

# S.M. Knights

The Dry Gulch Ranch Trilogy - I

# THE CAPTIVE



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### **Chapter 1**

What I am about to tell you is a true story, and serves well to those few high and mighty women out for adventure on the frontier. It began in Springfield, Missouri, April 3, 1868, just three years after the civil war. I was born on February 3, 1840, in Atlanta, Georgia, given the name Cassiopeia Isabel Wacomb; my friends call me Cassie. Growing up blonde and well endowed really didn't make my life any easier. Especially so on the night of Atlanta's burning by General Sherman, when my personal body slave, Pearl, and I barely escaped with our lives, getting away with only the clothing on our backs and an old mule that was given to me by a dying Southern officer, God bless him. Pearl was a Mandinga female slave, who had been singled out on many occasions for involuntary breeding by nearly every male on my father's plantation, including my father!

That was all behind us, Pearl and I planned a new start out in California. Just two women traveling alone was not a hot prospect by all the goodie goodies in the wagon train we planned to join there in Springfield, so we were forced to set out on our own. One of the local trail bosses, Hammond and two-dozen herders told us they would escort us as far as the Pecos, but after that we would be on our own, and in the relatively unknown Southwest territories. They advised us to be careful of Comancheros and Apaches.

The trail to the Pecos was easy and uneventful, Hammond and his men were a comfort, but now we were on our own. The trail grew narrow and more difficult with each day, and we were finally totally alone, two women and the elements. The map we had was vague, but accurate for water purposes, and we both knew how to shoot.

We had been on the trail for nearly two weeks, when we saw the smoke of a campfire or cabin. With the hopes of finding other human beings we pressed ahead and over the ridge. What we had seen was curious indeed. It was a camp with five wagons circled, a fire smoking with a kettle in the middle, and what appeared to be activity going on. Suddenly, there was piano music, and from what we could see, a young woman playing the piano. I really must admit, in my haste I failed to look closer.

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Pressing quickly toward the camp, and hopefully a friendly reception, it was Pearl who noticed something strange about the camp. There were people to be seen, but no one was moving about. They looked still and motionless. About twenty yards away, I halted the wagon, as Pearl leaned back to grab the shotgun. Suddenly an arrow appeared in her shoulder, she screamed, "AAA!" and I looked at her awestruck, screaming her name, "PEARL!" Almost as quickly, I saw a man appear beside the wagon, he was wearing a headband and loincloth and was grabbing for Pearl. I turned to see another man standing along my side of the wagon, wearing a sombrero, a snake vest, and nothing else. I jumped down as he reached for me and ran to the circle of wagons. Inside the circle, I saw the people were all dead and the smell made me retch. I went over to where the piano was playing, and as I rounded it I saw the girl's hair blowing about. Her eyes were closed and she was naked and sitting on a pointed stick, which penetrated her sex deep enough to bulge against the wall of her abdomen. There was dried blood everywhere, I remember that I started to scream when something struck me from the rear and I reached for the girl on the stick falling down as the her body fell over on top of me, then darkness.

A bucket of cold water got me in the face, bringing me back to reality, I found myself tied to a chair, shaking my head I looked about and heard a male voice call to me, "Señorita, this is no place for you to be this time of the year. Didn't they tell you back in Springfield about the desert in the summer? It is no place for you to be traveling alone or do you consider the black one with you your companion instead of your property? If she's your property, then I'll take her from you, if she's your companion, then you both shall belong to me. Oh, well, either way, you both belong to me now..."

I shook my head several times trying to focus on what he was saying, but my head throbbed, "Look, I don't know who you are and frankly I don't care, just let Pearl and I go, okay? We've done you no harm." The man laughed out loud and a few of his companeros laughed with him, including the man with the snake vest, who now had his pants on.

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As they laughed a Indian girl, wearing only a loincloth and headband, entered, she seemed nervous and stumbled about trying to find something, the man got a serious look on his face, "Strumpet! Get me and my men tequila!" With those words he landed his boot on the bare cheek exposed by her skimpy loincloth, sending her sprawling on the dirt floor, her breasts collecting dirt around her rock hard nipples.

I felt sorry for her as her lower belly swelled with the early months of pregnancy. It made me wonder just how many times this girl had been raped until she started to show. Hurriedly, she scrambled up and bowed submissively reaching for several bottles of tequila, causing one to fall and break. This enraged the man who stood up and grabbed her by the hair. With one hand he took a bottle of tequila out of her hand, as she squirmed in his grasp, he drank a long swig of tequila then tossed the bottle to the man with the snake skin vest. Still holding onto her hair he yanked her along toward the door grabbing for his hat then reaching for a bullwhip hanging on a nail in a timber.

The man with the snakeskin vest looked at me with lust in his eyes. The liquor made him both crazed and unstable, not that he wasn't already. I looked outside to see the other man dragging the girl by her hair. He dragged her out to where an overhead crosspiece stood spread between two posts. Another man stood by handing him a rope. He bound the girl's hands together and tossed the rope over the crosspiece, dragging her wrists up until she stood on tiptoe, then he tied it to one of the uprights. He took off his shirt and stood behind her and slightly to her left, looking back to make sure I could see. The man with the snakeskin vest worked my seat around so I could easily see what was about to happen.

With a smile on his face, the one who'd dragged the girl out went back to her and yanked her loincloth off ripping it useless; naked she twisted and tugged trying to free herself. The snake vest man pulled back on my blonde hair, "She is one of Benteen's whores, that El Prato traded last winter from the Apaches. He got her and a few others for two kegs of nails. I thought he was stupid to trade even nails for her, they are worth more than six dollars, and all he does is oil his whip with her. She's a filthy fat cunt if you ask me, but then no one ever asks me..."

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I looked at him in disgust mixed to a degree with fear, "You don't understand, she's pregnant that's why she's getting fat!"

He stopped his drinking for a few seconds looking at me, curling up his lips the pig laughed as he reached over and yanked my blouse loose to fondle my tits. He squeezed my nipples as the whip hissed to coil lazily around the girl's sweating nudity. He forced his huge hairless cock into my mouth and began chattering about how good it felt all the while I heard the girl being whipped. He worked on my mouth until I thought he was about to come when all of a sudden he fell limp almost jamming his still erect cock down my throat making me gag. He fell off me as I gazed up at Prato holding the butt end of the whip. He looked at me and smiled, then took his fist as I started to say something to him and knocked me out.

I woke up on a cot in a room with a wooden floor, my head pounding from being struck twice now; and it was getting dark outside as early evening approached. I was starving, and I could smell someone cooking tortillas, beans and corn. I tried to move, but discovered that I was bound to the cot; my blouse was nearly torn off. I heard a girl moaning in the shadows, it was Pearl. I was so overjoyed that I called out, "Oh, God Pearl, are you all right?"

"Yessamm, ohhh, aah, I think my shoulder is broken; it burns like fire!" She was lying on her stomach in such a position that it was hard for me to see her.

"Pearl, don't try to move about, I'm sure it'll start bleeding again. You took an arrow in your shoulder earlier; did they give you some aid or try to tend to the wound?" I asked her trying to keep her in good spirits considering everything.

"Oh, mamma it hurts, but yes one of the girls they keep here took the arrow out and poured some disinfectant and tequila down me, frankly I don't feel that much pain, but when I move it hurts like awful. Oh, and the one with the shiny vest, fucked me in the asses..." That was all she said the rest of the night as she had fainted from the pain.

I fell asleep for a while and was awake by a shuffle and some weak struggles as Prato dragged in the girl he'd whipped. He yanked her about a few seconds then took her to the empty bunk between Pearl and I and threw her down onto it; he undid his pants and without

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any pause rammed his cock into her asses. It must have taken her breath away as all she did was choke, cough and squeal in broken squeaky tones. I could hear his breathing and her struggling to catch her breath as his thrusting knocked the wind repeatedly out of her. He came in her with a groan as he gave one final hard thrust.

In the dusk, I could just make out her form where he pulled her head back by the hair and the dimpled outline of her rock hard nipples in the disappearing twilight. He cleared his throat and coughed as he stood up, looking around he pulled his pants back on and in a somewhat winded voice, he called out, "Sleep well, cunts, your turn will be coming." He left chuckling under his breath.

A long silence followed his slam of the door and locking it tight. I was so hungry and thirsty I could hardly stand it. I wanted to scream out for food and water, but frankly I was afraid to even make a whimper for fear I would end up under his whip or being bugged like the girl next to me. I heard her stir on the cot, "I don't know you, but are you all right?" There was silence. I called again, "I said I don't know you, but are you all right?" Another long pause, and I started to call again when she answered me, with a deep womanly voice and obviously in pain, "I do not wish to talk to you now, white woman."

"I understand, you suffered a great deal and... In your condition you..." She interrupted me with a surprising hoot.

"HA! You think I suffer, you tender titted bitch! Oronoco put his cock into your mouth and you started to gag and choke. Prato smacked Oro only because he wanted to put his cock into your mouth first. It's his right, as it's his right to fuck me in the asses and give me the whippings I deserve and..." She rolled over onto her side, "...desire." She smiled an uncomfortable smile at me; "I'm only four months now, still flat tummy enough to take a skinnin' from his whip." Her voice was tinted with sarcasm.

I was uncertain about this woman, "My name is Cassie, what's yours?" I could only think to ask her a dumb question.

"My name is Aluna and I'm half Apache and half Comanche, quite a combination when you think of it. Both tribes are hostile to

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whites, so it really doesn't matter whether I'm one or the other, I hate whites and that's all there is to it. I'm not mate to a great warrior breeding him sons is because I'm half-and-half and I also prefer women. Yeah, I like to openly fuck women, it's a punishable offence in both tribes, so I was sold to Prato here who enslaved me and uses me. I can take it, but I really like being with my own sex, they're so tender and have wonderful tongues. If you have a nice tongue, then I might spare you and teach you how to be humble and wanton, which can spare you your life with these coyotes." The girl was quite attractive and even displaying fresh lash marks that would make any decent person wince, she slowly got out of her cot and came over to my cot where she sat down and began to softly caress my tits.

I didn't know what to do with this woman at first. Obviously, she had a good deal of strength... four months pregnant and to be able to take a beating strung up in the hot sun, and now, after an asses fucking, to come over and caress me as if every little thing was just hunky dory. She began to pull my clothing down and off; I coughed a dry mouth cough. With my voice raspy and dry I tried to fend her off, "Please, I'm not trying to be rude, but I could really use a drink of something and some food..."

"Oh, yes you could couldn't you, well here for now, let Aluna help." With those words, she leaned her nipple to my mouth and put it to my lips, "Go on, suck on it, I have milk in me from a couple of breedings ago." I sucked on her breasts and my mouth flooded with her warm, sweet milk. About an hour or so passed and I must admit, I felt a great deal better on a belly full of Aluna's breast milk than I did earlier.

We sat nude, cross-legged on the wooden floor, Aluna looked at me cocking her head to one side, "You know, you have a decent looking body for a white woman. A bit big in the tits, but that's acceptable to these bastards..." she added with a smile. Pausing she added, "Look, Prato is kind of crazed, and he has one quirk which doesn't bother me at all, he prefers all of his women to be smooth and hairless, no exceptions. Even his male companions keep themselves smooth. I learned that he is part Aztec and it has something to do with his royal heritage. It is not a problem for most of us in the local tribes,

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as it is our customs as well, from childhood. The white women he has here find it trying. I warn you, if you resist he will have you scraped clean and whipped severely between the legs with a razor strap, while you hang upside down by the shed. Two girls have already gone down that path and are now devoted slaves to the life of being hairless between their legs. I will help you both get this over with, and it will be a good deal easier on you." Looking over her shoulder, "The dark one, she is your friend, no?"

I nodded and looked at Pearl's still form, she was breathing so she must be okay, and it would be wise not to disturb her, "Yeah, she's with me. She's kinda special, you know, special..."

Aluna smiled almost as if she knew the answer, "Ever fuck her, woman fuck her I mean?" Wrinkling up her nose cutely, she put her fingers together in a wedge shaped 'V' I think you whites call it 'tongue' or something...?" She looked over at Pearl, and then back at me, and again at Pearl this time fixing her gaze on Pearl, "She's beautiful if you look closely at her lines. See how they curve almost precisely into perfect sweeping lines and forms that disappear as if into oblivion..." Her eyes remained fixed on Pearl's nudity... I hadn't noticed it until now, but Pearl was quite nude; I couldn't tell from my earlier position on the cot.

"Come to think of it, from that point of view, yes. I slept with her several times, and more than once, in the nude. I liked it when we rubbed our tits together, and yes, I do remember once she did a thing she called 'scissors' with me. She spread her legs and I rubbed myself against hers... Humm, I'd almost forgot about that..." I'd been sure that I would never tell about that, as Pearl had told me never to tell about our nightly fun, as it would cost us both dearly. Until then, it had been deep in the back of my mind, but this woman who called herself Aluna just made me feel wonderful and not guilty about it at all.

Aluna continued to look at Pearl as she spoke to me, "There, you see, women are a great deal more accepting to each other than men are. I've seen men together with men, and it just isn't the same, but woman together with woman is a beautiful thing. We fit together, our sex does. Sometimes better than with men..." When she said the

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word men, she looked me straight in the eyes. There was a long silent pause as we looked at each other.

I broke the silence, "You a-are totally a free spirit aren't you?"

"Not true, white woman, I have many spirit guides." Aluna seemed to drop out of close friendliness. Making it difficult for me to be close when I did earlier tell her my name was Cassie.

I decided to be equally distant, "How do you identify these spirit guides?"

"I close my eyes and they come to me. It is that simple, but far too simple for your complicated white mind." She was insulting me now.

"Listen, Aluna or whatever your name is, I don't like your attitude change! Do you know what Cassie is short for in my 'white girl' language? Well I'll tell you, it is short for Cassiopeia, which is a stellar constellation you ignorant red skinned cunt!" I was good and mad now, Pearl shuffled about in her cot, I looked over at her, and "You stay out of this!" She chuckled to herself and rolled with a groan of genuine pain.

"Well, listen to the mocking bird, white asses, you think you can handle me, cunt?" Aluna shoved me on my shoulder. She shoved again as she said, "You think you can do me? You think you can beat me?" She shoved me again when she said 'beat me?'

I looked at her not blinking, "Yeah, I can do you, you're just a wise mouth cunt-sucker! In fact you are nothing more than a scissors legged pussy whore; you know that? Yeah, a sassy legged pussy whore!" I started to shove back, "Yeah, just a smooth cunted slut with a yen for the whip!" Suddenly there was a loud thump at the door, a deep male voice followed, "Shuddup ya bare assed sluts and get some sleep! You're gonna need it!"

With my heart pounding in my throat, I climbed back into my cot, never once did I take my eyes off Aluna. She got back into her cot

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the same way, each one of us mouthing words of venom at each other. Pearl simply gave a couple of motions and softly, oh so softly giggled to herself.

**Chapter 2**

There's something to be said for being roused up at 4 o'clock in the morning; I know now that this ungodly hour breeds murderers, sex notwithstanding. The wake up call, if that is what it's called, came in the form of a loud bang and slam against the door. It repeated itself once more and then I woke up with a firm slap on my bare asses. There is a good deal of enjoyments to be had sleeping in the nude, but being woke up with a slap on the bare bum is not one of them. Aluna got up with the first call and already was back in from a well-needed pee. My bladder was brimming full as I looked around for a bedpan. Aluna stopped her tidy up, and leaned on her cot, she gave me a head-jerking grin, "Gotta pee, eh?" She patted me gently on the bladder, which didn't make things better and I moaned in protest. Nodding anyway, I still went looking about for a pan or a hole in the floor. Aluna still with a smirk, smiled, "Don't let Oro catch you holdin' it in. The last time a girl did that he had her tits and clit stone bruised. He made one of the other girls do it to her with a bola, both of them in the nude and out on the front lawn at high noon, all spread eagled face up and suspended about two feet off the lawn then openly walloped with those awful stones... nasty stuff."

"You know something, Aluna, you are such a bull shitter. I wouldn't believe a word you say, you are so full of it. Now, goddammit where can I go to take a piss around here." I had just about had it with that snot nose cunt sucker, but it was too damn early in the morning to fight. Good thing I didn't have my shotgun, or I would-da blown her head off. See what I mean about murderers being born at this hour.

"Okay, cute cheeks, go out the door, turn right then out the back door, walk five steps straight and let it flicker any where you like." Aluna started to work again on her bunk. She stopped a minute and looked at me still staring at her, "Well, go on do your tinkle and come back before Oro checks in on us. You really don't want to be out there if he starts looking for you." As she said the word you, she'd moved closer to me and poked me right in my bladder again just as she said it. It made me dribble a few drops onto the floor, "Oh, now there you go and did it, hurry up and pee girl."

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I turned quickly and made for the door on the run I went out the back into pitch darkness. Only the light from the inside passageway dimly lit the outside if I left the door open a crack. It took a few minutes for me to get used to the dark. I stepped on some wet ground, obviously where Aluna had peed earlier, "Oh, yuck." I muttered to myself. Just as I squatted down to pee, the door swung open, Oro stood there holding a lantern up. He saw me squatting and peeing in the nude. I really didn't need an audience but as the door opened up more, I saw he had Aluna by her hair and she was on her knees. Finished I stood up and started to walk toward the light, he still blocked the way as he spoke, "Señorita, it isn't smart to hold your pee like that. You should listen to your friend here, she gave you some good advice." He looked me straight in the eye, and then added, "There is a bed-pan just inside the door, your black pillow mate has already finished using it, so take it and dump it for her." I started back inside, when he grabbed me by the hair, and jerking Aluna and I about to a point where we were forced to smack our tits together a few times, he added, "The next time you two find it funny to go pee in the dark, Oro will put you on display with a brick on your bladders while you drink a keg of water poured into each of your gullets with a funnel. Now get it together, and see to it that you follow the rules from now on. As for you my yellow haired slut, if you know what is good for you, you will eliminate that disgusting mop between your legs. Aluna make sure she is smooth before the sun sets, or I will personally overhaul both of your pussies; now get busy!" He held onto Aluna, "As for you plump tummy, forget any clothes for a while. Prato orders you to remain naked until he decides to grant you a garment."

The sun was higher in the morning as a couple of dozen of us standing in four rows of six listened as Prato spoke. It gave me a chance to look around the place. I had no idea there were so many women here. I saw about eight or so men, with Oro and another standing in front of us with Prato. Myself along with most of the others had been given a blouse, skirt, and a pair of moccasins to wear. I counted five others wearing vests, headbands, a loincloth, and moccasins. Two others were wearing only loinclothes and headbands. Aluna was the only one completely nude, as punishment I imagined.

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Obviously this was some kind of slave camp, where women were forced to do all the labor.

Prato paused a moment while I brought myself back to attention, "As you can see, we now have two brand new girls, one of them is this blonde you see here." He gestured toward me, "And the other is a black skin who is currently assisting Alma in the kitchen. She has a wound healing. So, for now let me go over the rules and duties you all are to perform, I will do this only once and it is for the benefit of the newcomer and to remind the rest of you. Your place here on my ranch is an honorable one and in exchange for this honor you will work to support the ranch and myself. I will give you for this work provisions and a place to sleep as well as provide you with sexual satisfaction with the privilege of servicing my men and I.

"In addition, you will work in that mine doing shifts of ten hours per day, with one two-hour break midday. Each of you will work in the mine for two weeks then you will be given a one week rest period, at which time you will perform other duties, less strenuous than the mine. You are given a fresh set of clothing once every six months, which consists of a headband, skirt, blouse, moccasins, and loincloth, I strongly suggest you keep them in repair and clean. If anything should happen to them or they get stolen, you will go without until the next period. At which time, you turn in the old worn out clothes and receive fresh new ones, as you can see, Aluna is fresh out of clothes and her clothing period is not for another three months. But, as we all have come to know Aluna, she prefers nudity, don't you Aluna?" She lowered her head and nodded slowly at the same time. He continued, "Now, as for the rules and punishments, these are simple, obey and you will not be punished. Disobey and you will be punished; see simple as that. The first violation of any rule, will earn you a day of exposure. The second offence will earn you the whip and longer exposure. The third offence, well I haven't seen a three-time loser in a long time, who was the last one does anyone remember? Aluna do you remember?"

Aluna looked at him slowly, her hair blowing in the morning breeze, "Master, I think it was Melissa, that other white hair woman." She looked at me when she said white woman.

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Prato smiled at her and continued, "Oh, yes, leave it to Aluna to remember a white woman and she also reminded me of something, respect. A lack of respect will earn you punishment. I am to be always addressed as Master and my men will be addressed as Sir. Do we all understand that? It is very important you do and specially the newcomers. Now, I want all of you to count off by threes, starting with Aluna."

The count went around and when it got to me I was a two and Pearl was to be a two. Prato smiled and when the counting was finished, he called off the assignments, "Good, ones and twos will start in the mine, threes you will follow Oro and be assigned to work and other duties around the ranch." Just as he started to release us for work Oro leaned toward him and whispered in his ear, "Oh, I have just been reminded that there was a violation of a rule. It seems one of the newcomers had a problem this morning with her body functions. You all know that is Oro's pet peeve, but since she is a newcomer I will go easy on her. She will only get six with the bola and a day of exposure on the cross. I'm sure she isn't familiar with what a bola is so I will demonstrate."

He pointed to one of the topless girls who nervously moved out to the front where a man that I'd not seen before grabbed her wrists and twisted them behind her back, leaving the girl's breasts exposed. Prato seemed to have a knack for selecting girls with large breasts, he cleared his throat, "This is a bola, you can see it is somewhat smaller than its cousin from Argentina. A couple of stones connected together by a strip of rawhide and attached to a polished stick. When applied to the nipples of a girl's naked breast it hurts. Its use is just as simple, now hold your head back Gina." Prato brought the bola down by the handle impacting the girl's left nipple so as to pinch it between the two stones. She let out a yelp followed by a gasp, "AAIIIYA, AAA! OH, A-AA!" He did the other one the same way causing her to twist in the man's grasp. "Spread your legs Gina." She didn't or she wasn't fast enough for him, so he yanked off her loincloth. "It seems Gina is down to her headband, and after only being here for a week. If you lose that headband you will have set a new record for nakedness surpassing Aluna here. Now I will finish my demonstration." He landed two quick ones near her bladder that made her jump and yelp again. The last two we all nearly fainted at watching. These had split the lips of

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her sex apart, snuggled in with a medium firm stroke that obviously pinched her clit hard enough to make her twist and jerk falling down. She dragged the man holding her down with her, kicking in pain she caught Prato near his groin narrowly missing his cock and balls. "Ungrateful puta!" He spit at her, "... take the slut over to the cross and make sure she's properly exposed! That's what happens when I am given disrespect! Enough chat and being Mr. Niceguy, off to work, NOW!"

Thus I had escaped the bola torture that day, I must give thanks to Gina.

We were herded over the tool shed and issued picks and shovels, this gave me a chance to try and talk to a couple of the other women, but I still found myself talking to Aluna, "I thought he was going to punish me for dribbling this morning?"

Aluna laughed a silly bitch laugh, "You think you are the only one here to make a mistake. Don't flatter yourself, oh Oro could have made you knob him or something, but you wouldn't be bola'd and exposed for a few drops of pee. Gina tried to pee between a couple of cracks in the boards, made quite a mess from what I heard. She's a white bitch like you..."

I was astonished when Aluna mention she was white, her skin was so dark she looked more like an Indian girl or a Mexican girl perhaps, "She's white; you're joking! She looks Indian for sure, well, except maybe her hair is slightly lighter than yours, but her skin..."

Aluna looked at me and held up her arm, "Take a close look at my skin, you'll be as dark as I am real soon, I guarantee it." As she said the last phrase, she turned and kept on walking, moving a long ways ahead of me on her own.

With our tools on our shoulders, we made our way up to the mine. It was several hundred yards from the main house, up hill from the corral. On my way up I started a conversation with a girl named Dove. Talking about this and that on the way up to the mine. As we approached the opening we rounded a curve in the trail, there I stopped in mid sentence looking at Gina who was bound crucifix like to a cross. It was inset into a wooden pedestal mounted on a dais.

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Nude, she faced outward from the cross. Her arms outstretched along the crosspiece palms upward, as if in supplication for forgiveness. Her headband was gone and replaced with a strip of cloth holding her head back against the upright section while her feet were bound at the ankles to each side of the upright.

I saw that her nipples had turned a dark red, and a blood blister had formed on her clit, which was swollen and peeked out from between her bronzed lips. There were two red splotches on her skin where her bladder was. Her eyes closed and breathing hard, her unbound breasts rose and fell in the morning sunlight, glistening from a coating of oil, which had been generously applied to her entire body. A sign had been placed above her head; it read 'Piss bitch, to remain exposed until sundown.' I stopped for a moment looking at her, Dove nudged me, "... and don't pause too long, or the overseer will think you have sympathy for her and you'll find yourself taking her place. She'll get plenty of sunshine that's for sure."

Walking on up to the entrance to the mine, we stopped while a bald man who called himself Marco, gave us some orders. He organized us into groups of two or three and immediately set us to work.

Aluna, Dove and I were assigned to work tunnel 4 inside there were five tunnels. At the mine's main floor was a windlass used to crank up the ore carts. There were several derricks used to hoist heavy ore carts up onto a conveyor belt where they dropped into a steam-powered crusher. Water was pumped by a large wheel that was powered by two women walking on top of it making it dip and fill a reservoir near the crusher. Two women pushing it powered the tailing wheel outside grinding up small stones that slipped past the steam-crusher. Four women worked the main floor stoking the boiler, cranking up the ore carts and generally handling the process ore, which was heated on a smelter and poured into ingots.

At the entrance to tunnel 4, I was nearly bowled over by the smell of sulfur tainted steam heat. The humidified heat immediately made me sweat and feel gritty. I saw Dove stop and take off all her clothing, hanging it on a set of pegs near the entrance. Nude, she picked up her tools and started in, Aluna who was already naked smiled. The two women started in and I began to follow when they

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stopped and looked at me. I looked at them and asked, "What's the matter, I have nothing against you working in the nude; it's an Indian girl thing, right?" I started to go on, feeling even stickier than before in the humidity and sulfur smelling steam heat coming up from the tunnel.

The two Indian women looked at me and at each other, Dove had started to say something to me, but Aluna stopped her, whispering, "Let her learn the hard way." I did overhear her.

"The hard way; what are you two talking about?" Before they could answer me I jumped in with another comment, "Geezers it's hot in this place, like a tunnel to hell or something?"

Aluna spoke to me, not looking, "You'll think so in about an hour..."

Dove interrupted her, "Less if Marco has anything to say about it. I just love it when these white women think about their precious modesty, don't you?"

"All right, what the hell are you two talking about?" I was getting mad at them and with all the commotion that seemed to be going on, Marco would surely show up.

"You've got your clothes on you stupid white bitch. You only get one set every period and a coat in the winter. This steam heat from 'hell' you call it, dissolves clothing. You'll be naked in a week wearing them down there, and it gets a lot hotter than it is now, believe me. Gina, the stupid bitch, was so modest on her third day down here in tunnel 4, after she nearly lost all her main garments to the elements, goes over to Marco asking for a special piece of clothing to wear down in the tunnel. Oh, he gave her one all right... it was made from a gunnysack. The girl started itching so bad that after an hour or so, she ran up to the main room screaming and carrying on. Marco dragged her butt down to the stream and scrubbed her good with wet sand. Then put her asses on the tailing wheel for the rest of the afternoon along with ten lashes for disturbing the workplace." Dove looked square into my eyes.

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I blinked once at Dove and again at Aluna then I went over to a peg and with a slight embarrassment on my face stripped naked, picked up my tools, blinked once in Dove's face, then heading down into the tunnel. I didn't say a word to either of them for more than an hour. They just smiled at each other and me following me down into the heat of the tunnel.

Marco arrived on the scene, like the rest of us, he was naked and sporting a slight erection - likely from watching our titties bounce about as we picked and shoveled the wet dirt. It was so hot and steamy down here that even my mouth had a taste in it like minerals or metal. I was pretty well coated with a combination of sweat and dirt.

Bending to my work, Marco tapped me on my shoulder, "Braid your hair like them, it'll be easier and more comfortable.". I looked at him and gave him a casual 'sure, anything you say, jerk' smart-asses smile. Bending down to work again, I suddenly felt my head being yanked back by my hair and Marco was dragging me along. All the while I kicked and screamed for him to let me go. I looked behind me to see Dove and Aluna stop digging and drop their shovels to follow me. I rolled my eyes at them as if in wonderment over what I had done to make Marco angry.

Up in the main room I soon found myself standing on my tiptoes with my arms drawn up and away by the thumbs, my legs spread and my head pulled back with a length of cord tied around my tongue. Marco was hollering and motioning for the women to gather around. Most of them were nude or nearly so, following that 'good sense' policy to spare the clothing. I don't know why that was on my mind so much. Maybe it was because I was standing very naked and exposed for some punishment.

I soon learned the error of my ways, Marco announced his feelings and I rolled my eyes screaming to myself, 'oh no!' "It seems that we have a newcomer that needs a lesson in respect. What do you say to me when I ask you a question or give you a suggestion?"

The crowd of women all replied in unison, "Sir, thank you, Sir."

He asked again, "Do you roll your eyes at me or smile?"

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The crowd again replied, "No, Sir."

He went on, "If I give you something, regardless of what it is, what do you say?"

Again the reply in unison, "Thank you, Sir."

"It's good that the rest of you know how to respect me. This one you see here, the big chested blonde newcomer has a lot to learn and her education begins now. Dove, step forward, you and Aluna are her work companions, be thankful I don't discipline you two for her error. What you will do is each of you will give her six lashes and after each lash she is to thank you and thank me properly or we start all over again. Each of you will get two attempts to teach her. If you fail, I will whip each of you, understood?" The women nodded and looked at each other. Marco was serious and they all knew it.

If only I could give the right response even as tongue tied as I was! I heard a rustle and shifting of positions. The whistling sound of the whip lash was followed by a deep burning sensation that coiled around my body. It was God-awful and I wished I'd never been born, oh no, I screamed against the tongue-tie. But I took in a couple of quick breaths and in my clearest possible voice, "Thank you, thank you, Sir."

Marco yanked on my hair, "Thanking me is not enough, I want you to ask for another!"

He let go of my hair and I followed immediately with a repeat of the phrase, "Thank you, thank you, Sir, may I have another?"

He nodded and clapped his hands, "Good, give her another one, Dove."

The whip hissed like an evil bee, this one landed between my shoulder blades, "AAA! Thank you, thank you, Sir, may I have another." It was hard to speak clearly tongue tied like that. Oh, goddammit I thought to myself, my poor darling Pearl...

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The next one made me squeal and scream with my tongue-tied so hard I thought I'd burst my throat, "AAAIIEEEEGGARGGHH!"

I'm not sure if it was the shock or the brutal humiliation of it, but Dove landed the next one on my left nipple. I jerked so hard; I'd forgotten that my thumbs held me in place. I shook my head a couple of times and voiced my required words. Dove finished and Aluna took her place.

It must have been a sight watching a naked girl whip another naked girl, as the whip was being exchanged, I noticed Marco's cock was large and firm. Straining to see I saw him grab Dove and force her to her knees where she immediately began sucking his cock. He motioned for Aluna to begin whipping me. She seemed to take great pride in swinging the whip against a white woman, each stroke leaving its tell tale mark in the form of a red line across my back, breasts, butt and sex.

Marco motioned for Aluna and Dove to cut me down, his voice booming, "Let this be a lesson to all of you, and be respectful or else! Now, toss a bucket of water on the bitch and get back to work."

I worked hard and made sure to call him Sir from then on. At the midday break, we gathered and talked about the outside world and the heat of the desert. I saw one girl; heavy set but attractive, go over and give Gina a drink of water. She also added some fresh oil to her noticeably sunburned body. That son of a bitch Marco noticed her doing that and hollered at her, "Moon, you clumsy slut, stay away from her or you'll find yourself taking her place." Moon nodded and looked at Gina with a smile and climbed down.

The balance of the day went by somewhat uneventful. I learned a few more tricks from my companions, like dipping stones into mineral water and sucking on them to take the metal taste out of my mouth. Dove taught me to pick with fewer strokes and deeper ones, and then use my hands to break up the large dirt clods. The pick was heavy and my back ached after only a few hours of swinging it. We changed tools around; I would use a shovel for a while, then the spade and finally back to the pickax again.

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One thing did happen to Aluna that almost made me interfere, but Dove wisely held me back. It was another one of those discipline things. Marco happened along and he noticed a large clump of dirt clinging to Aluna's breast, over her nipple. He reached over to brush it off, and she didn't notice him so the action startled her. She jumped away, but immediately came back and touched her forehead on his foot. It was what saved her from a worse punishment. He grabbed her hair and started to ram his cock into her mouth until the dirt fell off on its own. What caused it all was a gold nugget just happened to be in the clump. Marco accused Aluna of trying to steal it and ordered her to kneel, put her arms behind her head and thrust her chest out, "Stay there girl, I'll be right back." She did as she was told.

I tried to speak to her and Dove stopped me and held her finger up to my lips. Marco returned, "I will give you a choice, Aluna; you can be put on report and sent to the grinder for a day or I will give you ten across your nipples with this rod." He held up a rod about half an inch thick and nearly four feet long. Aluna shivered causing her breasts to sway from side to side. His cock grew hard watching the girl struggle with her emotions and make a decision. He asked her again, "I want an answer, the rod or the grinder?"

Aluna shivered again, sucked in a breath of air that made her breasts appear to swell up, she nodded as she spoke, "I will take the rod, Sir."

Marco smiled and added, "You know you will have to let me fuck you while you lay your tits on that pair of gouges, you understand?" Aluna nodded and swallowed hard.

As she adjusted her position, Dove leaned over to me and whispered in my ear, "Look white girl, Indian discipline..."

Aluna, in position, waited for the first stroke. The rod hissed and smacked her nipples, indenting them hard enough to send them back inside her breasts so far as to hide them. She closed her eyes and with a remarkable clarity to her voice, replied, "One, Sir, may I have another?" Marco brought the rod back, and landed another directly across her nipples with unbelievable accuracy. The palms of her hands

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opened and closed slowly as she clearly responded, "Two, Sir, may I have another?" The next stroke sounded like something had been sifted, kind of like he'd smacked a small bag of water. Again, it indented her nipples and upon lifting the rod off, they seemed to pop back into shape. She swallowed hard and gave a slight clearing to her throat as her hands again opened and closed, "Three, Sir, may I have another?" He stepped quickly to the other side only to deliver a backhanded stroke. It was quite accurate and made her nostrils flare slightly, "Four, Sir, may I have another?" He gave her an exact duplicate in exactly the same place causing red streaks to faintly appear across her nipples. She took in a quick breath, almost unnoticeably, "Five, Sir, may I have another?"

Quickly he went back to the other side, popping her nipples again with a direct hit. She rocked slightly on her heels, but hardly noticeably, "Six, Sir, may I have another?" The next one nearly made her flinch as she took it a little harder on her right nipple, "No flinching or you'll go to the barrel and I'll use the barbs on you, understand?" Aluna nodded and took in a gentle breath, "Yes, Sir, seven, Sir, may I have another?"

I swear to God, the damn bitch must have had tits of iron to take those next three without a flinch or the bat of an eyelid. Believe me it was all I could do to keep from interfering! I don't know, but I'd swear she lost an inch off her bust line taking a beating like that one. Marco finished his strokes on her nipples, which now displayed an ever-darkening series of red lines forming on both sides of both nipples. He grabbed her hair and worked her around on her knees in the wet dirt of the mine. Snapping his fingers at Dove he motioned for her to place the gouges under her breasts. She sucked in her breath as forced her to grind her chest down onto the gouges. His knuckles pressing on the center of her back made her almost flatten her tits on the rough stones. Damn that must hurt, I said to myself as I looked away.

A gouge is just what the word implies, generally a wooden device that a girl is forced to kneel down and put her breasts inside two notches or 'gouges'. These are rough and can contain a number of different things to cause her additional discomfort - sharp nails, stones, etc. In addition, the device has a carved stone 'sister', placed in the full

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open, under the glaring sun, that a girl kneels down and puts her breasts inside, and a stone 'lid' is placed over them, leaving no space but forcing a squeeze on them. Either additional rocks can be placed on the thing or the top part can be pounded with sticks, clubs, or rocks to cause a transfer of the shock to the girl's hapless tits. Another variation of the same device is made of metal, with various types of 'breast cases' placed inside so that the girl's breasts can suffer "very" warm salt water or other fluids, piercing devices or even without the 'cases' it then presents the breasts for isolated whipping, one 'case' on, one off, for individual breast whippings or whatever other devious caprice the girl gets subjected to. In all instances, the girl has her wrists or arms either tied, braced, D-ringed, arched or whatever, behind her back.

Marco pointed at me and ordered, "Come here, big tits and sit on her back. I want to play with your tits while you force her to grind hers on the gouges. Do as I say or you'll get a dose of the rod yourself!" I jumped nearly out of my skin when he shouted a second order at me, I stammered a little and promptly replied, respectfully, "Yes, Sir, they are yours to play with, Sir." I said as I sat my weight down on Aluna's back. I tried to make some respectful conversation so that Aluna could scream in pain and not be heard. Marco pump fucked Aluna as he fondled my tits, then just before he felt like coming, he pulled himself out of her cunt and rammed his cock into her upturned asses slapping her on the cheeks as he slipped it deep into her bowels. Pumping her a few more times made him come in her asses, for which he seemed to pump enough into her to make her shit him for a month. Stopping afterwards he stood up and pulled me up with him. He kissed me and reached down yanking Aluna back up on her knees. Her breasts were a sight, the nipples so red and swollen I could hardly believe it. I was amazed that she wasn't crying and screaming in pain. Marco slapped her on the asses and pinched my nipples with each of his index fingers and thumbs, satisfied, he turned and left.

Dove and I helped Aluna to her feet, "Are you all right, goddamn he really pelted your tits. I thought he was going to turn them to pulp. Look at her, will you?" I turned to speak with Dove, "Not a tear drop in her eyes, and are these made of something besides

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flesh and blood?" I gently caressed her breasts and felt her nipples, which were hot in the palms of my hands.

Dove looked at my astonishment, "I told you, watch, white woman. Aluna has enough Comanche in her to take a grinding and still nurse at night..."

I just had to interrupt her about this grinder thing, "Wait a minute, what the hell is this grinder thing? I've heard about it twice now and no one will tell me. Don't tell me it's a meat grinder or some such thing?"

Dove smiled at my attempted humor, lowering her head she looked back up at me, "No, at least not in the way you speak of a meat grinder. Many moons ago, the Spaniards came here and enslaved all the tribes to mine the gold for them. Most of the men were killed fighting the soldiers, so the young women were enslaved to work the mines, which they did, like we do now, naked or nearly so. Sometimes as punishment, but mostly for amusement, the Spaniards invented a pass time for in the evenings. A girl, usually one who was lazy or slow at her labors in the mine, was taken to a large stone that had been carved and whittled out flat like. Her wrists were bound to each end of a stick to which a round stone with a hole in it was placed. The stone was heavy, when the liquor had worked the Spaniards up, they would take turns rolling her around on it, holding onto her legs kind of like a wheel barrel, I think you call it. At first the girl would struggle and roll around on the stone holding it up and keeping herself off the rough stone. She'd have to arch her back and keep it stiff to prevent her breasts from being dragged over the sharp stones. If the girl were large, like you, she would have a difficult time of it and often within the first few runs; her breasts would end up bloodied and skinned. If she was smaller in the tits and a strong girl she could hold herself off the stone and escape the punishment of the grinder. The Spaniards began to size this up and after a few months of breeding the women, they would allow their breasts to swell up with milk and, well escaping the punishment of the grinder was not so easy. That is why we'd rather take a breast beating than go to the grinder. So you see, white woman, Indian discipline can be very difficult sometimes."

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Once again, my mouth dropped open in amazement, "What a goddamn bunch of bastards. Don't they know it will ruin your breasts and render you..."

Dove interrupted me again, "Indian slave girls are cheap around here. Prato bought her for a couple of kegs of nails. I was even cheaper yet, I only cost two chickens." I started to say something, but Dove continued, "We really don't hate you, white woman, as much as we envy you. Your value will spare you from the grinder. Unless you kill one of them in an escape attempt, then they might put you on the grinder." Aluna whimpered as Dove felt her breasts for bruises, they were bruised a lot.

**Chapter 3**

In the cookhouse, there seemed to be no boundary between Masters and slaves. Aluna carried her tray of food over to Dove and I who sat in casual chitchat. It was Oro who piped up one of his shit for brains comments, "Hey, Aluna, it looks like Marco sure worked over them tits of yours, what'd you do try to steal a gold bar?" Aluna kept on walking toward us, Oro noticed that her asses had dribbled a bit from the bugging she got from Marco, "Oh, and I know, you tried to shove it up your asses and sneak it out, right? See look Gabby her asses is leakin' like a sieve." The men laughed and hooted as they slapped each other on the shoulder.

Aluna, in her forced nudity, closed her eyes in humiliation and walked as casually as she could over to us and sat down. I heard a little wet gurgle as her asses settled into the chair. I looked at her in sadness, then I got a little be angry, "That pig, what does he know about your feelings? He's so fucking stupid he couldn't get a job in Peoria as a honey dipper for ten fucking cents a week!" Aluna held my arm as I was looking toward Oro and beginning to raise my voice too much. I looked at her and she shook her head no and for me to calm down, Dove gave me the same look. I lowered my head a moment and looked back up, "Well it's true, ten fucking cents a week!" They both smiled at my comment. I pointed at them both and grinned, "Ten fucking cents, you mark my words..."

Just as I said words, the screen door to the cookhouse swung open with a bang and a creaking sound of a hinge screaming for oil. It was Prato holding onto a rope in his left hand, the other end of which formed a noose around Gina's neck. He yanked on the other end of it and she stumbled in awkwardly bound with her back arched on a strut, a spreader bar at her ankles and a clip with a weight dangling on it gripping each of her sunburned nipples. He looked around as he jerked on the rope making her stumble in sprawl-legged; the only blessing about the bar was it gave some leeway to her blistered clit, which had obviously been worked over with Prato's riding crop.

He looked back at her and yanked again on the rope, "Stand up straight you stiff legged cunt licker, or I'll let Oro take you down to the

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shed and work you over for a while on the wedge. If you think that blister hurts now, wait until you sit on it for a couple of hours or so." I looked over at Dove who closed her eyes slowly and opened them again when Prato started commenting about the wedge. I whispered to her, "What's he meant by a wedge?"

Aluna patted my arm; she whispered softly, "I'll tell you tonight when we get ready to bunk down." I nodded to her slowly so as to not attract attention.

Prato cleared his throat, "Listen up, this here bitch needs to move her quarters. You two, Rita and Cheeka, who's in with you two?"

The women swallowed hard, "Master, Dove and Boofe are with us, Sir."

Prato nodded and looked around; he saw Dove and Aluna, "Aluna who is with you?" Aluna stood up and turned around exposing to his full view, her nearly black and blue breasts, "Master, Cassie and Pearl are in with me, we have one vacant bunk. I was hoping Sir, that you'd let Dove move in with us, we seem to be working together now, Sir." Prato rubbed his jaw and there was quiet for a few seconds then came the drop-dead comment, "I see you got your tits beat on, what'd ya try to do, steal an ingot? Your ass-hole is mighty sorry looking, if I didn't know any better I'd swear you tried to shove an ingot up it."

Oro and Gabby nearly broke out in hysterics, while I clenched my fist and really came close to losing control of myself. Aluna closed her eyes and answered with the pride of her race, "No master, I chose to be beaten on my breasts and I allowed Marco to bugger me afterwards. I would never try to steal your gold, master." He looked at her and snapped at Oro, "Shut up you two clowns, this is no laughing matter. Okay, Dove you're in with Aluna, Cassie and Pearl on the spare, effective tonight. Rita, you and Cheeka take Gina in with you two and Boofe. I don't want any waxing going on, now ya hear me? If I find out you'll all will get a dose of the razor strap, understand?" The women looked sober and only Rita replied, "Yes, master, we understand, no waxing."

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I just had to ask, "What's waxing?" They just sat like a couple of stone statues, I was beginning to get really mad, "Honest to God you two, I've never been anyplace where so damn many screwy terms are spoken since the Civil War, bar none!" Dove grabbed my arm, "Quiet, not so loud..."

Prato looked over at me and my blood froze in my veins, he spoke calm and cool as he yanked on Gina's rope, "You have something to ask me, Cassie?" I almost peed; instead I stood up properly, "No master, I ask humble forgiveness for motions made by me which may have disturbed you, Sir." Prato looked at me and nodded, "Well thought out reply, Cassie it just saved you ten lashes and an hour on the wedge. Let me remind you all, I hate interruptions. Rita, come over here and take this sun kissed cunt in charge. I want the clips left on her nipples for another hour, and then you may take them off and while you are at it, when you do jerk these bobbles off, I'll be listening for that one. You may unbind her when I leave and oh, tend to that blister of hers, let Boofe lick it for a while or something only tend to it, maybe one of the left over clips on it will make her think; see to it will you?" Rita bowed her head and replied, "Yes, master, it will be done as you wish, Sir."

Prato looked around the room and his eyes fell on a firm breasted Apache girl with chiseled features by the name of Tanya. He snapped his fingers and she stood up, "Tanya right?" The girl nodded, "good, strip naked and follow me. Leave your clothes with your bunk mates you won't be needing them for a while." The girl stripped herself bare and followed orders; they left the way he came in, through the cookhouse screen door. I blinked a couple of times at what just happened, Aluna nudged me, "The last time Prato took Tanya off like that, she ended up working for a week wearing nothing but buttons and bows." I sat my fork down, at started to ask, but Dove read my mind, "I'll tell you later and you really don't want to know."

I looked around and even Oro and Gabby settled into their food once again. Everyone began eating and essentially minding their own business, thanking their lucky stars that they weren't selected for some ritual or vengeance displayed by Prato. I noticed that Aluna and Dove

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were making goo-goo eyes at each other, bunkmates for life no doubt, I thought to myself. Likely as not, another justification for expressing their Indian girl heritage, which offered nothing to suggest the opposite feeling, the two of them could now tongue each other till their hearts content. I figured eh, why not let them cozy up to each other, what else is there to do around here at night, certainly a far better form of amusement than those two mindless fuddle bums, Oro and Gabby.

I shoved my fork down and rubbed my face thinking to myself, 'Goddammit, what did I get myself into now.' About then, I looked over to see Pearl working in the kitchen with her bandaged shoulder. I needed a long chat with her, later on tonight.

In spite of Aluna's obvious pain, I saw Dove and her rubbing their breasts together and realized that was devotion in a nutshell. I walked over to Pearl and sat down on Dove's bunk, which was next to hers, "What have we done, darlin'?"

Pearl looked over at me and smiled, "Missy we done got our asses captured by Comancheros. Only these are organized ones and what's worse, they have a gold supply big enough to buy what ever they want, and us to work it and give 'um sex to boot. If you ask me, child, I think we'd be wise enough to consider an escape. No matter what the risk might be. But that's my opinion and don't go bankin' on it as I don't want to get put on the grinder or strummed by Oro and that bola of his."

I couldn't believe my ears, another strange term coming from none other than my very own companion, "Pearl, not you too? What is it about this place; I've never heard such terms as the ones dropped around here. The one you just used with me, 'strummed' what the hell does that mean to our situation here?"

Pearl looked at me with a puzzled look on her face, "What ever are you chatting about that's slave camp lingo, girl. What do you think we use to do around your pappy's plantation, play croquet all day? Put on fancy dresses and go to coming out dances? You listen up girl; your

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white ass is slave now and I along with you. Oh, you will always be missy to me, of that you can bank on..."

"Pearl, you have a way of bringing me into focus; you are so special. Now that you mention it, this slave camp lingo, what is a wedge?" I just had to ask her out of curiosity.

Pearl looked around kind of nervously, "They have one of those here; you sure about that?" I nodded, "I heard him mention it to Gina." Pearl's voice changed, she sounded a bit frightened, and "You might recall that Carib-girl your father bought just before the war, Cece I think was her name well he put her in with me and I was just a young bitch then. That cunt taught me a lot about girl lovin'..." She started to digress, "She had the hardest tits I ever did see. I asked her how they got so firm, she said it was cause she worked the heavy lever all bare ass under the whip on some Dutchman's sugar mill nears Jamaica I believe... anyways, told me she sprung five suckers from all the rapes she took bent over them rum barrels after a hard beatin' with a strap..."

I was having a hard time following her, so I interrupted her, "Okay, Pearl, but what does her labors at a sugar mill have to do with a wedge?"

Again Pearl got that fearfully nervous look on her face, "Well, it seems that one time when her and I tried to sneak a little time together, Ernie your dad's overseer..." I nodded that I understood whom she was talking about. "Well, he caught us doin' it tit to tit and buck nekked; so up we went by our ankles face to face while he gave us a razor strappin' between the legs that had us both squealin' like a couple of stuck pigs. Then in front of everyone, he marched us both over by the hair and tossed us astride the wedge. Trussed up with our backs on struts he used that strap across our tits a few more times leaving us both under the hot sun for the rest of the day. Cece had enough white blood in her to get sunburn over her breasts and nipples. I just got my nipples and shoulders baked a slight bit more than burned..."

I was amazed, "You; sunburned? I didn't think you people sunburned!"

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Pearl's mouth dropped open as if I was just a walking talking bundle of understatement, "Sure as shittin' we do! Only it turns to ash on us, kind of like a white haze. My nips got red as a lump of burnin' coal on the ends!"

I shook my head, "Well, I'll be darned. Blacks who sunburn; hum." I finished with a shrug. Pearl got very defensive, "Just what do you think happens to us out in the sun, without any clothes on?"

Having been forced to taking a weak position, but trying to substantiate my statement, "Well, I just thought you took it in." I looked at her almost as if to get some support or help; "You know, it got warm and then you cooled off with water or something and then you just went on and didn't feel anything. Just warmth and maybe some more water to cool you off and then some more work and back for water and... Well... I never saw you turn color... I mean get darker or..."

Pearl smiled a broad toothed smile, which she interrupted me with, "Tan." I looked at her and smiled back, "Yeah, tan. That's the word I was looking for, tan."

Pearl shook her head, "Typical white ass remark." She rolled her eyes up and made a squeaky mouse like voice, "I always thought 'you' people got a built in suntan. Tan, just a simple tan... Tan, tan, tan, tan, tan oh, Pearl, you dear tan thing, you lookin so good, fetch me my lunch."

**Chapter 4**

It had been eight months since that fateful day of our capture. We must have dug some hundred and fifty or so feet further into the mine and I felt stronger and leaner as a result of all this intensive labor. Pearl and I worked together now and both of us were definitely looking firm and buff. I'd swear my tits firmed up and lost some of their sag, Pearl felt the same. Aluna gave birth to a girl, once again her tits sagged, heavy with milk.

We walked along in the nude, it was sure hot enough to forget about wearing clothes. On our way back to camp, Aluna talked to us about Prato's plans, "He calls it 'girl competition' and this makes my third year with it. The first year, I was so badly beaten by Yellow Fawn, I couldn't walk for a week." she said in a matter of fact tone.

"What kind of competition do you mean?" I asked, feeling just a bit uneasy in my stomach as we came upon two women gathering and piling heavy stones; one of them quite busty. To what purpose they were working I couldn't guess.

Aluna continued her description as we passed the two women, "It's an arena competition of sorts. He selects six of us supposedly for our health, beauty and strength. He tells us that he holds these competitions because otherwise we'd spend too much time quarrelling over who is the most perfect girl... he wishes..."

Aluna noticed my glancing eye at the busty squaw and a half-breed cunt sweating at the stone pile, "That one on the left is Yellow Fawn, I simply hate her. She lost last year to Sweet Blossom, who'd given her a hefty snakin' for it too!"

I looked over again at the girl she called Yellow Fawn, and I saw some faint lines on her sweaty back, obviously from that whipping. She was wearing only a skimpy loincloth, those big tits of hers swayed gently as she lifted the stones. Her eye caught me looking at her; she stopped her work and turned her full front around to me smiling. Without taking her eyes off me, she reached down and undid her loincloth, tossing it aside. Displaying herself bare cleft naked as if

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nothing could possibly shame her, she parted her right leg, which seemed to spread the lips of her sex open, with her hands she shook out her full head of hair just as she released a full stream of yellow piss that fell a good three feet in front of her. If I couldn't plainly see she was a woman, I'd have sworn she pissed like a man or a bitch of a racehorse.

Aluna yanked on my arm, "Pay her no attention that's the kind of mind games she likes to play. You should have witnessed that whippin' she took. I swear to you, there were only smiles on the faces of all of us when Blossom shook out that blacksnake and sliced that bitch's hide."

I looked at Aluna, blinked a couple of times and glanced back at Fawn, who quickly flipped me the finger, then jammed it into her companion's pussy. The girl closed her eyes and it was plain that she did what Fawn told her to do, like a slave to a slave. I glanced away disgusted and continued to walk with Aluna, "That other girl with her, I just saw Fawn jam and fuck finger her, why?"

"That's Morning Dew, she's Fawn's fuck slut. In tribes that have strong women, it is customary for a strong woman to take another woman as her companion. It would hamper her to become a baby-sucking squaw, so she picks a fuck slut, usually a captive or a slave woman. Morning Dew is half white, born from a captive white woman who'd gotten pregnant after being tortured on the rape rack. If you haven't guessed by now, Yellow Fawn is a first class Comanche strong bitch, may she rot in hell..." Aluna gritted her teeth and glanced back over her shoulders in time to see Fawn's finger beckoning to her.

I was puzzled by her knowledge of these two women, "Why is it you know so much about Fawn and that other girl, what's her name... Morning Dew?"

Aluna walked along in silence for a few seconds, she never looked at me but told me about her life experiences with Yellow Fawn and Morning Dew as a captive of the Comanche. When the Comancheros took Fawn and Dew captive, Aluna was offered as a trade for Fawn, but ended up being negotiated for another reason. The

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tribe's leaders later felt they had no need of a strong woman, so they settled for a few bars of gold, a couple of kegs of nails and some rifles. The rifles were traded for horses; the gold for cattle and the nails were traded for her.

I was astounded by her story, the awful brutality that one tribe often practiced upon another. I learned that she was actually born in an Apache tribe to an Apache father, her mother was Comanche. In her own tribe she was considered a strong woman, but not sufficiently strong enough to escape being a squaw woman. There was no doubt, that Yellow Fawn was just too powerful for her in competition. I wondered if that was a part of Prato's plan, to purposely put women in competition with each other, knowing full well that one couldn't possibly win. I guess this Sweet Blossom must be quite a woman to defeat the likes of Yellow Fawn. I would later learn more about her, in about two weeks to be exact.

That evening Pearl and I slept together for the first time since those first days after we were attacked. Aluna didn't like the open way Pearl and I girl loved. She told us that we'd live to regret it, if Prato ever found out. Women weren't supposed to have more pleasure from each other than they would with him or his men; she was right and eventually, Oro caught us in the act.

The next day, mid morning Pearl and I found ourselves quite naked and spread eagle facing each other about six feet apart, while a shirtless Prato blacksnake whipped us. Pearl already displayed six red welts each one a painful reminder of last night. Pausing from her, he approached me and yanked my blonde hair back, "Your turn now, my dear blonde?" I swallowed hard, closed my eyes and sucked in a breath... He let my hair go and stood back far enough to let go with another stroke of his whip which coiled about my breasts leaving a mark that must have been a twin to the one I was looking at on Pearl. I let out a gasp, breathlessly heaving and jerking on my bonds, "AAA!"

Pearl gasped and gave a steady pull at her bonds, in a vain effort to escape and help her mistress. Oro stepped in, "Prato, look at how the black one, a slave to a slave, attempts to help her companion. Maybe these two need a further lesson?"

Prato leaned toward Oro, "What kind of lesson, Oro?"

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"I tink' maybe one in respect... maybe perching them on the bar until sundown will teach them..." Oro rolled his eyes toward us two women as Prato nodded his understanding.

It didn't take long for Pearl and I to be face to face again, only this time painfully sitting on a thin bar under a lean-to set up next to the barn. It was still early enough for us to suffer, the late afternoons were a killer on this thing, so Prato told us, as we were dragged over to the lean to. It didn't take long for the two men to put us on the thing, nipple to nipple, a heavy beam fitted across each of our shoulders and our toes well off the ground wiggling in the air. Prato and Oro smiled at each other, Oro piped up, "Well, we have a couple of birds perched now, eh Prato?" Prato nodded and scratched his jaw, "Yes, Oro, one black bird and one pale bird, well maybe not so pale, but more like brown, eh, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" Prato fondled my breasts as he spoke making sure that God-awful hard metal dug its way into my sex, into both of our sexes.

**Chapter 5**

Three weeks had now passed since our ordeal on the bar and once again we had resumed working at the mine, only now we had to wait until fall to receive a new allocation of clothes. Fortunately the weather there stayed warm enough that nudity was not a problem even all year around. All we had to deal with was the advances made by Prato's men during our off time. It seemed the 'naked' ones, as we were called, were expected to put out for these goons at will. I could see where clothing defines parameters, and defending ourselves from sexual advances takes on a new meaning when finding oneself naked all the time.

For the most part, things were somewhat calm aside from a few minor punishments, like butt spankings and nipple clips. The gold was coming from the mine steady enough, but one afternoon we were told to quit early...

"All right you women, line up in three rows facing Master Prato, naked ones in the front!" Oro snapped. We lined up as ordered, Pearl and I near the front center, as we had been taught to line up by height.

Prato marched out with a riding crop under his arm, he looked more like a military dictator than he did a Comanchero, "Good afternoon ladies, I see you are enjoying your afternoon off from work. Why you are here is because next week we begin a two week training and elimination for our annual competition..." I made a subtle glance at Aluna. He continued, "This training will begin on Monday and continue everyday from sunrise to sunset for two weeks straight. Supervised by my men and two new overseers that I recently employed."

He turned toward the main house and whistled with two fingers. Out came two Apache 'strong' women, dressed in black Mexican rancho britches, blouses, boots, crops and waistcoats. They actually looked hot dressed that way, but deep inside I knew them to have stone cold hearts.

Looking at the women, he smiled his gold toothed smile, "You see, two overseers of you own sex. That should make you feel better

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about being naked, right ladies in the front row?" He waited for an answer, which didn't come, this got him a bit mad. He turned towards the women in the front row and with a quick flick of his crop, landed a snapping blow with it to an exposed tit on a large girl near the left end of the row. She squealed and made me shiver almost enough to make my tits sway. Fortunately he didn't see that, or at least he was too occupied to notice, he went on, "I said that should make you feel better, now answer me SLUTS!"

"Master, yes, master." We all answered in unison. That put a smile on his face.

Prato marched slowly down the front rank examining each set of bare breasts presented to him, as he spoke he fingered and tweaked them, "You see, these two new overseers are here to help with your training. You will address them as Miss Rita and Miss Sakara. For those of you who are new to the camp, each year I hold competitions among you women. There are women from other parts of the world who will join in and from other tribes locally, in Mexico and even further south of the boarder. The competition is hot and heavy, consisting of arena style boxing and wrestling matches in the nude. I have only one rule for competition, there will be a winner and there will be a loser. The winner, upon completion of her victory, immediately punishes the loser. The loser will be given a minimum punishment of twenty lashes, in full exposure to the audience, understood?"

We all swallowed hard, but made no comment. That was a wise thing to do.

Prato looked as if surprised not to hear a comment or two, "Good, you all understand. The training will begin Monday; this will give you all a chance to rest up for the rigorous exercises planned for you. Let me caution you, the exercises are harsh, almost as much as the competition itself. Punishments will be given for lax efforts. You will all participate in full nudity and will not be allowed to even wear anything whatsoever, this goes not only for clothing, but for jewelry, even in your hair, except sandals while walking to and from across the hot ground then you must take them off, until after the competition is over. Before I let you all go, let me give you all some advice, get that

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rest and get used to the sun while you're at it, you'll be getting a lot of it. Now, all of you get rid of anything you may have on that qualifies as an adornment, except for a tattoo." He smiled to himself, continuing, "I had a girl once, six years ago, took a knife and tried to cut a tattoo off her chest, above her heart, she died." He shrugged looking at the two female overseers, "See to their nudity and punish non-compliance, publicly... do I make myself clear?"

Miss Rita removed one of her gloves, "Very clear, Sir." She smiled a 'can hardly wait' smile.

Miss Rita stepped down off the porch, Sakara followed her, they walked up to eyeball each of us, and I felt a chill run down my spine when she got to me. Those of us in the front row who had them slipped out of our sandals and parked them neatly in front of us. Miss Rita stepped up to me, "Very good, slut, I see at least one of you has received some training."

"Girls, look up here at the blonde in the front row, see how her sandals are placed? When you muster here in the morning to begin training, this is where I want your sandals placed. When you arrive at your training area, before training begins, this is how you will be ready to begin the training. Each of you will remove the slightest hint of body hair; only the hair on your head and your eyebrows will be allowed. Your hair must be as it is now, no special cuts or any changes will be allowed, only growth, if any should be noticed. I will inspect that 'all' the body hair is kept off, understood? On Monday morning, this is how and where you will line up for first inspection, I will conduct that inspection with Master Prato. I want to feel only smooth pussies and anyone not in compliance will be punished. I see that a few of you have nipple and clit rings, I want them off by Monday as well. You don't want Master Prato, Oro or myself to remove them.

"When I dismiss you, you will be here, lined up and ready to begin training Monday morning before the sun comes up over that ridge." She pointed to the eastern range, "Those of you who still have clothing, it will be returned to you at the end of the competition. I will allow you to ask any questions at this time, do so now and not Monday morning, if you know what's good for you."

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The girl on the end who took the stroke on her tit from Prato spoke up, "Miss Rita, I have this red welt across my left nipple, I'm going to look out of place Monday..."

Before the girl could go on, Miss Rita went over to her and gave her a twin on her other tit. She looked at the astonished girl who cupped her breasts tenderly in a pout; Miss Rita straightened herself up a bit, "Now you have a match, any other complaints?"

Her lower lip pouted out in hurt, "No, ma 'am."

I almost started to say something about piercings closing up, when Yellow Fawn, apparently looking for a whipping, piped up, "What about the places where we are pierced, won't they close up before we get our adornments back?" Yellow Fawn had a subtle note of sarcasm to her voice.

Miss Rita moved to the rear row, looking at the well-muscled big titted beauty, "It looks like you've got several places where you've been pierced. I remember you, all right assume position six, girl, and be quick about it."

Yellow Fawn did as she was told, quite seductively, assumed position six. This position is wrists crossed behind the neck; head tilted back, legs spread apart enough to expose the sex. Miss Rita examined her; "Your nipples will make it to the next piercing and the same for that clit of yours and those..."

Yellow Fawn interrupted her, "I don't think so, and after all they've been pierced so often by Morning Dove that they just can't take any more. They're getting quite tough you know."

Miss Rita angry beyond belief now, raised her crop to land it squarely across Yellow Fawn's nipples, but stopped the stroke just short of the girl's quivering tips. She smiled a wicked smile, "You wanted me to hit them didn't you?"

Yellow Fawn smiled to herself, "It didn't stop you before, why should it now?"

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Miss Rita paused, "You fucking bitch, you God damn fuckin' bitch! I hate you beyond belief..."

Fawn lowered only her eyes to make contact with Miss Rita's, she continued in a soft voice, "You've hated me always Miss Rita, ever since I beat you in that first match six years ago. Remember when I strung you up and snaked you with Prato's long whip? How you sweated and groaned in front of Prato and his 'friends'? I was there in that room when you were..." Miss Rita stopped her with a blistering stroke across Fawn's nipples, sending her into a quake of agony, "AAA!" Fawn fighting it, held her number six position.

I looked back over my shoulder to see a ruby red line forming across Fawn's nipples. She'd hit her hard.

Miss Rita with a nervous quiver of anger in her voice, "Dismissed all of you, except this one called Yellow Fawn! I want her to remain here in the number six. The rest of you remember what I said and I will deal with you all Monday morning, before sunrise right here." She turned back toward Fawn, "As for you my big titted bitch, you can remain here in position six until I return to dismiss you." Miss Rita looked up and squinted at the sun, "You need to get used to it again. It's been a long while since I've seen a Comanche strong woman sun punished..." Miss Rita put that sinister smile back on her face.

Pearl and I went into the cantina, all of us bare as newborns bellied up to the bar and were poured tequila. We drank and got drunk enough for Prato's men to enjoy themselves to every possible extent with us. It felt good to be uninhibited for a while, and even to get fucked. God, I found myself actually enjoying it for a change. A couple of girls did something that got them an hour of nipple clips, but nothing as major as that for a while. I was fairly drunk when I went to the door of the cantina, Oro fondling my tits and ass while I drank straight from the bottle. I looked out and still standing in position six was Fawn, sweating and swaying as if she would faint. The sight of it aroused Oro who without asking poured tequila on his cock and slid it in my ass. It hurt, but I was too drunk to care. He came in my guts as

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Miss Rita showed up and dismissed Fawn, but not before planting a kiss on her lips.

Pearl took two of them, one in the ass, the other in her cunt while Oro sucked on my clit. I came with a roar filled with a ringing in my ears, mostly from the liquor rather than the climax itself. With my ears still ringing and Oro at my crotch, I saw Fawn walk in; well sunned she was drenched in sweat. Looking about in slight disgust, she stepped over a dead drunk girl on the floor with cum dripping out of her mouth, cunt and ass, walked over to the bar where a drink was poured for her. Taking up the glass, she tossed it in her face and took a nearly full bottle and poured it over her head letting it drip down her breasts and with that she took a big drink straight from the bottle, almost a quarter of it. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. Her eyes opened and closed slowly, as the alcohol started racing through her veins.

Looking around she spotted me being tongued by Oro; she staggered a bit coming over to me. Taking another swig of liquor, she looked at me letting some of it dribble out of the corner of her mouth. Coming closer, she grabbed my hair and yanked it back kissing me with the stuff still in her mouth, I swallowed some of her liquor and she smiled, "Tastes good, eh my fair haired beauty?"

I nodded, "Yes, oh yes my queen, give to me your divine sweetness. Give to me your wisdom and strength. Your amazon beauty, your amazon might, take me..." What's this I'm saying to a savage? A woman who is as base as the very ground itself? Who would have eaten me after cooking me and thought nothing less of it? What have I become? What will I become? Is this all that there is left for me a life of fucking and fighting?

Fawn smiled at me, "You want the power of woman, woman you shall have!" With those words she swung her leg over to lower herself down where Oro was tonguing me, "Do me, you incompetent bastard!" With those words she let go a stream of piss that flowed over my cunt and his face. I almost vomited in disgust, but found the warmth of her liquid almost beyond description. The very essence of

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it, making me both aroused and reviled at the same time. What a paradox!

Oro moaned and as soon as he could he began licking Fawn. I looked around as if to take a bearing on life and saw Pearl's arms held apart while she sucked on a huge cock and took equally huge ones in both her ass and cunt. She mumbled and moaned as the fate befell her.

Aluna was chest to chest with Morning Dove while two of the men fucked them both from behind. She humped and humped all the while, her tits bounced obscenely red from being repeatedly slapped by the men the two women were fucking.

The evening wore on and soon I fell into a state of drunken unconsciousness. What happened to me after that, I may very well never know.

I woke up shortly before dawn, still in the cantina. I found myself in Fawn's arms nipple to nipple with her legs wide spread and closed around my hips. Oro was holding onto me spooned against my back. It was ungodly hot for that hour of the day, but it was at its coolest. I heard the cantina doors swing open and in came two men, they were the watchmen. Going about the room they kicked some of the women to see if they stirred, as they moved toward me, I remained very still. One of them started to kick Fawn when I heard a mumble that stopped the kick and moved the kicker toward the other end of the room. It was then I saw them lean down and pick up Aluna and Morning Dove and walk toward the door. I fell back into unconsciousness.

**Chapter 6**

After showering and breakfast, I returning to the bunkhouse, lay down and went quickly to sleep. I'm not sure how long I was asleep, when Fawn woke me up...

Fawn on her hands and knees leaned over me to rub her breasts against mine, "Wake up, blonde one. Time for love..."

I stirred and whimpered a soft response, and it was all that it took for Fawn to splay herself on me. Her efforts seemed to boarder-line on rape. But how can a woman rape a woman? No, wait, that is possible, and likely with the skills of these savages. I looked up at her leaning down over me, "Fawn, you startled me. What do you want?"

Fawn looked into my eyes, "I want you, dear thing, time to learn..." With those words she flattened her nudity against mine and began to blend herself into me. I felt her hips melt into my own. Suddenly, there was warmth that I've never felt before. Kinds of blending that gives curious splendor and at the same time surrender. I was hers and she knew it.

"Flow with me, blonde woman." Fawn settled deeper with her sexual contact. Her hips blended deeper with me under her. It was pleasant that she was gifted with large breasts, as we pressed them openly together. Fawn must have thought to herself, that my hard nipples would be to my advantage since she took such interest in them.

Sometime later, I was rudely awakened, I looked up to see instead of Fawn's brown eyes, the blinking eyes of Oro, "Stand her up, this one and the other will do for now, time for a shift change." He then hit me between the eyes and I fell into darkness.

A cold bucket of water awoke me where I learned quite suddenly that I was bound with my back arched against a lever. I could feel the sun on me, and another bucket of water was tossed in my face and I began to sober up a little more. There was a couple of commands for which I had a hard time to understand, but with another shake of my head, I could barely make out, "Make them work, captain, that is

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your task, I will return and I want that one made to endure all the fixins. By the time I am finished with her, she'll have a nice red cherry down there by noon... kind of making her an example to the rest... don't go getting spare with that lash, use it on both of them equally. Now, as to everything else, before Monday the other one should be made acquainted with her station. Have I made myself clear, Sir?"

A man's voice, faint, but audible, "Yes, Prato."

When I sobered up more, I found myself bound to the lever and actually taking Dove's place. Fawn was similarly bound, but emphasis was upon her to put the task to action. I saw Prato's men yank her hair back, "Work! Bitch! Prato expects a lot from you and to set examples. I expect nothing less..." With those words, he exploded a whip lash across her bare brown back. Fawn exhaled a gasp, "NAAAHH!" I felt the levers surge against my back with a renewed effort by Fawn made so by the whip.

I was sobered up quickly enough as following that whip lash experienced by Fawn, I suddenly realized just what the 'fixins' were. Girdled around my waist and down between my legs was a large knotted rope that had been dried in the sun and was not at all comfortable. The knot itself rubbed directly on my already sensitive clit, forcing me to walk in an awkward splay of my legs. This earned me a couple of strokes with the whip, one curling neatly across my nipple. I glanced over my shoulder at Fawn who was bound opposite to myself. Right now, I wished that we were back at my bunk, "Fawn, Fawn, I don't understand this thing between my legs is..." I was cut off with another stroke of the whip, forcing me to lunge slightly and the pressure between my legs was almost unbearable and I screamed, "AAAIIEEE!" My juices poured out in an involuntary effort to lubricate the awful knot squarely placed on my clit. I swear I felt it swell up and push tighter against my waist. Sweating profusely, again I called over to Fawn, "I love you, dear Fawn, hold up your strength..." This time the whip landed on me between my legs! It burned like fire and made me stagger under the burden of the laced bindings of my arms, taking my breath away my chest heaved all the while my clit felt like it was being rubbed with a large bastard file; I could hardly breathe, "AAA!"

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Fawn and I labored at this mill for more than six hours, after which two others took our place. It was Pearl and Megan, who took our place and so be it.

Prato arrived and pointed to Fawn, "Make her ready, I need to examine our little cherry pie here." He removed my rope 'fixins' as he called them. It hurt like blazes as he peeled it off my swollen clit, and he remarked, "... Ah, nice and wet... you have some moisture in you; good thing for you or you would have regretted it even more. Okay now spread your legs wide... that's it." I could feel the lips of my sex part and in the small void that I usually feel; there was something warm and swollen that was very tender. He touched it and I nearly came apart, "AAA! That burns, Master!" was all I could say and it was even more that I had to control my desire to punch him for even touching my swollen clit. He nodded for another girl to sit a stump down so he could have a seat and look me over carefully. I was standing before him, in what must have been a dinger of a picture, with my right finger against my front tooth while a few tears dribbled down my cheek. The strange part is that he did seem to make a study of me, noticing that the lips of my sex were now slightly parted as my clit forced them apart with its swollen condition. I sniveled slightly as I spoke, "Sir... it hurts something aw-awful..."

He looked up and smiled, at me then commented, "Yes, you have a real killer of a cherry here." He patted my ass, "Won't be needing any clothes for a while will you?" I shook my head sill in slight shock, as my clit seemed to throb. He stood up and looked at his companions, "This one, put her on display, inverted... I realize that a bit of sunshine won't do her clit any good at all, but that can't be helped. She'll either protest or faint, not sure which, but whap her a few times with the razor strap, on that tender little bud down there; if she stays awake, she will likely offer to build you a new house if you are willing to just stop, won't take many I can assure you. As for this one..." He pointed to Fawn, "... since she was so anxious to pee in Oro's face, I will give her twenty or so with a rawhide between the legs on her clit and the rest of her naked self. If she pees again, I'll whip her again. So both of them up now and over there in the open so the rest of the girls can see them. Put up the usual signs, above that

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one..." He pointed to me, "... Put 'a cherry fuck-drunk whore'; and above this one, put 'piss slut'. That will do for today's lessons on behavior." I saw that he wanted to make an example of Fawn and she would do nicely, then he looked at me, "You my dear blonde slut. Under other circumstances, I would have let you off just to slave a day or two at that lever and pay the usual price, but a cherry you earned and a cherry you now have. It will take a few days for the swelling to go down, in the meanwhile will not be comfortable and will walk funny. As for this one, Fawn is always ready to be made an example of... aren't you slut?"

In only a moment, Fawn was made fast face down, at crotch level suspended between two posts, spread obscenely naked. Looking around, Prato picked up a nearby rawhide buggy whip, "This one will receive me and my whip, to be certain. Following, I hope that I do not have to cross the barrier of understanding only to release the powers therein."

With those final words, he unleashed the buggy whip and let it fall, "Bitch, you will adhere..." That was all he said as the buggy whip hissed down between Fawn's legs directly on her nude sex. Fawn jerked at her bondage, "NAAAHH!" She gave off an almost gurgled scream. Again and again the whip found its mark in about that tender area, and a few finding her breasts. It coiled and left a red line circling her anatomy as she responded to the whipping with a jerk and gasp, another quickly followed, along with another and another. They were so rapid that she hardly had enough time to react, the strokes beat her sex without mercy, and wrapped themselves about her breasts, she was snaked with such rapidity and without concern for her well being that I thought Prato was going to kill her, then I saw her gush a small stream of girl cum which oozed down her belly and dribble into the dust. Fawn spilled herself, openly and with the consistency of a fountain.

Prato left his marks on her and now her sex was at the level of his hips, "I want to fuck this one." He pointed to Fawn, "She is ready and not necessarily wildly disposed enough to resist my intrusion on her passing liquids." Naked, Prato walked toward Fawn's naked form splayed before him, he spoke, "and this one is ready at the right time and level for me!"

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Only those who were around him answered, "You promise to take her, with no reservations?" They asked.

He smiled at everyone, "Excuse the pun, but I plan to fuck her now." He looked about and notwithstanding the situation, he mounted her in the position he planned from the start; sinking his cock into her cunt and made himself present inside her. She moaned and groaned a couple of times while he easily relieved himself inside her. It was just like that, over quickly, he forced Fawn into a mere fuck object, nothing more.

With a snap of his fingers, I was quickly displayed beside Fawn, inverted. Odd, but I actually felt the breeze blowing against my sensitive clit. Since the afternoon was still quite young, the sun was not as pleasant against my red clit. It must have drawn some attention as a few girls came up to me and cooed and commented about it. One of the little bitches pressed her index finger against it, and I cried out loud, "AAA!" The girl standing next to her jabbed her in the ribs, "Don't touch it silly, can you just imagine having your clit openly roasted like this after spending six hours rotating that mill with that coarse plug rubbing on you like that? Poor girl, I hope they don't strap her too hard on it." The two turned away talking as they moved away from me, "... I had my clit whacked with that strap once..." Her voice grew fainter, "... it made me want to pee..." Her voice faded away.

I heard another few voices, one of them female coming up from behind me, but I couldn't hear exactly what was being said. It didn't sound good, and before I could even take a full breath, I heard the raspy sound of a wide strap slicing the air and my sex exploded with fire!

I screamed at the top of my lungs, "NOOOOAA ARRRGGG HHHAAA!" Opening my eyes wide, in shock mostly at the very thought of being beaten between my legs after this, I started to shake my head and scream again when another hit scored directly on my clit, literally knocking the wind out of me. Choking and gasping, I had thought it was slit open, as I felt something warm running down from it, was it blood? Not at all, pee yes... not blood, but I fainted even before I could scream it hurt so much.

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I am not sure how long I had been out, but I do recall hearing something being said about one of us; it was coming from Prato who was talking to another woman, "... Her direction kept her from responding rapidly as you can see, but she did so slowly at any rate." There was a short pause, "Everyone, take heed that you not fall within the ready position of this young and silly Gilmore. Others like us may wish to employ our strength differently, so for now, I adapt to the requirements of my station, and slowly this one will have her pathetic sex scorched in the hot sun. I bid you farewell for the moment." Then his tone of voice shifted, "Oro, have Fawn prepared for travel... Volta wishes her to ride full saddle all the way and bare will do. Save the expense of clothing, if she wants her to wear anything that will be up to her and not me any longer."

I was still trying to make sense of it all, and soon came to realize that there were some observers of our placement. Not other female slaves, but obviously guests of Prato. In his usual form, he gave Fawn another of his vigorous fuckings then Fawn relaxed to a degree and waited to be released. Her next few words seemed to be aimed at me... "You, dear blonde girl, prepare yourself for the days ahead. No-one will be there for you to help you to train and train again, or that you will be made available for the purpose of... A whip lash stopped her sentence and made her gasp... "AAAH!" All I heard after that was a woman's voice, "Shut up, before I jam a plug into you! This cherry whore will survive..." The woman I could only see from an inverted position came over to me, where she firmly fingered my swollen and now quite sunburned sex, I gasped, "NAAAH!" The woman smiled, "... must be a firecracker sweet cheeks, I haven't seen a blonde sporting a cherry like this in..." The woman counted on her fingers, then continued, "... in nigh onto 8 years now. She was down there in that prison for women Mexico set up in Sonora. Spread her out against the wall, like this upside down with an iron ball and chain rubbing on her clit." The woman sniggled then looked down in my face, "... salted it too. Had to have hurt something awful. Makes me want to pee just thinking about it, well tootsies, Blondie... don't get too much sun!" The woman broke into a slightly falsetto laugh, that sounded kind of hollow to my drunken ears.

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It was evening when they let me down, and I waddled back to my quarters, passing by Pearl and Megan sweating and straining at the lever in the early flicker of the torch-lit corral. I saw my slave girl take a whip lash across her back and she muffled the pain shaking her head and groaning to herself. I was so proud of her and ashamed of myself.

Back in my cot, I just waited for someone, I don't know whom but I drifted off to sleep without really knowing why I wanted someone. I awoke suddenly feeling that another woman had made her way into my bunk. I adjusted for her, dreaming that it was Fawn, but it wasn't. I was not sure who she was, but when she spoke to me I recognized it was Aluna. She didn't say another word, but fucked me girl style, practically stifling me beyond belief. I screamed in pain and again screamed like I was in trouble, I thought I was but the tenderness of my clit made me react in an uncontrollable state. The next thing I knew, I saw Oro looking down at me. He smiled at me then hit me hard enough to make me scream, I started to scream again and he hit me causing only darkness to overcome me.

All of a sudden I think I woke up, but it was a dream I was sure... It was foggy and I found myself standing near the corral. I saw Pearl, Fawn, Aluna, and Morning Dove all waiting for something as if it was just around the corner. Things flashed and changed, suddenly Fawn was being held by Morning Dove and Aluna while Pearl whipped her. She used a blacksnake whip on Fawn, slicing her as if her flesh was butter. Then a flash of lightning and I was being held by Pearl and Aluna, while Fawn whipped me. I struggled and begged to be let free, Pearl looked at me and shook her head, "You are to be made ready and this is your time, my mistress..." and I was constantly whipped and whipped by Fawn. Then all of a sudden, I saw Morning Dove attached to a lever slowly turning it while she explained her labor, and on the second turn of the lever, I saw Fawn, taking a strapping across her breasts for failing to meet her master's expectations. There were things expected of us and I was learning.

Later, I was sure that I'd woke up, so I thought, and I found myself taking a bath, and realizing that it was actually evening. I heard music coming from the cantina, and there was a lot of noise and many of the girls were there and enjoying another night of freedom. I

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decided to join them, so I walked on down and opening up the swinging doors, I went in ready to join in the fun.

Looking around, I saw Oro fucking Fawn while she tongued my Pearl. Morning Dove was taking it in the ass from Prato himself while Aluna licked his balls. I smiled and after taking a deep swig of Tequila went over to Miss Rita and began to suck her right nipple. Sober, she looked at me and made a face, "Slut! Who do you think your are?" I looked at her and rolled my eyes, "Aren't we going to enjoy the meeting, and the fun of some well earned R & R?" Miss Rita was very sober, "Girl, before I personally take you out and skin you alive with my bull whip, find yourself another nipple to suck on!"

"Yes ma 'am." I answered and I looked at Aluna and went over, knelt down and began to lick her clit. She responded to me with a smile and continued to lick Prato's balls. The evening seemed pass quickly and my level of intoxication grew progressively. Fawn became quite drunk and opened herself up to a severe ass fucking from Oro. He liked to nail her, leaving no question as to his liking for this girl's posteriors.

The next thing I woke up in Fawn's arms again, only this time it was in my cot. Pearl and Morning Dove were arm in arm and had been picking flowers all morning and laughing at us. Aluna's finger was busy in her crotch giving herself pleasure where none was available before all the while she'd kissed Fawn's butt. I had another big headache that pounded from the aftermath of the Tequila. There would not be any tequila tonight, unless I was dragged kicking and screaming to the cantina. For some reason in my dream I had a crotch full of golden hair that needed to be trimmed to nothing.

Just how many, during the bath time, shaved themselves is a matter of math, and all of a sudden I was crowded upon by every woman in the camp to scrub my hair off. Using sand stones, scrapers, knives and razors, anything that could be used on me, they held me down and scraped me so hard, it was so hard it hurt and made me scream! I found myself awake sweating and Pearl calling over, "You okay girl?" I looked at her, sweating and my chest heaving, my clit hurting like fire, finally I nodded, "Yeah... fine... just hurts that's all... it hurts so much."

The day went on quite uneventful except for Fawn's leaving. We were on the main porch, when the woman who bought her led her

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on a horse. Fawn was tied, naked, with her back arched on a strut. The saddle had been fitted with two special 'plugs', which had been coated with oil and slid up inside of her. Tied, her ankles were hugging the horse, and there was no way she could fall off, but she would have to ride with those things working her insides. I saw the look on her face, and realized that compared to that, my sore clit was a walk in the park. Likely, she would have to ride over a hundred miles like that. Maybe if she was lucky and her new mistress would show some mercy and let her off them for a brief period. But only time would tell that, some day I hoped to meet up with her again.

The rest of us proceeded with getting a considerable amount of sunbathing, in the full nude of course. By evening, most of the women were either a dark shade of brown, deep bronze or darker than since their exploits in the mine.

After dinner the cantina was somewhat quiet, except for a few girls of strong constitution. The time for Monday's pre-dawn muster was not a time for a hangover, anything but that. By now, nudity was almost of second nature to me. I found that the heat of the days made nudity most acceptable and I was about to find out more. What I didn't know was that Miss Rita would be my instructor in more ways than just one.

**Chapter 7**

The morning came swiftly and with an echo of the previous day's heat. We were all lined up as instructed, and Miss Rita was standing in ready as well as every female assigned to be a part of Prato's games. It was the first time I really had a chance to assess my fellow prisoners while all of them were naked. Every girl was at prescribed attention, bare sex naked and scrubbed to a shine. Prato stepped out onto the porch, "Good morning my beauties. I see you are following my instructions for the most part. Inspection position, if you will, instructors."

"Ladies at attention, by the ranks, 1, 2, and 3 steps forward, march!" The women all stepped forward as ordered. "Inspection ready, Sir." Miss Rita and her fellow instructors reported. Prato and Oro looked at the women, "Very well, begin inspection."

I was aghast at the inspection technique employed by Prato, Oro, his companions and his women: we were examined in every possible humiliating way. I stood next to Pearl who was asked to spread her legs while Prato used his finger to explore her sex. He felt her belly eyeballing her, "Are you pregnant girl?" At the word, 'girl' he jammed his finger even harder into her sex. Pearl, her focus at a distance, "No Sir, not Pearl." He slapped her flesh a few times, especially on her tits. He did it enough to make her left tit red. Eyeballing her again, "I could hang a couple of clips on these..." He pinched her nipples obscenely, "Couldn't I?" Pearl still focused on a distance, "Yes, master, but Pearl still isn't pregnant, master." Prato stopped his fingering her privates, "Well, now I might think you are being a smart ass, girl. Miss Rita, this one, the black one, see to it she loses three advancement points." Miss Rita nodded and made a note of it on her record list. Pearl looked at Miss Rita and back for a second at Prato, "Yes, Sir, but I don't understand; 'advancement points'?" Prato took a serious look, "You want me to demonstrate now?"

Pearl shook her head; 'No.' Prato noted further, "Good, you really didn't want me to elaborate, now did you?" Pearl shook her head 'no' again. Prato continued, "No, I didn't think so. Miss Rita, explain it to her when you get to the training area."

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Prato stepped in front of me, "Well, now here is the blonde." He looked me over fondling my breasts and then my sex; I closed my eyes as waves of pain wracked me while he fingered my swollen clit. Checking me thoroughly, he smiled at me as he spoke, "You have nice nipples for a white girl, a bit more color now, a darker shade of brown from the sun I see, good. Your clit will still be swollen for a few more days, but aside from that, I'm glad you took my suggestion and sunbathed yesterday and you'll be glad you did." He turned to Oro who was walking beside him, "Would you like to fuck this one today?"

Oro stepped up to them; he looked at me with a disgusting look on his face. Almost as if he was planning to do something obscene with me, he smiled with his gold tooth showing, "Yes, Prato, I would like to fuck this one again..."

Prato looked at Oro, "Really, again, Oro? You've had her recently?"

Oro looked at Prato, "Si Prato, I've had her recently, but I want her again."

Prato looked at Oro then back at me, "Well, since I have not had her 'recently' then I think I would like to now... Kneel bitch and suck me first, then over on all fours while I take you like the dog you are!" He smiled at Oro.

I dropped to my knees and while he loosened his pants I waited for him. Without tequila his cock was loathsome, I started to take him in my mouth, but gagged on him. This was not good...

Prato was embarrassed, "You bitch! You damn bitch cunt! Up by her thumbs right now! Oranga, my blacksnake whip!"

In a very few minutes I was up between two posts, swaying in the pre-dawn cool suspended by my thumbs. It hurt awfully bad, "Oh, master please, don't punish me, I am trying to obey, but it's so early..." My arms were killing me as well as my thumbs.

Prato shook out his whip, "This girl refused to obey me, take a lesson here all of you..." That was all he said before he landed his first

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stroke against my back. It exploded with a fire that made me shiver, "AAA!"

The next one whistled through the air, coiling about the level of my breasts, I shuddered again and exhaled a gasp, "AAA!"

His third stroke coiled my waist. Oh, damn it hurt, "AAA!"

The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh stroke made me sway back and forth in my obscene spread. I gasped and shuddered with every lash, kicking my legs about in the air as if it would do any good. I voiced every female expression of shame, hurt and humiliation that I could think of. I still had three to go and I would not be spared them.

Each one of the remaining three lashes found my butt, breasts and lastly my cleft. This one sent me kicking and squealing as I swore that he sliced it open with that whip. Thankfully, no skin was broken only my hurt pride at having been humiliated in such a way. I had a feeling that this was only the tip of the iceberg, as they say.

Back in line, I put myself together as much as I could. Prato still availed himself of me, by fucking me in the ass. I was well oiled for this before he spent himself in me. Pulling up his pants, I was allowed to straighten up. Standing once again, I tried to make it look as if everything that was done to me was a matter of course. I wanted to faint.

Prato nodded in my face and announced, "She is a good fuck, Oro. I see why you want her. On the other hand, I am glad I had my fill of her friend here, Aluna." He pointed at Aluna who still was at attention, with her ample breasts sticking out. Prato went on, "That one..." he pointed to me, "has nice tits."

The rest of the morning inspection went without further incident. Prato went back to the front after completing his inspection. Looking about he cleared his throat, "Now listen up and pay attention to the rules: First, under no circumstances will there be any favoritism. You will learn from your instructors, who will also follow the rules of engagement with you. Second, these rules are unforgiving, it is simple,

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and the winner of each match will punish the loser. Third, all punishments will be dealt out with both the punished and punisher fully naked; there will be no exceptions. Forth, the types of punishments delivered will be a minimum of 30 lashes with a three tail leather whip no less; however, it can be greater than that or in addition to any other punishment thought fit. Fifth, all punishments delivered will be of sufficient intensity that anyone receiving will remember the reason for which it was given. Failure to comply with this, both the winner and loser shall suffer. Sixth, a girl can be punished more than one time if she was scheduled for more than one match or if she was a part of a team. Seventh, all punishments will be publicly inflicted or for as long the public cares to watch. Last, at least for now or until I decide to change the rules, at all times, in all competitions and exercises both trainers and trainees will be completely naked. The only exception to this are the sandals, or the wearing of a device for punishment, other than that there will be no exceptions and it shall last until I declare the games are over. Now, instructors take your groups to your assigned training area and begin the training exercises. I will be around to visit each of you, in turn to check on your progress... you are dismissed."

Our instructress was Miss Rita and she took up a spare pair of sandals, stripped herself bare and put on the sandals. Taking her position in front of our group of twelve, she marched us over to the east lawn training area. At least there was grass there and some water.

We marched for about twenty minutes and arriving at the site, we were immediately set to work cleaning it up. Besides the roped area referred to as the 'ring' there were several posts inset in the ground. They were of various heights and configurations; their purpose was obvious to all of us. With all twelve of us working we had it sparkling in about thirty minutes. The sun was beginning to shine down upon us, my earlier exposure to the sun made it painfully sensitive to its rays. I would have to endure this and I dare not complain. Miss Rita stood on the mat of the ring, and spoke to us, "All of you listen up, and you heard Prato's rules and believe me they must be followed. Good, all of you remembered to take off your sandals, and I want them in your marching order placed over there by the path, do it now."

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All of us arranged our sandals as per Miss Rita's instructions, and returned as quickly as we could just in case we were first on Prato's list. Miss Rita called her attention, "All right, now that that is done we can begin. I will remind you each morning before formation to keep up your standards for nudity, hair and cleanliness. Now, you two Aluna and Pearl, come up here into the ring, I'll demonstrate some of the moves all of you will be required to learn and use on each other. For the most part they are very obscene and disgusting to us as women. But, Prato insists that they be learned and used by you when you are in competition." Aluna and Pearl joined Miss Rita in the ring, the three women looked very inviting displayed as they were. I felt a tightening sensation between my legs.

Miss Rita moved Aluna and Pearl around to face each other, she opened, "This position is how you will start each match, and you will both face each other. Until the signal is given, you will not touch each other or say a word to each other. When the signal is given, each of you will grab the other's hair like this." Miss Rita grabbed the side of Aluna's hair first then the side of Pearl's hair, giving each girl a yank back. They fell toward each other wetly making contact as their sweaty breasts flattened together.

They repeated the action several times and finally Miss Rita allowed them to start the action by themselves. She called four more of us up into the ring and so forth, Dove and I were matched together and we yanked and pulled on each other's hair, flattening our breasts together several times until we did it quite well. This exercise went on most of the morning. Just before noon, Prato arrived with a few of his men to check on our progress and Miss Rita seemed a bit nervous at his presence.

"Buenas noches, Miss Rita, I see you have started the girls on the fundamental opening of every match." Prato sounded too sincere and Miss Rita fell into his trap, "Yes, Sir, Prato, thank you for stopping by. I was making sure they understand the opening..."

Prato interrupted her, "Shut the fuck up, you lazy bitch. I was just over at camp 2; they are already into basic holds and are long past the hair grabbing. I think you need to think about your afternoon." With those words he motioned to his riders and they dismounted

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without giving any warning to any of us, Miss Rita, along with Aluna and I, Corena, Orra, Pearl, Morning Dove, Soft Elk, and Breeza were yanked by our hair and taken to a cross beam that was fitted between two of the taller posts. Our wrists were bound behind our backs, and some ropes thrown over the beams and tied to our hair. In just a few minutes, we were hauled up and hung by our hair left to swaying painfully in the breeze. Six other girls were selected and herded over to us and forced to kneel on their hands and knees under us so that we could just touch their backs with the tips of our toes. The men, including Prato, stripped down and fucked the kneeling women first in their exposed cunts and then in their asses. Each of them was fucked hard and long.

The men dressed themselves while we suffered either by hanging by the hair or having been deeply fucked and forced to remain kneeling. Walking his horse, he brought it over in front of the remaining girl, where he placed a wisdom stick upright into the saddle and poured some peanut oil over it. As it glistened in the afternoon, he reached over grabbing the remaining girl around her waist as if she was a straw doll, then lifted her up and lowered her down on the wisdom stick.

All of us were in shock, the girl jerked slightly and coughed in agony with that shaft driven well up inside of her. He'd left her unbound and for a few seconds she tried, in vain, to lift herself off the thing. He looked at her futile efforts, smiled and snapped his fingers and two of his men carried in a heavy looking beam, standing on the edge of the ring, they placed it on the girl's shoulders and lifted her arms to bind them outstretched. I could see that it was heavy and made her sit unsteady in the saddle; the only thing keeping her on it was the wisdom stick. Prato finished off the torture by taking a piece of rope and tying the girl's ankles together so that she wouldn't fall off the horse. He handed the reins to another of his men, who was already mounted on a horse and he slapped the butt of his horse, it jumped slightly and trotted about in a circle with the girl on its back screaming at the top of her lungs.

Prato walked over to us, pointing back at the girl. I could see her breasts bouncing obscenely as the horse trotted in a circle. Looking at Miss Rita first, he spoke, "You bitch, be glad that isn't you on that

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thing. I didn't just single her out; the cunt was caught last night fucking herself with an Apache marriage stick. So I am allowing her to continue with more of it, as a kind of 'nooner' for her. The rest of you damn sluts need to get your butts in gear and learn and I hope that the idea of your hair being pulled doesn't sit too long with you. The holds you need to teach them Miss Rita are my special holds.

For now, the rest of you be thankful that you've escaped the lash or a ride on the wisdom stick. As for you my dear Miss Rita, I will salute your efforts with thirty lashes so that you may learn to keep on schedule." He motioned for Miss Rita's wrists to be bound up to the beam and he took position behind her with his bullwhip.

The whip sliced the air and coiled itself at the level of Miss Rita's breasts. She gasped and jerked in the hot sun. Again, the whip sliced the air and slithered about her belly, leaving a matching red welt to the one across her breasts. He continued in a steady rhythm until all thirty had been applied to Miss Rita's suspended shivering nudity.

Speaking as he coiled the whip "Let them down." As the men began releasing us, Prato came over to me and fondled my breasts as he spoke, "My blonde one, blame that bitch who just took the lashing for not allowing you to oil yourself. The sun is harsh in these parts, if you hadn't already figured that out. Oh, well you'll get used to it."

He'd stopped fingering my nipples, which were sore enough, I looked at him trying not to act disgusted, "Usually, Sir, a sunburn will turn to tan on me." He took my right nipple between his thumb and finger again, "Yes, it might, you'd better pray it does, Señorita."

We attended to Miss Rita and the girl who had rode on the wisdom stick, while Prato rode off with his men. I looked at their dust blowing away as they rode off to another ring to wreak some havoc on other poor naked women. My attention was broken by Aluna's comment, "That no good son of a..." I finished her word off, "... bitch!" I looked at her, then down at the others kneeling to help the girl who'd ridden on the wisdom stick. I just had to ask Aluna, "Why didn't that kill her; riding on that thing would have busted me up in first second or two at being slammed down on it?"

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Aluna smiled a second, "You really are a pale face. That girl is Manovia; she's a Chiricahua Apache. When she was young she had to ride the bomfila, the preparation for womanhood stick. In her tribe it is the custom to have the girl ride it high." This was a puzzle, I looked at Aluna cocking my head to one side, "Ride it high; what does that mean, I don't understand?"

Aluna paused and shook her hair, it still hurt slightly from the suspension, "Chiricahuas have a custom among the women, when a girl is to become a woman ready for childbearing, she is taken to the women's lodge, where she is first sweated and whipped with leaf switches. A pole about two inches thick and five feet high, sharp on one end is made smooth and coated with bear grease. Not as harshly as Prato just did, the pole is thrust up inside of her and lifted, so that she rides it suspended above ground. She is then praised and worshiped until her time of woman arrives." I looked at the girl who'd just rode painfully on the wisdom stick, sitting on the grass drinking some water and not a sign of blood anywhere. For a moment, a shudder ran up and down my spine. The idea of being impaled on a spiked pole made my stomach ache. I looked at Aluna, "How absolutely ghastly she was just tortured by Prato, I simply can't imagine having to ride on a pointed one..."

Miss Rita, displaying welts from her shoulders to her knees, stood up and gathered her strength back. Some of the other girls pissed and shitted out the come deposited in them by Prato and his men. I wondered just how many of the girls here that were just fucked by these men would be sporting heavy tummies in a couple of months. Pregnancy wouldn't get them off this obligation and even if it did the prospect of grinding at Prato's mill all day, every day, until you were ready to drop didn't perk up the prospect any at all.

Miss Rita spoke up, her voice still slightly shaky, "Well, shall we get back and started, the lunch wagon will be here about one, so we have enough time to get a couple of exercises in." She shivered and coughed a couple of times, she looked at me and over at Aluna motioning for us to get into the ring.

Miss Rita positioned us and showed us a back hold on Aluna where she could dig her fingernails into her tits. It was my turn and

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she made a quick move that pinioned my arms behind my back while she raked her nails across my breasts. It hurt but the pain was manageable. Aluna and I worked on the hold, I'd forgotten how hot it was, my shoulders were becoming hard reddish brown. For a moment the hold seemed easy enough, then Aluna took a tight hold on me. When I struggled to get her to release her hold on my arms, suddenly my cunt exploded with agony. I dropped to my knees and tried to free my hands just to hold myself. It was impossible; it burned like it was on fire. At that time I didn't know it, but Aluna had slipped a grip hold on my sex. She nearly broke my right arm and I screamed in surrender, "I give up to you, just let go of my sore cunt!"

The other women were busy working at the hold exercises; Miss Rita looked over at me and held up her hand, "A surrender, so soon. It's time for a lesson in losing..." Miss Rita went over to where I was kneeling on the mat in front of Aluna. I looked up at her.

I stood spread eagle between two posts, my back to Aluna and Miss Rita. Miss Rita turned to look at the rest of the trainees, "This is the first punishment demonstration, for that I will be easy. Cassie here decided to surrender to Aluna. Through her surrender she admits that she is the loser. The loser is to be punished by the winner, in this case the winner Aluna will give the loser Cassie, thirty with a razor strap." She handed the strap to Aluna who tested its balance and heft, and nodded that it was satisfactory. Miss Rita smiled and nodded, "Very well Aluna you may strap her thirty times."

Aluna smiled and gloated at the pleasure of strapping a well-sunburned blonde. Her first stroke wasn't long in coming, and it landed on my right side quickly coming around to impact my right nipple. I jerked and gasped between clenched teeth, "SUNGAAH!" Using a backhand stroke, she repeated the action on my other nipple. I jerked and clinched my teeth, "NAAAHAA!" I glanced back over my sunburned shoulder to see her take another stance, casually brushing her hair off her eyes with her left hand. Her stroke landed on the upper summit of my left ass cheek. It made me jump and gasp deep throated, "AAA!" She repeated it on my other cheek. From then on all I did was gasp and jerk with each stroke of her strap. I remember getting a strapping when I was young, but nothing like this one. Being trussed

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up with my arms and legs spread, bare ass naked while another equally naked woman gave me the strapping. It was both humiliating and exciting. Even when the next few were aimed at my bare cleft but ironically missed my swollen clit, instead they left a yearning deep inside of me to girl fuck the girl whipping me. I continued my jerking and gasping, while my back; shoulders, butt, cleft and breasts took lash after lash with that nasty strap. I was stripped like a zebra when the last few fell over my breasts and now rock hard nipples.

Aluna started to hit me again, when Miss Rita stopped her, "That's thirty, mind yourself girl, if your count is off, you'll go up yourself while she gives you sixty. Do I make myself clear?" Aluna looked at me hanging there sweating and breathing heavy, she herself was sweating and breathing heavily as she handed the strap back to Miss Rita. Miss Rita coiled it over once and took it back to the shed. On her way back, she saw a dust cloud coming this way, it made her heart jump. Thank God, it was the lunch wagon.

**Chapter 8**

Following the meal, I sat back for a brief moment of rest. I felt something wet on my shoulder. It was Aluna putting some cool water on my quite red shoulders. She was gentle with them and leaning toward me, she whispered, "I want you." I looked into her eyes, "I want you, too... tonight?" Aluna continued, "Yes, tonight but now as well." She looked around everyone was resting, what little shade there was had been taken, "Over there by the shed."

I got up and followed her to the other side of the shed. She took me into her arms and kissed me full embrace, nipple-to-nipple, cunt-to-cunt. Her hand went down to my sex, and this time gently, she fingered me. I was hot, and she knew it. Her actions made my legs grow rubbery and slowly dropped down onto the grass. It was green, lush and cool to the whip and sun scorched skin on my back and butt. I nuzzled into her, and in less than a minute she turned me over with her smooth cunt in my face and her tongue in my cleft. I returned her actions in kind and felt my spirit take flight as she brought me ever closer to orgasm. I must have been doing well with her as she kept nuzzling her sex into my face. I was coming and nothing in the world would stop that.

Aluna began to shudder as I worked her clitoris between my teeth. I felt her gasp as she nibbled my clit equally gently considering my sensitivity. I was coming... I was coming and then, I let out a gasping whimper that surely must have awakened the rest of them. If anyone else had been watching us, I would never know it. Aluna collapsed on me, I felt her hard nipples pressing into my loins. Her own sex reeked with the female musk of orgasm. Her Apache body felt like so many finely tuned muscles just readjusting themselves for later demands. I called to her, "Aluna, I love you." I heard her response, "I love you, pale face..."

With break time over, Aluna and I walked back arm in arm, absentmindedly naked, my right breast bounced brushing lightly against hers as we stepped together. I looked up and saw a not too happy look on Miss Rita's face. We stopped; I looked at Aluna and asked Miss Rita, "Is there anything the matter?"

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Miss Rita cleared her throat; her voice was in that shaky mood again, "Yes, would you two care to tell me why you were over there behind the shed?" Aluna became a bit stiff, I sensed that something was wrong, but I didn't know what. I looked away from my lover and back at Miss Rita, answering, "Why, we were just going over some of the things you taught us just before lunch, and..." Miss Rita jumped in, "You two were doing it over there, weren't you?" I looked at her, "Doing it? What it? What are you talking about, we are adults here, and can't you just say..." I was stopped in the middle of my thought.

Oro stood up, he'd been sitting in the shade of the ring for the entire time, he finished my sentence, and "We were girl fucking each other, right Señoritas? You two are a couple of girl fucks, happy to girl fuck yourselves behind the shed. Too bad, girls, your lessons are going to have to suffer today while your instructor takes it again for the sake of your class." Oro had started to grab Miss Rita and drag her over to a whipping post when he saw the marks that Prato had already worked into her earlier. He looked at her and commented; "Well, now it seems someone has 'beaten' me to the punch. Oh, my, did I forget the earlier whipping she took for being lax? Miss Rita, Miss Rita, Miss Rita, I can't whip you anymore after that lashing you are showing off. It looks like Prato snaked you good. Well, we can't let this go, these two bitch fucking themselves like this. All right, Carlos, Miguel string the three of them up by their ankles and draw their thumbs down to pegs in the ground. The blonde is getting plenty of sun today, but she could use some more on the undersides." He smiled; walking over and slapping me on the tits while the other two men grabbed us from behind.

Again, I found myself spread between two posts only upside down. I could feel the hot sun on my bare swollen cleft. My legs were spread far enough apart to expose my clit again to the open sunlight. God it was hot! I glanced to either side of me and saw Miss Rita on my right and Aluna on my left. The only one of the three of us that didn't display whip marks was Aluna. Oro walked up to her holding a round rod about three feet long in his right hand. He began to fondle Aluna with his left hand and traced the smoothness of her bare cleft. He could see the moisture coming from her, he commented looking at me, "You did a good job making this little bitch turn hot. Oh, don't let it go to your head, you know that she prefers women; she and I have

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the same thing in common you know, ha, ha, ha, ha!" With that last laugh, he quickly brought the rod soundly down on the soft undersides of Aluna's firm breasts. It made a sound like he'd struck the mat in the ring. Aluna let out a muted squeal, "OWWA OH, MY GODDAMIT MY TITS FOR GODSSAKE DON'T BEAT MY TITS LIKE THAT, AAA HAAA!" And her plea turned into a whimper. She coughed and choked just a bit on some spit. Immediately she broke out in a sweat, and so did Miss Rita and I. Oro leaned down into Aluna's face, "Shut the fuck up, bitch, or I will beat your tits off. You're going to get a thrashing that'll make you wish you'd never been born a female, do you HEAR ME; CUNT? After I'm finished beating you, you're going to suck my cock like you've never sucked one before. By the time I'm through with you, you'll wish Prato would come back and mercifully crucify you like he did that other time."

I looked as best I could, but I could see no nail wounds in the palms of her hands. Did he crucify this beautiful girl at one time? Now I was scared, would he crucify me? Oh, no...

Oro walked over to each of us and made pledges and promises, some he would not likely keep only because of time constraints, others I just knew he would keep. He motioned for Pearl, Dove and Breeza to come over to him. He lined each of them up in front of us and handed them rods like the one he carried. Looking up at the sun, "Aye carumba it's hot. I'm not about to get a heat stroke beating the three of you. No, I will add my strokes in, but these three are going to beat the daylights out of you while I supervise. Oh, I almost forgot..." He went over and took off all his clothes and grabbed Corena, dragged her over to us by her hair, then he shoved her down on her knees and rammed his cock down her gullet. It was all she could do to keep from gagging. She sucked him as if it was what she was born to do, she obviously didn't want a part of what the three of us were about to get.

Oro enjoying his afternoon in the sun by working Corena's head on his cock, looking about he called out, "You three holding the rods, begin by using them on the bare twats of the three cunt lickers in front of you. Keep hitting them finding your target on the clit you see peeking out from between their lips. Don't stop until I tell you. Do it harder as I tell you and don't fail or you will not only take their place,

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but will find your tits taking similar hits as well." He looked over to make sure the women followed the routine he established.

Pearl started beating Miss Rita's clit with a ritual that could only be understood by a slave having been given an order to follow. I glanced to one side to see Aluna jerking under the strokes of Dove and I twisted and writhed all the while Breeza tattooed my clit like she was at some ceremony and her tribe made her beat one of the drums. It must have been slightly numb from Aluna's earlier ministering. Swollen and still sore, it didn't feel quite as bad as it did the other day. And, at first it seemed like I could stand the steady buffeting of my clit by something as novel as a half-inch rod. I heard Oro snap his fingers, after that the rod began to burn more and it was landing with more intensity than before. I was beginning to get a churn in my stomach and I felt my body begin to twitch from the dull ache coming from between my legs. This was the first time I'd ever been beaten on my clitoris with a rod, and after it was so harshly tortured a few days ago. My guts began to churn as the pain worked itself up on my sensitive piece of flesh. I couldn't take it another second; I let out a wail that made everyone stop, "AAAIIEEYAAHH!"

After that scream, I continued until I was hoarse and we'd been forced to take about fifteen minutes of this drubbing; sweat just dripping in my eyes, I looked over to see Miss Rita beginning to spasm. It could be an approaching orgasm, but she started a high-pitched whimper that made her tummy crunch up in a spasm. I sensed that something was about to happen, so did Pearl, who made a slight adjustment to her stance. It was just a few seconds later that I looked over and saw Miss Rita let go with a steady stream of yellow piss. The poor girl, Pearl was literally beating the piss out of her. I suddenly began to feel strange myself I thought I felt an orgasm coming and before I could react or tell myself no, my guts spasmed a couple of times, and my nub was so tingling and swollen that I couldn't be sure if I was pissing or just about to be squirting. I could feel a rumble down low, my nipples sprung out rock hard, then suddenly and without any ability to control myself, I gushed and squirted in a girl type orgasm. Coming out, it squirted in small broken streams that landed on Breeza's smooth cleft and breasts while some of it even landed on my face.

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Oro saw this and went over to each of us and stopping Pearl first, he whipped the rod across Miss Rita's breasts and nipples ten times. He nodded for Pearl to pick up where she left off. Then he went over to me, and stopping Breeza, he walloped my tits ten times with his rod, so hard it literally knocked the wind out of me. I gasped and shook my head trying to get my breath back. When I did, I whimpered and squealed, and then he handed the rod back to Breeza. Finally going over to Aluna, he stood in front of her just as she let go a stream of pee and hit an orgasm. The stream squirted out all over his cock and balls and I was sure that it felt warm, but it angered him and he struck Aluna twenty times across her nipples, never missing once. They both swelled up hard and puffy red, oozing lactate from them after about the twelfth stroke. I didn't hear even a sound out of Aluna, talk about knocking the wind out of someone.

Oro had been back at having his cock sucked when he snapped his fingers again, this time I thought I'd die. The beating continued and it was becoming unbearable and I began to cry and whimper with each stroke. Miss Rita was sobbing as Pearl drubbed her flaming red clit. It had swollen to five times its normal size. I wondered if mine was still there as it must be awfully swollen by now. I began to drift and the pain started to make me slow. My eyes puffy from tears, I could barely see Aluna's body jerking in the bondage while now Dove was alternating strokes between her clit and her nipples.

The awful truth hit me that I was beginning to get drunk from this beating. Things were taking unusual shapes, speech was slow and slurred and I started to hallucinate. Ironically, with my hallucinations came some relief as my cunt now burned but the ache seemed to stop. I must have been jerking as much as the others in reality as I saw Breeza reach over to steady me, she said something to me, but all I could do was watch her lips move slowly as her words came out deep and slow. I looked over at Miss Rita who was jerking from being beaten on her nipples and cunt like Aluna was having done to her. I looked up and felt my nipples sting a bit, but I had to shake my head to clear up what I saw. I could see the rod coming slowly to strike my chest making my nipples crush back then pop out again when the rod struck me. I saw the look in Breeza's eyes when she hit them again and

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over again she kept moving her lips. I felt the rod strike my clit, again making it burn but the sound it made when it hit was like a wet sock.

In my mind's eye I remembered watching an Indian woman beat a snake with a stick. It seemed to try and coil away, then it stopped and it turned to a limp thing with the stick bouncing off of it. I opened and closed my eyes to see Miss Rita's clit remind me of that snake, and I realized that my own clit must look like the same thing. I saw the rod strike my nipples again, making them burn, but I couldn't move my arms to stop the stick from beating me, so I just let it happen.

This seemed to go on and on, then suddenly Breeza stopped and stepped back while I saw a huge male cock find its way to my sore clit. It was about to fuck me in an inverted stance, which definitely hurt when it touched it and I felt a hurting pressure build upon it then something slid inside of me. I imagined that a huge muscled sweating man was sledge hammering something, he was sweating and nude, completely hairless slamming a sledge hammer against a rail that made a loud 'clang', which burned into my cunt! Suddenly, I felt like one of those wagon girls, taken captive by the Indians and was being tortured with heavy stones being piled up on my pelvis and pregnant guts. It was like a heavy stone that put so much weight on me, that I had hard time breathing.

I closed my eyes a moment and I felt as if I was riding a horse that a large cock had been placed in the saddle. The horse was galloping and pounding my body down onto the wooden cock, and it felt like the damn thing was coming through me and into my mouth. It was, and I could see the sun up in the sky as clouds of white cream filling my eyes... temporarily blocked it out

Then only thing I remember next is that it took several buckets of water to revive the three of us. As sobriety came to me, I felt myself right side up again as Pearl was forcing water down me and holding my head I could see her white toothed smile with the silhouette of her nipple against my right eye. Things begin to take shape, I just had to speak to her, as I did I found my mouth would not work just right, "P-Pearl I hurt, dear Pearl what happened I don't remember all of it." Pearl nodded to me, she rocked my head in her lap, "Shhh, shhh don't think about it right now, you'll be fine, you'll be fine, Pearl will take care of you." I drifted away again... with my hand trying to reach her.

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It was dark outside when I woke up sweating and my head was pounding and I had to pee something awful. I was in my bed, crowded by Aluna who was next to me. She snored and turned slightly toward me, I felt one of her nipples against my arm. I looked at it and gasped, it was a blood red and swollen to the size of my thumb. I carefully got up and staggered over to the door that led outside, a lantern from the inner room just lit up the ground enough for me to see. I squatted down and started to relieve myself when my clit began to burn something awful and it was all I could do to finish. Gingerly, I stood up and made my way back to the dim light. As I stepped onto the porch, I looked down and saw my raw cunt. It was a deep ruby red, like it'd been painted with barn red paint. It was moist, but not from the pee, it was moist from being blistered and looked broken open, but it wasn't, in a reflex I cramped and threw up bile. Wiping off my mouth I brushed one of my own nipples, it was throbbing. I forcefully bent upward my left nipple and like Aluna's it was crimson red and swollen to the size of Pearl's thumb.

I had a gnawing feeling of disgust grinding in my guts as I made my way back inside. When I turned to the bed, I saw Aluna in the dim light, she was setting up looking at me, in a low voice she spoke, "Lover, we've been punished something bad. I hurt all over, but I got to pee. I'll be right back." I nodded to her.

Getting back into bed, I began to shiver, even though it was quite warm. I heard Aluna whimper and moan softly as she peed. She appeared in the doorway and closed it quietly. Getting back into the small bed, she snuggled up to me. I still felt desire for her, asking, "Aluna, are you up to loving me?" She paused a moment, "How so, dear one?" I looked in her eyes, I could sense her pain, "I want to kiss you face to face in each other's arms and I want to feel your breasts against mine, your cleft softly against mine. I want to drink in your pain as my pain." I searched her eyes. She looked at me and with a good deal of effort she rolled over onto me and softly let her body melt into mine. I felt her swollen nipples and they were like flaming coals. I could feel her clit peeking out from between the swollen lips of her sex. Like her nipples, it was hot and swollen to a puffy fleshy knob that rubbed on my own clit like a cruel instrument of torture. We tortured each other to sleep filled oblivion, as we climaxed again and again.

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The dawn came with the usual rude awakening. Oro slapped Dove on the ass when he came into our room. His gold toothed smile greeted us like a message from hell, "Up and Eve my sweet cunt fucks. If you don't want more of what you had yesterday, then I'd suggest you keep your activities confined to this bed, this room. Understand?"

Aluna and I jumped out of bed and nodded at his words. We were ready to line up right after breakfast. But what a pair of sorry asses we were in that morning line up. Miss Rita greeted us just as naked as we were and looking as if she'd been keelhauled. I looked at the other groups and noticed that most of them were the worse for wear. I guess we weren't the only ones to have had a bad day. The only group that looked in good shape was Veronica's, a group standing next to us. They hardly had a scratch on them. One of their girls next to me leaned over and softly commented, "I understand that Prato took to blacksnakin' your instructor. Then you gave up when that girl over there took you in a finger grip, got you a strapping did it?" I nodded and looked at the bronze goddess nudity displayed graciously beside me, "Yes, you are quite right. It was not my best day."

The girl smiled again, "I also heard that you and her decided to get it on behind a shed. Oro discovered you and well, I can see that he took the rod to the three of you, including your instructor." I was almost embarrassed at the questions she asked, I looked at her again, she was quite attractive and beyond her questions I could have loved this girl openly even if it earned the both of us another beating. I imagined that her breasts were full and I could milk her at will. Blinking twice, I answered, "Yes, we did, but so much for the toughening up as things go."

The girl looked over at me and smiled seductively, "I imagine that you would like to toughen up with me, perhaps? I'm quite capable you know of pleasing even the most temperamental of females. Oh, and by the way, I like abused women. They are always ready to enjoy the pleasures of their pain." the beauty announced.

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I leaned toward her, "I'm in house 5, bed nine. Oh, I do normally sleep with this one." I nodded toward Aluna, "Her name is Aluna and I am Cassie and you are?"

The girl smiled and spoke softly, "I am called Tanya. My mother was white, my father an Apache warrior. Because I am half white, I was sold to Prato as a slave. Oh, I haven't worn any clothing in twelve years. Even when it has snowed."

I felt an attraction to this girl and I wanted to experience her. Aluna would have to fight for me, to win me away from this one. I looked at her again, pursing my lips in a mock kiss. Would I regret it? Only time would tell.

**Chapter 9**

Arriving at the arena of our training, Aluna and I were paired off for training in bear hugs. When she took her grip of me, I found it hard to not respond to the heat of her body and the hardening of her nipples against mine as our breasts pressed tightly together. The sting of my residual pain between my legs increased as we gripped each other even tighter. One thing I have learned with this training imposed upon me by Prato, all of us being naked, makes it much easier to give in, sexually that is. I dropped to my knees as Aluna gripped me even tighter, faking I'd thought that she was about to take me body and soul.

I woke up to Miss Rita standing over me. She smiled, "You lost this match, blonde girl, want to try for another?" She smiled at me and snapped her fingers, and none other than Tanya now stood over me; she reached down and helped me up. Looking me over, she smiled, "Wanna fight, blonde girl?" I nodded.

Miss Rita looked at Aluna, she smiled, "Stand over there. Wait this one out, I have a feeling you'll be able to do the one you want." Aluna nodded, "Yeah, yeah, you're right. She's mine, always mine..."

As Aluna watched, Tanya stood up to me and looked over at Miss Rita, "Moves, may I ask?"

Miss Rita looked at her and back over her shoulder at Aluna, she replied, "Do her any way you wish, but start with a bear-hug."

Tanya smiled, "Then a 'bare-hug' it is going to be..." She smiled at me with a seductive smile that just led me to surrender to her. I felt her nipples press into my breast first, as she gripped me tighter, I felt her legs spread slightly and her hand slipped down over my ass just enough to press my butt into her groin. When our lips touched and split apart, I could feel her clit touch mine... I moaned, "Oh, ooooh..." Tanya commented aloud, "So, the little bitch is in heat, she consumes me deeply and fully!"

About then the familiar darkness of a faint set in as my clit betrayed me once again.

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I came to, this time, strung up by my wrists, and a bucket of cold water being tossed over me. Just as I began to sober up, my back suddenly exploded with the burn of a whip lash. I could hear Miss Rita's voice, "One." I tossed my head back at the pain of it, but I was silent. I looked next to me, there was Tanya strung up like I was, she looked over at me and smiled just as the whip smacked her sweaty glistening skin. She closed her eyes and bit her lip and I saw her sway under the next stroke.

My back again exploded in pain, this time I couldn't hold back a gasp, "AAA!" I felt my nipples get hard and I opened and closed my eyes. The squinting helped a little, I rolled my head over in time to see Tanya take another stroke, she was being whipped with a long slender whip, this stroke I saw coil itself around to strike her right breast. She squirmed again, this time she gasped as the tip of the lash left her nipple tipped with the ruby dew of pain. I could almost see it swell up in the glare of the sun, I heard her moan and plea, "Na-a, not my breasts, please, not my breasts..."

I took several more strokes as did Tanya and it seemed I was being whipped by Dove, while Aluna worked over Tanya. Until the last stroke, it never dawned on me that we'd been strung up by our wrists with our feet at least six inches off the ground. While I'd been given pretty much a regular strapping, Tanya had been horse whipped, and her body showed the marks like a zebra shows its stripes. I had some two inch wide red welts that marked me here and there, but my breasts were left for the most part alone. Tanya's tits were considerably more marked than mine.

Miss Rita ordered us lowered down about the time Skeater's buckboard came rolling up, he had orders, and "Prato wants the blonde and that one" He pointed to Aluna, "... up at the cabin pronto, or your hide will be for fit." He gave Miss Rita a toothy smile.

She looked at him, "All right, Cassie and Aluna get your asses in this here buckboard, you're going back to the cabin with Skeater here, and the rest of you back to your exercises."

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I nodded to Miss Rita as I rubbed my wrists, looking over at Aluna who'd already coiled up the whip she'd been using on Tanya tossing it onto a nail in the upright where we'd just been cut down; Skeater had a lustful smile on his face as he eyed Tanya's whip marks. She looked back at him with a courageous smile, and body language suggesting an unashamed exposure of herself as much as she could despite the fact she'd been whipped.

Skeater smiled back at her, wiggling slightly as it was obvious he had a hard on, "Took a snakin' did ya, Tanya? Bet it was Aluna who'd give to ya? Ain't nobody else round these parts who could take a snake to a gal the way she can."

Tanya, speaking as if nothing more than an inconvenience occurred, "Why Skeater, do I detect a hard on with you? Been a long time since you've gotten hard enough to be even noticeable. I guess, Aluna is goin' to have to take that snake to me more often, right? For you to get a hard on, that is? Or maybe she can just..." She took the palm of her hand and slapped each of her breasts making them bounce provocatively, "... slap my tits a while. Say until these turn red, bet that'd make you hard too, wouldn't it?"

Before he answered, as soon as Aluna and I were in the back of the buckboard, he ticked the horse along, "You bitch, Tanya, I'll get even with you some day, you're just a dirty bitch!" The buckboard fairly bounced with us in the back as I saw the training arena disappear in a cloud of dust. I looked over at Aluna, "What's the deal with her and him?" I rolled my eyes back toward Skeater who was focused on his driving.

As the buckboard bounded along making our breasts keep rhythm she smiled, "My first day here, Tanya and I got into a fight. We were coming back from the mine. Skeater was herding us back to the compound when it broke out. He tried to break it up, but we'd tore off each other's clothes before we stopped. Remember that rule about issue of clothing? Well, he gathered up what we had torn to shreds off each other and put it in his saddlebag. Then he tossed a rope around each of us and forced us to tread back to the compound bare-assed behind his horse. When we arrived he took each of us and run us up by

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our wrists so we dangled. Prato came out and put us to trial, Tanya confessed it was her fault, which it was, but Prato's justice is that we both whip each other. But, because Tanya confessed it was she; so she ended up taking thirty from me with his black snake whip. However, she was allowed to only give me ten with it, but not until after she took the thirty from me. It'd pretty much taken all the fight out of her after I'd given her the thirty. The ten she gave me were quite light, oddly we slept together after that, every night until you showed up."

There were a few more bumps and bounces as Aluna related the story. I gave her a grin, "She's a hot one, that Tanya. Girl fucks like I never did see..." I was almost dreamy like when I felt Aluna's hand on my shoulder.

She looked at me almost with daggers, "What am I, chopped liver? I was showin' you things you never knew girls could do to each other, until you met up with her. But, you know, if my guess is correct, Prato has something up his sleeve for the two of us."

*Some time earlier, back at the main house, Prato had been seated in his living room. Señorita Louisa, dressed entirely in black with tight riding breeches, a blouse, thigh high boots, and a vest, sat down in her own chair, "My dear Don Prato, once again, I see your hacienda is ready for your annual girl competition. Take a look at three of my prizes..." She snapped her fingers and in came three muscular half-breeds, with their bodies all oiled and ready for view. They glistened in the late afternoon light pouring in from the western exposure window. He admired them, snapping his fingers for them to move closer. The three women looked to their mistress for a final order. Louisa nodded for them to move closer.*

*He reached up and touched the center girl on her breast, allowing her nipple to slide snugly between his thumb and forefinger. She jerked away slightly, and a frown appeared on his face, "Not very well trained, I see. Will there be such a display of modesty at the competitions?"*

*Louisa snapped up, "No, Don Prato, I assure you there won't." His gaze at the girl was serious, then he smiled, "And what are you*

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*going to do about this one?" He finished by pointing out the girl who had wanted to shy away from him.*

*The woman in black settled back, taking a sip of her beverage, "I can have her whipped, if you like?" The girl quivered at the mention of it.*

*Prato smiled a quick smile, "I'd like to whip her and fuck her."*

*Louisa grinned and leaned in, "What if you make her heavy? I have no use for a pregnant bitch, except to plow a field or two, and I have plenty of them already. Are you ready to buy her from me? Or..." She licked her lips; "... perhaps trade two of your unburdened stock for her?" Prato nodded, and smiled.*

*It didn't take long for him to dramatically dispose the slut between two porch pillars; he had undressed himself and took up his seven-foot blacksnake whip. The girl quivered and looked back over her shoulder as he positioned himself to give her a whipping. She was bound, bare-assed of course, in a simple splayed open stance with her arms slightly elevated, and her legs spread. She faced the open range with just enough of the sun shining on her to make her skin glisten. Her golden brown complexion suggested half white and to say the very least, she was just that. He brought the whip back and it sliced the air slithering around the girl's waist; it made her choke and suck in air, but she took it.*

Our buckboard rode up to the opposite side of the house. Skeater got out and went in, he motioned for us to follow. Taking off our sandals we entered the house and he motioned for us to sit down. When he opened a door, I heard the whistling sound of a whip lash, followed by a girl's gasp. I looked at Aluna she put her arms over her breasts not out of shyness, but out of uneasiness while I sat openly waiting but aback.

The door opened up and again I heard the whip lash slice the air this time I could hear the girl squeal as the door closed. Skeater, looking at us both, "Boss'll be in after a few minutes, he is taking care of some business." He gave Aluna a toothy smile after which she

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returned the smile, only with her soft female facial features slightly more appealing.

It was about five minutes later, that we saw Prato come in sweating and naked. It was obvious by looking at his still semi erect member, that he'd freshly fucked some girl. Likely, I thought to myself, it was the girl I heard being whipped. It was his favorite thing to whip and fuck a girl, behind him a stunning brunette wearing all black, was coiling a long whip. She came in and her eyes grew bright, and fixed on me, licking her lips once, "Prato, where have you been hiding this delightful blonde. And she's so sun bronzed too, but it looks like someone took a strap to her though..."

Prato looked at me and I lowered my eyes, he went over to me and yanked my hair back, "Put a bitch, looks to me like you been taken a 'lickin' ... in more ways than one, too." He let go of my hair and went over to Aluna, took a fist full of hers, "What happened to that one, slut?"

Swallowing hard, Aluna shivered enough to make her breasts quiver slightly, "She... she, was in training, Sir, doin' bear-hugs... some with me and..." She swallowed hard, "... Tanya, Sir..." Her voice trailed off.

Louisa looked at Aluna and turned up her nose in disgust, "I hope you weren't planning on dumping this one on me, Don Prato? In case you don't remember, you got her from me three years ago. But, I'll do this much, give me the blonde one, all she is good for is submission anyway, I can tell..."

The woman walked over to me and put her hand near my mouth, upon which I immediately took to nibbling on her fingers and sucking her thumb. I thought to myself, :I just want to be with women, my God women are actually turning me on more than men. Is that right of me to think that way?

"... See, Don Prato, she's definitely not a fighter. So, give me this one and the Nubian you mentioned in your letter and you can keep that one." She points to Aluna.

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Prato rubbed his jaw; he wanted that cunt out there on the porch. She's got more fightin' spirit in her than the blonde and her darkie companion, he thought. He looked back over his shoulder out onto the porch; the girl was sweating and struggling with the ropes. His eyes caught the side sway of her large breasts as she pulled against her bonds. A smile came over his lips, "Deal, Donna Louisa. The blonde and her darkie are yours, but what about the other one? What's wrong with her anyway?"

Louisa waived her hand once, "Oh her, why she's my entry into the contest of course. She licked that one on the porch six times straight. She's not for sale or fucking... for the moment that is. Unless, of course she loses, then well, I might consider her in exchange for Aluna here..." She jerked on Aluna's brown hair. "Don Prato, you don't look too happy, what is the matter?"

He never took his eyes off Aluna, "This one..." Going over to Aluna, he grabbed her hair and stuffed his cock into her mouth, "... needs to give me some attention."

Louisa smiled at his actions, "It's warm today, too warm for these clothes."

She took off her hat and walked toward me. I swallowed hard, looking up at her, and she looked down at me, "Stand up girl, and take my clothes off..." I did as I was told.

**Chapter 10**

Skeater had Aluna draped over a barrel and was fuckin' the hell out of her. Prato had pumped himself nearly dry into his new bitch Edwina. She was well muscled and built like a brick shit house as they use to say in the South, or so I noticed.

Before this little orgy had got started, Skeater had gone and brought Pearl over to the main house. I looked around after Prato had left to get a few more bottles of tequila, by now Louisa was naked, and a glorious sight indeed. Her body fit mine even better than Tanya or Aluna's did. I have some muscles, but not as many as either of those girls. We all started drinking, even Pearl joined in, about an hour later she looked at me just a bit tipsy, "Honey, I told you this girl lovin' is the best kind and our new mistress has a body to die for... I just love holdin's onto it..."

Louisa, now noticeably drunk, stood up staggered just a bit then picked up her crop coming back over to us and looking down at Pearl; taking another large drink of tequila she ordered, "You... Nubian P-Pearl or what've-a your all name is, spread um'..." Pearl looked concerned as she spread her legs. Louisa blinked drunkenly, "Wider!" Pearl spread them just a little bit wider. She took another drink, "I said, WIDER! SLUT!" She struck Pearl with the socket tip of the crop on the end of her clit. Pearl jumped and fought back the need to vomit with a cough and choke, but somehow managed to spread her legs wider, God love her.

With a look of wonder on her face, Louisa nodded, "Hey, that was quite a tap I just gave you on the tippy end of your thingy down there and you took it like a real woman, yessiree somethin' to be said for you black gals. Anyways, enuff-jabberin' you little Cassie blonde girlee go over and get clit to clit with her so's when I come around, I want both of your tongues in my cleft and don't stop clittin' each other or lickin' me until I come, understand or I'll have you both strung up by your tits!"

I scrambled over to Pearl and took a position so that my clit would be able to rub on hers. We started the action required by our

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mistress and Louisa strolled over, spread her lips as both of our tongues met her clit. We did what we had to do to make her come and in truth I was afraid that I would come first. My clit was still quite sensitive and Pearl's was so hot and wet.

While we rubbed and tongued away, Prato decided to fuck Aluna who was still over the barrel. When he stood up he took a long swig of tequila and picked up a razor strap. Going over to the barrel, Aluna draped over it with her ass well up in the air and her breasts flat against the splintery grain. He took the strap and before fucking her, he beat her ass several times it sounded wooden and hollow to me like he was knocking the breath out of her.

Edwina was on all fours sucking on Skeater's hard dong. Her firm breasts swayed up and down as she mouth fucked his cock. I saw her reach up and massage his balls to try and make him come quicker. He sensed her action and took a strip of leather used on a horse's bridle, about four feet long, stiff and coarse on one side. He flicked it allowing it to slither across her back to wrap over both of her breasts. Under her breath, she whimpered at the effects of the lash, "Ooowww, hump..." I was hard for her to cry out with his cock in her mouth.

I sensed that this new girl of Prato's was responsive to the whip apparently more so than either Pearl or me. We focused on Louisa's climax and tried to keep ourselves from moaning in pure delight, as it has been a long while since I enjoyed my former slave, now sister in slavery.

Fucking and licking all night long and well into the morning hours of the next day I woke up in Pearl's arms with Louisa's left hand on my ass. Edwina and Aluna were nipple to nipple and Prato was spooned against Edwina's ass while Skeater was likewise spooned against Aluna's butt. My head was ready to explode, but I guess since our trade it was up to Louisa to give us orders. I figured that we were no longer a part of Prato's training sessions, but soon I would find out.

A couple of hours later, after we'd eaten with our new mistress, she took some pity on our condition from last night. We chatted about female things, it was nice to have a more understanding owner or so

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we thought. Louisa spoke up, "Well my new girls, I've always wanted a blonde and a black sexually but tell me, how are you two related in all this?" She took a fork full of eggs and potatoes gesturing around the breakfast table at Prato's house.

Pearl nodded to me, "Go ahead missy, I'ze just y'all's nigga gal?" I smiled sheepishly, "Mistress, you see I... well... it's like this... Pearl belongs to me. I... we... were traveling west, to California. We couldn't join up with a wagon train because of Pearl's color, especially since I was a white girl and all traveling alone with her, so we sat out on our own and got quite a ways along with the help of a drover and his herd. After we had crossed the picket wire we were left on our own, few days on the trail and we came to six wagons that'd been attacked. It was some kind of trap and the next thing either of us knew, we were standing naked and on inspection at Prato's ranch."

She took a bite of her eggs, "All naked, eh? How about your side of it, girl?" She looked at Pearl. Pearl was uneasy at telling stories, "Well, mistress, it's like Cassie said, we..." Louisa never missed a bite, "Pick up at the naked part! Okay?"

Pearl chewed her food and swallowed quickly, "Well, we weren't naked all the time, at first. Prato has this rule about being given clothing twice per year and it is up to us to take care of it. But, we were assigned to work in his mine and it is hot and full of sulfur and such, we worked in there naked to keep our clothing from wearing out too quickly."

I leaned over for the salt, I handed it to Louisa, she nodded and thanked me, I smiled and Pearl handed her the pepper. Louisa added the spices as she spoke, "Made you work naked, did he?" I looked at Pearl and then at her, "Yes, mistress, he did." I wasn't sure where she was going with this, but I found out soon enough.

Putting her fork down, and nodding for us to listen to her and eat ourselves she shook her hair a bit and stiffened her back making her breasts stick out with their rock hard nipples pointing upward. Blinking twice, she settled in, "I'm a demanding woman. You will come to serve me and be my devoted slaves." She looked directly at

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me, "Blondes are a bit scarce around here and I've had my heart set on one ever since that chief Sonderak took the one I had away in a challenge. She was a full body blonde, blue-eyed Amazon with the biggest tits and the roundest ass you'd ever did see. I even offered to take a whippin' from him if he'd just not take her." She smiled and gave me a kind of short laugh, "He used her for a pony girl actually rode her around like she was a filly. I went over to his camp a few months later, he had changed his view of her a little, while some young squaw rode his cock like a broom handle, I'd saw where he'd had her yoked, harnessed and pulling on a plow out in a corn field sweating, naked and pregnant. It that wasn't enough, a couple of his squaws poked her along to keep pace with a pair of sticks. What a waste of a luscious blonde female." She took a serious look at me, "If I ever catch either of you with a belly all swollen up from riding one of these pigs, I swear I'll crucify you by your ankles... literally..." Her eyes were like fire, "... understand me?"

We both swallowed hard, "We do mistress." I said as I looked at Pearl who rolled her eyes, reminding me to tell her about Prato and Oro's whippin' and fuckin' session of a couple of weeks ago; "But, mistress, before we leave here with you, I think you should know that Prato and Oro whipped us and gave is both a hard fuckin' about two weeks ago. I don't think we're..." I paused a moment, "... in 'that way' you understand, but it might be that we both can swell up..."

Louisa settled back with a smile, "I like your cute little term, 'that way'... what way do you mean, child? Do you want to keep talking to me like I was a member of your family tea social or something?" She blinked her eyes almost coy like, "... or would you rather confess your crime and take a punishment like a devoted slave? Either way I'm going gives you both a good whipping!" She held up her hand, she had more; "Let me rephrase this, what I'll do to you before, during and after your whipping depends upon how you confess to me, understand better now?"

My heart began to beat fast, I had to think of something to try and ease her obvious anger, "Mistress, please you must understand, we may not be pregnant. Since we've been here, we were both taken several times and our periods came on schedule... for both of us."

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Looking over at Pearl, then back at me, Louisa frowned a bit, "Well, just when is your next period due, girls?"

Pearl gave her a respectful, white toothed smile, "In about a week."

The woman who was now our mistress put her tongue in her cheek, "A week eh? Kind of puts that last bout with them on the line doesn't it?" We nodded to her, with respectful looks on our faces, she continued, "All right, here's how with you two. My ranch is a farm, a little like chief Sonderak's village. Not at all like this mine thing you two have been working at. If either or both of you are preggio, it'll be off to the mill with each of you where you'll both grind and toil at the heavy stone, turning it daily for ten hours each day, but not on Sunday, you can rest that day. There's only shade there half the day, the other half is in full exposure to a very hot sun; and, you'll submit to whatever 'caprice' I desire to put you through. You'll be as naked as the day you were born, no exceptions. I don't care how humiliated, broken and haggard you look. The one solace, I will allow you is plenty of oil to keep your skin from drying out and cracking."

She looked at me as if expecting an answer, I gave her one, nicely put of course, "Yes, mistress, I take the sun quite well as you can see I'm almost as dark as Aluna over there, but not as dark as my Pearl, of course. See..." I showed her my nipples again, "... how my nipples turn almost as dark as my skin when I'm out in the sun a lot."

Pearl looked at me and shook her head as if to quiet down my mouth, I wished I'd have paid attention to her. Louisa smiled, "Mouthy little thing ain't ya, well, we'll just have to see how dark your nipples can get now won't we?" Louisa reached over and gave each of them a near death squeeze between her fingers and thumbs. It was all I could do to keep from fainting dead away, then she let go as she spoke, "... my yes they are darker now than they were. Take a look Pearl, see, nice and dark... why, I think they are swelling up and turning a very angry looking dark red, don't you think so?" Pearl nodded and looked at my nipples with a slight flicker of hunger in her eyes, she'd liked to suck 'em that was for sure.

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Louisa took a drink of juice, sat the glass down, "You know, Pearl, where I come from, when a girl makes a comment about how her nipples can turn dark in the sun, why we just let her prove it." She looked at me, "My dear, dear, Carrie is it?" I nodded, she continued, "Yes, well, Carrie how about if you show me, excuse me, us..." She indicated Pearl and the rest who might wish to learn, "... just how well your nipples do darken in the sun. Pearl, I want this little twat standing facing the sun, with her arms drawn up by her thumbs. Fix her so that her legs are spread and her held apart by stakes with her big toes tied to them and I want her to get plenty of sun today. Oh, you can oil her down and keep her well oiled and on display facing the sun all day long then give me a progress report on her every hour. Give her plenty of water, I don't want her dying of thirst, I just want to see how 'dark' her nipples get from the sun. If they're not dark by tonight, tomorrow she'll go back out and every day until they are nice and dark. I want to see them get nice and dark, just like you told me, Cassie." She said to the both of us with a smile on her face.

Not a cloud in sky, I could feel the sun beginning to take a strong position in the mid morning hour, I was bound to one of Prato's 'A' frame rape racks. Pearl looked up and over at me as she put on plenty of oil, she smiled looking in my eyes, "She didn't say I couldn't give you some relief standin' here strung up all naked and exposed like this." Pearl's eyes were soft; she had plenty of oil on herself and me as well. Snuggling closer, she took a handful of the oil and applied it to my exposed sex. She fingered my still swollen clit and it made me squirm. I looked up with my eyes closed and slightly opened them to see the blue expanse of sky overhead. It was hot, and Pearl's fingers were making me hotter. I could feel the sun licking my nipples, or was it Pearl, I dare not know, as my clit was about to explode as I felt the heat building up down there and on the tips of my nipples. It was ghastly hot, I rolled my head and tugged at my strung up thumbs. I was so naked and exposed... I was feeling the heat of Pearl's finger and the quivering chatter of my hind teeth coming together. The explosion of my orgasm was near I was breathing harder, "Oh, OOOH... OOOH... AAA! AAA! AAAH! ARRGGHHH! NNNAAA! AAHH! AAHHA! Oh, AAA! AAA!" I could still feel the heat, the awful heat that drove my orgasm out of me, exposed and bare... I slumped slightly.

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A rude awakening woke me up from another induced orgasm; I felt the burning impact of a strap across my nipples. I immediately responded with a gasp, "NAAA! AAA! Not that oh, please, not that, my poor nipples..." My breasts heaved against the strap and my nipples burned even deeper than before. The nipples were turgid, rock hard and red as paint glistening up to be kissed by the sun all day.

Louisa walked away, looking up at the sky, "Hot enough today, hot enough indeed so Pearl come over here, I think you were just as much at fault here doing her like that. Put your hands behind your head and face the sun, face upward, eyes closed." With a similar force, Louisa landed the strap across Pearl's nipples five times. Her chest heaved causing her breasts to sway uncontrollably with the force of the strap. Pearl bit her tongue so as to not make any noise, but she did give off a muted gasp, that made her open and close her mouth, with nothing coming out. Both of her firm nipple buds popped up hard and tall.

Louisa coiled the strap once, "Pearl stand there like you are and the two of you will have to just bear up to the elements until I return." She smiled as she went back inside the cabin.

**Chapter 11**

Pearl came and tended to me several times during the day, afterwards I would drift off to sleep, it seemed she woke me up in time to give me water, food and whatever else. The late afternoon came only too slow as Pearl had just woke me up again in time for Louisa to check up on me and for the others to come back from their day of training. I must have been quite a sight to those returning, a bare blonde, all sunburned and exposed for everyone to see. I know I have big enough tits for everyone to gawk at, that much I have learned. Louisa openly fondled my oiled breasts, already sensitive enough from their extended exposure, she smiled, "Well, you do really have nice firm tits. In many ways they're a lot like my prized Amazon's, but hers may have been a bit larger, but I know your nipples are bigger and more... responsive..."

I couldn't help their getting hard under her manipulations of them. As she continued to fondle them, the oil began to rub off and they got increasingly tender with her continued fondling. I moaned, "Oooh, they're... umm... kind of... umm... AAA... ahhh... tender... please mistress..."

She looked at them getting increasingly harder, and redder, "Well, all right I'll let go of them, so that they can soak up the last of these delightful rays. What I do notice is that your nipples are almost the same color as your skin. Which has taken on a most sumptuous looking reddish brown color, has to be sunburn with the kind of exposure you've been subjected to today. I think tomorrow you will take another day of this... sun... and this time you'll expose all sides to it. Yes, dear one, put away that pout, it won't be pleasant when you have to... face it again..." She smiled, "But I think I'll give you some company, all day tomorrow" Louisa looked at Pearl and grinned, "... yes, some dark company..." Her words stung us both.

The other women passed by drinking in the sight of my displayed nudity. I saw Aluna pass by, she smiled softly at me and looked over at Dove as Tanya walked by, seductively blowing me a kiss and never taking her eyes off me. She pouted her lip as if to say silently, 'poor little cunt all exposed and on display like a side of meat'.

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She rubbed her breasts making them distend and reshape slightly with her hands taking her nipples between the fingers of each of her hands, and pulled hard on them. This action also caused her breasts to distend and misshape slightly, when she let go of them her breasts bounced back to their natural shapely form, jiggling as she walked casually along.

That night, after dinner, was my first real discipline encounter with my new mistress. She sent me to her room early, where I was to await her in a slave submissive posture; the wait was somewhat long, but not that long before she came in with Pearl. What took me aback was the posture I saw imposed on Pearl: it defied description, Louisa had Pearl fixed into a slut harness, complete with pressure rings and clips. There was one large spoon that I saw, and it was secured in the area of her bladder, pressing firmly down into it.

What was cruel was the way Louisa had fixed each of the pressure rings. Two of them circled the ends of her breasts, causing them to distend each of her nipples a good two inches outward, the remaining pressure ring was placed holding open the lips of her sex, forcing her clit to dangle and glisten in total exposure. Obviously, Louisa had pierced it, mounting a large gold stud that caused it to distend even more. Having put a tight cuff spreader between her ankles made Pearl walk shamefully sprawl-legged with her back arched on a tight strut, which also held her wrists outward by their forearms clamping them palm up, she looked like she was in supplication. The strut made her breasts distend even more and Louisa had fitted her with a mouth bit, which hauled her head back making it even more difficult for her to walk normally.

I gasped, "Oh, dear..." I looked at her, but she couldn't see me. I could tell she knew I was present as she tried to swallow and she blinked her eyes once. The action made her mouth a breathy, swallow, "Ach... ass... aak..."

Louisa came in not looking at me at all; she led Pearl to a position so that I could plainly see her, and then dropped the leash she was leading her in with. Going over to the dresser she undid her bodice, lace, stays, and undressed down to total nudity. She really was

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a lovely sight, her black hair long and shiny; turning full front to me, I could see the fullness of her breasts and the hardness of her nipples. She spread her legs slightly, "Well, now, it's been a long time since I could enjoy two of my favorite types of girls; a lush sun-ripe blonde and a sopping nigress..." Her eyes were filled with lust and desire.

Walking slowly over to Pearl, she picked up the leash and yanked Pearl about a little bit, "Look will you Cassie, at the moisture just drippin' outta her?" She pointed to Pearl's distended clitoris.

I pretended that I didn't notice it before, "Oh, mistress, yes she is so wet. I love..." *SLAP* Her hand found my face just as I was speaking.

Grabbing my hair, "Don't speak until you are told to, understand? Little cunt! Neither of you are out of the woods yet so to speak, until you get your periods. I think each day I am left waiting will be a day in which you both shall suffer some caprice that I shall devise. Yes, you will both suffer, either the whip, or maybe on my saddle..." Which she pointed to in a corner that had two special prongs mounted into it. "... Yes, each of you will have a turn on the saddle... You know my other blonde lover, her name was Lisa, hated my saddle. I used to have this little game that I'd play with her when she'd ride it, I called it smack the bag. It was best played while blind folded kind of like that piñata game kids have, only I'd put a cage over her head so that I didn't hit that part of her. Course, you just might guess what I was striking at? I could always tell when I scored a direct hit. It was like I hit a wine bag or a loaf of bread. I could even tell when I got a nipple, they were so hard it was like striking a pebble with that stick..." Going over by the dresser, she brought back a stick, "... just like this one." There was a glimmer in her eye.

An hour later, Pearl was on her knees, she could hear me far easier than she could see me, "... naaah, oh no, not again..." *SNUCK* "Aack! AAA! Oh... please..." *SNUCK* I shook my head at the pain, "AAA! OH! GOD! NOOO!!! You're splitting my nipples, I can feel 'um... splitting..." Both of my breasts ached and bounced about, displaying obscene red welts across their centers. My nipples must be

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swollen to twice their normal size. The sunburn on them didn't make it any better...

Turning her back to me, Louisa went over to Pearl and flicked the rod against her distended clit. It made Pearl squeal just for Louisa to touch it with the stick, in a deep throaty groan she sighed, "Eeeuuah..."

Looking at Pearl's twisted facial expressions as Louisa rubbed the stick a couple of more times against her distended clit, her mouth opened slightly. She commented, "You two bitches sure are sensitive." Louisa turned and walked slowly over to me, I squirmed on the 'saddle' with both of those dongs of hers well up my insides. I felt full as if I was takin' a fuckin' or a kind self imposed rape; Louisa raked the stick up and down across my hard nipples I winced when she did. She showed me the stick, commenting as she held it up, "See no blood, they're not split at all, oh though they must have felt like it I'm sure..." With the word sure, she nailed them both with another 'good one' as she called the stroke.

I shuddered and hissed air between my teeth, almost took myself up by my wrists, which were tied and hooked on a rope that dangled down, lifting me off the dongs in the saddle even with my feet dangling about two feet off the floor. Louisa liked the way I would curl my toes when she beat my nipples, she told me in a whisper that it was a cute trait of mine. My forehead crisped at her comment, and there was a pause where I just sat slowly back down with my mouth open looking up squinting at the water stained ceiling. Finally, I caught my breath and let out another squeal, "EEEEAAAYA! Oooh, please... it hurts so much..."

Louisa shook her head, "Nonsense girl, let me show you what hurt is really like!" She took one step backward toward Pearl all the while looking me in the eyes as she flicked the rod up and into Pearl's gaping cunt scoring a direct hit on her distended clit. Pearl's eyes squinted closed and her tongue worked with futility against the bit. She went into an uncontrollable spasm that made her fight against her bonds. If Pearl had not been bound, I swear she would have torn the room up the pain must have been that gut wrenching. The only sound I

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heard her make was a muted gurgle, it sounded like she had choked on saliva or something. I could see that the pain must have subsided since her facial expressions began to return to more normal ones.

Our new mistress held both hands up, one hand still holding the rod, she took a couple of steps back over to me, "See, girl, that's real pain... and, oh, you shall feel it someday. Just like she did... but, I have another plan for you, right now I think..."

A little less than an hour later, I found myself bound standing with outstretched arms and spread legs, not quite a spread-eagle but close enough. I looked back over my shoulders. Pearl was now free of her restrictions, but I noticed that her clit was peeking out from between the lips of her sex a bit more than usual, and her nipples seemed longer than before. I felt myself starting to sweat and looking over my other shoulder as I noticed Louisa began putting a lot of oil on Pearl so that she glistened quite provocatively. Then she handed the bottle to Pearl who coated Louisa with the stuff from head to toe and the two of them finally applied a goodly amount to me. It was Louisa who came over to me first and rubbed her body against mine. The oil made our bodies slip delightfully together pressed her sex firmly into me and rubbing her breasts across mine. Though I couldn't return the caresses, I could tell the two women were enjoying my openly spread body.

After about half an hour, each of us had spent ourselves several times within the limits of the activities we took part in. Louisa got another of her perverse ideas, while I was left bound in front of them. Her enjoyment of Pearl gave vent to her decision to have Pearl whip me.

Louisa stood and went over to her dresser, taking out a very unusual looking whip. Sitting down on the bed, she explained it, "This is an eel skin whip. I had this one made special for me when I was in South America, right after I saw a demonstration of it used on a naked sugar girl. Notice the handle is in the shape of a male organ..." She showed it to Pearl and let her hold it. Pearl looked at me and smiled slightly. "... The whip itself is made entirely of the skin of eels."

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Pearl handled the eel skin: it felt kind of soft, but firm in texture and slightly thin. Louisa yanked it away from Pearl, coiled it up a couple of times as she stood up and walked over to me, fingering my right nipple as she spoke, "This whip leaves few marks actually, the worst being what they called a 'string of pearls', a kind of faint tracing actually that if you look closely, they resemble small bubbles of moisture that form in a line following the line the whip took across the skin. Sometimes, these pearls turn a pink or red, depending on how much exposure the person being whipped has had, you know where the sun brings the blood up to the surface of the skin. That is what gives you white bitches the color you call sunburn. Anyway, the down side to this whip for the person being whipped with it is that it hurts like blue blazes, I mean a bone chilling kind of hurt that, tied the way you are sweet cakes, makes you teeth chatter and etches into you a deep form of humiliation, exposure, pain, pleasure, and just a touch of lust."

"I took a whipping with this very whip from its maker, you know to test it out. The maker was born an Inca woman, chiseled features dark lust in her eyes. Had me bare ass between two trees, outside with my hair blowing in the wind, she slithered this around me about fifteen or twenty times... maybe it was twenty five, I don't know since I lost count after I fainted from the first six. When I woke up, the same little hot nipped sugar slave that I saw getting whipped earlier was cutting me down, and she smiled at me. I thought I was sliced to ribbons, but all I saw was one or two faint lines, those 'string of pearls' I told you about and that was it. She handed me a bottle of Tequila then her and I strolled off to her village hut buck naked and didn't sober up for two days." Louisa walked a few paces fingering the whip all the time she spoke. I was shivering already from anticipation of it, and I just knew in my heart that she intended on using that thing on me tonight.

It all began with her shaking it in my face, "I've decided that you're going to take a whipping from this tonight, here and now from Pearl. You know why you're going to be whipped?" Before I could reply she answered, "Because I've always wanted to watch a black girl whip a blonde girl while I take myself off to the action. Well, you both belong to me and are the only ones in the area." With a slight smile on her face, "There is just one thing, honey... in your exposed condition you're goin' to just hate this thing my darling blonde slave-girl! Why,

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because it hurts somethin' awful on a sunburn, but oh don't you worry you 'self none, it won't take your skin off, it's just gonna feel like it is..." She handed it to Pearl, "...now my ebony beauty... snake her with it and snake her good... don't stop until I tell you to, understand!"

Pearl nodded and took up her position. Before she started to whip me, she waited for Louisa to lay herself back down on the bed. Spreading her legs, she began to finger herself; it was then I saw her nod to Pearl. I gave Pearl an understanding look; she knew it'd hurt. Her first stroke wrapped itself around my middle. Louisa was right it cut me in two, "NAAAHH!"

Another one followed it, but Pearl was slow about it, and easy in her delivery, "NAAAHH!" I shuddered and struggled a little bit it made my breasts quiver.

Pearl landed another one, "NAAAHH!" I raised my head up and yanked hard against my wrist bonds. It was God-awful, as I couldn't hear it coming; it was a silent, painful thing.

The next one coiled itself under my right arm, across both of my nipples and landed around again just at the lower side curve of none other than my right breast. It just seemed to cling to me as if to suck on my sore nipples a while. It burned worse than the rod on my raw buds; I reared up and struggled, feeling Pearl try to loosen its grip. She pulled harder on it and it finally released dragging its rough side across my skin leaving a red line in its path. Oh, this one drew blood, I just knew it, but it didn't. I screamed, "YAAARGH! OH, GOD MY TITS! AAA!" I shook my head looking back over my shoulder at Pearl who had a pitiful look on her face. I saw Louisa still on the bed, fingering her clit in a disgustingly obscene manner.

I could tell that this was a perverse scene, a naked black girl whipping an equally naked and harshly sunburned blonde, while their mistress fingered herself to orgasm. I realized then and there that as Pearl used this whip on me, I must have been giving contortions not generally seen by most slave girls taking such a whipping. I know that I bucked and heaved my breasts making them bounce and shimmy while the tip of the whip licked my rock hard and sunburned nipples.

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My clit was not exempt from the whip's tongue... not at all. I felt several of the strokes pass upward between the lips of my sex to kiss my tender swollen meat with fire. These strokes would make me shiver inside and one of them actually made me pee, so it must have struck my pee hole dead on. I tried to stop it, but while I was being whipped, it was all I could do to struggle to keep from fainting. I am not sure which strokes they were, but a few of them actually made me hit the orgasm button, just to try and relieve the pain. My body must look like a zebra, I thought to myself when the gap between the strokes seemed long enough that I could begin to think that maybe the whipping had finally stopped. To me, this duration seemed like a week of pain, but it was only a few minutes long in reality. I was cherry red all over as I hung in a near faint still obscenely spread for my mistress' view.

*Prato looked away from the hole in the wall where he could watch the women in secret, shaking his head, he thought to himself... Fuckin' cunt whore sluts ... he looked again in the hole. He saw the Nubian continue to lash the blonde, the whole time her body displaying red on red welts on top of a deep reddish brown skin. Prato had witnessed this type of thing before from Louisa. There were times when he wished he had her back in his service. Closing his eyes he recalled a few evenings he'd spent with her. Each one always had some slave girl suffering while they fucked. Looking down he sniggered a bit, remembering the fact she hated it so much when the girls would get pregnant; the mill out by the bunkhouse was her idea. It was so odd, though, he recalled to himself, that Louisa never got pregnant at all.*

**Chapter 12**

Pearl and I suffered the next day under another cloudless sky; oh God how awful it is to get sunburn on top of sunburn. It has that awful deep burn to it, and my nipples fairly ached as did my clit which seemed to be taking an additional amount due to the fact Louisa had peeled back my lips to make sure it soaked up more than its share of the glare.

It was just about mid morning when one of the house girls, Lola, bare as new born was dragged out by Louisa; she had a fist full of Lola's hair as the girl stumbled and squealed behind Louisa's grip. Dragging her closer to us, Louisa slammed the girl up against an erect post about 5 yards from me. In a few moments, Louisa had the girl up by her thumbs, with her ankles staked wide apart and a sharpened stake propped against her back. The last thing I saw Louisa do to the girl was the most cruel of all, she wedged a crested piece of wood directly against the girl's cleft after carefully prying apart her lips to expose her slightly puffed clit. I squinted slightly as I saw the wedge shaped edge fitted directly against the girl's tender meat. I could hear her sigh as she settled forward against the wood taking some of the pressure of the sharp stick off her back.

Louis looked at me, smiled then looked over at Pearl and gave her an even deeper smile. I saw the girl swoon again and stiffen as the wood at her cleft dug in a bit harder, Louisa made sure the sharp stake remained in an irritating position forcing the girl to torture her sex instead of running the stake into her back.

Not noticing it because of all the commotion, Louisa had brought the harness out with her and now moved toward Pearl, bringing the thing into view. For the first time, since I had seen Pearl wearing it before I was whipped with the eel skin, I could get a better idea of its true purpose. It wasn't as large as I had first imagined, since it was constructed mostly of small, but strong chain links. Two of the rings had progressively smaller rings inside, spring clipped, these were the ones that I recall Pearl's nipples being fitted into. The larger ring at the lower point had been fitted with small clip-like hooks, not exactly fishing hooks, but equally cruel. This ring, when properly fitted and

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adjusted on a girl, forced her lips to spread wide, and the hook-like clips acted like 'ten' fingers holding them apart, exposing the wearer's clit and all openings. The harness was adjusted from the large back ring, and once placed and adjusted properly, fit so snugly that it left the girl almost more nakedly exposed than before it was put on her. For some reason I have yet to understand in its entirety, Louisa liked to put Pearl in this thing. I suppose because Pearl's breasts, nipples and sex seemed to be a natural for this device. Logically speaking, Louisa must have used it on other women, but my guess is that no one could wear this thing in as enticingly lovely a manner as Pearl.

Pearl cowered away as Louisa approached her dangling the harness. She licked Pearl's swollen areolas and sucked firmly on her left tit, obviously noticing that the tips of Pearl's nipples were red from the harsh exposure. Looking at me while she spoke to Pearl, "I'll take you down from this punishment, but you have to wear my harness."

I saw Pearl sweating and not sure of her answer, so I answered for her, "Leave us alone you bitch! We belong to you, yes, but we don't need..."

Immediately Louisa stepped on my words, "Bitch did you call me? You mouthy little cunt! For that, you will hold a torture stone... no, two torture stones and I'll be right back. Think I'm a bitch do you, well my blonde beauty, by the time I'm finished with you, not only will you have a new understanding of the term 'bitch', but you will wish that this 'bitch' had never heard your remark." She turned and left for the house.

Pearl looked over at me, and blinked then spoke, "Missy... you didn't have to go and get you-self into trouble over me. I'd have put that thing on again, it wasn't so's bad as all that!"

For the first time I realized that I might have spoken when I should have listened. It was only a few minutes before Louisa came back out holding a small basket. Taking two smooth looking rocks out she put them on top of a post in the sun. She then walked up to me and gave me a stern look, "Okay, this bitch will give you something to think about." She reached inside the basket and came up with two

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more, relatively smooth, river stones. They were about the size of a couple of eggs, and nearly that shape, holding one up for me to see, she spoke, "This, blonde one, is a torture stone..." Louisa rotated it around a little, then continued, "A long time ago, when the early Spanish arrived, a few of the outlying tribes had made little changes in their lifestyle keeping some of the old practices alive and openly active. One of them being the punishment of a mouthy female by inserting these inside of her vagina while she was bound about like you are now; if she kept them inside of her, then her words were considered true and she just suffered the time she had to hold them. If on the other hand, she dropped them out, then she was placed on a torture rack by having her wrists tied securely to the ground, while her legs were spread with a cross strut and that was tied to a bent over sapling, then the sapling was released causing the girl to be terribly racked... oh, and her vagina was once again stuffed with more of these stones. I have heard tell, that some girls could feel the pain of these things in their belly buttons and a few have even said they could feel them coming out of their mouths while they hung stretched upside down.

"You sorry ass little twat, by the time I am finished with you... you will worship every pebble I piss on. You think you have suffered with that little whipping I gave you and this..." She looked up into the sky, squinted then looked back down at me, "... sunbath. Like I said, I am shifting gears into bitch punishment, and in truth, the only bitch around here right now is blonde and about to have her cunt stone bruised."

I was shaking I was so scared, I watched her go over and pick up the two stones she'd left on the top of the post, and when she picked them up, she handled them like they were hot, and they were. The only mercy she allowed me was coating them with light castor oil, but before she shoved them up inside of me, she rubbed each of them against my clit and I could feel the hot edge penetrate. I rolled my eyes up, and out of sheer reaction I screamed, "NAAH!!! AAA! NOOO!!! OH GOD IT HURTS!!! PLEASE!!! THEY ARE SCORCHING MY INSIDES!!!"

Louisa smiled as she slipped the remaining one inside, and with my loud protests, she put her hand over my lower tummy where she

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could feel the twin stones clicking together like she'd inserted a couple of Chinese Baoding balls. Patting my tummy, Louisa smiled at me, "Now, you have two choices, let them fall, and suffer more, or hold them in. Let me warn you about something, once they are inside you, your own body will want to expel them, and the difficult thing will be keeping them inside. So, let me give you a small piece of advice, think muscle control. Concentrate with all your focus and you just might be able to hold them in. If you don't, and so much as even drop one, then I suggest you drop them both, because when I get back and even one of them is out; woe to you girlie girl..." and turned to leave when Lola spoke out a softly spoken comment.

At first it didn't look like Louisa was going to give Lola much open concern, as she walked a couple of steps over and picked up a flexible switch, swinging it about making wispy sound. SWIT Louisa went back to Lola and with deadly accuracy, she landed five swift strikes with the switch across Lola's bouncing breasts. The twin cones were laced with red streaks that I could see from my position. Lola squirmed and wiggled as the switch made her breasts jiggle and the wood punished her smooth cleft. Louisa tossed the switch away, speaking loud enough for us to hear, "Little Apache cunt! Just have to have the last word, don't you?" Louisa shook her finger at Lola, then continued her shout, "Oh, you little... I'll make a believer out of you! Say that to my face will you?" Louisa was shaking mad, as she looked over at Prato's tool shed. Moving swiftly, she returned with a hammer and several shiny square head nails. Open palmed she showed Lola the nails, and continued her shout with an angry glare in her eyes, "I will make you wish you'd have never been born a squaw cunt, I'm going to nail your lips to that board!" With those words she took the hammer and began to pound one nail after another into the lips of Lola's sex directly to the board on both sides. She stretched the girl's tender skin enough with those nails that even from my viewpoint, it looked like her smooth cleft formed a miniature tent over the sharp crested chunk of wood. After the last nail had been driven, she straightened back up and tossed her hair back, "There now! All fixed and riding that thing like the crass little cunt you are! Be thankful that I didn't shove a pain peg up there first! Next time... you think about that! Next time you mouth off to me, I'll put a pain peg up you made out of salt!" She tossed the hammer down and stormed back inside.

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I looked over at Pearl, "Glad I didn't get on her bad side." Pearl rolled her eyes. I then looked over at Lola and asked, "What did you tell her?"

Lola rolled her eyes my way, then closed them and rolled them back, "No white woman would understand... just leave me alone."

I was dying of curiosity, "Look, Lola I've met you in the mines, and so I know your name..." Suddenly I felt a cramp down in my own guts, "AAA! Oh, AAA! WOW! OH! AAA! HELP! ... I have to hold these things in... my insides... whew!"

Lola started to shift her weight slightly, then she closed her eyes in deep pain, and after a few seconds she adjusted herself, "A-AAA! Oh, Louisa sure knows how to handle a hammer, whew... AAA... oh, whew..." She rolled her head slowly my way swallowed hard, "Another of Louisa's cute little displays of power." She nodded slightly, then gave a relatively painful cough, "Ahem, UMMM AAA! Whew..." Lola shook her disheveled hair softly, which blew about in the wind. She went on, "You have it worse than you realize girl... she put Apache torture stones inside of you, two to be sure... Oh, when it comes right down to it, all the tribes have them and, yes I am a tribal girl, and yes again I have suffered having those stuffed inside of me." Lola shifted slightly, "AAA!" Her head shook slightly while her hind teeth chattered together as she rolled her eyes upward. I saw her lips curled into a spasm, which made her spit slightly as she tried to control her breathing. My eyes went down to the board that her sex had tented so neatly, and I saw a stream of yellow piss roll down the sides. Lola's head was rolling about, obviously in pain as she pissed against the hard wood. When she was finished and had caught her breath, she looked at me, smiled slightly, "She crested the tip of the board with salt, no pain peg though... but that salt still makes my pee hole tender and my clit sting like it was beaten with a sharp flit rod." I swallowed hard.

I had guessed the passage of the next hour to be more like two days, but Louisa came out to tend to us. What surprised me was that she was buck and bare foot naked. It took a minute for me to

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comprehend since the torture stones were definitely in the back of my mind. It was for the first time that I really studied my new owner... Louisa was in her thirties, maybe five years older than me at the most. Her stature was Spanish, but there clearly was some Indian blood in her. I wouldn't call her a Mexican, because she had a definite European flair to her. Black as coal hair, her skin had a silky bronze sheen to it, her facial features were European except for her lips which were slightly thicker than most Europeans of Spanish heritage.

One of her more noticeable features was the size and shape of her full breasts, tipped with quite large almost thimble shaped dark nipples, they did not sag, but looking at her you would think that she had spent some time with her breasts weighted down by some imposed punishment. Each one of her nipples had been looped with a large gold ring that had to weigh about 3 ounces each. There was another one in her clit that made it peek out from between her hairless lips. Were the rings there for implementation of some other form of torture; I wondered? Looking at her well-formed ass cheeks that tapered to somewhat narrow hips, completed by one of the smoothest mounds of Venus that I have ever seen. This woman had some kind of past that left her a vessel of cruelty, with lusts that I had not even begin to discover.

Picking up this and that, she worked along at various chores, just as naked as the day she was born and not acting like any one had a care in the world. My guts rumbled again, and I could feel the muscles in my sex spasm slightly, and I moaned as quietly as I could. My level of consciousness was drifting when I suddenly felt Louisa's ringed nipple against me, she was holding up a ladle of water. I opened my eyes, and looked at her face close to mine, she spoke, "Drink?" I did and swallowed the entire thing. It was refreshing, and she went about giving each of us water, as if that was her duty. I wondered for a few minutes if this woman was really all together sane.

Louisa continued to work at this and that, including rolling a large barrel out in front of us. She looked at me and then over at Pearl, then at the barrel, "What do you think? I mean this is the perfect device for a whipping... look." With that surprise sentence, she draped herself over the barrel, gripping the sides and exposing her backside completely. Then standing up she looked at it, then over at us, "How

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about this..." She then laid with her back against it, forcing herself into a reverse arch upward, leaving the ring in her clit to shimmer in the sun. She let herself remain displayed like that for several minutes. Even in my hurting state, I wanted to just fall on her and grind my sex into hers and even feel this, I'd swear, new gold ring of hers.

In a few minutes, Louisa rose up, and spoke, as she stood up right, "Like my new rings?" She put her thumbs in the two large nipple rings, then removed her right thumb and put her right index finger in her clit ring. She had a different attitude than I recalled earlier, and she continued her thought, "Master Prato insisted that I wear these, and I wanted to show them off to you both. Well, back to work..." She moved slowly back inside the adobe.

I looked at Pearl who was wide eyed, then over at Lola where I noticed her laughing to herself. I asked Lola, "What is it with her, and those rings?"

Lola looked over at me, having adjusted slightly to her punishment, "I actually belong to Prato, and Louisa decided to punish me. Prato obviously saw what had happened to me, and took some action with Louisa such as I guess putting her in a set of rings and forcing her to go about outside for about an hour showing them off all bare assed like that. If they are anything like the others she's had to wear in the past, she'll have them on for a while. But, you two are going to have a set of them put on you, maybe not now not this minute, but soon enough. I do recall that Louisa likes doing the girl-girl thing, and when it is forced with ring bondage. About an hour of it and you will be in tears, I guarantee it."

Looking at Lola, my mind immediately jumped at the concept of ring bondage, "What do you mean, ring bondage?"

Lola smiled, "Simple blonde girl, think about it, you and Louisa both wearing rings in your nipples and sex, then you two are linked together face to face. Every time you move, every time you shuffle, the rings jerk and yank on either your nipples or your clit on all at the same time. The same thing happens to Louisa... believe me, it won't take long before the two of you are squealing in orgasms. The only

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thing damning about that is the action never goes away. You both just keep stimulating each other, over and over again, until your clits and nipples are so sensitive that any movement at all brings upon wave after wave of uncontrollable nerve punishment. I've seen girls locked in those things for several hours, peeing and coming all over each other, with such swollen nipples and clits that I thought they'd never be separated again."

"Louisa learned to love that kind of torture with another girl. I first met her when I served an eight-year sentence down in Mexico in the Xua' Xua women's prison. The new government accused me and sent me up for trafficking in stolen gems. This was not an ordinary jail, but a prison for hard labor, hard line chain gangs, floggings, brandings, and severe torture the likes of which none of you can imagine. Louisa had been a prisoner there herself at one time, and because of special services and what they called good behavior she was elevated to head matron. Prato was the Warden of this little club. Most of the prisoners were Indian girls like me, a few were Mexicans, and fewer yet, and North Americans like you two. Louisa had this cross set up in the main courtyard I believe they called it a Saint Andrew's Cross. When a girl or two girls violated the rules, which it was hard not to do, they were publicly tortured on the cross. The most common form of punishment, besides the whip, was the ring bondage. After a couple of hours squirming, sweating, wiggling under that furnace of a sun down there, girl sex was anything but a pleasure. Remember, too much of anything can become a living hell."

I had listened to her and completely forgot about the stones clicking together in my guts. Now I couldn't even feel them, my stomach responded with a deep sense of dread. Oh, no, I dropped them! I began to panic and sweat started to pour down my body. Pearl looked over and saw me squirming and fidgeting, she spoke, "Hey my girl... what is the matter?"

I was so scared I could hardly talk, "Pearl... I Ä I think I dropped my stones, oh NO!" I was really beginning to panic, as I couldn't feel either of them. Then I could hear Lola giggling, and I looked over at her, "What the hell is so funny?"

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Lola shook her head, "You, you silly twat... I can see just under you very clearly, and there are no stones on the ground. Besides, by now, you have a belly full of liquid goop. It is natural for that to form around the stones, so that you can't feel them. Kind of like the worm in the bottom of the Tequila bottle, it's there but no one can tell even if they swallow it. Like that worm, your stones are swimming in a build up of your body fluids. The down side is that now, more than ever, you must be careful... they can drop out without so much as a warning. That stuff inside of you is very slippery... that is what your body makes when the male tries to fertilize you. It keeps you slippery so that the pumping action feels good instead of hurtful like these hunks around here go around jamming into you."

I was just about to feel a bit more comfortable, when all of a sudden, I could feel one of the stones at the rim of my vagina. Gravity was trying to dislodge it from me, and I was working my hardest to keep it in. I was in a tizzy trying to keep it from falling, when I heard Louisa come outside again. Still quite naked, her rings shining in the glare of the sun, she was bringing some food.

Pearl was struggling trying to free herself, and when she saw Louisa she called to her, "Mistress! Mistress, please... I want to wear your harness, please let me down so that I can put it on to please you."

Louisa stopped and looked at Pearl, "Well, my ebony goddess, why the change of heart?" Not waiting for an answer, I saw Louisa turn and go back into the adobe to get the harness. I knew right away what Pearl had in mind.

It took Louisa only a short while to find the harness and coming outside with it, she let Pearl down from the punishment frame and handed it to her to put on. As she adjusted it to fit Pearl's ample body, I could see how disgustingly brazenly it exposed Pearl's sex. Louisa looked at Pearl, put her finger to her cheek, and went back inside. In those few moments, and just in time, Pearl fingered the stone back up inside of me. Bless my Pearl for saving me from the horrors of a severe punishment.

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About ten minutes later, Louisa came back out, she carried a whip with a long handle and a short length of leather with a knot tied on the end of it. She flicked it around as she walked back out. Stopping a short distance, she studied the two of us, and I just realized that Pearl was still standing in front of me. This did not look good, and it wasn't. I spoke up, "We were just talking, Mistress... honestly..."

Louisa looked to one side, "You two have the guilt of the ages on your faces. I can easily see, even if I hadn't have watched you, Pearl, shove that stone back up inside of my little blonde cupcake here, even then I still would have known something was going on. No one in her right mind asks for this harness. Though I must admit, girl..." Louisa looked directly at Pearl, "... you certainly do fill it out nicely." She stepped closer to Pearl and fondled a few of the adjustments then stepped back reaching over just enough to give a squeeze to Pearl's encased nipple. It made Pearl whimper, as Louisa spoke, "Hurt? You bet... this thing has a way with ample nipples. If it is any consolation to you, I've worn this one before... oh, a few more adjustments for me as I don't have quite the fluff you do here and here. I hated the thing, I learned that it is the only device in all of creation that makes a girl want to be naked, and naked is a blessing after wearing this thing for a while. This part down here..." She fingered the pried open aspect of Pearl's sex, exposing her clit, vagina, and pee hole, "...just makes you feel so ghastly naked, all open, exposed and available doesn't it?"

Before Pearl could respond, Louisa went on, "... When I wore it, I remember that I had to lean against a table so that the edge hit me just at the juncture of my thighs and hips, down there right across the clitty. I thought I was going to jump out of my skin at the roughness of that actually smooth table finish. But then, that part of a girl is just so sensitive, now isn't it? This ring and these clips just pry a girl apart so indecently cruelly and leave you with an empty hollow feeling in your gut, doesn't it my ebony girl?"

I was afraid of where Louisa was going with this, when in just a few seconds, she lowered the boom on my poor Pearl. Louisa stepped over to me and twiddled my hair, as she put her fingers up my cunt, followed by four fingers and finally her fist I was so dripping wet. While she fisted me I thought I would be consumed in the fires of pain. I closed my eyes as she worked her hand around inside of me

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feeling the stones and my cervix; I'd have sworn that she tried to force one of those stones up inside of me deeper. But it only felt like it. And in what seemed like hours, in a matter of a few moments, she removed her hand, holding it up for us both to see, "Dripping isn't it? Not surprised actually with two stones in you girl. Ask little peaches over there..." Louisa nodded toward Lola, "... I've seen two fists stuffed inside the likes of her while they held three stones! Fairly had the living piss fisted out of her for telling a lie about her blood sister. I was privy to watching her punishment, but now I have to deal with yours dear Pearl. You know what you did, I saw you, and you helped your little companion here by slipping one of the stones back up inside of her love gullet. Tisk, tisk... now I will have to punish you and you won't like it at all. But, here is how you can reduce its severity..." Stepping away from the two women, Louisa palmed the whip a few times in her hand, "... I will permit you to take it like a woman, full on twenty down there in that tender place so openly spread, with this split tailed whip. Or, you can take forty of the same strokes, while bound back against the frame. Either way, it will hurt, just the first way not for as long. However, let me warn you that to take this whipping down there without your sex lips folded across your most sensitive spot, can be almost unbearable. I couldn't take it, when I was whipped down there wearing that thing. Of course, I was whipped with a tapered braid and not just a split tail. The one thing you have to realize is the split tail stings in a more concentrated area than the braid does. Here let me show you..."

Taking six steps toward Lola who was still of course bound in place, I saw Louisa raise up the long handled tail and land a nasty single one across Lola's left nipple. Even from my position, I could see almost immediately a red line popping up in the form of a quarter inch wide welt nearly as long as the split tail itself. Lola whinnied like a pony as she wiggled against the wood punishing her slit with an agony all of its own, and her nipple exploding in a red line of fire.

Moving away from the girl, Louisa stepped back toward us, "See... plenty of hurt, plenty of pain... and that was just her nipple, which by normal standards is a great deal more durable and less sensitive than that little hunk of 'sweet' meat between your legs. So, I

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don't have all day, which shall it be; the forty bound, or twenty un-bound?"

Pearl looked at me and I lowered my head, then looked up, when I spoke to her, "Pearl, you can take it, remember the time when you told Lester to go to hell, and he paddled you on your titties hanging all bare and upside down..."

Pearl nodded, "Missy, that was a paddle on my tits, not a wispy thin cord like this one smack on my clitty all yanked and exposed like this. You'se don't know just how awful this is... Oh, Lordy, I can't decide, mistress, please don't beat Pearl like this! Not between the legs with that while my lips are splayed open so. Have mercy on me... please... please don't whup me like this between my legs, Ma 'am... Please... I'm beggin' you, not like this, oh but it has to be awful like..." Pearl begged and pleaded, but obviously it fell on deaf ears. Louisa stepped away and called for some help, it wasn't long in coming and before another few minutes passed, Pearl was inverted and spread wide with her fingers just able to touch a few blades of grass, the harness exposing her even more in this position.

I was screaming at the top of my lungs, "DON'T WHIP HER LIKE THAT!!! IT WASN'T HER FAULT IT WAS MINE!!! YOU CAN'T PUNISH HER LIKE THAT IT WILL CERTAINLY BREAK HER SPIRIT OR WORSE KILL HER!!!"

The short lash hissed as it sliced the air and Pearl's splayed sex nearly both at the same time. Louisa forced Lola to count out loud or get a dose of the thing herself.

*SWIT* "One." Pearl shimmied, "YAAAHH!!!"

*SWIT* "Two." Again Pearl shimmied, "NAAAHYAAH!!!"

*SWIT* "Three." Pearl jerked with this one, as the nasty little knot on the end of the thing managed to land square on Pearl's pee hole, "AAAIIEEE!!!"

*SWIT* "Four." This one sliced the full length of Pearl's clit, seemingly raising a blood blister. Pearl jerked and shook her head, but didn't let out a breath just slammed her head back against the base of the frame shaking her head all the time.

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*SWIT* "Five." Again the accuracy of Louisa's whip was amazing, and Pearl just rocked in the frame. The ropes creaked as she strained against them.

Louisa paused a moment looking over at me as if we were discussing the weather, "See, no one can take these strokes wearing this thing and not try to bust something up. Did I ever tell you that I put one of these on one of my girls back at my farm, hooking it up to a pulley to lift half a ton of bales into the hayloft. Normally, it would take six girls half an hour to winch those bales up. When I hit her between the legs, she jerked so hard and bucked so violently, that she raised that entire half-ton straight up by herself. Just made us all watch in amazement. You know something..." Louisa stepped toward me two steps, to a point where I nearly peed out my stones I was shaking so much from the beating she was giving Pearl, "... I will just about bet you that some day we will learn that it was women who built the pyramids and the ones who lifted those heavy stones in place, were snapped between the legs while hooked up to a harness just like this one. Yes, I do believe that to be true." Moving back toward Pearl, made my heart beat a bit slower. Damn, how much I felt like she was going to snap me between the legs with that thing.

No pause this time, just in position and up in the air with a bitter arch...

*WHUIT* "Six." Something wooden seemed to crack, Pearl bucked so hard and she finally let out a scream, "AAAIIEEE!!!" She jerked a couple of more times.

*WHUIP* "Seven." This one sounded hollow, like she busted something, and I just expected a gusher of blood to come out. It didn't, but a raspy squeal did, "EEYAAARRGH!!!"

All the time the whip fell, I closed my eyes and just envisioned Pearl jerking and bucking under that awful whipping. In my mind's eye, I remember the time when another field girl was brought in, and hung up by one ankle while Lester took a five-foot strap to the girl. I recalled that she'd been caught fingering herself at noon break, all nude down by the creek near our field number four. The girl whimpered each time the strap circled her nudity and she tried to protect herself between the legs and over the breasts. Lester had a

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good eye, and he could hit a place that the girl couldn't protect with her hands. Then when she went back to protect one spot, he'd lamb-baste another target, like her flopping titties, or her quivering butt. This girl was a quadroon so she had sunburn on her from working in the fields all day and this strapping was not doing her any good at all. Like many things I remember from my days back home, the girl was bare pussy naked.

I opened my eyes and slipped back into the present day, I noticed that the whip had stopped. I looked over to see Louisa get a bucket of water and toss it on Pearl, it rudely woke her up, then Louisa not saying another word nodded to Lola to begin the count...

*WHIT* "Thirty-five." Pearl's head jerked and she gasped, "AAA!!!"

*WHIT* "Thirty-six." Her body jerked less, but still she gasped, "AAA!"

*WHIT* "Thirty-seven." A spasm and another gasp, "AAA!"

*WHIT* "Thirty-eight." Her head rolled about, "N-NAAA!"

*WHIT* "Thirty-nine." Pearl's breasts heaved, then she gasped, "AAA!"

*WHIT* "Forty." All that happened was Pearl jerked twice, and instead of a vocal gasp, Pearl just let out a steady stream of pee.

I looked over at Louisa who was kneeling down talking to Pearl, I was somewhat exhausted myself after just watching my dear Pearl take such a whipping. Louisa got up and walked toward me, still brandishing that whip. I looked at her movements and figured I was next on her list of victims to be punished. Looking at me she smiled, "Well, see what I mean about being able to take it?" I nodded, looking at Pearl with her chest still heaving from trying to cope with the pain of it all. My attention went over to Lola who sagged, more out of fatigue than anything else. I opened and closed my eyes slowly, then spoke to Louisa, "Well... what are you going to do with me?"

Louisa looked at her whip, and then at me. She pushed her finger into my breast, the spot turned white then a deep red, and she raised her eyebrows, "Hum nasty sunburn... I will take you both inside..." She pointed over to Lola, "... okay, her too. I have other

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plans for all of you now." She snapped her fingers and with that I ejected two stones onto the ground in front of her. Looking at them, she raised her eyebrows, turned away and laughed out loud all the way back inside.

**Chapter 13**

Pearl and I wearing a cute pair of clips and weights on our nipples, stood by our chairs at the evening dinner, butt naked while our mistress was seated by Prato. Everyone at the table remained undressed for this evening's meal. As soon as they were seated, we were given the sign to sit down. Placing our napkins in our laps, we waited while another nude girl I recognized as Caressa started pouring the wine and doing the serving. She noticed the clips on our tits and the weights causing our breasts to sway as they dangled pendulum-like in the early evening air. She looked at me and swallowed, fully realizing that they must hurt, I blinked that I understood her look. Nodding I indicated that I would like some wine, which was acceptable to Pearl as well.

Prato cleared his throat, "Pearl, Louisa here tells me you took a lickin' from her with the split tail? Kind of hurts doesn't it wearing that harness of hers?" Prato's eyes never left the gentle heave of Louisa's breasts as she lifted the glass of wine to her lips, taking a sip.

Pearl nodded, then looked down, "Yes sir... I thought I would die out there, Sir... I think I've been skinned down there."

Prato got a serious look on his face, "Come over here, Pear, let me see."

Pearl got up slowly and moved over to Prato, all the while the weights swayed independently and jerked her tits this way and that. Looking over at me, I nodded softly for her to splay herself to show him. I glanced over to see Louisa feeding and playing with a cat. I saw Pearl close her eyes as she spread her lips apart, and Prato examined her. He looked at her clit, it resembled a hot piece of charcoal and he saw the bruise on her pee hole that had nearly swollen it shut. I saw him look up, he barked an order to Caressa, "Get me a clean surgeon's tube and a pair of tweezers... hurry." I saw the girl leave quickly and she returned from the kitchen holding them. Pearl looked at her then at the tools, Prato cut a small piece of the tube about 6 inches long, and dipping it in his wine, he looked up at Pearl handing her a strip of leather, "Here bite down on this."

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I watched as Prato worked on Pearl, her hands were nervous as she looked up at the ceiling while Prato worked on her pee hole. I saw her wince a couple of times and then she swallowed hard, looking back over her shoulder at me I saw a tear fall down her cheek. In another few moments, it was over and Prato smiled at Pearl giving her a slap on the butt. She bounced over to her seat, and I caught a brief glimpse of a small tube coming down about two inches from inside her lips. Nodding to her I whispered, "A new port to pee out of, eh?"

Pearl kicked my seat just enough to make her feelings known about my sick joke. She smiled at Louisa and took a sip of her wine, then rolled her eyes over to me.

Within the next hour or two, we were served our meal and having eaten and drank all of the wine, we were feeling relaxed. Prato commented to Louisa, "Your nipple rings are becoming on you... I am glad I had them put back in. They are the thick ones like you had in Xua 'Xua..."

Louisa arched her back so that her nipple rings lifted up above the edge of the table. They made a small metallic click as they brushed against the wood. She smiled, then spoke, "I am glad that you like them... my holes had nearly closed up as it had been over seven years since I had worn any." Looked in my direction, she nodded, "That one will have a set before too many moons have passed, and likely her ebony beauty will too. You know how I love to do the girl-girl thing with these."

Almost without finishing her sentence, Caressa shrank back from Louisa as she talked about doing the girl-girl thing. I noticed that she was acting kind of funny, so I grabbed her arm and she quickly wrenched it away dropping and breaking a few dishes. Prato looked over at her and grabbed her arm, "You clumsy little twat! Can't you hand onto anything?" His eyes quickly turned to me, "Did you make her drop those dishes?"

I looked at the girl, and she shook her head, then replied for me, "No, she didn't Master, it was all my fault. I am the clumsy one, sir..."

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Prato nodded, "Very well then, you shall be the one who suffers for this." He looked over at Louisa, "Want to get in a few swings with that eel skin of yours, out in the barn? It's a hot night, no clothes required..."

Louisa cocked her head toward Pearl, "Go upstairs and get my eel skin... don't waste any time about it either." Pearl left quickly, and Louisa stood up pointing in the direction of the barn, "After you my dear Prato."

The few of us had gathered out in the barn, and within a short time, Caressa was standing in a wide spread 'X' with her body looming brazenly naked in the flickering torch light. I watched Oro help to put Caressa into position and he stepped back to examine his work, already his cock twitched at the sight of the girl's helplessness. He smiled at me and I could see his mind working. Not trying to start anything, I looked at him, returned his smile and asked him if he brought us anything to drink. Holding up his finger he went back to the adobe and returned in a few minutes, handing each of us a bottle of tequila. We drank, and it burned as we swallowed it down. He smiled at me again and lightly rubbed my shoulder pressing his finger into it. He watched at how it turned white, then red, shaking his head, "You sure are sunburned blonde one." He continued to smile at me.

I looked at him and took another swig of tequila, feeling quickly that it was starting to have an effect. Louisa with her nipple and clit rings swaying was already applying the eel skin whip to Caressa's nakedness. I saw even more now than earlier how Louisa's body was quite agile for her age, and she looked much younger than her actual years. I saw Oro getting a hard on, as well as Prato who sat drinking while she swung the whip. I was feeling the liquor pretty good when I relaxed and sauntered over to speak to Oro, "Yeah, the sunburn kind of hurts a bit, but not as much as my tits, though..." I took another drink, and looked at a somewhat pie-eyed Pearl, "... your tits hurtin' any, precocious?"

Oro smiled as he fondled both Pearl's and my tits with the clips still on. He tested the weights, "Hey, these are heavy... Prato's right,

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oooh, boy, your nips are as red as ripe chili peppers, here, let me take them off..."

Just as he reached over to unclip mine, I slapped his hand, "Don't take them off, mistress ordered them on, she must give the order for them to come off. We're not going to pay the wrath tomorrow just because of some fun tonight... no sireee... *hiccup*... scuesme..."

With a big grin on his face he went over to Louisa and while she still swung the whip, he leaned in to say something to her. She stopped for a second and looked at him, nodding with a smile, she resumed her stance and let the girl have another stroke.

Oro came back over to us, "I just asked her about your clips, she said they can come off, but I have to take them off while you two hold your arms behind your heads. She also said for you both not to scream or she'd have you up with the girl... okay?"

I looked over at my mistress, and pointed down to my tits. She nodded and rolled her eyes in the direction of Oro. I sat the tequila bottle down and put my wrists behind my head, glancing over at Pearl who followed suit. Oro took my first my right breast and without so much as a ceremony, he grabbed my nipple, distended it, released the clip and had let go of it. I kept my hands behind my head, as my nipple ached in the air, trying to normalize itself, but it didn't. The first thing I felt was the burn and I closed my eyes, then the awful sensitive rush of blood back into it which made it begin to throb. I tried to adjust to it when he reached over and repeated his earlier action on my left one. I was so focused on the right one that it took a few seconds before I noticed the left one missing. The pain hit them both, again and nearly at once. I stood up and felt like slapping him, but I didn't. I got a few tears in my eyes and blinked a couple of more times while I just looked at him, he was smiling slightly, "Go ahead, rub 'em, or do you want me to rub 'em?" I just shook my head no, on both counts.

I felt Pearl massage both of my nipples; she claimed that it would make them feel better as her fingers worked them back into shape. Other than the fact that they were just ever so slightly elongated they were fine. The feeling was coming back to them and I breathed

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just a little easier. I smiled at her, taking up the tequila and drinking a big swig of it, wiping my mouth on the back of my hand. Pearl reached over and tapped Oro; pointing to her clips, "Please... both at the same time, if you will."

He did as she asked, Pearl just closed her eyes and sucked in her breath, making her breasts heave outward. In a moment they were both off, and Pearl nearly wept. It took guts, but she held her tongue and breathed slowly as she massaged her nipples back to normal. She smiled at me, and then took a big drink of tequila.

I started to look around, Pearl sensed I had the urgency to pee, she was right, "Hey, you Mr. Oro, I gotta pee bad..."

Pearl spoke up with me, "Me too..."

Oro smiled a gold toothed smile, "Okay, ladies, you can go over there in that stall where the straw pile is..." He got a perverse idea, "... you two can pee together, eh? You know hold onto each other and do it standing up with your legs spread. Yeah, I like that idea..." He looked at Prato, "... how about you, Prato, these two hafta pee so how about them doin' it kind two together style, standin' up holding onto each other with their tits pressed together while they pee?"

Prato smiled, "Good thinking, Effie." He slapped him lightly on the shoulder. Then he looked at Pearl and I, commenting, "You two, listen up, pee together, see... if you don't I'll haul you both up by your tits and whip your twats with one of those saddle straps, comprehend?"

We looked at him, then at each other, back over at him, Pearl replied, "Yes, Sir Prato together we'll pee together for you..." She looked in my eyes, "Let's do it while we still are drunk enough to not realize how humiliating it is..." I smiled back at her and nodded.

Pearl's nipples seemed to dig into mine, I could feel the tingle from my sunburn as she snuggled up to me and whispered, and "Your nipples are on fire, girl, are you all right?" I nodded as I snuggled closer to her. I spread my legs and pressed my hips toward her, she did

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the same. I felt her clit touching mine, then her fingers found my bladder, and mine found hers. In a few seconds I felt her warm pee flooding over my clit, just as I let go with mine. We were peeing together as ordered.

Prato suddenly took on one of his unpredictable moods... "Hey, Oro, spread these two out together face to face. I wanta flog 'em and fuck 'em..." Oro grabbed first my wrist then Pearl's and dragged us over to the center of the barn. Pushed us together face to face and made sure our nipples touched. Pearl and I were a pretty good match, we had very similar builds and breast size. He tossed a few ropes around and started to fasten them first to each of my wrists then around Pearl's and finally again at each of our ankles. He secured us properly at our upper forearms and knees. I smiled and kissed Pearl, she kissed me back, then I glanced back over my shoulder to see Oro hand Prato a braided flogger like the one he held and shook out. Prato nodded to him, "Take the backside of the Negress, I want to do the blonde this time..." He chuckled out loud, putting his left hand under his flaccid cock and wiggling it about, "... I'll slip this in her guts, but not until after I've given a few licks to her backside and maybe let this thing kiss the sides of those sunburned titties of hers..." He smiled at Oro.

Oro nodded, "Se' vature I'd like do this Negress, I've had my eye on her for a while she's a real piece of work, and I think she can take several licks with this..." He shook the flogger, "... after all her kind is use to this kind of discipline being under the thumb of her... 'Mistress'... but now it seems that they can pee together as well as take a beatin' together, eh, Prato?" He motioned to the two other girls who were standing on the sideline, the ones Oro hadmade help tie up Caressa, they were literally fingering themselves, "You two bitches, come over here and work us up. You..." He pointed to the slender Indian girl wearing only a headband, "... do Don Prato. And, you..." He pointed to the girl who was entirely nude, "... come over here and work on me."

Louisa stepped in, "Wait, wait, Oro not so fast. Don't beat these girls, you gave them to me, they are mine now..."

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Prato stopped and looked at Louisa, he thought a moment. Looking at the youthful figure of a woman whom he had freed several years ago. Smiling he responded, "So, you would take their place? Both of them...?" He smiled and again, looked at her, "... they'd be willing to take your place. So, rightfully, I suspect you'd be willing to take theirs, right?" Prato smiled a deceitful smile at her.

Louisa continued after his question, "Prato, listen to me, these girls are nearly baked raw. They've been in the sun longer than you and I put together. Here you want to whip a naked woman, whip me." She gestured to him in a lurid fashion, "Look Prato, I've got the tits, the ass, the belly, the hips, the thighs, the back..." Louisa swallowed hard for a second, "... the cunt..."

Prato responded, "Se' senorita you do have all those things, and I told you that you could have these two. You want them for yourself, okay, I give in, these two sluts over here are good enough..." He looked at Oro, "... eh, Effie?" He put down his flogger and took up a different whip, "It's been a long time, right Effie?"

Oro nodded to him, then addressed the two girls, "Fix yourselves... sluts..." He looked over toward Prato and smiled, "... Se' Effie, I get the picture..."

Louisa nodded to them, jumping in, "Okay, suffice it to say, that I've been a long while coming to the realization that the black and the blonde one are mine. What do you want me to do?" There was a pause, "I know, string me up with someone else in their place?"

Prato nodded while looking at Oro, then Prato commented; "Yeah, pick one of these two and let the 'two' of them take these two's place, along with one other of your choice, of course Effie." He motioned for one of the other girls; "You..." He pointed to the girl with the headband, "... Yes, you, dear one, come up here and take the place of that one." He pointed to Pearl, and then he continued, to point to one more girl. The other girl was none other than Louisa.

Not caring for build, the three girls were of similar size. The girl with the headband snuggled up to Louisa who pressed her ample

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breasts against those of the girl. Louisa smiled at her as Oro and Prato strung them up together, "Well, at least we seem to fit..." The girl with the headband just gave Louisa a slight smile.

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### **Chapter 14**

Over a week had passed since Prato had sold Pearl and I to Louisa, it was the opening day of the games, so we climbed into Mistress' carriage. The rules specified women had to be naked, there were no exceptions. Fortunately the carriage had a top on it to keep the sun off us for the ride to the main stage. Otherwise it was simply sweltering as we bounced along, Pearl and I looked at each other, hoping upon hope that our mistress would not decide to have us compete at the last minute.

The place was a veritable fanfare of booths, food, drink and other colorful items providing amusement and interest to all of the audience. Louisa supplied us with plenty of food and liquor, making sure we had our seats set up under a special canopy; we noticed that a few rounds had already been fought. There were three losers, two of which were already facing each other, taking a lashing across their backs. The action made the two rub their breasts together. The third girl had already been fairly well whipped, and from what I could see, it was Caressa standing strung up by her wrists, glistening with sweat.

The events were about to continue, the two girls who had been whipping the two between the posts were now being prepared to fight. Prato's little matches were scarcely anything more than a nasty exhibition of raw female lust. Instilled and perpetuated by Prato's erotic perspective of women forced into hard submission, under the lash and baked senseless by constant exposure. These two were assigned to fight oiled from head to toe, able to grip each other only by forcing them to grip sensitive parts of each other's smooth body. I understood the first round was strictly for the amusement of Prato in watching two women squeeze and fondle each other's tits, cunts and ass-holes. In the second round, rings would be re-inserted in their nipples and clits, making it easier to get a grip on each other, leading to another brutal punishment session for the loser.

I was sickened that Louisa decided Pearl and I would look good oiled, so she sent for one of the prep-girls who brought up a supply of oil. She had her oil Pearl and I up so that we glistened like displayed dolls. Commenting as she looked at me, "You two are going down

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there to mix it up good with those other two. If you both win then you can whip them, if you lose well you two will just have to bear up to it." Louisa then stood up and motioned to Prato for us to be entered in the next match.

Prato and Oro smiled when she had us entered in the next match. I was not the least bit happy about the prospect of wrestling these two; they were big twin girls with muscles that rippled under their reddish bronze skin. Each of them sporting long braided hair, strong fingernails, hard white teeth and standing a good four inches taller than either Pearl or myself, and in a show of strength, in turn the two women picked each other up and held one another above their head.

Down on the mat the two looked at us and smiled, one of them the girl with a moon tattoo on her hip spoke up, "Well now if it isn't the blonde slut and her dark companion I've heard tell about. Okay, it's Prato who makes the rules so I guess..." She looked over at the other girl, equally well built, "... you take the Nubian and I'll take the blonde one... today they'll learn the meaning of pain." The other girl smiled and nodded, then they turned and went to a corner. Pearl and I went to the opposite corner, and I was already shaking slightly from fear.

There was an announcement made by a lovely naked arena slut, "Dear attendees, we have a special addition to the card today... the lovely Louisa has offered her two newest girls in an exhibition match against the two strongest and most favored girls of the competition, the twin goddesses Moonita and Bonita from Mexico City, property of Don Julio Maximilian. There is no purse, but the offering is should Pearl and Cassie, the Nubian and blonde be victorious they will be allowed to bullwhip the twins, while they wear the punishment rings. Conversely if the blonde and the Nubian should lose, then the twins will ring them with punishment rings, bullwhip them and publicly girl fuck them both to your complete edification.

"This is a tag team match, if one girl defeats the team, then both shall be considered winners, however if either girl surrenders openly, it is considered a surrender for the team and they will both be punished. Each team will be oiled to sheen, there will be no rings or any adornments allowed and the only forbidden action is eye gouging.

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If the action falls short of the usual excitement level, then the team who is not participating to expectation will pay for it, each girl will be spread eagled and flogged across her breasts twenty lashes then the action will be resumed. If there are no questions, at the signal the match will begin." The girl moved out of the ring, obscenely displaying her pouting breasts with a slow turn around.

One of the attending girls came over to us and gave us each a long swig of water, she looked at the hot sun overhead and then at me, "I am called Munna... You going to need plenty of oil to wrestle under such a blistering hot sun, white girl, I will give you more oil, and you dark one I'll give you more oil as well."

Pearl looked at her a moment, "I'm Pearl and this is Cassie, what chance do we really have against those twin Amazons?"

Munna worked her fingers into Pearl's hard muscles as she spoke, with a slight Mexican accent, "Those two are Comanche Beastie Girls, twins by birth and referred to by the Comanche as beasts of burden. The one on the right with the tattoo is Moonita, the other one with the hard nipples is Bonita; they are owned body and soul by Don Julio Maximilian. They keep their peak physical condition by working naked all day harvesting and gathering food on his farm. Sometimes they grind grain or tan hides, but overall never a day goes by without some form of extended hard work. I can tell you both that they're used to spending long days without any clothing and with nothing on their mind but building hard muscles. I have heard of women like these getting pregnant and still they labor right up until they deliver their child and often just drop right down and give birth then just stand up and finish their work before sunset. Listen, these two are like animals, and they will do unspeakable things to you... they are very tough bitches."

I heard the preparation call, in a few moments the bell for the first round would sound; it did and looking at each other we stood up and went out to greet our foes. Pearl crouched low like she was taught in front of her opponent, on the other hand I just walked out and stood passively in front of the girl I was about to wrestle. We just moved about the ring a few times not touching each other, then a referee girl

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stepped in, she was carrying a single tail tawse. I saw her looking at us and she motioned for us to begin the fight; we just looked at her when I started to make a small effort, she found it wrong and gave me a solid stroke with the tawse across my back. I stood up arching my back against the pain of the lash squealing aloud, "AAA!"

It was nearly at that moment, my opponent lunged for me catching me around the waist and knocking me down. I grunted and tried to slip away as she gripped me tighter, slapping my right tit with her open hand. I tried to grip her arm, but it was too slippery and I stumbled and slipped on the mat when I tried to escape her. I looked over to see Pearl in a bear-hug grip with her rival, gasping as she tried to break her hold. I scrambled up and while the other girl was trying to stand up, went over to help Pearl. Using my thumbs, I pressed them into the base of the big girl's neck. She immediately released Pearl and grabbed her neck, giving off a squeal as she did.

I looked over my shoulder just in time for Moonita to come up from behind me, lift me up and slam me over onto the mat, hard enough to nearly knock the wind out of me. Dropping down on me at once, she immediately put me in a scissor lock so that I felt the air rush out of my lungs as she squeezed on my diaphragm as I made a gurgling sound.

Pearl managed to regain herself and began to make an offensive move on Bonita gripping her in an attempted pin, which Pearl couldn't do because of the oil that thickly coated her body. Bonita slipped easily away and stood up going back to give Pearl another dose of hurt. In an effort she tried to kick Pearl in the face, but Pearl was quick and grabbed her ankle tripping her.

Meanwhile I was struggling to regain my breath, when I got the idea of using my fingers to grip the girl's exposed clit. Taking a grab of skin, I felt the hard bud slip into the grip of my thumb and forefinger so I squeezed it to a point where I felt her meat turn soft. Moonita gasped and let out a wail, "NAAAIGH!" She started to flail at me and of course that made her relax her scissor grip on me. I took a couple of fast breaths and continued my squeeze, and made a reach for her large left nipple. Doing the very same thing, I gripped both her clit

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and nipple tight. The bell sounded, and according to Prato's rules the first round was over, but I didn't want to let go, and the referee and Pearl had to undo my fingers from Moonita's tender spots.

Unfortunately, Pearl and I paid a price for that little bit of extra action; without so much as a chance to protest, we were dragged out onto the mat in front of the audience. Two sets of ropes were lowered from a crossover beam, which our wrists were then bound and quickly drawn up over our heads. The referee announced an infraction of the rules, and in a team situation everyone on the team pays for the infraction, regardless if only violated by one person on the team. I heard the arena slut announce that the infraction was failure to end the round when the bell sounded, and the punishment earned us fifteen strokes with the referee's tawse.

The nude referee uncoiled her tawse and flicked it backward slithering it out behind her like a small snake, with a sidestroke it coiled just under my breasts. I could feel it touch my oiled skin and give a squeeze that suddenly turned into a belt of fire, but I bit my tongue to keep from screaming. Meanwhile, next to me jerking about was Pearl, who was being lashed by another referee with a similar whip, and I heard it made a wet sounding slapping noise as it impacted on Pearl's bouncing tits. She jerked and stepped about as if trying to shake off the pain, and I heard her suck in air as she struggled to cope with the sting. Another stroke landed on me, like the previous one on Pearl, it found my breasts; slightly hurting I heaved against the clinging coil. It was not completely unbearable; still I tossed my head back and tried not to cry out wincing my face into a wrinkle. I heard someone close in to the ring shout, "Hit her again on the tits!" Then another voice, a woman's this time, "Whip her slit, I want to see her come!" Another stroke quickly followed, with another outcry, "Make the cunt pay!" I struggled slightly still not crying out as again it struck, this time mostly across my back, which was slightly sunburned; that hurt a bit more, I made a guttural gasp, "UMMPH." The next one, slightly more accurate than the others slithered itself around my tits; the oil made this one cling longer leaving a red streak that hurt a lot more, "AAAGH!" The remaining lashes fell over my body across my back, breasts, buttocks, thighs, and a few more across the lips of my sex for good measure.

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Pearl was whipped in a likewise manner to me only she stayed quite stoic about it, not letting anyone hear her discomfort. We were let lose and ushered over to our corners. Munna helped us by putting on more oil and ministered to a few of our superficial welts. She spoke in quick phrases, never giving us a chance to speak back, "You two took a nasty whipping out there; they made a spectacle of you both. You should have seen some of the fucking going on in the audience, specially Prato and your mistress." Pearl and I looked at each other; she kind of shrugged her shoulders.

Then warning sounded and we reluctantly went again to the center of the ring, where we met our two opponents. They were both smiling, "Took a lickin' you two did, eh? Moonita and I, well... we fingered each other as we watched you two bein' lashed. We both came; it was good watching you two takin' that kind of whippin' all bare and exposed..." Looking at Moonita, Bonita licked her lips then continued, "... don't worry none though, we've been strung up and whipped like that before, likely we will again before this competition is over we'll be wearing a few of those streaks, wouldn't you say so Moonita?" Moonita smiled and nodded then glared right at me, "Hurts when she hits your tits thought, don't it? Especially..." She pressed on my breast watching the spot where her finger touched me turn white then a darker red, "... when you're sunburned."

The bell sounded and again and we posed ready to start the action, this began quite soon. I felt Moonita grab me, lifting me up quickly only to spin me around literally on one hand while she slap my tits at least six times, in rapid succession. I was so taken by surprise, that she could slap that hard and it made my tits turn red so fast. I was stunned at her quick action, for a few moments I just looked at her muscles rippling under her reddish brown skin; she looked like the color of the red soil in the desert surrounding the ranch. I fought back, but with a sudden and swift move she downed me face down on the mat, and as quickly I felt her straddle my midsection. I was down flat and she took a big grip of my blonde hair, yanking on it I squealed, "EYYAAII."

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Pearl struggled in Bonita's grip, getting Pearl in a back bend over her right knee, using a remarkably accurate move, Bonita slipped her middle finger well up and inside Pearl's openly displayed sex. I saw it slide right in, then Pearl let out a gasp, "NAAGH!"

The girl looked into Pearl's wide eyes, "Can't move can you, slut. I have a hold of the very nerve that makes your clit respond. See if I move my fingernail just slightly this way..."

Pearl let out another gasp, "AAAGH!"

She smiled at her control of the Negress, "... Or I can just move it this way and..."

Pearl let out another gasp, this one sounded even more desperate than the others, "Nooo ARGH!" Pearl opened her mouth but nothing came out, she rolled her eyes, and then moved her lips but only a guttural sound came out, "URGLE!!! NAAA!!! ... OW... OW... OWWW!!! ... AAA!" Pearl was in trouble and it was all she could do to keep herself under control.

I struggled to get the other one off me, but she had too good a grip on me. It would have been all over, but back sitting is not considered a pin by Prato's rules. I bucked as much as I could, but she stayed on me and yanked my hair; it was like she was riding me so she made fun of that idea.

Just as it looked like Pearl would give in, the bell sounded and ended the round, this time the woman just brought Pearl to her feet with her finger still in her cunt. The referee told her to remove it and go to her corner, but she decided to risk a punishment and have a few more moments of fun making Pearl humiliate herself with her finger inside of her. She looked over at the referee then drew it out.

Walking toward the corner, Prato stood up, "That's a violation referee, act on it or you will have action taken on you." The girl acting as referee looked over at Prato, nodded and called the other two out onto the center of the mat. She announced, "Violation of rule, nine,

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aggressive hold beyond the bell sounding the end of the round. Punishment to the team, fifteen strokes."

As the ropes were lowered, the two women looked at Pearl and I in our corners. They had a hard eye fixed on us all the time the referee and her two assistants fixed the ropes around the wrists of the twin girls. In a quick motion, the two were yanked up nearly on their tiptoes, wiping the sweat from her brow, the referee flicked back her tawse letting it slither out and wrapped it around Moonita. She didn't flinch, but just looked me straight in the eyeball. Again, the whip hissed and wrapped this time across her ample breasts, they swayed slightly, but she didn't flinch a muscle. The whipping continued with the girl never once making an indication of pain.

Bonita took it a bit harder, with a couple of eye closures and wincing, but finally their arms were lowered and they walked back to their corners displaying a few red lines and a welt or two. Almost acting as if nothing worse than a matter of inconvenience was imposed upon them, Moonita commented, "Now we're even..."

I looked over at Pearl, "That was done for our amusement and to see if we'd react. Give me a passionate kiss and fondle my nipples as if their whipping had turned you on, Pearl, really it did me I'd like to have that bitch..." Pearl kissed me before I could finish. My nipples hardened under Pearl's touch. Pearl went down to my sex and twiddled my clit for a few seconds, I closed my eyes and puckered my lips as if it was the biggest turn on I'd ever seen.

The third round was a bust, the twins changed positions on us, so that Pearl now fought Moonita and I was faced with Bonita. This vice versa switch was all it took for that bitch to have me coming on the mat. Bonita did the finger thing on me and that was the finish for us, we were lost.

Prato stepped into the ring, his flaccid cock swaying obscenely from its fresh fucking of Caressa. Oro followed behind him equally naked, he came over to where Bonita had me splayed on the mat in her finger fucking position. He yanked Bonita's hair back and motioned for her to get off of me. Holding both of the twin's hands up, he

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declared them the winners, turning he spoke, "It is a great victory over the white female and her black companion by the twin champions, Moonita and Bonita!" There were a number of cheers to be heard, I looked over to see Louise lower her eyes for a few seconds. Then Prato spoke up and continued, "Oro and I want to fuck these women in the honor of the twin's victory, afterward they will be allowed to punish them as their earned reward!" A few more cheers rang out.

Prato looked down at me, "All right slut, spread your legs!" I shivered a second, despite the heat, but spreading my legs, I took his cock into my sex as ordered. My cunt seemed to suck on his member as he plunged and pumped me. Using me like I was nothing more than a receptacle for his pleasure. Rock hard, I could feel him tensing up as his balls tightened in preparation to unload inside of me. I fought him as best I could, but it was no good. Just before he was about to come, he yanked on my hair, "Now, fucking bitch, stand up..." I coughed as I tried to answer him, but instead he yanked even harder on my hair, dragging me over to the ropes circling the ring, he bent me over them spreading my legs, "... now I will fuck you here in front of everyone." I could sense all eyes on me as I felt his member again slipped easily into my well-oiled pussy. He pumped me harder and with deeper longer fuck strokes that seemed an eternity. I was actually beginning to enjoy it as he slapped my ass and reaching over fondled my lunging tits, pinching my nipples. With the hot sun burning down on my back, I closed my eyes actually feeling the end of his cock explode inside of me. My clit ached from the actions that his fucking had done to me, as well as from the earlier actions delivered to me by Bonita.

What I didn't realize while I was having my belly pumped full of Prato's come, was that Pearl was going through a similar thing to what I did - only with Oro. It was a carnival of humiliation that we were fucked so publicly. Being the only pure white girl, and blonde for that matter, made it all the more exciting to the crowd that I was fucked publicly and so openly by Prato.

Later after the twins punished us, Pearl and I were laying belly down on two benches, while Munna tended to us. She told us part of what had happened since Pearl and I had dropped in and out of consciousness while the twins worked us over after Prato and Oro had

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fucked us so hard. I learned from her that Louisa had just sat in the stands drinking a bottle of tequila and eating a slice of ham, while we were openly fucked and abused by Prato and Oro. Following those open fuckings, and to the crowd's amusement, the twins had had their way with us. I don't know if I'd learned to hate Louisa more after our open fucking and her drinking, or later on when I found out that she was taking bets on how long I would stay conscious while Moonita black snake whipped me. Either way, my overall opinion of her fell at the very least two points. I jumped when Munna put a stringent salve on my welts, getting up on my elbows, I could feel my swollen nipples rub against the hard wood, the sensation made them harden, I looked over and blinked at Pearl wincing while the same salve was put on her whip swollen clit. I noticed then that Pearl oozed out white come from her vagina, it was safe to assume that I had a puss full of it myself. Having been used the way we had just been, and combined with the complete abuse of our sexual parts, left me still wanting more. I imagined myself being forced into hard line sex, under the threat of the whip if I failed to perform. Exposed by constant nudity, I would never be allowed to forget my sexual usefulness serving as a pain slut forever to a demanding Master or Mistress. Like Pearl once told me what she thought about during her first exposure to slavery, that she felt all nipples and cunt with no protection.

Closing my eyes, I recalled what happened to us at the hands of the twins; it was Moonita who took control of me, after she delivered the most horrible horse whipping to me, she inverted me with my legs spread wide and my wrists bound to stakes. Supervising things, Moonita had me lowered to the right level so that all she had to do was swing her leg over me and she could rub her puss against mine. She peeled the lips of my cleft apart exposing my clit, then doing the same with hers she took to rubbing hers against mine. My heart beat a mile a minute as she continued the action, with her pelvis working like a machine to friction me like I was just another fleshy toy splayed for her pleasure, and so was Pearl for Bonita. The sheer electricity that flowed between her clit and mine left me wanting more. I actually wanted her to hurt me so good, making my stomach hollow to the point where I wanted, nay demanded that she hurt me more and more. Even when Moonita took the paddle and popped my breasts to a point where they shuddered like quivering mounds of gelatin my only

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reaction was to squirt what was inside of me, openly and brazenly in public. Like hope upon hope, what I dreamed for came true and a very naked Moonita beat me with a strap between my legs until all I could do was pee.

I was still quite punch drunk from the punishment, so that it wasn't until we arrived back at the adobe that things began to focus. As we were about to bed down for the night, Pearl and I had already snuggled into bed as Louisa started to put out the last lamp. Before she did, she dropped her bomb on us, "Listen you two sluts, that little show you both put on will likely land you both with pumped up bellies. Day after tomorrow we leave for my spread and I want the two of you clean and ready to travel." She pointed over to a clothes rack beside her large mirror, "See those dresses? You both will be wearing one of those, never mind which one, and nothing else... down to bare feet, understand; and to cap it off get yourselves psyched up for a set of pegs. Now move over slats, one on each side of me... ya' hear?"

**Chapter 15**

We actually left Prato's adobe three days later, since it took Louisa an extra day to convince Prato that she intended to take with her two 'helpers' that actually were extra hands on her property. Prato and Oro wanted another chance with the two women, as they were quite attractive. I had always thought they were Prato's women, so my opinion didn't help to get matters straight and for that I was whipped on the porch between my legs with a razor strap. This did not make the trip to Louisa's place go one damn bit easier.

Before returning to Louisa's adobe in her coach, I learned that Pearl and I were to ride on a matched set of torture pegs. Nasty things invented by the Sultans of Turkey to keep their harems in line and make it easier for them to be openly fucked; both Pearl and I felt completely awkward wearing just two frilly saloon girl dresses and nothing else. In her devious mind Louisa allowed us to wear hats mine was a purple one with black feathers and black felt, while Pearl's was a red one with feathers two white ones, an orange one and the rest black. Mine also had a vale and a set of ribbons that I could tie under my chin; Pearl's was put on with two hatpins to be sure.

The two servant girls I learned were named Bonnie and Laurel, both of them looked to be full blooded Apache women, full breasted and smooth skinned. I asked Louisa how two lovely Apache girls ended up with white women names and she told me to mind my own business if I knew what was good for me. On the way back, they wore ponchos, hats, boots and nothing else; riding in the coach as driver and shotgun. Pearl and I climbed inside the coach both of us sitting on one bench seat, lowering ourselves onto the two wooden flats with a pair of 'torture pegs' each fastened to each of them. The pegs themselves were shiny and hard, the one for our cunts was slightly mushroom shaped. I lowered myself down onto the twin prongs slowly as my cunt was still slightly tender from the pounding Prato had given it. I looked to see that Pearl was following suit not to mimic me, but because her love nest was equally tender from Oro's torturous cock.

After a few platitude good-byes, the two women above giddied the horses and we rocked off toward the trail. Hitting a few bumps as

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we went along, each one making us close and open our eyes in complete pain. Louisa looked at us watching carefully our facial expressions as the couch bounced along. Finally she spoke, "Hurts doesn't it?" I nodded, and replied, "Yes, it does."

She looked at me for a few seconds, then spoke, "What happened to, 'yes, mistress?'"

I was looking at the desert passing by, and the scenery of odd shaped buttes and cactus, after a few seconds, I looked over at her, and sarcastically I replied, "Yes, mistress..." I then refocused back on the terrain.

She closed and opened her eyes at me, not saying anything else, then she spoke to Pearl, "How are you feeling, my ebony one?"

Pearl was far more compliant than I was, "Fine, mistress, but I'ze feel 'em right'nuff."

We rode along at least another hour, when I had to pee, so I spoke, "We need to stop, I have to pee."

Louisa knocked on the wall of the coach, and in a few seconds, the coach pulled over, stopped and the door was opened by one of the women who rode topside. I looked at Louisa and stepped out, looking for a place to go. The desert was wide open here, so I took a few steps away and lifted my dress squatting down to pee. I saw Louisa speaking to the two women. One of them looked back over at me and continued to listen to her mistress. As I stood up, finished, I started to walk back toward the coach, when the two women stopped speaking to Louisa who turned and got back inside. One of the women waited for me, I thought to help me back inside. Instead she halted me, and I looked at her, she nodded toward the inside. I started to get in, when Louisa spoke, "Remove your dress and hat before you get back inside... and your boots as well. You will ride the rest of the way to our first camp along the Swift River naked." I was slightly shocked, out here in the open, riding bare ass naked inside of a coach; but instead of arguing, I complied like a good little slave. Naked, I climbed back inside the

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coach, and positioned myself back onto the torture pegs. Laurel had kept my dress, and I hoped that it wasn't to be thrown away.

Repositioned on the pegs, I settled down and at that moment, Louisa leaned over and snapped a set of handcuffs and leg irons on me. Then just as easy as that, she leaned over and put bow clips on my nipples, then ordered me to spread the lips of my sex while she put a large bow clip on my clit, this forced me to sit spread legged. I squealed as its little jaws bit down on my tender hunk of meat. I took two breaths, forgetting about my nipples, which were not exactly pain free, I leaned back opening and closing my eyes to a large degree of pain.

We rode along in silence, with the air so thick it could be cut with a knife; I watched the passing scenery and felt the hot wind in my face with an occasional puff of dust, while a tear slowly exited the corner of my eye. Pearl had seen it, and was uncomfortable knowing that I must be in pain, both spiritually and physically from the pegs and the clips. Every time we would hit a bump, my tits would bounce causing the clips to sink deeper into my nipples and the pegs to slam against my tender insides. I tried to keep stoic, but once in a while, a faint muted gasp would escape my lips.

Louisa had closed her eyes as if she was tired, and I looked over at Pearl rolling my tear-filled eyes, and Pearl lowered her eyes afraid to say a word. We rode along with those pegs feeling like they would puncture our insides, it was well into the afternoon when we neared the Swift River. Laurel called down, "River, Ma 'am... shall we make camp or move a while longer?"

Louisa looked at me then called up, "We'll make camp early, find a good spot I want to go for a swim." The coach left the main trail, which bounced more than on the trail and this didn't do either Pearl or me any good. We found a good campsite, obviously one that was used by others once in a while. Pearl stepped out first, then Louisa and only after Louisa permitted, I was allowed out. My clit fairly burned from riding naked on those pegs. My nipples were on fire and hurt like the dickens with every step I took. When I hobbled over toward the river, Louisa spoke, "Help Pearl out of those clothes, and

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get the two of us some soap, I want her to help me with a bath. You two can bathe as well, as for this one..." She nodded toward me, "... gag her and spread her against the wheel and fetch me my three thong."

I heard Pearl call the numbers, with my muted wails gagged by a splint gag, Louisa whipped my breasts with another stroke of her eel skin... *WHUT* ... I screamed against the gag, "NNAAAGH!"

Pearl called quietly, "Twelve."

*WHUT* "AAAGH!" Pearl replied stoically, "Thirteen."

*WHUT* "NAAA!" I shook my head with a crisped up forehead. Pearl replied, "Fourteen."

*WHUT* "AAA!" Again I shook my head, speaking from behind my gag, "Pleaffessee!" Pearl nodded, "Fifteen."

Louisa lowered the whip, "Going to develop a smart ass attitude again?"

I shook my head, "Nooogh-no! Noogh mooore wheeppin... pleaffessee."

Louisa nodded to Pearl, "Take off her gag."

I felt like I could spit cotton balls, "Mistress, I beg you... I am sorry... please don't whip me any more."

Louisa stopped then leaned down looking me in the face, "That's better... nothing like an attitude change to bring up the spirits. Riding naked on those pegs is designed to break down your spirit, then when I spread you against the wheel, all it took was a few strokes with this and you are compliant as a babe. Now, care to tell me what brought this show of disrespect to a climax today?"

I was still spread against the wheel, minus my clips, but sporting a well painted pair of striped breasts that still bobbed about

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in the late afternoon sun. I looked at her and my eyes clouded up with tears, "Mistress... I was so angry that all you did was drink tequila and eat while Prato filled me up with his spunk. You never protested like you did that night in the barn when they were going to fuck Pearl and I. You let them have those two instead of us, Laurel and Bonnie over there... and even yourself! But at that public thing, you gave in and let Prato and Oro fuck us hard, while you drank and enjoyed it!" My lower lip began to quiver, "... I had more faith in your desire to protect us, and you..." I started to cry hard, "... *SOB* let us down... *SOB* "

Louisa had removed her clothes earlier before she whipped me, so her large nipple and clit rings shimmered in the afternoon sun, she replied, "Look you! Stop that sniveling right now or I will really give you something to snivel about!" I took in a deep but shaky breath and struggled to regain my composure; my nose was running and my cheeks were wet with the remains of tears. Louisa nodded to Pearl to wipe my face then she went on, "That's better... Cassie, you and Pearl are grown women, and I am not your mother, I am your mistress, nothing more nothing less. I will subject you both to whatever caprice I choose to inflict upon you and you will take it because you two are my slaves! In case you hadn't noticed, I own those two as well! I had your pussy pelted with a strap yesterday because you took a convenient time to forget that they are mine along with both of you. I let Prato and Oro have them only because it was their intention to either have you two again, or any combination of the remaining three of us. I got exceptionally pissed when you, my blonde beauty, quipped up with, 'Oh, Master Prato, those two are yours, right, Sir?' Louisa did a somewhat remarkable imitation of me down to the eyelash batting, and I saw that Pearl couldn't help but give a sniggle.

I batted my eyelashes like she had just imitated, but only because I had an eyelash in my eye as I replied, "Mistress, I beg your forgiveness... please untie me and I promise that I will be a good girl... besides, I would enjoy a bath in the river after being so punished along the trail." I lowered my head.

Louisa nodded to Bonnie, "Untie her, and the five of us will bathe together. Then you and Laurel prep the food, while these two help set up camp." We all pitched in and in about twenty minutes or

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less, the five of us were splashing and playing in the cool waters of the Swift River. Our evening camp went quiet and comfortable, and the next morning we packed up and all was back to normal... with Pearl and I still sitting on the pegs.

Altogether it took us 22 days to get to Louisa's adobe. It was a picture perfect hacienda situated in a warm valley about two weeks inside the Mexican border. When we arrived at the outskirts, I looked out the coach window as we passed a white church Abbey and outbuilding, with the fields being tended by several topless Indian women and I saw two nuns hoeing and raking the rows of planted crops. One of the nuns raised her hand to wave at Louisa who waved back and smiled.

Moving along a ways further, I saw more of these same looking topless Indian women working at various chores, including riding in a small round up of horses and such. The odd thing was that all of the Indian women were dressed nearly identically, like Bonnie and Laurel were when I first saw them. The variations included loinclothes or a short waist skirt, and a headband. The women rounding up the horses wore hats and chaps instead of their loinclothes, another few had on a type of open in the front vest. Oddly they were all dressed somewhat alike, but here and there was an occasional girl working completely nude. I guessed this to be a form of punishment or something, but I would definitely find out later on.

We finally arrived at Louisa's ranch shortly before sundown. It had now been over three weeks since Prato's games were over and I felt a sense of relief having left his ranch. I would not miss his mines or his slave camp, and for the moment Louisa seemed like a fair mistress and I was not about to press any more issues to learn otherwise.

As soon as we pulled up to the hacienda, several of the zombie girls, I now called them, tended to us helping with this and that. One of them spoke to Louisa who looked toward the door and called over to us, "You two come along with me, there is an old acquaintance I want you to meet."

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Stepping inside her main entrance, which was quite impressive, with its large oak beams, fireplace, chandeliers, thick Spanish style rugs and furniture. I looked about, wincing from time to time at my tender nipples rubbing against the harsh fabric of the saloon girl's dress. I started to take off my hat, when I heard a husky woman's voice in one of the darker corners, I had heard that voice but I couldn't place it. My eyes adjusted a bit more as I stepped inside, I was slightly shocked that Louisa was already quite nude and the woman with the raspy female voice was fondling Louisa's nipple rings.

Louisa looked over her shoulder and smiled at me, then at Pearl who now had her hat off, "Girls, I want you to meet my partner and companion, Mistress Conchita." The woman stood up, she was quite naked herself and stood about the same height as Louisa. When I could see her face, I was surprised that it was the same woman who drove off with Yellow Fawn, I stepped toward her and she spoke, "Well, hello my blonde one... long time no see?" I smiled back, "Pleased to meet you, Mistress Conchita." I gave her a respectful curtsy. She looked at Louisa, "You have done well, and she displays respect. A good deal more than the muscled one outside. I've been working on her now for over three months. I even sent her to the Abbey and she still is restive."

Louisa nodded, "We shall see, but for now I am tired, and in need of rest." Pearl and I slept with her and ministered to her for the rest of the day. Life was quiet and for the first time in many months, we managed to regain our strength and enjoyed the hospitality offered by our new mistress, Louisa and of course Mistress Conchita.

About two months later, I was in the bathroom with Pearl and I asked her if she'd had her period since my last one as well as hers failed to appear. She shook her head and I felt my stomach and immediately stood up and threw up for seemingly no reason at all. We were told not to dress that morning and it was at breakfast that Louisa dropped the 'bomb' on us...

Louisa settled back and looked over at the lovely nude girl serving her breakfast, the girl leaned over placing the plate neatly in front of her mistress then smiled, obviously dangling her breasts so

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that Louisa could touch them and she did. Looking up in the girl's eyes she spoke to us, "I have not said anything to you two as I wanted to enjoy your bodies for as long as I could stomach them. Both of you stand up..." We did, she went on, "... feel your belly Cassie... same thing for you Pearl..." We did and she continued, "... feelin' kind of firm and a bit round, eh, ladies? Breasts getting a bit tender are they, girls?"

I felt my tits, they seemed normal, but come to think of it they were a trite tender. I looked at Pearl and she swallowed hard. I cleared my throat, and started to speak when mistress stopped my words with hers. Louisa's tone of voice was anything but happy, "Ahem... I..." Still not making eye contact with us, but looking even more interested at the young girl, "Cassie I want you to just shut up while I do the talking around here, is that understood?" I nodded, and she continued to speak, "You both are knocked up aren't you?" I looked at Pearl and again I started to say something, but was halted. Louisa stopped playing with the girl and turned to the two of us, "I can count, it's been a little more than two months now since either of you have had a period, right? No more beating around the bush here, you remember what I told you would happen to you if I found out either or both of you were pregnant?"

This time I was allowed to answer, "I think so, didn't you mention something about a special mill or working area..."

Louisa smiled, "I don't expect you to remember what I told you about it. Not at all, but you will have a hard time forgetting about it. When you have given up, what's in those bellies of yours that is, you'll be ready to be ridden. Maybe even ridden until you break or fail. You two want to act like animals and take public fuckings, then I will treat you like animals. For now, while you are in a fold condition, I will work you. I will whip you. You will respond and I will train you. When you have dropped what's inside you, then I will break you to the saddle and harness. Likely, I will have you breed again, and worked some more and drop another belly full of young. The process will continue until you either die from it, or become so decrepit that you will have to be put down."

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I was aghast at her words. I looked at Pearl who had a woeful look on her face. Then I looked at Louisa, "But mistress, we couldn't help what happened and you saw Prato and Oro rape us. What could we do?"

She interrupted me, with a smile on her face, "I took a whipping at Prato's hands just to prove to you that I was willing to go to the mat for you. Both of you stupid bitches just watched him flail away on me. OH MY LOOK HOW MISTRESS CAN TAKE IT!" She raised her voice quite loud, "Then, you talk about rape, in that boxing ring, Prato made a point to me - that neither of you would protest his or Oro's public fuckings. He was right, you just let him grab you by the hair and bend both of you over the ropes and pussy fuck you both right there in front of my friends and me. Not one word of reminder to him that you were my property. Then that feeble little shot you gave Cassie, at Moonita, which I think went something like this..." She mimicked me; "Oh please don't girl me... my mistress is..." Batting her eyelashes with her face watery; "Oh not the girl-girl thing please just whip me..." She continued, "You call that a protest?" She looked about and then back at me, "Don't say any more, Cassie, spare me the platitudes."

Looking over at Pearl, she went on, "You I must admit, followed this one entirely too close in your life to ever be totally devoted to me. To her yes, but not to me... well maybe a little bit, but more likely you are devoted to the blonde one here. Which is understandable given the circumstances." Louise got up and went out into the living room; where she opened a screen door and motioned to a girl working in the yard, she said something to her then came back inside.

Pearl leaned over to me, "What does she mean ridden?"

I started to say something just as I heard Louise come back in, I shrugged that I didn't know what she meant.

Louise came back in, she smiled, "And I'll just bet those inquisitive little minds of yours were buzzing to find out what was going on, am I right?"

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We both nodded, then looking about for a few seconds, I hesitated, "Yes, mistress, I... I was wondering what would happen to us..." I know I sounded somewhat scared.

Louise smiled and looked at the two of us, "Don't fret none girls, it's not the end of the world, just the end of your being members of the human race, that's all." I looked at Pearl, we both swallowed at the same time.

At this moment, Conchita came in, I could see that she now wore a set of rings exactly like the ones worn by Louisa. She reached over and picked up a glass of juice and looking at us, she drank it steadily down as a few drops dribbled past the edges of the glass down her front, one of the drops ended up on her right nipple.

Louisa continued, "Conchita here will take charge of you two and get you goin' in your new 'room' out in the filly stable. Conchita here are two new fillies all ready for a good time out there at your machine."

I learned quickly enough that Conchita was a woman to be reckoned with and in all my experience, which is limited I have never seen the likes of her. The woman for some reason appeared taller than when we first arrived. Likely due to the fact she had on a pair of high-heeled boots, a brown leather vest open in the front, which accented her earthy skin tones, a hip skirt that left very little to the imagination and muscles that matched her build which rippled as she moved. Her facial features were most striking, almost as if chiseled from stone; her dark hair tied in a single gather that hung down her back and she had deep blue eyes. I could see from the openness of her vest that the whip was not something she was unaccustomed to feeling, more so perhaps in the past. What was plainly obvious to me was how the studded leather seemed to complement her looks.

The woman approached us, the spurs on her boots jingled with each step she took, "Well Louisa, my oh my what a couple of darlings..." The woman felt my belly first, then Pearl's belly, "... early but there. Prato and Oro's work I take it?"

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Louisa nodded, "Publicly fucked them during the games, both of them. Prato did the blonde one and Oro did the black."

"How long since those fuckings?" Conchita asked.

"Been about nine or ten weeks since the first one, and about another three since the public ones." Louise cocked her head to one side, "Why?"

Conchita shrugged, "No reason..." She looked at me, "... bend over and hold onto that chair." I did and she plunged her index and middle finger right up my cunt. I could feel her actions and it caused me to swoon, "Oooh, aah... oh..." Conchita withdrew her fingers, wiping it on her vest as she spoke, "This one likes it, likes both women and men, but women more so. She has a tipped uterus so it takes a good deal more continuous fuckings to get her preggo." Going over to Pearl, she motioned for her to do the same thing, which she followed up with her fingers still slightly wet from me. Finished with the workings she commented, "The black can take it anyway, she's been prepared since she was young, maybe a marriage stick or perhaps even..." She looked at Pearl, "... you Nubian?"

Pearl looked at her, cocking her head to one side, "Congolese."

Conchita felt Pearl's breasts, "You've got the tits of a Nubian; you sure there isn't some bloodline in your past?"

Pearl blinked, "Not sure..."

Conchita slapped Pearl's breasts on each side, then she looked over her shoulder at Louisa, "If she has any Nubian in her, they make them wear a pickup from their first period. That's a stone about the size of my fist with a hollowed out part at the tip when it's shoved up inside the girl it makes sure there is no tipping of the uterus in them. I've seen girls like her pop out sucker after sucker until they damn near have sprung as many as could form a good sized tribe.

"Now, listen up you two sluts, this is the last time I will address you as humans. When you learn to respond as the animals you are you

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will not be required to speak, until then you will address me as 'Ma 'am' and her..." She pointed to Louise, "... as 'Mistress'. Don't get us confused, understand or you will learn to hate the meaning of the word saddle strap; understand?"

We both nodded, "Yes, Ma 'am."

Conchita looked back over at Pearl, then over at Louise, "No, I'd swear this one has Nubian in her. See the curve of those tits of hers. When she was twelve or so, if she's a Nubian and not a slave by then, her kin would put a pair of Ampalla stones on those big nipples of hers and she would have to endure them from sunrise to sunset every day during her first period. That's how these bitches end up with such huge nipples."

Louise looked at her own nipples and realized that Pearl's were slightly larger than she had noticed before. I looked again at Conchita, she'd removed her vest and exposed a marvelous set of breasts. Well shaped and full, with a firm youthful up lift yet obviously quite mature, she was no spring chicken.

When she turned is when I saw the marks on her back left by more than one application of a bullwhip. She noticed that I had been staring at her back, straightening up and sucking in a full breath of air, which made her breasts, heave upwards. She walked over to me, "Do you find me attractive, blonde one?" I looked again at her nipples and breasts, noticing the lines left by the whip across them. I reached out and traced a couple of them right across her nipples. I lifted my hand to softly cup her right breast, she smiled at me and slowly reached down and undid her hip skirt, letting it fall. She then stepped easily out of her boots, undoing her hair band and letting it fall full disheveled as she shook her head, and she was now quite naked. Smiling at me, she took on softness to her eyes, "All right, blonde one, do me..."

I did, I took her like I'd been starved for sex for years, and I just immediately fell in love with this woman. I whispered into her ear, "Love me, keep me, and make me yours..." She continued with me and full body fucked me right there. I was in such bliss to be taken by her and have her rub her hard clit against mine until we both came. When

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we were finished, I was a mass of sweat and body juices from this woman.

Conchita never said a word as she stood up, slowly kissing me on the lips, then got dressed. When she finished, she walked over to a quite shocked Louise, who was fondling Pearl's bare slit. She raised her eyebrows while putting on her boots, leaving her vest unbuttoned, she gave off a small sigh, "See what I mean, pure silk with women. Hard to come by a blonde with her talents, you sure you want me to make her into a filly?"

Louise gave her a smug curled up smile, she went over to the bar and took a bottle of tequila and opened it taking its last swig; empty she looked at it, then called aloud, "Lilly get your soft ass out here and put a fresh tequila in the bar, Goddammit! RIGHT NOW!" She got that same smile on her face again, "Can't get good help these days..." She was going somewhere with this action, but no one in the room could tell just yet, where, "... or loyal help. I oughta dump the lot of ya." She went over to where I was still laying recovering from the lovemaking that Conchita and I had just finished, "Blonde slut, why don't you love me the way you do all these others? Or, don't I have what it takes to turn you on?" She threw the empty bottle in the corner and it shattered. It made me jump and I know it made Pearl jump bit higher. Lilly had just arrived and looked in amazement at the glass she'd heard break, while struggling in with the case.

Lilly put down the case, opened it, took one out and immediately went over and handed the full bottle of tequila to Louise, who grabbed it from Lilly's hand. While Louise took a deep swallow, Lilly said, "Mistress, we have six cases of tequila left, and there is half a case still over here under the bar, so I put this one under it..."

Louise went over and looked, "Why yes child, so we fucking do. You do fuck don't you or do I have as for YOUR permission, or hers..." She was pointing at Conchita, "... or that one's..." She pointed to me.

Lilly winced, as she knew that Louise was in one of those unhappy 'moods' of hers, she smiled in compliancy, and "Mistress I

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will get more tequila." She left quickly before she found herself in trouble for no reason at all.

Conchita cleared her throat and moved over toward Louise, "Look darling, you know how I feel about you. It is just that this blonde is something else. You remember what you told me when you told me to bring the other one back, and before we left on this last trip to Prato's? That you would bring us back a nice gift. What could be nicer than this blonde... I want her and that is all. If you want me to use her, I will use her and work her at my machine. But, I want to keep her species intact..."

Louise looked at me then back at Conchita, "What will you do with her baby?"

"Why give it to the Abbey of course..." she smiled.

"What about the black one?" Louisa took another swig of liquor.

Conchita walked over to Pearl, lifting her tits again. She smiled at Pearl who did not smile back, then she walked back over to Louise, nodding, "I can deal with her. I'll have her broken and saddle ready for you, but I want them both as a bedroom set. Not as stable hand me downs stuff, all right?"

Louise took one long swig of tequila, and was now quite drunk. Slamming the bottle down on the bar, she looked at me and blinked once, then over at Pearl and back at Conchita, "So you want them do you..." She staggered out from behind the bar, "... well shooo do I. You are a fine bunch of sluts, the three of you..." Going over to a chair, she sat down hard in it, "... you Conchita, I trust you and now you want these two ... all right, you have done much for me so they are yours. But I want my rules upheld, they are to work off their 'baby fat'..." She belched, "... uhrrup... *'scues* me..."

Conchita held her hand to me, then looked at Pearl who started to follow us, Louise held up her hand, "Wait a minnnutee... I'mmm noatt finnished yet... for what those two did to me and all-da

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embarrassmentttt, I want them saddle strapped... teaccch temm somme mannorrsss. You, Conchita will give it to them and then you take a saddle strappin' as well. All of ya, buck naked... And Conchita you too all bare assed, I want you three bare assed for six months..."

Conchita smiled at her in obvious anger, she went over to her never saying a word and removed her vest, her hair band, hip skirt, boots, beads, and loose jewelry, all except her nipple and clit rings, which had been permanently placed on her. She turned, motioned to Pearl and I, then left out of the back screen door heading for her cabin near the grinding machine; I saw her grab her whip on the way out, Conchita was not a happy woman at all.

The three of us tried to made small talk along the way to her cabin. It was a short distance to her place, about a half a mile walk from Louise's main house. As we drew near I could see a part of the great machine sticking out of one side. I asked if we could see it, and Conchita hesitated a moment, then nodded. She took us upstairs to the observation platform, it was difficult for us to climb as the steps were not designed for bare feet. Once up in the late morning we could clearly see the women below laboring mercilessly under the stress of the wheel. I looked closely at the several nude figures, one of them looked like Yellow Fawn. To one side, the sound caught my attention more that the action which was partly in the dark, I could see an attractive young woman wearing a hat and not much else, whipping a big breasted Indian girl. The machine seemed to serve very little purpose other than a torture device.

Inside her cabin Conchita offered us some food and beverages and we sat down, it was not as luxurious as Louise's house, but we enjoyed what she offered. I asked her, "Why does she treat you so bitterly?"

Conchita sipped on some beer, "I was her overseer and kept her girls in line. Well, you might say that I still am her overseer, but now more like her trainer. She likes to breed girls to keep as pony horse slave girls, you know pull harness carts, run races suffer exposures and humiliations. Besides that, she has another larger market here for real horses as well, but her sexual drive revolves around breeding girls.

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Evidentially what disappointed her is that she wants to have a couple of 'real' daughters, and she wants one of them to be a blonde. Ironically, she wants the other daughter to be black, so that is where you come in lover." She nodded toward Pearl.

Conchita went on, "This entire valley has a population of only women. She has even put in a 'so called' catholic church school Abbey to teach the young ones to be compliant. That church doesn't have any commission from the Pope... the Abbess who runs it is as jaded as they come and one of Louisa's older female companions. Don't tell her I told you this, but Louisa is over 50 years old! Remarkable since she doesn't look a day over 30, something I was told about several years ago, that she once lived with three witches up in the Qunda'da Mountains. Supposedly, she lived with them as their slave where she would tend to them, work for them and minister to their every need as long as they would keep her young and beautiful."

Conchita shrugged, took another sip of beer and went on, "She could be older than that for all I know. After the witches died, she came down out of the mountains and joined up with a lawless gang of bandidos called the Concheros. Their leader was a fierce son of a bitch named Carlos, who kept his followers in line with hard rules. Louisa joined them to fight and earn money, but it was a constant battle between them, usually with her ending up taking a whipping from him naked in front of the others who would use her something bad. This life etched hate in her for the men, one day they had it out with a gunfight. Ironically, Louisa was faster than Carlos and she shot him between the eyes, 'povee' bingo down he went. She ruled the gang for a few years, then a bank job over on the coast went sour as an American Navy ship was in the harbor when her gang tried to rob the bank. Some US Marines were there exchanging their dollars for pesos when the gang showed up, and a gunfight followed ending up with Louisa wounded and captured. The courts convicted her and she was sent off to Xua 'Xua prison, and that is no place you want to go to be sure." Conchita pointed to me.

"I guess now that it was about fifteen years ago that Louisa was released from the Xua 'Xua just about 100 miles south of here; and she met me in a cantina about 50 miles from there in a place called Quaccia. I was nothing more than a naked kitchen slut, begging for handouts. In truth I am half Indian, half white, my mother was a full

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blooded Arapahoe and my father a Dutch miner, hence my blue eyes." She blinked them at me and I got weak in the knees. Taking another drink, she continued, "Then along came Louisa fresh out of prison, her back was laced up like a map from the abuse they deliver there, she came in that cantina wearing nothing but a crossed set of leather bandoleers over her naked breasts, a sombrero, and a loincloth along with a .44 Colt cross-draw set of guns on her hips along with a large knife. I remember that she looked like the desert had swallowed her up and threw her up on the cantina doorstep.

"I'd stepped inside a few moments before her, butt naked carrying a load of wet laundry up from the creek, my hair in pigtails, there were two men at the bar who gave me some lusty looks just as she swung the doors open, looking at me, then at the two men who had stopped their looks at me and feasted their eyes on her. Moving toward the bar, she slapped down a coin and ordered a bottle of tequila from me, so I put it down and she picked it up taking a long swig straight from the bottle. The two men moved over and approached Louisa for some action. One of them reached around to fondle her tits, she grabbed his hand and pulled a knife holding it to his hand telling him that if he wanted to keep his fingers he would need to keep his hands to himself. Louisa failed to pay attention to the other man, as he grabbed her wrist and forced the knife out of her hand. He grabbed her other hand and held her tight, I was scared for myself so I didn't interfere. The man who was going to fondle her tits, stepped closer and held the knife to her face, saying that he didn't like being threatened by a woman. The other man made a comment about Louisa's backside showing the whip marks, so the two of them disarmed her and in a few minutes her sombrero, bandoleers, and guns were on the bar. Louisa spat at them and at me for not doing something to help her, I was just a naked scared girl then. The two men taunted her and felt her up all over, then one of them got the idea that she shouldn't be allowed to get away with threatening them.

"So the one holding her forced her outside to the small corral next to the cantina, the one she had threatened reached over my bar and grabbed a bullwhip laying just under the counter. I didn't stop him since I'd had that thing used on me and I didn't want any part of it at all. He went outside and by that time, his friend had Louisa strung up by her wrists to the overhead of the corral entrance. All she had left on was her loincloth, which the man with the whip had come over and

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yanked off. He called out loud so that everyone could hear, that Louisa was a bitch cunt fuck and she would learn her place as a squaw woman, and not as a haughty cunt. He uncoiled the whip and gave her thirty lashes right out there in full view of the barrio, while she swayed bare naked sweating in the hot sun. My bones were shaking all the while I heard the whip crack around her slender nudity, and his buddy called out the strokes. When they stopped, they left her swaying and blubbering and grabbed me by the arm dragging me back inside for more service. They forced me to fuck them right there, since the sight of Louisa's naked body being lashed was enough to raise their cocks to full a full stand.

"I was riding the second one, when she came staggering back in, sweating but with a look of anger in her eyes. To this day, I don't know who let her down, but she looked at her guns over on the counter, and the two men, who each had their pants down while I worked on them, died right there in a fury of gunfire that Louisa unleashed on the two. I was screaming as the bullets knocked the men to the ground around me. Coming closer she shot them again, and looking at me she nodded for me to put guns in their hands, which I did. In a few minutes, about five others showed up inside one of them being the constable, who asked what had happened and who shot these men. I looked at Louisa and told him it was in self-defense, the men shot each other over me. The constable looked at the rope burns on Louisa's wrists, the lash marks on her body, and the empty holsters on the bar. He nodded, realizing that these men had just whipped Louisa and she was after all a naked whore in his eyes as was I. So he motioned to have them dragged off and buried. Looking at the two of us, he nodded that we had better get dressed and think about leaving town. Louisa looked at me and smiled so from that point on I have been with her always." Conchita finished her beer.

Pearl gave her a slight smile, then asked, "What is that machine for? How does that improve this horse business; I am kind of confused?"

"That machine is just a huge muscle builder. I've labored at it once in a while when Louisa got the urge to see me punished in some erotic way. Prato has had me too, oh before you two showed up, right after he got Fawn, Louisa left me with Prato as an exchange for a

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couple of busty whores he won from Maximilian. Fawn and I worked for a while side by side in his mine, until we got too strong for him. I remember that I could pin him down, and he made me fight in that arena of his too, earned many a 'trophy'..." Here she stood up and turned her back to us, "... Prato's work are the larger ones. Gave me fifty once for trying' my luck at an escape attempt, so buck bare back to the mines I went, where he worked my ass off; you two look like you may have seen the mine?"

I nodded and looked over at Pearl who also nodded, but I just had to ask this next question, "What does she mean by giving us a saddle strapping?"

Pouring herself another beer then taking a deep swig of it, Conchita sat the glass down as she spoke, "An open whipping with an eight foot saddle strap. This'll make my fifth one since I've been here, and believe me, we'll be strung up spread as wide as your body will allow. With plenty of room to swing the thing, each of us will take a lickin' with it, and pretty much everywhere we call ourselves girls and maybe an inch or two we didn't think of. Only place we will never be beaten is on our faces or heads, other than that if it has skin, it'll take a lick or two. My guess is I'll do the two of you, or maybe Sissy, she's the one you saw with the hat using the tawse on that Indian slut. Sissy wears that hat and not much else, one time I saw her in a hip skirt tied in the front. The fact is that I've always known her to be bare titted naked and it's a good bet she has spent all of her adult life like that."

I found just sitting and talking with Conchita a delight. Based on her physique, I was sure that she was going to swing a wicked strap. The three of us went to her bed, where after several hours of unbridled female sex, we fell asleep. I awoke about half an hour before dawn, crawled out of bed and went out into a star lit sky where I took a huge pee. Feeling a good deal of relief, I returned to bed. It was good that only Pearl stirred a little as I saw Conchita shift herself just slightly, enough to make her breasts roll about. I kissed her nipple lightly, and saw a smile on her face. I got back into bed and drifted back off to sleep.

**Chapter 16**

I was still kind of sleepy when the three of us staggered outside to wash off. I gave a yawn and stretched my sore muscles, but somehow I just had the feeling that things were going to get a lot tougher before they would get easier. I looked over at Conchita and Pearl as the three of us showered in her outside makeshift shower.

At breakfast we sat silently in the nude eating our breakfast, which took about an hour all together, finishing we drank another cup of coffee. I looked at Pearl, and it was obvious that Conchita had a lot on her mind, drinking the last of her coffee in silence she stood up, "Want another cup?"

I nodded then Pearl stood up and moved quickly to the pot, "That's okay I'll get it, you just sit back down and let Pearl pour."

Another few more minutes went by in silence, I spoke up, "Look my love, you still have orders and a job to do here. Mistress wants us 'preggo sluts' up and working and that's all there is too it. Unless you have plans to join us out there at that machine, then I'd suggest that you lead us to our labor and put us to it. Then come noon or whenever, take us off it and put us up proper and strap us as ordered. If you want I will try to use the strap on you, but I will fail so I suggest that either Pearl or maybe Sissy take it to you..."

Conchita smiled as she looked over at me, "You two are special, but I must deal with a group of slaves that are not used to seeing me naked. When I left my clothing with her yesterday, without thinking I just slammed them down in front of her and that meant for good in her book. Yes my girls, I've sealed my fate here to permanent nudity for as long as she is my mistress."

Pearl and I looked at each other then I spoke, "Listen, you mean you are permanently with us as slaves and laborers or even... a pony girl?"

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She pulled up one side of her mouth, "I'm afraid so, it looks like we all will be moving into the stable and me along with you; likely she'll come along and make Sissy her new overseer."

There was a knock at the door, it was Sissy. Conchita stood up and went over to the door to let her in. Louise followed Sissy inside, she looked somewhat hung over, but in her right mind sure enough.

Looking around, "Nice place Conchita, all the comforts of home I see, bedroom, kitchen, living area and oh, yes, two slave-girls, a blonde and a black to tend to it. Before I get too sentimental, this one..." She points to Sissy, "... apparently won't be taking your place. She says that she respects you too much, not that everyone can claim the same feelings. However, I did give you a strict order yesterday, drunk or not, to give these two a saddle strapping. Then you, yourself dear girl, was to get an equal if not harder strapping. Apparently like many things, this has yet to be done. Now, if I can't get this one to do it, then I'll find someone else to lay it on you or I'll just have do it myself; but one way or the other..." She took a fixed eye on Conchita, "... you'll get a strapping, bare ass naked as you are, outside in the hot sun and no mercy given. Now..." Leaning toward her over the table, she fondled one of Conchita's ringed nipples, "... unless you have plans for working at your own machine, I'd suggest that you get these two over and started at their labor. While Sissy and I have a short private discussion."

Conchita gave Louisa a courtly nod and eyeballed us over to the door, "Come on, you heard mistress, it's time for work..." Louise stayed her arm then pulled her down for a private word, "Don't try to defy me you sly bitch, put them to work on the machine and come back here, as for your nudity, you'll get used to it and so will they..." Conchita nodded, then left with us in tow. I heard the door close behind me and I didn't look back over my shoulder.

I found out later in detail from Conchita what went on back inside the cabin after Pearl and I were assigned to the levers; apparently, Louise walked around picking up the coffee pot, she poured herself a cup of coffee, then offered one to Sissy who took it, "Sit down, take the load off..." Louise was poisoning herself for something and Sissy knew it, but couldn't figure out what. Sissy was

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not that smart but she was quite attractive and sexy with her nicely shaped breasts, well suntanned, though pale compared to Conchita. Sissy was a white woman with brown hair and green eyes who had been really worked over by the Mescalero tribe, she liked to wear an occasional hip skirt, which she always kept tied wrong so that her smooth cleft was blatantly exposed; her over all appearance was like she just crawled out of the mines. Likely her appearance exposed the clue to her inability to experience shame. This girl had been so sexually abused by that tribe that if some one had told her that it was okay to go naked before Victoria of England, she would have bared it all. This girl was absolutely living proof to the charges levied against the local tribes that they were excessive in their abuse of captives.

Louise sipped her coffee, "How long have you been with me, Sissy?"

"Five years or so mistress..." she replied.

"Five years, that's quite a while. I got you from one of the Mescalero people, Chief Proud Horse I believe, is that right?"

Sissy paused a moment, "... yeah, that's right, Chief Proud Horse. Did you know mistress, that I was fucked so many times by him, his relatives and even their horses as well as worked over by their women, that I don't even remember when I lost my clothes, I think it was after the 10th or was it the 20th time. Well anyways, I lost them..." She was obviously not a completely sane girl, and she changed the subject almost like discussing the weather, or baking a cake, "Do you like my titties?" She swayed them back and forth a couple of times, "I was told by his brother that I had to keep them available, but I didn't know then that available meant to keep them handy for them to beat upon. I even saw them beat another girl's tits... with a club. I got tired of listening to her screams so I plugged my ears like this." She demonstrated.

Louise nodded, "Yes, they're lovely Sissy, but since you were fucked by their horses, didn't you give birth to one?" Louisa was trying to be fastidious.

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"No..." She pondered as if she had to think about it a few minutes, "No, no, as a matter of fact I had more than six miscarriages, I think by the horses, or was it that one large hunting party when they got back and I was spread for them on that slant rack. I was oiled up for them, so it didn't hurt for too long. Has it hurt when you've been taken like that? I mean on a rack all spread and oiled down there? Anyway, each one of those miscarriages had earned me one of their 'sacred' punishments, which was anything from a common whore whipping to the last one, my being impaled on a sharp thrusting stick. You know, Mistress, I really thought that stick would go all the way through me, out my mouth and just end it for me, right then and there, but it didn't. It just kind of tortured me, like making me rub my hard clitty against the rough bark of it." She almost laughed at her words, "Actually, I came while I was struggling on it, and I got my tits so sunburned in the process well, just a minute, were they sunburned or was that when Mephestina, his daughter, pummeled them with those saplings?" Her mind seemed to wander, "Well, anyway my insides hurt, and I had to pee a lot so other than that, that's about all. Oh, that's why I love women a lot..."

She stood up, opening up the lips of her sex to expose her clit, "See my clitty is still there and it works. Here's my pee hole and over here is my little cunny, been used a lot but it is still mine, oh, and yours too." She smiled, and then went on mindlessly, "Now you take my cunt, well..." She exposed her slit, "... not very functional I'm afraid for holding things inside sometimes, I think it was because they used to stuff hot rocks inside of me while I was upside down and the only thing I could cool them off with was my pee, and that didn't work too well neither."

Sissy sat back down and took another, long drink of coffee. Swallowing it, she added this next part like there was a special down at the general store, "Oh, I never told you about the time Mephestina took me over and made me sit on the geyser. Fortunately, she let me up just before it ejected, but the rim was kind of hot... see I still have a small scar down there just on this side of my cunny." She parted her lips again showing Louisa her tortured sex, looking up she spoke, "Conchita thought it had almost parboiled me, but I laughed and told her that the Mescaleros were just funnin' with me."

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Louise stood up, motioning for her to remain seated while she went outside and returned with her saddlebag. She opened it up and took out a coiled whip, it was the saddle strap; inset into a large varnished wooden handle carved in the shape of a male member. Louisa tossed it on the table, "Ever seen one of these?"

She took a closer look at it almost bringing it up to her nose, Sissy was near sighted ever since her capture, which may have explained some of her *naïveté*, she then sat it back down on the table, "Yup, that's a saddle strapper, nicely mounted one too. Hefty... I took a lickin' with one of those, right here I believe it was. Had me all strung up by my thumbs and my legs spread so damn wide I could feel the wind blowing against my clitty down there and it was just dangling in the breeze. I can't recall it being Miss Conchita who used it on me but now come to think of it, in fact I think it were you, mistress. You beat me with that thing, now that I remember it right enough..."

"You are right, it was me. Now, stand up..." Sissy stood up, "... remove all you clothes including your hat if you will..." She did as she was told, and then Louisa stood up and removed her clothing, she went over to the archway separating Conchita's living room and dining room. Louisa casually spread herself between them at an odd angle, with one arm low almost on the ground, the other arm upward, her right leg up as high as she could raise it secured inside a loop, and her left leg supporting her weight. This position left her sex exposed in a full side exposure. Louisa looked back over her shoulder at an equally naked Sissy, she ordered, "Well, pick up the strap and use it on me, full side hits if you will and give me a hard strappin'... go on... you won't be held accountable. I want you to punish me for anything you feel I need the punishment for... well, what are you waiting for, go on use it on me... beat me and make me suffer as I have made others suffer..." She stood looking quite lovely all spread and naked for the strap. Sissy blinked once, twice and in a few moments completely accommodated her.

It was about an hour later that Conchita re-entered her cabin, sweating and wiping her forehead with the back of her wrist. Going over to a shelf above her sink she took a towel and wiped herself down. It was when she moved into the living area, she saw Louise and

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Sissy doing a full female fuck, with Louise bound and Sissy openly fucking her puss to puss. Conchita tossed the towel aside and watched fully as they obviously were not paying any attention to her presence. It was Louisa who came first then Sissy. As the two women began to recover, Sissy first, she took a deep breath then gently separated herself from Louisa.

With her eyes still partly closed, she made her way over toward the sink, where she ran into the nude form of Conchita, who quickly embraced her full body and kissed her. It woke Sissy up wide-awake, "Oh, darling, I am still just a bit under..."

Conchita smiled at her, "Is that what you call it, a bit 'under'... it looked like you were trying to suck her up inside of you..." Looking over at Louise, "... took the strap to her did you? How'd you manage that one?"

Sissy gave a quick hand gesture, "She wanted me to. Had me spread her and take it to her, hard. So I did." She went over to the sink and pumped some water and gave herself a short sponge bath.

"And the fucking, she asked for that too?" Conchita was a bit sarcastic with her words.

With her face in a towel, Sissy replied, "You bet she did. She's the mistress around here and if she wants a whipping and a girl fuck from me, then I will give it to her." She tossed the towel at Conchita, walking past to the living room where she started to put on her clothes.

Conchita tossed the towel back at her; "I'd wait if I were you on the dressing part. She may have other ideas when she wakes up."

About an hour later, the three women were sitting in chairs in the living area, all of them drinking coffee, Louisa spoke first, "Funny, but I didn't hear you come in, and you saw us..." She gave the gesture of two middle fingers split and rubbing together.

Conchita swallowed a sip of coffee, "Yeah, I saw you two..." She repeated the gesture.

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Louisa nodded, "Not very mistress of me, being tied like that and beaten with a strap then girl fucked, by someone I own..." She smiled sheepishly and Conchita just shrugged her shoulders. Louisa continued, "... Sometimes I feel like I have to be..."

Conchita cut her off mid-sentence, "... a slave! You think I don't know that already? Since we're all into the same thing around here, don't you think the pretenses are just about over now? I think that Sissy here, having been here for what... five years?" She looked at Sissy who nodded, "... has to be about the last one in your little mistress' secret... Look, have you ever seen the back of my cabin, come here and take a look... I mean take a good look!"

The three of them got up and went out of Conchita's back door and into what Louisa simply caught as a gasp. There were several types of torture devices all ready and waiting for their intended female victims. On one side was a type of Spanish Donkey. In another corner was a makeshift wheel constructed from an old Borax wagon-wheel, quite heavy looking. There were several posts with cross beams, like the Romans must have had, and in the center of her well designed yard was a strange looking post which seemed to have more than one purpose. All of these devices were set in a very well designed garden atmosphere, with water and privacy surrounding it.

Louise was astonished, she shook her head, and "You made this?"

Conchita, so eloquent and perfectly at home in her yard, naked as the day she was born, looked over at her mistress, "Yup, and in less time than you think. Sissy and I have been enjoying it for what about three years now?" Sissy nodded, she was like a kid in a candy store. Conchita went on, looking at Louisa, "... want to play some more?" Louisa nodded and smiled at the same time, Conchita continued, "This is how Sissy and I keep our suntans so sexy looking..."

Louisa almost raced about checking out each device more closely and at one point she scrambled upon the Spanish Donkey, feeling her pussy sink down on it, irritating her clit in a most

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interesting way. She looked over and downward at Conchita, "Go get the black and the blonde one, I think we'll have our satisfaction here this afternoon..."

Conchita nodded to Sissy, "Go get Cassie and Pearl... oh, and bring that little Apache bitch, what's her name..."

"Fawn?" Sissy smiled, "I think she's about four months along now, got a swollen belly, but she can still take it."

"Yeah, that one... she can take anything but a belly whipping and the donkey so she'll do nicely." The three women smiled at each other.

As Sissy literally skipped off to go get us, Louisa slipped off the donkey, and stepped toward Conchita. She paused and took her into a full body embrace kissing her long and deep, she could feel the sun burning hotly down on her shoulders. After she parted from her Louisa asked, "How could you resist not taking that blonde out here and giving her a going over?"

Conchita smiled as she touched Louisa's shoulder, noticing the effects of the sun, "It took patience, my darling just patience..." Their eyes met, "... have you ever been whipped, I mean really whipped woman to woman with a bull whip out here in the sun?" Louisa licked her lips slightly and closed her eyes softly almost swaying, her nipples grew harder, she shook her head no, then spoke in a low tone, "Not since Xua 'Xua." Conchita whispered as she got very close to her mouth and enough for their nipples to touch, "... do you want to be, then following that be girl fucked while openly naked and fresh from the whip by me, with our rings connected?" There was a short pause as Louisa continued to sway gently, Conchita steadied her as she licked Louisa's lips, "... want to be after you've had some... sun..."

Louisa nodded and embraced Conchita, "Now will do nicely... right now... show me no mercy..."

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Conchita kissed her full nipple-to-nipple, clit to clit, their rings gently clicking together. Their lips parted slightly as Conchita spoke, "With pleasure my love..."

**Chapter 17**

A bare assed Sissy approached Mill-Silo-1 of three mill silos, large domed and cylinder shaped buildings to be sure. In each one there were three gristmills with eight levered positions each, four spokes supporting two girls on each spoke. Mill-Silo-3 supported up to twenty-four girls, each being in their eighth month or nearly ready to give drop and give birth. Mill-Silo-2 held the same number, only the women in there were in their fifth through seventh month. The last, Mill-Silo-1, held newer girls, those having missed their first period up through the fourth month. The machines themselves did serve some purpose to grind grain harvested from the fields delivered on the backs of bare assed slave girls laboring endlessly in the fields surrounding the Abbey. I learned later on that the domes could be opened if necessary to add to the punishment of the girls sweating and straining at the mills.

I heard the door open, and a brief glare slotted into the hollow sounding chamber, as Sissy stepped inside Silo-1, it was obvious that Sissy heard the slow creaking of the levers as the women strained against the heavy stones that rolled over the grating surface; they made a squeaky gritty sound that easily sent chills up and down a girl's spine. It was fairly dark inside, and the smell of straw covered floors, girl sweat and pee floated in the air. No girl would ever like the mills even though, like Sissy, they had worked in them for the most part of their captivity. Two of the levered millwheels were empty and the middle one had six girls shackled to it, including Pearl and myself, almost every one of us showing some pooch to her belly, and laboring slowly at a seemingly pointless task. I glanced over as Sissy stepped up to the overseer girl, Leafa. Assigned to watch over the girls, Leafa was drinking heavily on tequila and looking over at Sissy, "Hey, Sissy common over and have a drink with me, it is too hot in here to just not have anything to drink..." She stood up and her skirt casually slipped off. She looked down somewhat drunken, "... woopsie ..." She worked the skirt back up, but not enough to cover the hairless pubes of her smooth cleft.

I saw her toss the flogger loosely over her shoulder and saunter over to a very naked Sissy, stopping when she could see her better,

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Leafa nodded, "Well now, bare assed are ye, eh? What, Mistress sent you over to put in a few hours on one of these..." She pointed to the five girls slowly grinding at the levers, "You know and ... snuggle up close to one of these sluts?"

Sissy looked at her, "In your dreams, you little bitch... I remember the last time I let you work me over at one of these levers."

Leafa nodded, "Yeah, I loved every minute of it..." She moved closer to her and touched Sissy's large hard nipples.

Looking at her and not stopping her actions, Sissy smiled just a bit, "I thought you preferred the big titted girls like that one over yonder or Sierra there..." Leafa kissed Sissy as she spoke, she finally parted her lips, "... I do prefer bigger tits on a girl since they feel so good against mine, but you have the best nipples for a hundred miles in any direction... Save maybe for that new blonde one over there..." Pointing her whip in my direction, Leafa continued to kiss the girl hard and press her own nipples against Sissy's. The nude girl seemed to drift along with the bold overseer.

Having agreed to a half hour of submission, Sissy quickly regretted her decision; Leafa had chained her next to Pearl, and quickly fitted her with a set of suction tubes that made her breasts distend with their weight. I noticed that Sissy was not as heavy titted as either Pearl or me, but clearly these devices served to torture Sissy more than force her to give milk. In her depraved madness Leafa attached a set of these obscene sucking devices to Pearl's large breasts, making them quiver as the suction was increased. I looked at Pearl who rolled her eyes in hurt, the nude girl beside her obviously unhappy with the noise from the pumping action on her breasts. It looked awfully uncomfortable and the pained look on Sissy's face confirmed my suspicions.

*WHAP* Sissy arched her back as she struggled in her chains with the lash that Leafa delivered across her back. She walked up to Sissy and yanked her head back by the hair, "Work slut! Work I say or I'll..." She shook the whip in her face, "... give you another with this!" As she finished her sentence she landed another one this time fully across Sissy's bare cleft. Sissy let out a painful squeal, "YAHAAA!"

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The wheel ground two more times this time it was the girl just ahead of me, a slender big breasted Yaqui girl with a round pudge to her tummy she had braided hair, hauling back her flogger, Leafa struck the girl's full breasts causing them to sway and bounce obscenely she tossed her head back, "AAA!"

After three more turns, Leafa picked up a rare form of devious intentions, she stopped the wheel's momentum, which made all of us stagger another step or two. Picking up a spreader bar she went over to Sissy and changed her position from pushing a lever to pulling it with her back arched against it, she attached the spreader to her ankles and removed the suction tubes from her nipples. I could see the red rings and swollen areolas around the red tips of them. This position forced her to work quite awkwardly and her efforts would have to be twice as hard to keep up her end of the wheel's momentum. Splay legged, a girl exposes more of herself, and that was Leafa's purpose with Sissy's position. She looked over and saw that some of the hourglass was now sifted down, so Sissy would finish up her time in this position, but for her it would be an eternity.

I felt Leafa's flogger slap against my back coaxing me to push hard. Then looking to one side of me a few moments later a loud wet sounding slap as her flogger gripped itself between Sissy's legs, several red streaks told the story that her sex must be awfully sore. Sissy screamed aloud, "AAA! God damn you, you bitch, stop whipping me down there!"

Leafa smiled, "Aw pretty, pretty, all spread and open... doesn't like the whip much... between her *legs!*" ... 'WHAP' ... Sissy winced, "AAAIIGGHH! DAMN YOU!"

Finished with her 'time' paid in full, Leafa released Sissy and the two had some low-keyed words to exchange. I looked at Pearl who was not happy about the hard sucking from the tubes attached to her. Her breasts bounced and swayed with each step she took and I could tell from the pucker of skin along side the rims of the things, that her nipples must be well up and inside those tubes no doubt. Sissy went over to one side and pulled on a chain, which opened up the overhead to the silo allowing some sunlight to come in. I could see for the first

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time that two women were pumping on a system that created the extensive vacuum for the tubes that were connected to Pearl's tits.

Sissy pointed to Pearl and me, and told Leafa, "Those two, the blonde and the black girl... Mistress and Conchita want them now. Likely your little stunt with me will get you a strapping... if it does, then it serves you right."

After releasing us, Leafa motioned for us to follow Sissy. We did and none of us talked much at all, just as we started to pass Mill-Silo-2, I could see Fawn inside. I stopped and Sissy looked back at me, "What is it now?" I pointed to Silo-2 and she went on inside. We all entered it, and there was more activity there than in ours, this time only about four positions were unfilled. The silo had a stronger smell of girl sweat and urine since the girls in here were further along and they just peed in their positions if they couldn't hold it until the break time. Girls who had peed, evidentially had paid for it more dearly than in our silo, mostly in the form of nipple clips with weights, cleft clamps, and or a combination of chafer wedges or clit claws. I could see where one girl had awfully sore nipples as well as a very red looking clit obviously she'd been tortured with a wedge made from a carved pumice stone.

Conchita had told me about the chafer wedges and clit claws, excruciating evil devices invented by one of the Sonoran tribes. A chafer wedge was a simple thing actually, a wedge shaped length of sand stone, pumice or jasper that was chipped rough; with a length of rawhide tied to each end, it was held up against a girl's bare cleft so that it rode against her clit, held further in place by a tummy cord to which the rawhide lengths were tied. A girl walking with this thing between her legs would wish soon enough that she were up to her waist in a pool of oil to keep the hard stone from rubbing her raw. The clit claw was just that, a small carved device with talon like sharp grippers that were clipped around a girl's tender meat. Like the chafer wedge, it could be held in place with a cord passing directly through an eye like loop at the top, and secured to a waist cord. In either instance, the devices were difficult to detect visually on a girl, but their presence was known very quickly if the girl was walking while wearing either one even for just a short while.

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Sissy walked right past Fawn and stopped near one of her other co-workers, who I had found out was named Lola. This Lola was pure Mexican female from head to toe, her breasts were large, but not saggy, she had excellent teeth, brown eyes, almost liquid like back flowing hair and high cheek bones with skin like brown felt that was smooth from her eyebrows to her toes and she had a keyhole shaped cleft that just begged for attention. I stepped toward Fawn who had a pained look on her face. She was bound to a rocking tit pump lever and was slowly lifting it and lowering it with another girl. I could hear the suction intake and release as they worked. I tried to hug her from behind, and when I snuggled up, I could feel a cord coming up between the crack of her ass to a low riding belly cord. Signaling for someone to take over, another girl stepped up and continued the pumping action, while Fawn turned and gave me a hug back. I could then see the wedge between her legs. She was taking the pain quite stoically. I looked down, "I see they have a wedge on you?"

Fawn nodded, and changed the subject, "Cassie, my lovely blonde one... I thought I saw you here a few days ago, but I thought I was just dreaming." She looked over to see Pearl, "I see your ebony companion is with you... oh, my her nipples have been in forced into one of these." I motioned for Pearl to come over. She looked at Fawn and smiled then gave her a hug. Pearl commented on the wedge between Fawn's legs, "So you too, that thing has to hurt."

Fawn lowered her head, nodding, "It does... look." She spread her lips and we could see the red chafing effect of it swelling her skin to a very angry puffy swell. I hissed my intake of air between my teeth, "Damn, ooh that looks awful." She didn't say another word, but again changed the subject, "Well... you two being here must mean that Louisa bought you from Prato, how is the old son of a bitch doing these days?"

I patted my tummy and Pearl's, then smiled, "We are in here because of his handy work." Fawn nodded, "Yeah... I know... Prato had me a couple of times before we were put outside on those crosses. When Conchita brought me back here, the idea was to start getting me prepared to become one of Louisa's hard girls, a fighter to be sure. But, when I missed my period twice, I found myself in here... and look

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at me, now a full four months along... and a wedge torturing my cleft." She rolled her eyes and tried to adjust it slightly. We continued a little bit of small talk and then Sissy grabbed us away.

Sissy tried to make it past another of her co-workers without exchanging any comments, but that was not going to happen, even though Lola was working on a dark haired Piute girl. A head looked up and over at Sissy, it was Lucy so she was introduced to us in passing. Lucy was a half-breed slut with well-spaced breasts and showing off a large pair of nipple rings, she wore her loinclothes till they were threadbare, only twen would she remove it and replace it with a new one, to repeat the process so Sissy told me. Sissy and her made a bit of small talk as Sissy dragged us further along toward a flat board at the other end of the silo. I was shocked to see that Lola had a girl spread and pegged down on a flat bed with her nipples tied and drawn upward to a rolling pin kind of device. The girl was not happy at all, and Lola without looking at either of us spoke to Sissy, "Hi Sissy, havin' a..." She slapped her ass, "... bum day inside of Silo-1 so I understand?"

Sissy stopped and looked over at her, "Just passing through Lola, I don't have time to talk."

"No, but you sure had time to take a workin' over by Leafa." Lola turned and stopped to look at Sissy, and with wide eyes, she continued, "Wowee, sweetness, she really worked over that pussy of yours. Why it's, it's redder that a Christmas ribbon. Well, serves you right for goin' abouts all nekked like that. If I'd have been the first one you saw, I'd have pinned you straight to a whappin' same as Leafa."

Sissy frowned at her, "Look, I really don't have the time..."

Lola walked over to her and blocked her way, "A puss as red as yours needs some tender lovin'..." Lola dropped to her knees and began licking Sissy's swollen pussy. It didn't take long for the two to get moving on each other. I nodded to Pearl and we turned around to check on the girl pegged down on the board. Her nipples were so distended that the ends were turning white, the girl was straining and

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gasping. I leaned down and spoke to her, "I wish there was something that I could do for you."

The girl let her head back down onto the board as her nipples strained harder against the yanking cords. She took a couple of more quick breaths, then spoke, "It's okay... *GASP* ... Oh, wow... my nipples feel like they're being yanked off. Must be extended another inch by now... *GASP* "

I looked at them and commented, "More like three inches... wouldn't you say so Pearl?" She nodded, and looked at them closely.

The girl gave a loud squeal, "AAA! OW! OH!" She settled back down again as they resumed their stretch. She was sweating a lot, "Yesterday, my nipples were only one inch long... now they are three. OH! OW! AAA!" Her breasts shivered a little under the strain, and her chest heaved with pain. I saw her plump belly make a few movements, pointing that out to Pearl she gently patted her lower abdomen, unfortunately on her swollen bladder, and the girl sighed then let out a squirt of piss, as she rolled up her eyes. She was shaking her head no all the while she urinated, as it would give Lola an excuse to put a clit claw or wedge on her. This was not what she needed at all.

Lola saw the girl pissing and spoke up, "That will be a good snakin' for you little piss tail bitch." I started to say something, when Sissy spoke up, "Me... you want me don't you Lola, after all I am a white girl and the only other white girl in here is muffin here, but she is Mistress' personal favorite. This girl is too far along to really give a hefty single tail lashing to... so I will take it for her and you can kill two birds with one stone... snake me and still have that one to work her nipples over with. What do you say?"

The two argued a bit, and it was agreed to time the whipping, Sissy had her choice to take 10 minutes of the lash, or more permitting a full 30 lashes with no time being kept. In any case Lola would take full advantage of her position with Sissy. She then went over to the wall and unhooked her bull whip, moving slowly over to Sissy who was now spread in as wide an 'X' as anatomy would permit. Grabbing a fist full of Sissy's hair, "Well, decide, do you want the next ten

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minutes of steady lashes with this or do you want to give in to a full house thirty? I highly recommend the latter, dear girl."

Sissy swallowed hard with her head drawn back in a strain, she blinked, "I'll take the thirty, but please Lola, not on my pussy, do you promise?"

Lola smiled as she uncoiled the thing, "No promises..." She tested the whip once or twice and removed the remainder of her clothes, "Like I said, no promises." The whip sang as it hissed out in its first lazy strike, Sissy reeled and struggled for thirty of what Lola called house strokes. The whip found nearly every female corner the youngish Sissy possessed, her back, breasts, buttocks, thighs, and hips. More than once, the evil thing penetrated the slightly parted lips of her sex, obviously finding Sissy's womanly prize to its liking. For a few moments, I actually thought the whip itself would bite the girl's clit right off, and I am certain that Sissy felt the same way.

Stripped like a zebra and with Fawn in tow, we all followed Sissy into Mill-Silo-3, upon entering I saw it quite full of normal women, much to my surprise. A number of women in here worked shackled, and naked of course, to immense stones. But in truth many of them simply did not look pregnant at all; in fact very few remotely resembled a pregnant girl. Oh, here and there were some women who looked ready to pop, but in here there was obviously more room for 'creative' methods of punishment. As she passed the first wheel two chained girls looked at her and commented, "What now Sissy, gonna join us?" Sissy looked back at them and didn't say a word, but gave them the finger.

I watched as the two girls slowly turned at their task, one of them replied, "Aw now, is that any way to greet a fellow slave-girl? It looks like you've already been worked over and too bad mistress didn't at least let me watch." The other girl smiled, "I would have loved to have dished it out to her, too... That blonde could use a few hours in here... make my pussy wet just thinking about it." Sissy listened to them only long enough to get out of earshot, and I looked back at them, one of them blew me a kiss.

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As she neared the second wheel, which appeared full, but was missing one position, she just got into listening range of a girl taking a severe breast whipping. Once Sissy could make out more details, the girl was very well endowed to be taking a tit beating of this caliber. It amazed Sissy as she paused a short distance from where the overseer had the girl bound kneeling with her back against a large barrel. Her breasts jiggling and rolling about as the whip knocked them this way and that, they were covered with stripes and quite red in color.

She approached the overseer who didn't 'miss a stroke' as the saying goes, and tapped her on the shoulder. The woman stopped the whipping, she was sweating herself as she wiped her brow with the back of her hand. Catching her breath, "Sissy, I didn't see you come in..." She turned to face her and her mouth dropped open slightly, "...wow, what happened to you? Got up on the wrong side of Louisa, eh?"

Sissy shook her head, "No, I was told by Conchita to go and bring the blonde and her black companion, Cassie and Pearl, back to her and Louisa. Oh, yes, she wants me to drag this Fawn girl along as well."

Stepping toward Fawn she nodded, "Fawn, eh? What does she want with this cunt?"

Sissy spoke up. "Damn it all, Meg, don't be such a bitch, how would I fucking know! She ordered me to bring her and that was all!" she snapped back at Meg. I took a few minutes to appraise Meg, she was older than some of the other women no doubt about it. I pegged her at about 40 maybe 45. She was wearing an open leather vest, waist skirt, moccasins, and a headband. Surprisingly, her breasts were sizeable, but fairly uplifted and she had the largest nipples that I had ever seen, even with the rings that were placed in them, clearly they were as large around as my big toe and almost as long. Her hair was vibrant in spite of some streaks of gray and she had plenty of hard teeth left. There was wisdom in her eyes and a look of experience at delivering pain, the likes of which made my spine quiver.

Meg stood up, exposing just enough of her left tit for me to clearly see her large nipple, she raised her eyebrows as she spoke,

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"Well, you don't have to get all snippety over it; Fawn is a dish fit for any table to be sure, so you don't to have my permission to take her. But I would love to take my new paddle to your behind, say about six or eight strokes will do..." Meg smiled as she brushed her index finger over Sissy's swollen nipples.

With her eyes rolled up, Sissy answered, "Oh, shit not again, okay do what you want with me, Goddammit almost all anyway. All I wanted to do was ask you to give me a box of those special clips of yours, but oh no. The sad shit of it all is that everywhere I go someone wants to put me through my paces, I just knew the minute I decided not to put my skirt, hat and sandals back on and just go over to get a simple damn chore done, and it's been put out, put out, put out... all the time."

I gave her another reply under my breath enough for Pearl and Fawn to hear, but not anyone else, "That and because you are white... in case you hadn't checked a mirror lately girl, I mean come on wise up..."

Meg hit her statement right back, "Hey listen up girl, it was your stupid rule that any overseer who comes into any one of the mills bare-assed has to submit if asked for up to two hours to whoever is on duty. That was your rule and Conchita approved it. Remember, it was me that had to give in to the two of you for the first time the rule was imposed, so now baby cakes your ass is mine." Meg pointed a finger in Sissy's face.

Nodding, "Okay, okay, let's get on with it... what do you have in mind... over this barrel with my ass up? Or perhaps you want me up there..." Sissy conceded pointing up to the ceiling.

Fawn looked up, "Now wait a minute, just a damn minute here, she never domed you Meg that's brutal up there blistering hot enough to scorch the hell out of a girl." Sissy was clearly not unfamiliar with that area I learned yesterday that was called the dome.

Meg snidely replied, "You won't be alone, there's four positions up there and one of them is already about to be occupied, and when I

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do bring you down you dear girl, unless one of these others with you is willing to stand in for you, then you will also get a dose of this..." With those words, Meg held up a length of coarse rope mounted with a polished wooden handle, "... the rope whip."

"My Chrisee Meg, you wouldn't not on a fresh sunburned girl's skin, that's awful and you know it..." Sissy protested, "Look, I've already been exposed the past couple of days all naked in the sun. This is unmerciful..."

Meg looked at her as she held up the length of rope, "Why, is that so? You know I believe you are right and I can say that from experience. You used it on me after I spent a longer time than you runnin' about naked and all." The two women looked at each other, and I sensed I was about to learn more about this place. We made the climb to the roof and the domes were just that. On the roof top of each silo were positioned four such domes designed for the sole purpose of intense exposure of a slave-girl. I had learned by explanation day before that if a girl were so foolish as to complain about spending her days locked inside one of the silos and was not allowed to enjoy the sun, she would be given a day up on the domes. They put her in a marvelous position for intense exposure.

Meg had decided that all four of us needed an education concerning the domes. It took her a few minutes before she finished the last of the knots tying Sissy spread ass upward exposure on the closest dome. It left her pussy openly revealed from behind to the stinging rays of the midday sun. Her body was already beginning to glisten in a sheen of sweat. Looking over at the rest of us, Meg admired her work, as she checked the ropes on Fawn's bonds, then Pearl's and finally mine. I was tied on my back with my pussy well up and exposed, since it was me who had already spent one morning up here on my belly yesterday. My back was quite red from the exposure already received.

"Now you four can chat away your time or just soak up the rays in silence. I will return in..." She looked up, "... about an hour or so. Oh, as for the rest of you I told Sissy here, and she is loosely responsible for at least the two of you being up here..." continued Meg

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pointing at Pearl and Fawn, "... but you blonde one, you know why you are here, I heard about your complaining over there in Mill-1, complain, complain... At any rate, if she can convince any of you to take her rope lashing for her, then she could get off with just the few I give her with the paddle and this extra thirty with the rope's end will go to a volunteer... if there are none, then she will get them before I'll let any of you off these 'domes'..." Meg opened up the hatch that led to the spiral stairway down, looking back at us, she waved, "Ta, ta enjoy the sunshine!"

Meg sounded entirely too cheerful, and I looked over at Pearl, face down like Sissy, she was bathed in sweat. Fawn face up like me was dripping sweat down the sides of her breasts as the sun licked their tender undersides. I could just make out Sissy by looking over the side of my hip. The sun was awful and I could feel it singeing my clit as well as the ends of my nipples and it was baking the undersides of my breasts as well.

I must have fainted as I was awakened with a cold bucket of water being tossed over me. Meg put down a bucket, she was buck-naked with her nipple rings shining in the glare. Another woman overseer wearing only a hat and sandals put down her two now empty buckets. Both the women were coated with oil, and it was Meg who spoke first, "Time's up and ..." She looked at Sissy, then at me, "... oh my, a couple of lobsters you two are. As for you black girl and you Fawn, I can tell you've been in the sun but I don't see a lot of difference." Looking closer; "... wait a moment... do I see a pair of red tips on the sides of each of those nipples? And oh look, the undersides of your tits Fawn they actually look redder than before. Ah, here's the difference check out their clits all four of you, your clits are red as Christmas ribbons." Meg was beside herself with fun things to do.

I was straining to look at her, but the intense heat was almost unbearable, "Ma 'am... please let us go..."

Meg stepped over by me, she knelt down and pushed her finger into my hard nipple, "When I was your age, little girl I was told it was better to be seen and not heard. In your case the seeing part is much appreciated. I will make a decision for miss Sissy, you will get the

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rope's end. You won't like it, but then since you love to complain a lot it will just fit into your lifestyle. For the moment, enjoy the sun... because in a few minutes, you are going to hate the word rope with a passion." She stood up and moved over to Sissy where she picked up her paddle. In less time that it took for me to describe the scene, Meg positioned herself to smack Sissy on the bare ass. The paddle was the same size as Sissy's buttocks, and with a shiny handle that flashed in the sun, the paddle landed squarely on Sissy's ass. It made a wet, loud *POP* and Sissy jerked then let out a sigh, "Oooh!" Another hard stroke landed *POP* Sissy struggled and jerked her head about, "AAA!" Again it hit, in the same spot each time, her butt cheeks became crimson red, "NNAAA!!" Stroke followed upon stroke as the paddle-etched blisters then blood red splotches on Sissy's suntanned butt. Finally after eight horrible strokes with bubble sized blisters forming on the crest of her well-curved ass, Meg stopped.

She admired her work and putting down the paddle, she picked up the rope's end whip and shook it out as she stepped toward me. I was so openly spread, this thing would certainly ache. Holding it up for me to see, Meg spoke, "Ever seen one of these?" I blinked at her, but did not reply, she went on, "Never mind anyway whether you did or not, but I will use this one on you. Kind of a relief valve for little Sissy over there, I think I'll call her Sissy with the black and blue ass!" She laughed at her own joke, no one else did. Taking up a position she shook out the rope that had several knots in it. The rope looked coarse and rough, too much so for tender girl skin, like mine. Meg moved around to a point above my head and all I could see was a quick shadow then my cleft exploded in fire. I lifted myself, arching my back upward, screaming in a spittle-choked gurgle of a scream that sounded like a cross between a deep-throated roar and a pitiful wail. She landed another one directly on my clit and I bucked like a first time whore, "AAA!" Again she hit my sunburned sex, and I jerked like a spread puppet being pulled on all strings at the same time, "YAAAHGH!!!" She hit me several more times, before moving to my breasts, where one at a time, she landed a hard knot against my sunburned nipples. This was worse than anything Prato had used on me. I was kicking and screaming as much as the ropes would allow. I could see Meg's hard, ringed nipples undulate with each stroke she delivered and all that did was serve to make we want to fuck something, anything... even the

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damn rope's end. Meg accommodated me again several more times, by bouncing that hard, coarse rope's knot off my clit again and again until I climaxed under the hot sun and raw impacts of such a painful thing. When I finally collapsed from the beating, I lost control of my bladder and I let a yellow stream flow out of me, which quickly evaporated on the scorching hot dome.

It took at least four or five buckets of water to revive me, as that damn thing hurt so much. One of the most imposed cruelty I have ever seen was forced on me, as Meg fixed a synch chain around my waist, then chained my elbows and wrists together then hooked a chain at my waist, bringing it down between my legs though my swollen cleft and back up very snug to hook onto my wrists that were yanked awkwardly over my head. I felt like nothing but flopping tits, hard nipples, a chubby tummy, and a God-awful hard chain that pinched my clit something fierce. She put a gag in me, and while Fawn, Pearl and Sissy were to help me down the steps, with a smile she motioned us down the stairwell. Once on the ground level of the silos the five of us women settled down. Meg smiled again, "Well now, what shall it be Sissy you feeling ready to march this one, her pals, and yourself over to Conchita's cabin to explain these welts and bruises or shall I come along and give a testimony?"

Sissy shivered just a bit as she adjusted to the harsh effects of the intense exposure. She was not ready to try and explain why I was so awkwardly chained and her ass was so damn beat. Looking at Meg, she pleaded, "Look enough is enough, we are all nearly sick from that little torture exercise you put us through, so damn intense up there..."

Meg interrupted her, "You little cunt fucker, you didn't think it was too intense for me that time! What do you know about intense anyway? When the Spanish were here just a century or so ago, we were not only put under the lash in their damn mines but we worked in them butt naked. Like the way old' Prato works his women in that mine of his, do any of you recall? Here you are, miss white assed all high and mighty, because Conchita likes to girl fuck you as a steady squeeze; just like little blonde here, you white gals must be born with a lesson book on complaining, because that is all you know how to do is complain. In case you hadn't noticed that I have some white in me too,

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only along with it I have about one fifth Indian in me, and that's enough to qualify me. Where did you think I got these nipples from, they come straight from the Seminole in me." Meg took Sissy's wrist and dragged her along behind her with us following back over toward Conchita's cabin. "Stop!" Sissy cried out dragging her feet; again when we were half way there she shouted out again, "Meg, for the love of might, I'll get a strappin' from Louisa if you drag me over like this. Please can't you see how much we've already suffered to take her punishments as well? See, I'm now sunburned and paddle blistered on both cheeks, Louisa will see that and take one look at the blonde and put her straight away on a torture perch, until sundown."

Meg walked over toward me, taking a close look at my condition, "Yup, you're right this girl is really quite sunburned, but I would have beaten her with a razor strap if Louisa had ordered me to." Meg examined me as I could already feel the harsh sun on my shoulders as we stood in the center of the walkway between Conchita's cabin and the silos. Meg started talking as she looked at me closely, "You don't look like a girl who has spent much time on a torture perch, damn nasty thing it is. I sat on that one of Louisa's once, you know the one she has just outside her bedroom doors. The shiny curious bar is about this high off the ground, and unless you are built like Yellow Fawn over there with legs that are longer than long, your toes dangle in the air while your clit takes a burnin' on that shiny bar..." She looked up slightly at Sissy, then back at me, "... Louisa's bar is about the size of my thumb in diameter and another 4 or 5 feet long set inside to two stacks of adobe bricks and a wooden support frame. And it is in the sun from about 10 in the morning till evening every damn day.

"Nope, you really don't want to sit on it, out in this sun while suffering with the likes of what you're fresh with here." Putting a finger on my skin, she noticed how it turned white and immediately red. "No, I'd say you've got a lulu of a burn working right now..."

I looked at her square in the eyes, I tried to speak but the gag made it difficult, so I just rolled my eyes instead. Meg grabbed my chain and jerked me along, "All right you mindless little waif bounce on along Louisa enjoys seeing a girl all trussed up like this. Oh, don't worry I won't yank your pussy off or cause your clit to be pinched, too

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hard anyway! But it will feel like it and you sure as hell will think it is." Speaking those last few words she pulled on my wrists and I stumbled along with my clitty screaming, and my gag drying out my throat. I felt so awfully exposed to tread barefoot along under Meg's tow.

Pearl tried to help keep me from stumbling with my arms awkwardly yanked back over my head, and for a moment, I thought Meg was going to truss Pearl up like me, but instead Meg handed Pearl a bottle of oil to coat my skin with. It did feel quite good as Pearl began to cover me from head to toe, it kind of made me feel delightfully oily.

When Pearl had finished with me, Meg motioned for Pearl to coat her, then Fawn and the others finishing with some on Pearl herself. When this was done, she turned and spoke, "Listen up, you all are going over to Conchita's shack. I will leave you there, as little bumpkin here was ordered to do. What happens to you with Mistress and Conchita is up to them. I will explain Sissy and Blondie's appearance so there is no question about what happened. We have a little ways to go then you will be all theirs, so let's get a move on it." We trod along for a ways in silence, and I saw the cabin coming into view.

On the porch, it was shady and I could feel the difference even with the oil thick on me. The door opened and Louisa stepped out, with Conchita following along, both of them buck naked and slightly tipsy from a fresh bottle of tequila. Louisa spoke first, "Well, what do we have here? Sissy turns around and shows me that butt of yours... Wowee what a flame tip! Meg, you been taking a barbeque to this girl?"

Meg smiled, "No Mistress... just a paddle. This one here..." She shoved me forward and I staggered a bit with that chain pulling on me and hurting something awful between my legs. I blinked and tried to mumble, but there was a trace of spittle at the corners of my mouth from the gag and my head was framed between my elbows. Meg continued, "... Blondie has had a time of it today on the dome. I had to give her a lacing with the rope's end and she had herself a climax

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during the pelting I had gave to that pussy of hers. I thought it was proper to chain her up nice and tight for you. See, I have it just the way you like it, and if you look close I have one link right over her clit so that it peeks out just like a tiny little girl soldier locked in a cage all of its own." Meg gave a firm little tug on the chain that made me squeal behind the gag and roll my eyes.

Conchita looked at me and licked her lips, I must be quite a sight all trussed up with my tits swaying about tipped by ruby red hard nipples. I know that I was breathing hard which had to add to my sexual display.

Louisa nodded to Meg, "Okay woman, thank you for 'escorting' these little bundles over to us. Conchita and I will certainly show them a good time."

Meg nodded, "My pleasure, Mistress... top of the day to you." She turned and strolled back toward the silos. When she was out of earshot, Louisa turned to Conchita, and spoke, looking at Meg move quite sensuously for a woman her age, "How long has she been with us?"

Conchita looked after her blinked once and replied, "Over 16 years now, I recall she came along in that deal you made with Chief Painted Horse, she's the one who is part Seminole... that is why she has those exceptional nipples. I had her ringed about 10 years ago with large ones, like yours and mine... I girlred her once, about 6 years ago, she still has a lot of firm energy for a mature woman."

Louisa looked back over her shoulder, "How long has it been since you've taken a whip to her?"

Conchita thought a moment, "About two, maybe three years... why?"

Louisa nodded, "Make sure she gets a dose of the strap, on those big nips of hers, if she asks why is she being strapped, tell her next time I'll truss up my own females. I don't like what I own bundled up like Cassie here without my asking."

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Nodding, Conchita replied, "Yes, Mistress."

I was taken inside along with the rest of us. Without so much as a pause, Louisa started to paw my tits and nipples. They were already quite sore, but her continued handling of them made it worse. Thank god for the oil Pearl had put on them, it cut down the friction and still left them a delight to handle. I have firm breasts and my nipples had swollen up quite a bit from my condition let alone from the rope's end beating that Meg handed to me. For what seemed like hours, Louisa worked, pawed, kneaded, squeezed, pinched, dug, and prodded my tits with her hands, fingers and fingernails. She had me propped into a high back chair, firm so that I had to lean slightly forward as my hands were still chained to the link that pulled up between my legs. My belly was sore from the waist chain that was cinched around tight. I closed my eyes and breathed hard around my gag, I whimpered as she mauled my sore, red breasts.

Finally she stopped handling me, and I was so relieved when the chains were unfastened, and Pearl put some more salve on my chafed cleft. Pearl also ministered to Fawn and Sissy, while we were allowed to drink some tequila and recoup from our exposure and beatings over the next few days.

We were allowed to witness three days later, at noon, Meg's nude strapping. Louisa arranged so that Lola handed Meg a small scroll of paper, silently Meg was forced to read it, and then looking up from the note, Meg eyeballed the rest of us. Seemingly without any fuss or emotion, she took off her hat, skirt, vest and moccasins then handed them to Lola, and we all stepped outside to the rear, an open coral next to Silo 3. Lola stopped Meg, handing her a bottle of oil, she coated Meg making sure she got it in every nook and cranny. After Meg was glistening with it, Lola poured out some more, put the bottle down and coated herself with enough to protect her from the harsh elements.

Picking up some coils of rope, she led Meg toward an elevated cross beam where she tossed the rope up and over then methodically tied each of Meg's wrists and ankles spread yanking her up into a full

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exposure, but leaving Meg's bare feet flat on the ground with ankles tied apart to wood stakes hammered down. In spite of her age, Meg's breasts up lifted slightly and the heavy rings in her large nipples flipped about, making them get turgid and hard.

With Meg in position, we stepped out of the shadows and into the glare with Meg standing in a drawn 'X' ready for the lash. I thought she was strikingly slender for a woman between forty and fifty years old, she looked in this position to be more like 35; Meg shuffled slightly in anticipation of her whipping. Louisa motioned to Lola to apply the strap full on. Taking a couple of steps back, Lola flicked the strap open onto the decking, then flicking it to her side she lunged toward Meg so that it coiled side stroke around and across Meg's magnificent breasts. I heard a dull wet *SHUIT* It must have felt to Meg like she was being sliced open, as she tried to lift each of her legs up yanking against the ankle straps holding them obscenely spread; she rocked her head and shook her hair, but remained quiet. The next one I could hear strike the nipples and rings *SHULK* Meg shuddered and gasped in a low vocal, "HUNGH!" As she tossed her head back. When Lola pulled the strap away, it had clung to her huge breasts enough to make them sway back and forth. For a few moments, I could see her red nipples being yanked about by the raspy side of the strap. I closed my eyes realizing full well that her pain was not light.

Lola delivered about eight more like those others across the woman's large treasures, her nipples being jerked about by the strap made the beating all the more severe and awful for any female to endure, let alone one so nakedly bound, exposed and lashed over one of her most sensitive areas. While Lola continued Meg's lashing my mind began to think about the fact that Meg had to have realized the severity of the rope's end whipping she gave to me on my sunburned puss until I came; and then finally exhausted I had shamefully peed myself while on the dome. My mind began to drift in anticipation that Meg would have the piss strapped out of her right here by Lola, her maturity notwithstanding, but how sweet the revenge would be.

Meg jerked again this time she seemed on the very verge of collapse, as Lola plied the whip lower down, across her smooth sex yanking it hard enough that the strap easily spent some of it's energy on her now exposed clit. I saw her body shudder and with her head

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lollid to one side, she looked back over her shoulder at Lola with pleading eyes to be more careful. Lola paid more attention to what Louisa ordered than to her fellow overseer's wishes. Another slice of the strap seemed to knock Meg into a state of unconsciousness. Conchita stayed Lola's hand and nodded to me, to fetch some pails of water. I hurried back and with pleasure, tossed them over Meg. For the first time, I could see clearly Meg's large breasts glistening in beads of water mixed with oil and sweat. Her nipples slightly bent over with the weight of their rings rolled slightly about as Meg struggled to regain her breath. I smiled at her flaunting my own nudity in front of her as if to say remember this blonde bitch you so firmly beat the piss out of on the dome?

Off and on, for another hour or so, Meg had been strapped nearly raw by Lola, while I continued to dump bucket after bucket to revive her again and again while she was beaten again and again. Finally, Louisa nodded for Lola to stop, and I could tell that she was happy to do just that since her arm was getting tired from flinging that thing so hard. Ironically aside from the red stripes on her skin, and a definite glint of exposure, Meg looked none the worse for wear. Louisa decided that Meg needed to spend the rest of the day in her shameful exposure, so as an added extra, Louisa had Fawn climb up and put a perpendicular bar over the cross bar with eyebolts on each end. She then had her thread a large coarse rope with several knots in it through a pulley that looped around and back down between Meg's legs. It was windy on this day, so a small windmill was set up to feed the rope along on a constant moving loop that passed the knots at various places up between the lips of Meg's spread sex. This didn't make her day at all, and after the oil which had been applied to the rope began to wear off, Meg had to keep the rope moist with her own womanly juices, or this thing would have scraped her cleft raw.

As we started to leave, I looked back over my shoulder at the squeaking pulley dragging the knotted rope between Meg's legs, then I looked up at the overhead sun scorching down on the spread nude woman. I nudged Pearl to take a look, she did and looked back at me then winked. Just when we were at the door to go back inside Silo-3, I heard Meg moan in that tone a woman has when she is being punished severely. Louisa spoke to Lola, "Check on her periodically, and make

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sure she has water and stuff. Otherwise she stays there until sundown. The only hope she has for the rest of the day is whether or not the wind will die down for her own sake if nothing else." Lola smiled at her Mistress and nodded her compliance.

Leaving the other two overseers in charge of mill 3, we made our way back to Conchita's cabin, Louisa spoke to me, "Did it feel good to you dumpling to watch that woman get a beating for something she did to you?"

I nodded and replied, "Yes, Mistress, it did. That dome was very severe, indeed."

Back that afternoon, Sissy, Pearl and myself were fitted with nipple clips, harsh ones with little loops on them to add weights onto. Fawn and Pearl were fitted as well with struts against their backs, which made their ample breasts stick out as if begging for a dose of the switch. Louisa availed herself fn the two women with a few hours of breast mauling, Fawn I noticed was giving up some lactation as I saw her nipples become wet from wearing the clips and Louisa's working them. On the other hand, I was just asked to get tequila, food and do menial things wearing those clips that made my tits sway about. After wearing them for about an hour, I suddenly felt a drop of something run down my left nipple, and to my surprise I too was lactating.

In the cabin that night after bathing and dinner was finished, Sissy chose to sleep with me and Pearl was allowed to sleep with Fawn and Louisa joined with Conchita to enjoy each other. For the first time in a very long time that night after dinner, I actually had an entire night spent with another white woman. But tomorrow, I would learn, would be quite another day.

**Chapter 18**

In the early morning, at dark just before the dawn, I woke up definitely feeling yesterday's tequila, I held my head a moment as Sissy stirred then rolled over gripping my right tit. I looked at her bronze body and realized that I enjoyed doing another white girl. She was the first one I had seen, and I was beginning to think that I was the only one. Aside from Louisa who was Spanish, Indian and Mexican, Conchita was the closest to a white woman that I had had, or seen, aside from Meg and she was part Seminole. My head was swollen and my bladder full, so with a lulu of a hangover I untangled myself from Sissy and went out to the stall just to left of the back door. Out of force of habit, I still squatted and proceeded to pee, when I realized there was a toilet and seat set up. I sat down and let it flow, glad that I did not have to squat on the ground like I did at Prato's place. Conchita even had paper, what a luxury. I finished and enjoyed the cool morning air on my skin as I made a short stroll about her garden in the early light.

I found her garden quite interesting and full of even more intriguing devices than I could have ever imagined. What I found most interesting was her Spanish Donkey, it was so simple a device, painfully simple in fact, so much so that I couldn't resist its silent invitation. I stepped on a nearby stump and swung my leg over. It actually split my lips open as I lowered myself on it, for a moment it almost felt like Prato's fingers, which had splayed me open to take his massive cock. This device however was a bit more subtle - more silently evil in its way with a girl, more stark. As I settled down even more, I could feel the thing's hard crest that wanted to find my clit and split it down its crested ridge. This one had a hard smaller peg that stuck up and if I sat squarely on the crest, the small peg slipped up and inside my pee hole.

I continued to settle down on the crest of the wedge a bit harder, and I started to notice a stinging sensation lower down on my cleft, near the point where the little peg penetrated my small hole. It felt like there was salt on the tip of the peg - the kind that gives off that harsh stinging sensation. For a few moments it reminded me of my sunburn down there when I was hanging upside down at Prato's

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adobe. I closed my eyes and felt my breasts sway openly bare. Slowly I put my hands behind my head and began to absorb the pain as I closed my eyes, imagining the women of those distant times under the Spanish rule...

My mind took me there, now I was bound on the donkey no longer a blonde woman of another era, but a young Indian slave girl, completely naked and hopelessly being tortured for the amusement of the drunken Spanish soldiers. I squirmed sensuously as my bare cleft was revealingly split on the sharp crest of the device. My wrists were strung up over my head, and my long legs roped helpless at my sides to stakes hammered in the ground. I was dripping with sweat and oil that had been rubbed into me. The men groped me and fondled my large breasts, pinching my hard dark nipples and pulling on my hair. One of the men, smooth chested, barefoot naked without a spec of body hair anywhere held a whip in one hand and a bottle of sugar rum in the other. There were drums beating and other women, more fortunate than I worshiped their hard masters to keep from suffering the lash or what I was now being forced to endure.

The man smiled at me, his eyes flashed in the torchlight around the cantina that served as their house of pleasure and my place of torture. I had been placed on this donkey for violating one of the rules of the mine, forced to endure its crest from early in the morning until this hour of the night, the man would whip me for my further insults and transgressions. My body heaved and struggled against the ropes and in anticipation of the whip. He stepped closer to me and yanked my head back by my hair, he spoke, "Girl, you are to be punished, forty lashes for insulting me and my men. When I have finished whipping you, I will fuck you openly here in front of everyone. But tomorrow you will work and slave in the mines naked, so that everyone can see your shameful and punished body." I struggled against his yanking of my hair, and I spat in his face as I spoke, "*Patuee*, I spit on your race. I am an Apache woman, and a warrior girl, not meant to slave in the mines, but be ready to fight you. Now you can punish me, and break me to your whip and yoke, but the day will come, *senor*... that we shall throw you off!" He stepped back a couple of paces, turned and tossed the bottle aside so that it broke, and the others stepped back to give him room. I would the whip in the air,

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and coiled it around my heaving breasts. I tossed my head back and screamed... I was this thing's captive.

I sat for some minutes and felt the awful burning itch begin between my legs the sharp edge of the crest was beginning to take its toll on me. I could feel my thighs start to quiver as my clit began to burn steadily. I did not know it, but my breath was beginning to quicken again my mind began to play tricks on me and I imagined that someone was preparing to give me a breast whipping. I shivered slightly which I could feel in the form of a gentle sway of my breasts as my nipples hardened up.

I was surely breathing faster, and my heart was beating faster. For a second, a feeling of futility came over me when I tried to close my legs in a twinge of desperation. This awful crest seemed to grow sharper and more directly assault my clit, making it burn even more intensely as I tried to shift my position. I felt like I was unable to move my arms and my wrists were now bound behind my neck. The torture of the donkey was starting to consume my body and I now learned how the rumors were correct that the first few minutes when a girl is tortured on this device that it can become a narcotic that would take her to new heights.

I actually lost track of how long I spent on the device, but I knew that I must have only been on it for a few minutes and already I was feeling a climax boiling within my womanhood. It would be a big one, and I asked myself if I needed more and more torture to have a major climax. The answer was soon coming, as the device seemed to come to life directly under me, acting as a great horned animal, with special bindings on its spine. It seemed to look up at me and I found it quite handsome, then suddenly there was another naked girl nearby, who tended the animal and she smiled at me and replied, "Go on, this is your moment, your moment of pleasure and pain..." She seemed to smile at me while she pinched her own nipples very hard. I tried to smile back but couldn't as I felt my climax coming, and I was breathing hard, she smiled again touching her swollen clit as she spoke, "It's okay to come we all do on this, no one can help it."

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In another few minutes, my clit seemed to boil and I looked down a second only to see the crest growing a kind of sucking mouth that bit tight on my clit, ever so hard. It felt like I was coming and then I saw red, the color of sunburn began to appear in my thoughts, reddish brown skin being punished with hard switches. Then I looked and the young girl, sun-bronzed to a dark golden color, held a switch that she aimed at my bare bouncing breasts. I felt like my arms were now bound behind my head and that the torture had began. She smiled and struck my breasts across my nipples, again and again as I tried to yell, but nothing came out. Over and over again she struck me and my nipples began to burn like my clit, as again the naked girl struck my breasts and I looked down to see three red welts forming as my breasts swayed to and fro under the relentless blows from the girl's switch.

All of a sudden I could feel nothing but wetness between my legs and it was a relief from the incessant rubbing of wood against skin. I gave into it and it relieved me of my pain. I could even feel as well as hear the switch striking my breasts...

It never dawned on me that other eyes might be watching me. So I sobered up from my daydream and gently lifted myself off the donkey. *Wow what a dream that was* I thought to myself as I looked back at the donkey. There was something to be said about that thing, all the stories I heard concerning how cruel the Spanish were to the Indian slave girls. Was I just dreaming or did I get a message from the distant past? I slid down and off then sat down on the grass next to the device, it felt cool on my cleft... all at once I looked up to see Conchita looking down at me, "Are you all right, dear one?"

I nodded, then I saw Sissy, Pearl, Fawn and Louisa all looking down at me. I tried to stand up and lost my footing, "Whoa, I'm sorry... thank you... how long have I been here?"

Louisa looked up at the others, "About an hour or so, wouldn't you say so Conchita?" Conchita didn't answer her, but just nodded and turned away.

Sissy stared down, "Why were you on this thing, it's awful."

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I started to say something to her, when Pearl jumped in, "Sissy, on plantations in the Indies the Spanish used these things all the time. I have a cousin from Hispania, told me that she was punished on one of these for over six hours. She said that about five hours of it was filled with every kind of orgasm that one might think of and even a few they might not ever think of. I can see why she was sitting on it all right."

Conchita stepped in saying, "Get her inside and the same for the rest of you, we will use the garden another time. The four of you have sunburns that can make you go crazy out here real fast like."

We spent the entire morning at the breakfast table, and for some strange reason, I felt quite satisfied nearly all day long. I did enjoy another encounter with Sissy and even one with Conchita, then Pearl had had a go with me and told me that I was more passive than I had ever been before. Louisa did a cunt-to-cunt fuck with me for most of the afternoon, which seemed to make her nice and happy and it did me too, but for different reasons.

It was at dinner that evening after we had a second chance to bathe and refresh ourselves. My body took on an even deeper tan than before, more than that lobster red sunburn I seemed to be constantly fighting. We ate a steak that Conchita had cooked and formed into strips, which she served with hot tortillas. Deciding on our sleeping partners for the night, Louisa and Conchita decided on themselves again, while Sissy thought she would like to have Pearl and I had wanted Fawn for months.

That night we examined ourselves and I realized just how I could love women so much, both body and spirit. Fawn's body was remarkably similar to mine, she had full pouting breasts that had a natural lift of their own and didn't require any support to accent their fullness. I walked up to her and embraced her feeling her full breasts flatten slightly against my own. My heart began to beat faster as I could feel her nipples harden against mine, I whispered, "I need you, I want to girl fuck you full on clit-to-clit while we rub our nipples together..." Fawn breathed heavy, "When I was still in my tribe, to do that kind of girl love we would have been punished..."

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I nibbled at her lip, "How..?"

She returned the nibbles as she pressed her breasts harder against mine, "We..." She kissed me slightly harder, "... would be ..."  
Kissing me again, a little longer, "... whipped at the ..."  
I received a long kiss with her breasts pressing hard against mine,  
"... stump of woe..." Long kiss, "... completely naked."

Already the moisture between my legs was forming and I sensed by her womanly fragrance that her cleft was full of female dew. I looked at her, "Now, I want you now, later we will do the trade for pain..." With those words we said no more until my lust and hers had been satisfied.

Following the lovemaking, we put each other through the same paces as best our imaginations could muster at what a tribe of Apaches could do to a couple of naked women under their control. I did not know that Fawn was capable of such contortions and I seemed to be in her very psyche. She told me about the stump of woe... how if two women were caught doing clit rubs together, they would be placed on the stump, kneeling back to back and their breasts were whipped with fresh cut saplings. Then left there, the two women would endure their clefts being rubbed vigorously with a branch still covered with bark. That kind of would take the fun out of the girl thing in her tribe, in spite of the fact she told me about variations of other tortures imposed on her, which I had no trouble imagining.

The next morning Fawn had beat me to the punch on the bathroom facility, so while I waited with my bladder hurting outside she finished, slowly she came out and stretched then nodded with a smile to me gesturing at the door. I literally ran inside and relieved my swollen little bladder, it must be the new life forming inside of me that now made it shorter and less tolerant for me to wait to pee.

We started back inside to work on breakfast, when Fawn pointed to the donkey. I smiled and shook my head, "No, not that again. I don't want to push my luck."

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Fawn smiled, "Before I was born the older women in my tribe told stories that the Spanish would torture women every day on those things. As many as ten or twelve would be set up at the entrance to the gold mines. As the women would file by for work, it was nothing for them to walk past at least six girls suffering on those things. All of them just as naked as the day they were born many displaying fresh whip marks. Often as the girls walked past several would strip off their already skimpy clothing and work naked, in honor of those being punished. Sometimes a Spaniard would take a naked girl aside and work her over in private, you know put a whip across her back treat her like an animal ..." She looked at me smiling.

I stopped and looked at her, "I take it that private mean they didn't kill her, but did just about everything else?"

Fawn's smile turned to a slightly distant, vague recollection, "Not really, but many of them wished they would have..." She said nothing else.

Inside Conchita checked out our skins and growing condition, she nodded that we would be slightly uncomfortable for a while, but otherwise we would be fine. In her opinion after all, we were still slave-girls and could take it.

With breakfast over we filed on outside to play, so to speak. Louisa insisted that Conchita finally take the strapping that she had decreed. Conchita looked at Louisa and smiled then nodded that she was willing, so in the next few minutes Conchita found herself standing on the grass under several large, heavy looking posts looking up. A crossbeam had a pair of ropes dangling down. Reaching up, almost on tiptoes, she coiled the ropes firmly around her own wrists and in a strain spread her legs so that she was soon quite tightly bound. Louisa finished off her position by securing her wrists and ankles tight.

Picking up a container of oil, Louisa coated Conchita so that she glistened, she then coated herself and handed the pail to Pearl, motioning for her to oil up the rest of us herself included, for which she gladly did.

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Going over to an unlocked box, Louisa took out a pearl-handled whip that was nothing more than a nine foot length of saddle strap that had been flayed into strips at the end, then braided and finally knotted it's last three feet. It looked kind of heavy to be used on a woman. Louisa spoke, "This is a prisoner's strap, a souvenir from the old territorial women's prison down over in Sonora. The guards would use this on a prisoner who attempted an escape or for disobedience to the rules. In this case, Conchita disobeyed me. Like they did at the prison, I will punish her by whipping her with this, thirty strokes for her blatant disobedience." That was all that she said, in the next few seconds, she stepped out onto the lush green grass, uncoiled the whip and struck Conchita between the shoulder blades with the business end of it.

Conchita remained quite stoic through the whipping, surprising considering the heft of that thing. All of us could hear the whip land, it sounded wet and its weight seemed to almost knock the wind out of Conchita. What the four of us who watched this whipping didn't realize was that that was exactly what it was doing to her, knocking the wind out of her. Louisa paused for a few moments, to rest from swinging the thing and this was the time Conchita needed to catch her breath. When she did, she let out a scream of agony, "AAAI IIGHHHNN NAAAIIEEEE!"

The four of us rushed to Conchita who was jerking in spasms. We cut her down and allowed her to rest on the grass, while Louisa just stood and watched. Pearl got her some water and we made over her until Louisa spoke, "All right, all right, Conchita you've made your point. I've skinned you with this before and you've taken it..."

I looked up at her, "Mistress, she can't breathe..."

Louisa smiled, then looked at Pearl, "Go fill up the big pail with water and bring it..." Pearl just looked at her, "... well, go on! Be spry girl! She's just had the wind knocked out of her a bit, that's all... happened before..." Pearl came back quickly and handed the bucket to Louisa, taking it she tossed it over Conchita, who took a long gasp of air, then coughed several times.

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Breathing more normally, now, Conchita looked a bit startled and took a few more deep breaths. I looked up at Louisa, "She's in no condition to go on, mistress..."

Louisa had a serious look on her face, "Wanna take her place, blonde?"

I looked at Conchita then back at Louisa, nodding, "Yes, I will."

Sissy spoke up, "Wait just a minute here, this girl's been nearly skinned alive and with that sunburn of hers she will just go crazy. That whip is awful, believe me!"

Louisa tapped her foot, "You two white cunts can't make up your mind, eh? Well, let me help you..." She looked at Pearl, nodded at me, "Okay, up with the darkie, spread her in an inverted 'X' with her hands just off the ground." The two of them looked at me, then at Louisa, who clapped her hands together, "Don't just stand there gaping be quick about it while I'm still in the mood to just whip one of you." We soon had Pearl drawn so tight she could barely breathe. I felt the morning sun on my skin and already it reminded me that I was glad Pearl had coated me with the oil. I looked at Pearl, then over at Fawn helping me make the final adjustments on her position, we finished and with a meager smile we stepped aside.

All that I heard was the thing slicing the air before I saw Pearl's back jerk and her pregnant tummy rumble slightly, she whimpered with her mouth closed. Again the strap sung and exploded against Pearl's bouncing butt cheeks. Now in obvious pain, Pearl shuddered and jerked, her plump body squirming sexual language at every motion. I couldn't hear her scream or muster the air to scream, instead she let out another almost squeaky cry. Another full stroke of the strap landed across Pearl's quivering ass, as she just blubbered another sniveling whimper. Jerking about, she cried and wailed in a quivering voice, "*Please Missie Louisa don't whup Pearl like this, oh Lordy it hurtin' me somethin' awful! You hit my twat three times now, and I will just bust if you keep on a hittin' me... oh lordy stop, pleasssee!*" I was

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actually getting hot watching Pearl jerk and wiggle while Louisa popped her ass and her spread open cunt. Pearl jerked again and let out another of those pitiful squeals, "EEEEIIAAA!"

Pearl twisted and protested all the time Louisa applied the strap, "OWEE!! AAA! It's awful! Please stop Missy! NOO! AAA!! HELP, YOU KILLIN' ME!! STOP!!! AAA!! AAA!! AAA!! Not down there on my cleft... OWW! It a HURTIN BAD! OH MISSY, I JUST PEE, CAUSE YOU DONE BEAT THE LIVIN' PEE OUTTA PEARL!" Louisa's strap fell across Pearl's tits, her nipples popped out hard as rocks, then Louisa landed several between Pearl's legs, all the while she jerked and protested. Louisa kept beating poor Pearl until the girl just peed herself. Then Louisa nodded as she stopped, "Cut the cunt down... let her walk it off then go wash the piss off her." She lightly kicked Conchita on the thigh, she was still on the grass watching the strapping given to the buxom young Negress.

The remaining lashes she was able to cope with, but she left Pearl with a lot to think about dealing with the strap. Obviously it was not Pearl's first time taking a strapping, but with her ass beat and a pair of really sore tits Pearl had to realize that she was still a slave as much as ever, only this time to a crazed woman who torture fucked other women because she loved it.

Conchita looked at Louisa then over at Pearl and me as she spoke, "Want to watch them girl fuck, you know the black while she's fresh from the strap and the blonde get it on out here under the sun, leave them inverted or whatever?"

Louisa smiled, "You are a bitch aren't you?" Going on before Conchita could answer, "Nope, we can have them tonight, it'll be just the four of us to watch these two salt and peppers get it on. Sissy, Fawn, you and I can make do with each other while tonight the blonde and her dark companion are all ours..."

Conchita reached over and took a long drink allowing the liquid to flow out of the sides of her mouth. She took another ladle full and poured it over her face. With her eyes still on me, she licked her lips as she spoke, "... yes, tonight they are ours. Tomorrow we shall start breaking them to the saddle..."

**Chapter 19**

A little more than a year had passed along now, and I think in that time I wore clothes about twice, once when Louisa had guests from the government, and the other... oh, not counting an occasional gussy up with the saloon girl dress, during a specially cold winter when I actually just had on a woolen poncho. It had been about 6 months now since I'd dropped my baby, one day before Pearl did - must be just how long it took for the little sperms to swim into Pearl's 'tipped' uterus. A good thing when you consider that our training began soon after that to become a set of pony girls, Louisa and Conchita had taken it easy on us because of the load we carried in our bellies, but after giving us some time to recuperate, one morning all bets were off.

I don't think I will ever forget this first day at the training area, I knew that there was more to this valley Louisa owned than just some silos, a few fields, an Abbey, and her adobe. Conchita took us on a three-hour buggy ride along the river near the other side of the valley, where the training stables were set up. To my total surprise I discovered that Meg had been transferred to there as a trainer. It was her specialty to break the new 'fillies' as we were now called.

Fawn, Sissy, Pearl and I had lined up, butt naked for Meg to review while Conchita walked along dressed in skintight leathers, the spring breeze was cool, but the sun was taking on its summer warmth quickly enough. Meg was wearing her hat, open leather vest, loincloth and boots, the breeze occasionally flapping open her vest a bit more to expose one of her large nipples and its companion ring. She looked at us, and at first we all hoped that she wouldn't remember the strapping she'd taken while we were allowed to watch. But like old pachyderms, the bitch never forgot, she smiled at us then stopped in front of the four of us, "Well, no what do we have here, Conchita? Aren't these the quadruplets who watched while little Lola sliced me up with that strap, because the blonde here was..." She held her finger to her cheek as if struggling to recall, "... chained too tight?"

Conchita looked at Meg a few seconds, "Why Meg, you do have an exceptional memory... yes they are. Lovely as usual, and let me give you one small note of refrain, Louisa wants them trained, not

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reduced to pulps. You had your fun with Lola over there, and from what I can see, you still have, so just as a word to the wise, keep the training casual but effective, clear?"

Meg looked at Conchita nodding with her mouth pursed, "Oh, I will, you can tell Louisa that I will do just that..." She looked at us as she finished her sentence, "... oh, yes... I will do just that indeed." She tapped her riding crop in the palm of her hand, and then looked at Conchita, "Oh, you can go now or stay as you wish, either way today will be a long day for sure."

I saw Conchita get back in the buggy and depart, I was kind of uneasy to see her leave as I still had a good deal of fear of Meg. She gave Conchita a wave of her whip hand as she rounded a small curve for the trail back along the river. Meg gave us a long dramatic pause, then took one step slowly to her side, and quickly turned and hissed her whip down in an arch that nearly caught Sissy's left nipple. Sissy let out a squeal and a jump, which caused each of us to nearly jump out of our skins. Smiling Meg pointed the crop directly at me, "Caught you, didn't I? Okay, enough tension here let me be direct with you four and to the point. Conchita made it clear, that Louisa wanted you four trained, and trained you will be. I won't be any crueller to you, than your failure to train lets me be. Learn your lessons well, and you will be treated well, get lazy and you will be punished, simple as that."

"Punishment here is fairly simple..." She held up her whip, "... failure to learn what I teach you, you get whipped. Failure to adapt to the bit, you get whipped; failure to adapt to the harness, you get whipped; failure to follow stable rules, you get whipped; and failure to adapt as a pony girl, you get whipped. In short, the rules, training, equipment, and obedience are the factors, which if learned will allow you to be treated with less whipping. Now, I'm not going to polish your nails here, but you four are pure eye pleasure to your mistress. Each of you has bounced back nicely following up from the deliveries you each made a few months ago. I know, from experience..." Meg pulled one of her breasts out and gave it a gentle squeeze in spite of the ring, allowing a few jets of breast milk to escape. She put it back behind her vest, "... Louisa likes all of us to be lactating and you are no exception. You will continue to be milked and used like the little cows you are. As you just saw, I am still able to pump it out, and it has been

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a few years since I popped a sucker out of my tummy. In fact Tall Horse over there in the valley next to us owns my little filly. But that is another story, ask me some time when I've half drunk a bottle of tequila and I'll tell you all about her."

"You will be here for three weeks, no longer, unless you fail to learn and have to repeat the course. Let me warn you here and now, there is no such thing as an easy repeat. These next three weeks will be difficult for you to say the very least, and another three weeks will put you through a hell you don't want to go to..."

"One of your first lessons will be to build up leg stamina, so you'll be getting plenty of exercise; with that in mind we'll start you off with the rest of the day over there under that exercise walker." Meg pointed to an open corral where a large eight spoke-wheel type apparatus was set up, already I could see two girls treading along, one of them being led along with her wrists tied behind her back, and the other with her wrists tied over her head to one of the arms.

Looking closer, I caught a glimpse of poor Lola; all naked she worked at various tasks from cleaning up to raking the ground. She stopped, turned around so that I could see her better, and then I saw her nipple rings supporting some very heavy looking weights that made her large breast sag. I thought she saw me, but she just wiped the sweat from her forehead and resumed her raking. As we were motioned toward the exercise corral, I could tell that her heavily weighted breasts must be hurting her.

Meg hollered over to Lola, "Hey you lackey cunt, take a look and see whom we have here! It's Sissy and Fawn along with that black and blonde gal you gave a whippin' demonstration one time, remember?" She was very sarcastic in her tone of voice.

Lola looked our way, and put her hand above her brow to shade her eyes, we were close enough that I could see the weights yanking her breasts nearly flat down on her chest. That had to hurt, no doubt at all. Lola tried to smile pleasantly, and she waved at us then resumed her raking. I started to wave back then stopped when I saw what she had between her legs as well, a stick with the bark still on it. Meg stopped us and called Lola over, slowly the girl hobbled over to us, obviously in deep pain from the stick and weights making her suffer so. She paused a few feet from us; Meg went over and used a small

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knife to cut the weights off her tits. The stones dropped to the ground with a thud, her breasts lifted back to somewhat of a normal shape and position, slightly flopping after being released from their awful pressure; Lola gasped in relief.

Meg then cut loose the coarse limb that was placed well up and inside Lola's cleft, she had her legs slightly spread, and after the small cords holding it up were cut Meg had to dislodge it from her skin. Just how long it had been there was hard to say, but my guess was she had it up there for at least half a day or maybe longer. Lola opened her eyes wide, then closed them down when the limb fell, as it seemed to take a bit of her skin with it, she exhaled spit out from her tight lips after it was gone, and rolling her eyes up again she groaned, "OOOH!! AAA!!" Spreading her cunt lips apart she took a quick look to see, and then closed them tenderly, "...Thing hurts like the devil itself. Ye-gods that is an awful thing to put on a girl at all, let alone up her puss..." She looked up at us, "Hi girls... welcome to hell."

I could tell that Meg was not happy with Lola's comment about her little place. She seemed to let it slide for the moment, she introduced us with our new stable names, "Lola meet our newest fillies, this one is Filly Sissy, this one is Filly Fawn, this one is Filly Pearl and this one..." She paused at me, thinking a moment, "... well now, what shall I name you? You have the mane of a palomino and the temperament of a clever appaloosa... nope, I won't get cute... it didn't do me any good the last time I did, so we'll keep it Filly Cassie." In the back of her mind, I just knew that something was bothering Meg with Lola, she snapped at her, "Oil 'em up, and be quick about it they are going to be doing a lot of walking today. Fillies Cassie and Pearl put them with their wrists up there and there. Fillies Fawn and Sissy tie their hands behind their backs and use nipple clips to attach their leads to the loop so they can keep up a good pace. Water and feed 'um at noon time and give them half an hour's rest, then back they go on until about 3, then give them another water and fifteen minute break. From there, they keep their pace until sundown. Oh, when you're finished getting them going, I want to see you over there." Meg pointed to an upright frame near the tack and equipment locker.

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The exerciser was powered by a spring that Lola kept wound up with a crank, kind of like the ones organ grinders use with their monkeys. Each spoke had an eye loop at the top of it that a lead dangled down with a clip on it. For Sissy and Fawn, the lead was fixed with a split pair of clover style clips that tightened as they were pulled on harder, one for each nipple. Pearl and I had an extra ring wrapped around the ropes on our wrists, so the single lead was sufficient to hold us along.

I found it awfully hard to walk fast enough in a circle with my wrists over my head, and I could see that Pearl had an equally difficult time as well. One of the only ways that I could keep pace was to put a slight skip in every third or so step of mine. Pearl just trotted along with it all bouncing boobs and shiny skin, glancing over my shoulder I could just make out Fawn and Sissy shuffling along as the lead tugged away at their nipples. At least Fawn could just pace herself with those long, lovely legs of hers the stride was just within her ability, but I could see that the clips were irritating to those puffy nipples of hers no doubt about it. As for poor Sissy, like me, she was skipping along and each skip made her breasts bounce hard, yanking on the clips and lead. I just knew that Sissy would be screaming to be taken off the thing before the day was through.

As we struggled along each of us to our own pace, I watched as Lola walked up to Meg at the place she ordered. Trying not to be obvious, I could easily see, and once in a while hear, what Meg was hollering at Lola, "... you stupid cunt. *Welcome to hell.* With your stupid little comment..." I thought that was something to reckon with, as the creaking wheel came back around, Meg pointed to the frame, "... now get your ass against it, NOW, cunt!" I didn't hear much else, but I saw Meg bind Lola to that frame with her arms up, and her legs spread. She went to the equipment locker and took out a buggy whip; Meg took off her vest, hat, and boots she stood back about five feet from Lola then Meg hauled off and buggy whipped Lola solidly for about ten minutes. Lola whimpered and squirmed on the frame the entire time, and then Meg stopped the strokes. Her nipple rings shining in the sun, she looked squarely at me since I'd watched the entire thing, unlike my more sensible companions.

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Meg walked a short few paces stopping near the fence rail, I could see that she was sweating from swinging the lash; Meg spit into the dust of the circle, "Enjoyed watching that did you Filly Cassie?" I continued my walk around, as I got closer I didn't reply but just looked at her, making another round. Still naked except for her loincloth, Meg just kind of glared at me, and without so much as a threat or a warning, she unfurled the buggy whip and landed a scorcher of a lash squarely across my bouncing breasts. I squealed, "AAA!" My breasts bouncing as I was dragged along now with a red welt forming just above my nipples. Meg screamed at me, "I SAID ENJOYED WATCHING THAT DIDN'T YOU FILLY CASSIE?" Immediately I responded, "Oh, GOD! Meg, yes, Ma 'am I did, you really whipped poor Lola a lot with that, you did... and please, please don't whip me again with it, I am sorry I stared at you!" I was shaking scared that she would flog me to a ribbon while I fairly dangled along on that lead.

Meg straightened up a bit, "There now, that's more like it... looks like I'll have to come out and give you your noon meal, since cupcake over here looks just whipped. Keep up the pace girls, Meg will be back... and as for you saucy one, you best just mind your own business. Meg has her ways..."

Still somewhat shaking, I called to her respectfully, "Ma 'am... I am going to have to pee... that stroke you gave me made my little bladder sting."

Meg stopped in her tracks, still naked except for the loincloth, she turned, "Well now so is it might do that... but you're a filly now, and like all fillies here you just go when you have to... shit too like that I reckon if you have to... a little filly is just another animal here."

I tried not to argue, but this was uncomfortable for me, "Ma 'am... won't that make us stink or slip in it?"

Meg was ready, "Don't you worry none little cupcake over there knows how to clean up after you, so we keeps down the flies and the smell. Take a look at what your all walking on, sod with sawdust and straw grindings mixed in. In case you wonder how we get our ground

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sawdust and straw grindings, need I remind you of what goes on inside the silos?"

"Ma 'am, I understand, but if I piss myself or shat... I can get sore and infected unless we get cleaned... after all..." I began to sense I was digging myself a hole as Pearl looked at me and rolled her eyes.

Meg leaned back against the fence rail, "Listen, as for keeping you clean while you exercise, during your breaks we will hose you down from that pump set up over there, don't worry at all not a bit. So if you have to go, well then just go... it ain't no big thing for a filly to piss her bladder dry while she is under this pacer. We have it happen all the time, and if you feel embarrassed about peeing while you have to walk along nekked, your arms up like that and all then I have a nice solution for relieving that stress of nudity and public humiliation, I'll just spread eagle you over there on those slanted rails, run a stream of water in tube taped into your mouth, put a brick on your bladder and let you piss up a stream for about half a day. And, If that don't do the trick I can make you swallow a string and when it comes out the other side, I sit you down spread legged like and still very naked, while you pull it out slowly until it is all gone. Now, I have miles of string girl where would you like to start?"

I looked at Meg and closed my eyes while a gentle stream of yellow piss flickered out my pee hole while I walked along. I had to go so bad, that it squirted out from side to side with each step I took and in truth I had quite a stream of it. Opening my eyes, I could feel the dregs of it running down my legs but I kept walking along. Taking a glance to my rear and over at Pearl, I could tell the other women felt for my embarrassment, but they were glad that I didn't do anything to earn myself a more severe punishment.

Meg smiled at me like I was nothing but a girl animal, then she spoke, "See, now that wasn't so bad now was it?" Stepping away from the rail Meg went over and picked up her vest, hat and boots, then went inside of her barn, closing the side door after her. I could hear the spring and flywheel squeaking and working as we continued our 'exercise'.

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The day ended with us, getting cleaned up, fed and put into our stalls, where we were kept two to a stall, Pearl and I were in one, Sissy and Fawn in another. Tonight, we all were just too tired, sunburned and our legs ached to enjoy each other's arms and comfort.

Early morning was early morning, after breakfast, Lola bathed us with fairly cold water, and then we all pitched in and cleaned up our stalls from the night with fresh hay and sawdust. My legs were sore along with my whip stroke above my nipples, which had turned into a hefty ridge.

We were to line up out in the corral still stark naked, to wait for Meg. I looked up into a cloudless sky and the sun itself felt hot already on my reddish brown skin. Lola came out and set down two large yoke like devices, looked at us then stepped away. I was curious about them, when Meg came out putting on her vest as she walked toward us. Coming near, she cheerfully spoke, "Well good morning fillies, and it looks like this will be a hotter day than yesterday. Oh, before you do speak, I want to point out to you that one of you violated the rules yesterday and even to the point of argument. See that large sign, the weathered one above the corral and over there by the barn, the one that says, 'NO TALKING PERMITTED BY THE FILLIES, NEW OR EXPERIENCED NOT AN EXCEPTION.' Three of you have been very observant, while one of you has failed completely to use her one day of human respect to read it. Now, I will be talking to each of you, like I would any horse, but you are not to reply back, just do. Now since we did have a violation of the rules, then a whipping is due as punishment. I will be lenient this time, but I assure you the culprit will remember the lesson well. Filly Cassie, step forward."

Already my knees grew weak, but I did as I was told, quietly. I kept my focus in front of me. Meg stepped up in front of me, "Filly Cassie, you stand accused of violating the first rule of the stable, that fillies are not permitted to speak. You will answer by nodding or shaking your head for yes or no; stamping either your left or right foot to respond in answer to a numbered question or statement, do you understand?" I nodded my head once, letting my long blonde hair flow about.

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Meg went on, "Good, I am happy that you understand. Yesterday, did you or did you not, speak to me even when I screamed at you?" I nodded again letting my hair flow.

She asked another question, "Did you or did you not ask me about your desires and embarrassment over body functions, such as pee and shit?" I nodded again letting my hair flow even more.

Finishing her point, "Filly Cassie, you have been found guilty of violating the rule of silence for fillies. For this you shall be whipped twenty-five strokes on that frame over there with a leader strap, plus you will endure a half day of exposure on that corral fence with your naked sex split on the rail. Is that clear to you?" I hesitated and finally nodded slowly one time, my silky hair blowing about in the breeze.

Meg concluded, "Punishment with the whip will take place at noon, and following you will be placed on the fence until sundown." She started to step away when I gave a guttural moan. Stopping she looked back at me, then stepped again closer this time, "Did you say something"

I shook my head, and allowed my hair to flow from side to side, definitely in a silent no. Meg looked me in the eyes, "Listen, girl filly or no filly, I can be a real serious bitch here. You will learn that soon enough, my pretty little filly."

Our exercise that morning was a workout using a type of tandem or side-by-side yoke. Pearl and I were the first to be placed in the yoke, and our wrists were tied behind our backs, using a stick prod, Meg forced us to trot along in unison, so that the yoke would not strangle us. It was hard at first to get the steps coordinated, but we soon learned this aspect. It seemed to me that it was a bit soon for the noon meal, but we sat and ate our meal using just a bag and our mouths. Literally, we were given the old feedbag; afterwards Lola still quite naked had me neatly tied with my wrists up, legs spread, and a bit gag between my back teeth. Meg then handed over a six foot leading strap with a wooden handle fastened on one end to Lola and immediately ordered her to give me a whipping with it, twenty five lashes.

I jerked and wailed, the bit gag making it sound like I was a horse whinnying while being lashed for some digression. The strap

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itself left welts on me, but not the hard ridges like the buggy whip had done on the upper curves of my breasts. That one stood out, while the rest of the red welts blended into my sun-scorched skin. When the twenty-five were finished, Lola did as she was further told and led me over to the fence rail where using lengths of ropes, she tied my ankles. In the meanwhile, Meg went inside her little room in the barn and came out a moment later holding some white pebbles. She placed them on the fence rail, and then took a small box indicating for me to step on it and throw my leg over the fence. I did and she reached over and carefully parted the lips of my sex nodding for me to lower myself down on the rail, and those white pebbles. Removing the boxes, Lola staked my ankles apart so that I wouldn't fall off the rail, and Meg went over to the equipment shed and brought out a notched cross bar that fit into the extended rail coming out from under the crack of my ass, and she shoved me bent slightly backward against it, quickly binding its base to the rail. The extended 'arms' of the cross bar fit as a brace against my back and lifting each of my arms she bound them outstretched palms upward so that I couldn't turn them over, leaving me in a most shameful exposure astride the fence rail. As a last humiliation, Meg took a strip of leather and tied my long hair back, yanking my head back even further, to the rail behind me. I have known some humiliating positions, but this one was just a bit more than some of my others in the past.

Meg made the other 'fillies' parade past me and look at my shameful posture. In all more than twenty-eight other fillies were made to gaze upon me. One of them, a girl I had never seen before, came over to me and nibbled on my nipple. She snorted once, and stepped away. My hair prevented me from looking then, but I heard a swishing sound to the girl and found out later that she had a tail plug shoved deep up her ass. I heard many whimper as they passed, and one girl, I do not know who, paused and pissed on my extended ankle. I closed and opened my eyes, then and there realizing that I was being reduced even further into the depths of submission. Another girl, in a similar action stepped close to me and brushed her ringed nipples against my arm as she humped my thigh with her clit ring. After the last girl had been paraded past, I knew one of them was Pearl as she gave me a kiss on the cheek, so did Sissy.

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For some reason that I still do not know, Meg took offense to this and I could hear her give Sissy a whipping in the frame while the sun baked down on my shuddering breasts. While Meg was scolding Sissy for her action, whatever that was, I suddenly began to feel what it was that Meg had placed on the rail. It was salt capsules, and the damn things were invading my tender areas with the sting of girl soaked salt. I thought my pee hole would explode, and I began to buck slightly and even bounce, which did me no good at all. Meg came out of her office and over to me, looked up at the sun, "You have a while left to go, filly, what you bucking about like this for? Oh, I know it's them salt pellets I put there... well, now there is a remedy to that... you can just piss on 'um. That's right, your bladder is full enough, you ain't sweat all your moisture out yet, and besides I'll give you a drink... here..." She went over and brought me a full ladle of water, which I gulped down and then she gave me two more. With the thought of the salt irritating my little pee hole, I just let it go... and the rail dribbled with a yellow passing of my bladder that she was right; it did flush the salt out. Patting me on the upper slope of my bronze ass cheek, Meg spoke, "See... I told you that it would help, must pay attention to Meg... I do know what is best for my fillies, punishment or otherwise." Meg went back inside the barn, and I breathed hard a few times trying to stifle my anguish and humiliation, I rocked my head back and forth with tears in my eyes, I cried behind my gag, "Haaahaaagh... ooobooohooo..." I squeaked as I breathed in, the blue sky filled my field of vision, as the sun became a blistering inferno scorching my whipped breasts and turning the fence rail into a hot scalding wedge of pain.

Two weeks brought us to a new level of training, we could now pull carts and small buggies, still very naked and wearing only a directing bit. The four of us were progressing nicely. Meg rode while each of us pulled her while she did several signals and directional tugs to make us change our pace, gate, speed, direction and stop. She had just put a piece of sugar in my mouth, I looked at her with delight when she did and in that moment, Conchita pulled up her cart, which was being pulled by a well muscled Indian girl with a square jaw and perfectly braided hair. Her nipples were ringed and she had on a special harness that fit every female curve of the woman's body. What amazed me were the girl's hard muscles, in her legs, back, arms and

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chest. The girl pulled into the shade of the barn, and she slowly positioned the cart and stopped. Sweating profusely as the combination of sweat mixed with trail dust dripped down her sleek body. The girl paced once with her bare foot, then looked straight ahead and blinked slowly.

I was fascinated with her body and the ease at which she pulled that cart; it was like she was bred to the task. I continued to fix my gaze on her, when she slowly turned and just looked at me, not saying a word, just concentrated her own stare back at me. I became uncomfortable and almost said something to her, but remembered to be silent. I moved away so that I didn't have to look at her. Meg looked over at me, then picked up her whip and landed a quick welt down my back. I whinnied against my shackles holding me to the cart, I quickly settled back down. The Indian girl gave a deep guttural sound, like she was swallowing something, and did two steps in place. I had my first lesson in body language, I just realized. If that girl could have done so, she would have taken that whip to me just as sure as living.

With those dynamics out of the way, I overheard Conchita telling Meg, "The four 'fillies' here, they are to be ringed in their nipples and clits, now. Prepare them over there; we will start with the blonde... I have the rings in my pouch there, Louisa wanted the large ones in Fawn and the black, the medium ones in the blonde and Sissy."

It didn't take long for the four of us to be tied in a splayed exposure against four of the barn support posts, inserted in our cunts were gadgets Conchita called 'torture pears' - tapered metal things that expanded inside of our cunts by twisting a knob, which in all made each of us spread our legs as far apart as anatomy permitted. This thing would have hurt like blue blazes if we had not have all had babies. A virgin girl with one of these things opened up inside of her I do believe she would have torn the barn down bucking wildly. For us, it hurt but it was not unbearable.

Meg pushed in a small cart holding some jeweler's anvils; pliers, metal hammers, surgical awls, and clasps of various types were rolled into place. Attached to it was a brazier with a small cauldron of

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boiling water and other sterilization equipment and tongs. Meg had taken off everything she had on and put on a white apron. Her nipples outlined against the apron but exposed themselves now and again as she worked along.

I saw her stop in front of Sissy and she smiled at her, then moving toward the boiling water she lifted a small rack of surgical awls out, taking a wood handle, she screwed the tip of a boiled awl in the end. With a small clean cloth, soaked in pure alcohol, she wiped Sissy's left nipple, grabbed it with her left finger and thumb, then quick as a wink, poked a hole in it with the awl, there was a small amount of blood, but very little, and before Sissy could let out a peep, the ring had been heated, which cauterized the hole and quickly was formed and circled inside of her nipple then just as quickly reheated for a few seconds and sealed closed. It was done. Sissy blinked her eyes and for a moment it looked like she would cry, she sniffed and paced her left foot up and down once. Meg raised her eyebrows, "Good girl, now and the rest of your areas..." She repeated, at what seemed like a faster speed, the other nipple and now Lola placed a seat for her to sit down on, and she faced Sissy's suntanned cleft up close. Her lips were spread and exposed the clit so nicely. Using the alcohol she applied quite a bit to it, then put on a small amount of chloroform on another cloth and held it against their girl's cleft. It overpowered Sissy for a moment, then quickly Meg fixed another awl and in a few moments, she penetrated Sissy's clit right through the sensitive bud and fitted in the ring, heating it for a moment to seal it tight. She flicked it and tugged it to make sure it was firmly in place. Pulling back, Conchita nodded, "Looks good Meg, these white women do well wearing rings."

Meg moved to me, where Conchita stopped Meg, saying, "This one have another set of rings... Louisa would like to have these put in her ears." She held up another set of gold rings, exactly like the ones, which she was about to put in my nipples and clit. I stamped my foot once, and held my head back. Meg replied, "Nice ones, the same size as her nipple and clit rings... kind of exposes the fact she is wearing medium rings, in case anyone sees her dressed. Good idea... okay senorita, here we go..." I closed my eyes and felt her put some alcohol on my ear lobe, then with a quick prick, which I gave a guttural

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response to, she penetrated my earlobe, and inserted the gold ring. It was slightly heavier than I first thought. The nipple ones would be interesting, so I wondered. Meg fit the other one then settled lower down to my nipples. Putting alcohol on the same clean rag, she fitted another sterilized awl... yanking on my right nipple I closed my eyes while the thing seemed to burn a hole in it. I bucked and jerked, nearly screaming like a woman, but I held my voice, instead banging the back of my head against the post.

Meg raised her eyebrows, "Interesting reaction... maybe I should use the chloroform?" She looked up at Conchita; who had stepped toward me, leaning close to my now 'ringed' right ear so that no one else could hear, "Listen my little dove, that Indian girl who brought me here, her name is Luwana, she wants me to give you to her for a play thing. You see she is a pony girl because she wants to be. I have seen pain sluts before, but this one?" Conchita rolled her eyes toward the girl who sensuously licked her lips, "My pigeon, she is the only girl I have ever seen spread herself eagle with her entire weight on a sharp spike up her cunt, heavily coated in castor oil." My eyes rolled toward Conchita in amazement, "She stayed on that thing for over half a day under the blistering sun, holding herself spread and not a rope on her or anything to keep the spike from sliding up her except the muscles of her cunt. That is how powerful a woman she is, and you would be like a hand full of bread dough to her. Even I would not want to bed down with her..." Conchita shook her head slowly, "So, what I want you to do is show her that for a white woman you can take a lot, and out of respect for that I will ask her to leave you alone. Now, Meg is going to do your left nipple and finally your clit with hot awls through your tender spots. Be a woman's woman for me, lover and do it without any chloroform or contortions, and I will see what I can do to get you off your date with Luwana." She kissed me on the cheek and I blinked a plea from behind my bit gag.

Conchita nodded to Meg, who rolled her eyes back over and finished doing my left nipple, I closed my eyes and swallowed as the awl poked my rock hard bud, and as quickly as I could sucked in my breath and held it with my eyes open. I could feel Meg's fingers work the ring in, then I felt the heat close the ring tight, and she gave a quick turn of the ring inside my nipple. I let my breath out slowly, then

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heaved my breasts slightly as if to show off the rings, and I could feel the slight weight of them jerking down the tender slices of my nipples.

It was my clit that was due next on the penetration block... I wasn't sure about this one, but if I didn't want to become this buck skinned, female gorilla, Amazon's personal play toy then I had better stiffen up. I knew that a tear would betray me to Conchita and I would have found myself sweating under this muscled bound bitch's yoke faster than Meg could say 'look here now'... The thought of her hard fucking me made me realize that this bitch could break every bone in my body trying to rub me harder and harder against her. Hell, I am just a blonde southern bimbo, on a self-imposed course of girl-girl abuse that there is no telling where it will go. No telling who I will end up a slave to, but I *do* know that to fall into this bitch's hands will likely have me impaled, roasted, and eaten alive while having my clit flayed with some Indian strong bitch's beating wand. Nope, not yet... not for... *ME!* ... I closed and opened my eyes trying to look natural, as Meg's hot little awl slowly penetrated my most tender spot. Not the whip, not the rock salt, not the donkey, not anything could take the place of this hot bitch fucking mother hauling cunt burning snot sucking bloody bitch fuck of a god-damn awl, poking itself inside and through my slit meat... *crap!* This hurts god awful like! It was a good thing all of this was in my mind, and not out in the open. I blinked once and tried to focus as Meg worked the hot ring and sealed it together, then gave me a slap on the thigh, "Done my girl!" Meg gave me a wink.

I still tried to see what Conchita and Luwana were talking about, finally Luwana looked away from me and at Conchita and I swore she had a tear in her eye. I looked up at Meg, who was wiping off her awls and getting fresh linens for Pearl and Fawn, I rolled my eyes down to my feet where my right foot made a soft single stamp. Meg asked, "Something wrong?" I nodded my head. Meg looked over her shoulder, "Does it concern the Indian woman?" I nodded again. Meg smiled and leaned close to me, "Conchita brought her in for a ring as well. The girl protested and fought, with muscles like hers who was going to force her, right? Well, Conchita told her, that she was a weakling and that a white woman, and a blonde no less could take a ring in her clit, something that a powerful woman like herself,

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and her name is Luwana, couldn't do, and that the white woman would humiliate her openly if she, Luwana didn't take the rings. Now, it seems my dear that you have proven yourself to be stronger than a very strong Indian woman like Luwana... so she will have to take the rings just as stoically as you or she will be humiliated forever. Interesting thought for you, isn't it my little Cassie? A blonde white gal ringed with a medium ring in your clit while one of the strongest Indian women on the face of the Earth cried like a baby. Ah, that is what I love about us females... I am wearing the largest of these rings, and mine made me uproot a tree when my clit was stuck. You are a wonder girl, legends will follow to be sure..." She smiled.

I looked at Conchita who gave me a quick salute, and I cocked my head to one side and it was all I could do to keep from telling her off to the entire world, but little good that would do now that it was all over. Meg had me untied and I was allowed to stretch about, while Pearl and Fawn were being awled and ringed. I walked over, more like strutted over to Luwana who dropped to her knees and kissed my feet, and I pulled my lips apart to show off my new trinket and liked to have died when I did. I looked at Conchita who giggled and without a word rocked her finger back and forth, in a no, not a good idea gesture. I rolled my eyes and slowly let my lips slip back. Then I heard Meg call out, "Conchita make sure that freshly ringed filly doesn't try to pry her lips apart, I can guarantee you she won't like it at all!" I just rolled my eyes as if to say, *now you tell me.*

**Chapter 20**

I found the next few remaining days of training to be difficult to say the very least, especially after that casual trick Conchita played on me. *I'll get even* I promised myself, *sooner or later*. After passing our final, including close order signals, wearing those tight harnesses, all four of us graduated, and we didn't have to go back for a repeated course. We could now call ourselves pony girls. I learned after we returned to Conchita's house that Louisa had taken off on another of her scouting trips to Prato's adobe. She was supposed to have joined up with one of her long lost companions from back at Xua 'Xua. In the mean while though I was about to confront Conchita about that fierce Indian girl, Luwana.

We were in her bedroom and both of us were starkers, "Listen up, I didn't even flinch a bone. Oh, but I had some choice words for you as well under my breath the whole damn time my clit was being awled to a gut wrenching hell... and here you were fondling pussy cakes here..."

Conchita protested as she backed away from me while I poked her in her ample nipple and chased her around her own bedroom, "Now just one damn minute here, what do you mean, I never fondled that girl... I told her nothing but the truth about how strong and brave you are. You are a damn legend out there now; no white woman has ever taken a hot awl through the clit and not fainted or worse screamed to the heavens. I have heard that some women like you who have had their clits pierced have screamed so loud it started raining. No shit mind you!"

I looked at her after listening to her babble, "Rain hum... yeah, right and maybe a snow job, like the one you are giving to me now, and even THEN! Hum... you bet, you little bitch, you cunt sucking little bitch. Make me suffer like that all the while... it is a big crock so that you can get that muscle bound pussy cakes into bed."

Conchita babbled all the while I did, and then when I got quiet for a moment, she spoke, "She can suck a beer keg dry in three minutes flat. I can prove that one."

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I looked at her, "That is some sucking power, three minutes flat?" Conchita turned away a moment then back at me, she mouthed and didn't say a word 'three minutes flat' holding up three fingers after she mouthed the words.

I held up three fingers, "No shit? I rubbed my chin, this I am going to call you on, I have to see it a full keg eh? That is a gallon or more!" Conchita nodded.

A short while later, Luwana entered, her statuesque body almost overpowering in its sheer magnificent grandeur; she had to duck to step in Conchita's cabin. I was my fortified self, and she immediately dropped to one knee and kissed my hand, placing the back of my hand against her own forehead. I nodded to her that I approved of her, and she came in with the biggest shit-eating grin on her face that anyone ever saw. I looked at her and she smiled at me, then looked at the ground, I spoke, "Luwana, I have been told you can drink a lot of beer, is that true?"

Luwana in a voice that was all too innocent, "Yes, Mistress... Luwana have much thirst for white people's drink called beer."

I nodded, then went over to Conchita's bar and lifted up a fresh keg from under it, and handed it over to Conchita who balanced it on the bar. I looked on the side and it said, *Beer US Brewed One Keg Capacity one and one half gallons by rough measure.* I slapped it and put on its side. I picked up a bung hammer and pounded out the bung and inserted the taper. In a moment we had a full keg ready to draw upon. I slid the keg over to Luwana. She smiled, "For me, Mistress?" I nodded, "All yours my woman."

She lifted the bung up and pulled out the taper. Then taking the open exposed side of the keg, she put it to her lips and closed her mouth as much as she could over the opening, tilted it up and back while she poured it down her gullet. I could hear the liquid start to flow, and she would swallow loud, then more liquid would flow and she would swallow loudly. This went on and on for about two or so minutes then she slowly put a hollow sounding keg down. She looked

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at me and made a loud belch. I blinked my eyes, if I hadn't have seen it I wouldn't have believed it. I looked at Conchita and she gave me an *I told you so* gesture, and smiled at me. Luwana looked at me and spoke kindly, "Here Mistress, Luwana get you one... full on so that your thirst is quenched after a long time in the harness..." I stayed the woman's motions and went over to the bar and reached down picking up a bottle of tequila, where I opened it and took a long swig. I pointed the bottle to her, "Water for me please, it is the volume in one of those kegs."

Luwana smiled, "Ah water good too," she grabbed a bottle of tequila and downed the entire thing in about three swallows. I was aghast. I looked at Conchita, as I was starting to feel the tequila just a bit, "Not so much as a sway? This woman has a cast iron stomach. Nobody can drink that kind of liquor and still be standing."

I swallowed another nice sized swig, and then Luwana stepped over and took the bottle from my hand and pointed to my clit ring, "This stuff has another good medicine feature, watch..." She parted the lips of my freshly ringed slit and without so much as a be careful or a warning, she poured about four or five gulps of tequila onto my week old little clit ring. I thought I was going to come apart, but I held my cue. Conchita grabbed the bottle just as I was about to try and find something to hit Luwana with. She told Luwana that I had already put some on and that we were just wasting good tequila.

Luwana smiled, "Oh, no problem Mistresses, Luwana will lick up the remainder." And before anyone could react, Luwana was licking my clit and sucking the tequila from it. I must say that it wasn't such a bad sensation, as the woman had a tongue like silk. I lay back on my elbows while Luwana licked my clit and sucked on me, to a point of where the tequila had brought out the randy after effect of my ringing. I let her work on me and in a matter of moments; Luwana had lifted my pain into a new level of climax. I must have creamed like a pastry in her mouth as she continued to lick for just the right amount of time after. This girl was a true wonder.

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I settled back and was literally ready to bed down with these two when Pearl came in and told me that she needed me to help her with something. I smiled at the two women and left with Pearl.

It was some months later, the four of us plus Luwana with Conchita sitting in a girl cart, waited for the coach to arrive with Louisa and her new companions. Meg was in a cart pulled by Fawn, Lola was in the one pulled by Pearl, and Sissy and I stood with empty carts behind us for Mistress and her friend.

Conchita was in charge until the coach pulled up, and rocked to still in a small cloud of dust. Then Mistress Louisa stepped out and down, behind her two other lovely looking Indian women, wearing the traditional saloon dresses. Then the last woman stepped out, and her eyes found mine, and I suddenly saw the most beautiful woman I think I ever did see. She had high cheekbones; a definite European look to her, her hair was a windblown mix of light and dark brown. Her lips were refined but had the color of red wine, and those dark sullen eyes that would transport anyone to an exotic palace of pleasure forever. She had skin like fresh dark olives, with straight teeth, and from the swelling under her blouse her breasts must have been modeled after the most select of melons. With nipples that were placed on her breasts like spigots of the gods... this woman clearly had it all. When she spoke, she had a definite Italian accent.

Louisa smiled and introduced her friend casually, "Gina, I'd like you to meet my partner and co-founder of Abbey Farms, Conchita Consuella Rohomas... The woman reining the cart with the lovely long legged bitch Fawn is Meg Sierra Lamas, one part Seminole and the rest Hollander. The Negress is Pearl, and the rangy looking blonde is Cassie. The other white pony girl is Sissy... Our Abbess is Sister Romero and the remaining sisters are Lois, Mary, Margaret, Elizabeth, Linda and Duchess all of whom you saw on the way in. The young Indian maids you see naked except for loinclothes and smiles are our youngest members of Abbey Farms. Girls, I want you to meet your new co-mistress, Lady Gina Sophia Fredonia, you shall address her as Lady Gina."

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We all greeted her with respectful words and actions, and following all the other words and announcements, Lady Gina came over to me, and she looked at me standing in my harness, rig, bridle and bit. She fondled me a little bit and admired my rings and the firmness of my body. Leaning toward my ear, "I know that when you have your bridle on that you are not supposed to speak, fine... I now give you my permission, no?"

I looked at her and smiled, then spit out the bit, "Mistress, thank you, that thing starts to hurt the side of the mouth quickly."

She nodded then continued, "So, my dear girl I see you are blonde and you do not have any accent to speak of with English. I am an Italian by birth, but I noticed that you are a blonde that takes the sun very well, like a northern Italian girl maybe?"

I shook my head and replied, "I don't think so..." I started to wonder for a moment then continued, "Hum... perhaps I might be, and I don't know my grandmother came from Europe, supposedly somewhere near southern Austria so I was told. My name comes from hers... Cassie..."

Gina smiled, "Short for Cassiopeia like the constellation. Se' bravo!" She looked around a bit, then refocused on me, "Look Cassie, you are my kind of woman, I want you to be my bed mate, I want to sleep with you and hold you close. I love the color of your skin, and your lovely blonde hair. You can still be my pony girl, but you have hot blood in you, and I want to experience some of your hot blooded ways, no?"

Right away I was in a slight shock, 'be still my beating heart, this woman wants me?' How can this be, I am just another pony girl, and Fawn has the build for a woman like this, I am just a girl... I looked over at Gina, "Mistress I am truly honored indeed... you will be in the main house I am sure. I will join you when I get the word from Mistress Louisa that I can become yours."

Gina immediately looked around, "Shih... I have not yet asked of Louisa that I can have you. Let me put the question, but I do want

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you for my own... Like always in the past, when I have asked something of Louisa I have understood there are prices to pay... I have paid in the past and likely I will have to again. But you my darling are a prize worth anything... Oh, just one question, did it hurt really badly when you were ringed? I mean at Prato's adobe, there was a rumor that a blonde woman took a solid ringing like these..." She fondled my nipple and clit rings, "... and never blinked an eye. Even the strongest of woman warriors praise this woman... would it be you by chance, no?"

I looked around, rolled my eyes a little bit and nodded, "It is me they talk about... I was actually tricked into absorbing the pain..."

Gina interrupted me, "No, darling... no one tricks someone into accepting pain... you clearly absorbed it, I am in awe of your ability to endure... I want you, my darling and there is nothing more to be said of it. Now, we must work on that... ciao lover." She stepped away, and I watched her go over to Louisa and they talked. I glanced at them talking, then I saw the two of them stepping toward me. Louisa spoke first, she looked at me directly, "I give you permission to speak, and Gina has already done so... Cassie, Gina wants you to be hers, do you want to be hers?"

I looked at Gina and nodded, "Yes, Mistress I can love this woman and be hers with all of my hot blooded desires."

Louisa looked at Gina, smiled, "Well she wants you that is obvious..." Louisa looked close at Gina, "You and I go back a ways, and you told me about the women of the mountain, how they helped you when you were their slave. Consider my gift of Cassie to you as payment for your benevolent advice; but my darling Gina, you still have to fulfill our sisterly agreement of doing a penance ordained by draw. We shall draw tonight, and the agreement of sisters be known as your penance for asking from the Sisterhood, agreed?"

Gina nodded, "I agree my sister... tonight I shall draw. For now, I do humbly accept your gift, and my deepest thanks." Gina finished with a respectful low curtsy.

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Gina and I stopped in a field near the river, it was green and lush, the river rolled gently over some rapids we could feel the spray on us. My harness was loosened and naked I lay on my back looking up while Gina lay beside me rolling a stem or two over my ringed nipples and she kissed my nipples. I looked at her, "Mistress, what is this Sisterhood that I heard you and Louisa talk about. Obviously it is something that I have never heard of?"

She settled back a bit, then Gina cleared her throat, "What I am going to tell you, you must promise never to speak of with anyone, not Conchita or Pearl, no one ever, promise me you will not speak of it?"

I looked over at her, nodded, "I promise Mistress."

She smiled, "First stop calling me Mistress, yes I own you, but you will call me Gina from now on. As for the other part, the Sisterhood is a group of women, who had served the Three Witches in the mountains south east of here..." For the next hour or so, Gina related the details of the women in the mountain and her indenture to them, then she continued, "... Later, Louisa arrived and the women of the mountain decided that she needed to be their companion, so I was allowed to leave to start a life of my own. I had been with the women for so long that I had forgotten how to earn a living for myself, so I joined up with a group of desperados to the south. Because I was not a blood Mexican, though I could have passed for one, I was allowed to stay on. They used me as a decoy in their bank robberies and one time, someone recognized me to the authorities and I was arrested and deported back to Italy. Still unable to escape prosecution for my crime, I was sentenced to an Italian women's prison known as Torturia or the wall of pain. Condemned to be locked up, I begged to be set free in another kind of prison, even a work camp would be better than locked up all the time.

"My case was reviewed and my sentence was changed to hard labor, only not in a camp, but on a special prison ship that still incorporated galley oars. I was shocked that a thing like this still existed, but to my chagrin it did. Women are chained to oars in it, locked up naked to pull the oars everyday, to the rhythm of the drums just like in the old times of ancient Rome. Oh, yes my dear, women would pull the oars in those times mostly on merchant ships and the

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like. Males were given over to pull oars on the war ships." She looked over at me.

I thought about it for a moment, "So, this Sisterhood surrounds the mountain witches... they seem to be able to release you with an almost eternal beauty about you. Louisa I was told is quite mature, yet she looks barely 25 or 30. And you my queen, you look not a day over 28! I am in my 20's and Pearl is in her 30's... Oh, that reminds me, are you going to keep Pearl too?"

Gina blinked once, "No, I am afraid not, she has to remain with Louisa as the deal was for you only."

Getting up onto my elbows, "Pearl has been with me since I was a little girl. She was older than me by a few years, but I used to own her... so I was told... I love her too we can't just leave her... I mean can't we ask for her as well?"

Gina thought about it for a moment, and then smiled, "I will ask, but I am sure there will be an additional price."

Back in the living room of Louisa's adobe that evening, I wore nothing but Gina's collar and leash, I heard her ask about Pearl, and now I heard Louisa's reply, "Want it all don't ya? Okay, you can have the black one as well... I might have known little Blondie there wouldn't want to take a shit without her Pearl, now would you?" I looked up at Louisa who was kind of glassy eyed, she gets this way when she is drinking and sometimes things get dicey real fast, I blinked, "Yes, Mistress... I love Pearl... I told Gina that today."

Louisa smiled at me then looked at Gina, "Gina is it now? What happened to Mistress Gina? I thought we went through this, darling sister?"

Conchita's eyes went puzzled; I could see that she was wondering about the 'sister' comment. Louisa took another drink of tequila from the bottle this time, and looked at Conchita, "Not that kind of sister, Conchita her and I are of the Sisterhood, a kind of bonded order. Okay... since that is the way we are going to have it,

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then so be it... the blonde and the black are yours... but you must draw from the dark box, and not the colored box, agreed?"

Gina sucked in her breath, looked at me then over at Pearl, she closed her eyes a moment and nodded, "Yes, my sister... agreed."

Louisa went over to her bookcase and reached up at a set of books on each end supported by a box, one colorfully decorated, the other a plain black box. She took it down and sat it on the table in front of us, near Gina. She shook it a few times to scramble up what was inside of them. I looked over at Conchita and she looked at me with an obvious look of 'this is the first time I have seen these' in her eyes.

Gina looked at the box and immediately looked up fixing her gaze into Louisa's eyes; she opened the box not looking at it at all with her right hand. Quickly she scrambled her fingers around inside then seemed to stop on one, she lifted it out and closed the box lid, gripping the object in her hand tight. Then she lifted her right hand and palm down, she dropped the contents into Louisa's hand, then closed her eyes. Louisa looked at the object then, stepped over to Meg and showed it to her. Immediately I put two and two together, Meg was one of the Sisterhood, while Conchita was not, I would have thought the other way around. Meg nodded at Louisa and she held up the object, then spoke, "My sister Gina has chosen a red marker, had she chosen a black one or a white one from this box, then her challenge would have been easier. I replace the red marker, and put away the box till another time. But here is our sister's penance for her imposed obligation of asking for a gift from my stable. I ask of her that she, along with her two new properties, spend three years as slaves to the tribe now led by Mephestina and her father Walking Crow, of the Nuvora Tribe in the valley to the south of us. I have a great respect for Mephestina, as she is another of the Sisterhood. So, Gina, the blonde known as Cassie, and the black African known as Pearl shall be their indentured slaves for that period... I shall have the agreement prepared and we shall leave the day after tomorrow. Do any of you have any questions?" Louisa asked us.

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Before we could answer, Luwana stood up, "Where woman Cassie go, Luwana go she no let anything happen to blonde one."

Pearl looked at me and whispered, "Glad you're so popular."

Conchita stood up and protested Luwana's decision to go, "Wait, Luwana is mine, and I am not ready to agree to this at all?"

Sissy spoke up as she stood up, "You wait, Mistress has made a decision about this and I support her. Conchita, you don't need Luwana, I am your main girl... at least I used to be. And now that we are talking about 'things' I just want to say that I am tired of being called a stupid name like Sissy... my real name is Susan and I was only called Sissy as an interpreter didn't translate my name right from the Apaches. Look, I love Cassie and Pearl, I also love you Fawn, but most of all my heart broke when you brought this one into your life, Conchita... I thought I was your girl?" Susan sat down and cried a bit. Conchita looked at the other white woman, then spoke, "Okay, Luwana you can go with them... Sis... excuse me, Susan... come sit by me, no need for you to be alone tonight."

Meg pulled up snug Fawn's leash, "Not a peep from you woman, you know what I like and let's keep it that way, same for Lola as well."

Louisa cleared her throat with another swig of tequila, "Good... then everyone is happy... except maybe Gina over there... been a while since you've been a slave hasn't it?"

Gina stood up and spoke, "My heart wants this blonde girl, Cassie... I will keep her always near me for as long as I can under as much torture as I can endure... her black girl as well and if the young strong Indian girl, Luwana wants to join us, so be it as well." She walked over to Louisa and grabbed the bottle, then took a long drink from it and handed it back. She tossed her lovely brown tresses back, "Gina knows how to deal with things, I am a strong woman... and I have strong women with me."

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Upstairs in bed, Pearl was asleep on the floor and Gina and I were in bed, Gina spoke, "You must tell me of all the things that have happened to you, what you have been put through, your suffering, your tortures... all the details of your captivity to now... I want to hear them."

I related several to her, leaving out very little, and I even put in the part about getting fucked hard by Prato. She had gotten wet each time I would come to a very graphic part and the two of us would spend ourselves delightfully at each action. Finally we came to a point of where I wanted to hear of some of her exploits, she told me some, starting with her first experience at coming to Mexico, this was one place I was uncertain about the time period she described. It seemed much earlier than the present...

Gina went on, "... after I stowed away on the merchant ship bound for the newly organized western regions, I tried to keep my whereabouts secret, but to no avail. I was discovered and in order to remain free to move about rather than a chained prisoner, I was signed on as a deck worker and put to work right away. In those days, the women worked on ships along with the men, sometimes in various states of undress no less. I tried to get along with my fellow shipmates, among the dozen and a half deck crew, four of them were women, and they helped me with some badly needed clothes.

"We had been working on mending the spare fore sail when one of the males walked by and ripped a large hole in the sail, near the upper side. He was so subtle in how he did it that I didn't see him do it, so when I had finished mending the small hole, I stood up and the rip had been snagged about the belaying pin rack. I heard it rip more, and when I tried to free it, it ripped even more. The boatswain stepped over, and asked me what was this hole a bigger one than the one I worked so long to fix. I told him that it was someone else who caused the hole and when he asked who that was I couldn't tell him. By this time the Captain had come over and he looked at the ripped sail, immediately asking who had caused the sail to be ripped. The boatswain pointed to me, and the Captain scowled something and dropped the sail calling out, 'twenty lashes for carelessness!' I immediately protested and a small argument ensued, which I was going to lose no matter what. And he looked at me closer, 'female or

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not, she will be stripped nude, flogged and put in the riggings, Mr. Harper for a day. Now carry out my orders...' so I found myself standing in front of the crew, buck naked while the boatswain flogged me with a cat then properly spread me wide in the riggings." She casually told me the story.

I was dripping with the idea of being flogged like that, then spread on a slanted netting type thing like I had seen in numerous ports when I was younger. It reminded me of the time we were down in Jamaica, where it was so ghastly hot. I remember a young Carib girl who had tried to steal my purse, she didn't want to let go of it and an officer with a rifle slug over his shoulder came along and grabbed her. He tipped his hat as he handed me back my purse, then he took the girl over to one of the dock overseers who strung her up, and ripped her dress off, and took a bullwhip to her. When he'd finished her lashes, which were several, he dragged her over and fixed ropes on her wrists, then had her hauled up on a stretch of rigging that was drying on the dock. He spread her legs and tied her ankles leaving her splayed open for everyone to observe her punishment, it made me hot between the legs to think about her splayed so bare and open like that.

Gina had dozed off to sleep and I heard Pearl snoring, but I still had some imagination left in my sexual furnace. I closed my eyes and immediately I pictured Gina spread in the rigging and I imagined myself climbing up, equally naked, and spreading myself over her wonderful body letting my rings rub on her sex and nipples. She opened her eyes and kissed me, in bed our bodies undulated openly spread as my rings rubbed deliciously on Gina's tender areas... I sighed and satisfied I just drifted off to sleep.

It was the next day; I woke up and sat straight up in bed. Gina was gone and I was in a slight panic. It was after our usual hour for breakfast and I ran down stairs naked, straight into the kitchen where I grabbed some food and ate like a starved lunatic. I was ravenous in my appetite... When I was somewhat satisfied, I looked at the kitchen staff of young, women wearing loinclothes, I asked, "Where is Gina?"

One of the girls looked at me, then pointed outside no one said anything else at all and I scurried out. In the mid morning heat, I saw

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my Gina spread and a very nude Louisa pacing back in forth and in front of her holding a whip. I came into view, "Mistress... I am looking for Gina... I think I found her..."

Louisa nodded, "So you have... beautiful isn't she... all naked and spread like this. Want to join her?"

I nodded, closed my eyes, "Yes, I would... I belong to her now..."

Louisa was not happy about my reminder, "Yes, you do, don't you... okay, over here and I will show her one of your better talents with these rings... not that she hasn't ever done a girl-girl thing, but I would like to see just how well you two fit together... and where you are going, this will give you some practice." Louisa moved me in front of Gina and carefully she attached thin strips of leather to Gina's sensitive nipples and clit, threading them into each of my respective rings, she yanked us close together. We were nipple-to-nipple and clit-to-clit, as she tied our wrists together and out ankles. I could feel the sun on my back as well as the heat from Gina's hard nipples and clit moving into mine as she snuggled close to me.

Stepping back Louisa examined us, "Well now, you two really do fit together... making a delightful couple indeed. Here though you obviously need some visual stimulation..." She snapped her fingers, and a lovely full-breasted girl stepped over. She did not use any names, just lifted and moved the girl's arms and around behind her neck. Then she yanked off the loincloth and kicked the girl's legs apart, fondling her smooth sex and parting the girl's slit with her little finger rubbing on the girl's hard bud with her little fingernail. The girl whimpered and cooed... she steadied her and stepped back opening up the braided three-thong whip in her right hand. In a flick of her wrist, she uncoiled the whip around the girl's jutting bare breasts. The lash seemed to cling to her and she tossed her head back in a deep-throated gasp. Again the lash coiled about the girl's breasts and nipples, she shuttered a bit, and tossed her head back in another gasp.

Louisa beat the young girl solely for the edification of Gina and I having a sexual climax with our shared intimate bondage. The girl

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never moved from her posed position, each lash steady in its scores on the girl's ample breasts and nipples. I could see how the tiny knots on the end of the whip would bounce off the girl's shuddering nipples leaving little red splotches in their wake. I was transfixed at the sight of the girl being whipped for our stimulation, and the steady body rhythm going on between Gina and I. What I did not know was that Louisa had put a torture prong up inside of Gina. It was coated with a substance that made Gina's lower belly shudder. Apparently one of those yet to be told secret Indian tortures that make having female slaves or captives at their disposal. Gina was almost shivering she was quivering so much against my ring. I was trying to focus and get my orgasm past me so that the girl being breast whipped could return to her regular day and not be openly punished so that we could climax while she was being whipped.

Finally, Gina began to moan and shudder even more pulling against my nipples and clit, which made me excited even more while watching the girl take the lashes. Then almost as if in a burst of flooding passion, Gina squealed in climax as I was consumed with her actions. The whipping lasted for the girl only a few more strokes, then it stopped and Louisa kissed the girl's whip sore nipples and handed her back her loincloth. She stepped away putting it back on, and walking quite normally with her whip-streaked breasts bouncing along as if nothing had happened at all.

Gina and I were swooning and dropping in and out of climactic states for several minutes. Louisa untied us, and spoke, "You two had better get a few things together... be careful of what you take, I understand Mephestina has this nasty habit of thinking anything you own is hers as well. Goes for rings and such along with it... no worries for you cupcake; your rings are on permanently... I think."

The trip the next morning went somewhat well... we arrived at the village, which was nestled near a large hard rock canyon. The river came through the valley, and it had several streams and creeks as tributaries. The valley was full of game, along with cottonwood trees, pepper trees, and other kinds of trees. In the village itself, were mostly women, who also did the hunting, fishing, hide processing and upkeep

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for a small amount of people, no more than saw 3 or 4 dozen who lived here.

I saw several real ponies all carefully being watched over by six or seven of the tribe, of which I could see that five were women, and the others were males. One of the women was completely nude and she was working harder than the others. Two were naked from the waist up and hardly paid a notion to us that their breasts were flopping about openly bare. It seemed that we were no major attraction for them, yet.

My female intuition sensed that it was going to be difficult for us to adapt, and even more so for poor Gina being from a foreign land. She decided to wear a dangling pair of crucifix ear-rings I was afraid for her that she would be made an example of by being forced to endure a Christian symbolic punishment of crucifixion. Gina was so very erotic in her nakedness bouncing along in the wagon that it almost was an obscenity in the hopelessness of her exposure. I looked up at the very intense sun seemingly filling the deep blue of the Sonoran sky.

Gina was first to be presented to Chief Walking Crow, then myself and finally Pearl and Luwana. Louisa and Conchita did most of the talking about the terms for our presentation to the Nuvora people. His elder daughter the exotic Mephestina just sat and listened.

I looked at this woman with awe, she was built with firm muscles, square jaw, hard teeth, and exotic steel gray eyes; she stood about 6 foot 3 inches tall and wore status robe with a lot of blue stoned jewelry, a woven headband, waist band with folded loincloth, decorated but open vest and moccasins. Her large breasts swelled under the vest and definitely were tipped with large nipples. The chief was older with braided gray hair, the same steel gray eyes, chiseled features, a very small loincloth and was barefoot, the one thing that caught my eye was the size of his cock, it was large, hairless and smooth with two well cared for egg sacks that I was certain had more than enough takers to keep drained in this village; where the women apparently out numbered the men 8 to 1 at the very least.

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My arms had been securely bound behind my back from about 2 inches above my elbows to just above my wrists; Pearl and Gina were bound the same way. Luwana was not bound at all, my guess that there was no use in it the woman possessed the strength to snap any rope, and I would have thought to tie this bitch up was just inviting trouble, she was to be my big muscled champion. Mephestina stepped down from her high perch beside her quite elderly father and came down to me. Blondes were obviously quite scarce in these parts; she fondled my breasts as well as Pearl's. Moving to Gina she took a real good look at her, feeling her firm breasts, down between her legs and the smoothness of her skin and full sculpted womanly charms of Gina's hairless sex, she gave Gina a kiss. Moving over to Luwana Mephestina looked the big girl over and checked out her well sculpted muscles and naked charms, she smiled at her and spoke, "Not bad, firm hot fleshed and well suited for hard labor around our village." She turned and looked up at her father with a smile on her face, "The blonde one is a delight, the exotic one as well and their dark companion seems a charm, Father, I'll take them all... Louisa's price is acceptable... As for the breed over there she'll do for some of our heavier workloads, I think she can move two large stones at a time. Least of all grind corn for us daily, provided of course that she is included in the bargain." She wanted us and that was all there was too it.

Her father nodded, and raised one hand in agreement. He looked at Louisa and Conchita, "My daughter wants these women, all of them... your usual payment of one bag of nuggets for the both and you toss in the large breed. Go home in peace, and we will discuss our price back for them in the three years you ask."

Louisa shook her head, "Chief, these two are worth three bags by themselves... blondes are not easy to come by out here, and one that takes so well to the sun to boot. Three bags of gold for these two, the exotic one and I will toss in the breed..."

Mephestina moved away from me and stepped back up the slightly elevated throne where she and her father had been sitting. She looked around and up in the sky, then took off her robe leaving her clad only in her loincloth, moccasins and jewelry; she was a sight to behold. Seating herself she spoke softly but with distinct venom,

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"Father, no sense in arguing with Louisa, perhaps she needs some time to think about your generous offer..." She snapped her fingers and four completely nude women, well muscled and obviously well trained, quickly moved beside Louisa and Conchita. Four others equally nude carried in two heavy 'Spanish Donkeys' with their sharp crests oiled and ready to bruise the two women's tender clefts. She looked down at Louisa, "I'm sure you would like to sit and think about it a while..." The four women beside Louisa and Conchita grabbed their arms and began to undress them, when Mephestina snapped her fingers again, "... or, you can always accept my father's generous offer right now?"

Louisa looked at us then over her shoulder at Gina awkwardly bound, then finally back over at Conchita, "All right, Mephestina, yes..."

Conchita interrupted Louisa, "Are you crazy? Do you know what I've gone through to get that one?" She pointed to Luwana, and then continued, "I don't care about this Sisterhood thing between you and hot lips over there, but this breeder is a mover and a shaker with enough muscles to lift Prato's adobe right off it's foundations at the next games and you are ready to throw her in for just a single sack of nuggets? I don't think so... no, no we want our three bags of gold, Mephestina and if we have to we'll sweat for them. I'm very familiar with the Spanish Donkey, remember sweets I have one in my back yard..." She stripped herself naked and went over to it without any further assistance and scurried up and placed herself astride it, parting the lips of her sex to insure full contact with the crest on her clit. As soon as it touched, she closed her eyes just a bit then reopened them and moved her hands away to prove she was allowing her weight to force her clit down onto the crest. Looking up at Mephestina she slowly leaned herself forward to let her know that there was no doubt about her contact with the thing.

Mephestina raised her eyebrows, "Why suffer alone..." She snapped her fingers and in a moment or two, Louisa fighting and protesting, had been stripped equally naked and placed on the donkey with Conchita, tit-to-tit, and both women were swiftly bound in place. The assistant women moved us over near Louisa and Conchita then tied us to stakes placed for easy access. All except for Luwana who

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was escorted outside and assigned some task that her strength could perform.

Mephestina stepped down off her throne and went over to one of the other women who helped her to remove the remainder of her own clothing. Once naked she picked up a braided whip and delivered several lashes to the two women on the donkey. She then came over to us, and without so much as a blink, she whipped Pearl, Gina, and I seemingly until her arm grew tired. Then she coiled up the whip and went over still quite naked and started to eat and drink all the while her thoughts were cleared.

Looking up at the bound women, Mephestina stood fully erect, showing off her exotic nudity, announcing, "Now all of you newcomers to my camp listen well... you will learn here the meaning of servitude while deprived of all your clothing for as long as I order it the heat of the sun is brutal... and the summers last a long time in this valley."