Aroused under our chastity belts, but kept totally frustrated by them, Maja and I looked sympathetically at each other as we stood on either side of the bed.

But not long, for both our Mistress's quickly recovered and demanded our services again.

Once again we had to tickle the tips of their dildoes - thus time kneeling by their sides on the bed, our heads nodding up and down in time, as our Mistresses laughed and cried out in an ecstasy that seemed to go on and on.

3 - CANED BY MY MISTRESS

Well, little Emma,' said Ursula two hours later, in a deceptively gentle voice, as I stood in front of her desk like a naughty little child. 'And were you a good girl when you were at home?'

I trembled before replying for I could see the cane lying on her desk. It was long and whippy. I knew it could hurt like mad.

'Oh yes, Madam,' I lisped like a little girl, hoping against hope that I would not be found out, for under the swirling little girl's party dress, that I always had to wear in Ursula's house, I could feel that I was aroused - and frustrated. Oh how humiliating it was being made by Ursula to have to dress like a little girl, over my chastity belt.

At least she was not giving one of her parties. It was bad enough when she made me take off my scarf and lift up my dress to show off my collar and my chastity belt to her laughing and similarly minded lady friends. At least they probably often treated their own girls in this way.

But it was quite another matter to have to stand making polite conversation to strange men, whilst all the time feeling the collar pressing against my neck and the chastity belt pressing against my beauty lips. I would be terrified lest the scarf might slip or the swirling skirt might flare up - and reveal all.

Oh the shame! But, also, oh the exciting feeling of being utterly in Ursula's power. And as an outward sign of being in her power, I always had to wear a pink ribbon in my hair.

Every time I looked in a mirror to admire myself, there it was, the pink ribbon, - a permanent reminder of being in Ursula's thrall.

I now turned to go to back the Nursery, as my little room was called. But then came the words that I had been dreading.

'Not so fast, young Emma. Come here and tell me how you got on with John, after his long absence abroad. Did he discover your chastity belt or the collar?'

'Oh no, Madam,' I cried. 'That would have been too embarrassing.'

'Yes, I expect it would have been,' laughed Ursula. 'So what happened? Well?'

'Nothing, Madam' I said nervously

'Don't lie to me girl.' She picked up the cane. 'What happens to little girls to lie to their Mistresses?'

I bit my lips.

'Well?' said Ursula in her most hypnotic voice. 'Well, what happens to them, little Emma?'

'They get double the normal number of strokes, Madam,' I finally blurted out.

'So you'd better hurry up and tell me just what happened, hadn't you? Better nine strokes than eighteen! Well?'

'I... I ... played with him Madam.'

'With your mouth?'

'Oh no, Madam, no!' I lied, knowing that would mean eighteen strokes. 'Only with my hands!'

'You disgusting, little girl, playing with a man. Can't you control yourself? This means the cane. Doesn't it.'

'Yes Madam,' I sobbed. Then I added, lisping appealingly like a little girl, 'But only five strokes, please, Madam. I just can't take any more.'

I was in tears, but Ursula was implacable.

'You knew very well that the punishment for what you did is nine strokes and nine strokes is what you're going to get.'

Nine strokes, I thought in horror. Oh my God!

She rang a bell on her desk and Francesca, her Italian housekeeper came bustling into the room. It was almost as if she had been waiting eagerly outside the door.

'She's going to be beaten,' Ursula explained, 'and I don't want her disgracing herself onto the carpet. Take her away and make sure she spends a penny. Then bring her back here for her caning!'

Oh it was all so humiliating being handed over to the tender mercies of a foreign servant. And Francesca really enjoyed it as she took me to the loo and silently stood over me, as if I were a little girl, as blushing I spent a penny - me a grown woman!

At least, I thought, she was a woman and not the terrible black Sabhu. He had really enjoyed supervising Ursula's girls even in their most intimate moments. Oh how I had hated him - and feared him, too. If only, I used to think, that Ursula realised just how awful and cruel he was, she would have got rid of him. Perhaps she had, for there had been no sign of him recently.

'Now you get a good caning,' the housekeeper gloated as, holding me by the scruff of my neck, she knocked on the study door and pushed me back into the room. I was trembling like a leaf.

Ursula was busy reading some papers as I stood in front of her desk nervously wringing my hands, my eyes fixed on the dreaded cane. I put on my most winsome smile. Perhaps I could charm my way out of a caning.

Finally my terrifying Mistress put down her papers and looked up at me. She ignored my little nervous smiles.

'Bend over the desk,' she ordered harshly, slowly getting up from her chair.

Scared stiff, I did so, reaching forward to grip the far edge of the desk, looking straight ahead and raising my self up on my toes, in the way that I had been trained to do. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her pick up her cane. There were swishing noises as she made several practice strokes. I was terrified.

I felt her lift up my skirt with the cane.

'Get more up on your toes!' she ordered. 'Head up! Present your buttocks properly.' Nervously I looked at the wall in front of me and thrust my bottom back.

'Count, girl!' came an angry order.

'One stroke, Madam!' I called out my voice almost choked with tears.

There was a swishing noise and a sudden feeling of fire across my bare bottom. I screamed with pain and couldn't stop myself from jumping up, and rubbing my bottom.

I could see Ursula smiling as she again raised the cane.

'Down!' she ordered.

'Again I bent over and presented my bottom.

There was a long pause. How I was asking myself, was I going to hide the marks of the cane from my husband, John, when I went back home that evening? Then, putting that aside, I added, lispng, as I knew I must: 'This little girl thanks her kind Mistress for rightly punishing her.'

There was another swishing noise. Again I screamed and jumped up. Again I thanked my Mistress. Again I wondered how I was going to hide the marks. But that, I knew, was all part of the enjoyment that Ursula got from beating me, a married woman. That and the feeling of even greater power that came from knowing that I would not be able to sit down properly in my own home for a couple of days, or even lie on my back in my husband's bed.

I screamed even louder with the third stroke and started to cry. How could I stand another seven strokes? But somehow I did.

Would beating me, arouse my Mistress, so that she would order me to her bed, I wondered half excited, though I knew that she would not allow me any pleasure - I was in disgrace! My chastity belt would remain in place.

I was sobbing hard when my Mistress put down her cane.

'Get upstairs and wait for me in my bed - naked and under the bedclothes. Now get out!'

Thrilled and yet still in great pain I scuttled out of the room, rubbing my bottom, and passed Francesca who had obviously been listening, gloating, through the half open door.

My bottom was still on fire as I slipped out of my little girl's dress and slipped down into the darkness between the satin sheets of Ursula's luxurious bed, taking care to remain on all fours. I gave a little cry of pain as I felt the top sheet pressing on my poor bottom.

Then I remained quite still.

Minutes later I heard Ursula footsteps come into her room. I heard her undress and the running of taps from the bathroom. There was a swishing noise as she slipped into her silk open peignoir.

Suddenly there was a flash of light as she pulled back the sheets and climbed into bed. Then, there was darkness again. I felt her long legs thrusting down on either side of me, as I crouched under the sheets.

I felt her grip my hair and guide my face down to between her parted legs. 'Lick, girl, lick - unless you want to feel the cane again.'

Terrified, I applied my tongue to her beauty lips, seeking out her aroused beauty bud. I reached forward to squeeze gently her aroused nipples. Soon I heard her moaning with pleasure. I did not dare to speak or call out. I could feel myself becoming aroused too. I longed to put my hand down between my legs, but I did not dare to do so. I knew that Ursula would notice at once if I once moved my hands off her small hard breasts. There would be no satisfaction for me today!

Suddenly there was a cry from Ursula and my mouth filled with her juices. She gripped my hair even tighter.

'Suck!' She ordered. 'Go on suck!' For what seemed ages I went on alternatively sucking and licking whilst my Mistress seemed to come and come in one climax after another, before lying back satiated.

I still did not dare to move

'Now listen carefully, little girl.' I heard her say, at last. Now what, I wondered nervously. But to my surprise the tone of her voice changed

'Would you like to come away with me, little Emma, when your husband goes of again?' she asked in a nice friendly voice, as if she were talking to a friend rather than a mere pleasure girl.

My heart went into my mouth when I heard these words. I knew, of course, that she had something special planned for me when John went away again. I also knew that she was planning to go off abroad herself. But I had never thought that she might invite me to go with her. How exciting!

But, I thought suspiciously, what would be my role? Her companion, or just her maidservant?

Ursula! Oh how I sometimes hated her and her obsession with power - of power over young women, especially if they were married and upper class ones - like me!

It was one thing, I knew, to pop up to London to see her once a week, when John thought she was taking me off to an art appreciation class. It would be quite another to go off on holiday with her.

Ursula, I knew, was like a drug. I knew I should not see her or have anything more to do with her. But I also knew that I simply could not stop seeing her. Life was so dull without her! Even being in her power was all so unbelievably exciting - not knowing what was going to happen next!

It could, of course, at times be very painful, as I had just been reminded. Not only did Ursula have a strong cruel and sadistic streak, but she also had a quick temper and was an adroit wielder of the cane. But somehow the constant threat of punishment made it all the more exciting!

'I thought we might both go to Vienna together,' I heard her say, as I cowered under the bedclothes. Vienna, I thought, well!. How romantic. And just the two of us.

'I know that John is going away again for several months shortly,' I heard her continue,' and so I rang him to say that I thought that a little trip abroad with me would cheer you up. He agreed and thanked me effusively.'

How typical, I thought, of Ursula to straight to John behind my back, as if I were still a child. But even so how thrilling it all sounded.

'We could,' she went on in a strangely hypnotic voice, have great fun together!'

Fun together! The words rang through my mind. Oh, how thrilling!

'Don't worry about clothes or money. I'll fix you up with what you'll need out there.'

How exciting! And she was going to buy me some new clothes! And there was no mention of the dreaded Sabhu, who had caused me so much grief when I previously been with Ursula.

'Just arrive at the airport dressed and made up to look like a teenager,' Ursula went on, 'with a pink ribbon in your hair.'

Even more exciting, I thought. I knew that Ursula, like many of her lady friends, liked to dress and treat her girls as schoolgirls.

'And, of course,' she went on, 'we don't want the metal wires, that strengthen your rubber chastity belt, triggering off the alarm when you pass through the security check at the airport, so I'll give you the key at the airport so that you can take it off in the Ladies and put it into a little bag which I'll put into my make-up case. Anyway we won't need it on your holiday.'

Wonderful! So I was not going to be locked into the horrible chastity belt during our holiday together. Oh how thrilling! All my earlier hesitation about going off with Ursula was swept aside.

'Yes,' I heard her say, 'it will all be a new experience for you. And little girl, if you don't want to come I can always get someone else.'

A feeling of intense jealousy swept through me. Some one else! No! No! Plucking up my courage, I dared to make a little moan of protest from under the bedclothes. I heard her laugh.

'So little Emma wants to come with her Mistress, does she?'

Again I made a little moan, this time of affirmation.

'Well,' I heard her say. 'I think you'd better use your tongue again - to persuade your Mistress not to change her mind.'

I lowered my head again. Never have I licked and sucked so eagerly. Vienna, I was thinking,- and alone with Ursula! Oh, the excitement!

The next few days passed in a mad rush as I saw John off on his long trip and then prepared to shut up the house whilst I was away.

Ursula had cunningly arranged things so that I would not see her again until we met at the airport. Oh the anticipation! Oh the excitement of going off alone with Ursula! Oh the thrill of not knowing just what we would be doing, nor where we would be going nor for how long - for I had not dared to ask Ursula these questions.

It was, I had to admit, thrilling being so completely in Ursula's power. But I would have been appalled if I had then known just what she had in store for me.

4 - SABHU!

I was so excited when I arrived at the airport. I was going off on holiday alone with my Mistress. And I was free from the horrible chastity belt.

It was when I saw Sonja there, with three very pretty girls in tow, that I had my first doubts - for, like me, they were all dressed as teenagers and wearing pink ribbons in their hair. And one them was poor Maja! Sonja waved to Ursula. They were obviously expecting to meet each other at the airport and to travel together.

Suddenly I noticed a strong family resemblance between the two other girls. Were they sisters, I wondered.

I knew, of course, that Ursula loved having a pair of sisters in thrall. She would seduce one of them and then make the other so jealous that she too allowed herself to be seduced, thinking that she had seen off her sister, only to discover that both of them were handed over to the dreaded Sabhu to be humiliatingly trained by him, through fear of his cane, to perform together in her bed - and to earn her large sums, often indeed like me, in the beds of her lady clients.

Then I looked more closely and to my astonishment saw that under her clever make-up, one of the two girls, whilst still being very beautiful, was really a good deal older than the other. Goodness, I thought, were they a mother and daughter, both in to thrall to Sonja?

I knew, of course, that to have a lovely woman, still in her thirties, and her equally pretty sixteen or seventeen year-old daughter, both carefully trained to pleasure their Mistress together, and both jealous of each other, was considered by Ursula and her friends to be the very height of eroticism - as indeed, I had heard, it was also still considered to be in the harems of rich Arab sheiks.

My astonishment at this discovery was overtaken by finding, to my disappointment, that instead of travelling first class alone with Ursula, I was to be put in Economy Class, next to Sonja's three girls, who, like Maja, seemed to speak virtually no English.

As previously arranged, Ursula now handed me a little bag and the key of my chastity belt so that I could take it off in the Ladies loo before going through the security check.

'And hurry back,' she admonished.

Moments later I handed her the now full little bag, which she put into her make-up case. Oh it was so wonderful to be free of the horrible chastity belt. Our lovely holiday together, I felt, was really beginning.

But once in the aircraft, I found it impossible to have a sensible conversation with Sonja's girls though it was clear that, like me, they were thrilled to be going off on holiday with their Mistress.

'We go on lovely holiday,' they kept repeating. 'You too?'

'Oh yes,' I replied confidently.

Meanwhile Ursula and Sonja were drinking champagne in the front of the plane, and occasionally coming back to check up on us.

'But, Madam,' I plucked up enough courage to say to Ursula on one of these visits, 'I thought you and I were going to be alone together.'

'Oh don't worry, little Emma,' Ursula replied in a soothing tone, 'It's all going to be so exciting for you.'

Re-assured, and assuming that the other girls were destined for a quite different holiday with their Mistress, I turned to look at a map of Austria. How close Vienna was, I saw, to the borders with Hungary, Slovakia, The Czech Republic and even Slovenia and Croatia. How exciting! I had never been to any of them. Would Ursula be taking me to see something of them too?

Arriving at Vienna airport, Sonja took Maja and her mother and daughter off, leaving Ursula and I to have some delicious Viennese cakes and coffee. Ursula was talking away about her paintings. Oh, it was so wonderful to be alone with her and to be treated by her as a friend.

Then suddenly Sonja reappeared. She was alone. But Ursula was evidently expecting her.

'Everything alright?' Ursula asked

'Yes they're safely locked up,' Sonja replied mysteriously.

'Then I'll bring this one too,' said Ursula, paying the bill. Then telling me to carry her case, she gripped my arm and we followed Sonja out into a large and dimly lit car park.

We stopped at a smart looking Mercedes and I put her luggage into the boot. But then I was astonished when she turned to a black windowless van, parked alongside the Mercedes. Again she gripped my arm tightly as if to prevent me from running away. I felt Sonja gripping my other arm. What was going on?

Suddenly a large black figure appeared. I did not at first recognise him. Then suddenly I realised that it was Sabhu. Sabhu was here!

When he had suddenly disappeared from the scene, I had assumed that he had gone back to Haiti having made a fortune from the generous tips that Ursula's delighted lady friends and clients used to give him.

But in fact he must have come here. What was he doing?

Then I saw that a black boy was with him, dressed, like him, in a smart blue suit.

My mind was racing. Oh my God, I thought, had Ursula tricked me into coming here? Had all her talk of a lovely holiday together just been bait to lure me into a trap?

I turned to run away. But Sabhu gripped me firmly by the arm. But before I could say a word of protest, the boy had opened a small door in the side of the van and Sabhu had pushed me into it.

Vaguely I made out sacks of potatoes. Several were pulled back to disclose a trapdoor in a partition. I was pushed down onto my knees and then thrust through it.

I was in darkness. I heard the trapdoor being slammed shut and locked. I could hear the sacks being dragged back to hide it. Then I heard the outer door also being slammed shut and locked. I stumbled over something. It was soft flesh. It was a woman's body! There was a muffled groan.

As my eyes got used to the darkness, I saw in front of me a row of small seats. One seat was still empty, but sitting strangely quiet on the others were Sonja's three girls.

'What's happening?' I cried but the only reply was some stifled little cries.

Suddenly a light came on in this secret compartment and I saw that the girls had all been gagged with black leather gags fastened at the back of their necks.

They were wriggling in their seats and I saw that their hands were held behind their backs by handcuffs, which were fastened to rings in the back of each seat. In the empty seat there was also a spare set of handcuffs.

I also noticed that I could not hear anything from outside the compartment and I saw that it was lined with some sort of acoustic padding. Goodness, I thought, even if the girls had not been gagged, any cries for help would not be heard from outside.

What a clever way, I realised, it was for transporting abducted girls, or even a beautiful mother and daughter. No one would be interested in a van carrying a boring load of potatoes and, even if they were, they would not easily find the hidden partition.

I turned as I heard another door open, this time at the front of the compartment. There, facing me, stood Sabhu and the black boy. Tucked under their arms were wicked looking dog-whips. The boy was holding a black leather muzzle-like gag. Sabhu slowly closed the door and turned towards me.

Terrified, I rushed to the small trap door at the back through which I had been pushed, and tried in vain to find a handle to open it

Sabhu laughed cruelly.

'Oh no little Emma,' he said in his distinctive French Caribbean accent, 'you not get out. You not escape. Oh no, Miss de Vere bring you here for something special - very special. Yes, you and your little friends all destined for something very special. You all now just think of yourselves as slavegirls and I as your head overseer. And you earn Miss de Vere and her friends much money - and I much enjoy preparing you and getting you nice and ready.'

Something special, I thought, something for which I had to be prepared and got ready. What on earth could he mean? I remembered Ursula also saying, when she had locked me into the horrible chastity belt, before allowing me home, that she had special plans for me.

'But ... Miss de Vere has brought me here ... to have a holiday alone with her ... whilst my husband is away,' I babbled incoherently.

'Oh yes, girl, you have a lovely holiday all right - like other girls,' he again laughed cruelly. 'A lovely holiday - but not doing what you expected. No - not quite! Yes, you and your little friends here never guess what's going to happen to you. And husband, he never guess what you used for. But you earn a nice big tip for Sabhu!'

Then before I say another word, moving surprisingly quickly for so large a man, he suddenly manhandled me down on the spare seat. Deftly he forced my hands behind my back and into the spare pair of handcuffs. They closed with a click. I was helpless.

I opened my mouth to cry out but immediately the Sabhu thrust a couple of pills into my mouth. I tried to spit them out, but the black boy stroked my throat to make me swallow them.

'Yes, little girl,' laughed Sabhu, 'you swallow special pills. One start making you nice and ready and the other make you sleepy for journey.'

I gasped in horror. I was being drugged! And once again Sabhu had used that mysterious expression about starting to make me nice and ready. Ready for what? It was to be a question I would soon be asking myself over and over again.

I cried out in protest but quickly and deftly the boy pushed the leather gag, he was holding, into my mouth. Almost before I had realised what was happening he I heard the click of a padlock behind my neck. The gag was locked in place. As I was soon to learn, he may have only been a boy, but he certainly knew what he was doing when it came to handling girls.

I felt a stiff rubber flange pressing down on my tongue, rendering me mute. The leather gag fitted tightly over my mouth and down under my chin keeping my mouth shut. I could now only make little moaning noises - like those I had heard from the other girls.

Satisfied, Sabhu left the partition, leaving his young black acolyte to watch over us.

Moments later I heard the engine start and then felt the van drive off. Where, I wondered, was I being taken? And why? Evidently it was to some strange place, and for some strange purpose. Ursula had tricked me. Oh my God!

The only feeling of relief I had was that at least Sonja's girls were with me. But they, too, had obviously tricked. What awful fate awaited us that was so dreadful that such extreme precautions had to be taken to ensure that we arrived at our unknown destination not knowing where we were - and chained and gagged?

Then the boy turned to me.

'You!,' he said, 'up!'

He motioned to raise myself up in my seat. Too scared to disobey, I did so. Immediately he lifted up my skirt - right up to my waist. I blushed madly for Ursula had insisted that I travel naked under my skirt. Moreover, of course, she had insisted that I kept myself carefully depilated, for she liked the "little girl" look.

The black boy smiled at the sight of my smooth and hairless beauty lips. Then to my utter horror he ran his hands expertly as if appraising them. But what, I thought, could a young black boy like him know about women?

'Me Joseph,' he said. 'Me overseer of slavegirls in Preparation. You obey me - always.' He raised his dog whip. 'Or else!'

Slavegirls in Preparation! What slavegirls, I thought, and in preparation for what? Had he, I wondered, already treated the other three girls like this before I arrived. Was this black boy establishing his authority over us? How humiliating for grown women to be spoken to like that by a mere boy. And how strange that he appeared to think nothing of making us bare our bodies in front of him.

Soon I began to feel more and more drowsy. I saw that the other girls were already half asleep. I remembered the strange pills. Then I, too, fell asleep.

Once I awoke, vaguely aware that the van had stopped. Was it at a traffic light, or at a filling station? Vaguely I remembered the map I had seen in the aircraft. Had we gone across a frontier - or, perhaps, more than one? What strange country was I being taken to? Slovakia or Slovenia? Hungary or Croatia? My God!

Was this, I drowsily asked myself, the reason for this strange van with its secret partition? Busy Frontier Guards would not bother to check a small van with a load of dull vegetables. And doubtless Sabhu had been given a large sum of money to bribe, if necessary, the notoriously poorly paid Eastern European Guards.

I longed to call for help. But, gagged as I was, I was helpless. My companions were still asleep.

Clearly, we were valuable merchandise. But, for what purpose we were going to be used? And me a married woman!

Again I fell asleep.

The next time I awoke, I saw that the other girls were also half awake. The van was still rumbling on. How long had I been asleep? I tried to look at my watch but with my wrists chained behind my back was unable to see it.

Just where, I wondered, were we?

DISCIPLINED AND PREPARED - BUT FOR WHAT?

5 - MY BREAKING-IN STARTS

What seemed some hours later, I suddenly felt the van stop again and this time the engine was switched off. Had we arrived, I wondered, at our mysterious destination? But, if so, where was it?

Suddenly Sabhu came into the little secret compartment. 'These all valuable fresh supply for Doctor - and all they very popular with clients,' he said mysteriously to the black boy in his broken English, with a half Caribbean and half French accent. Then silently he locked a flexible collar round each of the girl's necks and then round mine, too. The collars seemed strangely familiar. I saw a little bump at the back of each one.

Goodness, I realised, they were ones like those used to stop dogs from straying, the ones which gave a dog a sharp electric shock, if he crossed a cable buried round the edge of your garden. Were we going to be treated like dogs too - prevented from straying, or escaping from where ever we had now been taken?

Watched by a grimly silent Sabhu, the black boy, Joseph, now snapped dog leads onto a ring at the front of each of our collars. How humiliating, I thought.

Then he unfastened each of the other girls' handcuffs from the ring behind her seat. Followed by a grinning Sabhu, the boy led the three women, by their leads, out of the van, leaving me there, alone with my thoughts, still muzzled and chained to a seat.

Nearly an hour later they came back for me. They were both carrying those vicious looking little dog-whips. What, I wondered, had they done with the other girls?

It was getting dark as they led me out, still gagged and with my wrists still handcuffed behind my back. They kept on purposefully tapping my bottom, through my thin teenage dress, with their dog whips so as to keep me moving. I had the brief impression of being in the courtyard of a large building, like a castle. I made out what seemed to be a large iron grille across the entrance to the courtyard.

Then, I was hustled in through a small door into a well heated, whitewashed, stone-floored corridor. I heard the door being locked behind me. Here, my arms still gripped by Sabhu, I was led up to a strong looking door. The black boy unlocked it and at the same time pressed the buttons of an electronic lock on the wall.

Goodness, I thought, what with the iron grille, the special collars and the locks on the doors, they were certainly making it pretty impossible for a girl to escape.

They took me into a large room that was like a cross between a bathroom and a changing room. There were small windows of opaque glass, high up and barred - like in a prison. There was a line of showers along one wall and a line of metal cupboards along another. Strangely, in the middle of the room was a line of loos, but there didn't seem to be any privacy. Across the room and facing the loos was a long high bench.

I noticed a small television camera high up on the wall. It had a little red light - presumably showing that it was switched on. It was pointing straight at me. Goodness, I thought, is someone watching or recording the scene on a video? Goodness!

My muzzle was now removed. I was about to cry out, demanding an explanation. But immediately Sabhu ordered: 'Keep silent!' and raised his dog-whip menacingly. Still handcuffed, I was led up to one cupboard which I was astonished to see was already marked "Emma".

The black boy opened it. Hanging in it was a very pretty little girl's party dress and a frilly little short child's nightdress. How odd I thought. I saw that they had been altered to fit a grown-up but were still both very short. There was also a schoolgirl's black gymslip and white gym shoes. Next to that was an Eastern looking, heavily embroidered, short bolero-like cape. On a shelf there were several lovely looking blue silken garments and a pretty gold

embroidered cap with a long tassel. Below was also a pair of very pretty Turkish slippers.

The black boy began to unfasten my sensible brown travelling shoes and then, to my embarrassment, my skirt. Unable to push him away, or cry out in protest I just cringed back.

'You keep still, girl!' shouted Sabhu. He raised his dog-whip warningly. My skirt fell to my ankles. Moments later my panties and then my stockings followed. I blushed, knowing that I was now naked below the waist. The black boy made me step out of the skirt and of the panties, which he then nonchalantly hung up in the cupboard. I was now just wearing my blouse and bra. Then he unlocked my handcuffs from behind my back. But my feeling of relief was short lived.

'Clasp hands behind neck!' he ordered.

Then he led me, by my lead, to the long bench facing the line of loos.

'Up!' he ordered, giving me a sharp tap on my bare bottom with his dog whip. Biting my lips with embarrassment I stood up, half naked, on the bench.

The boy now began to unbuttoned my blouse and unfasten my bra. I wanted to push him away, but with a free hand he raised his dog whip warningly. Oh, how embarrassing it was to have to let myself be stripped by a little black boy.

The boy now went to a cupboard and returned with a strange-looking little glass bottle to which was attached a small rubber bulb.

'Keep still!' he ordered. Then he squeezed the rubber bulb and placed the lip of the little bottle over one of my nipples. Keeping the bottle pressed against my breast, he released the rubber bulb, presumably making a vacuum in the bottle. Instantly I felt my nipple being pulled, further and further out. He repeated the process on both my breasts until my nipples remained strangely extended.

Indeed, it would have been quite exciting had it not been done by a horrid black boy armed with a dog- whip.

'We do this three times a day - also get you nice and ready,' the boy said laconically. 'Very important get nipples nice and long,' he added mysteriously.

Meanwhile, Sabhu had placed a small glass bowl onto the still lowered cover of one of the loos. He had also put down his dog-whip and picked up a riding whip with a short lash.

I noticed that the little television camera was following me. How awful! Indeed I scarcely like to write about what then happened, for it was so horrible and embarrassing. However it played such an important part in my breaking-in, that I feel it would be wrong to leave it out.

'Now, girl, you listen carefully,' said Sabhu harshly, running the lash of his whip impatiently through his hands in a way that made me feel scared. Although I hated it when he called me, a married woman, "girl", the mere sight of his whip put any idea of protesting right out of my mind. I remembered that he was my overseer and that, as far as he was concerned, I was just a slave girl.

'When you hear order: "Prepare to Perform" Sabhu went on harshly. 'On this order, you stand at Attention on bench with hands still clasped behind neck and eyes fixed straight ahead. But you also part legs, bend knees and relax belly muscles. You get ready pass liquid wastes.'

I nodded. Oh how awful, I thought, to have this dreadful black man giving orders to a woman about such intimate things. How humiliating! I blushed with embarrassment.

'Now we practice,' said Sabhu.

'Prepare to Perform,' he suddenly shouted like a drill sergeant, accompanying his order with a loud crack of his whip.

Scared stiff, and feeling like a frightened performing animal being controlled by his trainer, I did as I had been ordered.

'Legs wider apart! Knees more bent,' Sabhu said, tapping me humiliating on my tummy with his whip. Then he nodded to Joseph who was standing behind me. 'Keep quite still,' he ordered raising his whip.

I then felt the boy's hands come round my waist, feeling my belly and then, horror of horrors, going down between my parted legs and onto my bare beauty lips. I bit my lips and did not dare to move. I felt him part the lips. I was so ashamed. But worse was to follow.

'You press beauty lips against overseer's hand to give secret signal that you now ready to perform. We now practice. Yes?'

Oh, the humiliation, the sheer degradation, of having to practice giving a little secret wriggle with my beauty lips, first into Joseph's podgy hands and then into Sabhu's rough ones.

Finally they were satisfied that I had learnt to give the proper signal. 'This slave, she ready,' I heard him report to Sabhu in his strong African accent. Oh, the ignominy!

'Good!' said Sabhu. He turned to me.

'On order "Down", you jump off bench and face loo, again standing at Attention with hands behind neck.'

'Down!' he ordered, with another terrifying crack of his whip. Hastily I jumped down and, again standing at Attention, faced the loo with glass bowl on it. Little did I then imagine what I was then going to be made to do.

'Next order will be: "Position for Performing!". Keeping hands clasped behind neck and raising knees high in air, you then prance forward to loo. You straddle it, facing wall. You keep hands clasped behind neck with knees bent. You place yourself so that wastes drop into glass bowl. If not all in bowl, you lick up! Understand?'

Still terrified by the sight of his whip, I nodded dumbly.

He pointed to the watching television camera 'And you bend forward to display yourself properly to camera behind you - and to supervising overseer.'

Oh, how shame-making, I thought.

There was pause and then he shouted: 'Position for Performing!'

Hastily I pranced forward, straddled the loo and, again blushing as I realised what I would now be displaying, bent forward and lowered my head in shame.

It was even worse when I saw that the television camera, now behind me, was indeed now pointing at my bottom.

'Raise and thrust back buttocks! More! Display yourself properly to camera - or you get whip from overseer!' Sabhu shouted. Scared stiff, I thrust my parted buttocks back. Then Sabhu gripped me by the hair. 'Keeping back pressed down, you now look up.' He now pulled my hair back so that my neck was curved back up, but with my parted buttocks still well displayed. Oh, the shame! I was being broken-in all right.

'Now,' ordered Sabhu, 'you again relax belly muscles and prepare to pass liquid wastes, when ordered: "Slaves Perform!".'

I was longing to spend a penny again, but not like this - not in this humiliating way, like a bitch.

'Slaves Perform!' ordered the boy, slightly adjusting the position of the glass bowl so that it was immediately below my beauty lips.

'No,' I cried, 'not in front of you both.' I pointed to the television camera. 'Nor in front of that! I'm not a child or a performing animal. I'm a grown up woman - a married woman. You have no right to humiliate me like this.'

But Joseph angrily brought his dog-whip down across my backside.

'Here, you just a slavegirl. You do what we overseers say,' Sabhu shouted. Then the boy gripped me by the hair and pulled me down over the loo again.

'At least let me turn round and sit down,' I begged.

Sabhu laughed. 'Here, slavegirls not allowed sit down. And from now on you only perform with permission of me or of Joseph, your overseers, and then always to our order. And if you want urgently spend penny you must ask young Joseph here to take you to bathroom. He watch you - see you perform properly.'

He paused whilst I took in what he had just said. How humiliating, I thought.

'Yes,' he went on, 'good for disciplining young slavegirls! You always perform facing wall - with head up and presenting backside towards overseer and to television camera - so we can see properly just what you do. Understand?'

Blushing I nodded. Oh how degrading, I thought. No wonder that controlling a girl's natural functions was considered to be a very effective way of keeping a girl under tight discipline.

'Back into position for performing,' ordered Sabhu cruelly. 'Head up! Raise buttocks!'

Blushing yet more, I did so. The boy pulled my head back by the hair.

'Look up! Thrust buttocks back!' he ordered'

I was now straining to hold my position as I was made to half crouch over the loo with my hands still clasped behind my neck, my back curved back and my head held back.'

I blushed yet again as I realised that both Sabhu and the television camera now had an unimpeded view of my hairless beauty lips from behind.

Again I felt his rough hand on my beauty lips. I also saw his dog-whip raised menacingly in his other hand. Almost overcome with shame and fear, I relaxed my muscles and pressed my beauty lips against his hand to give the secret signal that I was ready.

'Good!' he grunted. He stood up and gave me a little encouraging pat, as if I was a dog he was training. 'Now you learn to make sure you standing properly over bowl. One drop on loo cover or tiled floor and you get whip - and lick it all up.'

Terrified, I glanced down to make sure that my beauty lips were indeed properly over the bowl. Oh the shame of being ordered to do this by a man - by a black man - and in front of Joseph, a mere boy.

Suddenly I wanted to spend a penny - urgently.

'No! Wait for the order!' warned Sabhu giving me a sharp tap on the buttocks. Desperately I tried to hold back. Oh, it was so difficult - and so desperately embarrassing.

Sabhu then stood back behind me, his cane tucked under his arm. The boy joined him. The boy pointed to my quivering beauty lips.

'She learning discipline,' he laughed. Oh, once again, the sense of shame.

There was silence and a long pause. I could hardly bear it as I strained both to hold my position and to hold back my liquids.

Suddenly a buzzer sounded - apparently triggered from outside the bathroom. Could it be a signal from someone watching me on a remote television-monitoring screen? How degrading!

As if in obedience to the buzzer, Sabhu snapped his fingers. He might have been giving an order to a performing animal. I remembered his circus training.

'Keeping head up ... Perform!' he shouted, cracking his whip. 'Now!'

Not daring to look down, I relaxed my straining muscles. I heard the tinkling sound of released liquid running into the bowl the black man was holding between my legs. Again the buzzer sounded, this time twice - more urgently.

'Stop!' ordered Sabhu, giving me a sharp tap on the buttocks with his dog whip.

Desperately I tried to do so. It was so difficult. Somehow I managed to control myself. There was another long pause. I bit my teeth. Sabhu removed the small bowl and replaced it with another.

Then the buzzer sounded - once

Go!' came the order from behind me, accompanied by an encouraging little tap on the buttocks. Again I let down my liquid wastes. Almost immediately, however, the buzzer sounded again - twice.

'Stop!'

But I could hardly do so. Humiliated beyond all bounds I could still hear a little trickling noise coming from the bowl beneath my hips. I strained and strained, There was laugh from behind me - Sabhu could, I realised, see my lips desperately twitching - and so could the invisible television watcher.

At last I managed to control myself. The trickling noise stopped. Again Sabhu removed the bowl, putting it on a shelf with the first one.

Then the loo cover was raised. But still I had to remain crouching over the loo. At last the buzzer sounded again and the order came: 'Go on!' This time, thank God, I was not ordered to stop.

The boy dried me, as I crouched there. Oh, how awful!

But that was not all for I then felt the black boy part my buttocks and grease my rear entrance.

'Keep hands gripped behind neck!' I heard him harshly order, emphasis his words with a sharp tap from his dog-whip. Then, horrified, I felt something being inserted up inside my bottom.

'Keep still!' came the order and again there was sharp tap from his dog whip. I did not dare to move.

Meanwhile I saw that Sabhu was pouring some of the contents of the two bowls containing my liquid wastes into some test tubes. I saw him add something to them. Suddenly I realised that he was doing a series of pregnancy tests. My God!

I saw him nod, apparently satisfied. He picked up a clipboard. On it was a large sheet of graph paper on the top of which was written my name in large letters. I saw him put a tick in one of the columns.

He then turned back to Joseph and again nodded. At last I felt the strange object being removed. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the boy reading ... a thermometer! He called out something to Sabhu, who made a mark on the graph. I realised that my temperature had been taken and recorded - perhaps, I thought with a shocked shudder, as a preliminary to establishing my monthly cycle.

This was something that, I was to learn, would be done twice a day, every day and for every girl. But, how dreadful that it was all being done by two awful black male overseers.

6 - I MEET MY COMPANIONS

Out of the corner of my eye, I now saw the black boy go over to cupboard and pick up one of the blue silken garments. He shook it out.

To my astonishment it was a pair of lace, transparent, harem trousers, held by a golden elastic cord. I saw that the trousers would be slung low down round my hips leaving my tummy quite bare. I wondered why?

But it was worse when they made me step into the trousers for they were only attached to the cord at the sides, and were completely cut away in front and behind, and between the legs. Not only was my shapely little bottom quite bare, but my smooth and hairless mound and beauty lips were also prettily, but humiliatingly, displayed, too.

Then they took out the stiff and heavy embroidered cape. Laughing, they put it over my bare shoulders. It was open at the front and the sides did not meet, leaving my nipples tantalising half uncovered.

Then they brushed my hair out straight and put the little Eastern cap on my head, with the tassel hanging down my back. Finally they made me slip on the pretty little Turkish slippers.

But that was not all, for Sabhu now opened another cupboard and took out a pair of old fashioned, shiny, manacles. He locked one gleaming manacle onto each wrist. I saw that a short length of shiny chain, about a foot long joined the manacles. It was heavy and clanked with my every movement.

'You sit,' ordered Sabhu in his frightening broken English.

He pointed to the long bench. Nervously I sat down on it.

'You clasp hands behind neck and keep still. Joseph now show you do in future.'

My manacles clanked as I did as I told. Then I was surprised to see that the young black boy was holding a make-up box with coloured pastes and lipsticks, and several soft brushes. He began to make-up my face and eyes. He seemed surprisingly expert, but there was no mirror and so I could not see what he doing.

Then as Sabhu stood over me, smiling approvingly he began to paint my nipples scarlet.

'Stand up on bench' ordered Sabhu. 'Keep hands behind neck. Head up! You look straight ahead, not look down.'

Again I stood nervously before them, my bare belly now level with their eyes. I felt the boy pull the cut-away in the front even wider apart.

'Thrust out belly!' ordered Sabhu. Then I felt him applying his brushes to my hairless mound - for Ursula always kept me as hairless as a little girl.

'Part legs!' was the next order. I blushed even more as I obeyed. Now I felt the boy painting my beauty lips.

Then still standing up on the bench, I saw Sabhu produce two skin transfers, of the type that will stick to the skin until removed with a special liquid.

I then felt him carefully placing the transfers on my tummy, of all places, and rubbed them over with a special cloth. What was on the transfers, I wondered, but I did not dare to look down.

Moments later, still clasping my manacled hands behind my neck, they led me over to a long wall mirror and stood back admiringly.

I gasped.

My tummy was now prominently marked with a castle and the number "25".

'Yes,' said Sabhu, smiling contentedly as he patted my belly, 'you now just Castle Slavegirl Number 25. All girls here numbered, just like old fashioned slave dealers marked their girls for sale with their own mark and girls stock number.'

Slave dealers! Stock numbers! Oh, how awful, I thought in alarm. Was I going to be sold? Oh my God! I would, however, have been more alarmed, if I had then known just what really was in store for me.

I blushed as I also saw my now rouged mound and scarlet painted beauty lips gleaming in the cut away part of my harem trousers.

Then I thought again. Perhaps all this was really for the benefit of Ursula. How exciting! Was I to be brought to her, looking like a real slave girl? How typical of her to have organised all this to make sure I really felt utterly in her power. But did she have to allow the horrible great Sabhu to treat me such a contemptuous way? Indeed, why was he here at all? What was his role?

'You look carefully,' Sabhu said, 'from you on you make yourself look like this. That what clients want see.'

Clients? What clients! What did he mean? And to think that I had thought I was going to be alone with Ursula. Had she brought me to some sort of clever up-market brothel?

'She'll do nicely on display in Slave Market,' I heard Sabhu confide to his acolyte. Slave market!

'But she not go cheaply!' he went on. 'She fine English lady. She married woman. Clients pay much to sponsor her for full treatment.'

What did he mean?

Then he went to a cupboard and took out a beautiful baby doll.

'She help make you nice and ready,' he said mysteriously. Again that strange expression.

He handed it to me. It was a very realistic doll with lovely eyes. It also had very realistic mouth with rubber lips. It was beautifully dressed in a baby's frock. It was certainly very appealing, but what would a grown-up woman like me be doing playing with a doll?

'Now you hold baby doll. Close eyes and relax,' Sabhu said in a surprisingly gentle and hypnotic voice. I found myself obeying him.

'Yes, keep eyes closed and hold pretty doll. Just relax and think of lovely baby doll.'

He paused.

'She now your baby,' went on the low hypnotic voice. 'You love her. You love her very much. She so beautiful but so helpless. You want to give your baby a name, don't you? Don't you?'

Oh, yes, I thought.

'Well, what name will you call her?,' came the same hypnotic voice.

'Isabella,' I whispered.

'Isabella a lovely name for your lovely little baby.'

I found myself blushing with pride.

Again there was a pause.

'Yes,' the hypnotic voice continued, 'but Isabella so helpless. You want look after her. You want play with her, wash her and dress her. You want hold her to your breasts.'

I did, I thought, oh yes, I did. I found myself holding her up to them.

'But she hungry. She want your nipples. You long to feed her. You want put nipples into her mouth, don't you? Just like other girls here. You love feeling of nipple in her mouth. And as nipples grow longer you will long all the more to put them into her mouth.'

Oh yes, I thought, I do want to feed her and to feel my nipples in her mouth.'

'And when I clap hands, you will open your eyes and put your nipple between her lips.'

Oh yes, I thought half hypnotised and half wide awake, oh yes.

There was a pause and then suddenly Sabhu clapped his hands loudly. Immediately I opened my eyes and found myself pushing my nipple between my baby doll's lips. She was my baby now! I was feeding her.

Sabhu smiled his approval and then opened another door out of the bathroom. Gripping me once again by the arm, led me out. I was still holding my baby doll to my breast.

Then I gasped at what I now saw. A huge glass conservatory had been transformed into a semblance of a sumptuous Eastern bazaar. Eagerly I tried to see out but the glass panes had all been painted over. Gorgeous silken draperies were festooned here and there. Miniature palm trees were scattered around on the tiled floor.

Two little television cameras, high up on the walls, were quietly traversing to and fro.

But what really caught my eye was the sight of several beautiful young women who were each playing like little children, each with a pretty little baby doll, like mine .

When they saw Sabhu, they hastily put down their dolls and rose from their brightly coloured Arab leather cushions to stand respectfully in the same position of Attention, that I had just been humiliatingly taught in the bathroom, their manacled hands clasped behind their necks and their eyes fixed straight ahead.

They were, I saw, all dressed like Eastern slave girls - just like me. And their faces, nipples and beauty lips were all painted just like mine, too - and, above their low-slung harem trousers, they had also all been numbered on their bare bellies. Also like me, they were all heavily manacled and had collars fastened round their necks. Moreover, also like me, they were all quite buxom, and their breasts erotically pushed aside their open boleros.

Three of the girls, "new girls" like me, I recognised as Sonja's girls, my late travelling companions. The beautiful mother and daughter now bore the numbers "26A" and "26B" on their bellies and Maja had been marked with the number "27". I remembered that I was Number 25.

They must, I realised, have been put through their initial breaking-in whilst I had been left alone in the van. How awful, I thought, it must have been for the beautiful mother and daughter to be so humiliatingly treated by Sabhu in front of each other.

I saw that, also like me, their nipples had been artificially extended. Had they also been subjected to Joseph's little vacuum bottle with its clever rubber bulb? Even the virginal, bud-like, little nipples of the daughter were showing signs of having been subjected to his clever little machine.

The remaining girls were evidently "old girls" who had been here longer. They were marked "22", "23" and "24". Perhaps, I thought, they could tell me why we were here - and what was going to happen to us.

Like us "new girls", they were all very pretty and slim with good figures. Just the type, I thought that appealed to Ursula and her lady friends - and indeed to most men.

I gasped, however, when I saw the almost animal-like extent to which their nipples had been extended. I remembered what Joseph had said about them being stretched three times a day - all part it seemed of being got "nice and ready". My God, were my nipples going to be stretched to this shocking extent, too?

One of them, Number 22, an attractive brunette, was a little older than the others. Like me and the young mother whom Sonja had brought here, she seemed to be in her early thirties. She had a sophisticated and intelligent look about her. She was a tall, willowy blond with sparkling eyes.

I noticed that that all the "old girls" had been depilated - again like us. But this was not all and I gasped as I saw that something strange had also been done to these girls - not only had they been depilated, but there was also something gleaming between the sides of the cutaway in the front of their harem trousers.

Astonished, I saw that a line of half a dozen little white plastic rings had been inserted down each of their lips. It was as if they had been ... I could hardly believe it ... infibulated! But even that was not all, for through the rings a shiny, metal rod had been threaded.

I saw that the little bar held each "older" girl's beauty lips were tightly compressed - making them look like those of a little girl. Moreover, hanging from the bottom end of the rod-like bar, and evidently holding it in place, was a tiny padlock that hung down between each girl's legs.

I had heard of this simple Eastern way of enforcing both purity and chastity in a girl, whilst still allowing her to spend a penny, but I had never expected to see it done to a European girl.

I looked again at the little padlocks. Did Sabhu have the key? How dreadful! My God, I thought, was this going to be done to me, too? How terrifying!

Then, horrified again, I saw, through her transparent silken harem trousers, that one of them, Number 23, bore on her bottom the distinctive wheals of a recent caning. Then I saw the same marks on the bottom of Number 22, the rather distinctive, older looking, woman too. How especially awful for a woman like her, I thought.

'At Ease' ordered Sabhu and the girls relaxed and sat down and picked up their baby dolls again. Clearly, I thought, Sabhu certainly imposes a military style discipline on the girls in his charge.

7 - A DISTURBING CONVERSATION

Sabhu now left the room, leaving our young black overseer to supervise us. He was still carrying his frightening dog-whip.

Several of the girls began to whisper to each other. They were all speaking in strange languages that I did not understand.

'Don't any of you speak English?' I called out.

'Only very little,' answered Number 24.

'Not raise voice,' said Number 23, glancing nervously at Joseph, 'or you get cane!'

She stood up and pointed to the wheals of a recent caning that I had noticed earlier were still visible through her transparent harem trousers.

'Only whisper allowed here,' she said.

One of the girls, however, was different. She was, Number 22, the girl I had noticed earlier as looking a little older than the other girls.

'Are you British?' she whispered in an educated American East Coast accent.

'Yes,' I answered delighted to find some one who spoke English and who could explain what was going on.

She came and sat next door to me so that she could keep her voice down.

'I'm Carole,' she said, holding out her hand. Eagerly I shook it.

'Welcome,' she said bitterly, 'to the Slave Market.'

'Slave Market?' I queried.

'Well that's what that swine of man, Sabhu, seems to be running,' she replied, keeping her voice down. 'As you can see we're all numbered like real slavegirls used to be when offered for sale. And I'm sure that you've already experienced in the bathroom one of Sabhu's degrading ways of breaking us in - or disciplining us, as he calls it.'

She glanced at Joseph who was toying with his dog-whip. 'And quite apart from that, we're kept continually under supervision.'

Then she pointed at a long whippy cane that was hanging on the wall.

'It's scary,' she said, 'the constant and humiliating threat of corporal punishment from our black overseers, as they like to call themselves. It's as if they're preparing our minds and bodies to accept without question, like slaves, whatever is being planned for us.'

'Planned for us?' I gasped.

'Yes, you've probably already heard their awful expression about "getting us nice and ready".'

'Yes but "ready" for what?' I asked.

'That's the whole point . I don't know. None of us know,' she answered sadly. 'We just don't know why were here or what fate awaits us. And, if we ask Joseph, then we get reported to Sabhu for "unseemly inquisitiveness" - and that means six stroke of the cane.'

'What!' I gasped. 'But there must be some mistake, I'm supposed to be on holiday with a Miss de Vere.'

'Oh yes,' said Carole, 'Ursula de Vere! No, I'm afraid there's no mistake. I've heard of her. She's one of the Lady Partners that run this organisation.' My heart sank. So I really had been tricked by Ursula.

'Organisation?' I queried.

'Well it seems were in a sort of private slave market for young women, to which people bring innocent girls like us.'

'A private slave market!' I cried in dismay. 'But Miss de Vere told me we were going off on a lovely holiday somewhere near Vienna.'

'Yes, that's what the swine of a young Italian lover who tricked me into coming here, told me, too. I never suspected he worked as a recruiter of girls for the Lady Partners. I also thought we were going off together to have a romantic holiday together - I was trying to get over the trauma of my divorce.'

She sighed.

'Oh, what a fool I was. But he was so devilishly persuasive - and attractive. He had even persuaded me to give up my good job in London in advertising, saying that he had an even better one lined up for me on the Continent. But, he said, I mustn't tell anyone yet - or it would all fall through. So no one knows where I am! I don't even know! Or even what country we're in. None us do. Do you?

'No!' I gasped. 'Just somewhere a few hours drive away from Vienna. We could be in one of several countries.'

'Yes, that's all any of us know,' Carole said bitterly. 'And then were you brought here hidden in Sabhu's van?'

'Yes,' I cried. I pointed to Maja and the mother and daughter. 'I was brought with these three - but I don't think they were expecting anything like this either or know what it's all about.'

'Join the Club!' she replied bitterly. 'None of us know. But we do seem to be being prepared for something strange. Meanwhile, as I expect you saw earlier in the bathroom, that swine Sabhu enjoys humiliating us in the most degrading ways - he says its good for discipline - all part of breaking us in and "getting us nice and ready".

'But the ... Lady Partners,' I asked anxiously, thinking of Ursula, 'do we ever see them?'

'Oh yes, whilst we're being prepared for our unknown fate, we also have to serve them sexually. That's what makes it fun for them! I hate that! I've never been a lesbian. But a couple of canings from Sabhu, and, like the other girls, I was desperate to please them.'

She paused.

'Yes, the Lady Partners and their women friends like to come and choose a couple of us for their beds. They like to see us looking like little six year-old girls. We have to dress in the children's party frocks that you've seen hanging in our cupboards. And we have to act, lisp and talk like little girls the whole time - even when in the Lady Partners' beds - or it's six strokes again.'

'So that's what the pretty child's dress in my cupboard is for,' I murmured.

'Yes, I think they get great pleasure from seeing us looking and behaving like little girls, whilst in reality we are being prepared for something quite different. We're certainly made to behave quite differently when the very wealthy, and often elderly, Arab Princes and Sheiks come here to see us - never the fat black African ladies.'

'Arabs Princes and African ladies?' I queried. 'Come to see us here?'

'Yes, that's why we're dressed and manacled as we are now - it excites them seeing us dressed like captured Christian slavegirls, offered for sale as in an old-fashioned Eastern slave market - and open to inspection.'

'Offered for sale!' I gasped. 'Open for inspection!'

'Yes it's all pretty uninhibited - presumably like what happened in real slave markets. Perhaps that's what appeals to them - taking their revenge on their traditional Western enemies through degrading their women!'

'Goodness!' I cried. 'But if they're all that rich you'd have thought that most of them have enough women already!'

'Well they don't seem to be very interested in us for the usual purpose' laughed Carole. 'They seem to be choosing us for something else even more degrading.'

Then she became more serious. I could see that that, as a career girl, she was both clever and highly intelligent.

'Yes, I think they come here because they are willing to pay large sums to choose us to be used for something strange, something highly erotic and unusual - something special for which we have brought to this remote place and for which we have first to be prepared both physically and mentally.'

My heart gave a sudden jump as I remembered what Sabhu had indeed said about being prepared for something special.

'And,' Carole went on, 'clearly something which satisfies their desire to have complete power over young white woman. These Arab men love that - and so do rich black women.'

And not only Arab men and black women, I thought, remembering how Ursula enjoyed having complete power over her girls.

Carole then pointed up to some wooden screens high up in the wall. 'We never know when an Arab visitor is watching us. But they also like to come and inspect us.'

'Inspect us?'

'Yes, sometimes they even have these awful locked infibulating bars removed so that they can feel us better.'

'Oh how shameful. You mean we're examined and sold like real slave girls?' 'Yes and infibulated slave girls at that.'

'But were those terrifying rings put onto you here?'

'Yes, and I expect you'll be done soon too.'

'Oh, how dreadful!' I gasped. 'But does it hurt much?' I asked anxiously.

'No, not really, it was rather like having your ears pierced. But afterwards, all the time you can feel the little rings that keep your body lips tightly closed. It's a strange feeling and the mental effect is terrible. You feel you have lost control of your own body.'

Yes, I thought, the effect of being infibulated on a highly sophisticated divorcee and career woman, like Carole, must indeed be quite awful. What a dreadful picture she had painted: kept shut up here under Sabhu's supervision, and all the time, hanging over you like the Sword of Damocles, the dreadful uncertainty about what was going to happen to you.

'But can't you get the rings off?' I asked rather naively.

'No! They're made of specially toughened plastic and the ends of each little ring are brazed together. You can turn the rings in the little holes made in each beauty lip but you can't get them off. Its all very clever.'

She stopped for a moment as if overwhelmed by the thought of what had been done to her.

'But it must hurt terribly,' I said.

'Not really,' she replied, 'the actual operation to insert the rings wasn't too bad. They muzzled me to stop me from crying out in protest and Doctor Anna gave me an injection which deadened the pain so that I hardly noticed what she was doing to me.'

'Doctor Anna?' I queried in dismay. I had come across her before. She was a close friend of Ursula's - but certainly not of Ursula's girls. I had heard that under the communists, she had been a doctor in a women's prison camp in Eastern Europe where dreadful medical experiments had been done to girls.

Suddenly I remembered what Sabhu had said about us new girls being a useful fresh supply for some Doctor. My God! I never thought that he might be referring to Doctor Anna.

'Yes, she seems to be very much involved in whatever we're being prepared for. And the rich Arabs always ask her a lot of questions about our bodies when we're lined up for their inspection. It's so embarrassing.'

'You mean we're really sold to them? Oh no!'

'Well, the Lady Partners call it sponsored, rather than sold.'

'Sponsored! Sponsored to be taken away and locked up in a harem?'

'No I don't think so. That's what makes it all so strange. We just don't know. Certainly since I've been locked up here, I've seen several girls who'd been here longer than me just disappear.'

'Disappear?' I queried, my voice faltering.

'Yes, they were simply no longer with us.'

Again she paused.

'I'm so frightened,' she said. 'You see at one of the first "Slave Markets", at which I was paraded, the elderly Arab Prince examining us took a great interest in me - even though I heard Sabhu telling him that I was not "ready". The Arab Prince seemed to find it exciting that a well-paid American career girl and divorcee, like me, was on offer. I expect he'd find it equally exciting being offered an English Lady, or our newly arrived mother and daughter. Anyway, I think he must have put down a deposit for me, as I saw Sabhu pocketing a tip and writing something on my clipboard.'

She paused, overcome with emotion. I gave her hand a little comforting squeeze. She brushed aside tear and pulled herself together.

'I'm sorry,' she said, 'but it's so awful being treated like a horse being sold by a horse dealer.'

Again she paused.

'It was even worse later,' she went on, 'when I saw the Prince hand a cheque to Fraulein Ingrid, who seems to be the Head Lady Partner and the owner of this castle. She certainly looked very pleased and I saw her showing the cheque off to several of the other Lady Partners. Then later Sabhu fastened this disc to the ring on my collar.'

She pointed it out to me. On it was engraved the letter "R".

'What does "R" stand for?' she murmured. 'It hasn't stopped me being paraded at subsequent Slave Markets. But the clients were told that I was no longer available. Does that mean that I've been "Reserved" for the Prince? Were they simply showing me off to gauge the market for a womanlike me and to see if they had charged the Prince enough?'

She paused and wiped away another tear.

'You see all the girls who were here when I arrived have disappeared, and I'm so worried lest I am now "nice and ready", too. And, if so, am I now going to disappear, too, before long?'

'Oh my God!' I exclaimed. 'But what's this Arab Prince like?'

'I don't know,' whispered Carole. 'I never saw his face properly, for he always wore a pair of those reflective wrap-around sun glasses that hide half your face, and he had a long grey beard that hid the other half. But he had a cruel mouth and thick lascivious lips. The very sight of him made me shiver.'

She paused for a moment.

'I was never told his name,' she continued, 'and when I asked Joseph the name of the man who had apparently bought my services, I got six strokes of the cane for "Not minding my own business. So just think of him as the cruel "Old Greybeard".'

'My God,' I cried, 'when is the next slave market?'

'Whenever, I suppose, a rich Arab comes to see us slavegirls. We never know when that will be. And, if we ask Sabhu or Joseph, we're caned for "Inquisitiveness".'

She paused for a moment. 'As I said, it's the uncertainty that is so awful. It's like a Sword of Damocles hanging over you. You don't really know when you're "ready", nor when it's going to be your turn to disappear, nor what happens to you then.'

'But,' I said horrified by what I was hearing, 'didn't you ask anyone?'

'Who is there to ask?' replied the American woman bitterly. 'Apart from the aloof Lady Partners, as we respectfully have to call them, the only people we ever see are Sabhu and his boy assistant.'

Again she paused. Tears came into her eyes.

'I was so scared about it all that I could not sleep. Finally two days ago I plucked my courage and stupidly asked Joseph what the meaning of the disc on my collar. He was furious and reported me to Sabhu who told him to give me, in front of the other girls, six strokes of the cane "for unbecoming curiosity".'

She pointed to the wheals on her bottom which still showed through her transparent harem trousers.'

'How awful!!' I gasped.

'Yes, and apart from the excruciating pain, the mental shame of me, a sophisticated, well educated and successful career girl, being beaten like a naughty child, by an ignorant black boy, in front of the other girls was quite dreadful.'

'Oh yes,' I agreed fervently. 'It must have been quite ghastly. And to make it worse, you still don't know what's going to happen to you. Don't you have any idea what happened to the girls who disappeared?'

'No, all that Sabhu says is that they had gone off to be assimilated: to be further prepared, psychologically - and physically.'

'Prepared psychologically and physically!' I repeated. 'Just what does he mean?'

'I'm not sure,' replied the American girl. 'As I said, I think that perhaps these old men are satiated with normal sex. They want to exert their power over European women in some new and different way. It's as if we are being prepared for something strange - and exciting for them.'

'Prepared for something strange and exciting?' I repeated, mystified.

'Yes, I don't think these other young Eastern European girls have a clue as to what's going on. But I've noticed the attention that Sabhu and Joseph pay to our monthly cycles.'

'Oh no!' I exclaimed. 'How embarrassing!'

'Yes, indeed! They don't tell us anything but I think some those pills they give when we first arrive are to delay our "coming into season", as they so demeaningly call it, until after we have been sponsored.'

'Oh!' I gasped, shocked.

'Well, that's what they did with me and the girls who had been here longer than me. It was after that they disappeared, perhaps after they had also been assessed as sufficiently disciplined.'

'But that sounds terribly cruel.'

'Yes,' went on Carol, 'I think that cruelty's part of it, too. It seems to be something which would specially appeal to some rich Arabs, something which would satisfy their desire to impose their power on a helpless young Western woman, especially it seems, on slightly older and well educated girls like you and me - or on the newly arrived pretty mother and daughter.'

'Imposed on us?' I queried. 'What do you mean?'

'Well, I'm not sure. But you'll soon see how we are given special food and made to do special tummy exercises. And how we are given special pills and medicines.'

She paused.

'And I often wonder why we are we given baby dolls to play with: to wash and to dress? Even I have got very fond of my little doll. And why have we been infibulated so that we can't get at ourselves. And why are all our nipples kept so prominently drawn out and extended. And why all those repeated tests to make sure that we are not already pregnant and to establish our monthly cycle?'

'It's certainly all very strange,' I agreed.

'And why,' she pointed to an curtained alcove, 'is Doctor Anna involved - always examining us on the gynaecological couch in there, giving us more pills and also checking on our monthly cycles? Yes, she, too, seems to be preparing us for something special.'

'What do you think it could be?' I pressed her.

'Well, I had wondered, whether perhaps some of Sabhu's pills are ... No, you'll think I'm crazy.'

'On the contrary,' I said, 'I think you're a highly intelligent woman. Tell me what you think.'

'Well, I just wonder whether they were part of a course of fertility pills.'

'Fertility pills!' I cried out in horror. 'My God! You mean we're being ...'

'Yes! I can hardly bear to say it ... I mean ... I wonder ... if we're being prepared for an unwanted ... motherhood.'

`Prepared for an unwanted motherhood! You mean a forced preg ...' I stammered. 'But I don't want a ...'

'Nor do I! And that's why they're keeping it secret from us. But it's certainly one possible explanation - perhaps the dolls are intended to bring out our latent maternal instincts.'

She paused. I remembered how Sabhu had said my doll would also "help get me nice and ready". My God!

'Yes, I know it sounds absurd and far fetched,' she went on in a whisper, 'but imposing a forced motherhood on a beautiful white woman could well appeal to certain rich and cruel elderly Arabs. They've got plenty of women. Now they want something more - something new and unusual. You'll soon see what swine they are.'

She paused.

'I had read,' she went on, 'that in the days of the Crusades, the Arabs used to get their revenge by mating the captured wives of the Christian knights with illiterate black slaves.'

'Illiterate black slaves!' I cried in dismay.

'And even better, if they captured a Crusader's daughter as well as his wife,' Carole whispered, with a sideways glance at the newly arrived mother and daughter. 'They'd then enjoy mating the daughter with the same Negro as the mother.'

'Good Heavens!' I gasped as I followed her glance.

'And,' went on Carole, 'when it was too late for anything to be done about it, they'd send the unfortunate wives and daughters back to their husbands and fathers, to go through the disgrace of producing a black child.'

'Oh my God!' I exclaimed.

'But then,' Carole went on with a smile, 'I tell myself that this can't really be what we're being prepared for. For one thing what would they do with all the babies we'd all be producing? And what would they do with us for nine months? And where would they keep us?'

'Yes,' I cried, 'and I'm a married woman and my husband knows that I'm with Ursula. She knows that my husband frequently returns to England - and I must be there to meet him, if only for a few days. Ursula knew this before she brought me here. He may think I'm just studying art with her, and is happy that she is looking after whilst he's away for a month or two -but not for nine. He's got powerful connections in England and there would be hell to pay if I disappeared for so long.'

'I see,' said Carole looking increasingly reassured.

'So,' I said, 'she knows she couldn't possibly keep me locked up here, or in some harem, for nine months and that I couldn't possibly have a black baby back in England.'

'Well, if your husband knows you're with her, that seems to knock my unwanted motherhood theory on the head,' laughed Carole. 'Thank Heavens for that! But I still wonder just what awful fate awaits us - and apparently for the entertainment of these rich visiting Arabs.'

'But can't we escape and get away from this terrible place?' I asked.

'Not with Sabhu, or Joseph, watching over us all the time,' replied Carole. 'Nor those!' She pointed at the little television cameras in the corners of the room. Each had a little red light showing that it was switched on. 'Anyway how can we escape, kept collared and manacled, and locked up like this? Even if we managed to open a door, there's always another behind it - and both have electronic locks as well as keys.'

She sighed.

'It's like a high security prison here. And anyway they've taken our money and passports and we don't even know where we are. That's what the girls were trying to ask you when you arrived - hoping you might know.'

Our conversation was then interrupted by Sabhu returning, whip in hand. The girls all rose respectfully to their feet. Joseph nodded at him reassuringly.

'No problems,' he reported. Then he turned back to us.

Sabhu cracked his whip. 'Bed time,' he ordered. Immediately the girls, clasping their dolls, formed into a line in military fashion: tallest on the right, shortest on the left. I was relieved to find myself next to Carole.

'Right Turn!' Sabhu shouted ordered. We were now lined up one behind the other. Then, with a further frightening crack of his whip he ordered: 'Into bathroom - Run!'

In the bathroom the girls all took off their harem clothes and put them away neatly in their cupboards before cleaning their teeth and putting on their pretty short night dresses - all accompanied, to make us hurry, by more loud cracks of the whip. These were making me more and more frightened, because my manacles were slowing me up, but luckily Carole showed me how the shoulder straps of the nightdress had Velcro fastenings on the shoulder straps, for because of my manacles, I could not, of course, put my arms through the arm pits of the nightdress.

'Into bunks - Go!' came Sabhu's next order accompanied by another scaring crack of the whip.

I now found myself running into a simply furnished dormitory, next to the bathroom. To one side was a row of double, simple, wooden bunks - one above the other. They reminded me of photographs of real prison camps. On each bunk was a simple blanket, neatly folded. There were no sheets or pillow cases.

One of the bunks, a lower one was marked "25" - my slave number. The bunk above it was Carole's. Oh good, I thought, naively, perhaps we console each other like naughty schoolgirls in a dormitory after "lights out". I was soon to be disillusioned.

Hastily I got into bed and pulled up the blanket with my manacled hands. 'Keep hands always in sight on top of blanket,' ordered Joseph. Then he added embarrassingly to us "new" girls: 'Girls not yet infibulated - you not allowed masturbate in dormitory.'

He pointed to a little television camera that sweeping up and down the dormitory. 'Punishment for girl seen putting hands below blanket, six strokes of cane - twelve for girl getting into another girl's bed.'

How awful, I thought, for grown women to be spoken to like this by a black boy armed with a dog whip.

'No talking allowed in dormitory,' he went on, pointing to a microphone hanging down from the ceiling. 'Microphone also pick up noise of manacles tinkling if you try play with yourselves through blanket. But I think you not try once you infibulated!'

He pointed to an open doorway, through which I saw a comfortably furnished bedroom that contrasted sharply with our bare dormitory. There was no door, just an open grille. 'That my room. I can see into dormitory. You want spend penny during night, you ring bell by side of each bunk and I take you to bathroom. Girls not allowed go to bathroom alone. You wake me up for nothing - six strokes!'

With that he dimmed the light and went into his room, locking the open metal grille behind him. Soon there came the noise of a video being switched on and the sound of Joseph's boyish laughter. But there was complete silence in the dormitory.

Lying there in the half-light on my hard wooden bunk, on my back with my manacled hands lying innocently on top of the blanket, I saw that small windows of the dormitory, like those of the next door bathroom, were made of thick opaque glass that prevented you from seeing out and were barred to prevent escape. These again reminded me of pictures of a prison camp.

I saw that the dormitory also served as a living room, with a long table running down the centre with chairs on either side. In front of each chair was a wooden bowl and a wooden spoon. Again I was reminded of a prison camp.

I thought back over the terrifying and unexpected events of the day. Tears filled my eyes as I thought of the high hopes with which it had started and the degrading and frightening uncertain way it had ended.

But at least I had a friend here: Carole.

Emotionally exhausted, I fell into a deep sleep.

8 - MORNING PERFORMANCE

I awoke with a start.

Our young overseer, Joseph, was noisily running the stock of a long carriage whip along the bars of the grille that separated his luxurious bedroom room from our simple dormitory.

'Wake up, slavegirls, wake up!' he cried, and cracked the carriage whip frighteningly. His dog whip was tucked into his belt.

Then the boy unlocked the grille and came into the dormitory alcove with Sabhu, who was carrying a cane. Again he cracked his carriage whip. It was terrifying.

Like the other girls I hastily jumped out of bed. Now what, I wondered.

'Now pay attention, you new girls' said the boy speaking slowly in English. 'When I crack whip, you all run into bathroom next door.'

We stood there nervously.

Suddenly the whip cracked. Like frightened children, we ran into the bathroom - the one in which I had been so humiliatingly taught to perform, as Sabhu and his acolyte called it, the night before.

'New girls, remember when whip cracks, you line up on display bench with the others!' ordered Sabhu, again speaking slowly but also raising his cane. 'Tallest on the right, shortest on the left.'

I blushed at the thought of lining up half naked, with my hairless beauty lips exposed, in front of this horrible black man and his young acolyte.

The whip suddenly cracked and I rushed towards the bench. Oh, the shame of having to obey orders to the crack of a whip.

Scared stiff I found my place in the line next to Carole. As I did so, she did not dare to turn her head and remained looking straight ahead. What discipline, I thought - or, rather perhaps, what fear.

'Stand at Attention!' roared Sabhu. Hastily, I copied Carole's position.

Once again I hesitate to describe what then followed, for it was even more degrading than my private lesson alone the evening before. However, without describing it, it is difficult to explain how a group of grown-up young women could have become such putty in the hands of Sabhu and his young assistant.

'Prepare to perform!' came the order. Blushing with shame, I remembered what Sabhu and the boy had made me do the evening before. Like the other girls, I was now standing looking straight ahead and clasping my manacled hands behind my neck, with my legs parted, my knees bent. I began to relax my belly muscles.

Oh, the shame!

Sabhu came slowly down the line of women standing high up on the bench. Our tummies were level with his eyes. It was a scene that would be repeated several times during the day.

Sabhu, or Joseph, would then put a hand down between our parted legs to feel if any girl was daring to begin to anticipate his next order and, then, to receive from each girl her secret signal that she was now ready. Invariably I would blush again as I felt him part my beauty lips inquisitively. I would bite my lips as I strained to hold my liquids back and as I then wriggled myself against his cupped hand.

But every time I felt so ashamed. Indeed, oh, the shame! Oh the awful embarrassment!

On this occasion, as Sabhu moved onto Carole, I saw her blush, too, as he parted her beauty lips.

Finally he stood back.

'Position for Performing!' he ordered, as if we were a troupe of performing dogs. Joseph cracked his carriage whip.

All of us now had to jump down off the display bench and prance forward. Facing the wall, we had to take up the same humiliating position as we had had to do earlier standing up on the bench - except that now we were each straddling a bowl on one of the loos and leaning right forward to display ourselves from behind. I saw that my clipboard, with the number "25" and my intimate details written on it, was now hanging above my loo. I saw the number "22" on Carole's clipboard.

I jumped as I suddenly I heard Joseph's whip crack menacingly close behind me. 'Get buttocks up!' he cried.

As, scared by the whip, I strained to obey his order, I saw that the television camera was sweeping to and fro along the line of raised and proffered

naked bottoms. Who I wondered was remotely controlling it - and enjoying this spectacle of degradingly dominated women.

'Perform!' Joseph humiliatingly ordered. I saw that Sabhu was smiling approvingly at the way his young acolyte was taking charge.

We all had to perform just I had previously had to do - but with the difference that now we had to do so in perfect time with each other. Indeed, I watched horrified as, under Sabhu's approving gaze, the black boy unhooked his dog-whip from his belt and used it to give one girl, who had been slow to perform, three strokes on her bare bottom.

Then to make sure that she had learned her lesson, we were all put through the same routine of stopping and starting as I had been put through the evening before - but this time with all of us stopping and starting simultaneously.

At least, I thought, the infibulation rings and locking bar of the "older" girls didn't seem to interfere with their natural functions.

Indeed, anyone who was the slightest bit late, or early, got two strokes of Sabhu's cane. Even Carole, who must have been used to this humiliating display, got a couple of strokes - and so did I.

Oh, the humiliation! Oh, the pain of the cane! I remembered what Carole had said about the constant fear of corporal punishment

Once again, the shame of it all was overwhelming. I kept remembering how Ursula used to say to her cronies: "The best way of breaking-in a girl is to control her wastes. Humiliate her by making her perform to order and you control the girl herself." Yes, it was terribly true. But I had never thought that it would be done simultaneously to a group of girls - and to the order of a young black boy armed with a carriage whip.

Then, just as he had with me the evening before, Sabhu removed the glass bowls, and carefully poured the contents of each into a test tube. Then, smiling contentedly, he wrote the result on the graph on the clipboard hanging above each crouching girl. Clearly he had some vested interest in each girl not proving positive. I wondered what it could be.

Meanwhile Joseph had greased each of our backsides and had inserted a thermometer into each - again just as he had done with me. But somehow all the girls being simultaneously treated in this way was even more denigrating than when it had been done to me alone.

Sabhu nonchalantly marked each, still crouching, girl's temperature on her graph, whilst young Joseph washed us in turn between the legs with a sponge and then dried us.

Oh, the degradation of having our temperatures taken, and recorded, in this shame-making way!

Indeed, I was about to cry out and demand to know what was going on, but Sabhu raised his cane menacingly.

'You keep silent. Here white slavegirls only speak to black overseers when spoken to, or you cane - six strokes! You want say something you put up hand to ask permission to speak. And you call me, "Sir" - and also my Assistant, Joseph. You understand?'

My God, I thought, to have to call that nasty little boy "Sir" was too much. But I did not dare to argue.

'Yes, Sir,' I said docilely.

Sabhu then ordered, 'Tongues out!' What a humiliating order for grown-up women, I thought. But like the other girls, I still thrust my tongue well out, wondering why we had to do so.

I was soon to learn the reason, for Sabhu now came down the line of girls with a box of strange looking pills. He put a pill on each tongue.

'Help make you nice and ready,' he said to the new girls, but gave no further explanation. Instead, he watched carefully to make sure we all swallowed the mysterious pills. Clearly he attached great importance to them. Indeed I was soon to learn that we had to take them three times a day.

'I must go and supervise the others,' I then heard Sabhu say to Joseph, the black boy. I wondered what he meant. What others? Other girls? Where?

'You happy you've got control here?' Sabhu went on.

Joseph nodded and with a grin pointed to the long carriage whip he was now carrying. He gave it a sharp crack. Us new girls all huddled back in fear.

'Oh yes, Mr Sabhu, I think the new girls now nicely broken-in.'

Sabhu then left and Joseph pointed to a blackboard on which was painted the heading in English: "Orders for the day". We all crowded round it. Written on the board in English was:

Tuesday

0800 - Morning Exercise Period - Gymslips

1000 - Morning Rest and Infibulation of new girls

1800 - Selection Parade of little girls by Lady Partners - (Party dresses and lispings)

Duty girl: Number 24

I did not understand all this, but the word Infibulation scared me almost out of my wits.

Following Carole's example, I then ran to my locker, and under Joseph's watchful eye, took off my short little nightdress and put on my gymslip and gym shoes.

9. THE PAINS AND TRIBULATIONS OF "MORNING EXERCISE"

Joseph cracked his carriage whip. 'Morning Exercise!' he shouted and cracked his whip again. It was all very frightening.

Immediately the "older" girls formed up into a line. Nervously, we new girls again formed up with them.

The boy cracked his long whip again. 'Right Turn!' The girls all turned together with military precession.

The whip cracked again, this time just behind me. I shivered with fright.

'Double March!' shouted the officious young boy. Hands clasped behind our necks we all pranced in step out of the changing room and into a spacious room next door that, I was to learn, was called the Display Room.

'Raise knees!' shouted the boy, cracking his whip. 'Up! Up! Up!'

For five minutes he kept us alternatively running and walking round the big room - but always prancing with our knees raised high and hands once again clasped behind our necks. Soon I was sweating. Several times I felt his long carriage whip across on my bottom making me strain to raise my knees ever higher.

It was a position and an exercise that I could feel was pulling on my tummy muscles. I wonder why they were so keen on exercising them.

At last came the order: 'Halt!'

Immediately, the "older" girls stamped their feet in proper military style as they halted.

'New girls, you halt properly!' the boy called out angrily. 'We do again! Double mark time!'

He made us all prance on the spot, using his whip to make us raise our knees high in the air. 'Up!' 'Up!'

Then again came the order 'Halt!'

It was performance that repeated over and over again, with much cracking of his whip, until we new girls were doing it almost as perfectly as the other girls. Oh, how I hated being drilled like this by a mere boy.

Finally Joseph was satisfied and the horrible young boy allowed us a minute's rest to get our breath back, before forming us again and making us prance again around the room for a further five minutes.

I saw Maja, the high spirited girl with whom I had to pleasure Ursula and Sonja back in London, take advantage of Joseph's back being momentarily turned away to put her tongue daringly out at him.

Indeed, I was wondering why a group of grown-up girls allowed themselves to be made to run round the room by a young black boy, even if he was armed with a long carriage whip, when suddenly I noticed that Sabhu had come quietly into the room. As usual he was carrying his cane and was watching us prance around the room to Joseph's orders. Had he seen Maja's impertinent gesture, I wondered.

Clearly he had, for he suddenly shouted: 'Halt!'

Then he pointed at Maja.

'You!' he said. 'You impertinent to overseer. You also not trying hard enough. You slack. You not raise knees high enough. Six strokes!'

'Oh no!' cried poor Maja. In fact she had probably been trying as hard as the rest of us, but evidently Sabhu was determined to make an example of one of us.

'Come here!' he ordered. 'And run when you're called!'

Hastily Maja broke into a run and stood before him, her ample bosom raising and falling, partly from with fear and partly from her exertions. Her hands still clasped behind her neck.

'Turn round!'

Her back was now towards the rest of us.

'Bend over!'

With a little sob of despair the pretty girl did as she ordered.

Sabhu came round behind her. He was bending his cane and straightening it again as he made several practice shots through the air. It was a terrifying sight.

'More!' demanded Sabhu.

The poor girl's bottom was now thrust out towards us. With his cane Sabhu lifted the hem of her short gymslip up over her bare bottom. There was a gasp from the watching girls as he slowly raised his cane.

He paused.

Then suddenly he brought it down right across Maja's soft little bottom, leaving a red weal. There was a scream of pain from Maja. She jumped up and dropped her hands to rub her bottom.

'You keep still and not touch bottom!' roared Sabhu. Waving his cane in anger. 'That stroke not count! You still get six. Next stroke also not count if you move and if you not keep hands clasped behind neck.'

Maja's English may not have been fluent, but his meaning was quite clear. The other girls around me sucked in their breath. I heard Carole, standing next to me, murmur: 'Poor thing. Thank God it's not me!'

'Silence!' shouted Joseph, 'or you get the same.'

No wonder, I thought, that the "older" girls had learnt to treat young Joseph with such respect,.

'Oh please! Please!' Maja sobbed piteously, flinging herself abjectly down on her knees at his feet.

Sabhu looked down at her contemptuously. We held our breath wondering the pitiful sight might melt his heart. Then angrily he kicked her away. 'You get up and bend over again, or you get two more strokes!'

Again he paused and looked at the rest of us. 'You all watch carefully. Tomorrow it will be one of the rest of you! I always like cane at least one girl each day.'

There was gasp from us all. I remembered seeing the wheals on some of the girls bottoms, including Carole's .

'Bend over again!' he ordered Maja.

Then he flexed his cane menacingly, took careful aim and brought it down accurately just an inch below the wheal of the first stroke. This time Maja bit her lips to prevent herself from crying out and shook with pain - but she somehow managed to hold her position.

Again the cane came down, again a bare inch below the last stroke. This time Maja screamed out aloud, but she held her position.

The process was repeated four more times. There was now a perfect ladder effect across poor Maja's bottom.

Sabhu waived the tottering Maja back into her position in the line.

'Double March! Prance!' ordered Joseph. Soon we were sweating again, for each of us was desperately trying to raise her knees higher and higher. Anything to avoid being caned like Maja!

'Halt' Joseph finally ordered as we ran past a row of rubber mats that I had seen lying on the floor. 'Down on your backs on your mats, go!' he ordered - again accompanied by a crack of the whip. Hastily I followed the other girls in lying down on a mat, with my hands by my side. Now what I wondered.

What followed was another quarter of an hour of strenuous exercises: we were made to raise our legs straight in the air, to do sit-ups and press-ups and numerous other exercises. Curiously, once again, they all seemed to be aimed at strengthening our tummy muscles.

At last it was over and we were allowed to prance back into the changing room cum bathroom.

My God, I thought this must like one of those terrifying foreign women's prison camps I had read about - and with Sabhu and the awful young black boy, and the strange "preparations" making it even worse.

However, such thoughts were quickly put out of my mind when Joseph shouted: 'Morning Showers!'

We were all made to line up under the row of showers. To my further mortification we were not allowed to wash ourselves. Instead, Sabhu and the boy, each with a bar of soap, came down the line of glistening bodies washing us all over with their bare hands in the most intimate and embarrassing way, and then drying us.

It was almost as if we were being brainwashed into accepting that we were no longer in charge of our own bodies.

9 - MORE HUMILIATION

One of the older girls, evidently the Duty Girl, Number 24, went to a sideboard on which Joseph had put a large bowl of porridge-like food. The bowl was taken round and watched by Joseph the girl put several large dollops of the mess in each girl's bowl.

Then Joseph produced a pot of strange looking black powder. With his dog-whip tucked under his arm, he carefully measured out a tablespoonful and poured it onto each girl's food. Was it some sort of medicine, I wondered? The resulting mixture didn't look very appetising and I waived it away. Instantly Joseph was onto me.

'Here you eat all given to you. Very nourishing. Get you nice and ready.'

'Ready?' I cried, remembering Ursula's strange remark and forgetting Sabhu's warning about not speaking to the "black overseers" 'Ready for what?'

'You not ask,' screamed the black boy giving me a sharp stroke across my shoulders with his dog-whip. 'You just do as told!'

Hastily I began to eat up my porridge. It seemed to be a mixture of oatmeal, muesli, slices of fruit with a basis of Soya. All very nutritious no doubt, but it was really rather tasteless.

'Morning bathroom parade!' Joseph then ordered.

Carole grabbed my arm and pulled me, along with all the other girls, back into bathroom. 'This is the worst part of our daily routine,' she whispered.

Worst part, I thought? What could have been more humiliating than the earlier so called Performance in the bathroom, or more exhausting than the Morning Exercise? I was soon to learn.

As before, we were all made to line up on the bench, standing rigidly at attention facing the line of loos.

I hardly like to write about what then happened. But again it shows the extraordinary level of discipline to which we were subjected.

Suffice to say, Joseph's first order was again 'Prepare to perform!', but this time it was followed by the order 'From backside!'. I gasped, in horror, as I realised what was meant. Oh no! Not in public! Not in front of Sabhu and that awful young boy! But that was exactly what we had to do.

As before Joseph came down the line, this time feeling our bellies. Any girl, like me on this first occasion, whom he reported was not yet ready, was promptly given a dose of Caster Oil. It was horrible but the effect was very quick and in no time I was desperately longing to go.

As before, on the lowered seat of each loo was a bowl. But this time the bowl was half full of a coloured, scented, liquid. As before, on the order "Position for Performing!" we had to run forward and half squat over the loo, facing the wall, with our buttocks thrust back and our heads raised. And, of course, we had to make very sure that our rear entrances were positioned neatly above the bowl.

Then once again Sabhu held us back until we were all ready to perform together. I was desperate! Then finally he ordered, "Go". But one of Sonja's new girls was a little late and got six strokes for "disobedience". It seemed so unfair.

Then Sabhu watched as, carrying a bucket of soapy water and a big sponge, Joseph came down the line of proffered backsides and washed each of us. Sabhu, I knew, was a fastidious man and insisted on absolute cleanliness for girls in his charge.

Then, instead of using the contents of the bowls for pregnancy tests, they were now carefully weighed and the results entered on each girl's graph. Why on earth, I wondered, was such embarrassingly detailed information required? By Doctor Anna? But why?

Once again it made me ask myself just what strange fate we were being prepared for? Clearly it was one that could potentially earn Ursula and her friends a lot of money - for they were certainly taking great trouble over us. I remembered what Carole had said about it being something that would appeal to rich, and sexually jaded, elderly Arabs.

What could it be?

11 - INFIBULATED!

'Morning Rest Time!' the black boy announced, cracking his whip. Evidently all orders were given in English here, but because the Eastern European girls spoke so little English, they were confined to short, sharp, phrases.

Obediently Carole and the other girls got up and ran to their bunks. I began to run after them.

'Not you!' the boy grinned. He seized my arm and then snapped a lead onto my collar. Sabhu then seized my other arm in his firm grip. I saw that the Joseph was now holding a muzzle like the one with which I had been gagged on the journey to the Castle.

Sabhu and Joseph now dragged me into a curtained alcove, off the Display Room. It was the one that Carole had pointed out the evening before. Astonished I saw that it really did contain a proper gynaecological couch, with stirrups for the feet.

But what really caught my eye even was the fat, squat, figure dressed in a white gown and wearing thin rubber gloves on her hands. Horrified, I recognised the dreaded Doctor Anna.

'No! No!' I cried.

Sabhu gave me a hard stroke with his cane across my bare thighs.

'Oh, yes, yes,' he laughed. Then he and Joseph forced the gag into my mouth and fastened it behind my neck. Then they pushed me down onto the couch and fastened my wrists to straps on either side of my head.

Horrified, but helpless, I felt them also fasten my ankles to the raised stirrups at the foot of the couch. My legs were now held wide apart. Then they lifted up my bottom and pulled my gymslip up round my waist. I was completely naked from there down.

Doctor Anna and Sabhu were whispering together in a corner of the room. Remembering Carole's fears of that they were planning to do something strange and special to us, I was desperately trying to hear what they were saying. I could only hear snatches of their conversation and what with their broken English it was difficult to make sense of it all, and I was left more confused than ever.

'Yes,' I thought I heard the lady doctor say in her heavy Germanic accent, 'with this last lot we will now have sufficient stock of girls to offer to clients to last for some weeks, especially as I do not like to do more than one girl a week.'

'Do? What do you mean "do"?' I tried to scream, but my muzzle reduced my cry to a little incoherent moan that Sabhu and the lady doctor ignored.

'But, of course, I make exception for this new mother and daughter, Numbers 26A and B. They a special challenge. We give both final treatment together - after I have correctly synchronised both monthly cycles.'

I saw Sabhu rubbing his hands together. 'And,' he added with a smile, 'clients pay plenty money to see both then being assimilated and being given final treatment together: virgin daughter in front of horrified mother and mother in front of shocked daughter - and then watch both in Development Wing.'

Again I longed to scream out and ask just what he meant by "being assimilated and being given final treatment together" - and what was the Development Wing, for Heavens sake?

Then I vaguely heard Sabhu saying, with a sinister laugh, something about rich Arab clients paying large sums to watch slightly older, but still unsuspecting, European women being put through the full process, 'especially if they intelligent career girls like the American one, Number 22, or happily married ones like this one.'

My God, I thought, what was the "full process" and by "this one" did he mean me? It was true that I was happily married - I had just stupidly allowed myself to be seduced by Ursula when John was away, and had been in her power ever since. Listening to Sabhu and the doctor now made me more anxious than ever about what she was doing with me now.

'Yes,' I also thought I then heard Doctor Anna, 'it's more difficult with older girls to be sure of success. Proper periods of breaking-in and disciplining, and then of Assimilation, all supervised by you, very important for them, both mentally and physically. Brain then stimulated into producing chemicals that get body ready to accept what we plan to do. So careful psychological preparation most important, especially for older girls.'

'And yet these older girls are the ones Arab Princes and Sheiks can't wait to see undergoing final treatment,' said Sabhu.

'Which is why we can charge so much more for them,' laughed the horrible lady doctor rubbing her hands, like Sabhu had done earlier.

'And I can get a bigger tip,' added Sabhu grinning.

'You and your tips,' laughed Doctor Anna, 'they're all you ever think about!'

She paused.

'But American girl was certainly very good find. That handsome young, Carlo, he certainly earned his fee for spotting a valuable young woman like her and for tricking her into coming here.'

'Yes,' I thought I heard Sabhu add. 'Yes, you remember how when Prince first see Number 22, and realise she still unsuspecting, he willing pay anything to have her, a sophisticated Western woman given final treatment straight away!'

'Yes,' laughed the lady doctor, 'and yet she only here a few days and certainly not yet ready - and anyway I then not even sure she not pregnant by our friend Carlo.'

'His Highness is old man now, but he insist on paying big deposit to make sure that none of his other Arab friends got her first.'

I gave a little shudder as I remembered how Carole had said something about seeing an elderly Arab Prince putting down a deposit for her. Well!

'Yes,' I thought I heard Doctor Anna go on, 'Older men especially like exerting power over young women. That what we offer.'

'Yes,' Sabhu then seemed to say, 'but I tell him you first require period of strict discipline and daily doses of serum, and of adjustment to girl's monthly cycle.'

'Yes, very important cycle just right when girl given final treatment,' the doctor muttered.

'Then I tell him girl needs to be properly assimilated. Only then could he enjoy watching results of final treatment.'

'Quite right,' I heard Doctor Anna then say.

'But I tell him he can much enjoy watching unsuspecting girl both being disciplined here and even more in Assimilation and being given final treatment - as well, of course, as later on too, in Development Wing, with girl still unaware of what is in store for her.'

'In store!' laughed Doctor Anna, mysteriously. 'that very good!'

Then I heard Sabhu join in the laughter. What, I wondered, was the joke. Oh, go on, I wanted to cry out. Go on! Explain what's so funny about "in store". But they both continued to talk in riddles that I could not properly understand.

'But Number 22 now on serum for two weeks,' Sabhu then said. 'She also now had several canings. She now obedient and well broken-in. May be ready to move on in time for His Highness's next visit? He very pleased watch her undergoing Assimilation.'

My heart was in my mouth as I saw Doctor Anna consult some medical notes.

'Yes,' she said, 'Number 22 now ready for Assimilation.'

Then to my horror I saw her turn and point to me. 'And I expect sponsoring this one also very popular. The Lady Partners can charge big fee for her alright! Yes, Miss de Vere did very well in getting her here.'

'And may be Prince interested in her, too.' laughed Sabhu. 'Perhaps he like have two - one shortly after the other!'

'May be!' laughed the lady doctor. 'Or four if he also willing pay for new mother and daughter. Anyway I want all new girls paraded for him. The earlier a new girl is paraded,' Sabhu laughed, 'the longer clients have to wait for her to be "ready" and keener they are to pay more and to put down a big deposit to secure her.'

My mind was reeling as I tried to make sense of what I had heard. What final treatment, I wondered, and what was this mysterious Assimilation for which Carole, and apparently I, were both destined? Assimilated for what? I must warn her, I thought. But then, on second thoughts, it might be best to say nothing. After all there was nothing that Carole could do about it - nor me!

Anyway, I realised, I still did not know what it was that rich Arabs were so keen to pay to see done to us.

Doctor Anna now came round and bent over me. In her hand was a hypodermic syringe. I felt her wipe something cold between my legs and then two little pricks. Muzzled and held as I was, helpless on the couch with my legs spread shamefully wide apart, there was nothing I could do to stop her.

She stood back for a few minutes as if to allow the deadening injections to take effect.

'Soon you good girl, whether you like or not!' she laughed. 'Not able interfere with final treatment.'

I did not understand what she meant.

Then I saw her pick up a rather fat needle. I trembled as she bent down over me again, but all I felt were a series of little pricks. I saw her wiping up a little blood and rubbing a greasy ointment into me.

Then I saw her pick up a tray of small white shiny rings and a little gas burner. I shuddered, but I felt almost nothing. She seemed to be melting the ends of each ring before inserting it into me, and then pressing the ends together with a special little tool.

It seemed to go on and on.

Finally she stood up and looked down smiling, as if satisfied with her work. Sabhu joined her, looking down at my beauty lips and smiling.

'Well,' I heard Doctor Anna say mysteriously in her heavy German accent, 'this one will now not be able to interfere with what Nature, and her future sponsor, intend for her.'

'Yes,' said Sabhu, 'and they just love to seed girl ringed and helpless.' Then he added mysteriously, 'And it won't be long now before she's looking very different.'

'And feeling very different, too,' laughed Doctor Anna.

My God, I thought, what did they mean!

But my concern was then more with the strange feeling of my beauty lips being tightly compressed - rather like they had so often felt under Ursula's chastity belt.

But I could also feel something hard running along them and something strange dangling between my legs. Suddenly I remembered the awful plastic infibulations bars I had seen passed through the other girls' infibulation rings and locked in place with a tiny padlock. My God had they really done that to me, too?

Sabhu now released my wrists and ankles, and helped me to my feet. But he did not unfasten my muzzle. Facing me was a full-length mirror. I moaned in despair behind my gag as I saw that, just like the other girls, I too now had a row of half a dozen tough little white plastic rings through each of my beauty

lips. Through them a small curved bar had been threaded. Like the other girls, too, a tiny padlock hung down between my legs.

I put my hand down and felt between my legs and felt the rings. Just as Carole had said, the ends of each ring had been permanently closed, brazed together, after being passed through the new tiny holes in my beauty lips. My God, I thought, removing these tough little plastic rings would certainly be a major task - and a very embarrassing one, too. Moreover, just as Carole had told me, the little bar that kept my infibulation rings so tightly closed was apparently made of stainless steel - and the tiny padlock looked strong too.

I felt for my precious beauty bud. But a flat piece at the top of the bar prevented me from getting my fingers even close to it. I tried to pull the bar up, out from the rings but, as I suspected, the padlock completely prevented it. Similarly I found that the flat piece at the top of the bar prevented it from being pulled down through the rings. In any case, I realised, the rings kept my beauty lips so tightly closed that I could not even get a little finger between them to feel inside myself or to touch my precious beauty bud.

Sabhu and Doctor Anna were now laughing as they watched my desperate and vain attempts to get at myself. Even worse, Sabhu was tossing a little key in his hand. The key to my infibulation padlock! It made me feel so helpless so controlled.

Sabhu now led me, still stark naked, back into the dormitory, where all the girls were now silently lying in their bunks, resting in the half light.

The other three new girls were now muzzled like myself. I could see that they were all looking, horrified, at my new infibulation rings and bar. Carole gave me a little smile of sympathy, but then Sabhu handed me over to Joseph.

'Into bed!' he ordered. He did not unlock my muzzle however.

Then, a few minutes later, the lights were suddenly switched on and the boy shouted: 'Up' and cracked his whip.

All the other girls immediately jumped out of bed and stood nervously at Attention by their bunks, their hands clasped, as always, behind their necks.

Sabhu entered the room again. He was carrying his cane in one hand and in the other a black leather muzzle, like the one that was still gagging me. He looked at the three new girls that Sonja had brought. Then he pointed to Maja. With his forefinger he silently beckoned her forward. Desperately, she shook her head with a piteous look. But then like a rabbit hypnotised by a stoat, she stumbled across to him.

The big black man seized her by the arm and forced the gag into her mouth. Then he took off her nightdress and, just as he had done to me, he frog-marched her, stark naked, out of the dormitory and across the Display Room into Doctor Anna's dreaded alcove. Poor girl, I thought.

Joseph was still in the dormitory again, watching us girls. Indeed I was to learn that, in the absence of Sabhu, he would almost always be watching us - and, even if he wasn't, the little television cameras most certainly were. Clearly we were too valuable, as potential money earners for the Lady Partners, to be left on our own.

Lying in my bunk, I did not dare to reach down to my beauty lips, but I was constantly aware, as Carole had said, of the strange feeling of the little rings and of the bar which so cleverly kept my beauty lips tightly closed.

It was certainly a horrible and cruel thing that had been done to me. It was far worse than being temporarily locked into a chastity belt. A chastity belt was often just a little erotic joke, or a game, and was taken off after only a few hours or a day or so. But these brazed plastic rings were intended to be far more permanent. Oh God!

I was overcome by a feeling of despair and of mystification about why it had been done - though I could see that it was a wonderful way of asserting power over a young woman. Was this, I wondered, why Ursula had tricked me into coming here, or did a more sinister fate await me?

Twenty minutes later, poor Maja was led back into the dormitory, weeping. She too had been infibulated. She was still muzzled.

Then it was the turn first of the beautiful mother and then of her precious daughter. All four of us new girls had been infibulated and, horrified

by the realisation that we had lost control of our bodies, were lying muzzled on our bunks.

PART III

THE "SLAVE MARKET"

12 - URSULA TAKES HER PICK

In the dormitory, later that evening, under the watchful eye of Joseph, we girls were all nervously playing with our baby dolls. Mine was so pretty. We all enjoyed comparing them, and washing and dressing them.

And the strange thing was that, earlier, when that cunning bastard, Sabhu, came into the dormitory he had just smiled and gestured to us to carry on playing with them. It was almost as if playing with our baby dolls was, as Carole had suspected, all part of the clever mental preparation to which, I realised, we were being subjected.

We girls were also trying to chat to each other in whatever common languages we could find. To my disappointment, Joseph had arbitrarily forbidden Carole and I to speak any more to each other. It was a way, I suppose, of imposing his authority over us.

But it was clear that, like Carole, none of the other girls had any idea of the fate that awaited us, and were as frightened of the Sword of Damocles hanging over our heads as she was - and indeed as I was.

Like the other new girls I was trying to get used to the strange and frustrating feel of the little infibulation rings and bar. The initial soreness, however, had worn off, but I was constantly aware of my beauty lips being held tightly closed.

Suddenly there was the rustle of a key in the door and the click of the electronic lock. In walked Sabhu. He was dressed like the Ring Master in a circus: a smart military style cap, a red tunic covered with black froggings, gleaming white breeches and highly polished black riding boots. He was even carrying a long circus whip, which he now cracked alarmingly.

Taken aback, we all put down our dolls, jumped to our feet and stood respectfully at Attention, with our hands clasped behind our necks. Failure to do so, I now knew, would have meant the usual six strokes from his dreaded cane - for 'Lack of Respect.'

Sabhu looked enquiringly at young Joseph, and then announced 'Selection Parade by Lady Partners in half an hour.'

I remembered having seen on the notice board that there would be a selection parade by them at 1800. I had not originally understood who was keeping us locked up in the Castle, but, following my conversation with Carole, I now did. It was these Lady Partners who were the swine that were planning to exploit us in some strange way.

Sabhu again cracked his whip. 'Into Bathroom - Run!' he ordered.

Watched by Sabhu, we all put on our pretty little girl's party frocks. We were not allowed to wear anything underneath them. I was worried about we were supposed to put them on with our hands linked by the awful manacles. But, like the frilly nightdresses, they had Velcro fastenings on the shoulder straps. So all was well.

The dresses were beautiful with swirling hems. Like the little girl's nightdresses, they had been let out to allow them to be worn by slim grown-up girls like us, as we were all also fairly buxom, they were had been cut away to display our breasts and painted nipples.

However they were still scandalously short. I could not help blushing when I saw how our now infibulated beauty lips were prettily displayed between the swirling hems with our every movement.

The girls all now sat down at a line of small dressing tables. The older girls were busy brushing their hair straight down their backs and making

themselves look like pretty little girls. They were also lisping and pouting at each other like little girls. I remembered what Carole had said about this.

'You new girls too!' Sabhu barked. 'You also make look, and behave, like pretty little six year old girls. That what Lady Partners want when they choose girls for bed tonight. They keen try out new girls.'

Then for good measure he added: 'Don't forget to lisp all the time, especially when in Lady Partners bed. Remember, you get six strokes if Lady Partners not pleased.'

It was a threat that made us all desperate to make ourselves look and act the part, even those, like Carole, who hated the idea of having to pleasure an older woman.

So, I thought as I carefully made my face look like that of a little girl and start to practice lisping, we were going to be chosen for their pleasure by the mysterious Lady Partners. Well!

Finally Sabhu cracked his whip and ordered 'Form Line.'

Then, he marched us, now running and laughing like little girls, back into the large Display Room, the scene earlier of the humiliating Morning Exercise. This time he halted us by a rather strange looking alcove that seemed to include a small, but brilliantly lit-up, raised stage, rather like that of private theatre. In front of the stage were several chairs and a raised semicircular display platform, or walkway that ran round the front of the stage.

We were ordered to march up onto the stage and face the chairs.

'Remember, you smile and look pretty. You sway to music and make party frocks swing to display your new infibulations. Remember to look like you want to be chosen for Lady Partners' bed - or else you get cane!' warned Sabhu. He held up six fingers. 'Six strokes,' he added.

He then moved to one side of the front of the stage where he stood, his long whip raised, like a circus ring master, ready to parade his charges before his employers.

Then Joseph drew a half transparent net curtain across the front of the stage, and dimmed the lights in the Display Room. We could not now see beyond the curtain, but with the stage still brilliantly lit anyone in the display room could see us clearly.

Forgetting that Joseph as now standing behind us, I whispered across to Carole: 'Now what happens?' But Joseph had heard me.

'Silence on stage!' he shouted. 'Or I now report you to Mr Sabhu for six strokes!'

Oh God, I thought. How stupid I had been. Six strokes!

Sabhu cracked his whip and I heard footsteps and women's voices. The Lady Partners had arrived. I heard the scrapping of chairs as they sat down.

As they did so, Joseph, as if in answer to a signal from Sabhu, snapped a lead on to the ring at the back of my collar. He now held my lead in one hand and his fearsome little dog whip in the other.

A stereo player was now switched on and all the girls started to dance and sway to the soft gentle music, making their bosoms bounce and their full-skirted little party frocks swing, giving tantalising glimpses of their smooth and hairless beauty lips - together with their denigrating infibulation rings with the bar and the little padlock that hung down between their legs.

Blushing, I began to sway to the music, too, encouraged by taps on my naked bottom from Joseph's little dog whip.

Then through a narrow crack where the curtains joined, I saw half a dozen of the dreaded Lady Partners, the women who had dreamt up and financed this whole strange operation, sitting down and looking intently up at us. Several were evidently taking notes. They looked German and rather masculine, and to judge by their uniform black velvet dinner suits, complete with floppy black ties, also very lesbian.

Suddenly my heart gave a jump as I caught a glimpse of Ursula! Ursula, my adored Mistress, until she tricked me into coming here, was here! I wanted to kill her!

But tightly held, as I was, by the lead attached to my collar, there was nothing I could do.

I saw that she was dressed, like the other Lady Partners, in a black velvet trouser suit.

She was laughingly pointing me out to a dark haired woman standing behind her with a rather proprietorial air. She looked like a prison wardress in a long black dress with broad leather belt round her waist from which hung a bunch of keys. Later I was to learn that this was Fraulein Ingrid, the owner of the Castle and the Senior Lady Partner.

Meanwhile, my anger was beginning to fade away. Surely, I thought, if she chose me for her pleasure, then alone with her in the intimacy of her bed, I would be able to find out what was the fate that awaited me and the other girls - or, even better, persuade her to take me away from this terrible place.

I began to cry out to Ursula, but was cut short by a stroke of Joseph's dog whip across my bare thighs beneath my short gym tunic bottom.

'Silence!' he shouted. To my chagrin I saw Ursula nod in approval.

'I see she's being well disciplined,' I heard her say. 'And you've already had her infibulated. Well done!'

'Yes heard Doctor Anna and Sabhu don't waste time!' laughed

Ingrid. 'And Sabhu's also started her on the special pills and powders - for I want her ready as soon as possible.'

'Oh?' said Ursula.

'Yes, you see His Highness and his cronies are coming back in a few days time and we think she's just the type to catch his eye - just as the American girl did. He'll be thrilled to think that thanks to him, a pretty married, upper-class, Englishwoman is going to be subjected to Doctor Anna's full treatment and that, of course, he'll be able to come and watch it all - just as he will for the American girl.

She gave a harsh little laugh.

'He'll be disappointed, naturally, that she's not yet ready to move onto the Assimilation Wing. But with luck, he'll put a hefty deposit down on her, to prevent any one else from snatching her up - just as he did with our American girl.'

'Excellent!' laughed Ursula.

'And, of course, you'll get half,' Ingrid added.

'Better still!' said Ursula with a smile - much to my chagrin. I had hoped that she would save me from whatever awful "treatment" of Doctor Anna's it was that this Arab Prince was apparently willing to pay handsomely to sponsor me for.

'I like the look of the girl next to Emma,' I heard Ursula say a few moments later. 'I think I'd like her tonight.'

A feeling of acute jealousy swept over me: Ursula had chosen Carole in preference to me.

'Ah!' replied Fraulein Ingrid, 'she's the older American girl whom I was speaking about.

'Ah!' cried Ursula, making me feel even more jealous.

'I must warn you,' said Ingrid, 'she's new to lesbianism - and doesn't much like it.'

'All the better,' replied Ursula her eyes lighting up. 'I like a reluctant young woman. I'll keep my cane handy.'

'And I'll tell Sabhu to warm up her bottom before hand with a special "Slave Paddle" of his. That usually keeps a girl docile and obedient. It's made of rubber and is mounted on a bamboo handle. It stings without leaving any marks.

'It sounds wonderful,' laughed Ursula cruelly.

'Yes, it's a copy of the ones that were used in Haiti on female black slaves in the days of slavery. Of course, he's delighted, as a black man, now to be using it on a white woman!

'Tell him to do the same with Emma, too,' laughed Ursula. 'I'll take her too, but I don't want any trouble from her either.'

My heart gave another double jump.

'And I'll tell Sabhu to have Joseph ready with his dog whip - just in case,' I heard Ingrid laugh. 'Most women don't mind having a black boy in attendance when they're being pleased by a girl.'

'No, I shan't mind him,' laughed Ursula, 'and I'm sure he'll be very useful.'

I did know whether to be thrilled that my Mistress did want me after all, or horrified that Carole would there too - and even more horrified that Joseph

would also be there with his dog whip to make sure that Carole and I both perform to Ursula's satisfaction.

Meanwhile the other girls were being paraded by Sabhu and the other Lady Partners were looking at them carefully and telling Sabhu which ones they wanted.

Then Ingrid stood up. 'Ladies, I think we might now go and see how the others are getting on.'

Again I wondered what she meant. I remembered that Sabhu had used a similar expression. Oh, it was so frightening not knowing what was in store for oneself.

Moments later I watched as Ingrid lead Ursula and her other friends towards a heavily barred door, which was fitted with both a huge old-fashioned lock and a modern electronic one. She unlocked it carefully and they disappeared through it. I heard the door being locked again from the other side.

13 - I HELP PLEASURE MY MISTRESS - AND LEARN NOTHING

It was later that evening.

Feeling like helpless slaves, Carole and I were both silently standing at attention at the foot of the Ursula's large bed. It was covered with a black satin sheet. Although we dutifully kept our eyes fixed straight ahead, we were aware of the sumptuousness of her bedroom, which contrasted sharply with our bare dormitory, with its hard bunk beds.

We were also well aware of Ursula's long whippy cane which lay menacingly on the bed.

The horrid black boy, Joseph, was standing behind us, humiliatingly holding each of us by a lead attached to a ring at the back of our collars.

It was only half an hour since we had both been humiliatingly made to bend over by him and given six strokes of Sabhu's rubber Slave Paddle to get us in the right frame of mind, as it had been called, for pleasuring Ursula. The paddle had left no marks, but it had stung like hell.

As usual, our wrists were linked by short manacle chains, but we had been made to step over them, so that our hands were now held helplessly behind our backs.

We were just wearing our little girl's shorty nightdresses, and our half nakedness also contrasted sharply with Joseph's smart boy's suit.

There had been no mention of unlocking and removing our infibulation bars and I could feel my beauty lips being tightly and frustratingly held together.

We could hear Ursula taking a shower in the adjoining bathroom. I could feel Carole, standing alongside me, trembling with fear. I was, too.

Suddenly Ursula strode back into the bedroom. She was wearing a long satin peignoir with the front held together by a large bow.

Lethargically she lay down on the satin sheet and started to play with the cane, running it through her hands. Her peignoir parted to disclose her long, slim, legs and the fact that, unlike her girls, she was not depilated. Only slavegirls were depilated here, not Mistresses. She did seem to be the least bit embarrassed by the presence of the black boy.

'So, Carole, I understand that you don't like our little lesbian games and don't like having to pleasure a Lady.'

'W ... well... ' poor Carole stammered.

'There is to be no argument about it, my girl. Either you please me or you get my cane, or Joseph's dog whip, until you do. Here you are just a slave and you do what you're told - or else!

Carole gave a little gasp of despair.

'So,' Ursula laughed cruelly, 'perhaps we should start with a little demonstration from Emma of just what I expect from a slavegirl.'

She paused deliberately to increase the feeling of tension -and fear.

'Emma, get down on your knees between my legs,' she then ordered. Hastily, I took up my position. I could still feel Joseph holding my lead.

'Down!' he ordered, tapping my bottom with his dog whip. Obediently I dropped my head, seeking out, as I knew I must, Ursula's prominent, hard, little

beauty bud. It was awkward having to do so with my hands fastened behind my back, but my Mistress gripped my hair with her hands and guided my tongue into place.

Before long Ursula was uttering little cries of joy. 'Make her go on,' she cried out to Joseph who again brought his dog whip down onto my bottom - but this time harder.

Ursula began calling out a series of orders.

'Now, just suck, girl!'

'Now lick!'

'Tongue further out!'

'Slowly!'

'Now push your little tongue up inside!'

'Good! Now gently wriggle your tongue.'

'That's right. Go on!'

Joseph emphasised each order with another tap of his dog whip on my bottom. Oh, it was so humiliating having pleasure my Mistress by order, in front of another girl, with a black boy driving me on with his dog whip.

Soon Ursula was moaning with yet more delight. I could taste her arousal. The awful thing was that each stroke of Joseph's dog whip increased my own arousal too, but, of course, with my beauty lips held tightly shut, I was kept firmly frustrated.

Then as I lay between my Mistress's legs, forced by Joseph's cane to keep my tongue well out, I heard my Mistress raise her voice and call out.

'Carole, note carefully what I am making your little friend do. That's what you'll be doing very shortly. Understand?'

There was a pause, and then the sound of dog whip on a soft little bottom. 'Answer!' came Joseph's high pitched boyish voice.

'Oh, yes, Madam!' I heard Carole obediently and urgently lisp. 'I promise to please, Madam. I weally will.'

'Then come and take Emma's place,' ordered Ursula, kicking me back off her bed. Evidently making a grown woman lisp like a little girl had excited her. Equally evidently, Carole was remembering what Sabhu had said would happen to her if she did not lisp properly. How humiliating it must be for her.

Hesitantly, Carole took my place, whilst I again stood at attention at the foot of the bed. I could not help feeling madly jealous as Carole was given the same series of orders as I had. She was pleasuring my Mistress! But jealousy gave way to pity as I saw that Joseph was having to use his dog whip hard to make Carole comply with Ursula's orders.

But soon she had Ursula again moaning with delight.

'Make Emma kneel by the side of the bed and reach out to start licking again,' Ursula now ordered. 'I want to feel two little tongues vying against each other to give me pleasure.'

Oh no, I thought. But Joseph gave me a sharp cut across my buttocks and in no time I was kneeling down on the floor by the bed. Another cut from the boy's whip and I was reaching forward and thrusting out my tongue.

I felt Ursula's moist, aroused beauty lips and then Carole's soft little tongue. I felt Ursula's hand gripping my hair again. She was now holding two heads in place.

'And Joseph, beat Emma had if she tries to raise her head.'

Terrified, I wriggled my tongue alongside that of Carole.

'Oh, yes!' moaned Ursula in ecstasy. 'Oh, yes!'

'Drive them on, Joseph!' she soon cried. 'I want to feel each little tongue jerking as each girl in turn gets your dog whip.'

Joseph was now orchestrating our efforts, holding both our leads in one hand, whilst with the other he was applying his dog whip, one at a time, to our rears. Soon there was a regular pattern of the sound of the dog whip striking a soft little bottom, followed by another cry of ecstasy from Ursula.

It was so shame-making for us both being driven by Joseph's whip into pleasuring Ursula like this whilst being kept completely frustrated ourselves. How, I wondered, would Carole and I ever be able to look each other in the face again.

I could feel that the combination of our two little wriggling tongues, together with the feeling of power in having two helpless girls at her mercy, and the

sound of Joseph's dog whip on our bottoms, was bringing Ursula to a peak of pleasure.

Suddenly she exploded in our mouths, and moments later did so again, before lying back temporarily satiated.

But there were no thanks for us. 'Well done Joseph, you did very well,' she said. 'I think both slavegirls are now sufficiently beaten into submission to be allowed to step over their manacles again so that they have their hands in front. And I don't think I shall then need you anymore. You can give me their leads.'

Then, I saw her reach for her handbag, take out a note and hand it to the grinning boy as a tip. But there were to be no tips for us. We were just slavegirls.

Later that night I was curled up in Ursula's arms. Joseph had strangely come earlier to collect Carole and had taken her away. Ursula had made no objection and it was almost as if she had known that Carole was going to be taken away.

I, of course, was delighted. Quite apart from now having my Mistress to myself, it would be much easier to find out what was going to happen to me. But I was to be disappointed.

I was wondering how to raise the subject, when Ursula suddenly said: 'Well, little Emma, are you wondering what's going to happen to you here?'

'Oh, yes Madam' I lisped eagerly.

'Ah, well, little girl,' Ursula replied teasingly, 'that would be telling wouldn't it.'

'Oh please, Madam, please,' I begged.

'Oh no, Emma, pretty little slavegirls like you should only be thinking of pleasing their Mistress. It's not you to pry into what plans they've made for you.'

'But it's horrible not knowing,' I sobbed in despair.

'But that's half the fun for me! And meanwhile are you enjoying being got ready by nice, kind, Sabhu and his young friend?'

'He's a swine, a nasty cruel swine,' I burst out, 'and that awful boy is no better.'

'Oh I don't think they'll like it very much when I tell them that,' she laughed.

'Oh no please don't tell them. They'll cane me!'

'Yes, Emma, they will - and you'll deserve it, won't you? Well, won't you?'

'Yes!' I sobbed.

'And are proud of your pretty little infibulation rings?' she went on teasingly. 'And the little locked bar that keeps you a nice pure little girl.'

'No, Madam, no! I hate them!'

'But it's a lovely feeling for your Mistress - being pleased by a little girl who although aroused can have no relief.'

'Oh, please, Madam, take them off,' I again begged.

'Oh no, Emma. They'll be staying on to make sure you earn your Mistress a lot of money,' she said mysteriously.

'But how, Madam?'

'Never you mind, here you're just a little mindless slavegirl that we can do as we wish. But don't you often wonder why you, and the other girls have been infibulated?'

'Yes, Madam, yes! All the time! Oh do tell me, please.'

'Oh no, Emma! I'm enjoying keeping you ignorant - like a real little girl. Anyway you might tell the others.'

'I won't, I promise,' I cried, but to avail. Ursula just went on teasing me without giving anything away.

To make it even worse she made me sign a postcard she had written to John. 'Emma is very well and enjoying her stay here,' she had written. Now she dictated what I was to add: 'Ursula is being very kind and I am having a lovely time in this wonderful old castle. Miss you!'

Having a lovely time! How I longed to write that in fact I was being held a prisoner and would he please come back and rescue me. But Ursula made sure that I only wrote what she had dictated.

The card showed a restored old castle, but did not give the name or location - so I was still in the dark as to where I was.

'That'll keep him happy whilst we wreak our nefarious designs on his helpless wife,' she laughed cruelly.

This was the first of several short and innocuous postcards that Ursula made me send to keep John reassured.

So, it was a disappointed little girl whom Joseph collected next morning and took back down to the dormitory. But there I made a horrible discovery. My friend Carole had gone!

She had disappeared - together with one of the other "older" girls - the Romanian one whom I had overheard Sabhu and Doctor Anna discussing.

'What's happened to Carole?' I daringly asked Joseph.

'Never you mind, he replied angrily.

I sat forlornly in the dormitory, looking at Carole's empty bunk, and had a little cry - crying partly for the loss of my friend and partly from fear that one day I, too, might suddenly disappear.

Even Joseph must have been touched, for he came over and patted my shoulder. 'Not cry' he said, 'maybe you see her again soon.'

'What do you mean?' I cried.

But he just smiled and shook his head.

14 - OFFERED AND INSPECTED

'Get ready for Slave Market,' suddenly cried Joseph cracking a short riding whip as if to show that he would brook no nonsense.

It was later the next day, the day when I had noticed, to my horror, that Carole had mysteriously disappeared.

Just we had done the evening before, when getting ready to be paraded before the Lady Partners, we all now rushed into the bathroom and titivated ourselves.

'You make look beautiful - or you get cane,' warned out horrible overseer. It was so humiliating to be spoken to like that by a black boy, armed with a whip.

Then Sabhu arrived. I was astonished to see that he was dressed in a long robe and a simple turban and was carrying a long whippy cane. He looked just the slave dealer I had seen in a well known picture by a French artist called "The Slave Market" which showed two manacled, captured white, women, being displayed half naked to a well dressed, grey bearded, Arab. One was a virgin, the other a young married woman, clearly expecting a happy event.

In the picture the slave dealer had been using his cane to point out the features of the blushing, but clearly frightened young women. I used to wonder why a pair of proud looking European girls were letting themselves be so humiliatingly displayed. After only little more than 24 hours of Sabhu's terrifying discipline, I felt I now knew why.

Sabhu tucked his cane under his arm and clapped his hands for silence.

'Very rich and important Arab gentleman coming inspect you,' he announced, again speaking slowly for the benefit of the girls who only spoke a little English. 'I offer him now girls "Ready", but I also show him, for another time, girls not yet fully prepared. You obey my orders when I show you off, and keep quiet, or afterwards you get cane: ten strokes.'

There were gasps of horror from the other girls and myself. Ten strokes! Like the girls in the picture we were all going to be far too frightened to object to being displayed by Sabhu, no matter how humiliatingly, to this unknown Arab gentleman.

'You make sure you thrust out bellies properly so that he can see your numbers easily and check them against our priced list.'

A price list - for girls! How awful, I thought.

'Into Display Room - Prance!' now ordered Sabhu. It was an order that was emphasised by a crack of Joseph's whip.

Moments later we were all lined up on the stage, behind the transparent curtain. Once again we were all brightly lit up making it impossible for us to see the

Arab Prince that Ingrid and Ursula were now very escorting into up to some comfortable armchairs that had been placed in front of the stage.

'Welcome Your Highness to our Slave Market,' I heard Sabhu say obsequiously in surprisingly good English. Perhaps, I thought, Ursula or one of the other Lady Partners had written a script for him. 'As Your Highness will have already seen, Your Highness will have already seen from behind the screen, and on the internal television monitors, we have good stock of beautiful young women to offer again to Your Highness for further sponsorship.'

Oh my God, I thought, had this unknown very rich and important Arab Gentleman, evidently a Prince, been watching me, from behind the screened balcony high up on the wall, whilst I had been innocently playing with my doll? Even worse had the television cameras trained on our bottoms, whilst Sabhu made us so degradingly perform together, been for his benefit? Oh, no!

'Our terms, as usual are very generous: one third on reserving girl: one third on successful administration of the final treatment, as we call it: and the final one third on successful completion.'

'What treatment?' I longed to scream out aloud. 'Successful completion of what?' But with Joseph's whip only inches behind my bottom, I did not dare to open my mouth.

'Two girls, Your Highness,' Sabhu went on, 'Numbers 23 and 24, will be ready to be sponsored to start Assimilation in a few days time. You will see that their nipples have all been nicely elongated. As you know this will play an important part during their Assimilation.'

My ears pricked up. I had always wondered why they took such trouble to stretch our nipples. But what on earth did he mean?

'The others,' I heard him continue, 'will be nice and ready in about ten days. You will see that their nipples are already responding to our special treatment and will be nice and long by the time they are ready, too, to move onto Assimilation.'

Again I was mystified as to the connection between our nipples and this strange Assimilation.'

There was a pause and then Sabhu said: 'You will see, Your Excellency, that all their prices are listed on the Price List.'

There was the sound of rustling paper. Was the important Arab gentleman consulting the Price List, I wondered in trepidation?

'I understand, Your Highness,' I heard Sabhu go on, 'that having earlier visited, in her new surroundings, the unusually interesting young woman you have already sponsored and who has now started her Assimilation, that you might be interested in sending another young lady, or two, to join her, to add to Your Highness's collection.'

I heard the Arab give a grunt of assent.

My God, I thought, could Sabhu be talking about Carole? Is this Arab Prince the same rich and cruel "Old Greybeard" whom Carole had thought was sponsoring her? Was it Carole whom he had earlier seen starting her Assimilation - whatever that might mean? Did that mean that she was still here, somewhere in this castle, in "her new surroundings"? Had seeing what had been done to her, made the Prince decide to come and look for other girls to "add to his collection"?

'And, Your Highness I would like to draw your attention to three very special items we can now offer you: Numbers 26A, a beautiful mother, and 26B, her lovely daughter. I am sure that Your Highness would find it both exciting and fascinating to order them both to have the full treatment and then to watch them, unsuspectingly, having to undergo it.'

He passed to let his words sink in.

'The third item, I would recommend as being of particular interest,' he continued, like a slave dealer of old describing his wares to a prospective buyer, 'is Number 25, a genuine upper class English Lady, and married! Her is away and has no idea she is here and is also being prepared to undergo, unsuspectingly, the full treatment.'

Again he paused.

'These items are expensive, of course, because they are very rare and valuable- like Number 22 whom you are already sponsoring. Acquiring them has

been difficult. But think of the feeling of power that would come from imposing your will on them.'

So, I thought, as a married upper class English Lady, I'm a rare and valuable item, - on a par with Carole and the mother and daughter. No wonder that Ursula had taken so much trouble to lure me here.

'But,' went on Sabhu ingratiatingly, 'may I remind Your Highness that we also have, on offer, three other charming, and rather cheaper, young ladies who are also listed in your Price List: Numbers 23 and 24, who almost nice and ready to undergo the joys of Assimilation, and a delightful new arrival, Number 27.' Oh how awful it all was, I thought.

The music now began and, encouraged by another crack of Joseph's whip, we all began to dance, sensually swaying our hips and shaking our naked breasts in time to the music, as we had been taught to do.

At first we now had to keep our hands down in front of us so as to display our manacles. Evidently, like our collars, they made us look really slave-like. Then at a word of command from young Joseph, we all simultaneously had to raise our hands and clasp them behind our neck and thrust out our breasts and bare bellies, leaving our manacles at first hanging down just below our breasts, and then over hanging down our backs.

The music now changed to a particular Arab tune, the signal to us to start belly dancing - something we had also had to practice, and practice, with Joseph's little dog whip driving us on until we were exhausted.

I could see that with our harem trousers cut away around our bare and numbered tummies, and with our infibulated beauty lips also displayed, we must have looked a very erotic sight.

I blushed, probably very prettily, with embarrassment at the thought that evidently the unseen Prince was looking at our gyrating bodies.

Then one by one, with our manacled hands again lowered demurely in front of us, we each had to leave the stage and walk slowly round the semi-circular raised catwalk in front of it, whilst Sabhu called out an embarrassingly intimate description of our bodies and our monthly cycles.

'Keep heads up!' Joseph had warned. 'Not look down at client.'

However, I simply could not resist a quick glance down at the man for whom we were being paraded. It was a glance that later cost me six strokes Sabhu's cane for Disobedience, for I could not help a give away gasp when I saw a large, elderly, gross-looking man, dressed in immaculate white Arab robes and headdress with a gold edged silken transparent black cloak.

His eyes were totally hidden behind large reflective sunglasses and, except for a cruel-looking mouth, most of the rest of his face was hidden behind a long grey beard.

My God, I thought, he was indeed Carole's cruel "Old Greybeard". Not satisfied with acquiring her for whatever purpose it was, he really had come back to look at more of us.

Behind him sat half a dozen similarly dressed Arabs - perhaps cronies or guards, would occasionally lean forward and offer some comment in Arabic on the girls being paraded.

Seated next to the Arab Prince was the black-clad Ingrid, dressed as usual like a prison wardress. She was drawing the Prince's attention to each of us in turn as we paraded past them. I could see that he was clearly interested in me - but even more interested in the beautiful mother and daughter. I could not help feeling a pang of a jealous.

When we had all paraded round, I heard Sabhu ask the Prince if there were any girls whom he would like to examine more closely.

'Number 25,' came a deep gruff voice with a strong Arab accent.

'Number 25 to catwalk!' ordered Sabhu cracking his whip.

Joseph raised his whip warningly and beckoned me forward. Nervously I stumbled out onto the catwalk and stood there, lit up by the strong stage footlights.

'Position for Inspection!' I heard Sabhu order with a terrifying crack of his whip that seemed only inches from my bottom.

Quickly, biting my lips with fear and shame, I clasped my hands again behind my neck, parted my legs, bent my knees, thrust out my breasts and belly,

raised my head, and fixed my eyes straight ahead on the wall at the back of the room. Standing up on the raised platform, I was looking over the head of the Prince who was now standing immediately below me, his head level with my bare navel.

'A lovely English Lady, Your Highness, who being married will be appalled by the results of the full treatment,' Sabhu commented. What "full treatment", I wondered anxiously.

Suddenly I felt a claw like hand brushing aside the open bolero, and feeling my breasts. It was the Prince's.

'Nice and firm,' commented Sabhu like a salesman. 'They will look lovely hanging down below her.'

What did he mean, I wondered, blushing with embarrassment.

'And see how the nipples are already responding to our treatment.'

The hand dropped to my belly. I did not dare to look down.

'And as you can see, she has a sweet, soft, little belly which has never been swollen by pregnancy. Think what it will be like before long.'

Blushing madly, I cringed back.

'Keep belly thrust out for inspection,' ordered Sabhu angrily. I felt a tap of his whip on my buttocks. 'More!' he ordered and I now really strained to present my belly to the frightening Prince. I felt his cup it in his big gnarled hands.

'Head up and keep looking ahead,' murmured Sabhu with another warning tap of his cane.

I felt his hands run down over my soft and now hairless mound and then, horror of horrors, down my trembling beauty lips and infibulation rings, kept closed, of course, by the cleverly curved and unyielding metal bar.

'Would Your Highness like a closer look?' I heard Sabhu ask.

The Prince gave a grunt of assent.

Then I heard Sabhu come behind me. I felt his hands between my parted legs. Then I heard a click. I realised that he must have unlocked the tiny padlock that hung down between my legs and which held the bar in place.

Then coming round to the front of my body, he carefully unthreaded the bar from between the rings on each of my beauty lips.

Suddenly I felt them open, like the petals of a flower in the sun. Oh, the relief But also how shame-making as, out of the corner of my eye, I saw below me the Prince peering at my beauty lips and give a grunt of approval.

But worse was to follow, for I now felt Sabhu part my lips and hold them open. Oh no!

'Feel her, Your Highness,' Sabhu urged, 'and imagine her receiving repeated treatments in Assimilation and then the final one.'

I had no time to ponder on what he meant, for I now felt the Prince's gnarled finger penetrate me. He slowly felt up deeply. Oh the shame! But it was even worse when I felt my long frustrated body beginning to react to him.

How awful, I thought, it must have been for prudish captured Christian slave girls to be inspected like this in the Eastern slave markets of old.

Then apparently satisfied, the Prince withdrew his finger and Sabhu replaced the bar and the little padlock.

I was sent back to join my companions on the stage behind the curtains through which we could not see.

'Did any others catch our eye, Your Highness?' I heard Ingrid ask.

'Yes, the mother and daughter,' came the reply in a deep guttural voice.

'Numbers 26A and 26B to catwalk,' ordered Sabhu with another frightening crack of his whip.

Both the mother and her daughter were sobbing with shame as Joseph silently beckoned them forward, round the side of the curtain.

I could not see what was going on but, after my own experience, I could use only too well.

'Position for Inspection!' I heard Sabhu order, again with a terrifying crack of his whip.

'Think, Your Highness, of the joys of imposing the full treatment simultaneously on a mother and daughter,' I heard Sabhu say. 'And daughter still a virgin!'

'Think,' added Ingrid's voice, 'what a magnificent video I shall be making for you to take away as a record of what they were both made to undergo over the month of preparation and assimilation and the two months of final development.'

Two months of final development, I repeated to myself, as mystified as ever.

I heard two clicks as, doubtless, Sabhu undid their padlocks and slight rasping noises as he slid both their retaining bars out from their infibulation rings.

Then I heard the daughter give a little cry as doubtless the Prince verified for himself her state of virginity. Poor girl! Poor mother!

'I want these two kept for me,' I heard the Prince say emphatically.

'Of course, Your Highness,' came Ingrid's evidently delighted voice. 'But they will not be ready to start Assimilation for another ten days or so.'

'Never mind, I pay now,' replied the Prince.

Moments later a deeply blushing mother and daughter joined us behind the curtain. A disc with a big "R" on it was now hanging from the ring on the front of each of their collars.

Was I jealous, or relieved, that this horrible old Arab Prince had not also reserved me for himself - yet!

15 - "NICE AND READY"

The next days so passed slowly. It would, I knew, be about ten days or a fortnight from my arrival in the castle before I would be considered ready for Assimilation -whatever that meant.

They were days of dread and uncertainty, and being deliberately deprived by Sabhu and Joseph of any access to a calendar, I could not sure whether my time was up.

Three times a day my nipples were stretched and were now getting unusually long - much to Sabhu's evident delight and my own embarrassment.

I also continued to play happily at feeding my lovely baby doll, whom I had christened Diana. I knew it was absurd but, such was the power of Sabhu's hypnotism that I could not help feeling somehow deeply and growingly satisfied when I held her to my breast and thrust my lengthening nipples into her little rubber mouth.

However, it was not only a mental satisfaction, for I could also feel my body reacting in some strange way as well. Indeed I could hardly bear to be separated from her. As Carole had said, for some strange reason Sabhu was certainly arousing our maternal instincts.

At the same I continued to be subject to the strict and humiliating discipline of my black overseers. Several times I received six excruciatingly painful strokes of one of the special long whippy canes with curved handles that Sabhu kept specially hanging up on the walls of the various rooms to frighten us and keep us cowed. And, of course, several times a day we all had to go through the awful and degrading routine of "performing" in the bathroom - and woe betide any girl who failed to obey instantly any of young Joseph's humiliating commands.

It was all a routine that ensured that both mentally and physically I was kept "broken-in" and slave-like, too terrified of the crack of our overseers' whips and of the constant threat of the cane to dare to do anything but instantly obey their orders.

And overhanging it all was the equally terrifying uncertainty of what was going to be done to us. This terrible feeling of uncertainty was further increased when first Number 24 and then Number 23 quietly disappeared - having apparently been sponsored to start their Assimilation.

Meanwhile, Carole having already disappeared, presumably into the mysterious Assimilation, there was none to whom I could confide my fears, for none of the other girls spoke more than a smattering of English, just enough to understand the cryptic orders of our dreaded overseers.

However, the uncertainty hanging over us seemed to overwhelm them, too - especially the mother and daughter who would spend hours quietly weeping in each other's arms.

What made it worse was that several times Ursula deliberately ignored me and chose another girl for her bed in the afternoon or at night. It made me so jealous.

Desperately and unavailingly trying to get at my buried little beauty, I would lie in my bare bunk, or perhaps with my face between the legs of another Lady Partner, thinking about what Ursula would be getting up to with that chit of a girl.

Perhaps it was even worse when she chose another girl as well as myself. Then, turning her back on me, she would mischievously and lovingly talk to the other girl in some Eastern European language.

Finally she would turn back to me and teasingly say: 'Well, little Emma, I hear from Doctor Anna that you're getting nice and ready. Are you worried about what will happen to you next or when you get the full treatment.'

Or: 'So, Number 25 are you wondering about when you'll be moved on or who has sponsored you, or if you're going to see your little friend Carole again? Well, isn't it exciting not knowing!'

Whenever I could, I would beg her to tell me just what was going to happen to me. But invariably she would teasingly reply: 'Oh no Emma, it would spoil all the fun if you knew that. All you need to know is that you're going to earn your Mistress a lot of money.'

Once when I persisted she angrily sent for Joseph to give me six strokes of the cane in front of her, kneeling on the foot of her bed. I never asked her again, but that did not stop her from teasing me.

Oh, it was so cruel of Ursula to keep me on tenterhooks like that, ignorant of my fate.

Ursula left the castle for a few days, perhaps, I thought bitterly, to set about luring other unsuspecting young women to the join Sabhu's team. Several times I was then chosen by different Lady Partners for their pleasure, often together with other girls. The Partners were mainly strict middle-aged German ladies, who enjoyed being pleased by one or more reluctant young ladies - reluctant, that is, until the cane drove us into a frenzy of eager and frustrated obedience to their every degrading wish.

They also often chose the beautiful mother and daughter for their pleasure. However, it was made clear that serving the Lady Partners was not the main reason for our being kept locked up in the castle. Pleasuring them was merely an incidental item. We were there for something far more serious and money-making - but what?

But it was not only the Lady Partners that I had to go for there were also numerous Slave Markets, each for a distinguished and evidently very rich visitor. Most were Arab Sheiks with a numerous entourage, but some were lone European men, apparently German. These were always masked as they degradingly inspected and felt us intimately.

What dreadful thing was it that they were being invited to do to us, that made them wanted to hide their identity? Were they frightened of us later causing a scandal?

But whoever they were, Arab or European, Sabhu would always tactfully enquire whether, aroused by their visit to the castle, they now wished "a little relief from the mouth and tongue of one of our slavegirls"?

Frequently it was me who they then chose and I would shortly find myself kneeling on all fours, with Joseph holding me by a lead attached to the back of my collar. He would also be caressing my bottom with his dog whip to ensure I behaved properly, as he made me thrust my head up under a seated Arab's robes or bend down over a German's fly buttons.

Several times the cruel old Prince came with his entourage to inspect us again and especially the mother and daughter whom he had already reserved for himself. I would often wonder if he had come on from visiting Carole - to see whatever it was they were doing to her in Assimilation. Certainly he would be sexually aroused and he would require relief. Once, as a change from the stimulating mother and daughter, he demanded my services.

I felt more humiliated then ever I as I knelt between his knees and under his white robe, driven by Joseph's whip to seek and out and alternatively lick and suck his Princely manhood until with a grunt he exploded in my mouth.

It was shortly after this that Sabhu fastened a disk marked "R" onto the front of my collar. But I did not know if it was the Prince who had paid for me, or one the Germans who seemed equally taken by the opportunity to impose their will on a married English Lady.

Then one morning Sabhu beckoned me to follow him into Doctor Anna's surgery. He had frequently taken me there for examinations and I did not suspect that this visit was going to be any different. As usual I was tied down on the gynaecological couch.

In came the dreaded doctor, but following her, happily smiling was Ursula. Ursula was back! I was thrilled, but not by her words as she bent over the couch and kissed me.

'Oh Emma,' she said, 'isn't it thrilling? Doctor Anna says you're ready to move onto Assimilation.'

'What'll happen there?' I asked desperately.

'Oh you'll soon see,' she laughed cruelly, 'and your Mistress is very pleased with you, for Ingrid tells me that your sponsor has paid a large sum of money for you to be given the full treatment.'

'But who is this sponsor - and what this the full treatment?' I cried out in alarm.

'Never you mind,' Ursula replied.

Then Doctor Anna came up and taking hold of my arm gave a little injection into the back of my hand.

'What are you ...?' I cried out in alarm. But I never finished the sentence. Instead, I lost consciousness.

PART IV

IN "ASSIMILATION"

16 - IN THE KENNELS

Suddenly I awoke.

It seemed only moments later, but it must have been more for I was no longer lying on the couch. Was I now undergoing the mysterious Assimilation that I had heard so much about?

I gasped as I looked around me. I seemed to be lying in a small, low, cage-like kennel. In front of me, at the front of the cage, were bars, iron bars. In the middle of the bars was a trapdoor, also barred, and closed with a large padlock.

In the bars, to one side of this main trapdoor were three little round ones. They were hinged and the middle one was slightly larger. I wondered what they were for.

Attached to the bars was a large piece of cardboard on which was written on both sides: "25". Goodness, I thought, that's my slave number!

Large mirrors were securely attached to the two wooden walls of my cage on either side of the barred front. I gasped as I glanced into one the mirrors, for there, looking back at me, and reflected back in the other mirror as well, was a large black spotted, rather large, Dalmatian bitch. It was me!

I saw that I had been put into a cleverly designed dog-skin with a very realistic headpiece. There were even stiff dog's ears sticking up above my own hidden ones.

All that I could see of my face were my eyes, peering through little slits. Above these slits were small pieces of fur that could be lowered to fasten onto Velcro and so prevent me from seeing anything at all. How terrifying!

I saw there were also little slits over my nostrils and that a sort of dog's muzzle was fastened over the mouth of the headpiece.

I also saw that my collar was still fastened round my neck but was now outside the dog-skin so that it really looked like dog collar. A long chain was fastened to a ring in the front of the collar. I saw that the other end of the

chain was fastened by a padlock to a ring set in the cobbled floor in the front of the cage.

Horrified by it all by, I opened my mouth to scream out in protest, but there seemed to be a rubber bar across the top of my tongue, attached to the muzzle. It prevented me from uttering more than a sad little moan.

I began to miss Isabella, my lovely baby doll. Oh how sad to be separated from her.

Still looking into the mirrors as I knelt on all fours, I saw my two naked white breasts hanging down below me, or rather between my dog-skin covered arms. The dog-skin had evidently been specially cutaway around each of my breasts. My now elongated nipples were almost grazing the cobbled floor of the cage, looking more animal-like than ever.

My God, I thought, was I being brainwashed into thinking of myself no longer as a human being, but as a bitch? Was this what the Assimilation process was all about? Was that why there were these two mirrors in the cage? They were so large that it was almost impossible not to keep glancing into them and when I did so I saw, not a pretty girl, but just girl-dog, or rather a girl-bitch?

Then I saw each of my prettily hanging breasts had been prominently marked on the outside with the Number in black "25". With my whole face and entire body hidden under the dog-skin, I realised with a shock, that these numbers would now be the only way anyone could tell who I was. I had indeed lost my human identity.

I tried to jump up in alarm, but two things stopped me. The first was that the barred top of the kennel was too low to allow me to stand. The second was that my knees were kept bent by metal bars apparently sewn into the dog-skin. I could now only crawl on all fours - like a real dog.

Indeed, I felt a pad inside the skin, over my knees, evidently to make it easier for me to walk on all fours like a dog.

Horrified, I tried to tear off this awful dog-skin. At least my wrists were no longer manacled. But far worse, I found that my fingers were now tightly folded into a fist, inside the stiff padded paws of the dog-skin, making it impossible for me to hold or move any of the zip fasteners that kept me imprisoned in the skin.

Looking into the mirror I had a closer look at my back view that was reflected in the other mirror. I saw that the dog-skin enclosed my buttocks, now my hindquarters, and my legs, now my hind legs. But I also saw my hairless beauty lips and rear orifice, shamefully displayed between my hind legs. Evidently the dog skin had been slightly cut away between my legs.

I looked more closely in the mirror and saw the two rows of little infibulation rings - but there was no sign of the little curved bar or of the tiny padlock that had hitherto kept them tightly closed - and myself totally frustrated.

Wildly excited at the thought that at last I might be able to play with myself again, I reached down with a hand to find the beauty bud that for so long I had been unable to touch. But, my hand was now just my front paw. To my bitter disappointment, I found that with my fingers totally immobilised, I could not even part my beauty lips, never mind stroke my lovely bud. I could feel nothing. Evidently I was being kept as frustrated as before.

Desperately disappointed, I looked around my little cage. I saw that in the back wall there was a small wooden door, evidently locked from outside. I wondered where it led.

In one corner of the cage was pile of fresh straw, presumably for sleeping on, and in other corner near the bars was another, rather smaller, pile of straw, presumably for my wastes. There was a gap under the bars, presumably for raking out dirty straw.

In the front of the cage, on either side of the barred trapdoor were two dog bowls. One contained water and the other a mixture of ground-up dog biscuits and minced meat, with small bits of vegetables and fruit. Moreover, I saw that sprinkled over this unattractive mixture was the same distinctive blue paste that Sabhu had put onto our food - the same paste that Carole had suspected was a fertility drug. How strange, I thought.

Looking through the bars, I had earlier noticed a large room and, opposite me, a line of kennels, similar to my own, each containing a big dog. My God, I now thought, I was a girl bitch in some sort of kennels!

Moreover, just as my cage-like kennel was marked with my slave number, so each of the real dogs' kennels was prominently marked with its occupant's name: "Caesar", "Napoleon", "Mars", "Attila", "Copenhagen" and "Blucher".

I saw that one of them was cocking his leg. Indeed, I noticed that they were all male dogs. There was not one bitch.

Copenhagen was a fine looking Great Dane and Blucher, I recognised as a black spotted German pointer. The others were fierce-looking Alsations, or German Shepherd Dogs, as they are called on the Continent.

The kennel of one of these, Caesar, was decorated with numerous rosettes, as if he had won many dog shows, and was the pride of the kennels. Indeed I recognised several of the rosettes as being for a prize stallion dog who had thrown several prize litters.

In the space that separated us was a strange-looking, wooden, contraption. It had several short bars, which were covered in soft leather. Their height could be adjusted up or down. I wondered what on earth it could be for. I was soon to learn.

Looking through the bars of my cage again, I saw that on one side of the room was a massive, old-fashioned door. Above it and looking down onto my cage and onto the strange contraption, was a balcony. It was covered in trelliswork that would hide from view anyone sitting in it.

If, I thought, the Assimilation process was intended to brainwash me into now thinking of myself as a bitch, then, I supposed it would make sense to prevent me seeing other humans - hence, presumably, the trelliswork.

Then I saw a vague shadow move behind the trelliswork. Was it imagination or was someone there? Was someone, perhaps my sponsor, enjoying watching me as, horrified, I discovered what had been done to me?

I saw a little television camera high up on the wall. It seemed to be trained on me and a tiny red light showed that it was switched on. I remembered hearing Ingrid telling the Prince that she made videos for the sponsors of girls undergoing Assimilation. Goodness was I being videoed? As a record for my sponsor - whoever he was?

On the wall opposite the trellised balcony, was a large blackboard, mysteriously headed "Programme of Daily Work". What work I wondered?

Several columns had been painted on the blackboard, headed with the name of one of the dogs. The name of Caesar was written in red, the others in white. I wondered why.

To the left of these columns was another column "Bitches". I gasped as I saw that under this heading had been written the slave numbers "22", "23", "24", and finally my number "25". Each was on a separate line - and in the order in which girls had been sent for Assimilation.

"22" I remembered excitedly was Carole's number. Did that mean she was here? Oh how wonderful!

I heard a slight chinking noise from coming from beyond one of the wooden walls. It resembled that made by own collar chain. So, I wondered, were other girl-bitches being kept here - also chained and muzzled. Were we all in a row of kennels, unable to see each other, like the row of kennels opposite in which the real dogs were kept?

Was Carole in a cage near mine? Had she been fastened into a dog skin like mine? But if so, why for Heavens sake? Oh, it was so frustrating that my cage had wooden walls that prevented me from seeing if there were cages next to it and equally frustrating that I was muzzled and could not call out to her.

17 - THE KENNELBOY

All these worries and queries were now suddenly brushed aside when I heard a noise as if bolts were being drawn back on the far side of the massive door. I heard a key being inserted into the large old-fashioned lock.

Evidently recognising the noise, all the dogs opposite me jumped up. There was a creaking sound as the door slowly opened.

Then into the room came a diminutive figure, rather like Joseph. Was he another of Sabhu's young black acolytes, I wondered.

Astonished, I saw that his face was completely hidden by a black mask that matched the colour of his skin. Indeed, I was never to see his face. Nor, thanks to my muzzle, was I ever to speak to him. Nor, indeed, did I ever hear him speak. I never even knew his name. Mentally I called him the Kennelboy, for he was always dressed like the staff in a large breeding kennels in a long white coat.

He was the only human being I was to see whilst I was in the kennels. Was he, I often wondered, masked and silent so as to lessen his human aspect and so heighten the effect for me of now living, looking and, increasingly, feeling like a real bitch? If so, it was all very clever.

He was carrying what looked like an extendable metal pointer, rather like those used by lecturers to point to items on a screen. However the handle was quite fat and there was a little red switch just next to his thumb. At the end of the pointer were two little prongs.

He came up to my cage and pointed to my almost full food bowl.

I was not sure whether it was an order or a question. I shook my head. I was not hungry did and anyway the mess in the bowl, although doubtlessly nourishing, did not look exactly tempting.

Again he pointed to the bowl and then extending his pointer he poked it through the bars of the cage. I saw that his thumb was now on the red switch. I shrank back but the cage was too small to allow me to avoid his pointer.

Suddenly I felt it touch one of my bare breasts. I saw him press the red button. I felt a nasty shock in my breast. I screamed aloud but with the bars of the muzzle pressing down on my tongue, all that came out was a muffled moan.

My God, that innocent-looking pointer was a sort of cattle goad! A goad that would enable this young boy to control me, a grown woman, just as in the so-called Slave Market, young Joseph's dog-whip had enabled him to control a whole group of young women.

Again he pointed to the bowl of unappetising-looking food and touched my other breast with his pointer. I felt another shock and again tried to scream. But, this time, I also scrambled hastily forward and lowered my head into the dog bowl. Despite the muzzle and the bar over my tongue, I found that I could suck up the food, and chew and swallow it.

The terrifying goad in his hand, the little Kennelboy stood over me, whilst I dutifully gobbled it all up. Then apparently satisfied he pulled the bowl out through the narrow space below the bars of my cage and threw it onto a table. Then he similarly removed other empty feeding bowls from cages alongside mine.

Then I saw the boy go down, what seemed to be a line of cages, with a pot containing thermometers. Oh, not here, too, I thought.

When he came to my cage, he gestured to me with his frightening goad to turn round. Then he touched my breasts with it, thankfully not turned on, to make me press my hindquarters had up against the bars.

My rear orifice was now embarrassingly on display. I felt him grease it through the bars and then insert the thermometer.

I was then left kneeling on all fours in my cage, whilst he went down the line of cages, apparently removing the thermometers and recording the results. Finally, he did the same for me. I remembered what Carole had said about them all seeming to be preoccupied here with establishing each girl's exact monthly cycle and indeed I was to learn that this was a twice daily routine in the kennels.

But even that was not all, for I now saw him coming down the line of cages with some little bowls. He slipped one under the bars of my cage and raised his goad in an embarrassingly explicit manner.

Oh not that here, too, I again thought. But when he returned and saw that my bowl was still empty, he angrily gave me a shock in one of my hanging breasts. Quickly I obeyed and, much embarrassed, with my hind quarters still pressed against the bars of my cage, I spent a penny, under his supervision, into the small bowl - which he then took away.

This, too, was a routine that I would have to perform several times daily.

18 - THE COUPLING OF CAROLE

I saw the little Kennelboy now turn away and nod up to the mysterious screened balcony. Looking up at it, I had the impression of several shadowy figures moving behind the trelliswork. Was my degradation being watched? But who by? By my unknown sponsor and his friends? Goodness!

Then, astonished, I saw a little green light flash back, as if giving the Kennelboy permission to continue.

He now went to what I suspected was a nearby kennel. I heard him unlock a padlock. There was a creaking noise as if from a barred trapdoor like mine. I could see him reach forward into the cage, as if unfastening, from the ring in the floor, a collar chain like mine.

Then he stood back and gave a little tug to the chain he was now holding. He gave a little click of his tongue as if calling an animal. But whatever was attached to the other end of the chain was clearly holding back, evidently reluctant to be taken out of its cage.

The masked Kennelboy, with an angry gesture, raised his goad warningly, his thumb poised over the dreaded red button. I heard a little muffled moan, as if from behind a muzzle, like mine.

Then I saw a girl-bitch crawl hastily into the room. She was dressed in a dog-skin, just like mine, except that it was long haired and black, like that of a Labrador.

Like mine, her full white breasts were hanging down beneath her and, on the outer side of one of them, I saw the number "22". She was Carole! Had she been here ever since she had disappeared nearly two weeks earlier?

As if leading a dog by its lead, the Kennelboy led her crawling on all fours by her collar to the massive door. I saw her flash a look at me from behind her headpiece and I tried to flash a similar look of recognition. But the boy had unlocked it and led her out, out of my sight, locking the door behind him.

Looking up at the carefully screened balcony, I had the vague impression of figures standing up and leaving.

Where, I wondered, had Carole been taken and why. Any had the mysterious figures in the balcony gone to watch whatever it was that was being done to her? Could they be her sponsor, the Prince, the Cruel Greybeard, and his Arab friends, accompanied by Sabhu and perhaps, Ingrid - or even Doctor Anna?

A few minutes later the Kennelboy returned alone. What had happened to Carole, I wondered anxiously.

He then went up the big blackboard. Under the column headed "Caesar" in red, he put a big tick, with red chalk, opposite the number 22, Carole's number. He then put a red circle round this tick.

Then in the columns of the other dogs he put black ticks against the numbers of the other two girls, Numbers 23 and 24. Against my number, 25, he put a red tick in the column, headed "Copenhagen", the name of the Great Dane, and other ticks, this time in black, in the columns headed "Blucher", "Mars" and the evidently rather special "Caesar".

Alongside the red tick in Copenhagen's column was the figure "1". How odd, I thought.

Then, as if to further emphasis them, he ringed round the red ticks opposite Carole's number and my own.

What on earth was the significance of all this, I asked myself. Again I was soon to learn.

The Kennelboy then went over to the line of kennels opposite me and silently let out all the dogs. They started barking excitedly and jumping up at him, as if expecting to be taken out for exercise. How big and strong they looked - particularly as seen by me still silently kneeling down on all fours in my cage.

Still not saying a word and with his features and expression hidden by his black mask, he let them all out through the big door, which he again locked

behind him, leaving me in the room - though I could occasionally hear the rattle of chains which showed that I was not alone.

Half an hour later he brought them back, silently put them into their kennels and left. They seemed to have been well exercised.

Then a few minutes later he returned again, this time leading in Number 22. I now watched astonished as instead of putting her into her cage next to me, he led her, still humiliatingly crawling on all fours, up to the strange apparatus in the middle of the room.

I saw that the little television camera was no longer pointed at me, but was following Carole. Again I remembered Ingrid saying to the Prince that as part of the price he was paying for sponsoring her, he would be provided with a video of her Full Treatment- what ever that meant.

I also had the impression that people were returning to the balcony. The Kennelboy again looked up at the balcony enquiringly and again little green light flashed. I thought I heard a deep- throated grunt, like that of the Prince, come from the balcony, together with several laughs, male laughs. Goodness, had the cruel Prince, and his Arab cronies, returned to watch what next was going to be done to the girl he had paid so much to sponsor?

How horrible, I thought.

Indeed, the Kennelboy immediately set about fastening Carole down on the strange apparatus. Carole made no resistance. Clearly she was as scared of his dreaded pointer as I was.

He first raised one of the padded wooden bars under her belly, raising her furry hindquarters high but leaving her pretty naked beasts hanging down below her.

Then he placed another bar under her chin so that her head was also forced up high and another behind her knees. Then he passed her collar chain through a ring in the floor and pulled it taut.

Finally he placed a bar low down behind her knees so that her hindquarters were held thrusting back.

With her head held up by the bar under her chin and her neck pulled down by her collar chain, she now had to arch her head back. With her buttocks held up high, she now had to arch her back downward, as if all the better to accommodate something up inside her.

I could not help thinking that, held rigidly as she was, she must make an exciting and erotic sight for the Prince, if indeed he was up in the screened balcony.

Then, satisfied that Carole was held helpless, he put down his goad and went to a cupboard. Astonished I saw him withdraw a long whippy bamboo cane, with a curved handle - just like the ones that Sabhu used to use to such terrifying effect whilst we were being broken-in and disciplined.

He was going to cane Carole! Oh no! It was obviously so unfair, for she could not have done anything wrong, or been disobedient. How could she have been - controlled as we all were by that awful goad? Was she going to be thrashed simply as a preliminary to what I now, with a gasp of horror suspected, was going to happen.

Indeed, the Kennelboy now went behind Carole and flexed the cane. I had the impression from the horrified look in Carole's eyes that she had not expected to be thrashed.

Silent as ever, the boy now started to beat Carole slowly and carefully on her fur covered bottom. It was more as if he was intent on getting her aroused, and the blood rushing to her hips, than on hurting her. Indeed I soon saw the telltale drops of moisture on her well-displayed beauty lips. Poor girl, she was helplessly reacting like many girls do, against their will, to being beaten.

I then saw the Kennelboy open a jar of something oily, like lubricating jelly. He dipped a finger into the jar and, coming behind her, with his other hand parted her exposed beauty lips. Then he inserted his finger up her and rubbed the jelly inside her to add to her natural juices induced by the beating.

Then apparently satisfied that she was now ready, he opened a bottle of a strong smelling substance. I saw the dogs in their cages sit up eagerly and begin to bark in anticipation of something exciting. Oh my God, I thought, oh no!

Scarcely able to believe what I was seeing, I watched horrified as he dipped a paintbrush into the bottle and began to paint the sticky liquid onto Carole's smooth and hairless beauty lips.

Then checking that Carole was still held quite helpless, he put down his pointer and went over to the kennel in which Caesar was now jumping and down with excitement. Shocked, I saw that his pink manhood had begun to emerge from it's hairy sheath.

The boy let the excited dog out of his cage and immediately he ran towards Carole. My God, I thought, she really is going to be coupled with Caesar.

He sniffed her nicely presented hindquarters evidently being yet more aroused by the pungent smell from the bottle. Yet more of his manhood emerged. I realised that, with a bar placed behind her knees, she was quite unable to kick out at the dog behind her.

Suddenly the dog mounted her, standing up on his hindquarters, and gripping her slim waist with his front paws. He thrust at her beauty lips with his manhood. I saw Carole try to squeeze her legs and buttocks closer together, but instantly the Kennelboy picked up his pointer again, and raised it warningly in front of Carole's eyes.

I heard her give a little muffled moan of despair, and part her knees again, letting Caesar's thrusting manhood finally penetrate her.

How quite dreadful, I felt, but then I thought I heard another grunt of approval and muffled laughter from the balcony. Were the horrible Prince and his cronies enjoying the spectacle of a well-educated American career girl being taken by a fierce Alsatian dog? But surely this was not all that he paid so much to sponsor?

Caesar was now thrusting in and out. I could see his big testicles hanging down between his legs.

Suddenly he lunged forward deeply into her.

I could see that he was ejaculating - ejaculating into Carole. My God! I heard a muffled scream from her - and another grunt of approval from the balcony.

But if I had thought that the dog would now jump off her, I was mistaken. The dog continued to thrust into her. I remembered that dogs often got "locked" together when coupled. It was Nature's way of making sure that more seed went up into the bitch and was able to penetrate, unimpeded, deeply into her and thus ensure conception

Conception! Thank God that, with different species involved, there would be no question of that here. You could not cross a dog with a human being. Even a child knew that, I told myself. It was quite impossible - thank Heavens!

Finally the Kennelboy produced a bucket of water and threw it over their locked hindquarters. Immediately the dog was able to get free and the boy led him back, satisfied, to his kennel.

But if I had also thought that he would now free the doubtless shattered and horrified Carole and lead her back to her cage, then once again I was mistaken.

Horrified, I saw the boy pick the cane again, and flex it in his hands. Then once again he proceeded to beat her slowly and methodically, again as if to make sure that the blood was rushing to her hips.

Although I then had the impression that the shadowy figures in the balcony were leaving, poor Carole was now left tied down with her hips raised high above her shoulders for nearly an hour, whilst the Kennelboy busied himself with brushing and cleaning out the kennels.

My heart went out to Carole. I could imagine her horror as she felt the dog's seed relentlessly sliding down inside her. She, too, would, of course, know that it was quite harmless, being that of a another species, but even so it must be a horrible and degrading feeling.

Finally the Kennelboy unfastened her and, without a word, led her crawling back to her cage a little distance from mine. I heard him refasten her collar chain and lock the trapdoor.

Then he went across to the big notice board and, picking up a piece of red chalk, put a line across the tick against Number 22 under the name "Caesar", converting the tick into a confirmed cross.

Goodness, I thought, did that mean that anyone in the viewing balcony could see that the apparently ordered coupling of Carole with Caesar had now

been carried out? In that case what about the ticks again my own number? Was I going to be coupled with Copenhagen and then Blucher? Oh my God!

My heart was racing as I now realised the truth: we girls were here to satisfy these randy dogs. If, as it seemed, each dog had to be satisfied at least once a day, then, depending on the number of girls, each one would have to satisfy one, or perhaps even three dogs every day.

I looked at the three ticks opposite my name - more than any of the other girls. Was this because I was a newly arrived girl and was being broken-in to my new life here? Oh, my God!

I counted all the ticks on the blackboard: they came to twelve. Twelve separate couplings! Each lucky dog would have three, except for Caesar, who after his strenuous performance with Carole, would only have one more - with me! Similarly each girl would be coupled twice except for Carole, who would only be mounted once, and myself who was apparently going to be put to a dog four times. Four times! My God!

It was a programme of work, to use the awful expression on the blackboard, that could go on all day, with each girl anxiously eyeing the blackboard to see when she was next due to be coupled - or on parade, so to speak, again.

What, I wondered, what had been so special about Carole being mounted by Caesar that excused her from further duties today? Presumably, poor girl, she must previously have been mounted every day by several dogs, so why the great prominence in red on the board to this particular performance with Caesar? Had it been some sort of Gala Event with her sponsor and his friends coming specially to see it?

And why had my own apparently forthcoming performance with Copenhagen also been similarly highlighted in red on the board, together with the figure 1? Was it because it would be my first coupling? Was this regarded as a another Gala Event?.

Would my sponsor be in the screened balcony to see my first coupling, my opening up? How awful!

How ghastly it all was. Was this what Assimilation was all about - being repeatedly coupled with real dogs? Was this intended to make us feel, as well as look, like real bitches? But why? There must be a reason.

Oh my God, I thought, it was all just too dreadful. The thought of my first coupling terrified me.

But, meanwhile, yet further degradations awaited me.

19 - MY NIPPLES - MY TEATS!

The Kennelboy now came down our line of cages opening the three little round trapdoors. When he came to mine, he beckoned me forward, silently indicating with his goad that, kneeling up on my hind legs, I should reach forward and place my neck through the larger central hole and my front paws through the smaller ones on either side.

I was far too frightened of his goad not to do so - and quickly. He then slipped little bars across the back of my neck and wrists. I was held in place with my headpiece looking out along what I now saw was a row of cages, similar to mine, each with a dogs headpiece and two paws protruding through the bars, just like mine.

One of them, the end one in a black dog-skin, must be Number 22, my friend Carole, I thought, and the other two were presumably Number 23 and 24. But being unable to see their breasts, and the numbers so humiliatingly marked on each one, I could not be sure.

Taking advantage of the fact that we were now held helpless with our naked breasts hanging right up against the bars, the Kennelboy now came down the line of cages with a pot some sweet smelling paste. When he came to my cage, he rubbed the paste carefully into now greatly elongated nipples. Held as I was, there was nothing I could do to prevent him.

I now saw the Kennelboy go to what appeared to be the end of the line of kennels holding of us bitches, as I was already beginning to regard myself. I heard him open another kennel.

Instantly, I was amazed to see half a dozen little puppies shout out into the room, gambling and playing with each other. They looked so sweet. But then they turned back to our kennels. Two of them came to my cage and smelling my now greased nipples, crawled into my cage through the gap under the bars.

Suddenly I felt my nipples being sucked. I tried to look down but with my head fastened as it was, I could not see properly what was happening. But it was obvious that, attracted by the smell of the apparently delicious paste that the Kennelboy had rubbed into my nipples, the little puppies were determined to lick and suck it off.

I saw that the television camera had now zoomed onto my cage, as if to catch the scene.

Although I was horrified by what was happening, I had to admit that a strange feeling was flowing through my body as they busily sucked and licked. Was this also part of Assimilation, I wondered? Then I remembered what I had heard Doctor Anna say about our elongated nipples playing an important role in the Assimilation process. Goodness, just what was I being assimilated for?

I could hear little moans coming from the other heads sticking out from the cages. Evidently the other girls' nipples were similarly being sucked.

The television camera was now training up and down the line of cages. We must, I realised, have made a very erotic sight, as helpless, with our heads and front paws thrust out through the bars of our cages, little puppies came and sucked eagerly at our white, naked, hanging breasts and elongated nipples.

After a time, my two puppies had apparently licked off all the paste and wandered off to seek other nipples. Other puppies took their place but, finding no milk and no paste left, went off in apparent disgust.

Meanwhile, although feeling utterly degraded, I was also overwhelmed with a feeling of disappointment that my breasts were dry. Oh how I longed to be able to give suck properly to these little puppies.

Indeed, my body felt like that of a virgin bitch, eagerly looking forward to what Nature intended for her. I realise that this must sound shocking now, but at the time, looking and feeling like a bitch, and kept deliberately isolated, except for the masked Kennelboy, from human contact, it seemed quite natural.

The Kennelboy now collected the puppies and took them back, apparently, to their mother's cage at the end of the line and released all our necks and paws.

This, I was to learn was a routine carried out several times a day. Each time the strange feelings in my body and my mental regret that I could not feed them properly, grew stronger - absurd though I knew that they were.

Now, once again, I was kneeling on all fours in my cage, glancing at the strange bitch Dalmatian reflected in the mirrors of my cage and looking through the bars nervously at the dogs in their kennels. I looked like a bitch and was feeling more and more like one.

The Kennelboy now returned to my cage and unlocked the padlock of the barred trapdoor. Then he opened it and reached in to unlock my collar chain from the ring in the floor.

He now stood back holding my chain in one hand and his dreaded goad, in the other. Silently he beckoned me out. Was I now going to be put to a dog, too? Oh my God! I saw his thumb moving towards the red switch. Hastily I scuttled out of the cage.

But instead of being led to the terrifying apparatus in the middle of the room, I was led crawling to the impressive looking door.

I scarcely had time to look around me but I saw that my cage, marked "25" was the end of a line of similar cages with cage "22" at the far end. Cage "24" was next to mine and "23" next to that - all in neat mathematical sequence. And in each cage was a girl-bitch, looking like me, with white, naked, breasts hanging down below her, each marked with her number.

At the very far end, separate and too far away to be able to see into, was another kennel, presumably the one puppies had come from.

Before I could take in any more, I was taken out through the door, into a passage and on to another room. It had a raised platform in the middle, covered in straw.

The Kennelboy made me crawl up on to it and fastened my collar chain to a ring. He gestured with his goad for me to raise my head and then to thrust back my hindquarters - just as poor Caroline had made to do in the strange contraption. Then he waved his pointer in front of my eyes as a clear signal to maintain my position - or else!

I could feel my breasts hanging down below me as I knelt here wondering what was going to happen.

I did not have long to wait, for he now dropped down the small flaps over my eyes and closed the Velcro fastening. I could not now see anything.

There was a pause and then I thought I heard several footsteps. Suddenly I felt the pointer on my breast. I jumped as if expecting a shock, but nothing happened. Again it was a clear reminder not to move.

Suddenly, I felt a hand, then several hands, male hands, on my hanging breasts, as if weighing them. They also seemed to be examining the length of my now well-sucked nipples. Oh, the shame. Yes, indeed, but also, strangely, oh the feeling of pride, pride that I a mere bitch should have attracted the attention of these important humans, and pride in my now realistically elongated teats, as I now began to call my nipples.

But worse was to come for, although not a word was uttered, I now felt several hands behind me, first stroking my fur-covered bottom and then feeling down between my legs to find my infibulation rings. Even worse I felt my beauty lips being parted and fingers probing up inside me.

Once again, oh the shame. But I did not dare to move.

Then I was patted by a man, like a Master might pat a pretty bitch with which he was well pleased. And again my shame was somehow mitigated by a strange feeling of pride: pride in being evidently found to be such a beautiful little bitch.

Finally, I heard the footsteps going away.

Then the Kennelboy lifted up the flaps over my eyes. Looked around. The room was empty. Had I really been examined by several men as if I were a prize bitch, or was it all just my fertile imagination?

The Kennelboy now lead me, crawling behind him, back into the Kennel room.

PART V

STRANGE MATINGS

20 - MY FIRST COUPLING

Three pairs of eyes silently watched from behind bars as I was led back into the kennel-room. But instead of taking me back to my cage, he led me up to the apparatus.

Oh my God, I thought. Was I now going to be coupled with the huge Great Dane just as Carole had been with the Alsatian? Oh no! But how could I get away? Frantically I looked round the room. The only door was again closed. The balcony was too high to reach. The windows were barred. And anyway the metal bars on the knees of my dog suit, prevented from standing up and the boy held me by my collar chain. There could be no escape.

I was now able to see into the kennel of the real bitch at the far end of the line. I saw that she was lying on her side allowing her puppies to feed from her teats, which were as prominent as my own now. But mine were dry. I felt a jealous pang start to run through my body.

Although the real bitch seemed indifferent to what was going on, the eyes in the cages of the real girl-bitches were fixed on me - poor me, being taken to the awful coupling apparatus, like a lamb to slaughter.

The masked Kennelboy adjusted the height raising it slightly - presumably to allow for Copenhagen's greater height. Then he raised his goad and beckoned me. Hastily I servilely scuttled forward.

Then just as I had earlier seen being done to Carole, my collar chain was threaded through the ring in the floor and pulled taut. Padded bars were placed

under my belly, behind my knees and under my chin. Like Carole had been, I was now quite helpless, with my head held back, my buttocks raised and my back curved downwards - ready to accommodate Copenhagen's dreaded manhood.

I was now expecting the boy to go and fetch the cane - just as he had with Carole, but instead he proceeded straight to greasing me humiliatingly up between my beauty lips and then to painting them with the pungent smelling sticky liquid that had had such a marked effect on the dogs earlier on. Did I now smell to the dogs like a bitch on heat? How awful!

I watched with mounting horror as the Kennelboy now went to Copenhagen's kennel. Saw that his large pink manhood was already out and ready. The boy opened the kennel gate and the dog bounded out.

Held rigidly still as I was, I could not see behind me, but suddenly I felt a long soft tongue eagerly licking the sticky liquid on my beauty lips. Horrified I could feel my body responding, just like I thought, a real bitch's body would also respond.

Suddenly I felt the big dog mount me. His front paws gripped my waist. I felt his heavy weight on my bottom and something probing at my beauty lips. His big face was now only just behind my head. I could smell his breath as he panted eagerly, thrusting at me.

Then suddenly I was penetrated. I felt the large stubby manhood, helped by the oily grease that the Kennelboy had inserted, forcing its way up me. Oh my God!

Had the big Copenhagen been chosen to open and stretch me, ready for the rest of my daily work programme - after weeks, if not months, of my beauty lips being held compressed together, first by Ursula's chastity belt and then by the bar threaded through my little infibulation rings.

He was opening me indeed. Then he began to thrust in and out, pushing yet deeper and deeper into me. Oh my God! I simply could not believe that this was really happening - not to me a respectable married woman. How could Ursula have allowed this to be done to me? Oh, how I hated that cruel and heartless bitch.

Then I was overcome with shame as I felt that, despite myself, my body was reacting to the constant thrusting in and out. Oh, how dreadful.

Then again suddenly I felt the dog explode inside me, drenching me with his seed. Thank God, I thought, it was quite harmless. But I felt completely overcome, both emotionally and physically.

Then, curiously, instead of leaving us locked together for some minutes, as he had done with Caroline, the Kennelboy threw his bucket of cold water over us straight away, as if he was impatient to get on with the next coupling.

A satisfied looking Copenhagen was led proudly back to his kennel. But, I was tottering with shame and exhaustion as I was led back to my cage.

21 - RECOVERY

I thought I again saw figures, behind the screen on the balcony, move as if getting up to go. Were they my unknown sponsor and his friends who had come to enjoy the cruel spectacle of me being put to my first dog?

Then I saw the Kennelboy put a humiliating confirmatory line across the tick opposite my name, and under Copenhagen's, on the big blackboard. I had been coupled as ordered!

I looked across at Copenhagen, the dog who had just so degradingly taken me. How I loathed him.

But I could not also help admiring him a little. What a handsome beast he was. How fiercely and commandingly he had mounted me. They always say a girl never forgets her first lover. Would I always remember my first canine one? Goodness!

I could still feel his seed inside me. Although I again told myself it was harmless, I still longed to wash it all out. But with my fingers imprisoned in my paws, there was nothing I could do.

Was the feel of dog's seed inside us, all part of this strange Assimilation?

Hardly had I been put back into my kennel, when the Kennelboy took Number 23 out of her cage for her first coupling of the day.

Spellbound, I watched her shame-making performance through the bars of my cage. And to think that, presumably, like poor Carole, she must have already been coupled several times a day, for several days. How awful!

Then it was the turn of Number 24. By now I could not help comparing their performances with that of Carole and myself.

I noticed that, like me, both Numbers 23 and 24 were both spared the beatings that poor Carole had had to suffer. Also like me and unlike Carole, they were immediately taken back to their cages as soon as they had been coupled - and not left first locked to their canine lovers and then left tied down onto the coupling machine with their heads held down and their buttocks raised.

Why difference between Carole and us, I wondered. Why, indeed, unlike us, was she not to have another coupling that day?.

The Kennelboy now round with two buckets of food.

One, that was for us girl-bitches, contained the same semi-liquid mess that I had to gobble up earlier on top of which he sprinkled the same mysterious blue powder.

The other, which was for the real dogs, included large hunks off delicious looking, slightly cooked meat. Doubtless, I thought, with so many girl-bitches to cover every day, they needed a lot of protein.

Then locking the big door behind him he went off - doubtless, I thought bitterly as I sucked up the mess in my bowl, to have a good meal and a sleep in a comfortable bed - before returning to the hard work of coupling girls with the dogs who had not yet had a girl-bitch to cover. Like me and Blucher, the German Pointer. Oh, my God!

Had my sponsor and his cronies also gone off to enjoy a good lunch, or perhaps to inspect some other hapless girls in the Slave Market, before returning to watch my further couplings and degradation?

Kneeling on all four in my cage, my eyes were fixed on the blackboard with its "Programme of Daily Work". I was dreading the return of the little Kennelboy. I had so often wondered just what fate awaited me in Assimilation, but I had never imagined in my worst nightmares any thing so inhuman as this.

22 - JUST ANOTHER WORKING BITCH

Finally the Kennelboy returned, glanced at the blackboard and came straight to my cage. I cowed back in horror. But one glance at his now menacingly raised goad was enough to make me crawl servilely to the front of the cage again.

Once again I was led out to the terrifying coupling apparatus. Once again I was fastened down helpless. Once again I was greased and then painted with the strong smelling liquid.

Sadly I noticed that the cage which had held Carole was empty and even the notice "22" on the bars had gone. Again I wondered what had happened to her. Once again I thought I could make out shadowy figures arriving in the balcony. Arriving to see me being coupled again?

I trembled with fear as I watched the masked boy go to the kennel marked "Blucher".

Moments later the athletic looking Pointer had bounded out and was soon eagerly and embarrassingly sniffing my hindquarters.

From then on matters took a similar course as they had with Copenhagen - except that being larger he had indeed opened me up for the smaller Pointer.

Once again I was spared the "before and after" thrashings, and being then left tied down.

It must sound dreadful but the fact is that, again aroused against my wishes by Blucher's eager thrusting, I felt my body automatically pushing back to meet the thrusts, as if it wanted to encourage a deep penetration. I felt so ashamed, especially as I thought I heard laughter coming from the balcony.

I was again emotionally and physically exhausted by my shameful coupling and must have dozed off in my cage as Numbers 23 and 24 served their second dogs of the day.

Suddenly I jumped as I felt a shock in my breast. I jumped up. There, firmly beckoning me through the now open trapdoor in the bars of my cage was the

sinister and silent figure of the masked Kennelboy, his goad ready to give me another shock. He must, I realised, have unfastened my collar chain whilst I was still sound asleep.

Glancing at the blackboard I saw that my third coupling was the only one still outstanding.

Oh, I felt so tired. I longed to be allowed to go to sleep again. But the boy and his goad were adamant. I tottered out of my cage to the dreaded coupling apparatus to be fastened down. I knelt there inert, as Caesar, who now seemed to have fully recovered his vigour again, began to thrust brutally in and out. It was a strange feeling being taken by the same dog, who had earlier taken my friend: almost as if we were sharing lovers.

Once again I felt my body betraying me as it reacted to Caesar's brutal movements. What a virile dog he was. No wonder he had won so many prizes as a stallion dog - and for his evidently numerous progeny.

My third coupling left me even more exhausted. It must sound odd, but in the strange all-canine atmosphere of that terrible kennel, seeing myself in the mirrors looking like dog and, above all, deprived of the sight of a human being, other than the masked and silent Kennelboy, these repeated couplings really were being to have the effect of making me feel more and more like a real dog and less and less a pretty young woman.

I felt even more so when that evening, so exhausted that I could hardly kneel up on all fours, I was again made to thrust my head and front paws through the bars of my cage and have my nipples again rubbed with the sweet smelling paste. Half asleep I felt the puppies sucking at them again.

Perhaps, I wondered, being deprived of sleep whilst being coupled and having my nipples sucked in earnest by real live puppies, was a deliberate way of making me succumb more easily to the all invading feeling of no longer being a real human being.

It was feeling that I was to find growing stronger over the next few days as I continued to be used to satisfy the randy dogs - especially after Carole and then Number 23 were no longer used and then disappeared, leaving only me and Number 24 to satisfy the six dogs -and indeed all the puppies.

It was indeed exhausting work and I could not help wondering how I would cope when Number 24 disappeared, leaving me on my own to satisfy them all.

Indeed for a couple of days after my first coupling and Carole's apparently special one with Caesar there had been no ticks against Carole's number on the blackboard. She seemed to be just left alone in her cage. Lucky her, I thought, but I also could not help wondering why.

Then, suddenly, the Kennelboy had taken Carole out of her cage and, crawling, out through the door. My heart had given a little pang. What was going to happen to her?

In fact, although I did not then know it, I was not to see her in the kennel again. Indeed, when he returned, the Kennelboy wiped the number 22 off the board. It was as if Carole had never been here.

I remembered Ursula, and indeed Doctor Anna and Sabhu, all mentioning the mysterious "Final Treatment" for which our period in the Slave Market and here in Assimilation led up to. Had Carole undergone thus Final Treatment? Was that the reason why her coupling with Caesar on my first day had been different? Was that why she had been spared further couplings? But why? And what was this final treatment? I was really as much in the dark as ever.

Vaguely I noticed that, before when Number 23 similarly disappeared, she, like Carole, had been coupled with Caesar, the pride of the kennels, the tick on the blackboard was ringed in red. I had also noticed that on the day before this, Caesar had been rested, as if to make sure of his virility for the gala event on the following day.

Immediately before this, like Carole, she had been mysteriously taken out of the kennels room for an hour or so. Also like Carole, she was given a Before and After thrashing with the cane. Again I had wondered why, whilst thanking God that I had never had been thrashed in the kennels - yet.

Then when it was all over she, too, had been left in her kennel for several days and excused more couplings. Then she had disappeared.

Clearly there seemed to be some connection between these strange, almost ritual, canings and disappearing. But like so much of our life in the castle, it was all beyond me.

Unable to use my hands to make the smallest mark in my kennel, I had no idea of the exact passing of the days - anymore, I realised, than real dogs do. Anyway, I was kept so busy, with Number 24, satisfying all the dogs and the puppies.

Then one day, I noticed two strange things about Programme of Daily Work. Firstly, Copenhagen, the Great Dane, who had been used to open me up, and his friend Mars, the largest of the Alsatians, were mysteriously having a day off with neither Number 24 nor myself being coupled by them. He same applied to Caesar.

Oh my God, I thought, these already randy dogs would be even more virile than ever the following day - having been deprived of a girl on the previous one.

23 - THE COUPLING OF THE BEAUTIFUL MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Chained in my cage, I had spent a sleepless night worrying about how on earth I was going to cope with satisfying all six dogs. Then next morning I heard a noise apparently coming from behind the strange wooden door at the back of my kennels - a door, which I had never seen opened since I found myself in my cage.

The noise was if someone, or some people, were being carried along a stone corridor. I heard a creaking noise as if a door was being opened, a clinking noise as if collar chains were being attached and then ... silence.

The kennelboy, masked and silent as ever, then entered the room and began his usual task of writing up the division of work for the day. The boy was busy writing but then stood back to consult a sheet of paper.

I saw that Caesar was to be coupled with Number 24, but much more worrying, that this tick was ringed in red.

Oh, my God, I thought, for I now knew that this meant that Number 24 would be spared any further couplings on that or subsequent days, prior to disappearing. Moreover, with me as the only other girl-bitch now available, that would mean five ticks opposite my number, 25, today - and six, including Caesar on the following day. And that assumed that each dog was only allowed to couple once a day, whereas I knew that often they were allowed two. Oh, my God!

The boy now resumed his work on the blackboard. Imagine my astonishment when he started to write other numbers below mine and to put ticks against them. He then stood back to check that it was all correct.

I now saw that the numbers were "26A" and "26B", the numbers of the lovely mother and daughter who had apparently also been sponsored by the Prince. Now they were here - and with plenty of ticks after their numbers, including those for Copenhagen and Mars both of which were also ringed in red, as if for a Gala Performance, just as had been my first coupling with Copenhagen.

My joy at finding that I would not, after all, be alone in having to satisfy six dogs, was tempered by my horror at what the pretty mother and daughter would now have to go through - and in front of each other. And even worse, of course, the daughter was still a virgin.

Then just as Carole and Number 23 had been taken out of the kennel room, before their apparently special coupling with Caesar, so Number 24 was, too.

Meanwhile, just as I had been on my arrival in the kennels, Numbers 26A and B were introduced to the joys of the masked Kennelboy's goad, to gobbling up their food, to presenting their hindquarters for the taking of their temperatures and to having their nipples sucked by the puppies.

On her return, Number 24 was led up to the coupling apparatus, fastened down onto it and given her Before thrashing. Caesar was then let out of his cage and proceeded do his duty.

All the time I could not help thinking of what the mother and her daughter would be thinking as they watched this horrific display of cruelty. Just as I had seen Carole being similarly coupled with Caesar before being put to my first dog, Copenhagen, were they, too, beings deliberately shown Number 24's coupling before their own first ones? Were they, just as I had, now suddenly realising

the significance of the blackboard and of the awful tasks that lay ahead for them? Poor things!

Then just as I had been taken out to be so humiliatingly and silently examined by unknown hands, so too Numbers 26A and 26B were now taken out of their cage and led out of the room, their naked white breasts, marked with their numbers, hanging prettily and erotically below their bodies.

I had seen how their numbers were bracketed together on the blackboard, but had not understood why. I did now, however, for I saw that they were closely chained together by the neck and had to crawl side by side.

I presumed that, blindfolded with their eye flaps down they, again like me, were undergoing a degradingly intimate inspection by their sponsor, the Prince and his cronies, with both of them kneeling helplessly up on the platform, side by side and on all fours.

This exiting event alone must have made the Prince think that the cost of sponsoring them well worthwhile.

Eventually they returned to the kennel room. I could imagine their fear as they were led up to the coupling apparatus on which the Kennelboy fastened them down side by side.

Again, I saw the Kennelboy look enquiringly at the balcony. Again saw a green light flash. Their first coupling was about to start - but, I remembered, with the difference that the daughter was a virgin.

No wonder I thought, peering through the bars of my cage, that I had made out a whole crowd of shadowy figures coming onto the balcony. Old Greybeard seemed to have invited half of Arabia to come and see this Gala Event.

Doubtless the Lady Partners would not have wanted to miss it either. I wondered if Ursula was there, also enjoying the sight of me in my cage..

The Kennelboy then went to the kennels of the dogs and let out Copenhagen and Mars, the other two dogs who had been rested, specially rested I now realised.

The blackboard had shown that these two were to be used, but because of the bracketing of the numbers of the mother and daughter, it had not been very clear just which dogs were going to be used to be used on which girl. I now saw that Copenhagen, with his extra large manhood, was going to be used to take the virginity of the daughter, whilst alongside him Mars would be enjoying her mother.

Poor girl, I thought, losing her precious virginity to that virile great brute Copenhagen. I could hear little muffled moans. Doubtless both mother and daughter were trying unavailingly, to scream out their horrified protests.

The couplings took their inexorable course, with the two dogs standing along side each other on their hind legs as they each thrust in and out of the two new girl-bitches that were so abjectly proffered to them.

Soon the Kennelboy led both the new girl-bitches staggering on all fours back to their cage. I glanced at the blackboard again. Yes, just as I had been coupled three times on my first awful day to heighten the feeling of now being just a bitch, so the mother and daughter would also be coupled twice more.

Now, however, it was my turn to be coupled for the first time that day...

24 - My FINAL COUPLING

My awful life in the kennels continued but with Numbers 26A and B helping to satisfy the randy dogs.

However the task became more onerous again when a new real dog arrived in the kennels. He was rather like a greyhound in appearance with long slender legs, a matching long slender body, a deep chest, a long nose and sharply pointed ears. I wondered if he was an Arabian hunting dog, of the type whose breeding went back the days of the Pharaohs.

Certainly, his name, written on his kennel, was an Arab one, Faisal, and on his hindquarters, apparently branded, was an Arab-looking crest of two crossed scimitars. Could that be the crest of the Prince, I wondered. Might he have sent his favorite hunting dog here, to watch him enjoying himself with us?

For a day, the Kennelboy seemed content to let him watch the other dogs mounting us girl-bitches. However the next day, he was allowed his first

coupling - with me! Again I thought I thought I saw shadowy coming into the screened balcony. Had the Prince come to see our joint performance?

At first he seemed hesitant about what to do. However, I saw that the pungent-smelling liquid that the Kennelboy painted on my beauty lips soon excited him and before long I was mounted as determinedly as by any of the other dogs. From then on he was mounting one or other of us once or twice a day.

One day, I saw that Faisal was being rested and next morning I again heard, from behind the locked wooden door at the back of my cage, the noise of someone being carried along a corridor and being put into an empty cage - presumably unconscious just as I had been. Another girl must have started Assimilation!

Sure enough when the Kennelboy started to write up the daily work programme, there on the blackboard, below 26A and 26B was the new number "27". I remembered that this was the number of Maja, the third of the girls that Sonja had tricked into coming here, just as Ursula had tricked me.

So she too had been sponsored to start her Assimilation. How little did she know what horrors awaited her. Indeed, like all the girls being coupled for the first time, her number was circled in red.

Then saw that the first coupling of the day was to be me and Faisal. It was to be my only coupling that day and was also ringed in red as if a Gala Performance. Oh Lord!

Sure enough, just as Carole and the other girls who had disappeared had all been taken out of the kennels room before their final Gala Performances, so I, too, was now led out. Anxiously I wondered what was going to happen as, urged on by the threat of the Kennelboy's goad, I crawled along the stone floored corridor.

Suddenly I found myself back in Doctor Anna's examination room - the one in which she had infibulated me. I saw, however that the door into the big Display Room was firmly closed - presumably so as not to frighten any girls there with the sight of a girl in a dog skin.

There silently waiting for me, arms akimbo and wearing a surgical gown, was Doctor Anna herself. And alongside her stood an equally silent Sabhu, smiling in a strangely self-satisfied way.

Except for the masked and silent Kennelboy, they were the first human beings I had seen since starting Assimilation. Was I now considered to be sufficiently assimilated into a canine environment for them show themselves again, I wondered. But why?

The Kennelboy and Sabhu quickly fastened me down on my back on Doctor Anna's gynaecological couch. My ankles were strapped into the well-separated stirrups. As my knees were, of course, already bent by the bars in the dog-skin, I was wide open. I saw that a television camera was trained on me as if to capture for my sponsor's video, what was now going to happen.

But I have no real memory of just what was then done to me, for Doctor Anna then gave me an injection that made me feel very drowsy for a time. Suffice to say that when I came to again, Doctor Anna had disappeared and I had a strange feeling inside me.

The Kennelboy then took me back to the kennels and straight up to the coupling apparatus. I could see the eyes of Maja, as well as those of the mother and daughter fixed on me. I also thought I could, once again, make out figures arriving in the balcony - was it my sponsor come to see my special performance?

My heart was in my mouth, as I saw the Kennelboy go and fetch the cane. Just as I had seen him do when giving the other girls their Before and After beatings, he now began to beat me slowly and deliberately, as if more concerned about getting my blood rushing to my backside than really hurting me.

I could feel myself being aroused. Sabhu used to boast humiliatingly that he could arouse a girl with the cane - and he must have taught the Kennelboy how to do so too.

Then he let out Faisal. I could immediately feel that he had been kept frustrated for a day for he mounted and penetrated me wildly - and then absolutely drenched me with his seed.

Next came the equally drawn-out "after" beating. Then, again like the other girls who had disappeared, I was left strapped down, with my hips raised and my head lowered. Just as I remembered thinking that Carole must be feeling, I now felt Faisal's seed slipping deeper and deeper down inside me.

For the next two, or perhaps three days, I was left in my cage. Although I was not coupled again, I was still made to comply with the rest of the kennels routine: offering my sore and swollen nipples the puppies and having to press my backside against the bars of cage for the taking of my temperature and to spend a penny into a little bowl.

Did this mean, I wondered, remembering what had happened to Carole and the other girls, that I too was now about to disappear? Where to, I wondered, but anything was better than this god-awful kennels.

PART VI

"DEVELOPMENT "

25 - A CHANGE OF VENUE

Then, one morning, I was suddenly taken out of the kennels and, as before, led along the stone-floored corridor

This time Sabhu was waiting for me - in the same room in which, blindfolded, my breasts and beauty lips had been so humiliatingly examined. I had not seen him since I started my strange and dreadful Assimilation period . The mere sight of him made me tremble with fear - for his dreaded cane was tucked under his arm. Now that, I wondered nervously

With him was a young fat version of Joseph. Was he another of Sabhu's young acolytes? A nasty-looking, short-handled whip, with a coiled-up black leather, braided, leash hung from the fat boy's belt.

The fat boy put his hand to the handle of his whip and gestured to me to crawl up onto the platform. Hastily I obeyed. I saw that to one side of the platform was a bucket of soapy water and a sponge.

'Doctor Anna say very good results,' Sabhu said smilingly to the Kennelboy. 'Final treatment successful. That make sponsor very happy. He give you and me good tip.'

I did not understand what he meant. What had been so successful?

Then, ignoring me, he turned to the fat boy. 'Take care, Mbarku. This one as clever as a monkey.'

The boy laughed confidently.

'Nothing she can do when infibulation bar back in place,' he said in broken English with a strong African accent.

'So let's get it back,' laughed Sabhu. He turned to me. 'Keep quite still,' he ordered.

The three of them then proceeded to unzip my dog-skin. In moments I was stark naked, except for my collar - the same flexible metal collar that I had had to wear since Sabhu put it on me in the van.

I blushed at being naked in front of the big black overseer and his two boy assistants. But, oh the joy of having my hands free of the all-enveloping stiff paws, of feeling the breeze on my face and of no longer being dumb and muzzled.

'Wash her down, Mbarku!' ordered Sabhu.

The boy picked up the sponge and washed me all over as I knelt on all fours on the platform. Once again, oh the joy, after being fastened into the horrible dog-skin. But, oh the embarrassment of being cleaned and dried by a black boy, for he paid great attention to my beauty lips and even to my rear orifice.

'Just sponge her hair now,' Sabhu then said. 'You can shampoo it later.' Joseph used to pride himself as a hairdresser and even had a little salon off the Display Room in which he would keep us looking beautiful - just as presumably a slave dealer of old would keep his stock of girls also all looking beautiful. Did Mbarku have one, too?

'Stand up!' then ordered Sabhu.

Free of the curved metal bars on the knees of the dog-skin, I was able to do so for the first time since my Assimilation had begun. I stretched myself happily, jumping up and flinging my arms in the air.

'Hi, you be careful!' shouted Sabhu in genuine alarm. 'Your body now valuable commodity. You now expecting Happy Event.'

'Expecting? I cried. 'But I'm not! How could I be?'

I saw Sabhu exchange smiles with Mbarku. What did they know that I did not? Then he turned to me.

'If slavegirl argue with overseer,' he said angrily, raising his cane, 'she get six strokes.'

I fell silent.

'Position for Inspection!' now ordered Sabhu, taking his cane from under his arm. It was a gesture that was enough to make, as in the Slave Market, clasp my hands behind my neck, look straight ahead, part my legs and bend my knees.

'Thrust belly out more,' he ordered, impatiently tapping my tummy with his cane. It was now level with his eyes. He ran his hand over my mound and down between my legs.

'Get this fuss off her, Mbarku,' he said 'Its surprising how it grows in Assimilation.'

I felt the boy rubbing a burning depilatory paste over my mound and down between my beauty lips. He stood back to allow it to do its work and washed it off.

'That better' grunted Sabhu. 'Now we replace number on belly and also now put on crest of sponsor.'

I felt Mbarku putting two transfers on my tummy. I looked in a mirror. The number "25" was now emblazoned on my belly. But immediately above it, instead of the Lady Partner's crest of a castle, were two crossed scimitars. I gasped as I realised that this was the same Arab-looking crest as I had seen branded on the hindquarters of the dog Faisal. My unknown sponsor must be his owner!

'Sponsor get great pleasure seeing this,' said Sabhu, tapping my belly and adding with a laugh: 'a steadily growing pleasure!'

I wondered what he meant. But before I had time to think more about it, Sabhu announced: 'And now we put back infibulation bar.'

I gave a gasp of despair as I felt him carefully thread a little stainless steel, rod one by one through each of my infibulation rings. I felt my beauty lips being tightly compressed again. I did not dare to look down as I then felt him doing something between my legs and heard the click of the retaining padlock being closed.

'She now quite safe - not able interfere with Nature,' he laughed. 'But we put back manacles. Stop her running away and make her still feel like slave.'

Then my wrists were manacled, as they had been in the Slave Market, and joined by a length of heavy, shiny, chain.

'Come down off platform,' Sabhu now ordered. 'Now we try out her going-out dress.'

Going-out dress, I thought excitedly, as they made me come down off the platform.

The boy produced a lovely blue silk, smock-like, top with a matching skirt and cape. All very fashionable, I thought. They put the smock top on me first. It had Velcro fastenings over the shoulders so that it did matter that my wrists were manacled. It was very elegant and surprisingly loose fitting. It came down almost to my knees. It was very pretty and cleverly cut as if intended to hide my slim body. How odd, I thought.

They put the matching silken cape on over my shoulders. It hid my collar and was very pretty. It fastened loosely below the bosom.

Then they made me step into the skirt. It, too, was loosely cut and came down to my calves. It was fastened with a drawstring high up under my breasts.

Then I gasped as I saw that a large hole had been cut in the skirt over my tummy.

My God, this lovely three-piece suit was, in fact, an elegant maternity dress. There must be some mistake. I wasn't pregnant. Perhaps, I thought, it had been originally intended for someone who was and Sabhu had purloined it.

'That very nice,' he said, before I could say anything. 'Sponsor very happy take her for walk in garden, wearing this. But we put her into house dress.'

This I was disappointed to see was to be nothing more than my former slavegirl dress with its embarrassing cut away over the tummy and between the legs that would display both my Slave Number and my infibulation rings and bar.

'Sponsor soon now get increasingly pleased see her dressed like this,' said Sabhu mysteriously - as he had so often.

He turned to me. 'Yes, you now very nice,' he said, stroking my tummy. 'You earn much money for Lady Partners. We take great care of you in Development.'

Then he turned back to Mbarku. 'I must go see other girls. You now take this one to join the others.'

I wanted to cry out that wasn't pregnant. How could I be? So why give me a maternity outfit? But I wasn't going to argue about it with Sabhu and so kept silent - I didn't want to risk getting six strokes of his cane for arguing.

26 - EXPECTING HAPPY EVENTS!

Just as Joseph had led me, half naked in my slavegirl's harem dress, into the Display Room of the Slave Market to meet my companions being made "nice and ready", so now Mbarku was leading me into the so-called Development Wing.

Would I meet my friend Carole here?

Mbarku opened a strong looking door and pushed me through.

I remembered I had gasped, on first entering the exotic Display Room of the Slave Market with Sabhu, at seeing half a dozen half-naked girls. Seeing Sabhu, they had put down their baby dolls and had risen respectfully to their feet. They had been dressed, collared and manacled, like me, with their slavegirl numbers emblazoned on their exposed bellies below the crest of the castle. Except for the new girls, they had also been infibulated.

So now I gasped again at seeing here, in another large room, similarly decorated in Arab style, not half a dozen half-naked girls, but well over a dozen.

Were there more of them, I wondered, because they had all finished their time in Preparation and in Assimilation?

This time, seeing Mbarku, they also rose respectfully to their feet. They, too, were all dressed, collared and manacled like me - and also infibulated and with their numbers emblazoned on their bellies. But, but now above the numbers was what appeared to be a variety of different of private crests - presumably those of their different sponsors.

But what made me really gasp this time was that the girls' bellies were prettily curved, some only slightly but some extremely so, with their numbers and crests erotically, stretched by their equally swollen bellies. And the lower the number, meaning the earlier they had arrived in the castle, the more their bellies were swollen.

My God, was this a sort of Maternity Home? Was the name "Development" just a euphemism to hide its real purpose?

'All waiting for Happy Event,' he laughed. 'Not wait long!'

Again I wondered why I had been brought here. I wasn't awaiting any Happy Event appy - nor had Carole been.

Carole! Eagerly I looked around to see if she were here. I saw Numbers 23 and 24, but where was Number 22?

Suddenly I saw her. She was standing on tiptoe, at the far end of the big room, with her back to me, between two white painted columns. Her arms were outstretched and fastened to rings in the columns, with her manacle chain drawn taut over her head. The Velcro shoulder fastenings of her bolero had evidently been undone, for she was naked to the waist.

But, as so often in this castle of fear, that was not all. Across her slender exposed shoulders, and running across onto her breasts were four red lines. My God, she had been whipped - and then left standing there.

Mbarku must have seen my look of horror.

'This morning she first feel little kicks inside.' the fat boy grinned. 'She argue with e when I tell her that that she now expecting Happy Event like other girls here. She say not possible. She want to know more. That earn her six strokes,.'

He laughed cruelly.

'But because she expecting Happy Event she only get two strokes at a time. She already have two lots of two strokes each, now time she get remaining two strokes. She get these on backside. Only two strokes there, not harm little mother-to-be.'

He laughed again and pointed up to a little television camera that was trained on Carole. 'Make good video for rich sponsor,' he added.

Then he pointed up to a screened balcony, like the one in the kennels. 'And good entertainment for visiting sponsors and would-be sponsors.'

Then leaving me speechless, he strode over to behind Carole, unfastening his whip from his belt. He lowered the silken harem trousers down to her ankles, baring her bottom. Then he clapped his hands.

Immediately the other girls all quickly ran over and lined up to the right of Carole facing her in the order of their belly numbers - the lowest on the right and the highest, meaning me, on the left. This was something I was to learn to do repeatedly over the coming weeks - for it also provided spectators with the erotic sight of a line of growingly curved bellies.

'Attention!' he ordered and the girls all raised their manacled hands and clasped them behind their necks, just as we had been taught to do in the Slave Market.

'This teach you not argue with Mr. Mbarku,' he said. 'Remember you not know how expecting Happy Event. Not your business. You just slavegirls here to please sponsors. You ask how - and you get whipped like Number 22. You just accept fate.'

I caught my breath as the horrible fat boy slowly ran the thong of his whip through his podgy hand and then drew it back behind him. I saw Carole's bottom twitching nervously as in anticipation. Then we all caught our breath as, with a sudden and obviously much rehearsed movement, he brought his whip down across Carole's soft little bottom.

There was a scream from Carole as a red line now appeared.

'No more!' she screamed. 'Please no more. I promise I'll never ask again.' But the boy was implacable. Slowly he again drew the thong through his fingers and again suddenly brought it down across her bottom. Again the girls, "the little mothers-to-be", caught their breath in horror and again a red line appeared - just below the first one.

Mbarku coiled up his whip and refastened it to his belt.

Then leaving Carole fastened between the two pillars, he turned to the line of girls and started what seemed to be a much-rehearsed liturgy. Indeed, I was to learn it was repeated by all the girls, lined up as they now were, several times a day, so that even the girls who spoke little English soon learnt it's meaning.

'Mr. Mbarku, he your overseer here,' he called out. 'You treat him with great respect, like you treat Mr. Sabhu. You only speak when spoken to. You all understand?'

'Oh yes, Mr. Mbarku, oh yes, Sir,' cried the girls, singing altogether out loud, in an evidently well rehearsed chorus. 'We all love our kind overseer.'

'And you all happy. You all happy expecting Happy Event.'

'We all happy.' Chorused the girls. It was probably about all the English that come of the poor girls knew, I thought. 'We all expecting Happy Event.'

'And not for you to know how or what,' Mbarku continued his cruel but clever liturgy. 'You not know how or what, you not ask.'

'We not know how or what, we not ask,' chorused the poor mystified girls. 'We not know how or what, we not ask.' It was to be a phrase engraved on my heart.

'Dismiss!' ordered Mbarku and then, turning on his heel, he checked that the door was locked and then disappeared into his joint office with Sabhu, where all our records were kept locked up, and from which he could see into the big room in which all the mothers-to-be were kept.

27 - CAROLE AGAIN

As soon as the horrible fat black boy was out of sight, I rushed up to where Carole was still standing, tethered.

As I did so, noticed that the crest on her naked tummy was also an Arab style one, of two crossed scimitars - just like the one on my tummy and the one on Faisal's hindquarters. So, as Carole had been definitely sponsored by the cruel Prince, Old Greybeard, I must have been as well. Gosh!

Moreover, it must have been he who sent Faisal to the kennels. But why? Just so that he could have the satisfaction of seeing me being mounted by one of his dogs?

As I glanced at Carole's tummy, I could not be thinking that her tummy was now slightly curved. But how? I remembered how the girls had all chorused: "We not know how or what. We not ask". It was breaking this rule that had cost Carole a whipping.

I flung my arms round her neck.

'Oh, darling, how awful,' I cried. 'How can I release you? Or put some cream on the whip marks?'

'Don't even try, Emma,' she whispered back, 'or you'll end up here as well. I expect that awful Mbarku will release me soon. It'll certainly be the last time that I ask how I could possibly be expecting a Happy Event, as they call it here.'

'But you can't be,' I cried. 'How can you be?'

'Shush' she cried. 'You get us both beaten. It's a forbidden topic.' Carole looked round over her shoulder to check that Mbarku was still not in earshot, and lowered her voice even more: 'I just don't understand how it happened. And they won't tell us. We're just brainwashed into accepting it. You heard the girls all sing: "We not know how or what. We not ask." Like a fool I did ask - and paid the price! We're not allowed even to discuss it amongst ourselves. We just have to accept it's happened.'

'Oh how awful!' I whispered.

'Yes,' she went on, 'like all the other girls, I simply could not believe it at first. And now look at them! And I've now started to feel - and look - strange. And the oddest thing is that it all happens - much more quickly than the nine months you and I spoke about.'

'But what can they have done to us,' I gasped.

'I just don't know. I wondered if it was something to do with those awful dogs in the kennels. But you can't cross a dog with a girl - we're different species. Thank God!'

'But then what was all that awful Assimilation all about' I murmured.

'God knows!'

She paused.

'And the worst thing is that damn locked infibulation bar. It wasn't for them stopping us from getting at ourselves, most of us would have got rid of whatever it is that we're being made to carry - and to hell with the fees that the sponsors have paid and to hell with the tips that Sabhu's expecting to get.'

Again she paused.

'But I think that the shame-making way our harem trousers shows off the infibulation rings and bar, that keeps us so helpless, is all part of the cruel power game that the sponsors have paid to enjoy.'

She looked down at my bare belly.

'Well I see that at least we're both being sponsored by that loathsome Prince, Old Greybeard. I expect he'll soon come to gloat over us, like the other sponsors do with their girls.'

Just then Mbarku came out of his office, having presumably written up his record of Carole's whipping. He came towards Carole. Hastily I stood back.

'Just you remember in future,' he said humiliatingly to her, 'not for you to understand what happening to you, and you not ask - or you get another whipping.'

The fat boy paused as if waiting for something. He put his hand to his whip, still hanging from his belt. Again I caught my breath. I could see that all the other girls were also listening spellbound

'Well, Number 22 ... you want another two strokes?'

'No, kind Mr. Mbarku, no!' Carole screamed, copying the boy's broken English. 'I not understand what happening to me, and I not ask. I just very happy please my sponsor.'

'Good,' the boy said with a smile. Finally, he had broken this highly intelligent American girl, just as he had broken her younger Eastern European predecessors.

I heard the girls sigh with relief, as he unfastened her wrists. She collapsed onto the floor, rubbing her bottom and trying in vain to get at her back.

The boy turned to me.

'You look after your friend,' he said, 'but you also learn lesson. Yes?'

'Yes, Mr. Mbarku, Sir, yes,' I said quickly. 'I learn lesson too.' Yes, indeed, I thought, as I helped Carole to her feet, I certainly had learnt a lesson in utter submission. Having kept quiet to avoid Sabhu's cane, I certainly was not going to risk getting Mbarku's whip.

28 - A TERRIBLE UNCERTAINTY

It was a strange and frightening experience being put in with Carole and the other expectant girls, and yet refusing to believe that I could be too.

'Wait until you have your first morning sickness,' laughed Carole. 'You wont be so cocksure, then - nor when you feel something kicking inside you.'

I could scarcely believe it when one morning a couple of days later I was sick.

Mbarku was delighted.

'Sponsor, he will be very pleased,' he said smiling. Then patting my tummy, he added: 'Soon we see this getting prettily curved.'

'No, no, its not what you think, I just must have eaten something,' I longed to protest. But, remembering what had happened to Carole in similar circumstances, I bit my tongue and said nothing.

Then, when the same thing happened the next morning, I realised that, unbelievably, I was indeed apparently expecting a Happy Event. But how, Carole and I kept vainly whispering to each other. And what? And why was it taking place so quickly?

What terrible thing had been done to us?

I felt the first kick a week later when Mbarku had made me take an afternoon rest. I was alone in the dormitory resting on top of my bed. Mbarku would periodically peer round the open doorway, to check on me.

Suddenly I felt something move inside me. It made me cry out.

This really confirmed my worst fears, even more than my morning sickness. I was shattered. Angrily, I put my hand down to my infibulated beauty lips. I'd show these swine that they could not make me go through with their mysterious and secret plan.

Desperately I tore at the unyielding bar and padlock. I'd show them! But I was all to no avail. The bar remained immovable and my beauty lips were as tightly closed as ever.

I lay back exhausted and furious.

Then I saw that evidently alerted by my cry of despair, Mbarku had quietly come into the room and was watching me, a smile on his horrid fat face. He was drawing his whip through his hands.

My God, I thought, he must have seen me trying in vain to get at myself - to get rid of what ever it was they were making me carry. He would report me to Sabhu! I'd be whipped - just like Carole. Oh Lord!

'I didn't mean to do ... any harm, Sir,' I stammered hopefully. The boy just laughed cruelly.

'All girls tear at bar when first feel little kicks.' He pointed up at the small television camera, which to my shame I saw was trained on me. 'Make good video for sponsor.'

Oh my God, I thought, the Prince will be shown the pictures of me vainly trying to get rid of whatever it was he had paid to have done to me. How awful! Oh God! Was there no end to the cruelty with which we were treated?

Over the coming weeks I, like Carole, was to feel these kicks more and more - much to the delight of my young black overseer.

Meanwhile, I had to admit, life in the cruelly named "Development" was fairly easy.

I soon learnt what I learnt that, provided we did not start querying what was happening to us, as Carole had tried to do, discipline was more relaxed than it had been in the Slave Market. Although, for instance, we had to ask permission to spend a penny and wait for Mbarku to take us into the big communal bathroom, there was not the same humiliating emphasis on performing together.

Indeed, despite the ever-present threat from the coiled-up whip hanging from Mbarku's belt, it almost seemed as if we were being cosseted in this comfortably furnished, so-called, Development wing of the castle.

Cosseted? Yes even the regular intimate inspections by Doctor Anna were carried out in a friendly and caring way - provided you did not ask her any questions. Instead of being strapped down on her couch, we were invited to lie down and to place our ankles in the raised stirrups - though I was always aware that Mbarku and his terrifying whip were on call beyond the half closed curtain, should we show the slightest sign of recalcitrance.

Cosseted? Well, we were given special highly nutritious food. We enjoyed comfortable beds in the airy dormitory, and a gentler daily exercise period than in the Slave Market. There were plenty of books and magazines to read - even though most of them were aimed at "future little mothers. And there were even no more daily attentions to our nipples, which were slowly becoming more human looking - though our breasts were getting fuller and firmer..

Similarly, there were no signs of the baby dolls, or of the special pills and medicines about which Carole had been so suspicious.

It was almost as if the periods of being broken-in and then of Assimilation were now regarded as having achieved their object.

Every afternoon, we had to change into our silken blue maternity dresses. Then, carefully watched over by Mbarku, and with our manacles hidden under our cloaks, under our bellies under the loose tunics, we were allowed to walk and get some fresh air in a pretty walled garden. Here, we walked round and round chattering away like a crocodile of happy schoolgirls on an outing.

Happy? Yes even I, still suffering from morning sickness, and hating what was happening to me, had to admit to a wonderful feeling of fulfillment and physical well being. Perhaps I thought it was Nature's way of making up for it all being against my will.

What there was not, however, were any calendars. We were deliberately kept ignorant of the passing of the days and weeks. And the locks on the doors and the bars on the windows, together with our manacles and the tiny padlocks that kept us tightly infibulated, all reminded us that we could not escape or avoid our fate.

I remembered what Sabhu had said about me now being a valuable commodity, which was going to earn a lot of money for the Lady Partners and which would be looked after carefully - 'like getting only two strokes of the whip at a time,' Carole said bitterly as we secretly tried to whisper our astonishment about what was so quickly happening to us.

Sabhu was constantly parading us on a little stage, just as we had been in the Slave Market. Once again it all seemed to be being recorded by a video camera, but then the emphasis had been on offering us, with our flat little bellies, for sponsorship. Now it was on what was called "the success of the sponsorship" - meaning, I realised, our now growingly curved bellies which we had to further, and erotically, show off by belly dancing humiliatingly in the way we had learnt in the Slave Market.

There was no doubt that the larger the girls' proffered white bellies, the greater the excitement amongst the mainly Arab male and the black African women sponsors ones, as, with their friends, they eagerly patted, compared and stroked them.

Nor were we only paraded all together for our sponsors. There was also a private examination room as well. On one occasion Carole and I were told that the Prince had come to inspect us and that we were going to be taken to "present our bellies" to our generous sponsor.

Generous, I thought? Perhaps to the Lady Partners and to our overseers, but we were getting nothing out of it all - except pain, discomfort and degradation.

Oh how I hated having to kneel down and gratefully kiss Old Greybeard's hand, as Mbarku had warned us to do under the threat of a whipping. Mbarku then made us stand at Attention whilst the horrible old man, smiling with pleasure at our utter humiliation, ran his hands over our rapidly swelling breasts and bellies.

I remembered, with a shudder, how he had last similarly done this in the room outside the kennels on my first day in Assimilation. On this occasion, however, and on his future visits to see his "team", Mbarku would warningly uncoil his whip and make us put our heads under the Prince's robe.

Evidently the Prince did not mind the presence of the black boy whilst being pleased, as he sat in a large comfortable chair. Under Mbarku's embarrassing supervision, we would then have to lick and suck his manhood, whilst he periodically lifted up the hem of his robe to take a further look at the slavegirls who, terrified of the threat of the young overseer's whip, were so humbly pleasing him - before finally being made to swallow, humbly and gratefully, horrible sperm.

He would also enjoy taking us, wearing our loose silken maternity outfits, on leads fastened to our collars, into the walled garden.

Carole and I were soon joined on all these humiliating occasions by the trembling mother and daughter, Numbers 26A and 26B, who had now come on from Assimilation - also displaying, to our surprise, the Prince's crest on their now prettily curved bellies.

Carole and I did not know whether to be jealous of the attention the Prince, and his friends, now paid to such a prestigious addition to his team, or to be appalled at what was happening to them, with their breasts and bellies nicely swelling in time with each other.

29 - BRAINWASHED BY URSULA

However, it was not only the sponsors who were enjoying us. We were also, as in the Slave Market, often paraded for the Lady Partners -and taken by them for their beds. They, too, evidently got a great kick from whatever it was that had been done to us, and from the fact that we still not understand how it could have happened.

I did not know whether to be pleased or disappointed that Ursula was apparently away. On the one hand I could have cheerfully killed her for what she had allowed to happen to me, but on the other I was dying to ask her about it all.

Then one day my heart was in my mouth as I was taken up to her room where, beautifully dressed in an afternoon frock, she was about take tea with Ingrid, the Senior Partner.

'Ah, and how's our clever little girl?' Ursula greeted me enthusiastically as she first patted my now slightly curved tummy. 'Such a clever little girl!'

Then she took me into her arms. For a moment I held back and then she kissed me. It was all too much. I burst into tears and found myself hugging her like a little child. Oh, it was so lovely being back in her arms.

'Oh yes, Emma, isn't it so exciting?' came her soft hypnotic voice. 'And your sponsor, the Prince is so pleased. And so is your Mistress, too. And you look so pretty. Yes, you're your Mistress's clever little girl! Aren't you thrilled? Aren't you?'

'Oh yes, Madam,' I sobbed. As usual, all my fears and worries seemed to evaporate when I was in Ursula's arms.

'And,' she went on, whilst kissing and stroking me reassuringly, 'like your other little friends, you've got nothing to worry about, nothing at all. Your kind Mistress, and kind Miss Ingrid here, are going to make sure that Sabhu and Mbarku take special good care of you. Oh, it's all so exciting isn't it?'

Brainwashed, I could not help nodding between my tears. My Mistress was going to look after me! Everything was going to be alright.

'And its such a lovely feeling, isn't it?'

Again I found myself nodding. It was true.

'But how ... ' I began.

'No, no, little girl, no buts, no questions! Little Emma doesn't want to be bothered about things she's too young to understand, does she? She just wants to leave it all to her kind Mistress, doesn't she? She just wants to be a happy little girl, very happy to be pleasing her Mistress.'

I knew that Carole would think I was being silly and stupid. But she had never known the joy of being completely taken care of by a strong and clever Mistress - and of then not having a care in the world. Somehow, not understanding what had happened to me no longer mattered. It was Ursula's problem now, not mine.

'Oh yes, Madam,' I now lisped like a little girl, in the way that Ursula liked her girls to talk. 'Emma is a happy little girl.'

'And she loves her Mistress doesn't she?'

'Oh, yes, little Emma, loves her Mistress, very much.'

'Good! Then, Emma's now going to dry her tears and, like a good slavegirl, serve tea to her Mistress - and then she'll be allowed to pleasure them.'

Back with the other girls in the big room, I now found myself avoiding Carole and her interminable attempts to discuss, behind Mbarku's back, what was happening to us. I kept remembering what Ursula had said about leaving it all to her, and in some strange way I enjoyed doing so.

PART VII

UNEXPECTED HAPPENINGS

30 - TAKEN HOME BY URSULA

A few days later, I was again sent for by Ursula. This time, however, she was brisk and to the point.

'Here's an interesting letter for you from John,' she said, handing her an opened envelope. Ursula always opened my letters before letting me see them.

Eagerly I read it. Then I burst into tears. John was returning home unexpectedly and was simply demanding that she be there for the following weekend as some important and influential backers of his oceanographical research would be coming to stay. Our daily cleaning lady, cum-cook, could make all the necessary arrangement but I must be there too. Why did I not bring Ursula?.

'What's the problem?' asked Ursula impatiently. 'I think it sounds rather fun - with interesting people.'

'But about me?' I wailed. I pointed at my now swelling tummy. 'How can I possibly let John see me like this?'

'Oh stop fretting,' said Ursula. 'Doctor Anna says you're quite fit to fly and I've already booked our flight back to London - and sent an e-mail to John to say that we will be there.'

Then changing her tone, she added reassuringly: 'Just wear your pretty blue silken smock outfit and John won't notice. We'll say that your luggage was mislaid by the airline to excuse you having only the one suit - and anyway I'll be there to look after you. And you'll even be traveling with me first class, as a friend.'

I dried my tears and smiled. Oh, I did so love it when Ursula was gentle and kind - and nurturing.

'We'll leave tomorrow,' she said. 'Sabhu will take you to the airport in the special closed van and take off your manacles and collar - and also remove, and keep, the metal bar from our infibulation rings. We don't want them to trigger off the alarm at the airport security check!'

No horrible infibulation bar and padlock, I thought. How lovely!

Everything went off smoothly. Ursula was all sweetness and light.

For the first time since leaving London, I saw the date - on the newspaper she was reading in the plane. Astonished, I saw that it was only about six weeks since that dreaded day when I had so innocently arrived in Vienna.

I tried to work it out. Assuming, say, ten days in Preparation in the Slave Market, and another ten days in Assimilation in the kennels, that meant that I had only spent about three weeks in Development in the Maternity Home. And yet already my tummy was showing. Goodness, I thought, but I did not dare to ask Ursula about it, nice as she was being.

We spent a lovely night together in her flat in London, with Ursula, evidently thrilled, stroking my little curved tummy and saying how exciting it all was for me.

Then, next day, we took the train down to my home. However, I began to feel very nervous in the taxi taking us to the house. Would Ursula's good mood last? In seconds she could turn nasty and behave like a shrew. She might even tell John the truth out of sheer spite. Or John might discover it for himself. Oh, what a risk it all was.

Sure enough, just before we arrived, Ursula suddenly screamed out: 'But you can't sleep with John.'

I gasped.

'But I have to,' I said, tears beginning to pour down.

'Well you can't. You'll have to tell him you have a Virus. I must be near you at night.'

This started one of Ursula's furious rows, with me saying I must and she saying I am not to. I don't think it was entirely out of jealousy of me making love to a hated male. I think she was also concerned lest doing so might jeopardize my valuable expectant state - she had, I had noticed, now given up using her dildo on me.

So I was both exhausted and fearful as we drove up the drive. Fortunately, John was too preoccupied, with organizing the wine and checking with the Daily about food and cooking, to notice.

However, when I said that I would have to use one of the spare rooms, John was very put out. 'But darling,' he said, 'I haven't seen you for ages, not for weeks. This is ridiculous. A virus? What type of virus?'

Ursula was loving every moment of this conflict with John. She even encouraged it, saying with an innocent air: 'Yes, Emma, what sort of virus?'

I was speechless. I wanted to kill Ursula. There was Ursula one moment saying that I couldn't sleep with John, and in the next breath apparently encouraging me to do so. But I knew that I would be in deep trouble if I disobeyed her.

Then suddenly I felt I was fed up with all this. I will sleep with John, I decided, and so I did.

Fortunately he still found me very attractive and was so entranced by the little infibulation rings, which I told him I had had put there for his greater enjoyment, that he scarcely noticed my little rounded tummy: 'You're putting on a little weight, darling. Good!'

The same applied to my still slightly elongated nipples. As for long term transfers on my tummy, that really showed my Slave Number and the crest of my sponsor, I told him that they were just a joke to make me look more exciting for him.

Perhaps it was these that so turned him on. Anyway the sex between us was marvelous. I didn't think I had ever known such excitements. Expecting a Happy Event had made me feel enormously sexy. A real bitch on heat, I laughed to myself, thinking back to the awful kennels.

With all the excitements, I forgot all about Ursula and her threats. But my happiness was short lived, for the following morning I heard the sound of a cup being broken in the kitchen. It was still very early, so I knew it could not be the daily or any of the other guests.

I hurried down and found Ursula raging like a mad woman and about to break all the breakfast cups.

'Stop!' I screamed.

Ursula grabbed me by the hair. 'You little tart! You filthy minx! How dare you misbehave! How dare you not obey me!'

She paused to catch her breath. 'You'll pay for this my girl! It will Mbarku's whip and the punishment cage for you when we get back.'

Horrified, I remembered Carole pointing out, off the Maternity Home, a darkened smaller version of the cages in the kennels and seeing a poor girl, who had been rude to her sponsor being whipped and then put in it for three days on bread and water.

'And,' Ursula continued, 'we're leaving here in one hour, or I'll tell John everything - and show him some of the photographs taken of you in the kennels.'

I was beside myself with fear. But what could I do? I really did love John and yet now I was going to have to walk out on him again. What excuse could I possibly give him?

I decided to say that Ursula had been urgently called away and that I had to take her to the airport, but that I would be back soon.

John was again damn put out. 'That damn Ursula! Why do you have to fetch and carry for her?'

'Darling,' he pleaded, 'tell her to get a taxi. You just can't keep disappearing. What are our friends here to think? And I'm only back here for a few days.'

I hugged John and said this would be the last time. I would be back from the airport in three hours and would then make love to him torridly - and every day until he had to leave again.

I could handle John alright, but meanwhile Ursula was smoldering. I knew I would have to ring from the airport to say that I would not be home for a few days - or weeks.

And then? Then I would have to face up to my punishment, whilst doubtless Ursula would charm John into letting her look after his wife again during his absence.

31 - DESPERATE CONCERNS

Carole and I had become close again following my whipping and incarceration in the punishment cage after my return with a furious Ursula from seeing John.

By now we could both constantly feel something, or things, moving or kicking inside us. Our breasts were hardening and filling. And our tummies were growing at an alarming rate. They had been quite normal whilst we were in the Slave Market and, presumably, hidden under the dog skins, in Assimilation. But, now, look at us - and, we kept telling each other, after only such a short time.

Carole had told me how when she was taken to be inspected by Doctor Anna, a strange piece of electronic equipment would be wheeled up to the couch. It was connected to a large monitoring screen. But she could never see what the screen showed as the doctor, nodding with delight, would silently run something like a computer "mouse" over her swollen belly, periodically pressing a button to have printed a picture of what was on the screen.

Now Doctor Anna started doing the same, first with me and then with the mother and daughter.

Moreover, now when the odious Prince came to inspect the progress of his team in the private room, we would see that the same equipment and screen had been wheeled into it.

Watched, as ever, by a little video camera, we would then all be lined up in the order of the size of our increasingly curved bellies with Carole on the right, then me and then the mother and daughter. Then we would be blindfolded, so that we would not see what was on the screen, though doubtless it was videoed for the Prince show off to his friends.

Just as the Prince and Doctor Anna came in, Sabhu would call us to Attention with, as usual, our hands clasped behind our necks. We could hear Mbarku standing behind us, running his normally coiled-up whip through his hands - ready to use at the first sign of recalcitrance.

Our increasingly firm and swollen breasts would now be thrust out past our open brocade boleros and our much more swollen bellies would be thrust out through the cut away in our thin silken harem trousers.

We would tremble as we heard the heavy steps of the Prince coming up to us. What an erotic picture we must have made for him: four lovely, blindfolded, half naked, frightened young white women lined up for his inspection, under the orders of a whip-carrying young black overseer with his crest emblazoned across our bare bellies.

Not daring to move a muscle or say a word, we would blush scarlet as he slowly came down the line, feeling an increasingly hardening breast, cupping a swelling belly and checking that an infibulation bar was properly locked in place.

Then still standing rigidly at Attention we would feel Doctor Anna run her "mouse" over each of our bellies in turn, pointing out to the Prince things on the screen that we could not see.

'There's one, Your Highness,' she would say mysteriously, 'and here's another!'

The Prince would give an appreciative grunt as each strange discovery was made.

Finally, we would hear the equipment being switched off and our blindfolds would be removed. Then he would come down the line again looking at our pretty but frightened faces as, from behind us, Mbarku pulling back our hair forcing us to look into the gleaming eyes of the Prince, our cruel sponsor.

I would then hear the Prince say something in an under tone to Sabhu or Mbarku who would laugh out aloud. 'Oh no, Your Highness they still not know. And they dare not ask.'

I could imagine our overseers gesturing with their canes or whips as they spoke, the bastards.

Then, our blindfolds having been removed, the now well aroused Prince would sit down comfortably and gesture to the smiling Doctor Anna and Sabhu to leave. Then, as before, he would order Mbarku to bring us, crawling awkwardly on all fours, to pleasure him.

At least, I used to think, we had not been sponsored by one of the large black ladies who enjoyed blatantly denigrating white women even more than did our Prince.

After such a scene, a thoroughly degraded Carole and I, watched by a grinning Mbarku, and sometimes by Sabhu as well, we would sob in each other's arms as we desperately and vainly wondered just what was happening to us.

Clearly something must have been done to us in the kennels. But what?

We were both so ashamed at what had happened there, that it was sometime before we could bear to discuss our experiences. Gradually we blushingly whispered to each other what had happened. None of the other girls could bring themselves to do so.

Yes, we had both been humiliatingly coupled with numerous dogs. Yes, for both of us the final coupling, for Carole with Caesar and for me with Faisal, had been special occasions - with the dogs' virility being saved up for a day beforehand, with us being caned before and afterwards, and with us then being rested for a day or two.

'If I didn't know it was physically quite impossible,' Carole once had whispered, 'I'd guess that were now carrying a litter of puppies, mine Caesar's and yours Faisal's'

'And that's what the sponsors paid for, the cruel swine?' I had cried in horror, trying to keep my voice down. 'But how about all the other awful dogs?'

'Maybe they were just to get our bodies used to it - assimilated,' Carole whispered back, 'like the dog-skins, and like our nipples being stretched and sucked at by the puppies.'

'Yes,' I agreed, 'and that might explain the thermometers and the way Doctor Anna was controlling our monthly cycles, to make sure we were ready to conceive on the right day.'

'And the fertility pills -if that's what they were,' added Carole.

'And the speed of it all,' I said.

'Yes,' said Carole, 'but that's all just idle speculation. You can't successfully mate a woman with a dog, or with any other animal.'

'Thank God for that,' I said.

'But,' Carole muttered angrily, 'that still leaves our problem unanswered. What have these bastards done to us?'

It must have been about three weeks after the disastrous to my home when Ursula suddenly told me that the Lady Partners had agreed that she should take me back to London again for a short visit.

'Your husband, John, is away but the sight of your now very well curved belly will greatly help me to persuade my lady friends to send their girls here - or to become sponsors,' she said. 'But don't think you'll have any opportunity of running away. This time your collar and the infibulation bar will be firmly locked back in place when we arrive. And, anyway, where would you go in your state? It's too late now to do anything about that.'

Indeed, I was now getting distinctly big and awkward.

'But I wouldn't want to do anything, Madam,' I protested ingratiatingly. All I wanted to do was to get away from this awful castle for a bit. But I hated the idea of being used to recruit more innocent girls for what went on here. But what could I do?

'Good!' said Ursula briskly. 'Well, provided that's understood we'll leave tomorrow and be back in a few days time.'

Once again I was driven to Vienna airport in the closed van, leaving me disorientated, still with no idea where, or even in which adjoining country, the castle was.

Once again, I was thrilled to be allowed to travel First Class with Ursula, my now huge tummy only half hidden under my loose silken maternity outfit. To my great embarrassment, however, Ursula drew the attention of the airline ground staff and of the cabin crew to my state - evidently much enjoying showing me off.

As a result they all rallied round me, treating me like a Queen. How horrified they and our fellow passengers would be, I thought, if they knew that, despite my size, I was in some mysterious way only some six weeks gone.

After all this pampering, you can imagine my horror when we arrived at her house in London and the door was opened by ... Sabhu! And in his strong black hand was his cane!

'Oh didn't I tell you?' said Ursula, seeing the look of horror on my face. As this trip is only a short one, the Lady Partners particularly wanted Sabhu to keep an eye on you. Wasn't it kind of him, Emma, to agree to do so?'

Dumbly I nodded. Sabhu kind? That'll be the day!

I had so looked forward to getting away from the constant control of the black overseers. Ursula was strict but nothing like as bad as them. My heart went down into my boots as he gripped my arm with his strong wrist and as I heard his ingratiating reply.

'Yes, Madam, and I've got her infibulation bar and collar ready for her.'

He led me away to a small room. Here he made me take off the loose maternity outfit. He put my collar round my neck and I heard it lock with a click. Then, tapping my buttocks impatiently with his cane, he made me stand up, looking straight ahead and with my legs wide apart, in front of a stool on which he now sat down.

Somehow, having to stand like that, stark naked, in front of the big Negro overseer, here in London, with the noise of the traffic and of chattering passing pedestrians coming in through the open window, was even more degrading than it had been in the castle.

He threaded the bar through my infibulation rings. I heard another click as he closed the padlock.

I sighed as I realised that even if I did somehow manage to escape and find my friendly doctor, the stainless steel bar would prevent him from being able to do anything.

Then he fastened a dog lead to the ring on the front of my collar and silently led me, still naked, up to the alcove off Ursula's room. It was here, I remembered, that only a little over a couple of months before I had knelt on all fours in the darkness alongside Maja, with the ends of our leads humiliatingly thrust under the locked door into Ursula's bedroom.

Again I had to kneel down on all fours. Again I had to thrust the end of my lead under the bottom of the same door.

Sabhu closed and locked the door behind me into the corridor and switched off the light from outside leaving me in the darkness, with the only light coming from under the door in front of me.

After what seemed hours, I heard footsteps in Ursula's bedroom. Then the door into Ursula's bedroom was unlocked and the door very slightly opened - just enough, I realised, to enable to push it open if my lead was pulled.

I could hear my Mistress undressing. Eagerly I awaited a tug on my collar. But I had forgotten that my Mistress liked to tease her girls. Now apparently lying back on her bed, she stated to make a series of long telephone calls, mainly it seemed about confirming that a large number of friends were coming to a special Live Demonstration she was giving in the afternoon of the day after tomorrow. Meanwhile she hoped to see them at lunch tomorrow at Imelda's.

Imelda's! It was a well known and expensive restaurant, behind Harrods, that was frequented almost exclusively by ladies with the same tendency as Ursula - almost as if it were their private club.

They would go there to show off the latest girl they had acquired - or one of whom they had got tired and wished to pass on to someone they could trust. Often Ursula had taken me there to show off her control over a young married woman.

Finally I heard her put down the phone, come over to the door and give the lead a sharp tug.

It was the beginning of night giving please whilst remaining myself frustrated under my infibulation bar.

But it was the next day that I learnt the full extent of the pleasure that Ursula obtained from showing off my expectant state.

I was dressed and made up by Sabhu as a schoolgirl, in a black gymslip, white blouse and socks, gray felt hat, and black sensible shoes. To my further embarrassment, my lovely long blond hair was pleated into two pigtails.

Looking in the mirror I could see that Sabhu had indeed transformed me into a very realistic schoolgirl -but one that was also a teenage mother, for the gym tunic in n way head and, if anything accentuated my protruding tummy and now heavy breasts. Oh God, I thought, Ursula can't possibly take me out like this. But she did.

Followed by Sabhu she took me, blushing and hoping that no one would recognise me, along the King's Road Chelsea, absorbing the looks of astonishment directed at me and my tummy. It was even worse when she started to introduce me to acquaintances and shopkeepers as her niece who, as they could see, had got herself into a spot of trouble. They would have been more astonished if they had known that "niece" was how Ursula's coterie used to describe a girl in their power.

At last, flushed with excitement, she took me home. Not surprisingly, however, I was exhausted and was so relieved when I heard her tell Sabhu to put me to bed to rest for an hour. What did not hear was her instruction then to take me in a taxi to Imelda's - still dressed and made up as a schoolgirl mother.

My entrance there, with my arm gripped by the huge Negro, caused a sensation.

There was a complete silence as the assembled women looked at me and Sabhu with sheer disbelief. Who let this man, this black man into this holy of lesbian holies, they must have been wondering, and who is this disgraceful young girl?

At a signal from Imelda herself, even the gay young waiters fell silent and stood still

I blushed and desperately looked around for Ursula. Finally I saw her seated with a crowd of friends at a big window table. But she, eager to take the maximum advantage from the dramatic effect of my entrance, was in no hurry to acknowledge me and went talking in a low tone to her neighbour. .

Finally, with all eyes on us, Sabhu led me, waddling awkwardly, over to her table. The room was still hushed as he coughed and then spoke in his distinctive Haitian accent, half French and half Caribbean.

'Miss de Vere, here is the girl you wanted.'

Ursula looked up as if surprised.

'Oh, thank you Sabhu.'

'That's Sabhu!' came the whispers. 'You know - the Haitian whom Ursula to take charge of her girls.'

'Oh yes, the one they say was a circus animal trainer before she picked him out as an overseer.'

'Yes, that's where he learnt to use the whip,'

Ursula let the whispers die down and then turned to me.'

'Well, Emma,' she said in a clear loud voice, 'and how's my little mother-to-be?'

'Alright, thank you Madam,' I lisped, as she had made me practice in her bed the night before.

'Not been trying to run away and see a doctor?'

'Oh, no Madam, what's the point now that I've been infibulated,' said as I had been taught, know that Sabhu's cane awaited me if I got it wrong.

'Infibulated!' The word was repeated around the room in astonishment.

'Well, Sabhu,' said Ursula, 'remember that she's six weeks gone now.'

'Six weeks!' came the whispers. 'She looks more like eight months!' It's not possible. If it is then I want my girl done too.' '

'And so put her back in her cage to rest. She's going to be the star at my Live Demonstration, featuring Emma, at my house in Barnell Street, off The King's Road, Chelsea, and so I shall want her to be in good form.'

'A Live Demonstration?' once again came the whispers.

'Tomorrow afternoon?'

'Oh!'

'Yes,' Ursula went on again, as if still speaking to Sabhu, 'It's such a simple way of exerting complete power over your girl and making her utterly dependant on you - and of using her to earn you a large amount of money. And it's all over in weeks rather than the usual drawn-out months. '

'Oh!' came the whispers.

'Oh!'

'So,' continued Ursula, 'I'm expecting many of my friends to come and hear how they can send their own girls to have the same treatment - or sponsor a girl to have it done.'

'Oh I'm going to ask Ursula if I can come,' came a voice.

'And me, too!'

'And I've got a friend who'd be very interested, too.'

Sabhu now gripped my arm again and marched me towards the door - and the waiting taxi. As I went out, I saw that many eager would-be attendees of her Live Demonstration were now surrounding Ursula.

33 - THE LIVE DEMONSTRATION

'Yes,' I heard Ursula say, the following afternoon, to the assembled audience of well dressed ladies. They were sitting on specially hired little gilt chairs, facing a big video monitoring screen, in the big studio of her house, 'our castle is certainly proving a great success for exploiting Doctor Anna's astonishing technique - one that she developed during the Cold War in an Eastern European prison camp for refractory young women. It's one of the secret miracles of modern medicine.'

Dressed as in Development, in my revealing harem dress, and manacled, I was being held, out of sight behind a screen, on a lead by Sabhu. With his free right hand he was gripping his dreaded cane.

'The castle,' Ursula went on, 'is in an ideal spot, isolated and yet easily accessible for the clients. And the local authorities and the police are happy to turn a blind eye to what goes in inside the privacy of the Castle. Yes, the whole enterprise has proved very successful.'

She paused. With her tall, almost boyish, figure, thin gaunt face and well cut black velvet trouser suit she looked just what she was: a rich woman, who like the women in her audience, enjoyed playing the part of a strict and ruthless Mistress of young women. .

'But,' she went on, 'we do need some more Lady Partners to help to run it and to provide a steady stream of new girls for our sponsors - which is why I

have invited you all here today. Or, if you do not have any girls of your own, to interest you in becoming a sponsor.'

'In either case,' she laughed, 'you can be a sure of finding it exciting - the video of what Emma has been through will give you a foretaste of what I mean.'

'Moreover we'll share with you half of what your girl earned -just as I'm getting half of the considerable amount that an Arab potentate, a Prince, is paying to sponsor my Emma. And you'd have the use of any of the other girls, especially when there are no clients visiting the castle.

'Now, before I show you the video are there any questions?'

'Yes,' said a slim petite woman with a Slavonic accent, 'I could bring my girls. They're a blond and very pretty pair of sisters.'

'Ah!' interrupted Ursula. 'Our Arab clients would love that - we've just had a record amount from one to sponsor mother and daughter!'

There were gasps from the audience. 'A mother and daughter!'

'But,' went on the petite woman, 'But they only know a few words of English or German.'

'All the better,' said Ursula. 'The clients don't like to be bothered with girls begging for their freedom, or asking what's happening to them ... Now, before we start the video, let's have look at the girl it features - as she is now.

Then to a burst of applause, Sabhu led me out, blushing, from behind the screen from where I had been eagerly listening to Ursula, hoping to learn, so far in vain, just what had happened to me.

'This is Emma, one of my own girls,' I heard Ursula say. 'She's an upper class English Lady, which made her very sought after by our Arab clients - and by our lady African clients as well. But the Prince was determined to get her and outbid them all.'

Sabhu was leading me up and down and using his cane to make me show myself properly. I was so embarrassed - and scared of the cane.

'She is dressed as all our girls in the castle are - as a slavegirl. You can also see, that like all our girls, she has been infibulated to prevent her from trying to interfere with what Nature now intends for her body.'

This was greeted with a burst of cruel laughter.

Sabhu now made me stand up on a bench to the side of the screen and, as the lights were dimmed for the video, he switched on a spotlight that lit me up. The audience were able to see both me and the screen, but I could not see what was on the screen.

'Please bear in mind that Emma still does not know, even now, just what happened to her,' laughed Ursula. 'Isn't that right Emma?'

'I not know. I not dare ask,' I repeated mechanically to more laughter.

'So,' said Ursula, 'please excuse me if I am not too explicit in my commentary and leave it to the printed notices in the video, which Emma can't see, to explain certain parts.'

The video now started.

'This,' Ursula said, 'shows Emma's arrival at the castle and the beginning of her breaking-in and preparation in what we call the Slave Market wing of the castle.'

'As you can see the girls are treated like abducted white women in the hands of a discreet modern day Middle Eastern slave dealer, with Sabhu and his equally strict young assistant, playing the part of the black overseers. The girls are the stock of merchandise, offered for sale, or rather for sponsoring, from which the clients to choose from.

'Just as in a real private slave dealer's establishment the clients can look down into the girls' bathroom and display room from behind a screen without being seen, so you can see we have screens for our clients - and ourselves- to look through without being seen. The clients, both male and female love it.'

She laughed as she continued.

'Here you see an important part of the breaking-in process - disciplining once free girls by controlling their natural functions. The clients love watching them being made to perform together in the communal bathroom.

'And of course, the Arabs go mad as they see half-naked grown girls being made, under the supervision of a black overseer, to play innocently with baby dolls to bring on their maternal instincts and so help their bodies to accept what is to come - when they're sponsored.'

'They're also fascinated watching the girls, as you can now see, being exercised in readiness for what is to come. They're equally fascinated when, as the screen now shows, they have their nipples strangely elongated, and even more when - do look at this shot of Emma - the girls are paraded for them to choose from.

'But don't the girls try and run away?' came a voice from the audience. 'I don't want to lose my girl!'

'Oh don't worry,' laughed Sonja. 'We haven't lost a girl yet! They're under constant surveillance by internal television. And all the windows are barred and the doors have electronic locks. So the girls can't get out. And, even if they did, they'd soon get a terrible electric shock as they tried to cross the castle grounds - from the special electronically controlled collars that we keep locked round their necks.'

'O.K.!' came the same voice.

'And, as you can see on the video, and on Emma here, the girls are kept manacled which would make it even harder for them to escape. The clients like the sight of the collars and of the heavy shiny hands linking their wrists and the clinking sound they make with every movement.'

'But,' asked a woman, 'doesn't a girl in the Slave Market soon realise just what's in store for them?'

'Oh no,' replied Ursula in a shocked tone. 'They're quite horrified enough to find themselves under strict discipline in what they imagine to be simply a special up-market brothel, where they are forced to serve a clientele of both men and women - and ourselves of course! As you heard, Emma, is still not sure what she's carrying.'

'Now here's a shot of Emma being given her mysterious pills and Doctor Anna's all important secret serum. You can now read what they're for on the screen. Bt don't tell Emma!'

'Here you can see her being infibulated and then inspecting herself, horrified, back in the dormitory. And here's another of her distress when she finds that her friend, an American career girl, has mysteriously disappeared - just as have others, one by one. Of course that's half the fun for us and the clients and the girls are punished if they ask what has happened to them.'

'Punished?' queried a voice.

'Yes,' replied Ursula, '"Curiosity killed the cat," I've heard Sabhu say to an inquisitive Emma, as he angrily fetched his favourite long whippy cane, "and is a punishable offence here in the Castle."'

'Then, as you can see, he made the poor girl take down her harem trousers and then, in front of the other girls, ordered her to bend over - - to be given six strokes on her bare bottom. That soon put a stop to more questions!'

'Oh!' laughed the same voice, 'but they must be terrified at not knowing what more is going to happen to them! But don't they guess?'

'No, not all!' replied Ursula, temporarily stopping the video to explain more easily. 'You see, the girls in the Slave Market are carefully prevented from seeing what's going on in the rest of the castle.'

'But are they also being discreetly got ready for what's to follow?' asked an intrigued woman.

'Indeed! And one of the first things Sabhu has to do with a new girl is to adjust her monthly with Doctor Anna's special pills so that she'll be ready to conceive on the day that we have earmarked for her.'

'What do you mean?' asked Sonja. 'Surely ... '

'Well, it's a bit technical. Basically the chances of a successful conception are much increased if she is mated for real at a time when her body is ready to conceive in the normal way. Then her body can be tricked into reacting as if the strange conception that has taken place is quite normal. So the alien little embryos are not rejected and the girl's unusual maternity will commence. Simple!'

'Oh, how clever,' gasped a woman. 'And what else does he do to ensure a successful conception?'

'Well, although the girl won't at first realise what has happened to her, Doctor Anna thinks it's important psychologically to bring on her natural maternal instincts beforehand. So, as you saw, Sabhu gives each girl a pretty little doll to play with. With little else to do, they soon spend hours washing and dressing their dolls. It makes a fascinating sight for the clients.

'Again, how clever!' laughed the same woman, clapping her hands with excitement and doubtlessly thinking of her own unsuspecting girl.

'Then,' went on Ursula, starting the video again, 'once a girl is has been judged ready and has been financially sponsored by a client, she starts what Doctor Anna regards as the all-important period of Assimilation. Here, for instance, is Emma, helpless in her dog skin, in her cage in the kennels, whilst puppies suck at her now much elongated nipples. Doctor Anna says that, as well as being a charming sight for the sponsors, this releases certain chemicals in the brain that make her body ready to accept what's going to happen.

'Ah, and here's Emma having her first coupling. Here again Doctor Anna says that this plays a vital role in tricking her body into accepting what's going to happen. You can see that she is often coupled several times day. 'Equally important is that during this period she has no contact with a human being, or even sees one other than the masked kennelboy.

'She is made to look like a dog, act like a dog and eventually feels like one, too.'

'Doctor Anna likes a girl to spend two or three weeks there so that her body is psychologically prepared, as Doctor Anna calls it, for the final treatment.'

'Yes,' Ursula went on with a smile, 'With a half a dozen randy dogs to be satisfied every day, and perhaps only two or three girls in the kennels at any one time, our human bitches are kept pretty busy! '

'But don't they object?' asked someone.

'Even if they do,' laughed Ingrid, 'what can they do about it, kept muzzled and helpless in their dog-skins? No they seem to settle down and accept their new life as bitches.'

'Indeed, do you find, ' came a shrewd question, 'that, being kept locked up in he Kennels, some of the girls form quite an attachment with a particular canine lover?'

'Yes, sometimes,' laughed Ingrid, 'and get very jealous when they see him mounting another girl!'

'Oh!' cried the woman excitedly.

'Yes,' went on Ursula with a laugh, 'and watching our human bitches doing their daily duty with the dogs makes a fine spectacle for the clients - especially when one of the girls, unknown to her, has been secretly ... oh, but as Emma is here, I think I'd better stop and let the video tell you what happens next.

Ursula paused for a time, whilst the audience silently and attentively watched the video. Oh how I longed to look, too - to learn the secret of what of what had been done to me, for although what Ursula had said so far had explained much, it still had not clarified just what had been done to me.

I was tempted to jump down off the bench, on which I had been made humiliatingly to display my half naked body, and to take a look at what was being shown on the screen. But Sabhu gave me a sharp warning tap with his cane on my bottom, making me quickly abandon any such idea.

Meanwhile the audience was clearly enraptured by what they were seeing on the screen.

Finally Ursula continued her commentary.

'Then, as you can see, Emma was taken out of the kennels and her dog-skin removed. As a precaution, however, her infibulation bar, which of course had been removed when she was put into the kennels, was now locked back in place. Then, as you can see, once the Sabhu and his other assistant are satisfied that the belt is securely fastened, they put her back into her harem clothes, re-fasten her wrist manacles, and take her into the so-called Development Wing.'

'Where, I suppose,' laughed one of the audience, 'she is astonished to find her missing companions each with an increasingly swollen belly nicely on display- thanks to their skimpy and transparent harem clothes.

'Exactly!' laughed Ingrid. 'And this what the video now shows.'

'But how long does it all take?' asked a voice.

'Well, about nine weeks as compared to a girl's normal nine months.'

'Well, the speed of it all, must certainly make it all the more exciting,' the woman laughed, 'and much more practicable.'

'Exactly!' cried Ursula. 'And you can now see how Sabhu and the black boy in charge of the Wing will keep her well disciplined, for like or not she is now a very valuable young lady. Her pretty and increasingly curved belly make an exciting sight for her visiting sponsor - and, of course, for her Mistress.'

'How the clients must enjoy watching the reluctant mothers-to-be being controlled and exercised by Sabhu and black boy,' laughed Sonja '

'Yes,' said Ingrid, 'and, as you see, the rich Arabs often just love spending hours watching it all, either hidden behind a screened balcony or having their girls paraded for their inspection.'

'And,' laughed Ursula, 'the girls are meanwhile getting more and more concerned about the swelling bellies that they are having to show off. Of course they don't dare ask Sabhu or his assistant about them and it's quite funny hearing them wonder how it could have happened - and so quickly! Just as my Emma, standing up in front of you now, is still mystified by it all, so all of them simply can't believe that it is possible.'

'And how's it all going to end?' asked a woman.

'Ah, that we can't discuss in front of Emma, so I'll ask Sabhu to take her away out of earshot.'

Then, just as I was being taken out, much to my disappointment, I heard Ursula continuing: 'Yes, there's no doubt you'd find watching your girl being gradually introduced to what faces her in the castle all very exciting, just as I did with Emma. Your girl, too, would be in for a big surprise!'

'And, if they pay enough,' laughed a woman 'I might like a rich Arab sponsor to keep the girl!'

'Why not!' I was horrified to hear Ursula say. 'Then she'd earn you even more money.'

'Oh, incidentally,' she added 'I forgot to mention one thing. To prevent beautiful and sophisticated Mistresses being mistaken for the girls they have brought, we have a strict rule. Girls brought to the castle to undergo the full treatment must arrive dressed like young girls with pink ribbons in their hair. I hope you don't mind.'

'On the contrary,' came a voice, 'I shall really enjoy treating my girl like a little girl again'

'And,' laughed another woman, 'I don't want to risk Sabhu thinking I'm one of his girls!'

'Oh don't worry. So far no Mistress has yet been inadvertently put into the Slave Market!'

EPILOGUE

34 - MY FINAL PERFORMANCE - OR WAS IT?

The rest of my story can now be quickly told.

Two days after Ursula's so-called Live Demonstration, at which I was the live item on display, I was back in the Castle, back in Development - and so, worse luck, was Sabhu.

Ursula, who had brought me back to the castle, seemed very pleased with the results of the demonstration - numerous women had fixed dates on which to bring their girls to the Castle and two had arranged to visit the Castle as potential sponsors. So I was the hero of the day, although I felt so awful at having had to help with the entrapment of more new girls. Poor things!

To my dismay, however, Carole had disappeared, just as other girls, apparently approaching their time, had previously disappeared. No one knew what had happened to her, nor had dared to ask our black overseers. Apparently the Prince had come and inspected her, and the mother and daughter, and then Sabhu had beckoned her out through the normally locked door - and she had never returned.

At least, I thought, Numbers 23 and 24, who had left the kennels before me and after Carole, were still here.

I had longed to discuss with Carole what I had heard Ursula say during the Live Demonstration - and now she wasn't here. In fact, I had not been able to see the screen when it had shown just what had been done to me, and had been sent out of the room, just when Ursula was going to tell the audience what was going to happen to me next. So I wasn't really much wiser than before.

My tummy was now getting beautifully curved, as they euphemistically termed it, and Doctor Anna was examining me almost daily. My breasts were also now becoming increasingly heavy and little drops of milk kept escaping from my nipples.

Ursula was thrilled, hugging and kissing me - and licking my nipples. 'Oh isn't it exciting, Emma!' she would cry. But I was feeling I was about to burst. How awful it was still being kept infibulated.

My sponsor, the greybearded Prince was equally delighted when he came to inspect me and the mother and daughter, whose tummies seemed almost as large as mine.

'A pity,' he said in his heavy Arab accent as he patted my tummy and stroked my also swelling breasts in a proprietary, 'this girl not available to be sent onto my harem, to join American one, when she, too, has recovered from her final performance. My black eunuchs have branded my crest on the American girl's now flat belly - to replace your temporary transfers. It looks very pretty and my eunuchs say makes her feel a proper slave.'

He laughed cruelly.

'Yes, we renamed her Philadelphia. Eunuchs tell me she now prettily shaking bars of the windows of the harem in desperation as she realise no escape from new fate, as part of my collection of beautiful white women,' I heard him say to Sabhu.

Then he laughed cruelly.

'Yes, ' he went on, 'she now never see or speak to another man. Only me and my black eunuchs. And infibulation bar no longer needed to keep her pure. Like my other women she now circumcised'

He grinned horribly. 'So she now unable masturbate!'

Poor Carole, I thought, now renamed, locked up in an elderly Prince's harem out of sight of any other man, branded with his crest and circumcised . How awful! Thank God, it had evidently been too risky for Ursula to sell me to him, too.

'Yes, pity about this English one. I would like have English Lady also locked up in my harem. She make fine addition to collection of white women. However, I will have video of what she made to do here. And maybe I buy mother and daughter for my collection instead - after their final performance together. They also make rare and interesting items for collection.'

Poor things, I thought.

'But meanwhile I much looking forward to bring my friends to see this one perform. They not believe what they see,' he laughed. I felt sick with apprehension.

Then he turned to Doctor Anna. 'No change to date of final performance?'

'No, Your Highness,' she replied, 'but I can always delay or bring it on for your convenience.'

My heart missed a couple of beats as I heard this talking about me as if I was some prize animal. But I did not dare to ask what they meant.

'And, Your Highness,' said Sabhu, speaking fluently in English as if repeating a well rehearsed sales patter, 'don't forget you can always send any of them back here again for a repeat Full Treatment on special terms. Many girls after final performances are either kept here in our Further Performance Wing or sent back later to it for another Full Treatment.'

Sent back to go through it all again, I thought. How awful. Ursula might send me back, next time John went off abroad for several months?

'Yes,' said Doctor Anna, 'and, like the girls waiting in the Further Performances Wing to be chosen to be sponsored for another Full Treatment, yours would not need to go through again the periods of Preparation or Assimilation. Provided your girls still have their infibulation rings, they can be done quite quickly.'

'Excellent,' said the greybearded Prince.

Then he turned to Sabhu.

'You pleased to know, my black eunuchs they say very pleased to find how America girl she already frightened of whip.'

'Thank you, Your Highness. And if she sent back here, in the Further Performances Wing for second Full Treatment, your black eunuchs can be sure she kept again under same strict discipline, based on fear of whip and open to regular inspections by yourself - just as if she still locked up in your harem. She kept manacled and collared - and dressed as slavegirls.'

Carole, the great career girl, being talked about like this by an uneducated black man! But, as so often happened in this Castle, worse was to follow.

'Ah!' said the Prince. Then he laughed in a sinister way. 'May be I bring back my favorite hunting dog, Faisal. He would enjoy coupling with her very much. He never had opportunity here to mount the American girl.'

Faisal! I remembered how I had been coupled with Faisal for my own Gala Performance in the kennels.

Oh how unbelievably awful it all was, I thought, as the Prince now left the room.

Unbelievable indeed!

It was then that I decided that once back at home I would to write down secretly all that I had seen in the Castle and what had been done to me here - for no one in England would ever believe that such things could happen - or were even possible.

The following week first Number 23 and then Number 24 disappeared. My God, I thought, looking at the number 25 stretched out over my tummy, I shall be next.

'Not long now, little Emma,' teased Ursula. 'Aren't you excited -not knowing what's going to happen?'

A few days later, holding his whip ready in his hand, Mbarku marched me into see Doctor Anna, who gave me an injection. I wanted to know what it was for, but did dare to ask.

'She now soon perform,' she said mysteriously to Mbarku. Almost immediately I began to feel strange.

Then Mbarku again carefully depilated me. I still hated it being done by young black boy.

'No hair for video,' he remarked mysteriously.

He had scarcely finished when Sabhu arrived. I blushed with embarrassment as he checked the smoothness of my mound and infibulated beauty lips. He nodded his approval to Mbarku and silently beckoned me. He then snapped a lead onto my collar.

Oh God, I thought, is this it? But any hesitation on my part was instantly dispelled by a sudden crack of young Mbarku's whip just behind my scarcely covered backside.

'You follow Mr. Sabhu,' he ordered. 'Now!'

There was another terrifying crack of his whip. Once again I felt so gutless in not resisting what they were making me do. But I was far too frightened of the whip.

Following Sabhu, I tottered out of the Development Wing, never to return. Walking behind me, Mbarku kept menacingly stroking my bottom with his whip to keep me moving.

Sabhu led me down to a large wooden door in the basement of the castle. 'When Mbarku tap your bottom with whip,' Sabhu now told me, 'you curtsey to Prince and say humbly to him: "Your Highness, this humble slavegirl thanks her kind sponsor for allowing her to have A Happy Event, despite being a married English Lady, and she is now ready to perform before him." You speak slowly and clearly. Understand?'

Thank that swine of a Prince for A Happy Event, I thought bitterly. And perform what, I wondered. But I could guess only too well. Oh, how shame-making! But I knew I had no alternative.

'Yes, Mr. Sabhu, Sir,' I said humbly.

Not satisfied, he made me repeat the degrading words, until I was word perfect. Then he opened the door and led me in by my lead into what seemed to be a dungeon.

I was still manacled and wearing my harem dress of a little golden embroidered cap, a stiff open embroidered bolero cut back to display my now milk laden breasts, the shamefully cut away silken trousers which displayed my now hugely swollen belly and, below it, the still tightly fastened infibulation bar, and little curled-up Turkish slippers.

A number of men in Arab dress were sitting chatting in what sounded like Arabic and sipping coffee. They were seated in comfortable chairs around small tables. In the middle was the elderly Prince whose crest was so shamefully stretched across my belly.

I saw that sitting next to him was Ingrid - and Ursula, smiling away in a proprietarily way. With a shiver of fear I then saw that Doctor Anna was sitting to one side and that she was dressed like a surgeon with rubber gloves and a mask. By her was a tray of surgical instruments.

'Just in case of complications,' I heard her explain to the Prince, 'But I'm not expecting any.'

Oh my God, I thought.

Sabhu and Mbarku now bowed to the Prince. I blushed at being led in, in front of all these men, on a lead by two black overseers, half naked with a highly curved belly.

I felt a sharp tap on my bottom. Hastily I made an awkward curtsey.

'Your Highness, this humble slavegirl,' I somehow managed get out the humiliating words, 'thanks her kind sponsor for allowing her to have A Happy Event, despite being a married English Lady, and is now ready to perform before him.'

This little speech seemed to please the elderly Prince greatly. He turned to his friends and said something in Arabic spoke, which made them laugh cruelly. What, I wondered, was he boasting of having done to me.

Facing them all, high up, was a large video screen and below that a sort of wooden gallows.

A gallows! My God, they're going to hang me, I thought.

Then I saw that instead a noose hanging down from the center of the gallows, there was a short length of chain with a hook at the end. The chain went over a pulley so that the hook could be raised or lowered.

And, below the gallows, instead of a trap door, there was a straw-lined basket and two rings set in the floor.

Mbarku used his whip to drive me, terrified, up to the gallows. The room fell silent.

'Turn round! Hands above head!' the boy ordered with a crack of his whip. As I turned and raised my arms, I could see the men licking their lips in eager anticipation of whatever it was that was to follow.

Mbarku placed the hook hanging above my head through a ring in the centre of my manacles. I had often wondered what the ring was for, now I knew! He pulled the chain that went over the pulley and my arms were now raised high over my head.

Then he slightly lowered the hook, and fastened my ankles, wide apart, to the two rings set in the floor. Then he placed the straw-lined basket between my ankles, below my infibulated beauty lips and the cutaway in my harem trousers. I saw high up in the wall, two little video cameras, both focused on me, one right in front of me and one to one side. I was still

Sabhu now again bowed to the Prince.

'With Your Highness's permission we will now proceed,' he said. Terrified I saw that he was now holding a long thin whippy cane which he showed to the Prince and to his friends.

The Prince nodded his approval, and, to my horror, I then saw Doctor Anna coming towards me, with a hypodermic syringe in her hand. Fastened as I was, I was helpless to prevent her from injecting the contents of the syringe into the side of my belly. Immediately I felt more faint than ever. Only the chain over my head, to which my manacles were hooked, stopped me from collapsing onto the floor.

'Your Highness,' heard Ingrid now cut in, 'whilst we are waiting for the injection to take effect, may I suggest that you and your friends might like to see the video we have made for you of the progress of this particular slavegirl - so far.' She pointed to the two little cameras on the walls. 'Of course, what they are about to record will be the highlight of this video.'

Oh God, I thought, surely they're not going to include this in the video. But they did and, of course, it was particularly the threat of showing this scene, and those shot in the kennels, to John and his relations that bound me in future, reluctantly, closer to Ursula than ever - just as she had intended.

I tried to look up to see what was on the big screen above my head but, just as at Ursula's Live Demonstration, I could not see it.

'Please, however, remember that the girl has no clear idea of what was done to her and cannot see the video - so, please do not give the game away with your enthusiastic comments. Just enjoy the sight of it all!'

Indeed, I realised, just as at Ursula's demonstration, the contrast on the screen above my head of my early flat belly, and then gradually more curved one, with, lower down, my present highly curved tummy, would be highly erotic.

Indeed for the next half hour the Prince and his friends watched enthralled at the record of the humiliation and degradation of an English Lady, whilst the Lady herself was biting her lips with anguish.

Finally, the video ended, and Doctor Anna now came and inspected me. She nodded to Sabhu who then gagged and blindfolded me. I was horrified.

'Gagged, Your Highness,' I heard Ingrid explain, 'so that her cries do not disturb you and blindfolded so that she still remains ignorant, even now, of just what sort of Happy Event she enjoyed.'

Enjoyed, I again thought bitterly. My God!

'And,' she went on, 'if Your Highness agrees, we will now remove her infibulation bar, ready for her performance.'

Blushing under my blindfold, I felt young Mbarku unlocking the retaining padlock and then carefully unthread the bar from the rings. As before, I felt my now freed beauty lips open like a flower in the shameful cutaway in my harem trousers - but this time rather differently.

I felt Doctor Anna's hands on my tummy.

'To get things moving, I heard Ingrid we'll let Sabhu have a little fun - after all, she conceived with the help of the cane, so its only right, Your Highness, that like the America girl whom you also sponsored, she should finally perform under the cane, too.'

Suddenly, I heard the whistling noise of a cane and felt a line of fire across my bottom, under my transparent silken harem trousers. I screamed under my gag and wriggled with pain. I could feel something strange happening inside me, but I was far more concerned with the cane.

There was a pause. I could hear the Arab men laugh. Oh how I hated them. Then I was given two strokes.

Again there was a pause. I felt Doctor Anna's rubber clad hands on my body. I heard her say something. Then, I heard the clinking of the chain in the pulley and I felt the manacles above my head being eased.

'Bend your knees,' ordered Sabhu with a tone of excitement in his voice. He tapped my bottom with his cane. 'Down more!' he ordered.

Feeling utterly degraded, I struggled to obey.

Then I felt the manacles slacken a little more. Sabhu again touched my bottom with his dreaded cane. 'Down! Yes, get right down.'

Forced down by fear of the cane, and yet still held up by my arms, I was now crouching over the basket between my ankles. My now freed beauty lips must have been only a foot or so above it.

Suddenly I gave a scream from behind my gag as I felt something small slipping out of my body and dropping down into the basket. My God, was I giving birth? Like an animal? Like a bitch? I heard a burst of applause and cruel laughter from the horrible watching Arabs.

'Up!' came Sabhu's voice and at the same time my arms were pulled up again until I was almost standing on my toes. Again there was more laughter as I looked down under my blindfold and vainly tried to see what it was that I had dropped into the basket.

Moments later, I again felt Doctor Anna's hands on my body and there was another sharp tap of the cane on my bottom.

'Down again' ordered Sabhu. 'Right down!'

Again I felt something small slipping down out of my body. My God! Two!

'Up!' ordered Sabhu again and again I was hoisted up onto my toes.

I lost count how many times I was lowered down to drop something into the basket and then pulled again. Was it five times or six? Anyway, I was exhausted, hanging from my manacles.

Finally, I heard Ingrid order: 'Clean her up and replace the bar, Mbarku!'

There was another burst of laughter as the bar was again locked in place.

I had heard of the cruel Arab custom of sewing up young wives and concubines, as a simple alternative to female circumcision, to prevent them from being unfaithful to their Lords and Masters by masturbating - and to keep them frustrated when used by for pleasure. Only a small orifice would be left, well below the girls' now inaccessible beauty buds, for use by their Masters' manhoods. If a girl became pregnant then the stitching would be cut at the moment of delivery and then she would be immediately sewn up again.

My God, I thought, was the replacement of the beauty bar a throwback to that - to further excite Arab sponsors?

I heard the Prince call Sabhu over.

'Here is little reward for all your hard work in bringing Number 25 onto such a very satisfactory performance today. English Ladies need much attention to ensure success.'

'Oh, Your Highness, is too kind I heard Sabhu reply.' Here was the noise an envelope being pocketed. Evidently, the Prince was feeling that he had had his money's worth. But there was nothing for me, not even a little pat on the head.

Then I was left standing there, as I heard the Arabs, laughing and chatting, leave the room.

'Oh what a clever girl, you've been, Emma,' heard Ursula then say. I blushed with pleasure, though I knew that I ought to hate her.

'Yes, it's a pity that her husband is due back again so soon,' came Ingrid's voice. 'There would have been a big demand to sponsor her to have another Happy Event. I've had several financially attractive queries as to when she might be read again.'

'Don't worry,' laughed Ursula, 'she'll be back here again, as soon as her husband goes off again for a few months.'

'No! No! I tried in vain to scream through my gag. 'I won't do it, I won't'.

'And if she refuses?' asked Ingrid.

'She won't refuse,' said Ursula in a determined tone of voice, 'not with the threat of the threat of me sending a copy of the video, that you made of her here, to her husband and mother-in-law and a few other of her friends and relations.'

Oh my God, I thought, yes, I'd do anything rather than risk that.

'Especially,' said Ingrid, 'now that the video will include this latest scene of her dropping her progeny in front of the Prince and his friends.'

Progeny! What does she mean. What sort of progeny? It was something that I was destined never to be quite sure about, for Ursula would never say.

'And husband or no husband, she'll still carry her infibulation rings, and with the bar locked in place. Quite apart from their vital role here in preventing them from interfering with what they have been so profitably sponsored to carry, they'll still be very useful when I get her home. If there's one thing I can't stand it's a slut playing with herself behind my back and this one does it whenever she can. In the past I've had to keep her locked in a chastity belt, even when she went home to her husband. But keeping her infibulated will be much neater.'

'Excellent,' laughed Ingrid. 'But you won't tell just what happened to her here, will you. I wouldn't want her telling the other girls when she came back.'

'Oh no, she'll be as uncertain about it all, as she is now.'

'Good, well let me have her for a day or two to recover in my private ward,' I heard Doctor Anna say, 'and you'll then be able to take her away - as if nothing had happened.'

'And bring her back soon,' laughed Ingrid. 'She'll again earn us plenty of money.'

'Yes,' I shivered as I heard a deep masculine voice, 'and a very good tip for Sabhu - and I like discipline her again.'

'Don't worry,' again laughed Ursula, this time in a more sinister tone, 'she'll be back, and begging for it - I'll see to that!'

I was in the garden when John came home at last.

As he came up the path he dropped his bags and pointed.

'What on earth,' he exclaimed, 'is THAT!'

'It's only a puppy.' I said. 'Ursula gave it to me. Isn't it sweet?!'

John picked it up even before he kissed me. I felt quite jealous.

'Why, it's an Arabian Hunting Dog!' he exclaimed. 'They can be very valuable. especially if they're from a breeding line developed by one of the royal families. I should love to know its pedigree.'

I often wonder about that myself!