

INFIDEL

By Argus

Copyright resides with author
Downloaded from bdsmbooks.com

Chapter One

It would not be entirely correct to suggest that Erin Fitzpatrick was an enthusiastic supporter of rebellion. Although, of course, that was the suggestion made.

In truth, she was a woman out of place, out of time, wilful, obstinate, and keenly intelligent. Although progress and science were the watchwords of the day, and factories were springing up in every urban centre, none of these were considered characteristics of a proper woman of the early nineteenth century.

What made matters worse for her was that Erin was woefully lacking the ability to conceal her opinion of those she considered fools. And this included most of the members of his majesty's government at all levels, most of the nobility of Great Britain – and his majesty himself.

Had she the bad fortune to be born to a lowly Irish tenant farmer she would have received no education to speak of, and such attitudes and opinions would likely have long since been beaten out of her, and she would have been successfully married off and be producing children each year, thus having much to occupy her time and thoughts.

Had she the good fortune to be born into a titled family her attitude would have been more tolerated, especially as her almost ethereal beauty would have disposed many to overlook her habit of offering up unsolicited and unflattering opinions of those set above her. Especially as there would be so many fewer of such people.

Erin was, however, born into the family of a man of some means but no name. That is, a commoner who had managed to acquire a goodly amount of money through his own skill and intelligence. He was a successful businessman courted by those with bluer blood but lighter wallets for his aid on numerous projects.

He was an enlightened man who had once erred in making his only child and daughter the promise that he would never force her to marry off against her will. And indeed, why should he? He had more than sufficient money to look after her long after his death, should she choose never to marry.

He was a man who respected learning, knowledge, and intelligence, and a man who had led something of a wild life in his youth. He was thus an unusual man for his time in not squelching such traits in his daughter.

Erin Fitzpatrick grew up with a keen thirst for knowledge, an independent spirit, and, as she grew older, a contempt for those who failed to measure up to the high standards she held for herself. Thus despite numerous suitors – all motivated entirely by her beauty and her father's purse – she remained unmarried at the astonishing age of twenty-two.

Her suite of rooms in her father's enormous home was always strewn with books of every variety. Her tables and desks were always littered with drawings of machines and devices, of people and animals, of fanciful and colourful designs. She was a young woman bursting with ideas, most of them, she would admit, not very practical.

And she was a woman who had taken full advantage of her father's permissiveness to indulge in life. She raced horses, when she could find anyone willing to race her. She dove and swam in the deep lakes of her father's estate. She sailed in small boats, and climbed small mountains.

And she danced. She loved to dance, and took every opportunity to indulge in new and unusual types of dances which found their way to the heart of the Empire

from all around the world. Some of them were considered quite scandalous by her peers, as well as those set above and below her.

In fact, Erin Fitzpatrick herself was considered quite scandalous. She was known to flirt openly with men of all types, ages and classes. She danced with many men, and often ate with them at public eateries. She never had a chaperone, but moved about on her own, engaging in who knew what manner of shocking behaviour.

She often dressed in immodestly thin clothing which hugged her slender but generously endowed body all too tightly, and often revealed an uncomfortable amount of cleavage

She had driven a local priest who had attempted to council her on the proper moral behaviour expected of young women out of her house by the expedient of grasping him by the scruff of the neck and hurling him through the door. True, the priest in question was noted for his arrogance, sharp tongue, and intolerance towards women, and many were secretly delighted at his tumble down the stairs, but still, he was a priest, and such behaviour was simply not done. Especially by women.

She was probably not even a virgin!

Erin was well aware of the gossip which swirled around her, and in some respects revelled in it. She liked putting noses out of joint and shocking people. They were all so dull, drab and stupid anyway, thoughtless herd animals all doing and acting in the same way. She dressed as she wished, usually dependant more on comfort and weather than fashion. And she went where she willed when she willed and did as she willed.

Even within her own house she was something of a scandal to the servants. She spent little time in a proper dress or gown. In winter she wore heavy, loose, quilted clothing she had designed and made herself which kept her warm but which lacked any sense of fashion. In summer she would often wear nothing more than her shifts, shifts she had cut off well above the knees.

Often she even wore trousers!

On the evening of July fourteenth, eighteen oh two, Erin was wearing just such a shift, made of paper thin cotton, as she sat at a table drawing. The shift was tight enough to offer up some support her full breasts, and cut low to cool, though this also served to reveal an abundant cleavage. It descended only so far as it had to, which was a few inches below her buttocks.

Erin wore such a shift for comfort in her own suite of rooms when alone, and a robe was always nearby if there was a need to quickly cover up. Only the occasional maid entered her rooms in any event, and so while others might have been scandalized she thought her dress entirely practical and acceptably modest.

Erin had little sense of conceit when it came to her physical appearance. She was a lithe, athletic girl of slender build with full, firm young breasts, a trim waist, and flaring hips. Her buttocks were small but pert, and her legs long and well-sculpted.

If she had a sense of pride it was in her hair, which she kept unfashionably long. Her hair was a brilliant, gleaming coppery red, and a part of her enjoyed living up to the reputation of fiery redheads in her temperament. She would not, however, put in the time polite society considered necessary to properly style and primp her hair, and so it hung casually long to her waist.

Out of practicality, and Erin was ever thus, she would often pull her long hair back into a loose tail or braid which would dangle behind her.

Several lamps were nearby as her slender hand drew the outlines of what she believed would be a delightful water garden she intended to have constructed west of the house. She had heard of water gardens from a recent visitor from Italy, and become immediately intrigued.

There was a knock at the door and she looked up. Anne, the maid, entered slowly. She was a timid girl, and carried something slowly over to the table, curtsied, though Erin never asked it of her or any of the servants, deposited the object, turned, and fled. Erin shook her head and reached for it. It was a letter and she cut it open and examined its contents with idle curiosity.

She snorted in amusement and then confusion as her eyes scanned the lines of text. The letter was from a young Frenchman named Lehavre she had met a few weeks earlier and passed an interesting evening with the previous day. They had spoken of politics, and the Irish Rebellion which had been crushed some four years earlier.

It would not be accurate to say she had stated her sympathies for the rebellion. She found Catholic society stifling, worse even than the bloody English. So while she had a nationalistic desire to see the English expelled she had little confidence this would result in any great improvement to her life or society in general.

Yet now Lehavre, seeming to be recalling a much different conversation, spoke of a new rebellion – well, there were always rumours – and how she might contribute to it. And he spoke as though she had agreed to do so. Erin wondered if he had been drunk when writing.

“Silly bloody Frenchman,” she said to herself, tossing the letter to the end of the table.

She returned to her drawing, wondering if she should raise the size of height of the pond so that the water would tumble with more enthusiasm down into the pool below. Her father was due to return from a month-long trip to England and she wanted to have the plans ready.

The door opened quickly and without a knock, and she looked up in surprise, then astonishment to see several men with grim expressions enter her private rooms. She recognized two of the three.

One was Sir Walter Minnow, the local magistrate, a stern, white haired, arrogant old fossil who, so far as she knew, had never been known to smile. Minnow was known for his quick judgements and harsh sentencing.

The second man was Colonel George Bradley, in charge of the county militia. He was a bold, and irretrievably stupid man who was known to disdain learning, and even reading, as a foolish waste of time for those, presumably like himself, who were already gifted by God with a vastly greater intelligence than their fellows.

The third man was a mystery. He was young, and quite fashionably dressed, small and thin, pale faced, with a long nose and small, beady brown eyes. All three men stared at her with varying degrees of indignation and in the case of the latter man, only barely concealed lust as she slowly stood up, still trying to understand this outrage.

“How dare you enter my chambers unannounced!?” Erin demanded, surprise giving way to anger.

“The Crown goes where the Crown will, madam!” Bradley sneered, glaring at her cleavage.

“The Crown has no bloody business in my house and I’ll thank you to get out at once!” she replied angrily.

While Erin sometimes enjoyed distracting and befuddling men with a display of her chest this was neither the time nor place, and she strode across the floor to her robe. She was again astonished when Colonel Bradley dared to grasp her wrist and yank her aside.

“What do you think you’re doing!?” she demanded. “How dare you!”

“You will touch nothing, madam!” Bradley growled. “You will do nothing to interfere with the gathering of evidence.”

“Evidence?! Evidence of what? Are you mad! Have you taken leave of what few senses you possess!?”

“Evidence of treason, Miss Fitzpatrick,” the young man said with an oily voiced sneer.

“Treason?!”

“We have good reason to believe that you have been consorting with agents of a foreign power with an eye to instigating violence against agents of the Crown,” Sir Minnow said.

“You’re all mad,” Erin said angrily. “My father will break you. He’ll have you flogged, Bradley, you unctuous oaf!”

“I rather think not, Miss Fitzpatrick,” the young man said, artfully plucking the letter from Lehavre from her table and idly examining it. “Your father, you see, had an accident a week past.”

“What?” she gasped, staring.

“Sadly, as he chanced to pass by a building under construction, a part of the wall collapsed and he did not survive.”

Erin stared at him in appalled shock.

“So, of course, one of our purposes in coming here was to take possession of this estate on behalf of his heirs,” Sir Minnow said.

“His heirs?” Erin asked, her mind still trying to come to terms with the enormity of what she had been told. “But I’m his only heir.”

“Alas, dear lady,” the oily younger man said. “That is not true. For his will was discovered in his London office, and all his possessions and moneys were left to Sir David Robertson, his partner in his business ventures there.”

Erin stared at him. “That’s absurd. I have seen his will. There’s a copy in his office here! I know very well what’s in it!”

“No doubt an older version, and quite beside the point, in any case, as you, my dear, are under arrest.”

“What!?”

Shock came on shock as she watched the man pass Lehavre’s letter to Sir Minnow. The latter read it and glowered at her.

“Clear evidence of treason,” he growled.

“I didn’t... I don’t know what that silly ass is writing about! I never talked about - .”

“Enough,” Bradley said. “You will come with us, and Mr. Fox and his men will carry out a search of this house and seize any and all documents.”

“But - .”

“Silence!” Sir Minnow shouted. “You have nothing of value to say!”

Erin’s arms were abruptly yanked behind her, and she cried out in pain, twisting against Sir Bradley’s stolid grasp as she felt her wrists pinned by his large hands and a pair of metal shackles being closed about them.

“But I’ve done nothing!” she cried. “My father - .”

Was dead, according to them. And her mind raced with thought of who she might contact, who could speak for her, but already Bradley was grasping her arm and yanking her out of the room. Her mind spun wildly with confusion and shock as she was led past the frightened servants, and then out into the yard, where soldiers waited.

She abruptly recalled her state of undress, and shrank back, gasping.

“M-My dress!”

“If you choose to clad yourself indecently you have no one to thank but yourself when we find you so clad,” Bradley sneered.

A closed carriage was waiting, and she was thrust up into it, Bradley following. Another strange man got in as well, slim and pale of face, dressed in the

same way the oily Mr. Fox was. His eyes raked her impudently, and there was a look of smug knowledge behind them

“But I tell you I’ve done nothing!” Erin shouted.

“Madam if you will not be silent you shall be gagged,” Bradley snapped.

“Surely you do not think the words of a woman of your reputation would be given any credence,” the other man sneered.

The carriage started off, and Erin sat silent, the shackles heavy around her wrists, her mind muddled and racing as she tried to come to terms with what was happening to her.

Her father dead. That was such a shock it was difficult to think of anything else, especially this ludicrous accusation of treason. It was so ludicrous she would have had difficulty crediting it in any event.

Her father could not be dead!

“When did he die?” she whispered.

Bradley glared at her. The only man merely shrugged, his eyes rudely fixing on her well-displayed thighs. **“A fortnight ago,” he said.**

“Why – why was I not informed?”

“You are being informed.”

Two full weeks? How could two full weeks go by without her knowing? How could she laugh and drink and dance and play and not know her father was dead!? And how was it no one had thought to send word?

Erin and her father had enjoyed an unusual closeness. Her mother had died years earlier, and he’d never remarried. He had treated her, in some ways, as a son, affording her the respect few men did in her time. Many evenings had been passed sitting by the fire, sipping wine, and discussing ideas and philosophies.

It seemed impossible she would never see him again. She wanted to break down in tears, but refused to let these arrogant, idiot men see her lose her composure. For much of the ride she remained silent, wrapped in memories and misery, ignoring all considerations but the reality of her father being gone.

As the time passed, however, she became increasingly uncomfortable with the way the unnamed man across from them was eyeing her. His eyes rarely left her body, flicking in a rude, familiar fashion from her barely clad thighs to her cleavage and back again. He ignored her occasional glares with a cheeky smirk, simply looking to his heart’s content.

Men had never dared be so bold before, fearing, if not her, then her father, who was a formidable and influential man in many ways. Again the reality of her father no longer being there was brought home to her, and Erin’s eyes misted.

Who was this man? Who was the other greasy little man who had come into her house? It was simply not possible to take their absurd accusations seriously. Yet why were they there? And now of all times.

And the thought drew her slowly from her misery. Now, of all times? Surely this was no coincidence. Her father would have flogged them out of the house.

Come to seize his assets? In the name of a business partner he had never wanted nor trusted? She had been close to her father’s thoughts, and he had spoken of his growing disenchantment with Robertson and his intent to end their business relationship, even if it cost him money.

And suddenly she was accused of treason – as men came to seize her father’s assets in the name of a business partner she knew he had neither liked nor trusted.

Her eyes narrowed and she felt a jolt go through her body. She turned and glared up at Bradley, then across at the oily man staring at her.

“Let me see this supposed will naming Robertson as my father’s heir!” she suddenly demanded.

The man's lip curled further, and Bradley turned and glowered at her. "You're in no position to make demands. You face charges of treason against the Crown!"

"That's ludicrous! Where would such charges arise?!"

And why, a part of her suddenly asked.

"Scandalous, simply scandalous," the man said, shaking his head slowly. "And we just got over the last rebellion, too."

"Bloody Irish never learn their place," Bradley growled.

"Your place is the backside of a mule, you fat fool," she snapped.

Thus she completed her journey gagged, glowering fiercely at the two men. Bradley ignored her. The other man, still unnamed, grinned mockingly.

Her sadness at her father's death was beginning to be pushed away by anger now, not merely anger at their treatment of her, but a wild suspicion that perhaps her father's death had not been an accident at all. Clearly Sir Roberts had arranged these charges against her in order to steal her father's wealth. But had it started with her father's death or before it?

Her descent from the carriage, in a dark, stone cobbled alley behind a large brick building was considerably less seemly than her ascent, as she kicked Bradley in the belly and struggled wildly to free herself from their hands. A sharp slap to the face only angered her more, and she screamed into the gag as she fought furiously against the two men.

Nevertheless, she was easily dragged into a small doorway, down a flight of stairs, and then thrust into a small cell and left to her own devices, glaring furiously at the closed and barred door as she considered how she might punish them and who she might call on for aid. Her father had a number of friends. They would not be happy to see his daughter so abused, and would be even less happy at the suggestion his death had been suspicious.

It was hot in the cell, hot and damp and dark. Erin sat in her increasingly damp shift, sweating, miserable, and very tired. The night wore on but she could not sleep. She was too gripped by anger and misery.

She heard a distant sound, then closer sounds. The bolts were shot back and the door opened. She struggled to change her position to one which would afford her some greater coverage from her small shift, but she knew she looked a wreck when the door opened.

Sir Walter entered, accompanied by the man she knew was named Fox, and the other one from the carriage. Both men were speaking quite earnestly as they entered, and all three eyes turned on the glowering girl kneeling before them.

"... so you can see where we really don't want to make a martyr of the girl and possibly see a resurgence of more nationalist sentiment," Fox was saying.

"She is, as you'll note, quite attractive," the other man said. "The Irish will celebrate her as a heroine, and rally behind her cause. A trial would be quite the sensation, and no matter what happened would be a boon to the rebels."

"Yes, yes, I can see that," Minnow said.

"It's a pity we couldn't just ship her off to Botany Bay," Fox mused.

"Yes, it was simply too bad they stopped expelling such people," the other man sighed.

"I certainly agree," Minnow snorted, glaring down at Erin. "And we never should have stopped. For even when imprisoned we know they'll be out eventually. Most of them."

"You know," Fox said, as if hesitating to broach the subject, "there is still a rather informal version of Botany Bay. It's several hundred miles west of Australia, full of ruffians and that sort, anti-social parasites and the like."

"Too bad we couldn't ship the girl there quietly," the other man said.

"That would hardly be legal, gentlemen," Minnow said.

“But it would be in the nation’s interest, Sir Walter,” Fox said, handing something to the older man which looked suspiciously, in the dark, like folded papers.

“It would at that,” Minnow said, his eyes glancing down into his hand.

“And would prevent the Irish nationalists from putting her up as a glorious heroine.”

“But how do we explain her disappearance?”

“Well,” Fox said. “It could be arranged to say that she was with her father when that wall collapsed. A few bob in the right hands and we’d have witnesses to that affect. Not likely anyone would enquire too closely. No other relatives, after all.”

“The girl should be grateful,” Fox said. “For it’s the hangman otherwise.”

“And quite properly,” Minnow harrumphed.

Erin followed this conversation with some confusion, not at all liking its direction. She forced herself to her feet, trying to speak through the gag, but Fox pushed her back while Minnow stepped away, wrinkling his nose in distaste.

“I leave her in your capable hands, gentlemen,” he said, turning and exiting.

Fox shoved her back into the corner with a grin, while the other man laughed gently, mockingly.

“That’s well done then,” he said.

“It will be once she’s gone, Rupert,” Fox said.

“Tonight will see to that. Though I still say dropping her in the bog would have been cheaper.”

“But such a waste,” Fox said. “This will endear me to a possible business partner in the future.”

“Care to endear yourself to me?”

Fox made a face and shook his head. “You need to control your lusts, Rupert.”

“You lust for power and wealth. Some men lust for other things,” the other man replied.

“Just see to it she’s gone tonight.”

Fox turned and left, and Rupert reached out and gripped the bars on the door, pulling it closed. Erin eyed him with fresh distrust, and no small fear now that it appeared she was not destined for a trial but some sort of banishment.

He came closer, full of confidence and she backed into the corner.

“Now there’s nothing to be feared, my love,” he said. “I shant hurt you – much.”

She tried to twist free but he pinned her in the corner, laughing as she tried to bring her knee up into his groin. He twisted aside, then drove a fist into her belly. Erin gasped in shock and pain, the air driven out of her. She would have collapsed but he gripped her hair tightly, yanking it up and back.

She screamed into the gag, and he laughed cruelly.

“You’d best learn to cooperate, my dear. For where you’re going it will be required of you.”

His hand was suddenly squeezing her breast, the big fingers working harshly in the soft, warm flesh, kneading and fondling her outrageously as she squirmed and twisted in helpless fear and alarm.

He thrust his hand up beneath the hem of her shift, then, and she cried out in shock as he cupped and squeezed her bare sex.

“Ah yes, the prize for the winning hand,” he breathed.

Erin managed to bring her leg up and shove him back slightly, then kicked him hard in the knee. He stumbled back with a curse, and she ran for the door, but it was closed tightly and with her hands still shackled she could not open it.

She screamed into the gag as he grabbed her hair and yanked back savagely, sending her stumbling back across the cell. He slapped her face viciously, then, spinning her about, and her ear rang as heat burned her cheek.

“You stupid cunt!” he snarled.

He grasped the front of her shift and yanked hard, tearing it down the front from top to bottom, exposing her completely. Erin felt a terrible shock of embarrassment and outrage as he leered at her naked flesh, then cried out again as he closed in against her, filling his hands with her breasts, squeezing and roughly kneading them as he laughed at her useless struggles.

“You’d best get used to it, bitch! For a lot more than me will be enjoying your tender flesh!”

Erin stumbled sideways, trying to pull free, falling to the floor. But he came with her, leering above her, between her spread legs. His hands raced over her body as she struggled wildly, and he laughed to see her struggle.

He bent and closed his mouth against the centre of her left breast. Erin squealed into the gag to feel his teeth biting into her soft flesh, to feel his lips wetly massaging her skin, and the suction on her nipple as he began to suck. His tongue whipped back and forth wetly and she felt a wave of nausea, disgust and fear.

For in many ways she was more of an innocent than the lower class girls, who exposed on a far more intimate basis to the goings on between men and women. No man had ever done more than kiss her, and no violence had ever been shown her person.

That was not to say Erin knew nothing of sex. She certainly knew the mechanics, and had even indulged in masturbation, using a candle to thrust in and out of her sex as she stroked her moist fingers across that hard little bump just atop her entry.

That, of course, did in no way prepare her for the feel of Rupert’s hands moving over her body, or his tongue licking at her nipple.

“What a lovely little slut you are,” he panted. “You’ll bring a good price.”

The panicky girl did not understand his words or meaning as she continued to writhe hopelessly against his weight atop her. He ran his hands between her legs, rubbing and squeezing her, and began to bite and suckle on her nipples and breasts.

Then he eased back onto his knees, his hands gripping her thighs and spreading them wide, pinning them down harshly against the stone beneath her as she stared up at him in shock, fear, and pain. He leered and adjusted his knees so that they were jammed down against the insides of her thighs, and then he undid his trousers, and to her horror drew out his stiff, red cock.

Erin stared at it as though it were a snake, full of disbelief, disgust and fear. He laughed at her and leaned forward, forcing her legs wider, spreading his own knees to pin them, lowering his torso until he could rub the uncircumcised head up and down along her entry.

She shouted in denial but he only sneered. He spit on his hand repeatedly and rubbed it over his cock, then, to her mounting disgust, he began to push himself against her, slowly pushing her sex lips in and back, slowly sinking his manhood into the mouth of her sex. She felt the taut straining and stretching of her entry, and moaned and cried out in denial as he pushed deeper.

“Am I the first, bitch?” he laughed. “I think not! But no fear. There’ll be many more where you’re going!”

His cock pushed deeper into her body, and Erin’s head whipped from side to side, unable to resist. He was thicker than the candle she occasionally used, but felt much – much – nicer, though she rejected that thought.

Deeper and deeper he thrust, but there was surprisingly little pain. Erin had always heard the first time was terribly painful. Perhaps it was because of her use of

the candle. But then again, that had not been painful either. Perhaps, she feared, there was something wrong with her.

He filled her to overflowing. She was revolted by the sensation of his hot manhood pulsing away deep within her, high in her belly. It was quite a bizarre sensation, and, despite herself, she realized it felt much nicer than when she had used the candle on herself.

But there was no pleasure to be had, of course, only misery and humiliation as the pig of a man rutted into her helpless body. Were her hands free her nails would have clawed him to ribbons. As it was all she could do was lay there and take his cruel attack, gasping and moaning weakly as he used her to sate his lust.

Chapter Two

Erin lay on the floor naked for hours, staring up at the roof, with little hope and no real will to even continue living. What had she? No family, no property, and apparently destined for life as a prisoner in some foul prison colony in the south seas.

That night the two men came for her. They wrapped her in a blanket, and when she struggled something hard hit her head. Her consciousness faded away and she went limp.

When she wakened, the world was moving around her, the floor falling away to one side, then the other. Despite her confusion, she realized she was on a ship of some sort. She could smell the salty sea, and the tang of pitch and tar. She could see nothing, however. Her hands were still shackled, and it seemed she had been collared, as well. She sat up slowly, wincing. Her head ached and she felt dizzy.

She quickly realized she was still naked, entirely naked, for even the scraps of her shift had been removed. Her face burned in the dark, and she wondered what other liberties those foul men had taken with her body while she lay unconscious.

She was in a small, enclosed space. It was barely high enough to sit up, and the walls were close on the sides. Despite that, her collar had been chained to one of the walls, and her ankles had also been shackled. It was hot and the air close, and she was sweating badly.

How long did it take to get to Australia? Many weeks, at least. Surely they did not intend to keep her like this the entire time!?

She thought about her father again, and a wave of misery and anguish swept over her. Better to have died with him as they said, she thought.

The deck shook nearby, and she heard boots approaching. The door was opened and she gasped, blinded by the sudden light of a lamp carried in towards her. Erin realized she was naked, and tried to turn away, to cover herself as the light was set down next to her.

She heard a gruff male chuckle, and then male hands grasped her slim hips, turning her completely over.

“D-Don’t!” she gasped.

Her hips were yanked up and her bottom was slapped stingingly. Then she heard the sound of spitting. She gasped in shame and misery as she felt the touch of his hot male organ against her sex, and felt him pushing roughly forward.

She tried to twist away and got another hard slap to the bottom, then her hair was yanked up and back painfully enough to make her cry out.

No words were spoken. The man thrust himself into her painfully, and then his hips began to batter her upraised buttocks as he used her, rutting against her hungrily. His breath was loud in the enclosed room, and the heat seemed to swirl around her as her heart pounded with fear and alarm.

His cock was deep within her belly, pumping in and out like one of those steam pistons her father had shown her once. Erin’s soft breasts were pressed against the grimy wooden deck as he used her, rutting into her like she were some foul animal.

“Spread yer legs, slut,” he ordered, his hand cracking against her bottom again to force stinging pain into her stunned mind.

Her knees shifted aside as she cried out in pain, and his cock seemed to thrust even deeper into her belly.

Thankfully, in minutes, he was done. He shoved her as he rose, and Erin fell onto her side, squinting against the lamplight. She saw a figure high above her, doing up its trousers, and before he took it away, a tin plate of water and another of some kind of food set on the floor.

Then he was gone, and with him the light. She sobbed miserably for some time there on the floor, wondering what life lay before her, thinking back to her comfortable study and chambers, her warm, heavily stuffed bed, and clean, brightly coloured clothes.

After a while, thirst drew her to slowly roll and squirm over to where the tin plates were. She licked at the water, finishing it quickly, but wanted nothing to do with the food, the smell of which made her nauseous.

Yet her hunger grew. She had no way to measure the passage of time. Men arrived infrequently, at no predictable interval. She was always sweltering with the heat, and filthy with sweat and grime as she lay upon the unwashed deck. The water was never enough, and soon hunger forced her to begin eating the food, despite how revolting it smelled and tasted.

She never really saw the men who came to her. Sometimes the lamplight blinded her. Sometimes it was merely shuttered, and she saw nothing but shadows. She was always raped, no word spoken as the men forced themselves into her body. Whenever she spoke a harsh voiced ordered her to silence, and a slap to the face made her ear ring.

Then, after she knew not how long, two men came at once. They thrust her, squirming, into a large bag, closed it, and dragged her out. She was lifted and carried, and she felt the cool fresh breeze of open air. She heard distant voices, some in English, some not.

Then it was as if she were hung from something, the bag swaying slightly. With a jerk, she felt it move in one directly, and then there was a long series of jerks or pulls which told her little or nothing.

Hands then took the bag and she was carried again. The freshness of the air faded, and she could sense that she was back inside the ship. But there were subtle differences. The ship did not seem to rock as much, and the smell of pitch and tar was less present. She smelled strange fragrances.

The bag was opened and she blinked. It had not been so dark in the bag as it had been in her cell, and her eyes had adjusted somewhat to brighter light. She saw at once that she was in a different place. She was in a wide cabin, with three windows to one side. The floor was polished clean, and the man before her looked swarthy and foreign.

She cringed back as he barked something in his own language. Another man she had not noticed pulled the bag fully away from her from behind, then grasped her hair and pulled her up onto her knees, ignoring her gasps of pain to settle her fully on her knees before the other man's inspection.

The man she could see was large and wide-shouldered. He was handsome, somewhere in his late twenties or early thirties. He had long, dark hair and a small, carefully tended beard. He was clearly Arabic, and his eyes looked pleased as he examined her body.

He said something, and Erin cried out as her hair was pulled even more harshly. She was forced up onto her feet, and a hand pushed against her back, forcing her chest out even as her head was pulled back.

The man spoke again, and made a face. Erin's hair was pulled backwards and, squealing with fear and pain, she was dragged out of the cabin. In another, smaller cabin, she was pushed to her knees, and saw the second man for the first time. He was an enormous, bald man, twice her age, with a belly protruding from under a short blouse.

He picked up a heavy hammer, jerked on her ankles, and knocked the bolt of the shackles away. He then turned her onto her side and removed the shackles from her wrists.

He bound her wrists in front of her with thick rope, then dragged her behind him as he left the cabin. Erin was forced onto her feet, despite the weakness of her legs, and pulled after him up a narrow flight of stairs, then another.

They emerged on deck. She found that she was on a fat bellied ship with a single high angled sail. It was like nothing she had ever seen, but she paid little attention. There were half a dozen swarthy Arab sailors about and they leered openly at her as the man dragged her through their midst.

Erin's face burned with humiliation as they called out in their own language and made crude gestures. Their laughter followed her to the rear of the ship, which, she saw, was moving with good speed. Already there was nothing in sight but one small ship high on the horizon, most probably the ship she had come from.

And then he was tying the rope around her wrists to a longer rope. Erin briefly pulled her arms together across her chest, trembling in confusion and fear. Then she was lifted up and heaved over the rail. She screamed, and then hit the water, plunging beneath its surface.

She had been so hot for so long – and the water felt icy against her. She kicked frantically, then felt a yank on the rope around her wrists. She was brought to the surface, and gasped for breath. She was, she realized, being dragged behind the ship, which was moving at a good clip.

Water poured over her face and head, sluicing out around her as she plunged into waves and out the other side. She had to turn her head to gasp in short, desperate breaths of air. The force of the water as it struck her was formidable, and she moaned in pain as she rode through it, sometimes atop it. Her breasts felt bruised and sore, and it was all she could do to keep from drowning.

She was finally able to turn onto her back. That eased the pain to her breasts, but her body continued to slice through the water as she stared up at the bright sun overhead. For long, long minutes she was dragged after the ship. It was exhausting, and she was soon chattering and trembling from cold.

Finally, her body began to slowly rise higher in the water. She did not realize, at first, that the distance between she and the ship was closing until her body began to really rise up out of the water, her chest, then her hips coming free. She was lifted clear and pulled up to the deck of the ship once more, where she was dropped down, a dripping, bedraggled, exhausted, pale and naked girl, facing several large smiling men.

They spoke to each other, and even to her, though she could understand nothing, of course. Two of them went away. The third, the big bellied man, pulled her roughly to her feet and dragged her with him as he went below decks.

Panting, gasping, still trembling, she was untied. The man spoke to her, but she did not understand. He grasped her body, slapping her bottom sharply to get her attention. He pulled her wrists up and back behind her neck, and kicked her ankles apart. Through slaps and barked words she came to understand she must stand straight, head back, chest out, legs apart, hands behind her neck.

She did so, chest heaving. The cabin was brightly lit and he circled her slowly, touching her bottom, her breasts, her sex, and then her hair. He examined her head carefully, his fingers pushing aside her hair as if searching for – for – lice, she realized at once. Of course. The ship which had brought her had been filthy, and she had been scratching, or trying to scratch for days and days.

She no longer felt itchy. Was that what her dunking had been about? Ridding her of lice?

The door opened, and two sailors entered. Erin blushed darkly, but when she started to shift a harsh word was barked in her ear and a sharp slap cracked stingingly against her bottom.

The men dragged in a large tub and set it on the floor, then left. Shortly, they returned, pouring water into the tub. The fat man grasped her by the back of the neck and guided her to the tub, to stand in the tub. He used a rough cloth to soak her in its waters, then a soft, sweet smelling soap of some kind.

She attempted to move her arms, to help, and got another painful slap on her bottom and a barked command she had come to understand meant "Do not move."

She stood still, blushing, uneasy, embarrassed, fearful, as the man soaped up her body from neck to ankle. He showed no restraint at all in soaping up her private parts, and she blushed even more deeply as his fingers moved through the folds of her sex and against the tight entrance to her bottom.

He barked another command, and she looked to him to see him pointing at the floor just outside the tub. Erin licked her lips nervously and he glowered, spoke again and pointed. She started forward hesitantly, but got no slap.

She stepped out of the tub and stood before it. The man nodded, then grasped the back of her head and pushed down. She was bent over, bent deeply, and held there. Then he spoke again, the word she had come to understand meant "Stay!"

He knelt behind her and Erin gasped in shame and alarm as his fingers spread the entrance to her sex and pushed inside. They withdrew, and he thrust something else into her, a leather hose of some sort attached to a bulb. He squeezed the bulb and soapy liquid gushed up into her sex, then spurted out around the tube.

He squeezed it again with the same result. He withdrew it, and then a short time later inserted it once again. Liquid spurted up into her once more, and then again.

He withdrew and now his fingers pressed against her bottom and Erin gasped and jerked upright with a "No!"

He slapped her bottom sharply, rose, and slapped her bottom again. Erin squealed and jumped in pain, trying to cover her bottom with her hands. He seized her wrists, forcing them up painfully behind her, then delivered a series of stinging slaps to her bottom that had her yelping and crying out in pain.

He spoke a single word again and again, then repositioned her with her legs apart, hands behind her neck, and back arched. He wagged his fingers at her sternly and glowered warningly.

Then he moved behind her again and knelt, and Erin, trembling, sniffing back tears, felt his fingers at her back entrance. His finger pushed into her slowly, riding a slippery coating of something. It pumped in and out, then something else was thrust up into her bottom.

She felt more liquid squirted into her, then still more. She turned her head to see that she was, as she suspected, being given an enema. She felt the water filling her, felt the sensation of bloating grow more powerful, and stood still, anxious and embarrassed.

At last, when her belly felt ready to burst, she was led over to a wooden pail and made to squat over it. The contents of her colon and bowels spewed down as he looked on, bland faced, and Erin's face burned with shame.

She was bent over the large tub, now, and her head dunked into it. Then her hair was washed and rinsed off. Then she was turned and placed on her back. He spread her legs wide, much as rapists had done a number of times, and Erin prepared herself to be raped.

Instead he spread soap over her groin, and then produced a straight razor. She gasped in fear, but he glared at her and spoke the "Stay" word.

She watched tremulously as he brought the razor down to her sex. He then began to expertly shave the hair of her pubis. She watched with some shock as he shaved her there. His fingers pressed into the mouth of her sex as he drew her flesh taut and smooth. And when he was done she was utterly denuded of hair. She stared in almost unbearable shame at how revealed her sex was, and instantly tried to close her thighs.

He slapped her but she kept her thighs closed. He slapped her face, then again, then again, each blow stinging and bringing tears to her eyes. Finally Erin relented, sobbing as she let her thighs come open. He ran his hand over her smooth sex, fingering her slit, then with a satisfied nod, he began to soap up her legs, and as she stared in wonderment, shaved them as well.

When she was led back into the large cabin she was clean, if damp, her hair combed out. She was not permitted to walk, but must crawl alongside the man like an animal, face blushing fiercely. The man she had first seen sat on a comfortable chair as Erin was led in.

The fat man knelt next to her. He pulled on her hair and pushed on her back to indicate she must sit back on her heels, back straight. Then he slapped at her thighs to force her legs apart, face burning with shame at how bare and lewdly exposed her privates were.

He drew her hands back behind her and spoke the word, and she held her hands together as he released her.

The other man eyed her with what appeared satisfaction. He spoke a word, and the fat man left.

The man did not move towards her. Erin looked back nervously as he sipped from a cup. Then he leaned forward, dipping his hand into the cup. He drew it out and pressed his fingers against her lips. She tasted wine on them, and when he suddenly pushed forward his fingers slid into her mouth.

The wine tasted – good, but she was astonished, and twisted her head away.

He spoke the word, and slapped her face stingingly.

He took his fingers out again, then dipped them into the wine. He ran his fingers along her lower lip, but Erin kept her mouth closed he raised his hand. Fearfully, she opened her mouth, and he glared warningly, then brought it down slowly. His fingers traced her lower lip, then slid inside, rubbing at her tongue. It was such an intimate tongue her mind squirmed, but she held her mouth open and held her body unmoving.

His fingers pushed deep, and then his other hand came up and pressed against her chin, closing her mouth around them. Erin, confused, sought signals of what he wanted, hoping to avoid further slaps.

His fingers were inside her mouth. He formed his own mouth into the shape of a kiss, and snapped his fingers at her. Erin did the same. He smiled and nodded and she felt a sense of relief. Then he reached for her arm, pulled her hand out front, and closed two fingers. He licked at them as she watched, his tongue circling and circling, licking deftly, softly, gently.

Erin was bewildered, entranced by the sight of the man licking her fingers. Then he slid them into his mouth and she felt him sucking on them as he licked. He moved her fingers slowly in and out, sucking and licking.

Then he set them down and began to pump his own fingers in her mouth. She imitated him, sucking and licking, and he nodded in approval.

Then he withdrew his fingers, stood up and undid his trousers. He drew them down and stepped out of them, and Erin shuddered with fear and anxiety. He moved up before her, until his manhood dangled before her face, and, blushing furiously, she turned her head away.

She had never been exposed to a man's privates before, and they looked quite shocking and menacing, all dark and hard and protruding from a thick mass of dark, curly hair. His heavy balls hung unnaturally below, and her mind squirmed against the image.

He gripped her head and pulled her face up again, then took his cock in his hand and to her disgust, rubbed it over her mouth. Again she tried to twist free, and he shifted his grip, gathering her hair up tightly in his fist and using it to hold her more firmly. Again he rubbed his cock, which was growing with alarming speed, against her mouth.

He pushed forward, and she understood now, what he wanted. She again tried to twist free, and he barked a command which she ignored. He slapped her face repeatedly, and tears filled her eyes, but she refused to open her mouth. Then his fingers dug into the sides of her jaw and she cried out in pain as her mouth was forced open.

He pushed himself inside and the shocked girl tried to fling herself back in revulsion. His cock pushed in, his fingers digging painfully into the sides of her jaw, and tears spilled out of her eyes.

He spoke to her as he drove himself into her mouth, but she hardly heard, and did not understand anyway. When his fingers eased their pinch against the sides of her jaws she bit at him. He cursed and flung her back, and then shouted angrily.

The fat man entered, and grasped her by the hair. She was yanked to her feet, her hands bound before her, and then raised up high. He placed the rope through a ring in the low ceiling, and then pulled. Erin cried out as the rope burned into her wrists. He was lifted off her feet to dangle helplessly, toes just brushing the floor below.

Wriggling and twisting, gasping for breath, she saw him open a polished cabinet door, search inside, then draw out – a flog. She gasped to see it, the handle dark and smooth, the long leathery laces hanging down as he turned to face her, his expression grim.

She had only bit him slightly, just a tiny pinch, but it seemed the punishment would be considerably worse than her crime.

He gripped her waist and turned her away from him, and Erin felt a sense of panic and terror as she squirmed weakly, her shoulders and arms aching, her stomach fluttering sickly.

She looked over her shoulder, or tried to, and got a sense of fast movement. Then the flog cut across her back and she screamed, her legs kicking wildly as the hot, stinging pain washed over her mind.

He said something, his voice hard, and his arm came forward once more, the flog lashing her back with stinging force. Again she screamed, legs kicking, body twisting until she faced him. He did not hesitate. The whip was hurled forward, and she watched in shocked anticipation as it cut across her breasts.

She howled once again, twisting, swinging wildly, the pain clawing at her mind as the flog lashed down again, and again, and again, cutting into her soft flesh at back, buttocks, belly and breasts until she thought she must surely go mad with it. She screamed and sobbed and begged, and he seemed to hear or understand none of it.

The flog continued to fall, continued to strike her, as her screams softened, her throat aching, her body, exhausted, moved less violently. Every inch of her skin felt raw and burned, and sweat poured down her flanks and between her breasts.

And still the flog slashed across her back and breasts.

He seized her hair, jerking her head back, and spoke to her. Erin looked up through glazed, slitted eyes, moaning weakly.

He released her hair, then reached above and lifted her down. She sank immediately to her knees, and would have collapsed further had he not grasped her hair and wrapped it around his fist and wrist to hold her up.

He kicked at her thighs, and barked a command, and a part of her understood and shifted her knees further apart. He moved forward, and she saw his cock in front of her again. It was hard, stiff, pointing threateningly at her.

But her face was slack now, here mouth open as she gasped for breath, her eyes glassy. When his cock pushed into her mouth, pushed past her lips, she didn't really care except that it made it more difficult to gulp in air.

His cock slid over her tongue, tasting sweaty and foul, and she moaned weakly, trying to pull her head back. He pulled her forward instead, his manhood gagging her as it pushed deeper. She began to feel a panicky sensation. What did he want? What was he doing?

He pulled back, then slid forward, and again she gagged, and almost in self defence, she began to suck on his organ. He made an approving sign, and held himself more still as she sucked. She licked at his cock, as she remembered doing to his fingers, and he made another approving sound.

Relieved, if disgusted, she sucked his thick organ and licked at the head as he pulled back. He began to pump inside her, but not deep enough to choke her, and then he pulled out altogether and pushed her back.

He knelt, flipping her over as if she were weightless, grasping her hips and jerking her bottom up into the air. He entered her from behind, thrusting hard and deep, and Erin lay on the floor, panting, moaning, sniffing, wrists tightly bound and burning, face covered in tears and sweat, body jerking in time to his thrusts as he used her.

Was this to be her life, she wondered miserably?

Chapter Three

He wanted her to dance.

Erin had simply not understood, at first, his words or his motions, and had desperately tried to.

It had been several days now. She had started to get used to the disgusting perversions in which she was required to engage. Erin's knees were sore from all the time spent kneeling before him, licking at the head of his cock, sucking on his testicles and taking his manhood into her mouth.

Unlike the British ship things were clean here, and she was kept clean, washed twice a day by the large, fat man. She was also given decent food and clean water to eat. She slept on a small cushioned pad on the floor near the captain's bunk, or at least, she supposed he was the captain, as he appeared to be in charge.

He always took her from behind, like an animal, and she wondered if the Arabs had ever heard of lovemaking face to face. Not, of course, that she was any expert, but she had often heard tell that that was the most common way.

She wore nothing, and many men came and went through the course of the day, their eyes ravishing her. She was almost beginning to get used to that too.

When the captain had no use for her the Fat man tried to teach her their language. He would point at something, and then say a word, and she would say it after him, again and again. She learned many words; bunk, floor, wall, roof, lamp, window, ship, man, woman, cock, vagina, breasts, go and come, stand and sit and kneel, eat and drink, and others among them.

She was not permitted to stand, but must crawl about like a dog. She must eat from plates set on the floor without using her hands and must kneel patiently on all fours as the fat man washed her.

Now there was a new word. Dance. And she was not at all sure what to do. She had not stood up in several days, and was frightened of being beaten if she did so now.

But the man, the captain, grasped her by the hair and slowly pulled until Erin was forced to stand up. It felt decidedly odd, and she swayed weakly as the ship swayed, having no balance. He released her, and gestured, and she stared back anxiously, not knowing what to do.

He glared and spoke again, clapping his hands, and she shook her head and shrugged helplessly. Glowering, he slapped her face and her cheek grew hot. He called out, and the fat man came in, then grasped her by the hair and forced her back to all fours. Pulling roughly on her hair, he forced the gasping, moaning girl to crawl quickly out of the big cabin.

"But I don't know how what he wants!" she cried.

She had an idea, for dancing was something which had always caught her mind. But there were no dances which one danced alone, no dances without music, no dances she could think of which the Captain would like.

She was led into another room, and up to a low box, bent belly-down across it. Then the fat man drew out a sleek rod no wider than his middle finger, but as long as his arm. He grasped the hair behind Erin's head with one hand, then brought the rod down across her upraised buttocks.

The pain was extraordinary, and she screamed and thrashed wildly. But, of course, there was no resisting the big man. The rod slashed down across her bottom again, and again, and then again, as her screams turned to gut-wrenching sobs, and the pain flared higher and hotter with every blow.

When he finished she sat back, sobbing, rubbing her bottom, tears covering her face as he scowled down at her and spoke words she did not understand.

He went away, leaving her alone for a few minutes. She tried to twist her upper body around to examine her bottom. It felt torn and broken, but she felt no blood, and saw nothing but the edge of dark welts.

Then the fat man returned, leading a small, thin, older man who carried a strange looking device. The older man licked his lips admiringly as he gazed at her, then sat down on an overturned box and put the strange thing, a long wooden rod of sorts, into his mouth. He began to blow, and it made the strangest sorts of sounds, an odd, eerie wailing that rose and fell in dark, eastern rhythm.

The fat man clapped his hands to get her attention, then made the word which she had identified as “do this”.

He stood straight, his arms at his sides, then brought his hands out a bit from his hips. Sniffing, rubbing her eyes, Erin did the same. He brought his head up, and she did the same. Then, absurdly, his hips began to – to roll. A part of Erin was revolted, while another part wanted to laugh at how ridiculous he looked.

He glared and barked out the word, and she imitated him, rolling her hips in time to the – music – if that was what it was. Then his body began to undulate, his fat belly pushing out, then drawing back, his chest going out then in. Again Erin imitated him, realizing that he, at least, understood that she did not know how to dance as the Captain required.

He shook his hips faster, his belly quivering, and she fought not to laugh at how absurd he looked. But she did the same. When he slid his hands slowly up his belly and over his chest she did the same, and when he began to roll his head bonelessly on his neck she did the same.

They did this for some time before he started to move, stepping forward, turning slowly. Erin did the same, watching his legs, noting how unnaturally straight they were. He was far from graceful, but she was, and she loved to dance. Concentrating on the dance took her mind off how sore her bottom was, so she concentrated quite hard.

Soon she was turning and spinning much more swiftly than he was, and he nodded and clapped his hands in approval. Absurdly, he raised his hands up his body and beside his head. But Erin understood, and did the same, sliding her fingers through her long, loose red hair.

She began to embellish the dance now, letting her head twist suddenly to send her hair flying and swirling. She arched her back, sliding her hands up her tautly bowed body, and turned to present her bottom, rolling her hips lewdly, saucily.

When next the captain called for her to dance, Erin danced. It was more difficult without any music playing, and the captain seemed disinclined to invite in anyone else to supply music. She danced as best she could, remembering the tune the man had played on his strange instrument, trying to avoid another beating.

The captain seemed content, and soon she was on hands and knees as he rode her hard from behind

Several days later the ship came ashore, docking in a strange place of strange sights, smells and sounds.

Erin was bound at wrist and ankle and then stuffed into a tiny cage not much over a foot and a half high. She was placed on her knees, bottom high and pressed against the rear of the cage. There she was forced onto a wooden plug of sorts which was attached to the rear bars. It forced her rectum open painfully wide as it slid over the plug, and then as it slipped inside her rectum was able to close again.

Her bottom was thus held high, and her arms were bound behind her against her back. The bars of the cage pressed against her shoulders from either side, and her face was pressed up against the fourth, her mouth gagged by the expedient of

shoving a leather ball inside and tying a strip of leather around her mouth and head.

Men carried the cage up on deck after a while, then across a narrow gangplank and down to the dock. For a time, the cage sat under the hot sun atop another large carton, while men came and went, all of them looking, staring, grinning, leering, laughing. Sometimes one or another would reach in to grope her before being shouted at and hurrying long by one of the ship's crew.

Then her cage was carried along the dock by two burly men, and she moaned weakly, gratefully, as it was set down under a large awning out of the sun. To one side of her was another cage, only a little larger. And to her astonishment there was an animal inside, a squirming pig. It was in approximately the same position as hers, pushed up against a plug in the rear of the cage, a plug which was stuffed into its anus.

Was this to keep it from making a mess around it? Was that why she was similarly "plugged"? Was she little more than an animal to these people? The thought outraged her, for clearly she was a civilized person and they were savages, barbarians, Godless heathens.

After a few minutes two more burly men, like the others, stripped the waste, wearing little more than baggy trousers, lifted her cage and set it on a wagon, then she was rolled through some sort of main cargo unloading point, past all manner of gawkers and out into the street.

Face flaming, she tried not to see all the men whose eyes roamed her body, or the children who laughed and pointed. Worse, perhaps, were the women, all covered head to toe in heavy sheets, whose dark eyes examined her as she passed.

Then she was under another large awning and being rolled into a barn-like building. The cage was opened by several sweating men in robes, and she was gently worked free of the plug, then lifted up and set down on her knees on a bare stone floor. The men examined her, speaking to each other, stroking chins consideringly.

A man gripped her hair and forced her up and back onto her heels, making her back arch as he ran his other hand over her breasts.

One man held her hair from behind. Three more, all bearded, all wearing robes, looked down at her, their eyes more calculating than appreciative at the sight before them. Finally, she was led into a corner, and there her wrists lifted above her head and bound in place. Her ankles were spread so that her toes barely held contact with the stone, and then they too were tied in place.

A pair of plump women in black sheets then washed her. At least Erin supposed they were women. Not even their eyes showed through the strange dark mesh which covered their faces. They washed her body and hair brusquely, and thrust their fingers, and then leather tubes into her sex and anal opening, squirting liquids into her. She was given two enemas, and then a noxious smelling paste was spread over her groin. It dried, and then one of the women grasped the end and then pulled hard.

Erin screamed in pain as the stuff, sticking to her skin, tore what little pubic hair she had left out by its roots. Her groin felt burned, afterwards, as she whimpered tearfully.

One of the men came forward, then. He held a kind of metal tag in his hand, and a strange tool in the other. He bent over and unceremoniously grasped her left breast, squeezing hard. He placed the tool against her nipple, and then she screamed as it closed with a crushing bite, cutting completely through her nipple.

When he pulled the tool back the metal tag was hanging from her nipple from a metal ring which seemed to have pierced it completely through from side to side.

She was left in place for some hours, swaying weakly, moaning softly in the heat, sweating, hurting, legs and feet tired and stiff and hurting, arms numb.

Then a man came for her. He placed a metal collar around her throat, then untied her wrists. He placed metal shackles on them, drew them in behind her, and attached a chain which lifted her arms up high behind her back and was somehow attached to the back of the collar.

Then her ankles were untied and he clipped a length of chain to the front of the collar. Erin was led out of the small corner she'd occupied and along a long aisle, an aisle which reminded her of one in a large barn. There were stalls of sorts to either side, and naked girls and women sat or lay or knelt in them, all collared, their collars chained to posts.

Some were little more than girls, some were old and fat. Some many were dusky skinned, with long black hair. Most were Black, their white eyes wide and wild. She was the only white woman she could see as she was led into a stall, and placed on her knees. The man locked the chain to a post and then left.

There were low rails along the sides of the stalls, and after a time, crowds of robed men began to wander through, their voices babbling in foreign tongues as they moved along the stalls. Groups of them would stop at certain stalls and look in, chatting, arguing, discussing.

Erin sat miserably on her heels, head low. At first she was shamed, but her time on the ship had inured her, to some degree, to being seen naked. And inevitably she began to get used to being viewed. Sometimes men would clap their hands insistently to get her attention, and she would raise her head to look at them.

When she stopped responding a man came into the stall and yanked her head up by the hair to examine her, and afterwards she looked up when called to.

It became more difficult with the passage of time, however. It was very, very hot and humid in the large, barn-like building, and Erin was perspiring heavily, her body sheeted in sweat as she knelt there. The heat drained away her energy and she sagged weakly, panting for breath, her hair matted against her skull.

After a time, two men came into the stall and stood over her, speaking to each other. One pulled her head back by the hair, then dug his fingers into the sides of her jaw to force her mouth open. All the while he and the other spoke as if discussing an object.

One nodded, then the chain attached to her collar was removed from the post and she was pulled to her feet and led along the aisle between stalls and then into a dark back room. There was a cage there, such as would be used to hold large dogs. It was much larger than the one she had arrived in, and when she was pushed to her knees the door was opened and a slap to her backside indicated she should crawl inside.

She bent and leaned in, then shifted herself forward on her knees before turning onto her side. The door was closed and locked with a large padlock, and the chain was removed from her collar. She was left alone in the room in the dark for some minutes. The man returned and lit a candle, then set a tin plate of something she took to be food, and a bowl of water inside her cage.

She leaned over and drank down the water quickly, then lay back, panting weakly, exhausted by the heat. She turned onto her back for a bit, but that proved painful on her shackled wrists and on her back. She lay on her side, then, as the hours passed in the quiet darkness.

She had no idea where she was or who these people were, apparently Arabs of some sort, so she supposed she had fetched up on the Barbary Coast somewhere. Her future, if such was the case, was bleak indeed, but she was too weary and miserable to put much time into considering it.

Several more times men arrived in the dark to replenish the water on her plate. Occasionally they spoke to her, but she had no idea what they were saying.

After many hours a man came for her, reached through the bars, and attached the chain to her collar. Then the cage door was opened and he spoke to her

as he tugged on the chain. Erin, still sweating and weary with the heat, got to her knees and crawled out, then rose as he jerked on the chain.

She followed him out into the larger area, which was now mainly deserted. It seemed cooler and less humid, and many of the girls were asleep, many of the stalls empty. She shuffled after the man, who she now saw to be little more than a boy, out into a courtyard behind the building.

It was night, or at least, late evening, and dark save for an occasional torch. The courtyard was largely deserted, save for an occasional veiled woman carrying packages or water jugs to and from a lit doorway across the way. She followed the boy because she had no alternative.

He looked bored, and looked about him and up into the air as if seeking something more interesting than the task he had apparently been set. She was led up and down a dirt path, then over to a low fountain where, by the jerk of his head, he indicated she should drink.

Erin bent and pushed her mouth into the water, but a hand behind her head thrust her entire head into the water and she gurgled weakly as she stared into the black depths. She struggled weakly as he held her head under the water, but was in no position to fight. Her skull began to pound, her chest to burn, and her desperation for oxygen to grew more and more frantic.

Finally, with a sharp and painful yank on her hair, her head was pulled back out of the water, and she gasped for breath, drawing in huge, shaky lungfuls of air. The boy beside her was grinning sadistically as her chest heaved. He looked around him slyly, then thrust her head back into the water.

Again she struggled, surrounded by black water, her hips wriggling and twisting with growing desperation. But again she was held under the water until her oxygen had almost run out. Then she was yanked back out of the water to gulp in desperate breaths of air as he held her bent over, fingers tangled in her wet hair.

He said something to her in a sneering voice, then, after another look around, plunged her head under the water once more and held her there. This time he almost held her too long, for when he finally pulled her out she coughed violently, spitting out the water she had begun to inhale.

He smirked at her and then pulled her head back and flung her on her back on the nearby grass. Again he spoke to her in a contemptuous manner, then, after looking around, motioned for her to rise, and kicked her in the belly with a sandaled foot. She groaned and rolled weakly over, but a pull on her hair and the chain forced her to her feet.

He led her back to the big barn-like building, and then put her back in her cage in the back room, put water into the bowl, and left.

Erin spent the next several days in the dark room in the cage, doing little but eating the foul-tasting food they put before her, and drinking the often stale water, as she gradually began to become accustomed to the heat.

Every evening she was walked by the boy, whose name, she learned from hearing him addressed by others, was Abu. Abu did not seem to like his task, and resented her. He always made her drink from the fountain, and occasionally shoved her head in, when no one was near, to see how close he could come to drowning her without actually doing so.

He was sadistic, and would hurt her in many small ways which would not show. He often pinched her nipples. Once he held his hand over her mouth, bending her back across the lips of the fountain, and dug the tips of his nails into her nipples, pinching and twisting them as she squirmed and twisted and cried out in pain.

Another time he did the same to her ditoris so that she ached between the legs for days. He often punched her in the belly, as well. He did not seem to have any kind of sexual interest in her, however, acting instead like a cruel boy tormenting a helpless cat or rabbit.

After some days she was taken out of the cage in mid-day and into another room. There were three large Arab women there, unveiled as no men were present. Erin's wrists, which had been shackled together to a chain attached to the back of her collar for some days were finally released as the collar and shackles were removed. She was placed on a low table on her knees and they began to wash her.

As with the fat man on the boat, she was washed inside and out, with a brusque, thoughtless efficiency which said it was quite routine for them. They had no apparent concern with thrusting their fat, stubby fingers into her nether holes, or giving her enemas. They also lathed her sex with the same sticky salve they had done earlier, and after waiting a few minutes, yanked it out so that the hairs in her groin were ripped out by the roots.

She was given another collar, but this one was more silvery, and much lighter, with some sort of intricate designs across its face she hadn't the chance to really see. The collar was higher than the previous one, so that if she lowered her head much it dug into the underside of her jaw.

Similar bands went about her wrists and ankles, and then her wrists were drawn behind her back, and then forced up much higher than they had been previously. Erin groaned as the three women struggled to hold her and force her wrists up painfully high. She thought her arms would be dislocated as they were forced back tightly together behind her by a sort of metallic belt.

In the end, her wrists were fastened to the back of the collar, very high up, and her elbows were drawn back together behind her back most painfully. Her hair was brushed out and perfume applied to her body. Then a thin chain leash was attached to the front of the collar and the women veiled as the door was opened and a man came in to take her away.

She was led through the cavernous building, which was again bustling with life as scores of men moved among the stalls examining what she decided must be "merchandise". This was some sort of place where slaves were bought and sold, she thought miserably, and she, of course, was one of them.

She was led up to the very front of the building, and then just outside, where an awning held back the sun. There was a foot high stone block there, and two men guided her onto it. In the centre of the stone was a narrow wooden post, its end shaped to look like a thick penis, complete with uncircumcised head. The men gripped her by arm and thigh on either side, and raised her up to the very tips of her toes, guiding her over the post, and she gasped as she felt the harsh pressure against the mouth of her sex.

She felt the wooden penis slowly forcing its way through the taut lips of her sex and into her body. She felt a man's hand against her sex, around the tip of the wooden cock, and as it slid into her he nodded to the other man and said something she recognized from the boat to be "good".

Then she was easing slowly down onto the balls of her feet, which, of course, pushed the thing up deeper into her belly. As she sank down further the wooden penis pushed up higher. The men forced her feet apart on the block of stone, and that sent the thing higher still.

Her ankles were then locked in place with short chains, and she was left in place. The two men went back inside, and Erin was left, naked and impaled, overlooking the street and all who passed to and fro. She was numbed by it all, by being so crudely displayed, and shamed, despite her already ample experience, at having so many men, women and even children pass by and gaze at her, sometimes curiously, sometimes excitedly, sometimes contemptuously.

The robed men who were passing in and out of the doorway often stopped to examine her, and would often reach out to run their hands over her body, caressing

her soft skin, kneading her breasts, or buttocks, or running a finger across the tight lips of her sex as they clutched the wooden post.

She stood in place for hours, panting in the heat, but not sweating nearly as much as she had when she had first arrived. Finally, two different men came and removed her, leading her back within. The shinier collar and shackles were replaced by the heavy, rough ones. She was watered and fed and put in her cage to rest.

A few hours later she was taken from the cage and led out through the building to a side entrance. There, a man waited, robed and looking at her with an expression of considerable interest. Her leash was handed over to him, and after the men around her spoke for a few seconds she was led out the door.

A wagon waited there, stuffed high with boxes and packages. Erin's wrists were locked together behind her, and she was relieved that at least this time they felt no need to force them up high behind her back.

The leash was removed, and a longer chain attached, this one perhaps longer than she was tall. It was attached to the rear right corner of the wagon, and then the man climbed into the wagon and oxen pulling it began to start up a wide alley to the street.

Erin lurched forward with the wagon, forced to follow it out into the street and then down the street towards some unknown destination.

It seemed to be very late afternoon, the sun about to set behind them as she walked awkwardly down the street. The oxen moved a little too fast for a simple walk, and too slowly for a run, so she had to alternately walk and trot to keep up. All around her were people passing to and fro, wagons moving past, camels and horses trotting alongside or behind, and ever present was the ceaseless cacophony of many voices, human and animal.

Naked and chained, she walked through them, drawing many eyes, she knew, but intent largely on keeping pace with the wagon ahead of her, lest she stumble and be dragged along in the road.

It was a long walk through the town, and out to the other side. The wagon then travelled along a rutted dirt road out into the countryside, and Erin's legs began to rapidly tire. Her feet also hurt. Though she had been barefoot for some days, they were not used to walking along roads, and she often gasped with pain, dancing on one foot as she stepped on something sharp.

They continued along as the dusk began to settle more deeply around them, and only when it began to be too dark to see did the wagon pull over to the side of the road. The man then started a fire and began to make something to eat. He left Erin where she was chained, and she settled to her knees, relieved to take the weight off her feet.

After a time the man unfastened the chain from her collar and brought her over to the campfire. She knelt there as he fed her by hand, speaking to her occasionally. He even did the same sort of language lesson as the fat man had, pointing at such things as the fire, the wagon and the oxen, and saying their names in what she took to be Arabic.

After a time he opened his trousers, and indicated he wanted what the captain of the ship had wanted. Erin was hardly surprised. If anything, she had been surprised at how much time had passed since anyone had done more to her than grope and fondle her body.

She bent to her unpleasant task, knowing better than to protest or resist and soon her lips were sliding up and down the man's shaft as she sucked on his member. The man ran his hands through her hair and fondled her breasts and buttocks as she bobbed her lips up and down, and she felt both resigned to her fate and relieved that he seemed to not be disappointed with her performance.

The next morning he wrapped her in a white robe which covered her from head to ankles, and placed a gauzy material over her face so that this too was

covered. At first Erin was concerned at this sudden desire to protect her modesty, but after the sun rose and began to beat down on them she decided it was more a practicality to prevent her from being burned in the bright sunlight.

They walked on through the day as she gasped and panted and sweated behind the wagon. They pulled over for breakfast and lunch, and both times she was required to take him into her mouth and satisfy him orally.

As the sun set he pulled off the road near a narrow river. The man, whose name, he had instructed her, was Kateb, removed the link binding her shackles together and had her help him lead the oxen down and let them drink. Then he instructed her in how to lead them back, to smack them on the nose to get their attention, and how to stake them out for the night.

She was then permitted to swim a little herself, to at least wash off the accumulated road dust and sweat from her robe and body. As before, naked, she took him into her mouth. This time, however, he had her position herself on her hands and knees and then mounted her from the rear, thrusting steadily into her pussy as his hands roamed her body.

It was not – unpleasant, exactly, though it was impossible to ever forget for a moment that she was a prisoner far from home and that her life was entirely his to do with as he chose. She spaced her hands far apart to brace herself in the dirt as he thrust harder, his hips slapping heavily against her raised buttocks, and her breasts swung and wobbled below as her body jerked in time to his stroking.

The meal was simmering on the fire ahead to her left, and she could hear the water bubbling over stones to her left as the last of the light fled from the sky. She grunted in time to his hard thrusts, then gasped as he wound her long red hair around his fist and began to yank back in time to them.

Erin recalled now something of the captain and his attempts at instructions, and began to move her bottom back in to meet his thrusts. This was no something she particularly wanted, but it was clear that her wants were not an issue. His hips struck her buttocks even more powerfully now, and her body shuddered to each blow as his prick slid in and out of her pussy.

Kateb released her hair, then, his hands kneading her breasts instead, rolling her stiff nipples between his pudgy thumbs and fingers until they ached.

Afterwards, they ate.

Chapter Four

The next day was much the same. Erin walked, and though her feet and legs were tired and sore she had little alternative if she did not want to be dragged behind the wagon on her belly. Towards noon they pulled off the road again. There was a small pond there, and another wagon was already present, with another robed Arab man sitting by a fire.

He raised his hand and called a greeting as Kateb climbed down from the wagon and the two chatted for a long minute before Kateb joined him by the fire. After a short time the two came to where she knelt. Kateb had her stand and then opened the robe to display her assets. The man seemed quite impressed, and fondled her breasts appreciatively.

Then the robe was closed again and the mesh was pulled away from her face, the hood pushed back. The man's jaws dropped and he shook his head in evident amazement, reaching out to touch her face and then her red hair. The two spoke again and the man shook his head.

Kateb had her kneel then, and undid his trousers. Embarrassed, but knowing she had no choice, Erin took him into her mouth, and he grew rapidly until steel hard. She sucked and licked, bobbing her head up and down his shaft as the other man looked down. When Kateb spurted his seed into her mouth the other man took his place, and Erin began to perform on him as she had on Kateb.

It was disgusting, but a bit fascinating, as well, for the man's eyes bulged out of his head, and he gasped and panted and moaned, his knees wobbling as she sucked his stiff cock. Erin began to get the first appreciation, the first sense of having some small bit of power, of value, as the man clutched her hair and moaned, spurting his seed into her mouth before staging back.

The other man was travelling in the opposite direction, so they saw no more of them as the afternoon wore into evening. Again the wagon was drawn to the side and Erin, hands unlinked, helped water and then feed the oxen. Her robe was removed, and she performed on Kateb once more, but this time, after coming in her mouth he sat back and dragged her backwards across his lap so her back was arched.

He was not unkind, but not gentle either. He ran his hands over her body as she lay across his lap, rolling her nipples, stroking her belly and breasts, and then easing his hands down between her legs.

He slapped lightly at her inner thighs and Erin spread her legs as his fingers began to trace the line of her naked sex. He eased his grip on her hair, then, and instead slipped his hand under her head and lifted her upper body until she was sitting across his lap, head against his shoulder.

And then, much to her surprise, he kissed her.

Erin had not been kissed, especially gently, for quite some time. And perhaps it was that hint of gentleness which drew her as she kissed lightly back.

Kateb's hand was firmly between her thighs, his middle fingers rubbing slowly but deftly along her sex, between her outer lips. Erin felt a growing sensation there, as with gentleness, one she could hardly remember.

As he kissed, his lips moved more strongly against hers, and then, considerably to her surprise, his tongue eased past her lips and into her mouth. Erin would have been astounded once, had any man done that, but now she merely stared, wide-eyed, feeling Kateb's tongue caressing her lower lip.

It felt quite strange, almost – sensual, and as his tongue continued to dip and swirl around her lower lip, then her upper lip, she found her own tongue responding as if of its own accord. Their lips moved more firmly together, and Kateb's tongue pushed deeper into her mouth.

Again she felt a sense of mild revulsion, yet it passed. She had, after all, taken men's cocks into her mouth, so could hardly be shocked at their tongues.

She was rapidly going moist between the legs, something she had noticed long ago during her own explorations when alone. The sensations arising from her sex, however, as his fingers stroked softly across it, were far more powerful than the ones she drew with her own fingers, and Erin was soon squirming and gasping at their intensity.

They were quite uncomfortable, at first, though not painful. As he continued, though, the discomfort changed into something different, a kind of raw pleasure which began to throb and burn between her legs like something she had never felt before, not even during her own very guilt-ridden explorations.

But the feel of Kateb's fingers on her sex was so much more powerful than that of her own fingers. It was as different as the feel of his cock inside her was from the candle she had occasionally used to imitate male members.

She began to moan softly into his mouth, losing herself in the twisting rhythm of their tongues and lips together, her back arching as her hips ground lewdly against his fingers. She felt her moist centre being penetrated, felt his finger slip inside and begin to pump in and out. A second joined it, and she panted and moaned as he bent her head back by the hair, biting softly at the nape of her neck.

He closed his mouth over her up thrust breast, then, taking his nipple into his mouth, his teeth nipping at the surrounding flesh as he sucked. His tongue began to lap at her nipple, and Erin let out a soft cry of pleasure, a shimmering heat rolling through her body.

The sensations coursing through her began to frighten Erin, but the pleasure could not be resisted. Her bare heels were pushing again and again at the dirt, thrusting at them as though she were poling herself through the water, and her eyes were wide as a tremendous rush of sensations swamped her body and mind.

She had never felt anything like it, and cried out in pleasure and fear, her body shaking and jerking, her hips bucking up against Kateb's fingers as her entire body flared with a wild, intense energy and pleasure.

She felt weak, afterwards, gasping and gulping in air as he cradled her in his arms and caressed her lightly.

Erin felt it especially frustrating that her wrists were shackled behind her that night, and then the next day, for she had a great curiosity about the pleasure Kateb had given her, and a desire to explore her body further to see if she could bring it on her own.

As soon as the oxen were fed and watered, which she could do almost on her own now, and while Kateb was making dinner, she squatted to one side, out of his sight, and began to stroke and finger her pussy. While it did not match the raw sensation she had felt when it was Kateb's fingers stroking her she did almost immediately begin to feel the rising swell of heat in her lower belly.

She fingered her nipples, as he had done, plucking them softly, twisting them lightly, rolling them between her fingers, and kneading her breasts.

Even in the near dark, however, Kateb seemed to notice, and whirled on her. His voice was harsh, for the first time she could recall, and he immediately rose and strode towards her. She stopped at once, feeling guilty, and he grasped her hair and yanked her to her feet.

"I'm sorry!" she gasped. "I'm sorry!"

He ignored her, turning her quickly against one of the wheels of the wagon. He grasped her wrists and raised them up, then shackled them to opposite sides of the wheel, near the top. He climbed into the wagon and returned almost immediately with a flog, which he waved at her sternly as he spoke.

“Please! I’m sorry, Kateb!” Erin begged.

Kateb ignored her and lashed the flog down across her back. Erin screamed, pulling against the wheel, her back on fire. The thongs of the lash were wide and smooth so as to not cut the skin, but heavy to inflict pain, and almost before she the sharp pain began to fade the lash was there again, cracking across her back only slightly lower.

Erin twisted and screamed. Kateb used the word she knew meant “silence” and she tried to keep quiet as the next blow landed, and the next, gasping and sobbing instead. But as the next followed, slicing into the soft, tender flesh of her buttocks, and the next after, she began to cry out more loudly and was roughly gagged.

Her ankles were spread wide and shackled to the bottom of the wheel, and then Kateb began to flog her thoroughly, laying the lash across her shoulders, her back, her buttocks and her upper thighs until, sobbing miserably, Erin virtually hung in her shackles, wracked by deep, gut-wrenching sobs.

Erin sagged in her bonds, covered in sweat, gasping for breath, moaning miserably into the gag as he walked back to the fire. Her back felt as though it was on fire, too, and she whimpered as she blinked tears out of her eyes, thinking again of how far she was from her comfortable home in Ireland, and how she could somehow escape and return there.

She stood against the wheel as the night fell and Kateb made his meal and ate. She could smell the food cooking, food which had once disgusted her, but which now made her stomach rumble. She had expended considerable energy that day and was quite hungry.

She did not understand why Kateb had been so angry. She would never have done such a thing in Ireland except behind closed and locked doors, but in this land, where she was kept naked and sexually used so casually by any man who wanted her, she had not thought touching herself would draw such outrage.

Behind her, Kateb washed his utensils and doused the fire. He walked back to her and said something, but though Erin thought he would now unshackle her she was quite mistaken, for again she felt the slicing pain across her back as he brought the flog down once more.

She strained against the shackles as Kateb began to lash her back and buttocks, each blow feeling like the heavy claws of a cat across her delicate skin, setting her already aching back to flaming as he swung his arm down again and again and again until she was once again sobbing and hanging weakly by the arms.

He forced her up by the hair and then rubbed his thick cock against the sweat of her slippery buttocks before jamming himself slowly up into her back passage. His body crushed her against the rough wood of the wheel as he drove himself up painfully high into her belly.

He ground himself against her aching buttocks, thrusting up and in so as to force her body up onto her toes with each hard, impaling thrust of his cock. He gripped her thick hair as he thrust, forcing her head back, and leaned in to bite roughly at the side of her throat and suck on her soft flesh.

With a final groan of pleasure he spilled his seed within her and then eased back with a sigh, doing up his trousers.

And then he lashed her a third time before setting down for bed.

Erin spent the night against the wheel, naked, miserable, her back and buttocks and thighs hot with pain while her breasts and belly were cold from the night air.

By morning she was half asleep on her feet, her face pressed against the wheel, eyes closed, jaw slack. Kateb wakened her by unshackling her. She sagged to her knees, only held there because he had her hair wrapped around his hand and wrist.

He spoke sternly to her as he rubbed his cock over her face and mouth, and she almost automatically opened her mouth as his cock pushed forward, licking and sucking him as he hardened.

She was allowed to eat breakfast, and she was ravenous enough not to care about the taste. Then he shackled her wrists behind her back, wrapped the robe around her, placed the head and mesh mask over her, and locked her collar to the back of the wagon.

The morning was uneventful as they continued travelling in the same direction they had been up to that point. The sun was on her left during the morning, so she decided they were moving south. She still had no certainty of what country they were in, but if they were on the Barbary Coast then she was moving further away from the ocean, and that meant further away from whatever tiny chance she had of escape.

Escape. Was there even a tiny chance? She was a slave, as incredible as that was to absorb. She could not speak the language, and she had no idea where she was or any means of finding her way home, even if she should escape from Kateb. And what would she do if she got home? She had nothing, apparently.

It was hot, as usual, beneath the robe, especially as she alternately trotted and walked along behind the oxen. The ache in her back and buttocks made it much worse, as the sweat matted the rough clothe to her body.

And then they were turning off the road into a compound of some sort, with a number of low lying buildings made of white stone, very bright in the noon sun. Erin fell to her knees, gasping weakly, as Kateb got down from the wagon. Several robed men came to greet him, and he spoke rapidly, waving his arm at the wagon. Very quickly, several brawny black men wearing nothing but loincloths came forth and began to unload the wagon.

Then one of the men undid her chain from the rear of the wagon and led Erin away. She was led around the main building to a smaller side building, and then through a stout wooden door. It was clean inside, but spartanly furnished with rough wooden furniture. Erin was placed in a small stone room with a straw bed and a bucket for waste. Water and bread was left, and she was locked in.

Though her hands were still shackled behind her she bent and ate hungrily, chewing the rough bread and swallowing large chunks, and drinking the water until the bowl was empty.

She rested on the bed, amazed she could think such a thing was so comfortable. Once she would have sneered at it as barely worthy of peasants. Now it was a luxury.

The door opened, and a tall, lean woman stood there. Her eyes were narrowed as she gazed at Erin, and she wore a black robe with the hood pulled back. She barked a command, which Erin knew meant "stand up". She did, awkwardly, as she was still shackled, and the woman came forward and stripped the white robe off her.

She undid the shackles and barked another command as she jerked back on her hair and slapped her bottom. She pushed at her back, and Erin understood she was to stand perfectly straight. The woman circled her, then lifted her breasts, cupping and squeezing them lightly as she inspected them.

She bent and examined Erin's sex, slapping her inner thighs to get her to spread her legs. Then she straightened and snapped another command. As she did, she placed her own hands behind her neck and arched her back. Erin caught on and did the same, and the woman said the word Erin knew meant "good".

Again she circled her, said another word which meant “do not move” or something to that affect, and left. Erin stayed as she was, legs apart, back arched, head tilted back, hands behind her neck.

The woman returned, and Erin felt a sudden fear in her belly as she saw the woman held a short thin whip attached to a handle. The woman stood before her, glaring arrogantly.

“You will learn to obey,” she said, using three words Erin had already learned very well.

Again she spoke the word which meant “do not move” and then brought the short whip down across her breasts.

It was a very light whip, and the pain, though it stung fiercely, was bearable – just. Erin gasped in pain, and her body flinched, but she did not shift. The woman nodded and circled her slowly. Again the whip swung out, cutting into her buttocks. Again she flinched and gasped, but did not otherwise move.

The woman circled her again, and brought the whip snapping down across her abdomen. Again Erin held her position, though her breathing was growing more ragged, sweat beading on her forehead.

“Kneel,” the woman ordered.

Erin knelt, keeping her hands behind her head.

“Good.”

The whip cut across her breasts again, and Erin gave a broken sob of pain, but did not move.

“Good.”

The woman reached out and fingered the tag still hanging from one of Erin’s nipples. It had some sort of script on it, and she appeared to read it, then snorted and released it.

The woman then began to give a series of one-word commands. Each time she did, and Erin failed to instantly obey, she took her by the hair or arm and positioned her in the way she desired. And then she said “Learn.”

Another woman appeared, this one short and round. She carried a jar of some substance.

Erin, at the time, was laying on her back, or to be more precise, on her shoulders, with her feet flat on the floor, her knees bent, her hips raised up, propped high by her hands, her elbows locked, her legs spread wide.

It was, to put it mildly, an exposed position, but Erin was growing used to displaying herself for people. Though not for women.

At a nod and word from the first woman, she opened the jar, and then smeared a familiar substance between Erin’s legs. The short woman went away, then, and the taller remained, circling Erin slowly, tracing the whip across her body, over her breasts, across her face.

Next she had Erin kneel on all fours, then crawl about the room, stopping, starting, stopping again on command. She had her place her head down, her chin on the floor, and spread her arms to either side while keeping her bottom high and knees spread. Then she had her bring her arms together behind her back while keeping her bottom high.

She had her stand, and then ripped the dried salve off, taking with it what remained of Erin’s pubic hair. Erin let out a helpless cry of pain, and jerked violently at the pain, clamping her hands over her groin, but she was not punished.

The woman put her fingers against Erin’s lips, and had her lick them. Then had her lick the floor, and then her feet. Erin obeyed, knowing the alternative was pain. Yet she felt miserable and degraded as she knelt naked, licking the Arab woman’s toes.

Next the woman took Erin’s finger into her hand and squeezed her own fingers gently down around it. She spoke to Erin as she did, but Erin picked up only

the occasional word. She began to pump Erin's finger in and out of her closed fist as she talked, and each time she pulled it back she squeezed down on the finger to make it harder to withdraw.

Then she placed her own finger against Erin's sex and slowly pushed it up inside as Erin stood before her.

Now the woman began to pump her finger slowly in and out. When Erin did nothing she slapped her bottom, and made an impatient sound. She took Erin's hand and placed her own finger in it, then closed her fingers around it and began to pump her finger in and out. Each time she pulled back she squeezed Erin's fingers down.

Now Erin understood, and when the woman pushed her finger into her sex she began to squeeze down with her pubic muscles each time the finger pulled back. The woman nodded, pleased. "Good," she said.

Erin was then placed on her hands and knees. The woman continued to push her finger in and out, and now showed Erin that she must work her hips back to meet each thrust, and then squeeze down on her finger each time she pulled away. She had already learned this to some extent, so it was not difficult.

Over the next few days the woman continued to instruct Erin in various aspects of sexual behaviour, normally using her finger to teach the redhead how to lick and suck in a sensuous manner, how to move her hips and squeeze down with her pubic or anal muscles, and how to obey and show a meek and submissive face to whomever she was with.

The woman then brought some sort of leathery tube which approximated the length and thickness of a male organ, and Erin again practiced licking and sucking. She was surprised when the woman shackled her wrists behind her. Then she had her kneel, sitting on her heels, and used a short chain to lock her wrist shackles to the ones about her ankles.

She pressed her fingers against the sides of Erin's jaw as she began to pump the leather thing in and out, speaking softly. She pushed it deep several times, so that Erin gagged and coughed, and was stern in her face and words each time. Erin had difficulty not trying to twist away, and when the woman thrust the thing so deep it actually went into her throat she struggled wildly.

The woman had a tight grip on her hair, however, and held her in place as she forced the thing deeper. Erin tried to bite down on it but was slapped in the face, and then the woman's fingers dug into her jaw painfully to force her to open her mouth.

Erin had not been fed that day, and now she understood why, as she certainly would have emptied her stomach. As it was she coughed and gagged and retched painfully as the woman forced the thing deep into her throat, then began to move it in and out, in and out.

This was not, however, a punishment, but merely another lesson. Over the next several days Erin was frequently bound as the woman forced the thing into her throat, and Erin learned to cope with it.

Kateb arrived one morning and put her through her paces, giving her the brief commands the woman had taught. Then he thrust himself into her pussy, slapping her bottom as he rode her. Erin squeezed her pussy down on him as she had been taught, working her hips in and out.

"Good," he said.

He changed positions, laying down, and ordered Erin to mount him. She straddled his hips and took his cock into her belly, then rode up and down as he fondled her breasts.

Then he stood and she knelt before him, licking and sucking on his testicles and then his cock. When he pushed his cock into her throat she was ready, and

barely gagged at all as he slid deep into her throat and her face was crushed up into his wiry black pubic hair.

She was taught how to dance sensuously, and many other astonishing arts of sex, some of which she would never have imagined. At one point her entire body was oiled and she was made to rub herself across Kateb's body, to massage him with her slick, oiled breasts and body. She was even taught to press her oiled breasts around his erect cock and massage it with them until he came, spurting across her chest.

She was frequently struck with the short whip, for she was given only one chance to understand what was required. If she forgot, she would be reminded with pain.

Her reward was something else again. Normally the woman, whose name she never learned, would her between the legs as Kateb had done. The first time she did this Erin was quite embarrassed and uneasy, but it was during the time when her body was sleekly oiled, and the sensuous feel of the woman's fingers sliding across her oiled sex soon roused her beyond her ability to resist.

It was very embarrassing, but as the woman rubbed her Erin bowed back, gasping and moaning, and then felt that tremendous explosion of pleasure rolling through her body and over her mind. If anything, it was better than with Kateb, perhaps because of how deliciously oiled up her sex was.

She often attended to Kateb's needs, and when he was especially pleased he would drag her across his lap and manipulate her sex until that tremendous feeling of pleasure roared in her head. But it was usually the woman who pleased her when she felt Erin should be rewarded.

And this led to another lesson. For one day instead of merely stroking her with her fingers, the woman knelt between Erin's legs as she lay back on the floor, and her tongue licked across her sex instead. Erin stared, gasping, astonished, but the feel of the woman's tongue on that hot little button at the top of her sex nearly drove her mad with pleasure.

She could not contain herself, and rolled her hips lewdly upwards, gasping and moaning as the woman's tongue did amazing things to her.

Yet this too was a lesson, as much as reward, for soon Erin was required to return the favour. And as revolted as she was, at first, in placing her tongue on the woman's sex, it was really not a lot different from taking a man's organ into her mouth. She learned how to lick the woman, and how to close her lips and suck on her hot little button. She learned how to thrust her fingers into her hole, and how to suck and chew on the woman's breasts and nipples.

Erin was with Kateb for more than a month, learning sexual arts, and also common chores, such as pouring wine and properly cleaning and folding clothing. Then she was again locked to the rear of his wagon and wrapped in a white robe as they journeyed further to the south and east.

After several days brisk walk they arrived at another town, this one much larger than the first she had seen. They arrived at a small structure towards mid-afternoon, and she was taken inside and bathed by black women, obviously slaves themselves. Her hair was brushed out and she was taken through a small corridor to a hot, smoky room.

The room was crowded with men sitting on cushions on several levels. At the base in the centre of the room was a low stage, and Erin stood back as a man on the stage spoke to the crowd, motioning often to a naked Black girl next to him. It was not difficult to understand what was happening as the Black girl was sold off.

Two more Black girls were sold, and then Erin was brought on the stage.

Chapter Five

There were many torches, and there was a skylight overhead to let in still more light.

Nervously, Erin climbed onto the stage and then turned to face the rows of robed men looking down at her. She stood straight, as she had been taught, legs slightly apart, hands behind her back, looking straight ahead, but not meeting any man's eyes.

She blushed a little to be under such scrutiny. She had not seen many people outside Kateb's household for some weeks, and now scores of men were looking down at her as the man next to her spoke rapidly and excitedly, motioning to her often.

He ran his fingers through her long red hair, and his hands across her soft, pale skin. He lifted her breast and squeezed it, and rolled her nipple, pinching it to make it ache and stand out. He forced her to turn several times, and then to bend and spread her legs as he traced the line of her sex.

He spoke very rapidly, and she did not catch a single word. But as she stood upright once more there were many men calling out brief words, which she took to be prices or numbers. It was an auction, and she was being sold. It was quite an amazing thought, and yet certainly could have come as no surprise to her.

Yet as the rows of men called out she had a sudden very deep, very powerful understanding that she was a slave. She had known for some time, of course, but in her heart, in her mind, she was merely a prisoner being defiled, a prisoner being used against her will, a prisoner treated as a slave.

But suddenly she realized that she was a slave in every manner and under any definition anyone cared to use. She was not a mere prisoner, for that suggested she might one day be released. She was not going home, and she was most unlikely to ever escape. She was a slave girl, who, having been trained, was now being auctioned off.

It seemed preposterous, as this was the modern age. It was impossible that a modern, educated woman such as she would be auctioned off in some barbarous Arab slave market, but that was precisely what was happening. And Erin realized now that she was a slave girl and would probably always be a slave girl.

She felt numbed by the understanding, and hardly saw the men calling out numbers. The room darkened around her and she felt slightly faint.

Then she was being taken down from the stage, led around to the side, where an older, bearded man approached and gave heavy coins to a man standing there.

Her collar was removed, but in its place came another metal restraint. It consisted of a curved piece of metal which went behind her head, and a rather less curved section which was placed across her face over her mouth. Or rather, in her mouth.

The front section looked like an egg with a pair of narrow wings. The egg was thrust into her mouth, and a screw turned which opened up the egg like a flower so that it could not be removed. The wings were fitted to the section which went behind her head and bolted there. A chain was attached to the centre, and this was the leash by which she was to be led.

The bearded man was tall and slender, with thick, greying hair and a grim expression on his square-jawed face. He looked her up and down coolly, then nodded to the man who had fitted the mouthpiece to her and took the chain to lead her away.

Erin scurried to keep up with his long stride as he led her through the narrow, crowded halls. Hands reached out from the crowd to grasp at her breasts and bottom, but she could concentrate only on the sharp pull of the mouthpiece as her bare feet slapped on the polished stone.

Then they were outside. She saw the man mount a horse, and felt a wave of fear as he attached the chain to the pommel and then started out into the street. She had to trot to keep up now, as he led her naked through the streets. And she was soon exhausted and sheeted in sweat.

He never looked back as he led the dark black horse along, and at one point kicked its ribs to hurry it along, forcing Erin to run outright to keep from being yanked off her feet. Fortunately, just at the point she was certain she was going to collapse, he slowed and turned into a gated compound, past an armed man who saluted him.

He slid off the horse and tossed its reigns to a young black boy who ran out of the house, then gave him instructions and went inside. The boy, ignoring Erin, led the horse around to the rear of the house, to the stables, and she was forced to follow along. He casually removed her chain from the pommel and attached it to a hook on one of the walls, then removed the saddle and blankets as she sank to her knees, chest heaving.

The boy then fed the horse and watered it, following which he began to brush it down. When he was finished he led the horse into one of the stalls and closed the gate. He had been all-but ignoring Erin, but now he came to her and squatted behind her, his fingers working nimbly at the shackles binding her wrists together. They came apart, and she sighed as she was able to draw her arms forward.

The boy said a word she knew meant “down” and as he did so he yanked her hair forward so that Erin fell forward onto her hands. She knelt there, on hands and knees, as the boy poured water over her head and shoulders, then went to a nearby trough and filled the bucket again.

Again he dumped water over her, then began to spread a rough soap over her back and shoulders. Erin certainly could not protest. The boy was slighter, thinner and smaller than she, but she was quite certain any resistance would be dealt with by someone larger, so she remained on all fours as the boy soaped up her hair and worked his small fingers into it.

He soaped up the rest of her body as casually as he had washed the horse, then poured the bucket of water over her. He refilled it twice more, pouring water over her hair and down her back, then pulled back on her hair so that she sat back on her heels before pouring another.

Evidently satisfied, he took the chain and led her deeper into the stable. Erin had no opportunity to rise as his quick, steady pull on the chain kept her crawling rapidly forward, unable to get her feet under her. She was led out the rear of the stable into a small, private courtyard.

Along one wall, a row of cages held dogs, lean, dark, powerful looking beasts, sheltered from the sun by an overhanging roof. Along the opposite wall were another row of identical cages, but inside were girls, most of them black or brown skinned. There was also one Chinese girl.

Erin was led, crawling, along the cages until the boy opened the door of the last one. Then the boy removed the chain from the metal mouthpiece and slapped her bottom as he barked a word that meant “In.”

Erin crawled into the cage, and turned within to see the door closed and locked. Then the boy walked away, leaving her there to lay down on a rough, straw-filled bottom and look out at the new world it seemed she had been cursed to live in.

The courtyard was perhaps twenty feet across, with rough walls on two sides, and the walls of buildings on the other two. The cages which held the girls and the dogs were at right angles to each other. A hen house, from the noise, occupied a

third wall. The fourth wall held an open, sandy area with a pair of wooden posts, a stained stone block, and a well.

Like the dogs, the girls' cages were shaded by an overhanging wooden roof, so though it was hot, it was bearable, and she lay on her side, fingers exploring the metal device ringing her head and covering her mouth.

The Arabs, she had heard, were the world's cruellest people, and the way she was treated, the way girls were sold, certainly seemed to confirm that.

The entire area had been very quiet, but suddenly there was a loud howling sound, as of a man singing – poorly. Sounds began to arise from all around her now, as a growing bustle of movement spread through that area of the town.

“That was the end of prayers,” she heard.

Astonished, hardly believing she had heard words spoken in English, Erin raised her head and stared through the bars of the cage at the one next to hers. It held the Chinese girl, a lovely, round faced girl with very brown eyes.

“They'll come and find work for us now.” Oddly, the girl grinned. “Did you think we just lay around all day, English girl?”

Erin could not, of course, reply. She merely stared at the girl, who cocked her head to one side. “You understand me?”

Erin nodded.

“My name is Kei. I am from Japan. I learn English from Christian missionaries. I am a Catholic,” she said, somewhat proudly. My father is – .” She paused. “My father was an explorer. Our ship was badly damaged by storms and because of this we fell prey to pirates, the black ones, to the east of Africa. I was captured and eventually sold here.”

She looked around then back at Erin. “But I am a Samurai. I am no slave! I will escape here one day!”

An older Black man came out a doorway next to the hen house and was followed by two younger black men. Kei looked at them and then back at Erin.

“Slaves. All the Blacks are slaves. But the Arabs at least treat them like humans. They do not like women, I think, except for sport. Even their own women they keep wrapped up in clothe as if they are too ugly to look upon, and beat whenever they speak too loudly.”

The men took the black girls out first, leaving Erin and Kei alone. Kei craned her neck to look around the corner, then turned back.

“I do not think they even use the Black girls for that. Do you know the Arab word for black is the same as the word for slave? They do not think much of the Blacks. I do not think Arab men want to feel black skin against their own body. They use them to service the field slaves, who are all Blacks.”

The older Black man returned and unlocked Kei's cage, then took attached a chain to her collar and led her – on her feet, at least – back through the door he had come, leaving Erin alone.

He returned for Erin, then, attached the chain to her mouthpiece, and led her – on her feet as well – back into the stable, then to one side, where she could hear the hammer of a blacksmith and see the glow of coals.

The blacksmith was another black man, with enormous shoulders and a broad chest shining with sweat. Like the other Blacks he wore nothing but a loincloth. He turned and stared at Erin as she was brought in, then wiped his hands and came to talk to the older Black man.

The two were clearly discussing her, and the blacksmith reached out, fingering her red hair, then ran his hand over her body, caressing her skin and kneading her breast. The other man did the same as they continued to talk. Then the blacksmith broke away and went to a far wall as the older man led her to a stand by a large anvil mounted on a block of wood.

The shackles were removed from her wrists, and the blacksmith returned with a thin strip of metal. It was intricately carved and consisted of two thin strips connected by criss-crossing bars. It was quite thin, and he thrust it into a fire as she watched.

He then wrapped a thick cloth around her throat and fastened it in place. He spoke to the old man, and Erin was sat down as the old man began to fasten similar clothes around her ankles. The blacksmith, meanwhile, placed more metal strips into the fire.

Cloth strips were wrapped around her biceps, then around her wrists. The two men then spoke in lowered voices, looking at her. The old man looked nervous, but nodded. He went to the entrance to the blacksmith's shop and turned his back on them.

The blacksmith squatted next to Erin, smiling, speaking low. He gripped her hair softly but firmly, and then began to pull her head up and back, forcing her to lay back across his knees. His other hand slid down her body and between her legs, and he began to finger her in the same way Kateb and the woman had.

At the same time he bent his head and began to lick and chew and suckle at her breasts. Erin's head was forced almost upside down by the tight grip on her wrists, and she could only gasp and moan softly as his fingers pushed more and more insistently at her opening, and then wormed their way inside her.

She was starting to moisten, her body enjoying the familiar fingering, and he pulled his fingers back, then yanked forward on her hair, slapping her bottom lightly as he positioned her on her hands and knees. He knelt behind her and spread her legs apart, and Erin raised her bottom higher.

She wondered how her friends in Irish society would react did they know she was that moment being mounted like a bitch in heat by a black man!

And then his cock began to push into her. She felt the strain against her sex opening, felt her lips pushed in and then back, spreading wider and wider. She gasped and moaned as the skin grew taut and stretched wider and wider. Then his cock slid into her, a big one, thick and – long, she realized, as she braced her hands wider apart and further forward to stop his thrusting from pushing her away.

He drove himself painfully deep into her belly in short, sharp, hard thrusts that hurt her, but not badly. She gasped and grunted and bit her lip as he jammed himself into her sex hole. He pulled back and she heard him spitting, then his cock rubbed against her throbbing, aching hole again, feeling much more slippery.

He drove himself into her once more, filling her to overflowing, and began to work his hips in and out. Erin gasped and grunted with the impact against her body, and then braced herself harder as his hips began to slap against her buttocks with greater and greater force.

His big, work-roughened hands moved over her body, kneading and caressing her soft buttocks and breasts, then held her hips, jerking her back to meet his thrusts. Erin grunted with the ache of him, but worked her sex the way she had been taught, squeezing down on his monstrous cock every time he withdrew, then thrusting her bottom back to meet the painful thrusts.

Although it ached, Erin felt a raw sort of pleasure, as well. His fingering had wakened that delicious hunger within her, and now his hard polling was rousing it further and further. No one had ever fingered her before polling her, and she was surprised at how good the polling felt compared to what she normally received.

She even – almost – liked it.

She wanted to reach down and rub that part of her that felt so good, but after the way Kateb had reacted she dared not. But her breathing became more ragged as the heat mounted within her, and when the blacksmith suddenly ran his own big hand down along her soft, flat tummy and his fingers rubbed at the top of

her sex opening she felt a tremendous rolling wave of pleasure washing through her body.

She moaned softly, head coming up and back, bottom thrusting back to meet his hard cock, head rolling as the waves of pleasure continued, as his finger rubbed harder and faster at that little bump at the top of her sex hole. Oh it felt so good! Her red hair flew around her as her head jerked up and back again and again, and her pussy grew hotter and wetter as the black man's cock rammed into her.

Then she felt that wonderful sensation that flared through her body. She gurgled and shuddered, convulsions racking her body as she rammed herself back at the hard, black cock plunging up and down within her belly. She had never felt such pleasure, and soft animal cries of passion and ecstasy sifted around the metal egg filling her mouth.

The pleasure drained her to the point of collapse, and she did collapse to her elbows, gasping, trembling with the afterglow. The blacksmith continued to ride her for a long minute, then he stopped, gasping, spilling himself inside her. He pulled away and moved to the door, then the older Black man took his place.

His cock was long but much thinner than the blacksmith. He thrust into her with great energy, his bonier hips striking her upraised buttocks as he rutted away. He took much less time and, Erin, already spent, gasping, hardly paid much attention.

Then they were both done, and the blacksmith bustled about his shop, preparing things. The older man dragged her closer to the anvil, and had her kneel and bend over, placing her head on the block. The blacksmith drew one of the decorative metal strips from the fire by a tongs and carried it over beside her, then used another pair to twist it into a circle. He measured it against her, then hammered the ends a little.

He and the other man donned thick gloves, then to Erin's alarm they too the glowing red metal ring and, lifting her hair well out of the way, drew it around her throat, over the thick clothe. With careful use of the tongs, the blacksmith drew the ends of the collar together and gave them used heavy pliers to crush them together.

Erin could feel the intense heat radiating through the clothe around her throat, and moaned in discomfort and fear. But the two men held her easily, and the blacksmith stepped on the chain attached to her mouthpiece ensure she could not back away.

He poured water over the thing now, and it hissed as it cooled. He continued to pour water and it continued to hiss for several seconds before cooling sufficient to no longer turn the water to steam.

Erin's neck was still quite uncomfortably warm, even through the now soaking clothe, but she had less fear of being burned.

But the collar was merely the start. The blacksmith employed a similar art to bending similar metal strips around Erin's wrists, and then her biceps, and finally her ankles. When he was done he drew the clothes away, and Erin realized the metal, now cooled, was in place permanently, with no lock and no opening.

It was a stunning realization, that the collar and shackles could not be removed – save by another blacksmith.

She examined the strips around her wrists. Like the one around her collar, it consisted of two smooth, polished metal strips with interlocking criss-crossing strips joining them. There were rings set into the outside of each of the bands, as there was on the front and back of her collar, and, she saw, her ankle restraints.

The mouthpiece was now removed, and Erin worked her aching jaw, trying to get the taste of metal out of her mouth. The blacksmith took her hands, then, and attached a short chain to the two wrist shackles, then a second to the ones around her ankles.

An Arab man came into the shop then, and the two Blacks bowed and spoke respectfully to him. The Arab man, wearing a dark turban, eyed Erin contemptuously, and the blacksmith quickly attached a chain to the centre of her collar and handed it to him.

The turbaned man gave her another look of disgust, turned, and walked away, yanking on the chain to pull her after him.

Erin hurried after, gasping weakly as he led her around to the side of the main building, and then inside. She was given over to a short, tubby woman, who put her to work scrubbing floors on her hands and knees. Erin did this for some hours, arms growing rapidly exhausted.

At dinner, a plate and a bowl were set on the floor before her, and she ate, much as she had been instructed elsewhere, when her hands were almost always locked behind her, by sticking her mouth into the food and using her tongue and teeth to pull it into her mouth.

It was simply habit now. It had been quite some time since she had used her own hands to eat.

She was scrubbing once more when the turbaned man returned. He looked at her with outrage, yelled, and the tubby woman came running. The turbaned man pointed at Erin, his voice raised in anger, then slapped the woman so hard she stumbled across the floor and fell against a table.

The man left, and the woman picked herself up, glaring angrily at Erin, as if it were all her fault. She grabbed her hair and yanked angrily so that the redhead cried out in pain, forced up onto her feet. Then woman cursed her – Erin had begun to learn what curses were, though not what they meant, and yanked her by the hair out of the room.

She was given the task of sorting clothes, then. The woman instructed her, but Erin, of course, had no idea what she meant. She did, however, recognize some of the words, such as “men” and “women”, and after a bit she realized that the clothing of the household must be sorted so that the male and female clothing did not come together in the same pile and were washed separately.

After that, another tubby woman – all the Arab women seemed to be fat, she noted – came for her and took her, not unkindly, into another room where she was washed head to toe, inside and out, then her hair brushed out and her body perfumed.

She was led into a sumptuously furnished bedroom, though unlike her own. The bed was enormous, its legs shaped like those of an animal, with hooves. The bed was not flat and even, but seemed to be gently inclined so that the head was higher than the foot, though not by much. Bright cushions covered the top part.

Bright, decorative cabinets surrounded the bed, with a table set against one wall, and a smaller table with a ceramic pot set on another. Tapestries covered the walls and floor, and the woman led her to one beside the bed, then had her kneel. She drew her wrists up behind her and fastened them to the rear of her collar, then left her there.

Erin positioned herself as she had been taught, with her back straight, knees well apart, and waited.

After a short time the woman returned and set lamps about the room, then left again, barely noticing Erin.

Another wait and then the older bearded man arrived. He examined her, then closed the door. He began to undress, and when he was nude, sat on the edge of the bed. He gripped her hair and pulled her up into the bed, then lay her back in its center.

He lay on his side next to her, speaking softly, running his hands over her body, kneading and caressing her breasts. Erin, of course, did nothing but lay still, legs slightly apart, as the man explored her body.

He left the bed, and of course, Erin stayed where she was. She watched him go to one of the cabinets, and take from it a long length of thin rope. She lay still, growing slightly nervous as he returned. She did not move as he straddled her body, watching as he slid the rope around one of her arms at the elbow and tied it in place.

He led the rope up to the top corner of the bed, around the post, then along the head of the bed to the second post and thence to her other elbow. He pulled the rope very taut, and she gasped as it dug into the soft flesh behind her elbows.

He led the rope back behind the head, and then gathered her long hair together into a braid, pulling it up towards the head of the bed, and tying it off with the rope so that she could not move or raise her head at all.

He spread her legs and circled them in rope just above and below the knees, forcing them straight to the sides, painfully straining the tendons and muscles in her thighs.

With her bound tightly, he began to rub at the top of her sex with his thumb, stroking insistently as he looked down at her. And despite some discomfort and nervousness, Erin could not resist giving herself to the pleasure he roused in her body. Pleasure, after all, was not something she got much of.

When she was moist and hot, he entered her, thrusting deep and hard. He was not nearly as big as the blacksmith, but hard and long, and he filled her. But as he knelt, thrusting, he reached down and picked up a short, many thonged whip.

Erin's body was beginning to fill with heat and she could feel the urge to writhe and buck back against his thrusting, but now she cried out in pain as the thongs of the whip lashed her breasts. She twisted and writhed as the man rained blows down across her breasts and chest, and then her belly, all the while thrusting hard into her bare sex.

Her body was raw with heat and sharp, jagged pain as the thongs sliced into her soft, pale flesh again and again and again. When the man's arm tired he shifted to his other arm, slashing the thongs down across her breasts and belly and chest faster than his thrusting cock.

Then he paused, panting, withdrawing. He climbed out of the bed, leaving Erin there sobbing and coated in sweat and welts. He poured wine into a cup and sipped it as he sat on a padded chair, observing her. Then after a brief rest, he climbed onto the bed near her head.

Erin's head was already tilted back, pulled by the rope in her hair. The man knelt just behind her head, spread his knees wide to lower his body, and then fed his stiff erection through her open mouth. He thrust deep into her throat, grinding his pelvis against her face, then began to pump in and out.

He reached down and picked up the flog, and once again began to rain blows on her body, this time concentrating on her open sex and inner thighs.

He thrust in and out, jamming his groin hard against the weeping, agonized girl's face, and now began to time his blows to match his thrusts, bringing his arm sweeping down each time he withdrew. The leather thongs sliced into the soft flesh of Erin's sex and inner thighs again and again, until the pain became so intense it was unbearable and she felt she was going mad.

And then, at last, it ended, and he rose from her body, apparently sated, going to a corner cabinet which held a bowl of water. He washed his groin, then the rest of him, occasionally turning to give a look of contempt and satisfaction to the girl sobbing and trembling on the bed.

After he was done he dressed and left. A short time later two of the blacks came and untied her, then half dragged, half carried her back outside and put her back into the cage.

Chapter Six

“You will not live long. You understand this, yes?”

Erin opened her eyes and looked dull-eyed at the Japanese girl who peered at her through the bars.

“Master does not like infidels at all, but he very much more dislikes crusader girls. They never live long. If he knew I was Christian I would be dead, but he merely thinks I am a godless infidel from the east. We must escape soon if you are to live.”

“How?” Erin asked, her voice a weak croak.

The girl looked around slyly, then reached into the rear of the cage, near the wall, dug in the dirt, and held up a thin bit of metal.

“I can open lock,” she said.

“With that?”

Again the Japanese girl nodded. **“I have already done so.”**

“Then why haven’t you already left?”

“Women do not ever be seen alone in public,” the girl said. **“I can escape here but then where? If I am seen walking alone I will be stopped. There must be more than one.”**

“Where do we go?”

“Steal food, weapons, then horses. You ride?”

Erin nodded and the Japanese girl smiled. **“Arab girls, black girls, they not know to ride horses. We wear man robes and ride fast for coast. These ones stupid. We escape easy, steal boat.”**

The girl made it sound easy, but Erin had considerable doubts. Still, her whipping at the hands of the new master had been a shock. It had not been done for any misstep, for errors or accidents. It was not a punishment at all. He whipped her because he seemed to enjoy whipping her. That meant that no matter how she behaved she would be whipped again. And again.

She lay on her back, legs apart, moaning softly in pain, welts covering the front of her body. If she tried to escape she would be terribly punished. That was one of the reasons she had rarely even considered it. Yet here it appeared she would be terribly punished no matter what she did.

“When?” she croaked.

“Not yet. You get better. He not whip until your white skin is clear again. Then he whip again. Maybe more bad.”

Over the following few days Erin spoke with Kei every evening after being returned to her cage after her work. The black robed Arab women washed and fed her, then set her various tasks. When she was sorting clothes for the laundry she was able to try on the male robes and loose white trousers the Arab men wore and find ones which seemed likely to fit she and Kei, and secret them in a corner shelf behind stacks of soap.

Then, late one evening, she watched Kei in the shadowy darkness as she worked at the lock of her cage. It was soon swinging open and the lithe young Japanese girl was squatting outside Erin’s cage, working at the lock there. That was opened, as well, and the two moved very quietly, keeping low, to the rear door of the main building.

It was not locked, and everyone was asleep. Kei grabbed a long, sharp knife, and went to fill her water skins while Erin grabbed as much food, mostly bread, as

they could take. She got the robes out of the laundry room and dressed herself as best she could. They had improvised a sort of band of clothes to wind around their middle to help hide the shape of their bodies. The loose male trousers and robes went over these.

She was already dressed and had sandals tied to her feet when Kei returned from wherever she'd been, her upper body wet, as though she'd fallen into the horse trough.

"Hurry up!" Erin hissed.

The girl dressed quickly, then led Erin around to the stables. There she found two horses already saddled. The two girls loaded the food and water skins aboard them, then slowly led the horses out to the road before mounting.

"We must ride this way first, then find another road that goes north," Kei said, pointing up the road.

Erin had no idea where they were so was more than willing to follow, heart pounding with fear. They threw their hoods up and then trotted up the road, not wanting to go too quickly in the darkness.

There was little time for talk, especially as there were houses around them and their voices would give them away. They rode for hours in the darkness before turning north and continuing. Only when they stopped to water and rest the horses was Kei willing to talk, and even then it was only to instruct Erin in scraping away at the Arabic script engraved in her collar. Getting the collars themselves off with just a couple of knives or the sword Kei had stolen was out of the question, of course.

"If we go far enough they not know who owns us even if we captured," she said.

"Won't they punish us anyway?"

The Japanese girl nodded. "But less than Master's family, I am thinking."

"Or master," Erin growled.

Kei's teeth showed white. "Master not punish no one. Master not waken again."

Erin stared at her in astonishment. "I don't understand."

The girl held up the sharp knife and grinned.

"Y- You killed him?!"

"Of course! I am Samurai! I could not leave without avenging my honour!"

"But if they catch us they'll kill us!"

Kei gave her a scornful look. "He would kill us anyway. He always kill runaway slaves. And he kill you anyway. Now he no kill no one."

She used the knife to scrape away at the Arabic script on Erin's collar while she did the same to Kei's. Then they mounted and continued riding.

The next morning they ate in the saddle, despite exhaustion, stopping only to rest and water the horses occasionally. They began to pass occasional traffic, mostly merchants with wagons led by oxen. They kept their hoods up and their faces covered and rode quickly past such men and did not respond when called to.

"We must stop soon," Erin said. "The horses are going to drop."

"I know," Kei growled. "I am looking for some time. Not see a place."

"We need to get off the road."

The girl nodded grumpily.

They rode on for some time, then the girl road off the road where the land rose steeply and Erin followed. They picked their way along a narrow path through some olive trees, then down along the back side of the low hill before stopping and dismounting.

There was a small hollow there, and they unsaddled the horses and settled in, removing the heavy clothes from their middles and using them as bedrolls.

"We rest here," Kei said unnecessarily.

She stripped off her robe and trousers and then wet down a bit of wadded up cloth and scrubbed herself. Erin thought the idea good one, as she felt sweaty and dusty, and did the same. Then the two lay down, still naked, bodies damp, shaded from the sun by the angle of the rock outcropping.

Erin was surprised when the Japanese girl rolled closer to her and then began to run her hand gently across her belly.

“Very white skin,” she said, studying it. “I only see white skin on one girl but not so white as yours, and she die quickly.”

Her hand moved up onto Erin’s breast, kneading it gently, fingers caressing her nipple as Erin watched. Kei looked up at her and gave her a little grin, then bent and began to lick and suck at Erin’s nipple.

Her hand, meanwhile, slid down her body and in between her legs, where she began to finger and caress that sensitive little spot at the top which had often been the source of reward for her from her previous owners.

Erin was unsure about how to react. The Arab woman who had engaged in such acts with her had taught her somewhat, of course. But that had been an involuntary exercise where she had not dared hesitate, much less refuse. Now she was free she could do what she wanted, and really had little desire to engage in such lewd goings on with another woman.

At the same time she felt very much at Kei’s mercy. She needed the woman, and wanted to keep on her good side. The Japanese had been around much longer than she, and had more knowledge of the local language and geography. She also obviously had a bloodthirsty side and could be quite dangerous.

So in the end she lay still, feeling awkward, as the girl caressed and kissed her, and her fingers began to slowly wiggle their way into her sex opening. When Kei raised her lips and began to kiss her directly it seemed rude to not respond, and so she kissed back half-heartedly as the Japanese girl slid her body atop her.

And, in fact, the soft rubbing of the girl’s fingers against her sex began to produce the same throbbing pleasure she had felt when others did so, male or female. Despite herself Erin felt her body beginning to awaken, felt her lower belly growing warm and beginning to throb.

Kei’s tongue invaded her mouth, her hand going behind Erin’s head, gripping her hair as her fingers pumped inside her. The Japanese girl was getting rougher, but the heat was swelling and something within her melted at the thought of protest, at the thought of resistance.

Then the girl shifted rapidly, crawling up Erin’s body, straddling her shoulders, actually pinning her arms down with her own bent legs as she knelt atop her and pushed her sex into Erin’s face.

Erin licked at the girl’s open sex reluctantly, but Kei reached down, gripping her hair, pulling it up sharply as she jammed her open sex against her mouth. Erin’s weak protests were muffled by the other girl’s soft, moist flesh and she had little choice but to lick harder, to thrust her tongue up in the way the previous woman she had encountered had shown her.

Kei moved energetically atop her, grinding her sex down hard across Erin’s mouth and nose and face, gasping and panting and whining softly as she rubbed and bounced and pulled on Erin’s hair.

Being forced to perform sexually was nothing new by now, of course, and Erin did as required, licking energetically to please her master – or in this case mistress – in hopes of easing the pain she would otherwise receive. In this case that was the pulling on her hair.

Kei’s movements picked up, her gasps and moans becoming more passionate, and then with a groan she collapsed, fairly sitting on Erin’s face. She rolled off and lay back beside her, and Erin’s arms were finally freed. She turned away, rolling

onto her side, her back to the Japanese girl, wiping her hand across her moist mouth and face.

She was surprised to feel the girl's hand thrust in between her thighs from behind as the Japanese girl worked her thumb up into her sex, then began to stroke her middle fingers across Erin's hard little bump. Her touch re-ignited the strange heat within her groin, and Erin was soon grinding her bottom back and moaning softly, her body gripped by a feverish need that soon erupted in a delicious wave of pleasure.

They slept a little, off and on, and then, come darkness saddled the horses and rode on. Kei was more abrupt with her instructions, but her instructions made sense, so Erin followed them without protest.

As the moon sat high overhead they passed near a pond of some sort. Kei had them turn off the road and refill their water skins, as well as water the horses. When Erin was working at a knot, trying to undo it the Japanese girl abruptly slapped her bottom sharply, grabbed the strap and undid it, then walked on.

They had a brief dive in the water, had some cold bread, and then gathered up their things to move on. As she was on her knees Erin felt a shadow overhead and turned to see Kei, still naked. The Japanese girl smiled at her, then reached down and gripped her thick, long, wet hair, using it as a kind of lever – as had many people of late, to pull her around and forward until her mouth was against the Oriental girl's bare sex once more.

Erin again considered protesting, but didn't. She licked at the girl's bare sex as Kei stood over her gently pulling on her hair and twisting her fingers through it. When the girl had taken her pleasure she dressed, they both mounted, and they moved on.

They neared a town and Kei had her ride off to the side of the road.

"The horses need more than grass," she said. "They will have mash or oats in the town. I will go in alone."

To Erin's eyes they needed more than merely oats or mash. The horses were exhausted, and needed a couple of days rest. But that, of course, was impossible.

"I can come," Erin protested.

Kei shook her head. "Your eyes will give us away, and you do not speak the language."

Erin nodded reluctantly. It was true that her blue eyes and fair skin were difficult to hide, even with a mask. She waited for some time.

It was after dawn before Kei returned, with a new horse laden with supplies, and a broad grin on her face.

"Where did you steal that?" Erin asked.

"It won't be missed."

Kei took out the sword and slashed it several times through the air with a broad smile on her face.

"Did you uhm, kill anyone?" Erin asked.

"No one important. Just a local thief who thought to betray me."

She pulled off her robe then slipped off the trousers as well.

"Strip," she ordered, grinning impudently.

She still held the sword, and thought Erin knew she wouldn't use it, she felt somewhat threatened. She stripped as Kei wished, and then knelt before her licking at the Japanese girl's sex. The girl ran her fingers through her red hair, still holding the sword with her other hand.

Erin licked energetically, wincing occasionally as the girl pulled at her hair. When the girl had finished she released Erin's hair, but did not move to dress.

"Get on all fours," she ordered.

"Why?" Erin asked nervously.

Kei brought the flat of the sword around sharply to slap against her bottom and Erin yelped, falling onto her hands and knees.

“You have lovely white skin,” the girl said. “And lovely breasts. Face down, bottom high.”

She slapped the flat of the sword against her bottom again, and Erin took the familiar position at the familiar orders. Kei stepped over her, and drew her arms behind her, then clipped the wrist shackles together.

“Wh-what are you - .”

Kei reversed the sword, rubbing the thick pommel against Erin’s open sex, then slowly pushing it inside.

“You are very valuable,” he Oriental girl said. “There are few white women here, and even fewer young and beautiful ones with fire coloured hair.

“Oh!” Erin gasped as the sword thrust deep.

“But your skin is too pale, your eyes too blue, and you do not speak Arabic. You are also soft. I am samurai, and can move with much speed. I can defend myself and move silently in the darkness.”

“I-I don’t understand!” Erin gasped as the sword handle pumped in and out of her sex.

“You must only understand that I do what needs be done,” Kei said, her fingers stroking avidly at Erin’s sex as she worked the handle in and out.

Erin groaned at the pressure inside her, the intensity of the sexual hunger the girl awakened. Then the oriental girl drew back and dressed.

“Do not move until ordered to,” she said sternly when Erin turned her head around.

She brought the flat of the sword across her bottom again to emphasise the order.

When fully dressed she gripped Erin by the hair, pulling her to her feet and leading her back to their horses. She attached a short chain to her collar and then locked it to the pommel of Erin’s horse.

Then stood before her again, rubbing at her moist sex, fingering her, kneading and squeezing her breasts.

“Wha-what are you – you – doing?” Erin groaned.

“What needs to be done.”

Erin heard the sound of horses through the pounding in her ears, and gasped, her eyes opening. Kei drew back, drawing the sword and stood still, waiting. Then a horse, followed by two more entered the small clearing.

Three Arab men in dirty robes slid off their horses, their eyes feasting on Erin where she stood. Kei spoke to them in a harsh voice, and they replied. One of the men went to her and handed her a small bag which clinked with the sound of gold. Kei nodded, still holding the sword carefully, then turned and quickly mounted the new horse.

“Kei?!”

Kei turned and sheathed her sword. “You would not have gotten away. Nor would I with you at my side. I do what needs to be done.”

She turned and kicked the horse and it galloped away as Erin stared at her in horrified understanding.

The three Arab men were on her then, given her broken toothed leers as they began to roughly run their hands over her naked body.

“Wait! Oh! Please! Oh!”

The chain attached to her collar was pulled free of the horse and she was thrown to her knees on the ground. Then her hips were jerked up and her legs spread and the first of them mounted her.

Because of Kei she was already moist and wet, which spared her some pain. The man thrust into her hard and fast, frantically, his hands digging into her skin as

he groped her excitedly. The hard pounding of his hips against her upraised bottom was bruising and jerked her body forward in the rough grass and dirt. But he finished quickly.

The next man mounted her, equally frantic, ramming himself into her silken entrance and pounding away as he gasped and moaned and cursed in wild pleasure. Then came the third man before the first took his place again.

Each man had taken her twice before they were content to ease back. Erin could hardly walk at that point and she was thrown belly down across her horse and led away.

She was taken down to the edge of town and then bundled into a rug and loaded on the back of a wagon. She spent the day gasping for breath, sweating heavily under the carpet as the wagon rolled roughly along.

After dark she was taken out of the wagon, the rug unfurled, and then she was taken just as roughly by two of the three men, this time on her back. Each took her twice, then she was watered and fed stale bread before having her chain locked around a tree as the men settled in to sleep.

The next several days were almost identical. They came to another small town, and with the aid of a blacksmith her collar and wrist and arm restraints were removed. This was not for her freedom however. From bits and pieces of what she understood, and the way they were behaving, it was to hide evidence of her previous owner.

She was, apparently, stolen property, and they intended to resell her somewhere no one could point this out.

That was a relief, for at least it meant she would not be punished for escaping, let alone for killing her previous owner.

At another, larger town, the two dirty little men were replaced by a plump, moustachioed man wearing a fez on his head. He had her bathed, and muttered unhappily as he examined the many bruises she had acquired during her journey.

She was caged, but fed and watered well. After a couple of days she was taken to the man's bedroom. Nervous for fear that she would be flogged, as she had the last time, she was pleasantly surprised to find the man interested only in sex, and earnestly set out to show him how much she knew.

When he mounted her, she squeezed her pubic muscles around him and thrust back in time to his pumping motions, keeping her bottom high and legs wide. When he finished and sat down, spreading his legs, and motioning her between them, she licked knowingly at his cock and testicles, taking the latter into her mouth to massage them against the insides of her cheeks, sucking and licking until he once again became hard.

She took him deep into her throat, then, and he groaned in delight, gripping her red hair as he thrust up into her mouth to meet her.

Her new owner apparently knew she was stolen property. He put her in a very small, cramped box, put it on his wagon, and loaded other items atop and around it as he drove her somewhere else. During this time Erin rarely left the box. He would feed and water her through a small door, and empty the small bowl he had given her for waste.

After several days travel she began to hear more and more voices and sounds around her. Soon there was a babble of voices that seemed never to end. She thought they must have come to a very large town indeed.

She was finally let out of the box in what seemed to be a small stable. She was washed, fed and watered, then allowed to sleep for some time.

After two days, legs and ankles heavily shackled, wearing a black robe which covered her from head to foot, she was led up the street. Because they were on a hill, she could see simply by looking ahead that they were in a large city, for the street

went on and on, and there were all manner and types of dwellings and shops along it and spreading out in both directions beyond.

Her body was far more athletic now than it had been when she had been taken aboard the first ship. Days and weeks of hard work combined with uncertain food and harsh punishment had left her lean and muscled. She trotted along behind the wagon easily, her bare feet much more able to handle the rough ground than they had once been.

The slave market had a familiar smell. It was larger than the previous one, but most of the slaves were Black men. They were all naked and shackled close together. Their eyes were dark and filled with anger and resentment. She was glad to be hidden behind the veil and robe as she was led past them. For even then they looked at her with hunger.

She was taken into a far room and stripped completely. Several Arab men looked at her, touched her, and discussed her with each other. Then she was taken into another room by a very slim, short Arab man and bathed. The metal shackles were replaced by leather straps, and she was spread-eagled against the wall.

Her nipples were pierced with a sharp needle, and large silver needles left to dangle from them. She was also pierced between the legs, in both ears, and in her navel. With her arms strapped behind her she was then taken into another room and fed on fruits, vegetables and heavily spiced meat she could not identify.

After eating she was knelt in a small room lit by torches along the wall. Next to her were six other girls, five of them Black, one Arab. They knelt, knees well apart, backs straight, arms strapped behind their backs, watching a woman dance. The woman wore numerous veils held against her by gold and jewelled chains. As she danced she pulled them away from her body one by one until she was nude, and then continued to dance in tune to a wild, sensual music.

The girls' arms were unstrapped, and they were stood, then urged to imitate the woman. Most did poorly, but Erin had already learned something of how the Arabs wanted her to dance, and had no real fear of looking slutish left to her as she danced nude.

After hours of training the girls were sent off to their cages, all except Erin, who was brought into a separate room where a muscular older man waited.

"You dance well," he said in heavily accented English.

Erin was startled and then very pleased to hear a language she understood.

"Thank you... master," she said.

"You were taught to dance by your former master?"

"I was taught by several people who – who owned me, master," she said.

He nodded. "You are too skinny. We will fatten you up before you are sold so you will bring a better price. Tell me of your former master."

"I-I do not know very much, master. I did not know his name."

"How did you escape?"

Erin looked at him uneasily. Did she admit to having escaped, which could get her killed, or lie which could get her badly punished? The choice seemed obvious except the man had already said he would fatten her up before selling her, and thus would seem not to have plans to kill her. Then again, perhaps he was lulling her into a false sense of security, trying to trick her.

Her hesitation brought a smile to his lips, but it was a grim smile. "You think to keep something from me, slave? You think to guard your tongue? If your tongue were not so useful I would remove it. As it is I think you need more lessons in the obedience required of a slave. Perhaps they will also give you pause when you consider running away again."

He motioned her to follow as he left the room, and Erin had little choice but to obey. They went up the stone corridor and into another room. It held a few chairs, a bench, a rough table, and series of chains hanging from the roof. Her

anxiety rising, Erin followed him to the centre of the room, and turned to see two more men entering behind her.

They lifted a long, smooth length of wood, a pole some six feet or more in length, and placed it against the back of her shoulders. Her arms were then tightly strapped down along the pole, and the ends of the pole were attached to two chains. When the chains were pulled Erin found herself lifted off her feet and dangling, toes twitching and writhing just above the floor.

The men then carried a heavy leather sack across to her. It opened into the shape of a large bucket of sorts, with metal rings at the edges. The men hung the bucket over her head, and then filled it with water. The bottom was nowhere near tight, and the water immediately began to trickle down onto her head and body so that she was soon soaking.

“Tell me how you came to escape your former master,” the muscular man asked in a mild voice.

“I-I don’t know,” Erin gasped uncertainly, still afraid to admit she had escaped.

And then she was raised up, the pole lifting her higher. Her head pushed against the bottom of the now heavy bucket, and to her surprise began to push up into it. The bottom was soft, and there was an opening. The bucket itself now had considerable weight because of all the water poured into it, and as her head continued to rise she felt the bottom giving way slowly.

Her head was pushing through, forcing a small, tight opening wider. More water gushed down around her, but the other two men poured more water into the top of the bucket. Her head pushed higher, and then slid right through the opening until it was fully inside the bucket.

Much of the water poured down around her, but then the bottom dosed around her throat, and more water was poured in, water which filled the bucket so that her head was entirely under water.

Startled, Erin held her breath, her lower body writhing, kicking, twisting and thrashing with growing fear and alarm as her air ran out and she continued to remain in place. Her chest grew hot and tight and her head pounded from her growing desperation to breath. Her legs and body thrashed and twisted frantically, but to no avail.

The water in the bucket was running out slowly. Now she could see above the water, and struggled wildly to get her nose above water to breath. Finally, the water trickled out so that she could breath and she gasped desperately, coughing and gulping in deep, frantic breaths of air.

She could see nothing but the leather bucket, and now the water around her chin. Then, above her, one of the men appeared, with a wooden bucket in his hand. He poured water slowly into the bucket, raising the level again until it was just below her mouth.

“Tell me about how you came to escape your former master,” the other man’s voice asked.

“I-I – I don’t remember!” Erin cried.

The man above poured the water down and the water level in the bucket surged up above her head just after Erin gulped in a deep breath to hold it.

Then she felt a sharp, terrible pain across her bottom. She screamed and writhed violently, but the scream did nothing but lose her half her air. Another blow, this time across her breasts, and her mouth opened in a soundless howl as her body writhed and thrashed in pain.

Another blow cut across her back and then another across her belly. The bright flashing blasts of pain made it much more difficult to hold her breath, and she accidentally gulped in water twice before the water level fell low enough to breath.

She coughed violently, gasping for breath, then crying out as another sharp, burning pain lashed her bottom.

“Tell me about your escape,” she heard the man ask again.

And so she did, but apparently not completely enough. The bucket was filled again, and again she struggled to hold her breath, to keep from drowning as razor sharp blows cut across the soft flesh of her breast, back and bottom.

Dazed, she hung in place, gasping weakly as the water receded. Again she was asked questions, about her former master, about the ship she came on, about her former life, about the girl she escaped with and where she intended to go. Erin felt no loyalty to Kei whatever and the words tumbled out of her mouth as she hurried to tell him everything she knew.

She felt her ankles lifted up, bound in straps, the straps rising up behind her somewhere holding the soles of her feet pointed towards the roof.

“It is a bad thing to run away,” she heard the man say. “You are valuable property. You steal from your master when you run away.”

And then the bucket was filled again, and she felt the first blow against the sole of her foot. She screamed helplessly. The blow did not come from a strap, as she felt the others had. This was from something more solid. It struck across her left instep and the spike of pain was agony.

She howled, bubbles rolling around her face, and howled again at another blow, and another, and another, and another, all the same location. The pain was of such intensity she thought she would go mad. Her mind spun and roiled with wild, animal desperation, and she inhaled the water.

She coughed violently, eyes bulging, and the water level fell enough for her to gulp in sweet air – yet she continued to cough violently to expel the water she had breathed.

It was all she could do to scream as the same sorts of blows began to fall on her other foot, slicing into the soft, tender flesh of her instep again and again as she coughed and screamed and thrashed and sobbed in a frenzied despair.

Then the blows fell on her other foot once more, this time on the sole of her foot. The agony was even greater, and she screamed until her throat ached. Again the water was poured over her head, nearly drowning her as it filled the bucket, and the blows began to fall on her other foot.

Again and again the bucket was filled, then allowed to drain away, sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly. The soles of her feet were beaten mercilessly, then the heels of her feet, then the toes, then the instep once more until she went mad from the searing agony.

Finally, mercifully, she lost consciousness and hung still.

Chapter Seven

Erin woke in her cage, her feet a throbbing, swollen agony which made her sob miserably. Even the slightest touch made her cry out, and she tried to keep them elevated and not touching anything. She was in too much pain to eat, and could only sip water and weep for many long hours.

By the following day she was hungry enough to nibble at food, despite the continued pain. By the next day the pain had dimmed, so long as she did not touch her feet. A man came from her, then, and gestured her out of the cage. There was no question of her standing, so Erin was forced to crawl out and remain on all fours.

The man turned her and slapped her bottom. Erin obediently spread her knees and raised her buttocks as he knelt behind her. His cock was not very big, but it still hurt as he forced himself quickly inside her and began to use her. Erin thrust back half-heartedly, knowing he was merely one of the servants and not one of those she had to please.

After he had finished he led her out of the room, seemingly unsurprised that she must crawl. She crawled some distance, and then to a door guarded by two armed men. They examined her with interest, but then both drew their long, curved swords as one opened the door.

Erin was gestured inside, and she crawled through. The door was then closed behind her and bolted.

She stared around. The room was wide and dark, lit only by barred windows high up along the wall. All along the length of the room men sat or lay, Negro men, their eyes bright in the shadowed light. She stared at them staring at her, and swallowed nervously. Why was she being placed here? Wasn't she supposed to be a particularly valuable slave girl? Wasn't she to be used for dancing and pleasing important men?

Surely they would not let these – these savages use her! They were little more than animals! She looked around desperately, turning and pawing at the door, trying to open it, to escape. She could not let her body be used by these – savages! It would be like being taken by – by animals, by apes!

The men began to stir, and she felt her heart beat faster. Her eyes flicked around the room, searching for a master, for someone in charge, for someone to protect her. But there was only the Negroes.

The first man moved towards her, and she crawled sideways away from him. But men were stirring on the other side, as well, some getting to their feet. She heard their voices speaking softly, wonderingly, and she cowered back as several came closer. There was a terrible hunger on their faces and she felt much like a lamb ushered into a cage filled with hungry wolves.

She jerked back and a rough hand grasped her hair, jerking her forward. She cried out, and the men surrounded her, kneeling, hands reaching out, a half dozen hands lighting on her body, moving swiftly over her soft skin, caressing, squeezing, groping her, spreading her legs. Now it was a dozen hands, and now a dozen more fought to touch her, to grope her.

Her hair was pulled, fingers gouged at her breasts, thrust at her sex opening. She was twisted to the right, then left, her head pulled up and back, then forward. Their voices rose in excitement and anger. Fights began to break out. Still dozens of hands were on her body, rough hands, eager hands, touching her everywhere. Fingers thrust into her sex, into her anal opening, into her mouth, into the soft flesh of her breasts and belly and bottom.

And then she felt the fingers pull back from between her legs at the sound of blows. Rough hands spread her legs wider, and then something much larger than a finger pushed against her sex. She cried out – briefly, as she was penetrated. For at the same time one of the black men fought himself into place before her, and her hair was pulled harshly, drawing her lips to his stiff black cock.

She was pierced front and back by the wild black men, their cocks knowing no restraints, thrusting into her all the way to the hilt. She gurgled around the thick black cock in her mouth and throat, her face jammed into the man's groin as his fingers twisted and pulled at her hair. He pulled even harder, as if trying to push his cock even deeper into her throat, and her nose was crushed against his filthy groin.

Behind her, the other man was rutting away wildly, his hips slapping violently against her upraised bottom, his cock spearing her deep and hard. Too many hands to count scrambled over her body, and her breasts were crushed by several hands apiece, all writhing and fighting for possession.

The man before her finally began to thrust, jerking on her hair, ramming his cock into her hard and deep, pounding her nose against his groin as he used her mouth and throat. The man behind was even rougher, ramming his hardened male flesh deep into her pussy with a frenzied, rutting stroke which she frantically hoped could not last.

Her small white body was covered in black, the men crowded around eagerly, their voices high and furious as they shouted and laughed and crowed and cursed in their own language.

The man before her spewed himself into her throat and almost immediately fell back. She hardly noticed, for he was immediately replaced. The man behind also finished, pouring his cream into her body, and another instantly thrust deep and continued.

Again and again and again the men using her finished and were replaced, but the crowd jostling for position seemed no smaller. Then one perhaps more organized than the rest arranged to lay on his back beneath her. A dozen hands lifted her over him to straddle his groin, and she sank down on his stiff cock.

She was bent forward and her mouth was pulled over the cock of a man kneeling beside him. Then she felt the hard cock of another man pushing against her anal opening, forcing its way slowly inside her. It was soon pounding at her insides just as savagely as the ones in her other orifices.

Erin had learned, after a fashion, to breath with a male organ in her throat, but it was very hard given the frenzied nature of the thrusting, and her helplessness to guide or direct it. She came near to fainting from lack of air repeatedly, her eyes blurring over as a fat, glistening shaft of cock pumped wildly over her tongue.

But the crowd around her continued. She was bruised and sore all over from their pinches and groping and slapping and pulling, and her buttocks and face were bruised, her insides aching.

On and on it went, with the men surrounding her, their hands ever upon her, their cocks piercing every orifice with wild, lust-filled strokes.

Now she did lose consciousness, but it didn't matter. It was never for long, and she woke to find her circumstances unchanged, the wild, Negro savages using her body without care for her consciousness. She ached everywhere. She had never been so sore inside her. And still they used her with unceasing hunger and violence.

Finally, finally, they came for her. She was beyond even movement, by then. They dragged her away by the hair, Erin's eyes staring glassily down the length of her bruised, battered body at her heels dragging on the floor behind her.

Soon she was hanging by her wrists, barely conscious, moaning weakly. But the first lash of the strap across her bottom wakened her considerably as she cried out in pain. There was a man behind her, and another before her, and both held wide, heavy leather straps in their hands.

The man behind lashed her back and buttocks and the backs of her thighs while the man before her swung his strap down cruelly upon her already bruised, aching, scratched breasts, her chest, her belly and abdomen. They took no notice of her screaming or writhing or thrashing, bringing their straps down relentlessly upon every square inch of exposed skin.

When she wakened ,she was in her cage, in misery, every part of her body aching, welts covering every square inch of her front and back. She felt raw inside, as if her very flesh had been scraped away. And her every breath hurt. Her throat was so swollen and sore she was able to swallow only tiny sips of water and juice.

After several days of recovery the man she knew of as “master” came to see her in her cage.

“Perhaps you are now ready to learn,” he said. “Or shall we repeat this demonstration?”

There were no more beatings. Instead she was fed and watered, and exercised lightly, mainly by dancing. She gained weight, becoming less slender, her hips fuller, her face filling out once again as it had when she had been in Ireland.

She danced often, sometimes in practice with the other girls, sometimes for her master or groups of masters. And then came a day she found herself on the stage, once more, being bid upon. She was sold once again, for a price which seemed to please her master.

She was led from that place naked, her arms strapped together behind her at the elbows. A small, neat chain was attached to the ring piercing her sex, and a man who fairly swaggered as he led her behind him to the street.

As they passed the front entrance she saw a girl there, standing awkwardly on the toes of her feet, twisting from side to side, head drawn back. Her tongue protruded from her mouth a surprising distance, held up high, for it was pierced by a ring attached to a chain.

Her arms were bound behind her, and she made strangled pain noises as she struggled to maintain her balance.

It was Kei. Apparently she had been captured and found her way to the same slave trading organization as Erin. She could not find it in herself to feel sorrow or sympathy as she passed the girl.

Erin had few inhibitions by then. The fact scores, hundreds of people eyed her as she was led down the street was of no particular concern to her. She looked around curiously, for she had not been out of the slave dealers for some time. It was a large city, indeed, with many unique sights and smells.

They travelled up one street and down another, and finally into the courtyard of a large, blocky building. She was quickly led through the rear stables, and then into a back room. She was thoroughly bathed, and allowed to rest.

Then, golden rings piercing her genitals, nipples, navel, and dangling from her ears, gold chains crossing her belly and breasts, holding numerous veils in place, she was led into a larger room.

This room was unlike any she had seen since her capture. It had real chairs instead of cushions on the floors, and heavy, polished furniture which seemed more akin to that she had seen in Ireland than what she had found in this world.

Still, the command to dance was familiar, as was the music played by the wizened little Arab in the corner. She began to dance almost instinctively.

A row of men sat on the chairs across the room, their forms clear but features shadowed. She danced and swayed, she rolled her hips and writhed around the central wooden post which held up the ceiling. And one by one she tugged the veils from the golden chains and let them float to the floor, baring more and more of her body.

She continued to dance after the last veil had been pulled, rolling her bottom lewdly, grinding her hips at the men watching, sliding her tongue seductively across her lower lip.

“On your knees,” a voice called in English.

Instantly she obeyed, spreading her knees wide, hands behind her back. A man rose from one of the chair and came closer, and as he passed the light of the window she saw to her surprise that he was not Arab at all. He was dressed in a traditional suit, his look arrogant, smug, confident as he moved before her.

Erin looked up at him and waited her orders, though she had little doubts what they would be as the man opened his trousers and drew his manhood out. She took it into her mouth and began to suck and lick, her head bobbing back and forth as she serviced him.

His fingers jerked on her hair and he pulled her down the length of his cock, groaning in pleasure as she swallowed him to the hilt.

Then came the second man, and the third and the fourth> She was raised up and bent across the heavy desk, her legs spread, and the y began to take her, riding her hard and deep. There were papers on the desk, papers written in English rather than the flowing Arabic script.

The man talked to each other, laughing softly – in English, and not accented English either. No, it was the English straight from London, upper class English, titled English.

After the third or fourth man had finished she heard the voice of another moving into place. And she felt his cock against her rectum instead.

“There’s nothing quite like a nice, tight little bottom, lads,” he said as she felt him pushing harder to gain entrance.

And she recognized the voice! She gaped at the wall across the desk, certain she must be wrong. His cock thrust deep and she felt her hair pulled back as he began to use her, to thrust in and out. She gasped and grunted, making no effort to fight, of course, her mind whirling as she waited for another word to confirm her wild suspicion.

Finally, he thrust deep into her backside and held himself there as he groaned in relief. She felt him softening as he spent himself within her belly, and then he slowly withdrew.

“Turn and kneel,” she heard his voice say curtly.

She obeyed, of course, and looked up to see Fox smiling down at her.

“Do you know where you are, slave?”

“No, master,” she said, the words coming too natural to even think about.

“You’re at the British embassy.”

Another man came into view, older, with grey hair.

“How appropriate we have our own little Irish slut to service us,” he said with a cold smile.

“The Irish have their uses, My Lord” Fox said with a smirk. “And I’m given to understand this one has been well-trained.”

“Indeed. She had better be,” the other man said.

Fox pushed his foot forward against her right knee.

“My boot, slave. Clean it,” he ordered.

Again, there was no thinking required, which was good, since Erin’s mind was whirling in confusion. She bent at once and began to lick at his polished black boot as the men above chuckled in smug contempt.

She had thought that with her inhibitions gone, that she could no longer be embarrassed. She was wrong. The awareness that she was kneeling naked before Europeans, before British men, made her face flush with heat. For she was no back in a familiar setting, and one in which her current state of undress and behaviour was scandalous beyond measure.

Yet the idea of disobeying was unthinkable. It could lead only to punishment, and if she thought her treatment at the hands of the British would be more gentle she was quickly disabused of the notion, for no sooner had she completed cleaning Fox's boots with her tongue when she was bent over and caned severely across the bottom – as a lesson.

“You will service me and any man I wish,” the grey haired man said with a look of arrogant contempt. “And at other times you will clean and cook. Is that understood, slut?”

“Yes, master!” she sobbed.

“Filthy little Irish whore,” she heard another man say in amusement.

Over the following weeks and months Erin served as the ambassador's slave. She served he and his friends, including Fox, cleaned his house, and was beaten every day. Sometimes her hands were strapped, sometimes her bottom. She was often caned, either across the bottom and thighs, or between the legs. It was punishment for the sake of his pleasure, or, as he once said “for being Irish”.

It was a time of misery and fear, where the slightest misstep, real or imagined, would bring a cruel beating. It ended only when word of the ambassador's slave leaked out and he was forced to sell her ahead of an investigation.

Erin wound up with an inn of sorts. She danced and served drinks and food. She was constantly pawed and fondled, but not beaten. And in a back room, for a price paid to the innkeeper, she lay back and spread her legs as the innkeeper's customers thrust into her hard and fast.

It was a tiring existence, but the innkeeper never found cause to beat her, so Erin was reasonably content. However, after a year, he sold her, and she was sent by caravan, to another city. Along the way the caravan was attacked by bandits. Erin was one of the objects stolen.

And the bandits, though clad in Arab robes, were Negroes.

Given her previous experience at their hands Erin trembled in fear, waiting for them to swarm around her like locusts, but the black men, after binding her hand and foot, through her across the saddle of an empty horse and led her away.

They travelled for some miles, while Erin remained belly down across the horse, gasping and staring at the ground passing by. Occasionally a hand slapped or groped her bottom, but she was otherwise not molested.

After nearly a day's travel she was lifted down from the horse, exhausted to the point of being semi conscious. She was left at the base of a tree, her wrists pulled back behind her and bound to her ankles.

The Black men slept around her in a copse of trees, snoring. At dawn they wakened, ate – without feeding her – and then threw a rope around her throat and led her in their midst, on foot, into the trees, into the jungle.

She was still naked, her elbows bound together behind her back, yet aside from occasional leers or gropes she was not touched, and Erin wondered why. Was it that the men were in such a great hurry to escape retribution? Surely after hours trudging through the tall brush and trees they were safe?

She spent that night bound wrist to ankle, as well, and the next, as the men continued to lead her deeper into the jungle. Her arms remained bound tightly, painfully together behind her, and she must eat from a cold, mass of gruel and rice held out to her in their hands.

Then, finally, exhausted, she was led into a village, an encampment. The village men, women and children rushed to greet them, cheering as the men held aloft the stolen goods they had taken from the caravan; guns, silks, knives, jewels – her.

For reasons Erin did not understand she was taken to the centre of the village, and her wrists lashed to the top corners of a square frame set into the dry

earth. Scores of men, women and children gathered around, sitting, squatting, eating, laughing, as if at a show, and then a burly black man with a long, single tailed whip came to stand behind her.

Erin's chest began to rise and fallen with growing speed, and she pulled at her bound wrists. The man smiled, showing a gleaming row of white teeth, then swung the long lash.

She screamed, back arching, as the whip cut across the centre of her back. The villagers laughed in delight. Another blow left a trail of fire stitched around her waist, and Erin shrieked, twisting and thrashing madly. Again the villager laughed in delight, children pointing, old man nudging one another, women grinning, gap toothed.

The whip flew forward and curled around her chest to snap at a pale breast, which bounced and then reddened with fire. The crowd shouted in delight.

Again and again the whip curled around her body, or cut across her back. Once it curled around her very throat, the tip snapping violently against her ear so that she almost sank unconscious.

Her legs were spread, her ankles bound to the lower corners and again the whip flew, slicing into the soft flesh of her inner thighs, and then at her bare sex. Erin screamed until she could scream no more, and finally lost consciousness.

She wakened to find herself in the same position, bound spread-eagled to the post, the village asleep around her. The fire of welts burned her flesh everywhere and she sobbed miserably, thinking of home.

Through the long night she stood as the moon rose and moved across the sky, then set as the dawn began to lighten the sky. The villagers wakened and began their morning chores, largely ignoring her. Children ran screaming and playing, and women carried washing down to the stream.

It was hours before anyone seemed to notice her, and by then her stomach was rumbling, her mouth dry, her lips cracked. The villagers gathered again, though not surrounding her this time. She was cut loose to fall to her knees.

Then the villagers separated, opening an aisle between them. At the end of the aisle was a tall, naked black man, his body oiled and gleaming. A slap to the back of her head sent her sprawling forward on her belly. And then the men and women to either side pointed towards the naked man, jabbering at her excitedly.

Dazed, she wasn't sure what she was supposed to do, but started moving forward. Apparently that was it. She crawled forward on her belly, the crowd laughing and pointing and shouting from either side. Now and then a youth or girl with a long stick would reach out and poke at her bottom as if to urge her forward faster.

She reached the naked man, finally, the crowd spreading out around her. Groaning, she bent and licked at his bare feet, at his toes, rolling her eyes fearfully upwards as he stared down, arms folded across his powerful chest.

She licked her way slowly up his legs, to find his cock already stiff and hard, thick and enormous. She licked at his balls hesitantly, and when that brought no punishment took them into her mouth, one by one, sucking and slurping, her fingers folding around his mighty shaft, rubbing and massaging it.

The crowd went quieter as she finally licked along the shaft, then, spreading her lips achingly wide, took it into her mouth, sucking and licking, trying to force her mouth down harder. He was enormous and filled her mouth, but it caused her mouth to water, and she slid forward, taking him into her throat, grunting with pain and discomfort as she forced her lips all the way down the shaft to press her nose into his curly black pubic hair.

She heard the crowd shout its approval behind her as the man finally lowered his hands to her head and began to thrust into her.

He pumped longer and harder and faster, using her mouth and throat, his hands working her face forward and back. Then he pulled free entirely, gesturing towards her. She twisted around, the crowd which had gathered close backing cheerfully away.

She dropped to all fours and he dropped behind her. Erin tried to ignore all the men, women and children watching, spreading her legs, raising her bottom as he pushed his mighty cock against her bare little sex and drove himself into her.

The crowd cheered, and he drove himself so deep it hurt. She cried out, and they cheered again. He drew her head back by the hair and began to ride her, deep, slow, but powerful, remorseless as he pumped in and out.

It was all so bizarre, so impossible, so far from her frame of reference. Erin could only kneel in place as she was ridden, as he used her with precise, powerful strokes. The crowd looked on, chattering away together.

When he picked up the pace they began to chant in tandem, in time to his thrusts. Bizarrely, Erin was feeling a tense, liquid heat between her legs by then. And as he thrust harder she felt her sex responding, felt her body responding. She rutted back now, her pussy loose enough to allow her movement, and squeezed down with her pubic muscles each time he withdrew.

He was too big. He hurt her, but somehow there was pleasure to be had in the pain and the sexual tension began to pulse within her, to spread through her body and work its tendrils on her mind. The black faces blurred into a wall, and she focussed all her attention on the hard cock thrusting into her.

And then the explosion of pleasure washed over her. She cried out in ecstasy, and the crowd cried out with her. The man picked up the pace, thrusting cruelly, violently, driving her pleasure higher, until with a cry of pleasure he spilled himself within her just as her own heady pleasure was fading.

She sagged to her elbows with a weak groan. The crowd began to fade away, drifting off in ones and twos. The man, a chieftain, had claimed her as his slave, and she had submitted.

She was not permitted to stand again, but must crawl wherever she went. She could sit by the fire to do her sewing and cooking and mashing and cleaning, but never walk like real people. She was not beaten for no reason, however, and the stiff cock of her master drove her to heights of pleasure she had rarely reached before, night after night after night.

All in all it was not a bad life. The villagers did not look down on her with the contempt others had. For who looked down on a pig or dog or horse or cow? She was an animal to them, at least in status. She was human enough for the chief, and occasionally his friends to use her for sex.

Chapter Eight

Gunfire and shouts and the smell of fire wakened her. Erin crawled to a corner of the hut and curled up in a ball, fearfully eyeing the door as the shouting and gunfire mounted. She heard screams of pain and rage, then, slowly, silence.

A large figure blocked the light, and with a laugh of pleasure, stumbled into the room. He grabbed her by the hair, dragged her out from the corner, and flung her on her back, then fell upon her, fumbling at his groin.

He smelled, horribly. He was filthy, and his clothes felt foul as he crushed her to the clean earth. His face was covered in a rough beard, and his eyes were cruel as he thrust himself into her.

‘Ahh! Ahh! Fuck! Yes!’ he groaned as he rutted into her.

When he had finished he produced shackles and she was led naked out into the village. Many of the villagers were dead, others fled, and many were naked and shackled as she was. She was put in a line with the others and led away, shackled and collared.

The men were all Europeans, English speaking, but Erin did not think to beg any special favour of them. They did not seem to notice her especially, perhaps because with the sun her skin had darkened enormously, her reddish hair turning blackish. Then, too, it was almost night by then.

She was marched away with them. There was a river nearby, and they were all stuffed into the tiny, dark hold of a riverboat that took them for some days up the river.

Then, again at night, she and the others were led up onto a much larger ship. They were shackled in place in the hold, and then left much to themselves as the ship sailed.

The crew had to come by to feed and water them on occasion, however, and as the days passed without sunlight Erin’s skin and hair began to lighten. The men feeding them began to look oddly at her, and several times she was pulled out into the aisle, bent over, and used.

Then, at last, three men came and stared at her. Her collar was removed from the chains which held her in place, and she was led, staggering, sometimes carried, up the ladders to the deck. There in the sun, the men stared at her, joined by others.

‘She’s no half breed at all,’ one of the men muttered, his accent strange. ‘I think she’s white!’

One of the men, older, seeming in charge, rubbed his short goatee and shook his head. ‘Where was she taken again?’

‘At a village north of Hemford, captain.’

‘You girl, you speak English?’ the man demanded.

‘Yes, master,’ she said hesitantly.

The men muttered.

‘Where are you from, girl? How did you come to be in that village?’

And so she told them how she had been captured from a caravan. Then she had to explain why she had been on the caravan, and they stared at her in amazement as she told them of her slavery at the hands of the Arabs, and then the English.

‘Fucking English are always so noble,’ the captain sniffed. ‘Against slavery, are they?’

He spit on the deck.

“What do we do with her?” one of the men asked.

The captain looked at her and grinned. The other men chuckled meaningfully.

“Besides the obvious,” the man said.

“Well, what do you want me to do with her? She’s a slave, ain’t she?”

“She’s a white slave and if we take her to Virginia they’ll take her away from us. And if we try and sell her we’ll wind up in jail.”

“I know it,” the captain said, eyeing her up and down. “Clean her up. Let’s see what we got.”

A hose was brought forth, and rough soap, and the men washed her roughly, their hands lingering over her breasts and between her legs. Finally, dripping wet, the captain inspected her again.

“She’s a looker,” he said. “Imagine what we’d get if we could sell her.”

“Ya can’t sell whites!” the other man snapped.

“Too bad. Slut like this would fetch a high price.”

“We’ll have to free her.”

The captain scowled. “Ain’t no profit in that. And what good would it do? She’s nothing but a slave. You think any self respecting man would have her to wife after all the niggers been between her legs?”

He looked at her shrewdly. “On your knees, slut.”

Erin fell forward, dripping, onto her knees, legs spread, hands behind her.

“Well-trained, ain’t she?” one of the men muttered.

“Wish my wife was,” another said to uneasy chuckles.

“Let’s see what else you can do, slut,” the captain said, undoing his breeches.

Erin crawled to him, licked at his boots as the men looked on muttering and excited, then took his cock into her mouth and serviced him as she had long been taught. She wanted the captain to value her, to treat her better, and so she did her best, taking him deep into her throat, sucking his testicles, massaging him.

When he came – explosively, he moaned in pleasure and then shook his head. “Holy jumping Jaysus she’s a born whore!”

Then she had to service all the other men, but that was all right. It was better than being in the hot, dirty hold without any air and little food.

Erin stayed on the deck, spending nights in the captain’s cabin, servicing the crew regularly, but eating regularly, too. She spoke little. The men seemed uneasy about a white slave, though eager to use her as one. They never called her “slave”. It was always “slut” or “whore” or “bitch”.

After a time they started punishing her for using the term “master”, though. She had to use their names, or “sir”. And one dark night she was rowed ashore, bundled in an old dress, and bundled away in a carriage.

She found herself at a large estate, a plantation, sold as much as the blacks she saw working the fields outside. But she was bathed, her hair combed, and she was dressed in undergarments and a fashionable dress before being presented to a darkly tanned man with a thin moustache.

“Kneel,” he ordered.

Kneeling was more difficult in the dress, but she obeyed at once.

“What is your name?”

“My name is Erin, master,” she said.

He slapped her face hard enough to make her ears ring.

“You will call me cousin. Do you understand?”

“Yes, cousin,” she said, her cheek aching.

“Say it again, slut.”

“Cousin.”

“I am your cousin Alexander. You will call me cousin or Alexander. Say them both.”

She did.

“I will call you - I don’t like the name Erin, it’s too Irish – I will call you – Gwendolyn. Or Gwen. Say it.”

“Gwendolyn,” Erin said.

“Again.”

“Gwendolyn.”

He reached down and buried his fingers in her thick hair, then twisted her head back painfully.

“You will not identify yourself as anything but my cousin Gwendolyn come to visit from South Africa. Or by God I’ll lay the whip so hard across your back it’ll let the bones show. Do you understand, slut?”

“Y-yes, cousin!” she gasped.

“But you and I both know what you are, don’t we, slut? You and I both know what a whore and a slave you are. And that’s why I bought you, bought and paid for. So don’t go getting any notions of who or what you are. Now strip and let me see what I’ve bought.”

She stripped and knelt, then posed as he barked out orders, raising her bottom, spreading her knees. She turned and mouthed him, took him down her throat, then turned and presented as he mounted her.

She was his slave, as surely as the Blacks out in the fields.

She spent her days doing the kind of genteel things a cousin of his – a poor cousin – would do, knitting and sewing, arranging place settings for parties, making sure the food was properly sorted and prepared, serving tea and refreshments to his guests.

Yet he used her wantonly, and made little secret of it to those around his estate, especially not his slaves. For who cared what they knew or saw or thought? Sometimes, just for sport, he would bring in one of his bigger black bucks and have her service him while he watched and masturbated.

Sometimes he and his friends would take her three and five at a time. Sometimes he would have the Negro men do it. Several times he made her service Negro slave women with her mouth as he and his friends looked on.

He was a cruel man, and beat her often, usually with a belt. He would make her lay on his bed on her belly and bring the belt down hard on her bottom and back and thighs until her tears soaked the pillow beneath her face.

But he was even more cruel to his black slaves. And one day after a particularly cruel beating of one of the slave men, a half dozen of them jumped him, and before they could be beaten off and killed he was dead.

The odd thing was that while many of his friends knew he used her sexually, he had never told them he was anything but his cousin, and with no other heirs in the offing she inherited his entire estate, including all the slaves on it. Technically including herself.

She had been on the estate long enough by that point to understand how it worked and in company with the foreman (who had used her sexually several times but saw no advantage in trying to expose her) she was able to keep it running. Slowly, she began to understand that she was not only free, but wealthier than she ever would have been had she inherited her father’s estate.

She had long come to accept the notion of slavery, however, and made no move to free her own slaves. She was not cruel, however, and soon tales began to drift out about the lewd goings on at her plantation, whispers about her and the big black bucks she owned doing shocking, wicked things together.

Of course, few believed this was more than malicious gossip, for what white woman would even consider laying with a Negro, much less several of them. Nevertheless, the rumours were so delicious they had to be spread.

One day the reverend Ian Smith decided to investigate the reports of foul, filthy, and even devilish goings on, and one evening he and his assistant, a pert breasted, righteous and stern faced young woman named Abigail Jones arrived quietly on the estate and snuck in the, of course, unlocked rear door.

They made their way through the quiet, nearly empty house until they arrived at last at the mistress's bedroom. There they listened intently to the sounds of what could only be wicked fornication, and then together, threw back the door and charged through.

They found the lady of the plantation naked, a black slave chained spread-eagled beneath her, riding his stiff cock with such pleasure and intent she did not even notice their arrival.

Only the reverend's shouted denunciation was able to finally catch her attention.

"Foul, fornicating slut! You'll see prison for this depravity!" she shrieked furiously.

He rushed forward and beat at her with his bible to put an end to the filthy scene before her. Miss Abigail Jones stood in the doorway, rooted in place, horrified at the disgusting scene before her, a tiny part of her mind wondering at the rings which seemed to be dangling from the redhead's nipples!

Erin, however, had come to enjoy her freedom, and had no intention of being returned to anything approaching her former situation. The surprised reverend and his indignant witness were overcome by her black slaves as they tried to leave the estate and dragged back. They were separated, and the screaming Abigail soon found herself stripped naked, and to her horror, bent over in a field as the leering black men surrounded her.

"No! No! Get your filthy hands off me, you dirty nigger!" she screamed.

But they ignored her, and she screamed again as her virginity was taken, and then again as her hair was yanked up and back as a black cock was shoved into her open mouth. Her eyes bulged in shocked horror, but she could not escape his cruel grasp, and soon she was sucking and bobbing her lips on his cock as he yanked at her hair and slapped at her face.

A night of gang rape at the hands of the Negro slaves was followed by a bath, then she was bound spread-eagled to a bed in the plantation's main house as the depraved redheaded woman straddled her body.

"You'd best get used to obedience," the woman said with a grin, positioning her naked, surprisingly hairless sex above Abigail's face. "You're going to need it where you're going."

"G-Get off me, you foul harlot!" Abigail cried. "What kind of Christian woman are you!?"

"Christian woman?" Erin mused. "I suppose I am at that. They used to call me an infidel, you know."

Abigail gaped at her.

"But now they call me mistress," she said with a leer.

"Y-You let me go at once!"

"You take orders. You don't give them... slave."

Slave?! Abigail gaped at the word, then cried out in pain as her hair was pulled sharply. The redhead dropped her sex down hard onto her face, and Abigail cringed in revulsion at the feel of the moisture there.

"Lick me, slave. Lick me," the woman demanded.

And after the pain of her hair being pulled grew too great Abigail began to obey.

Over the following weeks she learned to service the woman with her mouth, and to service her black slaves with her body. Then, one day, she and Reverend

Smith, who had been kept locked away somewhere she couldn't guess at, but was quite the worse for wear, were bundled into a carriage and taken to the shore.

They were rowed naked out to a ship, and while the Reverend was taken below in chains she learned to service the grinning captain and his crew on her way across the oceans to, she was told, the Barbary Coast, and her new life. As a naked slave girl.

End