

AN ENGLISH GIRL IN CHINA

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Chapter One

“Daddy? Is it all right if I... oh. Excuse me.”

Miranda blinked in surprise at the two strange men in her father’s study. “I didn’t know you had company.”

The men were Asian. One was quite stocky, with enormous arms and practically no neck. He looked like a bull, with dark, beady, suspicious eyes. But the other... The other was tall and broad shouldered, wearing a magnificently tailored suit that fit well across his powerful chest. He was exquisitely handsome, with high cheekbones, and piercing brown eyes.

“Never mind, Miranda,” her father said hurriedly. “I’ll see you later.”

“Ahh, but Stephen, you surely must introduce me to this lovely young lady,” one of the men said, turning and smiling warmly at her.

Miranda had an odd feeling as she met his eyes. There was a raw, masculine strength in them she had never sensed in the callow youths who had vied for her attentions thus far in her life. He was a much older man, of course, almost as old as her father, but ruggedly handsome and with a strange, raw sexuality which immediately sparked a response deep within her.

“Ahh well, this is my daughter, Miranda,” her father said reluctantly. “This is Mr. Chan, a uh, business associate.”

Miranda blinked her wide green eyes at the name. She had overheard bits and snatches of conversation over the past few weeks with that name, and knew her father was terribly worried about something.

“I am most delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Foster,” Chan said with a white-toothed smile.

She blinked in surprise again, then blushed as he seized her hand in a grip that was silken, yet with iron beneath, bowed, and brushed his soft lips across her hand above the knuckles.

He raised his eyes and again she caught that hot, raw fire of male hunger. It made her shiver, but drew out a response that was partly pride, partly excitement, and partly coy delight.

She straightened as he let her hand go, thrusting her full young breasts out against the pale green rugby shirt she wore. Her eyes caught and held his for a moment, then gave way with a show of demure self possession.

“Mr. Chan and I have work to do, Miranda,” her father said.

“For such a lovely interruption, all men must make time,” Chan said, not turning.

His eyes travelled slowly down over her body, then back up, and Miranda felt breathless.

“I... must be off,” she said with a hesitant smile.

She backed up slightly, then turned, hardly noting her father as she slipped out through the study door.

She closed her eyes just outside, putting her hand to her chest to feel her pounding heart and shaking her head in wonderment. She had no idea why she'd found Mr. Chan so incredibly attractive. No man had affected her like that before.

She returned to her room and looked down at her clothes, wrinkling her nose in distaste. She wished she had been wearing something more ladylike, something better than jeans and a rugby jersey.

She went to her wardrobe and opened it, examining some of her things, absently chewing her lower lip despite the best efforts of a series of teachers. She didn't look bad in the jersey, really. It's deep green set off both her eyes and her long, thick coppery red hair.

But she would have preferred something sexier, perhaps a short skirt, for she was nearly six feet tall and had gorgeous long legs.

She pulled up the shirt, then reached down and unbuttoned her jeans, tugging the zip down and then shoving them down and off. She stepped out of them, wearing only her thin bikini panties, and turned to the wardrobe.

The sound of slamming car doors drew her eyes to the window, and she hurried to look outside. She saw her father getting into a dark black American car, the bull-like man who had been in the den with him going around to the front and climbing in the drivers seat. She felt disappointed she had missed the sight of Mr. Chan as she watched the car pull out onto the road.

With a sigh, she let the curtain fall back and returned to her wardrobe. A knock at the door drew her head around with a frown, for aside from her father only the Annie the maid lived with them and it was her day off.

"Yes?" she said instinctively.

The door opened, and her heart skipped a beat as Mr. Chan stood in the frame, smiling handsomely.

She was instantly aware of her bare legs, and glanced quickly down, as if to assure herself the jersey was quite long enough. It fell about her thighs, barely covering the crotch of her bikini panties.

"M-Mr. Chan?" she gulped.

"May I...enter?"

She stared at him, her stomach suddenly full of butterflies.

"My father and..."

"Your father and my... aide, Samto are going to the bank to make some brief arrangements to cover a shortfall of his. I had to make a phone call so I stayed behind but...alas, the person I wished to call is not at home."

He stepped forward, looking around the room curiously. Miranda followed his gaze, then blushed scarlet as she saw his eyes light on a lacy purple thong discarded beside her bed.

"Your father says you have delayed your entry to university," he said, turning his eyes on her again.

"I-I ah, yes," she said breathlessly.

He stepped closer, and she held her ground only with effort, feeling the butterflies thicken. Her chest tightened and she felt a soft, heavy moistness between her thighs.

His eyes flicked over her, and she felt a dark tinge come through them, a scent of danger and barely restrained wildness.

“I-I thought I might...t-take a year off to see...something of the world,” she gulped as he moved slowly around her.

“An excellent idea. Youth is a time for...explorations.”

He stopped in front of her again, and raised his hand. His finger slid slowly along her forehead, brushing back her thick bangs, and she felt her legs go weak. Her lips were moist and parted as she blinked her eyes up at him.

“That is a lovely perfume,” he whispered, leaning in, his lips brushing along her neck.

“I-I don’t...don’t...”

His chest pushed ever so briefly against her breasts, and she realized as the crackle of sexual electricity connected them, that her nipples were almost painfully erect.

His head drew back, his finger sliding along the nape of her neck, then down her shoulder, down along her side to her hip. Suddenly he had the hem of the jersey in both hands and was raising it, lifting it slowly, as though raising a curtain.

She couldn’t breathe as she was frozen by indecision. Then he was lifting it up about her chest, and she weakly raised her arms to let him slip it off.

“Lovely,” he whispered, his voice like silk.

His hand moved up behind her head, catching at her thick red hair and then pulling back slowly. She gasped, trembling, drawing back her head to push out her chest. Without pause, his hand released her hair, sliding down her spine, leaving a trail of fire as, with the deft flick of his wrist, her bra parted.

She raised her arms instinctively, but he shook his head, sliding the bra off, taking her wrists and lifting them up behind her head. He joined them together, her two slender wrists held easily in one of his large, powerful hands, then tugged down, again forcing her to arch her back.

Her breasts were so taut, so swollen they were throbbing, the nipples tingling with the slight hint of breeze coming from the window.

His hand pressed flat against her chest between them, eased down her torso and caught lightly at her panties, then with a sharp jerk he tore them off her. Her hips lurched forward for a moment, and she let out a low cry of alarm and excitement, then stood still, trembling in his grip, exposed to his eyes.

“Do you want me, Miranda?” he whispered, his lips brushing her ear.

“I-I ca...can’t...”

“Yes or no?”

“I-I...y-yes,” she whispered, shocked at herself.

He released her wrists and stepped back, eyes hot and hungry.

“Walk for me.”

She stared at him in surprise, face red. “Wh-what?”

“Walk. Show me how you walk.”

“I don’t...”

“Walk,” he snapped, his voice making her flinch.

She looked down nervously, then walked forward, slowly at first, then more easily. She blushed as he watched her, walking to the door, then back again, turning, her breasts jiggling softly.

“What size bra do you use?” he asked.

Again she was surprised, but it was all a hot, steamy, incredible sexual thrill, and her embarrassment was giving way to her arousal.

“Thirty-Six-D cup,” she said.

“Very nice. They look lovely. Has anyone ever told you you have lovely breasts?”

She shook her head dumbly.

“Chinese girls very seldom have such large breasts. Nor are they so tall as you.”

She swallowed and felt butterflies in her throat.

“Bend over,” he said calmly.

“What?”

“Bend,” he ordered, his voice taking on that sharpness again.

She bent over as he moved behind her, feeling embarrassed anew. She was degrading herself before this stranger, and yet - and yet it was so hot, so incredibly hot. And she was young, and beautiful, and feeling the heat of an erotic adventure.

“Oh!”

His hand slipped between her thighs and he cupped her mons gently, then let a finger trail up between the lips of her sex, sawing lightly back and forth. She was sopping, and the touch of his finger made her grind her hips helplessly. She felt alarmed at her own heat, for she could not remember ever being so aroused.

“Get down on your hands and knees,” he ordered sharply.

She obeyed instantly, feeling his eyes boring into her.

“Now... crawl.”

She took a deep breath, then obeyed, crawling slowly across the floor, crawling to the door under his gaze, feeling her breasts swing below her as she moved.

She turned at the door, crawling back to kneel at his feet.

“This is the true position of the female,” he said, walking slowly around her as she knelt on all fours. “At the feet of the male, prepared to be mounted.”

He moved before her again, looking down with profound arrogance and self confidence.

“Sit back on your heels.”

Again she did not question. The thrill surrounded her like a hot, steaming cloud. All the cheap fumbblings, gropings and gruntings with assorted boyfriends now seemed like so much cheap, childish games.

She watched him pluck her robe from where it lay on the bed, then slide the long silk belt from its loops. He walked over to her, holding the thin silk belt, and crouched behind her.

“Cross your wrists behind your back.”

The words hit her chest like a hammer, but her arms went back behind her and she crossed her wrists obediently. This can't be happening, she thought dazedly.

She felt the belt wrap around one wrist, then cinch tight as he knotted it. It circled her other wrist, then back again, back and forth until he tied it off and her wrists were immoveably locked together.

She pulled experimentally, then her head swept up and around as he stepped in front of her. He reached for his fly, slowly unzipping his trousers. He reached in, and she watched helplessly as his erection came forth, thick and dark, hair springing up around it as he pulled it through the opening.

His left hand reached for her hair, pulling her up off her heels, then he rubbed his swollen cockhead across her forehead, cheeks, then lips.

He thrust it into her without warning, and her soft lips enveloped it, her tongue rising as the tip pushed up against the roof of her mouth. She started to suck, her cheeks pulling in, and her tongue licked eagerly as she sought to bob her lips down its length.

Yet his grip tightened in her hair, holding her in place. She could not move as he began to pump himself in her mouth, using her. She sucked as best she could, feeling the heat lapping up her body from between her thighs.

“You are a whore,” he said.

For a moment she felt stricken, but something in his voice, something in his expression weakened the effect, turning it in another direction. It wasn't an insult - exactly, but a compliment.

“English slut,” he growled, pumping his cock harder, deeper.

She gagged a few times, trying to twist her head as he pushed too deep. Then he yanked it back, rubbing the spit wet head across her cheeks.

“Are you a whore, English girl?” he breathed.

“Y-Yes,” she croaked.

“Say it!”

“I-I'm a...a whore!”

“A weak little creature of sex and lust.”

“Yes!” she groaned. “Please! Please!”

She wanted him inside her, needed him deep inside her. She had never felt so empty, so vacant down there. She had never needed a man inside her like she did now.

He let her go, and pointed at the floor.

“Bend over. Show me what you want.”

She groaned and lurched forward, dropping onto her shoulderes, her breasts aching as they made contact with the floor. She raised her buttocks, spreading her knees apart, feeling her slick pubic lips part ever so slightly as she opened herself to him, feeling the heat of her body oozing forth.

“Do you want it, English girl?”

“Yes!”

“Yes, master.”

Her eyes widened, then closed. She shuddered.

“Yes... master!” she breathed.

“Whore,” he said with a thin smile. This whorish behaviour of yours is unacceptable, girl. Your people would think poorly of you behaving so, especially to a heathen Chinese.”

“I-I don't care,” she whispered.

“They would punish you, would they not?”

“I-I, yes,” she gulped.

“And the way they punish their young here? Is it not directed against the soft flesh of your buttocks?”

He drew his belt out of the loops, doubling it in his fist, then slapped it down lightly against her upraised buttocks.

“Are you a wicked girl?” he demanded.

“Yes! Oh yes!” she whimpered.

“Say it!”

“I’m a wicked, wicked girl!”

The belt came down again, harder, making a light slap that stung ever so slightly.

“Filthy woman,” he growled.

“I’m a bad giiiiirl,” she moaned, her head pulsing with sexual need, with wildfire lust and hunger.

Again the belt descended, and she yelped slightly as it stung her pale white skin.

“Do you need to be punished?”

This is mad. I’m mad! What am I doing here? What would my friends think?

She shuddered and moaned. “Yes, master!”

The sound of her words made her insides squirm with excitement.

The belt lashed down once more, and she cried out at the sharp ache. Again it descended, then again, each blow making her yelp, raising the heat in her flesh. Her breasts ground forward against the floor as she reacted to the blows, and her pussy throbbed in need.

“Wicked girl,” he growled.

CRACK!

“Filthy girl!”

CRACK!

“Owww!” The blows were really hurting now, her buttocks stinging, turning red. Her wrists pulled fitfully against the silk binding them together, yet she made no effort to turn away, to close her thighs and hide her vulnerable sex. She was caught up in the wildness of something she could not control.

CRACK!

“Please!” she sobbed.

CRACK!

“Please!” she cried.

“Please what, girl?”

“Please I... it...it hurts.”

“That is how wicked little girls are punished in this land.”

CRACK!

“OWww!”

It was insane! Yet she felt an odd thrilling excitement with the blows. It was growing more powerful, the sexual heat, and the warmth of her already throbbing backside filtering the blows.

Tears filled her eyes, and cried out as the blows lashed down again and again. Her behind felt on fire, and the pain cut at her mind. Yet there was something so... so right about it, so wonderful and natural. Each new blow sent a shudder of shocked warmth through her loins, and she realized with a start that she was on the verge of climax.

The belt descended once more, slashing across the taut cheeks of her behind, lower now, making her cry out as the edge glanced across the softer outline of her sex. She was breathing in harsh, ragged breaths, eyes closed, legs spread wide apart and behind elevated as high as she dared.

The next blow landed directly across her weeping sex and she screamed, her knees bouncing and jerking on the floor as acid filled her stomach and fire burned her mind. It hurt, oh how it hurt! It hurt worse than anything!

And it felt so wonderful!

Another blow blasted agony through her mind, the belt striking her vulnerable sex with a sharp, wet sound that was echoed by her sobbing. Another landed, and another, and she came with a wanton grinding of her hips, screaming aloud as she never had in her life, thrusting her pelvis back to meet the next blow as her insides burned and her nervous system overloaded.

Never had she felt such ecstasy, such raw, wild sexual joy as she did now, with her throbbing, aching pussy spurting fire into her veins.

Her legs slid aside, her rubbery legs dropping her to the floor to spasm and jerk, her body writhing in the throes of orgiastic agony. Her mind fluttered helplessly, battered like a leaf in a high wind, and for long, long seconds she was unaware of anything behind the storm within her body.

Then consciousness returned, first with the feel of hard fingers gripping her jaw and cheeks, lifting her head up and forward. She saw, but barely noted the rounded helmet head of his cock as it pushed into her mouth, then had barely an instant of wonder before it thrust through her open maw and straight down her throat.

She was too weak to resist, her body exhausted and drained from the energy the climax had torn from it. Chan held her small head in his large powerful hands, held it straight up and back as he sent his thick cock sliding through her lips and into her throat.

She gagged for only a second, her eyes bulging as she shuddered. Then her body seemed to accept this invasion, and her moist lips slid down along the straining shaft until they were pressed tightly against his pubic bone, her nose squeezed in against his abdomen.

She heard him speak as though from a great distance, but could not make out the words. His cock was thick inside her throat, uncomfortable. Yet there was no pain. He drew it back slowly, and her eyes crossed somewhat as she stared at the glistening length of male flesh appearing from out of her mouth.

Inch after inch came free, until that part of her mind which had reassembled itself felt amazed. She was not very experienced a girl for her time and society, yet she had seen male organs aplenty. Most had been in pictures or on video, but a number had been in the flesh, so to speak. None had seemed as long as this, nor as, for want of a more suitable word, powerful.

She gagged as the head came free of her mouth, and gulped in air as he rubbed the thing across her face.

“I am quite certain I can find a use for you, my young English girl, which will fulfill all your desires for travel and adventure,” he said.

She had no time to ponder those words before he was pushing forward again. She knew a moment of panic, seeing the length of his powerful cock and knowing she could not possibly take it into her.

Yet she had, she realized, and the panic fled before wonder and a wicked desire as his soft, rounded head pushed into her throat once more.

Again it slid straight down her gullet, and this time she was more of a mind to feel it, to analyse the sensations and be amazed at the achievement.

She had heard of girls being able to swallow a man's entire penis, of course, and once, years ago, had even experimented on a banana in hopes of accomplishing such a deed herself. She had failed miserably - until now.

He buried his soft lance inside her, and again her face was pressed up firmly against his abdomen as his fingers pressed tightly against her head. He held her but a moment, however, before drawing back.

This time, though, he did not pull free. Instead he thrust forward once more before again drawing back. He began to pump himself inside her throat and mouth, using her faster and faster. It was harsh, cold and brutal, and her throat ached from its unaccustomed and quite unnatural raping.

She had never heard of a girl having her throat raped before. But as she lay there, her weight heavy on her plump breasts, her hands becoming numb below the tight bindings around her wrists, she realized that this indeed was what he was doing.

She tried to think logically. She had denied him nothing, after all, and even cooperated. She had as much as begged him to use her, and degraded herself before him.

Yet she decided that what he was doing was rape.

This did not dismay her. On the contrary, she felt a hot rush of excitement at the thought. She had often had fantasies of rape and abuse, of being a bound harem girl or a pirate's prisoner. The darkly handsome and wild Mr. Chan was almost a thing out of her dreams.

And what he was doing was physically quite uncomfortable. She wriggled helplessly, unable to breath, her own saliva slipping down over her lower lip as he pumped the long length of his cock back and forth inside her throat.

Her nose began to ache, as well, as he continued to sheath his cock within her and crush her face against his body. She whimpered weakly, despite the excitement, unable even to protest due to the thickness of the cock filling her mouth.

Then with a grunt he buried the long length of it inside her and held her face pressed against him. She fancied she could feel his juices streaming down her throat and dropping into her stomach like hot lava as his cock began to soften.

He drew back with a soft sigh, and his grip loosened around her head. He let her head fall slowly and she lay there, chest heaving, gasping for breath as he gripped a thick wad of her hair and used it to clean her saliva off his cock.

He stood up then and she heard his pants zip.

“Get up, girl” he ordered.

She lay still, too weary, too worn.

He reached down and gripped her arm, half lifting her before her flailing legs were able to support and help raise her. She blinked her large green eyes up at him.

“I’ve decided to hire you as my... assistant,” Chan said. “I’m leaving this country, as it happens, and returning to Singapore. Afterwards I travel to China. You will come with me.”

She blinked her eyes in confusion.

“I have already arranged this with your father,” he said at the moment she thought of it herself. “He thinks it would be an excellent opportunity for you to get experience in business.”

“But Mr...”

He bent and scooped up her panties, then without a word shoved them into her mouth, holding her tightly as he forced the last bit through her startled lips.

“I do not need your mouth for anything just now,” he said coolly. “And do not wish to hear female babbling.”

A stocking was quickly wrapped around her head, and she moaned as it pulled in tightly between her lips, wedging the panties in harder. He tied it behind her, then, holding her by the arm, led her to her door and out into the hall.

She was still breathing hard, still trying to get her mind working again, as he led her down the stairs and out to the front door.

Then the cool concrete of the front porch was against her bare feet, and the big black American car was pulling up before her. She felt a moment of panic at the thought of her father seeing her this way, then another moment of panic at the thought of him not arriving to put a stop to Mr. Chan's obvious intent to take her away.

The big man, Samto got out of the car and came around to open the rear door. His eyes feasted on her, and she blushed and dropped her eyes.

"Miranda will be going with us," he said.

"Of course, Master Chan," Samto said.

"I trust her father has been dealt with?"

"Yes, Master Chan. I left him to walk the last few miles and reminded him that he had only two weeks to come up with the balance of the payment."

Chan pushed Miranda to the car, then bent her head. She eased in reluctantly, feeling the leather against her naked backside as she sat back.

He entered behind her, and smiled, patting her thigh as the door was slammed. Samto hurried around the car and got in the front, then the car accelerated smoothly forward.

The drive was bizarre, to say the least. They drove into London and through busy streets. Cars passed them on either side, and pedestrians walked by on the pavement. Yet none could see through the darkly tinted glass to the naked, bound, gagged young woman staring out with wide eyes.

Chapter Two

Miranda Foster was not an entirely innocent girl. Yet she was naive in many ways, and sheltered from the harsher ways of the world. Her father, if not wealthy, was certainly moneyed enough to provide the best for his only daughter, and she had grown up amidst the best British public schools could provide.

She had never known hunger, nor want, nor really pain. She was quite a likeable girl, and people were invariably quite nice to her. She was intelligent enough to realize that at least some of the reason was because, the way society measured such things, she was quite lovely.

Her hair was a dark, glistening red that caught the sun and shone. It framed an exquisitely delicate, heart shaped face with bright green eyes, a small, snub nose, and lush, full lips

Her complexion was a creamy smooth, pale ivory, her skin flawless. Her legs were long and deliciously sculpted, somehow managing to draw the eyes away from her perfectly formed buttocks.

Though quite tall, she was willowy, making her high, rounded breasts seem even larger than they were. Her breasts were heavy, but held the spring of youth, the pink nipples small and pink, yet swelling greatly when erect.

She had, as such, always been the object of desire for those men - and women - who crossed her path. Such were the numbers of would be seducers she had grown somewhat wary of propositions and compliments over the years. Her sex life had not been particularly active, consisting of two passing affairs and one extended boyfriend.

She had enjoyed the sex, after a fashion, but it hadn't been anything so remarkable she'd been drawn to pursue it with any great effort.

She was, in fact, at something of a crossroads. Obviously a girl of her station was destined to enter university. It was the done thing, after all. Yet she could not for the life of her imagine what she ought to take. She had no real thought of a career, of what she could do with the life ahead of her.

She had thought of being a model at one point. But when one got past the money, which she did not really need, and the novelty of having ones face on magazines, the reality of modelling was, she knew, dreadfully dull. Spending hour after hour in a chair having her hair and face made up day after day was not something she felt particularly drawn to.

She had felt that one of the difficulties was her lack of any real life experience. How could she judge what type of occupation she might enjoy when she knew so little about any of them?

Now, however, as she gazed mutely out at the crowds while the car sat at a stoplight, she realized she was about to gain, for better or worse, quite a deal of experience.

However odd.

She turned her head, feeling her hair brush across her bare shoulders, and found the eyes of Samto in the rear view mirror, staring at her with lust and hunger. She flinched away slightly, her face heating.

She had once, timidly, gone nude sunbathing on a beach with her girlfriends in southern France. It had been, before today, the most exotic, exciting event of her her life. Now it faded into triviality.

It amazed her every few seconds that she sat naked like this in a car travelling down London's streets. She wondered what the reaction would be if the windows were lowered and people saw her.

Then her attention was drawn to Mr. Chan's hand. It had been caressing the soft flesh of her thigh. Now it slid upwards and in to stroke lightly along her innermost thigh. She felt her legs shifting apart of their own volition, and gasped as his finger traced the line of her sex.

She was still quite warm and wet, and flushed, lowering her head, her hair forming a curtain around her face as his finger turned and pushed into her body.

Her legs spread wider, and she slumped back, her breathing growing more harsh now as her heart began to pound.

Neither said a word as his fingers toyed with her. They danced along her thighs and caressed the softness of her mons, then stroked along her slit before rubbing every so gently at her clitoris.

His index finger prodded at her opening, dipping inside her repeatedly only to withdraw. Her pussy began to pulse with hunger, her insides squeezing on emptiness as he expertly manipulated her body. Her nipples were swollen and hot, and when Chan caught one between his thumb and forefinger she let out a slow, helpless groan of pleasure.

He turned away, then, leaving her panting, her sex clasp empty, her face flushed with excitement and need. She turned her head to stare at him with mute appeal, not knowing what she would say even could she speak. She was embarrassed and alarmed, as she had been since Chan had taken her from her home. She was constantly aware of the other man's eyes on her. Yet she found herself unable to restrain the lust within her, unable to resist when Chan brought that lust to the surface and made her mind and body squirm.

She turned and saw the driver's eyes on her through the mirror and her face burned with new shame. She cursed her weakness and wondered at its cause even as she wished Chan would turn to her again.

She turned her eyes down, shifting her legs closer together in an attempt at modesty, yet her heart continued to pound and her eyes blinked repeatedly.

Chan spoke to Samto several times in Chinese, ignoring her, and she was left to gaze surreptitiously at him from under her bangs.

He turned his head and caught her looking, and she flushed as his eyes travelled downward to her breasts. He reached out and cupped one from beneath, his hand stroking lightly against the soft skin as he lifted and weighed it.

His other hand slid up her neck, pushing lightly against her chin, slowly forcing her head up and back over the top of the seat. Her chest rose and fell rapidly, her breasts thrust out vulnerably as his other hand rose and his fingers caught at one nipple.

He twisted the nipple from side to side with a light touch, then suddenly pinched it hard, digging his strong fingers into the sensitive skin. She cried out, the sound muffled by the improvised gag, and jerked violently in her seat. But he held her easily in place, and the pain faded as his fingers released her nipple.

She moaned through her own panties, her wrists pulling against the belt surrounding them. She could not see him now with her head held back as it was. She stared up at the roof of the car, feeling his free hand slide up to cup and gently squeeze her other breast. She whimpered as his fingers traced the form of her taut breast, then rolled the nipple between them.

Again there was a sharp, aching pinch that had her twisting and moaning there on the seat, tears filling her eyes as he chuckled softly.

"You have had many toys in your life, have you not, girl?" he whispered. "But have you ever... been a toy?"

She felt something soft surround one of her nipples then. The nipple still throbbed sorely, yet the pain faded as she felt the unmistakable sensation of lips surrounding it.

His mouth covered the centre of her breast, his tongue soft and wet against her swollen nipple. He sucked gently, rhythmically as his hand continued to caress the underside of her breast.

The mouth withdrew, and an instant later she again cried out in pain as her nipple was pinched sharply.

“Your nipples swell nicely,” he observed, his finger rubbing against the burning hot little button. “Some western women have large brown nipples with large areola. Yours are small and pink

yet they swell like two little strawberries.”

He pinched her other nipple, pulling on it, stretching it. His other hand remained under her jaw, holding her head back to arch her back.

“I must learn as much as I can about my new toy,” he said.

His hand traced her ribs, then eased down between her thighs. She felt his finger at her clitoris again, and despite the tears in her eyes her anger and pain melted as her legs slid apart. Her eyes closed and she shuddered as his fingers manipulated her sex.

“Yes, quite responsive for an English girl. I have found most of them cold and filled with inhibitions.”

She moaned into the gag, her legs spread wide now, her behind shifting and twisting on the cool leather seat as his fingers worked at her. She could feel the wetness of the leather beneath her, wetness she knew had come from her own overheated body.

Again she cried out as his fingers abruptly left her sex and pinched her nipples hard.

“I have found pain and pleasure are often needful companions,” he said casually. “Nothing accentuates pleasure quite so much as pain. Nothing clears the mind better or heightens the body’s senses so well.”

His thumb crushed her swollen clitoris, grinding it down hard as his index finger stabbed up into her soft insides.

Her body trembled and convulsed, agony and ecstasy writhing and screaming inside her. The climax made her cry out in wanton ecstasy, her mind blasted by the sensory overload which had her feet thumping and bouncing on the floor of the car.

She thrust herself up against his fingers, the pain and pleasure melding inside her. She felt his teeth on her breast, biting into the soft flesh around her nipple as he sucked fiercely, biting again and again as she cried out and bucked her loins up in wildfire sexual heat.

His touch left her, and she slumped back, panting, perspiring, and drained once again. She closed her eyes, wondering where this ferocious sexual need had come from, whether she had carried it within her or it had been somehow created by Chan. How could she react so? How could she be so wanton, so shameless?

She felt her face burning at the sure knowledge that Samto had watched everything, had heard her muffled cries of sexual release and watched her naked body in the throes of climax, legs spread wide.

She knew a wonder and a bewilderment that she could so degrade herself before this stranger on behalf of another man who she knew no better.

“What do you think of Miranda, Samto?” Chan asked.

“Slut,” he replied with a sneer.

“But you would like to use her, no?”

“Of course,” Samto said.

“She has a body made to satisfy any man, and a whore’s heart within.”

Again Miranda felt that strangeness of being insulted yet feeling complimented at the same time. Never could she have imagined that being called a whore or a slut could be anything but degrading. Yet now she felt it almost as a symbol of freedom, of her sexual attractiveness and desire.

She raised her head with a groan, her hair tangled and falling around her face as she drew in a deep breath. She started as Chan cupped one of her breasts and squeezed.

“Very well built indeed,” he said.

He drew his hand back, leaving her alone with her thoughts, muddled as they were.

She did not see the old, run-down building they approached, nor watch the gate open as the car slowed and turned off the street. She did look out the window then, only to see a grungy stone wall a few feet back from the window. The wall receded as the alley widened. Then the car stopped and Samto got out, opening the rear door.

“Come with me, girl,” Chan ordered.

He slid out of the car, then waited. Miranda looked after him, then, with some effort, moved over to the door and was helped out of the car.

Samto did not accompany them as Chan led her to a small steel door. It opened, and she felt shame rise as another person witnessed her nudity.

This was another Asian man, quite old and thin, however. He looked at her admiringly, then bowed to Chan and stepped back. Chan took her arm and led her in through the door.

The other man closed the door behind them and followed as Chan preceded her down a dark, narrow corridor

They turned into a spare room lit by several bare overhead bulbs. Shelves lined the walls, and a large wooden table was covered in tools.

A moment later a small Asian woman appeared, glanced at Miranda for a moment, then bowed obsequiously towards Chan. The two conversed in Chinese while Miranda stood there uncomfortably, then Chan turned and left.

The woman turned to the other man and they spoke, then the two picked up measuring tapes and began to measure her body. Miranda had been measured by tailors of course, and this was little different, aside from being naked. She wondered for what she was being measured even as her mind squirmed in embarrassment.

The man opened another door and disappeared briefly, then returned with a pair of boots the like of which she had never seen. They were simply too high, almost like hip waders a fisherman would wear.

The woman sat her on a high stool, then she and the man raised her legs, one by one, and slipped her bare feet into each boot. They were tight, and had what seemed to her sight to be six or even eight inch stiletto heels. She looked down, still embarrassed, but quite interested as the leather was pulled tight with leather laces up the insides.

They helped her to her feet, and she wobbled unsteadily on the high heels as they examined the fit of the boots. Miranda felt the leather pressing in tightly against her thighs just inches below her pussy, and could feel from the stiffness of the leather that it was going to be quite difficult to bend her knees.

The two Asians appeared satisfied, however, and sat her back on the stool.

The woman went away, leaving her with the old man, who continued running his hands over the boots to ensure their fit.

When the woman was gone he turned to be sure, then turned back, his eyes looking appreciatively at her breasts. She squirmed as his hands went to them, grasping them eagerly, squeezing and mauling them as his eyes went wide with satisfaction and pleasure.

She could do nothing to refuse him but moan and attempt to turn away.

Then he stepped back as the woman reappeared. Miranda was so distracted by the mauling she hardly noticed what the woman carried at first.

Only as the man reached behind her head and untied the stocking did she see an odd sort of leather helmet.

It was made of very thick black leather, decidedly ugly and even frightening in its dark strength. Strips of studded leather criss crossed above a small angular indentation made for a nose, leaving tiny slits for eyes.

With the stocking undone the woman handed the thing to the man, then moved behind her and quickly braided her hair, then did it up behind her head. The man pinched his fingers in against her cheeks, forcing her mouth open, then tugged the wet, wadded panties from her mouth.

She coughed and swallowed repeatedly, glad to have the thing gone at last.

“Wh-where is Mr. Chan?” she asked timidly.

Neither answered, nor did she know if they even spoke English.

“No. I don’t want that on!” she exclaimed as they pulled the thick leather thing up over her head.

They ignored her, pulling it down. It was tight, and she tried helplessly to twist away as it slid down over her forehead, then eyes.

It was a useless effort. The leather soon encased her head, and two strong fingers pressed in against the sides of her jaw to force her mouth open. She felt something thick, soft and leathery forced through her lips, felt her jaws forced wider, and her mouth fill up.

She tried to twist her head but was unable to resist as her mouth was filled with leather, her tongue pressed flat. A heavy strip of leather was pulled beneath her chin, then cinched up tightly, jamming her teeth into the leather protruding from her mouth. Another studded leather strip pulled across horizontally to cover her mouth and buckle at the side of her head.

Her vision was restricted to two tiny slits, letting her see somewhat immediately in front of her, but nothing to either side.

A moment later the man made some small adjustment, and the slits closed, leaving her blind.

They pulled her off the stool and led her a few wobbly paces forward, then left her standing disoriented and alone. She felt hands at her wrists, and the leather belt was untied.

She immediately reached up for the mask or helmet and felt the strong leather beneath her fingers. She searched in vain for a way to pull the thing free, but found nothing.

Then her right hand was pulled down and she was given a sharp slap on the bottom and chided by the woman. She felt more leather against her hand as what she soon realized was a leather glove - no - a leather mitten was forced over it.

Like the boot, it was much longer than anything in her experience, sliding up her arm above her elbow to just beneath her shoulder. A moment after it was on she realized another way in which it was different. It had no thumb.

Her other hand was pushed into a similar "mitt" and the leather drawn up her arm to her shoulder, then their hands pulled her arms behind her back. She felt first her left, then her right hand forced up high behind her back even as a heavy collar was placed around her slender throat and buckled into place.

She felt something tighten around her right wrist, then a pressure pulling on the collar. She realized a moment later that her wrist was bound up high behind her, by chain, rope, or cord she supposed. It was uncomfortable, but bearable.

Until they pulled her other wrist up as well. She cried out in pain then, the sound barely audible through the thick leather filling her mouth. Her arms screamed and her spine ached. Her arms threatened to come out of her shoulders.

It was a terrible, helpless feeling being unable to even protest or make her pain known as the two continued to press her arms ever further back behind her.

She felt something slip around her elbows, then they too were pressed back until they were pinned together and held there somehow.

They moved away from her, letting her alone with her pain and discomfort for a few minutes. Blinded and hardly able to walk, she shuffled awkwardly, moaning and twisting.

Then hands seized her again and she felt something soft and leathery pressing against her chest just under her breasts. A sort of halter was drawn up around her ribs, and she cried out in pain as her arms were forced back to permit it to be buckled behind her.

The halter was of leather, but did not seem to cover her breasts. She felt it pressing against her ribs just beneath, then pressing upwards against the underside of her breasts, lifting them somewhat. The sides of the halter then curled up and around her breasts, pressing them in against each other. Strips which felt no more than an inch or two wide then criss crossed her chest - effectively pressing down against her breasts - before going behind her neck.

Her breasts still felt entirely bare, yet were squeezed from all sides, pushed up and together.

A moment later she yelped as someone pinched her nipple. Her head jerked from side to side as if she could see who was responsible, but she could do nothing as fingers tugged at her nipple, and something thin and cold was slipped around it and tightened.

She winced as it cut into her small pink button, moaning into the gag and trying to pull away. Seconds later the same actions were repeated on her other nipple. When the fingers withdrew she realized something was hanging from her nipples. It was not heavy, but was definitely there.

She felt the things pulling then, pulling at her nipples. She squealed in pain, lurching forward, following the pulling on her nipples as she was led forward.

It was difficult, but not impossible to walk in the boots. They did not bend well so she had to walk slowly, and she had to be quite careful of her step due to the very high heels.

She could sense she had left the room and was moving down the small hallway outside. Then she was pushed backward and her legs hit something that overbalanced her. She fell back with a scream, then gasped in relief as her body hit something soft, a padded bench or table of some kind.

Still speaking to each other in Chinese - she assumed - the two spread her legs wide. She felt and heard scissors at her pussy and felt her pubic hair being trimmed close. Moisture followed, then she was shaved bare.

She could feel fingers at he slit, tugging her lips in to tighten the skin as the razor ran closely alongside and removed every bit of hair.

Hands lifted her and again she was forced to walk across the floor blind. Now she was bent over, the things on her nipples pulling forcefully so she had no choice but to obey. Her legs were spread and held open, then something pushed against her rectum.

Miranda wailed in dismay. Going with Mr. Chan had seemed like a gloriously wicked adventure, at first, something she could brag about some day. It had been growing less and less exciting, however, as her discomfort had mounted and these two horrible people treated her body with such casual familiarity.

This was not the hot, steamy erotic lust that had drawn her from her sheltered life. This was embarrassing, humiliating, painful and intrusive. She did not like these people and wanted to be free. Yet she could not even demand her freedom as the leather held her jaw apart and filled her mouth.

Anal sex was not something she had any experience with. And she was alarmed and mortified at having something pushed into her behind as these two strangers looked on. Liquid began to fill her anus, and she realized the two were giving her an enema.

She had never been given an enema. The mere idea was mortifying. She tried to twist free but found her ankles held tightly. She could not straighten either, as the pull on her nipples was remorseless.

The water continued to pour into her, filling her bowels, and she felt pressure swelling her abdomen. The pressure grew greater nad greater, cramps making her moan and whimper in pain.

A hand patted her behind, and the woman said something which Miranda did not understand.

Then the pull on her nipples relaxed and she was able to slowly straighten. She found her ankles were free as well.

She was led aside, dazed and whimpering, and sat on what, even blinded, she could recognize as a toilet. The thought of releasing her bowels as others looked on was mortifying, yet the pressure was irresistible, the pain digging into her vitals.

The water gushed out, taking with it everything she had had inside her, and she groaned in relief as the pain faded. They left her on the toilet for long minutes. She hoped they went away during that time but had no way of knowing.

Someone returned, wiped her clean, then drew her forth once more by the pull on her nipples. She shuffled across the room and then down the hall before the pull halted. Again she was fitted with something, a leather belt sliding around her hips. She was bent over and held in place as something prodded her pussy hole, then slowly pushed inside.

It was not thick at first, but began to widen as it pushed deeper. The thing was like a cone, and her pussy lips were stretched wider and wider until they ached. The thing jammed deep into her pussy, as well, deeper than any cock had ever gone, forcing aside soft elastic flesh which had never been parted.

She felt a similar prodding at her rectum then, and something thankfully thinner but no shorter, was forced deep into her anus. Then hard leather was pulled between her trembling thighs and up between her buttocks to fasten behind her.

She was straightened, shuffled forward, then cried out as the pull on her nipples forced her briefly onto the balls of her feet before settling back slightly.

She was left that way, and the voices of the Chinese couple receded into the distance, leaving her alone.

Something - a string, a wire - she knew not what, had been tightened around her nipples, and that thing was now obviously attached to something above her. She did not know what, nor could she guess. She was forced to stand very straight, back arched, whimpering and hoping her burning nipples were not damaged as the thing cut into them.

The pain was not horrible, but it was constant. And the frustration of being unable to do anything to ease that pain, of being unable to move at all, was almost as bad. She wept bitter tears and cursed herself for going with Chan. Somehow she was sure she could have resisted had she done so from the start.

Mr Chan was a civilized man, after all. Only her sluttish behaviour and willingness to go along with his perverted lusts encouraged him to think she would perhaps like this kind of degrading, demeaning treatment.

“Well, well, well.”

She moaned and jerked her head around at the voice.

Chan!

“You look lovely, my pretty English girl.”

She tried to speak, knowing her words would be muffled but wanting Chan to know she wished to communicate.

She felt a hand on her backside, then another stroking her breasts. The tug on her nipples eased and she was turned to one side. Then the slits parted and she could see again, looking into Chan’s smiling face.

“I trust you enjoyed your fitting, my dear,” he said. “I could not bring you to my homeland wearing nothing but a belt, with a stocking around your face.”

He turned aside, and she saw a large mirror behind him. She stared in astonishment at the fantastic image there, her thoughts dissolving at the sight.

She could hardly see her eyes peeking out from between the heavy leather strips. There was no sign of her mouth, of course, completely covered by a wide, studded leather strip which ran from ear to ear.

Her breasts were thrust up and together, a silver chain hanging from between her swollen nipples. A studded leather belt circled her waist, and its twin descended between her thighs, attached at front and back and pressing up hard against her pussy.

Her arms were invisible until she turned slightly to the side, then she saw her elbows bound together with a thick, studded leather strap, saw the leather cuffs around her wrists attached by short chains to a ring set in the back of her collar.

There was no face, no identity to the figure in the mirror. It was a thing of raw, carnal sex, of wickedness and hunger. The figure in the mirror was a sexual slave, a possession whose body belonged to others.

She stared at it through the dark slits, marvelling that it was her, almost unable to believe it. She stared at her nipples, and the barely discernable metal rings which dug into them at their base, forcing them to swell out angrily.

She watched, spellbound, as Chan fingered one nipple, hissing at the pain and pleasure the swollen bud sent swirling through her mind and body. His finger slid down the curved chain, then slipped beneath, slowly pulling it upwards. She felt the tug on her

nipples as she rose to her toes, crying out as she saw her breasts stretched up into cones, blinking back tears as the pain burned into her.

He dropped the chain and her nipples cooled, the pain easing.

The woman appeared, handing him a leash, and he snapped it to the centre link of the chain, then walked away. Miranda stared at herself a moment longer, transfixed by the creature of hot wild sex she saw reflected back, then yelped and hurried along after him, her nipples burning.

He led her back up the hall then out into the alley. The cool air made her nipples tingle as Samto opened the car door.

She got into the car awkwardly, moaning as she sat back and her arms were pressed even harder into her body. A quick flick on the leash made her nipples sting and burn, and she shifted aside to make way for Chan.

Samto closed the door behind him and moved around to the drivers door, then climbed in and started the engine.

“I don’t think I will keep you masked for long,” Chan said, looking at her. “You have such a lovely face, after all, that it would be a pity to hide it away from the world. For now, however, it belongs only to me.”

He did not touch her thereafter, as the car sped through traffic. Miranda was left on her own, silent and bound, still in pain but adapting to it. She felt somewhat claustrophobic in the mask, especially because, after seeing herself in the mirror, she realized that it was, in fact, locked, as well as buckled on. Even if she had her hands free she would need to cut herself out of it without the key.

The car arrived at a small, private airport on the city’s outskirts, and drove into a private hanger. They got out, and Miranda felt slightly grateful for the mask. Her face burned red beneath it as at least a half dozen people looked on, watching in silence as she followed Chan to a private jet and led her up the stairs.

He sat her in a large seat next to a window, then took his own directly facing hers. A blank faced young Chinese woman in a stewardess uniform moved forward and drew a shoulder and lap belt across her body, buckling her in as the aircraft’s engines growled.

The aircraft taxied, then took off, angling sharply up into the sky and heading east.

Chapter Three

It was several minutes later that the woman, very beautiful in a short red and blue uniform dress and hat, brought drinks for Chan and Samto, then started to turn.

A sharp word from Chan turned her back, and her face showed anxiety, then fear at his words. She appeared to take a deep breath, then removed her hat, and a moment later, reached behind her and unfastened her dress.

It slipped to her feet and she stepped out of it clad in plain white bra and panties. She quickly removed these, along with her shoes, and knelt before Chan, her fingers reaching for the front of his pants.

She seemed nervous and embarrassed, especially in Samto's presence, constantly flicking her eyes towards him, then up to Chan, as if imploring him to send the man away.

Chan looked on silently, and she tugged his pants open, then drew out his flaccid cock. She pressed her lips to it and began to kiss up and down its length. After a moment she drew one of his testicles into her mouth, working it around, massaging it with her tongue.

She let it slide out, then sucked his cock into her mouth slowly, drawing the entire length inside before pulling back and letting her lips slide down its length.

She seized it in her fingers, licking at the head repeatedly, taking it into her mouth as it began to stiffen, massaging his testicles as he grew hard enough for her to bob her lips up and down.

Chan motioned to Samto, who licked his lips, then stood. The Chinese woman eyed him out of the corner of her eyes, but continued to slide her lips up and down on Chan's erection as Samto moved behind her.

He halted, turned and dropped to his knees. His large hands gripped her hips, jerking her back, then forcing her legs apart.

The woman moaned, her eyes seeming trapped, yet she continued to work on Chan as Samto drew forth a truly enormous cock, one longer than any Miranda had ever seen. She stared at it in astonishment as he pressed the rounded head against the slender young Chinese woman's little slit, then began to push inward.

Miranda watched the woman's sex spread and spread, then heard her groan of pain as Samto forced himself into her. She was a slight, short woman, after all, and Miranda was quite sure her own body would have difficulty accepting a monstrous cock like Samto's.

But the woman was given no choice. Samto began forcing himself deeper with gusto while Chan brought his hands down on her head and forced her lips down further on his own cock.

The woman began to resist now, gagging and choking as the head of Chan's cock pushed against her throat. He ignored her, pushing remorselessly.

Miranda saw her throat bulge as Chan forced his cock through into her throat, then she seemed to shudder violently as her lips were driven downwards to press up tightly against the base of his groin.

Behind her, Samto was rutting like a bull, his thick cock stabbing inward with hard, brutal thrusts, half lifting the young woman's body off the floor of the aircraft with each powerful thrust.

He was forcing more and more of it into her body, as well, to the point only an inch or two remained after each deep thrust. The girl trembled and shook under his attack, her eyes rolling as she sought to breath.

Chan allowed her head to lift, and his cock came free as she coughed violently. He smiled thinly, holding a fistful of hair as he reached down and cupped a small breast. Then he guided her back to his cock and forced himself straight into her throat.

Samto buried the last inch of his cock in the girl's pussy, and she bucked wildly as he ground his loins against her.

Miranda, looking on, had been embarrassed, at first, then appalled. But after watching for some minute she began to feel a hot hunger in her own loins. She did not know why she felt the scene so compelling. The girl was obviously being used brutally and against her will. Why would she find that exciting?

The two men were in complete control of the beautiful young woman, using her body as they chose to satisfy their own lust, treating her like a thing for their use. Their arrogance was obvious in their faces, their sublime certainty that they were the master of this lovely female kneeling before them, and had every right to use her body.

Samto grunted and gave an especially hard series of thrust, then buried himself in the girl and closed his eyes. Miranda imagined a veritable flood of male juices pouring down into the woman's body.

The girl continued to work on Chan, his hands having a great deal to do with her up an downward movements as he raped her throat. Abruptly, he pulled her head up and back by the hair. He held his cock in his hand as semen gushed out, spraying across her pretty face.

He chuckled lewdly as he squeezed the last drop from his cock, wiping it across her forehead, then let her go and sat back lazily.

The woman sat there blinking her eyes, coughing and gulping in air, semen dripping down her face as Chan and Samto exchanged jokes in Chinese.

Chan said something to the woman then, and she reached up, dull-eyed, wiping her hand over her face and smearing the semen around, rubbing it into her face so her skin glistened.

She eased back on her knees, gathering up her clothing, but a barked command from Chan halted her. She turned and looked at him wearily, hesitated, then bowed her head in submission.

She released her clothing and turned towards Miranda, crawling across the short distance to kneel in front of her. Her hands went to the front of her belt, undoing the snap there which connected the part of the belt coming up from between her thighs. It fell back, and the girl rose, gripping Miranda's thighs and tugging her a little closer to the edge of the seat, spreading her legs wide as she slid her face in between.

Miranda looked down in dismay, yet at the same time, felt a dark heat. The sight of the girl being used as she was had aroused her, and though she was uncertain at first what was intended, the lust gripping her welcomed any touch.

The girl's fingers probed against her sex, then her face moved forward, her soft hair brushing against Miranda's thighs as her lips reached for her clitoris.

Miranda's eyes grew wide, embarrassed but excited as she realized the girl was going to perform oral sex on her. She had never been involved with a woman sexually, and normally would not have wished to be. But her body responded immediately to the touch

of the woman's tongue, and she found herself unable to resist as it began to caress her in the most intimate of ways.

She spread her legs wider, slumping further, giving the girl easier access to her sex. Her pussy squeezed and clenched rhythmically around the thick dildo sheathed inside it as the girl's tongue lapped expertly against her clitoris.

She was aware of Samto's eyes on her, and Chan's, as well, feeling their lust as her pleasure grew. She felt embarrassed, yet in an odd way, elated as well. She could not have explained why, yet having an audience seemed to make the thrill deeper and more shocking.

Soon her mind was bathed in fire as she rolled her hips in lewd, wondrous ecstasy, the pleasure roaring inside her as a powerful orgasm shook her body. All the aches and discomforts fled before the flood of sexual gratification, and her eyes closed within the mask, her teeth chewing mindlessly on the soft ball gag within her mouth.

The woman withdrew, crawling to her clothes, then gathered them up and hurried away. Miranda lay slumped in her seat, panting and moaning in the afterglow of the orgasm, only slowly coming back to reality, and the eyes of the two men upon her.

She closed her eyes slowly, knowing new shame, and wondering if it were possible to lose the ability to become embarrassed.

Her mouth ached, and her arms and shoulders burned, yet there seemed no hint Chan was ready to remove the thick ball-gag from her mouth nor loosen the leather which bound her arms so cruelly high behind her back.

The jet raced east and she was largely ignored. Chan worked at a computer and Samto read a book. She remained seated awkwardly, her insides cramping up with the thick dildos which had been thrust up inside her. From time to time she tried to make a noise, tried to stare at Chan long enough that he would turn his head and see her, but what sounds she could make were low and few, and Chan ignored her.

Her situation was preposterous, or so she would have thought only a day earlier. She still could not decide how she had allowed herself to be taken out of her home so easily, nor why she felt so ambivalent about the thought of returning.

She was physically uncomfortable, to be sure, and somewhat wary about might happen to her. Yet the last hours had been the most exciting - if embarrassing - of her life, and she was far from ready to abandon this strangely exciting adventure in favour of returning home to the boredom which waited her there.

She was losing her inhibitions quickly, for never had she imagined she could feel so free of her body around strangers, nor so free to expose her sexuality and lust in such a public fashion. Even now, as uncomfortable as she was, her breasts continued to tingle, the nipples having remained erect for longer, she thought, than ever before in her life.

Her insides squirmed every time she moved slightly and the thick dildos inside her belly shifted.

She made another low, muffled moan, and this time Samto looked across at her, then said something to Chan. Chan looked up in annoyance, then replied. Samto stood and Miranda stared at him in growing fear as he approached. The man's brute strength frightened her, and she wanted no part of the enormous organ she had seen plunged into the slender Chinese girl.

Or did she, she wondered dazedly, as he undid her seat belt and lifted her to her feet.

Holding her arm, he led her along the wide aisle, and out through a small hatch in the cabin. She found herself in a narrow aisle with doors lining the right wall. He pushed her into the second such and she found herself in a tiny cabin.

There was little in it but boxes and crates. Samto pushed her over one, so her breasts were crushed cruelly against the rough wooden surface. She felt his hands at her belt, loosening it, then drawing it out from around her waist. The one between her legs loosened then, and she felt it pulling back.

She shuddered, feeling her heart pound faster and faster as his knee pressed hers apart and she was displayed for his eyes. She stared through the tiny slits in the mask at the wall of the cabin as his thick rough fingers probed at her sex, then pressed her lips aside and fumbled at the end of the dildo.

She moaned, the sound easily absorbed by the gag, then trembled as her spasming pubic muscles pushed the dildo lower, letting Samto grasp it by the base and pull it free.

She groaned at the sensation of emptiness, her excitement rising with her fear and embarrassment. Samto spoke to her in Chinese, but she had little wonder about what he said. She waited another touch, knowing it was coming.

His fingers slipped into the open mouth of her sex, caressing the soft, warm, moist flesh as they probed within her. She felt one long finger, like a sausage, pressing to one side, then the other before being withdrawn.

Then the nose of the massive male organ she remembered was pushed against her, forcing her opening wider and wider. She bit down on the gag, closing her eyes and spreading her legs unconsciously as his cock was slowly forced into her panting body.

It felt like a log being driven up into her body, a particularly soft, warm, but determined log which threatened to split her apart.

Her sex was taut around the invading member as it pushed through, and her insides strained wide around it as her sheath was expanded beyond any size it had yet reached. A massive hand cracked down on her backside, causing her to scream into the gag, and his cock thrust forward, driving itself deep inside her.

Her legs jerked and spasmed and her insides heaved. She cried out again, her body squirming as he gripped her hips and jammed himself ever deeper.

Her legs pawed at the floor and her head rolled from side to side as she was slowly impaled on his enormous cock., all other aches, pains, and concerns abandoned as she focused all her attention on the thing pushing its way up into her belly.

She felt the cramps spread and burn, felt the pain sinking into her guts as he muttered in satisfaction and jerked her hips backward.

Then he was in her fully, his pelvis pressed in tight against her buttocks and thighs as his hands roamed up and down her body. He chuckled as he jammed himself against her, and one of his hands slid down her side to cup one of her breasts.

When he drew back her body eased back with it, like a fish caught on a hook. His hand cracked down across her behind again, then he gripped her hips, holding her steady as he began to work himself in and out of her.

At first there was little more than pain, pain and fear and humiliation at being taken in such a crude fashion. Yet as he worked himself in and out the pain began to subside, and then the numbness which had hold of her lower belly began to ease too.

It was so huge, she thought dizzily, so large and powerful, and going so deep inside her.

She shuddered, moaning only partly in pain now as Samto raped her with long, deep, careful strokes. She thought about her father, wondering if he had any idea what was being done to her now, thought about her friends, and how shocked they would be to hear.

Her pussy was wet around the pumping organ within, easing its way as it thrust faster and faster. She grunted now with each stroke, then gasped as his heavy hips struck her hard. She wondered faintly how high up within her abdomen his long, thick cock was moving on each thrust, for it felt almost up into her chest.

Samto grunted with effort as he thrust still faster, his belly slapping against her buttocks, his hips driving her thighs into the hard wood of the crate and bruising the backs of her legs.

He rode her like a wild man, like an animal, and her mind became more and more affected by that wildness, feeling an echoing of it within herself. Never had she been used thusly, so powerfully and carnally ridden. There was a raw, animalistic feel to it, and the furious, savage thrusting inside her was pouring oil on the barely checked fires Chan had lit within her.

Her eyes were blurring as her head was jerked up and down. Her entire body was jerking violently in time to Samto's ferocious thrusting motions. Samto's hand moved down her ribs, squeezing her breast cruelly, causing her to scream into the gag as his heavy hand mashed the soft, sensitive flesh out, then ground it against the surface of the wooden crate.

He laughed at her pain, slapping at her behind again, never slowing his wild, brutal thrusting. She thought surely he would tear her open with his violence, and fear blossomed within her.

But it was a small thing next to the wildness of the sexual heat gripping her mind and body. This was like something she had only imagined, and then beyond it. She had not ever expected to be so used, so violently, ruthlessly used like a feral beast.

Even through the fear and the pain and embarrassment, through the cramps and the aches and the bruising he was giving her body the sex heat deepened and spread, and her insides melted before it as pleasure coursed through her veins.

The climax tore through her body like a maelstrom, her muscles spasming and body heaving. Her mind spun and twisted like a cork in a stormy sea, swamped by the fiery sensations of glorious sexual ecstasy which overloaded her nervous system.

On and on it screamed, an orgasm longer and more powerful than any she had ever experienced, than any she had thought possible. Her entire body trembled mindlessly, the power of the orgasm robbing her of everything short of consciousness, turning her into a grunting, sobbing beast as Samto continued to thrust his body against her and into her.

It ended before she was even aware of it. As her shattered mind began to regain its focus she realized he was no longer rutting at her, that she had been temporarily abandoned across the crate.

Then he was back, hands at her collar, undoing the bindings of her wrists and slowly lowering them behind her. She could only sob exhaustedly as her arms were finally released from their tortured bindings, screaming in ungrateful pain at each movement. The mask came off and she blinked her eyes as the gag was pried free of her mouth.

She did not speak, nor think to. She gulped in air, content to be able to satisfy the tortured cravings of her heaving lungs as Samto, half carrying her, led her backwards, then lifted her into a long, narrow box.

There was foam on the bottom, and it was a not uncomfortable resting place as her chest heaved with exertion. She stared up at him, watching dazedly as he crouched over her, watching as he strapped her wrists down at her sides, then her ankles.

Another longer strap crossed her chest, a second her hips, then a third went over her forehead, forcing her head back tightly. Samto disappeared for a moment, then returned holding a small hypodermic needle.

“No,” she whispered into the gag.

He ignored her, jamming it into her arm, and the world began to fade as the top of the box was placed over her and hammered into place.

Chapter Four

She woke slowly, groaning in groggy insensibility and blinking her eyes against bright light. Fingers prodded at her, moving over her body, and she focussed her eyes on two women moving back and forth before her eyes.

She lay on her back on a low table, her head bent back over the edge and half resting in a low bowl. A woman was washing her hair with some fragrant soap. Another stood just behind her, and Miranda could see nothing above her hips. She could feel the woman's hands on her body, however, as she soaped her up.

She could feel the wetness and slickness on her body as the woman's hands moved up and down her arms, over her breasts, then down between her legs.

She did not feel the strength to move, to resist, doing nothing more than groaning softly as her legs were spread wide and nimble fingers caressed her sex. She blinked her eyes against the soap and the woman bent over her smiled, brushing at her cheek, then leaning forward to kiss her softly on the lips.

That so startled her she merely blinked up as the woman resumed her careful washing, her fingers sliding through her wet, soapy hair in a peculiar stroking fashion.

Then warm water poured over her head, and the soap was carefully rinsed free. She felt more warm water spraying over her body above. The soap and water trickled down her breasts and along her ribs, over her hips and down her shaven slit to pool beneath her.

In short order the bowl was removed from under her and her head was allowed to dangle free. She tried to turn, to reach up, but found her body strapped in place at wrist and ankle.

The water was rung out of her hair, then the woman began to brush it as she turned a hair dryer on and directed the flow against her head.

Above, she felt towels patting her dry, and scented perfumes being applied.

Her head was raised, at least, and her wrists and ankles released. She groaned dizzily as she was lifted into a sitting position on the table and the blood rushed from her head.

The two women before her were both Asians, Chinese, she guessed, and each perhaps a dozen years older than she. Neither seemed to find anything at all strange at being told to wash a nude woman in such a fashion, and both seemed quite intent on preparing her in whatever manner they had been instructed.

Her attempts to speak with them were of little use, and she felt little strength to push them back.

Evidently satisfied with her hair at last, they lifted her feet one by one, placing each into a high heeled shoe, then urged her off the table, helping support her as her legs wobbled unsteadily.

The heels on the shoes were, if anything, even higher than those on the boots had been, and most of her weight rested on the balls of her feet. She protested weakly, but was ignored, and before she had an inkling of their intent the two women, neither taller than her shoulders, pulled her wrists gently behind her back and fastened them there with metal restraints of some type.

As soon as they were on she felt a strange charge run through her body. In some odd way being a prisoner, being bound, made her feel free to lose her inhibitions. It was as though being bound robbed her of any choices to make, and thus any responsibility for her actions. How could people judge her a slut or a tramp when she was the helpless victim of others' lust and perversion?

A man entered the room then, and she blushed even as her body began to pulsate sexual electricity. He looked her up and down, his eyes boldly exploring her naked flesh, then nodded, speaking to the women. He produced a golden collar which he slipped around her throat. Seemingly satisfied, he attached a chain of gold and the women stepped back.

The man said something to Miranda, then turned his back, tugging at the leash. She had little alternative but to stumble forward after him, out of the small room and into a hallway.

Nude, breathless, and squirming with embarrassment and excitement, she walked over swirling patterns of jade and ivory set into the marble floor, and past wood and parchment doors set into gleaming mahogany walls.

Several people passed them, eyeing her curiously, but not with undue surprise, and as Miranda's mind became more and more suffused with sexual excitement every inch of her body began to tingle.

"Where are we going?" she begged.

The man ignored her, leading her down one hallway, then around a corner and up another. They stopped in a long, low room, nearly empty but for pillows set around the floor and low, gleaming wooden tables which appeared now more than a foot high.

He led her into the centre of a deep, plush Persian carpet and halted her between two round, narrow posts. Again he spoke to her in Chinese, and again she did not understand. He frowned, and knelt, taking her ankle and pulling at it until she spread her legs.

“Where is Mr. Chan?” she gulped.

He pulled her leg towards one of the posts and produced a golden bracelet to wrap around her ankle. A chain was fastened to this, locking her to the pillar. He did the same with her other leg, then rose and undid the bindings from her wrists. She rubbed them, and tried fitfully to resist as he forced more golden bracelets around them.

Soon her wrists were pulled high above her and out to either side, and the man moved around her, staring at her from several directions and muttering to himself.

She blinked as narrow spotlights were turned on, beaming down on her from the ceiling. Each was a different colour, and the man arranged them artfully, then turned them off, all the way ignoring her as though she were a piece of furniture, or a prop for some show.

He nodded to himself and turned off the spots, then left the room.

Miranda turned her head from side to side, her insides fluttering with wild excitement and anticipation. Her skin felt raw and sensitive, prickling all over, her nipples were aching and hot. She looked slowly around the room as she drew in deep, shaky breaths, examining the soft pillows on the polished floor, the fire crackling in the small fireplace, strange tapestries on the walls

and colourful light coming through high tinted windows.

She was alone and nude in a strange land far from home, tightly bound and helpless to resist any man’s lewdest desires.

The thought made her pull against the shackles on her ankles as she tried to close her legs and rub her thighs together. She dropped her eyes and looked down her body, for her pussy felt so moist she feared her juices were leaking out of her body and trickling down her thighs.

She raised her head again, trying to control her breathing, trying to slow the frantic pounding of her heart.

I can’t believe this is happening, she thought wonderingly. Yesterday - was it yesterday - she lay bored and wondering what she could possibly do to bring some measure of excitement into her drab, boring life, and now -

Now she was among foreigners, she assumed in Singapore, a sexual toy, a prisoner, a slave, chained and naked, to be used by any man who wanted her.

She gave no thought to escape, nor to a life as a slave. She thought only of the here and now, of the erotic moment which held what she was sure would be a shockingly wicked and wonderful experience she would forever remember.

She looked up at the chains binding her wrists, pulling experimentally at them, examining the brightly polished shackles holding her in position with breathless interest.

Her mind was filled with sexual elation, anticipation and a wild heat and need. At the same time fear, anxiety, embarrassment and uncertainty cried for her attention.

She looked down, aware again of how utterly bare her groin was without any pubic hair, blushing at the thought of men seeing her like this, so lewdly displayed.

Her nipples were exquisitely sensitive, and she wondered if they had remained erect even while she was drugged. Each of them was fat and swollen, straining up and outwards for a touch as her chest rose and fell with rapid, excited breaths.

There were two rows of the short wooden tables, one to her left, the other to her right. Directly ahead of her, at the end of the aisle the rows formed, was another table on a slightly raised dais.

A sound brought her head jerking around to the doorway, and she squirmed as a young woman entered, carrying a large tray. The woman appeared slightly older than Miranda, Chinese, of course, with dark hair done up in an artful manner and a beautiful face. She was dressed in a long, beautiful silk robe, and cast short, sidelong looks at Miranda as she moved past her and began to unload her tray.

She placed small bowls of fruit and candies on the low tables, then hurried out. A minute later she returned with more. Then as she was leaving another girl, almost a twin, but with a rounder face, arrived bearing small statuettes, which she placed on the low tables.

Both girls looked at Miranda with odd expressions, admiring, in a way, scandalized, perhaps, and also a little amused and giggly.

They hurried out, and then two men appeared, both dressed in colourful Chinese robes. They spoke to each other in Chinese, barely pausing to examine Miranda as they entered the room, then moving to one of the low tables and sitting, cross-legged, on the floor behind.

Another man arrived, and stopped to look her over. Miranda blushed as he cupped one of her large breasts, his fingers kneading the soft flesh. He turned and spoke to the other two, and the three chuckled. Then he gave her nipple a pinch before sitting behind another table.

Another man arrived, then two older women in silk robes. A dozen more trickled in, all examining Miranda before sitting behind the tables on either side of her. All were dressed in traditional Chinese garb, with bright, beautiful silks.

Chan arrived last, sitting behind the table which sat at the end of the room and faced the others. He bowed to the others, gave a brief speech, waved his arm towards Miranda, then sat down.

She was the only European there, and the only one not dressed from ankle to throat. She had never felt so utterly naked, so completely exposed in her life, and her face blushed redly for long, long minutes.

Yet she did not speak, nor protest. All of the people in the room spoke in what she presumed was Chinese, and she did not think that, even were they to understand her, they would pay any heed to her requests or wishes.

For what she was certain was much more than an hour they ate and drank and laughed and told jokes. Often one or another would look her way and make some remark or other. Sometimes there was laughter, sometimes not. Miranda wondered if she were merely being used as a decoration, as a living statue. Yet somehow knew more was in store for her.

One can only be embarrassed for so long, of course, before acceptance sets in and inhibitions melt away. After being stared at for more than an hour by a room filled with people Miranda began to lose her shame at her nudity. This allowed her sexual excitement to rise to the fore once again, and she swallowed repeatedly as she looked around the room, wondering what they would do to her.

The meal was finally finished, and the scurrying girls who had set things out cleared them away again. Then they returned, four of them, and stood in a row behind her as Chan spoke to the room.

Miranda felt her stomach tightening, realizing that something was going to happen. She looked behind her to see the girls giggling and it seemed to her they were somewhat anxious and embarrassed, as well.

Then, at a word from Chan, one of the girl's moved forward, turned before her, and dropped to her knees. Miranda drew in a deep breath as the girl stared at her revealed sex, then squirmed mentally as the room full of people watched the girl's hands raise, her fingers move lightly across the narrow slit.

Her fingers gently peeled her open, folding back the lips of her sex as the two rows of men and women leaned forward to watch. The girl leaned in then and let her tongue slide up and down alongside the slit.

Another of the girls glided forward, kneeling behind her, and Miranda gasped as she twisted her head to try and see what she was doing. She felt the girl's fingers caressing her buttocks, then spreading them apart.

The girl before her let her tongue ease into Miranda's pussy, moving like a feather as it stroked along her inner lips. The girl behind stroked her fingers against her anal opening, lightly pushing back the skin.

Miranda gulped in air in short, shallow breaths, her head jerking from one to the other, then up at Chan appealingly. Then she jerked sharply as the girl behind let her tongue make contact with her wrinkled little anal opening.

Naked, she could only whimper and moan, jerking weakly at her chains as the two women let their tongues probe within her. The girl in front was dipping her tongue into her pussy hole, then sliding it up and down around her clitoris. The girl behind was lightly circling her anus with her tongue, producing sensations she would not have believed could come from that particular area of her body.

She was excruciatingly embarrassed, especially by the one behind her, and still made no protest, no demands. She was simply too embarrassed to speak before all those staring eyes.

The other two Chinese girls glided forward on their slippered feet and took their place to either side of her body. Remaining standing, each reached a hand up to stroke and caress one of her breasts, expert, nimble fingers tweaking and pinching her sensitive nipples.

Their other hands slid up and down her body, stroking her skin as they leaned in and began to place gentle kisses along the nape of her neck.

Despite her embarrassment and anxiety Miranda felt the sexual heat roaring inside her, felt her body responding with uncontrolled lust and desire at the intimate touch of fingers and tongues.

The girl kneeling behind her was now thrusting her tongue into her anus to a depth of what felt like several inches, her lips pressing in against her opening as the tongue flitted around inside her. The one in front of her was kissing and tonguing her bulging, burning clitoris as her fingers pushed deep into her sex.

The girl to her right leaned forward, lifting Miranda's breast and squeezing it from underneath as she brought her lips down onto the pulsing nipple and took it into her mouth.

Miranda moaned helplessly as she felt the suction of the girl's small, moist mouth, felt the tongue stroking against her sizzling flesh, and the small teeth nibbling on the surrounding skin.

She realized she was on the edge of orgasm, and that she would climax right there in the centre of the room with two dozen people looking on. This alarmed and yet also excited her, and she could hardly control the trembling in her limbs as she began to roll her hips in undisguised arousal.

Chan clapped his hands and all four girls jerked back as if stung. The two on their knees rose, and all four backed away, leaving her there gasping and panting for breath, body flushed with sexual fever.

She looked across at Chan, over what seemed a sea of faces turned her way, and dazedly wondered what he planned next.

A man entered the room, then. He was tall and black, with bulging muscles. His skin gleamed as if oiled, and he wore only a short breechclout. He moved up next to her and bowed to Chan, then to the rest of the room. A moment later he turned to a nearby cabinet and opened the top, drawing forth an object which struck Miranda's heart cold.

It was black, consisting of a foot or so of leather handle, with perhaps two feet of long leather strips attached to its end. The strips were bound together for the first foot, then allowed to hang loosely, a dozen or more of them dangling and swinging as he moved the thing around, then took his position behind her.

She was to be whipped.

She almost screamed at the understanding. Yet she knew that would avail her little. Her skin prickled with anticipation, and her insides squirmed with fear. Yet still the sexual heat roared, and her mind twisted wildly as she considered the eroticism of what was to come.

The strips were thin, after all, and surely would not hurt all that much. Not, of course, that she knew anything more beyond what her schoolgirl fantasies had ever revealed.

The black man drew back his arm, and she braced herself, unable to breath from the tightness in her chest. His arm flew forward, the whip slicing through the air and swinging around to slash across her back.

At first she felt only the light impact of the dozen or so thin lengths of leather. Then, a second later, the pain bit into her, and she cried out involuntarily, her body jerking forward against the chains as fire raced along her back.

The muscles stood out on her arms as she pulled harder against the chains, instinctively fighting to move away from the source of her pain.

Again the whip lashed her back, a dozen quick, stinging bites across her shoulders making her yelp and twist.

"Please!" she begged.

Again the whip descended, and she cried out as it struck lower down, the separate leather strips cutting across her lower back and curling around over her right hip. The pain mounted, her back on fire, yet her sex continued to burn hotter.

The lash descended, and she cried out louder as it struck harder still, throwing her forward against the chains. Again, and again, and again the whip descended, and tears filled her eyes as her entire back became a mass of throbbing hot pain. Her cries grew louder now, as the room watched in appreciation, and her pulls at the chains became more frantic, more despairing.

One of the girls returned, crawling forward between her legs and spreading her lips again. The man with the whip eased back, and the girl began to slide her long tongue up and down Miranda's sex.

She gulped in air, realizing she was sweating heavily, and blinked through the tears in her eyes as the people in the room chatted to each other, discussing her. She moaned softly, feeling the exquisite pleasure of the girl's tongue dancing across her clitoris. Her hips began to roll lewdly and the sexual buildup was fast and furious.

She began to buck her hips forward, feeling the onset of orgasm.

The girl drew back and the whip descended once more, drawing a cry of pain and protest and denial from her. The lash hissed sideways across her buttocks, curling around to strike at her abdomen and inner thighs. She sobbed and thrashed in her bonds, half maddened by the powerful intensity of the pain and pleasure coursing through her young body.

The whip cut across her a half dozen times, then stopped. This time another of the girls began to work on her, small tongue stroking against her anus, then driving inside.

The man moved around in front of her, face cold and arrogant, watching as she stood on trembling legs, then drawing the whip back.

It swung forward, and Miranda screamed fully this time as it cut across her proud breasts, nipping, biting, stinging and cutting at the sensitive silken flesh as tears once again filled her eyes.

The second blow landed, the leather strips lashing across her taut belly. The girl behind was pumping her tongue in her rectum now, and one of her hands slipped between her thighs, fingers pushing up into her pussy and fingering her clitoris.

The man halted, then moved behind her, leaving her to the girl's gentle touch. The other girls moved forward, kissing her gently, and stroking their fingers lightly over her aching flesh as the others looked on.

They removed the chains from her wrists and ankles, and helped her lower herself slowly as her rubbery legs gave way. Cooing and smiling, they stroked her hair and squeezed her breasts and rubbed their fingers against her anus and pussy as their hands eased her onto her hands and knees..

Then they stood back and two men moved to Chan's table, sliding it aside. Chan motioned to her, and, panting weakly and still whimpering and sniffing, Miranda began to slowly crawl forward.

Again she was aware of her nudity, of the men and women watching her from behind their tables only a few feet on either side. Embarrassment, pain and fear warred with excitement as she crawled slowly along the aisle, feeling their eyes on her whip-marked body.

Her flesh felt raw and stripped. Lines of pink and red criss-crossed her back, buttocks, breasts and belly. She felt them as lines of heat and pain, yet the sensations were dulling even as she moved, being pushed aside by the incredible intensity of the lust and arousal gripping her mind and body.

She crawled between the rows of seated Chinese until she was kneeling on all fours before Chan, her sex displayed lewdly to all the watchers.

Chan shifted aside part of his trousers, and she saw his erection emerge. Barely able to think, she let her head slide forward, opened her mouth, and took him into her mouth.

Chan's hand dropped onto her hand, fingers sliding through her long silken hair, twisting it around his fist as her lips closed around his cock and she began to suck.

She bobbed her head weakly, fighting the downward pressure of his hand, then was forced lower and lower. She gagged weakly as the head pushed into her throat, then gave in, sinking fully, taking him deep into her gullet, impaling herself on his manhood until her nose was pressed tightly against his groin.

Chan held her there as her head swam from growing lack of oxygen, then tugged up on her hair, allowing her to slide herself up and off. As she was choking and coughing, he pushed her aside, turning her, slapping at her breast, then her buttocks.

She turned to face the two rows of seated watchers and felt him shift behind her. He slapped at her behind again, moving her forward, then rose to his knees and pressed himself against her.

She closed her eyes and shuddered as she realized he would take her there before them, feeling shame bite deeply even as her legs spread wider to welcome him.

She felt his hands on her hips, then his manhood against her sex. He thrust in, lunged brutally, and she cried out as he entered her, his cock like a spear thrusting into her soft, yielding flesh.

It hurt, yet the pain was minor. It felt right. It felt wonderful. Her insides rejoiced in the deep, thick penetration as she glowed with inner fire.

Chan's fingers tightened on her hips and he began to ride her, thrusting straight and true and hard, using her like a beast as the men and women looked on. Many of the men smirked or grinned. The women smiled or giggled, and they spoke among themselves as they watched.

Miranda's shame rose, yet the pleasure outpaced it. She felt the orgasm bloom within her loins, then spread out, exploding through the veins of her body. She cried out, then again, her head whipping up and back as she thrust her sex back onto his pumping organ.

"Oh! Oh! Oh God!" she cried, mind exploding as the ecstasy poured over her.

Chan pumped steadily, ignoring her bucking and twisting, fingers clinging tightly to her flanks as she grunted and moaned and orgasmic wonder. Sexual heat scalded her and her mind fled into a universe where only lust and pleasure existed.

Her breasts shook and wobbled beneath her and her head thrashed up and down as the orgasm went on and on. Her long tresses flew over her face, and lashed at her back, and she sobbed in wondrous elation as the hardness inside her continued to thrust and pierce.

She all but collapsed as the orgasm finally drained away, her torso sagging, arms giving way, breasts pressing against the rug below.

Yet Chan continued to ride her steadily, his belly slapping against her backside, his cock slicing back and forth between her moist pubic lips. She settled on her shoulders, groaning exhaustedly, grunting weakly at the continued pumping, eyes bleary as swam in dreaming contentment.

Finally, as her energy began to return minutes later, and her loins began to once more come alive with hunger, he finished, thrusting deep and holding himself there as his juice poured into her body.

She felt him softening within her, then he slipped free, backing up and sitting once again.

Two of the Chinese girls rushed forward, clipping a leash to the collar around her throat. One tugged on it while another struck her upraised buttocks with a thin switch which stung.

She pushed herself up onto all fours again with a small yelp of pain, then let herself be led forward towards one of the tables. A fat Chinese man sat behind it, grinning and laughing as he pointed at her, waving her over.

The girls led her to his table, and the one with her leash bent forward, handing it across the table. The man dragged her forward, sliding over the wood until her face was near his groin. His fingers fumbled at his trousers, and she was face to face with another stiff cock.

She slipped her lips around it, grunting uncomfortably as the edge of the table pressed into her hips and thighs. She slid down his length as he laughed and slapped at her behind. Then she felt the switch cutting across her wriggling buttocks and cried out in pain. The man laughed again, and again she was switched, his cock filling her mouth and throat now as she worked desperately on it.

There was a gush of liquid in her throat and down her belly, and his organ began to quickly soften. He pulled her back by the hair, still laughing in delight as he pushed her back.

The girl took her leash and the other took the switch from the man's hand as she was led to the next table. There she repeated her actions. This man was thinner, and perhaps less drunk. He simply watched as she fumbled at his trousers, released his cock, and began to slide her lips up and down its length.

When he was done she moved to the next table, and cringed under the eyes of a middle aged woman sitting next to the man there as she bobbed her head up and down over his groin.

When he came she was pulled to the next table, then the next, her jaw aching now. As she was pulled across the low table the second man at the table moved away, then came around behind her. Her rear end was quite well displayed, of course, and he took advantage of that by mounting her as she performed on his table mate.

Miranda was rapidly becoming accustomed to the shocking lewdness of public sex, and found no fresh embarrassment at being ridden once again. The room was filled with conversation as she worked, and her insides began to steam and twist at the rutting she was being given.

Hands - she didn't know who they belonged to - reached beneath her and began to maul her breasts. Her nipples were fingered and twisted and pulled, often painfully. Yet the pain was almost pleasant for some reason. She was flying, her mind basking in sexual freedom and lust, in wild, raw, carnal sexual elation.

She drank more juice as the man behind finished with her, then went on to the next table. Again she was mounted as she bent over the table, taking one long male organ into her pussy even as the other drove up into her throat.

She climaxed weakly, then more strongly just as the man using her finished. Dazed, she was led by her leash across the room to the other row of tables, there to continue to relieve the sexual needs of the men who had been watching her all evening.

The rest was a blur of pleasure and pain, as her throat and pussy were penetrated repeatedly, strong, rough hands moved over her body, and loud voices cried out in laughter in a language she could not understand.

Chapter Five

She awoke to pain, the sharp, low pain of paper cuts and light burns and bruises - all across her body.

She was lying on the floor, on a thick mat in the middle of a small, dimly lit room. Her wrists were bound somehow behind her back, and a chain ran from her collar to the floor at the head of the mat. She was nude.

Events of the previous day came back to her in a blur. She remembered the whipping, remembered cock after cock entering her lips, remembered being forced to crawl on all fours with one of the Chinese men sitting fully on her back, riding her, one of the girls pulling on her leash as another lashed her backside -

It had gone on for hours, and she could smell the results. Her hair was matted and tangled, and she felt the stickiness of dried sperm on her face and chest and coating her groin and inner thighs.

She was surprised at the sight of her body. It looked almost normal. There was some small discolouration of her breasts where they had been so often and so roughly handled, but little remained visible of the whip marks but light pink lines already partly faded away.

She lay on her side for a period, trying to decide how she felt about what had happened, and what might happen in future. She could not. She feared what they might do next to her, yet the thought of returning home did not fill her with enthusiasm. She had wanted a grand adventure, and none of her fantasies had ever matched this one.

She was surprised she did not feel more shame, did not feel more remorse. Well, it wasn't like she had had any choice, now was it, she consoled herself. She was a helpless prisoner, and so really bore no responsibility for what might transpire.

Even as this thought came to her the door slid aside and one of the girls from the previous evening looked in, giggled when she saw her awake, and withdrew. A minute later she came back, accompanied by the other three.

The four young women smiled down at her, giggling and whispering to each other as she looked back mutely, then they all knelt, undoing and removing the robes they were.

Their bodies were small, slender, and neat, with lovely small breasts tipped by erect brown nipples. Their hair was undone now, and spilled over their narrow shoulders as the girls leaned in and surrounded her.

One reached forth, sliding her fingers through her red hair. Then another let her hands gently surround her breasts, tsking softly as the bruises made her wince.

All four of them slid over her then, their lips moving over her breasts and thighs and face. Miranda's eyes widened as one of them kissed her fully on the lips, her tongue probing lightly within her teeth. Another spread her legs wide, her thumbs gently caressing her sore, swollen pubic mound, then easing her open for her own tongue to penetrate.

Soft tongues licked back and forth over her nipples as gentle fingers lightly kneaded her breasts. Small fingers dipped into her sex, then squirmed up into her anus.

Miranda moaned and writhed under their touch, uncertain at first, hesitant, not at all given to sexual activities with people of her own sex in the cold harsh light of morning.

Yet her inhibitions melted and soon she was sucking eagerly on a small, pointed breast, moaning and wriggling her hips as her clitoris was rubbed and her pussy stroked. The girls giggled and laughed, moaned and sighed as their soft warm flesh slid over her. Everywhere were small, gentle, knowing fingers exploring her body, and her pleasure rose.

She arched her back as she came, crying out, two sets of teeth biting into her swollen breasts as her nipples strained outwards from the force of rhythmic sucking. Her legs jerked and flopped on the mat as two girls knelt between them, hands holding her open as lips and tongues drove her mad.

Again and again they drove her to orgasm, until she begged them to stop, breathless, exhausted and drained.

One knelt over her head then, bringing her own neatly shaven sex down towards her mouth. Weakly, Miranda licked out at it, her tongue sinking between the pudgy little lips as the girl squealed in delight.

Another of the girls slipped between her legs, drawing one of Miranda's legs up over her own and manoeuvring to bring her pussy in tightly against Miranda's own sex. She began to grind her hips, rubbing her soft, slick sex back and forth as the other two girls continued to devour her breasts.

One, then another, then the final two reached climax upon her body, one on her mouth, one between her legs, one rubbing her sex, legs splayed wide, back and forth over one of Miranda's round breasts, and the other, oddly, masturbating with long lengths of Miranda's hair.

Then, still giggling, they dressed, unbound her wrists, and took her chain, pulling her up onto all fours and leading her, crawling, out of the room.

It hardly occurred to Miranda to try to stand upright. It was clear they wished her to crawl and she was too drained, too weary and bruised and sore to argue.

One girl held her leash, tugging at it to speed her along, while the other three held light switches, and giggled and laughed as they struck her backside. She yelped and protested, crawling as rapidly as she could, but they seemed to find a great deal of amusement in slashing the pliable wood across her buttocks.

They slowed down and composed themselves as they approached a double door of wood and fibre. One of the girls knocked, then they all waited. The door was slid open, and an older woman looked out at them. She barked several words at the girls, who bowed obediently, then led Miranda through.

The floor in the small room was of stone rather than wood. It was a bare looking room, with no furnishings. Miranda was led over to one side, over a drain, then one of the girls pulled down a shower hose and let warm water pour over her.

Two of the girls stripped off their robes, then settled to their knees on either side of her, where they began to soap up her body.

Despite the presence of the somewhat stern older woman, both girls seemed to relish sliding their soapy hands over her body, and sinking their fingers into her pussy. Both were much impressed with the size of her breasts, and relished kneading her heavy, hanging mammaries, each grasping one in both hands and sinking her fingers deep.

Miranda knelt uneasily, wincing as their fingers moved over bruised, sensitive flesh, and feeling much like a pet animal of some kind.

The soap was rinsed from her body and hair, her hair wrung out, and her skin patted dry. Then the girls began to apply a fragrant oil of some kind, massaging it into her skin.

The older woman paced back and forth, sometimes circling her as Miranda knelt in place. She was obviously in quite a bit less pleasant a mood than the younger woman, and scowled at the kneeling redhead a number of times.

She barked out a quick sentence and one of the girls looked up in what Miranda interpreted as surprise. Then she turned back, giggled a little, and poured a great deal of extra oil into her cupped hand. She laid her hand down on Miranda's buttocks, letting the oil trickle down between them, and following it with her hand to work it deeply into her soft pussy mound.

A finger slipped inside, then a second, sliding slowly in and out. Miranda was somewhat embarrassed, but not concerned. The girl was kneading her breast with her other hand, and the other girl on her opposite side was doing the same.

Her two fingers became three, sliding slowly in and out. Then a fourth finger slowly squirmed into Miranda's tight opening, forcing the flesh to strain wide. She grunted softly, shifting her weight on hands and knees and turning to look up at the older woman.

The woman glowered down at her and barked another sentence. Miranda felt the four fingers ease back, then push slowly forward once again. This time she felt them bunched together, with the girl's thumb pressed against them.

Her pussy opening strained harder and harder as the girl pushed rhythmically forward, and she began to ache even as she realized her intent.

"No!" she cried, her head jerking around.

She started to shift, but both girls caught at her shoulders and another of the girls came forward to catch at her head. The girl's hand pushed harder, twisting slowly from side to side. Miranda groaned aloud, feeling her pussy opening stretch still wider.

She clenched her teeth, the pain mounting.

"D-Don't!" she begged, her hips jerking as she tried to squirm away.

Then the knuckles of the girl's hand slowly forced their way through her pussy opening and her she felt herself closing up somewhat as her hand moved forward into her body.

She felt her pussy seal tightly around the girl's wrist as her hand wriggled inside her. It was a bizarre and somewhat frightening sensation. It was like something alive was inside her, the fingers prodding this way and that against the walls of her soft, elastic pussy tunnel.

The older woman spoke again and the hand closed up and began to push deeper.

"Wh-what are you doooooing?" she groaned as more of the girl's wrist slid through her pussy, and then her forearm began to follow.

The older woman stepped in front of her and smiled thinly.

"Master Chan will find that big western girl's have big loose love holes," she sneered coldly. "He will soon realize his mistake in bringing barbarian sluts into China."

Miranda gasped and jerked against the hands gripping her as her straining pussy lips stretched wider still. Already the Chinese girl's hand was inside her halfway to her elbow, and still it pushed remorselessly forward.

She felt the tip of the girl's fingers against the bottom of her pussy, and cried out as another inch of arm pushed inside her. The girl said something, and the older woman snapped an answer. Moments later Miranda felt her fingers drawing up and in together until they were pulled back into a hard fist inside her belly.

Then it began to push forward once more.

The older woman smirked at her anguish, and then the knuckles of the girl's fist were pressing up against her cervix. The small hard fist began to turn slowly inside her, twisting back and forth. Then it began to ease back.

As the older woman's tongue lashed her, the young, Chinese girl began to work her fist back and forth, pumping it with some effort, through the tight flesh around it. Miranda felt as though she were being torn apart as the girl grunted with effort, bracing herself with a hand against her backside and fighting to pump her fist faster.

The small fist felt immense as it ploughed through the soft folds of her sex, and no amount of squirming or twisting would pull her free.

Her body jerked and trembled as the girl thrust her fist deep and then used her entire weight to pull it back again. Two girls were kneeling on either side of her holding her arms and shoulders now, and as her struggles grew more desperate the older woman reached down and caught at her hair, pulling it together, winding it into a loose braid, and then viciously yanking it forward.

She screamed as her scalp threatened to tear free, but the girls held her fast as her pussy was pumped with growing speed and force, her muscles easing and giving way before the unusual size and strength of the object within. Her insides were loose enough now that the girl's fist was able to strike her cervix with some degree of force, and she screamed in pain with each blow.

One of the girls stuffed a rag into her mouth to quiet her, but the door slid abruptly open and she heard a male voice speaking harshly. All the woman went still, and the girl with her fist inside her body slowly drew it back out.

Then all four girls and the older woman knelt before a tall old man who stood ramrod straight just inside the door, glaring at them all and speaking angrily.

The younger women crawled forward to grovel at his feet, but the older one only looked sulky until a loudly barked command. She jumped to her feet then and flounced out of the room.

The girls then wiped the excess oil from her groin, hurriedly did her hair, then under the man's stern gaze helped her to her feet and led her into an adjoining room.

There she was given slippers, and a soft, shimmering green silk dress. The dress was almost like a long poncho, going over her head to hang loosely in front of and behind her. It hung to the floor, but was completely open on the sides, the front and back held together by a simple tied belt.

It was not sheer, but was so thin it hid nothing of her figure, pressing in tightly against her breasts. When it was on properly the older man nodded, spoke, and left. One of the younger girls then gestured for her to follow and led her out into the hall.

It felt oddly uncommon to be wearing clothing, even light, loose clothing which revealed her legs all the way to the hips with each step, and she realized it had been a good two waking days since she had removed her jersey back in her room.

The hall turned and twisted, for the building seemed to be quite large and sprawling. The floors were all of wood, polished until they gleamed, and most of the doors were of sliding wood and parchment.

The girl led her into a large room where Chan sat cross-legged on the floor next to another of those little tables. She wondered idly why the man didn't buy a decent chair or two.

The girl gestured and she sat cross legged before Chan, who nodded casually at her.

"I trust you are enjoying my hospitality," he said.

She blinked in surprise.

"Ahhm, well. I guess," she said hesitantly.

Another of Chinese girls knelt beside them, pouring a dark golden drink into a cup in front of Chan.

“I do not often take western girls as slaves,” he said. “They tend to cause problems and do not accept their role properly.”

“Slaves?” she said in surprise.

“Of course.” He smiled tolerantly. “What did you think?”

“I... well, I didn’t think anything I suppose,” she said after a moment.

“Chinese girls, even Koreans or Japanese, are much easier to train. Once their virginity has been taken from them they don’t really have anything to go home for anyway. Western standards of morality being what they are, however, western girls do not have the same problem.”

He sipped delicately from his cup, licking his lips.

“You, however, are an exceptional girl. You seem to accept things quite well. Did you have a great deal of sexual experiences before coming here?”

“No,” she said thoughtfully.

“You do not wish to... escape and return home?”

She contemplated her answer carefully. She still had no real desire to go home again, despite her recent mistreatment. On the other hand, she had no intention of spending perhaps years of her life here either. This was a fine adventure, but she did have to go home eventually.

Still, the idea of being a SLAVE was astonishingly exciting. Me, a slave girl, she thought wonderingly. A sex slave at that.

“I was bored at home,” she said. “If I was to return now I’d just be bored again. My father would nag at me, and if I did anything remotely fun people would gossip about me.”

He sniffed and took another drink.

“Here we know what to do with women like you. You are in your proper place and serving men as you do best.”

“My father would get upset if I was away for too long,” she said.

Chan smiled sharkishly. “Your father is a weak coward.”

Which, she reflected silently, was probably true.

“Your father was unable to repay the money he borrowed from me. In order to avoid a beating he gave you to me.”

Miranda frowned doubtfully.

“He brought up what a lovely girl you were, and how I have a reputation for being attracted to lovely girls. He said you had little to do and perhaps might accompany me for a time while he devoted himself to his business.”

“I’m sure he...”

“Could have had little doubt of what would be required of you,” Chan interrupted.

And somehow she knew it was true. Her father had devoted his life to his business. He worked twelve and fourteen hour days six days a week at it. He was not a cold man, but everything paled into insignificance beside his business. His happiness or despair followed its success or failure.

“What do you intend to do with me?” she asked softly.

“Well, you seem to have a natural talent for pleasing men. Your body, your face, your hair, are all quite lovely. But more importantly, from what I witnessed the other evening,

you seem to enjoy the role fate has assigned you. I believe you could be quite a valuable slave.”

“What would I do, just... have sex?” she asked.

“Skilled courtesans give pleasure to most men,” he said. “But there are some men who enjoy more unusual practices. They are the men of chains and whips, the men for whom the real challenge is forcing pleasure through a beautiful woman’s pain, forcing her to embrace both as one, and revel in her own torment.”

“And you’re a man like that?”

He nodded his head slightly.

“So you like to... hurt women.”

“I enjoy inflicting torment upon the most beautiful and helpless and even through it bringing great pleasure to them. This is a challenge requiring great skill.”

“And what do you want to do with me?” she asked warily.

“Yesterday, even through the pain of your first whipping, you were on the edge of climax. This, to me, means you are not a great challenge. However, you may become of great value to me as an assistant in these matters.”

“How?”

“First, you will call me Master Chan,” he said with a small frown.

“Master Chan,” she said.

“It is a sign of respect. You must learn to show respect to your betters, and here, that is all men - for now.”

“Yes... Master Chan,” she said.

He smiled thinly.

“You have had only a small taste so far. You will be given more opportunity to taste the pleasure to be had in pain before you can assist me.”

“You have lots of girls to assist you, Master Chan.”

He snorted derisively. “Those girls last night? They are merely serving girls, Japanese at that. They are as common as rice.”

“What about uhm, that older woman?”

“What older woman?”

“There was an older woman in the room this morning when those girls... washed me. She didn’t like me. She was angry at you for bringing me here.”

“Miko,” he said, making a face. “All men make mistakes and Miko is one of mine. She does not know her place, and puts her wishes above my own. She does not please me.”

“And I do?”

“Remove that garment.”

She looked at him in surprise, then obeyed, undoing the belt, then lifting it up and over her head to fall behind her.

“Few Chinese have such a generous figure as yours,” he said, looking at her breasts admiringly. “Nor are they so tall as you, with such long, lovely legs. You are a vision to the eyes, a slave a man can be proud to own. You will have to learn Chinese, of course. But first, you must learn pain - and pleasure.”

A man came forward, holding a long length of thick leather cord.

“Get on your hands and knees,” Chan ordered.

Her heart starting to beat louder, Miranda obeyed, and turned to look at the man as he knelt beside her.

“Do not look at him. Look at me,” Chan ordered.

“Yes, Master Chan,” she said tightly.

She felt the cord being wrapped around her breasts high up near her chest wall, felt two circles slowly closing around the base of her breasts.

The cord was thick and soft, but as it closed tighter and tighter she could feel the ache in her breasts, could feel both of them her skin tighten at the strain.

The man stood over her, straddling her body, and gripped the cord at either side of her, pulling tighter. She winced, and saw Chan’s eyes light up, then tried to hide her further reaction as the cord pulled ever tighter.

Her breasts burned where the cord bit into them, and strained out in all directions, like overfilled balloons being squeezed at the base.

The man swung a leg around and turned his body to stand beside her, then pulled up with his hand. She cried out, her torso forced up and back, pulled up to her feet by the force of the pull on her breasts.

Both of them were swollen out now, fat and taut and bulging around the tight compression at their base. She reached for the man’s hand as he tugged higher and Chan barked out a word.

Someone rushed behind her and her wrists were pulled back, then tightly wrapped with cord.

Another man appeared and flung a robe up into the air. It sailed over a roof beam and the other end dropped before them. The first man quickly tied the leather cords to the rope and stepped back, holding it tight.

Miranda was forced onto the balls of her feet by the pull on her swollen breasts, her back arching back sharply as she gulped in air.

“You have lovely breasts, large, round and firm,” Chan said. “But, of course, they are also both more attractive for those who wish to inflict pain, and more vulnerable to it.”

He took another sip from his drink, and the girl, who had been kneeling beside the table quietly the entire time, refilled his cup.

Miranda felt the flesh of her breasts tighten still further and grow hotter and more painful as the man pulled harder on the rope. She was forced up onto her toes, gasping and panting and moaning as Chan looked on.

“Please,” she gasped.

“Welcome the pain, slave girl,” he replied. “For there will be much freedom in it, and much pleasure.”

One of the serving girls dropped to her knees before her and her small pink tongue pushed upwards into her sex. Miranda could do nothing to resist as she stood precariously on her toes, and the girl’s warm, wet tongue slipped easily into her pussy.

She closed her eyes, trying to ignore the pain, trying to pretend it didn’t exist, and the feel of the girl’s tongue was a lifeline in the midst of the pounding waves of pain. She flung herself towards it, picturing the scene in her mind, imagining how sexy, how erotic she looked, and how excited the men around were.

She opened her eyes to find Chan watching her with feral eyes, his lips drawn back in pleasure, and she shuddered at the force of his lust and ruthlessness. She felt another

tongue circling her anus as she swayed unsteadily and sucked in a deep breath of air as the sensations filled her lower belly.

There were a half dozen people around, watching her, and again, as the previous night, she felt on display, the centre of sexual attention and desire. She briefly marvelled at this, as she had the other night, wondering how it was everyone thought her so desirable and exciting.

Pride mingled with the thought, and a hot little stab of excitement fought its way through the pain in her mind. The pain in her breasts was a hot fire, but the fire in her belly was rising to meet it.

She did not move her head much, but her eyes flitted from side to side, taking in the collection of well-dressed asian men looking on, and again she felt a strange little stab of pride.

Then the rope tightened, and she felt the pressure on her breasts grow.

“Noooo!” she wailed.

Her toes left the floor, and her full weight now hung from her breasts. They strained upwards, the soft skin turning colour as her weight tried to tear the swollen meat through the narrow loops of leather binding them.

They burned hotly, and she felt a terror they would rip free of her body. Only the knowledge that Chan obviously did not believe that would happen kept her from panicking. She could feel his eyes on her, hot and hungry, basking in her pain and helplessness. She fought to keep from screaming as the pain mounted, and saw the man tying off the rope against a nearby post

Her toes twitched feebly far below and her body began to slowly twist on the end of the rope. Her head was back, and she gasped and groaned weakly as the men in the room looked on.

“Do you feel the pain?” Chan said. “Do not fight it. Greet it as a brother, as a lover. Embrace the pain and make it yours.”

“F-Fuck you!” she gasped through clenched teeth.

Chan chuckled and sat back, watching as she hung there, the two girls still licking expertly at her pussy and anus

“Perhaps we should not intrude, and should leave you to your own pleasure,” Chan said in amusement.

Miranda only groaned in response, her mind churning as her heart pounded, agony and pleasure warring within her, the sensations battering at her until she could hardly think, much less speak.

The rope jerked slightly, then slid lower. Suddenly, her wriggling toes felt the firm wood of the floor beneath them, and a flood of relief swept through her as she was able to take some of her weight off her breasts.

No sensation is ever more wonderful than the easing of terrible pain, and as that relief flooded her body the effect of the two madly wriggling tongues at her pussy and anus were greatly magnified.

Still forced onto her toes, her breasts still aching, Miranda’s body began to glow with an inner heat. Her head fell back as she grew dazed by it, then she cried out in short, sharp helpless sobs of pleasure. The orgasm built higher higher, and her body began to tremble and shake as her head thrashed from side to side.

Then the rope was raised higher and her toes left the floor as the orgasm blossomed to its full height. She screamed in mindless ecstasy, her legs jerking and spasming, her eyes rolling back in her head as the breath was driven from her body. Never had she experienced such intense pleasure. It was almost too much to take. Nothing existed in the world but the wondrous pleasure filling her mind and body.

She clung to it desperately, not wanting it to ever end - though she knew it must, caught on the peak of the climax for long, long seconds. Then it died slowly away, and she sagged limply, jaw slack, eyes closed as the rope slowly lowered once again and she returned to the floor.

“You begin to see how the two are intertwined,” Chan said softly. “Pleasure and Pain are your world now, girl, and when you have finished your training you will seldom find one without the other.”

Chapter Six

She saw little of Chan over the next weeks. He said she must know the essence of the slave before she could assist him in his pleasures, and so she became a slave. She was kept chained and nude, often forced to crawl at the end of a leash. She was hung by her wrists and whipped, bent over and caned, and used roughly and repeatedly, orally, vaginally and anally.

She spent long periods of time bound in uncomfortable positions, and an entire night hanging upside down by her ankles in a dark cell. She grovelled to her masters - the rough gunmen Chan kept around his estate, crawling on her belly so that she might clean their toes with her tongue, and begging them to make use of her unworthy body.

When she was considered sufficiently submissive she was trained in the art of pleasing men, in employing her pussy and anal muscles to best effect while being used, in taking even the largest male organ deep into her throat, in using her long, slender fingers to best effect, either caressing a man's testicles or sliding them up into his anus.

She learned to dance, as well, to dance slowly and erotically as men watched over their dinners, to perform for their entertainment and excitement. She learned to give massages, and to use her body as a washcloth, to soap up her masters by sliding her naked, soapy flesh back and forth across their own.

Every day she was beaten at least once, usually after being brought towards orgasm by the tongues and fingers of the talented serving girls.

The girls - there were six of them - were all of Japanese origin, purchased by Chan long years ago and trained specifically to his requirements. None had any inhibitions, and though none enjoyed the pain of a beating, all had grown to accept them over the years.

Chan seldom employed them for this purpose, however. They were there to be clean his home and serve him in the normal manner as well as to be sexual playthings for his guests, and occasionally for him. But they were obedient, and accepting, and neither was the behaviour he enjoyed in his lovers.

Chan sought to conquer, both physically and mentally. Miranda had been no conquest, she came to realize. She had given in too easily and too gladly to his desires, and showed too little fear and too much immediate pleasure.

It did not shock her to learn that most of the women he broke did not come to him willingly. She supposed it should have, and a few short weeks earlier it would have. But her perspective had changed. She had found a strange freedom and exultant pleasure in the life of slavery, and truly thought other women were being foolish to fight against the same.

She could, she thought, be crawling out of bed to trudge off to classes, spending long hours listening to dreary lectures and reading boring texts, all for what? So that she could find a job and go out to work day in and day out at something else of little interest.

Instead her life was one of excitement and carnal pleasure.

She walked slowly along the street, gazing in the windows of the shops she passed. Atsuko, one of Chan's serving girls, accompanied her, showing her the city. Both were dressed modestly, but Miranda stood out, a head above most of the other pedestrians, her red hair a beacon to catch the eye.

It felt quite strange to be out and about, even stranger to be clothed, for she had not worn a stitch since the brief minutes she had worn a garment in Chan's presence prior to being hung from her breasts.

Now she was to attend a dinner party of his, and Chan had sent her out to purchase whatever she wished in the way of clothing. Already they had stopped at a dozen shops and purchased dresses, boots and underthings.

She was learning Chinese with surprising speed, but still could speak and understand only a few words. Atsuko translated for her with the various shopkeepers, and also with some of the male servants Chan allowed to use and abuse her. Despite her lack of communications skills, however, and being younger than any of the others, Miranda had quickly come to assume a position of leadership among the serving girls. Particularly after Miko, the older woman, was sent away by Chan.

All were conditioned to life-long obedience and acceptance, but Miranda had not been broken to the life of a slave so much as been assimilated by its lecherous freedom and wicked sexual adventures. She still retained an inner spark of self-confidence and the well-hidden, but still conscious British belief in her own superiority over all of those around her.

In addition, of course, she was larger and stronger than the other girls, and was growing used to using this to get her way around them.

"Master Chan said we should visit this shop," Atsuko said softly.

"Yes, I know," she replied.

What Chan had actually said was that he had "heard" the shop carried very interesting items, and that the shop manager was quite an "interesting" woman.

From this she had guessed the woman was one Chan had caught his attention and he was considering enslaving her. With Atsuko's help she had asked questions of some of Chan's men, and learned the girl was the daughter of a wealthy Tokyo banker. She was something of a defiant young woman in Chinese cultural terms, refusing to play the good little girl and get married early.

Instead she had gotten a job in a lingerie shop - almost certainly to spite her father - and quickly become its manager. There were rumours she had even lost her virginity, but

Miranda discounted them. The Chinese loved to gossip about things like that, but even while gossiping seldom believed.

Chinese girls simply did not have sex outside marriage. Or at least, those who did, aside from prostitutes, were very rare in polite society. A Chinese girl known to have slept with anyone at all was a wild, raving slut, and no decent man would have her. Even girls who were raped were considered impure, and often shunned. Their own families would be shamed, and suicide was not an uncommon response.

Miranda thought the whole thing absurd, and the Chinese rather uncivilized and barbaric in many of their cultural beliefs, but as a westerner - not to mention a slave - she was not really affected.

She pushed open the door of the shop, and Atsuko quickly followed her inside. It was mid-day, and they were the only customers. The sole shop clerk looked up, quickly hid a surprised expression at sight of Miranda, then hurried over to bow before them.

“Revered lady,” she said. “How may I serve you?”

“You speak English,” Miranda said, amused.

“I speak it poorly, but do my best,” the girl said modestly.

She was in her very early twenties, Miranda guessed, with waist length hair which had been dyed red, white, and green in places. That was a sign of such rebelliousness in Chinese terms she wondered how the girl had managed to stay employed.

She was quite stunning looking, however, with a small, delicately moulded face, tiny nose, and bright brown eyes.

“Do you think you have anything which would fit me?” Miranda asked.

The girl stared unabashedly at her chest and licked her lips.

“You are larger in the chest than most of our customers, lady,” she said. “But I am quite certain we can fit you.”

“What’s your name?”

“My name is Kiri, Lady,” the girl said with a brief bow.

“I like your hair, Kiri,” she said.

The girl grinned briefly, the expression lighting up her face. “Thank you, lady.”

“I’ll bet your father likes it too.”

Again the girl grinned, but shook her head. “He is less than happy with it, lady. But I think he grows to accept me.”

Kiri led them about the store, while Miranda picked out colourful and enticing lingerie to try on. The girl showed not the slightest embarrassment as Miranda joked about how quickly it would be torn off her by the men who wanted use of her body, only giggling a little. Nor did she seem bashful when Miranda stopped at a display of dildos, some carefully carved of wood, others the same plastic and rubber she guessed would be found in New York, London, or Paris.

“These are lovely,” she said, picking one up. “Have you ever tried one?”

“Oh no,” Kiri said. “In China only married ladies would use them.”

“You mean you’re still a virgin.”

“Oh yes,” the girl said unhesitatingly.

Miranda looked aside at Atsuko.

“Atsuko could use one, I’m sure,” she said with a smirk.

Atsuko looked startled but bowed her head.

“Show her what you can do with this, Atsuko,” she said, handing the foot long rubber dildo to the surprised girl.

“I... what would you have me?” Atsuko whispered.

“Show her how talented your mouth is.”

Atsuko smiled weakly, then brought the head of the dildo to her mouth and bent her head back. As Mistuki looked on in awe she eased the full length of the dildo through her mouth, her throat bulging out as she swallowed it.

“She’s a talented girl, isn’t she?” Miranda said.

“Y-Yes,” Kiri gulped.

“She makes the men very happy when they come to see her.”

Kiri bobbed her head, staring in amazement as Atsuko brought the dildo back out of her mouth.

“We’ll take this one. Atsuko will wear it home,” Miranda said.

She took the dildo from Atsuko, then bent her forward, lifting her skirt as she jabbed the now slick dildo up against her bare pussy lips.

Now Kiri turned her head away as Miranda forced the thick dildo up deep into the girl’s pussy. She pretended not to see or hear as Atsuko gasped and grunted at the force of the sudden penetration.

Only when the thing was lodged in tight and Atsuko’s skirt was down again did she lick her lips nervously, and bob her head before leading them to the cash.

She rang up the purchases, and Atsuko paid in cash. She would not look at them, however, and appeared uncomfortable, if not embarrassed. Miranda was amused. The girl was a rebel among Chinese women, but still deeply caught in their cultural value system. She was trying to be polite to the customer, as she must, while showing no reaction to Miranda’s own intolerable breach of manners.

“Th-thank you for shopping at our store,” she said, coming around the counter to see them out.

Miranda whirled suddenly and the girl drew back in surprise.

“Perhaps we’ll come again,” she said, moving in close against the woman. “Maybe you’ll model some of your shop’s finer goods for us. You have quite a lovely body.”

Kiri looked startled, and her eyes widened. Again, while the Chinese were incredibly open about some aspects of sex, others were always kept tightly hidden. And lesbianism was among the things never spoken of.

Miranda had her backed against the counter, however, and there was little the girl could do but bob her head weakly, even when the tall, western girl brought her hand down on her shoulder and let her fingers slide down along her slender throat.

She thought she felt a surge of interest, of excitement in the girl, but if so it never reached her face, which remained tightly controlled.

They left the shop and summoned one of Chan’s cars to take them back to his estate.

“I think she may be the kind of girl Master Chan likes to train,” Miranda said. “She has spirit for a Chinese girl, and I think she is very interested in the pleasures of the body. But she has the reserve they all have. He will enjoy breaking her of that, I think.”

“I think you have a liking for her yourself,” Atsuko said softly.

“Maybe. It’s funny. I never used to even think about girls,” she said. “I never imagined how much... fun we could have together.”

Atsuko grinned shyly and nodded.

The next day Chan summoned her to one of his “Enjoyment” rooms. This was an underground chamber with soundproof walls. It was not the cold stone dungeons of old stories, for Chan liked his creature comforts. Instead it was lit by soft lights, with rich carpeting and dark Chinese ironwood walls. The special frames and devices were almost beautiful, carved and polished like works of art.

Aside from Chan the only person in the room was Atsuko, who stood naked and somewhat nervous on a low pedestal, her small round face looking anxious even as she tried to show no emotion.

“Yes, Master Chan?” Miranda asked, bowing.

“Miranda, you have been learning the life of the slave well. Now you will learn some of the things which will help me in my pleasure,” Chan said. “We will practice on Atsuko.”

That Atsuko might not wish to be used as the subject for such practice was, of course, quite irrelevant.

“First I want you to learn how to place girls inside my little toys so you may do so with ease.”

This was simple enough, and with Atsuko putting up no fight she placed the girl carefully into each of the frames around the room, closing shackles or leather bindings about her to lock her in tightly. Some of the things were familiar, models of cruder instruments upstairs. Others were unique, and she wondered ruefully at the evil inventiveness of those who designed them.

Most of the frames were designed to merely hold a girl in place in a given position so that someone could abuse her. A few, however, were designed to torment her without help from whips or tongs.

One such was the wheel, an ancient device. She strapped Atsuko down, her ankles secured to the floor, her back bowed sharply across the wheel, and her wrists attached to a pulley up and back behind her. By turning the crank the girl was lifted off her feet, and her body was strained out by the remorseless pull of polished silver chains.

Miranda watched her body grow taut and stiff as it was bent back, saw the strain in her limbs and eyes as her lips quivered in suppressed pain. Her back arched back hard, her ribs showing as her tiny breasts pushed out and up. At Chan’s direction Miranda turned a low crank, increasing the pull on the girl’s body and was rewarded by a broken sob of pain.

She licked her lips in some nervousness as she stared at Atsuko, watching her unmoving body, her arms up and back in graceful torment, her pelvis thrust out invitingly. The girl was breathing in short, desperate pants now, still trying to repress any sign of her pain.

On her own, Miranda reached out her hand, laying it gently on the girl’s taut belly, then stroked slowly upwards across her torso, caressing her ribs and hard little breasts, squeezing her nipples between her thumb and finger. She bent forward, then, taking one nipple into her mouth and sucking softly, feeling a slow wave of heat and delight at the torment of the helpless girl.

Chan looked on in satisfaction, allowing her to mouth Atsuko’s breasts for long minutes before drawing her back and ordering the girl released - and then chained once again.

Atsuko was impaled while standing on a thick metal rod, a rod which pumped and vibrated. Her ankles were locked in place, legs apart, and the thing slid upwards from the floor like a hard, gleaming snake, its broad, round head aimed unerringly at the centre of her parted thighs.

She closed her eyes, wrists locked tightly behind her, and clenched her teeth at its first touch. Miranda moved closer, fascinated by the sight of the metal probe pumping slowly up and down. It moved slowly, its stroke a bare inch. Each time it pushed up against the girl's soft, vulnerable sex she could see the flesh forced up and back, could see the play of muscles beneath Atsuko's stomach as she reacted. Each push loosened and weakened her muscles minutely, and the rod continued to rise higher every so slowly.

Soon it had forced the lips of her sex in and back, and was fully within her belly. Atsuko remained silent, other than occasional gasps and grunts, as the thing worked its way deeper into her body.

Her resolve was broken by what looked to Miranda like a pair of steel jaws, one within the other. They were attached to a square frame which rose up along the rod until it pressed against her groin. Then they snapped up and together, first the inner, against the very mouth of her tightly straining labia, then the second, digging into the soft flesh of her mound. She screamed at that, wailed in pain, her body shaking and head thrashing as the jaws locked tightly against her.

Yet there was nothing she could do but bear the tight, remorseless bite of the hard steel, and after long moments she sobbed weakly and dropped her head.

The tube continued to rise and fall within her, the length of its strokes increasing until it was plunging deep into her belly with each thrust. It sped up then, and the girl's entire body began to shudder violently, as though she were strapped to a piston. Her eyes grew glazed and wild and her head fell back as she moaned in low, mindless pain.

A more painful experience was in store for her, however. Chan had her strapping Atsuko's ankles into a horizontal stockade as she lay on her belly across a narrow wooden platform. Her wrists were bound together behind her and pulled straight up and back, a rope pulling them in towards the stockade as well. Most of her torso was lifted off the platform, and her back was bowed. Two small metal rings went around her nipples and were tightened, then her hair was braided and pulled straight up with enough force to make her wince.

And then the platform lowered.

This left her body hanging horizontally in a most uncomfortable position, with her nipples being pulled down so hard her breasts formed two tight cones. Much of her weight was born by her fingers, each of which was bound to its companion on the opposite hand hair by a narrow cord which then led back to the stockade. The force of the pull yanked her shoulders back hard, bowing her back. Alone it might not have been enough to hold her horizontal, but the cord wound tightly through her braid assisted, keeping her head up, facing forwards and her mouth open in a low, warbling moan of pain.

Miranda walked slowly around her and the stockade, fascinated by the exotic tableau before her. One side of her mind was appalled and shocked, but another, darker side exulted in the pain inflicted on the helpless young woman.

And a third side, a side which made her breathless, envied the girl and wished she could take her place.

Atsuko was not forced to stay in any of the frames for long. Some of the positions seemed quite, quite painful, even if, she admitted to herself, exciting to look upon.

After finishing with the frames she hung Atsuko by her wrists, then practiced with the many whips Chan kept neatly stored on racks. the first moment she felt the riding crop strike Atsuko's small behind she felt a deep flush of excitement, and knew she was going to enjoy being Chan's assistant.

The blow was too light to leave much of a mark on the girl, but the next was harder, and the following harder still as Miranda's excitement and enthusiasm grew.

Chan wordlessly handed her a flog, after a minute, and she went to work on the girl's back. She played the long multiple strips back and forth across the gasping, moaning girl's upper, then lower back before Chan gave her a shorter, heavier flog, one with knotted ends which he called the cat.

This struck with more force, and Atsuko cried out as the pain grew, her body trembling and shaking in her chains.

Chan smiled in approval, then drew out a long, heavy whip which startled Miranda. It was a bull whip, and she gazed at it with awe, then looked up at Atsuko's well-laced back and buttocks.

Chan had her practice on the wall, getting the proper flick of the wrist down so the tip snapped in hard against the wood, then led her around in front of Atsuko.

Miranda felt only a twinge of guilt as the girl, eyes teary, raised her weary head to them. She was quite aroused, and was sure Atsuko should be, as well. Certainly she would be had she been in the girl's position.

"Aim at her breasts," Chan said.

Miranda licked her lips, feeling her pussy squeezing down on emptiness, then drew back her arm.

Atsuko closed her eyes as the whip flew forward, the sharp tip snapping in against the centre of her small right breast and striking just below her nipple. She screamed in agony as a weal appeared on the surface of the creamy brown skin, her body shaking.

Miranda drew back her arm, then swung again, the tip cracking against flesh just above the pointed little nipple. Again, Atsuko wailed in agony, her head jerking from side to side and tears spilling from her eyes.

Miranda swung again, and this time the nipple took the full force of the blow. She thought she saw the small brown button flung up and back before the tip of the whip drew back.

Atsuko shrieked and sobbed, then did so again as Miranda's next blow caught the same nipple again.

Miranda let the length of the whip strike her belly and lower chest, laying long, ugly stripes across the girl, before raising her aim and catching her other nipple with the tip.

Both nipples were swollen with pain, as indeed, Miranda's own nipples were hard and swollen. Chan then took the whip from her, moving back behind the girl and showing her how to lash her pussy by letting the length of the whip curl across her hip.

Miranda gasped and her hand moved down to squeeze her pussy as she saw the whip slicing down into the skin of Atsuko's hip, the tip whipping around to lay diagonally along her abdomen. The tip bit into her exposed pussy and Atsuko's scream was ear shattering.

She then took the whip and tried the same, and after some experimentation learned to strike the girl's body with exactly the right length of whip so the tip whipped around front to bite into her mons.

When she was done Chan had her unchain the girl, and two more arrived to help support her as she was led back into the slave's quarters. Miranda followed, her pussy still throbbing, her breasts still swollen with excitement. Beating the girl had done something dark and exciting inside her, and she was not yet finished with her.

As Atsuko was laid out on her mat she banished the two girls and stared down at the moaning woman herself. Then she moved to the mat and buried her fist in her hair.

Atsuko cried out dazedly as Miranda dragged her by the hair off the mat, then drew her face in against her pussy.

"Lick me, dog," she hissed. "Lick your mistress. Give her the pleasure she desires."

Atsuko made little effort to resist, and soon was licking desperately at Miranda's sex as the redhead twisted and pulled on her hair to encourage her. She spread her legs wide, eyes alight with wanton delight as the girl lapped desperately at her steaming slit.

She felt the power of her position, and the wickedness of her actions, and they sent a hot, dark thrill through her mind and body as she pulled the helpless, whimpering girl's face in tighter.

She reached down, thumbing the girl's swollen nipples, pinching and twisting them as Atsuko sobbed and moaned in pain. When her climax was finished she flung the girl backwards onto the floor, standing over her with a dark smile.

"Show your love for your mistress, Atsuko," she said in a throaty purr.

Atsuko moaned, then rolled over. She sobbed aloud as her aching breasts were pressed to the floor, put crawled forward on her belly, grasping at Miranda's ankle and bringing her trembling lips forward to lick at her foot.

Atsuko was Chan's obedient slave, Miranda thought, but realized with excitement that she was now also Miranda's toy to do with as she chose.

The thought aroused her again and she reached down to catch at Atsuko's hair again, dragging her up and flinging her back onto the mat. She knelt over her, straddling her face, and settled herself down onto the girl's mouth as Atsuko began licking once more.

Atsuko moaned weakly and Miranda pressed her arms back, then adjusted her legs so she was kneeling on them. She gazed down at Atsuko's teary face and stroked her fingers along her cheek, wetting them and bringing them up to her mouth.

"Pretty little Atsuko," she whispered, grinding her hips slowly. "Lick me, little Atsuko. Make me happy like a good little slave."

Chapter Seven

When Miranda was called to assist Chan the next day she was not surprised to find the young shop girl Kiri waiting her there. She had carefully dressed in the frightening looking leather outfit Chan had had prepared for her, then made her way down to the lower levels.

The outfit was, she thought, immensely exciting to look upon. It was all leather, gleaming wetly. The leather suit covered her from ankle to throat. Zippers cut across her breasts so that, when opened, the material would fold back there and let them thrust out

fully. Another zipper went straight down between her legs and up between her buttocks, again, allowing the material to fold back to expose her to view or touch.

Her head was completely covered in a featureless mask. Again, there was a straight slash of a zipper, small slits for her nose, and two narrow eyeholes with light plastic covers which allowed her to see but hid her eyes. On her legs she wore the high, stiletto heeled boots Chan had got for her in London.

She thought she looked deliciously stern and foreboding, which, she mused, was probably the idea. No doubt, Kiri would be aghast at the sight of her.

When she arrived she found Mistuki laying on the floor, bound and gagged, and one of Chan's bodyguards slouching against a nearby wall.

"The Master says to prepare this one," he said. "Clean her up. Especially her hair. Get the disgusting colour out of it."

Miranda looked down at the girl in anticipation. Kiri's eyes were wide as she stared up at her, a lips pulled back by a heavy rope pulled between them and bound around behind her head. She was clad in a short plaid skirt and a thin, midriff baring silk blouse.

Miranda smiled, though the girl would not, of course, be able to see her, and then crouched beside her on the floor. As the guard looked on she let one leather clad hand drop onto Kiri's bare thigh and stoked it gently.

The girl moaned through her gag, eyes terrified, and Miranda felt a wave of sympathy even as, oddly, her excitement soared.

Her hand slipped upwards, caressing the soft, golden skin, up to the hem of the short skirt, which she brushed aside. The girl wore plain white panties, for all she worked in a lingerie store and played the rebel, and Miranda chuckled softly as her finger stroked lightly along her crotch.

She rose and went to one of the tables, picking up a pair of electric cutting shears, then knelt beside the terrified girl. She did not bother to untie her, but simply gripped the hem of her skirt and ran the shears up the length, cutting it apart. The skirt parted, and Miranda sliced neatly along the sides of her panties before tugging the fabric away and throwing it on the floor behind her.

The girl sobbed in denial as the smirking guard looked on, and Miranda simultaneously pitied and revelled in her humiliation. She let her leather clad finger stroke lightly along the girl's narrow slit before reaching up and tearing open the front of her blouse to reveal her small white bra.

She used the shears again on the blouse, slicing it in half and removing it, then cut the straps of the bra to leave the girl entirely naked but for her shoes. Those too were soon gone, and the helpless Chinese girl closed her eyes, trying not to see the strange leather clad woman kneeling above her or the hot, hungry eyes of the man feasting on her nude flesh.

Miranda cut through the bonds around the girl's ankles, then replaced them with heavy metal shackles. Kiri tried to kick and twist her way free, but was helpless to resist.

Miranda rolled the girl onto her stomach and knelt on her wrists, then placed another pair of shackles around them before slicing through the ropes. The shackles around her ankles were loose, while those around her wrists were held together by a narrow length of chain.

With that done she eased back, then pulled on the girl's wrists. The girl squealed in pain and her legs jerked desperately as she staggered to her feet. Miranda kept her wrists

up, and the girl was forced to remain bent over as she frogmarched her to the corner, where there was a sink, a drain, and a hose not unlike the one first used to wash her when she had arrived.

“Stand still,” she ordered.

She reached overhead and grasped the electrical pulley control, and a meter long bar began to descend until it hung just behind the girl’s shoulder. She removed the bar and set it aside, then slipped the hook which had held it under the chain linking Kiri’s wrists.

Another touch at the controls lifted the hook, and forced Kiri’s arms up and back until she was bent over in agony, her shoulders straining as her arms were forced almost straight up behind her.

Miranda let her fingertips follow the small bumps of the girl’s spine down from her neck to her tailbone, then cupped and squeezed her mons. Even from the midst of her pain Kiri squealed in outrage, trying somehow to squeeze her thighs closed and protect herself.

Miranda smiled and drew her hand back, then picked up a small hand shower and began to pour water over Kiri’s head and hair. In moments they were dripping with water, and soon after foaming with soap. As she had suspected, the dye was not permanent, and began to quickly run down into the drain beneath, leaving shimmering raven behind.

Miranda squeezed the hair dry, then, after briefly squeezing and kneading one of Kiri’s breasts, lowered the chain and helped the girl straighten.

The water began to trickle down her shoulders and around and over her breasts now as Miranda held the trembling girl. Her hair fell wetly around her and her eyes were dazed. Before she could recover herself Miranda slipped the girl’s shackles off the hook, replaced the bar, then unclipped the shackles from each other.

Before Kiri realized she was free her right wrist was already locked above her head to one side of the bar. She trained to struggle then, but it was a feeble attempt, and Miranda soon had the other wrist tightly locked to the other side of the bar.

She raised the bar, then, it until her arms were above her head and her body was stretched out tautly. She was not on her toes, but had no slack at all in which to move. The girl tried to kick her, then, showing some spirit, her eyes dark, but she easily fended off her foot, then siezed it and pulled it apart, chaining it down to another metal bar sitting on the floor. This left the girl perched on one foot, and soon that too was pulled out from under her and secured to the other side of the lower bar

Kiri was now in no position to do anything but stare at her fearfully, and at the man who came up behind her and grinned as his hand cupped and fondled her breasts.

“Very nice,” he said in English.

Miranda knew, as she was sure, did he, that his presence was serving only to further humiliate the girl. She watched Kiri turn her eyes away, watched him grip her beneath the chin and turn her face back towards him. Again he spoke, and Kiri paled, then rolled her eyes.

He laughed, then drew back and moved to the door. With a final mocking look he stepped through and locked it behind, and Miranda was alone with the helpless, defenceless, beautiful young girl. She

considered the girl and began to feel a growing sense of power over her. With it came a deepening excitement as she examined her helpless charge.

She reached up and pressed the controls, causing the upper bar to rise higher. The girl moaned through the gag, but Miranda kept the pulley turning, feeling a fluttery sensation in her lower belly as the girl's body strained upward.

She let go and the pulley halted in place, leaving the girl stiff and trembling as she hung in mid-air.

"Pretty little thing," Miranda whispered, sliding her gloved hands over the girl's body. "Going to make you nice and clean for the master to play with."

Kiri's eyes widened, and Miranda wondered if she recognized her. Certainly she understood her.

Miranda loosened her gag, then pulled it free. Kiri let out a loud burst of Chinese but Miranda, of course, did not understand a word of it.

She reached for the shower nozzle and turned on the water, then sprayed it into the girl's face, then over her head and down her body, soaking her completely.

She unzipped the zipper over her mouth and grasped the girl's wet hair, jerking her head back and crushing her own lips down against her. She jabbed her tongue into the shocked girl's mouth, then pulled it back before the girl could bite down.

She chuckled and stepped back, beginning to understand the excitement and attraction possessing slaves held for Chan.

"P-please!" Kiri gasped, eyes blinking rapidly. "Please! Do you understand me?! Please?!"

Miranda did not respond. She knelt between the girl's legs and began to cut away at her pubic hair with a small pair of scissors.

Please!" Kiri half sobbed. "What are you doing!? What are you doing!?"

"Making you all pretty," Miranda replied softly.

"No! You cannot! Please!"

Miranda continued, ignoring her pleas. When she was done she soaped up her groin and shaved every trace of hair away.

When she had finished she removed one of her gloves long enough to run her fingers carefully over the soft, damp skin of Kiri's pussy to feel for any trace of stubble. When she found none she instead slipped her finger between the pudgy little lips and wiggled it up into the girl's body.

"Don't! Please!" Kiri gasped.

Miranda ignored her, pushing her finger up until she found, as she had suspected, that the girl was a virgin.

"Little virgin girl," she said, pulling her finger back again. "I'm sure you won't be a virgin for long.

Kiri stared at her as she rose, eyes filled with fear as she beheld the dark, faceless visage before her.

"Why do you do this?" she whimpered.

"My master wishes you. He wishes to use you, to rape you, to torture you."

The girl quivered, her eyes blinking rapidly. "B-but why?" she whimpered.

"Because it will bring him pleasure," Miranda said.

She moved behind her and, humming softly, took out the narrow enema tube fixed to the tab and rubbed some oil over it. She grinned at the girl's back, then pushed it against her anus and jammmed it up inside her before turning on the water.

She moved back in front of her and grinned.

“I bet nobody has ever licked your pussy before,” she said.

She took off both gloves and began to fondle the girl’s breasts, catching the brown nipples between her thumbs and forefingers and pinching them. She dropped to her knees then and folded back the lips of her sex before pushing out her tongue and licking slowly up and down her pink valley.

“Stop! What are you doing!?! You are mad!” Kiri cried despairingly.

Miranda’s hands slid up behind the girl and squeezed her soft buttocks as her tongue wiggled into her pussy hole and pumped in and out.

She giggled at the girl’s outrage and indignation and moved around behind her again.

“Getting all full, sweetie?” she cooed, sliding her arms around her and cupping her breasts. “Starting to feel cramps in your tummy?”

“No! No!” Kiri whimpered.

Miranda’s hands slid down to the girl’s abdomen, pressing inward as the girl moaned and begged.

She stepped back and grasped the evacuation tube - something she wished the old people in London had possessed, then turned off the water and pulled the tube free. She stuffed the evacuation tube into the round opening immediately, then locked it into place with a small plastic knob before turning on the gentle suction which would clean out Kiri’s insides.

The girl sucked in a deep breath, as well, and stared at Miranda as she came around in front of her.

“Poor little baby.” Miranda smiled. “Don’t know what’s going on, do you?”

She patted the girl’s cheek, then squeezed a breast for good measure. “Don’t you worry. After you’ve been tortured and raped a little you’ll get the idea. Then you’ll start to have fun. Trust me, it’s much nicer after you realize how exciting it can be.”

“You are... are crazy,” Kiri gasped.

Miranda sprayed water over the girl again, then began to soap her up, starting with her face and working her way down her body. She removed the tube from her rectum and continued downward, humming softly to herself until the girl was covered in soap from wrists to ankles.

She picked up a scrub brush then and began to scrub away at the girl’s skin. Kiri yelped at the rough brush, but Chan had been quite specific about the need to ensure cleanliness in his slaves.

She scrubbed especially hard at the girl’s feet, just to watch her wiggle and twist, then rinsed her off completely and towed her dry.

She was just finishing with her hair when Chan arrived. She turned off the little blow dryer and stepped back to bow in his direction.

“She is all prepared, master,” she said.

“Good. Good,” Chan said, nodding.

He walked slowly around the girl, who stared in fear at this sudden new intruder, cringing his close scrutiny. His hands moved over the skin of her shoulders and buttocks with equal interest, then cupped her breasts and fingered her nipples.

His fingers traced a slow line down her taut body, circling her belly button, then easing down her soft, smooth abdomen to the narrow, hairless slit between her legs. The girl let lose a long string of words, Chinese, and beyond Miranda’s understanding. She

knew from the pleading tone what was contained, however, not that this required any great imagination.

Chan responded softly and tears filled the girl's eyes as his finger pushed into her. Chan smiled, his eyes growing pleased at the girl's misery.

The girl's body strained against the bonds hopelessly, and Chan stepped back slightly to admire the sight of her.

"It is very tiring to hang from your wrists. Have you learned this, Miranda?"

"Yes, master."

Chan pulled his finger from the girl's narrow orifice and smiled.

"I will show you how easily one can break a female," he said. "One need not even put forth a great deal of effort. Simply depriving them of sleep, food and water robs them of most resistance. Adding pain only increases their eagerness to win your affections."

The girl began to speak again and Chan lashed out without warning, his open hand striking the side of her small face with a loud, explosive crack. Kiri's head was thrown back and to the side as her words abruptly died. She moaned softly, blinking her eyes, only to get the other hand slapping her on the other cheek. Once again her head was flung to the side, and her tears splattered across the floor as she sobbed in pain and misery.

"Whips and other such devices are merely for the enjoyment of the connoisseur," Chan said as he casually slapped her face back and forth with careful, measured blows. "They are not required to teach a human dog to fear her master."

He stepped back, and the girl's head hung, her eyes glazed, jaw slack.

"Put her on her knees before me," he said.

Miranda swallowed, then reached down and undid the chains holding the captive's ankles. She quickly did the same for first her right wrist, then her left, and the girl sagged in her arms, staring at Chan fearfully.

"Fetch her a collar and leash," he ordered.

Miranda hurried to the corner cupboard and returned with a thick leather collar, which she placed around the petite girl's throat. She snapped on a leash, and Chan yanked on it, pulling Kiri forward until she was on all fours.

The girl whimpered, but made no effort to resist. She knelt there between them, body trembling, head hanging low.

Chan yanked up on the leash, and barked a word, then walked slowly away, pulling on the leash. Kiri raised her tear-filled eyes, then shuffled forward. Soon she was crawling along beside Chan on the end of the leash as he walked her in slow circles around the room.

Chan halted her and pulled up and back on the leash, lifting her up to sit back on her heels. He stepped away then, handing the leash to Miranda to hold as he disrobed.

The girl averted her eyes, but her breathing grew more ragged as Chan removed his clothing, and even while feeling a distinct thrill of arousal Miranda felt another small twinge of sympathy for her.

Chan returned, naked, his manhood starting to rise as he stepped before her and spread his legs in arrogant superiority. He barked a word as he took the leash from Miranda's hand, and then reached for the girl's long hair, pulling her face forward into his groin.

The girl cried out, trying to push him back. Instead of forcing her, Chan released her and stepped back.

“Place her on the bench,” he said.

Miranda caught Kiri from behind, pulling the unresisting girl to her feet, then turning her and leading her toward a harmless seeming bench off to one side.

It was an odd, but cunningly wrought device made of shining steel and leather over padding. The girl was pushed firmly against one side, then bent forward at the hips so her upper body and abdomen lay flat on the long, padded bench. Her ankles and thighs were then strapped firmly to two round posts at that end.

Her body was adjusted on the bench so that her breasts pushed through two round openings in the padding. Straps were then placed over her at shoulder and lower back and tightened. At the pull of a lever heavy leather cords which circled the openings tightened hard, squeezing the young, Chinese girl's breasts much as Miranda's own had been just prior to her hanging.

Her wrists were pulled beneath the bench and tied together there, then Miranda bent and placed two small rings around her nipples, tightening them so they pinched into the now squealing girl's nipples in the same way the cords did to her breasts.

These rings, attached to chains, then pulled down harshly, drawing another scream, before Miranda clipped them in place.

The bench upon which the girl's upper body lay then lowered so that it was at quite a sharp angle, raising the girl's buttocks nicely and stretching the skin.

“Do you wish her hair pulled up, Master?” she asked.

“Yes, I think so.”

Miranda nodded and removed her gloves. She gathered up a great mass of the girl's hair and carefully bound it into a rough braid, then pulled it back along her body, forcing her head up and back so it pressed back between her shoulders. She wound a cord into the end of the braid, tying it off, then plucked a thick butt plug from a nearby shelf and worked it into the squawling, protesting girl's anus. With it lodged firmly in place, she tied the cord off to the ring at the end and stepped back.

The pressure on the girl's hair forced her mouth to remain open, and she made helpless, terrified wailing sounds as Chan inspected her.

“Is she not lovely?”

“Yes, Master,” Miranda said, softly.

“Do you feel sorry for her?”

“A little, master,” she admitted.

“That is only natural. But fear not, this girl will grow to enjoy her life even as you have. Before she was a disappointment to her family and her life was filled with quarrels and tension. Here she will be trained harshly, but then her life will be one of tranquility and comfort.”

His hand caressed the curve of her backside, then stroked softly along her mons.

“Fetch me one of the crops, a light one to start.”

Miranda hurried to please him, placing the crop in his free hand as his fingers explored the bound girl's sex. Kiri had quieted somewhat, her wails reduced to whimpers and moans, and Chan moved around before her, his groin before her face.

“You will learn that refusing any request will result in much worse than obeying it,” he said in amusement.

Kiri stared at him, whimpering, and did not reply.

He caressed himself then and rubbed the head of his cock along the girl's face before pushing it into her mouth. The girl choked and sputtered as Chan pushed himself deeper. He held himself within her mouth then, unmoving. After a moment his hand came down and he slapped her face lightly.

"You know what I seek," he said. "Yet you stubbornly refuse to comply."

He stepped back, not reluctantly, Miranda thought, and moved behind her. Miranda felt the heat in her own loins as the crop whistled through the air and came down across the girl's lovely, upturned rear.

Kiri wailed anew, then again, and again as the crop lashed her buttocks. Chan took his time, letting her suffer the full pain of each blow and the anticipation of the next before swinging his arm down once again.

He landed ten blows before moving around in front of her again. This time the girl's lips eased closer, and Chan smiled in satisfaction as her tongue began to work on his cock.

"You see? Pain is an excellent teacher," he said as he began to thrust himself slowly into her mouth.

He reached down, his hand sliding over her back, then beneath the narrow padded frame to squeeze one of her swollen breasts. The girl moaned and whimpered, but continued to lick and suck as he pumped his manhood through her lips.

He drew back suddenly, then moved quickly behind her. At the pull of a lever the two posts to which her slender legs were bound pulled apart, spreading her legs and baring her sex quite vulnerably. Chan rubbed the head of his organ up and down along her slit, then pushed slowly into her body.

As soon as the head of his cock was lodged snugly, he gripped her hips and thrust home with savage gusto. The girl shrieked in pain and denial as her virginity was painfully taken from her, but Chan only chuckled.

"Once a girl is well raped," he said with a grunt, "She loses much of her will to fight."

Miranda watched his thick cock ease back, then thrust forward again, brutally ploughing its way deep into the virginal woman's belly until his own hips were flush with her trembling flanks.

Buried within her, he sighed in relief and let his hands slide down her sides to caress her breasts. He began to pump slowly, smiling and eyes closed as he used her to sate the excitement which had built up within him.

The girl's initial sobs slowly gave way as she accepted her deflowerment, and Chan continued to pump for long minutes as he enjoyed the ravishing of her fresh young body.

When he was done and his seed filled her womb, he drew his flacid cock back and moved around her. His fingers stroked against her face and wiped the tears from her eyes.

"You will ensure she does not sleep," he said. "Do not damage her lovely skin, but let her taste pain frequently. Feed her nothing, let her drink nothing. I will return later this evening and will make further use of her."

Miranda bowed respectfully, though the heat of her loins caused her to strongly consider some sign of disrespect so that she too could be punished by Chan.

He left, and Miranda found herself alone with the sobbing young woman. She moved closer, letting her hands caress the girl's tightly bound breasts, squeezing only lightly.

"Poor little Kiri" she said. "Did the nasty man rape your little pussy for you?"

She unbound the cord from her hair, then released the long, sable tresses as the girl's head fell. She moved around before her then, sinking to her knees and lifting her face in her hands. She licked lightly along her face, tasting the salt of her tears, then kissed her on the lips.

The girl's eyes widened in surprise, and she tried to twist her head away. Miranda held it firmly in place, nibbling on the girl's lower lip before pushing her tongue forward. The girl's lips hesitantly opened and she moaned as Miranda's tongue slipped into her mouth.

Miranda smiled as she eased back.

"Pretty little Kiri," she said. "You and I are going to have a lot of fun together, aren't we?"

"No," Kiri whispered.

"You'll change your mind," Miranda said confidently.

She released the girl's face, then moved around behind her. The girl's legs remained spread wide, her recently ravished sex moist with Chan's juices. Miranda pushed out her tongue sliding it slowly and teasingly up the girl's pussy slit, the thumbs of her fingers pressing in to spread her open.

She ignored the dazed girl's protests, her tongue pressing intimately deep, burrowing into the girl's sex and plunging into the small, tight hole. She pumped her tongue in and out before pulling it free and circling the small hooded clitoris below.

She kissed it lightly, then let her tongue lap slowly and softly against it. She worked her tongue up along one side and down the other, then kissed it again, letting her soft lips spread around it as she sucked rhythmically.

She rose smoothly then moved around in front of the girl, standing close before her and slowly drawing the zipper down between her thighs, then up behind her. She spread back the leather and revealed her own shaved mons to the whimpering girl.

"You know what I want, Kiri," she said, pushing herself forward.

Kiri stared at her sex, then tried to twist her face away.

"Do it, Kiri, like I showed you, or else I'll have to punish you," she warned.

Kiri's face screwed up, and she gave a small sob. Then her small tongue pushed out and Miranda pushed her sex forward to meet it. The girl was awkward, and gagged several times, but Miranda dug her hands into her thick hair and twisted whenever she seemed to lack enthusiasm.

Soon she was rolling her hips in slow, delicious pleasure, eyes half closed as Kiri's tongue lapped against her bulging clitoris. She spread her legs wider, groaning as the pleasure sensations grew and her entire body began to thrum with sexual energy.

She threw back her head and cried out in pleasure as the climax sent her muscles spasming and her limbs jerking. She jammed her sex into Kiri's face, panting for breath and closing her eyes against a sparkling wall of light which surrounded her.

She took a half step back, and released her hold on Kiri's hair, then groaned weakly and dropped to her knees.

"Good girl," she panted. "We'll have so much fun."

"I hate you!" Kiri screamed. "Sick, dirty evil slut! I will kill you! I will kill you all!"

Miranda was taken aback by the force of the girl's fury, then again as it gave way to a torrent of tears. She considered the girl for a moment from her knees, then slowly stood

up and fetched a blindfold. Kiri tried to twist her head free, but could not, and soon was blinded.

Miranda moved behind her and examined the hitherto unused parts of the framework. Kiri's hips were bounded by two metal bars which rose to just above Miranda's head. A bar between them held up one side of the bench upon which the girl's torso was now resting. Above her, however, was another bar, and attached to this, on a thick swing arm, was a long metal cylinder.

Miranda pulled the arm towards her and then down, swinging it full circle until it was pressed down against Kiri's upthrust behind. She adjusted the cylinder on the end, pointing it at Kiri's still moist sex, then inserted the tip.

"Stop it! You slut! What are you doing to me! Leave me alone! My family will kill you!" Kiri screamed despairingly.

Miranda locked the arm in place, then turned the two small switches on a control panel. The cylinder began to pump slowly in and out of Kiri's body. She left it do so fairly slowly, then stepped back.

She had longed to try the thing on herself when Chan had explained it. Now she watched, fascinated, as the girl struggled to free herself, sobbing and protesting all the while. Miranda waited, then -

"Ahh!" Kiri screamed, her head jerking up and back and her body suddenly jerking violently.

The device was fiendish in its design. The cylinder was both a dildo and a vibrator, purring away as it slowly pumped within a girl's tight belly. It was, however, metallic, and designed to deliver a sudden, short, sharp shock at intervals.

Just in case the girl got too relaxed.

Likewise the two metal rings clamped tightly around her nipples buzzed with a soft, low electrical current, just enough to make her nipples throb in response. But again, at unexpected intervals, the power would suddenly rise and two sharp, snaps would set young breasts bouncing.

Well, if they weren't tightly bound it would.

She stepped back and took a seat, watching and resting. She could always tell when the girl was shocked, and after a few minutes thought she could tell when the shocks came from within her belly or against her nipples.

Yet the shocks were long minutes apart, and in between came the soothing buzz of contentment designed to lull her into forgetting.

After one which again had her screaming and jerking back she burst into tears. "Please! Please!" she sobbed. "No more!"

"You're a bad little slave," Miranda said benignly. "You're not showing the proper respect for your masters."

"I-I will show respect," Kiri sobbed. "I promise. I will be a good slave."

Chapter Eight

Miranda walked over to her and ran a hand lightly down between her legs, feeling the pulsing of the cylinder as it hissed back and forth between the girl's pussy lips. She again felt a desire to take the girl's place, then other desires overrode it.

She stopped the movement and drew the cylinder back, then unstrapped the girl. She slapped at her hand as it reached for the blindfold.

"Keep that on," she ordered.

She left her bent over, arms and legs now free but held by the breasts, and quickly stripped off her own leather gear. She felt deliciously cool and, oddly, more naked than ever as she shook her hair free.

Then she loosened the rings from the girl's nipples and caressed them gently as Kiri moaned and whimpered. She loosened the leather cords, and helped the girl stand, turning her and pulling her naked body in against her own.

Kiri's hands rose feebly then held still in mid-air as Miranda embraced her. Her mouth opened as if to speak but Miranda's found it and Kiri's eyes widened behind the blindfold. She tried to pull her head away but Miranda smacked her bottom sharply.

"Behave," she ordered. "Kiss me."

Again the lips pressed against her and, fearfully, Kiri kissed back. She was not adept at the practice, but found it far less unpleasant than most of what she had been subjected to of late. She found the other girl's body soft against her own, and let herself be led backwards, then down onto a low padded mat of some sort.

She felt hands sliding over her body, and thought again of the strange western girl who had visited her shop the other day. She knew the woman with her was she, but could still not fathom why. What she did know, however, was that pain would answer any resistance.

She was trembling lightly, still half dazed. Even now she could feel the shocks jolting her in the most intimate of places, could feel the way her body was blasted by -

"Oh!" she whispered, her body jerking slightly as a finger found its way into her newly deflowered entrance.

"Shhhh," she heard.

Lips surrounded one of her nipples, the nipple still throbbing with remembered pain, and closed gently and pleasantly. The finger slipped inside her and prodded the walls of her sex.

She was no virgin, not any longer. The thought made her mind recoil, at first, yet there was a strange, if far away freedom to it.

She lay back, unmoving, trying not to anger the woman, one she remembered as quite tall, if beautiful. She felt the woman's large breasts crushed against her belly, then sliding up along her own smaller breasts. Again she felt the lips on her own, and kissed back hesitantly. A tongue slipped into her mouth and she met it with her own.

She felt her wrists caught and her hands raised. She did not resist as she felt the soft fullness of the western woman's breasts filling them. Swallowing fear and revulsion both she squeezed slowly, uncertainly.

They pulled back, and again she felt them against her lower chest, then her belly, soft, warm, sliding lower still as the other woman's hands moved to her thighs and opened them.

"Oh! Please don't!" she gasped.

There was no answer, and she felt the soft, wet tongue slipping between her newly shaven lips, felt finger spreading her open like a flower. The tongue drove into her like a butterfly, then a snake, and she whimpered in shame and fear.

Another finger inside her, deeper this time, and then lips mouthing her. She lay back stiffly, breathing in short, desperate pants as that tongue and those lips moved against her.

There was no pain, however. Her bottom still ached and there was a remembered sting in her nipples and... inside her, but here there was no pain.

Like a dog. She had crawled like a dog.

She moaned in shame, then gasped as a light little flicker of that tongue made her insides glow with sudden warmth. She waited for pain but it didn't come.

"Pretty little slave."

A slave. She was a slave? Who could be a slave in modern Singapore? What was a slave for? What -

"Oh!"

This time her soft cry was of surprised pleasure. She had never felt anything quite like the sensation as that tongue rolled slowly over her clitoris.

Sick! She was sick! She had been used like a dog, mounted like a whore, and used her mouth on another woman's sex! And now she was rolling her hips like a wanton beneath another woman's lips!

Yet the pleasure grew rapidly, and was unlike anything in her experience. She grasped it as though it would comfort her in her misery, her legs spreading wider as her muscles began to relax under a soft, spreading warmth.

Her sex pulsed with life, with a deep, burning excitement and pleasure. She found herself wanting the other woman's tongue to touch her just - just there.

"Yeess," she breathed.

The climax arrived suddenly, and her back arched as the force of it crackled through her body. Her mouth opened in a silent cry of wonderment and her fingers clawed at the air, then at the pad on either side of her. Her hips bucked up in a short, fast, furious dance and the air rushed from her lungs.

The energy seemed to burn through her body for long seconds, then it faded and she collapsed, groaning, weak, and disoriented.

"Pretty little slave," she heard.

The tongue moved slowly up her body, circling her belly button, then her nipples before easing in under one ear. She lay still, mouth agape as the other woman's body lay upon hers. She felt fingers digging into the soft flesh of her buttocks as the woman began to slowly grind her own hairless mons against Kiri's still warm sex.

Her legs were spread wide, and she moved to close them, then halted, spreading them wider. The girl's mouth met hers, and her body began to grind harder, faster. Kiri felt the pleasure rise again, and knew a deep and terrible shame as her hands rose and her arms encircled the other woman.

Their lips moved hungrily against one another, and her hands were soon filled with the soft white buttocks of the redhead. She ground her pelvis up in wanton pleasure, another climax rushing towards her.

She heard the other woman crying out in pleasure, felt her body shudder, then her own orgasm blossomed inside her and her own cries joined in, her body writhing under the onslaught of pleasure that frightened her in its strength.

They lay together, limbs entangled, as a slowly dawning horror and rage began to batter away at her mind. She recalled the man's words, about how easily she could be broken, about her being a dog. Was she such a weakling? Was she such a whore? Guilt and shame rushed over her and she could not hold still. She shoved the other woman's limp body back and tore the blindfold from her eyes.

She looked at the redhead's startled face, then struck her hard, rolling away as the woman cried out. Naked, she clawed her way to her feet and staggered to the door, then flung it open and

Ran into Chan. She cried out in shock, trying to dodge aside, but he threw her back into the room, coming in and closing the door behind.

"So," he said, looking around the room with knowing eyes.

"You see," he said. "You cannot give the dog its freedom until it has learned its proper place. They are ungrateful creatures and prone to mischief.

"Let me go! Please! I will keep silent!" Kiri begged

The two held her easily between them, and she was quickly forced down onto all fours. Her body was strapped in place and her feet raised up behind her, the ankles strapped to her thighs. Then Kiri felt more pain than she thought could exist in the world as a thin bamboo cane lashed down across the sole of her right foot.

Her scream caused her throat to ache. Yet another followed it as the cane lashed her other foot. Every muscle in her body strained as she fought to escape, but it availed her nothing. Again and again the cane hissed down against her small bare feet, and terrible jagged pain tore through her agonized body.

"You will be running nowhere soon, dog," the man said. "You will learn to crawl where you need to go, and to heel when your master orders it."

Her feet were on fire, were burning. Again and again the cane struck. Again and again she shrieked and sobbed, begging for forgiveness, promising everlasting loyalty and obedience, promising anything.

It stopped, finally. She thought. She lay trembling, sobbing, her feet twin furnaces. The man dropped behind her and mounted her, but that was almost irrelevant. She was grateful for it, for anything but the awful pain.

When he was done, shaming her again, she was unstrapped, and, still sobbing, ordered to rise. Pain drew a scream from her and she fell immediately. Again she was ordered to stand, and again pain dropped her to her knees.

"Now you know your place, dog," the man said.

Miranda watched the girl, fascinated, watched her cringing under Chan's words, watched her bend her neck and place her tongue and lips against Chan's feet, grasping his ankles and begging him for forgiveness.

"Only after due punishment has been given may forgiveness be granted," Chan rumbled softly. "You must make amends to she you struck."

Almost at once Kiri was crawling to Miranda, grasping her ankles, kissing her toes and begging her forgiveness. Miranda looked up at Chan and realized such forgiveness was not his wish.

Not yet.

“I haven’t punished you yet,” she said.

Chan smiled, then turned his head, glancing towards the booth.

Miranda shivered slightly.

“Please forgive me, mistress. I am unworthy of you,” Kiri moaned.

Miranda bent, grasping the woman’s hair, and lifted her up on her knees. She pulled her face in against her groin, and Kiri began to lick desperately.

She looked down at the girl, fascinated, then examined the braid in her hair. It had loosened, and she undid it fully, then combed her fingers through the girl’s long dark hair. She gathered it up once more, gathered it into a thick mass which sprouted directly from the centre of Kiri’s head, then began to braid it gently.

The girl’s tongue was lapping hard and fast at her sex, almost painfully so. Perhaps she sensed something unpleasant was due her and was trying to soften Miranda’s anger.

Miranda tightened the braid, making it stronger, knowing what Chan wanted. She watched him kneel and grasp Kiri’s wrists, pulling them back behind her and fastening the shackles together.

She eased back, pulling Kiri with her, leading her slowly back towards the booth.

The booth was small and round, like a glass pillar in the centre of the room. At Chan’s touch the glass slid aside, opening one side of the booth. Miranda almost backed into it, but it was large enough for only one person to stand, and that was not to be her.

For which she was thankful.

Chan was quite proud of it, an example, he said, of Singapore’s great technology. Yet Miranda found it quite cruel and not a device she cared to try out on her own.

She reached up and found the hook there, pulling slowly, feeling the wire give. Chan produced the cord, touch and leather, and she bound it all through Kiri’s hair even as that madly lapping tongue began to cause her hips to roll in lewd delight.

She would have let the girl finish, but Chan clearly was eager to see her punished.

She drew aside and bound the cord over the hook, then pulled aside. Kiri looked up at the lighted booth now, staring at the cord binding her hair to the hook, following the wire up to the small hole in the centre of the booth’s roof.

A touch, and the wire began to withdraw.

“Please!” she cried desperately, pulled forward on her knees. “Please! No! I will obey! I will do anything! Please, master! Please, mistress!”

She screamed and sobbed, her body pulled into the booth now, the pull remorseless. “Oh please!” she screamed as the pull forced her onto one foot, then the other. Again she screamed, the pain in her feet almost dropping her back. But the pull on her hair supported her, lifting her higher still.

She was on her feet now, shifting her weight from one burning sole to the other. Then on her toes, which had caught quite a few of the hard flicks from the bamboo.

Her shrieks grew more desperate, more despairing. She was lifted off her feet entirely, and her body writhed and twisted like a fish caught on a hook.

Chan and Miranda watched, both fascinated. Her motions quickly grew less violent, for it took mere seconds to discover that movement only served to make the pain worse.

Miranda moved in and bent before her. Kiri's feet were a good six inches off the floor of the booth now. At the touch of a button a thick metal post began to slide soundlessly up from the floor. Its top was rounded, yet even so the post was thicker than a man's forearm.

Kiri could see nothing for her head was held rigid by the strong pull on her hair. Miranda grasped one of her legs and guided her over the post and then lowered her body. Kiri felt the heavy pressure against her sex, but could still see nothing as she gasped and moaned and whimpered, desperately trying to keep her motions as slight as possible.

The post was wide enough, thick enough, to support some of her weight now, which relieved the terrible, stabbing needles of pain in her skull. She moaned, knowing a few moment's respite. Yet the post was sleek and metallic - and slick with lubrication. Kiri's weight crushed her soft mound downward against it, forcing the elastic flesh in and back.

The challenge now was that the pain which was growing in her loins was dull, while the pain in her scalp was sharp and intense. The moment Kiri tried to ease some of her weight off the rounded tip of the post the pull on her hair drove her back.

For long minutes her sex stood up to the thickness of the post. But as time passed and her now slippery flesh continued to grind down against it the opening to her body began to spread farther and farther apart. The ache in her sex grew, yet still it was dull and more easily acceptable than the pull against her hair.

"Please! Please!" she whispered, hardly able to move her jaw for the rigid pull against her scalp.

Chan pressed a button and the glass opening slid closed, silencing her moans and pleas.

Through the glass, they watched the agonized young woman's body tremble and shake, her eyes bulging and mouth gaping. They could only faintly hear her choked sobs and warbling moans of pain as she slid slowly, inexorably down onto the post.

Her eyes bulged as she was finally penetrated, her pubic lips forced far, far apart. Now her body slid downwards, slowly impaling itself on the metal. Miranda watched inch after inch sliding upwards into the girl's belly as the wire above let her body go lower.

An inch, five inches, a foot, and more, and now she was impaled in truth, the end of the post deep within her and grinding against the entrance to her womb. Intense pain flashed through the pale young woman's face and she screamed - the sound unheard through the glass.

Again and again she screamed, her body trembling and shaking with violent convulsions, her feet jerking spastically below her.

And now the wire pulled, and she screamed anew as pressure was exerted anew, as she was lifted upwards by the hair, inch after inch, rising higher, until half the post was exposed, held in place, hanging by the hair to shake and sob for long minutes until - .

She was lowered again, her sex sliding downwards, impaled, her belly grinding against the hard post as her weight once again drove her body down upon it.

From above, water plummeted, a shower which grew stronger and stronger, pouring down as if the girl were caught in a powerful storm. The girl was soaked, gasping in the downpour, still moaning and sobbing in pain.

The water halted, and as Miranda watched the glass began to fog, not with heat, but with cold. Goose bumps stood out on the girl's naked flesh as the temperature

plummeted. There was a thermometer on the glass and she watched it, intrigued, as the red shank downwards, down below the freezing point.

The cord began to lift her upwards by the hair and she screamed anew, a silent scream so far as those watching were concerned, yet they knew she screamed.

Frost rose in her hair and on her skin as she trembled and shook. And then the water poured down again: hot this time, and the temperature rose as rapidly as it fell. Steam rose upwards from the floor now, to envelope the girl. Beads of sweat stood out upon her brow, and trickled down between her breasts.

Her body slid downwards onto the post; impaled.

“She will remember this the next time she thinks to defy me,” Chan said.

“Yes... master,” Miranda whispered.

“And what of you?”

“Master?”

“You failed me. You allowed yourself to be overcome by her. You must be punished, as well.”

“Yes,” she breathed with slowly dawning comprehension.

“I will permit you to choose the method.”

“It... it would be appropriate if I were to take the same place she was in when I released her,” she said, eyes downcast.

“Yes. I agree.”

Miranda smiled shyly and knelt before him, raising her bottom and spreading her legs. She saw him pick up a light crop and braced herself as he moved behind her, feeling a mixture of anticipation and anxiety.

Crack!

She inhaled sharply, moaning.

Crack!

The pain in her bottom rose, and yet, so too did the heat within her.

Crack!

She felt the sharp sting of the blow flash through her system, yet her loins felt hot and empty.

Crack!

Take me, she whispered in her mind. I am your slave. Use me as a slave should be used!

And then he did. And behind them, the girl rose again, screaming silently as the air turned chill and the thermometer fell.