

URSULA AND THE HUMAN STUD FARM
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Ursula is recruiting, seducing, and breaking in, a team of so-called Models, including Emma and a beautiful Polish woman and her teenage daughter. Unknown to them, they are destined for the human Stud Farm in a remote part of Brazil run by Ursula's friend Carmen.

Here rich men and women pay to indulge their fantasies by invoking the old days of breeding slaves for the slave plantations. What could be more thrilling for them than seeing Ursula's team of girls forced to re-enact in the stud farm the role of innocent freshly arrived, European indentured servant girls. Like them, they are destined to be used as valuable brood mares.

But an even more shocking fate awaits Emma.

This is another story of Ursula, the rich and dominating mistress, and of Emma the young married woman who both loves and hates being in her power, both of whom featured in the best selling Emma books by the same author, writing as Hilary James, and published by Nexus.

Many readers of the Emma books were also been enthralled by Ursula's team of assistants: Sabhu, her strict Haitian former animal trainer whom she uses to supervise and train her girls; and, in the background, Doctor Anna, the sinister German lady doctor,

Well, they are both here again!

CONTENTS

PART I - PROLOGUE - Ursula receives an intriguing letter

PART II - URSULA AND SOME UNSUSPECTING YOUNG LADIES

- 1 - Emma is bored
- 2 - Ursula spots her first prey
- 3 - Ursula weaves her web
- 4 - An exciting prospect for Fifi
- 5 - The acquisition of Mizzi

PART III - UNDER THE DOMINATION OF URSULA

- 6 - Fifi in her cage
- 7 - The trap is set for Emma
- 8 - Fifi is jealous
- 9 - An act of submission
- 10 - The Confessional
- 11- Fifi is pollinated - Ursula assumes the masculine role

PART IV - MORE RECRUITS FOR THE TEAM

- 12- Emma takes the bait
- 13- The seduction of Maria
- 14 - Ursula buys another three girls
- 15 - Fifi in milk - and feels some strange little kicks
- 16 - A mother's moment of truth
- 17 - Mother and daughter - trained as one pleasure team
- 18 - A horrified Emma joins the team

PART V - SABHU'S DISCIPLINE

- 19 - Trained fillies
- 20 - Ursula enjoys her girls
- 21 - Emma catches a glimpse of a terrible fate
- 22 - Emma escapes and is recaptured
- 23 - Emma's terrible thrashing
- 24 - Emma is finally broken-in
- 25 - Emma in milk
- 26 - Preparations for the journey

PART VI - INNOCENTS IN THE HUMAN STUD FARM

- 27 - The Journey - and security is strict
- 28 - Arrival
- 29 - The Brochure
- 30 - The Fashion Show

PART VII - FUTURE BROOD MARES

- 31 - The girls learn the terrible truth
- 32 - Broken-in!
- 33 - Stabled!
- 34 - Emma experiences stable life
- 35 - The Gala Race Meeting

Part VIII - MATINGS AND FOALINGS

- 36 - The dreaded Mating Pit
- 37 - A dam and her filly are put to the same stallion
- 38 - The auction of Emma's contract
- 39 - Emma's secret conception
- 40 - Emma realises the truth
- 41 - Kept at Livery
- 42 - A strange delivery

PART IX - EPILOGUE- Emma goes home

PART I - PROLOGUE

URSULA RECEIVES AN INTRIGUING LETTER

It all began with the letter that Ursula found awaiting her return to London after several months travelling abroad attending exhibitions of her paintings.

Her sharp, and rather cruel, eyes had lit up when she saw that it had Brazilian stamps.

She was a striking looking woman: tall, well-dressed slim, dark haired woman with a rather angular figure, high cheekbones and rather Slavonic features. She did not look like a woman who would suffer fools gladly - especially if they were young women.

Quickly she opened the letter and read it.

"My dearest Ursula,

During your visit, we agreed that for you to bring out a team of European girl would be just what I need to round off my thriving enterprise. As you saw, I have realistically re-enacted what was going on here, only a hundred years ago, on this former slave breeding farm, or human stud farm as it was called, in this remote part of Brazil.

Not only have I restored the human brood mares stables, together with the original mating pit and delivery box, but also the associated race track. You

will remember that this was used, and is used again now, to test the stamina of the girls being used as brood mares.

So, I have very profitably resurrected what it must have been like here - even having my assistants dressed as old-fashioned overseers, and treating the girls, my modern day human brood mares, just as their slave predecessors were treated. I have about thirty mestizo girls here under contract, and about three-quarters of them are in-foal at any one time.

With labour being difficult these days to recruit for the hard life on the plantations, I have no difficulty in profitably putting my brood mares' progeny out for "adoption" by nearby plantation owners - just a hundred years ago their progeny was sold to the same plantation owners predecessors.

Indeed, it won't be long before we have the first of our own grown-up progeny being brought back here to be put into training for our human trotting races and to be put to a stallion - just as in the days of slavery.

However, the one thing I have lacked so far, for greater realism, are white European girls, playing the role of the old indentured servant girls - for the best slaves were obtained by crossing the black, South American Indian or mestizo studs, or "stallions", with the fresh blood of newly arrived young white female indentured servants, fresh from Europe. Their progeny were much sought after by plantation owners and would be "adopted" again now.

I do have a few white girls sent here by their Masters or Mistresses either to be put into training for trotting races or to be covered by my stallion studs - or both. But, not unnaturally, their owners want to keep them for themselves, hidden away from my other clients in my special Livery Stables.

So, the whole operation will be transformed when we have a few of your white European girls here under contract, like my present mestizo ones. Light Palomino Brood Mares amongst the dark Bay ones! So do go ahead and recruit a team of them!

I think it will be highly profitable for us. Already, quite apart from selling the progeny for "adoption" by local plantation owners, wealthy men and women pay handsomely to come here and see my brood mares being raced and put to a chosen stallion. They also much enjoy seeing my in-foal girls locked into breeding belts and being made to carry and, later, deliver and feed their progeny.

This has all made my human Stud Farm very profitable. Your European girls will make it even more popular. The sight of them being used for forced breeding will be mind blowing for my clients - a real feeling of power and a throwback to the old days!

We'll publicise their arrival at the Stud Farm widely - with an outwardly innocuous Gala Fashion Show - and then, when they've been broken-in to harness, by a Gala Race Meeting, followed by a series of public performances in the Mating Pit!

But, don't tell the girls what's in store for them!

Contracts

I enclose contracts for "Modeling and other duties" for your girls to sign. They are similar to the contract I use for my own girls. They're in Portuguese, but there's a rough English translation. You will see that it includes an innocuous looking clause about "wearing jewelry provided by the contractor" and another about "at least two deliveries, with a third one at the discretion of the contractor", before a girl is released from her contract, My lawyers say that this is enforceable out here.

If any of the girls query these, just tell that they refer to costume jewelry and to more tours of Fashion Shows!

In any case, in this remote part of the country, without money or passports, and with the local police on the side of us landowners, there would be nowhere for a girl to run away to!

All very clever!

What girls to bring?

As you know, we race girls both singly and in pairs in the trotting races and breed from the winners, so do try and include a pair of pretty sisters and,

if possible, a pretty, but athletic European woman with a teenage daughter - but make sure they all have good breeding hips!

The clients will find it absolutely mind-blowing to have a pair of pretty European sisters, never mind a mother and daughter, available for breeding in my Stud Farm! They'd also be fascinated by the sight of the rather older white mother also being used as a brood mare - just like her daughter.

To accentuate the difference between these girls and my existing mestizo ones, I suggest you try and get hold of blue eyed blond girls - or green-eyed redheads!

I also suggest you bring your team out at Christmas. That'll give me time to get all the invitations out for the Fashion Show - and give you time to collect and prepare your team.

An upper class English girl

Quite separately, can you also bring out an aristocratic Englishwoman - preferably with a title and short of money! Several of my lady clients would pay the earth to hire her services. I realise that a girl from this background will not want to sign even an innocuous looking a contract for more than about a year. But that would still be time enough for what they probably have in mind - which I am sure you can guess!

I think we could very profitably put her contract up for auction after she has been on display here for a month in the various sections of Stud Farm.

My clients also love seeing (and testing!) my nursing brood mares in the stables. So ideally this girl should arrive ready to join them for a short time before her new Mistress takes her off. And at the Fashion Show she could then model clothes "for the modern nursing mother"!

So, to sum up, do bring out a team of at least half a dozen girls - including, if possible, a young upper class English woman in milk, a mother and her daughter, and a pair of sisters.

They'll really put my human Stud Farm on the map - and earn us both a lot of money!

Longing to hear that you have started to recruit a team of girls and to see you here again - with your little friends!

Your loving friend,
Carmen

PS

I forgot to mention that some of my lady clients who keep their girls here at livery, were fascinated we by Doctor Anna's video of her new Pollinator technique. 'And all done,' as she said, 'without the girl being touched by a man or even perhaps being aware that she has been put on a course of fertility pills and then impregnated!'

What a feeling of power over a girl it must give a Mistress! Indeed, many of my lady clients want to assume the paternal role, too, on their girls. So do bring out a couple of the Pollinators - and a good choice of different ... pollen!

And, as proof that the Pollinators work, I suggest you also bring out a young mother-to-be, with a certificate from Doctor Anna that you and your Pollinator were responsible for her state! Try and arrange that the seed that Doctor Anna provides for you is that of, say, a big black wrestler, whose photograph can also be shown to the clients.

By Christmas her belly should be showing nicely, as they used to say back in the days of slave breeding, especially if she were carrying twins - and preferably black!

Mixed in with my own coloured expectant brood mares in my stables, your white one will fascinate my clients from right from her arrival - without waiting for her companions to be "showing"!

The girl would also be in a suitable condition for modeling dresses for little mothers-to-be and so give added spice to the Fashion Show. Could she also be in milk - like the aristocratic woman?

Ursula put the letter down slowly, her mind racing. Well! She'd certainly have to get busy pretty quickly!

She had been fascinated to see Carmen's highly organised Human Stud Farm, with all her Brood Mares. Now this was her chance to cash in on merging Carmen's well organised set-up with her own ability to find pretty European girls.

The initial expenses would, of course, be considerable, but she was a rich woman and was confident that she would end up making a large profit from selling the girls' contracts to Carmen. Certainly the idea of taking the girls out for a so-called Fashion Show would make an excellent cover. And she knew just the person to provide the dresses - including some very pretty maternity clothes for a future little mother, and nursing clothes for a girl in milk!

She was used to finding submissive Eastern European girls who enjoyed being under her strict domination.

Many of these Eastern and Central European girls were longing to go abroad, to see the world and earn some money. They were usually suspicious of men, but not of women - and this had always been Ursula's opportunity! They would be ideal for the various roles outlined in Carmen's letter - with enforced motherhood being, it was clear, much to the fore.

But a submissive aristocratic English woman? And one for whom special plans were being made! Where on earth was she going to find a suitable one? And where was she going to find a suitable mother and daughter - or, indeed, twins?

Suddenly Ursula thought of Emma, now Lady Rosssrae. She had heard that her husband was about to be going off abroad again this time for year. How convenient!

Moreover, Emma with her expensive tastes was always short of money. She was such a spendthrift that her husband was always terrified that she was going to run up big debts whilst he was abroad. Hence he had been only delighted when, in the past, Ursula had offered to "keep her busy" and employ her as a "Research Assistant."

Perhaps she should contact him again now? He could be sure, the unsuspecting booby, that his beloved wife would be kept very busy, very busy indeed, though the type of research on which she would be employed would be rather unusual!

She had little doubt about her ability to get Emma back into her clutches. She was such a masochist and adored being dominated and taken care of - and with no financial worries to bother her.

Indeed, Ursula knew just how to take advantage of Emma's need to be dominated. The girl just longed, and yet feared, to be kept helpless and locked up - and the feeling of fear of the cane just thrilled her. Moreover, she was always in trouble with her bank and would accept almost any terms from Ursula in return for her paying off her overdraft.

However, like the other girls, little would Emma guess what would be in store for her in Brazil - nor how much money she was going to earn for her Mistress. Once there, she would have to go through with whatever her new Mistress decided.

But first things first. How to get Emma back into her power and not frighten her off? Perhaps it would be best if she asked one of her lady friends to ask Emma to a party - Emma could never resist a party! Then they could meet, as if by chance and she'd soon have Emma eating out of her hand again!

Ursula looked again at the letter. There was time enough to use Doctor Anna's pills to get a girl or two in milk - including perhaps Emma!

Moreover, if she was quick, there would also be time to demonstrate the effectiveness of a Mistress using the Pollinator to assume what Carmen had discreetly called "the paternal role"! The girl's belly would have to be prettily rounded by the time she arrived in Brazil.

She smiled as she saw the album of photographs she had taken of Carmen's stud farm. Yes, she really must remember to lock it away! It showed too many photographs of pretty mestizo girls chained up in stalls or locked up in cages, being forcibly mated with huge great black brutes, or being paraded, heavily pregnant, on a little stage. She would not want to frighten off any of the team of girls she was going to recruit!

Playing for such high stakes, she would, of course, also have to make certain that none of the girls tried to run away after she'd seduced them and before she got them out to Brazil.

Yes, she thought, her London house would be just the place in which to keep the team of girls safely locked up, whilst they were being properly trained and the dresses got ready for Brazil. They could then be under the control of her trusted Haitian, Afro-Caribbean assistant, Sabhu. As a former animal trainer in a travelling circus, he'd stand no nonsense from her girls!

Moreover, the girls would be quite safe with him, for he was more interested in his young Jamaican boy friend than in girls. For him, girls were nasty, dirty, little animals that needed to be broken-in and then controlled, dominated and taught amusing little tricks.

Yes indeed, Sabhu would be ideal for taking charge of the girls. He would both train them as models, strutting up and down a catwalk, and break them in to their duties as the playthings of Carmen's clients.

And, even if their English was poor, with his cane he'd soon teach them to obey instantly a prearranged list of simple commands that would cover the requirements of the stud farm.

Meanwhile, of course, she herself would be testing them out - and enjoying their services!

Equally importantly, by keeping them excitingly isolated in her house, away from men and locked into chastity belts, Sabhu would have time to ensure that they were properly brainwashed into worshipping herself as their wonderful Mistress, to whom their sensuality was dedicated.

Then when they arrived in Brazil, they might even enjoy being used for their pleasure by rich men - or women!.

Perhaps, Ursula thought, it would be a sensible first step to go to the next "Black Tie" reception of The Society to see whether any of her friends had any suitable young women they wanted to dispose of. She might also go off on a shopping expedition to a certain castle in Germany which acted as a haven for newly arrived girls from Eastern Europe who were frightened of men.

But one thing was worrying her. She had sold off her girls so profitably abroad, that at present she did not have any girls of her own! She could scarcely show her face in The Society, or make contact again with her former women friends in London without having at least one girl in tow. Otherwise it would be said that she had lost her touch, or her money - and then llllllllthey would not take seriously her enquiries about acquiring a team of girls.

Yes, she decided, she must first quickly recruit a suitable girl for her own pleasure, a girl who could also be her ladies maid and attendant - rather like Emma often used to be. She'd form part of the team - and indeed be the living demonstration of the effectiveness of the paternal role technique that Carmen wanted her to bring out with her!

And whilst she was about it, the girl could be ideal for meeting Carmen's request for a demonstration of the new way of bringing on a girl's milk.

But how was she going to find a suitable young mother and grown up daughter, to meet Carmen's other request? Suddenly she noticed that there was a message for her on her answering machine.

She pressed the replay button.

'This is the Secretary of The Society' came a female voice speaking guardedly, 'I thought you'd like to know that one of our members, wants to dispose of a beautiful, but strongly made, piece of delicate Polish porcelain. Another smaller piece might also be available in Poland. She was particularly anxious to dispose of them to a buyer who would be taking them abroad.'

Well, what a coincidence! Delicate Polish porcelain indeed! Ursula was pretty sure that the member, to whom the Secretary was referring, was a rich Saudi Princess friend of hers. The Princess had much enjoyed having a beautiful European woman in her intimate service.

She remembered hearing how a lovely, but penniless, Polish woman had come to London seeking a rich husband to look after her and her pretty teenage

daughter, whom she had left in a convent in Poland. But instead of finding a husband, she had been snatched up by the Princess!

As for "strong", she remembered that the woman had previously been a well known athlete. Better and better!

Then she also remembered the Princess describing how her personal young, black eunuch, boy had to use his cane frequently before the woman properly performed the sort of services that the Princess expected from her new white "Ladies Maid". Later the Princess had said that the now submissive woman was now proving very satisfactory and that, in return, she had agreed to pay for the unsuspecting, pretty, daughter's school fees - until she was old enough to come and join her mother in her service!.

But, thought Ursula, the girl must now old enough to leave school! Goodness, if she could pull it off, this beautiful Polish woman and her daughter might be just what she needed to meet Carmen's special request.

Ursula could well understand that the Princess would prefer her former ladies maid to be taken away abroad and not left in London to gossip about what the Princess used to get up to! Well, Brazil was a long way away and doubtless the Princess would let Ursula buy her cheap, when she learned where the beautiful woman was going to be taken!

Yes, she mused, Emma and the Polish mother and daughter could well form the core for the team of "models" that she was would recruit and take out to Brazil. She must contact Ingrid in Germany about getting some more girls and she really must also first find and seduce a pretty young girl here in London for herself - and for Pollinator!

It was all a fascinating prospect and one that few people outside the secret world of The Society would ever have imagined to be possible in this day and age.

PART II

URSULA AND SOME UNSUSPECTING YOUNG LADIES

1 - EMMA IS BORED

Emma, now Lady Rosssrae, was bored, bored stiff.

Her husband John, who had inherited the title a year earlier, had just gone back to being an oceanographic scientist. He was going to be abroad again for months and months, leaving her alone in their country house.

With nothing else to do Emma kept dreaming about her exciting, sometimes terrifying, but never boring, adventures with Ursula, her friends and clients ... and with Henry, her former lover

She had been, she now realised, completely obsessed by Ursula. At times, nothing else had seemed to matter - not her marriage, not even Henry. It was if she had been drugged - and perhaps she had been. Not even Henry had know just what she had got up to with Ursula.

She kept remembering the sheer excitement of her secret life - being made to submit to the continual control of the demanding Ursula, of having no idea what was going to happen to her next.

It was even thrilling being secretly in Ursula's power financially. Unknown to John she was always running up overdrafts that she could not possibly pay off. Ursula would then step in and give her bank a guarantee that that she would pay it off - but slowly. Meanwhile Emma would have to do whatever her Mistress decided. She remembered the sheer excitement of Ursula ringing to summon her to London.

'A lady client of mine wants to pay to beat you Emma. Ten strokes of my cane! And in two days time! So you'll have plenty of time to think about it. Ten strokes of the cane and you're going to earn your Mistress a nice little sum! Report here at twelve o'clock sharp on Thursday!'

Then the phone would go dead leaving Emma in a state of terrified, and yet wildly exciting, anticipation for two whole days. Ten strokes! And of Ursula's dreaded cane! But she knew she would have to go and have them - or else Ursula

would remove her bank guarantee. It was lovely having no more financial worries but there was always a price to be paid.

Meanwhile the fear and excited anticipation she felt were overwhelming, as the as the two days of waiting slowly passed.

'What's the matter, Emma?' her unsuspecting husband would say. 'You seem so jumpy!'

Jumpy! She was terrified out of her wits. Ten strokes could so easily become twenty - if she were to cry out or move bending over to be beaten.

'Why don't you go and see your nice friend Ursula in London,' her husband would say, 'she always has a quietening effect on your nerves.'

Quietening effect! Oh, if only he knew! .

And, oh the problems of when she returned, having had her thrashing. She would of course have to stand in the train - it would be far too painful to sit down. And for a day or so she would have to sleep lying on her tummy - much to John's surprise.

Arriving back at home, she could hardly wait to go into the bathroom and look fearfully, and yet admiringly, at the wheals on her bottom. Then there was the exciting problem of hiding the wheals from her husband - and the chastity belt into which Ursula often embarrassingly locked her before sending her back home.

But even that was not all.

She remembered how it would be even more exciting and yet humiliating when Ursula came to stay.

Then it would not only be a question of hiding from John the chastity belt into which Ursula would again secretly put her. She would also have to hide from him having to crawl on all fours along the corridor at night to Ursula's room to pleasure her - and to be thrashed, before still frustrated, having to crawl back into her sleeping husband's bed.

Oh how exciting it had been! To be made to deceive her husband, and to be secretly thrashed, under his roof! How deliciously humiliating! Oh, how she missed being made to be submissive and subservient!

Oh yes, it had all been so thrilling, whether she was travelling with Ursula her as her ladies maid, or locked in one of her cages under the supervision of the terrifying Sabhu, or treated like a school girl, or even, dare she say it, when Ursula had had her mated.

She had to admit that even being mated had, after the first shock of realising what had been done to her, been a strangely satisfying and exciting experience. It was a girl's natural state, as Ursula used to tell her. And if she really wanted to please her Mistress, then she must accept it - indeed beg for it.

Of course, back home, in the cold light of day, and wearing one of Ursula's corselets to hide her swelling tummy, it had seemed shocking and absurd. But at the time, in the artificial and sensual atmosphere that surrounded Ursula and her friends, she had been brainwashed or drugged into accepting that it was all quite normal.

She had indeed been very sad when the awful reality of what was happening had finally dawned on her and she had managed to escape and get rid of it - or them!

But surely Ursula would not put her through all that again?

She had been tempted, seriously tempted, to make contact again. However, she realised that, now with a title, the Press would have a field day here in England, should anything ever leak out. Perhaps abroad, however, she had thought ...

2 - URSULA SPOTS HER FIRST PREY

Sitting alone in the corner of the almost deserted bar, Ursula watched the sympathetic and motherly lady behind the bar talking to a pretty, but clearly rather tearful, young woman.

It was only eleven o'clock and the women business executives who flocked to this woman's health club at lunchtime had not yet arrived.

The barmaid looked across at Ursula and nodded discreetly.

'Well, dearie, don't be too upset,' Ursula heard the barmaid say to the girl who had just been pouring her heart to her. 'Just remember, what they always do say: "As one door closes another opens".'

'Oh if only one could open for me!' cried the young woman her eyes moist with self-pity. 'I hate making decisions - if only someone nice and kind would look after me for a change.'

At these words, Ursula's eyes opened wide. Clearly the girl was naturally submissive. Was she masochistic? It was just such young women who attracted her attention. She looked at the young girl unhappily perched on a bar stool. She noticed her well groomed blond hair, her soft big blue eyes, her slim legs and her prominent breasts. Interesting!

The barmaid turned momentarily towards Ursula and gave her a knowing wink. Then she turned back to the girl. 'Oh I'm sure you'll soon find another nice young man soon,' she said comfortingly.

'Men!' sobbed the girl. 'They're all so selfish and only want one thing and, if they're young, then they have no money! Mark was hopeless'

Ursula came over to the bar, a picture of tall, slim, self assured elegance. There was a look of Greta Garbo about her. She certainly looked striking, with her short brushed back hair, her piercing eyes, her long thin face, her high cheek bones and her angular and almost masculine figure.

'Daisy, may I have a glass of champagne please?' she asked in a cool voice, with a distinct Slavonic accent, that made the girl look round at her curiously.

'And what's so upset your young friend, Daisy?' Ursula asked the barmaid in a kind tone of voice.

The girl looked at her and smiled.

'Oh nothing, I was just being silly.' she said in a well educated voice.

'Her boy friend, Mark, has just left her and gone abroad,' explained Daisy with another discreet wink, 'leaving her to pay the rent on their flat. And, to make it worse, she's been made redundant. She paused and then added: 'She's finding that jobs are not easy to find these days,' she added.

'Won't your parents help?' asked Ursula. It was she knew a critical question. With English girls, it was parents who so often prevented a girl from falling into her trap.

'Oh they live in Spain and aren't very interested in my problems' replied the girl sadly.

'Well, poor little you!' exclaimed Ursula sympathetically. She turned to Daisy. 'Make it two glasses of champagne,' she ordered. Then she turned again to the girl. 'Now, my dear, come and tell me all about it. First of all, what's your name?'

The girl looked at Ursula and found herself obeying her almost hypnotic voice and staring eyes. 'Fiona Charters' she answered.

'Fiona! What a lovely name - for a lovely young woman,' said Ursula flatteringly. 'I'm Ursula de Vere - Miss de Vere.

Reassuringly, but also quietly commandingly, Ursula took the girl's elbow and gently led her across the empty room to an alcove.

Soon cheered up by the champagne the girl was again pouring out her story, adding how her boy friend had really been very unsatisfactory, as he left all decisions to her.

'So you secretly like to be told what to do, do you?' asked Ursula with a laugh.

The girl blushed. 'Oh yes!' She suddenly burst out. 'But none of my boy friends ever seem to do so! It's all so frustrating - and rather shame-making!'

'That's nothing to be ashamed of, my dear. It's quite natural. Lots of girls are like that. murmured Ursula and squeezed Fiona's hand comfortingly. To her delight the girl squeezed her hand back. Ursula smiled inwardly, for it was clear from her story that the girl was not naturally a lesbian - just the kind of girl she enjoyed seducing! With proper training and discipline, the girl would make a fine and obedient pleasure girl for a real lesbian, like herself.

'And I expect you secretly long to be looked after? To be protected?'

'Looked after ... and protected!' repeated the girl. She blushed prettily. Clearly Ursula's words had hit a responsive chord in her brain. 'Oh yes!

'And to have no more worries about money - or anything else?'

'Oh yes!' said the girl sadly. 'Oh how lovely it would be to have no more worries!'

'Well then, perhaps I could help you,' Ursula said in her slow and fascinatingly husky voice.

'Oh, could you! How wonderful!' cried Fiona. 'But how?'

She looked admiringly at the strange woman who had befriended her. Her dark eyes seemed to reflect an unusual degree of determination and self composure. The cut of her business suit and the elegance of her matching crocodile skin shoes and handbag reflected a degree of wealth that Fiona found reassuring.

'Well, why don't we talk about it over lunch?' Ursula said quietly.

'Oh! Mad...' She almost found herself adding "Madam" for this tall woman seemed so superior in every respect, reminding her of a similarly cool and self confident headmistress during her school days. 'What a lovely idea! Thank you so much.'

'We'll go back to my house, where I have my studio,' said Ursula decisively, rising to her feet. 'My chauffeur's waiting with my car outside. Come on!'

'But I don't want to be a nuisance,' said Fiona.

'Oh I don't think you'll be that,' laughed Ursula. 'Come on!'

Having slipped a substantial tip to Daisy, Ursula led Fiona out to a large Mercedes car. A large Caribbean looking man, dressed in black breeches and boots, that matched the colour of his skin, opened the door of the car for them. He held his chauffeur's cap respectfully under his arm. He looked strong and muscular.

'This is Sabhu,' explained Ursula.

Sabhu! What a funny name, Fiona thought. But she could not help giving a little shudder of fear and repulsion as the big black man turned towards her. He looked terrifying with small bloodshot eyes, a shaven head and a thin Chinese style moustache that curved round the side of his mouth and down to his chin, giving him a sinister look.

'Home please, Sabhu,' ordered Ursula

Fiona did not know which was more impressive: the luxurious car or the huge terrifying and very black chauffeur, whom she saw had been discreetly looked her up and down with a knowing eye.

'Ever driven one of these?' asked Ursula, as they slipped through the traffic to Chelsea.

'Yes, I have,' replied Fiona. 'My boy friend had one before he went bust and fled the country, leaving me high and dry. He used to get me to drive him to important meetings.'

'Umm! Like a chauffeuse,' mused Ursula. 'Interesting! ... Well, here we are.'

Ursula's house was in a quiet street in Chelsea. The chauffeur drove into a private garage alongside the house, and Ursula then led Fiona in by a side door. They were met by her Italian cook-house-keeper, Rafaela.

Ursula showed an impressed Fiona her beautiful large living room, studio, and her bedroom which, curtained in pink and dark green satin, was the most luxurious one that Fiona had ever seen. In the center of the bedroom was a large four poster bed.

'Oh, it's lovely,' Fiona cried overwhelmed by the sheer luxurious sumptuousness.

Off the bedroom on one side was an equally luxurious bathroom.

Strangely, half way up one wall of the bedroom was two heavy blue velvet curtains, apparently covering something. Above one curtain was strangely written the number "1" and, above the other, "2". How odd Fiona thought.

Ursula went to the side of the bed and pressed a button.

'Oh!' exclaimed Fiona in surprise as the velvet curtain under the figure "1" slid back disclosing a gilded, and prettily worked, wrought iron screen. In the center were the initials "U de V" and, below them, a little barred trapdoor. Behind the gilded screen was what seemed to be a darkened raised alcove.

'Oh, how pretty' exclaimed Fiona naively, clapping her hands with delight. 'Is it a sort of private safe?'

Ursula laughed and pressed another button by the side of the bed. Instantly the back of the alcove was lit up by a spotlight. Through the bars of the screen Fiona now saw that the alcove had bare unaided, solid brick, walls. The low ceiling was also of are brick. But on the floor of the alcove was a strange thick smooth rubber matting gradually sloping down to a little grilled drain in the center.

There was a small closed wooden door at the back, like another trapdoor. In it, she saw, was a small metal grille, or spy hole. On the floor next to the trapdoor was a dog's bowl. The alcove was a sort of kennel!

'How sweet' Fiona cried. 'What a lovely idea to have a beautiful little kennel like this off your bedroom. What kind of dog do you keep in it?'

Again Ursula laughed, and again she pressed another bedside button. The front of the alcove was now lit up.

'Oh' cried Fiona catching her breath. For there, fixed to a floor in a corner of the alcove, was a strange-looking three legged stool and, immediately above it, a mirror was fastened to the wall. Next to it hung a woman's hairbrush and a comb, each chained to a ring in the wall.

'You mean it's not for a dog at all, but for a ... girl? A cage for a girl! Oh!'

How many times had she secretly fantasised about being in such cage, kneeling on the rubber floor, gripping the bars and peering out into a sumptuous bedroom, or combing and brushing her hair to make herself beautiful for her Master ... or her ... Mistress! But this was for real!

Was there, she suddenly wondered, another similar cage behind the other curtain, the one marked "2". Did Miss de Vere keep two girls in cages off her bedroom, she wondered jealously.

Fiona had to pinch herself to be sure that she was not dreaming. Miss de Vere was certainly an amazing woman!

Fiona's reverie was interrupted by Ursula's voice. 'Let's open anther bottle of champagne and ask Rafaela to make us a simple prawn salad. We don't want you putting on weight, do we?'

'No! Of course not, Mad...' Again Fiona almost called her Madam

'You certainly look as though you've got a lovely figure.' said Ursula with a light laugh. 'Ever done any modeling?'

'Er ... no.' replied Fiona.

'Well perhaps you'd better start by posing for me.'

'Posing?' asked Fiona hesitantly.

'Yes, I'm an artist you know.'

'Oh!' cried Fiona, intrigued. The champagne was making her loose her natural shyness.

'Come and look at some of my pictures,' invited Ursula leading the way into her well-lit studio.

Fiona gasped at the pictures of naked young women in salacious poses, not sure whether to be shocked or fascinated.

'I think you'd make a splendid model,' she heard Ursula's voice, cutting into her thoughts. 'No time like the present. Let me quickly do a drawing of you. You can take off your things behind that screen.'

'You mean you want me naked?' gasped Fiona again, not sure whether to be shocked or excited. Ursula seemed to be taking it all so naturally.

'Of course! Hurry up!'

As if hypnotised by Ursula's voice and eyes, Fiona went behind the screen and started to undress. Naked, she paused as if too shy to come out.

'Come on!' cried Ursula. 'There's no one else here.'

She was rewarded by the sight of a naked Fiona boldly walking out into the room. Ursula looked her up and down. She was a beauty all right, with lovely, high, firm breasts, a slim waist, flaring hips and long slim legs. Just what she needed to solace herself with on her return to London.

The only feature that marred the girl's beauty were the little curls that hid her beauty lips. Sabhu would soon have them off, Ursula laughed to herself.

Like her lesbian friends she liked a young woman to have the smooth and hairless look of a young girl.

'Come and kneel down here,' she said pointing to a raised white sheepskin rug by the side of the easel in front of which she was standing. It held a large sketching pad. 'That's right - on all fours and looking up at me.'

She bent down and gently lifted Fiona's head. Her hands grazed the girl's full breasts that were hanging down excitingly between her arms. How deliciously soft they were, with firm little nipples! How delicious they would be - in milk!

'That's better! Shoulders back and look up so that your breasts are thrust forward ... Pretend that you looking up at a column with a beautiful statue of Venus on it. Look admiringly up at it ... That's right. Now hold that!'

Using charcoal, Ursula deftly began to sketch an outline of what could become an erotic picture of a pretty girl, on all fours and looking up adoringly at her Master - or Mistress. Indeed it was a sight that was already exciting her.

The sheepskin rug was mounted on a swivel and Ursula now turned it so that she could draw the girl still kneeling on all fours and looking up, but sideways on. She made an erotic sight, with her full hanging breasts and her thrust up little bottom. It was one that Ursula quickly caught on her sketch pad.

'Now lower your forehead to the rug,' Ursula said, 'and stretch your arms out in front of you - keeping your bottom raised and your legs slightly apart.'

Ursula looked approvingly at the humble and submissive pose. But it was rather wooden and there was something spontaneous that was missing.

'Now close your eyes,' she said slowly in her most hypnotic voice, 'and imagine that that you are a captured runaway slavegirl, kneeling at your captor's feet and begging not to be whipped.'

She saw the girl give a sharp intake of breath at the words 'slavegirl' and 'whipped', and smiled to herself. So the girl had imagined herself as a slave! It was so easy to make young girls give away their secret desires and thoughts - if you knew how to handle them.

Fiona now made a perfect picture of abject obeisance: of young womanhood prostrating herself before her captor.

'Yes, that's better,' Ursula murmured gently.

It was indeed an arousing sight, and Ursula could hardly restrain herself from putting down the stick of charcoal, seizing the girl in her arms and making her admit her secret longing to be a helpless slave. But she knew that she must take it slowly - or the girl would take fright and she'd lose her. Instead, she must gradually get the girl to enjoy increasingly humbling herself in front of her Mistress - just as she was, very evidently, now.

Another quick sketch was finished, and Ursula now turned the sheepskin so that Fiona was now presenting her with the sight of her parted legs, raised little bottom and long back.

'Keep your head down and your bottom raised,' she said. 'Close your eyes again, and imagine you're having to display yourself to your captor.'

Again, the girl gave a little cry. Ursula saw her blush at her words. The girl moved her hips in a way that Ursula recognised. Clearly the girl was finding it arousing, pretending to be a slavegirl. Indeed, there was already a little glistening of moisture in the curls that hid her beauty lips.

Yes, thought Ursula with a triumphal smile, like so many girls, this one was indeed a natural, but frustrated, masochist, secretly longing to be dominated by a strong minded Master or, although she perhaps did not yet know it, by an equally strong minded Mistress.

It was, Ursula decided, time to move onto the next step in the girl's seduction - and the establishment of her control over this lovely and submissive young creature.

3 - URSULA WEAVES HER WEB

'Keep still, girl, and hold the pose - or I really will have to punish you.' said Ursula, moving her charcoal pencil rapidly over her sketch pad.

She heard Fiona give a little gasp. Punished!

'Have you ever been punished ... with the cane, little Fiona?' Ursula asked in her most beguiling voice.

'No, Mad... ' the girl cried, her head still down on the rug. Ursula saw that the curls between her legs were glistening more than ever now. 'At least not since school.'

'And what happened there?' came the hypnotic voice. 'Tell me!'

'I ... I was ...' Fiona broke off, too embarrassed to continue.

'Yes, go on, little girl. You were what?'

'Caned for disobedience by the headmistress.'

'Ah! And where were you caned, little girl? Tell me!'

Ursula's voice was soft and encouraging.

'On my bottom. It hurt terribly.'

'But did you find it rather exciting?' Ursula's voice was at it's most hypnotic. 'Did you? Well?'

'Yes!' cried Fiona.

'And have you often thought back to that incident and wished it could be repeated.'

Ursula heard the girl gasp again as she had touched on one of her most secret and innermost thoughts! Again she blushed.

'Well?'

'Yes!' admitted Fiona in a little whisper.

'And I do rather remind you of that headmistress?' Ursula asked. This was, she realised, the moment of truth.

'Yes!' murmured Fiona, red with embarrassment.

'And what did you call the headmistress, when you were alone with her?'

'Er ... I had to call her Madam,' whispered Fiona, blushing even more.

'And would you like to call me that too?' asked Ursula gently. It was time she exercised a little authority over the girl. Then, she added: 'You'd like that ... wouldn't you?'

'Yes!'

'Yes, what?'

'Yes, Madam!'

Ursula smiled to herself. These girls were so easy to dominate - once you knew how! It was time to move onto the next step in the girl's subjugation

'Well ... now get up and run to that cupboard in the corner.'

As if seeking to break the spell that Ursula was exercising over her, Fiona jumped up, and ran to the cupboard, leaving Ursula to admire her soft little bottom and her long slender back. She opened the cupboard door and gave yet another gasp.

'What do you see hanging there?' insisted Ursula. 'Tell me!'

'Oh! It's a cane ... Madam, she added hastily.

'And is it like the one the headmistress used?'

'Yes, just like it!'

'Then bring it to me! Hold it reverently in both hands!'

Fiona did as she was told.

'Good. Now kneel down again and hold the cane in the palms of both hands as if you were offering it to me. That's better. Now hold that position. And keep you eyes lowered demurely - like that slave girl you were pretending to be.'

Ursula started a new drawing, knowing that the naked girl's mind would be racing, as she wondered whether or not she was going to be caned.

There was a long silence. Then pleased with her quick sketch, Ursula, put down her charcoal stick. 'Well girl, what are you going to say to me?'

'I ... I don't know,' stammered the girl, as she knelt upright proffering the cane just beneath her firm breasts.

'Oh think you do!' laughed Ursula looking the girl straight in the eyes.

'Don't you! Well? Come on. Say it!'

'I ... I offer this cane to you, Madam!' stammered Fiona

'Good, little girl. But why are you offering the cane to me? ... Well?'

'To use ... on me ... if ... '

'If what, little girl?'

'If I'm ...naughty and ... disobedient, Madam!'

'Yes, and I think it's time you learned what my cane would feel like, if you were,' said Ursula with a gentle laugh, as she took the cane by its curved handle and ran her long painted finger nails along its length.

'Oh no! Please no!' cried Fiona, not quite sure whether this was just a rather exciting game.

But Ursula was insistent. 'Oh yes! Now stand up, turn round and bend over. Hurry!'

With a little sob the girl again did as she told.

Ursula put her hand down and stroked the soft little bottom. 'Now close your eyes again. Remember you just a little slave. Are you excited, little girl? Are you feeling almost overcome with shame and embarrassment? ... Do you feel a little throb inside you, deep inside you?'

She heard the girl give a gasp.

'I expect one half of you wants to grab your clothes and run out of the house!' Then she added with a little laugh. 'But the other half doesn't, does it?'

'No, Madam!' the girl cried.

Ursula smiled. 'Well, little girl, are you getting very excited?' she again insisted in her hypnotic voice. 'Well?'

Ursula nodded as she heard a little whisper. 'Yes, Madam!'

'Well, you're to get three strokes, and to please your Mistress you're going to count them. Aren't you? Well?'

'Yes ... Madam.'

'Go on! Start!'

There was little pause, and then came the girl's subdued voice. 'One!'

'No that wasn't nearly loud enough. And I want you to say: "I want Madame to give me the first stroke, please."'

'No, please, no!'

'Go on! Say it! Or it'll be six strokes - and kneel down again - palms on the rug.'

Ursula watched as the girl knelt down abjectly in front of her.

'Now raise your bottom more ... That's better. Now say it!'

'I want Madam to give me the first stroke, please!'

Seconds later Fiona gave a little cry as the cane came down softly across her bare bottom, leaving a little pink weal.

'Stay still!' ordered Ursula. 'Now part your legs.'

Eagerly Ursula put her hand down and felt the girl. Yes, she really was moist.

'So, little girl, you find the idea of being caned by your Mistress exciting as well as painful! Don't you? Admit it!'

'Yes!' came a little sob.

'But you'd do anything not to have the other two strokes, wouldn't you?'

'Yes ... Madam'

'Well, if you're a good little girl and please your Mistress and promise to obey her, then perhaps she might let you off! You'd like that, wouldn't you?'

'Oh yes, Madam.'

'Well, promise to obey your Mistress and beg to be allowed to please your Mistress - and beg nicely and humbly on your knees, or you'll get the other two strokes now.'

There was no mistaking the desperate eagerness in the girl's voice as she looked up at Ursula who was standing over her, holding the cane menacingly in her hand.

'Oh please, Madam, please don't beat me any more. I promise I'll be a good girl and obey you.'

'And please your Mistress?'

'And please my Mistress.'

'Like a good little slave!'

Ursula heard Fiona catch her breath. Slave! That word again! Ursula knew the girl's mind would once again be reeling. How often had she day-dreamed of being the slave of a strong and wealthy older man. And now here she was, pretending to be the slave of a wealthy, strong minded and elegant woman. It was a decisive moment.

'Go on,' said Ursula, as she looked down at the girl now kneeling on all fours at her feet, 'Say it!'

'Like a good little slave!' Fiona cried out.

Ursula again smiled. It was now time to press her domination of the girl a little harder. Fiona was a very pretty and charming girl who with a little training might make an ideal pleasure girl and maid servant - the first of several she hoped to recruit. She might even be a good little money earner, for she was just the sort of pretty and submissive girl that many of her women friends longed to get their hand onto - but never seemed to know how to set about it.

Moreover, Ursula thought, the girl seemed to be genuinely at a loose end at present, with no interfering boy friends or parents - or other women. Clearly the girl would respond well to the type of strict control that she liked to impose on her girls, but she would have to treat her gently for the time being - until she was firmly in her power.

'Then, stand up,' she said softly, 'and let your Mistress have close look at you. Pretend you're in a slave market and longing to be bought by the beautiful kind lady who's looking at you. So stand up straight. Hands clasped behind your neck and don't look down.'

Ursula ran her hands approvingly over the girl's breasts.

'You've got lovely firm breasts,' she said admiringly. She was used to having her girls' breasts discreetly enlarged, but these ones seemed perfect - or would be if they were in milk!

Fiona blushed with pleasure at the compliment, but she obediently held her position and did not look down.

'I must take you to have a proper bra fitted for them.' Ursula added. It was, she knew an outwardly harmless little remark, but it would give the girl confidence and make her begin to feel that Ursula was really going to look after her.

She ran her hands down over the girls slender waist to the golden curls on her mound. How much nicer, she again thought to herself, the girl would look with the little girl look of a smooth and hairless mound and beauty lips.

'Now little slave, part your legs for your Mistress,' she said in an encouraging tone. 'But go on looking straight ahead and keep your hands tightly clasped behind your neck. That's it! Well done! Now bend your knees for your Mistress.'

She reached down and felt the moist beauty lips from the front. Oh yes, this girl was going to make a fine little slave!

'Head up and go on looking straight ahead, little girl!' she softly ordered. 'Your Mistress wants to know what she's buying!'

She felt for the girl's little beauty bud and gently began to stroke under it - to be rewarded by a series of sharp intakes of the girl's breath. Yes, the girl was responsive alright.

'I saw you looking at the little gilded cage in my bedroom,' she murmured. 'Were you thinking how exciting it would be to be put into it? Well? Were you?'

Again Fiona gave a little gasp. How did this exciting woman know her innermost thoughts so well? 'Yes Madam,' she whispered.

'Well, you will!' whispered Ursula conspiratorially. 'Yes, you will!'

Ursula stood up. She took the naked girl in her arms reassuringly.

'Oh yes, I think I'd like to own this little slave,' she murmured. For a moment the girl's body tensed - and then went submissively limp. She felt the girl's pert breasts pressing against her own. She kissed her on the lips, parting them with her tongue as the girl gave an excited intake of breath.

Gently she lead the quivering girl into her bedroom and then again kissed her, running her long finger nails over her breasts. The girl was looking up at her, her eyes wide and trusting.

'You're cold, little girl,' she murmured. 'Get into bed and warm up. Snuggle down, right down out of sight, under the bedclothes. Go on!'

Ursula watched with rising arousal as the girl's naked body, slipped down out of sight under the satin sheets. Quickly, she undressed and put on a silken negligee. Then, still holding the cane, she, too, slipped between the sheets.

Then, reaching down, she gripped Fiona's hair and pulled her soft little body up alongside her own hard and lithe, well scented, one.

Again she kissed the girl, passionately, and again Fiona, her eyes closed in sheer bliss, opened her mouth to let in Ursula's eager tongue.

At the same time Ursula gave her a sharp tap on her buttocks, through the sheets, with the cane.

'Now, darling, my little slave's going to do exactly what her Mistress orders - or she'll get the cane! And she doesn't want that, does she,' she asked with a masterful little laugh.

'Oh no, Madam,' laughed Fiona obediently as she excitedly inhaled the aroma of Ursula's body.

Ursula was delighted to feel the girl's pointed little tongue. licking up under her chin and along her neck and under her ears. The girl was a little treasure!

'So this little slave enjoys pleasing her Mistress, does she? Good! Then suck my nipples. First one and then the other.' She emphasised her order with another sharp tap of the cane. 'Go on!'

Lying on her side facing Ursula's body, Fiona lowered her face as she was ordered.

'Look up me, little slave! Look up adoringly!' The girl's eyes widened as, still sucking, she looked up at her Mistress. Clearly she was thrilled at having to please this wonderful and masterful woman.

Ursula hesitated. Would it be sensible to stop now for fear of frightening the girl off? Or was the girl now so thrilled by being able, at last, to express her long suppressed desire to be a submissive little slavegirl, that she could safely press on? Yes, it seemed a pity to stop now. A little more humble servility and the girl would be bound to her for ever! But she would not press her too hard - not yet!

She gripped the girl's hair firmly gripped and pushed her head gently down under the satin sheets again. As Ursula turned slowly onto her back, she felt the girl's tongue licking it's way down her belly.

'Good little slave!' she cried out encouragingly. 'Now kneel on all fours!'

Gently and carefully Ursula moved the girl, now kneeling in the half darkness under the sheets, between her own now raised and parted knees. She felt the girl give a little start as, again through the sheets, she gave her a warning tap on the buttocks with her cane.

'Now please your Mistress, properly little slave,' came the order from above the sheets, 'or your Mistress will give you a proper thrashing!'

She heard a littler gasp from below the sheets.

'Use your little tongue! Thrust it out! Now gently move it up and down ... and from side to side ... Good! Now use the tips of your fingers too ... Oh yes, that's very good, little slave.'

Ursula put down the cane. Her other hand was still firmly gripping the girl's hair and now with her free hand she reached down and caressed the girl's hanging breasts.

Again there was another gasp from beneath the sheets - a gasp of pleasure! The exciting pleasure of being made to please her Mistress! The exciting Mistress she had only just met but whose slave she felt, in some strange way, she already was.

Never had Fiona felt so excited, so thrilled. It was as if she had been waiting all her life for meeting such a woman. She made poor Mark look a dithering fool! Oh if only she had met Miss de Vere before wasting time with Mark.

But never mind, she felt that a new life was now opening up for her.

4 - AN EXCITING PROSPECT FOR FIFI

'That's enough little slave, for the moment!'

Fiona felt so disappointed as she felt her head being lifted up and she was again brought up to lie alongside her Mistress.

'Well!' she heard Ursula whisper. 'Would my little girl like to come and work for her Mistress as her ... secret slave, kept chained in her cage, and locked into a chastity belt?'

'Chained! Caged! In a chastity belt! Oh, Madame!' cried Fiona ecstatically, her mind racing with excitement. Then suddenly she frowned.

'But what about my flat and the rent I owe?'

'Oh, don't worry about that. Your Mistress will take care of everything and you won't now have a care in the world - except serving and loving your Mistress.' She smiled and paused. 'You'd like that wouldn't you?'

'Oh, yes!'

'Well, if I'm going to be responsible for you and look after you, then you'll have to agree to be a very good obedient little girl - or you'll deserve to be punished, won't you?'

'Yes Madam!'

'And that means no more boy friends!'

'Oh! No, of course, Madam!'

'Good! But I want you to feel you now really belong to me.' She turned to the bedside table and picked up a shiny metal choker collar. 'It's very pretty isn't it?'

Fiona nodded. It was a lovely piece of costume jewelry, wide and made of little flexible silver links, like a metallic watch strap. At the front hung a little silver disc with something written on it and on the back, was a small hinged ring. Oh how lovely! She could hardly wait to wear it.

Ursula reached forward and fastened it round her neck. It closed with a little click.

Fiona looked in the mirror. Oh how pretty it looked! How kind of her Mistress to give her such a lovely present.

She saw that on the front of the collar was a small but distinctive letter S.

'Why the letter "S"?' she asked. 'My name doesn't begin with an "S".'

'No!' Ursula laughed cruelly. 'But to anyone who knows, it shows that you belong to a member of The Society.'

'The Society?' queried Fiona. 'What's that?'

'Oh just a international club of lady owners of little girls like you,' replied Ursula with a smile.

Fiona gasped. She gasped again as Ursula then pointed to a small flat plate on one side of the collar. There was something engraved on it.

'That's your future registration number with The Society,' Ursula explained. 'We like to register our girls with them - it's rather like registering a pedigree dog with the Kennel Club. It's a strict club rule that girls have to wear their collars at all times'

'Oh!' cried Fiona, not knowing whether to be thrilled or appalled.

'And,' went on Ursula, 'you won't be able to take it off - not without the little key that I shall keep. And so if you want to hide it you'll have to wear a little scarf.'

'Oh' cried Fiona. Miss de Vere was certainly unusual

'And, just to make sure, our girls also have to have the Club logo of the pretty capital "S" tattooed onto the inside of their wrists and their registration number tattooed in little numbers on the inside of their elbows.

'Oh no!' cried Fiona in disbelief. 'To be permanently marked!'

'Oh yes,' insisted Ursula. 'It all looks so pretty and discreet - but it certainly makes a girl think twice about trying to run away from her Mistress!'

'Oh!' again gasped Fiona, uncertain whether to be shocked or secretly excited.

'Or,' went on Ursula, 'from trying to pass themselves off as free agents to other Members.'

'You mean they're no longer free?' cried a thrilled, and yet also appalled, Fiona.

'Certainly not!' replied Ursula. 'The Club Secretary keeps a list of the past and current owners of each girl. So that if you try to run away, any other Mistress will immediately see that you belong to another Club member and report you. And at the back of the collar is neatly engraved in several languages "Reward for return \$1,000" and the Club's international telephone number! So

once the collar's on, you'll never be free again! Won't that be exciting, little Fiona?'

'Oh!' cried Fiona, scarcely knowing whether to believe what she was hearing. How she had secretly fantasised about such things in the past. And here they were apparently happening for real!

'Oh!' she cried again.

She again looked in the mirror. 'What's written on the little disc?

'Ah! That's my name and my telephone number,' Ursula said with a smile.

'Just like a dog collar! I think I'll now call you Fifi, like a little pet poodle.' She laughed aloud. 'Fifi, my little pet poodle!'

Fiona blushed. Fifi! How exciting!

'And of course if I decide to sell you to another member then all that happens is that I take off my disc and she puts on her and we tell the Secretary of The Society of the change of ownership.'

'Sell me to another member!' cried Fiona How terrifying and yet again how exciting.'

'Don't worry little girl, you're going to stay mine!' laughed Ursula. It was a white lie, she thought, but who cared!

Ursula paused cunningly, realising that Fiona was probably now feeling more shocked and excited than she had ever been in her whole life.

'Well, little girl. I'm going to send you home now.' Standing up over the now kneeling Fiona she reached down and inserted a small key into the tiny lock at the back of the collar and took the collar off.

'Oh no!' cried Fiona overcome with disappointment and frustration after being so wonderfully aroused and excited.

'Yes, you're going home to think over what I've said. If you want to enter my service, and wear my collar, then you must return here with your things at seven o'clock tomorrow morning and report to Sabhu.'

'Sabhu?' queried Fiona, looking up at her Mistress.

'Yes, of course. He's my butler as well my chauffeur and as my ladies maid you're going to be under his orders. So mind how you treat him. I don't want to hear any complaints about you not showing him proper respect. '

Ursula paused to let her words sink in.

'Yes,' she continued, 'Sabhu will take your things and give you your maid's costume. Then at nine o'clock exactly, naked under your ladies maid's dress, you're to knock on my door and bring in my breakfast - and bow your neck for me to put on your collar again.'

'Oh!' cried Fiona, not quite sure whether to be shocked or excited. How exciting it would be to serve the beautiful and haughty Miss de Vere! Even the mere thought of it was arousing.

'Then,' went on Ursula, 'you'll run my bath and help me dress - and then ...'

'And then?' cried Fiona eagerly. 'And then?'

'Ah!' laughed Ursula teasingly. 'And then ... Sabhu will take off your maid's costume and put you into a little short satin tunic - and put you into the cage off my bedroom through the trapdoor at the back of the cage. '

'Oh!' gasped Fiona. 'But not by him! He's so big and ugly!'

'Oh, yes! That'll make it all the more exciting. Just imagine it. Being undressed by such a terrifying man. But don't worry he's not interested in girls ... Then imagine the wooden trapdoor closing behind you. You're alone in the dark of the cage. You can see chinks of light from under the thick curtain. You try and reach through the bars to pull it back, but to no avail, the curtain is electrically controlled.'

Fiona was listening spell bound. Her mouth wide open. She could feel herself becoming moist with excitement.

'So sitting on your little stool you just wait for your Mistress to return. Suddenly you hear footsteps from the other side of the curtain. Is it your Mistress, you wonder. Suddenly you hear a click and the cage is brilliantly lit up. You know what you have to do; comb and brush your hair for your Mistress.'

'Oh yes,' cried Fiona ecstatically, as she knelt at her Mistress's feet.

'I must be beautiful for my Mistress!'

'Then, through the curtains, you hear the noise of some one getting into bed. You kneel at the bars of the bars, gripping them as you impatiently and silently wait for the curtain to be drawn back. Oh, the anticipation! You'd be feeling so excited!'

'Oh, yes! Yes!' cried Fiona as she imagined the scene.

'And, as you wait and wait, you'll be longing to touch yourself, to play with you little beauty bud. Wouldn't you?'

'Yes, yes!'

'But you wouldn't dare - and do you know why? Because there's a little television camera high up in the corner of your cage and so your every movement is being watched by Sabhu on his large screen. And, you'll know that if he so much as suspects that, despite your chastity belt, you might be trying to give yourself relief it'll also be ten strokes of the cane!'

'Oh no! cried Fiona. How awful to be beaten by a man! By a strange black man! A mere chauffeur! And to be put into a chastity belt! But also how exciting, she thought, to be under such strict surveillance and control. How deliciously frustrating!

'Yes, and it's a special infra-red camera, so that even when it's dark in the cage, you'll still be being watched to make sure you keep yourself pure for your Mistress.'

'Oh!' cried Fiona. Kept pure for her Mistress! How often had she dreamt of being kept like that? 'And then ...?' she whispered, almost overcome with excitement.

'Then, nothing! But you can hear your Mistress reading a book in her bed.'

'But I'd cry out!'

'You might well long to but, thanks to the hidden microphone, you wouldn't dare. You'd know that if you did, then Sabhu would hear. He'd come, open the trapdoor at the back of the cage, reach in and, gripping by the hair, pull you out.'

Fiona gasped.

'Then he'd thrash you and put you sobbing back into the cage again to wait for your Mistress to feel like a little light entertainment.'

'Light entertainment!'

'Yes, that's what you'll be there for, little girl. And so, finally, you hear your Mistress put down her book and press the button for the curtain to slide back. Eagerly you peer through the bars of the cage, but the bed room is in darkness and you can hardly see anything. But, still gripping the bars of the cage, you feel more and more excited. Oh the feeling of anticipation, Fiona!'

'Oh!' Fiona was already about to explode.

'Then suddenly you hear another button being pressed and the little trapdoor in the screen opens. You'll crawl out on all fours, won't you?'

'Oh yes! Yes!'

'And you'll know what you've then got to do won't you?'

'Yes,' Fiona blushed.

'Well?'

'I'll have to crawl to the foot of the bed and ... '

'And ...?' insisted Ursula.

'I'll have to crawl up inside the bed, Madam.'

'And then?'

'I'll have to continue what I was doing earlier on.'

'Yes you will, won't you. And you'll be thinking all the time that if your Mistress is not pleased with your efforts, then she'll ring for Sabhu to come and take you away to give you another good thrashing, before bringing you back again.'

'Oh!'

'So it's all going to be so exciting for you,' said Ursula triumphantly. 'If you come back tomorrow morning - and I think you will, won't you?'

'Oh yes, Madam,' cried Fiona ecstatically. This was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to her in her whole life! 'Oh yes, I'll be here alright,'

'At seven o'clock sharp?'

'Yes, Madam, Oh yes'

'Good! But, from then on you'll be treated as my servant. You'll only speak when spoken to. You'll have no more financial worries, but you won't be allowed out of the house again without permission or to speak to any man - except your trainer, Sabhu.'

'Trainer!' Fiona's head was reeling. It was all so thrilling!

'Of course, I'm going to have you really well trained in the art of pleasing a woman.'

'But by Sabhu? A man!'

'Oh yes! He's a very good trainer of young women! But if you'd rather not be trained, then don't come back in the morning. If you don't want to enter my service ...'

'Oh, Madam, I do, I do!' wept Fiona.

'Very well then, but if I don't see you at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, dressed as a maidservant and bringing me my breakfast, then I shan't want to see you again, ever.'

'Oh Madam, I'll be there, I promise.'

Ursula looked down at the kneeling girl. A wonderful and exciting feeling of power spread through her. She had the girl eating out of her hand. It had been so easy! And she had the makings of a first class pleasure girl.

'Yes little girl, I think you do and I think you'll be very happy here. So just sleep on it and then come back here early tomorrow morning. But I warn you, if you do come back here, there'll be no turning back. Fiona will have disappeared and there'll now just be Fifi. Now get dressed and go!'

5 - THE ACQUISITION OF MIZZI

It was a week later and Ursula had invited two lady friends in for lunch.

She looked approvingly at the girl bringing in glasses of Champagne on a silver tray.

The girl gave a little curtsy as she offered each of her guests a glass. Round her neck she wore a pretty metal choker with a distinctive letter "S" on the front. A little engraved disc hung from a ring on the front of the collar.

Yes, Ursula thought, Fifi was becoming a useful and decorative maid servant - when she was not kept locked up in her cage by Sabhu!

With her soft little tongue, she was also, thanks to Sabhu's intensive training, also becoming a good and obedient pleasure slave.

'Well little Fifi, tell my friends if you are happy here?' ordered Ursula as Fifi humbly offered her a glass.

'Oh yes, Madam,' replied Fifi fervently. Indeed, she had spent a wonderful first week in the service of Ursula. It had been so exciting! She just never knew what her wonderful Mistress and that terrifying Sabhu were going to make her do next.

Ursula was pleased to see that Sabhu had dressed the girl in a very short flaring black skirt, black stockings and high heel shoes. From behind the frilly skirt scarcely covered her bare little bottom and in front gave tantalising glimpses of her now smooth and hairless mound - and of her equally hairless and scarlet painted beauty lips.

She was naked to the waist except for a starched white pinafore that was tied round her waist and round her neck, over her shiny metal collar. The pinafore hung down in front but scarcely hid her full and pert breasts.

On her head she wore a matching white maid's cap, and on her hands were white serving gloves. She looked, Ursula thought, a very pleasingly erotic sight - and an obedient servant girl.

Dressed like this, Fifi had blushed with embarrassment when answering the door bell for her Mistress's friends. She had longed to be allowed to wear a blouse to hide her breasts properly and a scarf to hide her collar - and above for a pair of panties to hide her now humiliatingly depilated beauty lips.

She was blushing even more now as Ursula's admiring friends discussed her openly with her Mistress, enquiring about her state of training and whether she might be for sale or hire.

'Well Fifi, ' Ursula repeated, 'so you really are happy in my service'

'Oh yes, Madame, it's thrilling.'

Ursula laughed. The girl might not find so thrilling next week when the first of the other girls, she was collecting to take to Brazil, arrived.

She pointed to the girl's bottom. 'I see that Sabhu's had to cane you again. What was it for this time, Fifi? Don't say you've been disrespectful to Mr Sabhu.'

'Oh no, Madam,' replied Fifi. 'I've learnt now always to be respectful to Mr Sabhu!'

'Well then?' insisted Ursula.

Fifi blushed prettily. 'I ... did not ask him for permission before ... spending a penny, Madam.'

'And how many strokes did you get?' persisted Ursula.

'Four, Madam' replied Fifi with a little sob.

Ursula laughed. Controlling and supervising a girl's natural functions was one of Sabhu's more effective ways of breaking in a new girl.

'Darling,' said one the guests to Ursula, speaking with a strong German accent as she looked Fifi up and down, 'I think you've found another little treasure.'

'And,' asked the other guest, speaking in German so that Fifi would not understand, 'does she know yet that she's going to be one of the team you're taking out to Brazil?'

'No not yet,' laughed Ursula, also speaking in German, 'nor what's going to happen to her before that!'

'And meanwhile is she obedient in bed?' asked the other guest.

'Oh yes, Sabhu certainly sees to that. When I look down at the girl as she eagerly licks away between my thighs, I know she's secretly worrying lest, if she doesn't give the greatest pleasure, I'll send her with a note to Sabhu - a note that will mean her getting six of the best on her bare bottom. She's really scared of the cane!'

'Yes, there's no doubt about it,' said the other guest with Teutonic directness. 'The cane's the best teacher for a young girl. They don't make the same mistake twice after a good caning!'

'And the best teacher even for older married ones too.' laughed Ursula, thinking of Emma. 'Well, if I didn't want to keep her looking fresh for the Club meeting this evening, I'd invite you both to try her out for yourselves after lunch.'

Indeed, that evening Ursula was taking Fifi to a special meeting of The Society.

It was to be one of Club's formal Black Tie affairs. This meant that members would be welcome not only to bring new girls they wanted to show off or have registered and marked with the club's crest, but also girls that they wanted to swop or sell off.

Members wore a female version of the normally male dinner jackets on such occasions to distinguish themselves further as Mistresses from the submissive young women they had brought.

But it was a firm rule that only young women who had been registered and marked, or who were going to marked at the meeting, could be brought.

Having their girls marked in this way had a strong psychological effect on them and had proved very successful in keeping registered girls in order. Once a girl had been registered and marked she rarely gave her Mistress any trouble.

The Secretary of The Society was always in attendance at Black Tie meetings with her Registration Book and so was the Club's lady tattooist - ready to register and mark any new girls that members might bring.

As for what the girls wore at these Black Tie parties, that was traditionally at the discretion of the hostess for the particular evening - always provided of course that the girls were dressed in a way that emphasised their subservient position, and did not allow them to attempt to rival their more sophisticated Mistresses.

Some hostesses stipulated baby doll nightdresses, others little tennis skirts, or Roman slave tunics, or transparent harem trousers and boleros. On this occasion the hostess, who enjoyed treating her own girls as pretty little schoolgirls, had asked for members to bring their girls dressed as if going to a children's party.

Fifi had, therefore, found herself being taken to the children's department of Harrods and being bought a very pretty pink, flaring, young girls party dress, with a big blue satin sash that was tied in a bow behind her back. A matching bow was tied in her hair that was arranged to hang down her back like a child's.

It was a procession of very pretty, if unusually tall, little girls who were brought by their proud Mistress's to this children's party. They were all cleverly made up to look like ten or eleven and all wore lovely little party frocks. Round their necks they wore silk scarves to hide their collars.

On arrival, one of the hostess's girls, dressed as a maidservant, took Ursula's cloak, revealing her elegantly cut dinner jacket and evening trousers. Then she took Fifi's scarf, revealing her collar.

A large black woman, dressed as a Nanny, now stepped forward. She was normally in charge of the hostess's girls, but on this occasion was acting as receptionist. She was holding a list and had just written a Lot Number in red on the forehead of a young girl that that the preceding guest had brought.

'Good evening, Miss de Vere,' she said, checking her list against the registered number engraved on the side of Fifi's collar and against the name engraved on the little disc hanging from the front of it. 'This must be young Fifi!'

'That's right Nanny Fripp,' answered Ursula with a smile. Baroness Fripp was the name of the Nanny's employer.

The Nanny again checked her list. 'And she's not, I see, on the list for disposal.'

'Certainly not,' laughed Ursula. 'Anyway not yet awhile.'

Fifi blushed at the way she was being discussed. Alarmed, she wondered what they meant by "disposal", but did dare to ask.

'Here's a list, Madam, of the girls for disposal, if you're interested,' said Nanny handing Ursula a copy of the printed list. 'You can see it gives the girls' Lot Numbers, which I've also written on their foreheads, together with their ages and owners, a brief description of her training and aptitude, and the asking price.'

'Thank you Nanny,' said Ursula in a bored tone. She did not want to show that she had primarily come to the Club meeting as a buyer. Better let the sellers get the impression that no one was interested in their girls, and wait until they reduce the prices accordingly. She wanted to buy low in London and sell high in Brazil!

'There are several inspection vestibules off the main room should girl take your fancy,' added the Nanny, picking up Fifi's left hand and turned it over. 'Not yet marked, I see.'

She picked up another list. 'The tattooist can do her in twenty minutes time, Madam. Shall I book her in? Then I can come and collect her if you like, Madam.'

'Thank you, Nanny. That would be very kind.'

Fifi's mind was in a whirl. Was she really going to be marked and registered as belonging to Miss de Vere? How awful! And yet how exciting!

'I'll just her on a lead for you, Madam.' It was a rule of the club that dogs and girls always had to be kept on the lead at Club Receptions.

Fifi looked horrified as the black woman nonchalantly snapped a little chain lead onto the ring at the back of her collar and handed it to Ursula.

'All set to take her in, now, Madam!' the Nanny smiled.

But Fifi was even more horrified when she saw a another woman arriving, leading a poodle on a lead with one hand and a girl with the other. The girl was crawling on all four alongside the dog. Both had big red bows tied round the necks. The girl was naked except for a muslin ballet tutu round her waist. It matched a similar tutu round the poodle's waist. They looked, she had to admit, a really lovely pair.

The woman greeted Ursula effusively, but the Nanny looked at them very disapprovingly.

'Some people,' she said pointedly, 'never seemed to read their instructions. The Mistress's letter made it quite clear that girls were to come

dressed tonight as for a children's party. The dog show is for next month's party.'

'Oh I expect she couldn't wait to show off her matched pair,' laughed Ursula. 'Come on Nanny, you must admit they look very pretty together - even if the dog is a stallion dog and not a bitch. He seems very interested in his little companion!'

'May be, but it's not right for this time and she shouldn't have done it,' muttered the Nanny cantankerously, as she turned to deal with a new arrival.

'Come on, little dog' Ursula again laughed, giving Fifi's lead a sharp tug. 'You're lucky I don't make you crawl like that girl! Now just you follow me around, and stand behind me all the time. And no talking. And keep you eyes down, I won't have flirting with any of my friends' girls behind my back!'

Before going into the drawing room where the party as going on, Ursula glanced at the list of girls for disposal. One immediately caught her eye.

"SALE NUMBER 6. Mizzi. Polish. Age 35. Divorced. Tall, slim and beautiful. Blond with long hair. Medically certified fit and well. Teeth good. Wistful grey eyes. Owned by Princess Naima. Has been in training for six months. Keen and obedient. Has 16 year old daughter still at boarding school. Reason for disposal, owner going abroad. In view of age, only £5,000 ono. for quick sale, especially if buyer taking girl abroad."

Well, thought Ursula, remembering the letter from Brazil. Well! She resolved to keep a discreet eye out for Mizzi and the Princess.

Fifi gasped as Ursula led her into the big drawing room. It was beautifully furnished with gilded Louis V furniture and mirrors. But it was not the decorations that had made her gasp, rather it was the sight of some twenty pretty young girls, all dressed like her in party frocks and bows, with the shiny collars of The Society fastened round their necks. They were sitting in a ring on the floor and happily playing "Pass the Parcel", just as if they really were little girls at a children's party.

Behind each girl stood her Mistress, proudly holding her by the lead as she laughed and chatted to her neighbours. Behind one girl, with lovely long blond hair and slightly Slavonic features, and holding her lead, was a little black boy. He was dressed like a picture of eighteenth century black page boys, in red satin trousers, with a blue bolero, over his otherwise naked torso. On his head was a large white silk turban.

In his free hand he held a little dog whip with which he kept tapping the bare shoulders of the beautiful young woman in his charge.

Ursula smiled as she saw that under her make up, the pretty young girl was really a little older than the other girls. All the more humiliating for her and more exciting for her Mistress. The girl turned her head towards her and Ursula saw that the girl did indeed have the number "6" written in red on her forehead. It was Mizzi!

Her thoughts were interrupted by her hand being taken by a distinguished looking Arab woman. It was Princess Naima! They kissed like old friends.

'Oh darling,' the Princess immediately started, 'I'm so pleased to see you again. Where have been all these months? You must help me. My husband has summoned me back to Arabia. You'd have thought he already had all the women he could possibly want in his harem. But apparently he's doing a deal with my family and wants me to be there to emphasise the family tie.

'Poor you!' laughed Ursula. 'I can't see you going back to harem life, not after all the independence you've enjoyed here in London - quite apart from your taste for European girls!'

'Oh,' said the Princess joining in Ursula's laughter. 'I expect I'll find quite a few of these in my husband's harem, and as his first wife ...'

'I see what you mean,' said Ursula with a smile. 'But how can I help you?'

'It's about that girl, Number 6 on the list,' said the Princess pointing to the girl being held by the little black page-boy. 'I can't possibly take her back to Arabia with me, and yet if I pass her onto another Club Member here in London, I'm afraid the girl might be tempted to cause a scandal about me in the Press. I also feel rather responsible about her daughter who's still at school,

at a convent, in Poland - at my expense. It'll be difficult for me to go on paying the school fees once I'm back in Arabia.'

'Yes, your husband might not approve,' laughed Ursula.

'Exactly! And you know how Arab men disapprove of anything that even hints of lesbianism', cried the Princess. 'So I thought you might know someone who would take the mother somewhere out of harm's way abroad and yet would also take the daughter off my hands.'

'Well!.' replied Ursula cautiously. 'Let me think ... Yes, I think I do know someone who might be able to help to send both of them off abroad and out of harm's way.'

'Oh, how wonderful!' cried the Princess. 'I knew you'd be just the person I needed!'

'But the price would have to be very much less than the £5,000 on the list.'

'Oh, darling, don't worry about the price. I just want the woman taken abroad quickly. And as for the daughter, I understand that she's planning to planning to leave her convent soon anyway. I gather she wants to become a model.'

'A model!' cried Ursula, her mind racing.

'Yes,' said the Princess, 'all European young girls these days think they're going to make their fortune as international models.'

'But what an astonishing coincidence. That's what my friend would be using the mother for too.'

'Well, your friend could now use both,' laughed the Princess, 'if you can persuade the mother to let her daughter join her. But, first, why don't you come and have a closer look at my little Mizzi?'

The Princess gestured to the black page-boy and pointed to an alcove. The boy nodded and gave Mizzi's collar a sharp tug. Then as she rose to her feet, looking around her in astonishment, he gave her a sharp little touch on the buttocks with his dog whip. Immediately she submissively lowered her eyes and allowed herself to be led across to the alcove, the Princess and Ursula, with Fifi still in tow, were already waiting.

'Position for Inspection' ordered the small boy in heavily accented English. Immediately Mizzi grasped her hands behind her neck and looking ahead stood up straight at attention.

Fifi's eyes were on stalks as she heard the Princess say something to the boy in what she presumed was Arabic. The boy then slipped Mizzi's party dress off her shoulders, baring her breasts. They were remarkably firm.

'Feel free to examine her,' said the Princess.

The boy shortened the girls lead and tightened his hold on it, pulling the girl's neck right back, as Ursula reached forward to feel first her breasts and then to look at her teeth.

Satisfied she turned round enquiringly to the Princess. The Princess gave another order in Arabic. The boy lifted up the woman's short party frock. There on her belly was the crest of the Princess: a black circle enclosing a green crescent - obviously from a special transfer.

'I hope you don't mind that,' said the Princess.

Ursula laughed. It would soon come off!

'Present for Inspection' he said and gave the woman another warning tap on the buttocks with his dog whip. The woman blushed, parted her ankles, bent her knees and thrust her belly forward, still keeping her eyes fixed on the wall behind Ursula and her hands clasped behind her neck.

Ursula dropped one hand and ran her fingers over the smooth and hairless mound. Then she ran her fingers down the line of the woman's beauty lips. She could feel the woman's body responding and becoming aroused. Very good! Very good, indeed!

'She's yours for £2,000,' said the Princess, 'provided of course your friend takes on the daughter's school fees! I'll have her ready for collection in a week's time.'

'Right!' said Ursula, thinking what a wonderful deal she had just made. Yes, the sooner she got this woman safely locked up in her house the better. 'I'll send my man round to tomorrow morning with my cheque and a letter promising to settle the school fees.'

'Right!' agreed the Princess. 'Then I'll tell my black eunuch to have her ready in a week's time and to give your man her passport.'

'Fine!' said Ursula and they shook hands on the deal.

Just then their hostess's black Nanny arrived. 'The tattooist is now ready for your girl,' she said taking Fifi's lead from Ursula.

PART III

UNDER THE DOMINATION OF URSULA

6 - FIFI IN HER CAGE

There had been a change since her Mistress had taken her to the fantastic Black Tie Party at the Society. She was rarely used as a housemaid and, indeed, rarely taken out of her cage.

Even worse, Sabhu had started to train her in the finer points of pleasuring her Mistress. Later she had demonstrate her new found prowess to her Mistress - or face Sabhu's cane.

Oh, how shame-making it was for a rather shy girl to be taught by a man, a black man carrying a cane, how to please a woman. Oh, what terrifying man Sabhu was. She was sure that her beloved Mistress had no idea just how strict he was.

Now, under the low ceiling of the alcove, Fifi was kneeling on all fours behind the locked gilded wrought iron screen. The curtain on the far side of the screen was drawn, and the alcove was only lit by a small electric bulb.

The only noise came from the metallic chinking of the short heavy shiny chain that linked her manacled hands. As usual, she herself was kept silent by a black leather muzzle that covered her mouth and went under her chin. On the inside of the muzzle a stiff rubber projection pressed down on her tongue, rendering her completely mute.

She was dressed in just a short white silken tunic that only came down to her hips, leaving her bottom bare. There was just a large hole for her head and it was fastened at the sides with little ribbons that Sabhu insisted were tied in neat bows.

The shiny metal collar of The Society was still locked round her neck and Sabhu had made sure that her Mistress's own disc, hanging down in front, was securely fastened to the ring on the front of the collar. The distinctive capital "S" of The Society was still, of course, tattooed on the inside of her wrist and her registration number was discreetly tattooed on the inside of her elbow.

The collar and the tattoos made her feel utterly in the power of her Mistress - as was intended.

Below Fifi's tunic was her chastity belt into which she was now locked. One part of the belt consisted of a thick rubber belt that went round her waist and was fastened at the back with a small padlock. Sewn onto this belt were two strong rubber straps which in turn held the top corners of a curved triangular shaped piece of tough vulcanised rubber. This fitted tightly over her beauty lips, making it impossible for her to touch her often throbbing beauty bud.

Down between her legs and holding the triangular piece firmly in place was a thick white rubber cord that was attached to the bottom corner of the triangular piece. This cord ran up tightly between her buttocks to the padlock in the small of her back.

The black rubber belt round her waist could be let out at the padlock - to allow for a girl expecting a Happy Event!

The belt was intended to be kept on permanently. Indeed, it was only removed once a week by Sabhu and then only temporarily, to allow him to check that the girl's mound and beauty lips were still smooth and hairless, and to depilate them as necessary.

Thus the girl had to learn to pass her wastes with the belt in place ...

In the center of the triangular shaped piece of rubber was a small hinged flap of rubber that was normally held fastened down with velcro. If the velcro was unfastened and the flap lifted, a small white plastic grille was disclosed, its whiteness contrasting prettily with the black of the rest of the belt.

It was through this grille that a girl locked into the belt had to spend a penny.

But woebetide Fifi if she did not first ask Sabhu for his permission, knocking on the wooden trapdoor at the back of her cage that led into his room.

Blushing with embarrassment she would piteously ask his permission and then, holding up the little flap with her manacled hands, she would go and crouch over the drain in the center of the rubber matted floor of the cage and wait for Sabhu to give his permission.

She would look up at the little infra red television camera in the corner of her cage, knowing that Sabhu would be watching her on his screen. Blushing with shame she would have to wait for his express permission before letting her liquid splash through the grille. And even then she would have to call out three times, slowly and clearly, the standard incantation that Sabhu made all his charges learn.

"In the name of my beautiful and wonderful Mistress, Miss de Vere, to whom I have dedicated my body and my life, whose body I worship. She is my kind Goddess, the center of my thoughts. She is far superior in intellect to her humble little slave who is not worthy to lick the soles of her shoes or to kiss the hem of her skirt. May I become worthy of being in her service."

This was an almost religious incantation or chant that she would also have repeat, again three times, after she had finished.

Woebetide her, however, if she ever did not say the incantation in a sufficiently devout and earnest tone of voice, or if she made the slightest mistake.

For more solid wastes Fifi had to ask Sabhu for two special dishes of scented rose water, over one of which she had to crouch, straining with her manacled hands to hold back, to one side, the tight white rubber cord over her rear orifice. The second dish of rose water was, of course, for her to wash with.

Once again she had to repeat the same incantation and then wait for his permission to perform. It was a brain washing routine that, she knew, indeed ensured her continuing devotion to her Mistress, a devotion, she felt, that was not dissimilar to that of a nun.

Then, after she had performed, she had to use the second dish of rose water to clean herself - and the white cord. Woebetide her indeed, if Sabhu ever detected a speck of dirt on herself or on the gleaming white cord. As a precaution she had learned to spit on her hand and then reach back and clean the cord, just in case. Oh, the humiliation!

Then kneeling at the trapdoor, and holding up the dish, she would have to knock and wait for him to open the little door and take her offering under the scented water. She would have to watch as he poked it carefully, under the scented water, with a plastic fork to test its constituency and then weighed it - just he also weighed the food she was given to eat. This was, Sabhu knew from his animal training days, an excellent way of keeping a constant check on the health of a caged animal - or girl.

Satisfied, he would clap his hands and the girl would have to turn round and lower her head to the floor of the cage. Then reaching back again to pull the tight rubber cord again from her rear orifice, and again reciting her incantation, she would have to present her buttocks to the silent Sabhu for the cleanliness of the cord and of her orifice to be checked, before the trapdoor was slammed shut again and bolted.

Like the way she was fed, both these performances were, and were intended to be, desperately humiliating experiences for a shy young woman.

Living in a curtained cage off Miss de Vere's bedroom had made her feel a close and rewarding intimacy with her Mistress.

Oh, how she loved it when Sabhu took her out of her cage and washed, groomed and scented her ready for her Mistress and then put her back in her cage to await Miss de Vere's commands.

Oh, how thrilling it was when later her Mistress, lying back in her bed, would press a button and the curtain in front of her cage would swish back and a spot light would come on. She would then be on display to her to her Mistress, like a little dog being displayed in a kennel. Oh, how she would try desperately to attract her Mistress.

Sometimes, but only sometimes, Ursula would then press another button and the little trapdoor in the middle of the metal screen grille would swing open. This was the signal for her to crawl out of her cage, scuttle on all fours to the foot of Ursula's four poster bed and then slowly crawl up under the bedclothes from the bottom of the bed.

She would have to lick her way up Miss de Vere's long legs until, still out of sight under the bed clothes, she was in position to suck and lick her Mistress's beauty bud, thrusting out and rolling her tongue in the way that Sabhu had so embarrassingly taught her.

Then as Sabhu had also taught her to do, she would reach up and roll her Mistress's nipples between her fingers whilst keeping her manacle chain lying on her Mistress's tummy - as an exciting reminder to her Mistress of her authority over the girl between her legs.

All the time she would be trying to remember Sabhu's lessons and the sequence of events that he had taught her. Not only would she be thinking, fearfully, of the thrashing that Sabhu would give her if her Mistress was the least bit dissatisfied with her performance, but also of the interrogation that, cane in hand, he would later subject her to, making her describe in detail what she had and had not done to give Miss de Vere proper pleasure.

Oh yes, she had learnt the hard way that she must strain and strain to give her Mistress exquisite pleasure. But she had also learned that, if Miss de Vere was really pleased with her efforts, then she might order Sabhu to reward her by putting a little chocolate mint on top of her next feed - some thing that thrilled her, for she was not normally allowed any sweets in her cage.

Then, again, if she was very good and obedient, her Mistress might, yes, just might ring for Sabhu to come and unlock her hated chastity belt. Then lying under her Mistress with her wrist manacles above her head, and held down by her, she would have to raise her hips and rub her now smooth and hairless beauty lips excitingly against those of her Mistress.

But always she had to be very careful not to get carried away. If her Mistress even suspected that she was about to climax without permission, she would angrily again ring for Sabhu and order him to take the girl out and give her ten strokes of the cane for "wanton behaviour".

Sometimes, she might be allowed to climax - but only in the arms of her Mistress and to her order.

What was most exciting of all was when she had to fasten Miss de Vere's favourite black coloured double dildo round her Mistress's hips. Reverently, she had to part Miss de Vere's beauty lips so that the smaller of the two manhoods was excitingly inside her, and the rubber knobs pressing against her beauty bud. The heavy, loaded, testicles would then hang down realistically between her Mistress's legs, whilst the other manhood would jut out in front of her, quivering with her every movement.

She would have to remember to squeeze and excite her Mistress's nipples until with a raucous cry her Mistress would throw her down. Then she would mount her and take her like a man might do, thrusting the manhood up inside her and holding her down as she wriggled under her in a mixture of pain and excitement. The more she wriggled, she knew, the more the little rubber knobs would excite her Mistress - and the less the chance of a thrashing later.

Then finally with another raucous cry, her Mistress would reach down and squeeze the rubber testicles.

'Take it, girl, take it,' her Mistress would cry as a jet of warm milk and cream shot up inside her. Oh the thrill! What a wonderful Mistress she had, she would be thinking, as humbly she licked up humbly at her, now satiated, Mistress's chin.

But such thrilling treats were exceptional and did not last for long. Only too soon, Ursula would ring for Sabhu to replace the belt and put Fifi back into her cage. There she would wait trembling as she wondered whether she had

sufficiently pleased her Mistress or was going to be taken out by a furious Sabhu and thrashed.

7 - THE TRAP IS SET FOR EMMA

Remembering what Carmen's letter had said about bringing out an English aristocratic lady, Ursula had been thinking about Emma. What a prize she would make for some Brazilian lady!

She had learned that once again Emma's husband would be away for about a year - long enough for her purpose! Apparently he had "had a bad Lloyds" and had had to return to his work as an oceanographer, working for months at a time in remote Pacific atolls. Indeed, Emma had apparently been going around saying: 'If only I could quickly earn a lot of money!'

Then, unknown to Emma, Ursula discreetly arranged to be invited to a party to which she was also going.

But, she had decided, she would not make an unseemly haste in ensnaring Emma again. She would keep the girl dangling - and so make her all the more anxious to come back into the fold, back into the control of her former Mistress.

So it was that Emma's heart suddenly jumped. There across the crowded room ... as in the song ... was ... Ursula ... looking at her ... with her hypnotic stare.

Emma just stood there petrified, not listening to a word of what the man she had just been introduced to was saying. Ursula!

She wanted to run away ... quick ... before she again fell under her spell. But it was too late, she simply could not move.

She saw that Ursula was beckoning to her, slowly, with one finger. She found herself turning away from the man who was speaking to her and going towards Ursula, at first slowly and then almost running.

'Well, well, little Emma,' came that well known voice.

Emma was thrilled to be talking to Ursula again.

She was fascinated to hear her news, of her successful exhibitions of her pictures abroad, of her new house, of ... She found herself listening open mouthed. She found herself jealously wondering who her young companions were these days.

She was even more fascinated when Ursula started talking about her rich friends in Brazil, of their life style and of the chance of earning a lot of money there, modeling. And what a huge amount of money! Enough to pay off the overdraft she had secretly run up whilst John was abroad and which she was so worried about. Enough to solve all her financial problems.

She wanted to know more. She wanted to see more of Ursula. She wanted to ... serve her ... submissively ... just as she had in the old days. Ursula was her Mistress!

But Ursula seemed rather disinterested in her and soon turned away to talk to other people, leaving her standing there, feeling stupid.

A few minutes later, Emma was mortified to see that Ursula was leaving - leaving without saying another word to her! Oh the humiliation! Oh the hurt!

That night she had wept herself to sleep and then woke up weeping again.

The next day she wanted to ring Ursula. But she did not now know where she lived. Their mutual friend who had given the party would know, of course, but she somehow could not quite bring herself to ring her and ask.

Then, a few wretched days later, the telephone suddenly rang. It was Ursula! Oh the joy!

She was inviting her to come the following week and meet a friend of hers in the fashion business who was coming over from Brazil. Brazil! Emma remembered what Ursula had said about going out there to model - and to earn such a huge amount.

Oh yes, she told Ursula, she would love to come and meet her friend - anything, she told herself, to see Ursula again!

8 - FIFI IS JEALOUS!

Suddenly Fifi heard the heavy tread of Sabhu approaching the back of her darkened cage.

Hungrily she wondered whether it was feeding time again. Her watch had been taken away from her and she had no idea of the passing of time.

Eagerly she licked her lips as she heard him apparently mixing her porridge in a metal bowl. Her heavy manacles clinking, she crawled on all fours, in the half light, to the wooden trapdoor at the back of her cage and waited there, excited. She was so hungry!

Suddenly a shaft of light burst into her cage as a small round flap in the center of the trapdoor was raised. Eagerly she thrust her head through the hole.

Sabhu was standing there, in front of her. He was a terrifying and powerful looking figure in his animal trainer uniform of black boots, black breeches, and a white vest which showed off the rippling muscles of his well oiled, black torso.

With both hands he was holding his long whippy cane. Then the muscles of his arms rippled as, looking her in the eye, he slowly and silently bent the cane to form an arc in front of his powerful looking chest.

Fifi shivered with fear. Anxiously she eyed the figure of her Haitian black overseer as he silently stood over her. Was it not feeding time after all? Was she going to be taken out and beaten? Oh, if only her beloved Mistress knew of the terror that this horrible brute of a man inspired, surely she would send him away!

Then, as if satisfied with the psychological ascendancy he had again established over this girl, he turned and strode across the room, his every movement watched by a mesmerised Fifi. He put down the cane and, holding a bowl in one hand and a wooden spoon in the other, came back to the trapdoor through which Fifi's head was thrust.

He put several dollops of porridge into a feeding trough fastened to the trap door below Fifi's head. In amongst the porridge were little pieces of chopped up apples, bananas and meat. He scattered a some vitamin powder over it.

He reached behind her neck and unlocked the padlock that held her muzzle in place over her mouth and chin. He drew her muzzle back a little. She felt her tongue being freed from the rubber prong that held it down. But she did not dare to speak.

Then, smiling to himself, he poured out a spoonful of castor oil. He liked to keep his girls regular and empty.

'Mouth wide open!' he ordered. With a sob of despair, Fifi recognised the laxative. Oh not again! She saw that he had raised his whip.

'Tongue!' he ordered.

Obediently Fifi thrust out her tongue. He, in turn, thrust the medicine down into the girl's mouth. Then, as if dosing a dog, he stroked her throat to make sure she swallowed it all.

There was a long pause. Fifi could still taste the horrible oil, sliding down inside her. But she could also smell the porridge below her. Oh how she longed to get at it! But she did not dare to move. She knew that, before she would be allowed to eat, she would also have to swallow one of the mysterious blue pills that Sabhu was keen on her taking. She wondered what was so special about them.

Sabhu held out the palm of his hand. On it lay one of these blue pills. He raised his whip. Fifi obediently put her head down and pick up the pill with her teeth. He again stroked her throat to make sure she swallowed it.

He smiled as she did so. Little did she know that the pill was one of Doctor Anna's special fertility pills! Fifi's body was being secretly prepared to receive her Mistress's special dildo - the Pollinator. Unknown to the unsuspecting girl it would be specially loaded, loaded with live sperm, - loaded to allow her Mistress to play the paternal role!

He smiled again at the thought that, although Fifi would not know it, she would soon be carrying valuable little half black twins, or even triples - safely growing inside her. They would, of course, be protected from any interference from the horrified young mother, by a chain mail Breeding Belt, locked over her beauty lips and round her hips.

Later, once safely chained up in the Breeding and Foaling Pens of the human stud farm run by Miss de Vere's Brazilian friend, Miss Carmen, the girl's prettily swollen white belly would instantly make her a popular sight for clients paying handsomely to come and see what was on view.

They'd be even more thrilled when they learnt that she was only the first of a succession of white European girls available for mating and forced breeding - something that later would be emphasised by the sight, also chained and now also crawling in a Rearing Pen, of her little black progeny ...

Happily ignorant of the fate that awaited her, Fifi hastily dropped her head into the trough and began gobbling up the porridge.

Sabhu watched her lapping up her porridge like a little dog. Yes, he was thinking, controlling a girl's feeding was as effective in breaking her in as controlling her natural functions. And making the girl thrust her head through the trap door to eat prevented the sticky porridge getting all over the floor of the cage or onto her manacles or tunic.

He now watched her closely as she carefully licked the bowl clean. Yes, there wasn't a speck of porridge to be seen.

'Head up!' he ordered, and then wiped her face clean with a wet rag. Then he replaced the muzzle, pushed her head back through the little opening and lowered it's cover.

Fifi was alone again in the half light of the small low cage.

Fiona had felt that entering the service of the fascinating if terribly strict, Miss Ursula de Vere, and being given her new name of Fifi, had been the most exciting thing had ever happened to her.

It was as if she had been waiting all her life for such a thrillingly dominating woman to take complete charge of her. It was even exciting being kept, manacled and muzzled, in a little caged alcove off the bedroom of her wonderful, wonderful, Mistress.

Oh, how she adored her Mistress!

Only two things marred her happiness: fear of the ghastly black Sabhu and his awful cane; and shame at being under his intimate supervision.

She had always prided herself on not being a racist, but the fact was that she was terrified of Sabhu. However, she had to admit that, being under his control, was, in a way, rather exciting too. He was even stricter than her Mistress and made her behave even more humbly and submissively.

She crawled across to the front of the low cage, to the pretty, locked, gilded wrought iron screen. The curtain on the far side of the screen was drawn, and the cage was only lit by little chinks of light from under it.

The only noise came from the metallic chinking of the short heavy shiny chain that linked her manacled hands. She herself was kept silent by the black leather muzzle that covered her mouth and went under her chin. On the inside of the muzzle a stiff rubber projection pressed down on her tongue, rendering her completely mute.

Would anyone, she wondered, walking down the street past Ursula's smartly painted house, ever have guessed that, inside it, a half naked, muzzled, girl was being kept caged like an animal? Or that she was under the strict supervision of a black former circus animal trainer?

Her eyes were now becoming accustomed again to the half darkness. Fifi glanced into the large mirror and smoothed her hair, satisfied that she was looking very pretty - for her Mistress.

Proudly, she looked down at Miss de Vere's initials and crest, embroidered on the right breast of her short tunic that was all she was allowed to wear. Once again, she looked at The Society's shiny metal collar that was locked round her neck. It was, she knew, engraved with Miss de Vere's name and telephone number and from a ring in the front hung The Society's disc on which, in turn, was engraved her Registration Number.

It was sight that constantly reminded her that on the inside of her left wrist was now discreetly tattooed the "S" shaped crest of The Society and that on the inside of her elbow was also tattooed her Registration Number.

She was now marked for ever as a willing slave, as the property of Miss de Vere. It was a terrifying thought and yet a most exciting one.

How proud she was that the sophisticated Miss de Vere should have taken silly little her into her service! How proud she was that her Mistress had considered her worthy of being registered and marked! How proud she was to be kept caged off her Mistress's bedroom, ready to be called into it at any time to pleasure her!

How exciting it was, too, to be forced by her chastity belt to dedicate her own pleasure to the woman she now worshipped as a Goddess! Miss de Vere called it her purity belt. Indeed, it made her feel rather like a nun, consecrating her sensuality to her Mistress.

With nothing else to do, in the half darkness of her cage, but to think of pleasuring her wonderful Mistress, she constantly felt herself becoming wet and aroused under the thick rubber chastity belt that fitted so tightly over her pouting, and now hairless, beauty lips. Oh, how she longed to give herself a little relief! But, she simply could not now touch her beauty bud at all!

Oh, the frustration!

Oh, how it made her long all the more to worship and serve her cruel Mistress!

Suddenly Fifi again heard the noise of Sabhu's footsteps apparently approaching the wooden trapdoor at the back of her cage.

She trembled, wondering what he was coming for. Surely it was not yet feeding time again? Was she going to be punished? For what? Was it time for her daily and highly embarrassing training session?

Oh, how shame-making it was for a rather shy girl to be taught by a man, a black man carrying a cane, how to please a woman. Oh, what a terrifying man Sabhu was. Once again, she wondered if her wonderful Mistress had any idea just how strict he was.

She heard the noise of the bolts of a trapdoor being slid back. She gave a little shiver of fear. There was a creaking noise as a door was opened. But it was not the door into her cage, Number "1", that was being opened but the one into the cage next door, Number "2".

She felt a surge of angry jealousy run through her body. Another girl was being put into the cage next to hers. She heard the noise of the girl crawling into the cage. There a metallic rattling sound just like that of her own wrist manacles. The girl had been manacled, too!

'And don't try to talk, or you'll be thrashed,' she heard Sabhu warn in his harsh voice. 'The microphone will pick up and record the slightest murmur.'

She heard a muffled little moan of assent. The girl next door was muzzled, just like herself!

Then she heard the other trapdoor being slammed shut and bolted and then of Sabhu's heavy footsteps going away.

Furious, Fifi silently gripped the bars of her cage. Would her Mistress choose her, or this new girl in the next door cage, to please her during her afternoon rest?

Oh, she felt so jealous! Who was this wretched other girl? She longed to call out to her, but how could she, muzzled as she was. And anyway, she remembered, there were the microphones.

An hour later, she heard, through the thick curtains, the noise of her Mistress coming into the room, undressing and getting into bed. Fifi began to feel the thrill of anticipation.

Suddenly she recognised the click of a button and the curtain in front of her cage started to slide back. Another click and her cage was brilliantly lit up by two spotlights.

With a rattle of her manacles she crawled forward and humbly displayed herself at the bars of her cage, slipping her tunic off her shoulders to show off her bare but firm breasts.

She was going to be chosen after all! Indeed, despite being half blinded by the spotlights, she could just make out her Mistress, her wonderful Mistress, lying back in the bed, her eyes feasting on the sight of Fifi in her cage.

But then she saw her Mistress press another button and she heard the swish as the curtain covering the cage next door also slid back. She heard the rattle of the girl's manacles as she, too, displayed herself at the bars of her cage.

She saw her Mistress's eyes going from one cage to the other as if she was making up her mind which girl she would use. Oh the shame!

Desperately Fifi found herself smiling, ingratiatingly, at her Mistress. 'Choose me, Madam, choose me!' she tried to cry out, but her muzzle reduced her words to a little moan.

She held her breath as she saw her Mistress reach out and press a button. There was a click as the barred trapdoor in the cage next door flew open.

'Come Mizzi,' she heard her Mistress order. 'Come and please your Mistress.'

Mizzi! Fiona thought jealously. 'Who's Mizzi?'

She saw a beautiful woman with long blond hair crawl towards the bed. It was the woman she had seen her Mistress examine at the Black Tie Party of The Society!

'No! No!' she screamed under her muzzle. 'I can please you more than her!'

But then with a swish the curtain in front of her cage was closed and the lights in her cage went out, leaving her jealously fuming in the darkness. To make it worse she could hear the love-making of Mizzi and her Mistress and could not help imagining what they were doing.

Minutes later, Ursula, lying back in her bed, dogwhip in hand, was thoroughly enjoying being pleased by her new girl, Mizzi.

Sabhu had taken delivery of her that very morning. Gagged and just wearing her former normal uniform of black gloves, black stockings, a black suspender belt and the collar of The Society round her neck, the former owner's young black eunuch had trussed her up like a turkey and put her into a crate. After Sabhu had signed for her, the two men had put the crate into the boot of Miss de Vere's Mercedes.

Ursula was wasting no time in trying out the charms of her new acquisition. Clearly, she decided, the Princess's young black eunuch had done an excellent job in training her to give pleasure to her Mistress - and exquisite pleasure at that.

She was almost beginning to regret that the woman was destined to be taken out to Brazil and sold off - with her daughter.

But meanwhile what an exciting time she herself was having.

9 - AN ACT OF SUBMISSION

It was a week later, and Ursula was sitting comfortably in her chair. She reached forward and placed the tassel of her long dressage whip between the legs of the beautiful woman standing submissively in front of her.

Still half naked, the woman was now standing nervously at attention in front of Miss de Vere's desk. Attached to a ring on the back of the collar was now a chain lead, the other end of which was held by Sabhu who was proudly standing behind her, as he showed her off. In his hand was a long whippy cane.

'Stand up straight!' he ordered.

Blushing the woman, coyly raised her head and looked straight ahead. She was gripping her hands behind her neck. Her ankles were together, but she could feel the tassel easing its way past her smooth and hairless beauty lips. Soon it was tickling her beauty bud.

Ursula looked down to where her whip was gently parting the woman's beauty lips. Sabhu had checked that there were no signs of hair along the lips, or across the mound, and this gave her the little-girl look that she and her women friends so liked.

'Well done Sabhu,' she said, 'she looks very nice and smooth. Just what I like! Did you have any trouble with her?'

'No! The Princess's black eunuch boy had kept this one well depilated.'

'Good!' replied Ursula appreciatively. It was wonderful having an overseer for her girls on whom she could rely - and moreover one, whom they were too

scared of, to try to twist him round their little fingers - as they would with a white overseer.

Mizzi, for that who the woman was, blushed as she heard them discussing her as if as she were just some pet animal. But after a year in the service of the Princess, she was used to it. Indeed, she thought, a pet animal was just what she was - and very exciting it was too! Now the prospect of being in the service of Miss de Vere seemed equally exciting - as was also the prospect of making some money out in Brazil!

She strained to keep still as the tassel tickled her beauty bud tantalisingly. Oh, it was so exciting when her new Mistress aroused her - so humiliatingly and frustratingly exciting! But, she knew what the punishment would be if she moved or spoke a word: six strokes of that same dressage whip across her bare bottom.

The woman had a good body, Ursula was thinking, for a thirty five year old. With her striking features she could pass for someone much younger. Good! She was indeed a lovely creature, tall with a tiny waist, good firm breasts and excellent child bearing hips - and topped by lovely blond hair and blue eyes.

Yes, this young woman alone would make a fine "model" for her Brazilian enterprise. But there was more to come, she thought, looking down at a photograph of her in a bikini with a pretty young girl who had her looks and figure.

They would make a fine pair - in harness, in bed or together in a breeding pen. They seemed just what Carmen had asked her to find. But it was now high time for the daughter to join her mother.

She, too, must be properly trained by Sabhu, if the pair were to raise their full potential. Carmen liked girls who had already been broken in to pleasing women, leaving her to break them in to breeding and to harness.

Meanwhile, much to Fifi's jealous rage, the mother would be providing much pleasure for her Mistress and, getting better at it every day, thanks to Sabhu's daily instruction.

Ursula looked at the woman's slim waist. The Princess had shared the Arab liking for plump women, but clearly the strict diet which Sabhu was keeping her on was slimming her down fast, whilst keeping her breasts nicely full. Just as she had ordered!

'Well little Mizzi,' Ursula said mockingly as she glanced down to a typed list of questions and answers, 'so you love your Mistress?'

Sabhu gave the woman a little warning tap on the bottom with his cane. He had made her practice this little catechism over and over again until she was word perfect.

'Oh, yes, Madam,' the beautiful woman answered in a Slavonic accent. The words may have learnt by rote, but they nevertheless clearly came from the heart. 'I adore my Mistress more than anything else in the world. I think of her all day and I dream of her at night.'

'And do you want to please her?'

'Oh yes, Madam, I love pleasing my Mistress.'

'Then you know what you've now got to do then?'

Mizzi bit her lips.

'Don't you?'

She nodded.

'Well?'

'I must,' she said with a sob, 'tell the Sisters running the convent, where my daughter has been for several years, to let you collect her and bring her here.'

'And then?'

'Then,' the woman gasped, 'I must persuade her to join me in your service and to go out to Brazil with you as a model, just as I will do, explaining to her that we will both earn a large sum of money.'

'And are you sure she's still a virgin?'

'Oh yes, the nuns would not have allowed her to see any boys.'

Ursula's eyes gleamed. Carmen would, she knew, pay even more if the daughter was still a virgin. It would indeed be mind-blowing, to use Carmen's expression, to have them both in her stud farm ...

Ursula interrupted her reverie, and glanced down at the next question. 'So will happen when your daughter arrives here?'

'Then,' came the trembling and hesitant reply, 'she will have to join me in being trained by Sabhu to pleasure our Mistress, together or separately.'

'Say that again, Mizzi!' ordered Ursula. This was the moment of truth.

'Then she will have to join me in being trained by Sabhu to pleasure our Mistress, together or separately.'

'Yes, Mizzi, she will. And what will happen if she tries to refuse?'

'Then we'll both be beaten by Sabhu.'

'Yes, Mizzi, you will. And what else must you do?'

'As my daughter is a minor, I must sign on her behalf the Modeling Contract to go to Brazil.'

'Which includes?'

'That in return for a large sum of money, we must model clothes or do other work for a period of at least two years.'

'And?'

'Accept what ever measures may be taken to enforce the contract.'

'And?' insisted Ursula.

'Then I must offer my daughter's virginity to my Mistress to dispose of as she sees fit.'

'And if I prefer to offer her virginity to another Mistress in Brazil?'

Mizzi hesitated. Sabhu tapped her buttocks with his cane. It was enough! She remembered the words she had had to learn by heart.

'Then I must offer my daughter's virginity to our new Mistress, and, Madam,' said the woman with increasing fervour, 'I must accept willingly anything that my new Mistress decides, in her superior wisdom, to do with me.'

'And?'

The woman gave a little sob. 'And what she decides to do with my daughter, as well'

Ursula turned to Sabhu. He had certainly brain-washed her well. 'Well done!' she said. 'She was almost word perfect this time.'

Indeed the woman certainly seemed now to have learned her catechism well, Ursula noted with pleasure. It was a similar catechism to that which all her girls had to learn by heart. She knew from experience what an important part it played in bringing about a girl's utter and willing submission to her.

Ursula smiled as she looked at Sabhu's long whippy cane. It did not account for all the fervour with which the woman had said her brain-washing catechism - part of it was quite genuine.

'And are you going to be a good little girl, Mizzi? Your Mistress's good little girl'

'Oh yes, Madam, I will be a good girl, I promise.'

'Good. Now, turn round!'

Ursula looked down at the wheals across the woman's soft little bottom? She wondered how many wheals her pretty young daughter would need before she was word perfect too - and before she was ready to make her act of submission.

'Or do I need to ask Sabhu to discipline you a little more?'

'No, Madam, no please,' cried the woman in anguish, her eyes now on Sabhu's cane. The words came tumbling out. 'I'll be a good girl now ... I promise ... I'll do what ever my Mistress wants ... But no more caning, please.'

'Then are you ready now to make your act of utter submission to your Mistress and to show your devotion to her?'

The woman again bit her lips and blushed. She knew what she would have to do. She knelt down.

'Yes Madam, I beg my Mistress to accept me as her unworthy slave and to allow her to make her act of submission.'

Ursula nodded at Sabhu.

'Crawl to your Mistress!' he ordered in his strong half Caribbean, half French, accent. '

Ursula stood up, a tall and regal figure. She smiled as looked down on the woman abjectly crawling across the carpet towards her, a perfect figure of submissive womanhood, straining against her lead like an eager little puppy. Having to learn her catechism by heart was one thing, this was different. This

was more, much more. It was a ritual that all her girls had to perform, before she would accept them as a slave.

It was, she knew, this woman's refusal to do it previously, as well as her hesitancy to offer her daughter to her Mistress, and the mistakes she had made in the catechism, that had earned her so many thrashings. But now the woman was ready to obey, ready to show her Mistress that she was now willingly her abject slave.

It was, Ursula knew, something that the woman would now feel was only right and proper to do as a sign of her love for her Mistress. It would bond her to her Mistress, just as it had previously bonded her other girls. There would, mentally, be no turning back for the woman after this. It would be something that secretly she would never forget, something that she also knew she must bring her daughter to do as well.

Ursula looked down at the naked woman kneeling at her feet, her hands now together as if in prayer, her lead held taut by Nanny, her eyes raised in abject supplication.

Slowly Ursula parted her long silk negligee, disclosing her long slim legs - and then though the folds of the negligee appeared a thick black and remarkable realistic manhood, a rubber dildo, strapped over her beauty lips. Under it come be seen a very realistic looking heavy scrotum.

Ursula thrust forward with her hips. The manhood was only inches away from the woman's face. She leant forward slightly and applied her lips her eyes half closed as if in ecstasy.

But Mizzi was not the only person in ecstasy, for her action in sucking and licking the rubber manhood was making little rubber studs, in the base of the dildo, rub excitingly over Ursula's beauty bud.

'And would you like to receive this?'

'Oh yes, Madam, oh yes. Please.'

'Later, perhaps. But now ... there's something else ... you must do ... isn't there'

The woman blushed and nodded.

Ursula put her hand down and unfastened a catch. The black dildo slipped away. She parted her legs and again thrust her hips forward, curly blond hairs - for not for her the smooth little-girl look she imposed on her girls.

Then Ursula saw the woman glance nervously, out of the corner of her eye, up at the cane raised behind her. Despite her feeling of excitement and fulfillment, the woman would, she knew, be remembering Sabhu's warning: 'Remember, one drop on the carpet and you'll get twelve strokes.'

With a little sob, the woman leant further forward and pressed her mouth to Ursula's body. There was no going back now.

Ursula smiled again as she felt the woman's gloved hands delicately part her beauty lips. She smiled yet again as she felt the woman sucking - eagerly sucking as she waited to receive the tribute that would slip down her throat and enter her body - symbolising that it was a body that her Mistress now owned, to do with as she liked.

Ursula relaxed her muscles. Moments later, she could feel the liquid trickling down into the woman's eager mouth. Oh the wonderful feeling of power! It would be an even stronger feeling when it was the pretty daughter's mouth.

'Take it! Swallow it,' she cried. 'And remember this moment always!'

She looked down at the lovely woman so abjectly kneeling at her feet. Most of Carmen's Brazilian friends were white, but an idea for a series of paintings suddenly occurred to her: this slim white mother and daughter, both naked and both serving or even pleasuring a large fat black Brazilian Mistress, exotically dressed and carrying a whip.

Yes, she thought, the contrast between the very white, slim, servant women, and a black fat Mistress, would make an interesting contrast in colours and shapes. It would be both provoking and erotic - and the pictures would sell very well.

Mizzi and her pretty daughter, Maria, would soon be earning their keep in two quite separate ways!

Locked in her cage, Fifi was, as always now, playing with her little doll, her only toy, her only possession in the cage.

In the half light of the alcove, waiting for the curtain to be drawn back by her beloved Mistress, she would play endlessly with the baby doll, washing it, dressing it, hugging it and rocking it to sleep. It had almost become her little baby, and what a pity, she often felt, it wasn't a real one!

Watching her, on his monitoring screen, as she happily played with her doll, Sabhu would smile. Yes, the girl's maternal instinct was certainly being nicely brought on.

So, too, unknown to her, was her body - for she had now been on the course of fertility for long enough to ensure conception when she was next ready. He looked at the chart of her monthly cycle, yes the safe period was almost over and very soon it would be time for him to report to Miss de Vere that she was ready, if unsuspectingly, to put aside her doll and become a real little mother-to-be!

Indeed this would be the ideal time, for Miss de Vere wanted to go off abroad to recruit the rest of the team, leaving Fifi under his supervision. From his animal training days in the circus, he knew that the first few weeks of a first maternity were always tricky - even if the girl, like an animal, did not at first realise what had been done to her. So he'd rather get them over and done with, and Fifi's progeny properly established inside her, before he had spend a lot of time breaking in and training the new girls.

Moreover, if Fifi was covered by her Mistress now, then her tummy would be showing well by the time Miss de Vere took all the team out to Brazil at Christmas. She would indeed be able to model the lovely maternity clothes that Miss de Vere was planning for her to show off.

Yes, he thought, he would soon have his hands full. Not only would there the new girls that Miss de Vere would be bringing back, but also Mizzi's daughter would soon be arriving.

Then, of course, Miss de Vere was also planning to entrap Emma back into her fold - and back into his charge. That stuck up young married woman was always a handful, with her jealous rages and frequent disobedience, and now having a title would not make her more amenable. There was only one thing that Emma understood - and that was the cane!

Yes, indeed, Sabhu decided, the sooner Miss de Vere pressed on with getting Fifi expecting a Happy Event the better.

Fifi kept glancing at the drawn curtain that prevented her from seeing into her Mistress's bedroom. How many times, overcome with jealousy, had she had to lie in the little cage-like alcove, listening whilst her Mistress and sometimes a lady friend had pleased themselves in her huge bed.

But humiliating though that might be, she knew she was her Mistress's Favourite. She was kept in the Number One cage!

Sometimes, pressing a control button by her bedside, and switching on the spotlights, Ursula had briefly shown off the crouching figure of Fifi, to her laughing lady-friends. Half blinded by the spotlights, and unable to see into the darkened bedroom, Fifi normally had no idea of the identity of the woman to whom she was being so embarrassingly shown off - embarrassingly, but also, she had to admit, rather excitingly.

Then, sometimes, Ursula would press another button and the metal screen grille would swing open. Then, once again, she would have to crawl out of the alcove, to the foot of Ursula's four poster bed and crawl into it from the bottom. But this time she would have to lick and please, alternatively, her Mistress and her companion.

But sometimes, however, her Mistress would simply show her off to another woman as if she was a girl in a brothel. She would humiliatingly hear them agree a price and Ursula would show the woman how the buttons worked.

'And press this button to send for Sabhu, if you're not pleased with the girl's performance,' Ursula would say before leaving the room. 'A few strokes of his cane and she'll do anything you want!'

Then Fifi would again have to crawl out of her cage and please the strange woman, knowing she was earning money, not for herself, but for her cruel Mistress. It was so humiliating! But she would be too terrified, of the woman sending for Sabhu if she not satisfied, to even think of refusing.

Fifi bared one breast and held the baby doll to her nipple. Telling her that it was to please her Mistress, Sabhu had, embarrassingly, been stretching her nipples with a little suction machine and then binding the now strangely elongated nipples with silk thread to keep their shape. Already they were much more prominent and sensitive than before.

Stroking it and rubbing them, sent little shivers of ecstasy down her body, down to her imprisoned beauty bud, but nothing like those she experienced when Ursula played with her now enlarged nipples.

She rubbed the doll's mouth against a nipple. How exciting, she thought, if one day she could do this for real!

Suddenly she heard footsteps and voices in Ursula's bedroom. Then the spotlights suddenly came on, half blinding her. She heard the curtain on the far side of the wrought iron screen slide back. Still clutching her doll to her bare breast, a blushing Fifi found herself being looked at, through the bars of the metal screen, by half a dozen of Ursula's women friends. They were smiling and laughing as they pointed at her, making her feel like an animal on display in a zoo.

'I like my girls, ' came Ursula's voice speaking in German so that Fifi would not understand, 'to form an attachment to a baby doll. It's so effective in bringing out a girl's natural maternal instinct.'

This was greeted with cruel laughter and there was a little round of applause. Yes, Ursula's friends were thinking, she certainly had not lost her touch!

Then the curtain was closed again and the spotlights went out, leaving Fifi once again alone with her doll in the half darkness.

Minutes later, Fifi heard the noise of the bolts of the little trapdoor at the back of the cage being withdrawn. The small door was opened. She saw Sabhu bend down slightly to look into the raised alcove. Was it feeding time? Oh, how she hated being under the complete control of this awful man! How could Ursula use him to supervise a shy little girl like herself?

But Sabhu was beckoning with the fingers of one hand. Terrified, she saw that in his other hand he held his long whippy cane, the cane she had come to know and fear. She gave a little shiver as she saw that he was naked to the waist. His powerful black torso was oiled and glistening. Was she going to be beaten? It was so unfair, for she had tried so hard to please her Mistress and was always so respectful to Sabhu himself.

'Crawl out, girl!' he ordered harshly.

Nervously Fifi hastened to do so. As she poked her head through the trapdoor, Sabhu snapped a chain lead onto the ring at the front of her collar.

Then turning abruptly on his heel, he led her, still crawling, into the middle of the room.

Watching the scene from behind a one-way mirror were Ursula and her friends. Discreetly placed microphones would ensure that they would also hear every word spoken. They were laughing as they saw Fifi crawling on all fours behind the imposing figure of Sabhu, his cane in his hand, his strong black hands and muscular torso contrasted vividly with Fifi's delicate white skin and slight build.

Sabhu shut the door and, still holding Fifi by her lead, sat down on a comfortable looking sofa. Silently, he pointed to a cushion at his feet on the floor, and then at a raised box in which there were three holes at waist height. There was latticed grille at the side towards the sofa.

It was what Sabhu ironically called his Confessional.

'It's an adaptation of a genuine old Confessional,' explained Ursula with a laugh, behind the one-way mirror. 'Sabhu finds it helps him to learn the secret thoughts and desires of my girls - though as you'll see he uses in a rather different way than was originally intended.'

Indeed, the big Haitian now impatiently snapped his fingers and again pointed to the cushion at his feet. He raised his cane.

Hastily Fifi fell to her knees and crawled forward onto the cushion. She had often nervously glanced at the strange looking box and wondered what it was for. Was she now going to learn?

'Show Respect!' came the order in the deep half Caribbean, half French, accent that Fifi had learnt to fear so much. It was an order that had been picked up by a microphone and repeated on a loudspeaker to the watching women.

With a little sob, Fifi raised herself up on her knees, lifted up the little flap that hid the grille over her beauty lips and in a gesture of utter servility raised the grille towards Sabhu.

The women watching from behind the one way mirror laughed. Yes, Ursula certainly knew how to train and control a girl alright!

'Bend forward! Tunic up!'

Sabhu raised his cane again, and with a sob of despair, Fifi pulled up her tunic. Her buttocks were now bare and, she realised, would be well within reach of Sabhu's cane as she knelt on the cushion by his feet. Oh how shameful!

Then silently Sabhu pointed at the lattice screen. With another sob of despair she leant forward and put her neck and wrists through the holes in the screen, raising her buttocks as she did so.

She was now in almost complete darkness. She felt Sabhu sliding a bar across the screen behind her neck, locking her head and hands into the darkened area. Blinking in the darkness she made out a grill by the left side of her head, behind which she knew Sabhu would be sitting.

There was a long pause. Ursula explained to her guests that all this was intended to get the girl into a proper state to make her Confession.

'Right!' at last came the deep masculine voice. 'What's your name, little girl?'

'Fifi!' she replied automatically without thinking.

She heard a sudden swishing noise and there was burst of fire across her bottom. She cried out with the pain and tried to ease it with her hands, but of course they were now rigidly held on either side of her neck. Oh what a fool she had been.

'Who are you are, little girl?' came the same question.

'This little girl is Miss de Vere's slave girl, Fifi' this time lisped Fifi.

But again the cane came down, and again the same question was asked. This time the reply was the same, but 'Mr Sabhu, Sir' was respectfully added onto the end.

'And whose property are you?'

'Miss Ursula de Vere's, Mr Sabhu, Sir!' came the proud reply

Again the cane fell, and again the same question was asked. For moment Fifi was dumbfounded. Then she remembered.

'My beloved Mistress, Miss Ursula de Vere's!'

'And what sort of slave are you?'

Fifi paused for thought. She heard the cane whistle.

'A pleasure slave girl, Sir!' she screamed.

'Yes! And what more?'

Again she paused for thought, terrified of the getting the cane again.

'Just one of her pleasure girls, Sir!'

'Well, do you love your Mistress?'

'Oh, yes, Sir!'

'Do you really love her? How much do you love her?'

'I love more than anything else in the world, Sir,' came the genuinely fervent reply. 'I just long to please her all the time, Sir!'

'And do you think about her, locked into the alcove off her bedroom?'

'Oh yes, Sir, all the time.'

'And does that make you excited?'

There was a pause. 'Well?' insisted Sabhu. Fifi blushed in the darkness.

'Yes, Sir, it does.'

'And do you then long to be able to play with yourself? ... Well?'

'Yes, Sir ... but I can't'

'Why not?'

'Because I'm kept locked into my chastity belt, Sir, and anyway if I tried to do so it would be seen by the television camera in my cage.'

'So your purity is kept dedicated to your Mistress?'

'Yes, Sir,' cried Fifi with a proud little sob.

'And sometimes your kind Mistress lets you earn a lot of money for her by pleasing her friends. doesn't she?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'And you like that don't you. What do you like?'

'Earning money for my mistress, Sir,' sobbed Fifi.'

'Like what?'

'Like a ... little ... whore, Sir!' stammered the blushing Fifi.

Sabhu smiled. The confession was going very well.

'And if you love your Mistress, are you happy when she enjoys another girl?'

'Oh!'

There another long pause, whilst Fifi remembered how madly jealous she felt whenever her Mistress took another girl to bed. Again the cane fell. Again Fifi found herself screaming with pain, and longing to ease the pain in her buttocks with her imprisoned hands.

'Well?'

'Yes, Sir,' she lied, as she knew she must. 'I am not worthy of her and so I am very happy when if she choose another girl for her pleasure.'

'Are you really?'

Fifi jumped as she felt a little tap on her buttocks from the cane.

'Oh, yes, Sir, I really mean it, I promise.'

'And is it exciting when she uses her dildo on you?'

'Oh, yes, Sir, it's terribly exciting.'

'And which dildo do you find the most exciting one?'

Fifi hesitated to reply. She felt so shy! But here, in the anonymous darkness of the Confessional, it was easier to pour out her innermost and most secret thoughts.

'The black one, Sir, Duet.'

'Why?'

'Because it is so realistic.'

'Realistic?'

'Because it has ... testicles ... that my Mistress loads with warm milk and cream.'

'And you find it exciting when she jets this into you?'

'Oh, yes, Sir, very!'

'And does it make you feel that your Mistress is also your Master? A lady Master?'

'Yes, Sir,' came the reply in a little whisper.

'And is there nothing more, much more, you'd like to do to show her your love? Think little girl. Think! Something you've secretly longed to do, really longed to do? Well? Is there?'

The watching women caught their breath. The moment of truth was approaching!.

Fifi again blushed in the darkness.

'Yes, Sir.'

'Well?'

'I ... I ... can't say it.'

'Is it something to do with your milk?'

'Yes, Sir,' whispered Fifi. How did he know?

Sabhu smiled to himself. Fifi was not the first eager young woman, he had dealt with, in thrall to Ursula!

'Is it that you long to be made to give your milk to your Mistress?'

'Yes, Sir,' she cried. Again Fifi wondered how he could have known her most secret thoughts.

'It would be so exciting, wouldn't it?'

'Oh yes, Sir!'

'And you're sorry that you can't do so now?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'And what would you have to do to be able to offer her your milk?'

'I ... I suppose ... I'd have to have a ... '

'A Happy Event?'

'Yes, Sir,' came a tiny whisper

'But you'd love that wouldn't you, being able to lord it over the Mistress's other girls and making them feel so jealous! You'd love that, wouldn't you?'

'Oh yes, I'd really love that, Sir! But how, Sir? The Mistress doesn't even allow me to look at a man - except you.'

Sabhu paused. The watching women again caught their breath.

'But, perhaps if you really beg your Mistress, she could arrange for your breasts to grow and start to give milk - milk you could proudly offer to your Mistress.'

'Oh!' cried Fifi

'Wouldn't that be wonderful'

'Oh, yes, Sir! Oh, yes!'

'To be in milk for your Mistress and her friends! You'd feel more than ever that she controlled you completely!'

'Oh how thrilling!'

'She's your Goddess now, isn't she? You worship her, don't you? You've dedicated your body to her service - to do with as she likes. You're just her unworthy slave who longs to do anything to please her. Aren't you?'

'Oh yes! Oh yes!'

'And if she deigned to use your body in this way, then you'd be so proud! Wouldn't you?'

'Oh yes! And my Mistress would be so proud of me, too. It would be wonderful!

'And if your Mistress took you out to Brazil for the dress show, she could show you off as a modeling clothes for a lovely little wet nurse. Think of all those ladies looking jealously at your flowing breasts. Wouldn't that be exciting, too?'

'Oh, yes,' cried Fifi. 'Oh yes!'

'But there's something more, isn't there?'

There was a long pause. The watching women held their breath.

'Yes, Sir' whispered Fifi.

'Is it about a Happy Event? You'd love to be expecting one for your Mistress, wouldn't you. You'd be so proud and happy to be carrying your Mistress's twins, wouldn't you?'

'Twins?' queried a hesitant Fifi. 'Oh no!'

'Oh yes, Fifi, and you'd find it so exciting when she showed you off to her friends, or made you model clothes for a pretty little mother-to-be, wouldn't you?'

'Yes, yes Sir, yes.' cried Fifi. 'I would! I would!'

'And you'd be able to lord it even more over the other girls, with their empty flat tummies, wouldn't you. You'd love that, wouldn't you?'

'Oh yes, Sir, yes!' cried an increasingly ecstatic Fifi.

Behind the one-way mirror, Ursula laughed and turned to her friends.

'Well as you can see, here in this artificial atmosphere, cut off from the real world, Sabhu can certainly succeed in making a girl love the idea of expecting a Happy Event for her for her Mistress

'So the girl knows and welcomes what's being done to her?' asked one of Ursula's guests.

'Oh no! That would spoil half the fun. All that you've seen Sabhu do is to stimulate her maternal instinct ready for the day when she realises that she is expecting. But she is not allowed any choice in the matter, nor will she be aware of what is happening when she is fertilised.'

There were several excited intakes of breath from the guests.

'Can I have her?' cried one of them 'Can I pay to sponsor this?'

'Or me,' cried another

'Sorry! No this girl is for me, this time!' said Ursula, shaking her head with a smile. 'But perhaps another time!'

'Oh how exciting that would be!' burst out one of the women.

'Well, ladies,' laughed Ursula, 'come back in a few weeks time and see how our little wet-nurse cum mother-to-be is getting on!'

11 - POLLINATED! URSULA ASSUMES A MASCULINE ROLE

'Well what do you think?' asked Ursula anxiously. It was time to press on with the fertilisation of Fifi, if her belly was to be nicely showing by the time she arrived in Brazil.

Doctor Anna was leaning over the couch on which Fifi was lying, her knees raised.

Sabhu was standing by her, his cane as always at the ready, to ensure she kept still for Doctor Anna's intimate examination.

The lady doctor stood up. She was a squat, ugly, strong looking, woman

'I think she would be very suitable!' she said formally in her thick German accent. 'And this,' she added, switching to German so that the girl would not understand, 'this is just the right moment to get a good conception - and the fertility pills should ensure twins.'

'Good,' exclaimed Ursula. 'Can you bring the material over in a vacuum flask this afternoon, so that Sabhu can use it to load the Pollinator.'

'Yes,' relied Doctor Anna, 'but make sure you keep it in your refrigerator until you are ready to use it. I should not imagine that more than one application will be necessary, but just to make sure I'll bring enough for Sabhu to be able to load the Pollinator up twice, so that,' Doctor Anna gave a cruel little laugh, 'you can repeat the ... shall we say ... "Treatment" tomorrow!

'Good!' laughed Ursula, clapping her hands with delight, 'I shall really enjoy that!'

'And you're sure you want it loaded with negro seed?'

'Oh yes, but preferably one with a good record of throwing girls, for there's always a good demand for mulatto women on the plantations of Carmen's friends.

'Right then!' laughed the lady doctor. 'I can offer you the seed of a black wrestler - a huge great brute.' 'That sounds ideal - but is Fifi bigger enough?'

Doctor Anna put her hands down to Fifi's hips. 'Oh yes, she's got good child bearing hips.'

She straightened up again and took Ursula and Sabhu aside so that Fifi could not hear. 'But,' she said in English for Sabhu's benefit, 'you really must take precautions against the girl trying to get at herself when she realises what has been done to her!'

'Of course,' laughed Ursula, pointing to the rubber chastity belt lying on a table where it had been put after being unlocked from Fifi.

'Well,' muttered Doctor Anna disapprovingly, 'I strongly recommend you switch to one of my proper chain metal Breeding Belts. We found them to be very effective in the woman's prison camp. Whereas a chastity belt is fastened round the girl's swelling waist and tummy which can be awkward, the breeding belt is fastened round her hips and under her swelling belly.'

'Alright!' agreed Ursula. 'She'll look very pretty in a shiny metal belt - though she'll have to be put back into the rubber chastity belt for going through the metal detector at the airport when she flies out to Brazil.'

'And what are you going to tell her?' asked the lady doctor. 'On the hand many of my clients feel that it is best for the girl not to know that she is now expecting a Happy Event, whilst others like the girl to know that she is being inseminated by her Mistress, as they hold her down, so that psychologically she feels her Mistress is the father of her growing child.'

'Oh, I think it'll be more fun to keep her in the dark for a bit!' laughed Ursula. 'Sabhu will let her think, at first, that's it's just indigestion. The time to tell her the truth will be when her tummy's nicely showing and she has to start rehearsing showing off the maternity clothes, that our little mother-to-be is going to wear in Brazil.'

'Well, I'll want Sabhu, to check her once a week - with the scan, to make sure all is well.'

'Of course, Madam,' Sabhu replied obsequiously. 'I will have the scan, and the girl, ready for you.'

'And how about bring on her milk while we're waiting for her black progeny to show,' asked Ursula with a laugh.

'No problem there,' replied Doctor Anna, bending down and feeling Fifi's big breasts. 'And if she conceives big black twins then Nature will ensure that you quickly get an extra good flow. I'll will give her the first injection now and, Sabhu, you must then give her the usual course of lactation pills, as well her fertility ones, and the usual high protein diet. Then once the milk appears you must milk her several times a day.'

'He'll be delighted to do so,' said Ursula, again with a laugh.

'Well, Sabhu, you must also make sure that the girl doesn't waste the milk you're spending so much on building up,' warned Doctor Anna. 'I recommend that you use one of my new design of milking bras, that allows the swelling breasts and nipples to be shown off, but which prevents the girl from getting at them.'

'That sounds just we want,' said Ursula with a cruel smile. 'Sabhu, please give Doctor Anna, Fifi's breast size.'

She turned back to the doctor, I think it would be sensible for me to buy several from you take out to Brazil - Carmen's friends would be very interested in buying them to use on the other girls as they come into milk.'

The lady doctor nodded.

'Do you remember that married girl, Emma?' asked Ursula. 'The one we had so much trouble with. Well, I'm hoping to get her into this team, too.'

'But is she not now Lady something?' asked the doctor, looking surprised.

'All the more reason for getting her back,' chuckled Ursula. 'one of my Brazilian friends will pay the earth to have a real Lady in her stud farm, especially, I know, if she's in milk too. Do you think you can fix that too, when I give you the go-ahead?'

'I foresee no problem,' replied Doctor Anna in a formal tone of voice. 'We can start the treatment for her, too, as soon as you are ready.'

'And that won't later stop her new Mistress from having the excitement of making her, against her will, expect a Happy Event?'

Not at all,' came the re-assuring reply.

That afternoon, an excited Ursula swept into her bedroom. She had already told Sabhu to load Pollinator and put it into the refrigerator in her bedroom and then to get Fifi ready for her "treatment". He must, however, she had insisted on, keep the girl guessing as to just what was going to be done to her.

Oh, the feeling of power that had swept through her as she impatiently waited for Sabhu to report that all was ready.

Now at last it was time for her unsuspecting ladies maid to come and undress her and prepare her for a little rather special lovemaking - of a type that she herself would find unbelievably exciting as she exerted her power over the unsuspecting girl.

Just in case of any problems, she picked up a long little cane and then pressed the button that drew back the thick curtain in front of Fifi's cage. Then she pressed the button that opened the little trapdoor in the front of the screen.

Blinking in the sudden light, Fifi crawled out of her cage, the heavy manacle chain attached to her wrists clanking noisily. She knelt up enquiringly, her knees respectfully apart in the presence of her Mistress.

Except for her usual rubber chastity belt, the girl was naked except for a little chain that went round her waist from which in the front hung a short and narrow, modesty flap that hid the rubber triangle over the girl's loins. It was made of beautifully worked brown leather on which was emblazoned Ursula crest and initials. What a clever and delightful way for Sabhu to have decorated the girl for her forthcoming mating by her Mistress.

At a sign from Ursula the girl obediently raised the flap to display her chastity belt and then, even more humiliatingly, the white plastic grille over her beauty lips. Again Ursula felt a surge of power going through her.

Cane in hand, Ursula snapped her fingers. 'Come here!' she ordered.

Fifi scuttled across the room on all fours, like an obedient little dog. Her breasts and the modesty flap hanging down beneath her, her soft little

bottom bare. Reaching her Mistress's feet, she licked them adoringly. But she did not dare to speak.

Fifi heard her Mistress snap her fingers again and, as she had been taught by Sabhu, she deftly slipped off her Mistress's shoes. Then she reached sensuously up under her Mistress's skirt to unfasten and slip down her stockings and then to ease down her panties.

Ursula smiled again as she looked down at the kneeling Fifi. She gave a tap with her cane and the girl gently began removing her other clothes - and trying hard, just as she had been taught by Sabhu, to make it an erotic experience for Mistress, brushing her hands against her Mistress's hair covered mound and beauty lips, touching, as if by accident, her very sensitive nipples and running her hands excitingly down her spine.

Then Fifi fetched her Mistress's long negligee, helped her into it and tied the sash.

She followed her Mistress into the bathroom and kneeling up under the negligee devotedly held up, in a her manacled hands, a silver bowl into which Ursula released her liquid wastes. Humbly she then licked her Mistress clean - almost overwhelmed by the thrilling taste of her Mistress.

Ursula now pointed to a little cupboard in the bathroom. It would, she had decided with Sabhu, be as well to deceive the girl into thinking that nothing unusual was going to happen.

Eagerly, and with a happy smile, Fifi ran over to the cupboard and, with her manacled hands, awkwardly opened the door. Gently she lifted out something black - her Mistress's favourite double dildo, Duet. It was fitted with two very realistic, curved, black rubber manhoods, both covered with realistic artificial veins. They were mounted on a small rubber pad, on the inside of which was a double row of tiny rubber knobs, intended to excite the beauty lips and beauty bud of her Mistress.

Hanging below both rubber manhoods was a realistic rubber scrotum.

'Load it!' ordered Ursula in a firm tone of voice.

Quickly, as she had been taught, Fifi mixed some thick cream, milk and hot water into a sticky warm mixture. Then she squeezed the rubber testicles hard and dipped the tip of one of the manhoods into the jug. She released the testicles and there was gurgling noise as the mixture of milk and cream was sucked up into the empty scrotum.

Fifi lifted the dildo out of the jug. The dildo was now quite heavy thanks to the loaded testicles. She put a little cream on the tip of the manhoods. Then she ran over to her Mistress who was now standing up, her legs apart, her negligee thrown back. Deftly Fifi inserted the smaller of the two now slippery manhoods between her Mistress's beauty lips and then strapped the whole dildo round the her hips.

The other manhood now jutted out in front of her, quivering with her every movement and making the little rubber knobs give her exquisite pleasure.

Ursula reached down with one hand and gave the rubber testicles a little exploratory squeeze. She felt a little jet of something warm and sticky going up inside her. At the same time there was a squirt of liquid from the tip the manhood jutting out in front of her.

'Right!' said Ursula.

Fifi closed her Mistress negligee again. Ursula was now standing up, her tall thin and almost masculine body hidden by the negligee, but poking out between it's folds was a trembling and well oiled, erect, black manhood.

Moments later, followed by her ladies maid, Ursula returned to her bedroom.

Fifi now drew back the bed clothes, helped her Mistress into bed and handed her book - an erotic bedside thriller. Then she silently knelt down at the side of the bed

'Head up,' ordered Ursula. There was a metallic clinking noise as Fifi knelt up and clasped her manacled hands behind her neck.

Fifi kept her eyes looking straight ahead and held her breath with excitement. She felt her Mistress start to unlock the little padlock hanging on her belly. Oh how wonderful! But then her Mistress stopped, as if she had changed her mind. Oh no! Please God, Fifi prayed silently, let my Mistress take

off my horrible chastity belt. Seconds later she heard the key again being inserted in the padlock. The heavy rubber chastity belt fell to the floor.

Fifi could not now take her eyes off the black manhood, that was still poking up between her Mistress's negligee. Would it soon be penetrating her, she kept thinking. She was overcome with a sense of aroused anticipation and desire.

She watched with wide open eyes as her Mistress stroked the black manhood, knowing that as she did so she would be giving herself intense pleasure, not only from the little rubber knobs over her beauty buds at the base of the two manhoods, but also from the other manhood inside her.

This was, she knew, a moment of truth. Would her wonderful and now highly aroused Mistress choose her for her afternoon pleasure? Would her Mistress take her? Had she sufficiently aroused her Mistress whilst undressing her? Had she been sufficiently servile whilst seeing to her intimate toilet?

'Kneel up on the bed!' ordered Ursula.

Eagerly Fifi crawled up.

'Head down!' Ursula ordered. The girl's buttocks were now well displayed. Ursula came and knelt behind the girl. She put her hand down. Yes, Sabhu had greased the girl well! She aimed the probing manhood in front of her at the girl's back side. She heard a little cry of protest from the girl.

'No, Madam, please not there!'

Again the feeling of power swept over her and with a sudden movement of her hips she thrust the manhood deep into the girl. Oh the excitement!

There were more cries from the girl as she thrust in and out, her arousal increasing each time. As she approached her climax she felt down to the rubber testicles hanging between her legs and squeezed - hard. There was another scream from the girl. It was enough! With a raucous cry, Ursula climaxed.

But as she did so was she telling herself that all this was merely a preliminary to the real evening's work - a little fun for her and frustration for the girl, to distract her attention away from what was now going to happen!

There was a long pause. Ursula lay back on the bed, leaving the humiliated girl still kneeling on the bed. Then she snapped her fingers and pointed back to Fifi's cage.

With a little sob of unbelieving despair, Fifi crawled back to the pretty metal grille and through the open trapdoor. She heard a click from her Mistress's bed and the trapdoor closed behind her, its electronic lock engaged. Moments later the heavy velvet curtain swished closed, leaving her in darkness with just a few chinks of light coming from under the curtains.

Oh, thought Fifi, the feeling of frustration! She could feel herself still wet with the arousal of having undressed her Mistress, of having strapped her Mistress's dildo onto her hips, and of having offered her milk.

She longed, oh how she longed, to put her hands down to her throbbing beauty bud. But she knew that if she did so the infra-red camera in the corner of her cage would relay a picture of her doing so to the screen in Sabhu's room - and indeed perhaps to the screen by her Mistress's bedside. She bit her lips in futile frustration.

Through the heavy curtains she could hear her Mistress moving about. She heard the small refrigerator in the corner of the bedroom being opened. Her Mistress must be helping herself to a drink after all her excitements. How she longed for one too. She had not had one since she had been caged! And how ago that was, she now had no idea.

Suddenly the curtain in front of her cage parted. Eagerly she tried to peer through the bars. She could just make out that her Mistress was again lying in bed. There was an electronic click and the trap door to her cage opened.

'Fifi! Come back here!' she heard her Mistress call. Her manacles clinking, she crawled back to the side of the bed.

Again her Mistress was lying on her back. Again a manhood was thrusting up through the folds of her negligee. But it wasn't the normal black Duet, but a pink coloured one!

'Suck it!' ordered Ursula. 'It's called Pollinator.'

What a strange name, thought Fifi innocently. Wasn't pollinating something to do with bees and blossoms?

Obediently she leant across and put her mouth to the quivering manhood. It tasted strange, rather bitter tasting - quite different from the milk and cream taste of Duet.

As sucked, she could feel her Mistress wriggling with pleasure. Like Duet, she realised, this Pollinator must also have the same exciting rubber knobs on the inside and must also be a double dildo with another similar pink manhood quivering inside her Mistress.

She now saw that the testicles of Pollinator were, however, rather different from those of Duet - more complicated looking and apparently covered with a sort of insulation. How odd, she thought, why bother if they just held milk and cream?

Her Mistress was becoming more and more excited. 'Come onto the bed and lie on your back, you little slut,' she cried out, 'pointing to a pile of pillows on which she made Fifi place her hips so that her tummy was lower.

Moments later Ursula was excitingly holding Fifi down under her as the Pollinator thrust in and out whilst she approached her climax. Then she reached down and squeezed the specially loaded rubber testicles.

'Take it, you slut!' she screamed. 'Every drop of it! It's cost me a lot!'

Wriggling under her, Fifi suddenly felt herself drenched, not by warm milk and cream but by something strange and rather cold. How odd! Suddenly fearful of what was being done to her she tried to throw Ursula off her, but to no avail.

'Take it, you slut, take it!' repeated Ursula. 'Let it slide down - right up you!

For several minutes she now held Fifi quite still, under her, as Fifi, her hips still raised high, she felt the strange material sliding down deep inside her. It was an odd but rather exciting feeling - just as Nature had intended that she should feel.

'Now lie quite still!' ordered Ursula. 'Stay on your back with your hips raised. Don't you dare move!'

Fifi heard her ring for Sabhu. Not daring to move she saw her Mistress wrap her negligee round her, and disappear into the bathroom. Moments later she saw Sabhu enter the bedroom. For once he was carrying his short dog whip, rather than the long whippy cane.

'Legs apart and keep still!' he ordered giving her a sharp tap across her belly. She could feel him exploring between her moist beauty lips. Oh how shame-making!

'Close your legs and turn over onto your belly!' Sabhu now ordered as with one hand he kept her beauty lips tightly closed. 'Now head down and raise you buttocks,' he ordered, giving her another sharp tap with his whip. 'Let it all slip down inside you. Don't you dare fight it'

There was a pause as he watched the kneeling girl closely.

'You'll get a thrashing if I see one drop slipping out of you,' he warned. 'So suck it up inside you. Go on, clench and relax your buttocks to suck it all right down inside you. Yes, right down. And keep your head down - and bottom right up. That's better.'

Shamed by his orders and terrified of his whip, Fifi strained for several minutes to do as she was told, wondering what on Earth it was all about.

'Don't forget what Doctor Anna said about putting the Breeding Belt on her,' came Ursula's voice from the bathroom.

Fifi felt a metallic object being put over her still moist beauty lips. Then she felt light chains being drawn back tightly from her mound towards the small of her back and another light chain being tautly drawn up between her buttocks. She heard a click and realised that the three chains were now being held in place behind her back by a padlock.

She glanced down between her arms and saw something shiny and flexible, like a chain-mail grille, had been mysteriously fastened over her beauty lips.

'Reach back and try to touch yourself,' ordered Sabhu.

Blushing Fifi tried to slip her fingers under the side of the chain mail pouch. But there was a curved rod at the side of the pouch and it was far too tight!

Sabhu grunted with approval. There was no risk of the girl undoing the work of fertilisation that was going on inside her and which would be repeated

by Miss de Vere the following day with the Pollinator loaded again with the live sperm of a big black wrestler.

PART IV

MORE RECRUITS FOR THE TEAM

12 - EMMA TAKES THE BAIT

It was the day when Ursula had invited Emma to come and meet her Brazilian friend who was "in the fashion business". She had apparently just flown in and was staying at the Ritz.

Emma arrived at the hotel, dressed up to the nines. ready to impress someone in the international the rag trade - and, of course, to impress Ursula as well.

She saw that Ursula was sitting in the Tea Room with a rather plump, well dressed, rather sophisticated and cruel looking, dark haired lady. She smiled, approvingly at Emma, as Ursula introduced Emma as Lady Rosssrae. She only introduced the Brazilian lady, however, as Carmen, nothing more.

Carmen slowly looked Emma up and down and then mysteriously handed Ursula a cheque.

'My cheque for my share of the cost of acquiring the ... dresses, that you'll be bringing out,' she said to Ursula with a laugh. 'From what I've seen so far, I think they'll soon repay our initial expenses handsomely.'

'Good!' replied Ursula with a smile.

And this one,' the Brazilian woman added in a low whisper that Emma did not quite catch. 'will really excite them - a real member of the British aristocracy! And Fifi will do excellently if her belly is showing well by when you come out. So will Mizzi, especially if you can get hold of her daughter as well.'

Emma wanted to ask Carmen about her life in Brazil, about where she lived and what she did then. But as if wanting to avoid any awkward questions, Carmen rose to her feet, kissed Ursula ad left.

However, without again referring to the mysterious Carmen, Ursula then made Emma an offer she simply could not refuse: to go out with her to Brazil on a year's Modeling Contract, in return for a large sum - more than enough to pay off her overdraft. If she agreed, Ursula added, then she herself would write to Emma's husband, explaining that once again she was taking Emma off abroad on an art appreciation course and to help with her exhibitions.

Ursula then had taken an excited Emma back to her house.

Keeping the curtain across Fifi's cage carefully drawn, Ursula had then once again seduced the unsuspecting Emma, making her use her tongue to bring her former Mistress, once again, to the very heights of ecstasy.

She had however been careful to keep the wildly excited Emma frustrated - until, she said, she had signed her contract to go to Brazil. Meanwhile, Ursula added, she would be sent back home. locked into one of Doctor Anna's latest rubber chastity belts.

'I'm not having you playing with yourself like a randy schoolgirl,' she said to the protesting Emma, 'nor having it off with some man.'

Despite her protests and her hatred of the horrible belt - and especially of the taut white rubber cord that went up between her buttocks, Emma had been secretly thrilled that Ursula had insisted on putting her into it. It showed that she cared! Oh, the excitement of being back together again with her former Mistress! And being kept frustrated for the time being, locked into a chastity belt, made anticipating her eventual relief all the more exciting.

It made her, she thought, feel like a young bride, eagerly awaiting her marriage day to her virile young fiancé.

Oh, the thought of going with Ursula to Brazil! And all alone with her with no other girls to make her jealous! And with no sign of the dreaded Sabhu! And being paid all that money, just to do a little modeling!

How soon would they leave she kept asking eagerly. She herself would only need a few days to shut up her house and could then come and join Ursula in London - and get her first installment of her contract money.

13 - THE SEDUCTION OF MARIA

Ursula parked her Mercedes in the square of the sleepy little Polish town. She got out and knocked on the solid door of the convent. She was expected and was immediately taken to the office of the Mother Superior, who smilingly held Mizzi's letter in her hand.

Being a Slav herself, Ursula spoke good Polish and had dictated the letter to a tearful Mizzi, whilst Sabhu stood over her, cane raised, to enforce instant obedience. In the letter Mizzi explained that she could now offer her daughter, Maria, a new life in the West and wanted her join her. Bearing in mind, however, what could happen to young girls travelling alone, she had arranged for a friend of hers, a Miss de Vere, to go and collect Maria and bring her back to London. She would also settle any outstanding school fees.

Now aged sixteen, Maria was bored with the dull life of the convent. She longed to see the outside world and to share the exciting life that her mother seemed to be enjoying. She was therefore thrilled to hear that her mother had arranged for the mysterious Miss de Vere to come and take her to the bright lights of London.

Ursula told the Mother Superior how grateful they were to the nuns for having looked after Maria so well. She handed her a cheque that substantially exceeded the fees to the end of term. Delighted the Mother Superior rang a bell on her desk.

'This is Maria,' she said as a more vivacious and younger looking version of Mizzi stepped into the room.

Ursula was delighted to see that she had inherited her mother's good looks, as well as her slim but buxom figure, her long legs and silky long blond hair. And good breeding hips too, thought Ursula, remembering Carmen's stipulation in her letter.

Indeed the family resemblance was striking. She and her beautiful mother, Ursula thought, would make a fine matched pair for Carmen's human stud farm. Carmen's clients would be thrilled to see them both being used as brood mares and of watching the girl's virginity being taken by one of her black or coloured stallions.

But it was not only the idea of having such a beautiful pair in the breeding stables that would put up their value. Carmen would also be thinking what a fine looking pair they would make harnessed to a racing dogcart.

Yes indeed, Ursula laughed to herself, from what she had seen of Carmen, it would not be long before the bellies this pretty young girl, and of her mother, were both showing well, to use the old slave breeding expression.

Yes, they'd fetch a good sum in Brazil. Meanwhile, the sooner this girl was safely locked up with her mother, the better.

However, Ursula told herself, getting a really good price for the mother and daughter in Brazil, would largely depend on her certifying that they had already been broken in to working together, as a pair, to pleasure a Mistress. That would be the task of Sabhu and his whip. Doubtless he would, at first, have them both muzzled, as well as well as manacled, for they would both be highly embarrassed at being trained to perform together.

But first this lovely girl must be seduced into the ways of lesbianism, as her mother had already been. And that would be her task - and a very pleasant one it would be too! Indeed, it would be delightful to be pleased by such a pretty young girl - and to make the mother and daughter jealous of each other!.

Maria, in turn, was thrilled to find that Miss de Vere was such a self confident and sophisticated woman. Could she become like her one day?

With her well cut, smart but casual clothes, and fine new Mercedes, she was obviously a woman of taste and wealth. Maria was delighted and rather awed

when Ursula announced: 'We're going off to spend a couple of days with friends of mine in a castle in Germany.'

She was even more delighted when Ursula took her off to buy some new clothes: a travelling dress, a smart long black silk dress high up to the neck, high heel shoes, some lovely underclothes and a pretty nightdress.

She was surprised when Ursula added a white pinafore, white gloves and a white maid's cap to the black dress, but was reassured when Ursula explained that at the castle it would be easier for her, if Maria pretended that she was simply her ladies maid.

'That'll make it rather fun,' she explained, back in the car, 'but you'd better start practising calling me, Madam! And, of course, it'll give us more time together so that I can start training you for your new life as a fashion model.'

'A model!' Maria exclaimed excitedly. She had always secretly longed to be a model, but had been worried about her breasts. 'But aren't I too big - they always seem to have such boyish fashionable figures- like you ... Madam.'

Ursula laughed. Yes, it was true that she and her lesbian friends tended to have boyish figures. It made them appreciate subservient buxom girls all the more!

'You're no bigger than Mizzi,' she said, 'and anyway they like buxom models in Brazil.'

'Brazil?'

'Yes, I'm taking your mother and a team of girls out there shortly to do a dress show. If you're a good girl, you could come too.'

Brazil! Oh how exciting, thought Maria. This Miss de Vere seemed like a fairy god-mother.

'Oh I could I really?'

'Only if you promise to obey me,' laughed Ursula. 'Models have to accept very strict discipline.'

'Oh I will, I will,' cried Maria and promptly reached up and gave Ursula a kiss on the cheeks. 'Oh how wonderful!'

'Well, like your mother you'll have to be accepted by and registered with The Society?'

'The Society? What's that?' Maria asked eagerly. It sounded rather exciting.

'It's an international secret organisation which finds jobs for models,' replied Ursula. She was, she knew, being more than a little economical with the truth, but that was best at this stage. 'If you're seriously interested, I dare say I can arrange for you to be registered at the castle we're going to.'

'Oh, yes please!' cried Maria

'Well, it'll mean being put in charge of a sponsor, like me, and I warn you, it'll mean no boy friends and you'll be punished if you disobey your sponsor.'

'Oh I don't mind that,' laughed Maria scornfully. 'I'm used to that from the convent.'

But not at the hands of a big black man, laughed Ursula to herself. But the girl certainly seemed promising material. Perhaps Sabhu would find her easy to break in.

'But, if you behave properly and please your sponsor so that you're accepted into The Society, then you and your mother will make a lot of money together and will have no more worries about money,' Ursula said to keep the girl keen. 'There's a big demand in Brazil for pretty young mothers with pretty young daughters as models.'

Better and better, thought Maria. Never had she thought that her whole life would so quickly be turned upside down. Oh yes, she she'd be only too happy to please this exciting lady who was offering to sponsor her for this strange Society.

Driving into Germany, Maria listened with mounting awe as Ursula described her international life style as a successful artist - though there was mention of a man in her life.

'Men,' she advised Maria, 'are stupid and dangerous, and best avoided. Stick to women - they're safer!'

'Oh don't worry,' laughed Maria. 'The nuns warned me how awful men can be.' She gave Ursula's hand a little squeeze. 'I feel much safer with a real Lady like you.'

Ursula stopped the car. Things were going very well. She looked Maria in the eye and silently took her into her arms. She felt the girl's body relax. She held her tight. She kissed her and was kissed back. She felt the girl snuggling up to her.

She pressed her tongue against the girl's mouth. It opened and she thrust her tongue into it. It was symbolic moment.

What a really delightful girl Maria was turning out to be, she thought. Obviously she must seduce her before, manacled and muzzled, she was confronted by the sight of her beautiful but half naked mother, also manacled and muzzled like herself. That was really going to be an exciting moment!

Irma von Emmich had found a very profitable way of helping to pay for the upkeep of the isolated castle she had inherited from an uncle. She was an old friend of Ursula's and, like her, a confirmed lesbian with a penchant for dominating young women. She was also a keen member of The Society, with it's international tentacles and contacts.

She knew that there was a continuing demand, from her like-minded friends, for pretty submissive girls. She had also found that the ending of the Cold War had produced a steady stream of Eastern European girls, longing to get away to the West, but terrified of falling into the hands of unscrupulous men.

In her castle therefore she trained submissive young refugee girls to become Ladies Maids - and inducted them into the art of pleasing older women. Indeed the term Ladies Maid was a very convenient cover to allow her friends to make a girl submit a girl to all sorts of exciting activities.

By registering her girls with The Society and marking them with its crest, Irma ensured that they could not easily run away, neither from her, nor from their new Mistresses to whom she sold them.

Thus it was that when, that evening, Ursula's Mercedes drove up to the steps of the castle, half a dozen very pretty young girls ran eagerly down behind Irma to greet her.

They were dressed in identically peasant costume with white aprons over dirndl skirts and low cut, wide, white blouses with a drawstring neck. They wore little coloured scarves round their necks to hide the gleaming metal collars of The Society from any casual observers.

Would this rich lady, each was asking herself, be interested in taking her away with her as her ladies maid? They were therefore all disappointed to see that, when Ursula stepped out of the car to kiss Irma, she was followed by a young girl dressed as a maidservant. Was the post already taken? Or might this sophisticated and obviously wealthy woman want more than one girl in her serviced?

Eagerly they took Ursula's matching cases and Maria's little suitcase up into the castle.

'My dear,' murmured Irma giving Maria an appreciative glance, 'your pretty new Ladies Maid looks very trainable. But, she still looks a little headstrong. You'd better soon put her into her a collar! These Eastern European girls become more submissive once they've been collared ! '

'Yes,' replied Ursula in German, which Maria did not understand, 'but I prefer to wait until the girl actually begs to be collared. I don't think it will be long with this one! She's a sweet girl and, although she doesn't know it yet, she and her beautiful mother are going to make a splendid pleasure pair.

'Her mother as well! And a beauty! Well, they'll make a pair of good earners for you,' laughed Irma. 'Well I've put her into your room with a little maid's roll up mattress on the floor next to your comfortable double bed.

'Excellent!' laughed Ursula.

'And as regards the other girls you want for Brazil, I've got several available ones here - as you can see. And one in an interesting condition - if that's what you're looking for.

'No not this time,' Ursula laughed. 'I've already made the necessary arrangements as regards that!'

'A pity, but doubtless another Member will be interested in acquiring her,' also laughed Irma. 'Now changing the subject, if your girl eats with mine in the kitchen, then she'll soon start boasting about you and about "modeling" in Brazil - and you'll be overwhelmed with applicants from whom you can choose. And I guarantee that they've all been put right off men and only like pleasuring a woman. I've trained them all myself and they're all registered with The Society and suitably marked.

'Excellent, my dear Irma,' Ursula laughed again.

'Why don't you take your girl and have a bath - you can start training her! Then we'll meet down in the Great Hall for dinner.

Maria had already found it quite normal to call Ursula, "Madam". Now, when the other girls, helping her up with the luggage, started jealously to refer to Miss de Vere as "Your Mistress?", she found herself, with a toss of her head, proudly replying, "Yes, my Mistress"

Maria was delighted to be allowed to unpack for her Mistress and to put away her gorgeous clothes.

Then she had caught her breath for there, curled up in the suitcase, was along whippy cane, with a curved handle. She remembered what Miss de Vere had said about girls being punished for disobedience. She had not taken her seriously. But ...

'Put that by the side of my bed,' came the order. Breathlessly, Maria did as she was told.

'Will that be all, Madam,' she asked.

'Certainly not, little Maria,' Ursula replied. 'A Ladies Maid must run her Mistress's bath, help her undress and attend her in her bath,'

Maria had been enthralled by her duties.

'You're going to splash water over you smart new dress,' warned Ursula as she lay back luxuriating in the hot bath. 'You'd better undress too. A Ladies Maid should be naked when she attends on her Mistress in the bath!'

'Oh!' cried Maria, embarrassed.

'Come on,' ordered Ursula. 'Strip!'

Blushing, Maria did as she was told.

Ursula was delighted to see that the girl's big breasts, with their little pink virginal nipples, were still firm and pointed. She wondered how long it would be before one of Carmen's friends, looking at these fine firm breasts, would resist the temptation to have her put into milk - along with her mother. There was bound to be a special handicap in sulky racing for girls in milk - just as there was for girls Expecting a Happy Event.

Ursula was also pleased to see that the girl was a genuine blond. Sabhu would so have that off, she laughed to herself. But perhaps he should tell him to leave just a faint little tuft on one side of her mound to show the potential buyers, that she really was a blond. Indeed, she had better tell him to do the same with Mizzi and any other blond girls.

Yes, she had been right about the girl having good child bearing hips. They flared out deliciously from her slim waist. Her new Mistress would have no hesitation about putting her to the biggest of her Negro studs, or perhaps, to certain other male creatures! It was, something that, she thought with a cruel smile, was likely to happen frequently over the coming years.

She told Maria to soap her all over. Yes, the girl had delicate little fingers! 'Soap my breasts and down between my legs,' she said. She let herself become increasingly aroused.

'Now put me into my negligee,' she told the still naked Maria after she had been dried. 'And pull back the sheets of the bed. Your Mistress is going to have rest.'

Maria helped her Mistress into bed and blushing stood by the side of the bed. She had only left the convent that morning, but already it seemed a long time ago.

Now lie down on your mattress by the side of my bed, and hold my handkerchief in case I want it,' ordered Ursula in a tone that allowed no prevarication - not that Maria would hesitate, she was far too thrilled not to obey instantly.

Several minutes passed in silence. Lying on the little hard mattress, Maria was thinking of her good fortune in finding such a wonderful and exciting woman to look after her - and for her to look after too.

'Kneel up, Maria' came a sudden order.

Ursula's reached down and cupped Maria's breasts. Yes they were deliciously firm. She heard the girl take a sudden intake of breath and begin to blush. Yes, the girl was becoming aroused. Good!

Ursula's hand slowly descended over the girl's taut little tummy.

'Part your legs,' she whispered in a conspiratorial tone that reminded Maria of secret goings on in the convent dormitory.

Gently, ever so gently she ran her hands down over the girl's wet beauty lips. Yes, she was certainly aroused. alright. Her breath was coming in little gasps. It was time to check!

Ursula parted the girl's beauty lips and slowly felt up inside her.

Yes, the girl was a virgin!

Satisfied, Ursula lay back - much to the excited girl's disappointment. But, Maria thought, a ladies maid could hardly expect her Mistress to give her satisfaction - the other way round, perhaps!

'Give me your hand, Maria' she heard her, now reclining, Mistress say.

Maria reached up and Ursula took her left hand under the bedclothes and slowly led it up to her breast and onto her nipple. To her delight the girl started to squeeze it excitingly. Perhaps, she thought, these convent girls were not as innocent as they looked!

Then lying on her back, she took the girl's other hand and very slowly, so as not to scare the fascinated girl, guided it over her hips and down towards her legs. Then very slowly she guided it towards her throbbing beauty bud.

'Tickle me, gently,' she murmured

Thrilled, Maria did as she as told - and then, wildly excited herself, let her left hand slip down to her own beauty bud.

Instantly Ursula sat up, still gripping Maria's right hand, she clapped the girl's face. 'Don't you dare,' she said and then lay back again, her eyes closed. Moments later she again felt Maria's fingers resume their work. The girl had learnt her first lesson: pleasuring her Mistress did not imply any pleasure for herself.

It was a lesson that scarcely took Maria by surprise for the nuns had dinned into her the sinful iniquity of self abuse. At the same time one of the younger nuns had allowed her to do just what she was doing to Ursula - something that explained her expertise.

Ursula was becoming more and aroused. The girl was tickling her very nicely, obviously keen to impress her Mistress - once the limits of her own enjoyment had been clearly established. It was time to move onto the next step, to strike whilst the iron was hot.

She let go of the girl's hand. The tickling went on. Good! Then she began to caress the girl's face and hair. The girl moaned with pleasure. Ursula gripped her hair and brought her head forward.

'Put your head under the sheets, little girl,' she whispered. 'Remember what I said about models obeying orders! And go on tickling with your hands - both hands.'

Then still gripping the girl by the hair with one hand and parting her own beauty lips with the other, she steered the girl's mouth down to where her fingers were still active.

She waited to see what would happen. Perhaps because she led the girl on so gradually, there was no sudden movement of revulsion. Instead she was suddenly delighted to feel the girl's little tongue down between her fingers.

At first Ursula wisely said nothing. Let the girl, her face down in the darkness under the bedclothes, take her time, she decided. But the little tickling from the girl's fingers and tongue was rapidly becoming unstopably arousing - as was the sight of the girls slim naked body kneeling at her bedside and the feel of her soft breasts on her own slender hips.

Suddenly she gripped the girl's hair with both hand and pressed her head to herself. A series of violent spasms shook her. Oh, the thrill.

'Suck it!' she cried aloud. holding the girl's head quite still. 'Suck it all!

'And again!' she cried out moments later as another spasm hit her.

Slowly she relaxed her hold on the girl's hair. But to her delight the girl remained in position, now gently licking what earlier she had been sucking. The girl was a natural slave! Just like her mother! How delightful!

Ursula lay back on the pillows enjoying the aftermath and the gently licking under the sheets. She resisted the temptation to show too much tenderness. This was a girl who would obviously best react to strict discipline.

'Back onto your mattress!' she ordered.

With a little sob of frustration and disappointment, Maria pulled her head out from under the bedclothes and curled up on the mattress. Tears filled her eyes and she pouted like a spoilt child. It wasn't fair! She had pleased Miss de Vere, her Mistress, and now she wasn't going to be allowed any fun. It just wasn't fair!

Minutes later her Mistress's heavy breathing told her that she had apparently fallen asleep. Was this her chance ? Once again Maria let her hand slip down to her throbbing beauty bud. Oh the relief!

Then once again she heard her Mistress's voice: 'Don't you dare!'

Startled, like a little girl caught with her hands in the sweet jar, she quickly took her hand away.

'Next time,' she heard her Mistress add, 'it'll be the cane!'

The cane! She had forgotten all about the cane. But there it was lying by the bedside above her. She could not take her eyes off it. She had never been beaten, never. She lay mesmerised, her eyes fixed on the cane like a rabbit mesmerised by a stoat.

14 - URSULA BUYS ANOTHER THREE GIRLS

That night Ursula and Irma and two other lady guests, who had also come to inspect the girls on offer, dined by candlelight in the Great Hall.

All were dressed in a stunning green velvet suit of slimly cut trousers and a long smoking jacket with braid piping and loops. To complete the rather masculine effect they all wore a frilly white shirt and floppy black bow tie. It was the evening dress of the local branch of The Society.

Dinner was served by Irma's girls. But their wide blouses had been slipped down over their shoulders, baring their naked breasts. Their scarves had also been removed disclosing their gleaming collars each with the distinctive form of the letter "S" shining prominently on the front, immediately above the hanging the disc that showed that, for the moment, they belonged to the Grafen von Emmich.

Standing jealously watching the scene from a dark corner of the large room was Maria, dressed as a maidservant in her long black dress and wearing her white pinafore, gloves and cap. She was naked under the dress.

Maria could not take her eyes off the fascinating Miss de Vere, who was nonchalantly talking away to the other women as if nothing had happened during her rest upstairs.

Then she saw Miss de Vere, her Mistress, look across at her with a slight smile. Oh, how she longed to please her again.

She saw that every time one of the bare breasted girls served Miss de Vere, or the other two guests, she would provocatively lower her naked breasts and give them a little shake as if to catch the attention of the woman who might take her away with her. Maria was overcome with a feeling of jealousy.

Then she saw that they would display the pretty mark of an "S" tattooed onto the inside of their wrist. Goodness, she thought, was that the secret mark of The Society. Would she marked like that, if she were very good and pleased her Mistress? Was that why the girls all wore those shiny collars with a similar shaped letter "S" on the front?

Then when each girl came past the prudishly dressed Maria, she would toss her head in a superior fashion as if to show that, unlike her, they wore the

pretty collar of The Society. Then they would put their noses in the air and sniff deprecatingly, as if to say that clearly Maria's own Mistress did not regard her as sufficiently attractive for her charms to be on display.

In fact, of course, Ursula was very happy for Maria's charms to be kept hidden. She was not for sale! At the same time it would do the girl good to see something of her future duties

But enough was enough! She beckoned the blushing Maria over to her.

'Go upstairs,' she whispered with little secretive smile that made Maria feel she was very special, 'and get into bed and wait for me out of sight under the bedclothes - and keep under them even when you hear me enter the room.'

Thrilled, astonished and delighted, Maria sped from the room. Arriving upstairs she undressed, washed and got into the big luxurious bed that hitherto only her hands had been allowed into. She gave a little shiver when she saw the cane, still sitting on the bedside table.

She had thought that this would be an opportunity for her play with herself, but the sight of the cane stopped her. Was that why it had been left out. Did model girls have to keep themselves pure for their sponsor?

Maria had dozed off under the bedclothes when she heard the bedroom open. Remembering what Miss de Vere had said about staying out of sight she lay very still. How thrilling it all was!

She heard her Mistress undress. She longed to help her.

Then suddenly her Mistress got into the bed. Her long legs came down on either side of her in the semi-darkness and then were still. Not a word was said. What should she do? Was she being tested? What was she expected to do? Instinctively, she knew the answer.

Very hesitantly and gently she began to lick her way up first one slim leg and then the other. Instinctively she also reached up and gently squeezed her Mistress's nipples. She heard an encouraging little moan of delight. She was pleasing her Mistress!

She felt Miss de Vere reach down and in the half light she saw she was parting her beauty lips - just as she had done earlier.

She thought of the cane lying there waiting for her. She remembered what Miss de Vere had said in the car about pleasing her sponsor if she were to be accepted into the Society. She remembered the exciting little mark of an "S" secretly tattooed onto inside of the girls' wrists.

Miss de Vere was lying there waiting. She dare not keep her waiting any longer. With a little cry she applied her tongue. Once again she felt her hair being gripped.

Not a word was said, but sometimes she felt her head being moved gently from side to side, sometimes pressed hard down and sometimes lifted up as if her Mistress was giving herself a little rest.

Once when she tired, Her Mistress lifted up the bed clothes and without a word, brought the cane down hard across her bottom, before lowering the bed clothes again. Maria's little tongue did not stop again after that.

The just when she felt that her Mistress was going to let herself climax, she was pulled up alongside her.

'Lie on your back. little girl, and part you legs,' her Mistress whispered. She felt a bolster being slid under her hips. She was now raised up, as if on offer.

She felt her Mistress now mounting her, lying between her legs and pressing down on her, just as she imagined a man would do. Her wrists were held above her head. She felt her Mistress's beauty lips pressing against her own. Oh the excitement. Half-heartedly she tried to wriggle away but her Mistress held her down. The more she tried to wriggle away, the more her Mistress seemed to enjoy it, pressing her own beauty lips down hard against her own ones.

'Go on wriggling' came the order. 'And lick up at me!'

She found herself starting to raise her herself to lick up at her Mistress's chin, to raise her beauty lips up to her Mistress's commanding ones, to move in time with her. She was offering herself to her wonderful Mistress! And her Mistress was kissing her, kissing her passionately!

The combination of having her Mistress holding her helpless whilst she rubbed her beauty bud against hers was unbelievably exciting.

Then with a sudden raucous cry of triumph her Mistress climaxed.

'Go on wriggling!' she cried.

As her Mistress climaxed yet again, she cried out: 'Now you can come for your Mistress, too.'

Oh, the thrill! Oh, the excitement of being held down helpless! As she felt her juices mixing with those of her Mistress's she heard the order: 'Go on say it. Go on!'

'I'm coming. I'm for my Mistress!' she cried as she, too climaxed. These words and her own sudden spasm brought her Mistress to another and final climax.

Oh the relief, Maria was thinking. But, she realised, she was still aroused.

'That's enough, little girl,' she heard her Mistress, 'But lie still now under me. You're a lucky girl, being allowed to climax. but no more fun now. Keep still!'

Biting her lips with frustration, Maria lay still under her Mistress. Oh what a wonderful woman she was! And she had allowed her to come! Of course she did not deserve to be allowed to do so again. She was just her Mistress's servant girl.

She lay quite still whilst her Mistress stroked her hair and her cheeks. Subserviently she licked up at her again. She blushed with pleasure as she heard her Mistress murmur: 'You're a good little girl and you pleased your Mistress a lot. Now thank her nicely for letting you come.'

'Oh thank you, Madam. Oh thank you Madam,' she cried fervently, 'for letting me come.'

'Tell your Mistress how kind she was to have allowed a mere servant girl into her bed!'

'Oh yes, my Mistress was so kind in letting her servant come into her bed,' Maria cried out. She meant every word.

'And are you happy serving your Mistress?'

'Oh, yes, Madam, oh yes!'

Finally came the dreaded order: 'Now little Maria, back to your mattress! On the floor where you belong!'

It was two days later that a now increasing well trained Maria, unable to stand any longer the taunts of the other girls, came to her Mistress to ask if she, too, could wear the same shiny collar as the other girls - and be registered with The Society.

'Of course, little girl,' smiled Ursula. 'I thought you'd be asking for it before long. You're lucky it can all be arranged here.'

'Oh how lovely,' cried the delighted Maria

'But there's one there's one additional point. You will also have to lose your beauty hair. Girls registered with The Society all have to be kept nice and smooth for their Mistresses.'

So it was that at dinner the other girls were joined by a blushing bare breasted and collared Maria, the logo of The Society tattooed onto the inside of her wrist and her registration number tattooed discreetly onto the inside of her elbow.

Moreover, under her skirt, her mound and beauty lips were as hairless and smooth as those of a little girl - or as those of her mother, as Ursula had laughingly remarked to Irma as together they watched Irma's housekeeper finish depilating the girl.

But what the girl was really proud about, was the little disc hanging from the front of her collar with the name "Miss de Vere" engraved on it, together with her London telephone number.

Maria was now accepted by the other girls as one of them and the very next day came to her Mistress, again, with a message.

'Several of the other girls, Madam, are asking if you would like to take them to Brazil as models as well.'

'Thank you little Maria, I'll speak to Irma and have a closer look at them.'

That afternoon a little inspection parade took place on a little platform in the Great Hall.

Nominally the girls were showing off to Ursula their skill at modeling their dresses, walking up and down the platform as if on a fashion catwalk.

But once again, in assessing them, Ursula was putting herself into the mind of Carmen. She would be looking on them, not as models but rather for their likely use as brood mares and judging their likely performance on the race track.

She would, therefore, also be looking for the breeding qualities that they would, hopefully, pass onto their coloured progeny: their conformation, their temperament, their intelligence and their ability to carry and deliver big strong progeny.

Under the guise of showing off their skill at modeling underwear, they then paraded in slinky petticoats and then in panties - and then in nothing.

Ursula's attention had been particularly caught by a pair of very pretty, red-haired, Hungarian sisters both in their early twenties.

A pair of very similar European sisters girls would, of course, be regarded by Carmen's clients as ideal for use in a human stud farm, just as successful four legged Thoroughbred sisters were much sought after in equine stud farms, for establishing good new breeding lines!

The girls could both be put to the same black sire for their first progeny and then immediately afterwards to another one, to give a wider choice - especially if, before each mating, they had previously been put on a course of fertility pills so that, carefully cosseted in the breeding pens, they in turn also produced twins or even triplets.

Irma said that she had started breaking the sisters in to pleasuring a woman together, something which Sabhu would doubtless perfect.

'Excellent,' laughed Ursula, 'but I think that once in Brazil, they're more likely to be used by Carmen prize stallions than by ladies like us!'

Ursula was also taken by an exceptionally buxom, blond, twenty five year old Slovene girl Carla. She had lovely soft eyes and Ursula could imagine her breasts bouncing prettily as she pulled a little governess cart round her new Mistress's plantation in Brazil - perhaps with a nicely swelling belly too.

An advantage of all these girls was that, like Maria, they spoke only rudimentary English and nothing else, other than their little known mother tongues. It would therefore be relatively easy to keep them unaware of the true fate that awaited them.

None of these girls came cheap, especially not the sisters. However, after allowing for her own expenses in London, including employing Sabhu to supervise them, their air fares, and even for the sums that she would be paying into their bank accounts, Ursula calculated that she would still make a very handsome profit on selling their contracts to Carmen.

'Right Irma,' she said, 'let's discuss what discount you'd give me if I take all three of them.'

'What!' gasped a delighted Irma. 'You're going to take all three of them! Well ... in that case ...'

15 - FIFI IN MILK - AND FEELS SOME STRANGE LITTLE KICKS

Meanwhile, back in Ursula's house in London, Fifi was locked in her cage with her pretty little doll.

Following the course of Doctor Anna's special pills, her milk had now come on well. She had been put into one of the doctor's cunningly designed milking bras, with specially shaped, plastic cups, into which her now flowing breasts were thrust.

As the cups were made of transparent plastic, they prettily displayed Fifi's swollen breasts, with their now accentuated blue veins, as well as preventing her from squeezing them to relieve the pressure that gradually built up in each one after being milked - or after offering them to her Mistress.

At their tip was another, much smaller, stiff plastic cup, also transparent, that held and displayed the girl's prettily elongated and scarlet

painted nipples. But, once again, the stiff plastic prevented her from touching her now extra sensitive nipples. These nipple cups could however be readily slipped off by Sabhu using a special little tool.

The two plastic nipple cups were linked together by a little adjustable chain that was kept taut so as to train the breasts to grow closer together as they swelled up with milk.

The special bra was securely held in place, over the girl's breasts, by two other little chains, one going round to her back under her armpits and the other going over her shoulders. All four chains met between her shoulder blades, where they were padlocked together.

To prevent the girl from pulling the shoulder chains off her shoulders, they were linked together by another short length of chain in front of her neck and by another behind her neck.

Much as she might try, Fifi was quite unable to take the bra off or slip her breasts out from under its cups, or ease the pressure in her breasts.

She never knew when her Mistress was going to call for a little light refreshment nor when Sabhu would use his electric milking machine on her.

At times the pressure in her breasts would become unbearable and she would be thrilled when her Mistress at last took her nipples into her mouth or told Sabhu to milk her to provide milk for her morning coffee.

At other times, Sabhu would milk her every few hours to increase the flow.

When her Mistress wanted a little light refreshment, Sabhu could simply unlock the padlock in the small of the girl's back and the milking bra would fall off, leaving her quivering, but firm breasts and nipples bare. For simply milking the girl, however, Sabhu had even simpler routine ...

In her darkened cage, Fifi looked down at her protruding nipples in their transparent plastic cups. Oh she longed to ease the pressure in her breasts. How cruel Sabhu was to keep her like this.

Deprived of her wristwatch, she had no idea of the passing of time, but surely, she told herself anxiously, it must be time for her milking.

Time passed and then suddenly she heard heavy footsteps on the other side of the trap door. Yes, they were coming towards her cage! Oh at last! Eagerly she crawled up to the little wooden door.

She recognised the rasp of metal catches being unfastened. Suddenly two slivers of light flooded into her cage as two small circular wooden flaps in the trap door fell open with a bang.

'Breasts!' she heard Sabhu shout through the door. Woebetide her, she knew, if she did not instantly obey! Hastily she thrust her plastic covered breasts through the two now exposed round holes.

Unable to see what Sabhu was doing to her breasts on the other side of the trap door, Fifi felt him slipping two apparently U-shaped bars under the base of the bra. These squeezed her breasts forwards and held them ready for milking. They also prevented her from withdrawing them back into her cage.

She heard a click and then felt him slipping off the plastic cups over her elongated nipples - nipples that seemed to become more and more elongated, and sensitive, with each milking. She could now feel the cold air on them.

Moments later she heard the rumble of rubber coated wheels of a trolley and a pulsating noise began. Oh, how she longed to be able to see just what was being done to her!

Suddenly, as usual, she felt Sabhu's fingers on one of her now long nipples. He was inserting it, apparently, into the pulsating machine. Moments later she felt him doing the same with her other nipple. With her breasts held tight by the U-shaped bars, there was nothing she do to stop him - not that she wanted to do so, for her breasts felt as if they were bursting.

She felt the pulsating machine alternatively gripping and pulling on her delicate, but now erect, nipples. There was a strange feeling as if milk was flowing down from her breasts and into her nipples. Suddenly she dead the click of a switch. The whole rhythm of the pulsating machine slowed down and she felt first one nipple, and then the other, being slowly squeezed and released.

She heard a little tinkling noise as if a liquid was being repeatedly squirted into a glass of some kind. It must be, she realised, be her own milk!

A few minutes later, she heard the machine being switched off. She felt her nipples being released and the plastic tips replaced, together with their little taut linking chain. Then she felt her breasts being released as the U-shaped bars were removed.

'Withdraw breasts!' came Sabhu's harsh order. Not another word was said. Then, as soon as she pulled her breasts back through the trapdoor, the flaps on the far side, covering the two circular holes, were snapped shut and bolted again.

Once again she was free to crawl about her little cage in the half darkness. Although she was unable to touch her encased breasts, hanging down below her, she could feel that they were now much lighter. She had been milked! Milked for her Mistress like an animal and by a machine!

Fifi gripped the bars of her cage. The curtains had been drawn back and she could see into the sumptuous but now empty bedroom.

Something was going on inside her, she kept thinking, as she helplessly gripped the bars of her cage. Was it imagination or were things moving about inside her tummy and underneath the chain mesh belt, that was so tightly locked over her loins, making it impossible for her to get at her beauty lips. But what could it be? What was wrong with her?

She could not, of course, be pregnant, for her Mistress had made sure that she had not even seen a man, other than Sabhu - and he was clearly only interested in women as animals to be controlled, fed, and trained.

Sometimes she felt ill in the mornings and her milk laden breasts seemed to be strangely swelling up even more. When, greatly daring, she had asked Sabhu about it, he had merely smiled happily, and told her that it was just a little indigestion

Sabhu had changed the type of exercises he made her do when, with a lead fastened onto her collar, he led her, crawling, into the little gymnasium. Before he had always stood over her, a little cutting whip in his hand, whilst she sweated and strained on the rowing machine, or lifted heavy weights to strengthen her breast muscles. Now he made her lie down and do strange exercises, apparently to strengthen her tummy muscles.

It was, she knew absurd, but it was almost as if he was now making her do ante-natal exercises!

She winced as she again felt strange little movements in her tummy. What could they be? . She knew that if, greatly daring, she again asked Sabhu he would simply laugh, put his big black hand onto her naked tummy. 'Indigestion, girl,' he would again say laughingly. 'Caged girls often get it. It does them no harm. Don't you worry, doctor very pleased with your progress'

Progress! What progress, she had wondered.

Oh how she longed for her Mistress's return. It was so wonderful being completely and utterly looked after by her Mistress and not having a care in the world - even if the price for that was to be kept locked up in a cage off her Mistress's bed room and being under the control of the dreaded Sabhu - and suffering an occasional little attack of indigestion!

As Fifi awaited the return of her Mistress, she had little idea of the passing of the days.

How long, she wondered, was it since her Mistress has so excitingly taken her on successive days with the strangely named Pollinator? Her Mistress had not used it since, and Fifi often wondered why. She had wanted to ask her Mistress, but was too frightened to do so.

'I like my girls to be seen and not heard, Fifi,' her Mistress had once said warningly, 'and if you ever start asking any questions, then it'll be Sabhu's cane for you, my girl!'

It was a threat that Fifi had learnt she must take seriously, very seriously. Indeed, Sabhu's cane was never out of thoughts for very long.

Since the strange episode with Pollinator, the strict German lady doctor had frequently come to inspect her, mysteriously discussing her in whispered tones with Sabhu.

She remembered the last time the doctor had come, just before her Mistress had gone off.

On this occasion, without a word of explanation, Sabhu had ordered her to thrust her head out through the small hole in the wooden trap door at the back of her cage - as if she were going to be fed. Then he dropped a canvas hood over her head, fastened it with a strap round her neck, and pushed her head back into the cage. Unable now to see, she heard Sabhu closing the flap over the hole in the door.

At first she had been scared stiff, but then she found that there were little holes under her nostrils, allowing her to breathe freely. But the hood kept her completely blindfolded, unable to see anything as she crawled around her little cage, feeling her way with her manacled hands.

Later she heard footsteps in her Mistress's bedroom, coming from behind the thick curtain in front of her cage. She heard her Mistress's laughing tones as well as Sabhu's distinctive deep voice and his half French, half Caribbean accent, and the heavy German accent of the lady doctor.

Then suddenly there was the swishing noise of the curtain being drawn back. She was on display!

'Kneel up at front of cage, girl!' came Sabhu's harsh order, followed by: 'Press your belly up against the bars!'

Awkwardly, unable to see, she rushed to obey. She did not want later to be taken out of her cage and caned by Sabhu for what he termed Slackness in Obeying Orders, for which she would have to bend over and get six strokes, or, even worse, Disobedience, for which she would get ten.

'Good little girl,' she heard her kind Mistress say encouragingly, as she strained to press her tummy against the hard bars. Then she had heard her say, once again mysteriously: 'Her belly's coming on well, isn't it Doctor?'

The doctor said something in German and then wiped her tummy with a wet cloth, before starting to run something over it.

'Look!' Fifi had heard the lady doctor say. There was an approving grunt from Sabhu and a little laugh from her Mistress as she clapped her hands with delight. What Fifi wondered could they be looking at?

Unknown to Fifi, they were, of course, looking at the screen of the portable ultra sound scanner on which they could just make out two tiny twin black embryos, that, to Ursula's delight, Fifi was now unsuspectingly carrying. It was as progeny that would certainly increase the girl's value when she arrived in Brazil.

Then her wonderful Mistress had gone off abroad on a mysterious errand leaving her, locked in her cage, and Mizzi, locked in the dormitory, both under the strict eye of Sabhu.

16 - A MOTHER'S MOMENT OF TRUTH

Mizzi was lying alone on her hard bunk in the dormitory.

The only noise came from the chinking of the heavy manacles that joined her wrists. She was naked except, for her shiny metal collar with its little disc that showed she now belonged to Miss de Vere, and the simple little short tunic that was all that Sabhu allowed her to wear - and of course the strong black rubber chastity belt.

Her Mistress had been gone for over a week now. She wasn't sure just how long it had been as she had no calendar or diary, not even a radio or television. All she was allowed were children's books and children videos. It had been the same when she had belonged to the Princess Naimah.

'We Arabs like a slavegirl to have the body of a beautiful woman, and the mind of a little girl,' had been one of the Princess's favourite sayings and it was evidently a view shared by Miss de Vere.

But whether it was a week, or ten days, she had still missed being put into the cage off her Mistress's bedroom to await being summoned to please her.

Oh how she longed for a little relief. With little else to do, she longed to try and touch her throbbing beauty bud. But she did dare to do so - not with the little internal television camera high up in the corner of the room which swept incessantly to and fro before coming back to point at her.

She was far too frightened of Sabhu's long whippy cane - and in any case what was the point, for her chastity belt was firmly locked over her sex lips, not allowing even a little finger to get at her throbbing beauty bud.

Mizzi jumped, as she suddenly heard the buttons of the electronic lock to the dormitory being pressed from outside.

How often had she watched Sabhu pressing the buttons on this side. How often had she tried to learn the secret sequence. Once she had tried a particular sequence but it had not worked and the iron strengthened door had remained obstinately locked.

In her disappointment and frenzy, she had shaken the door madly, and the bars on the windows too - but all to no avail, except that over the loudspeaker had come the sardonic laughter of Sabhu. He had been secretly watching her on the internal television!

He had not even bothered to thrash her. She had learnt her lesson. There was no escape from the house of Miss de Vere, any more than there had been from the house of the Princess Naimah.

Anyway, she asked herself, where could she go with no money, no friends in London, and her passport confiscated by her Mistress. If she went to the Polish Embassy, they would simply send her back to Poland and that was the last thing she wanted.

More to the point did she really want to escape from her wonderful new and exciting Mistress and from her exciting, and financially remunerative, plans to take her out to Brazil? Oh, if only her Mistress knew how cruelly Sabhu was treating her, then she'd soon put a stop to it!

The door opened. Sabhu strode into the room, as always his cane in his hand. Terrified, she could not take her eyes off it as she jumped off her bunk and stood respectfully at attention, her legs parted, her knees bent and her hands clasped behind her neck.

Was she going to be beaten? Desperately she cast her mind back seeking some infringement of Sabhu's rules. This awful black Haitian was even stricter than the Princess's little black eunuch and even touchier about the slightest lack of respect, or answering back or, so called, silent contempt.

He insisted on a girl standing at this humiliating position of attention in his presence, not speaking without permission and answering his every order with a happy smile and the reply: 'Yes, Mr Sabhu, Sir, Yes.'

'Mistress on way back,' he announced. 'She arrive soon. She want you to be waiting for her arrival, in Cage Number Two.'

Standing rigidly at attention and not daring to move, Mizzi's mind was in a whirl. Her Mistress was about to arrive back! And had said she wanted her! Oh how thrilling! She felt like a little excited school girl.

But Sabhu's next words brought her down to earth again with a bump.

'Maybe she chose you. Maybe she chose Fifi. She like her swollen belly.'

Fifi! thought Mizzi jealously. Bah! That boring little bitch who gave herself such airs just because she was kept in the favourite's cage, the Number One cage, instead of here down in the dormitory. And she was so stupid she did not even know she was expecting. She could give the Mistress far more pleasure than that little tart.

'Or maybe she not chose either.'

Angrily Mizzi ignored this. Of course she would to use one of them, after her journey. Sabhu was just teasing her!

Sabhu washed her all over like a little child and then, temporarily removing her beauty belt, he checked her state of depilation. The Mistress must not find a hair in sight on her smooth mound or down between her beauty lips.

Then he brushed her hair and made her up. Glancing in the mirror she saw a beautiful and sophisticated woman. She tossed her hair, yes, she was a gorgeous and self confident woman of the world, a woman who was master of her own destiny, a woman who ...

'Down!' ordered Sabhu, shattering her little day dreams .

With as little sob, she obediently knelt on all fours. The self confident woman of the world did not want to risk a caning! She felt Sabhu fasten a lead

to her collar. Dutifully she dropped her eyes to the floor. The self confident woman of the world was really just a little animal.

She felt him give her collar a tug with the lead and she scuttled after him out of the dormitory, and up the stairs, her eyes on his shoes.

Oh, how had she allowed her fear of men and her longing to be looked after financially by a rich woman, to bring her down to such a shameful level? But at least it would be different in Brazil. There she would be more or less free and earning lots of money - and be with her daughter. Who cared about a so-called two year contract!

He stopped outside the trapdoor to cage Number Two. Then he held up a black leather muzzle.

Dutifully she opened her mouth. Her Mistress liked to have women, waiting in the cages, kept gagged. She felt the hard rubber pressing down on her tongue and felt her chin being gripped by the muzzle so that she could not shake it off. She heard the click as it was locked behind her neck. She was now unable to make a sound.

Sabhu opened the small trap door that lead into the back of the low cage-like alcove and thrust her into it. He closed it behind her and closed the two bolts.

Mizzi was now in darkness, except for a glimmer of light that came from below the thick blue velvet curtains beyond the gilded bars of her cage. Beyond the curtains was her Mistress's bedroom - so close and yet so far.

Unable to stand, she knelt on all fours and gripped the bars, eagerly waiting for the sounds of her returning Mistress.

She could hear the rustle of manacles coming from the alcove-cage next door, as Fifi, her rival moved about her cage. Hearing the noise she was again overcome by jealousy. She remembered Sabhu's words: 'Maybe she choose you. Maybe she choose Fifi.'

Again she asked herself what pleasure that chit of a girl could give their Mistress that she could not give better.

Everything, she knew, would depend on the first impression she made on her Mistress when she pressed the buttons that would draw back the curtains in front of the cages and switched on the floodlights that lit up the cages.

Languidly, her Mistress would look down on the two helpless women, both kneeling on all fours, both manacled, both muzzled and both looking up at her with silently pleading eyes. Each would shake her breasts under her thin silken tunic to attract her Mistress, each knowing that that the one who was not chosen, the one on whom the curtain over her alcove would close again, would later get six strokes of Sabhu's cane - to encourage her to greater efforts next time!

Meanwhile she would have to listen in furious jealousy to the love-making of her rival and her Mistress, coming from behind the closed curtain.

Desperately she wondered what she could do that would be sufficiently different to attract her Mistress away from Fifi and her damn belly. With her mouth tightly muzzled it was so difficult, merely using her eyes, to give the impression of abject servility that, she knew, never failed to turn her Mistress on and arouse her.

Suddenly she knew what she would do. She would not even try to use her eyes. She would untie the pretty bows on the side of her tunic and slip it off. Then stark naked, except for her collar and the hated rubber chastity belt, she would, as soon as he heard the curtain sliding back, prostrate herself humbly on the floor of her cage.

Then instead of seeing, as her Mistress would expect, an animal-like creature gripping the bars of her cage like a monkey, she would see a beautiful naked woman, kneeling with her forehead to the floor, her long honey coloured hair flung forward between her manacled hands, and her long bare back stretching back to her slim waist and then flowing out again, like a violin, to her hips and raised quivering buttocks.

It would be an irresistible sight!

Suddenly, after what seemed hours of excited anticipation, Mizzi heard the noise of footsteps from behind the velvet curtain. Her Mistress was back! She longed to cry out her welcome but, muzzled as she was, she could not utter a sound.

Hastily she got ready to prostrate herself humbly, as she had planned.

Then suddenly she thought she heard other footsteps. Her Mistress was not alone. Had she brought one of her friends to join in having a girl pleasure her? She heard voices. They seemed to be speaking in Polish. How odd.

'Well, my little ladies maid,' she heard her Mistress say, 'go and run my bath and then come and undress me - and then later you can pleasure me in bed.'

Jealousy and disappointment flooded through Mizzi. This wasn't one of her Mistress's lady friends. This was some girl she had brought back and was seducing - using her instead of herself, or even Fifi. She wanted to scream out - but her muzzle reduced her rage to a little whine. She heard a similar whine from the cage next door.

'Don't worry, my dear,' she heard her Mistress say, 'that's just my pet poodles in their kennels. They've recognised my voice and want to greet me.'

Angrily Mizzi shook her manacles. Again she heard a similar noise from the next door cage.

'They have to be kept chained,' explained Ursula.

'Poodles! Oh how sweet!' she thought she heard a young girl's voice. It sounded familiar but she couldn't quite place it.

'No, not yet, my dear. You'll have plenty of time to see their cages before long. Now let's go into the bathroom. I want you to wash me all over.'

She heard the bathroom door close. Moments later she heard, faint splashing noises and laughter, coming from behind the door. What was going on, Mizzi wondered jealously? Would the girl have slipped off her Mistress's clothes? Would she now be admiring her Mistress's tall, slim and almost masculine body? Was she now soaping her all over? Would she, too, have undressed and got into the bath with her Mistress?

She was being driven crazy with jealousy!

Finally she heard the bathroom door open.

'Oh, darling,' she heard her Mistress's voice. So the girls was already "Darling" was she. Well, she'd soon show her that she could please their Mistress better than her.

'Give me my negligee!' she heard her Mistress say. 'That's right the one that opens down the front.'

Oh well she knew it. How often she parted it to please her Mistress. She heard the rustle of silk. She could imagine the girl holding out the negligee for her Mistress. Oh, how jealous she felt.

'You're becoming quite a young ladies maid,' she heard her Mistress laugh. Ladies Maid indeed! 'And what a pretty little body you have, too.'

Furious, Mizzi could well imagine a naked girl standing in front of her Mistress, eagerly awaiting her next order.

She heard kisses.

'Now kneel down and kiss your Mistress's other lips.'

There was a long silenced punctuated by little moans of delight from her Mistress. It was almost more than Mizzi could stand.

'That's enough, little girl. Now let me hear you begging to please your Mistress in bed.'

'Oh please, Madam,' came the clear voiced of a young girl, speaking in Polish. 'please let this little girl pleasure her Mistress.'

Mizzi almost jumped out her skin. The voice was that of Maria, her daughter Maria! Her Mistress was seducing her daughter! And she had to listen!

Her Mistress, must she realised, have gone to Poland without telling her and had brought Maria back here. She remembered how, under the threat of Sabhu's cane, she had written to the convent asking them to do allow just that.

For the next half hour Mizzi knelt in anxious concern as she heard her daughter pleasuring her Mistress first in one way and then another. She could not help, once again, feeling madly jealous. Jealous of her daughter!

An hour later she heard her Mistress taking Maria off somewhere. 'Now I'm going to introduce you to the person who's going to look after you,' she said. 'and then we must take you to your mother.'

'Oh, yes please,' cried Maria. 'I'm so longing to see her again'

Mizzi wondered what on earth was going to happen. She remembered how her Mistress cruelly had asked her what would happen when Maria came here. With a shudder she remembered how she had been made to learn to reply: 'Then she will join me in being trained to please our Mistress, together or separately.'

She was still wondering what was going to happen when, a little later, she suddenly heard the well known swish of Sabhu's cane coming from behind the bolted trapdoor at the back of her cage.

She heard a little cry. Again there was the sound of a cane hitting flesh. And then again.

Suddenly there was a girl's scream.

'Alright. Sir, I do it. I go into cage,' came a girl's voice crying out in broken English. 'But please no more cane!'

It was Maria's voice! She was being caned! Caned by Sabhu! She remembered hearing her Mistress telling the unsuspecting Maria that she was going to introduce her to the person who was going look after her. Never in her worst nightmares would poor little Maria, her precious daughter, have guessed that her kind Mistress was going to turn her over to that cruel, black, Haitian giant.

'Good!' Mizzi heard Sabhu grunt. 'Now you open mouth for muzzle.'

Poor little Maria, she thought, muzzled just like her mother! She heard the bolts of the trapdoor at the back of her cage being withdrawn.

The trap door opened and she blinked at the sudden light. She caught a glimpse of Sabhu, looking stern and unsmiling. he was holding the ends of his cane, one in each hand, and bending the cane back, as if showing off its flexibility.

Beyond him was a girl with her back to her. She was blond and was manacled. It was Maria. The chain joining her wrists was fastened to a another chain hanging from the ceiling, making the girl stand on the tips of her toes. She was just wearing a short silken tunic and below it, across her bottom were three red wheals from Sabhu's cane.

Sabhu had evidently already fitted her daughter with a chastity belt - just like her own one. Between the cheeks of her buttocks could be seen the taut white rubber tube-like cord that, as Mizzi knew only too well, linking up with the black rubber belt round her waist, would keep her chastity belt tightly locked over her beauty lips. Once the girl had been manacled and raised upon tip toe, it must have been easy for Sabhu to fasten the belt round her - and to check that fitted tightly and securely.

He would, Sabhu had decided, leave it to the girl's mother to teach her, like an animal teaching it's offspring, how to reach back and strain to pull the cord aside when she had to relieve herself. The mother would, of course, also have to teach her that she must always first ask his permission to do so and would then have to do so under his supervision.

Doubtless the mother would also be teaching her daughter the importance of keeping the white cord absolutely spotless, if she to avoid a thrashing. The idea of the mother and daughter mutually checking the cleanliness of their cords made him laugh cruelly.

Behind the girls neck could be seen the strap that kept her muzzle firmly in place.

Mizzi started to crawl out through the trapdoor as if to run and comfort her sobbing daughter.

'You, get back into cage!' shouted Sabhu coming over towards her, his cane raised. Hastily Mizzi backed back into the cage. 'I give daughter extra stroke for mother's disobedience.'

She watched helpless as Sabhu bent his whippy cane almost double in front of the terrified Maria. Then going behind her and lifting her tunic slightly he brought the cane down right across the girl's bottom - just above the previous strokes.

Maria moaned behind her muzzle.

'That teach you lesson,' shouted Sabhu. 'You misbehave and daughter get cane. Daughter misbehave and you get cane.'

Then Sabhu slowly and deliberately lowered the chain hanging from the ceiling and uncooked Maria's manacles. She started to rub the wheals on her bottom. Then with his cane he pointed to the trapdoor. She turned and saw her mother kneeling there, half naked, manacled and muzzled like herself.

With sob she ran across the room, knelt down and fell into her mother's arms. Muzzled all they could say to each other were little animal-like grunts.

Sabhu came over. Quickly he fastened a chain to the two women's collars. It was a chain, over a meter long, that would from now on keep them linked together at all times. Ursula was determined that not only must her precious mother and daughter be offered for sale in Brazil as a physically matched pair, but also as a psychologically matched pair as well.

Then, satisfied that their collar chain was securely fastened, he kicked Maria through the trap door, which he now closed and bolted.

Mother and daughter were now reunited, crawling on all fours in the darkness. Not only were they both manacled and muzzled, and chained together by the neck, but they now shared something else: fear of Sabhu and his cane.

Surely, Mizzi as thinking as tried to take her daughter into her arms, her Mistress can't have known that Sabhu was going to beat poor little Maria into submission.

Little did she know that Ursula, her beloved Mistress, had been watching the entire scene on the big internal television screen by her bed. It was a scene that she had carefully choreographed and she felt that Sabhu had played his role excellently.

There was, she told herself, nothing like a short sharp shock to bring a girl to heel - nor a mother and daughter.

An hour later the curtain in front of Cage Number Two slid back and a spotlight lit up the cage, disclosing the sight of two very similar little creatures kneeling up at the bars of their cage, their eyes piteously trying, above their muzzles to peer out through past the blinding light of the spotlight.

'Well, here they are, my little mother and daughter,' said Ursula speaking to Doctor Anna in German so that neither Mizzi nor Maria would understand.

'What's their future use?' asked Doctor Anna, her eyes taking in, professionally, the two women's bodies.

'Oh, I expect they'll be put straight into the breeding stables,' laughed Ursula. 'The sight of a beautiful mother and daughter being used as brood mares is bound to thrill Carmen's clients.'

Doctor Anna nodded thoughtfully. 'I think they look very suitable. Keep them chained together by the neck for as long as possible, even when they're pleasuring you. And tell Sabhu to use my special pills to get their monthly cycles synchronised.'

'Oh, what a good idea,' laughed Ursula. 'I'll certainly tell him to do so.'

It was the following afternoon. Mizzi and Maria had been chained together for a whole day. They had not been able to speak one word to each other for their muzzles were only removed when one at a time they thrust their heads through the little hole in the trap door to be fed.

Mizzi had had to show her daughter by gestures how to spend a penny through the grille in her chastity belt and how to relieve herself into the little bowl of rose water. Both were intensely embarrassed at having to relieve themselves in front of each other and to Sabhu's command.

That morning Sabhu had replaced their muzzles with ones without the rubber pad that pressed down on their tongues. Instead these new muzzles had a little zip fastener over the mouth. Then he had taken them out of their cage and down to his training room.

There, using a life size blown up rubber sex doll, he had ordered a highly embarrassed Mizzi to demonstrate to her daughter half a dozen basic orders in English: Suck! Lick! Get behind! Wriggle! Lie on back! Reach up with tongue! Watch! and so on. Only when the order "Lick!" was given was the zip fastener

pulled back - but only momentarily, so they still had no opportunity to speak to each other.

It was not merely understanding the various uses to which these basic orders could be put, that Maria, copying her mother, had to learn. Both also now had to learn how to apply them together to a demanding Mistress, as a performing pleasure pair.

It had taken several strokes of Sabhu's cane to get Mizzi to overcome her initial embarrassment at being made to do all this in front of her equally embarrassed daughter. It took even more strokes to get Maria to perform them, to the order of the huge horrible Negro, in front of her mother. Doing it in the secrecy of her Mistress's bed had been a very different matter.

Now it was time Ursula felt for them to put in practice with her what they had learned from Sabhu.

Once again the curtain slid back and the spot light came on. But this in response to a another button a little barred trap door in the front of their cafe also opened.

'Out' ordered Ursula as she lay back on the top of her bed, in her open negligee. In her hand was the long thin cane that had so scared Maria in Germany.

Mizzi crawled out first, pulling Maria out by the chain connecting their collars. Maria had wanted to stand up, after being kept on all fours in the cage, but Mizzi urgently signaled her to get down again on her knees.

There was an angry rustle of manacles from behind the still drawn velvet curtain in front of Cage Number One. Sucks and yah-boo to you, Fifi, you stuck up pig, thought Mizzi.

Linked by their chain, the two women crawled to the foot of Ursula's bed.

'Now lets see Mizzi showing off her skill to Maria,' laughed Ursula in Polish to the two horrified women. But any thought of revolt evaporated when she brought her cane down sharply onto the bed clothes alongside her.

The various standard orders in English were exercised and for a short time the zip fastener over Mizzi's mouth was slipped back.

Then it was Maria's turn to show off the expertise she had gained whilst alone with her Mistress in the castle in Germany.

Then finally Ursula broke into ecstasy as she felt two little soft pointed tongues, a beautiful mother and daughter each vying with the other to give her greater pleasure. Oh yes, she thought, this makes my journey all well worthwhile!.

Moreover, she thought, tomorrow the three girls she had acquired in Germany would all be arriving to be turned over to Sabhu and to join Mizzi and Maria in the dormitory.

In view of the obvious success of keeping Mizzi and Maria muzzled for the first twenty fours and in keeping them chained together by the neck, it might well, she thought be sensible to treat the Hungarian sisters, Heidi and Suzy, in the same way.

Of course, as they would be kept chained together by the neck, the bunk beds would have to be adopted to allow the sisters to share one, just as Sabhu had already adopted another bunk to hold Mizzi and Maria. And as they would all be locked into their rubber chastity belts, there would be no risk of any misbehaviour, even if they were sharing bunks.

It would, she thought, be as exciting to continue Irma's work of breaking-in the Hungarian sisters to work together as team, as it had been to break in the Polish mother and daughter. And she could hardly wait to get her hands onto the deliciously buxom Carla from Slovenia.

That only left Emma to complete the team.

Unknown to Emma, they would both be meeting at a party in London in only a week's time by which time it was important that Mizzi and Maria, Carla, and Heidi and Suzy, had all settled down under Sabhu's strict control - and Fifi, as well, of course.

Ursula had no doubt as to Sabhu's ability to put the fear of God into all the girls, nor of her ability to seduce Emma back into her power. But, in view of the demand for an aristocratic Englishwoman, Emma would be a key member of her team.

Christmas was now approaching, and with it the time for the team, all broken in and well disciplined, to fly to Brazil.

Clearly the quicker she had Emma here, under lock and key, and signed up, like the other girls, to go to Brazil, the better.

18 - A HORRIFIED EMMA JOINS THE TEAM

The next day, Emma arrived back at Ursula's house with her suitcase. However, she was horrified to be met, not by a smiling Ursula, but by a grim faced Sabhu, her old enemy and overseer.

Before she could say a word he gripped her by the neck and marched up her up to a locked door. Pressing the keys of an electronic lock with his free hand, Sabhu had pushed open the door and thrust Emma through it. Then he closed it behind her.

Emma gasped as she looked around her. She was in what appeared to be a small dormitory with bunk beds. Five foreign looking, young women, all beautiful and all dressed just in pretty little satin tunics, open at the sides and fastened with little bows, were lying on little bunk beds.

There was a rattle of chains and, horrified, Emma saw that their wrists had all been manacled and were linked by a short length of heavy chain. They wore shiny collars round their necks with a little disc hanging down in front as on a dog collar. Two closely resembling pairs of women had actually been chained to each other by the neck.

Under their tunics they all wore rubber chastity belts, just like hers.

My God, thought Emma, and turned for the door. But there was no handle! She pushed at it. It was locked.

One of the women, a beautiful creature perhaps in her thirties said something to her sympathetically, in what seemed to be a Slavonic language. She did not understand. Then, in heavily accented English, she slowly said: 'There is no escape from here!'

None of the women seemed to speak much English but she gathered they had been told that another woman would be joining them. Herself!

'But I've come here to go to Brazil with Miss de Vere,' she cried.

The others nodded. 'Us too!'

Totally unnerved, Emma looked to where one of the women, a very buxom blond girl, was pointing. There on an empty top bunk was laid out a collar and a set of wrist manacles and chain, just the ones the other women were wearing. There was also a short silken tunic - again just like the ones the other women were wearing.

Attached to the tunic, in Ursula's handwriting, was a note:

"Emma, undress and put this on. And put all, repeat all, your own clothes away in the chest of drawers. And then snap the manacles onto your wrists and the collar round your neck. They'll lock automatically. Get moving! Remember the television camera is watching you - so hurry, if don't want to give Sabhu an excuse for using his dressage whip on you."

With horrified gasp of fear, Emma looked up and saw in the corner of the room a little television camera. It was being remotely operated. She saw it swivel and point directly at her.

She looked at the manacles with a mixture of fear and fascination. It had at times in the past been so exciting being in Ursula's power. But could she trust her? Who were these other women? Putting on the collar and the heavy manacles would, she knew, have a deep psychological, as well physical, effect.

'Hurry Emma! Hurry!' Suddenly from a loudspeaker came Sabhu's angry voice, with it's distinctive half French, half Caribbean, accent. 'Or you get cane!'

With a sob of despair, Emma quickly undressed. She was now naked except for her rubber chastity belt. Hastily she snapped the collar round her neck and the manacles onto her wrists. It was, she realised, highly symbolic that she should have done so herself.

She was back in Ursula's power again - and, apparently, of her own volition!

PART V

SABHU'S DISCIPLINE

9 - TRAINED FILLIES

Ursula's team was now complete and Emma, Lady Rossrae, was now safely locked up in the dormitory downstairs under Sabhu's special supervision.

Ursula entered her bedroom. It was early afternoon - siesta time.

She looked across at the two alcoves. Both were hidden by the thick velvet curtains drawn across the gilded and prettily worked metal bars of each cage's screen. She could hear rustling noises as Fifi moved about Cage Number One and the red-haired Hungarian sisters, Heidi and Suzy, chained together by the neck, moved about their equally darkened cage, Number Two.

Oh, what a feeling of power surged through her as she wondered which should she choose for her afternoon's pleasure. How delightful it was having such a choice!

In London, she reflected, it was far easier for a rich and dominant woman to keep a harem of young women in her power, and under strict control, than for a man. Indeed she could virtually do so quite openly. No one queried a woman being seen with several young women, nor keeping several young women in her house or even sharing a hotel room - things that would certainly attract attention if done by a man.

Fifi's milk continued to flow well, which was why Ursula had decided to keep her in the Favourite's Cage and not yet put her back in with the other girls in the dormitory. Sabhu had also now made a fine job of elongating her nipples so as to make milking her breasts, in his little pulsating milking machine, easier.

Her now nicely stretched nipples also made a fine and erotic sight that would soon, Ursula laughed to herself, be fascinating Carmen's Brazilian friends.

Her pretty little tummy was, of course, now beginning to look nicely swollen. Ursula remembered how thrilling it had been when Sabhu had reported that the test he had done was positive and when Doctor Anna had confirmed this. How exciting it was to see, on Doctor Anna's scan, the little dark female embryos. They would certainly catch the eye of Carmen's clients - especially if their mother, despite her state, had performed well on the racing track.

How amusing it had been when Sabhu had told the anxious Fifi her that she was just suffering from indigestion. Then finally when the kicks became strong, he had told the anxious girl that she was indeed now expecting a Happy Event, as he called it.

He had, however, left her mystified over how it could have happened. Ursula had laughed as she watched on the monitoring screen the sight of Fifi alternatively rubbing, in wonder, her swelling belly and then tearing in vain, with her manacled hands, at the shiny chain-mail belt that prevented her from trying to get rid of the progeny growing inexplicably inside her.

Finally, Ursula had decided it was time to tell the girl the truth - or some of it. Fifi had listened, wide eyed with astonishment, as her Mistress told her that she was, mysteriously the father. Without going into details or mentioning what the Pollinator had been loaded with, Ursula had reminded the girl of the two times she had, so excitingly received the contents of the pink double dildo, with its rather special testicles.

Not for nothing, she told the astonished girl, was it called the Pollinator! She refused to answer any of the girl's questions, simply repeating that she must accept that she was carrying her Mistress's child. But Ursula had not told her that she was carrying two little creatures, nor that they were black.

Finally, brain washed by Sabhu into accepting that she was her Mistress's prize breeding girl, she had settled down and took a growing pride in her swelling belly - something that none of the other girls had!

But now, as both her Mistress's milk maid and breeding slave, she was getting too big for her boots and it was time she was taken down a peg or two.

Accordingly, Ursula had told Sabhu that morning to put the Hungarian sisters into the spare cage next to Fifi's. They were turning out to be an excellent couple of pleasure slaves. Always kept chained together by Sabhu, like Mizzi and Maria, they had turned out to be highly satisfactory pair.

So, too had Mizzi and Maria. The Princess and her staff of black eunuchs had certainly trained Mizzi well and Sabhu's cane had ensured that Maria followed in her mother's footsteps - and further developed her knowledge of the art of pleasing a woman, the basics of which she had learnt from the nuns and other girls in her convent school.

Indeed so successful had been the concept of paired pleasure girls, that she had wondered whether to train Emma and Carla as another pair. But of course, unknown to Emma, she was likely to be destined for a very special fate and, as for the excitingly buxom Carla, it would be more profitable to offer her to Carmen as a single item of merchandise.

Ursula now gave a little cruel chuckle as she thought of how the pressure in Fifi's breasts must be building up. She had deliberately not drunk from the girl's swelling breasts at breakfast that morning and had told Sabhu not to milk her either.

Unable, thanks to Doctor Anna's cleverly designed milking bra to relieve the pressure in her swollen breasts herself, she must be longing to be milked - or to offer her now nicely elongated nipples to her Mistress.

Sabhu had now deliberately removed the girl's little wooden stool and Ursula chuckled again at the thought of the girl kneeling on all fours in her darkened cage, her inflated breasts hanging down beneath her in their plastic cups. She laughed again at the thought of the girl trying in vain to reach her swollen nipples or to tear off her bra - just as she had tried in vain to get at progeny or tear off the breeding belt!

These milking bras certainly would sell well in Brazil to Carmen's coterie of members of The Society, especially now that she had a real live girl in milk to display to them. Perhaps, however, in view of the keen interest that they would arouse, she should bring out a second girl in milk ... perhaps one that was not expecting a Happy Event ...

A lovely feeling of power flowed through Ursula at the thought of how excited Fifi must have been when she heard Sabhu's heavy footsteps coming up to the back of her cage. At last she was going to be milked!

But then how jealous and disappointed Fifi must have been when she heard the wooden trapdoor at the back of the next door cage being opened and the clanking noise from the manacles of Mizzi and Maria, as Sabhu's cane drove them, crawling on their knees, into the other cage. Then would have come the noise of the trapdoor being slammed shut and the rattle of the bolts.

As Fifi heard Sabhu's footsteps going away, she would have longed to call out and beg him to take her out to be milked, to be allowed to thrust her breasts into the cups of his milking machine. Later, she would also have longed to call out to the other cage to ask jealously who was there.

In both cases, however, she would not have dared to do so, for although she was no longer now kept muzzled, no talking was allowed in the cages - for Ursula did not want to be bothered with any annoying importuning from behind the heavy drawn curtains. Woebetide any girl who broke that strict rule. Moreover the voice-activated microphones in the two alcoves were sensitive enough to pick up the slightest whisper and record what was said on the recorder in Sabhu's room.

Well, perhaps her Mistress would at least refresh herself from her milk maid before enjoying herself with the Hungarian sisters.

Fifi winced as she felt a little kick in her tummy and remembered her forthcoming Happy Event, as she had been brain-washed by Sabhu into calling what was happening to her.

Oh, how proud she was to be her Mistress's ladies maid - and her milk maid as well and above all, thanks to her Mistress, to be expecting a Happy Event.

She was the Favourite! The other girls might be just as pretty as her, but she was the Favourite and the one chosen to attend on her Mistress. None of them had been chosen to have flowing breasts for their Mistress, nor a prettily swelling belly! She might no longer be Fiona and instead have been given a silly little dog's name by her Mistress, but she was still the Favourite!

As Favourite she enjoyed a great privilege: she did not have to go Sabhu's embarrassing training sessions with the other girls but had her own private ones - humiliating though they were.

No, the other girls were nothing as compared to her, not even that chit of a girl, Emma, for all her superior airs. She seemed to have been one of Ursula's girls before. Was she a rival? Anyway she hated her!

One day she would ask her Mistress to give her the power to order Sabhu to cane any of them who were disrespectful to her. Perhaps she might be allowed to order four strokes? That would assert her authority alright! And the first girl who'd get four strokes would be Emma! She could hardly wait to see that stuck-up, newly arrived, bitch writhing and wriggling under Sabhu's cane and to hear her crying for mercy.

Perhaps, Fifi told herself, she might even be allowed to wield the cane herself. Oh what an exciting prospect!

Meanwhile, she enjoyed the way the other girls jealously looked at her milk swollen breasts and lovely elongated nipples through the transparent plastic milking bra - and, of course, at her swelling little belly just above her breeding belt. The bra and the belt might be locked on her, but none of them, not even Emma, had been chosen to be their Mistress's milk slave nor to carry her child. She was special!

However, she knew that the other girls were being trained by Sabhu in the art of pleasing a Mistress, in readiness for Brazil. Might she be replaced as Favourite? Might the milk of any of the other girls also be brought on to rival hers? Might her Mistress use the mysterious Pollinator on another girl?

Indeed, why had other girls just been put into the other cage? And why more than one?

20 - URSULA ENJOYS HER GIRLS

Relaxing on her comfortable bed, Ursula wondered whether Fifi was sufficiently fearful of losing her place as her Mistress's Favourite? Perhaps it was now time to move Fifi down to the dormitory and try out the other girls as her ladies maid. Certainly, in the past, Emma had made a very satisfactory one.

Emma!

She was going leave her in Sabhu's hands for a couple more days to ensure she was properly broken-in again, and then have her put in Cage Number Two!

Ursula laughed at the thought of how easy it had proved to be to lure Emma back into her power. That girl would do anything for money! And how jealous she must have been, to find that she was just one of seven girls and that Fifi was already installed as the Favourite.

Equally, she was thinking, how deliciously jealous Fifi must be that Heidi and Suzy had been put into the second cage that afternoon. She had also seen on her television screen how jealous the other girls in the dormitory had been when Sabhu came to collect the Hungarian sisters.

Equally how exciting, was the thought of how embarrassed the two Hungarian girls must be as they crawled naked about their cage, chained together by the neck.

But it must have been even more embarrassing for Mizzi, no matter how much she might adore pleasuring her Mistress, when she was put naked into the cage chained by he neck to her daughter.

As for the daughter, no matter how much Maria had adored being seduced by her Mistress and entering her service, it must be awful, to find herself crawling naked in the cage with her equally naked mother, as they silently waited to be summoned to pleasure their Mistress.

Then, it must be as dreadful for them both, as it was arousing for their Mistress, when later they knelt on either side of their prone Mistress, each waiting for the order to apply her tongue to their Mistress's beauty bud.

Ursula wondered if the sisters would be exchanging glances as they waited in their cage, or firmly avoiding eye contact. Would they be exchanging little hand squeezes or, jealous of each other, would they be resolutely trying to avoid touching each other? Would they both be becoming secretly and shamefully aroused as they waited for the cage door to be opened?

Perhaps it would be even more amusing to leave them in their darkened cage initially whilst they jealously listened to the sounds of the Mistress being prepared by Fifi?

Yes, Ursula decided, that would be trick she would play on them all. Whilst the sisters crouched frustrated in their cage, she would use Fifi to strap Duet onto her. She would then tease her by taking off her chastity belt and her milking bra and allow her to give her Mistress just a few drops of refreshing milk whilst she played with the girl's beauty bud.

Then, she would send her, frustrated, back to her cage, before letting out Heidi and Suzy who would by now be even more desperate to please her than ever!

Ursula reached across and pressed the buttons marked Cage Number One ...

Minutes later, a thrilled Fifi, her chastity belt just removed, was kneeling by her Mistress's bedside, her eyes fixed on the wobbling Duet as it stood up from her Mistress's belly.

How exciting to have had her horrible belt taken off. What exciting plans did her Mistress have for her now? Was she going to be taken by Duet? Oh, how she hoped so! And, anyway, sucks and yah-boo to those two spoilt redheads, still locked in their darkened cage!

Suddenly her eye was caught by the key to her milking bra lying on the bedside table. Did that mean that her Mistress wanted her milk? How she longed to beg her Mistress to ease the pain in her swollen breasts.

'Head to floor!' ordered Ursula.

Fifi obediently lowered her head to the floor. She felt her Mistress start to unlock the little padlock in the small of her back. Oh how wonderful! But then her Mistress stopped, as if she had changed her mind. Oh no! Please God, Fifi prayed silently, let my Mistress take off my horrible milking bra.

Moments later she heard the key again being inserted in the padlock. The plastic bra fell to the floor.

'Up!' ordered Ursula and then, 'Offer your milk!'

Hastily Fifi knelt at her Mistress's bedside, her now heavy breasts hanging tantalisingly down towards her Mistress's mouth.

Ursula reached up and lowered one elongated nipple into her mouth. She started to suck letting the excitingly elongated nipple reach right up to the roof of her mouth. She could hear little moans of delight from Fifi.

'Let it down!' she ordered and gave the nipple a little squeeze. She was rewarded by a little warm jet of sweet tasting milk. It was delicious.

She switched to the other breast. She did not want to empty them. Not yet!

'Up!' she ordered, nonchalantly picking up a book to read. 'And put your bra back on!'

With a little sob of disappointment Fifi picked up the bra and inserted her breasts into the transparent cups. She gave another little push and her nipples filled the outer cups. She put the securing chains over her shoulders, offered the padlock to her Mistress and then turned her back towards her. She heard a click and the bra was again securely locked back in place.

There was a long pause and then without raising her eyes from her book, Ursula snapped her fingers and pointed back to Fifi's cage.

With a little sob of unbelieving despair, Fifi crawled back to the pretty metal grille and back into her cage. She heard a click from her Mistress's bed and the trapdoor closed behind her, its electronic lock engaged. Moments later

the heavy velvet curtain swished closed, leaving her in darkness with just the usual chinks of light coming from under the curtains.

Oh, thought Fifi, the feeling of frustration! She could feel herself still wet with the arousal of having undressed her Mistress, of having strapped her Mistress's dildo onto her hips, and of having offered her milk.

Now, for once, her chastity belt was off! Oh, how she longed, and longed, to put her hands down to her throbbing beauty bud. But she knew that if she did so the infra-red camera in the corner of her cage would relay a picture of her doing so to the screen in Sabhu's room - and indeed perhaps to the screen by her Mistress's bedside. She bit her lips in futile frustration.

Suddenly, Fifi heard the noise of an electronic lock clicking open. Eagerly she crawled forward again to the bars of her cage. Her Mistress, her adorable and wonderful Mistress, had changed her mind! Perhaps she had just been playing a game with her.

Then she was overwhelmed with jealousy. Her trapdoor was still firmly locked! It was the trapdoor to the cage next door that she had heard being released. Indeed, she now heard the swish of the curtains next door as they were pulled back - again electronically.

Fifi felt like screaming with rage as, once again, she heard the noise of two girls crawling out of the cage next door. Then she heard them crawling across the room to foot of her Mistress's bed, side by side, linked by the chain fastened to their collars.

'Come a little higher up, Heidi - and you Suzy' came her Mistress's voice. Heidi! And Suzy!

Oh why, she sobbed, overcome with jealous rage in the darkness of her cage, did her Mistress choose those silly Hungarian sluts, when she could have her? And the thought of either of them being taken by Duet was enough to drive her crazy.

Fifi's hands gripped the bars of her in desperation as she thought of Heidi and Suzy vying with each other to give pleasure as they crawled up her Mistress's bed, up beneath the bed clothes, up between her Mistress's legs, up to that black manhood. Oh! Oh!

Holding her cane in one hand, Ursula kept both Heidi's and Suzy's heads in just the right place.

As they had been made to practice over and over again by Sabhu, one of them was sucking the black manhood, Duet, whilst the other was licking the testicles. The combined effect on the little rubber studs now gently massaging their Mistress's beauty bud was thrilling for her. Oh the sheer physical joy. And, oh the mental excitement of controlling a beautiful pair of young sisters was almost as exciting as controlling a beautiful mother and daughter!

Momentarily putting down her cane, Ursula switched on the television monitor.

She smiled as the sweeping camera showed first a rather tearful Emma, then a happily smiling Mizzi and, chained to her, Maria, and finally the lovely buxom Carla. They were all lying down, resting in their little bunk beds, up in the attic dormitory.

They were all keeping their hands well on display above the bed clothes, and dutifully holding their little dolls, as they nervously glanced at the camera as it repeatedly traversed to and fro. Ursula smiled again at the thought that they would all be jealously imagining just what was going on upstairs in their Mistress's bedroom.

Once again a delicious feeling of power swept through Ursula as she surveyed them. They really were a lovely lot. What a success her shopping expedition to Poland and to the castle in Germany had been - four extra lovely and submissive young girls. And now Emma as well!

She smiled at the thought of how easy it had been to collect them all and how willing they were to go to Brazil - even Emma. The power of money! They had all signed their contracts that morning and had been thrilled to be shown their initial cheques. A little more training by Sabhu, a few more fittings and rehearsals for the dress show, and a few more performances in her bed, and they would be ready for the stud farm!

She was going to make a lot of money from this operation, starting with the 25% Agents Fee on their contracts. She had also, of course, deducted the cost of their air fares and Sabhu's wages from the initial payments to the girls.

In particular she felt she would be able to charge a considerable fee for the use of Emma, Lady Rossrae - especially in view of what going to happen to her.

With her breasts in milk and her belly showing well, Fifi should also be a good money earner. Carmen's clients would be fascinated to see her two little black progeny on the ultra sound monitor. She would make a fine advertisement for what would soon be done to the other girls.

Also very appealing, would be the pretty Carla with her big breasts crying out to be put into milk. Here again, Carmen's clients would be fascinated to see her being brought into milk - and the other girls as well. Her mating would also provide a fine spectacle for which they could make a considerable charge.

So, too, would the mating of the sisters ... and, of course, of Mizzi and Maria, especially as the daughter was still a virgin. Indeed, only the thought of how much more she could ask clients to watch their mating, if the daughter was still a virgin, had prevented her from using Duet on the girl, herself!

Yes, the little innocents would make her a lot of money! Meanwhile, how enjoyable it was to lie back in her bed, whip in hand, whilst Fifi, or one or two of the other girls, lay between her legs obediently exciting her with their tongues, whilst she watched the other girls on the screen, innocently playing with their dolls, in their little short tunics, resting in their bunks or, as a special treat, watching a carefully vetted and harmless children's video.

Ursula looked down at the red haired sisters dutifully straining to give her pleasure. It was time for the next little excitement. The chain linking their collars was carefully designed to be long enough for it!

Ursula's orders now came fast and furious. She was using the simple standard words of command that Sabhu was teaching them, in readiness for Brazil.

'Heidi!...Up! up! ... On you back! ... Legs apart! ... Knees raised! Hands behind neck'

There was a pause as Ursula positioned herself between the Hungarian girl's pretty legs. The tip of Duet now seemed to be poised to find it's way between Heidi's hairless and slightly parted beauty lips.

'Suzy!... Behind ... Tongue! ... More! ... Lick better or you get cane! ... Good ... Oh very good! ... Very good indeed!

Suzy may not have understood every word, and Ursula did speak Hungarian. but seconds later she felt the girls hot little pointed tongue pressing again on her rear orifice, as she gripped her now madly wriggling sister round the waist and held her tight.

Overcome with pleasure and excitement, Ursula plunged forward. There was a little scream as the jutting Duet penetrated the prostrate Heidi. It was a scream that momentarily made Suzy stop concentrating on her work.

'Go on Suzy ... Lick again or by God you'll get the cane.'

She could now feel Heidi's soft breasts rubbing against her own hard ones. Above all she could feel the other manhood up inside herself, and the rubber knobs rubbing against her beauty bud, in response to Heidi's wriggles of pain and pleasure.

She began to thrust in and out.

'Rise up!' she ordered and picked up her cane to enforce the order. Now Heidi was raising her beauty lips up to meet her every thrust, producing more thrills of delight from the rubber knobs.

Behind the curtain covering her cage, Fifi was listening to the love-making with unbearable jealousy. Her Mistress should have been taking her not that awful Heidi! But at least it was not Mizzi or her stupid daughter - nor Carla or Emma. She really hated them.

Meanwhile Ursula was enjoying climax after climax as she held the beautiful and writhing Heidi down beneath her, clamping her mouth to her mouth and thrusting into her mouth with her tongue, just as she thrust into her body with her dildo, whilst her sister so excitingly wriggled her tongue from behind

- just as she had, so embarrassingly and painfully, been taught to do by Sabhu and his cane.

Ursula put her hands down to the rubber scrotum and squeezed hard. Then she screamed aloud as the warm sticky mixture shot up into her, releasing yet another mammoth climax. She was aware of a matching scream from Heidi as the same mixture hit her, with the same result.

Then, exhausted, Ursula withdrew from Heidi and lay back.

Moments later a now recovered Ursula snapped her fingers and ordered Heidi and Suzy to crawl back to their cage.

As soon as they were both back in it, she pressed the buttons marked "Cage Number Two" to close and lock the little trapdoor, then to switch off the spotlights lighting up the cage and finally to draw the heavy curtain across the alcove.

Her ladies maid could now come and clean her up! And her carefully saved milk would now be doubly refreshing! She pressed the buttons marked "Case Number One" to release Fifi ...

Gently the still highly aroused Fifi unstrapped the dildo and withdrew it from her Mistress. Then she licked her Mistress clean tasting the mixture of milk and cream from between her Mistress's beauty lips.

At least, she thought proudly, it was her duty, and her duty alone, to clean her Mistress after her lovemaking. She was her Mistress's personal attendant!

Moments later she was again kneeling at her Mistress's side offering her milk - and this time her Mistress was determined to suck her dry!

Meanwhile, her satiated Mistress, was yet again reveling in the feeling of power, the feeling of power that came from having all these girls at her beck and call.

Yes, everything was going very well.

All the girls were thrilled at the idea of becoming well paid, international models. All of them had happily signed their contracts without realising that she would be disposing of them in Brazil. They just assumed that their Mistress would go on using them modeling at dress shows, all over Brazil.

None of them had an inkling of the fate that awaited them in the stables, kennels and breeding pens of their future Mistresses.

Moreover, the girls were not skinny little hard faced creatures, like real models. Instead they were soft, submissive, curvaceous, little creatures, and eager to please: just the type that members of The Society like.

They clearly all adored their Mistress, the woman who was offering them what seemed such a wonderful life, and who kept them, excitingly, collared, manacled and locked up. But they all feared Sabhu - as they should do.

Only one matter was outstanding: deciding which other girl should be quickly put into milk to model Doctor Anna's clever Milking Bra, for Fifi would be used more as a practical example of the use of Doctor Anna's Pollinator.

It would be thrilling, of course, to show off her Polish mother and virgin daughter both in milk - but doubtless that was something that ought to be left to provide a further spectacle at the stud farm. Much the same applied to the sisters and to Carla.

That left Emma. Quickly bringing her into milk would firm up and expand her breasts nicely - something that her future hirer would much appreciate. Yes, she must remember to tell Sabhu to start her on pills straight away.

21 - EMMA CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF A TERRIBLE FATE

The next day, Emma and the other girls were as usual locked into their small dormitory, which she shared with the two pretty Hungarian models, the lovely Slovene girl and the beautiful Polish woman and her very pretty daughter. Fifi had been put back into her cage off Ursula's bedroom.

Emma was lying on a top bunk with Carla, the Slovene girl in the bunk below her. Her hands, manacled now like those of the other girls, were dutifully on show above the bed clothes, holding a little doll.

It was a very pretty little doll and again, like the other girls, she found she loved playing with it, bathing it and dressing it. There was nothing else to do.

It was afternoon and, except for Heidi and Suzy who had been taken upstairs to pleasure Ursula, the girls were silently resting in their bunks. They were not now muzzled, but no talking was allowed except to ask in emergency to spend a penny or go to the loo - a rule that was enforced by a microphone hanging from the ceiling. It was sensitive enough to pick up the slightest whisper and would relay it to a loudspeaker in Sabhu's room.

It was also a rule whose implementation was helped by the girls having no common language, other than broken English.

Under the bed clothes they were all just wearing their normal dress of a short, little, tunic with Ursula's crest and initials prettily embroidered over the right breast.

The room was brightly painted and airy, like a nursery, with little tales and chairs and a lovely big doll's house. But there were bars on the windows - nominally to keep out burglars.

The room had it's own bathroom and loo - though it had an electronic lock to prevent them from using it without Sabhu's permission. Only Sabhu knew the code that opened the door. The door could, however, also be opened remotely from Sabhu's room.

Indeed the girls were officially only allowed into the bathroom, whether to have a shower, or to spend a penny, accompanied by Sabhu. It was so embarrassing! But, Emma knew, Ursula would not allow her girls to have any privacy. They might use it to play with themselves - or each other - and that was strictly forbidden. They were only allowed pleasure in their Mistress's bed!

It was Sabhu who even stood over them humiliatingly whenever they spent a penny or went to the loo - and who afterwards checked the cleanliness of the taut rubber white tubular cord that went up behind them. It was he who washed them all over with the slippery soap when they had a shower.

Sabhu's room adjoined the dormitory, through a special door through which he would often come through unannounced.

It was embarrassing enough, the girls all felt, being under the constant supervision of Ursula's burly great Haitian overseer, but there was also a little television camera, high up in the corner of the room, that constantly scanned to and fro, recording the girls every movement, and displaying it on a monitor in Sabhu's room.

It was Sabhu who not only, of course, strictly forbade the girls from getting into each other's beds, or having a shower together, but also insisted that, when in bed, they kept their hands above the bed clothes at all times. It was all very frustrating, but the slightest breach of the rules would earn a girl half a dozen strokes across the palm of her hands from the little dog whip that Sabhu always carried with him - as a reminder to them of his authority over them.

Not allowing them to wear normal clothes, keeping them manacled, and silent, controlling their natural functions and treating them like little girls in a nursery, was all part, as Emma knew of old, of Ursula's power game. It was also a way of brainwashing naturally vivacious young women into being submissive little creatures, happily accepting their subservience.

The television camera was also, Emma knew, linked to a monitor in Ursula's sumptuous bedroom so that she could amuse herself by watching, on her screen, the girls happily playing with their dolls, lying on their bunks or, as a special treat, watching a carefully vetted and harmless children's video.

Ursula's bedroom! Emma gave an angry little groan of jealousy at the thought of that stuck-up chit of a simpering girl, Fifi, was now ensconced in the Favourite's cage off Ursula's bedroom. That was something that Fifi kept rubbing into the other girls as proof of her superior status.

The Favourite's cage! How often in the past had Ursula kept her, Emma, in it when she had been the Favourite? And now she had come back into Ursula's

service only to find that to her fury that that stupid big boobed and swollen bellied Fifi was proudly occupying it - and lording over her and the other girls, just because the Mistress had made her milk maid and her breeding slave.

Overcome with jealousy, she had seen how Ursula was clearly thrilled with the girl's state and how she enjoyed showing her off to her friends. 'And no ghastly male is responsible for this!' she would say, stroking the blushing girl's swollen breasts and tapping the girl's swollen tummy over her shiny breeding belt.

Oh, how she resented the proud and superior way in which Fifi liked to parade her belly and her milk laden breasts and her elongated nipples, locked behind her transparent plastic milking bra, in front of the other girls! How jealous they had all felt!

But at least Emma's friend Mizzi, and her daughter Maria, had had been called out that afternoon by Sabhu to be put into the other cage. That would give the wretched Fifi food for thought! Serve the bitch right!

But neither resentment of Sabhu's strict and humiliating regime, nor intense jealousy of Fifi, was the reason for Emma's current mental agitation.

The dolls, Emma knew, were all part of arousing the girls maternal instincts - was it, she had innocently wondered, in readiness for something that might happen to them in Brazil?

Emma's thoughts were interrupted by a rattle of the electronic lock on the dormitory door.

Sabhu entered. With a rattle of their heavy manacles, the girls all jumped off their bunks and stood up respectfully at Attention, their hands clasped behind their necks.

As usual Sabhu was holding his dressage whip was in his hand, Like the other girls Emma found that she could not take her eyes off it. Oh, how frightened she felt!

'Line up!' he ordered.

He snapped short lengths of chain onto their collars. They were all now fastened together by the neck - just as the mother and daughter were already.

Then he stood back and looked at the nervous women. Satisfied he barked another order,

'Follow me!'

Then holding the chain fastened to the front of the collar of the leading girl, he led them downstairs to Ursula's office to sign their contracts. Fifi and the Hungarian sisters were already standing silently attention in front of Ursula's desk.

'All present!' Sabhu reported to the busily writing Ursula. with a smile she put down her pen.

'Well. girls, this is an exciting moment for you all,' she said, speaking slowly so that they could understand. Their English was now much improved for Sabhu had been giving them daily lessons in Basic English, and had forbidden them, even the Polish mother and daughter and the Hungarian sisters, to speak to each other in their own languages.

The "standard modeling contracts", as Ursula described them, had been written in Portuguese, which none of them understood. Ursula gave them a brief outline of what the contracts said, but neither she nor the other girls were very interested. Their eyes were fixed on the cheques for the first six months salaries, that Ursula showed each of them. These would now be paid into their Swiss bank accounts.

Goodness, Emma thought, this alone would almost pay off the overdraft she had, unknown to her husband, run up whilst he was abroad.

In accordance with the contract, Ursula briefly explained to her, further sums would be paid into her bank over the next year, "subject to satisfactory conduct in Brazil" and further sums, if she "satisfactorily delivered" whatever was required of her - an expression she did not understand.

But never mind, she told herself, with all that money at stake she'd certainly make sure that her conduct was satisfactory alright! It all came to an excitingly large total.

Whereas the other girls' contracts had been for two years minimum, hers, as a married woman, was only for one year - until her husband returned from his long spell in the Pacific.

It all sounded very fair and the idea of being "hired out" to serving a new and unknown Mistress in Brazil sounded rather exciting to a confirmed and submissive masochist like Emma.

Then she noticed on a side table a small photograph album marked "'Carmen's Stud Farm in Brazil". Taking advantage of Ursula and Sabhu's preoccupation with the contracts and advance cheques, she discreetly opened it.

Quickly, before any saw what she was doing, she turned over a page marked "The Breeding and Foaling Wing". There were coloured photographs of a line of stalls, and of proud looking little South American Indian grooms, carrying short riding whips.

But she caught her breath and almost cried out aloud in horror, when she saw that in the stalls were not horses, but pretty naked Mestizo coloured girls!

They were chained by neck to rings at the back of their stalls. Some were crawling on the straw and others combing or brushing their hair.

She looked closer and again almost gasped aloud. Many of the girls appeared to be in an expectant state. Across the naked buttocks of one girl were the clear wheals of a recent beating.

On the front of some of the stalls was a blackboard on which was written the heading in English: "Owner". Underneath these were Brazilian looking names. There was also a space for what looked like feeding instructions, written in Portuguese.

But what really caught Emma's eye were some dates, headed in English, "Covered" and "Due to Foal".

Emma's head reeled. Could they really be the girl's date of being covered like a brood mare and her date of foaling? How awful! Was the Stud Farm a human one? Were the notices written in English to make it more like a real Thoroughbred Stud?

One photograph even showed a very light skinned girl, chained in her stall, with two very black little babies crawling at her feet

Again she had to stop herself from crying out in horror as she again turned the page and caught a glimpse of photographs of heavily pregnant coloured girls, their hands fastened to the backs their collars, being led round a stage by their grinning Indian grooms. Looking up at them was a row of comfortably seated men. They were cruel looking and well dressed. My God! ...

She turned the page and gasped, for the same pregnant girls were now shown harnessed singly, or in pairs, to lightweight trotting carts, driven by the same men. Oh no!

'Line up!'

Sabhu's brusque order interrupted Emma's shock. Hastily she discreetly closed the book and took her place in the line.

'Hands behind neck!' Sabhu ordered, followed by: 'Double mark time!'

The girls were now prancing on the spot, with Fifi in pride of place on the right of the line, her prettily curved belly proudly thrust forward under her little tunic.

'Right Turn,' came the order, followed by: 'Forward!'

The prancing girls followed their overseer back upstairs to the locked dormitory.

22 - EMMA ESCAPES AND IS RECAPTURED

Emma's mind was in turmoil.

The photographs had made a lasting impression. They had certainly been enough to make Emma have second thoughts about the contract she had signed - despite the large sum that she was going to be paid.

Just what, she kept asking herself, was Ursula intending to do with the her and the other girls who had signed these lucrative "modeling" contracts, once they were in Brazil? Why was it worth her while to pay them so much?

Horried, she remembered about the "satisfactory deliveries" they were expected to make out there.

My God! she thought, have I made a terrible mistake?

Again she thought of those terrifying photographs of the girls in the stables being treated like human brood mares. And she had signed a contract for a whole year!

Innocently, she had wondered just what Ursula would be doing with them in Brazil. Had she stumbled on the truth?

Oh yes, there was no doubt about it - she must escape. Now! Before it was too late and she found herself in what seemed to be some sort of human stud farm.

Emma got out of bed and with an air of apparent innocence. Then quietly, so as not to disturb the sleeping girls, she went to the door to Sabhu's room. She knocked discreetly with her manacled hands.

'Mr Sabhu, Sir?', she whispered urgently.

She heard an annoyed grunt. Clearly Sabhu had been dozing and resented being disturbed.

'Yes what is it?' came an angry voice.

'Please, Sir, Mr Sabhu, I want to spend a penny.'

Normally, of course, that always had to be done, embarrassingly, in front of Sabhu. But, on this occasion, she was counting on him, being sleepy and not bothering to come and take her into the bathroom. Her heart was in her mouth as she waited for his reply.

'Alright, go on by yourself this time. But don't be long!'

Emma's eyes lit up. She heard the click of the electronic lock on the bathroom door, as it is was remotely unlocked by the control in Sabhu's room.

There was a noise as if bedclothes were being pulled back up over his head. She found her coat and threw it over her shoulders and down over her manacled hands as if it were a dressing gown. Then she found her rubber soled walking shoes and slipped into them as if she was just putting on bedroom slippers. Then carefully hiding what she was doing from the watching television camera, she discreetly grabbed her handbag, and then ran into the bathroom - as if she could not wait.

She knew there was no television camera in the bathroom, and quietly she opened the little slit of a window. It was so narrow that it had not been considered worth while to fit any bars across it. But Emma was slim and lithe and knew better!

She looked down at the little flat roof immediately below the narrow widow and began to squeeze out of the window. At last she made it and with a sigh of relief dropped down on the flat roof.

From there, despite her manacled hands, it was an easy job to reach the street. There was no one about. Hastily she ran away from the house. She had escaped! She was free!

But now what should she do? She did not have any money for a taxi, for Sabhu had earlier removed her purse, containing her money, credit cards and cheque book, from her bag. He did not approve of any of Ursula's girls having any financial independence. She felt very naked in just her thin little nightdress under her coat - and, of course, her hands were manacled.

Suddenly, a quarter of a mile from Ursula's house she saw a small hotel. Quickly she ran into it and, hiding her manacles under her coat, asked for a room for the night. From there, she thought, she would telephone Henry to come and collect her.

The reception clerk looked suspiciously up at this still panting, strangely dressed, wild eyed, woman with tousled hair, and no luggage. Where had she come from? Was she mentally disturbed?

Awkwardly snatching the key to hide her manacles, Emma ran upstairs to the bedroom. She would get her breath back and then quietly ring Henry.

But her escape had been caught by one of the security cameras that guarded Ursula's house with its precious collection of paintings. Quickly alerting Ursula, he had run into the street behind Emma, only to find that she had disappeared.

Knowing that she had no money, he ran to the hotel.

'Have you seen a strange looking young woman?' he asked the receptionist, putting a ten pound note down on the counter.

'Yes. A moment ago!' replied the young man, pocketing the note. 'Room 14 on the first floor. Is she all right. She looked rather odd.'

'She's deranged and has to be looked after. She could be dangerous! Can you give the spare key to her room?' He put a twenty pound note on the counter. 'We don't want her harming herself in your hotel do we?'

'Oh no! Can you get her out quickly?'

'Yes! Please ring this number.' He handed the astonished young man a slip with Ursula's private telephone number. 'Please ring this number and when the nurse answers, tell her to bring the car round quickly! We'll then take the girl away before she does any harm.'

'Right!' said the young man eagerly, handing Sabhu the spare key.

Seizing the key, Sabhu bounded up the stairs and burst into the room.

Emma was sitting on the bed. She had just dialed Henry 's number and heard him answer. Sabhu heard her say: 'Henry darling!', then, before she could say another word, he snatched the phone out of her hands and hung up. He seized Emma and pushed her down on the floor.

Moments later Ursula entered the room. She was looking furious. For Emma to have escaped just when, following her exciting love-making with the sisters, she had been congratulating herself on having her team of women utterly helpless in her power - and under contract!

'The slut was trying to telephone some one called 'Henry', ' he reported.

'Henry!' cried Ursula. 'That male bastard! The sheer effrontery of the girl! I won't stand for it. My God, Sabhu, she's going to be taught a lesson!'

23 - EMMA'S TERRIBLE THRASHING

Contemptuously, Sabhu flung the coat over Emma's nightdress. With Sabhu firmly gripping her by the arm, Emma dumbly followed Ursula out into the corridor, past the hotel reception desk and out into the street.

Ursula threw open the back of her Volvo hatchback. It had tinted windows so that no one could see into it. There were dog bars across the top of the rear seat making the boot into a very effective cage. Ursula did not have a dog, but found the barred boot very useful for girls instead.

A sliding plastic hood could be pulled over the top of the girl, if necessary, to prevent her from being seen or the girl from seeing where she was being taken. But Emma, cowering in the boot, knew only too well where she was being taken - and why.

Arriving back at Ursula's house, the car drove into the private garage. The cringing girl was dragged out of the car and down into the brilliantly lit large basement punishment room.

'Strip her and put her on the wheel,' ordered Ursula in a quiet menacing tone that Emma found almost more frightening than being shouted at.

Smiling eagerly with anticipation, Sabhu took off his coat and shirt. He was now naked to the waist. He rubbed some oil over his muscular torso so that it was now gleaming frighteningly. Emma shuddered as he reached forward and ripped off first her coat and then her night dress. She tried to shrink back but to no avail. Gripping her by the hair in one hand, Sabhu marched her, doubled up, to the large wooden wheel in the center of the room.

It looked rather like the wheel of a cart, a rather wide rimmed wheel. It was held in a frame, so that it could be turned on its well greased axis by a handle at the side. Short little needles projected from the rim of the wheel. Ursula had shown Emma pictures of such a wheel in a medieval torture chamber. Now she must have had one specially made for herself.

Sabhu pushed the now naked Emma down on her back onto the large wooden wheel. He strapped her wrists onto a hook on the top of the wheel, well above her head. She screamed as some of the little needles began to stick into her back. Then slightly turning the wheel by the handle, he pulled Emma's ankles down taut and strapped them to another hook on the wheel as well.

Emma was now held, staring up at the ceiling with her body curved back below her along the outside rim of the wheel. She screamed again as more little needles began to stick into her bottom, her calves and her thighs.

'You can scream away, all you like, Emma,' laughed Ursula unpleasantly. She pointed to the padded walls and then to the video camera that was pointed at the wheel. 'No one outside will hear, and your screams will make my video film all the more exciting to play to my friends.'

Emma gave a little groan. Oh how awful it had all been! Ursula knew now that she had run away to meet Henry. For one of her girls to meet any man was anathema for Ursula. For her to try and meet Henry was even worse. It was bound to enrage Ursula - and it had!

Oh what a fool she had been to have run away. Would she never learn! Ursula was a cruel and vindictive woman when she was crossed. And she insisted on complete obedience to her every whim.

Yes, indeed, oh what a fool she had been! If only she had listened to Henry's earlier warnings not to get involved again with Ursula! But what did he, a mere man, know about her deep need for the excitement of being controlled by other women?

But how silly of her to sign the contract to go out "modeling" in Brazil. and then, scared of what might happen to her, try to run away!

It was true that she had been mesmerised by the very large sum of money the contract said would be paid to her - and one third in advance. But after all, what was she agreeing to have done to her? Presumably just to be dominated - something which she secretly adored! To be paid a huge sum for doing what she enjoyed - no wonder she signed!

Moreover if the other girls were apparently quite happy to sign their contracts, and for two whole years not one year, like her, then why shouldn't she be happy to sign, too. She might be a married woman, but her husband, John, away on his remote atoll in the Pacific, would not be coming back permanently before her contract was due to end.

Now she was going to be punished for trying to break her contract and run away. But run away from what? From what she secretly enjoyed so much: being under the utter control of a dominating man or woman. How stupid! Yes, she knew deep down, she deserved every stroke that she was going to get.

Sabhu turned the wheel another half circle. Ursula came up to the other side of the wheel to where Emma was now held helpless, upside down, curved back on the wheel, her body exposed and her hair hanging down to the floor. Idly she started to play with Emma's beauty lips which were now level with her own eyes.

Then, as if she knew the very thoughts going through Emma's mind, she said, 'You know you deserve to be punished, don't Emma?' She squeezed Emma's exposed beauty bud. 'Don't you?'

'Yes, Madam!' cried the upside down Emma awkwardly. She groaned. She could feel the blood rushing to her head. 'But please, please, not too hard - and not like this ... It's awful being upside down ... Anyway, I'm very sorry. I really am!'

'It's too late to be sorry now,' said Ursula bitterly. 'I'm not going to have you wasting my time and money. When I say you're to do something, you damn well do it. And I'm going to use my new wheel to have you given a thrashing that you'll never forget in a hurry!'

Now Ursula turned the wheel. Emma began to come up on the other side. There was a sudden crack of a whip. Terrified, as she hung upside down, Emma saw that Sabhu had a long black cattle whip in his hand. It had a short handle and a well oiled tapering lash about six foot long with a little red leash at the end. Emma gave a cry of genuine terror. With a whip like that the muscular Sabhu could half kill a girl. She might deserve to be punished - but not like this.

'No, please madam, not with that!' she screamed.

'Yes, Emma, with this. You've got to learn your lesson, haven't you?' Emma gave a sob of despair. 'Now Sabhu, use the whip whilst I start turning the wheel. Nice and slowly ...'

Emma screamed again as slowly her head rose up again as the wheel turned, before dipping down again back towards the floor. Her hair brushed the floor again and more needles began to stick into her. Held upside down, she began to feel sick.

Then, as her head came up again, she felt Ursula stroking her hair.

'You know, Sabhu,' Emma heard Ursula say, 'one day I'm really going to have all this shaved off. She'd look very slave-like with a completely smooth bald head, like some other young girls I have seen. They can kill off all the hairs these days so that the girl has a permanently shiny little head. I'd have my crest tattooed on it. That'll stop her from running after men!'

My God, thought Emma, No! No! She must never let Ursula do that to her. And obviously her remarks about men meant Henry.

Then just as her head was beginning to drop yet again towards the floor, as the wheel turned, she heard another terrible crack of the whip and seconds later a hissing noise as Sabhu brought it down across her belly. She screamed.

'Yes, yes, scream away,' shouted Ursula, as Sabhu brought the whip down again, 'and just think that this would not be happening if you hadn't so stupidly run away. And think of all that money you're turning your nose up at!'

Emma sobbed, partly from the quite awful pain, and partly at the thought of how stupid she had been in trying to run away. But she realised that Sabhu was not applying the whip with all his force.

'Now Emma,' I want to know what made you suddenly try to bolt? What was it? Tell me or you'll be on the wheel being thrashed all night - until you do. Well?'

'I .. I saw the photographs, Madam,' Emma sobbed.

'Did you now! Well, this thrashing will teach you not to go round looking into your Mistress's private affairs. And Emma, just bear this in mind, if you ever say one word of what you saw to any of the other girls, it'll be straight back on the wheel for you - and a double dose from Sabhu! Understand?'

'Oh yes, Madame, I won't say a word to the others,' Emma cried out fervently. She really meant it, too. The threat of another whipping on the wheel was too awful for words. 'I promise, Madam. I really do.'

'Well make sure that you do,' replied Ursula grimly.

Then she turned to Sabhu. 'Enough of this for the moment. Go up and bring down the other girls. I don't want them trying to slip away now that they've signed the contracts - and Emma's punishment will act as terrible warning for them.'

Minutes later, still hanging upside down on the wheel, Emma saw Sabhu lead all the girls, except for Fifi, into the room. They were chained together by the neck. She could hear them catch their breath and giggle nervously as they saw her naked body strapped to the wheel and the wheals on her belly. She dropped her head in shame.

'Now girls,' she heard Ursula say slowly, for none of the girls spoke much English, 'here you can see what happens to disobedient or headstrong young ladies who sign contracts and then try and get out of them. You sign a contract, you keep it - or you get the whip!'

Emma shuddered as there was another terrible crack of the whip just behind her. It made her jump almost out of her skin.

Slowly the wheel turned. Emma's head began to rise up again towards the ceiling. Suddenly the whip came down across her breasts. The pain was terrible.

'And just think, too, that you might not have had that stroke either, if your breasts, like those of Fifi and as specified in your contract, were already getting nice and ready to be in milk in Brazil.' Ursula's voice became harsh and contemptuous. 'Instead of being the dried up breasts of a barren spinster!'

Again the whip came down across them. Emma screamed again. My God, she was thinking, Ursula never mentioned a clause in the contract about being brought into milk. Ursula must have used Doctor Anna's special pills to bring on Fifi's milk and now she was going to use them on her, too!

Secretly, she had to admit, it would be terribly exciting for both her and for her Mistress, too, if she were in milk - indeed, almost as exciting for both of them as if she were also expecting a Happy Event like the awful Fifi. Both states she knew featured frequently in lesbian relationships especially when the girl was her Mistress's slave - as Ursula and her friends always insisted.

Many Mistresses, like Ursula herself, had rather masculine figures with small breasts and flat tummies - but that made them all the more keen for their girls to be fully breasted with soft gently curved tummies. And, as a nervous

Emma had so often heard Ursula and her friends say, the best way of enhancing these curves was what happened naturally when, as they would cruelly say, the girl was expecting a Happy Event - something which her Mistress and her friends found fascinating.

Mistress! Would her Mistress still be Ursula in Brazil? Or had Ursula secretly already ear-marked her for one of her women friends out there? Was that why had introduced her to that Brazilian woman friend of hers? Was she her future Mistress? Goodness! Was that why she so angry at Emma trying to back out at the last moment? Ursula was always so secretive.

'But it's not too late, Emma, for you to be put on the course of pills too. You know you'd love that exciting feeling as your breasts gradually swell and fill - and then the thrill of giving your milk to your Mistress.'

'Oh!' gasped Emma, 'oh yes, yes!'

Ursula smiled. It was so easy to get these girls to do what you wanted!

Then Emma suddenly saw that her bete-noire, Ursula's new girl, Fifi, had come into the room, proudly dressed in black as a housemaid with a starched white housemaid's cap and a white pinafore over her special locked bra.

She was carrying a glass of champagne on a silver salver, which she proffered proudly to her Mistress with a little curtsy. As she did so she flashed her big blue eyes up at her Mistress, in a way that made Emma feel sick, sick at the girl's sycophantic manner - or was it really just because she was so jealous of Ursula's new favourite?

But it was not so much her housemaid's uniform that made her look so smugly proud, thought Emma jealously. Rather it was her little bulging tummy and the knowledge that she was Ursula's favourite - and had been chosen to have a Happy Event for her Mistress.

'Thank you, my dear,' Emma heard Ursula say as she took the glass and gave the simpering girl a kiss.

She turned to Sabhu and pointed at Fifi. 'And how's our little mother-to-be? Everything all right?' she asked with a smile.

Ursula had great confidence in Sabhu's experience in dealing with young females, in various states. This applied to both female animals, for he was a former animal trainer in a circus, and to human females, for he had so often been left in charge of Ursula's - as Emma knew only too well.

'Perfectly, Madame' replied Sabhu with a little bow in his half French, half Caribbean accent - for Sabhu, of course, came from French speaking Haiti. 'But I'm keeping the belt on her - just in case.'

Ursula nodded in approval. Yes, she did not want the girl, in a sudden fit of temper, trying to interfere with what Nature. It was, therefore, a prudent precaution to keep her still locked up in her belt. Moreover, despite her present state she remained a highly sensual creature, and the belt would keep her utterly dependant on her Mistress for any relief.

Emma could not help a little sneering laugh at Sabhu's remark. Serve the damn slut right, she thought as another flash of intense jealousy flooded through her. Oh how she hated that girl. What could Ursula see in her?

'And now, Fifi,' she was enraged to hear Ursula say, 'as a little reward, you can stay and help Sabhu punish Emma for trying to run away. You wouldn't try to run away from your Mistress, would you, little Fifi?

'Oh no, Madam, little Fifi loves her Mistress,' came the lisping reply. Emma could have strangled her, especially when she went on: 'Emma deserves to be punished, she's such a nasty little girl - not like little Fifi! And the Mistress has not made her a little mother-to-be, like me!'

Ursula laughed. 'Alright, little Fifi, if you feel like that, then you can turn the wheel for Sabhu.'

'Oh thank you Madam,' enthused Fifi. 'I'd like that'

Yes I bet you will, you bitch, thought Emma, But her thoughts were cut short by another crack of the whip and another stroke - this time across the front of her thighs.

Emma screamed and screamed as the whole process was twice repeated as the wheel was now slowly turned by Fifi whilst Ursula stood back, watching approvingly.

'I want to really get at her with this whip,' Ursula suddenly said, taking the whip from Sabhu. 'Hang her up, Sabhu!'

Sabhu unstrapped Emma from the wheel. She was feeling rather sick and disorientated from the wheel, quite apart from the awful pain in her breasts and belly. She was too weak to protest as she was carried over towards a wooden bar hanging from the ceiling. It could be raised or lowered by a cord fastened to a hook on the wall.

Sabhu fastened the protesting Emma's wrists to straps hanging from opposite ends of the bar, and then raised it so that Emma was left standing painfully, facing the wall, with only the tips of her toes now touching the floor.

'Get your head up!' shouted Ursula. 'And look straight ahead!'

Emma could hear Fifi giggling, though the other girls were silent, as if awed by Ursula's anger. Oh, Emma thought, how she hated Fifi! But oh, she thought yet again, what a fool she had been to play into her hands by trying to run away. Ursula was bound to seek her revenge - and what better way than showing off to her new Favourite.

Emma's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the sound of Ursula drawing back the long whip and then, standing right back, bringing it down across Emma's delicate back. The tip of the leash went round and cut into her already well whipped breasts. The double pain on her back and breasts made Emma scream yet again. She heard Fifi laughing.

'Oh what a cry baby she is,' came Fifi's voice.

'That was only the first stroke, Emma, and you're going to get nine more. Ten in all! Do you understand?'

'No! No! For God's sake, no! Please, no! I just couldn't stand any more,' Emma begged piteously.

'You should have thought of that before you dared to try and break your contract. It's time you learnt that I can do anything I want with you - and your body. I control it - not you. I can make it please me or my friends ... or I can whip it - like this!'

This time the streak of fire was across her buttocks, with the tip - that terrible tip, going round and catching her beauty lips. Emma howled in pain, dancing up and down on her toes.

'Please, Madam, let me have a rest, please! Just stop for a moment!'

But Ursula was too clever to be taken in by any of that sort of talk.

'Raise her right off the floor,' she ordered the delighted Fifi. Soon poor Emma was just hanging there. It was even more painful. But Ursula laughed heartily when, applying next stroke to the backs of Emma's thighs, she saw her trying to raise her legs up to ease the pain.

'Seven to go, Emma!' she announced. 'And from now on I want to hear you calling out the number left after each stroke. If you fail to do so, or if you get it wrong, then that stroke won't count. So you'd better start concentrating!'

She tossed the long black whip back to Sabhu.

'Here you are, Sabhu, you give the rest whilst I sit back and enjoy myself with Fifi and the girls. So make it nice and slow!'

Out of the corner of her eye, a now furiously jealous Emma saw Fifi take off Ursula's dress and slip down her frilly panties. Then Ursula sat back in an armchair facing the frame from which Emma was hanging. She saw Ursula motion the Polish mother and daughter to kneel between her legs, and the Hungarian sisters to stand behind her, leaning over her shoulder, each massaging a nipple, whilst Carla was licking her neck.

But clearly the main source of Ursula's arousal during the long drawn thrashing was watching the wriggling, screaming Emma being slowly and deliberately whipped across her back and buttocks by the burly and pitiless Sabhu. If the strokes delivered by Ursula were very painful, then those delivered by Sabhu were quite appalling. They did no permanent damage but caused exquisite pain.

Each scream from Emma was bringing Ursula nearer to her climax. No wonder Ursula had said that Emma would never forget this thrashing.

Once Emma forgot to call out the number of strokes remaining, and once she got it wrong, and so those strokes did not count.

It all excited Ursula greatly. She got up and stood in front of Emma, put her hand on Emma's well striped buttocks and pulled her towards her, gesturing to Fifi to lower Emma slowly until her beauty lips were level with her own.

'Now, Emma, you're going to make your Mistress climax during the remaining three strokes by letting her feel you wriggling under the whip. And you're going to suck your Mistress's tongue and go on sucking as you get the next stroke. Sabhu! I want to feel her really jumping with pain.'

Emma gasped as she felt Ursula grinding her body lips against hers as she hung there helpless. She herself could not help also becoming aroused as Ursula gripped her buttocks, holding her to her. Then Ursula thrust her tongue into her mouth.

For a couple of minutes, there was complete silence, except for Ursula's heavy breathing and Emma's little whinnies. Ursula's arousal began to peak. She gestured to Sabhu with a finger and he, careful not to harm Ursula's hands, brought the whip down across the back of Emma's thighs, making her jerk madly with the pain and thus bringing Ursula to the very edge of her climax.

'Go on, Sabhu! Give it to her again! Harder!' Ursula cried hoarsely, her body on fire with excitement, before pushing her tongue back into Emma's mouth.

There was a sudden crack of the whip - this time across Emma's shoulders. Then, there was an even more violent reaction from Emma, and a shriek of pleasure from Ursula. It was a shriek that was repeated several times as Emma's full sentence was ruthlessly carried out.

'No more for God's sake!' cried Emma desperately as a satiated Ursula slipped her tongue out of Emma's mouth after the last stroke. She stroked Emma almost fondly before coldly turning to Sabhu.

'Get her out of my sight! Put her into the dungeon for a couple of days, and don't give her any supper. It's bread and water for her until she comes to her senses! And keep her in her Purity Belt - the rubber type. I want her to be kept nice and frustrated whilst she's there.'

Sabhu bowed. His eyes gleamed. He always enjoyed depriving a sensuous girl of the ability to play with herself. 'Of course, Madam,' he said.

'Then,' went on Ursula, 'the day after tomorrow we'll see whether she wants another session on the wheel or whether she's going to do what's she told. And you, Emma, you'd better reflect on the stupidity of trying to run away and avoid the fate that I've in store for you in Brazil. Just remember: there's no point in trying to run away. I'll always catch you again in the end - and anyway you love being under my orders. Don't you? Well?'

'Yes, Madam,' whispered a shamed and weeping Emma. 'But please Madam, not the Belt, please!'

'Yes, Emma - the Belt! It will make realise that, once again, you belong to me, body and soul!'

24 - EMMA IS FINALLY BROKEN IN!

Holding Emma firmly by the neck, Sabhu unlocked the bottom half of the little, iron barred, door into the dungeon. Except for the rubber belt now locked round her loins, she was stark naked.

'Crawl in!' he ordered with a cynical laugh.

The sobbing and half hysterical Emma fell to her knees and crawled into the straw covered dungeon. A small electric light, controlled from outside, and covered in a protection jacket of iron mesh, lit up the small cell like room.

The walls were of bare brick. There was no heating and no window, just a little ventilation duct. Under the straw the floor was made of cobbled stones that slightly slanted down to a drain. There was a small bowl of water and a small, empty, wooden feeding trough.

The door slammed shut and Emma heard the noise of it being bolted shut. Then moments later the top half of the door opened.

'Here's your things!' shouted Sabhu with a cruel laugh as he flung her case through the door onto the floor. 'We don't want you dying of cold, do we?'

The top half of the door was shut and bolted. Emma was all alone and cold. She was still sobbing from the pain and shock of her beating. She looked down in horror at the wheals on her breasts, and thighs. The Belt hid those on her belly

The Belt! Oh how she had hated it when Sabhu had fitted the vulcanised rubber waist band round her. But even worse had been when he had pulled the heart shaped, wire-strengthened, thick rubber front piece down over her mound and beauty lips, before pulling it tight from behind with the strong rubber thong that went up between her buttocks to be locked to the back of the waist band.

Her beauty lips were now tightly compressed and, she knew of old, she would be quite unable to get at either them or at her throbbing beauty bud.

She saw the little plastic grill, set in the middle of the heart shaped piece of heavy rubber, that would enable her to spend a penny onto the straw covered cobble stones.

She put a hand behind her to feel the rubber thong pressing against her rear orifice. Only by straining, with one hand, to pull it aside would she be able to perform her principle natural function - again onto the straw.

With a little sob of despair, she tried to lie down, the pain from the wheals on her bottom and back stopped her from lying on her back, and those on her breasts and thighs made it too painful to lie on her front. All she could do was to lie curled up on her side. It had been, as Ursula had said, a beating that she would not forget.

She made a little bed from the straw, using her empty little case as a pillow, and covered herself with more straw to keep out the cold. Then she lay there curled up on the hard floor, a picture of misery and self-pity. Ursula's last words about the fate that she had in store for Emma in Brazil had terrified her. So too had the threat of another whipping on the wheel if she did not agree to completing her contract and going to Brazil - and in milk, she remembered with a start.

But what should she do, she kept asking herself? What could she do?

Suddenly she remembered her little mobile phone - carefully packed away in a secret pocket of her case! She'd ring Henry! She'd tell him where she was and what had happened. He'd soon come and rescue her. Faced with the sight of a large Henry on her doorstep, Ursula would soon back down and let her go.

Eagerly she opened her case, found the secret pocket and pulled out the phone. She dialed the number. It rang and rang.

Then suddenly she heard his voice. Oh the excitement! But he sounded weak and distant - almost uninterested. The phone kept going silent. Her own voice was weak, too, after her beating. She kept hearing Henry angrily asking where she was. She couldn't make him hear, nor understand, though she was shouting now, shouting in desperation and frustration

Suddenly, door burst open - just as it had in the hotel.

'I'll have that, thank you,' said Sabhu taking the phone out her hand. 'I'd have thought you'd know, however, that mobile phones don't work from dungeons.'

With a laugh he turned and went out, locking the double door behind him.

Was this fate, Emma asked herself. She was sobbing hysterically now. Twice she had managed to ring Henry and twice failed to make proper contact. Now her would just have to submit to her destiny - and try and make the best of it.

Two days later it was a contrite, and utterly frustrated, little Emma whom Sabhu led crawling out of the dungeon. He washed her down and then led her, still naked except for the rubber belt, up to Ursula's office.

'Well girl?' said Ursula. 'Is it to be another beating on the wheel or are you now ready of your own free-will to come to Brazil for Christmas? Which is it to be?'

'I want to come to Brazil, please Madam,' cried Emma. Her two abortive calls to Henry had been the last straw. She was now, indeed, ready to accept her fate.

'Good! Then I'll write to your husband to say that, as before, I am taking you with me, as my assistant, on an overseas tour. He has such confidence in me!'

It was true! John felt that Ursula was a good steadying influence on his flighty young wife. If only he knew!

'And Sabhu, make sure you keep her locked up properly until we leave - and keep her well away from phones! Oh, and also start her on the pills.'

What pills, Emma longed to ask. But she did dare to ask. Curiosity was something that Ursula simply could not stand in a girl. But she could guess all the same.

It was later that night that a well whipped Emma hastened to obey the snap of her Mistress's fingers, and scuttled across the floor on all fours to the foot of her Mistress's bed.

She could see Fifi kneeling over her, her heavy breasts hanging down, as she offered her milk to her Mistress. A pang of jealousy went through Emma. Would she, too, soon be able to offer her breasts to her Mistress?

She glimpsed the chain mesh Breeding Belt, locked over Fifi's intimacies, to prevent her from changing her mind and trying to interfere with what Nature, and Ursula, intended - an intention that was already well displayed, with the girl's belly showing increasing signs of a pretty curve.

She could not help wondering if she too was destined to be wearing a similar belt before long. My God!

Suddenly Emma heard another snap of Ursula's fingers, and then she slowly and humbly crept up between her Mistress's long slender legs, her tongue eagerly seeking out her Mistress's pleasure bud.

She was still locked into the dreaded rubber chastity belt and, she knew, there would be no pleasure for her tonight. For Ursula's girls, their pleasure came from satisfying their demanding Mistress, not from receiving any little attentions from Ursula.

Nevertheless, it was for both Emma and her Mistress a significant and symbolic act.

For Ursula, it showed that she regarded Emma as now sufficiently punished, anyway physically. Moreover, whilst still determined to exercise a greater degree of control over Emma, and to bring her quickly into milk, nevertheless she was now prepared to forgive her and to take her back into her service - for hiring out to clients of hers in Brazil.

For Emma, it was a sign that her beloved Ursula was now prepared to re-establish their former exciting and fulfilling relationship of strict and demanding Mistress, and obsequious and obedient slave.

25 - EMMA IN MILK

For a week now Sabhu had been giving Emma the pills that would bring on her milk.

Whilst refusing to answer her anxious questions, Sabhu had watched her carefully as her breasts had become to swell and harden. He had made her do special exercises to keep them firm.

Every day he had used his little vacuum pump to stretch her nipples. It now looked as though his efforts were about to be rewarded.

'Hands behind neck!' he now ordered, raising his dressage whip warningly.

Emma was kneeling up on the couch in Sabhu's training room. Her manacle chains clanked as she hastened to obey.

Sabhu looked closely at her breasts and lifted each one carefully as if weighing it in his hands. Yes, he thought, the tell-tale blue veins were now beginning to show nicely and the breasts were definitely getting heavier and firmer.

He picked up the little pump and placed the rubber mouthpiece over Emma's now elongated right nipple. Then he squeezed the rubber bulb that was attached to the clear plastic bowl, driving out the air and then released it. The resulting vacuum made her nipple stretch out even more.

A little moan of protest came from behind the muzzle that he had just strapped over Emma's mouth - he did not want to be interrupted in what he expected to be a final treatment to bring on her milk.

Twice he silently released the vacuum, only to squeeze the bulb again to make it even stronger. Would milk now be drawn down to the nipple? Yes! Suddenly he was rewarded by a few little white drops jetting hesitantly into the plastic bowl: milk! He repeated the whole process again and then again.

By now a little fine jet of milk was apparent.

Sabhu grunted with pleasure and then repeated the whole process on the other nipple. Soon he had both breasts producing a steady little flow of milk.

Then, just as he had done with Fifi, he carefully thrust both of Emma's breasts into the clear, stiff, plastic cups of another of Doctor Anna's milking bras, making sure that her now nicely elongated nipples were in held in the smaller, clear plastic extension cups.

Then he locked the holding chains together between her shoulder blades. There would, he laughed to himself, be no risk of Emma easing the mounting pressure in her breasts.

He would, he decided, put her into Cage Number 2 and teach her to thrust, like Fifi, her breasts through the special little milking flaps in the wooden back door. There he would use the milking machine on her every few hours to get a steady flow established and then, after two days, her breasts should be ready to be presented to Miss de Vere - as an interesting alternative to those of Fifi.

Yes, he laughed, he now had two girls in milk, two girls to check and to put to his milking machine, and two girls competing to offer their breasts to their Mistress.

26 - PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY

It was nearly Christmas, several months since Ursula had received Carmen's letter and almost as long since the successful pollination of Fifi. It was also several weeks since Emma had come into milk.

Now he would soon be taking the unsuspecting girls to the airport - the start of their journey to Carmen's Stud Farm.

Ursula was satisfied that all the girls had now been properly broken in. They had also been taught to parade provocatively up and down the catwalk and had been fitted for the dresses they were to display. In particular Fifi's had some lovely maternity dresses to show off and Emma some very pretty special nursing ones.

Earlier, Sabhu, a burly and muscular figure stripped to the waist, had lined all the girls naked up in the dormitory. Leaving Emma's and Fifi's milking bras locked in place, he made all the girls clasp their manacled hands behind their necks. Then one by one he had unlocked their rubber chastity belts - or in Fifi's case her breeding belt.

It had been a pretty sight with each girl's beauty lips, previously kept tight compressed together, now opening like the flowers of a Morning Glory plant at dawn.

Oh the relief, each girl was thinking! Oh how she longed to put her hands down to feel her released beauty lips. But one glance at Sabhu's dreaded dressage whip had quickly put that idea out of her head.

Then he started to push a little trolley down the silent line of embarrassed women. Normally, of course, they spent a penny, under his supervision, through the plastic grille on their belts, or, in Fifi's case, through the chain mail mesh of her special belt. But now he wanted to be specially sure, before they left for Brazil, that all was well.

So it was that each woman in turn had to part her legs, bend her knees, and keeping her hands still clasped behind her neck, blushing, spend a penny into a bowl, marked with her name, that Sabhu held between her legs as he carefully watched her flow. Oh the humiliation!

He then came down the line again, and rubbed a little of his special depilatory cream over each girl's already hairless mound to make sure that it was absolutely smooth for her appearance in Brazil. Then parting the girls

beauty lips, he rubbed a little of the cream inside each to remove any newly grown little hairs.

Then he stood back while the cream did it's work and the burning sensation made the girls all clench their fingers and bite their lips. Oh, each was thinking, like Emma, how could Ursula, their Mistress, allow this awful black man to do something so intimate to her.

Sabhu was also making sure that there was no sign of the women coming into season. He was prepared lest the worse should happen, but had been careful, using Doctor Anna's special pills, to bring all the women humiliatingly into season before they left London, to reduce the chance of any awkward scenes at the so-called Fashion Show.

He then washed each woman down with warm water and dried and scented her, before replacing their rubber chastity belts - and putting one on Fifi to replace her chain mail breeding belt which might cause problems with the metal detectors of the airport security check.

Finally he dressed them all in their special travelling clothes - and supervised their special make up.

Seven girls, dressed and made up as schoolgirls, in a grey uniform, flat heels, ugly grey felt hats, and no lipstick, were lined up at attention in front of Ursula's desk, their heels together, their heads up and their clenched hands to their sides, thumbs pointing downwards. Each girl was looking straight ahead.

Sabhu stood behind them, like a sergeant parading his squad, proud of the discipline he had instilled in his charges, his cane tucked under his arm like a military swagger stick. Their manacles and collars had now had to be removed for the journey but, such was the fear that he had instilled in the women with his cane, that he had no worries. Moreover, he now had a new method of control!

Ursula looked down the line approvingly.

On the left was Fifi, her now nicely swollen belly hidden beneath her wraparound skirt and her equally swollen breasts held under her blouse and school blazer in a milking bra.

Next to her stood her great rival Emma, her swollen breasts also now held in a milking bra, for Sabhu had now successfully brought her into milk. She was indeed giving a good flow and there had been no more trouble from her since her thrashing after she had tried to escape.

Then came the two red haired Hungarian sisters, Heidi and Suzy, each more in love with their Mistress than the other. Then the beautiful Mizzi and her daughter Maria. Oh, how she had enjoyed having a trembling mother and daughter in her bed!

Finally, on the right of the line stood the delightfully buxom Slovene girl, Carla, her large breasts discreetly hidden beneath her blazer.

Dressed as beautiful models, this international group of beautiful young women would have attracted considerable attention at the airport and on the plane. But, dressed dowdily as a group of schoolgirls, they would be largely ignored - provided they behaved themselves, of course, and this would not, she knew, be a problem.

Ursula knew, beneath the dull school girl uniforms were the bodies of seven vibrant young bodies. Moreover, they were seven bodies that were united in the acute frustration that had been enforced by their chastity belts. How each of them longed for relief!

It was this frustration, however, that together with the isolation and discipline in which they had been kept, ensured that each young woman secretly out rivalled the others in adoring her and wonderful kind Mistress, her Goddess.

If only, each felt, that their Mistress really knew the truth about the awful discipline to which Sabhu subjected them, and the way he terrorised them with the ever present threat of his cane, then she would order an immediate amelioration of their lot.

However, even the slightest attempt to broach the subject with their Mistress, or to criticise Sabhu, had invariably resulted in her ordering the girl to be thrashed. Moreover she would be thrashed by a grim faced Sabhu, livid that any girl in his charge would dare to run to the Mistress with tales about him.

Ursula knew that the white plastic grilles of their rubber chastity belts had been changed and that each girl could now feel a strange tingling in her beauty lips coming from the grille that kept them so tightly compressed.

'Well, my little girls, your kind Mistress feels that you're now ready for her to take you off to Brazil on your modeling tour.'

There was buzz of excitement that stopped when Sabhu hastily came round to the side of the line and, menacingly, took his cane from under his arm.

'Yes, little girls, and think of all the lovely money that your kind Mistress will be paying into your bank accounts.'

Again there was a little buzz of excitement - if rather muted this time by the sight of Sabhu's cane.

'But, as you all know, I insist on complete obedience from my girls. Here you've been kept safely locked up,' Ursula said, with a glance towards Emma, 'and in your own interests ... Now during the journey I shall be insisting on the same degree of obedience - and enforcing it!'

This was greeted with little gasps of surprise. How, each was thinking, would the horrible Sabhu exert his control over them once they were in the airport or aircraft. They'd often whispered to each other how they'd then be free to buy chocolates and glasses of wine. Chocolates and wine! After all this time! If only they could get hold of a little of the money that was being paid into their new Swiss bank accounts!

Emma had closed her eyes and was thinking of a glass of Champagne and a slice of really creamy chocolate cake with the cream dripping down the side! Oh!

'So,' went on Ursula, 'your little rubber chastity belts have been slightly modified for the journey - but not enough to stop each of you from going through the metal detector at the airport. You may have felt a little tingling and wondered what it was. Well now you'll see!'

She turned to Sabhu who was now holding a little innocuous looking electronic controller, rather like a child's toy. There were several tiny buttons on it, each marked with a girl's name.

'Well, Sabhu, lets go down the line showing each girl what will happen if she tries to go away from you or disobey you. Let's start with Fifi at the end of the line. She's now back in a rubber chastity belt for the journey, I think?'

Sabhu nodded and pressed one of the buttons.

There was a little cry and Fifi put her hands to her below her swollen tummy.

'Ouch!' she cried. 'Ouch! Oh please stop!'

'Now let's have Mizzi and Maria ... and the sisters ... and Carla ... and finally Emma.'

As each name was called out by Ursula, Sabhu pressed a button and immediately there was a little cry from the girl. Each was horrified. Each was thinking she would do nothing during the journey to anger Sabhu. No cream cakes, Emma was thinking sadly.

'So my little pets, you will all behave like good little school girls, always walking hand in hand. There's to be no giggling and no talking to strangers - or you know now what will happen! And even onboard the plane, too. Is that understood?'

Seven school girl hats nodded - sadly.

'You will have no money or personal luggage whatsoever. You don't need any, apart from one pocket handkerchief each in your blazer pockets. You will not carry any bags or purses, and Sabhu will have your passports.'

Seven pretty little faces looked sad. Discipline was not going to be relaxed even during the journey.

'Doctor Anna and I,' went on Ursula in a crisp tone of voice, 'will be travelling First Class, of course, up front, and we've reserved a little block of seats for you all in the back. Just remember that Sabhu will be sitting right behind you to make sure you all behave - and that in particular you do not speak to any other passenger or to the stewards or stewardesses.'

Ursula paused to make sure that they understood.

'Sabhu will take you all to spend a penny in the dormitory bathroom before we leave for the airport in my minibus, and you are not to go the airport loos. If you want to spend a penny, through the plastic grille of your chastity belt, on board the plane, then you ask Sabhu. He will accompany you to the door of the

nearby aircraft loo from where he can still keep an eye on the rest of you. Just remember that, even in the aircraft loo, he can still control you through the locked door with his electronic shock controller - so don't dawdle there. Just spend your penny quickly, dry the grille and come out. And, if you do have to go the loo on the journey make sure that the white rubber strap running up between you buttocks is left spotless. Has everyone understood?'

The embarrassed and blushing young women all nodded. They had been given no solid food for 24 hours and had each been give an enema by Sabhu to make sure that their bellies were properly empty. Oh, each was thinking, how humiliating it was for their wastes to be controlled like this by the horrible Sabhu.

'Then,' Ursula went on brightly, 'after the take off, Doctor Anna will come and give you all a nice little sleeping pill - and so when you wake up we'll be landing at Brazilia, from where we'll fly on into the interior. Finally a private bus will take you to the lovely house of my friend Carmen, where you'll be giving the dress show. So, girls, won't that be exciting! And aren't you all thrilled?'

Again seven school girl hats nodded - this time more eagerly.

PART VI

INNOCENTS IN THE HUMAN STUD FARM

27 - THE JOURNEY - AND SECURITY IS STRICT

The sleepy half drugged, girls, were still dressed as school girls. They were dosing in the back of the stud farm's own private van, which inside had been fitted up like a minibus.

In a normal minibus, however, the passengers can see out and talk to the driver; the door is at the front and can be opened from inside. But here in this air-conditioned van, there were no windows and the driver was in a separate compartment. The van doors were at the back and were locked. The only light came from opaque panels in the roof.

Like the other girls, Emma had no idea were they were being taken as the van drove for several hours across the hot featureless, and scarcely inhabited plain. But the pressure of milk in her breasts was building up. Oh how she longed to be able to squeeze out some of the milk. How cruel the milking bra locked over her breasts and nipples was!

Sabhu was seated alongside the driver, a small, dark skinned, South American Indian, dressed as a groom. Behind him was a small covered grille through which he could keep an eye on the girls in the back of the van.

Behind followed another van, carrying the dresses the girls were to model.

Driving ahead of them, Ursula was sitting in the chauffeur-driven big Mercedes with Carmen - a rather large plump figure with dark hair and rather cold eyes. She silently pointed to a clump of bushes by the side of the empty road and told the chauffeur to stop and to wave to the vans, that were following them, to do likewise.

'I don't want them wetting my van,' she laughed to a smiling Ursula. They themselves had just made a comfort stop in a well appointed gasoline station.

When the van stopped, Sabhu went round to the back. His dressage whip was now tucked under his arm. He was holding several lengths of light chain. He did not want any of the girls trying to run away at this stage!

He unlocked the double door of the van. Seven sleepy faces turned round to look at him.

'Out! One at a time!' he ordered.

As each girl stepped hesitantly out into the hot bright sunlight, he snapped one end of a chain onto a ring at the back of her collar, which he had refastened round the girls necks when they had first entered the van at the airport. He fastened the other end of the short connecting chain onto the ring on the front of the collar of the girl behind her. The fastenings were self locking and he would leave them on now until they arrived at the stud farm.

He led the coffle of girls round behind the bushes, where they would not be seen by any passing car.

'Dresses up!' he ordered, tapping his dressage whip impatiently against his boots. 'Right up!'

Eyeing the whip nervously, the girls hesitantly pulled up their school girl dresses.

'Lift up rubber flaps!'

There was the sound of velcro being parted as each girl blushingly lifted up the rubber flap that had covered the white plastic grille over her beauty lips.

Then watched now by Ursula and Carmen, Sabhu went down the line, checking that each girl's white plastic grille was held firmly in place.

'Legs wide apart ... Hold up rubber flaps ... Look straight ahead ... Bend knees ... Get ready ... Hold it.'

The girls were all biting their lips as, like performing animals, they first got ready to perform and then held back.

'My God,' said Carmen admiringly, 'he certainly has them well disciplined.'

'Yes,' replied Ursula, 'they're terrified of his whip.'

'Good!' laughed Carmen. 'That's just as well, in view of some of the things they going to be made to do!'

'On the count of ten,' Sabhu called out. 'Ten, nine, eight ... three, two, one ... Go!'

Obediently, seven little fountains gushed through seven little white plastic grilles.

'You get better control if you make them do it standing up,' explained Ursula.

'Don't I know it!' laughed Carmen. 'And there's no better way to get complete control of a girl than by controlling her wastes.'

'I see that great minds think alike,' said Ursula, joining in the laughter.

'Changing the subject, I'm getting a little worried about the two girls in milk. They're locked in special bras so that they can't get at their nipples and their breasts must be almost bursting by now!'

'Oh, don't worry, we'll soon be at the Stud Farm and my Head Nurse will then give them a little piccaninny to nurse!'

Two minutes later the cortege of the car and the two vans was on it's way again.

The empty road began to wind up into a range of wooded hills. It was cooler and there were numerous large, well laid out, coffee plantations with large, prosperous white painted houses and outbuildings.

Suddenly, Carmen pointed to a sign on the side of the road, written in Portuguese:-

PRIVATE - STUD FARM

The car, followed by the van, turned onto a dusty track. For a mile the track twisted it's way through hilly, country. then it came out into small valley. Around it was a high electrified fence with notices in Portuguese "Danger to life. High voltage."

Where the road crossed the electrified fence was a double gate - also electrified, but with a remote television camera. The chauffeurs in turn got out and spoke into a microphone and the gate swung open - closed behind them, letting in one car at a time.

'I'm glad to see that your security is still strict,' laughed Ursula.

'Yes, I like to be careful who we let in,' said Carmen, 'Sometimes the former boy friend of one of my girls may try to get in and rescue her.'

Past the electrified gate, the drive led on up to a high wall beyond which could be seen the roofs of several buildings.

'My Stud Farm ... my human Stud Farm' announced Carmen proudly. 'It was a real one in the old days but was abandoned after slavery was finally abolished in this remote province, only a little over a hundred years ago. But I have restored to it's former grandeur - and use!'

Carmen went to explain that the high wall surrounding the human Stud Farm complex was also a restored one as were the watch towers at the corners. But

what made it different to how it had been a hundred years ago as that the wall was now topped with an electrified fence. It was also now lit up at night with security cameras, movement sensors and automatic searchlights replacing the many former guards.

'All my girls have special collars locked round their necks which would trigger off an alarm if they approached the wall,' Carmen added. 'I think we should later put them onto your girls too.'

'Of course,' agreed Ursula. 'I must I've always thought your security arrangements are all very impressive!'

'Yes, thanks to modern technology, security is much easier these days,' said Carmen.

'Do you get many girls trying to escape?' asked Ursula.

'Sometimes when a high spirited girl knows she's going to be mated in a few days time, she may want to try to escape,' continued Carmen, 'but this wall soon makes her realise she just has to accept her fate, just like the slave girls kept here as brood mares a hundred years ago - and, of course, the European indentured servant girls'

'And our new modern ones!' laughed Ursula.

'In fact most of my mestizo girls soon settle down and accept their fate - they know that every month a tidy sum is being paid into their bank accounts. They love having no financial worries. Most girls have a strong natural masochistic streak and, here in the artificial atmosphere of a remote human stud farm, they rather enjoy being ordered about and being the center of attention - as precious brood mares.'

'I expect our new girls will soon feel the same - once they realise that there's no escape!' said Ursula with a cruel smile.

'And of course once they feel their little progeny kicking, then the maternal instinct takes over and they find they love the idea of being in foal! Anyway with no clothes, no money, no passports or identity papers and a big brass ring through their noses, where could they go?' added Carmen. 'There are no houses nearby and the friendly local police would soon pick them up and return them here - to get the reward.'

'Indeed,' agreed Ursula.

'The only way a girl could escape,' said Carmen, 'would be if she managed to hide in the boot of a client's car or aeroplane, and we keep these beyond the wall - just in case.'

Carmen then pointed to a car park and a grass landing strip for visitors arriving in their own light planes. 'Another improvement over how the Stud Farm was a hundred years ago,' she laughed.

28 - ARRIVAL

In the wall, surrounding the farm complex, was another double electrified gate. This time there were also armed guards. It was they who had controlled the first gate. One guard was watching a bank of television monitors. The guards let the cortege through one car at a time, but with never both gates open at the same time.

Ursula recognised the white painted buildings, very like those of a modern stud farm. But, as Carmen had said, they were clearly old buildings that had been done up.

She also recognised the pretty hotel-like former main plantation house with it's accommodation for visiting clients.

To one side was a miniature American-style dirt racecourse with a paddock for parading the competitors and a small grandstand by the finishing line.

On the other side were the bare walls of the old Punishment Block and of the long, low, Stables. Outside these, just as in a real stud farm, were paddocks and an exercise area.

However, whereas in a normal stud farm, the paddocks would be separated by white painted railings, here there were six foot high wire mesh fences.

Similarly whereas in a normal stud farm, the paddocks would hold mares and their eagerly suckling foals, these much smaller ones held pretty coloured girls.

They each wore a simple cape, like a horse blanket, strapped round their necks. It hung down on either side of them as they knelt on all fours. Little piccaninnies were crawling below them, sucking their hanging breasts.

But, more sinisterly, there was also a large old fashioned treadmill like those found in the old days on slave plantations. It at also looked as though it had been renovated.

All this was painted white and interspersed with beautifully tended lawns and flower beds.

The car stopped in front of the steps of the imposing front door of the main building. Several mestizo servants ran down to take the luggage.

Carmen showed Ursula to her spacious rooms.

'I expect you'd like to rest and shower,' she said. 'Let's meet downstairs for dinner in two hours time and we can then go over the program.'

'And the girls?' asked Ursula anxiously.

'Oh don't worry, my four overseers will be helping Sabhu to get them settled in one of the receiving dormitories we use for new girl before they are stabled.'

'Four overseers?' queried Ursula'

'Yes, just as there were here in the old days - and, for greater realism, they're even dressed like the old overseers too!;

'What splendid idea, ' laughed Ursula.

'Yes,' explained Carmen, 'there's one in charge of each of our principal activities with my South American Indian Stud Groom in overall charge. He's also directly responsible for training the girls for racing, for getting them ready for mating and for supervising them when they're put to the stallion. His role is a bit like your Sabhu's, but he's got a team of young Indian boy grooms under him.'

Ursula nodded .

'Then there's my young Japanese Breeding Overseer. He's in charge of the girls once they've conceived - until after they've foaled. He's also a trained veterinary nurse and midwife. We call him the Vet.'

'Did you say Japanese?' queried the surprised Ursula

'Oh yes, there's a big Japanese population here in Brazil and in the old days they were often used as assistant vets, looking after four legged brood mares on the plantations and two legged ones in the human stud farms!'

'Well!,' laughed Ursula. 'His role is going to a key one for our new girls I hope he's good.'

'Oh, yes,' replied Carmen. 'The Vet is very professional. We rarely lose a foal.'

'Good!' said Ursula. 'what about the other two?'

'Well, there's my Negress Indian Head Nurse who looks after the mothers and their progeny after foaling and until the progeny are sold to, or technically "adopted" by eager local plantation owners. Then the mother can go back to the care of the Stud Groom to be got ready for mating again.'

'How long do you keep the progeny before selling them on?' asked Ursula

'Oh, only a month or two. We want each girl to foal every year and it easier to get a girl in foal if she's not still feeding her previous progeny. So we like to dry off a girl's breasts after about a month and then get her ready for mating again.'

'Quite a little production line, you have here,' laughed Ursula. 'But happens then to the progeny after they've been adopted?'

'Oh,' replied Carmen, 'the local plantation owners usually have their own wet nurses to take over feeding them and also have what used to be called in the days of slavery, their rearing pens. An "adopted" little girl is not free to leave the plantation that has adopted her until she is 21 and by then, if it's a girl, she will have been sent back here several times to be mated. She'll have had several foals of her own and have settled down as willing worker.'

'All very clever!' commented Ursula.

'Yes, even now, plantation owners around here still like to rear their own future female labour force - even if they are technically free. They pay well

for carefully bred little girls. They'll pay even more now for progeny with a fresh new European strain, especially if they've seen the mothers perform well on the race track ... And also, of course, my clients just love to pay to come and see it all going on - and will pay even more now that we've got European brood mares as well!'

'Good!' exclaimed Ursula. 'And do you mainly get little girl progeny?'

'Yes, our studs all have a record of throwing fillies and my native Indian stud groom swears by some special herbs that also seem to work. So nearly all our foals are fillies - and the plantation owners don't mind taking the odd little colt. They like to rear a few for heavy duties.'

'And what about the fourth overseer,' asked Ursula, 'what does he do?'

'Oh, he's the Inquisitor, our Black Inquisitor,'

'Black Inquisitor? What's his job?'

'Ah!' replied Carmen. 'You see, when the Inquisition was stopped, many of the Black Friars as the Dominican Friars in charge of it were often called from their black and white robes, offered their services to slave owners to help maintain discipline. So here we use the methods of the old Inquisition in our displays to clients in the Punishment Block - even if the Inquisitor, these days, is no longer a former friar,'

'You mean, quite apart from the racing and breeding, you also show your clients girls being punished like the slaves used to be in the old days?'

'Oh yes,' replied Carmen. 'And it's very popular with the clients - especially as our Black Inquisitor is just that: a huge muscular black man who puts the fear of God into the girls - just like Sabhu does yours.'

'Ah!' laughed Ursula. 'Yes, I see!'

'Yes and what makes him even more like your Sabhu is that he is also in charge of my Livery Stables which are quite separate from the Stud Farm and which is housed in the Punishment Block. My clients, both ladies, and some gentlemen, can discreetly send their girls there for safe-keeping, or even for mating, knowing that my other clients will not see them - unless of course they also want to race them.'

'A special Livery Stables for girls!' laughed Ursula. 'I like that! I've also sometimes kept girls at Livery under Sabhu's supervision in the cages in my house in London. It used to pay very well!'

'And so do my Livery Stables.' laughed Carmen.

'Well,' said Ursula, 'I hope the sight of these strangely dressed overseers won't make my girls suspect anything yet awhile!'

'Oh don't worry,' laughed Carmen, 'I told them they must leave their whips behind until after the Fashion Show is over. The girls will still think they've just come out here to work as fashion models.'

Indeed, meanwhile the vans had gone round to the back of the house. There, waiting to greet Sabhu were four figures all dressed like slave overseers of a hundred years ago.

First to shake Sabhu's hand was the diminutive South American Indian Stud Groom, dressed like an old fashioned groom in breeches and boots and wearing a straw hat.

He then introduced his fellow overseers to Sabhu: first the young Japanese Vet, dressed like an old fashioned medical orderly; then the fat little bustling black Head Nurse dressed like a traditional Nanny; and finally the big burly, jet black, Black Inquisitor, dressed in the intimidating black and white robes of a Dominican friar.

None of them spoke more than a few words of English.

Moments later the cuffle of pretty European girls, still chained by the neck, were led out of the van. They looked in astonishment at the strangely dressed overseers. Was this some sort of Fancy Dress party? Were they part of the Fashion Show? How odd! But also how embarrassing to be seen by these strange people, whilst they themselves were all chained together.

Then, before any of them could say a word, they were led up some backstairs to a light and airy girls dormitory. It was specially designed as holding room for newly arrived, unsuspecting, girls waiting to be put into the Stud Farm.

Barred windows looked out onto pretty flower beds. In the room and facing the windows was a row of little beds.

Each girl was silently wondering why they were being treated in this way. Surely, each one was thinking, as models we should have a proper dressing rooms and indeed should be more or less free agents.

But the sight of Sabhu and of his whip was enough to stop them from daring to protest, or even from asking what was going on. Perhaps, each girl assumed, this was just Ursula's idea of an exciting build up to what they still imagined was to be just the first of many Fashion Shows in different parts of Brazil - and at which they would be the stars. What an exciting prospect it all was!

As for the chains, well, they were all by now used to being under Sabhu's strict discipline. At least they were no longer locked in the small dormitory or in the caged alcoves off Ursula's bedroom. Anyway, there would soon be no more chains - once they started their new life as models.

When the door had been locked behind them, Sabhu unfastened their neck chains. The girls now ran to the beds and began to bounce up and down on them like excited children. After the bare bunks and cages of Ursula's house this was indeed luxury. Now at last they were going to be treated as Ladies! Soon, the horrible Sabhu would be returning to England and they would be free to start their new careers in Brazil as much sought-after models.

'Line up!' ordered Sabhu. 'Take off school girl clothes.'

Embarrassed by the presence of the three strange men, the girls hesitated, making Sabhu repeat his order, this time raising his dressage whip menacingly.

Soon all four overseers were fascinated by the sight of a line of naked white girls with blond or red hair, and blue or green eyes, all locked into rubber chastity belts. How exciting, each overseer was thinking, these fresh European fillies would be for the clients. They looked up and down the line of women, weighing up each girls potentialities.

Fifi with her already nicely curved belly and her milking bra with it's separate, stiff plastic, breast and nipple cups, particularly caught their eye. It might be too late for her to star in the Mating Pit, the Stud Groom was thinking, but, with her prettily swollen belly, she'd still make a fine sight for the clients in the stables and on the racecourse - with a handicap that would be increased with each month since her date of conception.

'How soon ... she ... deliver?' he asked.

'Four months.' replied Sabhu, holding up four fingers.

Similarly, the Black Inquisitor was thinking, her state would not excuse her from being displayed to the clients writhing in torment under the instruments of the Inquisition. Like the real Inquisition he used different tortures for women Expecting a Happy Event and it was his proud boast that no human Brood Mare had yet lost her foal in his torture chamber.

Meanwhile, the Vet was assessing Fifi's hips. Yes, he thought, there's every chance that her foaling could be made into a fine and aesthetically pleasing spectacle for the clients.

The Head Nurse had been looking at Fifi's elongated nipples, and milk filled breasts, nicely held by the transparent plastic cups of her milking bra - and at Emma's too. Yes, both would make fine wet nurses in the stables. Indeed she had better now go and bring a couple of little black piccaninnies from the rearing pens to ease the pressure in their breasts.

In the longer term, the Head Nurse was thinking, Fifi should now be dried off, but Emma could be used to take over a pair of mestizo twins that had been born a month previously to a privately owned girl sent to the Livery Stables, by her Mistress, to be kept at livery for her foaling.

The girl's Mistress had found it amusing at first to watch her having to rear and feed her little foals. However, they were shortly going to be orphaned, for the Mistress had now said she would be taking the girl home, immediately after the Fashion Show - and leaving the progeny behind to be sold.

The foals needed another week or so of mother's milk and Emma would be just the person to provide it.

Sabhu was pointing out in turn each of the other girls to his delighted fellow overseers.

'Polish mother ... and her virgin daughter. Virgin, understand?

The four overseers nodded, grinning with delight.

'A pair of Hungarian sisters,' went on Sabhu slowly. 'English aristocrat ... already in milk ... and exceptionally buxom Slovene girl. All ready for stables after Fashion Show.'

The four overseers could hardly hide their delight.

'The Stud Groom pointed queryingly at Fifi's rubber chastity belt.

Sabhu, unpacked Fifi's chain mail breeding belt. 'Better,' he said. He beckoned Fifi over and invited the Stud Groom and the Japanese male midwife to help to help him replace her rubber chastity belt with the chain mail breeding pouch.

The two overseers put their hands down and felt the tightly fitting steel wire sides of the pouch. Yes, it was similar to the belts that they used, both to prevent a girl in foal from getting at her progeny and to stop a girl, whether in-foal or not, from wasting the energies that she should be conserving for the race track.

'Here, girls not jig-a-jig!' said the little stud groom, grinning and shaking his fingers in front of his crutch in a crude parody of a girl masturbating.

'Certainly not,' laughed Sabhu sardonically, delighted to find the girls new chief overseer had the same ideas as himself as regards preventing white women from playing with themselves, the disgusting little sluts.

Then he turned to the girls. 'Now girls,' he ordered, 'into bed and rest. Tomorrow there's a dress rehearsal for the Fashion Show.'

29 - THE BROCHURE

The scene on the lawn outside Carmen's house was one of great excitement and sophistication.

A crowd of Carmen's specially invited clients were drinking Champagne and eating delicious canapés as they chatted. Some had driven over from nearby plantations, others had flown in, a few were staying in Carmen's little guest houses. All had been looking forward to this opportunity to see the new European girls that Carmen had so cleverly acquired for her human Stud Farm, and who would be the stars at numerous performances and races over the coming months.

The guests were mainly men, formally dressed in cool, light coloured, tropical suits. The women were dressed in flowing dresses and picture hats, as if going to a wedding.

A large, beautifully lined marquee had been erected and inside was a stage with a catwalk going down between several rows of chairs. It was open at the sides to allow in the breeze. Many of the guests were already standing drinking in the shade at the back of the marquee.

Numerous smart looking cars and cross country vehicles were parked in a field and several light aircraft were parked alongside a grass landing strip.

Carmen and Ursula were mixing with the clients, delighted that so many had turned up.

In an air conditioned tent by the stage, Sabhu aided by the enthusiastic Japanese Vet was checking that the girls were ready for the show, with their various dresses neatly laid out ready for a quick change. They were all beautifully made up and their long silky blond hair, and the red hair of the Hungarian sisters, Suzy and Heidi, had been carefully shampooed, conditioned and brushed until it shone.

The excitement of the guests outside was matched by the excitement of the girls as they peered through little slits in the sides of the tent at the evidently rich men and women. Perhaps, each was thinking, this is where I make my fortune!

They still had no idea that they were in a human stud farm and, kept shut up in their dormitory or taken for little walks by Sabhu, they had not yet been allowed a glimpse of the way Carmen's other girls were treated.

They would have been horrified if they had understood the glossy brochure, printed in Portuguese, that the guests were now studying as they began to settle down on the chairs surrounding the catwalk.

OUR NEW EXPANDED SERVICE

A spot of History

As we all know, thanks to the political influence of the plantation owners, and their importance to the national economy, slavery was not abolished in Brazil until a little over a century ago - long after it had been abolished in the British West Indies and in the USA.

The slave trade from Africa, however, had been abolished long before. Therefore, here in Brazil, the breeding of slaves had become an important activity.

Large plantations often had their own slave breeding pens but many also relied on the output of special slave farms which were run on similar lines to stud farms for horses. In these human stud farms, black, local Indian and white blood was mixed to establish successful breeding lines of mestizo slaves.

The carefully selected studs were called "stallions" and girls chosen for breeding were called "Brood Mares" and their progeny were called "foals, fillies and colts." Fillies were in much greater demand than colts for the coffee and other plantations and stallions with a record of throwing fillies were much prized.

Successful brood mares were also highly valued. For ease of identification, and to deter them from trying to escape, their noses were ringed with distinctive large brass rings, from which hung a disc showing their owner and their registered breeding number. This also helped prevent mistakes being made and the wrong girl being covered by the wrong human stallion.

To help establish the comparative resilience of various Brood Mares, and to provide sport, it was also usual for the larger plantations and the Human Stud Farms to keep their brood mares in training and to race them, either singly or in pairs, in special trotting races. The progeny of girls who had been winners in these races were particularly sought after.

Experience also showed that keeping a human brood mare well exercised and in training, and raced right up to foaling, greatly helped delivery - as did regular daily exercise on the big treadmill. It was simple and effective form of what these days we would call prenatal exercises.

Not only did the Human Stud Farms offer the slave plantations a steady stream of new recruits, but they also provided proven human stallions to whom the plantation owners could bring their best female slaves to be covered.

Indeed it was quite normal for plantation owners to send chosen female slaves back to the Stud Farm, where they had been born, to be mated - often several times. Daughters were even sent back to be covered, unknown to them, by their sires. In this way successful strains, or breeding lines, were established.

The Human Stud Farms received a further boost when in 1871 it was decreed that children borne by slave women on the plantations were free. But as the Stud Farms were not legally plantations this law did not apply to them. Their production of slave children was now more eagerly bought by plantation owners than ever.

They were taken away soon after birth, to be raised on their new Master's plantations, where children could be used to pick cotton or coffee beans at a very young age.

The Human Stud Farms were highly profitable and played an important part in the local economy, until finally all slaves were freed.

At the height of the slave breeding business there were over a hundred human brood mares stabled in this Human Stud Farm alone, as well as numerous visiting human mares sent by their owners to be covered by a particular stallion after they had next come into season.

The importance of European female indentured servants.

Experience on the plantations back had always been that in this enervating climate the breeding lines needed regular re-injections of white

blood, fresh from Europe. Moreover this was more effective if it came from white females.

Accordingly, for nearly two hundred years comely and intelligent white indentured servant women, fresh arrived from the invigorating climate of Europe, were crossed with black, Indian or Mestizo studs to produce improved strains of mestizo slaves.

It was quite common in those days, in Europe, for young women to run away from unhappy homes, or from cruel husbands, and come to Brazil, unsuspectingly, as indentured servants, seeking their fortune and a rich new husband in this land of plenty.

Little did they ever think that that they might end up in this remote part of the country to be used for forced breeding in a Human Stud Farm - virtually the temporary slaves of the Stud Farm owner who had bought their indentures. These indentures were usually for seven years - time for seven forced pregnancies.

As with the mestizo brood mares, it was normal, before having a white indentured servant woman covered, to try her out in harness on the race track.

This enabled her Master to decide what sort of progeny to aim for and thus make sure that she was put to the most suitable sires. This in turn depended whether her Master was using her to produce a new and profitable breeding line for winners at the highly competitive local sport of racing pony girls, or for producing docile female labourers, resilient to the harsh climate, or for pretty bed companions for plantation owners - and for their house guests.

To give the best chance of success, often a different sire as used for each of the woman's carefully planned maternities.

Naturally, sisters and, above all, mothers still of breeding age with virgin teenage daughters, were in great demand since they enabled new strains and breeding lines to be established more quickly. Women already expectant on arrival in Brazil were also sought after, as were very buxom women - for experience had also showed that the milk of white women was excellent for rearing young mestizo slave progeny in the rearing pens.

Moreover, as with the Mestizo brood mares, it was found that exercising these white women daily on the treadmill whilst they were in foal, and keeping them in training for racing, made for speedy and problem-free deliveries - and kept their breasts firm when they were feeding their progeny.

To ensure proper control of the breeding process and to deter escape, the same nose rings and discs, showing their registered breeding numbers, were used on these white indentured girls as on the mestizo slave girls.

Special white indentured servants

Sometimes the Caribbean pirates, or Buccaneers, would bring down to sell a rather grand European woman, Spanish, French, or English, whom they had captured at sea. Some of these also ended up in our Stud Farms - as what were called Special Indentured Servants - for their family would hopefully pay to ransom her,

Meanwhile, with her aristocratic blood, the girl might be hired out for rather special breeding - such as by a childless rich couple to produce an heir which the wife would pass off as her own, or as a wet nurse in a rich household, and so on.

Our modern Human Stud Farm

Here, we have reconstituted the breeding conditions of an old Human Stud Farm. We have restored the old Breeding Stables, the old Punishment Block, the exercise area and gallops as well the race track - and even the old treadmill.

We have over thirty pretty Mestizo girls, modern brood mares, here under contract, of whom three quarters are in foal at any time, with three or so foaling each month. As in the old days, we like to get our girls to foal once a year with a gap of only two or three months between foaling and being mated again.

They are treated just like the brood mares of old and, like them, they are distinctively nose-ringed with discs showing their registered breeding numbers. We like to keep them happy and content, but they have to realise that they are here for breeding - and to be raced. We find that the ever present threat of

being sent to the dreaded Black Inquisitor for punishment is very good for discipline!

Numerous clients come here to enjoy the sight of what it was like on a Human Stud Farm in the days of slavery - and to enjoy our trotting races in which our Brood Mares are made to show off their paces.

Moreover, in view of the difficulties that modern plantation owners have in recruiting good female labour, they are only too keen to "adopt" progeny produced by us and rear them on their plantations.

Modern fertility pills have replaced the former Indian traditional herbal recipes and we these days we obtain a high rate of twin foals, and even the occasional triplets.

Our livery service

In the old days local the stud farm also made it's human stallions available, for a fee, to slave owners wishing to breed from their own slave women, So, too, we now also offer a similar service to clients, particularly lady clients, who want the excitement of using our stallions to impose a Happy Event on their own, usually white, girls.

Privately owned girls, both awaiting mating and already in-foal, can be discreetly kept at livery in our separate private wing for long and short stays. Here they can also be put into training and entered for races appropriate to their state, or brought back here in time for their foaling. Their progeny can also be offered, like that of the girls in the stud farm itself, for "adoption" by local plantation owners.

This has also proved to be a highly popular service.

Replacing European indentured servants

Hitherto, however, there has been a big gap in our reconstruction of conditions in an old Human Stud Farm: we have not been able to provide a modern equivalent to the former female European indentured servants - though, of course, the privately owned girls sent here to be covered, and/or kept at livery, are usually white.

But, in future, this will now be a star feature of our service, for we have just acquired a number of beautiful European women, under contract - just like the old indentured servants.

Just as, in the old days, the European indentured servants imagined that they would be treated in Brazil as very superior domestic servants, so these ones think they have come here to be fashion models. They think that today's Gala Fashion Show will be the first of many. Please do not disillusion them - yet!

Our Human Stallions

The following proven stallions, all with a good track record of throwing fillies, are now standing at our stud.

Hercules. Negro. 40. A great bull of man who was formerly a heavyweight boxer. His progeny have proved to be robust workers and excellent stamina for longer races. The brood mares dread being put to him.

Tarzan. Negro. 17. A very virile youth with a good temperament and an athletic record.

Tamaco. Purebred Amazonian Indian. 35. Small and petite but very resilient. His daughters are often very pretty.

Daffodil. Mestizo 25. Half Indian and half negro. Especially popular with visiting plantation owners bringing their own mestizo girls here for mating and who feel that their girl's present mix of Indian and negro blood is just about right.

The future program for our new European girls.

So, as a spectacle for our clients, we will now be re-creating live, over the coming months and years, the full role of white female indentured servants, as well as mestizo slaves, in the old Human Stud Farm: on the Race Track, in the Punishment Block, in the Mating Pit, in the Stables and Exercise Area and on the Gallops, in the Foaling Box and, not least, on the Treadmill!

These new white girls include: an already expectant pretty girl already in milk and carrying, unknown to her, valuable black twins; two pretty two red haired sisters; a lovely buxom girl; and above all a beautiful mother and her pretty virgin teenage daughter. We, also, even have a lovely English, aristocratic, young married woman, already put into milk but not yet expecting.

What a choice! And all blue-eyed blondes or green-eyed redheads! Indeed, what a magnificent addition to our reconstruction of the old Human Stud Farms. Moreover, except for the English aristocratic woman, who will be playing the role of a former Special Indentured Servant, they too will be nose ringed.

Meanwhile our Gala Fashion Show will provide our clients with a preview of our newly arrived future white brood mares. But remember, just as European women, arriving in the old days at a Human Stud Farm, had no idea that they were intended for the breeding pens, so neither do these girls, So don't let on!

Well then, here they are - all unaware of what will happen to them here but certified as fit for breeding, racing, breeding and suckling their progeny:-

Fifi - Registered Breeding number E (for European) -11. English. Aged 23. Now in foal for the first time. Has already been brought into milk. Due to foal in four months time. Under contract for two at least more deliveries and, if required, a third one.

Heidi and Suzy Breeding numbers E-12A and E-12B, showing that they are sisters. Aged 24 and 22. Hungarian sisters. Chestnuts. Similar conformation and disposition. Both under contract for at least two deliveries and possibly three. Neither have previously borne foals.

Carla Breeding number E-13. Aged 28. Slovene, Very buxom and will make an exceptional wet nurse in the Rearing Pens. Has never borne a foal, Also under contract for at least two and possibly three deliveries.

Mizzi - Breeding number E-14. Aged 35. Polish. Dam of Maria, her only foal - so far! Was a winner over short distances when younger. She and her progeny should do very well on the racing track. Also under contract for at least two or three deliveries.

Maria - Breeding number E- 14-A, the daughter of E-14. Aged 16. Polish. Still a virgin. Daughter of Mizzi and has her conformation and looks. Like her dam has been a winner over short distances. Under same contract as dam.

Lady Emma Aged 30. British aristocrat of Irish descent. as been brought into milk. Just as in the old days Special Indentured Servants were only available for breeding until ransomed, so too she must return to husband in a year's time. Meanwhile she will shortly be auctioned for hiring out, for special use as required. High price expected. Ideal for a discerning owner.

30 - THE FASHION SHOW

'Senhoras e senhores,' came Carmen's voice, speaking in Portuguese over the loudspeaker in the marquee, 'to launch our spectacular Fashion Show, here is our prize model, a young English filly, already in foal - for the first time.

There was a round of applause as Fifi nervously began to step down the catwalk.

'As you can see she is wearing a long transparent evening dress of black muslin streaked with gold that emphasises, rather than hides, the lovely curve of her belly. She is wearing matching shoes and long gloves, and a magnificent picture hat that must come straight from the Royal Enclosure at Ascot in England.'

She paused as Fifi came walking rather hesitantly down the catwalk.

'None of our models yet understand Portuguese, so I can tell you,' Carmen continued now pointing to Ursula, 'that the provider of these lovely girls, my great friend Ursula de Vere, herself put Fifi into her condition. Yes a woman played the paternal role!'

This made several of the lady members of The Society look up with interest.

'Yes,' went on Carmen, 'initially the girl as quite unaware of what had happened, for my friend Ursula used one of Doctor Anna's famous Pollinators, which at first glance looks like many other dildos - and, of course, had not allowed the girl to go anywhere near a man.'

The ladies were now looking more interested than ever.

'Yes, ladies, Ursula used the Pollinator to play the paternal role herself! She has now brought the girl here for two reasons. The first is to show you that Pollinators really do enable Mistresses to do to their girls what hitherto could only be done by a man.'

There several gasps of astonishment.

'So, ladies, buy them to use on their own girls back home - specially loaded for you here with the seed of your choice!'

This, too, provoked a much whispered comment. Carmen paused.

'And don't forget,' she finally continued with a laugh. 'you can always send the girl to be kept at livery here - until she foals. And we'll find a ready buyer for the foal, or foals, from amongst our neighbouring plantation owners, many of who are here today. and we'' split the proceeds with you half and half!'

This produced several enthusiastic cries.

'Can I take a loaded one back home with me tonight?' cried one impatient lady.

'And me, please?' cried another.

'Certainly,' laughed Carmen with a glance at Ursula. These Pollinators certainly looked like providing a profitable side line for the Stud Farm. 'But you'll have to store the loaded Pollinator in your deep freeze - so keep it locked!'

Carmen again paused for a moment.

'Then the second reason for bringing Fifi here today was a more general one - one of interest to our Gentlemen friends as well as our Ladies: to give you all today a preview of what her European companions will soon be looking like!'

There was a burst of laughter and applause from the guests.

'Yes,' Carmen went on, 'we want to encourage you to come and see them being raced and covered by our resident sires in the Mating Pit. Then you can come back and to see both their, and Fifi's own, subsequent progress, leading up to a spectacular performance in the Foaling Box.

Carmen paused again as Fifi now slid up and down the catwalk, her transparent dress cleverly showing off her state.

'Although Fifi does not yet know it, I can let you into a secret: the reason why her belly is already so well curved is that, although she does not yet know it, she is carrying twins! And black twins at that - for Miss de Vere's Pollinator had been loaded with the seed of a well known black wrestler, known as the Bone-Breaker, a huge brute of a man whose photograph is on the back page of your programs.'

There was a rustle of papers as the audience turned their programs to look at the photograph, followed by exclamations of astonishment.

'Yes, I hope she is giving you an appetite to come back and see what happens to the other girls! Remember that some of my resident sires are not all that dissimilar to the Bone-Breaker if that what you want to see in action on the other girls.'

Enthusiastic cries greeted this.

'Well. we aim and please,' Carmen laughed, 'and our motto here is that the customer is always right!'

This was loudly cheered. Fifi blushed, imagining that they were cheering her - which, of course, was in a way what they were doing!

'That seems to have gone down well,' murmured Ursula discreetly to Carmen.

'Yes, I think we can look forward to large crowds coming here,' whispered Carmen, 'provided we can spin the matings out over a week or two.

'One every Sunday afternoon,' laughed Ursula.

Carmen turned back to the audience. 'But there is more,' she said. She nodded to Fifi, who blushing lowered her delicate dress down over her shoulders, baring her transparent plastic milking bra and her now large and milk laden breasts.

There were gasps from the audience, as they saw the transparent cups over her strangely elongated nipples.

'Yes, the milk of a white woman used to be guarded carefully in the old human stud farms and will be here too.' Carmen laughed.

Fifi made a last pass up and down the catwalk, her full breasts bouncing.

'Yes,' Carmen announced, as Fifi disappeared behind a curtain, 'there is no need, these days, to wait for a girl to deliver before she can be in milk. Our pills do the job just as effectively!

This as greeted with a murmur of interest and surprise'

Suddenly two pretty little schoolgirls in party frocks burst onto the catwalk, their red hair hanging in almost childish pigtails. They were both cleverly made up to look like teenagers.

'Heidi and her sister Suzy, 'announced Carmen as, pouting arrogantly like real models, the girls swayed up and down the catwalk, 'are showing the sort of dresses that your teenage daughters rarely wear these days - and which you wish that they did ...'

But her listeners were not really thinking about the pretty dresses. What was engaging their minds was how the sisters would look harnessed, side by side, to a racing cart - or being paraded, again side by side, to show off their pretty and identically curved little bellies ...

Then a lovely creature in a long, low cut, pink satin nightdress strolled catwalk, her prominent breasts swaying provocatively. She was blushing at the way the nightdress revealed her voluptuous figure. but had been reassured that these days models think nothing of modelling lingerie as well as dresses. But she might no have been so reassured if she had understood Carmen commentary.

'Our lovely Carla,' said Carmen was saying, 'is showing off a lovely nightdress, cut on the bias. It should, of course, lead up to a night of love and passion.'

She paused as the guests feasted on the girl's voluptuous figure that the figure hugging nightdress showed off to perfection.

'However, little does this gorgeous creature imagine,' continued Carmen with a cruel laugh that was echoed by the audience, 'that it is not love but the trauma and pangs of the breeding box that await her.'

There were gasps from the audience.

'Imagine coming shortly to see this lovely creature, nose-ringed, and chained helpless and naked in her stall - a young breeding filly waiting fearfully to be covered. She will know that, like the Indentured European girls a hundred years ago, she has been put on a course of fertility pills. But whereas in those days they were Indian herbs that worked rather erratically, hers are reliable modern drugs! Frightened she wonders whether it will be twins or triplets.

Carmen paused again. She had her audience in the palm of her hand, listening to her every word. They were fascinated and mentally deciding that they would certainly be returning to see the sight of Carla chained in her stall.

'Imagine her longing to run away and escape her fate. But the high walls, the big brass ring hanging from her nose, and the heavy chain that links the ring at the back of her collar to the large ring cemented to the wall at the back of her stall, all combine to make escape impossible - just as they all did for European indentured servant girls in the same stalls, in the same stables, a hundred years ago.

'Imagine her, chained in her stall, nervously waiting for the day when the Indian Stud Groom will decide that she is ready to conceive. Like those same European women of a hundred years ago she will never know just when it will be her turn to be taken down the stable passageway to the dreaded Mating Pit, to meet her chosen black lover, the sire of her future progeny - there to be made to perform for your delight in front of you all!'

There were sharp intakes of breath - oh yes, they'd be coming back to see this alright!

'Also imagine seeing her later being driven naked onto the racecourse with those big breasts bouncing, harnessed side by side to a similarly buxom, chocolate coloured, mestizo girl, also awaiting mating. Imagine examining them

both in the paddock, before deciding whether to bet on them, knowing that the size of their breasts will earn them a good handicap.'

She paused for a moment.

'Yes, they'll make a fine sight,' Carmen went on. 'And, of course, which sire we use on her will much depend on how she performs on the race track at the next two weekends! The choice will be yours : by a majority vote of my guests. Doubtless this something you will also want to come and attend - and vote on!'

There were cries of 'Indeed! Indeed!'

'But of course that is still only the beginning of the excitements.

Imagine seeing her being paraded before you week after week, with her companions, but now held on a lead by my young Japanese breeding manager and midwife. Imagine seeing again, scared and frightened, and again wearing this same beautiful night dress - but now with her belly increasingly thrusting against it ... '

Again and again, amidst increasing cries from the audience, Carmen would cleverly pause for a moment.

'Imagine seeing this night dress being slid down so that you can see for yourselves first her growing and hardening breasts ... and then her prettily curved belly ...'

'And below that the locked and gleaming chain mail breeding belt that, just as it did in the days of white indentured servant women, prevents her from interfering with what Nature intends - and you have paid to have done and see! ...'

'Imagine watching her performing, naked, in the special handicap races for mares in foal, being urged on by her driver's whip, with her prettily swollen belly matching that of her mestizo companion.'

'Yes ... That'll be a sight you won't want to miss!'

Carla now made her exit, leaving an audience determined to return - and return again - to see this arrogant and self-confident young woman humbled and degraded.

Each of Ursula's girls was repeatedly appearing on the catwalk in a different dress, or state of undress - accompanied by a similarly arousing commentary from Carmen.

Naturally the sight of Mizzi and her daughter attracted great attention, as made up and dressed identically, they looked more like sisters than a mother and daughter.

'Imagine for ourselves how greatly sought-after would have been similar European mothers and daughters in this very same human Stud Farm.' laughed Carmen, as Mizzi and Maria innocently paraded up and down the catwalk.

'Imagine leading plantation owners looking at them carefully, just as you are now, and assessing their physique and temperament. Imagine these men vying with each other to acquire a similar mother and daughter to establish a new and improved strain of slaves on their plantations. Imagine them, alternatively, bidding for the mother and daughter's progeny as, muzzled to muffle their cries, and chained side by side, half standing and half squatting, and encouraged by the whip of their overseer, they drop them into the straw lined cribs of the Foaling Box.'

'Imagine, indeed, the fascination for a slave owner of acquiring progeny that are, at the same time, both sisters, and aunts or nieces, of each other. Imagine him coming to see the mother and daughter rearing and feeding the progeny that he has already bought and has now come to collect to be further reared on his plantation. Imagine him making a down payment for another set of identical progeny from the same white mother and daughter and the same black stud.

Carmen looked around at her clients.

'And now imagine you, yourselves, coming back here over the coming months and seeing all this being re-enacted!'

'And what about the virgin daughter?' came a cry.

'Ah, Senhor,' laughed Carmen, 'I'm sure that my predecessors, the former owners of this human Stud Farm, would have jealously guarded that for the girl's chosen black sire - to make sure that there was no mistake in the breeding process!'

'Shame!' cried another voice.

'But, Senhor, I am also sure that my predecessors would have made the taking of the girl's virginity, in front of her mother, a fine spectacle for their clients - and I shall do the same. So keep in touch, so as not to miss such a stirring performance!'

'I'll be there!' cried another voice eagerly.

'And me, too!' came several other voices.

Carmen exchanged a triumphal glance with Ursula. What a clever idea it had been to suggest that Ursula should include a mother and daughter in the team! How clever Ursula had been to find such a delightful pair - and with the daughter still a virgin!

'And the deliveries.' cried another voice. 'Will they be a public display as they were in the old days?'

'Yes indeed,' laughed Carmen, 'though, these days, so as not to upset the sensibilities of our clients, as the performance reaches its climax and the breeding belt is finally unlocked, we will set up a little screen to hide certain parts of the girl. The rest of her body on display and my Japanese male midwife can then operate behind the screen as necessary. We also gag the girls, so that their cries do not upset the other girls in the stables, waiting for their big day in the foaling box ...'

Emma had also aroused great interest as she showed off a range of pretty dresses intended for nursing mothers.

As she had to parade up and down the catwalk, whilst Carmen extolled her unusualness as an upper class Englishwoman, Emma could feel her heavily milk laden breasts almost screaming to be milked. Oh, how cruel Sabhu and the Indian Stud Groom had been not to have unlocked her milking bra and at least eased the terrible pressure in her breasts.

Then, as she was showing off the last dress, to her surprise, and that of the audience, Sabhu suddenly sprang up onto the catwalk wearing his full Circus dress with its heavily embroidered jacket, shining black boots and white breeches that contrasted with his jet black skin. He was making an almost final appearance before handing his charges over to the tender mercies of Carmen's own overseers

Cracking his whip and playing the part of a black plantation overseer, he called Emma over to him. The audience laughed as they saw her obediently run to him and stand at Attention silently in front of him.

'What a show of discipline' murmured several of the audience to their neighbours.

'Now,' said Carmen, 'we come to a highlight of our display - an unsuspecting real English Lady, married to an equally unsuspecting English Lord. She thinks she's just come out to earn some much needed pin money by modelling dresses. But we know better, don't we!'

There were laughs all round.

'We know that she's destined to play the role of a similar English Lady, brought here in the days of the Buccaneers, as what one of what then were called Special White Indentured Servants - young upper class women captured by Pirates in the Caribbean.'

'So look at her, innocently parading up and down, our future Brood Mare Number E-27. Then imagine that an identical young English Lady, married and still nursing her child, had been captured by the Buccaneers whilst rashly making a social call on friends in a nearby neighbouring island, having left her child behind.

'Imagine that she has been brought down here to Brazil to be sold as a Special Indentured Servant. Imagine her having been put into the charge of a terrifying and smartly uniformed black Master at Arms, like Sabhu here - to make sure that she is taught proper discipline and that the unruly crew do not get their hands on her before she is sold.'

'Remember that the milk of a white women, newly arrived from Europe, was much sought after,' Carmen went on, 'and that of an aristocratic one, even more so. So imagine the pirate Captain's delight when his black Master at Arms reports that the woman is still in milk. This would greatly enhance her value on the blocks of the indentured servants market.'

'Imagine that he gives orders that she is to be locked into a special old fashioned milking brassiere, as used on the slave plantations to prevent wet nurses from wasting their milk. Moreover, he gives orders that she is not to be milked for a whole day before being exhibited for sale - for it was usual in the slave and indentured servant markets for prospective owners to be given the chance of tasting the product of a woman in milk before buying her.'

'Therefore the pirate Captain would have wanted her breasts to be bursting - as indeed are these ones of Emma's now! Like our imaginary young woman of the days of yore, Emma has also not been allowed any relief since yesterday!'

As she was talking, Sabhu had fastened Emma's hands behind her back and had then slid down her lovely dress to bare her breasts - locked, just as had been those of Fifi, into a special milking bra.

Sabhu now turned Emma round to show the audience the little padlock, behind her shoulder blades, that held the milking bra tightly in place. Then he unlocked it and Emma's full breasts eagerly sprang free to be greeted with cries of admiration from Carmen's numerous clients.

'As you can see' went on Carmen. 'such is the pressure building up in her breasts that little drops of milk are escaping from her now nicely elongated nipples.'

Sabhu now made Emma kneel down in front of him on the raised catwalk with her hands still fastened behind her. Her breasts were now level with his waist. Reaching down under the catwalk, he produced a little glass flask with a small rubber balloon on one side and a rubber suction pad at the top.

Holding Emma's right breast in one hand he inserted the nipple into the suction pad and then gave several squeezes to the rubber balloon. Emma gave several little cries and then a little of milk jetted into the glass flask. Another squeeze of the balloon and there was another, this time rather larger jet of milk.

Soon the flask was full, and Sabhu politely offered it to members of the audience nearest to him on one side of the catwalk. Fitting a new flask to his little vacuum pump, Sabhu repeated the process with Emma's left breast and offered its milk to the audience on the other side of the catwalk,

Soon half a dozen little flasks were being passed around and appreciated.

'But senhoras e senhores,' Carmen now said. 'please do not think that this girl, any more than the Special Indentured Servants in the old days, is simply here to be used as a milk slave. They might only be available for a year or so before being ransomed, but that was still time enough for it to be worth the while of a human Stud Farm owner to acquire her indentures - and perhaps hire her out for whatever purpose his clients may have in mind.'

Carmen paused dramatically.

'So, too, in a couple of weeks time, after our forthcoming Gala Race Meeting, Emma's services will be similarly auctioned - for one year, during which time she must be brought back here for quarterly check-ups. At the end of the year she must be returned fit and well - in time to meet her husband in England on his return from abroad. He will never guess, however, what we'll have put his precious wife through down here in Brazil!'

This raised a good laugh from her listeners.

'So during the next couple of weeks, you'll have ample opportunity to see more of her - writhing in pain in the Punishment Block, watching her straining to avoid her driver's whip on the race-track, harnessed to the Treadmill, or simply seeing her chained up in her stall in the stables.'

'Finally,' she went on with a laugh, 'remember that even in these days, just as much as in the days of slavery, the feeling of having a married young, aristocratic, European woman at your mercy for a whole year is enough to engender a tremendous feeling of power! ... This is exactly what we will be offering to you when we auction Emma's contract!'

Again she paused.

'So, both ladies and gentlemen, you now all have a couple of weeks in which to plan how you would like to use her - and to arrange matters with your Bank Manager, for she will surely go for a high figure at her auction ... !'

At last the Fashion Show was over. It had gone extremely well. Over more glasses of champagne, Carmen's clients were eagerly booking in to return again ... and again. Indeed they could hardly keep away!

'Well, don't forget you're invited tomorrow to come - for a modest fee! - to see our new arrivals learning the truth, their real fate.'

'Ah!' exclaimed several of her listeners.

'Yes! You'll be able to watch them being broken-in in the Punishment Block before they are put into the stables - and see for the first time their fellow mestizo brood mares!'

PART VII

FUTURE BROOD MARES

31 - THE GIRLS LEARN THE TERRIBLE TRUTH

It was the following day. Ursula's team of girls had all innocently followed Sabhu to what they would later learn was the restored old Punishment Block, where reluctant young future mothers used to be sent to have their unwillingness to conceive beaten out of them by the Black Inquisitor. .

It was still used for that purpose, but in Carmen's modern human Stud Farm was also used simply for putting on shows of girls being whipped and tortured, simply as an additional spectacle for visitors to the stud farm.

The girls were now standing silently, and bemused, in a line facing Sabhu in an empty room. As usual, when Sabhu took them out of their dormitory, they were chained together by the neck.

There were no windows in the room, but sunlight flooded in through long slits in the walls high up in the walls.

Facing the girls, behind Sabhu, were two long mirrors in which the girls could see themselves prettily reflected. They had no idea why they had been brought there. Even Emma was still unsuspecting.

The girls kept admiring in the mirrors the new pretty flexible metal collars, engraved with the crest of the Carmen Stud Farm, that Sabhu had earlier exchanged for their old collars. He told them that they were a reward for having done so well at the Fashion yesterday. He glossed over the fact that the collars had a ring at the of the neck to which a chain could be attached. Nor did he explain the bump at the back of the collar that contained a little battery. Nor did he tell them that once on, the collars could only be taken off with a special key.

They were also admiring in the mirrors the identical, attractive, but strangely out of date dress which Sabhu had made them all put on: long Victorian skirts and white frilly "mutton chop" blouses with tight belts round their waists. They could well have been a group of shop girls out on a party together a hundred years ago.

Unknown to the girls, the mirrors were two-way ones and, through them, they were already being watched by a large hidden audience of Carmen's clients seated in a room next door. The room had had other mirrors that looked into what were known as the The Inquisitor's Thrashing Room and his Torture Chamber. The watchers could already see the burly black skinned Inquisitor moving about the two room preparing for the forthcoming demonstration of his skill.

Hidden microphones enabled them also to hear every word that was spoken, or every cry or scream.

In fact, unknown to them, the girls were dressed to play the role, for the hidden audience, of a group of equally unsuspecting young, collared, indentured servants. They would have recently arrived, a hundred years ago, from Europe to seek fame and fortune in the New World. Their seven year indentures would have just been purchased by an Agent acting on behalf of the then owner of the human Stud Farm. He would then have brought them there, still blissfully unaware of the fate that awaited them.

The girls' Victorian era dresses, like the old style uniforms worn by Carmen's overseers, were intended to give an air of authenticity to the forthcoming breaking-in scenes that would be watched through one way mirrors by a large number of Carmen's excited clients and invited guests. Indeed, there would be little difference between the scene that was now about to take place and those on which it was based.

Suddenly the door to the room in which the girls were standing was flung open and in strode Carmen and Ursula. They were laughing to each other. They, too, were wearing Victorian era dresses, though of a distinctly smarter type than that of the penniless indentured servants.

Ursula was playing the role of the Agent, who to keep the women from suspecting anything was indeed often a woman. Sabhu was her overseer. Carmen was playing her own role of owner of the stud farm to which the girls had been brought.

Ursula clapped her hands.

'Pay attention girls. My friend Carmen has an important announcement to make.'

The girls smiled and exchanged glances. Doubtless they were going to be congratulated on the evident success of yesterday's Fashion Show and to be told details of where and when the next ones would be. Presumably their present strange Victorian style dress had something to do with it, but Sabhu had refused to answer any questions when he had made them put them on.

He had, however, told them, to their relief, that they would not be seeing him again now that he was "handing them over" to the strangely dressed "overseers" they had seen on their first arrival.

Carmen began to speak slowly in English so that the Eastern European girls would at least understand the gist of what she was saying, repeating important phrases.

'Welcome to my human Stud Farm! Yes, this a reconstruction of a genuine human Stud Farm that was still going strongly, breeding slaves, only a little more than a hundred years ago, when slavery still existed in Brazil. And we are all now enacting a scene that will frequently have then happened here.'

Carla raised her hand.

'Please, Madam, what is a ... Stud ... Farm, and why is it human,' she asked in a mystified tone. Clearly this expression was also meaningless to the other girls as well - except to the increasingly surprised Emma. Even Fifi, the only other English girl, was confused.

'It's simple! In a normal Stud Farm brood mares are put to chosen stallions to breed horses. Similarly, a hundred years ago, here in this Human Stud Farm, the prettiest or strongest slave girls, or the ones who had done best in the popular Trotting Races for slave girls, were also treated like brood mares. They were put to chosen studs to breed more slaves for the plantations ... That's why it was called a Human Stud Farm, a stud farm producing not horses but slaves ... '

The girls were still looking confused as to what all this had to do with them. And what were they supposed to be re-enacting in their Victorian dresses?. And why?

'However, young ladies, although slavery may no longer exist, our local plantation owners are still pay well to take on carefully bred little progeny to be raised on their plantations. There they start work picking coffee and cotton as little children! And moreover, here in my restored human Stud Farm, rich men and women pay to come and watch young women being raced on my little race-track, just as they were in the old days, and then ... and then ... again, just as they were in the old days, ... mated with our selection of black studs.'

'But I do not ... understand,' cried Carla, struggling to get out her poor English. 'What has breeding of ... black slaves ... got to do with us? ... We are white women!'

'Well, 'laughed Carmen, 'in the days of slavery, white indentured servants, freshly arrived from Europe, were brought here to serve out their indentures - just like you have been brought here to serve out your contracts. They were used to improve the various breeds of slaves on local plantations. And you are going to be used to re-enact just that, too - for the entertainment of my clients.'

There was a gasp of horror from Emma as she suddenly realised what Carmen was leading up to. She remembered the terrible photographs she had seen in Ursula's house - the ones that had made her try to run away.

'Yes,' Carmen went on with a laugh, 'that's why you, like the indentured servant girls of a hundred years ago, have been brought here - to be human brood mares. Yes, just like the indentured servants of old, you too are going to be used for breeding. You're going to be stabled, put into training like a race horse and raced in our trotting races. Then you'll be covered, like a mare, by one of my black negro, South American Indian, or mestizo studs - or stallions, as we call them. They are kept out of your sight in a separate building.'

She paused for a moment, to let her words sink in.

'And I shall want a foal, or better still a pair of foals, out of each old of you each year - the same as your predecessors, the European indentured servant girls, had to produce in the old days.'

Again she paused.

'Do you all understand now why you are here?'

There was an appalled silence, suddenly broken by Emma.

'Oh no!' she cried, 'No!'

The hidden audience next door looked at each other and smiled. Yes, Carmen was certainly putting on a splendid show!

'Oh yes, Emma, oh yes.' replied Carmen with a sinister laugh. 'But for you, Emma, we've got a special fate reserved - but not just yet awhile.'

'What you mean?' cried Emma, appalled.

But Carmen ignored her outburst and turned back to the other girls,

'Yes, you're all going to make fine little brood mares! And many of my clients had a fascinating preview of you all at the so-called Fashion Show yesterday!'

'You mean that the Fashion show and all this talk of coming out here as models was a sham?' cried Fifi.

'Yes, Fifi, yes!' cut in Ursula cruelly.

'But,' went on Carmen, 'you're all lucky girls as compared to the European girls who came here as indentured servants a hundred years ago. They had unsuspectingly signed a seven year contract of indenture. Yes, seven years ... seven maternities ... seven valuable deliveries of progeny! Your contracts, however, stipulated only "at least two deliveries" before you can be released with a third one at my option - and that means three successfully completed maternities, each producing healthy live progeny!'

She turned to Fifi. 'And that means another three after your present one.'

There was a horrified cry from Fifi and then silence.

'Three?' queried Mizzi.

'Yes, three,' replied Carmen firmly

'But my daughter, you can't ... '

'Three for her as well,' came the stern reply. 'Putting a white mother and daughter to the same black stud was a favourite way in the old days of establishing a new breeding line - and one that I shall be copying here with you both.'

There was a cry of horror from Maria that made the clients laugh as they watched, and listened, from next door.

'But she's only sixteen and still a virgin,' cried Mizzi.

'Sixteen is a ideal age for a first maternity,' laughed Carmen, 'and being a virgin will make her first mating an even more interesting sight for my clients.'

'You cannot do this ... to me,' cried young Maria as the truth increasingly dawned on her. 'I run away!'

'Your new special collars will never let you.' laughed Carmen. 'Feel the little bump at the back of your collar. That'll start giving you unbearable electric shocks if you ever go near the wall that surrounds stud farm buildings and the race-track. And there's another electrified fence surrounding the whole valley. Moreover, there's nowhere to run away to, out here. You'd have no money, no clothes and no passport.'

'I go to Police! They arrest you!'

'Oh no, not out here!' again laughed Carmen. 'Even if you did somehow manage to find one of our few local underpaid policemen, he'd immediately

recognise the crest on your collar, or suspect where you had come from. He'd simply bring you back here to claim the reward.'

'Oh!' cried a now dispirited Maria.

'And you'd then be given the thrashing of your life.'

'Oh!' again cried a now terrified Maria.

'In fact,' said Carmen proudly, 'no girl, no brood mare, whether in foal or not, has ever escaped from my human Stud Farm - no indeed has wanted to. For strange beasts lurk in the forests that surround this stud farm. Yes, strange and horrible beasts!

She paused for a moment to let her words sink in.

'Yes,' she went on, 'as elsewhere in South America, there are plenty of vampire bats, for instance. They are particularly attracted to horses - and humans. You will notice later on that the open sides of the stables are covered in with wire netting - to prevent the vampire bats from getting at you as you sleep in your stalls. But what protection would have out in the forest?'

'Vampire bats!' first one girl and then another echoed. 'Ugh!'

'And the same will apply to the giant Anaconda snakes. The Spaniards call them "Deer swallows". Well, you girls are not much bigger than deer!'

Carmen paused.

'And how about all the little poisonous snakes out in the forests, from which you'll be protected in your nice comfortable stables.'

'Snakes! ... Giant snakes! ... Poisonous snakes,' came several cries.

'And, of course there are the alligators and man-eating piranhas waiting for you in the rivers and streams.'

There was a shocked silence.

Carmen looked at Ursula and gave her a discreet smile. These girls would be far too terrified now to even try to escape. They would just have to learn to accept their fate - like the European indentured servant girls of old.

'But...' began Emma, 'I ...'

'Yes, for you Emma, the contract stipulates only one year - one delivery.'

Thank God for that, thought Emma, but even so, how awful! How dreadful for Ursula to have tricked her into coming out here. She should have realised that Ursula would not have paid her so much merely to go round Brazil showing off dresses.

'But why was I brought out here in this state?' cried Fifi, putting her hand to her belly.

'To arouse greater interest amongst the clients,' laughed Carmen, 'whilst they are waiting for the other girls to conceive. Looking at your pretty belly as you stand chained in your stall, or watching you being raced against mestizo girls also in foal, will give them a good idea of what the other girls will soon be looking like - and encourage them to pay to come back and see them being raced and mated too!

'Raced in my state?' cried Fifi. 'You can't be serious!'

'Oh yes,' laughed Carmen, 'my clients love to see a girl with a good belly being made to pull a racing cart. The races for brood mares in-foal are very popular, with handicaps being increased for each month they're in-foal.'

'Oh!' cried Fifi. 'I would never have gone to Miss de Vere's house if I had guessed that ...'

'But you didn't you,' again cut in Ursula with a cruel laugh. 'And you're now going to earn your Mistress a lot of money - both from clients coming to see your growing belly and from the eventual sale of your progeny!

'Yes,' went on Carmen, 'and the most popular races are those for two girls, both in foal, harnessed by side by side to show off their bellies. We'll have to find a mestizo girl with the same size belly with whom to harness you, Fifi. A black and white pair - it'll be a lovely sight. The clients will love it!'

The girls all looked horrified.

'But you've nothing to worry about,' said Ursula reassuringly. 'Carmen's staff are very experienced in looking after human brood mares when they're in-foal. . You'll be kept well fed and warm, as your bellies become more and more prettily curved and your raced and displayed to clients, chained in your stalls. And, remember that meanwhile, you are all being well paid for your ... services!'

'And you'll get a little bonus for successfully delivering twin girls and a bigger one for triplets!' added Carmen. 'And to help you earn the bonus, you all be put on a course of fertility pills - starting tonight! Except, of course, for Fifi,' she laughed.

Again she paused. There was a horrified silence as her words sunk in.

'And what about me?' asked Emma nervously.

'Yes, you'll start the fertility pills now too, Emma. I want you to be ready for anything that's required of you.'

'Ready for anything!' cried Emma anxiously. 'What do you mean?'

But again Ursula ignored her and again Sabhu raised his whip warningly. Scared, Emma fell silent. Oh God, she thought, what are they planning to do to me?

Carmen picked up some cards and quickly went through them.

'Yes,' she said still speaking slowly, 'I see that Sabhu has very cleverly got all your cycles nicely into line with Mizzi and her daughter both due to come simultaneously into season shortly after the Fashion Show.'

Mizzi gave little cry as the significance of Carmen's remarks sank in.

'Then,' went Carmen went on, 'a week later it'll be Carla's turn and a week after that Suzy and Heidi.'

She paused, The girls were hanging on her every word.

'And then,' she laughed hideously, and pointed at Mizzi and Maria, and then at Carla and finally at Suzy and Heidi, 'then ... then ... for you ... all in turn ... it'll be a little journey along the passageway ... to the ... Mating Pit!'

There were cries of horror.

'Yes - it's the Mating Pit that awaits you,' laughed Carmen.

There were more horrified cries of protest.

Sabhu cracked his whip angrily. 'Silence!' he roared.

'Except perhaps for Emma, for whom something else is in store!'

'Tell me, please,' begged Emma.

But again Sabhu cracked his whip. 'Silence, you English slut!' he shouted. Again Emma fell into a terrified silence.

Carmen now deliberately paused cruelly, before going on.

'And so, not only will your matings provide good entertainment for my clients, but you'll all be in good form for the Gala Race-Meeting, for which we'll try and get you fit.'

Again there were protests, but this time only whispered.

'Now, no more questions' Carmen said brusquely. 'You're now going to be handed over by Sabhu to my staff. And to start your breaking-in as brood mares, you're each going to be taken out and whipped - and nose-ringed.'

32 - BROKEN-IN!

'Whipped?' came several frightened voices

'Nose-ringed?' asked others. 'What does that mean?'

'Yes, whipped,' repeated Carmen, 'whipped by the Inquisitor and then nose-ringed by him just like the mestizo girls here and like the indentured servant girls of old.' The strangely menacing figure of the black and white robed Black Inquisitor now entered the room. He exchanged grins with Sabhu as he fingered a black leather whip,

'The Black Inquisitor is, as in the old days, in charge of discipline amongst my brood mares and he runs this Punishment Block. You will soon learn to fear him greatly, for even being in foal does not protect you from his attentions if you misbehave or are disobedient - or from it merely being your turn to be used by him to put on a display for the clients.'

The girls gasped as they looked at the menacing figure of the large Negro so incongruously dressed as a friar. Were they now losing Sabhu only to find themselves being disciplined by an even more frightening figure?

'Yes, continued Carmen, 'just as newly arrived white Indentured Servants were whipped by the Inquisitor, to break them in to their new life as brood

mares, so you are now going to be taken by him to the Inquisitor's Thrashing Room, next door. You will each be whipped until you beg to be allowed to sign a codicil to your contracts, saying that you want, of your own free will, to be put into the stables to be used as a brood mare, to be raced and put to which ever black stud may be chosen for you.'

Again, there were gasps from the girls.

Carmen turned to Mizzi standing chained next to her daughter. Like the other girls they were both embarrassed at being naked under their Victorian blouse and skirt - except for stockings and their shiny chain mail belts. Sabhu had put them into Carmen's "Combined Breeding and Purity Belts", which were prettily emblazoned on the grille that covered their beauty lips with the crest of Carmen's human Stud Farm. He would be taking Ursula's own chain mail breeding, and thick rubber chastity, belts back to England.

How she and Ursula had enjoyed listening to Sabhu explaining to them both that the new belts were also intended to prevent them from masturbating. How both mother and daughter had prettily blushed at such an intimate subject being raised in front of each other - and by a man, and a black one at that!

'And, Mizzi, as Maria, is still legally a minor, it you who will have to sign for her - giving your express permission for her virginity to be taken by her chosen black stud.'

'Oh no, I couldn't do that,' Mizzi cried. 'I just couldn't - not my own daughter! Never. I signed her contract for her to come out here as a model - not for this!

'Well,' interjected Ursula with a laugh, 'we'll just have to wait and see how many strokes of the Inquisitor's whip it takes to make you change your mind!'

Carmen now turned to the other girls.

'And don't think you can avoid the whipping by just agreeing to sign the codicil. You're all going to get ten strokes of the whip anyway to impress on you new status here - and to amuse my clients who will be watching you through a two way mirror - as indeed they are watching you now, through those!'

She pointed to the two long mirrors.

This time the gasps were replaced by little horrified cries.

'And now,' went on Carmen, it's time you were properly introduced to your new overseers - to whom Sabhu will be turning you over.'

There was a pause and then in walked Carmen's Indian Stud Groom, the young looking Vet, and the fat Negress chief nurse, joining the terrifying looking Black Inquisitor. All were now carrying whips.

'Now,' Carmen began, 'first, here's my Stud Groom who will be in charge of you in the stables. He will be responsible for your training for the race-track and for your mating with the stallion chosen to cover you.'

'Mating!' This was a word that the girls readily understood. They gasped in horror

'Silence!' ordered Sabhu cracking his whip.

The girls fell silent. They now looked in horror at this ugly little native Indian who would now be so intimately in charge of them.

'Then, once you've conceived,' Carmen went on, 'my Japanese Vet, who's also a trained male midwife, will be overseeing the growth of your progeny in your little, or perhaps not so little, bellies.'

Appalled, the girls looked at this young Japanese. My God! But worse was to follow.

'The Vet will also be in charge of your foaling, which we like to make a little show for our clients, just as the slave breeders did in he old days. No nice maternity wards and comfortable beds for you! When you time comes, he'll take you from your stall to the Foaling Box where, in front of my clients, he'll chain you standing over the little straw lined crib into which you will drop your progeny.'

'Oh my God!' cried Fifi. 'You can't be serious!'

'Oh yes I am,' laughed Carmen cruelly. 'You'll be masked to hide your grimaces from the clients. All they'll see of your face is two little eyes peering out pathetically. And under your mask you'll be muzzled so that your cries don't upset them, or the other girls in the stables. And to make sure that

your performance is aesthetically pleasing, the lower half of your body will be hidden from the clients by a little curtain.'

'And if the watching clients get impatient, then the Black Inquisitor will use his whip to stimulate a little action!'

'Then you and your progeny will be put into my rearing stalls, under the supervision of my Chief Nurse, here. You will stay there, feeding your progeny under her control. You'll still be used for racing, however, for we have special races for mares who have newly foaled. They are paraded in the paddock with their little progeny - which are then auctioned to local plantation owners after the race.'

'Then when the successful bidder comes to collect your progeny to take them away, you will be returned to the kind care of the Stud Groom to be prepared for your next mating!'

Again Carmen paused, looking at the horror struck girls.

'So girls,' concluded Carmen, 'you're going to have a lovely life here, with no financial worries or concerns about the outside world. All you'll be thinking of is winning your next race and of successfully carrying and dropping your little progeny.'

Several of the girls began to sob. Maria was crying in her mother's arms. Heidi and Suzy were also crying in each other's arms. It all made a charming sight for the watching spectators behind two way mirrors.

Carmen let them snivel for a full minute. Then she clapped her hands for silence.

'Now, as I said earlier, it's time you were each whipped. And, except for Emma, for whom we have something rather special in mind, you're also going to be nose-ringed like the human brood mares of old. Yes you'll all look very pretty with a big shiny brass nose ring hanging from your nose - with a disc showing your breeding number.'

Again there were horrified gasps of protest.

Again Sabhu cracked his whip. 'Silence!' he roared.

Again the women fell into a whimpering silence.

'Now,' said Carmen with a little smile, 'let's see, who shall we start with?'

The girls were looking at her mesmerised with fear, as she pointed with her finger down the line of strangely dressed women.

'Yes,' she said turning to the Black Inquisitor, 'I think we'll start with ... with ... Carla ... Breeding Number E, for European, 13.'

The burly Inquisitor went up to the cringing Carla. He unfastened her collar chain and instead snapped a dog onto the ring at the back of her collar. Then gripping her by the arm he frogmarched her out of the room. Several of her companions made as if to try and run to her rescue.

There was a crack of a whip. 'Stay in line!' warned Sabhu.

The remaining six girls now just stood there, chained together by the neck, and terrified.

Unseen by the line of girls, but watched by the fascinated audience through the two-way mirrors, the Black Inquisitor had fastened her wrists to two widely separated chains in the Thrashing Room

Trembling with fear, she was now held standing up with her arms outstretched, sideways on to two large mirrors. Although she did not know it, the mirrors were, of course, two way ones. One gave the watching clients a fine view of the girl from behind whilst the other looked out on her distraught face and her large firm breasts pressing through her blouse.

On a table in front of her was the codicil to her agreement, formalising her position as a human brood mare. Alongside it was a pen. But how, she kept asking herself could, she possibly willingly agree to such a degrading fate?

Then the silent Black Inquisitor slowly unbuttoned her white frilly blouse and took it off the protesting girl. Thanks to cleverly placed mirrors in the Thrashing Room the now increasingly excited clients next door could see both her long, slim and still unblemished back and her trembling bare breasts.

Slowly he picked up his black leather whip. The spectators caught their breath.

Then he pressed a button that lit a red warning light in the room next door where the remaining six girls were still standing in line.

'Stand at Attention for thrashing!' ordered Sabhu. 'Heads up! Look straight ahead! Clasp hands behind neck!'

Trembling with fear, the girls silently assumed the position of Attention that Sabhu had so often made them practice.

The Black Inquisitor now slowly raised his whip. Suddenly he brought it down across Carla's white back - taking care, however, to check his wrist slightly at the last moment so as not to mark the girl permanently. Like his predecessors of old, he was an expert at his trade of thrashing women and well aware that white ones marked more easily than darker skinned ones. His aim was to make each stroke sting like mad and yet inflict little real damage.

The six remaining girls standing rigidly at Attention were horrified to hear a swishing noise from next door, followed by a scream.

'Keep your position!' warned Sabhu again.

Meanwhile in the other room, the clients had thrilled to the sight of the whip landing on the girl's naked back and of the sound of the girl's scream of pain. Some had laughed at the grimace of pain on the helpless girl's face whilst others, looking through the other mirror, had pointed out to their neighbours the long red line across the girl's back. They also laughed when they looked through the other mirrors and saw the scared look on the remaining girls faces.

There was a long pause as the Black Inquisitor again ran the thong of his whip through his fingers.

'Please, Sir, no more!' came the pathetic voice of Carla.

But the Inquisitor showed no sign of having understood. Instead he again slowly raised his whip, paused and then again brought it down across her back.

Again the noise of the whip and of the girl's scream penetrated to the room where the other girls were standing nervously at attention under Sabhu's eye. Each girl was silently counting the strokes. Each was wondering if she was going to be next to be whipped.

Moments later came a third stroke.

The screams that accompanied the fourth and fifth strokes were even louder - for the Black Inquisitor had come to the front of the girl and had delivered two strokes across her big breasts, leaving two red lines going across each other them - one expertly placed above the nipples and the other on the tender underside of each breast.

There was now a longer pause as, unseen by the other girls, the Inquisitor had silently unfastened the girl's long dress, letting it fall to the floor. Erotically, however, he left untouched the girl's broad belt, and her shoes and stockings and. Watched by the clients, the negro Black Inquisitor now came behind the tall, and virtually naked body of the girl.

Again he raised his whip.

Five screams later, and the girl's soft bottom was marked with five neatly spaced red lines.

'You sign?' he asked.

For a second, she hesitated. Instantly the whip fell again - this time across the soft front of her thighs, below the breeding belt.

'You sign?' he again asked.

This time he brought the whip down again across her thighs without even giving her the chance to reply. It was enough.

'Yes, I'll sign,' she screamed.

But that was not enough and down again came the whip.

'You beg to be used as a brood mare.'

'Yes,' she screamed. Anything to avoid another stroke. 'I beg to be used as a brood mare. I do, I do.'

But even this was not enough and again the whip fell.

'You beg to be mated and put into foal by chosen black stud. You say you long to feel little black progeny kicking inside you. You say you long show belly to clients on racetrack and in stables.'

Oh no, not that, thought Carla, it's too awful. I just couldn't say it. I simply couldn't

Her thoughts were interrupted by another stroke of the whip, this time harder. That settled it! She was desperate. She would do anything, absolutely anything, to avoid another stroke.

'Yes!' she screamed, once again struggling to find the words in English. 'Yes! I long to be ... mated ...with black stud ... chosen for me ... I long to be ... in foal ... I long to feel progeny kicking inside me ... I long to show my swollen belly off to the clients ... on the racetrack and in the stables. I do, I do!

With a chuckle, the black Inquisitor then picked a curved needle like that used by jewelers to pierce the lobes of girls' ears.

'Head back!' he ordered.

Then gripping Carla's nose with one hand, he deftly pierced her septum with the needle, and immediately threaded the end of a brass ring through it, closing it with a click. The part of the brass ring that went through her central nostril was only needle-thin, but the rest of the ring, although light, was large and wide - like a curtain ring. It hung down prominently from Carla's nose, and circled her mouth with the bottom end of the ring level with her chin. In turn, hanging from the ring was a small plastic disc marked "E - 13".

Silently, the Black Inquisitor untied her. Desperately she started to rub her bottom, her breasts, her thighs. Oh how she longed to be able to reach her back too.

Then she put her hands up to her mouth and looked into a mirror. She gave a little cry of dismay as she saw the big brass ring now hanging from her nose, and the plastic disc, marking like an animal. She felt it, she could not take it off.

Meanwhile the line of girls next door had been fearfully counting the strokes. Was fifteen or sixteen? Could each of them hold out so long?

Can I really let them do this to my daughter, Mizzi was frantically wondering. Could she hold out when it was her turn to be whipped?

Back in the Thrashing Room, the Black Inquisitor handed Carla the pen and pointed to the piece of paper. She bent over to read it. He raised his whip. Hastily she signed it.

The Stud Groom entered the room, a chain lead in his hand. He snapped it onto the ring at the back of her collar and led her, sobbing and rubbing her body, out of the room and down to the stables.

Carmen and Ursula had joined their clients in watching, through the two way mirrors, Carla being broken-in. They exchanged looks of triumph. What a spectacle that had been!

'I think we'll do your Polish mother and daughter next,' murmured Carmen.

'And both together,' Ursula laughed. That and the whipping of the aristocratic Emma would be the highlights for the clients of the entire performance.

So was that a few minutes later, chained side by side with their arms outstretched above their heads, like Carla's had been, Mizzi and Maria, now stark naked except for their stocking and chain mail belts, had just both received their ten mandatory initial strokes.

The sight of a beautiful European mother, and her pretty daughter, both being thrashed in front of each other, had delighted the clients - as had the sight of identical red wheals across their backs, bottoms and breasts, and now on the front of their thighs.

The Black Inquisitor now began to tease them both.

'So is lovely mother now ready to sign codicil making daughter into a brood mare - and no longer a virgin filly?' he asked.

'No, it's not right. It's ...' Mizzi began to protest.

She was cut short by two strokes across her tender thighs - followed by two across those of her daughter. Both screamed prettily.

'Mother must say when she happy for daughter to become brood mare,' the big Negro laughed and promptly gave them another two strokes each - this time across their bottoms.

Then it was the turn of their backs. But it was the extra strokes on their breasts that made first Maria and then her mother cave in.

Sobbing, Mizzi slowly repeated each phrase as the Inquisitor read them out in strongly accented English from a little card that Sabhu had written out for him.

'Of my own free will I beg ... to be used together with my daughter as a brood mare. I beg for both of us to be raced naked ... side by side on the racetrack. I beg for both of us to be ... mated ... in front of the clients with the same chosen black stud ... I long for us to be made to show off our bellies ... to the clients on the racetrack and in the stables ... I long for both us to be made ... to deliver our progeny chained standing side by side in the foaling box and then to have to feed them ... before being made ready for our next mating ... with both us again being covered ... by one black stallion.'

Then the Black Inquisitor ringed both their noses, just as he had that of Carla. But in this case the registered breeding numbers on their discs showed that they were a mother and daughter.

Both were appalled as they saw the big shiny brass rings hanging from their noses. Which was worse, they both asked themselves, the gradually decreasing pain which they both still felt from their whipping, or the continuing humiliation of the nose rings.

As Mizzi took her weeping daughter into her arms, the Black Inquisitor chuckled to himself, Yes, he had made a good job of fitting the rings - as he had in spacing the whip marks. Yes, he thought, the nose-rings gave these haughty white women a very nice animal-like look, and one that was very suitable for a pair of future brood mares!

Then he sternly clapped his hands and, raising his whip menacingly, pointed to the codicil that Mizzi would have to sign.

Moments later they were both taken away by the Stud Groom and his young assistants, to start their new life. .

Ursula was present, gloating at the scene, when it was Emma's turn to be thrashed. When she had been given her mandatory ten strokes and was sobbing hard, Ursula stepped up to where she was standing chained helplessly, her arms outstretched, and smacked her face.

'Now stop it, Emma. I'm going to ask the Inquisitor to give you four more strokes and then you're damn well going to sign. Understand?'

With a little sob, Emma nodded, Four more strokes. Oh God!

'And in your case, you're signing your agreement, not only to being used for racing and for feeding other brood mares' progeny, but also to be hired out by auction for a period of one year, during which time you may used for whatever purpose your new Master or Mistress may require of you and your body.'

'Oh no! No!' cried Emma

'Make it an extra six strokes,' said Ursula to the Inquisitor holding up five fingers and a thumb to make sure he understood.

It was indeed a well thrashed Emma who nervously signed her codicil and was then taken away to the stables.

After hearing the thrashings of the other girls, the remaining ones, Fifi and the sisters Heidi and Suzy, signed their Codicils only too willingly after they had their ten mandatory strokes.

In Fifi's case, her prettily curved belly and milk laden breasts made a delightful picture as she stood chained with her arms outstretched, ready for the whip.

Sabhu then shook hands with the Stud Groom. He had handed over the girls to his tender mercies! Then with a substantial cheque from Ursula in his pocket, and a big tip from a grateful Carmen, he left for a fortnight's holiday. He would return in time for Emma's action and then go back to England - where doubtless Miss de Vere would soon be requiring his services again.

It was before dinner that night, and Carmen had invited the clients, who had stayed on, to accompany herself and Ursula to the regular "Evening Stables" inspection and in particular to see how the new brood mares were settling down.

Together with half a dozen mestizo girls, Emma was barefoot and kneeling on all fours on the cobblestone floor of her stall. It was one of a line of some thirty similar stalls with a similar number on the opposite side of the dividing cobble-stoned passageway. It was down at the "rearing" end of the stables, which was presided over by the black lady Chief Nurse.

Her stall, like the others, was some six feet deep but only four feet wide and completely open to the passageway. There was no privacy. Hanging on the front of the stall was a board marked with her registered breeding number: "E-27". Beneath it was written "EMMA", together with her age, and the date of when she last "came into season".

On either side of her stall was a high wooden partition, making it impossible for her to see into her neighbouring stalls. She could, however, see into the stalls across the passageway.

During the day, came in through a wide open ventilation gap between the top of the walls at the back of the stalls and the roof of the building - for this was a warm climate. This air gap was covered with wire netting and, with a shiver of fear, Emma remembered what Carmen had said about the stables being protected against vampire bats.

Fastened to the wall on one side of the stall were mangers: one for water and the other for food. On the other side of the stall was a small metal mirror and a shelf containing make up. A comb and a hairbrush were attached to the shelf by light chains - for Carmen like to encourage her brood mares to keep themselves looking as pretty as possible and there was little else for a girl to do in her stall except endlessly brush her hair and make up her face.

Like the other, now over forty, girls in the stables, Emma was naked except for her little cape, made of striped horse blanket material that was fastened with a leather strap round her neck, over her new shiny collar. The cape was short and open at the front, half baring her breasts and completely baring her belly and her new equally shiny, chain mail, purity and breeding belt.

The cape also disclosed her number "E-27" that now gleamed from semi-permanent transfers placed on both cheeks of her buttocks.

Shocked, Emma had seen that the girls opposite her had big brass rings hanging from their noses with a numbered disc hanging from the ring. The same number was displayed on the front of their stalls and, just like her, was prettily, but unbelievably humiliatingly, prominently marked on both buttocks.

At least however, she thought, she had not been nose-ringed. She wondered why.

Like those of the other girls, Emma's collar and chain main belt were prominently decorated on the front with the crest of Carmen's human Stud Farm, and on the side of the collar her name and address were also neatly engraved.

Also like the other girls, the ring at the back of her collar was attached by a heavy chain to a ring cemented into the wall at the back of her stall.

But also crawling in her stall, and also chained by the neck to the same ring, this time to prevent them from falling out into the passageway, were two little black piccaninnies, the foals she had been given to foster. They were nestling under the sides of her hanging blanket and suckling at the extended nipples of her hanging breasts like real foals suckling at their dam's udders.

Emma had at first been appalled when the Head Nurse had produced them to ease the pressure painfully building up in Emma's milk laden breasts. To be used like this, like animal - how shame-making!

However, a Indian boy groom had stood over her, his whip tapping her exposed and naked hind quarters, to make sure she allowed the hungry little creatures to suckle properly.

'They orphans,' he had said.

Orphans! Emma's heart had gone out to the poor little creatures for whom she was being made to act as a foster mother. Soon they were guzzling happily. Despite the shame, it was, Emma thought, a strange and somehow satisfying feeling.

Whenever one of the little creatures cried, she learned, she had to kneel over him and offer her nipples to silence him. The grooms did not want a lot of wailing little creatures disturbing the silence in the stables.

When she was first taken to her stall, she had seen that her similarly dressed neighbours and the girls in the stalls opposite hers were very pretty, coffee coloured, mestizos. They too each had one or two recently born little black creatures chained with them in their stalls - and in one case three.

They spoke no English and, of course, she spoke no Portuguese. However, except in occasional hushed whispers, there seemed little or no talking in the stables even in Portuguese.

She had seen Fifi, now degradingly nose-ringed, being taken to a stall further down the passageway in an area which seemed to be under the control of the Japanese so called Vet. There all the girls were clearly in foal, as she had already begun to call it. She remembered what Carmen had said about the young Japanese being in charge of the mares in foal until after they had foaled. Goodness, how dreadful!

Indeed, judging by their naked bellies, Most of the girls in the stables were in-foal with their tummies seeming to be more and more curved, the further she looked down the passageway.

Like hers. however, the bellies of the small group of mestizo girls around her, at this end of the stables, were all flat - even though they seemed to be showing the stretch marks of a recent maternity and their breasts, like hers, were clearly in milk. Goodness, she wondered, had they recently foaled and were the little creatures in their stalls their own foals?

She had also seen Ursula's other girls, now also now nose-ringed, being stabled amongst a small group of mestizo girls, also nose-ringed, next up the long passageway from the girls in milk. Were they, she wondered, waiting to be mated on the ideal day of their cycles? Goodness! And this was to be the fate of Ursula's other girls! What was hers, she wondered.

Did the girls all get moved down the line as their bellies grew, she also wondered. Were those about to foal kept at the far end? And were those feeding their newly born foals progeny, or awaiting mating again, kept at her end? It was like a production line. How awful!

At the far end of the passageway were two curious round wooden structures, both surrounded at the top by seating. Emma saw that the mestizo girls seemed to regard both with fear and dread. One was, she would learn, the dreaded Mating Pit and the Foaling Box.

She also wondered if being in milk, and having been given two little creatures to feed, delay her own mating? She remembered what Carmen had said about being reserved for a special fate. What did that mean? She had also heard Ursula and Carmen talking about "Emma's special auction". Oh God!

One of the young Indian grooms, evidently in charge of the stalls at her end, but speaking no English, had embarrassingly shown her by mime that, just as a real mare stales standing upright, so too she was to stand up over the cobblestones of her stall when passing her liquid wastes through the mesh of her chain mail belt. The wastes then ran down into a drain on the side of the passageway.

Then even more embarrassingly he had shown her how to pull aside the rubber cord that ran up between her buttocks from the bottom end of the triangular chain mail pouch over her beauty lips up to the securing padlock of the belt in the small of her back. She remembered seeing a similar arrangement for Fifi's similar chain mail breeding belt back in London.

Even more embarrassingly the young groom had insisted that she must keep the cord spotless, using the straw in the stall to clean it when necessary.

Yet more embarrassing, he had shown her how to make a little straw basket, into which, like the girl in the stalls opposite her, she must drop her solid wastes, again standing up with her knees bent. The wastes would then be examined and removed twice daily before "Morning and Evening Stables".

Then he had shown her a small rubber sleeping mat rolled up in the corner of the stall. Until she had conceived, she would not be allowed to unroll the mat until after Evening Stables. It also had to be rolled up and put away, and

the cobblestones on the floor of her stall licked completely clean and dry by Morning Stables.

Suddenly there was a shouted order in Portuguese, accompanied by the crack of a whip, from the main doorway into the stables, half way along the corridor. There was the noise of voices - of both men and women. My God, thought Emma, they must be clients. She blushed scarlet at the thought of being seen by them like this.

But once again, even worse was to follow, for Emma saw that all the girls jumped up in their stalls and stood with their hands clasped behind their necks, and their bare toes gripping the raised edge of the floor of the their stalls. The girls opposite her gently maneuvered their little progeny so that they were lying at their feet.

Hastily Emma followed suit and found that, because the length of her heavy collar chain was cunningly slightly less than the depth of her stall, she, like them, had to stand slightly leaning back with her belly thrust out into the passageway, and her head back with her eyes focused on the ceiling.

Glancing for a moment down the passageway, she saw the astonishing sight of girl's bellies increasingly thrusting out into the passageway as she looked further down it. Fifi's curved white belly showed up distinctively amongst the other more chocolate coloured ones.

Goodness, she could not help thinking, what an erotic sight for the clients whom the Indian Stud Groom was proudly now ushering along the passageway. Following them was the frightening figure of the Inquisitor.

Before moving along the passageway to the swollen bellies of the girls in foal, Carmen led her clients, down to the other end, towards Emma and the girls feeding their progeny or awaiting mating. She stopped opposite the very blond Mizzi and Maria, who had been allowed adjoining stalls - as had the distinctively red haired sisters, Heidi and Suzy.

'It is fascinating,' Carmen was saying in Portuguese to the clients, 'having a remarkably similar European mother and daughter, and two sisters, all nose ringed as brood mares and chained naked in our stables. Look carefully at their bodies. Feel their bellies and start making up our mind which of our splendid young black or Indian studs they should be put to - and let's start them on their course of quick acting fertility pills.'

She nodded to the groom in charge of the mother and daughter who produced a strangely shaped green coloured pills.

'Take your fertility pill,' Carmen said to the embarrassed Mizzi, speaking slowly in English to make sure she understood. 'I want twins from you - and from your daughter.'

'No! No!' cried Mizzi, but the young groom quickly brought his whip down across Mizzi's exposed buttocks.

'Take it and swallow it properly - or the Inquisitor here will take you back to the Punishment Block for another thrashing.'

Mizzi looked at the terrifying figure of the Inquisitor, who as usual was running his long black whip through his fingers. She would do anything to avoid another thrashing from him!

With a sob of despair, she dutifully opened her mouth. The Indian boy thrust the pill into it and made sure that it was swallowed.

This was a scene that repeated moments later in Maria's stall - and indeed in all the stalls of the girls awaiting mating.

Carmen and her clients then moved on and stopped in front of the blushing Emma. She heard Carmen's voice, speaking in Portuguese and the word "Emma".

Horried, but not daring to move or to look down, she felt hands on her belly and milk laden breasts. Oh God, she thought, what was going to happen to her. Oh, what a fool she had been to allow herself to fall again into Ursula's clutches.

'Remember, ladies and gentlemen,' Carmen was, in fact, saying, 'that this is our married aristocratic Englishwoman - an astonishingly rare catch for our human Stud Farm. For the moment she is being used as a spare pair of breasts in milk, and will be put into training for racing, with daily sessions in the exercise area and on the gallops - and on the treadmill, where she will make an erotic sight.'

There were several cries of 'Indeed!' The sight of a mature married Englishwoman being made by an overseer's whip to perform on the treadmill would be a most invigorating sight!

'However,' went on Carmen, as I told you at the Fashion how, after she has been put through her paces here, we shall, quite exceptionally, be auctioning her services for one year. That's why she's not yet been nose-ringed. So please do start thinking how you might use her if you were to have the highest bid.'

Indeed, one of the watching clients, Senhora Francesca de Bohens, was looking closely at Emma, and was deep in thought. She was a tall, slim, good looking woman of 35 with a hard look. She was in some ways, perhaps, a Latin version of Ursula.

She was wealthy in her own right, having inherited from an uncle a large coffee plantation, near to Carmen's stud farm.

The need to keep an eye on the plantation and to modernise it had resulted in her living away for much of the time from her rather boring fat little husband, Carlos, a city bound financier who was also her cousin.

The de Bohens family had played a leading role in Brazil for generations and prided themselves on their pure white lineage that, like that of their friends and relations, could be traced back on all sides to well connected European families.

It was whilst living alone on her remote plantation that she had come across Carmen and the other members of the local branch of The Society. Immediately she had been attracted by their lesbian attitude to life and in particular by their loathing for men. She had soon acquired a couple of Brazilian girls as maid servants and bed companions, but had not found them really satisfactory. But a specially trained white girl ... well!

However, what particularly concerned her was that having married rather late in life, and to a man with whom she found herself spending less and less time, she had no son and heir to whom to pass on her precious plantation, nor to inherit her husband's family fortune.

She herself had repeatedly put off what she now regarded with distaste as the messy business of motherhood. She had even considered adopting a good looking young boy but her husband would not hear of it. He insisted that his heir must be his own son, and one that had European aristocratic features - something that was rare in modern Brazil.

She was worried that if she did not soon produce a son for him, something that she was increasingly loathe to do, then he would divorce her and seek a well bred new wife in Europe - a scandal that would destroy her social position.

It was Carmen who had come up with what seemed to be an idea solution - and one that might involve Emma!

Still chattering enthusiastically, Carmen and the clients moved back down to the other end of the passageway to look at Fifi and the other brood mares in an interesting condition!

34 - EMMA EXPERIENCES STABLE LIFE

It was the next morning.

Emma had passed a restless night in her stall, curled up in her stall, on the little rubber sleeping mat with the heavy chain still securing her by her collar to the ring set in the wall. At first her two black piccanninies, or rather her foster foals as she learnt to think of them, had constantly disturbed her, crying to get her nipples.

Similar cries had come from the stalls around her - cries that stopped quickly as the girls concerned hastily offered their breasts to their hungry progeny. It was something that Emma had also learned to do, too - to avoid the whip of an angry young groom.

When at last the sweet little creatures had fallen asleep, Emma had put an exploratory hand down to feel if her new purity belt would really live up its

name. Oh, how she longed for a little relief! Oh, how she longed to even merely play with herself for a few exciting minutes!

But the new belt had been cleverly designed. There was no way in which she was going to be able to get even a little finger under the edge and onto her throbbing beauty bud. She could feel herself becoming all moist in readiness. But it was all for nothing. She, like the other girls in the stables, was going to kept utterly frustrated and completely pure.

All night she had heard sad little cries of frustration coming from the stalls around her.

At dawn the young Indian groom appeared again and made her and the other girls in her nearby stalls, roll up their mats and put them away. Then standing up over the cobble stones, she had been made to stale, to use the stable expression, whilst holding up for the boy's inspection the little rough straw basket she had had to make to hold her solid wastes.

Seeing that this was empty, the young groom had then forced a dose PVC castor oil down her throat. Soon she felt her tummy turning to water ... A few minutes later, the groom had returned. This time he had smiled as he saw a blushing girl, now half standing and half squatting over the straw basket, as she pulled aside the rubber cord attached to her purity and breeding belt, that ran up between her buttocks.

A few more minutes and he was throwing the little straw basket into his mucking out trolley.

Then he clapped his hands, called out an order and Emma saw that the girls in the stalls across the gangway were actually licking the cobblestones of the their stall clean and dry - not only removing any traces of their own wastes, but also those of their foals as well.

The young Indian groom shouted at her angrily and horrified she too began to do the same for the little foals she had been given to foster - whilst the groom stood over her, his whip raised, to make sure that she did it properly . It was all, she realised, a good way of ensuring that the stalls were spotless in time for Morning Sables.

When Carmen arrived for "Morning Stables", she was accompanied by a little posse of clients, all eager to see the degrading and exciting spectacle of the stabled girls.

After Carmen's meticulous inspection of her brood mares, Emma watched with astonishment as a steady stream of brood mares from the far end of the stables were driven by young Indian boys, trotting singly or in pairs, down past her stall and out onto what she would soon learn was the exercise area and practice gallops.

Like her own breeding number, those of these other girls all gleamed prominently on their hindquarters, instantly identifying the girl.

She saw that white trainer type boots had been strapped onto their feet. But what really caught her eye was that all the brood mares had all been fitted with a simple excise bridle consisting of a rubber bit that was held in place, under their nose-rings, by a head piece.

A strap went up from the from the back of their necks, over their heads, and down to the bridge of their noses where it divided in two, with one small strap running down over their cheeks to a large ring at either end of the bit. Two more straps ran back from the rings to meet again at the back of their necks where they joined up with the strap running over their heads.

The bits had a curved extension piece like on a Western or old fashioned Spanish style bridle to which the reins were attached. Pulling the reins, turned the bit in the girl's mouth, pressing a stiff flange attached to the center of the bit painfully up against the roof of her mouth, thereby ensuring complete control for the driver.

A strap was also fastened round each girls upper arms to which a ring was attached, with the wrists also chained back level with the shoulders.

She saw that the purity and breeding belts had all been removed, presumably to prevent rubbing. Instead the girls hairless beauty lips were also nicely displayed'

Glancing through the door to the exercise area, she saw that girls, sometimes in pairs and sometimes singly, were being harnessed to little

lightweight dog carts fitted with bicycle wheels and a seat for the driver. Each cart had two or three shafts, towards the end of which were straps that would act as traces.

In the dog carts pulled by only one girl, the two shafts came up under her arms on either side of her with the straps tightly buckled to her own arm straps - making her pull her cart in a prancing action with her shoulders back and her, often prettily swollen, belly thrust forward.

Many of the carts, however, were being pulled by matched pairs of girls of the same height and build, and with similarly swollen bellies, harnessed side by side and made to keep in step as they ran at a brisk trot. In their case the third shaft came up between them and the straps round both their inside arms were buckled to this center shaft.

The effect of this system of harnessing, Emma saw, was to leave the girls' back and buttocks exposed to the driver's whip as they ran, prancing, along. It also held back their shoulders and pushed out their bellies yet more.

She saw that Fifi had been matched with a mestizo girl of the same height. The contrast, between the white and dark brown of their naked bodies and identically swollen bellies, was both marked and highly erotic.

Their drivers' whips cracked and they broke into a prancing trot. It was, Emma realised, an effective and yet simple form of prenatal exercises.

Moments later she saw Mizzi and her daughter, Maria, being harnessed naked together - an equally erotic sight.

Moments later her young groom came into her stall and thrust little rubber comforters into the mouths of her two little foals, which he fastened round their necks. Why, Emma wondered.

Were they going to be taken away from her? Oh no! Oh how sad! It reminded her of how a mare in milk soon became attached to another mare's foal given to her to suckle. Had she already been reduced the level of an animal in this stud farm for humans?
Oh God!

Emma was so absorbed by all this that she scarcely noticed that another young Indian boy had come up to her stall carrying a bridle and a pair of arm straps.

Suddenly she felt the bit being pressed into her mouth and the bridle slipped over her head and strapped in place. She could feel the flange pressing down on her tongue.

Then her arms and wrists were strapped together, making her, too, keep her shoulders back and thrust her belly forward.

Then the heavy restraining chain attached to the back of her collar was unlocked, together with her chain mail purity and breeding belt. She blushed at the thought that her carefully shorn beauty lips were now on display and free. She could feel her released lips opening like a flower. She longed to put her hand down to feel them, but they were held firmly chained to her to her upper arms.

Her two foals' chains were then unlocked. Awkwardly with her chained hands, she was then made to pick up them up. Carrying them she, too, was led out into passageway and on outside.

Emma blinked in the strong early morning sunlight. A dozen dog carts were being driven round and round a circular track, sometimes fast with the driver's cracking across the girl's naked backs and bottoms and sometimes at a gentle steady trot.

She was led over to a playpen in which several little foals had already been deposited. She was made to put hers down in it, too. It was, she realised, a clever way of keeping the stables quiet when a young mother was taken out to be exercised and could therefore no longer keep her foals by quiet by offering them her breasts.

Then she was led away to be harnessed in her turn to a little dog cart.

A group of clients, standing in the shade of a pavilion, were watching it all absorbed. How embarrassing, thought Emma, as the two traces of the dog-cart were buckled onto the rings at the back of her arms.

She heard little cries of dismay from her two little foals at being left behind. The cries tore at her heart strings. She tried to turn back but, her young driver got into the dog cart and giving her crack across her buttocks with

his whip, made her learn, too, to pull the light cart at fast prancing trot into the exercise area.

Soon she, too, was being driven round the track - sometimes being made by her driver's whip to stride out fast and then being pulled back by the reins.

Before long she was sweating and out of breath.

But her driver had not finished with her for drove her over to a short smooth straight stretch of grass. Every real racing stables has its gallops - and so did this one. There was even an electronic timing device that showed a girl's time on a screen at the finish. These times were recorded and used later when working out the handicap for a girl in the races.

With sharp cracks of his whip across her bare bottom, and encouraging but incomprehensible cries, Emma's driver made her really stretch her legs and run as fast as she could down the gallops. He smiled as her time flashed up on the screen. Not bad for a first time! He'd soon have her much fitter ...

At last her driver unharnessed her from the dog cart, and led her over to what she recognised with horror as a large treadmill.

A dozen pretty mestizo girl were already harnessed to it, their wrists fastened to chains hanging from a beam above their heads. Once again their curved bellies were thrust forward erotically, as they each had to step interminably up the revolving steps. Equally erotic, perhaps, was the sight of the big brass rings hanging from their noses.

Another Indian boy stood by the side of the treadmill, a long carriagewhip in his hand. Periodically he would crack it menacingly behind the naked bottom of a sweating girl whom he suspected of being lazy - or tired. A simple little brake enabled him to vary the speed of the treadmill. One minute the girls were methodically stepping up it and the next having almost to gallop up it.

Again, Emma thought, what a clever but dreadful form of prenatal exercise.

But the treadmill was not merely used as a form of exercising girls already in foal, she was to now to learn, but also as a good way of strengthening the thigh and belly muscles of girls not yet in foal - to improved their performance on the racetrack.

Moreover, as she was also soon to learn, an hour's stint on the treadmill, with her arms fastened above her head, also did wonders to firm up a girl's breasts. Indeed the Stud Groom was delighted both with the way it kept the swelling breasts of a girl in foal nicely firm, and those of a girl feeding her foals.

He always insisted on a girl feeding them whilst kneeling over them with her breasts hanging down, like those of a real mare - and thus countering the normal downward drag that came from feeding a human foal. The combination of this and an hour on the treadmill every day certainly kept his girls' breasts resilient and firm, no matter how big they became.

Emma's driver now called out something in Portuguese to the other Indian boy who pulled the brake hard, stopping the wheel completely. With sighs of relief the girls relaxed, hanging from their raised hands.

Then to Emma's horror, the two boys now fastened her wrists to chains hanging from the beam the beam in a gap between two of the mestizo girls. Like the other girls, she was still bitted and bridled.

There was a crunching noise on the gravel behind her. he turned her head and saw that Mizzi and Maria had been driven up to the treadmill. She heard little cries or horror and protest coming from behind their bits as the, too, were unharnessed and strapped to the treadmill, further down the line of girls from herself. Clearly orders had been given to keep Ursula's white girls separate from each other.

The Indian boy now released the brake. He cracked his whip. The mestizo girls all obediently stepped forward and Emma, like Mizzi and Maria found herself also having to step forward. A stroke from the boy's carriagewhip across her naked backside made her step forward even faster.

For five minutes they were all kept at a steady walk, and then the boy eased the brake and cracked his whip again. Suddenly the terrifying figure of the Black Inquisitor appeared, his whip in his hand. The mere sight of him made

the girls all step forward more quickly. The wheel picked up momentum and Emma found herself, like the rest of the girls, being made to run up the revolving steps at a faster and faster trot.

Soon she could feel the sweat running down her back and between her breasts. My God, she thought, these girls must be fit to do this whilst carrying a couple of foals. At last the boy slowed the treadmill down, but only for a few minutes to allow the girls to get their breaths back, then it was back again to a fast trot.

She remembered watching eventing horses being got fit by alternatively walking, trotting and cantering. This was just how they were being treated!

Half an hour later an exhausted Emma collapsed onto the hard cobblestones of her stall, her heavy collar chain and the chain mail purity and breeding belt both locked back in place.

Her two little foster foals greeted her return with joy and reached anxiously for her nipples. She tried to brush them aside, but received a crack of the whip from her Indian groom.

She struggled to her knees and let the two little creatures take their fill from her hanging breasts, before falling asleep.

35 - THE GALA RACE MEETING

Emma had no way of counting the passing days, but she realised, it must have been a week or so after she had first been stabled that Carmen's Indian Stud Groom confirmed that the new European girls were now getting fit enough, given a good handicap, to participate in the forthcoming Gala Race Meeting.

When the day came, there was an excited feeling of anticipation in the silent stables that morning. Carrying large wooden spoons and bottles of castor oil, the grooms paid even greater attention to making sure that the girls had all emptied themselves and that the girls had made themselves look prettier than ever.

Then the grooms rubbed a special foam over the girls' naked bodies and it rubbed it with a soft cloth until it shone. It reminded Emma of the special foam that she had used, before a Horse Show, to give her pony that extra shine. Goodness!

Later there was the distant noise of cars driving up to the main house and of helicopters and light aircraft alighting on the air strip.

Emma saw that the other girls' eyes were glistening with excitement. It reminded her of the excitement that her hunter used to show when he was plaited up before going hunting and heard her Landrover and trailer being driven up to collect him. But what on earth, she wondered, was going on here?

Oh, how she wished the boy grooms spoke a little English - though judging by the silence kept by even the local mestizo girls, any questions would have earned a stroke of the boy's whip, or worse, being sent to the Punishment Block for a thrashing from the terrifying Inquisitor.

Like the other girls, Emma found herself being put into a rather fancy bridle with silver buckles and a high white ostrich feather plume - white to denote that she was not yet in foal, as opposed to the scarlet plumes of those girls who were. The plumes, fitted to a special holder on the top of the bridle, nodded prettily with the girls' every movement.

There was another change as well.

When her boy groom put on her arm bands and strapped her wrists back to them, and unlocked her chain mail belt, he embarrassingly made her turn round and bend over. She felt him grease her back entrance. Oh, the shame of having this done by a young Indian boy, half her age!

Then picking up a long beautiful tail of chestnut horse hair, he eased the stiff plastic plug, to which the tail was attached, up her backside. The tail at first curved upwards from her backside making it stand out realistically and proudly from her hind quarters.

The young groom made her prance up and down. The tail swished prettily from side to side as she moved. Oh how awful!

Then there was a long wait.

She saw that the girls opposite her were impatiently stamping their feet - like racehorses impatient to be taken out of their stables.

She heard the sound of voices, animated laughing voices, men and women's, going past the stables. Had they been drinking she wondered - drinking champagne, and guzzling canapés and sandwiches, whilst her belly and that of the other girls had been deliberately kept empty.

Suddenly she heard a bugle call.

Astonished, she recognised it as the same "Horses to the Paddock" call that she had so often heard back in England.

She saw the Stud Groom consult what looked like a race program. Then he called out an order in Portuguese. She thought she recognised the word "Maiden", as in a Maiden Race and the numbers of various girls.

Every time that he called out a number, a young groom would go quickly into one of the stalls of the girls awaiting mating. Soon half a dozen pairs of flat bellied girls were led down the corridor and out in the sunlight, their white plumes nodding and their pretty long tails swishing from side to side.

They included, Emma saw, the buxom Carla, her white skin contrasting with the darker skin of the mestizo girl to whom she was harnessed. Even more fascinating they included a scared looking Mizzi and her daughter Maria, harnessed together, and an equally frightened looking Suzy and Heidi, also harnessed together.

Then there was another long wait accompanied by much impatient stamping by the girls left behind in the stables.

Emma heard a voice on a loudspeaker. It was calling out numbers. It sounded like the announcements of latest tote prices at a race meeting. But surely, thought Emma, the numbers could not be the numbers of the girls recently led out?

Suddenly there was a pause and then an excited voice of like that of a race commentator, culminating in a shriek as evidently one pair of human trotters won in what sounded like a close finish.

A minutes later there came an announcement that sounded to Emma like the trotting race equivalent, in Portuguese, of the traditional "Weighed In". It was followed by what seemed like the Tote Winnings being announced.

Then into the stables tottered the pairs of girls who had been raced. They looked exhausted. Sweat was running down their bodies and on their backs and buttocks were the marks of their drivers whips - something that was more noticeable on the white bodies of Ursula's girls than on the darker skins of the mestizo girls.

Hardly had each of them been put back into her stall, and her collar fastened to the wall chain. than there again came the bugle call of "Horses to the Paddock." Again the Stud Groom read out the numbers of the runners.

This was again a race for girls harnessed together in pairs, but this time the girls being harnessed together came from the far end of the passageway and included Fifi, harnessed to the same mestizo girl as Emma had seen her harnessed to in the exercise area. They were both the same build and their bellies were similarly prominent, one white and one a dark brown.

Indeed, all the pairs of runners made a fine sight as they pranced down the corridor, their shoulders back and their bellies thrust prettily forward. All, like Fifi, were within a few months of foaling - and the nearer they were the greater their handicap.

Ten minutes later they, too, were led back into the stables. Although they were sweating, it was clear that, because of their state, they had run a shorter race, and were not so exhausted. Not were the whips marks so prominent. Clearly the Japanese Vet had briefed the young drivers to remember that safely carrying and delivering their foals was even more important for these girls than winning a race.

The bugle rang out again. The Stud Groom began to read out the numbers of the runners for the next race in Portuguese.

Suddenly she recognised her own number and sure enough a young groom came into stall and unfastened her collar chain. To her surprise he also unlocked her wrist straps, freeing her arms, Then he unlocked the collar chains of her

piccaninnies and thrust them into her arms, just as had been done every morning when she was taken out to be exercised in the training area.

Astonished she saw that the same was happening to the other girls who were feeding their progeny. Goodness, was this a race for mothers in milk, she wondered.

Horried she remembered what Carmen had said about girls in milk still being used for racing and how there were special races for mares in milk who have newly foaled. They were to be paraded in the paddock with their little progeny - which were then to be auctioned to local plantation owners after the race.

Then, she remembered Carmen also describing how when the successful bidder comes to collect the girl's little foals to take them away, the girls would be returned to the "kind care of the Stud Groom to be prepared for your next mating". Oh my God, she thought

It was a brilliant scene that greeted Emma as she was driven into the carefully tendered Paddock with its neatly cut lawns and impeccable gravel paths.

Several hundred men and women, friends, neighbours and clients of Carmen's, had come to this Gala Race Meeting at which the new European girls would be performing for the first time. Carmen had charged an extra high entrance fee, though as usual this had included a delicious buffet lunch and Champagne.

The women were well dressed in fashionable race-going dresses and trousers suits. Some were wearing hats. The men were wearing smart South American lightweight suits or long brightly coloured shirts over their trousers.

The contrast of this sartorial splendour and her own nudity, made Emma blush with shame as she trotted into the Paddock clutching her two dark skinned piccaninnies to her naked breasts.

As at a real race-meeting, grooms led the girls round the paddock, one behind the other, each pulling her dog cart. On each grooms arms was tied a card with the e number of the girl he was leading: "37" in the case of Emma.

The spectators were leaning on the white painted fence that surrounded the Paddock, chatting, annotating their Race Cards, and pointing out to each the supposed strong points and weaknesses of each naked girl. They were also glancing up at the electronic Tote Board that showed how much money had been put on each girl and the odds that the Tote was currently giving.

With little else on which to gamble locally, the local plantation owners were avid punters at Carmen's races, betting large sums on the Tote.

In this race all the girls were in milk, with their foals still suckling their heavy milk laden breasts right up to the start. The Race Cards, therefore, as well as giving the length of the race, in this case 1,000 meters, or five laps, also gave an indication of the relative buxomness of each girl, comparing her breast measurement with that of her waist and listing her current milk yield.

The Race Cards also gave the handicap in meters that each girl would be given at the start - something which had been worked by complex formula that took in account not only these three key measurements, but also the girl's age, height and weight, and how long it was since she had foaled and the number of foals she had duly delivered. It also took into account her position in races in which she had run whilst in foal.

All these items were listed on the Race Card, and the clever punters were those who, after looking closely at the girls and feeling the muscles in their thighs, and especially the firmness of their breasts, decided that the handicaps had either over-estimated or under-estimated the speed or endurance of particular girls - and placed their bets accordingly.

Indeed, wildly swinging heavy breasts would, of course, seriously effect a girl's performance. Although they were a factor that was difficult for the handicapping system to take fully into account, it was one that weighed heavily with the individual punters. It was for this reason that these races for girls in milk were so popular, for the favourite rarely seemed to win.

At a signal the grooms now led their charges into the center of the Paddock where they were formed up into a line, facing a row of raised baskets into which

girl had to place her progeny. Each basket as marked with the girl's number as the dam, and of that of the sire.

The spectators now came into the Paddock and swarmed round the runners and their progeny.

But it was not only the serious punters who pressed round the girls squeezing and lifting a breast, or running their hands down a thigh.

Other spectators, usually local plantation owners were equally interested in assessing the potential intelligence and strength of each girl's tiny foals. Indeed, the girls now had to place their little foals into the baskets and stand back. Their wrists were now strapped back again to their arms.

For these people, the Race Cards also listed the sires of their girls latest foals, together with a description of their physical attributes. Although the girls themselves were kept unaware of the sire who had been used on them and, indeed, were never allowed to see any of them, the local plantation knew the various sires breeding reputations of old.

One plantation owner, for instance, could be looking for the progeny of a particular sire, thinking that his progeny would be most suitable for his particular plantation and the mix of his labour force. Meanwhile, his next door neighbour, might for the same reasons be looking for the progeny of a quite different sire.

But it was not only the sire that they were interested in. Many devotees of the theory of the predominance of the female line in breeding, when it comes to conformation, were more interested in the mother's figure, looks and racing record.

Emma, her hands now strapped back level with her shoulders, was helpless to prevent both punters and potential buyers of her two little foster foals from feeling her breasts, her belly and thighs.

No was that all, for several other spectators, interested in acquiring her contract in a couple of weeks time, had also come to have a preliminary inspection.

'Open your legs, girl,' said a woman in a harsh voice. Although Emma did not know it, she was Senhora Senhora Francesca de Bohens. Emma blushed as with her hands still fastened up level with her shoulders, she was helpless to prevent the woman from feeling, knowingly, up inside her.

Apparently satisfied, she turned on her heel and strode away.

The loudspeakers suddenly announced something that reminded Emma of the English order "Jockeys to mount". She felt the shafts of her dog cart shake as her young driver climbed in it. He shook the reins and touched her buttocks with his whip, driving her forward, out of the Paddock and onto the racecourse itself.

Emma's heart was in her mouth with excitement as the half dozen runners were each allocated their starting position by the Judge. She saw that she had a handicap of about fifty yards - a balance that allowed on the one had for her still not being very fit and on the other, unlike her mestizo competitors, from not recovering from a recent foaling.

Suddenly there a crack of a pistol. Her driver's whip lashed her back and with a start she ran forward, pulling her racing fast as she could. But then she felt the bit in her mouth being pulled back, holding he back to stop her getting too hired at the beginning of the race.

Emma never knew how many laps of the course she was made to run. Was it three? Or was it five. Suffice to say that she was alternatively urged on by the whip and then held back - until towards the end of the race when almost exhausted she was lashed into a fast run up to the finishing line.

Emma was not first, but equally she was not last. Satisfied, Carmen nodded to her Stud Groom. Yes, for a girl not yet fit, she had had shown both stamina and courage - traits that would-be buyers of her contract would be looking for.

Panting with exhaustion and with sweat running down her naked body, Emma had to stand back in the middle of the runners, now placed with the first girl on the right of the line and the last one on the left.

An auctioneer now came down the line, selling each girl's little progeny as they lay in their little raised basket in front of their mothers - or in Emma's case in front of their foster mother. The auctioneer was surrounded by plantation owners, or their, often brutal looking, farm managers.

The distraught mothers were weeping as their precious little foals were bought and taken away - none more so than Emma, who had learned in a short time to love the helpless little creatures she had been made to feed

Back in the stables, Emma watched as the other girls whose foals had been sold, were now given injections to stop their milk. Then the laughing young grooms gave each of them the first of their course of fertility pills, cruelly making sure they knew what they were for.

The next day they were moved to new stalls further down the line - amongst the girls who were nervously waiting, in the case of Ursula's other girls to be mated, or, in the case of the mestizo girls, to be mated again.

How Emma longed to be able to talk to and comfort her friends from London. But, of course, the young Indian rooms enforced a strict silence. Four legged brood mares can't talk, they would laugh to each other, so why allow these two legged ones to talk either.

What Emma did not know, however, was that she was going to be the star at a display of whipping that the Black Inquisitor was giving to clients that very evening.

It was, indeed, a well whipped Emma who painfully curled up in her stall that night.

PART VIII

MATINGS AND FOALINGS

36 - THE DREADED MATING PIT

Carmen liked to make the spectacle of a forced mating one of the highlights of her regular mid week and weekend events for her clients - along with, of course, some trotting races, a display of whipping in the Punishment Block and also, when due, a performance in the foaling box, with the Vet using modern medical techniques to time matters just right.

Like the old slave breeders, she did not want a mating to degenerate into a submissive brood mare placidly allowing a powerful stud to mount her. That would not be much of a spectacle for the clients!

Instead, again like her predecessors of yore, Carmen liked to see a girl fighting as if for her very life - or rather fighting to avoid the maternity with which she was threatened. This was, she used to say cruelly, 'a more natural way' way for a girl to conceive in a human Stud Farm.

She had therefore rebuilt the old Mating Pit along it's original lines: a bare, sand covered, shallow ring with high wooden walls, somewhat like an old fashioned cock-fighting pit, or a miniature bullfighting ring. Above the smooth walls were rows of seats, positioned so that their occupants had a good view of what was going on down on the floor of the pit.

Emma first heard about what went on in the Mating Pit, when she found a little hole in the wooden partition separating her from her new neighbour. She had replaced a girl whose foals had been sold, much to her distress, to a local plantation owner for "adoption" and who had then been moved to a stall further down the passageway amongst the girls awaiting mating. .

Emma had been surprised to see that, although dark haired, her new neighbour seemed almost white. Apparently, she had just foaled. It had been a fine performance in the foaling box.

Then just as Carmen had described, she had been brought in muzzled and masked with just her eyes visible. Then she had been chained, half crouching and half standing over a little straw lined wicker basket with her hands fastened above her head. The inscrutable Japanese Vet sat behind her to make sure that all went well whilst a discreet little screen hid her intimacies so as not to upset the susceptibilities of the audience.

Then to get things started the Black Inquisitor had used his whip ... just as it was normal for his predecessor to do in former days - for Carmen was a great stickler for historical accuracy!

Before long to applause from the audience the girl had dropped two healthy little female mestizos into the basket.

She was small breasted and the black Chief Nurse decided to give one of the little fillies to Emma to feed, now that her former foster foals had been sold off.

Thrilled at finding the little hole in the partition separating them, Emma wondered if the girl whose progeny she was now helping to feed was an educated Brazilian girl. Perhaps she might speak English?

Eagerly Emma waited until it was late at night and there were no prowling young Indian grooms about. Then, greatly daring, she put her lips to the little hole in the partition.

'Hello?' she whispered. 'Can you hear me? Do you speak English?'

'Yes, a little,' came a whispered reply in good English with a strong Brazilian accent. 'I have to speak English in my job as a secretary in Sao Paulo.'

'What!' exclaimed Emma in astonishment. 'How on earth did you, a secretary, end up here? And what's your name? y'

'Shush! Or they'll hear us,' whispered her neighbour. 'They call me Marta here now, though it's not my real name.'

She then explained that hearing that Carmen kept a stable of pony girls she had left her job and volunteered to come her.

'Volunteered?' queried Emma. 'You mean you came here willingly?'

'Yes. I know you not believe me, but many girls have secret ... how you say? ... submissive desires. I used to dream of being treated like ... a pony girl.'

'Yes,' replied Emma, thinking back to her own secret masochistic desires, and how they had constantly driven her back into the clutches of Ursula. 'I know just what you mean.'

'Of course, I thought it only a joke and be for a short time. And Carmen, she seemed such a nice lady. She persuaded me to leave my job saying that she would employ me instead.'

She paused for a moment.

'I never thought it would be like this - a human Stud Farm with the girls called Brood Mares, and put on a course of fertility pills before being mated with studs called Stallions, who have a proven track record of throwing more girls - fillies!'

'Nor did any of us,' Emma whispered back, bitterly.

'But when I arrive here, Carmen said I must sign contract for three years. Three years! And when I refuse I am handed over to the Black Inquisitor. He beat me so hard! It was terrible! Finally I just have to agree to sign contract agreeing to be used as ... how say it? ... ah yes, as brood mare.'

She paused.

'Then he put big ring through my nose, with my breeding number, just like the mestizo girls, I so ashamed, but it make me realise I cannot now escape what Carmen had planned to use me for - to breed from educated girl. I now just as helpless as slave girls of old.'

'But even worse when they put me on course of fertility pills ... And now nine months later now I just deliver my first two foals. They're sweet little things and I love them - and it's lovely having you to help feed them. But soon they take them away from me. So sad, so sad!'

She gave a little sob. How awful, Emma was thinking, to separate a mother from her children in this way.

'But,' the girl tens went on, 'I never forget how they started - that was something really terrible.'

'Tell me about it,' urged Emma nervously.

Hesitantly Marta described the Mating Pit and how it had two curved doors fitted tightly into the wall. Through one was thrust the brood mare to be mated, naked except for her little stable cape, but still wearing her chain mail belt. The other was to let in the naked chosen stud.

She described how the curved doors into the pit could not be opened from inside the circular mating pit as the only handles were on doors were on the outside.

'Yes,' she said bitterly, 'once in mating pit, there is no escape for girl, for on top of walls are curved sharp iron spikes - to prevent terrified girl from trying to escape her fate or to attack laughing spectators. And the doors - just as the doors into a Bullring are not opened until the bull has been killed by the torero, so here the doors of the mating pit are not opened until the chosen stallion's seed has been planted deeply inside girl - or, perhaps, she has killed the unknown stallion.!

'Unknown? Surely, you recognised the man they had chosen for you?' asked Emma

'No,' the girl replied, 'they always wear - how you say it ? - a Balaclava helmet. And stallions kept out of sight of girls here. All I know about man who covered me was that his skin was jet black.'

She went to describe how, in the center of the pit, raised half a meter above the sandy floor, was a padded metal ring, some two meters across. In the center of the ring was a big iron securing eyelet, set in the sand, with a short length of chain attached to it .

She went to describe how the stallion had a lasso with which to catch the girl and render her helpless.

'I like a wild horse in a corral in a cowboy film, rushing round and round to avoid being lassoed. I manage avoid it several times, but finally, to cheers from the horrible spectators, the black stallion get it over my shoulders. I fight him tooth and nail, until there is blood running down his body. But he too strong for me and eventually he get lasso down past my waist to my hips, pinning my hands to my side. Then he wind lasso several times round my body, and over my arms, to make sure that I now quite helpless.'

The girl and gave a little sob, distressed by the awful memory.

'He then pass end of the lasso through eyelet on the ground, in center of ring, pulling me down onto my knees over the ring. To hold me there, he snap the short length of chain onto my collar.'

Again she paused and gave a little sob, as she described how she was then held degradingly kneeling over the ring which kept her hips raised high in the air, whilst the chain, fastened to her collar, kept her head right down.

The Stud Groom had then come into the pit. He had bowed to the spectators and inspected Marta's bonds. Satisfied that she was helpless, he had then unlocked the padlock, in the small of Marta's back and freed the throng rubber cord that went down between her buttocks. However, the two chains running from the padlock round her hips to the top of the chain mail pouch were left in place, so that it now hung down between her bent knees, disclosing her depilated beauty lips to the spectators - and to the stallion.

'It was a wonderful feeling,' the girl said, 'as my body lips were now free to open like a flower. But what a feeling of shame as the Stud Groom use his whip to make me move on my knees right round the ring on which I kneel to show my body lips to all the spectators. That was truly terrible!'

'It was awful and with my hands still tied to my side, there was now nothing I could do to prevent the black stud from then kicking apart my legs. First, he rub his huge manhood against my body lips. I can not help becoming aroused. I so ashamed. Then encouraged by spectators, he mount me like a stallion mounting a mare.'

'It was awful, feeling him drive in and out ... in and out - just like animal. Even worse, I feel myself, against my will, beginning to respond more and more to him. I blush as I hear spectators cheer and laugh as they see me thrusting my buttocks back to meet the black stud's own thrusts. I was so ashamed.'

'Finally I feel his seed jetting right up inside me and moments later he withdraw and leave pit.'

She went on bitterly to describe how she was left in the pit alone, still kneeling on all fours over the ring and mocked at by the laughing spectators, as she had desperately, but to no avail, tried to expel the seed.

'I not know which worse: desperately running round pit to avoid lasso, whilst the audience laugh and clap; or, still fastened down helplessly on knees over ring, and I feel black stud's slimy seed slipping deeper and deeper down inside me.'

Then like the interval in a play, the spectators had left their seats for refreshments, returning, to her astonishment a quarter of an hour later.

'I wonder why they come back,' Marta went on. 'I soon learn! For black stud, now also refreshed. His manhood now erect again. He come back into the pit - and he mount me for second time. I suppose to make sure!'

She paused.

'But that not all, for after the stud had mounted me for the second time and leave pit, I hear gasps from audience. I look round and see terrifying figure of Black Inquisitor standing behind me. In his hand is large rubber paddle with a bamboo handle. Later I learn it called here the Conception Paddle - because it increase the probability of girl conceiving by making her blood run fast inside her.'

'Anyway, he bow to the audience and without a word, begin to beat me on my bottom with the paddle, slowly and carefully. I scream and spectators laugh. He must have taken two minutes to give me about ten strokes. They sting like hell and I feel my bottom becoming hot. Then he bow to audience and leave.'

Then she described how, to her huge embarrassment, the Stud Groom had come back and parted her body lips to make sure that the stud's seed had indeed been well planted. Satisfied he then pulled up the hanging back cord of the chain mail pouch that was hanging beneath her and fastened it again to the padlock, pulling the chain mail pouch tight again over her beauty lips.

Even with her hands free, she would now be quite unable to get at either the seed or the little embryos inside her.

'Then leaving me held down on all fours by short chain fastened to my collar, he free my hands, and leave again. I hear audience laugh as I try in vain to pull off breeding belt. It was awful feeling stallion's seed slipping deeper and deeper inside me and I not able to do anything about it.'

Marta gave a little sob of despair

'And soon they take me back into mating pit again for my next foals. My contract, it says six!'

37 - A DAM AND HER FILLY ARE PUT TO THE SAME STALLION

What Marta did not know was that whilst the girl would be horrified by what was going to happen to her, her chosen stallion would be would be rewarded for her successful conception. He was therefore anxious to get on with it.

by the girl, and was therefore keen to get on with it. The girl, however would be horrified at the thought of what of what was going to happen.

Thus a natural conflict would arise, much to the delight of the spectators, with the girl not only running to dodge the lasso when it was thrown, but also, when at last she failed, in then using her fists and nails, to fight off the efforts of the stud to slip it down over her shoulders.

Nor did she know that, if two girls were due that day to be mated to different stallions then, to add to add spice to the occasion, both girls might be put into the mating pit, together, and both studs then let in simultaneously, for a double mating.

Similarly, if there had not been a clear-cut preference by the clients for the use of one particular stallion on a girl, then two, or even more of them, might be let into the pit. The audience would watch open-mouthed as they fought with the cleverest or strongest one succeeding in planting his seed first.

Then, immediately, the other stallions would be withdrawn before the girl was penetrated for the second time, so that there would be no doubt as to which had actually sired the girl's foal, or hopefully foals.

Things were done rather differently, however, if two closely related women were both put into the pit to be taken in turn by the same stallion. Making one of them watch the other, perhaps her sister, mother or daughter, being mated in front of her, and knowing that it would be her turn next, was a particularly popular spectacle.

However, to protect the stallion from being attacked by a furiously protective mother or older sister, perhaps at a critical moment such as just as

he was achieving penetration, it was normal for both women to have their hands to be tied behind the backs.

This, too, had been the normal practice in the days of European indentured servants when mating a mother and daughter, or sisters with the same sire - a rare opportunity that could play a crucial role in the establishment of a new breeding line.

The women could still try to get away from the stallion - amusing the spectators by desperately running round and round the pit, with their hands tied behind them, until finally caught. But they could not now seriously harm the valuable proven sire.

Nor was it only the actual matings that were so popular.

The public selection of a mate, several days before the woman was due to be mated, was also very popular with the clients.

Emma was appalled when she first saw this being done. It was still too early for Ursula's girls, for they had not been on the fertility pills for long enough. But even limited to the Mestizo girls, also chained in their stalls, it was still a highly erotic scene for they were often very beautiful with lovely slim bodies.

The clients would also find it almost mind-splitting as the beautiful chained girl, awaiting mating, was made to stand at the front of her stall. Then the various stallions, naked except for Balacava helmets hiding their faces, were brought up to stand alongside the girl, so that the clients could judge how their bodily traits might "nick-in" with each other, to use the old horse-breeding expression.

Before long it was a scene that Emma would watch with even more horror when it was the turn of Ursula's girls, first Mizzi and Maria, and then Carla and then the two Hungarian sisters.

One of the negroes was a huge muscular brute, the sight of which made her shiver. The Indian was smaller and more delicately built, but still strong enough she realised, to catch and hold down a writhing white woman like herself - or Ursula's other girls. Was this to be her fate, too?

The Stud Groom was, of course, delighted that, back in London, Sabhu had brought the mother and daughter's monthly cycles exactly into line - and those of the sisters as well. Both pairs had all come into season on time, and their best time for conception was approaching.

Moreover, he was now satisfied that Ursula's girls had been on the pill for long enough to have a good chance of conceiving twins. Yes, he decided, it was time they were moved down the passageway in the stables to join the mestizo girls also awaiting mating.

The selection of the mate for the Polish mother and daughter and for the Hungarian sisters had been a highly popular affair - as, indeed had been that for the buxom Carla. It was one thing to for the spectators pay to watch the fear in the eyes of a pretty mestizo girl as a huge Negro or a strong Indian stud was brought up, stark naked, to her stall. It was quite another when the same scene was enacted outside the stall of one of Ursula's lovely, slender, blond European women.

The demand for tickets to come and take part in the selection of the sires to be used on Mizzi and her daughter, and later on Carla and then on Suzy and her sister, was a record - despite the extra high prices that Carmen was charging.

'Now' announced Carmen to a large and expectant audience of clients, 'as you will have read in my latest program of events, both mother and daughter will be ready to be mated in five days time - and both with the same stallion that you will choose here today.'

She paused, and then added with a cruel laugh.

'That'll give you a few days to come back and see how they are getting on with the Sword of Damocles, or rather the memory of the sight of the chosen black manhood, hanging over them - for, of course, they'll now be only too well aware of the fate that awaits them. So I expect we'll be getting a lot of crying and begging to be let off - all good fun to come and see!'

'And our buxom Carla will similarly be ready in ten days time - so we shall select the mate for her, from amongst our stallions, next weekend and the following weekend the stallion for our two red-haired sisters. So don't miss those either!'

The audience were busy consulting their diaries and making notes.

Thus it was that, several times, Emma had been horrified to catch a glimpse of how the clients enjoyed comparing the naked bodies of the black or coloured studs with the equally naked bodies of the future white mothers. Just as Marta had said, the stallions wore Balaclava helmets to hide their faces.

Carmen would let her clients vote on which stallion was to be used on which girl - stipulating only that, as in the days of slavery, the same one was to be used on both mother and daughter and the same one on both the two sisters.

A special little stand had been erected for the watching clients. Emma was horrified to see first Maria and then her mother, Mizzi, being unchained and made to stand, naked except for their little stable capes and chain mail breeding belts, alongside each other in the wide passageway. Their hands were tied behind them and then their capes were thrown back.

Each stallion was asked in turn to stand, first back to back with the mother and daughter, and then facing them. Emma was horrified when she saw that, to the delight of the spectators, the manhood of the biggest of the black studs was hugely in erection as, first the naked young daughter and then her mother, was made to stand with her breasts and belly touching those of the negro, whilst is his big erect manhood probed eagerly at their chain mail belts.

It was enough to make the laughing clients chose him!

No stud, however, was brought to her stall, however, and she remained mixed in with the girls still feeding their newly-born foals. It made her wonder, with a little shiver of fear, just what fate really did await her.

However, she could imagine the mental trauma of Mizzi and Maria, and then of the other girls, as, their strangely alien mates having been chosen, they waited in dread for their mating.

A few days later she saw a weeping Maria and desperately concerned looking Mizzi, their hands tied behind their backs, being led down the passageway to the dreaded mating pit where a large group clients had already gathered.

Indeed, such was the demand that an extra row of seats had to be installed and even then tickets were exchanged for double the seemingly exorbitant price that Carmen had originally charged.

Several minutes later there as the sound of cruel laughter coming from around the mating pit as Maria began to run desperately round the pit trying to get away from the huge, randy, black brute who had been chosen to cover her. Then there were agonised screams, that echoed through the stables, as Maria was first caught by her stallion lover and then chained down. There were more screams as the Stud Groom then released her breeding belt and when she lost her virginity to the black monster brute - screams that were echoed by cries of helpless protest from Mizzi.

How awful, thought Emma, that this was being done to Maria in front of her mother.

Then there yet more screams as the Black Inquisitor applied his paddle to encourage a good conception.

There was now a long silence as the stallion retired to restore his virility and the audience were served refreshments.

Then half an hour later, screams from Mizzi announced that the stallion had re-entered the pit and now chasing Mizzi. Further screams announced that she, too, had been caught and had been chained down alongside her daughter and that finally his manhood was jetting his precious seed into her now receptive body.

Again Emma's heart went out to her. How awful to be forcibly mated in front of your daughter - and vice-versa.

Then came anguished cries as the Black Inquisitor's paddle helped make sure that the mother was going to conceive too.

Emma watched horrified when an hour later, looking white faced and shattered, they were both led back to their stalls. Their hands were free and the young grooms were laughing as they both angrily scratched at their

unrelenting chain mail belts. Oh, Emma realised, how they must both be longing to wash themselves out!

To make certain of good conceptions, and to meet popular demand, the whole process was repeated again two days later with the same huge stallion.

Another few days later, having tested positive, Mizzi and Maria were moved along the corridor to adjoining stalls amongst the mestizo girls whose bellies were beginning to show a little curve above their chain mail belts. For the next nine months they would now come under the watchful eye of the inscrutable Japanese Vet.

He would be carefully watching for, and recording on the board in front of their stalls, their first morning sickness, and then the first shock of feeling their progeny kicking - an event that was usually accompanied by desperate, but vain, attempts by the brood mares to rid themselves of the unwanted little creatures happily growing under the protection of the chain mail belts.

Then as each girl's natural maternal instinct took over, she would start taking an increasing pride in her growing belly - a belly that was kept well displayed - both in the stables and when harnessed to a dog cart.

All this would be recorded in full in Portuguese on the notice board in front of each woman's stall - to the amusement of the many visitors who paid to come and see the swelling bellies of a beautiful European woman and her teenage daughter - as well as those of her companions.

38 - THE AUCTION OF EMMA'S CONTRACT

It was an afternoon a few days after Emma's performance on the racecourse. Emma had continued to be used as a wet nurse and foster mother, helping to feed the hungry foals of her companions. It was a spectacle that was much enjoyed by visiting clients.

Every day her young groom had embarrassingly looked for signs of her coming into season and, finally delighted to find them, had gone off to report the good news to the Stud Groom. It had occurred nicely before for her auction, the brochure for which had said that she should be ready to conceive, if required, a week later - so that would be possible buyers could make their plans.

The display of this aristocratic married Englishwoman, in the Stables, in the Punishment Block and on the Race Course, had caused a considerable stir. She was looking slim, fit and beautiful and Carmen was confident that the auction of her contract, technically hiring her services for a period of one year, would attract great interest.

Emma was now being displayed at a Preview for the more serious of her potential buyers.

Some of were cruel looking men. Others were the wives of local plantation owners, together with a few wives of businessmen from the big cities who had let their wives borrow their planes to fly up for this auction. Many of the ladies present were members of The Society.

They were smartly dressed in bush jackets and trousers and were sipping Champagne as they strolled around the passageway in front of the stall in which Emma was chained for inspection - as in the old slave markets in Brazil.

Carmen and Ursula were mixing with their guests and answering queries about Emma, whose raised, cobbled stall was well visible to the guests in the wide passageway.

Emma herself was naked except for black stockings and shoes and a pretty ribbon round her neck. She was still wearing the shiny collar of Carmen's human Stud Farm and was still chained by the neck to a solid looking ring in the wall at the back of her stall.

Striding up and down in front of the stall was Sabhu, a long circus whip in his hand. His final return to England had been specially delayed until after Emma's auction, and he had been asked to return to the stud farm for it.

He now made an impressive sight in his gold braided circus, animal trainer, uniform with his peaked cap, his scarlet tunic with its rows of buttons, his tight white breeches and his well polished black leather riding boots.

It was also a sight that was intended to give would-be buyers confidence that the girl on display had been well disciplined and broken in.

However, what also caught the eyes of the potential buyers was the sight of the naked little chocolate foal, which Sabhu had cunningly chained by the neck to the ring on Emma's collar. This made her hold both it to her milk laden breasts - a charming sight that gave many of the watchers food for thought.

The guests were chattering away in Portuguese, mercifully incomprehensible to Emma, as they boasted about they would do with her if they won her contract at the following auction.

'I'd take her back to Rio and use her as my ladies maid,' said one woman. 'Imagine the excitement would result from having a titled English Lady, in milk, to wait at table at my dinner parties, naked to the waist. She'd cause a sensation!'

'Yes, but wouldn't she run away?' asked another

'Especially if you had her chastised by your black servants every time she answered you back!' laughed yet another one.

'I'd give her to my teenage son, for his birthday, with permission to flog her if she did do exactly what he wanted - but on condition he kept her here locked up at livery!' said another.

'And I,' said another, looking at her naked breasts, 'would use her to help feed my bitch's forthcoming litter of puppies.'

'I don't know about that,' said another woman, the wife of a local plantation owner, 'but I think she'd be very useful to feed the newly born next generation of workers - rather like what she's being made to do now!'

'And I,' said another, 'would get a tremendous thrill from the feeling of power of keeping a beautiful young married woman like her here in the stables - and making her carry a black foal. It would be mind-blowing!'

These remarks were typical of the considerable interest that Emma had aroused amongst members of The Society. They were used to using local coloured or mestizo, girls for their pleasure. Now here was an opportunity of acquiring a white one, to use in their bed, and to show off as a personal attendant or ladies maid - or to breed from.

Clearly, for what ever purpose they envisaged using Emma, these wealthy women were willing to pay large sums to acquire her contract.

Suddenly Carmen, a dark haired slightly plump, but vivacious figure in fawn jodhpurs and brown boots, clapped her hands.

'Ladies' she called out in Portuguese which, of course, the chained Emma could not understand, 'now is your opportunity to examine the woman whose contract will be actioned shortly, Please don't hesitate to step into her stall to examine her more closely.'

Several people moved towards the stall.

'And,' added Carmen, 'if you would also like to examine the contract that the girl has signed, it is on the table at the end of the passageway. My lawyers assures me that someone buying one this contract will acquire the services of the girl just as if, in the old days, you had bought the articles of a Special Indentured Servant - available only until ransomed. Now in this modern version in return for making regular monthly payments to the girl's Swiss Bank account, the contract allows the purchaser to use the girl for one year for any purpose he or she wishes.'

'Does that include breeding,' a woman asked.

'Any purpose,' repeated Carmen.

This was greeted with enthusiastic smiles.

'Indeed,' went on Carmen, 'you'll see that with her contract there's a medical certificate confirming that she should have no difficulty in carrying and delivering any progeny decided upon by her temporary owner.'

There was a general nodding of satisfaction.

'However, in the case of this married English aristocrat, the contract stipulates that she is only on hire from Miss de Vere and must be returned to her fit and well after one year - unless, of course, her purchaser decided to

keep here at livery. But, as the notice in front of her stall states, this need not seriously restrict the use to which a discerning buyer can put her!

This was greeted by a general outburst of laughter.

'And,' added Carmen, 'Indeed my Stud Groom says she will be ready to conceive, if required, in a little over a week.'

She paused to give greater emphasis to this.

'Now,' she went on, 'you must all go and how she has been so successfully artificially brought into milk - like Fifi, our pretty and very valuable little mother-to-be, who is already in-foal, and who is further down the passageway amongst the other in-foals mares.'

Not surprisingly many of the women were soon having a closer look at Emma, judging her breeding possibilities.

Other women were admiring, Emma's swollen nipples and asked Sabhu to hold them for their closer inspection. Several of them then amused themselves squeezing little white jets of milk from her breasts. How thrilling it would be to have their own white milk-maid, they thought, and an English aristocratic one at that.

Poor Emma was so shocked and appalled by all this, that she scarcely noticed another woman, well dressed, and slim, with rather cruel set to her mouth, who was saying nothing. But she went up where Emma was chained helpless in her stall and silently ran her hands over her hips. Then apparently satisfied, she turned on her heel and walked away.

Clearly there was more to her keen interest in Emma than in simply acquiring simply acquiring a beautiful white European young woman for her pleasure or for showing off as her ladies maid. She was the same Francesca de Bohens who had been so thoughtful when Carmen had exhorted her clients to think carefully how they might use Emma.

She had indeed thought very carefully about just that and decided that the stakes were so high that it would be worth her while to pay a very high sum to acquire Emma's services. She had also approached Carmen about using the services of her Japanese trained male midwife, the Vet. She had also discreetly prepared special secure quarters for Emma next to her own bedroom in her large, nearby, plantation house.

Meanwhile Ursula was exchanging a discreet little wink with Carmen. The forthcoming auction should go really well!

Ursula wondered what would be the fate of Emma, the girl she had so painstakingly re-recruited, disciplined and broken in. Only the thought of splitting with Carmen the winning bid prevented from feeling quite sad at the thought of losing her temporarily. Her share should certainly cover, several times over, what she had advanced to Emma when she signed her contract.

The next day dawned bright. Soon a large number of clients arrived for the days events: in the morning the auction of Emma and the whipping of a recalcitrant Carla in the Punishment Block, followed by the selection of her mate: followed by a delicious buffet lunch and a race meeting in the afternoon; and then the mating of Heidi and Suzy.

It was a very busy and popular program and one for which Carmen had charged accordingly.

This time the race meeting would include several handicap races were to be held for mares in foal. One race was for brood mares who had conceived up to three months before; another was for those who had been carrying their foals for four to six months; and one, a very special short race, was for girls seven months or more months gone.

But the highlight of the morning was to be the auction of Emma's contract.

It was therefore at noon that the clients congregated at the Mating Pit, converted for the occasion into an old fashioned slave auction ring with a little podium above the pit for the auctioneer: Carmen herself.

The seated spectators were suddenly hushed as one of the curved doors into pit was opened to let in Sabhu - once again dressed in his smart circus outfit. He was carrying a long circus whip in one hand and in the other a long lunge to which he now gave a sharp tug.

Into the pit now pranced a beautifully made up and stark naked Emma. For once her breeding belt had been removed leaving her smooth and hairless beauty lips prettily on display. Her hands were clasped behind her neck and her milk swollen breasts bounced prettily. The lunge was attached to her collar.

Sabhu cracked his whip and the scared young woman began to prance round the pit, whilst Carmen, like a good auctioneer, pointed out her good points.

'And ready, if desired, to conceive in a week's time.' she again emphasised. 'So may I have an opening bid, please?'

The bids soon came in fast and furious, as Emma was made by Sabhu to break off running round and round, and instead to show herself off. Cracking his whip and barking his orders in English he put her through the routine he had taught her in Ursula's house in London.

He made her kneel on all fours, then crawl and bark like a dog, bending over to display her hairless beauty lips, and then, lying on her back, raise her hips as if offering herself. It was a good erotic display and one that brought in yet more bids.

Soon there was only a cruel looking man and Francesca left bidding. Finally the man dropped out.

For a whole year, Emma would belong to Senhora de Bohens - to use as she liked.

Emma was taken out and the spectators drifted across to the Punishment Block to watch the whipping of Carla, whilst the pit was prepared for the double mating, that evening, of the two red-haired Hungarian sisters.

39 - EMMA'S SECRET CONCEPTION

It was a week later, a week in which Francesca had kept Emma carefully locked up, out of sight, in a little nursery room next to her own.

This had also given her the opportunity of making her new acquisition perform in her bed. She had been delighted to find that Emma was so well trained in the art of giving exquisite pleasure to her Mistress.

Francesca had, however, also cleverly organised a romantic reunion with her funny little husband. Busy as ever with his businesses in Sao Paulo, had flown up in his private aircraft to join her at her plantation, where she insisted on living most of the time.

'Your business,' she would say, 'doesn't need you there all the time, but my plantation needs me here!'

They had fallen into a routine whereby she would join him in his luxurious apartment in Sao Paulo once a month and he would spend a weekend once a month with her at the plantation. This also enabled Francesca, unknown to her husband, to indulge in her lesbian activities as a keen, if secret member of The Society.

Her husband had never guessed that the two very pretty Brazilian girls who waited at table when he came to stay were really his wife's bed companions, discreetly marked with the "S" sign of The Society on the inside of their wrists and with their Registration Numbers on the inside of the elbow.

His only disappointment was that normally his attractive wife showed little sign of wanting to make love to him and even less of wanting to present him with a son and heir.

But this time he was delighted to find her both amorous and full of plans to play an erotic game with him. Thrilled he let her undress him, blindfold him and even tie his hands behind his back, before leading him into her bedroom. How exciting!

Emma lay tied down over the edge of the bed. Her breeding belt had been unlocked and the rubber cord that normally went up between her buttocks had been slipped off the padlock, allowing the chain pouch itself to be lifted up onto her belly, disclosing her hairless beauty lips.

Her feet were on the floor and tied wide apart and her arms were fastened to the far side of the large bed, holding her quite helpless. Her head, and her body above her hips, were hidden under a sheet. A gag kept her silent.

Her mind was in a torment for she could see nothing except the vague outline, through the sheet, of the naked back of her Mistress, Senhora Francesca de Bohens, whom she could feel was, surprisingly, kneeling across her tummy.

At least, Emma thought. the awful breeding belt was no longer locked on her. Indeed she could not understand why her new Mistress had kept her in it. It wasn't as though she had been allowed near any men.

What Emma could not see, however, was the fascinating sight of her new Mistress's blindfolded husband who was standing between Emma's legs. Thrilled by the sexual games that his wife was unexpectedly playing, he found himself, his hands still tied behind his back, being alternatively invited to kiss his wife's lips and then her nipples, whilst she aroused him, squeezing his nipples and playing with his manhood, making him moan with pleasure.

Suddenly to her horror, Emma felt the man's manhood coming into erection between her outstretched legs. She could feel her Mistress tickling her beauty lips, feeling her to make certain she was nice and wet - and ready. Oh the shame!

Emma felt her Mistress's fingers part her beauty lips and rub a little sexual lubricating oil inside her. Was she about to be taken by her Mistress's horrid little husband? But why like this?

She heard the husband give a further little cry of excitement as he felt his wife apparently rubbing his manhood against her own beauty lips.

Suddenly she felt her Mistress guide the manhood between her beauty lips. Little did her husband suspect that they were those of another girl. Ashamed, Emma could feel her own body reacting.

Then she gasped under her gag, as the manhood suddenly thrust up into her.

As it began to move to and fro she realised that her Mistress must be embracing her husband round the neck, holding his body to herself - and his manhood into Emma. She could hear them crying out little endearments in Portuguese, as the husband moved in and out of Emma's body, his arousal increasing with every moment.

Blindfolded as he was, with his hands tied behind his back as a joke, he was still unaware that his manhood was not inside the body of his wife but inside that of his wife's new English maid servant.

It was the feel of his wife's lovely body that was exciting him so. She hardly ever let him make love to her - and yet here she was playing love games with him. Who was he to object to beige blindfolded and having his hands tied?

Suddenly he erupted. Emma tried to scream as she felt his seed shooting up inside her. But her gag still kept her silent, just as her bonds kept her still and the sheet kept her hidden.

She felt the now soft manhood withdraw.

She heard her Mistress and her husband exchanging kisses and murmurs of love - in Portuguese. She would have been astonished if she had understood what her Mistress was saying.

'Darling, I think you may have made me conceive the son you so much want,' she said, as throwing on a wrap, she led her still blindfolded husband out of the room and into his dressing room at the end of the corridor.

Meanwhile, a helpless Emma could feel the seed slipping up inside her. She remembered Marta's description of her horror as she had felt the black brute's seed slipping up inside her.

Impatiently she waited for her Mistress to return and to wash it all out. But when she did return she did no such thing. Instead, Emma felt her Mistress simply pull the chain mail pouch of the breeding belt down again over her beauty lips and, passing the rear cord up again between her buttocks, re-lock the belt tightly in place.

She would not now, she realised, be able to get at herself. Oh my God!

But worse was to follow, for Francesca had not watched several performances in Carmen's mating pit for nothing. She knew the importance that was attached there to the beating that the Black Inquisitor always gave to a girl in the pit immediately after she had been covered.

'My predecessors here in the days of slavery,' she used to say, 'felt that a good beating warmed the girl up, got her blood racing and so enhanced the chances of conception.'

As Carmen's stud farm was nearby, Francesca had, with Carmen's enthusiastic cooperation, made her plans accordingly. She now rang a bell.

Into the room, from the annex in which he had been patiently and secretly waiting, now stepped the sinister figure of the Black Inquisitor. In his hand was the dreaded rubber Conception Paddle with its bamboo handle.

He nodded to Francesca and without a word went up to the bed across which Emma, still gagged and half hidden under the sheets, was lying with her hands tied behind her back. Silently he unfastened her ankles, turned her over, and re-fastened her ankles. She was now tied down again - but this time bending over, with her buttocks nicely presented for the paddle.

Emma gasped under her gag as she caught a glimpse of the dreaded figure of the Inquisitor. Seconds later she screamed behind her gag as Inquisitor impassively laid on the first on the ten well spaced out strokes ...

Three days later Carmen's Japanese male midwife, the Vet, came over and did a test. Yes, he assured the smiling Francesca, Emma was had clearly conceived.

40 - EMMA REALISES THE TRUTH

A few weeks later, long after her new Mistress's husband had returned to Sao Paulo, Emma was preparing her breakfast. It was still early morning and she had just been sick. She wondered what she had eaten.

Lying back in her sumptuous bed, Francesca looked at her new maid as she brought in her breakfast tray. Terrified by the threat of the Black Inquisitor being invited back, the English girl had made a very satisfactory pleasure girl and maid servant.

She saw the girl was looking a little white.

'Are you alright, girl?' she asked in her good English with a slight Brazilian accent.

'I was a little sick this morning, Madam. I don't know what it was but I'm alright now.'

Francesca smiled, remembering how the Vet had assured her that Emma had tested positive, even though she did not yet know it. Now she had had her first morning sickness. Wonderful!

She, Francesca, must now start pretending to have morning sicknesses, too - and tell all her friends of her good fortune. Her fausse couche, must now start, mimicking exactly everything that happened in Emma's real maternity. Her false pregnancy must be a realistic one - so that no one, and especially not her husband, would ever suspect that the son that Emma would be producing for her, was not hers. So as not to arouse any suspicions later, the fact that Emma was pregnant must be kept secret.

Yes, she decided, she would stick to her plan. She would keep Emma on her plantation, as her maid servant, for the time being - until her tummy could no longer be hidden. Meanwhile, however, she must give a party to celebrate the news of her own interesting condition. And to make it more piquant she would have Emma, dressed as an English parlour maid, help serve the food and drinks.

It was a gay and typically Brazilian scene. A small band was playing in the corner of the large terrace. Young couples were dancing in the moonlight. Others were sipping Champagne, and helping themselves from the delicious buffet.

Surrounding a long silk-covered couch was a small crowd of well-wishers. Lying on the couch, and holding her proud husband's hand, was an artificially wan-looking Francesca. Behind the couch stood Emma, dressed as a maid, with a high necked white blouse hiding her shiny metal collar - the same one as she had worn since arriving at Carmen's stud farm.

Occasionally Francesca, wearing a long loose gown of green silk, would put her hand to her tummy. There would be murmurs of sympathy from her friends. No

one guessed that it was not the resting Francesca who was in an interesting condition but the bustling Emma - though she did not yet know it.

Emma's role was to anticipate her Mistress's every desire, fetch little plates of delicacies, and enable her, the delicate future mother, not to move. It was a role that she had already learnt to carry out very well - thanks to the ever present threat of a return visit by the Black Inquisitor, and his whip.

The guests were almost as fascinated by their hostess's new English maid servant as they were in her Mistress's interesting condition. Little did they imagine that Francesca's pregnancy was false and that it was Emma, still unknown to her, who was now in an expectant state.

Emma had, of course, thought about escaping from her new Mistress's plantation, but to her dismay she had found that the plantation house was surrounded by the same underground wiring as Carmen's stud farm. If she ever tried to go beyond the close confines of the house alone, she was halted by a series of unbearable electric shocks from her collar.

Clearly, she thought, escape from Francesca's plantation was as impossible as it had been from Carmen's stud farm. In any case, here just there, she had no money, no passport and only the vaguest idea where she was. And she was locked into a chain mail purity belt

It was soon after this party that Emma felt the first little kicks. At first she ignored them, but soon they made her realise, to her horror, that her suspicions that she might, to use the stud farm's cruel expression, be in-foal were confirmed. But why she wondered. Why?

She learnt why, a few hours later, when she was standing in front of her new Mistress, naked except for the shiny chain mail belt.

'Oh, yes,' laughed Francesca, speaking in English and running her hands over Emma's now slightly curved little belly and down over the chain mail pouch, 'this beautiful English aristocrat is going to be made to bear me a son and heir by my husband - and no one will ever know that it's not mine!'

'My God!' cried Emma as she realised the truth. Against her will, she was going to be used as a secret surrogate mother by a rich woman. It was unbelievable. 'No! no! I won't do it.'

'Oh yes, you will,' laughed Francesca. 'And I've paid enough for the use of your aristocratic body!'

'But you can't make me do it!'

Francesca laughed again. 'Oh yes I can - and thanks to your locked breeding belt, there's nothing you'll be able to do about it! Nothing will get past that close mesh of that chain mail belt to harm my son!'

'Oh!' cried Emma. Was she really was going to be made, against her will, to go through with it? How awful! Had Ursula included her in her team of girls so that she could be offered for just such a purpose? Had she and Carmen planned it all? A blond English aristocratic being forced to act as a surrogate mother!

'And as my ladies maid, you'll be the only person here who will know that I'm not really pregnant. Your state is going to be hidden for the first few months under a corset ... but not mine!'

She told Emma to open a cupboard. Hanging there were several artificial rubber tummies that could be slipped over a real one. Worn to next to her skin and under real maternity clothes, they would enable Francesca to give a very realistic impression of being pregnant. Each artificial tummy had would produce an apparently increasingly swollen belly, and she would wear them in turn as her false pregnancy developed.

'And' Francesca said, 'as my ladies maid, only you will know about these. To the outside world, Carmen has simply kindly agreed that the Vet will keep an eye on me and deliver my child and that her Head Nurse will then supervise it's upbringing. But, of course, it won't be me that they'll be supervising - but you!

Emma gasped in horror. Francesca laughed cruelly.

'And, what will make it all the more amusing, is that after you have secretly delivered my son, and it has been put into my arms, then I will use you as his wet nurse - a wet nurse for your own secret child. And, officially, I

will just have had your milk brought on artificially especially so that you can feed my child!

Emma gave a little sob of despair. Francesca and Carmen had worked it all out. There was just nothing she could do.

'And finally,' went on Francesca, 'just remember that one word from you to my friends or husband, even hinting that you are the real mother, and I'll have the Black Inquisitor to give you the thrashing of your life.'

'Oh my God,' cried in Emma in genuine alarm, as she remembered her previous thrashings from that huge brute of a man. 'No, Madam, not that! Please! I'll do anything ... I'll go through with it ... I will ... I will!'

'Oh yes, Emma you will. You certainly will,' laughed her Mistress.

41 - KEPT AT LIVERY

It was now several months later and it was getting increasingly difficult for Francesca to hide Emma's state. It was therefore time, she decided, for Emma to be sent back to the Stud Farm.

To make sure that Emma's her state remained a secret from Francesca's neighbouring plantation owners, whilst her own false pregnancy developed, Emma would not be put back into the normal stables, but would be kept hidden away at livery - in the Livery Stables.

As Carmen had explained to Ursula when she arrived, she kept her livery business, in the Livery Stables in the former cells of the Punishment Block, quite separate from the stud farm. It was here, in the old days, that recalcitrant young women, white and mestizo, or women specially sent there by local plantation owners to be punished, were kept locked up.

Now, as then, it was supervised by the Black Inquisitor and provided a different but also profitable service to her clients. Unlike the girls in the stables, those at livery were not shown to other clients.

Indeed, these days some clients, men and women, used Carmen's Livery Stables simply as somewhere where they could discreetly send a girl for secret safekeeping whilst, for instance they went abroad or went to stay with friends or relations, who might be shocked if they arrived with a girl in tow. Meanwhile the client could relax knowing that the girl would be kept well disciplined and not be able to run away.

Other clients, mainly women, would send a girl there to be mated with a particular stud, knowing that that Carmen's Stud Groom could be relied on to prepare the girl properly for a private performance in the Mating Pit. The girl's Mistress would invited friends to come and watch the spectacle. Once it was confirmed that she had conceived, her Mistress usually then took her home to show her off to more friends.

Sometimes a client would send a girl who had been caught out being unfaithful to her Master or Mistress, either with another man or another girl, to be punished by the Black Inquisitor. Being thrashed by him twice a day for ten days, or even a week, rarely failed to cure even the most licentious girl of daring to deceive her Master or Mistress again.

Instead of being kept in a row of stalls, the girls in the Livery Stables were kept in rubber floored cages. The cages were rather like those off Ursula's bedroom, with bricked back and sides and a barred front with a small sliding door.

Another door in the back wall, allowed the grooms to come in and clean out the cage. The cages also had a heavy curtain that could be drawn across the front bars to hide a girl from visiting clients other than her own owner.

As in the Stud Farm Stables, the girls were kept naked except a short stable cape and, for greater security, they were similarly kept chained by the neck to a ring set in the floor of the cage.

Alongside the Livery Stables was a private exercise yard, surrounded by a high wall, where the girls were taken twice a day - to be made by the Black Inquisitor and his long lunging whip to run round and round - exercised like horses at livery during a cold snap.

The Black Inquisitor grinned as Francesca's cross-country car drove up to the private entrance to the Livery Stables. As always he was carrying his whip. Francesca watched approvingly as the big black man opened the car door and silently bared the collar round Emma's neck, before snapping a lead onto the ring at the back of it.

Then he gave it a tug and cracking his whip drove her through the Livery Stables door and into a bare whitewashed corridor.

Emma gasped as she saw, facing her, a large old fashioned grille made of square cut metal bars. It reminded her of the entrance to an old fashioned jail - which was exactly what it was.

The Black Inquisitor fitted a large key into a similarly barred gate in the grille and unlocked it. Again he cracked his whip and Emma quickly ran through the door. She found herself in a winding bare stone corridor.

Urged on by the Black Inquisitor, she passed several dungeon like cells, each with a similar old fashioned iron grille across the front of the cell. A thick curtain had been drawn across some of the grilles and she could hear metallic clanking noises coming from behind the curtains. Was there someone or some animal, behind them, Emma wondered anxiously.

Suddenly she saw a very pretty half naked and almost white girl looking out into the corridor from behind the bars of one of the cells. Like Emma herself, she too was collared with a heavy chain going from her collar to a big ring set in the bare wall behind her. She was muzzled and her eyes were looking at Emma piteously.

The girl moved and Emma was shocked to see that pressing against the bars of her cell, under her short little open cape, was a swollen belly. The girl, like herself, was Expecting a Happy Event, as Ursula would have cruelly called it - cruelly because the shiny chain mail breeding belt, locked round the girls loins clearly prevented her from interfering with what Nature, or rather the girl's Master or Mistress, intended. Just like me, she thought bitterly.

Nearly every day, Francesca would drive over to the Stud Farm, to gloat over Emma's real live pregnancy. With the curtains on the other cages discreetly drawn. Emma would be ordered to press against the bars of her cage, so that her Mistress could see and feel her state.

By now Francesca was feeling that Emma's progeny really was her own - a feeling that was enhanced when once week Carmen's Japanese Vet would bring his mobile ultra sound scanner to Emma's cage. Francesca would be delighted as her future little son was displayed on the screen.

Because of the importance of hiding Emma's state, Francesca was determined to resist the temptation to enter her for any more races. Instead she would enjoy watching Emma being exercised by the Black Inquisitor on a long lunging rein in the special livery exercise yard. It also helped her to copy the way that Emma now had to walk and run.

42 - CARMEN SHOWS OFF HER EUROPEAN BROOD MARES

With Emma safely locked up in the Livery Stables, Carmen was also enjoying showing off Ursula's other girls to visiting clients. Their very presence had increased the number of visitors - and enabled her to charge more.

The presence of these European girls in the special races for in-foal brood mares, had also greatly increased the popularity of the Race Meetings.

'These,' Carmen was now saying to a party of visitors as they came up to the adjoining stalls of Mizzi and Maria, 'are our prize brood mares, a rare item indeed, a European thoroughbred mare and her filly - and both in foal to the same local stallion: Hercules, the huge negro.'

As always, this produced cries of wonder and astonishment from the delighted visitors. At a sign from Carmen, the Stud Groom raised his whip and gestured to both women to come forward and stand with their toes gripping the

edge of their stalls and their heads held back by their now taut collar chains, so that their bellies were now thrust forward.

'And furthermore, thanks to a course of our fertility pills, both are now expecting twins - black twin fillies. Feel them for yourself!'

Before the eager clients began to feel the two proffered bellies, the Stud Groom quickly fastened both women's wrists to the ring at the back of their collars - to make sure that neither of the women could attack or even merely scratch any of the curious visitors. Then he unfastened the front of their cape-like stable rugs and threw them back over their shoulders - displaying their now naked, swollen, bellies and breasts.

'Yes,' went on Carmen, 'white women, freshly arrived from Europe played an important role in the old slave breeding farms - and they play a important role in this modern human stud farm, too. And, of course, crossing a mother and daughter with the same stallion greatly speeded up establishing a successful breeding line of slaves.'

'And now?' queried one of the visitors, as she stroked the trembling Maria's prettily curved bare belly.

'In this day and age, too,' replied Carmen, 'the owners of coffee plantations still want to "adopt" little girls with the right temperament for the work. In this case crossing our mother and daughter with Hercules is intended to produce a new line of girls who will inherit their father's strength and resilience and their mother's intelligence and looks. And by putting a mother and daughter to the same prize sire we can quickly and safely produce pedigree progeny who are both sisters and cousins to each other.'

The clients in turn ran their hands over Mizzi's or Maria's bellies.

'And just as, in the old days, the stamina of a brood mare was tested in the human dog cart races, so too we test that of our modern brood mares on the race track. And these two, mother and daughter, pulling a dog cart, side by side, have done very well, and have won several times - thanks in part, no doubt, to the spirited urging of their driver's whip! They'll be racing again this coming weekend, so come and see them perform on the race-track!'

Carmen smiled to herself as she saw that this was a highly popular suggestion. Indeed the sight of the mother and daughter, identically bitted and bridled, with their curved white bellies contrasting with the coffee coloured ones of their mestizo stable companions, made a fine erotic sight. It became even more erotic when, urged on by their driver's whip applied to both their bare backs, with their head plumes swaying, and their long tails, attached to the plugs up their backsides, swishing, they strained to pull their little dog cart.

What a great success, she told herself, Ursula's girls were proving. Indeed, she had already written to her suggesting she should bring out another team of girls.

'Now, over here,' went on Carmen, leading the way to the stall in which Carla was chained, 'we've got a European girl who've we crossed with our Amazonian Indian stallion. She's exceptionally tall and this should make up for the small size of the sire. As you can see she's also exceptionally buxom and we hope that this too will be inherited by her two little girls too.'

Once again the clients were fascinated by the proffered belly and breasts.

'With her large breasts swinging she makes a fine sight on the race track. We allow buxom girls a special handicap and she's been a winner, too.'

A few minutes later it was the turn of Heidi and Suzy swollen bellies to be shown off.

'Now these two sisters,' explained Carmen, 'have both been crossed with our mestizo stallion and it'll be interesting to see how their progeny turn out. Well, as you see we won't have long to wait. Like the others they'll soon be performing in the Foaling Box! Why not come and see them!'

Carmen let her admiring clients spend a little time examining the two Hungarian sisters and asking about their performance on the race-track. Then she led the way down the passageway to where Fifi was now standing chained in a stall amongst mestizo girls whose bellies, like hers, were only just showing.

'And this European mare is an interesting case. Like many of the old European indentured servants who arrived in Brazil already in-foal, she did too - having been put to a negro wrestler in England. She foaled several months ago

and her progeny sold well - for adoption. Now she's in foal again, this time to our young black stallion. And we hope that her new progeny will be as popular as her first ones!'

But of all this Emma, kept locked up in the livery stables was, of course, blissfully ignorant.

43 - A STRANGE DELIVERY

Francesca was lying happily in her bed, making little moaning noises to match those that were coming from the annex off her bedroom, where Emma was lying. She was looking suitably worn.

Emma had been secretly brought back from Carmen's livery stables to deliver Francesca's new son - which she was now doing under the Vet's experienced eye, with Carmen's Head Nurse also in attendance.

Suddenly there was a shriek that was dutifully echoed by Francesca. Minutes later Carmen's Head Nurse came in with a tiny wrapped up baby.

'He's a lovely boy,' she said as she handed the child to Francesca.

Later that day, a party of Francesca's excited women friends came to congratulate her and see her new born son. The door to the annex was firmly locked as they cooed and admired the healthy little creature that she was happily cradling in her arms.

'He looks just like his father,' said one.

'And like his mother,' added another innocently'

'A real little aristocrat,' enthused another, equally innocently, pointing to his blue eyes and blond hair - something that was rare in Brazil.

The Head Nurse let them continue congratulating Francesca and admiring her son and then clapped her hands.

'Now you mustn't tire our lovely new mother,' she said officiously, as she bustled the visitors out of the room.

When they had all left, she unlocked the door to the annex. She took the little creature from Francesca who, abandoning her former pretended state of exhaustion, jumped out of bed and followed her into the annex where Emma was lying - now recovering from her ordeal

Eagerly Emma tried to take the baby into her arms, but the Head Nurse drew him back.

'You not mother,' she said harshly in her broken English. 'You just wet nurse. You not bond with baby, only mother does.'

Then watched by Francesca, she made Emma kneel up on all fours on the bed, and pulled down her nightdress, baring her breasts, which now hung down below her. Then she placed the helpless little creature beneath the hanging breasts.

It reminded Emma sadly of how, watched by Carmen's laughing clients, she had to feed her foster foals, again on all fours. When she was first put into Carmen's stables, having already been artificially brought into milk. Now she was in milk again - but this time naturally.

'Let baby feed,' ordered the Head Nurse. 'But you not touch him!'

Emma lowered herself so first one of her nipples and then the other was offered to the gurgling child. Oh, how she longed to pick him and hold her to her breast, but she did not dare so.

Psychologically, her new role as a mere wet nurse to her own child had been impressed on her. In future Francesca would ring for her and hand her little son to Emma to be fed - or make her feed him in front of her friends.

And all the time she knew that even if she ever merely hinted at being the real mother, then the dreaded Black Inquisitor would be summoned to thrash the living daylights out of her.

EMMA GOES HOME

For two months Francesca had enjoyed boastfully showing off her use of a beautiful upper class Englishwoman as her new born son's nanny and wet nurse.

Whenever her admiring lady friends came to visit her and to ask after her child, Francesca would ring for the blushing and embarrassed Emma to bring in her son. Then she would order Emma to unbutton her blouse and, with her collar still hidden, offer her milk laden breasts to the little creature.

'Oh clever of you, Francesca,' the visitors would enthuse, 'to use one of Carmen's new European girls as a wet nurse. And isn't he thriving on her milk!'

Unable to understand what was being said in Portuguese, Emma would be going through a torment of humiliation and resentment. She adored her little ward, her own son, and hated having to pretend merely to be it's wet nurse.

It was even worse when Carmen came over.

'Is your wet nurse behaving?' she would ask in English so that Emma would understand. 'If you any trouble from her, just let me know and I'll send the Black Inquisitor over to apply his whip to her little bottom!'

It was a terrifying threat.

Then one day Carmen brought two visitors over with her. They were Ursula and Sabhu.

Emma scarcely knew how to react. On the one hand she hated Ursula her for having tricked her into what had happened - and for probably having made a lot of money out of it. But she also knew that she was putty in the hands of Ursula, her long standing and ruthless Mistress - and was scared stiff of Sabhu. .

Ursula's eyes glittered as she saw the humiliating and degrading situation that Emma was in - just what she had wanted! Oh, how she laughed cruelly as she saw the degraded Emma having to offer her nipples in public to what was secretly her own child.

Yes, Ursula was thinking, what a profitable business it had been - hiring out Emma for secret use as a surrogate mother.

But now it was time for Emma to hand her child over to a mestizo girl and for Sabhu to take her back to England where her husband would shortly be arriving. She had, of course, arranged for Sabhu to give her an injection to dry up her milk ...

'Well! Don't you think Emma's looking well,' Ursula was saying to John, the day he arrived back at his home after being away for over a year. Ursula had invited herself down to hand Emma over to him - not, she laughed to herself, that the booby would realise that that was what she was doing.

Reluctantly she would also have to take off Emma's chastity belt, the same chain mail belt that had served so well as a breeding belt out in Brazil. But before doing and thus releasing Emma for her husband's bed, she would first make sure that Emma came to pleasure her in the guest room!

'Yes, she looks wonderful. Don't you darling,' replied John, looking admiringly at his wife. He turned to Ursula. 'How kind of you to have looked after her so well whilst I was abroad - and to have kept her busy helping you with your exhibitions.'

Looked after her so well! Kept her busy! Exhibitions! The words made Emma inwardly rage. The only exhibitions she had taken part in was that of showing off to a crowd of chattering Brazilians her milk laden breasts and, more discreetly, her swelling belly!

But there was no point in making a fuss now. Anyway, who here in the English countryside would ever believe what she had seen and been through, first in Ursula's house under Sabhu's tutelage and then in Brazil, in a real live human stud farm. All that mattered now was to make sure that John never learned what had happened to her and how she had been made to provide a son for a Brazilian millionairess.

Then her mind turned to her former companions, still forced to be unwilling, but much prized, brood mares in Carmen's dreadful human stud farm. And still earning money for Ursula! Poor things!

THE END