



BLUE
MOON

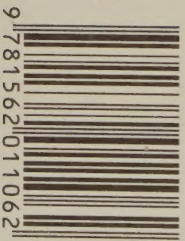
The
CAPTIVE V
The Soundproof Dream



RICHARD MANTON

ISBN 1-56201-106-5

EAN



The
CAPTIVE V

The Soundproof Dream

RICHARD MANTON



BLUE MOON BOOKS
NEW YORK

Published by
Blue Moon Books
841 Broadway, Fourth Floor
New York, NY 10003

Copyright © 1999 Blue Moon Books

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without prior written permission from the publishers, unless by reviewers who wish to quote brief passages.

ISBN 1-56201-106-5

Manufactured in the United States of America

CHAPTER ONE

From the wide avenues that converged upon the central square of the Plaza Andalusia with its monumental fountain, the demonstrators had begun to gather. The hot afternoon sunlight touched the inward-arching sprays of water. Over the rooftops, the upper tiers of a concrete football stadium stood empty and silent. In the middle distance rose apartment blocks in caramel and white stucco.

Colonel Alkan watched the crowds assembling, the square filling by equal sectors. Curious how much a successful revolution owed to mathematical science. As a young man, editor of the radical magazine *Progreso*, he had once composed an editorial on the geometry of subversion as its most underestimated dimension. And later on, when authority was reimposed, arithmetic came into its own, especially with defiant young womanhood. So many strokes to fourteen but only with a strap. A larger number, thirty-six, and also the cane to fifteen. Twelve more and also the birch to sixteen. Thereafter whatever whip took the chastiser's fancy and however many strokes he might choose. But never a prime number. Eighteen, twenty-four, thirty-six, behind prison walls five twelves or more. Only in private, when one could be sure that the insolent young bitch would never be in a position to make complaints

or cause trouble, was the limit removed and the total a matter of random choice. Yes, indeed. There could be no doubt about it. Alkan turned and studied himself in the long mirror, adjusting his grey uniform cap. Authority and justice saw punishment as a supreme equation.

The crowd was flooding the square now, like an orderly incoming tide, under the arcading and round the stone rosette of the fountain, spreading across the fronts of arcaded cafés, bars, and movie-houses. The fountain sprays trembled into a prism of colour, as the light afternoon breeze touched them, and then fell slack again. At the southern entrance to the Plaza Andalusia, a white finger-monument to forgotten colonial wars had been chosen by the military governor as the rallying point for detachments of the grey-clad Civil Guard. At present these troops still wore steel basin helmets cut in the style of Eastern European socialist republics, but that was sheer chance. The former colonial enclave of Cheluna, stretching from the coastal capital of Cheluna to the sweltering estuarial harbour of Port Xantra, had been equipped by east or west alternately, as big-power political expediency dictated. Refuelling facilities for the Soviet submarine fleet had won the Civil Guard a new set of uniforms.

Colonel Alkan crossed to his office window, an arched embrasure shaded by the stone arcade of the pavement. A toasted scent of rich Cuban tobacco smoke reminded him subliminally that his government had also been under economic boycott by most of the northern hemisphere for several years. Cheluna was used to such measures. Their sole effect was to change the labels and countries of origin on everything from tinned meat that bore the imprint of Albania to panty-tights supplied by Vietnam. He sighed and looked down as his sentries clicked their weapons in the heat of the arcaded pavement.

In the capital itself, in quarters inhabited by foreign girl-students or shopgirls and their lovers, there were regular outbreaks of civil disobedience. Inland from the city limits of Cheluna lay civil disorder and banditry, a state of martial law

which Alkan himself found not wholly disagreeable. When he or Colonel Manrique travelled beyond the concrete suburbs, where the road ran like a raised causeway through the fields of maize towards a green haze of distant hills, the convoy was preceded by a lorry with a dozen conscript riflemen and followed by a flat truck with two machine gunners and an old-fashioned Lewis gun on display. Political disapproval by the most powerful nations of the world had deprived Cheluna of a modern armoury. Alkan and Manrique were content in the knowledge that antique firearms were quite lethal enough in their forgotten enclave.

Cheluna was a hybrid of former settlements, the Spanish capital to the north and the French colonial outpost of Port Xantra to the south. There had been the English colony and even the American base. These cultures had mingled, and Cheluna remained a magnet for all races and types. From his office window, Alkan's view lay across the Plaza Andalusia and down the Avenida Independencia towards the harbour, a street flanked by tobacco hoardings and old verandah'd shops, built by a homesick French speculator a century ago. Across the quayside, the anchorages of the bay were marked out by lines of rusting bulk-carriers at their moorings. On the northern horizon, a mountainous terrain began. To the south lay the ocean, roaring storm waters in winter, which protected Cheluna from political interference but which now lay in a placid and oily summer calm.

Alkan picked up his field-glasses from the oak desk beside him and scanned the murmuring crowd. He was pleased to see that his personal detachment of the Civil Guard in their riot gear were fanning out precisely as he had directed at the briefing, forming a pincer-trap to isolate that part of the crowd which, being young and female, interested him most. Enclose and pacify was his instruction. Today's demonstration was protesting the fate of several young female agitators at last month's invasion of the Education Ministry. Their fate was unknown—except to Alkan and a few of his senior colleagues.

Justice had, of course, been done as provided for under the current emergency regulations. There had been a hearing before a properly constituted Security Tribunal, presided over by a supreme court judge, and the necessary detention orders had been made. These orders gave authority, in the case of the female agitators, for their secret and immediate transfer to Krater Island, a reformatory for female offenders of all sorts.

Krater Island was the furthest point in the archipelago over which the Chelunese flag flew. It was 100 miles from the mainland and twenty-five from its nearest neighbour in the chain of islands. Those who formed the tribunal reserved certain classes of offender for this destination. All were appealing in some way, whether by the wistful beauty of a nymph, the vulgar charms of a shopgirl, or the challenging insolence of a tomboy. A few were demure or winsome, but most were provocative by behaviour that was disobedient, sullen, or rebellious. Their masters and mistresses on Krater Island preferred a challenge.

Not even the tribunal was permitted access to the records held by Alkan on behalf of the Ministry of the Interior. A search of these might have shown, however, that fifty or sixty female detainees were held on Krater Island at any one time. A hundred or more had been sent there all told. The inventory did not show that a single delinquent had ever returned. The secret of each girl's one-way voyage was never revealed. If the tribunal itself had inquired, it would have been informed that the particular girl had escaped. This was explanation enough. Privately, it might be thought that the young woman's further destination—if any—was what excitable and melodramatic novelists were once apt to call "white slavery."

Alkan turned his attention to the scene outside, murmuring instructions into his microphone from time to time. It was important that when the squads moved in upon the trouble-makers they should return with treasure rather than with dross. Several young men in the crowd had levered up a number of the paving-slabs and two were smashing them in pieces with

a pickaxe. The girls, as well as the boys, laid hold of the fragments, hurling them without aim but not without effect. Alkan heard the breaking of shop and café windows on the far side of the square, the girls of eighteen or nineteen joining the radical riot wholeheartedly.

By now a second mob had arrived, filling the approach roads with banners and angry chanting. From his vantage point, Alkan thought how curious it was that after so many years of riot and demonstration, those who designed the banners showed little draughtsmanship. They appeared to have a simple-minded belief that it was the height of the lettering which ensured legibility, whereas a thickly-drawn slogan was always legible at a far greater distance than one thinly attenuated. There was a case in point. Half a dozen girl-students, with two or three wispily bearded and self-conscious young men in tow, were chanting in procession, "Free abortion on demand! A woman's right to choose!" Even with his field-glasses, Alkan could scarcely make out the spindly lettering on the placards which the sheepish young men carried on sticks. As for free facilities, the noisy young tarts might sample the state's generosity in providing a free taste of the whip across their bare backsides and, if expedient, the prison noose. Then he shrugged his shoulders. They were not part of the riot. He hoped they would get a taste of the state's free services, but the fate of these particular girls was no concern of his.

Those who were to address the rally began to occupy a bandstand near the fountain, an old colonial structure with a dark green conical roof, where regimental bands had entertained the evening strollers in happier days. After the speeches, the crowd would break away to march on the Ministry of the Interior, which stood massive and grey on one side of the Avenue Nation.

Once again, Alkan's field-glasses swept the ranks of rebellion. They rested on a girl of nineteen or twenty. She was black-clad in shirt and cord trousers, her figure trim but

feminine enough in the shape of her thighs and hind-cheeks. It was rather a hard young face, not surprising at that moment. The features were bold and a little vulgar, the mouth smiling or sneering in private humour. Her dark brown hair was worn in a lustrous sweep which sometimes, as she twisted her head, seemed to obscure her features entirely. Alkan knew the type. The middle-class bohemian, full of her own importance, shrill in demanding her own rights and entitlements, surly and dismissive in her dealings with such as he. There were 100 to choose from but this one, he thought, would provide some diversion to the disciplinarians of Krater Island. He smiled to himself and spoke softly into the microphone again.

On the far side of the square the elite of his Civil Guard detachment moved in, one spearhead cutting off retreat, a broader front advancing, the trained squad darting forward into a chaos of falling bodies. The girl in black with the swirling hair vanished from sight. Then she reappeared. They had her now, holding her on either side as she struggled. Alkan smiled again. He promised himself that this was one arrogant young rebel who would hear the walls of Krater Island and Metron ringing with her own screams as her bare bottom danced to the tune of the whip and she drank her own tears from her lips. Her voyage of self-discovery would lead her to depths she had never imagined. Moreover, it would not be a single evening of high drama but one repeated at regular intervals during the months on Krater Island. When such a girl as this was to be broken in, a single night of severity followed by leniency would prove utterly ineffective.

The ranting and cheering redoubled as the girl's captors drew her into their ranks. Alkan used his field-glasses but she was hidden now by ranks of the helmeted security police. The crowd was turning, swarming across the square to the Avenue Nation and the grey front of the Interior Ministry.

He slipped out of the rear door and walked across a yard to the area where the mud-brown army buses were parked. One of them was reserved for detainees. He was in time to

see the arrival of the girl. She was being separated from several of her companions, one of whom called out in alarm after her, "Joanne! . . . Jo! . . . Jo! . . . Joanne! . . ." Alkan smiled. The sound of her name would make it that much easier for him to trace this trim nineteen-year-old rebel among the other detainees, if he chose to do so. And, he promised himself with a tightening at his loins, he was most certainly going to choose that. Her dark hair was spilling across her face as the forces of law and order dragged her from the others towards the bus. Colonel Alkan caught a glimpse of her brown eyes and bold features suffused with loathing for male authority.

Now she had ceased struggling as they held her to await her turn to board the military bus. With one of the other female detainees, she exchanged a private look of sneering humour at the expense of the officers who surrounded her. The surging and chanting in the square grew more distant and faded. Alkan dialled a number.

"I believe we have a worthy protégée for you, Madame Commandant. You may care to supervise her detention and processing."

Detention and processing. With a graceless young tart of this sort, who plainly thought far too much of herself, Colonel Alkan found the processing particularly diverting. And then there would be Krater Island for the pretentious and self-important young bitch. And after that, perhaps, long experience of the disciplinary training devised by Cheluna's military hero, Colonel Manrique, in his remote fastness of Metron. And then, possibly, a one-way journey to a secure plantation on the distant Spanish Plain, almost a continent away, near the further ocean. A young female rebel against the established order would pay a high price in such places. For the rest of her young life, this Joanne, whoever she might be, would spend more time bending than sitting.

The demonstration was over, the pioneer squads restoring order in the square. It was that time of day, between afternoon and evening, when Colonel Alkan enjoyed a stroll to the Café

Metropol, a St. Raphael, and a coffee. Despite the departure of its colonial rulers, the city of Cheluna had all that might be found in the plains below the northwest Pyrenees. The wide perfumed avenidas recalled Pamplona or San Sebastian, converging upon the fine ornamental fountain with its inward-arching sprays. But the city appeared modern as well as traditional. Castellated apartment blocks rose in caramel or white stucco. The stucco was peeling a little and the ornamental battlements had become roosting perches for the gulls from the sluggish tide and the humid coast. And Colonel Alkan conceded that the concrete bullring would make a true follower of the art despair.

He crossed the street to the junction of the Avenida Carlos III and the Plaza Andalusia. The wide square, so lately the scene of the raucous student demonstration, was a vista of arcades and cafés, bars, and movie-houses. The green bandstand and the tall finger-monument to colonial wars had been preserved as a silent appreciation of the expertise that officers a police and a Civil Guard.

The Café Metropol, its round-arched window shaded by the stone arcade of the pavement, reflected the shopfronts of the Avenida Carlos III. It had been in business when Cheluna was no more than a province of the Spanish governor. Between two world wars, it was a rendezvous for exiled right-wing intellectuals who met here among the toasted scent of French and Spanish tobacco smoke, the faint inky perfume in freshly cut pages of novels that issued from the presses of Paris and Madrid. Colonel Alkan had for several years been editor of the *Progreso*, an avant-garde journal whose contents made other editors of avant-garde journals blanch with dismay. Years later, a literary *salon* such as the Metropol remained an agreeable rendezvous. He stepped down from the hot pavement outside to the black and white diamond tiling of its floor. The Metropol's imperial past was indicated by an interior of tall, rounded wall-mirrors crowned by the arms of Navarre and Aragon.

It was a dark and cool relief from the heat of the day, the ceiling panels of dark mustard inlaid on green leather. Clusters of lights in frosted globes and silver holders hung from plaster ceiling-rondels. A dado of dark beaded mahogany panels curved out in long counters with a design of potted plants in gilt urns. The inspiration was art nouveau, glass set in gilded wrought-iron. Even the toilets and washrooms lay behind curved and rounded architraves of reddish mahogany that had the look of confessionals. The way to them led down marble stairs where the lamplit wall-mirrors were framed in cast-iron. Tiny squares of mirror-glass lined the toilet walls above the mahogany dado.

Behind the main concourse of the café was a large room divided from it by a glass wall, solid to those on the outside, transparent to those within, allowing patrons of Alkan's importance to sit at leisure with their drinks, watching those who came and went. It was said to be the exchange floor of that trade which causes the Europeans and Americans to raise their hands in horror—and then to read the details of white women in slavery with quickening excitement and envy.

These extreme responses caused amusement in Cheluna. Whether such descriptions of white slavery had any significance was a matter of opinion. Girls who came to Cheluna from New York, London, or Paris sometimes behaved foolishly. They did not return home and nothing more was heard of them. But such dramas are enacted the world over. If there was a secret, its answer lay beyond the apartment blocks of the Barrio de Tarifa that fringed the city, somewhere across the rice fields of Camba province in the remote wooded hills of the hinterland.

Under the command of female officers certain girls or young women who had been detained for a variety of reasons were brought from the detention barracks and used as waitresses for the amusement of the officers of the Civil Guard. If they were employed in this way, it was under the strictest supervision

and only until such time as their shipment to Krater Island could be arranged.

The dusky prettiness of Shirley at eighteen years old had earned her the duty of acting as waitress to her captors. But her presence that afternoon was no accident. Colonel Alkan had removed her dossier from the files and commandeered it. The girl had a petite, well-tended prettiness. Her black hair came in a silky sweep down either side of her face and over her collarbone. It framed African-dark features that were sly, demure, and pouting. Above the slant of her dark eyes, the arch of her brows had been darkened a little by a touch of the cosmetic brush. Her smooth limbs showed the native tan of her origin.

Madame Commandant had made Shirley wear the skimpiest and sexiest underwear, which the ebony beauty no doubt liked to wear herself in private before her bedroom mirror—but not in front of a Civil Guard officer who was to decide on her punishment! The dark-skinned little Venus wore nothing but the two items of her underwear and a pair of high heels. Shirley's white bikini panties were cut brief at front and rear. Alkan guessed that she must have had to razor-trim the dark little pussy-bush in her loins to accommodate it. The swarthy jungle tan of her lithe young hips was sexily nude, little more than a string waistband connecting the crotch and seat of her panties. Shirley had pretty little breasts and their scant covering left little to the imagination. The seat of her white bikini panties showed the delicate dark olive-tan smoothness of Shirley's bottom-cheeks in their trim oval beauty. The waist of her panties came halfway down her hips. At the base of her finely mapped vertebrae, the first swell of her rear cheeks and the shallow beginning of Shirley's rear cleft was left bare! The seat of her panties was little more than a minimal downward triangle of white cloth. Between her pretty dusky bum-cheeks, the strip that ran under her legs was a one-inch wide tape of white nylon where it was pulled tight over Shirley's intimate rear.

Shirley had a natural look of the graceful and the submissive, mingled with the sly self-confidence of a girl who shows herself in such a costume. She might, however, have hesitated to wear it on a public beach, for fear of inviting gang-rape. On Krater Island or in the vaults of Metron, pinioned and surrounded by men who were strangers to her, her diminutive bikini panties would make her feel scarily vulnerable—and with good cause! Even now, as she turned to fetch the glass of St. Raphael, Alkan saw the trim but sly African-tan cheeks of Shirley's bottom tighten together as if with apprehension. As with all such detainees, the possibility of resistance to authority had been reduced by making her wear black leather wrist cuffs and matching collar. A light steel chain twelve inches long linked the wrist cuffs, a second chain linking the first with the collar round her throat. The result was that the girl could move her hands to serve those who summoned her, but she could not move her hands below her waist nor behind her. It was an ideal arrangement, used almost universally on Krater Island and at Metron.

The hint of a mischievous smile which sometimes appeared on her pretty little mouth had gone. Her dark hair, like that of the detainee in the demonstration, was long enough to sweep across her face and almost conceal her features when she chose to. In Shirley's case, however, this gave her the look of a devious and randy little minx, well deserving a taste of the lash across her trim dusky bottom-cheeks, in Alkan's opinion. That a prettily sly but dishonest or lascivious shopgirl should vanish into detention and not be heard of further was not a matter which concerned the sensible part of Cheluna's inhabitants. If it was rumoured that the young piece ended her journey as bed-slave on a remote and secure plantation where the whip was the currency of conversation, the wise Chelunese would respond with quiet smiles of experience.

As she turned her head again and came back with the glass, her face with slanting cheeks and demure little chin was animated by a gentle slant of her dark velvety eyes. Shirley's

figure, as she walked towards him, was almost nude, slim and lithe. Her youth was seen in her pert little breasts, the pattern of her ribs under ebony tan skin, her small waist and flat belly. Her legs were graceful and slender. The taut rounds of Shirley's backside were neat and smooth.

He ordered her brusquely to fetch him the day's issue of *Actualidad* from the rack. When she had to stoop over to find the paper among others and lift it out, her unease showed excitingly, in the way she tensed her rear cheeks together. The glossy white nylon of Shirley's panties made a pleasing contrast to the tribal maiden skin of her bottom. The seat of her panties arched high and tight over each dark olive-skinned cheek, laying bare much of the trim dusky swell of Shirley's backside. In the heat of the day, her dew of sweat made the shiny nylon wet tight on her arse, beautifully outlining the way her rear cheeks curved in together. Even the bare negress-tan swell of her bottom-cheeks showed a delightful sheen of perspiration.

Though the skimpy bikini-seat concealed her rear crack, Alkan saw again that Shirley's dark olive-tan behind tightened instinctively as she bent like this before the unsmiling and tight-lipped man who commanded her. But with a pretty black-skinned girl, such tightening and tensing were a sure way to seduce a man into doing the very thing she dreaded!

When the girl had withdrawn, Alkan spent the time until the arrival of his companions in dealing with two documents. One was the power to vary the sentence imposed upon certain female delinquents so that they should be transported to Krater Island to serve their sentences. It also provided that the whip was to be imposed not for breaches of discipline but at intervals as part of the sentence. It further allowed the authorities on Krater Island to reimpose the sentence when it expired, if they judged that the delinquent had not yet learnt her lesson.

The document had already been signed by the president of the Security Tribunal, leaving Alkan to enter the names of the offenders who were to be included in its provision. The list

almost filled the available space, but there was just room for him to add Shirley Wood under the name of a pretty Eurasian girl and the fair-skinned brunette with the boyishly punk-style cut.

The Spanish Plain was no longer Spanish in the enlightened days of Cheluna's independence, but a remote hinterland of Cheluna between the two oceans. Its isolated plantations, like their owners, were wealthy, closely guarded, and secure. Many of these owners were drawn to the old-style romance of plantation life and the charms of chastising female slaves. Such a man would find Shirley a delicious morsel when Krater Island had done with her. Alkan smiled and thought of one such enthusiast at Casa del Campo, a man born to be a reformatory master. Even after she had been soundly dealt with on Krater Island, Shirley's pretty ebony-skinned belly would flutter with alarm and her rear cheeks tighten together with girlish fright at the extremities to which this plantation master would be prepared to take her with his whip.

He studied his waitress as she stooped to return the magazine. Unable to adjust the seat of her panties while she was wearing the wrist cuffs and chain, so much bending had caused the tight nylon to be drawn into a twisted ribbon in her rear crack, leaving the dusky curves of her behind bare on either side. His eyes narrowed and his mouth tightened. He underlined her name on the list to ensure that Shirley Wood received "five twelves bare-bottomed," as an official added discipline, on her first day at Krater Island.

He turned to his second document. The president of the Security Tribunal, like Alkan, Manrique, and a number of the world's law enforcers, enjoyed membership of a most select society. The summer is a time of year when courts rise for their vacations and even police chiefs exchange duty for a few weeks of leisure. Alkan took this second sheet of paper and composed an invitation to the last and greatest disciplinarian jurist. He addressed it to his friend and mentor, Lord Justice

Quirt, far away across an ocean, on behalf of the committee of Rio 9.

Lord Quirt's advice had been invaluable in setting up the judicial system of Cheluna upon the territory's independence. To be sure, that system had since been harshly criticised in many parts of the world. All the same, Colonel Alkan thought, it had enough powerful friends, like his lordship, who unreservedly admired and confidentially supported the eccentric charms of its disciplinary provisions. The colonel, studying the dark olive tan cheeks of Shirley's bottom as the girl bent apprehensively to some task or other, was quietly confident that the system would outlast most of its critics.

CHAPTER TWO

An ocean and a hemisphere away from the civil unrest of Cheluna, Lord Quirt, as he preferred to be known, sat in the library of the Bracton Club and opened the *Law Quarterly*. Beyond the thick Victorian glass of tall pillared windows, the traffic was no more than an insect buzz. The tops of vans and trailers passed below him with hardly a murmur. It was thanks to Gresham, who had listed next week's judgments for publication, that he was to spend the first hour of a Saturday afternoon in summer assimilating that latest fad of civil law. Restitution, the return of unjustified gains. *Carter v. Carter* on Monday week was to turn on a point of restitution. . . .

The precedent had been created on the appeal in *Someone v. Someone* in a year that Lord Quirt could not now remember. . . . Lunch was the problem. It had been unwise. Of course, lunch, for which Gresham had paid, had been extremely agreeable. But it had been scarcely wise. . . . His lordship bravely shook off sleep and returned to the volume in his hands. Their lordships had held for the plaintiff, in that mistake is an event implying restitution. . . . Their lordships held that. . . . Their lordships. . . . His eyelids dropped. . . . rose with great effort. . . . and dropped. . . .

Summer afternoon. . . . A dream lit by sunlight. . . . The res-

idential avenues where they walked in uniform. . . . Lord Quirt, fresh from his duties, having risen early that afternoon on some spurious pretext, at the bus stop pretending to wait for a city transport. . . . Four o'clock. . . . A stream of ill-mannered younger girls pushing through the shabby estates of Cedar Way or Maple Close and down to the main thoroughfare. Then, prompt to the minute, Judith. If she was not the most perfect beauty of her age among the senior girls, Lord Justice could not think of another. Her face was a lovely fair-skinned oval, graced by regular features and illuminated by wide-set hazel eyes. It was framed by a veil of light brown hair which swept straight from her high crown to her shoulders. She had a perfectly formed young bust, a slim back, and long slender legs.

Lord Quirt groaned a little in his sleep at the memory of those long, graceful legs. The girl's costume consisted of a white blouse and tie, a skirt so short that its hem scarcely brushed the tops of her thighs, and snug black knee socks. The pale thighs themselves were completely bare.

Judith was walking with another girl. Lord Quirt appeared to weary of waiting for a bus and turned in the same direction. He strolled leisurely, a few yards in the rear, entranced by the view, heaviness in his loins at the sight of those long, gracefully whispering thighs. Pale thighs left bare by the uniform skirt so brazenly short. Pretending to take the same turning by chance . . . camera lens peeping under his coat. . . . Click! What was that? Turning off the main road, following up the hill past stucco'd houses and the wire netting of a tennis court. . . . On the housefront pavement of the hill, behind and below her as he followed, he and his camera had a rear view of bare thighs and, under the skirt of her uniform, as a troublesome breeze caught it, the seat of Judith Terry's panties! A regulation pair of white stretch briefs, body-warm elasticated cotton tightly shaped the elegant ovals of Judith's young bottom. He groaned in his sleep again.

Click! There it was again. Lord Quirt with right hand in

trouser pocket, apparently counting his loose change vigorously and rapidly, as he walked behind the girl, his facial colour high. . . .

And now, inexplicably, Judith had been detained by the forces of law. It seemed that she was not walking home, as he had supposed, but being escorted to an appointment at the punishment-trestle. What crime had such a delectable nymph committed? But, then, with a bottom as graceful as Judith's, what did it matter? An extraordinary but wholly delightful turn of events! She was kneeling over, looking back at him wonderingly. And Lord Quirt was now looking at the skirt in its little circle of cloth on the floor, his hands drawing down the body-warm web of her panties. Now various unclothed parts of Judith were cool under his lips. And Judith Terry's bottom, pale oval-cheeked elegance, a young bottom that a beauty queen might envy and despair. . . . The whip of the bamboo across it. . . . With such a good-looking girl, Lord Quirt would never give less than three dozen. But then, as the cane was measured across those delicious young bottom-cheeks for the twentieth time, the fright provoked the vulgar retort of a most unladylike raspberry from between them. . . .

No! He woke suddenly in response to what was not Judith's rudeness but a snort through his own bulbous nose. . . . Damn-it! He had fallen asleep! A moment more and there might have been an accidental release. Thankfully he was alone in the library. But suppose . . . suppose Gresham had looked in! He shuddered at the thought and pulled himself up. The red leather chair squealed under his restless weight. Then there was a discreet cough behind him: Elmsleigh, the liveried club steward.

"Beg pardon, m'lud. A person at the porter's desk. Sergeant Pratt of the Duty Detail."

"Damn!" Lord Quirt put down the *Law Quarterly*. "Oh, very well, I'll come down. Can't very well have the fellah up here."

He went down the softly carpeted staircase, a bronze imi-

tation of a Canova nymph at its half-landing. Pratt's well-fleshed face was glowing with anticipation, his tunic swelling and his tall helmet clamped firmly under his arm.

"Come as soon as I could, m'lud," he said confidentially, "Car's ready for the station now and another to meet you on arrival."

"Fifteen minutes." Lord Quirt's hand fished in his pocket and then extended towards Sergeant Pratt.

"Oh," Pratt simulated surprise, "Oh, thank you very much, m'lud. Mrs. Pratt and me'll drink your health tonight in that, m'lud. You may depend upon it."

Lord Quirt waved the constable away. He abandoned the civil remedy of restitution in the washroom.

Twenty minutes later he sat at an elegantly laid table in the Pullman car of his train where the steward had laid out tea on an immaculate linen cloth. The mansions of Pimlico rattled past as the train gathered speed and crossed the glittering Thames by Battersea Bridge. The drab suburban streets were crowded with shoppers on an afternoon like this. Lord Quirt stared moodily at the scene and concealed his impatience. He could never see that dark arterial stretch of road they were passing now with its mansions turned to offices, its shops and petrol stations, without thinking of Heathers, whose misfortunes had occurred there. Lord Quirt had found the middle-aged attorney a clerkship but it would not do. Heathers, unable to contain himself in such matters, decided that he must devote his life to training the young idea in the outer suburbs.

Heathers had toiled meekly, sometimes instructing the likes of a smiling helpful tomboy Sandra Williams in Room 5A or a sly young blonde like Linda Jennings in Room 3B. He had taken a pitifully small salary and was eager to accept a third-rate room with a bathroom, next to that used by the girls as their toilet. The scandal need never have broken, Lord Quirt thought, but it did after several months. Someone, entering his room in Heathers's absence, was astonished to find a pile of full-plate black-and-white photographs taken and processed by

Heathers himself. Their view was framed by a two-way spy-mirror cunningly installed in the wall between Heathers's bathroom and the toilet used by the girls. With such skills, Heathers might surely have made his way in the world as a handyman.

The prints represented seven or eight rolls of thirty-six-exposure film! Some two hundred and fifty prints! How the devil did the fellow find time to do anything else, Lord Quirt wondered? More than half of the prints showed Sandra, a rather ungainly tomboyish goose a year Judith's junior, perhaps, and not yet a female swan. There was a certain disorder in the lank brown tresses that clustered about her collar, yet her blue eyes were eager and loving, her face firm and open in its expression. Sandra was an appealing girl with an air of obedience and a desire to please, prettily downcast when reprimanded. Her figure showed her as a robust untutored tomboy, her breasts nicely developed, her thighs a little full, the cheeks of Sandra's bottom having a slight vulgar weight, and the somewhat muddy pallor of her body's complexion.

The investigating authorities found that dozens of photographs of the girl had been taken through that spy-mirror in the bathroom. The first of them was an appealing nude study that perhaps could not have been objected to in a private gallery. Sandra was completely naked and about to change into sports clothes. She was standing by the toilet pedestal, looking down at something. Heathers's camera had caught a three-quarter view of her nicely developed breasts, the pale sheen of her belly and the bush of brown hair crowning her sex.

The second picture was more rudely suggestive. Sandra was seen from the rear, standing with her back to the toilet pedestal and her short uniform skirt fallen round her ankles. She had hooked her thumbs in the elastic waistband of her panties—the uniform panties of white stretch-briefs—and had drawn them halfway down the rather ungainly pallor of her bare tomboy thighs. The camera had caught her beautifully, just as she was stooping to pull her panties right down and arching her

hips back—for she was about to sit on the toilet seat. Her head was half turned, so that the lank brown hair of her page-boy cut allowed one to see the appealing openness of her face. From this angle, the photograph also showed a rear glimpse of her lightly haired sex between the back of her thighs, vulgarly but excitingly suggestive in its view of the pallid tomboy cheek-swell of Sandra Williams's bottom just before it touched the porcelain seat-rim.

To judge from the hundreds of photographic prints, Heathers must have been waiting with his camera every time Sandra went in there. His favourite pose seemed to be Sandra with her skirt round her ankles, leaning forward a little as she drew her knickers down her thighs. He had taken photographs so close that, as she arched her hips back, the full tomboy cheek-swell of Sandra's bottom filled the entire picture. They would have sufficed as learned illustrations for a dozen anatomy lectures on the backside of the adolescent tomboy. Indeed, if there were almost three hundred prints, quite half of these showed this favourite girl and more than sixty were almost full-plate bare-cheeked studies of Sandra's bottom.

Lord Quirt sipped his tea and shook his head wonderingly as the long arterial stretch of suburban road flew past. Fortunately he had been able to deal with the case himself and had saved Heathers from the worst consequences. But those photographs had ruined the man's career. How curious they had been.

Many of the views were almost identical. Some showed the elastic hem prints of the panties Sandra had just dropped, printed over each young bottom-cheek. Several showed the thin and fading stripes of a cane across her full rear cheeks with the last oyster-coloured traces of bruising. It was evident that Sandra had been caned by a mistress of some kind or possibly at home, but the punishment marks seemed a week or so old.

The intrusion into Heathers's room came after the girl had changed for games one day. On her return, it was discovered

that Sandra's panties were missing from the clothes she had left on the chair in the toilet. It was concluded that she must have dropped or mislaid them. Heathers had been in his room and was obliged to admit that he heard no one come or go. In any case, Sandra's white stretch-briefs were not of great value. There followed another curious incident, however, when a linen basket of discarded panties was emptied for the communal wash, and a second cast-off pair of Sandra's underwear could not be accounted for. The fetish was so common and so trivial that his lordship had to remind himself for a moment that it existed. How many moral chastisers, as surely as seducers, had possessed themselves of the girl's panties as a trophy? Open a private drawer of the stern disciplinarian and find the translucent nylon panties that had encased the sleek pallor of a shopgirl's bottom at nineteen, matched by the white stretch briefs of a rebellious tomboy's knickers, the diminutive twist of a lovely Eurasian's glamour-girl bikini pants, the white cotton web of a pretentious young wanton's panties, there really was no end to it.

So Lord Quirt had sat in judgment, gazing at the evidence, the full-plate prints of the smiling helpful tomboy. . . . Sandra, knickers down, lowering her bottom to the toilet seat, unaware of a master cameraman at the mirror. . . . Furtive bare-bottomed camera peeps at the model-girl charms of Laura or her giggling gamine friend, Valerie—together in the same cubicle. Such was Heathers, haunter of peephole and window-crack glimpses into girls' changing-rooms, toilets, bathrooms. . . .

His lordship sighed. Such a fool! To settle for so little with such peril, when he might have had so much more in safety! Suppose, only, he had found pretexts for punishment, discipline, moral retribution. . . . There was nothing to be done about it now. Beyond the windows, as the teacups rattled, there lay the blossom of apple orchards and the spring fields. A noble old town of fisher folk glided by, archways and alleys, the winding stairs of its old inns, the castle ruins, not many miles from a bracing and salubrious stretch of coast with fine

shingle beaches and promenades of flower-beds and bandstands. In the summer day the carriages passed the fields and lanes. Every hedge waved with the white flowers of May or hawthorn. The gnarled orchard trees were bright with the pale and pink blossoms, promising a fine apple crop when the autumn should come.

The car with its driver was waiting, as Sergeant Pratt had arranged, to take him to his weekend residence. At official expense, Lord Quirt was chauffeured past a pavilioned pier, the sunlit tide sparkling about its iron supports. There was a view of the sand below the shingle where children played and swimsuited girls romped together. He gazed at the elegant promenade with its sky-blue rails, its bandstand in a little cove, where a smartly uniformed regiment was playing on shining brass. The upper end of the marine drive was steep enough to have cliff walks running down to the shore through yellow broom and pink tamarisk, here and there a glimpse of blue wind-slashed veronica.

Lord Quirt's retreat was a fine house that stood on the cliffs, fronting the sea with the downland rising on one side and the long expanse of gardens and promenade running to the pier on the other. The mansion was set among leafy avenues of Edwardian villas, mellow red brick and cream-painted gables. The houses were set well apart, some with little corner towers and others with pretty gothic conservatories and ample lawns kept smooth and trim as green baize.

While it was still full sunlight, his lordship sat down to dine, as cut glass sparkled on the linen cloth and the silver plate shone like white fire. There was iced sherry and a dry hock to follow. He began as usual with Whitstable oysters and continued with salmon mayonnaise, roast beef, ripe stilton cheese, and last of all cherries from his private garden. He ate them from a silver bowl presented to his ancestor, the Lord Chief Justice, by King George IV. After that his coffee was served.

At last he was alone. An envelope with an embossed design had been awaiting his attention. Lord Justice Quirt took a

letter-opener with a handle of Meissen porcelain and slit the fold. The invitation was to a conference of senior members of his profession throughout the world, a small and carefully selected group. It was to be held in Cheluna, addressed by those who had once been his pupils and were now masters of others. No expense need be spared, though his own government would pay the costs of a jurist so eminent as he. At the foot of the card, however, was an acknowledgement that the meeting had been sponsored by Rio 9, a private corporation whose products might be counted upon "for all correctional and detentionary requisites."

Lord Quirt hesitated. It was a long journey. Then he noticed that his friend Colonel Alkan had scribbled a note on the back explaining that the half-dozen guests from Europe were to be accommodated on a special sailing from Carailac Plage to Port Xantra by the liner *Alcazar*, the pride of the Chelunese merchant marine.

Lord Quirt finished his coffee and went upstairs. The bedrooms of the house looked out across the waves of the darkening tide with its glitter of pale phosphorus. He opened his window and breathed the warm summer air of the early night. A fragrance of jasmine and honeysuckle rose from the garden alleys below as he watched the arm of the lightship beam diminish to a dot, then burst out and swing across the quiescent sea. A distant music came faintly from the pier or the bandstand.

The invitation to Cheluna was irresistible. He had a week to travel to Bayonne. It was ample time to dispose of the opinion he must write and travel south by the Grand Train de Vitesse. Most of all, there was unfinished business.

He unlocked a drawer and took out a set of photographs that might have belonged to Heathers. But Lord Quirt had had his troubles too. One had been caused by the girl in the photographic prints. He looked at them and remembered the day when he had been walking with his camera past the houses

with their sunlit gardens. Small wonder that this one had attracted his attention.

As the photographs showed, Brigid at twenty-one years old was quite a pretty girl, with a lithe and firmly-developed young figure. Her pale red hair was cut in a straight fringe, parted on her forehead. It came down in a sheen of gentle waves to fall forward on her lapels. Her fair-skinned face had a resolute line to the chin and a straightness of the nose. Her mouth was firm and the points of her cheekbones gave a good width to her face.

On that day, the young redhead had been dressed in a dark blue sweater and a pleated yellow games' skirt that was short as a cheerleader's. She had the look of a resilient and agile young creature. The short skirt revealed legs that were trim and lightly muscled, tanned a gentle gold by the sun. Her figure was seductive and at the same time supple. Brigid had the figure and tan of a healthy and active girl, marred by a certain indolence in her posture and expression.

The day had been quiet and no one else was in sight. As yet she had no idea he was there. With a neat zoom lens, it had been easy to bring her into close-up, the print showed the long red hair that framed her face spilling charmingly forward as she stooped to her task. The little skirt now left the entire length of her slim suntanned thighs bare. It also showed the white stretch-briefs which she wore underneath, the cheeks of her bottom tautly rounded and parted, even the soft sexual flesh between the rear of her thighs moulded by the clinging cotton web. She still did not know, of course, that anyone was watching her, let alone photographing her, as she weeded the flower-beds. But perhaps she would not care, there was such ill-bred indifference in her face. As the young redhead bent over, she showed that the white elasticated briefs of her cotton knickers had ridden up at the seat with the heat and exertion of her young body. On one side, the rounded pallor of Brigid's bottom-cheek was laid partially and seductively bare.

This glimpse of a partially bared cheek of Brigid's bottom

sealed her fate so far as Lord Quirt was concerned. He spied on her often at her garden chores, admiring the neat and nimble movements of bare suntanned legs, the supple bracing of her body to her tasks. When she pushed the mower, he imagined her wistfully harnessed in quite a different way, bending over a crossbar between the shafts of a garden carriage, her skirt and knickers removed, the driver's seat occupied by an Arab groom with a lash. A three-mile climb up Horsewhip Hill, the bare prospect of the young redhead's firm but supple bottom as the target. The Arab groom's orders from the trader were to break all Brigid's insolence and inhibitions with his whip across her bottom before the summit was reached. Now this self-absorbed young creature walked slowly and languidly, thighs bare under the little skirt, her red tresses clustering forward on her collar and hiding the firm set of her face as she brooded on her present situation. She looked up without expression from the steady eyes under the thick clustering fringe of her pale red hair.

He had taken fifty shots of her in the tantalisingly short pleated skirt, on several occasions as he watched her secretly at her work. There were several long-range portraits of the rather moody young face and the clustering red hair. His lordship haunted those places where the girl might be found and was at last successful at a country fair. There was a bar and a table with a bench outside it. He looked—and looked again. It was she, dressed this time in tight jeans cut off at the knees and a red singlet. Now he was able to track his prey more closely and glean more information. As he looked at his collection, he saw Brigid sitting bare-legged astride the bench outside the bar, the red hair flowing down her back to her shoulder blades . . . Brigid walking casually with an ice-cream cone in her hand . . . Brigid sucking the cone as he now intended the wilful young redhead should suck his judicial erection. . . .

She was alone and he followed her for more than half an hour through the stalls and sideshows. His camera clicked

from time to time. At last she came to a skittle game, which required her to bowl a ball through various holes cut in a board. To do this, she was going to have to bend right over. Lord Quirt carefully edged into position behind her, where he would have a fine camera-view of Brigid's backside and legs as she stooped.

Possessed by such thoughts, Lord Quirt was hardly aware of the world about him. That of course was where the trouble had begun. Lord Quirt, camera slung casually, had walked slowly up behind her as if to watch the young tart's prowess. Unobtrusive fingers caressed the shutter-button. Brigid bent to bowl, knees flexed, jeans-denim tight on firm and agile young arse. *Click!* A fine bottom-shot, for it would be vain to pretend that the backsides of young females had not brought Lord Justice Quirt his happiest and most rewarding moments. *Click!* Getting up closer so that Brigid's lithe young arse, even though still sheathed in denim, filled the view. *Click!* He waited for her to pick another ball and bend again. Indeed, he did. The evidence was in the photographs at which he now gazed: a good dozen shots of Brigid's arse, showing by telltale creases just how she wore her knickers that day.

He managed to photograph Brigid's backside a dozen times as she bent over to bowl the skittle ball. She was nimble yet sturdy—a chastiser's dream. She bent right over to retrieve the ball each time, the cheeks of her behind fully and broadly rounded but firm and tense. He moved a little closer and unobtrusively pressed the shutter-button, getting a fuller picture of Brigid's bottom as the young slattern showed herself more fully. As he did this, he knew that if he had the least chance he would teach her the taste of the whip across her bare bottom and also what it felt like for her young arse to be at the disposal of the men who commanded her in their beds.

Unknown to the young redhead herself there were now half-a-dozen full-plate close-ups of Brigid Price's bottom in his lordship's private collection. He was able to study this view of her at leisure in his room, the jeans skin-tight over her rear

cheeks, the crack between those cheeks enticingly opened, the hem of Brigid's panties showing them to be of the briefest kind. Few men could study this view of her young backside for long without wondering what it would be like to whip the girl's bare rear cheeks for insolence. By twenty-one she was sexually well-ridden between her strong sun-golden thighs. Admirers of the young redhead's bottom were also bound to wonder if any of her boyfriends had had the nerve to mount Brigid from behind. Lord Quirt sought manual relief as he studied these prints. He could almost feel that he was easing down the girl's jeans and knickers, pulling the hem of her red singlet high at the rear. Flexing the bamboo, warning Brigid that he would now make her take sixty as her first lesson in punishment training.

Passionate for the slovenly and promiscuous young slut, he followed her from the skittle game. How he was noticed, he did not know. Perhaps the young bitch herself became aware of what he was doing and murmured to some friend. Perhaps someone else noticed and murmured to her. Perhaps it was another tiresome case of constabulary vigilance. There had been one or two in Lord Quirt's life and, though they never endangered him, they came always as a disagreeable shock. Other men were assured that a bankroll of a hundred pounds offered to a constable ensured that all inquiries into moral eccentricities were halted. Lord Quirt needed no such protection.

A complete stranger stood before him, in plain clothes that were unmistakably of the lower detective rank.

"County police, sir. Unsolicited photography forbidden here, being private property. And I think it's very likely the young lady will be making a complaint. She don't like old men following her and especially not assaulting her by photography."

Lord Quirt sighed.

"Warrant card, officer."

The man flourished a misty square of plastic.

“Good,” said Lord Quirt. “Then let me tell you that the complaint to be made will be mine against that young trollop. . . .”

“Don’t come it, squire!” the policeman said.

Lord Quirt reached for his notecase and handed the buffoon a card. The buffoon read it.

“Oh dear,” he said quietly. “Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. . . .”

“Just so,” Lord Quirt smiled. “In your constabulary training you were taught, I am sure, that interference with a high court judge in the exercise of his functions constitutes a contempt for which you may be committed to prison. You will also have been informed that by the Act of Settlement of 1701 a high court judge may only be removed from his privileges after an address to the monarch by both houses of parliament. Unsurprisingly, no attempt has ever succeeded. You may also care to remember, for the future, that the Court of Appeal found several years ago that unsolicited photography constitutes neither common law assault nor a statutory offence against the person.”

“Well, I never!”

“Have no fear, officer,” Lord Quirt continued generously. “I am here for reasons which do not concern you. The young woman who was so keen to interfere with my occupation shall now find that her own is subject to restraint. May we say an attempt at unlawful arrest and malicious prosecution? Contempt of court, naturally. And wasting police time. Also the arrestable offence of threatening behaviour and various breaches of the Public Order Act. Let us say that to begin with.”

“Well, I never!” said the copper again.

“Then I assume I may look forward to your cooperation in detaining this malevolent young slut pending gaol delivery?”

“Not half!” the policeman said.

And that really had been it, Lord Quirt reflected. The detention services having been sold into private hands by successive

governments, Rio 9 had naturally been among the successful bidders. Brigid had now passed into their hands and—by a subtle transference of documents and identities—to Cheluna by direct flight. Her application for a transfer to detention in a place of her own choosing had already been written for her. It was signed by the sullen young redhead despite her protests and with the persuasive power of a spanking-strap. In it she pleaded to transfer her place of residence to Cheluna. The countersignature accepting responsibility for dealing with her was that of Colonel Manrique.

The unfortunate fairground policeman had been of the greatest use and the out-of-pocket expenses from Rio 9 enabled him to settle down in a pleasanter way of life. Later on, when the young redhead passed to a plantation owner on the Spanish Plain, the sum received by Rio 9 would amply reimburse the organization which had procured her. Before that happened, Lord Quirt thought with quickening pulse and stiffening manhood, he would test every whip in the lash-maker's catalogue on Brigid's bare backside.

On Monday morning, having forwarded his opinion in the matter of restitution, his lordship announced that the complexity of legal argument would necessitate an adjournment until next term. Lord Quirt further assured Gresham that the invitation he had received from Colonel Alkan would meantime enable him to further international relations by carrying out his official duty as his country's adviser to the infant judicial system of Cheluna.

CHAPTER THREE

Lord Quirt's journey through France was swift and easy, so that he was at Carailac four days before the *Alcazar* dropped anchor off the Corniche Victoria-Louise to take on its half a dozen passengers by tender from the boating-slip. The days of waiting were a cloudless interlude of shimmering sky and ocean, mingled with images of girls in wet-tight bikinis, with pert young breasts and sleek bottoms. Along the pink tarmac of the Corniche the tricolor flags stood out stiffly in the warm ocean breeze against sparkling water and a morning sky washed pale blue by the early light of summer day. Across wide sand drifted the hot burnt-sugar scents of *nougat Montelimar*. Here and there the rapid piano-flow of a Chopin waltz or an opera melody hung like perfume in the mild air of the promenade. The little shops among the white châteaux fronts of the grand hotels displayed the frivolities of the season in their windows: perfume flasks and velvet masks, Spanish fans with scenes from Goya, hand-mirrors and combs of tortoise-shell bound with silver.

Behind Carailac Plage stood the old town. The pale stone of the provincial cathedral, its low and ancient pillars, its pediment and squat tower were washed by the Biscay wind. Within, as one stepped down into the narrow nave, the light

filtered through crudely painted glass upon groups of curious peasantry. Everywhere at the heart of Carailac stood the craftsmanship of the provincial stonemason and gardener. Palm trees and beds of red flowers flanked the bishop's palace. Dried plane leaves, withered and fallen in the summer heat, rattled in its doorways.

Here and there, the iron bars upon the windows of old signories and the wicked laughter on gutterspout gargoyles spoke of punishments gleefully inflicted upon rebellious girls by cloaked authority in another age. Not content with the long discipline of bamboo or woven leather, authority must try what more could be accomplished with a young slut by squirt or syringe. Lord Quirt had once upon a time supervised such means in the interrogation of a troublesome young Arabess, Nabyla Justo, with her firmly rounded figure at twenty-three, the proud Levantine beauty of her well-defined features, eyes of great intensity, and jet-black hair worn loose and lightly-waved to her shoulders. Nabyla's feminine self-confidence and warm temper were shown in the costume of tight red singlet and even tighter dark blue ski-pants outlining her figure perfectly. In the circumstances, the pretentious young woman's defiance had been ill-judged.

Lord Quirt smiled at the memory. The menials who came to clean the rooms after Nabyla had been finished with found three slim bamboos splintered and a short pony-lash so badly frayed that it had been discarded on the tiled floor. Six different nozzles bore proof of having found their way between the dull-gold cheeks of Nabyla Justo's bottom, while both the soap solution bottle and the gallon ice-water jar were exhausted. His lordship was intrigued to discover whether the golden smoothness of Nabyla's belly might not assume a nine-month swell by such means. Yet the result was a final caning of Nabyla's Arabian-tan bottom-cheeks until she could no longer contain the pressure and vigour of her rearward fountain at play under the searing bamboo. All this the menials guessed and smiled again as they swept up discarded cartons

of film cassettes for half a dozen different cameras and wrappings for two audio tapes. Every man and woman of them would have looked and listened excitedly to these souvenirs of Nabyla's drama.

In such apartments as this had once lived bishops who had been the diplomats and secretaries of Bourbon kings long before the age of revolutions. Their names stood in the school-book lists among ambassadors and ministers of princes. Through the palace archway passed a coach from Versailles or the Palais-Royal, perhaps the carriage of an episcopal mistress. In the paved and cloistered yard, the harlots of the little ports were flogged naked for their public sin by the masked executioner.

The ancient centre of Carailac was a concourse of little shops, the fragrant cooking of the charcuterie and patisserie, the sporting cafés with their bentwood chairs and tables, the blind walls of convents through whose open doors the meek and uniformed schoolgirls walked two by two under the guard of their superiors. But Carailac-sur-mer was sea and sand. It was the scattered glitter of light on a lavender-blue curve of afternoon tide. The sudden furnace brilliance of sun on a distant breaker, dwindling to a translucent green arch of water before the smash of foam. On quiet days, it was a walk across damp sand and rock-weed, uncovered by the withdrawn tide's long quiescent waves. It was a shimmer of wind and light on fish-pools. As one walked beyond the corniche, among the firm winding ways of ribbed sand, across half-sunk stone, there were fish-scents of weed and the fragrance of sweet thyme in a warm breeze from the low cliffs.

The *Alcazar* dropped anchor at night, when the Chinese lanterns glowed in the white Arcades behind the Casino. A warm wind from the dark sea rattled the palm fronds, stirring the last blossoms of magnolia and orange. The ship's tender bumped along the slipway and cast off again with hardly a single head turned to notice it. In the days that followed, the smart white hull of the *Alcazar* passed somewhere off the

twinkling lights of Biarritz or Estoril, Las Palmas or Tangier and headed south. The select accommodation of the liner was occupied by the guests of Rio 9 and those who served them. Lord Justice Quirt smoked his cigar on the after-deck and watched the glitter of starlight on shifting tides. From time to time, as they passed miles off the southern resorts, on such starlit nights, the beat of a samba or the drift of a song carried faintly across the water from the Corniche or the Avenida Marginal. In his white mess-jacket, he leant after dinner on the rail of the deck and puffed his cigar to a firefly glow.

During the heat of the day, the guests stretched out in the shade of the candy-striped awning. As the sun dipped to the western horizon, cool and sparkling vintages awaited them in glasses of Sèvres lead-crystal borne on the trays of the company's servants. While the guests went to their cabins to dress for dinner, the beat of the liner's engines seemed to call to its landfall, an ocean away at Port Xantra.

Lord Quirt occupied staterooms on the upper deck. There was nothing on this ship to match the suite for comfort and elegance. The interior was designed with a modern eye for frosted glass panels and silver coloured decor, so that one might feel cool even in the warmer climate of the Azores or the Canaries. One of the rooms served as sleeping quarters, with a bed wide enough for two and a counterpane of cool shot-silk grey. A second room was for the day, with soft dove-grey carpets and cut-glass pendants shimmering from the lights. It was furnished with comfortable chairs and a divan. There was a bookcase with a row of choice volumes bound in deep blue or green and lettered in gilt, printed on paper that was thick yet soft to the touch. Through a doorway was the cubbyhole of the stewardess with a hatch through which trays of food might be passed from the galley.

In late summer a halcyon calm prevailed across the south Atlantic. The first evening of the cruise passed agreeably enough. Lord Quirt did not pay much attention to the progress of the ship as she glided off the Adour. When at last he came

on deck, in dinner suit and starched shirt, the vessel was steaming off Biarritz, the sandy beach with its grand hotels clearly visible. It eased its way through a shoal of smaller pleasure-craft. The fine cream front of the Casino and the elegant villas on the cliffs with their trees and shrubberies held the attention of the guests, who lined the rail of the ship to admire them.

The party dined by lamplight with a tarpaulin stretched above them. As the last of the sunset faded and the first beams of the lighthouses at the estuary swung across the water, the assembled company began a banquet in the open air. It was still warm and they had a dramatic view of the French coast, with the sharp ridges of the Pyrenees standing in silhouette against the flush of the sky. The stewards waited upon the dinner table with great courtesy and effect. Each guest was also given to understand that a cabin-girl or cabin-boy had been allotted for his—or her—exclusive service. But it was also at dinner that Lord Quirt came face to face with the disgraced clerk and pedagogue Heathers!

It was not entirely unexpected. His lordship had supposed that Rio 9 would find it amusing to allow a continuation between Heathers and his favourite girl, Sandra, while Laura and her gamine friend Valerie could not be entirely excluded. It was a preposterous thought that the three girls might be on board the *Alcazar* bound for Port Xantra, but Rio 9's role was to give material embodiment to thoughts of the preposterous. Lord Quirt's greeting to Heathers was of necessity gruff and succinct. Nor was he best pleased to find that the disgraced amateur had been allotted the adjoining stateroom.

By the time that Lord Quirt retired to his own stateroom, the sheet had been turned down and everything prepared for the night. For the moment he preferred to smoke his cigar by the stern rail. As he did so, he saw that the aftermost stateroom, allotted to Heathers, had its window uncurtained and open a little for ventilation. Did the fellow not realise that he and his activities were on view? Or did he not care? As he

had spied through the bathroom mirror on the girls in his charge, did he now wish to be spied upon in turn?

Lord Quirt had no difficulty in recognising Heathers's young stewardess as Sandra Williams, the pleated skirt and the white stretch-briefs of her underwear lying on a chair, her uniform reduced to white blouse and tie, white suspender-belt and nylon stockings. For good measure, however, she wore a broad green sash round her waist and the tail of her blouse had been tucked into it. The pale tomboy fullness of Sandra's bottom-cheeks was framed suggestively by the white arch of the suspender-belt with its straps drawn down like a harness and the tops of her nylon stockings drawn sleekly up her thighs.

She could not avoid tempting her master constantly. Crossing the room to fetch the tray with his drink, Sandra reluctantly offered him the charmingly ungainly movements of her bare hips. Once she turned her face to look back at him anxiously with a shake of her brown collar-length tresses, desperate apprehension in the firm set of her fair-skinned features, the play of her tongue on her lips, and the beseeching glance of her blue eyes. She walked away from him with the sturdy young cheeks of her bottom tensed together, a hint of quick apprehension and unease in every movement at the fate that might lie in store for her. And then, as she stopped to fill a glass or fetch a cigar for him from the silver box, the pallor of Sandra Williams's bottom-cheeks spread and rounded in a seductively fuller and slightly fatter curve.

It seemed she was ordered to discard her skirt and knickers and to remain in his state room at his disposal for the rest of the voyage. She was to lie on her belly over the sofa cushions, day and night when not otherwise commanded, her rear anatomy bare from the broad green sash into which the tail of her blouse was tucked at her waist to the tops of her stockings at mid-thigh. With such a captive tomboy, there were a hundred chances every day for Heathers to watch Sandra walking before him bare-hipped, Sandra glancing back fearful and

apprehensive, Sandra, full bottom-cheeked, and bending to some chore.

At any refusal, Heathers had only to summon a valet to ensure Sandra's compliance. Presently Heathers would begin to enjoy himself with her. As he reclined on his back, Sandra must clamber, awkward and apprehensive, on top of him, lowering herself on his command. Squirming her thighs and clenching her buttocks, sweltering with her labour in the southern night, his pupil in pleasure must drive him to madness as she held him in her strong young pleasure-grip. Desperate, eyes brimming with reproach, she must ride until he commanded a new diversion.

Lord Quirt stared spellbound at all this. On the following evening the curtains were still open. Sandra lay bottom-up over the cushions, her untidy brown tresses shaken clear, her firm-featured face staring back in alarm at Heathers, who now had eyes only for Sandra's young backside. The proud muzzle entered and Heathers quivered at the ecstatic tightness. Because Sandra had that full-cheeked young rear whose slight weight and swell suggests tomboy robustness, Heathers had decreed she was well able to take ample measure in this way.

With a mournful open-mouthed dismay directed at him over her shoulder, Sandra made a most appealing subject. Her pale-skinned legs were encased in the nylon stockings to her thighs. The white uniform blouse ended at the broad green sash round her waist. Sandra's bottom-cheeks and the rear of her thighs, as she presented them bare to her master, were those of a healthy and active young pupil, ideal for a trainer to teach her such perverse arts.

On the next night of the voyage the *Alcazar* cruised off the promontory of Cabo de Rocca. Heathers was no sentimentalist where a young tomboy like Sandra was concerned. His unflagging excitement made him employ the tight postern gate vigorously and for a long session. Next evening, Lord Quirt was intrigued to see that Sandra was self-conscious and thoughtful in Heathers's presence. Because she was bare from

the broad green sash at her waist to the tops of her stockings, it was possible to observe closely the movements of her thighs as she walked and the way Sandra held her robust pale-cheeked young bottom. Sandra sat down with great care on the padded velvet of the little chairs and walked with a certain unease, as if trying to hold her rear-cheek movements in check. As she waited on Heathers after dinner, naked from waist to mid-thigh, her sudden slight tensings of her bottom-cheeks and her furtive glances at him assured him that Sandra was still plagued by the lingering sensations and fleeting discomforts of what he had done as she lay on her belly over the pillows on the previous evening.

For the first time, Lord Quirt felt his admiration for Heathers returning at the triumph which the master had enjoyed with Sandra's bottom and the way in which he made her feel two days afterwards the sensations of what had been done there. Moreover, his lordship was frankly envious of such accomplishments.

No doubt Heathers very much wanted Sandra to be reminded of his conquest of her young bottom in this way for a day or two. He certainly watched his tomboy waitress with her quick uneasy glances and the carefully controlled movements of her young bum-cheeks as she walked or sat or stooped to fetch a glass. As she stood, her brown tresses swept aside and she gave a quick glance back towards him. The manner in which he was studying the bare swell of Sandra Williams's bottom as she stooped assured its owner that its future, as well as her own, was decided!

A few nights later the *Alcazar* was beyond Cape St. Vincent but not yet standing out to sea. Heathers lay on his back, ready for Sandra. The smiling valet was present and showed the girl a short-tailed pony-lash. She must pay a price for her pleasure as he spurred her on. With a face that showed beseeching and reluctance, the tomboy-jockey mounted. She lay forward, comforted by Heathers's manhood as she displayed her bare buttock-swell to the valet.

The pale and sturdily-broadened cheek-swell of Sandra's backside offered an excitingly full-bottomed target. She paid the price for love between her legs, though even a sturdy young riding-pupil of her sort yelled at the spurring. The valet's fun with Sandra's full-cheeked bottom-target rivalled Heathers's enjoyment. Indeed, the valet's pleasure was more prolonged.

Heathers finished with the girl and retired to his sleeping quarters. But the valet now gave orders with his master's authority. He secured Sandra bottom-upwards over the divan. To muffle her shrillness was prudent. Her sturdy-cheeked behind was already marked by several whip-prints, for Heathers had authorised this to spur Sandra to ecstasy. The valet could safely play the rogue with Sandra now. If he skinned her a little more, it would seem like part of the discipline intended by Heathers. As a matter of routine, Sandra would be obliged to bend over next morning for inspection by her mentors. But when Sandra was displayed like this, it would be assumed that Heathers had sanctioned the severity.

How could he resist? Moreover, Sandra was a sturdy young beginner in such a posture, despite the way she looked back at him over her shoulder, the brown tresses disordered and the blue eyes conveying dismay at her plight. The valet and the girl read one another's thoughts as their eyes met. Though she was beseeching and he smiling, they surely understood what must be. Sandra was pleading not to have it but accepting that she would get it anyway. She was like the girl in a conquered city whose backside was now at the mercy of the victor. But though her firm young face with its brimming blue eyes was most woebegone, both Sandra and her ravisher knew that the laws of conquest and male nature made it impossible to suppose that the valet or any other man who had conquered in such circumstances should spare her.

Taking up the short-tailed discipline again, the valet began his wickedly accurate target-practice on the pale weight of Sandra's bare rear cheeks. He caught her low on their soft

undercurve and, when she surged her rump out, he caught her far more intimately. It was only natural that Sandra responded with all the power of her lungs. But fortunately this was heard as a distant mewling that no one but the valet would notice.

There were no witnesses that the valet knew of, and Sandra was obliged to present herself over the divan by the restraints which held her. There was therefore no reason for the valet to curb his zeal. Indeed, the suggestive surging and squirming of Sandra's swelling rear cheeks under the lash excited him to greater severity. She had the full-cheeked seat of a pupil needing chastisement, her bum-cheeks swelling and robust. The air sang with the sharp smack of leather. In addition he caught the flanks of her hips and the backs of her thighs in his enthusiasm.

An hour later, his pupil looked over her shoulder with mute and mournful appeal. Though she had not been able to contain the smart, the whip had continued to inflict its leather kiss on Sandra's bottom. Even in the pause, her young backside writhed in a crimson full-cheeked swell. Her buttocks parted as she surged and squirmed. The sight of this and the tomato-red blushes with crimson streaks on Sandra's backside would make a whipmaker smile and the hangman lick his lips. The rather fatly presented and smartingly skinned bare cheeks of Sandra's bottom offered a target too seductive to ignore. The valet secured her legs. He pulled up the falling blouse-tail well clear of Sandra's bottom-cheeks and hips. He adjusted the lengths to make her kneel over tightly, forehead on the divan and hips high in the air.

He resumed with even greater zeal. The fully broadened cheeks of Sandra's bottom were suggestively stretched. Sturdy young pupil though she might be, he plagued her with cunning crack-shots for half an hour, almost making her droop on several occasions. Sandra did things in front of this menial that she had never before done in front of any man. The brown tresses of her hair swept her shoulder as she twisted her face to him in vain.

He took Sandra so far into the dark realms of retribution that she would do anything to end the punishment. There was no act of submission or humiliation that she would refuse. But she was given no chance and no respite. The valet met the wildness in her eyes with a knowing smile. He let Sandra watch him trailing the lash between his fingers as he chose his aim for the next smack of the whip.

The sight of such a tomboy when she had been soundly disciplined was as seductive to him as if she had been eager and randy. The cheeks of Sandra Williams's bottom were creasing and writhing, flame-red from the whip. Her brown collar-length tresses were shaken and disordered, her eyes brimming. Instead of surging wildly, her backside now squirmed in a slower lethargic manner, as if the whipping had exhausted her. Moreover, the cheeks of her behind smarted so fiercely that every tensing or writhing was painful in their present state. Like the hangman, the valet's longing was all the more excited by having the bare big-cheeked view of Sandra's bum in such a state. Far from appeasing him, the flinching skinned state of Sandra's bottom required a second session.

The temptation was irresistible. He assured Sandra that the drama was only now beginning. He chose as his target several prints that curved tenderly low across her rear cheeks and some almost between them. They would smart for the next week whenever Sandra sat down or moved injudiciously, but he very much wanted to intensify that smart now. The sight of her in this state put a number of extremely powerful ideas into the valet's mind. It seemed to him that since Sandra was going to be whipped anyway, it would make little difference if he added to the severity of her punishment slightly.

He tied the frayed ends of the slim leather whip-tail to give it greater effect. While the desperate tomboy tensed her hips and buttocks in fright, he chose a wickedly accurate aim across the tenderness of Sandra's bottom-cheeks. A broadened young backside like hers was well able to take as much as he chose

to inflict. Only when first light touched the waves did the valet lay down his woven-leather tickler, leaving Sandra to sprawl smarting and exhausted over the divan.

Lord Quirt took a final peep by the first light of dawn, treasuring the cameo which might have suggested a senior tomboy of her class bottom-up after chastisement and her pillow damp with tears. As he studied Sandra Williams over the cushions of the divan, she gave the appearance of a girl who had sat all night on a hard chair-seat, woven of supple cane and cruel thorn. Yet Lord Quirt withdrew from the after-deck with the feeling that what he had seen was the close of a chapter in Sandra's story and not the beginning. It seemed he was right. There was no sign of her in Heathers's cabin the next night, nor the night after that. No reference was made by Heathers nor by anyone else to the presence of such a girl on the ship. As for the other two causes of Heathers's downfall, Laura and Valerie, they were neither seen nor mentioned.

That, it seemed, was that. Yet Lord Quirt, who had insisted upon having his stateroom to himself, had a curious experience at the dead of night before the *Alcazar* stood out to sea. He woke to the sound of the anchor-chain and an awareness that the ship's engines had stopped. So far as he could make out, there was a port of some size about half a mile away. Several people came down the companionway and he thought there was a large bundle being lowered into a boat. It was impossible to tell which port it might be but he thought he saw an outline which might have been the fort at Tangier.

That was all. He had no idea if Sandra was still on the ship or if Laura Jennings or her gamine friend Valerie had ever been. It certainly seemed that Heathers had been allowed to do all that he would ever be allowed to do in making Sandra feel his passionate conquest of her young bottom's charms. Had she now been presented to a pasha who shared Heathers's taste for her young rear and the valet's skill with a whip? Lord Quirt yawned and went back to sleep. The girl was nothing to him and he did not really care either way.

The *Alcazar* got under way again almost at once. The bridge-engine telegraph rang "full ahead" as the ship stood out to sea at last. The liner cruised slowly through a rippling haze of heat towards the southern spaces of the Atlantic. From time to time there was a distant glimpse, a horizon smudge, which some thought might be the palms and thatched huts of the West African coast. Others concluded that the smudge was a far-off reflection of the Azores or else perhaps a delusive cloud. Like molten silver, the sun lit the summer ocean in its decline until evening darkness brought the guests to the pleasures of dinner and the excitements of bed with one of the female "cabin-boys." Of Sandra, or of any other girl in Heathers's cabin, there was still no sign.

As to Lord Quirt's guess at Sandra's destination, who can say? It is certain that when the liner came to anchor in the outer harbour of Port Xantra, the names of Sandra, Linda, or Valerie were not on any list of passengers or crew, either before or after the landfall. Indeed, passengers and crew alike denied any knowledge that the girls had ever existed. From this one might conclude that it was all rumour and gossip—or that three tight and shapely canvas sacks had been weighted and tumbled into the yacht's wake far out beyond the horizon. Not until the ship's arrival at Port Xantra would light be shed into such dark corners.

Yet the dropping of the anchor at night off a mysterious port a week earlier, was not without its consequences for Lord Quirt. An air courier package was brought aboard for him, its origin the offices of the security tribunal in Cheluna, its signatory Colonel Alkan.

CHAPTER FOUR

Eminent jurist that he was, Lord Quirt's opinion was requested all over the world, especially in such cases as the air courier package brought to him now. Colonel Manrique and the President of the Chelunese Security Tribunal were minded to impose more severe sentences on two female delinquents, one nineteen years of age, the other twenty-two, than the courts had first thought necessary. The crime of the nineteen-year-old had been defiance of authority, now compounded by lesbian advances to another detainee while held at the police barracks. The crime of the second was wilful insult to a man of rank.

Both Manrique and the president favoured severity but wished their action confirmed and strengthened by the confidential opinion of an international jurist. This opinion might be shown privately to any wavering member of the tribunal, for no one would dispute the weight of Lord Quirt's authority. The facts of each case, therefore, were set out and several photographs of the delinquents included.

After dinner, Lord Quirt retired to his stateroom to write his opinion, first reading the tribunal report in each case.

The subject Sarah Baker is nineteen years of age and following detention had been made to act as waitress on

the prison officers at the central barracks in Cheluna. She may be identified from the photographs provided as a fair-skinned and sullen-faced delinquent, having a rather punk-style boy-crop of dark hair, shorter round her head than on top, its long fringe brushed aslant, a brazen look in her firm young features. Her appeal no doubt is in her snub-nosed, narrow-eyed sensuality, the dark fringe of boy-cut hair with its fringe aslant her forehead. The short cut of her hair leaves bare the nape of her neck, showing her ears and their pendants prettily.

The clothes worn by the culprit have bearing on her offence. For her duties Sarah was issued with a white blouse and black tights, a short tight black skirt that left most of the length of her thighs bare. She also wore tight-fitting knee-boots. Her figure is pale and firm, legs long and straight but with enough weight round Sarah's back-side and hips to offer a suggestively fatter view when she bends over. This may also have a bearing on the amount of punishment that can be inflicted. Standing with one knee bent forward, thighs almost crossed, she appears like a young whore plying for hire, as the illustration demonstrates.

Sarah with her boyish looks was apprehended in an act of gross misconduct with another female detainee of the same age, Joanne Phillips, with a similar defiance of authority, her own rather hard fair-skinned features softened by a slanting veil of dark hair that might make her appeal more feminine. Both girls had spent the regulation six weeks in a solitary confinement cell after detention, following which such young women are often sexually and emotionally susceptible. Sarah and her accomplice were seen together in suspicious circumstances and surveillance began on Colonel Alkan's orders.

Sarah was seen as she brushed the slant fringe of her dark boy-crop into place and kissed Joanne full on the lips. Then Sarah slipped her tongue between the other

girl's lips, which parted readily to receive it. They stood for five or ten minutes, bodies writhing together, tongues slithering in and out of each other's mouths. Sarah slid one hand inside the other girl's black trousers and into the seat of Jo Phillips's panties, fingers entering between the rear of her accomplice's thighs and masturbating her quite blatantly. Sarah was wearing her short black skirt, so tight that Joanne had more difficulty in fondling Sarah's sexual flesh through the black nylon tights.

Not knowing they were observed, they entered an unoccupied cell, stripping from the waist down. They lay on the floor in one another's arms, lips nuzzling and fingers masturbating each other. Sarah, seen with her dark punk-cut crop and fringe, rode full length on top of the other girl, showing the urgent sexual energy of her bare thighs, the tension and cheek-creasing of her bare bottom. The observers then saw Sarah Baker's bottom-crack tighten suddenly and knew this boy-cropped young brunette was about to come. Having allowed her to incriminate herself to this point, they thereupon entered the cell and restrained the culprits.

Lord Quirt studied the photographs of the sullen challenge in the face of the young bitch staring out at him. There were girls whose bare bottoms were best subject to the whip regularly for the rest of their young lives. Sarah was one of them. He picked up his pen and wrote on the *Alcazar's* embossed notepaper.

Lord Justice Maltravers Quirt has the honour to address the president of the Security Tribunal in the case above described. In many parts of the world both Sarah Baker and the girl she seduced would be punished for her unnatural conduct by a visit from a gaoler and his assistant with a noose. Elsewhere she would be fastened forward over a trestle for an older woman to trim and prune her

between her legs. Lord Quirt respectfully submits that it is against this background of punishment that the Security Tribunal should reach its decision.

A period of five years' detention and training for a nineteen-year-old wanton should not be thought excessive and must be accompanied by a correctional sentence of the whip at stated intervals. Lord Quirt has the honour to suggest five years with thirty-six strokes of the whip across Sarah's bare buttocks every month.

The use of devices to silence shrillness, protest, or vulgarity during these punishments should be at the discretion of the chastiser. Lord Quirt takes the liberty of recommending restraints, however, to prevent a young troublemaker like Sarah pretending certain needs and urgencies to disrupt the discipline. Lord Quirt is able to recommend certain devices to make misconduct impossible even if the need were genuine. Additional penalties, such as the smearing of salt fat after whipping and other disciplinary measures to be entirely at the discretion of the chastiser. Lord Quirt recommends this addition, however, as a means of prolonging and intensifying the smarting of the girl's bottom, thus enforcing the moral lesson of the punishment. Additional strokes should be given to compensate for those where the whip does not fall accurately, in consequence of the girl's failure to present her bottom properly.

Other whippings imposed within the prison for Sarah Baker's disobedience or misconduct during sentence are to be additional. The fact that such discipline has been inflicted the day before the judicial whipping is due must not be accepted as an excuse for postponing or reducing the second chastisement. Indeed, severity should be increased as a further lesson in punishment. Lord Quirt further advises that the sentence be amenable to review at its conclusion in five years' time. If the authorities so decide, it shall be reimposed and thus be served again in

its entirety with all punishments and then reviewed, subject to further reimposition, five years later. If released, Sarah Baker shall be strictly obliged to take up such employment and residence as the President of the Security Tribunal shall direct.

With a slight discomfort arising from stiffness within his trousers, Lord Quirt turned his attention to the second set of photographs, evidently taken over a number of years. Maggie Turnbull appeared as a young blonde with the look of a bold-featured working girl at twenty-two years old, a certain lack of length in her legs giving her a slightly stocky appearance. The plain length of tawny-blonde hair was worn loose to the top of her shoulder-blades and parted in a fringe on her forehead.

The earliest of the photographs showed her at eighteen, her fair-skinned oval face, firm young features, blue eyes, mascara'd lashes, gold blonde hair loose and lank to her shoulder blades. She was seen on all fours in tight faded blue jeans with the delicious weight of her young breasts in her sweater, their suggestive movement as she polished vigorously. Then Maggie at seventeen, stretching forward while sitting on her heels, the hem of the sweater drawn clear of her jeans, laying bare the pale flesh of her upper hips, where it was a little too full and soft for elegance.

Maggie at twenty years old was shown working on all fours in well-worn jeans, the rear view that her admirer liked most of all to preserve on film—a close-up from behind. Despite the girlishly soft fall of golden-blonde hair, and the dark blue sweater hanging slack and open from her bare waist, the jeans were strained tight at the seat, showing a fuller firming out of the cheeks of Maggie's backside. Not quite the broader, firmer sluttishness of Maggie's arse at twenty-two but no longer eighteen-year-old innocence! The worn blue jeans she wore for work were so tight that the central seam of the seat was drawn deep and tight into Maggie Turnbull's bottom-crack,

deep and taut as harness between the cheeks of her young arse. Maggie showing the inward cheek-slopes of her anus-cleft to the world, really asking for it in Lord Quirt's opinion! Bottom-cheeks shamelessly swelling and broadened, little bulge of pussy-flesh between her legs.

Then, at twenty-one, there was Maggie with fringed blonde hair cut short above her collar, a harder look which she never lost, even with golden blonde sweep grown again. Now Maggie at twenty-two, firm nose and chin grown bold, even crude in the fair skinned oval of her face. Maggie's arse-cheeks, as she bent to her work, a fuller maturity and vulgarity. Maggie's eighteen-year-old innocence hardened into back-street sluttishness. A facial portrait in close-up. Such a challenge to disciplinarians in the young face, sullen blue eyes and bold features, a sluttish downturn of her mouth.

And lastly there was a gem which Manrique had included for his friend without revealing who had taken it or how! Twenty-two-year-old Maggie sitting on her heels, back to the camera, the shoulder-length of lank tawny-blonde hair framing the fair-skinned oval of her face, its rather hard and sullen features. A button rolled under a cupboard. Maggie lifted her hips from her heels, going right down on elbows with chin on the floor as she tried to see where it had rolled. Head down and rump high. Maggie's robust spread-cheeked rear view in skin-tight jeans. Full broadened buttocks drawn hard apart, knees open a little, pussy's softness suggestively moulded by strained jeans denim. But all attention was on Maggie Turnbull's arse in this posture! She showed only the rubber soles of canvas shoes, tensed thighs straining denim, a big-cheeked bottom in this vulgar pose, cheeks drawn hard apart, Maggie's bottom-view like a full upward squat.

Lord Quirt, seeing her in this last posture, recognised Maggie's backside as the sturdy arse of a young tart, a coarse and youthful robustness from the life of the back streets. Mag had no doubt been too hardened and contemptuous to care if she showed the world her bottom-crack pulled open in the tight

denim of her jeans-seat. No doubt there had been much regular sex with men of the common sort, perhaps even whelping at some point.

Lord Quirt's interest in the underwear of such girls prompted him to see if Maggie was wearing panties under her jeans in the last shot. Studying her rear view closely in this blatant posture, he saw an elastic ridge in the jeans denim formed by the curve of Maggie's panties over her rear cheeks. Denim strained taut, the central seam pulled hard and deep into Maggie Turnbull's bottom-crack! Seeing the vulgar spread of the young blonde's arse, the blatant display of her crack, even the meekest man would reach for a whip!

As he wrote his opinion which would decide her fate, he ignored the facts of the case and sought a little manual relief as he studied the brazen rear view in this last photograph. His manhood stiff as he studied her backside in the photographs, he manualised more energetically and regretted only that he could not set down on paper the extent of the severity he would like to have inflicted on Maggie's bare bottom just then.

He had no hesitation in setting down a sentence of five years with reimposition if wanted. The whip at monthly intervals, "always across Maggie Turnbull's bare bottom." How many strokes had he chosen for Sarah Baker on each monthly evening? He looked and saw it had been thirty-six. He studied the photograph of the spread-cheeked open-cracked view of the insolent young working girl's bottom, manualising as he did so, and his mouth tightened as he awarded fifty whip-strokes at each monthly session. The prison warden would have real fun with Maggie's bare bottom, for surely the man would allow no one but himself the enjoyment of inflicting discipline on such a young tart!

Lord Quirt then went back and altered Sarah Baker's thirty-six strokes to fifty. He felt his passion about to burst. As it did so, his eyes burned at the sight of Maggie's backside so sluttishly presented, and in his final spasm he altered her fifty strokes to five twelves, without compunction.

Calmer after release, he added a request that upon arrival he might be permitted to inspect the fitness of the two young backsides to undergo such chastisement, promising that he looked only to increase and not diminish severity. There had been things that came into his mind as he studied the rear view of the sturdy young blonde, embellishments of punishment a little too indelicate to commit to paper. He very much wanted Maggie to experience them.

Thinking the matter over, Lord Quirt had no doubt that Manrique and the president would receive his suggestions with approval, but they were best made privately. As he looked at the broad-cheeked firmness of the twenty-two-year-old blonde's bottom thrust in its upward squat, he knew that even the ultimate severities must be hinted at.

Thoughts of this kind and keen anticipation of the inspection he would soon have to carry out occupied him for the rest of the voyage. Two weeks later, the *Alcazar* was on the horizon of Port Xantra. There was a discernible air of expectation and excitement among those on the ship who were the honoured guests of Rio 9. Lord Quirt himself gazed beyond the shabby port towards the hinterland of untamed jungle and the mountains beyond, where Colonel Manrique ruled a province from his fastness of Metron. His lordship's pulse quickened as he slipped into his case the package of photographs in his pocket, showing the two female delinquents who had caused him so much anticipation. Indeed, he remembered that this was a Monday, the day on which public chastisements were administered under venerable Chelunese law. The port tender bumped alongside and way was made for Lord Quirt to go first down the companion-ladder.

CHAPTER FIVE

To the sophisticated Chelunese, Port Xantra is a hot and fly-infested city, built as a pastiche of Marseille or Algiers with more of the tropics than of France. The cobbled quays exude an air of hot oil and fish-meal. As the white hull of the *Alcazar* came to anchor, Lord Quirt stood on deck and took his third or fourth view of the harbour in as many years. He would have chosen the city of Cheluna itself as his landfall, but he was anxious not to miss the connection with the military supply ship. The vessel would already have left the capital but was not due at Xantra until two days later, giving him time to meet it. The supply ship's destination was Krater Island.

As the tender brought the first passengers to the quay, Chelunese quarantine and customs officials wilted in the heat of the steamy estuary, sweat drenching their light grey uniforms. By the Gare Maritime and the waterfront railroad tracks, little bars with tin signs advertised government-monopoly whisky. Driftwood stalls were hung with strips of lottery tickets. Over the thin dogs and naked children, seagulls hovered like vultures in the hot sky.

An official car had been sent to greet Lord Quirt, a spacious but ancient Ford sedan with police markings. A thirty-year economic embargo had deprived Cheluna of all modern

automobiles except for a single shipment of Ladas from the Soviet Union, purchased with the last of the country's gold reserves. The aide-de-camp shook his lordship's hand and directed the chauffeur to the Boulevard du Sud, an avenue between cracked sidewalks and unpainted cafés, stretching inland to a scrub-dotted hillside where the city ended among isolated shacks in pink and white.

Off this decayed boulevard, the last to be built before the departure of the French engineers, lay a street of bars and foodstores, the bare concrete strip of a gasoline station. The last building of all, a green shuttered house with the shield of the Civil Guard over its door, was the headquarters of law and justice in Port Xantra. Lord Quirt was escorted up the familiar stairs of pitted marble to a landing at the top. All the doors were double and grandly carved. Once it had been the residence of a French or Spanish merchant, or perhaps a German consul. Since the revolution which followed independence from its European rulers, such people had left Port Xantra. The city now lived for *coups d'état* and police interrogations. Lord Quirt entered a first-floor suite. With its barrel-vaulted ceiling and window pillars, the military governor's office was like an opera-house foyer.

Captain Shavez rose smiling from his desk, his hand outstretched. He was a man of indeterminate middle-age with a sallow, sardonic face and smooth, brilliantined hair. His military cap lay on a small table and he wore only the grey shirt and trousers of his uniform. Despite his modest appearance, he was a man of power in this despotic enclave, proprietor of a large and well-guarded "plantation" sixty miles upriver in the remote hills of the hinterland. The southern extreme of Cheluna is a narrow strip running inland for hundreds of miles on either side of the Xantra River, its last settlement at Villefranche Sauvage, fifty miles upstream from Port Xantra. To either side of the river lie hundreds of miles of jungle forest and, beyond that, other frontiers. Only the coastal strip and the road to Villefranche Sauvage has ever been civilised.

It was no secret that when his final tour of duty was done, Captain Shavez would retire to his plantation above Villefranche Sauvage to amuse himself with the young women whom the state had put under his command: Mandy Worth and Angie Stevens, Theresa Lux and Marina Wilson, young Tara Randle and Emma Smith, Kim Brooker and Samantha Wilson, the voluptuous appeal of Karen Howard or Joanne Dixon, the Asian beauty of Shireen Shah and Shaida Ali, and a dozen more.

The heat of noon seemed to have stunned the fetid, littoral city into silence. The footsteps of a single passerby sounded in the street below. The view from the window stretched across the tin roofs of the shacks and the long avenue of cracked stucco that had tried to ape the elegance of metropolitan France. Heat shimmered from the tarmac and the polished rails on which the rusty wagons stood idle by the Gare Maritime. Beyond the city limits there was nothing but a reddish coastal plain with dark scrub and the sharp limestone escarpments of the inland mountains seen through a smoke-blue haze.

Captain Shavez quickly became confidential, promising Lord Quirt that the wishes of the unfortunate Mr. Heathers in respect of his *protégées* had been carried out to the letter. A melodramatist would have talked of white slavery and harems. Such ordinary matters are dismissed with a smile and a shrug in Cheluna, where the realities of life are accepted. But Captain Shavez, towards the end of the afternoon, begged Lord Quirt's acceptance of the use of his office for a while. An audio cassette and several dozen photographic prints had arrived that very morning, a final chapter in the history of such an institution as that from which the impetuous Heathers had been dismissed.

The captain himself had an official duty to prepare for. When a young woman came before them on certain charges, the Xantran courts were empowered to order a whipping in public. It was a custom derived from French colonial practices.

In later and more enlightened times, the chastisement was no longer carried out on the Place de la Potence at the far end of the main boulevard. Yet it was public in the sense that any member of the community might attend. Therefore the punishment of wayward young woman was now inflicted in the yard of the Civil Guard headquarters.

Left to himself, Lord Quirt examined the evidence. The envelopes containing it bore the postmark of Camba Real, a small town on the way to the mountain fastness of Metron. The contents suggested that the most senior of the young women, Sandra Williams, was now the possession of a master who had bid highest for her. Her two companions awaited some weeks of training and discipline before they passed from Metron to the final destination of their one-way journey. By such means was Heathers to have justice done him.

Lord Quirt listened first to the cassette. Was it the recording of a radio drama or reality? Even the mainstream radio channels broadcast such outspoken accounts of young women's ordeals nowadays, often provoking outrage from their more traditional listeners. Drama, then, or reality? Its background suggested the resonance of a remote subterranean vault late at night. He had quite expected that a tomboy of Sandra's kind would pass to one of the plantation owners of the vast Spanish Plain, perhaps the remote reformatory of Casa del Campo, far beyond the Metronese Mountains. But in the recording he heard the accents of Arabia. The men called each other by their ranks in a pasha's household. Their master himself spoke several times. Who else was there and what happened? The tape began with the pasha diffidently explaining that his possessions bore his insignia so that they should never escape him. There was a soft wrestling and gasping. At last, one man gave a breathless laugh of relief, as if his task was accomplished. Someone remarked that Sandra Williams, kneeling over bare-bottomed, looked a sturdy young tomboy, well able to endure such formalities. The pasha commanded a posture "fastened more tightly forward." There was more soft wres-

tling and a high, indignant protest through a mouthful of cotton. This was reprimanded by a sharp smack on the feminine fullness of bare rear-cheek flesh.

There were murmurs which the microphone had failed to pick up, apart from one man who said, "Between the cheeks?" and laughed. "And besides, with my preferences," the pasha said amiably, "and with such a tomboy bottom, there is no danger of Sandra Williams having a baby. . . ."

Four coin-sized discs were mentioned, two on each side where the cheeks curved in together. The prints would be concealed when Sandra was standing but visible when she bent over tightly. There followed a short harsh pant of bellows and the light stirring of coals. A muffled soprano panic. There was a creak of supporting wood, slight but urgent smoothing of bare flesh and the dry squeak of leather straps under strain. A sudden vulgar raspberry of fright. A bare and fat-sounding rear-cheek smack. "Behave yourself, Sandra Williams! You're old enough to have learnt manners by now!" Then it was Heathers who said humorously, "For myself, I should much prefer you to be a rude girl on these occasions, Sandra! It would enforce the effect of punishment by humiliation."

It seemed they were not quite ready yet. While they waited, there was a light dry rattle of bamboo. A dozen sharp swishing impacts sounded through wadded shrillness. The harsh bellows panting was followed by a tiny rattle of metal. Someone said, "A little longer to wait. Six more. Low across her bottom, if you can." The six were accompanied by wildness. A man spoke as if tracing his finger along two vivid bamboo-prints. "Two beauties there! She really feels them low down, where the cheeks of Sandra's young bottom are softer and fatter. Delay the discs a little. Give Sandra Williams's bottom eight more aslant those two beauties!" The eight impacts followed. After the fourth, the muted frenzy grew shriller, there was another sound of desperate vulgarity, and a murmur from the men, one of them excusing the rudeness of Sandra's tomboy backside. "It makes her panic, I think, to feel cheek-skin cut."

Another said, "Sandra's young bottom must get used to paying the tribute of a little ruby or two to the bamboo." A third man laughed. "Until last month, Sandra's bottom spent so many hours sitting at a desk—with uniform pants and skirt on! Now she must spend her young life with pants and skirt off, showing her bottom bare over stools and backs of chairs, over tables and beds. Four strokes remaining? Give her twelve instead!"

It really was awfully good, Lord Quirt thought. As an afternoon theatre presentation it held him spellbound, as reality it positively transfixed him, his hand in his trouser pocket counting his loose change furtively. He was glad, on the whole, that Captain Shavez had gone out and that he was listening to Sandra's downfall on his own.

Again frantic mewling and a rude retort accompanied the twelve measured whip-smacks of bamboo. Several minutes later came a metallic stirring of coals and a murmur of approval. A pause. A man's voice counted slowly to ten, and once more a keen-edged mewling rose wildly and faded. Clunker was stirred by tiny metal coming to rest again. Half-heard sentences came through the pant of bellows. "Three more times, Sandra . . . the pasha's style and your own name . . . quite a full-cheeked young bottom, Sandra Williams . . . ten minutes to wait. . . ."

A long pause. Plaintive mewling, amusement and rear-cheek smacks. The light stirring of coals and another unladylike raspberry of panic. A bottom-smack. ". . . your arse, Sandra!" The pasha's intervention, "Wait. The bamboo again first." Rattle of tiny metal laid aside again. The dry movement of cane. Echoes like a ringmaster's whip. The stirring of metal. Another keen-edged shrillness prudently muted and the same voice counting. "Your other bottom-cheek presently, Sandra Williams." Twice more the ritual repeated. The voice that had counted then commanded salted fat.

"What a script!" Lord Quirt said aloud.

On the tape, someone asked, "Shall it be another girl from

the same place, Maureen Moat from Room 5 for your next visit or a vamp from Room 3?"

"Linda Jennings, perhaps," said the pasha, the sound of a smile on his lips, "Her lessons have done little to curb the slyness of our future glamour queen! Linda Jennings's bottom has a look of impudence about its fat young cheek-swell."

The tape ended and clicked. Lord Quirt turned his attention to the twenty or thirty photographic prints. There was nothing of exotic harems or romantic excesses here. The scene, though it was surely Krater Island or Metron, might have been in any place devoted to traditional and institutional discipline. The surrounding of the scene was a room with a kneeling trestle as a symbol of moral or scholastic outrage. Close to, the first print showed a slim leather wand being measured across the pearly bare cheek-swell of Linda Jennings's bottom . . . a mewling portrait of sly blue eyes wider, short blonde mane on lapel, doll like innocence startled, biting hard on a large eraser rubber held firmly to protect teeth on clenching.

Six fine camera shots, each showing the impact of a supple leather switch across the soft young cheek-pallor of Linda Jennings's bottom . . . a potential glamour-girl backside rather fatly presented as she knelt over the trestle, the pearl pallor of its soft young cheeks jumping and quivering under the impacts. Presently, Linda's bum-cheeks were the colour of woven fire and there were several raised and vivid imprints from the supple leather of the slim riding-switch. The lascivious young blonde was taken beyond what was prudent. . . . The riding-switch wickedly low across her fatly creasing bottom-cheeks again. A study as her head drooped aside, her short blonde mane sliding forward. Dreamily offering a blatantly full rear view to the close-up camera, such as even an experienced young woman would have been shy to offer to husband or boyfriend. Boys in Linda's class would treasure this print when it came into their hands.

The chastiser had finished but now a younger hand was holding the switch . . . Black tights of the hangman's appren-

tice. . . . Linda Jennings, the most blatantly and deliberately sexy of her year, paying dearly for having excited the apprentice, giving him cause to take a frustrated lover's revenge. Secretly alone with her, he had no need to show restraint and was too young to feel the caution of a grown man. He aimed the cane across her delightfully impudent young bottom. The hidden camera had clicked as he caned and caned the sly young blonde across her soft-cheeked backside. He caned her across the backs of her thighs. He caned her aslant her rear cheeks, low across her bottom, and began again. As her eyelids fluttered down, he firmed the rubber bit between her teeth. While a mirror reflected the severely disciplined state of her young bottom, Linda Jennings drooled helplessly over his fingers like a young bride grateful for her groom's mastery of her.

The series had come to its end but in a final print, the wall-clock showed that it was five minutes later. Linda's bottom was desperately cheek-clenched as the young hand measured the slim leather switch again. . . .

Lord Quirt thoughtfully put aside the packages. Amateur theatricals, perhaps? Stark realism? The effect on the bulge in his trousers predicted the latter. In any event, by now Sandra was an ocean away, a captive maiden in a culture which fiercely defended her master's right to use her as his property. As one of the men had said, Sandra's bottom which had pressed the desk-seat for so long would now face her master bare, over the bed, over the arms of chairs, over stools, over trestles. Linda would have another month or two of education in such matters. Lord Quirt wondered if a certain whipmaker in the distant Spanish Plain might not choose her as a young bride on whom he would test his craft.

Closing the finely-carved door, his lordship went down the marble stairs to the yard of the Civil Guard headquarters. A long heavy bench had been set out for the public discipline of a nineteen-year-old rebel against authority. Twenty or thirty spectators ringed the yard, most of them men but at least a

dozen women, several of them young and several others well-dressed.

The onlookers had gathered to watch a softly figured nineteen-year-old girl with round fair-skinned face, fair hair cut boyishly short. Captain Shavez, as he was required to do, read out the finding and sentence on nineteen-year-old Janina for bringing a false accusation of indecent conduct against a senior officer. Janina had been brought out of the building into the yard. She had a Slav prettiness, a rounded face with the rather slant blue-green eyes of east European beauty. Even her short boy-cut of fair hair would not have deceived a man about her femininity. Janina was dressed as she had been at the time of her offence in a white singlet and chocolate-brown stretch ski-pants. The singlet shaped her soft young tits. The brown stretch ski-pants showed an equal softness of her young thighs and the fullness of Janina's bottom-cheeks. Those who were really interested in the girl could see through the seat of the ski-pants the ridged outline of Janina's panties.

Janina had been told to wear panties that were not a mere twist of bikini-briefs in her bottom-crack but a tight pair whose thin white nylon covered her bottom-cheeks quite fully.

Janina's offence was read out. Dressed as she now was, she had complained that a senior officer had fondled her bottom through her ski-pants as he passed her while she was leaning over a desk. The Security Tribunal found no evidence to prove the outrageous charge and dealt with Janina herself for the offence of "scandalising" a state official. She was to be publicly whipped and then detained for three years under punishment training.

The Security Tribunal did not specify a number of strokes but ordered that the discipline should last not more than half an hour. Whether it was one stroke of the whip a minute—or more or less—was a matter for the officials of Port Xantra. Because the tribunal ordered that Janina was to be whipped publicly, she could not be entirely bare-bottomed without causing a scandal.

Lord Quirt and the spectators watched as Janina pulled down the waist of her brown ski-pants and, sitting on a kitchen stool, drew them off over her feet. They were taken from her. She was then escorted to kneel on a cushion at the long bench, lying forward along it. Janina's panties were of thin white nylon with an elastic hem to keep them skin-tight and in place. As the restraining-straps were buckled, the onlookers murmured their appreciation of the full-cheeked softness of Janina Cyprík's bottom-cheeks in the white sheen of her tight nylon panties. Then one of the Civil Guard took a sponge, went into the toilets and returned with the sponge laden and dripping.

He stooped and sponged over the seat of Janina's sleek nylon panties until they were wet and tight as a swimwear bikini on a girl wading from the sea. The girl herself kept her head lowered and her face hidden. When the man stood up, the onlookers murmured again at the skin-tight translucence of wet panties on the full pallor of Janina's bottom-cheeks. The law deplored the scandal of Janina being bare-bottomed for a public whipping, but Cheluna had adopted the old east European custom of making a girl wear wet-tight knickers to outline her rear cheeks for the chastiser and the spectators.

Ten minutes for Janina to wait like this until the chastiser appeared. After five or six minutes there was a stir of activity. A man not yet seen was testing the leather switch, which was quiveringly supple. It tapered three feet from its handle to a fine pencil-point tip. He was cutting through the air with it, testing it with a sharp *whip! . . . whip! . . . whip!* the menacing sound carrying clearly to Janina's pretty ears. The man with the sponge squeezed it wetly over the seat of Janina Cyprík's panties again.

"Three minutes to wait, Janina!"

Lord Quirt and those standing behind the girl were soon aware of a furtive movement. It seemed at first as if Janina was so scared at what was coming that she could not keep her young bottom still. Her soft, pale thighs were tensing together spasmodically and Janina's bottom-crack was compressing to

a thin tight line. Lord Quirt watched intently. Janina's soft, lightly-haired cunt was tightly outlined by the wet nylon of her panties. Though her thighs were pinioned together to the bench just above her knees, Janina was squeezing herself rhythmically. Lord Quirt moved forward to have a good look from a couple of feet behind her. It was something he had heard of, even talked of, a girl who tried to distract herself from the agony of the whip across her bottom by bringing herself off.

Janina was not doing it blatantly. She kept her face hidden so that they saw only her boy-cut fair hair. The movements were quite furtive. As secretly as she could she was tensing the soft inner swell of her upper thighs on her cunt, squeezing lovingly, squeezing . . . squeezing . . . relaxing . . . squeezing long . . . long . . . quickly . . . quickly . . . long again. . . Lord Quirt could just hear that she was breathing a little harder with the effort. He could just see the flesh-creasing of Janina's bottom-cheeks through the wet-smooth seat of her nylon panties as she laboured to bring herself off.

The chastiser was a stable groom of the Civil Guard, well used to wielding whips of every sort. His present duty was a special privilege of his job, for which he was envied by every other man in the brigade, as well as by several of the female gaolers at the police barracks. His jacket had been removed and he was now dressed in grey shirt breeches and brown top-boots. It might have been thought that the flexing and tensing of Janina's bottom-cheeks and thighs was from fright at what was about to happen to her. Perhaps to some extent it was. But the squeezings of her thighs upon her pussy-flesh were lighter and more rapid now as Janina squirmed and tensed more urgently in an effort to numb herself to the whip that was about to be measured across her backside.

The clock on the Civil Guard building struck four. The chastiser touched the slim pony-switch across the soft cheek-swell of Janina Cyprick's bottom in the wet-tight seat of her thin nylon panties.

Whip!

The agonising impact of the whip across the soft cheeks of Janina's nineteen-year-old bottom paralysed the girl for a moment. Then, almost frantically, she began to squeeze her thighs and tighten her bottom-cheeks again. The supple leather switch smacked ear-splittingly across the tight wet seat of her thin panties. Aslant Janina's bottom-cheeks . . . low across Janina's bottom . . . agonisingly low across the backs of her soft bare thighs . . . Janina shrieking but still squeezing and writhing to bring herself off. Another smack of the whip across the backs of Janina's thighs, deliberately aimed this time, and another scream . . . the switch like a ringmaster's whip across Janina's tensing and cheek-creasing bottom . . . her bottom again . . . low across her bottom . . . low across her bottom again . . . low across the backs of her thighs . . . high across the backs of her thighs . . . high across the backs of her thighs again. . . .

The groom paused for breath and there was a moment of stillness in the heat of the yard. Janina was still exciting herself with slight straining movements of her soft pale thighs on her clitoris and vaginal slit. Then he measured the leather switch again, touching it slowly and lightly across the fatly presented nineteen-year-old cheeks of Janina's bottom. As if in fright or desperation, Janina began to squeeze her thighs faster and more blatantly. Sunlight caught the black leather switch as it flashed down with an ear-stunning impact.

Aslant Janina's bottom-cheeks, their pale fullness jumping and quivering under the impact . . . across Janina's bottom . . . bottom . . . bottom . . . high across the backs of her bare thighs . . . the backs of her thighs again . . . Janina Cypruk's bottom again . . . low across Janina Cypruk's bottom-cheeks . . . Janina's bottom . . . bottom . . . thighs . . . bottom . . . bottom . . . bottom . . . bottom . . . bottom . . . bottom . . .

Two well-dressed women were among the witnesses, watching the chastiser measuring the switch across the soft pale cheeks of Janina's bottom as she lay over a bench. She was wearing only a short white singlet and her panties so that the

curves of her backside were fully presented. At each stroke of the leather pony-whip, the soft and fair-skinned cheeks of Janina's bottom quivered and shimmered. As she twisted her head, the boy-cut fair hair made it easier to see her face and the slant of the green eyes which contracted at each smack of the cane, with anguish or perhaps with pleasure.

Lord Quirt was intrigued to see that the girl was still labouring to bring herself to orgasm, despite her bottom and thighs being seamed and braided by the whip. Perhaps Janina was so close now that the impact of the whip was really dulled. There were several plum-coloured prints of the whip across the backs of her pale thighs and far more across Janina's backside. The thin white nylon of Janina's wet panties was tight and translucent across her softly filled out bottom-cheeks. Her thighs were squeezing dreamily on her exquisitely roused and sensitive sexual flesh. A spasmodic tensing, the wet seat of her nylon panties showing Janina's bottom-crack compressed to a thin tight line. Gratefully, her boy-cut shortie of fair hair went back, her head lifted, and they saw the rounded fair-skinned face with the Slav blue-green eyes wide. She emitted a long and plaintive "Ah-h-h-h-h-!" Her young body shuddered, then went slack, just as if Janina had swooned under punishment. There was a brief pause as she lowered her head and hid her face again. Then the onlookers heard a single sob.

It was possible that Janina had deceived some of the men as to what she was doing to herself. The women were wiser.

"She ought to have made it last longer," chuckled one of the well-dressed women to her female companion, loudly enough for Janina to hear. "Or else she should have done it quickly a first time when they let her go to the toilet before they brought her out. The second time is always longer and slower, one finds. That way she could have made it last."

"The wardresses in girls' detention blocks know these tricks," said the second woman with a smile, "They either watch girls like Janina in the toilets or refuse permission before such a punishment."

There was a pause. Captain Shavez walked across and consulted the Civil Governor of Port Xantra. There was a nodding of heads and quiet words were spoken between them for several minutes. Several of the guard formed a human shield so that the onlookers could not see what was being done to the girl. When the men stepped back, Janina was no longer wearing her wet nylon panties. Instead, decency was provided by a narrow black strap, an inch wide, which ran from the front of her waist, tightly under her legs, tight and deep between the soft cheeks of her bottom to buckle at the rear of her waist strap.

“She must pay for her misbehaviour,” the Civil Governor said. “Let the thirty minutes start from now. And let it be extended to an hour on my authority.”

He nodded to the groom. Ignoring her wildness, the groom took the tapering leather switch and measured one devastating stroke after another across the rather fatly presented cheeks of Janina’s bare bottom. His skill ensured that even the first few impacts caused havoc beyond belief across the soft cheeks of Janina Cypruk’s backside. There was wild despair in the slant green eyes under the fringe of her crop and the wide-mouthed screams echoing from the walls of the yard.

The full pallor of Janina’s bottom-cheeks writhed and contorted under the impacts of the leather whip, but there was no “second chance” for the nineteen-year-old to “enjoy” herself. Now the writhing and cheek-creasing of Janina’s bottom was unmistakably the desperate arse-dance of a nineteen-year-old girl under the whip.

Lord Quirt noted the strangely ambiguous response of Janina under punishment. Boy-cropped fair hair, soft pale figure, and rounded face with the slant green eyes made her perversely attractive. Now that Janina’s panties had been taken down and her bottom-cheeks were bare for the whipping, most of the onlookers found the sight of such a girl was sexually exciting. They gazed at her bare bottom, the plum-coloured weals of the riding-switch, the blazing crimson of skin-colour

after Janina's whipped bottom had been massaged with salted fat, the frantic writhing and cheek-creasing, as if she was approaching orgasm on her boyfriend's tool.

From the rear, the tensing of her thighs and the compressing or surging of Janina's backside would now have looked much the same under the whip or when mounted on her boyfriend's erection. Of course, the men and women in the crowd who watched in silent excitement as nineteen-year-old Janina was thrashed in Port Xantra's barrack yard would hardly be fortunate enough to compare the cheek-creasing and clenching of the girl's softly-rounded bottom-cheeks with a keyhole-peep at them while she rode on her boyfriend's stiffness.

And, of course, there was an even more important difference between the dramas of pleasure and punishment at Port Xantra. However hard she had tried, the stable groom knew how to make sure that a girl like Janina did not "enjoy" the whip! He knew that each impact of the leather riding-switch would swell agonisingly to a climax. For that reason, he aimed each savage smack of the slim quivering leather across the softly-shaped cheeks of Janina Cyprick's bottom so that it caught her just as the previous stroke reached its maximum intensity. Before Janina with her blue-green Slav eyes, with her soft looks and boy-cut hair, could contain the swelling anguish of the previous smack of the whip, the riding-switch branded her fatly seductive bottom-pallor again. The stable groom's art was in the way that he made each stroke increase the atrocious smart across the soft pale cheeks of Janina's bottom, rather than merely prolong it.

Janina's bare bottom was the target of his whip for the next hour. Would any man or woman in the crowd want to let the girl distract herself from the swelling havoc that the stable groom's whip was going to create in the bare cheeks of Janina's softly-rounded young backside?

"Let the hour begin now," the Civil Governor commanded quietly.

The groom stood, flexing his leather riding-switch, and stud-

ied the girl strapped over the bench: perversely boy-cut fair hair, slant green eyes, demurely rounded face, the full swelling pallor of Janina's bottom-cheeks. There was a hard stiff bulge in the front of his grey uniform trousers. But his mouth was tight, his eyes unsmiling. The girl's boy-short crop of fair hair twisted round, dismay in the slant green eyes. Accidentally or in desperation, a vulgar sound was heard against the strap, drawn tight and deep between her rear cheeks. The groom's eyes quickened in excitement, his tongue ran on his lips. He measured the switch across the lower fatter swell of Janina's bottom-cheeks. Janina had hoped that the torture of the leather switch across her bare bottom might be alleviated by the enjoyment of masturbation.

Lord Quirt smiled. Dramas of this kind, in which the girl somehow tried to defy the power of the chastiser and his lash were always exciting but, in their way, amusing too. In this, it seemed that his lordship was an accurate judge.

Consider this picture of the nineteen-year-old girl's cropped fair hair, tear-flooded green Slav eyes turned beseechingly, soft fair-skinned face . . . the rather fatly rounded pallor of Janina's bottom, already printed with a score of raised plum-coloured imprints of the whip . . . the hammerhead bulge in the groom's trousers. Any doubt as to who was really going to enjoy the next hour?

CHAPTER SIX

After so much care not to miss the supply vessel for Port Xantra, Lord Quirt learnt that it had been delayed by several days, might not call at Xantra after all, and had best be boarded at Cheluna. It was two days after the whipping of Janina and Lord Quirt had already found that Port Xantra was beginning to pall. He sighed and reflected that, admirable as the disciplinary urges of the Chelunese might be, its officials had failed to realise that in matters of public or official transport, time was not on their side. Some senior officers lamented that a country so lackadaisical would never have the organisation to fight a war. Others reassured him that Cheluna would never need to. Next day, a slow but comfortable train brought him to the quayside at Cheluna, to the Parisian arcading of the Gare Maximilien, from which the trains no longer ran to Salona, Cambo Real, and the hinterland and but infrequently to Port Xantra and Villefranche Sauvage.

So, his lordship found himself agreeably at leisure for several days in the capital. As his friend Colonel Alkan observed philosophically, the entire much-beloved city was a splendid gaudy image of the corruption of authority. The heat of late summer was turning it in upon itself, however, and showed its casual charms. Schoolgirls walked home through the sun

of early afternoon, the younger ones in formal green jerseys, pleated grey skirts, and white knee-socks or else in gymslips. The older ones were in casual pants and blouses. They went laughing on their way home past the Almeda gardens, up the hill from the Avenida Huysmans, looking back and smiling at strangers without fear or inhibition. One was peering innocently into each parked car and the other playfully slapping her bottom each time that she stooped to look.

Cheluna on a late summer afternoon was a place of acrid roast-chestnut smoke in the Plaza Edith Cadivec, forming a light mist to subdue the day. Old men and their women sat on benches just within the park gates. Trams drew up at their quay near the square towers and dome of the municipal museum with its internationally renowned collection of whips and rods.

At the upper end of the Avenida Independencia, the Parque Malatesta sloped upwards into blue inland sky. The broad marble-paved paseos lay at its centre with green between them, trees on either hand. Lord Quirt's chauffeur negotiated the rotunda before the park gates, the Piazza Patrizia Luisi, a low afternoon sun across the Chelun River striking the marble paving with the shine of sea. The offices of international commerce occupied the four segments of the circle, the black statue of Edith Cadivec in her nurse's uniform on its column rising at the centre, and the park approach crowded with busloads of country-folk, groups of women, and hawkers with white lace tablecloths or counterpanes.

Parallel with the park ran the Avenida Ford with shuttered apartments looking on to the trees. The buildings seemed silent, expensive, and blank. Beyond, and parallel, lay the bus route of the Avenue des Fessées, a street of quiet apartment blocks, a central reservation planted with trees and with cars parked under them. On either side, the marble mosaic paving underfoot was smooth as the floor of a tidal cave. There were expensive travel agents, cafés, and shop windows showing wine and tins of ornate biscuits. Here Lord Quirt had been

installed by Rio 9 in a large apartment looking across the slope of the park towards the Ritz and the grand hotels on the far side, over the Jardin des Plantes, an indoor tropic of fern and palm, cactus and bush, with raised walks and pools.

As thunder came, the Cheluna afternoons grow humid but cloudy with a gathering wind that veered and slid in a city built on so many hills and levels. Grey rollers broke beyond Castel del Mar and Baclan. Lights were turned on before dinner in the blunt-nosed little trams with their green leather seats and polished pine. As their wheels laboured on the steep Impasse des Fouets, the broken circuit filled the interiors of the little vehicles with an alarming white flash.

With growing impatience, Lord Quirt walked the "grands boulevards," the Avenida Carlos III, under the palms and chestnuts of its wide central reservations, grass and trees with café tables grouped here and there. A young prostitute from one of the pensions in the narrow side streets would strut and pose in pink trousers and shiny black handbag like a badge of office. Her girlfriend sat tight-trousered on one of the benches. Her pimp tried yet again to sell a "gold" ring to his lordship. The late sun lingered on the art nouveau of the Luxor cinema with its dome and coloured glass. Lord Quirt found a public telephone among the trees and pools of the central reservations of the Avenida by the green octagonal kiosks of the tea gardens. He dialled Alkan's number and was assured that matters were in hand. There were several delinquents to be processed and documented. That was all. Lord Quirt stared gloomily at the mosaic pavements that made a curved geometry of black designs, suggesting sea-flowers and the grace of ships.

The truth was that Colonel Alkan had much to do before the departure of the supply ship from Cheluna for Port Xantra and Krater Island: there were tiresome formalities. Colonel Alkan, foregoing his afternoon's leisure at the Café Metropol, made a point of attending the documenting and processing of each young woman and every girl. In each case, of course, the processing of a subject took little more than an hour, some-

times much less. All the same he was anxious not to miss the examination of the pretentious young female rebel who had been seized during the riot in the Plaza Andalusia. On inquiry, he learned that the Security Tribunal had imposed five years' detention, punishment to be given at monthly intervals and also at the discretion of the prison officials.

The hearing before the Security Tribunal was over in ten minutes, fortunately, because it was not necessary for the detainee herself to appear. As the law stood, she would not have been permitted to testify on her own behalf. Evidence was what the tribunal dealt with, not the self-justification of a self-important young woman. The cases of a dozen girls and young women, ranging from eighteen to thirty, had been dealt with in a single afternoon, from the Sallys, Elaines, and Maxines, to the Lesleys, Therasas, and Marinas. A piquant case had involved Rita, a sullen dark-haired young woman of thirty or so and her two black-haired and tawny-skinned daughters, Wendy and Tara, who had been a present from an Asian lover. The President's hand had trembled slightly as he wrote the words "bare bottom" and "whip" next to each of these three names. He had suffered dizziness for an hour or so not long before when inscribing the names of both Elaine Cox and her younger sister Maxine for prison-farm detention. As a rule, the younger culprits were sentenced for insolence to authority or breaking the curfew imposed on all teenagers, the older ones for riot or sedition or some other breach of the penal code as simple as promiscuity.

After sentence, the culprits passed into the custody of those who admired their attractions first and deplored their crimes second. No public notice was given that the girls had been detained, let alone that their destination was Krater Island. Having embarked on a one-way voyage, they would be in no position to tell tales or make complaints. No questions would be asked, because those who might have asked did not even know what the questions should be. Alkan was no longer editor of the *Progreso* but his ownership of Cheluna's remaining

newspaper ensured that no irresponsible information or rumours were published.

In the hours that followed the seizure of Joanne from the mob in the Plaza Andalusia, two pairs of eyes watched the sullen girl most closely. The first were those of Cynthia Smith, a prison commandant who was a tall firmly built mistress of women with broad cheekbones and flaxen hair worn loose to her shoulders with a parted fringe. Cynthia, at thirty-four years old, was equally unmoved by the frenzy or imploring of a mature married woman like Lesley Hollingsworth or Marina Wilson, or of a beginner half their age. Cynthia inflicted degrees of discipline at which a man might hesitate. She knew the secrets of feminine anatomy and female guile, knowing also that both the beginner and the mature young married woman can endure far more than most male tyrants would think prudent to inflict.

The second pair of eyes belonged to an apprentice lad who was a little younger than Joanne. His face was seldom seen—his identity was rarely known. In the Plaza Andalusia he had been anonymous in helmet and vizor. On Krater Island, he was one of the few youths entitled to wear the black mask of his calling. The black singlet and tights showed him for what he was, the hangman's apprentice. The shape of a bulky and easily stiffened young tool with well-hung testes was shaped clearly for the girls to see in his hugging black tights. This lad was known as the hangman's apprentice in the hierarchy of punishment. Despite his title, however, the tasks of the masked hangman and his apprentice were almost wholly carried out with instruments of correction rather than with the noose, as had once been the case throughout the world.

Twenty or thirty girls would start on the detainees' voyage to Krater Island the following day. Alkan checked to see that the processing of Maggie Turnbull, Sarah Baker, Maxine Cox and her sister was complete, as well as that of the jungle-tan nymph Shirley, the eurasian prettiness of Helen Wong, and the oriental vivacity of Barbara Bushell. But he still had a

score to settle with Joanne. The masked apprentice was also present in the processing room of the police barracks, in the shadow of Cheluna's modern concrete bull-ring, but merely as one of the officials who would ensure the girl's obedience to commands if Joanne found that difficult.

The processing room was a large space enclosed by glazed white brick and a bare cement floor. Its high small windows were steel barred, and it was harshly lit by fluorescent strips. At the centre of the cement floor, bolted down, was a heavy trestle. It was waist height, several feet long, and the top bar was leather-padded. Stout black straps had been riveted to it at intervals. There was a small table, on which lay several bamboo canes. The boy also noticed two slim glass rods and a bottle of liquid hand-soap. The rods were twelve inches long and the thickness of a little finger.

Four men and six women were in the room, all uniformed prison officers. Alkan said something to two of the men who then went into the adjoining room. They came back with Joanne between them, holding the girl by either arm. She wore only her black blouse and a pair of matching black stretch-briefs, which she had been wearing when detained.

Joanne stood there, the very picture of a sullen, self-important girl of nineteen, believing in her own rights and entitlements. She would find none here! Cynthia Smith took the elastic waistband of Joanne's panties and the girl tried to pull away with a gasp.

"Stand still!" the woman shouted.

Joanne was shocked into immobility, as if she had been slapped hard across the face. The woman took the waistband of the black panties again and eased them down over the girl's hips to her knees. Jo's sweep of dark brown hair swirled as she bowed her shoulders and tried to clench her thighs. Two officers held her upright and the woman stripped Joanne's underpants down to her ankles. Her legs, hips, and the firm trim cheeks of her nineteen-year-old bottom were bare.

“Stand still!” the woman shouted again, though Jo had not moved.

“Never been taught to obey?” the woman asked. “No?” Abruptly, she slapped Joanne across the mouth, quick and hard.

The long heavy sweep of the girl’s dark hair swept to one side and Joanne’s rather full mouth and bold features certainly gave her a look of sluttishness, however educated and pretentious. The distaste in her brown eyes was ill-concealed.

“Here you do as you are told,” Cynthia said with a quiet smile, “without question and without delay!”

The medical officer was a fifty-year-old army doctor with grey hair cut in a close crop. He stood behind the girl.

“Right over!” he said quietly. The escorts exchanged private smiles at the girl’s expense. Joanne hesitated, hating to open herself to him. But she leant forward with her hands on her knees. His mouth tightened as he slipped his fingers between the rear of her pale trim thighs. Joanne started and gasped as his fingers moved.

“Keep still,” he said quietly. “You’ll get used to being examined in the place you’re going to.”

Joanne bridled her defiance.

“Not married?” the medical officer asked. “Living with a boyfriend?”

There was no answer. The female officer took a tailed spanking-strap and aimed it across the rear of Joanne’s firm, trim thighs. The dark sleek veil of the girl’s hair flew wildly and she gave a yelping cry. Cynthia Smith swung the strap again, hard and skillfully. It exploded across one firm pale cheek of Joanne’s bottom as she was held bending, and its split tails curled agonisingly into the sensitive crevice of her young backside’s central crack. Joanne let out a wild cry, her legs gave way and, had the two prison officers not been holding her on either side, she would have sunk to her knees. But they held her while Cynthia aimed the strap hard across the lower cheek-swell of Joanne’s pale bottom with an impact like

a ringmaster's whip. The walls rang with the girl's shrillness. Then the medical officer's finger traced approvingly the deepening blush of the strap-print swathe across the back of the taut agile thighs, across the cheeks of Joanne's bottom and into her crack.

"Living with a boyfriend?" the medical officer asked again.

"No!" It was half defiant but her voice almost broke in a sob.

"Not a virgin, though?" His fingers slipped between the back of Jo's legs and explored her a little more.

"No!"

"You're nineteen. How long have you had regular sex?"

"I don't know," she gasped as his fingers roused her, "A year or two."

"When did you first play fast and loose with yourself?"

The silken veil of hair slithered forward and her hands covered her face as if she might weep.

"Tell me," he said with a smile at the other officials.

"When?"

"Thirteen!"

"And when was the first time with a girlfriend?"

"A few months ago," she said in little more than a whisper.

"Why?"

"I just wanted to."

"A gesture against the male sex? Or did you really fancy another girl?"

But the young female rebel could not answer.

"We'll cure you of playing with yourself and other girls. Ever heard of the harem remedy of trimming and pruning girls of your sort between their legs?" the medical officer said. "They use that privately at some places on the Spanish Plain. When did you first suck your boyfriend?"

"No!" she gasped. "No!" It was a refusal to answer.

"Very well," the examiner said to the escorts. "Bend her right over."

The two uniformed women bent her until the swirl of her

hair just brushed the cement floor. The medical officer went down on one knee behind her, lovingly handling and parting the trimly rounded fair-skinned cheeks of her bottom. The girl started as his finger touched her there intimately in a blatant caress. Indeed, while the onlookers smiled, he fiddled in Joanne's rear crack for a minute or two.

“When did you first let a boyfriend put it there, Joanne?”

“Never!” It was between a gasp of shock and cry of fear.

The medical officer continued to caress her.

“And when did you last use it otherwise?”

The slant of her long dark hair brushed her shoulder, and she tried to twist her face round to him as if unsure of the question.

“When?” he repeated quietly.

“Last night,” she said, dismayed but helpless under such intimate interrogation.

The medical officer stood up.

“Very well,” he said. “Joanne is fit to undergo prison discipline without restrictions. In the light of her reluctance to give the last answer, however, I recommend she should always be subject to the usual preliminary precautions.”

Joanne began to struggle in fright as the two of the uniformed women marched her towards the trestle. Two male officers were waiting there. They bent her tightly so that she lay along the padded bar. Her wrists were held at the base of the two forward struts and her ankles were held together at a rear crossbar. One of the men then pulled her black blouse-tail above her bare hips and tightened the broad belt round her waist.

She was not a strikingly good-looking girl but Joanne's nineteen-year-old bottom had trim and erotically rounded cheeks. Her arse and legs were those of a rather pale-skinned girl, rather than a creature of the outdoors. With her black jeans and black blouse, she had an air of the sensual and the perverse, though also of the strident and self-seeking.

The medical officer looked up at the others.

“Since she is to be punished, I should like you all to withdraw as usual for a few minutes.”

The others did as he asked. The masked apprentice, however, managed to linger by the closed door unobserved. Past experience enabled him to tell much from the creaking of boards and a gap at the foot of the door. He saw under the gap that the medical officer was not standing but kneeling behind Joanne as she bent over the trestle. There was the soft impact of kisses on bare rounded flesh and the murmur of the man’s voice. The girl’s gasping, the creak of the trestle and the strain of leather straps as Joanne tried to avoid the unavoidable. The boy could only catch a few of the man’s words. More pouting kiss-touches, then his voice speaking very quietly “. . . your bottom, Joanne. . . They’ll have fun with you every time they bend you over at Krater Island. . . I’d really enjoy giving you a bottom-cheek kissing before the whip . . . your insolent young bottom, Jo Phillips . . . your bottom . . . your bottom . . .” He was cheek-kissing her nineteen-year-old backside passionately. Then the board creaked as his knees shifted their position slightly. Soft impacts of his lips on her behind and an angry sob from the girl. “. . . right on the inward cheek-slopes where the cheeks of your young backside curve in together . . . quite still, Jo . . . right in your crack, Joanne . . .” Long soft poutings. “. . . never there, Joanne? . . . Not your boyfriends, Jo? . . . Not the girls you had fun with? . . . Keep your bottom quite still, Joanne! . . . A little more intimate. . . Right on your bottom’s tight little bull’s-eye!” The apprentice heard a series of long soft kisses. “Ah, that made you flinch and tighten, Jo. . . Never kissed there before, Joanne? . . . a minute or two more to tease you with kisses on it! . . . very tight there . . . never let your boyfriends stretch it? . . . never felt love coming in there, Joanne? Scared of the damage it might do you? . . . A kiss on your tight little bull’s-eye again. . . Think it’s too tight for the prison guards to use you that way? . . . They’ll soon alter that for you on Krater Island!”

The medical officer stood up. The boy heard the light clink of a glass rod in a bottle and caught an air of perfumed hand-soap. There was a swish of her long dark hair and a cry that suddenly seemed forced against a strong hand.

“Your bottom quite still, Joanne . . . Don’t tighten . . . right over and relax your young arse. . . Bend tighter and keep it facing me! Behave yourself, Jo! With the glass rod dipped in the liquid soap from the washbasin it should be easy for you. . . Six inches to show the state of your behind.”

There was a wild cry, threshing of silky hair, creak of trestle. Suddenly there was stillness but for gasping and a sob of defeat.

“Ah, that makes you keep your young bottom still, Joanne! Just one little inch of the rod inside it. Now two inches!”

There was a sharp rear-cheek smack, a gasp from the girl, then another smack on Jo Phillips’s bottom-cheek.

“Don’t tighten the cheeks of your backside, Joanne. . . Three inches . . . really feeling it now, Jo? . . . Four inches. . . Did that make you flinch, Jo? . . . The glass too cold for comfort? . . . Five inches.”

Somehow the mouth was freed from the pressure of the hand.

“No! . . . No! . . . Stop! . . . No! . . . Don’t!” Then the outburst was muted again.

“Six inches! Lie quite still, Joanne! Bend tighter! . . . Let’s see if we can make you take more. . . You felt that, I think! And that! . . . Lie there and keep still.”

There was a pause. Then a long lament of defeat and a soapy suction of withdrawal.

“See your smudge on the tip of the glass rod, Joanne? Just an inch of it! You’ll need to do it in a little while—but not desperate yet! We’ll use the second rod just to make sure!”

It was a longer session with the second one.

“Want me to have some real fun with your behind this time, Joanne? . . . make you feel it for the next day or two. . . Bend tighter. . . Tuck your knees forward . . . your bottom in an

upward squat. . . . Six inches. . . . That's good. . . . Daren't wriggle now, Jo? . . . Let's make you take an extra inch this time!"

Joanne gave a sudden puppy yelp of fright and hurt.

"Get properly bottom-upwards, Jo. . . . I'll take you as far as I want to."

Shrieking against a strong hand. Then a slow withdrawal and a laugh.

"That little hole had to tighten itself very quickly to avoid rudeness, didn't it, Joanne. . . . The effect of the soap, I think. . . . See what your young rear did to the second rod, Jo? Having the rod so deep makes you need to? . . . Answer when you're spoken to, Joanne!"

There was a quiet forlorn assent, tearful at last.

A trouser zip purred down. The man's hand moved in a quick pumping rhythm. After a minute or two he gasped.

"Over your bottom, Joanne. . . . Feel it on your bare cheeks in a minute . . . a pair of firm young bottom-cheeks, Jo. . . . Keep quite still for it."

The boy heard a sharp rhythmic pulsing.

"Over the bare cheeks of your bottom, Joanne. . . . Feel it? . . . Like it? . . . Your bottom Jo. . . . The rest between the cheeks. . . . Your bottom-crack, Joanne . . . making it beautifully wet and slippery . . . a squirt on the tight little bull's-eye . . . all over your bottom, Joanne . . . your bottom, Joanne . . . your bottom . . . your bottom . . . your bottom, Joanne . . . your bottom. . . ."

As the pulse of passion faded so did his incantation. Almost at once he became the matter-of-fact medical officer.

"Another look at the tips of the glass rods, Joanne . . . quite urgent soon, I think . . . a leather muzzle to make you behave . . . a little strap to make you obey, Joanne . . . from the front of your waist-belt . . . back under the legs . . . up tight between those rear cheeks . . . and now buckled tight at the back of your waist. . . ."

Presently he opened the door and the other officials returned. Joanne allowed her sleek dark hair to sweep down and

hide her face as Cynthia Smith picked up the glass rods and showed them to the others. There was a muddy smudge on the tip of the first and two inches on the second. The apprentice noticed that Joanne's bottom-cheeks were shining wet and slippery.

Cynthia Smith stood before the girl holding the two soap-wet glass rods.

"Five years and monthly discipline, Joanne? Each time when they bend you over, they'll use one of these as a dipstick. No excuses to delay or interrupt the tanning. No need to pretend your young bottom needs to go somewhere else urgently. This shows the truth. If you really need to, they make you wear a strap like this between your bum-cheeks. And they can thread it with a rubber tool to put your young bottom on its very best behaviour, even for an all-night discipline session."

Joanne shook her hair clear and looked back in dismay. But the woman smiled.

"Unless it's a man who enjoys making you misbehave while he whips your bottom, Joanne. You won't forget your punishments from him!"

All this time, Lord Quirt languished at the lower end of the Avenida Independencia, near the monument to the Leaders of the Revolution, where the grand thoroughfare was the busiest. The air was filled with a roasted smell of Brazilian tobacco and women's perfume. The central reservation was taken up by chairs and tables of the café stalls under the trees. The shops sold their last remaining stocks of English tweed and whisky, marmalade and briar pipes. Beggars cadged sandwiches and glasses of milk at the outside tables of the little bars near the Mercedes showroom and the Hôtel Avenida Palace. But then the message came to the impatient jurist. The supply ship for Krater Island would sail on the following day. Lord Quirt stopped and heaved a sigh of relief after such a delay. But then he realised that he had only been in Cheluna two days. It was his excitement which had made it seem so long.

CHAPTER SEVEN

At the well-guarded wharf beyond the commercial waterfront of Cheluna, behind its steel fence and high gates, a pale grey ferry of the maritime patrol was moored in the hour before dawn, adjacent to the long sheds of the military supply depot. Uniformed sentinels, who would not accompany the few female detainees from the city on their long crossing to Krater Island, guarded the gangway at either end. Those who would guard the delinquent girls were already on board before the detainees were embarked, their identities once again concealed by the regulation balaclavas which showed only the eyes and mouth. Among them was the masked apprentice who had eagerly listened to Joanne's ordeal at the hands of the randy middle-aged medical officer.

The truly amusing paradox was that all the girls had written the most pleading letters to the Security Tribunal asking to be transferred to Krater Island. These documents were entirely genuine and at the disposal of those one or two powers who still maintained consulates in Cheluna. If such conduct by young female rebels appeared curious, it was so only to those who had not heard Colonel Alkan's quiet explanation to each girl that to remain on the mainland of Cheluna was to await an additional charge of revolutionary conspiracy to undermine

public safety, the punishment of which was both the whip and the noose, the two remedies implemented by a happy and imaginative hangman. Only by placing themselves under an extra-territorial jurisdiction could this additional charge be avoided for certain. An insolent shopgirl with no interest in public affairs was dealt with by this method as surely as a young troublemaker in a political demonstration.

For half an hour before the supply ship sailed, the detainees were locked in a salon on the lower deck. Then the vessel slipped her moorings and the beat of the engines assured them that they had cast off. The ferry glided down the estuary of the Chelun River towards the open sea. At last it had cleared the headland and was steaming off the littoral, the sandy beach with its shabby hotels clearly visible. The drab cream front of the governor's mansion and the few gaudy villas on the cliffs with their trees and shrubberies were tinted pink by the rising sun. The after deck with a tarpaulin stretched above was the only area allowed for the girls' exercise, and it was well-supervised. The morning was already warm and there was a dramatic view of the coast with the sharp ridges standing in silhouette against the flush of the sky.

In a misty light of early summer morning, the engines beat across the slack calm. The jetties jutted out below wooded cliffs. The screws throbbed slowly as the ferry cleared the muddy shoreline and rode the stronger tide of the open sea. Two sailors, locking the winch, exchanged a few words of demotic. Twin screws were cutting cleanly through calm water a mile or two off the port. The bow-wave shone like white fire.

As the sun passed its zenith and the grey horizon-image of the first islands of the archipelago appeared, the sea turned from its harsh morning-blue to a deeper bottle-green. The wash of the steamer churned away in a sparkling and wind-blown foam. The wing-rattle and cackle of gulls kept the ship company, riding almost motionlessly beside the ship's rail or in the warmth above the shimmering heat of the funnel.

The vessel came under the control of the prisons department, whose head was the president of the Security Tribunal. The president was of the law—and above it. From his vantage point in the governing council, he might overrule the criminal and civil courts, even the courts of appeal. He was among the ten most powerful men of his nation. A political leader—even a monarch—might more easily be removed.

That evening, Colonel Alkan held a dinner party in the governor's salon of the *Camba* for the guests of Rio 9. Four of the girls destined for Krater Island were made to serve as waitresses. Two were African-tan beauties and two represented the Orient. To curb any disobedience, each girl wore a leather collar and leather cuffs on her wrists. Each wrist cuff was attached to the collar by a short chain, so that she could serve but could not reach down below her waist or behind her.

The first pair of girls were evidence of Cheluna's connections with the Orient. Helen Wong and Barbara Bushell were a contrast in themselves. Helen Wong, a delectable Eurasian, had a true half-caste prettiness. Her black hair was worn in a stylish shock of slight curls, framing her face and trimmed short above her shoulders. She had the look of a beautician's model. Her high-boned cheeks showed a trace of rouge. Above the slant of her dark eyes, the arch of her brows had been darkened a little by a touch of the cosmetic brush. Helen had a graceful young figure. At twenty, her smooth limbs showed the light saffron tan of her mixed race.

Barbara Bushell had been a child of the Orient and a girl of the urban streets of Europe or America. She had a devilish prettiness with her smooth Asian tan. A sweep of black hair framed her mischievous face, lying down her back from its central parting. The slant of her tight-lidded almond eyes, the high cheekbones, the prettily snub nose, the neat chin, were animated by a love of sexual mischief. The twenty-three-year-old servant-girl had been made to take off her tight but well-worn jeans and was now bare-legged with a pair of cheap white cotton panties. She showed an insolent vulgarity which

Lord Quirt longed to tame and subdue. The plain white briefs of stretch cotton shaped fatter young Chinese-tan bottom-cheeks than the demure backside of Helen Wong.

Helen wore the skimpiest and sexiest little beach-outfit as her waitress costume. The white bikini-panties were cut brief at front and rear. The light tan of her lithe young hips was broken only by a string waistband connecting the crotch and seat of her panties. She had pretty breasts and their scant covering left little to the imagination. The seat of her white bikini-panties showed the delicate ivory-tan smoothness of Helen Wong's bottom-cheeks in their trim oval beauty. The waist of the Eurasian girl's panties came halfway down her hips. At the base of her finely mapped vertebrae, the first swell of her rear cheeks and the shallow beginning of Helen's rear cleavage were left bare. The seat of her panties was little more than a minimal downward triangle of white cloth. Between her pretty bum-cheeks, the strip that ran under her legs was a one-inch wide tape where it was pulled tight over Helen Wong's arse-hole.

The other two girls with their dark gloss of African tan were Shirley and Monnelia. Shirley, the prettily sly but lascivious shopgirl, was wearing the bikini she had used as a waitress at the Café Metropol. The dusky prettiness of Shirley at eighteen years old sealed her fate and her destination as Krater Island. Her black hair was still worn in its silky sweep down either side of her face and over her collarbone. It still partly veiled the African-dark features that were sly and demure. Her dark hair sweeping across her face still gave her the look of a devious and randy little minx, well deserving a taste of the lash across her trim dusky bottom-cheeks,

Shirley's figure, graceful and petite, showed a warm native tan. They had made her dress in black bikini panties and bra with a pair of high heels. Shirley's panties were cut high and tight at the rear, laying bare most of her oval jungle-tan bottom-cheeks. The swarthy gloss of her lithe young hips was broken only by a string waistband connecting the crotch and

seat of her panties. The seat of her bikini-panties showed the delicate dark olive-tan smoothness of Shirley's bottom-cheeks.

The other African-tan slave was Monnelia, at twenty years old an exquisitely formed jungle maiden of natural poise and beauty with a graceful but athletic figure. She had the beauty of a heathen warrior-princess in the deep bronze smoothness of her body. The long lines of her strong dark-skinned thighs and legs had a satiny gloss, the thighs shapely and hips rounded. Her bare shoulders were sleek and her breasts carried high. Her eyes were wide and soft, her nose and chin perfectly formed in their jungle beauty. Her short dark hair was upward-brushed, ribboned at her nape to leave her neck and shoulders bare.

With her wrists strapped in front of her, she was also employed as a waitress, bending through the hatch to await trays to carry. Her uniform was a white bra, white high heels, and a pair of glossy and tight fitting white nylon panties. Her panties were also of the kind cut high and tight at the seat, so that the proud dusky velveteen of Monnelia's bottom-cheeks was partly bare.

The four girls were made to wear their seductive costumes while their wrists were strapped to the ornamental slave-chains, making it impossible for them to resist. They were commanded to wait on men who were strangers to them but who would soon use the whip on the girls' bare thighs and backsides, as well as forcing conquest between each pair of thighs and bottom-cheeks. Lord Quirt saw the trim but saucy ivory-tan cheeks of Helen Wong's bottom tighten together as if with apprehension when Alkan summoned her. She wore little covering; her panties were no more than a triangle just big enough to cover her pussy bush and a narrow strip of cloth to cover her anus. She must now have felt really scared and appallingly vulnerable in her near-nudity, helpless in the hands of men who made no secret of their sadistic passion for her.

Her dark hair, brushed into its lightly curled and perfumed shock, just touched her shoulders as she turned her head. Her

face, with high-boned cheeks and demure little chin, was animated by a gentle slant of her dark eyes and high brows arching over them. The light yellow beauty of Helen Wong's figure was slim and lithe. Her youth was seen in her pert little breasts, the pattern of her ribs under silky tan skin, her small waist and flat belly. Her legs were graceful and slender. The taut rounds of Helen's backside were neat and smooth.

Barbara Bushell was far more of a randy young piece and almost seemed to expect a smack on the fuller-cheeked and copper-tan swell of her oriental bottom when she bent over the table to set down glasses or collect dishes. But when Helen Wong had to bend, her unease showed in the way she tensed her rear cheeks together. Though the skimpy bikini-seat concealed her crack, Lord Quirt was sure that Helen Wong's anus also tightened instinctively as she bent like this before the unsmiling and tight-lipped men who watched her. But with such a pretty half-caste girl, such tightening and tensing was a sure way to seduce a man into doing the very thing she dreaded!

Alkan and his guests soon began to amuse themselves with their waitresses. Shirley was summoned and made to bend over the table. One of the other guests produced a black-haired ponytail, which was attached to the girl by a waist-belt and a chastity-strap running down from the waist, under the legs and up between the cheeks of her backside. In this case, the tail was anchored by a rubber butt, the size of a large thumb. Though it was vaselined, Shirley let out a wild gasp. One man warned her not to tighten her arse and there was the sharp impact of a bamboo cane across her bottom... *whip!*... *whip!*... *whip!*... *whip!*... *whip!*... "Ready to wear your ponytail now, Shirley Wood?" The dusky beauty let out piercing wildness but the rubber thumb entered, stretching and filling her while it was strapped into place. There were no more sly smiles from the young ebony-skinned beauty. The sweep of black hair now hid Shirley's tears on behalf of her pretty negress-skinned bottom.

At the rear, the braided tail rose tightly from the top of her rear crack, plumed out from under the back of her waist-belt, and allowed the black tail to brush sexily across the native-tan cheeks of Shirley Wood's bare bottom as she walked in her black high-heeled shoes. As it brushed side to side, it allowed glimpses of six finely-printed weals of the bamboo cane across the trim dusky ovals of Shirley's bottom-cheeks and two across the rear of her slim graceful thighs. From the rear, eighteen-year-old Shirley Wood was like a pretty African filly who had just undergone stable training from a sadistic groom!

Lord Quirt's attention was taken by a little comedy involving the dignified African beauty of Monnelia. From where he sat, he caught a view of the serving-hatch beyond a curtain, whenever the breeze from the ventilation system blew it aside. There was a boy several years younger than Monnelia who supervised the girls as they collected the wines and dishes, then returned the empty plates and glasses.

Each time a girl came or went, she had to bend tightly right through the hatchway to reach for plates or glasses which the kitchen-porter gave her. All evening, the boy stared at the sight of Shirley's oval dusky-tan bottom-cheeks round and parting a little with their saucy ponytail as she bent through the hatch. Then it was Helen Wong bending, forgetting the wrist straps and connecting chain as she went to put a hand behind her instinctively to shield her ivory-tan bottom-cheeks as she bent. Unable to defend herself as she reached through for the tray, which the kitchen-porter slyly made her wait for, Helen Wong with her bare narrow waist and slim hips, the seat of her bikini panties drawn into her crack to leave her saffron-tan bottom-cheeks bare, was irresistible to the boy.

Lord Quirt could not see all that happened. He saw the boy's hand slip between the rear of Helen's graceful Eurasian thighs and make finger-love to her pussy through the tight nylon of her panties for the sixty seconds she was kept bending by the kitchen-porter. Next time the boy was bolder. His finger found its way under the twisted panties in her crack, fingertip

teasing Helen's rear tightness. Next time it was pussy fondling through the tight nylon. Then Helen Wong's arsehole again, making the girl press one knee into the back of the other as if to contain herself. Next time it was the pretty Eurasian's arsehole again. And the next time as well. Then, as she bent there with the panty-seat drawn into her crack, the boy spat on his right hand, aimed, and landed *smack! . . . smack! . . . smack! . . .* a dozen times, spanking the same cheek of Helen's bottom hard and passionately. She came back into the saloon with the tray, the slant of her dark eyes sparkling with tears and her styled tumble of curls a little disarrayed. Where the right-hand cheek of Helen Wong's backside was not covered by her bikini panties, the oval Chinese-tan swell was shining wet and blushing quite deeply.

Barbara's mischievous oriental looks, framed by her long black hair, suggested a girl who was quite a contrast to Helen! When the boy insinuated his finger between her rear cheeks, she bent tighter, opening herself to his caressing of her arse and its tight little bull's-eye. Even when he smacked the copper-tan swell of her bottom-cheek left bare by her panties, the girl turned her backside more fully and fatly towards him. She had a natural randiness and was amused, excited, and intrigued by the things that men wanted to do to her—even when she refused to have them done. She would certainly have assisted a man who wanted to do them to another girl, especially a fair-skinned object of chastisement like Janina or Joanne. But the sight of a whip that might be intended for the bare cheeks of her own coppery Asian-tan bottom brought a suddenly subdued and frightened look to replace the impish mockery in her oriental prettiness!

Lord Quirt was amused to hear that Barbara Bushell had been chosen as his cabin-girl. He promised himself that there would be less mockery and mischief in her attitude by the time he had finished with her.

Monnelia's case was quite different again. Several times she had to go down the passageway to collect glasses from the far

end. Lord Quirt saw that the boy unbuttoned himself and played energetically on his love-flute as he walked behind her. As the meal ended and the girl was less busy, the boy was far more lucky. Monnelia had brought back some plates and was bending through the hatch with no one else in sight. The kitchen porter, perhaps guessing the state of the boy's erection, took pity on him. The porter held the ebony-skinned beauty down by her shoulders with the hatch lowered on her waist. He grinned at the young negress's face, the warrior-girl style of her upward-brushed black hair and the ribboned coiffure at her nape. Her face showed the calm self-possessed beauty of a tribal princess with the steady intensity of her dark eyes. No doubt he grinned at her and told her to try and enjoy what was going to happen now. The porter easily held her like this for five or ten minutes, despite her attempts to struggle free.

From the rear, the curve of her hips and the swell of Monnelia's African-tan bottom-cheeks caused the thin white nylon gloss of her panty-seat to be drawn towards her shadowy bottom-crack, laying her sleek coffee-dark arse-cheeks mostly bare! The boy hastily unbuttoned and gazed at the full double-cheek swell of Monnelia's ebony-satin bottom. He began to manualise while gazing intently and passionately at the view the twenty-year-old beauty presented. Seen from the waist down, the long elegance of dusky legs, the strong young hips and the proud African-tan ovals of her bottom-cheeks were covered only by the gloss of tight-fitting white nylon panties. He gazed passionately at the rear view of Monnelia in the stretched white sheen of her glamour-girl panties, smooth and tight over the swelling tribal-maiden ovals of her bottom-cheeks. Manualising harder for a moment, he then pulled Monnelia's panties down to her knees, though the girl instinctively tensed her negress-skin buttocks together. He drew the rear of her singlet high to show the proudly swelling and broadened cheeks of Monnelia's dark olive-tan bottom.

Presently Lord Quirt heard the boy gasp as his passion jetted abundantly in youthful sperm that strung across Monnelia's

ebony-sleek bottom-skin and trickled in splashes The boy also aimed several pulses deliberately between Monnelia's proud blackamoor-girl bottom-cheeks. Even the sheen of white panty-nylon, when the boy pulled it up into place across the young negress's backside, was soaked. For the rest of the evening, Monnelia waited on her master with the glossy nylon of her white panties wet-tight across the proud young cheeks of her native-tan bottom! The feel of it—and the knowledge that the tightness and wetness of her white nylon panty-seat across her native-tan bottom-cheeks were displayed to her chastisers—made the shapely tribal maiden keep her eyes lowered and her face demurely bowed, as was fitting in her waitress duties.

There was no doubt that the four waitresses would get what they deserved even before the *Camba* reached Krater Island. One of the holds had been converted so that a girl who was due to receive an official punishment would undergo it on the ship. It was for this reason that Colonel Alkan rose and addressed his guests.

“Gentlemen, it is now almost ten o'clock but the most important part of your first evening's instruction is yet to come. Among the delinquents are two whose discipline must be inflicted tonight. The elder, Maggie, is twenty-two years old and has been sent to Krater Island for persistent insolence towards those in authority. She is a girl of the common sort with a vulgar appeal for some men and a history of back-street penis-romances.

“The second girl, Sarah, is nineteen. As you will see, she shows her rebellion by a rather punk-cut style of hair and a sluttish manner. Unlike Maggie Turnbull, who dresses in nothing better than jeans and singlet, she favours the boots and earrings, the short skirts and black tights of a young tart soliciting men's favours. That alone, in this province, is a whipping offence!

“While at Port Xantra, it was agreed by the authorities that both girls should have a taste of the whip before arriving at Krater Island to begin their sentences. As yet, no specific pun-

ishment has been imposed for tonight. We have with us, however, an eminent jurist and experienced disciplinarian in the person of Lord Quirt. He has kindly agreed to examine the two girls in the next hour and rule on the punishment to be inflicted. If you would care to rendezvous at the centre hold of the vessel at eleven o'clock, you will be able to watch the punishments inflicted. Meantime, while you finish your coffee and liqueurs, I will pass round some photographs of the subjects."

Lord Quirt noticed that these were copies of the photographs which he had received and brooded over on the *Alcazar*. The guests studied them, especially those of Maggie Turnbull's arse, jeans skin-tight as she lowered her head to the floor to look under a cupboard. Murmurs of "... young slut ... needs the whip ... insolent young tart ... bare bottom ... severest discipline ..." rose from the judges who studied Maggie and Sarah in those pictures.

The men withdrew, but the little drama of the serving-hatch was not quite over. The boy had been so excited by Monnelia's swarthy young arse that he was ready again. The grinning kitchen-porter lowered the hatch and caught the girl again. The boy drew Monnelia's panties down. Then there were footsteps as the overseer approached and the boy drew back. The overseer was confronted by this view of Monnelia's strong but graceful figure. The proud African-dark tan of Monnelia's bare backside was swelling and broadened. The young negress lay with rear cheeks pulled harder apart by this posture, an occasional glimpse of Monnelia's arsehole as she tried to squirm! Disciplinarian though he was, the overseer had to unbutton himself for comfort before he dealt with the proudly curved bottom-cheeks of this black beauty.

To the overseer she gave a perfect excuse, having committed the offence of offering herself like a young whore with her panties pulled down. He laid down his leather switch and took from his pocket a leather pinion strap with which he secured the satiny coffee-black of Monnelia's long graceful

legs tightly together at mid-thigh. Then he picked up the tapering leather switch again. Monnelia's strong swarthy young thighs strained with frantic energy against the harness-strap, its black leather shiny-tight. The overseer studied the pinioned frenzy of Monnelia's thighs, the wild clenching of her native-tan bottom-cheeks.

With his erection hard and his mouth tight, he touched the cold leather switch across the satiny dark skin of Monnelia's bottom-cheeks. He gave thirty strokes of the whip across the proud African gloss of Monnelia's graceful but agile bottom. Writhing slowly in her straps, cheek-creasing and clenching, Monnelia's dusky bottom did a lascivious jungle arse-dance, while the whip branded her young backside over and over. Even a modern girl of her kind, when she shows her dark-skinned bottom's nude beauty to her superiors, is apt to make most men think of plantation whippings. Monnelia's swelling ebony-tan bottom-cheeks, well-marked by the whip, clenched squirming under the naked agony of the leather switch, her knees jammed together, toes curled.

The overseer paused for a moment, while his finger traced the whip pattern on the tribal-maiden cheeks of Monnelia's backside. Her blackamoor-girl bottom-cheeks were finely seamed and braided by the leather switch. The sight of these weals, far from appeasing him, put more cruel ideas into the overseer's mind. As he measured the leather switch across her bare backside again, there was desperate tension in Monnelia's swarthy young thighs and bottom-cheeks. Every muscle in her legs and hips went frantically tense. He made her wait for it, touching the whip lightly across her negress-skinned bum-cheeks until Monnelia's bottom was itching with fearful anticipation.

The proud black-satin elegance of Monnelia's twenty-year-old bottom-cheeks sealed her fate. It was not surprising that the overseer soon made the dusky Venus scream. The kitchen porter saw her velvety eyes starting in frenzy, her mouth straining wide, and breathed the breath of Monnelia's screams

as if it were the most exotic perfume. Once he saw her eyes flutter closed and her ribboned black tresses droop. The overseer saw a bending at her knees and a slackening of sleek mocha bottom-cheeks. He knew a remedy, which required only a few moments of fondling between the rear of Monnelia's thighs, so that the kitchen porter saw her dark velvety eyes open with a start, as though she had been stung by a hornet. The overseer gave her a moment more of caresses, then almost lovingly measured his switch again, carefully choosing two whip-prints that must have throbbled untouchably, low across Monnelia's bottom and aiming across them.

Before he left her, the overseer followed the boy's example, leaving the dark olive tan of the inward cheek-slopes of Monnelia's backside shining with his passion, the proud swell of dusky bottom-cheeks blobbed and trickling. As for the kitchen-porter, he positively refused to lift the hatch until Monnelia had rounded her lips on his erection and sucked with all her skill, swallowing a tribute more copious than any the elderly porter had pumped up for a long time. When she demurred at first, he smilingly reminded her that if she was seen again from the rear by Colonel Alkan or his officers, still bending in this blatantly provocative invitation, her African-tan bottom-cheeks would be whipped with eager sadism, all over again. The helpless beauty then obeyed him. But still the hatch was not raised until Monnelia had also tasted the passion of two kitchen-boys.

If ever Monnelia thought too much of herself, the proof she had received that evening of how men regarded her would surely have humbled the young black-skinned Venus. But while these events were passing at the hatchway, Lord Quirt had gone down to the main hold of the *Camba* to pass judgment on the two fair-skinned delinquents.

CHAPTER EIGHT

It was a strange feeling to stand alone in the centre hold of the ship. The floor had been boarded over to make it easier to keep one's balance in a rough sea, but tonight the sea was so calm that there was no evidence of the voyage except for the distant hum of generators. The sides of the vessel at this depth were steel-ribbed and pale grey. The space which rose twenty feet to the level of the main deck was almost empty. Dividing it midway, perhaps so that it might be used as two holds for incompatible cargoes, was a steel partition about three feet in height. At the midpoint, the top of this partition was covered with padded leather.

On either side of the partition was a small raised platform eighteen inches high, as though intended for kneeling on and then lying over the padded leather of the partition. In that case, the upper half of the body would be on the further side of the partition and the lower half on the nearer side. The glare of white light also showed that two sets of steel rings had been set together on this side and two more on the other. It suggested ankles strapped together on this side, wrists held to separate corners on the other. Six feet beyond the partition was a long mirror so that whoever was kneeling would look into it and would also see any other person kneeling over the

padded leather. There was room for two, possibly three, culprits kneeling together. Lord Quirt smiled and thought that Europe had not seen such conscientiously constructed devices for many years past. The art of chastisement and the skill of the whip was unique in this respect to Cheluna.

Lord Quirt pressed a bell and was answered by four escorts with the two subjects for that evening. Of the two girls whom he was to examine, Maggie was brought in first and ordered to unzip and take off the worn blue jeans in which she worked. The two officers then made her step up onto the low platform and kneel down on all fours, lying forward over the padded leather of the partition, so that she showed her face to the mirror on the far side and her backside to Lord Quirt. The officers efficiently strapped her wrists to the separate rings on the far side, her arms at full stretch. One of them also drew her singlet-hem up and fastened her waist down by a broad belt that ran through rings in the padded leather.

Sarah Baker was then brought in, looking vulgarly sexy in her knee-boots and black panty-tights, the short and tight black skirt which left most of her firm young thighs bare, and her white blouse. As usual her eyelashes were mascara'd. The back and sides of her dark hair were still cut very short, punk-style in a boy-shortie with the fringe brushed across on one side.

"Take your boots off first, Sarah," said the senior of the two officers. The sullen narrow-eyed nineteen-year-old stooped and tugged them off awkwardly.

"Now undo your skirt, take it off, and give it to me," the man said.

Looking at the men with a disgust that scarcely concealed her fright, Sarah undid her short black skirt, dropped it, stepped out of it, and handed it to him.

"Good," the man said. "Now go and kneel next to Maggie. In the same position."

The girl hesitated for long enough to make the two men

take her by the arms. They led her up the two steps of the little platform and made her kneel.

“Just here, Sarah,” the senior officer said firmly. “On all fours over the padded surface. Line your feet up with the rings behind you. Your young belly over the leather just here, between the two rings of the waist-strap.”

To prevent resistance, an officer tightened the waist-strap at once, pinning the young tart down by it. Then they drew her arms out and buckled her wrists to the separate rings on the far side. The two girls were firmly secured, though their legs and feet were left free for the moment. The two officers withdrew, leaving Lord Quirt alone to make an intimate examination of Maggie, as an insolent blonde working-girl at twenty-two, and Sarah, a vulgarly sexy young punk at nineteen.

Lord Quirt was able to inspect them at kissing distance by sitting on the edge of the platform. They were not yet bare below the waist and he began with Maggie. In the mirror on the far side of the partition, he was able to study the bold insolence of her face, the fair-skinned oval with the defiant blue eyes and the lank tawny blonde hair which lay on her shoulders, worn with a little-girl fringe parted on her forehead. He stroked the body-warm cotton of her white stretch-briefs worn tight over the robust young cheek-swell of Maggie’s bottom.

“I’ll have a look at your panties first, Maggie. They tell a lot about a girl’s character. Keep your backside still, you young scrubber! Your back straight and your bottom facing me! Bend tighter and swell your bottom out properly, Maggie! Let’s see those panties pulled hard between your legs and stretched tight across your strapping young backside.”

At his leisure he examined the young blonde’s underpants. Many of those who noticed her at her work would have seen the shape of Maggie’s panties through her jeans. The rather vulgarly broadened cheek-swell of the young blonde’s backside and the state of the panties she wore betrayed her as a

common shopgirl, a partner in back-street romances since the age of eighteen, a certain firming and fattening of her young bottom and hips perhaps explained by having had a baby at some point.

The lank blonde hair swept her shoulders as she tried to twist the hard featured impudence of her face to see what he was doing. Maggie Turnbull's panties were a pair of department store briefs in white stretch cotton. The heat and humidity had caused the tight elastic hem of her underwear to ride up on one side, laying bare the soft pallor low on that cheek of her bottom.

“When did you last change your underwear, Maggie?”

There was a silence, as if she had stopped breathing at the shock of the question. Lord Quirt drew the elastic hem a little higher on one cheek. He kissed the pale-skinned bottom of the sturdy working-girl blonde.

“Your bare bottom's going to be whipped in an hour, Maggie. I'm here to judge sentence. Want me to double the number of strokes?”

The broadened cheeks of Maggie's bottom tensed with alarm. There was a pause and then she said grudgingly, “Three days ago . . .”

“Let's have a good look at them, Maggie.”

He stroked the half-bare cheek of her bottom as if to calm her and inspected the seat of the stretch briefs. The young blonde had worn them hard and they were a little frayed. Had she known what her fate would be she would have put on a clean pair of panties. But one pleasure of such arrests and bare-bottomed discipline was that a girl like Maggie must present herself to the man who punished her with no chance to make her backside respectable.

Lord Quirt studied the seat of the elasticized briefs stretched hard across Maggie's bottom. There was an interesting smudge on the seat. He slipped his fingers between the rear of Mag's stocky pale thighs and began to fondle her. She gasped and struggled. Lord Quirt smiled as the girl found she was held

too firmly to prevent what he was doing. He fondled Maggie until, despite herself, she began to moisten the cotton web between her thighs. Then he stopped and drew down the elasticized briefs to her knees.

All this time, Sarah Baker had been twisting her dark punk-cut to try and see what was happening to Maggie. Now Lord Quirt turned his attention to the panty-tights, in glossy black nylon, which shaped a trimmer but sexily widened pair of hips. The pale cheeks of Sarah Baker's bottom at nineteen were nicely filled out when she knelt on all fours like this. Lord Quirt once again slipped his finger between the rear of her thighs and manualised Sarah while she gasped and struggled, until the nylon of the tights between her legs was wet with the girl's excitement. Lord Quirt paused.

"You'll both be kneeling over with your bottoms bare for the next few hours—until they finish with you. Better get used to the idea."

He was amused to see that the cheeks of Maggie Turnbull's backside compressed as if in alarm. He was sure he knew the reason why, because Maggie had been given no warning until she was escorted here. He smiled to himself and guessed that she had intended to take her panties down before long in the washroom for a quite different purpose! He took the waistband of the young working-girl blonde's underwear and pulled them down. His fingers freed them where they caught in her rear crack and between her legs. The young blonde tried to squirm and tighten but before long her pants hung inverted just above her knees. They were asking to be collected as a souvenir! Lord Quirt drew off Maggie's panties over her feet and tucked them in his pocket as a souvenir of her sturdy young arse and thighs. She now wore only her dark blue sweater. Lord Quirt drew the hem of the sweater well up above her hips, so that the broadened cheek-pallor of the young blonde's twenty-two-year-old bottom was properly bare.

Sarah knelt tense over the padded leather, looking round with the sullen line of her mouth and her narrowed eyes, the

short punk-cut of dark hair with a sweep across her forehead softening her vulgar appeal. Like Maggie, Sarah had no doubt intended taking her tights down soon, never imagining that her firm pale bottom would have been presented for discipline over the padded leather rather than bare on the porcelain seat-rim!

Lord Quirt's erection was so uncomfortable in his pants that he pulled the zip down and released it. Sarah knelt over the partition with her head on one side, trying to look round towards him. The café blouse ended at the back of her waist, laying bare the tense, pale cheek-swell of Sarah's nineteen-year-old bottom in the smoky gloss of her tights.

Her arrogance and insolence was proof that Sarah had long ago passed the age of innocence. The young bitch knew from the start that Lord Quirt's pretence of examination was complete hypocrisy and that he was enjoying himself with her. As he studied the rear view she offered him, her translucent black tights not only presented the lithe firmness of young womanhood in her behind but also allowed him to see the slight bulge of pubic flesh in the tight nylon between her thighs.

He took the waistband of her tights. She clenched her firm buttocks, pressed her thighs and jammed her bare knees together in resistance. Despite this, she could not prevent what he was doing as he stripped down the body-warm nylon to tangle round her knees, giving her an exciting look of slut-tishness. The firm prettiness of Sarah Baker's bottom-cheeks called for examination at once.

"I'll want a good look at your young backside, Sarah," he said quietly, his pulse still racing.

He fondled the firm swell of her pale rear cheeks, stroking them, shaping them in his hands. His manhood poked its smooth swollen head out until the fever-hot cherry-top touched hard against the cool smoothness at the rear of Sarah's long firm thigh. She shifted her leg but the knob soon touched it again. She twisted further, shaking the slant fringe of her dark

punk-crop clear, trying to see what it was that was touching her bare thigh!

“Bend over properly, Sarah,” he chided her gently. “Getting used to my fingers between your bottom-cheeks, Sarah? Don’t tense the cheeks of your backside. Scared of what I might make you do?”

He saw Maggie beginning to shift and fret. While the young blonde lay forward over the desk, he heard the length of lank hair stir on the back of her sweater and saw the pale oval of her face turned while her blue eyes tried to watch him secretly. Kneeling for so long caused certain discomforts. She had to shift her knees, which caused a slight tensing of her thighs and a full-cheeked squirming of her rather fatly-presented bare bottom. Sometimes she caught her breath, as if the waiting made it hard for her to contain herself. Her rather stocky thighs tensed together. Sometimes the broadened swell of her bare buttocks contracted urgently until Maggie’s bottom-crack was compressed to a thin tight line. He reprimanded her from time to time.

“Keep your bottom still, Maggie! . . . Quite still! . . . Kneel right over the padded leather . . . Your bottom quite still, Maggie! . . . Your knees a little apart, if you please . . . Tuck your knees forward a little and stick your backside right out, Maggie! . . . Kneel tighter, Maggie! . . . Head down to the floor on the far side. Keep your legs still! . . . Don’t tense the cheeks of your bottom together, Maggie. . . . Kneel with your shoulders right down and forehead touching the floor, so that your rear cheeks pull apart for me to examine you. . . . Show me a fuller view of your bottom, Maggie Turnbull . . . tighter. . . . Open yourself Maggie . . . better than that. . . . Your complete rear view, Maggie. . . . A full view of your fat young bottom, Maggie Turnbull. . . . No need to tense that tight little bull’s-eye. . . . Get those fat young bottom-cheeks wider apart. . . . Properly! . . . That’s better! . . . Lie bottom-up over the leather padding like that and let me give you a really good inspection!

You're quite a fat-bottomed young scrubber when you're lying like that, aren't you, Maggie?"

Her full-bottomed view at twenty-two was lewdly seductive. The elastic hem of the stocky young blonde's underpants, the white stretch-briefs of her working-girl panties, had left an arching flesh-print from the rear opening of her thighs over each pale broadened cheek of her backside. While she gasped and the shoulder-length of lank blonde hair swept the back of her sweater, he kissed each cool cheek-swell of Maggie's twenty-two-year-old backside. He kissed his way from the rear opening of her thighs, lips just touching warm intimate flesh at which she gasped and shuddered. He kissed his way over the elastic print on each fattened cheek-swell. He parted her sturdy rear cheeks and moved from their cool outward swell to the humid warmth of the inward arse-slopes, feeling her tense urgently under his kisses there. Without compunction, he moulded a kiss to Maggie Turnbull's arsehole. The insolent young blonde cried out, not in revulsion but in fright. She knew that a man who would do this to her anus would not hesitate to do anything else in passion or punishment.

He ordered her to lie still over the partition. He kissed Maggie's behind intimately again, while she gasped a helpless rejection of his tribute to her broadened young arse. He kissed each pale-skinned cheek of her broadened and fattened bottom. He returned to her tight-petalled anus and for three or four minutes pouted repeated kisses to it while she panted her vain refusal. He gave her tight flesh-petals a long tickle with his index finger. This curiously seemed to calm her and he turned to the sullen punk-cropped insolence of Sarah Baker.

He kept the two girls like this for the next half hour, while he sat with a bare bottom facing him on either side. He sat with Maggie Turnbull's bare-cheeked rear view on his left in front of him and Sarah Baker's pale fattened rear cheeks on his right.

Maggie was held with head down and hips high, in a posture which offered a glimpse of fair-haired folds of intimate fem-

inine flesh between the rear of her strong young thighs. Her upper half drawn tightly forward, her pale-fleshed buttocks were broadened and drawn apart a little. It seemed understandable that a man would make the young blonde show her full rear view so that, as he determined her fate, he was able to inspect her between the pale and broadened cheeks of her behind. The pallor of the cheeks swelled full. Yet where they curved in together, the skin tone was a little shadowed. His eyes wandered over the pallid weight of her bare thighs. Over and over, his hands shaped the swelling pallor of Maggie's bottom-cheeks. He could feel her tensing them under his caress, the sullen young blonde tightening herself and gasping a request to be allowed to make an urgent visit. Lord Quirt smiled and refused Maggie's request with a peremptory smack on her sturdy young bottom.

“You're not a little girl, Maggie! Eight years since you were in the fourth form? I'm sure your teacher would like to be standing here with a cane now!”

After ten more minutes of fondling, there was a whisper of Maggie's blonde hair in its fringed little-girl cut on the back of her sweater again, as she turned the rather hard-featured oval of her face. With a gasp, Maggie pleaded again for leave to go down the corridor. This was refused with another smile. His finger roamed up and down her rear crack but returned to fiddle peremptorily with Maggie Turnbull's anus. Stroking, fingertip tickling, sly probing. Excitement on his side. Maggie pleaded almost tearfully with him. Her hardened working-girl insolence was softened at last. It was exciting to hear an impudent girl like Maggie pleading on behalf of her young bottom's modesty, tensing the broadened cheeks of her bare backside and gasping in her inability to wait until after her discipline.

Lord Quirt ignored this, stroking one cheek of her pale bottom as he spoke.

“We must choose your punishment, Maggie. Quite a big-bottomed girl . . . twenty-two years old . . . insolent . . . sturdy

... regular riding on your boyfriends' pricks. ... The spanking-strap is for little girls ... the cane for Elaine Cox and Sally Fenton. ... The birch for Judith Terry at eighteen. ... Kneel right over, Maggie. ... Show me a really full view of your bottom while I decide. ... A kiss on each cheek of your bottom, Maggie ... kisses on that tight rear bud, Mag. ... The whip for you, Maggie ... the snakeskin lash!"

She gave a gasp of fright and incredulity. The sturdy cheeks of her bottom contorted in fright. Before she could respond, he had pressed a bell under the ledge of the desk. The two officers entered, Lord Quirt gave a nod, there was a brief struggle with Maggie's blonde hair twisting and then her protests were wadded to an urgent mewling. The men turned to Sarah, the boy-crop of dark punk hair held firmly and then the same muted stridency. The officers left.

In her panic, Maggie could no longer keep her bottom still, it was writhing and cheek-creasing as if already under punishment. Lord Quirt fondled her backside.

"Really scared, Maggie? You need the pony-whip across the cheeks of your bare bottom." He kissed one squirming cheek of her backside. "You need to know what it's like to have your bare bottom dealt with by a real sadist. When you know what the prison whip feels like, you'll know what's coming to you every month on Krater Island."

He fondled the stocky pallor of her thighs.

"Twelve strokes, Maggie? Only for little girls. Even beginners like Elaine Cox and Sally Fenton get thirty-six. Keep that strapping young bottom towards me! Five twelves, Maggie!"

She was shocked into silence and immobility.

"You're quite a big-bottomed working-girl, Maggie, so all the rules apply to you. See that you keep your back straight and your bottom facing the whip. Any stroke that misses your bottom, even by part of the lash, is given again. If it catches the backs of your thighs, the flank of your hip, or curls round and catches your young belly, it will be given again. If the whip cuts the cheek-skin of your bottom, the overseer gives

you two more each time as his reward. If he marks you between the cheeks, that's two more."

He drew his finger up slowly in her rear crack.

"Butterflies in the tummy, Maggie? No sitting on the porcelain seat-rim now. That little bull's-eye has gone very tight, hasn't it? The overseer knows how to deal with a girl who can't behave. He'll prefer you like this."

His other hand fondled Sarah Baker's bottom. He patted the punk-cropped nineteen-year-old lightly on one bum-cheek. She tensed against his pressure a little as he parted the cheeks firmly. But she was a young tart who knew she must accept the inevitable. As he drew back, she twisted her face round a little more and he could see the sullen prettiness of her face. He began to make an intimate study of her shadowy rear cleavage and view the dark, tight little vortex of Sarah's arse. He pressed the tense young cheeks of her bottom apart and studied Sarah Baker's flesh-petalled anus for several more minutes. She flicked the curve of brown hair on her forehead and twisted round the stolid defiance of her face, trying to see what he was doing.

With mounting excitement, he touched Sarah between the cheeks. He played artfully with her there for ten or fifteen minutes. The desperate tension of her bare hips and buttocks assured him that Sarah had also pressing reasons for being elsewhere. From time to time she made a sound that was both gasp and soft cry. Each time he teased Sarah there, smiling at her as she turned her face, panic displacing her usual tight contempt.

Far from appeasing him, the sight of Sarah's intimate rear view inspired sadistic thoughts. His fingers pried at it. The young waitress tightened harder, in a panic at the threat of a finger and what it might make her do. He let her rear cheeks close together again and gave her a little kiss on each, as though this was a reward for being a good girl. He could keep Sarah Baker and Maggie side by side like this as long as he wished. The thought of doing so excited him profoundly.

At last he pressed the bell. He ordered five twelves for each girl, reserving the short lash of woven snakeskin for Maggie and the quiveringly slim three-foot riding switch for nineteen-year-old Sarah.

With sentence passed, the final preparations were made. There was an electronic hum as the upper part of the partition descended. It came down slowly and fitted precisely into place, the bolts soon locked. The soundproof metal had been shaped so that it allowed three apertures, of which only two were now open. The result was that on this side the chastiser would be presented with two female backsides and two pairs of legs as the girls knelt over the padded leather. Two more rounds of padded leather, like flexible lifebelts, had also been fitted and could be drawn tight and laced round each girl's waist. The chastiser would neither hear nor see anything of each girl above the hips.

The overseer would know who the girls were, of course. He had seen the sullen young blonde with her hard young face and long fringed hair. He had seen Sarah Baker with her boy-cut punk-crop, ear-pendants and dismissive manner. The purpose of the partition was that he should punish calmly, unmoved by frenzy or screaming. As he dealt with the sullen young blonde, the broadened sturdy cheek-pallor of Maggie Turnbull's bottom was all that concerned him. She had been made to kneel right over, shoulders down and forehead touching the floor, so that her rear view was vulgar in the extreme, almost as if she was really asking for it. The slightly fattened spread of Sarah Baker's backside was presented for whatever degree of severity had been chosen.

Already, Maggie's bottom-cheeks were tensing, though her posture made it impossible to clench them together. Sarah's rear hole went desperately small and tight. Maggie's stocky thigh-pallor compressed in fright, almost as if she was squeezing her pussy for comfort. Cynthia Smith fastened each girl's leather anklets to the ankle rings and went round to the far side of the partition with a bottle of smelling salts.

On the table beside the small platform lay the slim and tapering leather switch and the short snakeskin lash. There was a jar of vaseline, a bottle of perfumed hand-soap and two slim glass rods. As if to make assurance doubly sure, there were two prison canes and a birch rod.

It was not yet eleven o'clock. With all the preparations made, the officials left, leaving the hold in the charge of two teenage apprentices. Lord Quirt was experienced enough to spy through a grating. The apprentices talked and smiled together, studying the only view they had of Maggie and Sarah, the two bottoms and the legs of the kneeling girls. Neither of the girls would ever know who had kept watch. One boy picked up the Vaseline jar and there was the rattle of a lid. The platform creaked with the weight of an extra pair of knees behind each girl. A light smack on a bare bottom cheek. It seemed that the boys had unfastened the padded leather infilling around each waist so that the girls might hear them, as they teased the sturdy young blonde and the sullen young punk with her dark boy-cut hair.

“Keep still for it, Mag . . . your bottom, Maggie . . . bending beautifully tight . . . sexy young bottom, Sarah. . . . They can't give you a baby this way, Sarah . . . that's why you can take plenty of this . . . fat young bottom, Maggie Turnbull. . . . Like to have you bending between the shafts on Horsewhip Hill . . . never been Vaselined before? . . . really tight this way! . . . Harder! . . . That's good . . . really good! . . . All the way, Maggie. . . . Kneel right over the leather padding, Sarah! . . . Head down and arse high! . . . You're a randy young piece . . . need that young bottom ridden really hard. . . . Always give you the full length . . . nineteen years old? . . . not fragile, then . . . know how to take it rough . . . that's better . . . your backside, Maggie. . . . I'd like to ruin you this way. . . . You'll feel it coming in a minute, Sarah . . . feel the first squirt, Mag? . . . more where that came from. . . . Your bottom, Maggie Turnbull! . . . Bend tighter, Sarah . . . you young tart. . . . I'll be watching when they whip you. . . . Ready for it now? . . . Feel

it coming right where you sit, Sarah Baker. . . . A smack on your bottom to make you try harder, Maggie . . . enjoy that? . . . Want another bottom-fancier to ride you, Maggie? . . . Like it harder? . . . Feels really big where you're so tight, Mag? . . . You're quite a big-bottomed girl, Maggie, better get used to it. . . . I'd like to teach you, Maggie! . . . When I've come in your bottom, I'd like to take you back to the fourth form, so I could cane you with Elaine and Sally! . . . Like an evening bare-bottomed with a really sadistic teacher, Maggie Turnbull? . . . I'm sure he'd enjoy it with a strapping young bottom like yours!"

Lord Quirt drew away. It would have been possible to have made some protest but it was not realistic. To put four boys in charge of two working-girls in this situation invited the kind of fertilising that the two young female backsides had just received. Indeed, he was encouraged to hear that in the case of the sturdy young blonde at least, the discharge of their passion in her rear did not soften them but made them long to see the broadened cheek-pallor of Maggie Turnbull's bottom-cheeks being sadistically caned by a school disciplinarian. Lord Quirt promised himself that the sullen young blonde should have a rendezvous with the impetuous Mr. Heathers.

CHAPTER NINE

The tableau which greeted Rio 9's other guests was admired by all. The partition had been soundproofed again by lacing the padded leather inlays round each girl's waist. However, there was a double glazed panel at one end which enabled the guests, though not the chastiser, to see the girls' faces reflected in the mirror on the far side, even though they could not hear the frenzy.

So far as the overseer was concerned, the behaviour of Maggie Turnbull and Sarah Baker was only to be judged by their bare backsides, or possibly by the playing of a dainty fountain. To begin with, Manrique stepped forward with his demonstration cane. He touched it to each bare bottom in turn, tracing the contours of Maggie Turnbull's fattened arse, its cheeks spread by her kneeling over with forehead on the floor and hips high. The bright electric light caught a smudge of Vaseline on an inner cheek-slope but that was not worth comment. However, Manrique continued his lesson in the anatomy of the female backside as he invited attention to the inward cheek-slopes of Maggie Turnbull's bottom and the slight tarnishing near the stocky young blonde's anus. He claimed this intimate area of her behind as a legitimate target for punishment.

Manrique then traced the cheeks of Sarah Baker's bottom, showing how the nineteen-year-old girl was already showing a distinctly fatter bottom in this posture. Her young backside and long pale thighs tensed as he drew the tip of his cane up between Sarah's rear cheeks. He remarked that the soundproof partition was necessary because under the whip Sarah would use frenzy, cunning, and vulgarity in her wildness. It was important that the chastiser should judge only by the appearance and behaviour of Sarah's bottom.

One of the guests inquired whether this might not lead to certain rudeness by Sarah while she was whipped. Manrique conceded this. He assured the guest that such misconduct might be used to intensify Sarah's punishment and that, in any case, it would increase it. Prison chastisers were experienced men, not deterred by swoons or rudeness of any kind. Another guest objected that even a big-bottomed young trollop like Maggie Turnbull would never be able to take more than twelve or perhaps eighteen strokes of a snakeskin lash across her bare backside. As for Sarah Baker, that impudent girl would never bear the whip at all.

Manrique agreed that this would have been true if Maggie and Sarah had not been securely positioned. It was precisely because the whipping was beyond anything they could bear that they had been fastened in this way. By this means they would be made to bear it.

Smack! went the whip across the broadened cheek-swell of Maggie Turnbull's bare backside. *Whip! . . . Crack! . . . Smack! . . .* Through the double glass the guests saw the writhing pale-fleshed trollop as she tossed her lank blonde hair and screamed wildly at her open-mouthed frenzy in the mirror before her. On the near side of the partition, the insolent young blonde's backside appeared to be squirming seductively and lewdly in this posture. The posture opened Maggie Turnbull's bottom-crack as she seemed to thrust her behind out invitingly towards the overseer. Her broadened pale-skinned buttocks rounded and contorted in just the way that a passionate hon-

eymoon bride might lure her groom upstairs to bed. The restraints held her kneeling very tightly over the padded leather, the somewhat heavy pallor of her young thighs taut and her buttocks parted, like a girl inviting her lover in the lewdest manner to have fun between her legs and amuse himself up her behind as well. No wonder the overseer proved to be in a sadistic mood with her. His arm flashed down and the pony-lash caught Maggie across the full-cheeked swell of her writhing bottom. The mirror showed her wide-mouthed frenzy at the intensity of the naked agony across her broadened rear cheeks. Her quivering stocky young thighs strained and her pale hips lunged desperately as she struggled to writhe away the atrocious smart.

Sarah Baker presented a delightfully contrasting view. Through the double-glazed panel, the guests saw that her slut-tish but pretty young face was softened by the quiff of light brown hair curving across her forehead. Sarah's firm young bottom-cheeks and thighs showed the last season of her teens. The overseer caught her twice with the tapering leather switch across the rear of her long bare thighs. Then came a vicious cut of the whip low down across the firm but fattened out cheek-swell of Sarah Baker's bottom. The nineteen-year-old shrieked wildly in the mirror, unheard by the overseer who saw only a desperate contortion of Sarah Baker's bottom. She flicked back the slant fringe of her dark-haired punk-cut boy-crop and turned her softly outlined young face as if her chas-tiser could see her. At the same time, Maggie tossed back the lank blonde hair and turned the fair-skinned oval of her face as if in dread of her next share of the punishment.

The overseer saw Maggie only as a fully presented bottom, its cheeks as fatly rounded as they could be and their dividing crack stretched open. He took aim and the black lash snaked across the cheek-weight of Maggie's bottom with a crack that made the air sing. The voyeurs saw her catch her breath in a wild cry at the searing agony of the lash across her bare back-side. Her pale rear cheeks in their vulgarly spread posture con-

torted urgently and every muscle in her young thighs was at full tension. But even a quite big-bottomed working girl of twenty-two like Maggie would be intimately sensitive low down on the fuller and fatter swell of her rear cheeks. The overseer took aim there and caught her with half a dozen lashes of measured agony, cruelly low across Maggie's backside, making the pale cheek-flesh jump and quiver. *One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six!* The insolent young blonde seemed immobilised by the intensity of the anguish, lying helplessly arse-upwards over the padded leather, writhing in slow and laboured torment. The whip caught her behind sadistically again and Maggie Turnbull showed her wide-mouthed scream to the mirror!

Her wildness was silence in the room where the overseer took his next aim. He was excited to have the young woman in a fat-bottomed posture over the bar and he really enjoyed watching Maggie under the smacks of the whip. In the mirror her long lank tresses of blonde hair had spread across the back of her sweater as her head drooped while he paused to tuck the hem of the sweater high so that her bottom and hips were properly bare. A wicked crack of the lash cut the cheek-skin on the lower fatter curve of Maggie Turnbull's bottom. A snaking S-shaped curling whip-stroke across each cheek of her young backside. All her energy was released in a wild mask of frenzy in the mirror and a desperate vulgarity from between the fatly contorting cheeks of Maggie Turnbull's bottom.

Then Sarah Baker got a skinning cheek-lash across her young bottom and the guests enjoyed her wildness in the glass. There were men who had paused to study the rear view of Maggie Turnbull at work bending or kneeling on all fours in skin-smooth jeans or Sarah in tight short skirt and boots. The interest they took in them and the girls' contemptuous response would have made such men excited at seeing and hearing Maggie and Sarah under the whip. The face which Sarah twisted round now had lost its sullen prettiness in the dismay of brimming eyes and howling mouth. The soft fringe of her

close-cut brown hair on her forehead added to this appeal. The overseer merely studied the taut writhing swell of Sarah Baker's bottom. He brought the whip down with a ringing smack across her firm pale backside. Her mirror image shrieked back at her in the naked agony of the riding-switch across her bare backside.

The nineteen-year-old shopgirl strained against her straps. The overseer aimed again and whipped hard across the lower curve of her tense young bottom-cheeks, the second stroke just cutting the cheek-skin of Sarah Baker's arse.

The pale double-cheek swell of Maggie's backside was now marked by almost a dozen thin and curling plum-crimson weals. Thighs straining and hips braced, the sturdy young blonde strove to break free. The overseer tamed her with two sudden lashes across her behind and one high across the backs of her thighs. Maggie gave a wild cry to her mirror image and redoubled her laboured writhing in a pale-skinned sheen of sweat in her big-bottomed posture, while Sarah Baker's backside with its firm-cheeked swell writhed and tensed beside her.

The posture in which she writhed made Maggie Turnbull's bottom-cheeks swell out and squirm in a most tantalising manner. The cheeks of Maggie's backside performed as they would never do except when she was over a honeymoon bed for her boyfriend's penis. The full writhing cheek-swell of the young blonde's broadened bottom made it seem as if she was seducing the whip! Her rear-cheek rounding also offered the overseer a target between the cheeks of Maggie's full-cheeked young rear. For half an hour, the mirror had held Maggie's wildness, the length of her lank blonde hair sweeping wildly as the whip again cut the cheek-skin of her fatly writhing bare bottom.

Sarah's slimmer and tauter buttocks parted more easily when she was bent over like this. The overseer's hand slid between and he fiddled with Sarah Baker's arse anatomy under the pretext of making her position herself properly. Then the fingers of his other hand explored between Maggie Turnbull's

fatter bottom-cheeks, into the humid warmth of her rear crack, so that he could fiddle with her at the same time.

The two culprits knelt over the padded leather with thighs straining in vain to break free. Two bare bottoms writhed almost close enough for the flanks of their nude hips to touch, Maggie's suggestively fat-cheeked bottom and Sarah's tense young backside. Maggie was frantic with the naked agony of her first taste of the lash across her fatter-cheeked backside, yet the pale oval of her face still showed her natural sullenness. Sarah tried to jerk a foot free, as if to kick out at her tormentor. In doing so, she opened herself a little. The overseer gave her a quick and cruelly intimate flick of the lash which just caught pussy at the rear! Sarah shrieked at the mirror and tightened her firm pale thighs together. But the nineteen-year-old femininity of her buttocks also offered an intimate target. Sarah shrieked again at her mirror image as the next aim caught her between them. The overseer spoke, whether the girl could hear him or not.

“Later on I'm going to give you six like that, Sarah Baker. You'll behave yourself afterwards, I promise you! Lie right forward over the padded leather for it!”

Sarah's rather stolid pèrtness was now a study in dismay and panic as she flicked her slant fringe and twisted round. Then her mouth widened in a wild scream as the whip caught her on the inner slopes of her rear cheeks. The shadowy rear cleavage was so suggestive that the overseer gave her six more cruelly skinning crack-shots. The result was a pause and a pungent air of ammonia beyond the partition!

Maggie and Sarah writhed under the pitiless discipline. Their buttocks parted, clenched and parted, the overseer catching the young waitress's bottom-crack and even Maggie's rear tightness. Another crack-shot caught Maggie's arse intimately. The overseer stiffened with thoughts of the sexual submission and punishment which this promised. Naturally excited by seeing Maggie's rear cheeks drawn apart and her pussy peeping at the rear opening of her thighs, he whipped her more in-

timately with his short-tailed lash. Like Sarah, Maggie saw herself screaming in the mirror. The air rang to a measured *whip! . . . whip! . . . whip! . . .* across her bare buttocks. An agonising smack of leather low across the cheeks of her broadened arse. The torment of it was such that Maggie Turnbull farted as she writhed bottom-upwards over the bar.

A leather smack across her backside. Another desperate fart from between the fattened cheek-pallor of Maggie's bottom. The overseer was delighted at having the sullen and vulgar young blonde in this predicament. The shape in the front of his trousers was hard and big as a hammer.

On Manrique's orders, the overseer took a jar of heavily salted kitchen-fat. The crimson-blushing cheeks of Maggie's bottom were already sore enough to make her squirm. But he dug out the slippery compound with a finger and spread its salty harshness over her. By this time the lash had wealed her full-cheeked bottom with a tapestry of curling lash-marks, As the salt fat was smoothed in, Maggie's full-cheeked young backside was soon blushing a brighter red and sleek with grease. The well-salted fat stung like fire on her firmly stretched backside after such a tanning. She jammed her knees hard together, tensed her thighs and buttocks, struggling to contain the throbbing tenderness.

The sweep of her blonde hair whispered across the back of Maggie's sweater as she turned the fair-skinned oval of her face, her blue eyes a study in weeping. She continued to squirm her hips and tense her rear cheeks as far as she could, holding her breath and releasing it in frantic gasps as she endured the smarting fat.

There were sadistically inclined men whose mouths tightened cruelly at the thought of what they would do to her. They studied the cheek-weight of her bottom but the inward slopes and their intimate crack suggested more severe penalties. In their fantasies of possessing her as a slave, Manrique's guests were tyrannical in making Maggie yield the pleasures of her tight young arse. But each lover would also be a master, a

true marksman with a whip, aiming a number of his lash strokes so that the searing leather tail streaked between her buttocks, skinning the inward cheek-slopes of Maggie Turnbull's crack. When she was strapped bending tightly over the trestle for a touching-up, the tyrant would rouge her fattened rear cheeks outrageously with his glowing cheroot. But his caresses of red-hot passion would often return between those cheeks as well, stroking the inward slopes of Maggie's crack.

The overseer drew the lash through his fingers. The whip cracked and curled round the elder sister's bottom-cheeks and, in the naked agony of it, Maggie like Sarah tried to draw one knee up as she lay writhing over the padded leather. Frantic contortions of Maggie's bottom-cheeks, flesh creasing and writhing, excited the overseer. The whip rang across the pale broadened cheeks of Maggie's bottom, as he taught her obedience with the lash across her backside.

Maggie writhed her full-cheeked whip-marked bottom desperately over the bar but the overseer whipped hard and rapidly across her bum-cheeks. The sullen young blonde struggled to contain herself. A whip-lash cut the cheek-skin low on the fatter swell of Maggie's bottom. A second whip-crack cut the cheek-skin again low across Maggie Turnbull's young bottom! A ruby punctuation line! Another aimed low across that same fatly rounding cheek of Maggie's arse. Another that cut cheek-skin low on her bottom! Next time the end of the lash caught the inward slope between Maggie's bottom-cheeks, just above her thighs. Even this sturdy young trollop seemed paralysed by the intensity of punishment, as if the overseer had conquered her. The lash-tip snaked between her bottom-cheeks. Another stroke cut the cheek-skin low across Maggie's backside. So far the overseer had only been able to judge by the writhing of the sturdy twenty-two-year-old bottom that faced him spread-cheeked. Now after the last cut of cheek-skin, Maggie writhed in a slow cheek-creasing desperation to contain the smart! Another stroke aimed low,

the tail of the lash cutting Maggie between her bottom-cheeks low down.

Maggie's bottom, its fattened cheeks crimson and shining sleek from salted grease, was a perfect target. The black snake of the pony-lash caught her across both cheeks of her bottom in a thin cut of torment. As her bottom writhed and surged towards him, the overseer caught a glimpse of something very rude. Even a young trollop of her sort strove hard not to do what she must sooner or later.

Again the whip across her bottom-cheeks low down. The fatty contorting cheek-swell of Maggie Turnbull's bottom writhed in slow flesh-creasing anguish. Another savage lash-stroke cut near the crease dividing her bottom and thighs, a pinprick ruby droplet trickling down the lower curve of Maggie's backside and the rear of her thighs. Then *whip!* . . . *whip!* . . . *whip!* . . . the lash cracked and curled across the broadened swell of her fattened bottom-cheeks. Maggie was confronted by the fair-skinned oval of her own face in the mirror, mouth wide and blue eyes brimming over.

Another whip-cut was aimed cruelly low across the fatness of Maggie's backside. The rudeness glimpsed again. A pistol-sharp smack of leather across fatter cheek-skin low across Maggie's bottom-cheeks. Maggie bottom-up in a vulgarly exciting posture. over the padded leather. The rudeness now outrageously presented. Bottom-writhing over the bar, Maggie did it helplessly in front of the overseer and the guests as the whip cut the cheek-skin of her bottom again. They had conquered the young blonde's insolence in fine style!

But the measured crack of the whip rang six times across the lower fatter swell of Maggie Turnbull's backside before there was a pause. She had had her allotted whipping but there was a matter of her failure to present her bottom properly for certain strokes. The whip had marked the backs of her thighs. It had marked the flank of her hip. It had curled round and caught her across the bare lower swell of her young belly, the tail just touching her pubic bush. That made six. The overseer

had cut the cheek-skin of Maggie Turnbull's bottom and three times he had caught the tight rear bull's-eye, also marking the inward slopes of her rear cheeks. To her dismay, this added twelve.

There was also the question of her bottom's misconduct, which was there for all to see. One guest would have settled for six smacks of the whip, another wanted her severely dealt with. One suggested that Maggie might not be able to take so many extras. Manrique explained that so long as her bottom faced the overseer she would have no choice. The skill of a good chastiser was to make such a girl take them. He settled for six plus the twelve already agreed.

The final session reduced the young blonde to a slow seductive writhing, two pinhead rubies running a race down the rear of each bare thigh. The young blonde's face, the lank blonde hair half-veiling it, was a study in shopgirl frenzy. The overseer saw only the fattened swell of Maggie Turnbull's twenty-two-year-old bottom-cheeks writhing beet-root crimson and sleek with salt grease. This vulgarly suggestive sight removed all compunction. He whipped . . . and whipped . . . and whipped . . . and whipped. Once there was a murmur, a pause, a pungent air of ammonia again. He stood impatiently and at a signal drew the hem of her sweater up again, well clear of Maggie Turnbull's arse and whipped . . . and whipped . . . and whipped. . . .

Sarah Baker was not forgotten; the vulgar young boy-cropped punk-girl felt the supple switch touched across her smarting backside again. He braided her bare bottom finely. Long before he finished, Sarah Baker showed herself capable of a rudeness next to Maggie's.

Lord Quirt retired to his cabin in deep thought. As a diversion, Manrique had provided Barbara Bushell. The girl's warm oriental tan, the mischief in her tight-lidded almond eyes, and the framing sweep of her black hair with its central parting matched a body that was more fully fleshed than Helen

Wong's. As Manrique had instructed, she knelt before Lord Quirt's chair and sucked the judicial erection, showing that she had been taught every trick, until the urgency of his lordship caused quick tight sounds in her throat, a bursting passion and the girl's dutiful swallowing. That night she was to lie face-down across the top of the bed, her cotton panties round her knees, so that Lord Quirt might use the coppery-tan swell of Barbara's bottom-cheeks as his softly fat pillow. His lips browsed on her coppery Asian-tan arse, his fingers touching her between the cheeks. His pillow stirred with slight cheek-tensings and slackenings but he passed an agreeable night. He woke before the young tart in the morning and roused her by playing with his fingers between those cheeks. Then he ordered her to fetch the Vaseline from the dressing-table and bend over a chair.

There was no mock demureness in this oriental maiden! Hers had not been a life of refinement. Though she made infrequent use of it, sodomy was not the outrage to her that it was to self-important girls like Jo Phillips or Tania Nicol, or mature young women like Lesley Hollingsworth or Catherine Clarke. The chair being not quite right, Barbara went before him into the bathroom and there bent more tightly over with her hands on the rim of the toilet seat to support her, her black hair spilling forward. Lord Quirt felt himself glide between the Asian-tan cheeks of Barbara Bushell's bottom, the twenty-three-year-old trying herself to ease the way. The fit was ecstatically tight. He made her gasp once or twice, and she instinctively tightened—which brought her more discomfort! He could see her face in the mirror, the Asian-tan oval framed by the black hair with its central parting. The tight-lidded almond eyes, the high cheekbones, the prettily snub nose, the neat chin, her features showing increasing alarm and sudden quickenings of hurt. But the neatly fattened coppery-tan cheeks of Barbara Bushell's bottom were literally in his lordship's hands and there could be no going back. He warned her what was coming and let loose a salvo of passion in her young

Asian arse that this twenty-three-year-old servant-girl would not soon forget.

He ordered her to remain bending. A chain linked her wrists under the pipe to keep her in position. Lord Quirt went into the stateroom and returned with three slim bamboo canes. There was still devilment in the slant of the oriental girl's tight-lidded almond eyes. But each cane could—and did—give eighteen or twenty-four before it splintered. Nor did Lord Quirt hesitate to fetch replacements. He brought the bamboo down across Barbara Bushell's neatly fattened coppery bottom-cheeks with the impact of a hunting whip. The Asian-tan oval framed by the black hair with its central parting was soon a mask of screaming frenzy. Barbara Bushell's screams on behalf of her twenty-three-year-old bottom would attract no attention on such a ship as the *Alcazar*. The tight-lidded almond eyes flooded over, the high cheekbones were more prominent as her mouth stretched wide with shrillness. Lord Quirt wove a crimson and smarting willow-pattern across the creasing and writhing tan-skin cheeks of Barbara Bushell's pretty backside that was not finished until midday. As he dealt with her, Lord Quirt warned the frantic oriental girl that so long as she served him in his stateroom, her insolent copper-tan bottom would remain bare and would spend more time bending than sitting. She herself must learn to pass hours in weeping as well as teasing. Slipping his fingers between the rear of her Asian-tan thighs, he also mused whether her excess of high spirits might not be subdued by a judicious pruning and trimming at the hands of an experienced Arab matron. Indeed, he was sure of this and would advise Colonel Alkan. Having made his decision, he fetched another schoolroom cane.

Only then were the servants able to clean the stateroom and the bathroom. Without expression they swept up half a dozen splintered schoolroom canes from the tiled floor, on which the Asian girl's bottom had done its worst. The white stretch-briefs of Barbara Bushell's underwear were lying there as well.

A servant picked these up and slipped them tactfully into a drawer of the desk. It was so common for the guests of Rio 9 to keep these souvenirs of girls whose bottoms they had dealt with that the servant knew he was doing the right thing. Indeed, the last stateroom to be cleaned before Lord Quirt's had been Colonel Alkan's. The servant had had occasion to place Helen Wong's scandalously brief bikini panties in the colonel's drawer. Coincidentally, the porcelain toilet rim had still been warm from the pressure of the bending Eurasian beauty's hands. There was no bamboo on the floor but a frayed short-lashed whip that had been new not long before. The session had evidently been a long one. The servant had screwed the lid on the Vaseline jar before putting it away. He had also removed the roll of tissue and heavy china pot which might have scandalised the susceptible, since Helen Wong had left evidence of her beautiful oval saffron-tan bottom-cheeks having been chastised beyond all that she could endure.

There was not a stateroom or cabin of the guests and their hosts where similar scenes were not hinted at. If the girls whose destination was Krater Island looked uneasy and subdued that morning, it was not without reason.

CHAPTER TEN

It was late on the following day when the *Camba* dropped anchor in the only bay which afforded a landing for Krater Island. The guest house on the island, like the remaining buildings, had been constructed to withstand heat in summer or rain and frost in winter. Elsewhere, the terrain consisted of a good deal of heather and bracken with a view for miles in every direction.

Krater Island rose on the horizon like a humpbacked whale but the nearest shipping lane was a hundred miles to the east. From the little harbour, jeeps transported the new arrivals who had set foot on the sandy shore of Colonel Alkan's domain, early in the evening of the August day. The luggage was carried by the Civil Guard to the main gates. A late sun struck gold from the mullioned windows of the guest house. Here and there were a few clumps of trees, but for the most part Krater Island was all heather and bracken and sheep.

Lord Quirt sat in the front seat of a jeep as they came to the field and the drive to the main entrance of the guest house. Though it was remote, there was everything here that a man of his habits could wish. There was a house and servants, stables and horses, a well-filled cellar, and a choice library, as well as a constant attendance of several young women. But he

had come all this way with one idea above all others in his mind. To settle accounts with the young redhead who had caused him trouble. Manrique had promised his friend that Brigid was reserved for him.

Three days later it was arranged that, in the traditions of Krater Island, Brigid, who had yet to make amends to Lord Quirt, should have her first taste of passion as a slave. She had been examined by the medical officer who reported Brigid to be no virgin in the usual sense; few girls of twenty-one were. But the young redhead's firm and agile bottom was unexplored, which would give great excitement to a master. There was laughter among the officers at this and Alkan suggested that no young and vigorous adolescent would be a more demanding lover in such a bridal encounter than Lord Quirt.

Lord Quirt put his proposal to Brigid in an office with Colonel Alkan. There were maidenly cries of protest from the young redhead, exclamations of disgust and refusal, which some proposals by men evoke in young women, even when they are only pretended. There was the voice of strong argument from the two men. At one point, the masked apprentice's master was summoned and entered the office to display a black silk slip-knot noose and a lash only used on the most sombre occasions. Brigid's exclamations of disgust and the shrill protests fell silent. She was led from the office with her tresses in disorder, the firm line of her sullen features softened a little by fright. It was announced that the young redhead had asked to surrender herself to her lover that night on the honeymoon couch of the bridal suite which had been built in the guest house for these occasions.

In the warm night the woods of the island reformatory's garden were fragrant with pine resin. The air of the ornate bedroom in the guest house, chosen for Brigid's submission, was suggestively rich with scent from the spray of Sevres porcelain in gold fittings. Brigid was escorted into the humid perfumed air of the adjoining bathroom to be prepared for her master. With two female officers to assist, Cynthia Smith and

Alkan accompanied her into the blue-tiled bathroom with its warm silver pipes. They had made her take off the short, pleated skirt, so that she was naked but for her red singlet and the stretched cotton web of her white elasticized briefs, in which Lord Quirt had first spied her bending to garden labour a few months earlier.

“Put your wrists together, Brigid,” Cynthia Smith said with a flash of excitement in her blue eyes.

Brigid met the other woman’s eyes as if she might refuse. But the refusal was quelled at once. They pinioned her wrists with leather cuffs.

“Bend over with your hands on the toilet-seat,” Cynthia commanded:

Brigid bowed her head and bent over with her hands clutching the porcelain rim of the toilet. Cynthia made no attempt to remove the elastic-tight web of Brigid’s white stretch-briefs.

“Get your legs wide apart, Brigid! And bend right over!”

Brigid’s face was hidden from them by the spilling tresses of her pale red hair as she obeyed, parting her firm pale thighs wider.

“Stand still,” Cynthia said, the triumph unmistakable in her quiet voice.

Cynthia’s fingers slid between Brigid’s parted thighs, feeling and rousing the sensitive folds of intimate flesh through the thin cotton web of the white briefs. Alkan pulled up the front of the red singlet and fondled the pearly smoothness of Brigid’s firm young breasts. He played with the nipples, which stiffened easily and excitedly at his touch, easily responsive after the bedroom caresses of her boyfriends.

“You’re beginning to moisten, aren’t you, Brigid?” Cynthia Smith said as she fondled the girl through the white cotton web of the tight panties, her fingers stroking and caressing the folds of flesh. “I think you must do this a lot, to get wet so easily.”

They fondled the reluctant bride, Alkan rousing Brigid’s tits while Cynthia masturbated her through the tight cotton web.

Bending over with her wrists pinioned. Brigid had no choice but keep her bare legs astride, her tits bare, for masturbation and nipple play.

Cynthia Smith played with the girl a little more and then watched intently as she saw the tension in Brigid's suntanned thighs as well as in the cheeks of her bottom under the white stretch-briefs. The prison wardress worked a little faster. Brigid emitted a long gasp.

"She's coming now," Cynthia said.

Alkan laughed and continued to fondle the resilient young breasts lightly. Brigid's panty-clad hips jiggled frantically. She let out a series of soft rising cries that might have been a sound of alarm. Then at last, with a sob of relief, she shuddered, quivered, and had her orgasm in a tensed spasm of squirming thighs and buttocks pressed hard together, mouth gasping open and eyes fluttering closed, knees forward against the toilet pedestal over which she bent.

"Unfasten her wrists," Cynthia said.

One of the watching prison officers undid the straps. Then Cynthia led Brigid, whose face was lowered in dismay at the display she had been forced to give, towards the shallow basin of peach marble. Taking a tall flask of thick orange blossom perfume, Cynthia filled the shallow basin from it.

"Turn your back and sit in it, Brigid," she said. "This way your arse and loins smell sweet for your lover."

When the young woman lowered her hips and bottom into the perfume, she flinched at once.

"Does the scent sting you between the legs, Brigid?" Cynthia asked, "You'll get used to that after a little."

They made her sit in the perfume for ten or fifteen minutes, Brigid bowing her head and hiding her face. Then they made the young redhead bend over the toilet pedestal again and kept her like this for half an hour in wet panties so that the cotton web would dry on her and impregnate the pale flesh of Brigid's twenty-one-year-old bottom-cheeks and hips with the heavy perfume.

They led her to a leather stool before a dressing-table that stood in an alcove. Cynthia Smith took down Brigid's panties and made her step out of them, so that the girl now wore only her white blouse which ended in a tight belt round her waist.

"Kneel on the leather dressing-stool, Brigid," Cynthia said. "Kneel forward with your elbows on the dressing-table and look at yourself in the mirror."

They made her kneel right over until the firm moon-parlor of her bottom-cheeks was pulled apart and there was a view of Brigid's rear bull's-eye. The dark little inward dimple suggested various forms of obedience that might be required of her. Though she had had sex with several boyfriends, Brigid's anus still looked very tight and small.

Alkan was holding a glass pencil-shaped squirt, about six inches long with a rubber bulb, and a bottle of the green liquid soap that was used in the hand-basin dispenser. There followed the rattle of the pencil-slim glass squirt in the bottle and the perfume of the liquid soap in the warm air. There was a light breath of squeezed rubber being filled. Then there came the approach to Brigid from the rear, the soft shifting of her struggles against strong hands, a sharp smack on one pale-skinned cheek of her bottom to make her keep still. Alkan inserted the squirt at full length in Brigid's arse! The girl gasped at the cold depth of the intrusion, the tip of the squirt tickling her in the intimate depths of her rear anatomy. The slim six inches of glass remained sheathed in her behind, only the black bulb of rubber still visible as it nestled in a most suggestive manner between the pale double swell of her parted rear cheeks! There was twisting round of her face, the red tresses sweeping clear to show dismay in the blue eyes and fair-skinned features.

There was desperate shifting of the girl's suntanned legs, crossing a little, one knee pressing into the back of the other as if to check the unease which the presence of the squirt was causing. There was excitement in making her wait for it, so that the flutter of panic in her belly would tease her wickedly.

Alkan patted her bare bottom lightly to warn her. Then he took hold of the black rubber bulb between her rear cheeks. The young redhead gave a quick intake of breath and they saw a tensing of her buttocks. The squirting of the liquid soap in Brigid's bottom was softly audible. As she felt it in her entrails, she uttered a soft cry of defeat. Then Brigid's anus went urgently small and tight at the withdrawal of the slim glass squirt. She squirmed and tensed, while Cynthia reprimanded her with a bottom-smack as Alkan refilled the squirt and touched its tip to her anus again.

Brigid's humiliation was well calculated. In a few minutes after the squirting was over, the discomfort in her backside had grown to urgency. But she was obliged to remain kneeling over and looking into the dressing-table mirror, her red hair spilling silkily, while Cynthia Smith pressed the rim of the china pot high up on the rear of Brigid's thighs and ordered her to do as she must.

Alkan and Cynthia had had fun with Brigid for almost an hour before they took her to the honeymoon couch. The wide bed was draped in midnight blue silk and raised on a plinth. The room was curtained in crimson with silver cords, its alabaster lamps shaded by pale apricot glass etched with leaves and swallows. A life-size bronze Venus, for which the statuette Helen Leach had modelled, bent down to adjust her sandal.

Alkan ordered Brigid to get on the bed, arse-upwards. He and the blonde prison mistress, Cynthia, stood over her as she did so. She was to lie over a pile of midnight blue bolsters under her loins. As she went forward, her firm pale buttocks drawn apart, they saw the ivory-yellow tone of the skin where the inner surfaces of her bum-cheeks curved in together towards Brigid's tight rear dimple. Two fine light hairs growing near the young redhead's anus had been pasted flat on the smooth yellowed skin by moist soapiness. Alkan smiled at the sudden tightening of her rear blowhole.

Brigid must have known they could see her anus as she was

obliged to climb forward over the bed. Her feeling of vulnerability caused her to tense instinctively. Under her sullen and indifferent manner, they guessed that her heart must be pounding with apprehension at what was about to be done to her. With the aid of the two prison-officers, Alkan and Cynthia positioned Brigid to await her groom. Though she attempted a token struggle on behalf of her modesty, they drew her over the bed and pulled her down firmly. It was exciting to see the suggestive manner in which Brigid was made to show her behind. It was intriguing to think that her bare backside in its present state was that of the young slattern who had treated authority with such sneering amusement only a few weeks earlier.

While she lay bare-bottomed over the pillows, her wrists were fastened by soft leather to a steel ring in the far side of the bedframe, so that she should not be able to impede her master's pleasure. Brigid emitted a half sob, as if pleading with Cynthia Smith—as one woman to another. But Cynthia merely gave the young redhead a light smack on her bare bottom.

“Ever played at being a boy in bed with another girl, Brigid?” Cynthia asked calmly, “Tonight you’ll find out what it feels like to play the boy for a man, bottom-upwards over the pillows.”

It was Alkan who prepared her. To curb her resistance completely, he took a black restraining strap and pinioned the bare pallor of the girl's lower thighs. He made sure that the tail of the red singlet would slip no lower than the tight belt round her waist so that the firmly rounded cheek-pallor of Brigid's bottom-cheeks and hips would remain properly bare. He stooped over her as she lay fastened over the pillows and admired the view she offered him. The golden tan of Brigid's trim thighs, nude except for the black strap pinioning them just above her knees, received his kisses. Moistening his lips expectantly with his tongue, he browsed on the rear of her thighs to the very top where a stray tendril or two of auburn cunt hair showed between them.

Smiling, he held her firmly, touching a long kiss between the cheeks of the young redhead's bottom. He felt an involuntary shudder, excitement or revulsion, and heard her gasp. He moulded several kisses to the tight little flesh-petals and felt Brigid tighten harder. He did it again and this time she gave a little cry of helpless rejection. This time he moved and kissed the high crown of her tresses of red hair. Then he kissed her ear and murmured to her.

"Better get in the mood quickly, Brigid. Never wanted a man with the nerve to take your bottom like this? You might enjoy it. Insolent young bitches like you often get a thrill from being made to, whether they admit it to their boyfriends or not."

He unscrewed a Vaseline jar, scooped a dollop of the yellowish lubricant and placed it on a bon-bon dish, rose-patterned with a gold rim. Then he chose a phial containing another heavily sweet Parisian perfume. He tipped this until the Vaseline was pungently and richly scented. With the little dish in his hand, he came over to the bed and set it down. He took the sweetly perfumed Vaseline on his finger and touched it to the tight dark dimple between Brigid's rear cheeks. He spread it caressingly between the tense pallor of Brigid's twenty-one-year-old bottom-cheeks. Her red hair shaken back, her firm-featured face with its sulky look turned in alarm to him as Alkan spread the perfumed unguent between the pale swell of Brigid's rear cheeks. Her woefulness about the threat to her backside excited him. The rebellious and sullen young redhead made a most appealing subject for an encounter of this kind.

"Lie properly bottom-upwards for your master, Brigid. He likes a girl this way when she's in need of an obedience lesson."

They had begun to prepare the girl in good time for her lover. Now she was tensing and gasping a little in apprehension. Brigid tried to compress her agile buttocks together, only to relax them again at last. At every sound, she shook her

length of red hair back and looked round. The firm features, the sullen mouth and jaw, were a study in resentment and self-pity. Alkan smiled as he slid his hand under her and fondled her breasts through the thin red singlet.

“Heart beating faster. Brigid. Fright or excitement? A little of both, perhaps. Not feeling sexy yet?”

“No need to be such a sulky young whore, Brigid,” Cynthia laughed, “You ought to feel excited, lying bottom-upwards over the pillows with your bottom Vaselined, waiting to get it.”

Cynthia went to the door, opened it, and called three names in a tone of command.

“Karen Dearlove!

Helen Wong!

Sally Fenton!”

Sally Fenton was one of the beginners at Krater Island. Lord Quirt was already familiar with the others, having seen Helen Wong on the voyage and Karen Dearlove at work. Indeed, he had seen Sally before because Heathers had scraped an acquaintance with the girl and her elder sister Jane by masquerading as a beach photographer when Sally was in her bikini. Sally Fenton was an impudent and vulgar youngster, whose true destination was probably a plantation on the Spanish Plain. Before then she would certainly need to be punished and Lord Quirt hoped for some small part in the ritual.

Karen Dearlove at nineteen had a fair-skinned and somewhat heavy-thighed figure. Her honey-blonde hair was in a punk-cut boy-shortie razor trimmed and in a two-inch cut on her head. The young shopgirl's face was firm and pretty with a cute tilt to her nose and pert young chin, blue eyes wide with mascara'd lashes, mouth carefully lipsticked, a dash of rouge on each cheek.

Sally Fenton had an impudent prettiness, high-boned cheeks, a pert little nose, a mouth that laughed easily. Her fair hair was worn in a perm that gave it something of a female cherub's rounded coiffure curled at the edges. Her smooth

young back was lightly suntanned and the fine bone-pattern showed charmingly. Her young thighs were straight and firm, though feminine enough already and lightly golden from the sun. Sally's spruce young breasts were softening deliciously in the bra cups of her swimwear. In Heathers's beach photographs, the wet briefs of her bikini showed that Sally Fenton's bottom had that roundness of tension and elasticity which makes for beauty in a girl of her type. She was a cheeky youngster, lithe and agile as a boy, her waist narrow and her belly flat and lightly muscled.

Helen Wong was an appealing contrast to the younger girl, her black hair in its stylish shock of slight curls, framing her face and trimmed short above her shoulders. Above the slant of her dark Eurasian eyes, the arch of her brows had been darkened a little by a touch of the cosmetic brush. The light saffron tan of her lithe young hips and demure backside was sexily nude. All Lord Quirt's attention was drawn to the delicate ivory-tan smoothness of Helen Wong's bottom-cheeks in their trim oval beauty.

Each of Brigid's bridal-chamber handmaidens were dressed alike. They wore singlets and waist-belts, being nude from the waist down. At Cynthia's command, they stood, hips almost touching, on the far side of the bed where Brigid's head was pillowed. Then the girls turned, so that they presented their rear views to their master. Then they were to bend tightly over a long oak frame, secured on it by their waists, wrists at the base of the frame.

Alkan and Cynthia dismissed their subordinates and prepared to supervise the pleasures of their guest. As he approached Brigid, her head was turned aside on the pillow. The firm-featured indifference of the young redhead's face was softened by the lustrous tumbling of her hair. After it was known that Brigid had been ridden like this, men would regard her as fit for anything. Indeed, the fact that it had been a conquest of her young arse would abase her still further. From now on Brigid would be known as a young woman who had

been bottom-upwards in the bridal chamber and should not complain when it was done to her again, as often as necessary.

Lord Quirt's virility was heightened at the thought of using—or misusing—the nineteen-year-old redhead in this way. The natural tightness of Brigid's rear ensured that her bottom gave him as much pleasure as a pageboy or a virgin bride might have done. Best of all, a girl who had had boyfriends inside her would respond with feminine instinct even to feeling his passion in her bottom.

Lord Quirt unbuttoned himself and stood before her, while Cynthia commanded the girl.

“Have a good look at your master's stiffness, Brigid. Look properly! You'll be seeing a lot of it from now on. Trying to imagine what it will feel like in your behind, Brigid?”

The bed creaked softly as Lord Quirt added his weight. He knelt astride Brigid's suntanned thighs as she lay on her belly over the pillows. Cynthia Smith ordered the other girls to bend over tighter. As Lord Quirt lay over Brigid, he would be encouraged by having a curve of three other female backsides presented twelve inches from his face. The girls bent so close together that their bare hip-flanks touched briefly as they shifted a little.

At the centre was the pale rather heavy cheek-swell of Karen Dearlove's bottom, the elastic hem of the sleek nylon panties the nineteen-year-old girl had just taken off still impressed in an arching curve over each rear half. To the right, the delicate ivory-tan smoothness of Helen Wong's bottom-cheeks in their trim oval beauty seemed to tighten together as if with apprehension. On the other side, Sally Fenton's bottom had the taut and tense cheek pallor of an agile beginner in such games. Sally Fenton's trim young bottom-cheeks made an exciting contrast to the pale sleek heavy-cheeked swell of Karen Dearlove's arse and the saffron-tan elegance of Helen Wong's demure backside.

Lord Quirt had an extra view of Brigid. To one side, her firm features, the contempt for him in her blue eyes, the tight

lips, the spilling tresses of red hair, were reflected for him in a white-pillared wall-mirror.

Lord Quirt's swollen knob touched Brigid between her buttocks. The young redhead was still very tight there, despite the perfumed Vaseline. Moreover, she naturally tensed herself in apprehension at a conquest of this kind. He steadied her with a hand on each bare hip-flank.

His veined erection began to stretch the thrilling tightness of Brigid's arsehole. Those listening outside heard her shrillness. It was panic rather than discomfort, as he increased the pressure. Brigid's hair swirled and swished as she tried in vain to writhe against her restraints. The young redhead cried out at Cynthia to stop the indignity. But this was intended to be a punishment and neither Cynthia nor Alkan would interfere with Lord Quirt's ravishing of Brigid's behind. Lord Quirt was breathless with exertion in the heat of the tropic night. The pale gloss of sweat on the smoothness of Brigid's bottom-cheeks caused him to slip against her. But he was exciting himself by the close view of three bare female backsides as Helen Wong, Karen Dearlove, and Sally Fenton bent over tightly.

To inspire himself, Lord Quirt concentrated his gaze on the rather fatly presented cheek-pallor of Karen Dearlove's bottom—the vulgar young arse of a honey-blonde, punk-cut shopgirl. He stroked a hand down the rear of her pale sleek thighs. Cynthia made Karen bend tighter to open her rear crack wider. Lord Quirt kissed each of Karen Dearlove's sleekly pale bottom-cheeks as he toiled to force Brigid's squirming rear. His lips touched warm cunt-folds. He moulded a long lascivious kiss to Karen Dearlove's arsehole. Bottom-kissing Karen, he pressed hard between Brigid's rear cheeks.

Lord Quirt's swelling knob again challenged the Vaseline-tightness of the nineteen-year-old girl redhead, while he watched her openmouthed and wide-eyed alarm in the mirror. He continued to excite himself by the view the other three girls offered: Karen Dearlove, her punk-crop bowed, her lip-

sticked mouth and mascara'd eyes hidden, her slightly heavy thigh-pallor tense from the strain of her posture. The full pallor of Karen Dearlove's bottom-cheeks broadened and parted a little, showing the shadowy cleavage between them. Helen Wong, the figure of a demure young mannequin, a look of oriental fragility in the contours of her fine-bladed shoulders, the map of her vertebrae and ribs under silky ivory-tan flesh. The light oriental tan of Helen Wong's bottom-cheeks. He turned to Sally Fenton with her impudent prettiness. Lord Quirt had seen her in the beach photos taken of Sally and her sister Jane by Heathers. She bent most seductively to pick up her towel, the grey and white check bikini pants tight on the trimly rounded cheeks of her bottom, her impudent young face teasingly hidden. Lord Quirt had sought manual relief when studying the cheeky but pretty young imp in the photographs. Now he kissed the cool tense swell of one cheek of Sally Fenton's bottom and felt her flinch.

"Bend right over, Sally Fenton," he gasped. "Show me your full rear view!"

But the high-boned prettiness of Sally's face was now tense with reluctance and doubt.

"Do it at once, Sally Fenton!" said Alkan sharply, while Cynthia pressed the youngster's shoulders down, making her bend tight. The tense pallor of Sally Fenton's trim young bottom-cheeks parted and the youngest of Krater Island's pretty delinquents showed her anus to Lord Quirt. Inspired by this view, Lord Quirt presented the knob more energetically to Brigid's Vaseline'd tightness.

"You're tight, Brigid Price!" he gasped. The springs were compressed and eased in a steady rhythm. Presently Brigid uttered another cry of alarm, slighter this time, and a few self-consciously mumbled words.

"You've got a big enough bottom to take it, Brigid," he said quietly.

Brigid's hands were clenched into fists and her toes curled

with the ordeal of having her backside stretched in this way. He pressed harder and she cried out in alarm.

“They’ve been waiting outside to hear you, Brigid,” Cynthia said. “Then they’ll know you’re really having your behind deflowered on the bridal couch.”

Lord Quirt’s eyes and lips roamed over the three female backsides presented as their owners bent over tightly before him. The demurely rounded saffron tan of Helen Wong’s bare bottom-cheeks were lingeringly kissed, while she was made to bend tighter and offer herself more fully! The Eurasian beauty turned her face fearfully: her dark hair, brushed into its lightly curled and perfumed shock, just touched her shoulders as she turned her head. Her high-boned cheeks and demure little chin were animated by a gentle slant of her dark eyes and high brows arching over them. But now Lord Quirt was kissing the sluttish insolence of Karen Dearlove’s arsehole between the sleek pallor of the punk girl’s bottom-cheeks. Kisses on the tense prettiness of Sally Fenton’s bottom-cheeks . . . Sally Fenton’s pretty pussy . . . Karen Dearlove’s arsehole . . . the saffron tan inward slopes of Helen Wong’s bottom-cheeks . . . the heavier cheek-pallor of Karen Dearlove’s shopgirl bottom inspired him at the important moment.

Brigid gave a sharper cry and there was some yielding of Vaselined tightness. But despite her advantage of age over girls like Sally Fenton, her behind was still virgin. There were more frantic protests, a cry of hurt at Lord Quirt’s clumsiness, then a diminishing wail of enforced acceptance. As the knob stretched her, the strain of its entry made Brigid Price fart before the young redhead could check herself. In the mirror, Lord Quirt met her eyes with a smile of delight at this. By making Brigid’s bottom shame her a little at the crucial moment, he had added a certain triumph to his conquest of the arrogant girl. The eavesdroppers outside the door had heard the cry and also heard Brigid fart as her bottom lost its virgin state. To compound her humiliation, the young redhead now

had to endure the ripples of laughter and a few mocking cheers at her expense from the corridor.

Lord Quirt had overcome her young backside's resistance. An inch or two of his stiffness was held with exciting tightness. That she had humiliated herself a little in the process with the three other girls present would curb her arrogance. It would also ensure she remembered his conquest of her more vividly.

"Lie quite still, Brigid!" he murmured, kissing the crown of her red silky hair, "A minute or two for you to feel the knob in your behind. Then the full length."

"No!"

It was a mournful little-girl protest rather than a cry of true panic.

The rhythm of the springs grew more rapid, paused for a moment and then began again. Brigid had been having it for about twenty minutes with sulky and reproachful little sounds when she began entreating Lord Quirt not to let his passion loose in her entrails.

"Lie still for it, Brigid!" he gasped, "You'll have no choice! You'll take whatever comes, whether you can or not."

Looking up, he studied the three bottoms offered him by the bending girls at kissing distance. The two-inch punk golden-blonde punk-crop of Karen Dearlove's head was bowed, the weight of her thigh pallor tensed. His lips browsed on the suggestively fattened swell of Karen Dearlove's bottom-cheeks. Cynthia made the young tart bend tighter. Lord Quirt rode harder up Brigid's behind, inspired as he moulded kisses to Karen Dearlove's arsehole. He bottom-kissed Karen for several minutes as he sodomised Brigid. Then he turned his lips to Sally Fenton. There was a glimpse of the youngster's tense and apprehensive face, her pretty teeth worrying her lip in anxiety. Lord Quirt kissed the taut cool pallor of Sally Fenton's bottom. Cynthia made the girl bend even tighter and Lord Quirt gasped with longing as he glimpsed a pretty view of pussy and the tight little bud of Sally Fenton's anus.

He kissed her there until even this vulgar little imp cried out with alarm.

“Bend over properly, Sally Fenton!” Cynthia said sharply.

Lord Quirt rode Brigid so hard in his excitement that she let out a scream of panic. Cynthia silenced her. As he rode, he also turned his attention again to Sally Fenton, bending tightly and prettily before him. Her slim figure, the thighs firm and straight, the bottom-cheeks tense and trim, the sun-tanned back showing its delicate bone pattern under satiny young skin. Sally Fenton’s spruce young tits were just seen through the singlet. With taut agile hips, Sally’s young bottom had the appearance of trim-cheeked agility which suggested a gymnast. The satiny suntan of her bare back showed a fine and delicate figure. A pretty bottom and lithe young thighs were a perfect match for it.

Lord Quirt kissed Sally Fenton’s prim young bottom passionately, the girl desperately tense. He kissed the inward cheek-slopes, the rear peep of pussy and Sally Fenton’s arsehole again. Helen Wong had a figure demanding attention in its look of oriental fragility in the contours of her fine-bladed shoulders, the map of her vertebrae and ribs under silky ivory-tan flesh, the light oriental tan of her bottom-cheeks. There was a muffled howl and she begged him to stop, the shock of dark hair brushing her shoulders as she turned a crest-fallen face, the pretty devilishness of her dark eyes’ slant brimming over. But the brimming tears in the mischief of her dark slant eyes merely added to her prettiness and Lord Quirt’s excitement.

His tongue ran on his lips with excitement as he gazed at the ivory tan of Helen Wong’s trim model-girl bottom-cheeks, her slim hips and thighs, his eyes close enough for the girl to feel his breath upon her.

As Lord Quirt stretched Brigid’s rear tightness, he watched his bone-hard erection engulfed between her bum-cheeks. The tense trim pallor of Brigid Price’s bottom-cheeks was presented to him fully and obediently as she lay forward over the

leather bolster. She offered her twenty-one-year-old backside obediently with her arse deeply impaled by his lordship. Hating every thrust of it, Brigid was still fearful of the damage that wriggling or resistance might cause.

His fingers stroked her smooth rear cheeks gently as he paused in his ravishing of her, admiring the young redhead's stretched backside, making Brigid wait in uneasy anticipation with the fleshy bulk of his erection widening and filling her behind. He kissed her neck and ears, the high crown of her red hair. It excited him to see Brigid's arse stretched very hard round the rim of the warm gristly tool that was engulfed to the hilt in her behind, with every thrust, he wondered whether the insolent girl was feeling, discomfort or excitement from such a stout tool in such a tight place. His enjoyment came in part from knowing that he was stimulating ambiguous excitement in Brigid's backside, a certain furtive and morbid pleasure mingled with more menial needs and urges.

He gazed at the backsides of the three girls bending before him.

"Swell that fat young arse fuller, Karen Dearlove. Bend tighter. . . . Reach back and pull the cheeks of your bottom further apart, Helen Wong. . . . Pull the back of your singlet right up above your hips, Sally Fenton, you pretty little bitch. Look back at me while I examine you . . ."

Sally's lightly permed fair hair touched her shoulders as she tried to twist the high-boned prettiness of her face to him. He was eagerly studying the tense resilient charms of her pretty bottom. He leant over and kissed the tense cool bottom-cheek that was nearest. The youngster tightened a little. He kissed the other cheek. Then he nosed down and kissed the rearward peep of Sally Fenton's cute little cunt, at which she started as if stung by a wasp.

He began to scatter his kisses more wildly as his passion grew and he sodomised Brigid with greater vigour. He kissed the heavy shopgirl pallor of Karen Dearlove's bottom-cheeks . . . Sally Fenton's pussy-peep at the rear . . . the cheeks

of Karen Dearlove's backside . . . Sally Fenton's arsehole . . . the light Chinese tan of Helen Wong's bottom . . . her cunt . . . her bottom-cheeks . . . Helen Wong's arsehole . . . her bottom-cheeks . . . her arsehole. Brigid cried out again, her long red hair swishing, at the forces of his thrusts so far up her backside . . . his lips touched Karen Dearlove's bottom . . . Sally Fenton's pretty pussy . . . Helen Wong's arsehole, making the Eurasian girl bend tighter for him. Brigid cried out and threshed her hair wildly as his knob went all the way. His kisses touched the flesh petals of Sally Fenton's arsehole . . . riding his young redhead, his kisses touched Helen Wong's arsehole . . . Karen Dearlove's pale rear cheek-swell . . . Helen Wong's arsehole . . . Helen Wong's arsehole . . . Helen Wong's arsehole.

The bulk of the engorged tool in Brigid's bottom was intended to ensure that whatever furtive excitement she felt was rivalled by a certain natural discomfort at having something so large that her instincts urged her to expel.

She cried out again, begging him to use her in some other way, even offering to suck, which she had only done once before, in the height of passion for her first boyfriend. Lord Quirt laughed.

"You randy young piece, Brigid! You really want to suck it now?"

The rhythm of the springs began again.

Lord Quirt was really in the mood for her now. There was no need to be gentle with her. The pearly tension of the buttocks she was obliged to present had that firm oval look of a female redhead at twenty-one. Trimly-shaped, Brigid's bottom-cheeks were those of a lithe and active girl, an emancipated young woman who had given herself to a boy when it suited her and refused when it did not. He sounded her young arse deeper still. She tensed with a natural fear that he might burst her. Lord Quirt felt increasing excitement as his knob invaded the deeper and most secret recesses of Brigid's bottom. He outraged nature and most modesty by probing her

rear anatomy so deeply. In this area, her baser feminine needs and functions had always been protected and veiled by customs of decency and privacy. Brigid's natural reticence and prudery were now challenged by his quest for intenser pleasure in the rudest depths of her young arse. With her backside stretched so hard and filled so full, the girl also had to endure the shame and panic of being caught in her present state.

In at full length, he kissed the crown of her red silky hair and whispered in her ear, teasing her with his discovery that she wanted quite a different use of that peach-tiled bathroom now. She tensed and caught her breath at the repeated pressure he brought to bear in a place where he had already made her feel such deep unease. The deep insertions were such that she felt them all the way to her belly button. He rode close to her now for several minutes, withdrawing only an inch or so from Brigid's arse at each stroke.

The short red singlet ended at the tight leather waist-belt. Brigid's bottom-cheeks and thighs, as she presented them bare, were those of a young redhead who is assertive rather than experienced! Lord Quirt intended to make her feel his fleshy truncheon in her behind for some while before he finally released his pulsing passion in her. As he gasped and clenched, he longed to burst Brigid in the very depths of her firm-cheeked backside. To do so was beyond his capacity, for she was too supple and agile in her hips and seat. But in his present mood he would have inflicted such a finale without hesitation on Brigid or Karen, Helen Wong, and even Sally Fenton had it been in his power! A certain warlike device worn on the head of his manhood as he entered Brigid Price's bottom would have sundered the young wanton irreparably. To triumph absolutely over the insolent young redhead seemed impossible for him in any other way.

However, he might discharge his passion upon such hot infertile soil without the least danger of spoiling the twenty-one-year-old girl's lithe shape by unwanted breeding. Lord Quirt was no sentimentalist where an arrogant young tart like

Brigid was concerned. Thinking of this, his excitement made him use the tight rear vigorously and for a long session.

At last he gasped out, as he went in almost to the hilt, warning Brigid that she would soon feel his passion deep in her bottom. Her face was bowed and only the crown of her silky sweep of red hair was at his disposal to kiss. He went deeper still and her slight instinctive tightening of alarm precipitated the climax. Faintly, there was a muffled constricted squirting, suggesting that the tightness of her behind upon his stiffened muzzle had increased the force. He released pulse after pulse of his slippery passion deep in Brigid Price's bottom, where the thickness of warm seed fell upon hot, infertile soil.

With some excitement Lord Quirt heard the muffled squirting in the young redhead's entrails continue. His balls were big and tight with sperm and he was greatly excited by what he was doing to Brigid. She caught her breath again at being flooded in such a place for the first time. Lord Quirt guessed that it was also because the pulsing of the passion in her behind went on for so long, creating a sense of turmoil in her entrails. To make it worse for her, the tool stiffened again without withdrawing, excited by the tightness of Brigid's behind.

"Lie right forward again, Brigid," he murmured, his lips brushing her neck and ears. "You like the feel of it, don't you, Brigid? Even in your bottom!"

Despite the threshing of her red hair and Brigid's shrieks of protest, the rhythm of the springs began once more.

After ten minutes of Lord Quirt's hard breathing the eavesdroppers again heard the constricted muffled squirting. Brigid gave a short cry of panic and a crestfallen little murmur. Lord Quirt murmured and panted, kissing her bare neck and ears, assuring her how great was the enjoyment her behind had given him. He described how the tightness of her arse was a thrilling stimulant and how the release of his passion in the soft warm depths of her backside had excited him greatly.

Teasingly, he asked Brigid if she had enjoyed feeling the long and repeated gusts of his passion released deep in her bottom. It was hard to hear her muffled words but a peevish, self-pitying tone of denial was unmistakable. In her crestfallen voice Brigid reproached him, insisting that the the jets of his passion had revolted her, like a slippery substance pumped into her behind.

His lordship laughed at this and administered a ringing cheek-smack on the tense bare pallor of Brigid's bottom. He smacked her a second time and then again, much harder so that she caught her breath.

“You young tart, Brigid!” he said with a laugh, “You liked the feel of your boyfriends inside you well enough in the past! I'm sure you don't enjoy it as much in your behind. But don't pretend that you don't like the feel of it there! You were keen enough to feel sperm elsewhere. Don't pretend that the feel of it in your arse revolts you.”

He lowered his voice and promised Brigid that he did not in the least regret what he had done to her. If his vigorous use of her bottom made her prone to a certain slight indisposition there in future, he would regard that as means of making sure she remembered him for the rest of her life.

The girl's pearly hind cheeks tensed as she cautiously expelled the deflated intruder from her bottom with gentle squeezings or contractions. A second wider view showed that as she did this her head was pillowed on one side, the sweep of red hair in disorder and the hard young face softened into the look of a tearful little girl after a smacked bottom!

The listless knob lolled across one of her swelling bare buttocks leaving a shining trail, a last mucus dribblet of male passion strung wetly across the moon pallor of that rear cheek. But the knob had also been daringly and indecorously deep in the young redhead's backside. As the serpent withdrew limply it left a lewdly suggestive smudge across one firm pale cheek-swell of Brigid Price's bottom. Despite the insolence of the sullen young face under its parted fringe of red hair, this rude

smudge made Brigid look sluttish and sexy at the same time. She was thus obliged to present herself to her gaolers like a rude and careless little girl—but also a little girl who had just provoked a libation of male passion by her perverse and precocious tempting. Faced by this evidence of Brigid's wanton disposition and the suggestive muddy blemish on one cheek of her seat, any gaoler would not hesitate to whip her—and whip again—with quite exceptional severity. He would be as excited as anyone by the appearance of Brigid as a rude little girl. But he would seize the chance to punish sadistically a rebellious young redhead of her sort with her firm and disdainful features half veiled by her tresses.

Lord Quirt smiled at the sight of Brigid's arrogance and self-possession conquered by his dealing of her.

It was half an hour after midnight by the clock. Brigid sprawled on her belly over the pillows, arms again drawn out at full stretch, wrists fastened to the frame of the bed. The high pillows raised and broadened the full double-checked palmar of her backside.

Cynthia Smith looked at her more closely. The pillow on which Brigid's head rested was wet with tears.

“Had a little weep, Brigid? Better get it over quickly before your visitor needs to use you again! You think a lot of yourself, don't you, Brigid? Wait till we put you bottom-up over the trestle and let the hangman's apprentice practice a few of the whipmaker's tricks on your bare backside. After you've heard the walls ringing with your own screams, you won't be such a stuck-up young bitch!”

Lord Quirt was ready again. Brigid still lay on her belly over the bed. Her parted fringe shaken clear, her firm-featured face turned plaintively over her shoulder at Cynthia as the woman spread more scented Vaseline. Lord Quirt's swollen knob touched her between her buttocks. The lights in the bedroom burnt until dawn. After Lord Quirt's departure, several men came and went, all with the same enthusiasm for the young redhead's backside. From time to time there was still-

ness, ended by the rattle of the Vaseline jar, wadded female frenzy, a shifting of weight, the rhythmic movement of the bed. Wadded protests rose to muffled frenzy and screaming. Cynthia said, "Keep your arse still, Brigid Price!" There was a sharp bottom-smack and then another. Bedsprings moved again under extra weight. There was a half-muffled scream. The springs moved in a steady rhythm for twenty minutes. The man gasped with the effort. Cynthia Smith asked mockingly, "Your bottom ready for it again, Brigid?" There was a faint irregular squirting and a sound of revulsion from Brigid. A pause followed. The springs eased again. The air sang with a vigorous bottom-smack. There was quiet laughter, then stillness again for another half hour.

It was almost dawn when the last man came. Like Heathers, he was one of Lord Quirt's "charity cases," a reformatory master dismissed for the sadistic severity of his punishments. With her singlet pulled up at the back, Brigid still lay over the pillows, shaking back her red tresses to turn the firm prettiness of her face to him. But the man gazed instead at the resilient fair-skinned swell of Brigid's bottom-cheeks, a contrast to her golden suntanned legs and back. He laid a prison birch on the bed, three yard-long switches of birch well-soaked and bound together at the handle. He also gazed at the three bottoms of the bending girls, the fattened pallor of Karen Dearlove's backside, the demure Eurasian-tan ovals of Helen Wong's rear cheeks, the trim tight-cheeked swell of Sally Fenton's pretty bottom.

"Two strokes for every year," he said calmly. "Twenty-one years old? Then forty-two strokes of the birch across your bare bottom, Brigid Price!"

It was a ferocious punishment, even by prison standards in Cheluna. The triple-switched birch whistled down and Brigid shrieked at the agony of the first stroke. The red hair flew as she twisted her face round and screamed back at him. Brigid's backside was firm and full-cheeked, an ideal target. He birched her as severely as any delinquent in a prison was ever dealt

with. After fifteen or twenty strokes, a mass of raised birch-weals embossed her strong and agile bottom-cheeks. She was a wilful and active girl but he made her scream at every stroke. The birching lasted until the sky was light because after the allotted strokes he allowed himself to reimpose her sentence.

Karen Dearlove received thirty-eight, Helen Wong forty, and Sally Fenton thirty-six. The pale cheek-weight of Karen Dearlove's bottom was quite fatly presented over the trestle and very sexy with nylon stockings and a suspender belt. The nineteen-year-old girl's stylish honey-blonde punk-out in its boy-shortie, the pretty nose, lipsticked mouth, mascar'd eyes and the dash of rouge excited him. The room echoed to Karen Dearlove's screams, the prison birch cutting cheek-skin half-a-dozen times across the full pallor of her rear cheeks. When he had finished, there was real excitement when he reimposed the thirty-eight birch strokes across the pale rather fatly presented swell of Karen Dearlove's bottom-cheeks!

Sally Fenton, though the youngest, provoked him by her high-boned prettiness, cheeky and vulgar manner, the light fair curls of her perm, the smooth lightly suntanned back, straight slim legs, tense fledgling womanhood of lithe young buttocks. He reimposed her sentence twice, although the tightly rounded cheeks of Sally Fenton's bottom over the trestle were a lace-work of plum-coloured birch-weals after the first session. He chided her as he thrashed her.

"Keep your back straight and your young bottom towards me, Sally Fenton . . . Six strokes of the birch very low across those pretty little bottom-cheeks, Sally Fenton . . . Never had the cheeks of your bottom cut by a birch before, Sally Fenton? . . . Not a teacher? . . . Not at home? . . . Not even a stepfather? . . . The birch makes your young bottom dance and fart, doesn't it Sally? . . . Doing something rude, Sally? . . . Doing it deliberately to stop the birching? . . . Four more strokes for that—then I'll reimpose your sentence and start your obedience training from the beginning again, you pretty little slut. . . . Cynthia Smith will bend you tighter so that the

cheeks of your young bottom spread wider apart. . . . Something in your mouth to curb your noise. . . . That's good. . . . The birch cut you beautifully in the last session, seven times across your bottom, Sally Fenton . . . much worse now. . . . I'll make your pretty young backside insult the birch before I finish with you, Sally Fenton."

He proved himself right on this! Then he returned to the desperate redhead.

"Another taste of the birch across your bare bottom, Brigid Price . . . Ready to scream with excitement for half an hour on the honeymoon couch?"

Next day the reformatory buzzed with the story that Brigid Price had had a prison birching. So had cheeky Sally Fenton! The male officers were intrigued, as were most of their female colleagues! The senior female officers knew that the reformatory master would be there for the summer. They agreed to watch keenly for the slightest disobedience by the twenty-one-year-old redhead. As a result, Brigid Price's bare bottom was sadistically birched over the punishment trestle on three nights that summer and Sally Fenton's on five.

Now and then there were rumours of a girl's disappearance. The young rebel Joanne had been taken to a remote and private prison-farm on the Spanish Plain, where the local trade was whipmaking. The warden of the prison-farm had promised his crony the master whipmaker that he should have frequent opportunity for testing the effect of his lashes on the fair-skinned cheeks of Jo Phillips's nineteen-year-old bottom!

The reformatory master was given employment by Colonel Alkan. He had rooms at Krater Island reformatory and was waited upon by Karen. All the girls were inspected each morning by the matrons, reporting without skirts or jeans. When the punk-cut honey-blonde bent over there was often a Vaseline mark near the seat-seam of the tight translucent nylon of Karen Dearlove's panties. When she took these down and bent over for her backside to be inspected, the reformatory master's morning passion was betrayed by telltale sperm-wetness

between the cheeks of Karen Dearlove's bottom. After a Saturday night, twenty or thirty plum-coloured prints of bamboo embossed the bare fattened swell of Karen Dearlove's backside.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

From Krater Island the supply ship returned to Port Xantra, carrying Colonel Manrique, Colonel Alkan, and their guests. There were a number of girls on board whose immediate destination was the remote fastness of Metron. Thereafter, they would be found in the private reformatories and plantations of the Spanish Plain, certain selected prison farms run by enthusiastic private benefactors, slave-girl harems in Arabia, and elsewhere. It was safe to say that none would be heard of by the world at large. They would share the destiny of such mature young slave-wives as Marina Wilson, Theresa Lux, or Lesley Hollingsworth, such beginners as Sally Fenton, Jane Mitchener, or Samantha Wilson, such girls as Brigid Price, Tania Nicol, or Suzanne Berry.

The destination of Metron, that remote castellated mansion, stood high in the mountain silence of the last valley beyond Salona. The inhabitants of that remote valley were few, most of them gathered in the little settlement of Metron Bassa, a dependency of the hilltop residence. Under the existing state of martial law, the journey from the coast was to be made only under the supervision of Colonel Manrique, "The Alcalde," as his people called him. A concrete road across the floodlands of the coastal provinces ended at the spa of Camba

Real, from which there extended little more than a track to the foothill town of Salona. Beyond that, the way wound upwards, mile after mile, and hour after hour, on pine-wooded escarpments of limestone shelf. Even the settlement of Metron Bassa lay several thousand feet above the coastal plain. The castellated wall of the late-colonial mansion was seen distantly, higher still, far above the rooftops. Built by Portuguese governors in the last century, it appeared a castle from a legend, its stucco walls washed pink or saffron. Because it remained in Manrique's possession, it served the alcalde's purposes of captivity and discipline. Nor were these functions to be questioned in a man who governed such a remote inland province.

From time to time, a black Astra sedan with sleek aerodynamic lines and a wide radiator grille would skirt the plain stone houses of the Metronese outcrop and wind its way into the hills. The Astra Sedan, the only automobile to be built in neutral Cheluna far back in the 1940s, was a broad, quietly powered car which might belong in the cavalcade of a despotic head of state or the ruler of a great commercial empire. Whether in a presidential cavalcade or the secret carrying of a troublesome young woman to sexual bondage, the Astra was an object of patriotic pride among its people. When one passed their way, however, the incurious peasants whose terraced fields surrounded the village of Metron Bassa knew only that the limousine was Manrique's, and that his command as alcalde included the former colonial governor's residence at Salona and a judicial house of correction beyond the mountains on the Spanish Plain at Casa del Campo.

Fiercely loyal to their patron, these inhabitants of Metron cared little for rumour or scandal. It was nothing to them if the Portuguese-gothic walls on a mountain ridge enclosed several dozen young women committed there by the courts or by the alcalde's own prerogative. They might be wayward teenagers or mature young Amazons, insolent shopgirls or wanton young wives. But the good people of Metron wished only that such female delinquents should be taught to pay the price of

their misconduct by whatever means their master might choose.

Sometimes, a farmer gathering olives in a terraced orchard might see the black Astra limousine as it passed. He might catch a glimpse of its wide and sumptuous interior, the soft fawn-coloured leather of the seats, the silver of the handles and ashtrays, the polished wood of the dashboard. Two steel rings had been set into the bodywork at intervals along the back seat, as though it were necessary for certain passengers to travel with their hands cuffed to these rings behind their backs. A uniformed chauffeur was always at the wheel. An armed escort sat beside him. Two more escorts sat in the back of the car. Between them, the watching farmer might glimpse a tumble of redhead tresses about a lowered face, a collar-length ponytail of lank dark hair secured by a black velvet ribbon, the punk-cut hair of a mascara'd and lipsticked blonde, the dark ringlets of soft-faced female adolescence.

Such a man might think to himself that the ornate gothic-windowed house of correction above Metron held a harem of female slaves brought from the northern world to serve the pleasures of Manrique and his guests. But it mattered nothing to him. He knew also that the black Astra limousine brought such delinquents or captives to the scene of their punishment and was never known to take any of them back again. It was none of his concern. Apart from a natural loyalty to Manrique and the power of government, the good people of Metron knew that a scandal would harm them more than it would their rulers. When these loyal folk heard from time to time of Rio 9, they shrugged and turned away. If that name meant nothing, they need not bother themselves. If its work was sinister, they would rather know nothing.

Those who have made the voyage to Metron know how secret and secure is the world within its walls. After crossing several thousand miles of sea, the last stage from the private airfield to the hills begins on the far coastline of a southern ocean, where the black Astra limousine follows the winding

road above the shore, hidden intermittently by screens of tall Austrian pine, brought from Europe in the days of colonial administration. The autumn scene is one of mercurial sun and a warm Atlantic sky the colour of mist.

Approaching the city of Cheluna on the wide arterial route of the Avenida Marginal, the sealed windows of the powerful car look out across a sweep of pearl grey breakers. On the broad drive of the coastal avenue, the smart buildings, sun umbrellas and crowds of a resort town pass like the panorama of a movie screen. In the curve of arcades to either side of the Casino gardens stretch rows of café tables where families from the city eat lunch under the spreading boughs of camellia trees. Closer to the city, the older, peeling villas rise in colours of apricot or blood-orange stucco. Schoolgirls, smartly uniformed in green tops and grey skirts, cluster by the Club de Ténis, with its deep terra cotta courts and dark green paintwork among palms and purple bougainvillea. Then the expensive little town is gone. The silver glare of a southerly Atlantic calm turns blue at last in the broad estuary.

The city of Cheluna was laid out by its colonists with wide perfumed avenidas that recall Pamplona or San Sebastian. The limousine follows the Avenida Carlos III towards the Plaza Andalusia with its fine ornamental fountain of inward-arching sprays. At the centre of its presidential space is a bandstand, a forest of green wooden chairs, and a white finger-monument to forgotten colonial wars. This modern quarter is a complex of castellated apartment blocks in caramel or white stucco. The stucco is peeling and the ornamental battlements are roosts for gulls from a sluggish tide and a humid coast. The chauffeur turns off the main square, past a concrete bullring, the long arcading of fashionable stores, beyond the cafes, bars, and movie-houses.

The light fades from the evening sky as the sleek black shape of the Astra sweeps past the dilapidated streets of the crowded Barrio de Tarifa on the inland fringe of the city and follows the concrete highway across the rice fields of Camba

province towards the remote wooded hills of the hinterland.

Camba Real lies several hours away, a little town of villas behind tall hedges of laurel or ivy, public gardens with sandy gravel paths among lawns set with magnolia, camellia and almond trees. A French physician from Evian-les-Bains founded its Centre Climatique de Cure. It is set among wooded hills and a rich syrupy smell of warm pine, a place of violets and yellow butterflies.

The provinces of Camba and Salona, alone among those of the former colonial enclave, have been the scene of civil disorder and banditry from across the frontier. Several years ago a state of martial law was declared there. It has never been strictly enforced and, for that reason, has never been rescinded. Yet such arbitrary power still lies in the hands of Manrique.

The road stretches like a raised causeway through the fields of maize, running in daylight towards the green haze of distant hills. Now the reed-grown waterway of the Iruna irrigation canal appears briefly in lamplight. On the northern horizon, a mountainous terrain begins. Close at hand there is nothing but the dark spaces of rice paddies and the wind-breaks of Aleppo cypress. Once or twice an hour, the lamps and white walls of a little crossroads town sail by beyond the window of the quiet limousine.

The road to Metron narrows at the spa town of Camba Real, beyond an old imperial hotel with stone-columned pergolas, and a row of little art deco shops, a café terrace under trellised vines, and the Ciné Mirador. Behind its walls, hung with purple bougainvillea and scented by lemon trees, the Ciné Mirador offers matinées and midnights of movie romance, languishing and vibrant with violins, that the rest of the world has finished with years ago. But Camba Real is an old-fashioned society, where secret and perverse pleasures may be enjoyed that would cause scandal elsewhere.

Several hours later, winding through wooded foothills, the limousine reaches the provincial capital of Salona, centred on the square by an old palace of the military governors, facing

café terraces and blue-tiled walls. The Alcazar, as they grandly term it, is now under Colonel Manrique's patronage. Manrique is, in effect, the provincial governor, though he holds no such title. Yet he is the senior representative of the government in that area. The true provincial governor has more pleasant business in his city apartment at Cheluna or his villa at Julou de Mar. Salona's few visitors find little to do but retire to the *salon de thé*, where chocolate cake with cream accompanies coffee and private conversations. The interiors are lit by wide mirrors and frosted globes of wall-bracket lamps. The pink and white marbling is raspberry and cream above chocolate-brown buttoned leather. Little tables with wrought-iron legs are attended by waiters in black aprons and bow ties. Outside, stretches the sheltered terrace and blue tiling of street-walls. It is a place of silence in the mists of October, a little town of palaces bereft of kings, the sound of coffee cups and café tables sharp and brittle in the quiet air.

Immediately beyond the town are houses belonging to men of wealth and influence, several of them intimates of Manrique and most of them beholden to the *alcalde* for favours. Ornamental iron grilles protect the mansions with their priceless collections of ivories and manuscripts, porcelain, and Spanish silver-gilt lamps. Their gates are locked and chained. The houses on the lower slope stand massive and silent, blinds down and terraces empty. Stone obelisk shafts point upwards on the corner-towers and garden pillars.

The limousine climbs slowly for twenty more miles through a mountain range, fir trees mist-shrouded and dripping sombrely. It passes a little settlement of charcoal burners. Another mountain range and then the world of the interior, far from scandal and prying eyes.

Above that, the only settlement is Metron Bassa, no more than a village set in the depths of a steep mountain gorge. But here and there one glimpses the land falling further away to a wide plain and the hazy sunlight sparkling on another mountain range. Misty hills rise like wooded cliffs above the roof-

tops, clothed in fir and chestnut, oak and spruce. The crowning castellation of the battlements is just visible through the vapour.

Beyond the settlement of Metron, the road curves up towards Manrique's domain between the silence of the trees. The season of eucalyptus and lemon is over. Water drips constantly and everywhere, almost the only sound. From time to time, between the walls and trees by the quiet road, there is a panorama far below, stretching across the flat miles to more remote hills. High above, on the ridge, stand the remains of the invaders' fortifications—Portuguese to the east, Spanish to the west—among a more arid landscape of white boulders.

At the approach to the estate, pale green ferns grow thick between the trees. On the grey rendered walls the moss is richly emerald-coloured. Within the grounds of the fine house lie formal gardens and statued walks, stone loggias with tiled interiors, built upon pink Moorish keyhole arches. Palms and pines grow in the thick woodland of cork and oak. Ivy and moss hang everywhere, among virginia creeper and banks of red flowers.

Loyal to the authority which Manrique represents and hostile to subversion of any kind, the curiosity of the peasants of Metron ends far below this. If they hear that many of the girls in the alcalde's charge are whipped from time to time, they shrug and think the young whores deserve it. If it is rumoured that some of the girls have been brought privately from France or England or Scandinavia, they think it none of their business. If they hear that a young female troublemaker has been found defunct on her bed one morning after a session with two hardened male criminals, they know Colonel Manrique is the person to deal with such a mishap. They smile and think it is nothing to them. Perhaps they are told that the forbidding walls hold a young woman and her daughter, or a pair of sisters. It does not surprise them. Whoredom runs in families. Better that young sluts should be where they can do no harm.

For more than ten years, Manrique has been master of the

house of Metron and the girls he holds there. One or two are there as a matter of justice, but most because he has arranged it on behalf of that organisation known simply as Rio 9. The house with its extensive and well-guarded grounds stands on a crest of rock. Manrique and his guests from Rio 9 are far from interference in the depth of parkland on this misty height.

The portico of the house is reached through wooded parkland, its front dating from the last days of the Portuguese monarchs. It looks a place of stucco rendering and large pebble-dash, grey and damp as gravestone. From the terrace to one side there is a high view above wooded hills to a warm expanse of inland lake. Within, there is pale tiling and dark velvet in its rooms and little courtyards. One's eye catches long interior vistas of heavy red velvet and mahogany. In the reception room, on a grand piano, stand family photos in frames of red or russet velvet. The pale yellow sofas look heavy and fat. The light through the windows is filtered by German painted glass. The house is grossly overfurnished with its thick yellow carpets, Meissen figurines, chandeliers, ivory and ebony, portraits in darkened oils. Even the polished Brazilian mahogany has a chocolate richness that adds to a sense of darkness.

While the uniformed chauffeur returns to the streamlined shape of the black limousine, names are added to a list. Emma Smith, Elke Mähne, Tracy Searle, Joanne Phillips, Sharon Hartley, Caroline Auderssen; a fourth form of Sally Fenton, Elaine Cox, Tara Randell, Samantha Wilson, four bare bottoms for a teacher's excitement! Thousands of miles away, their disappearance is noted, not always reported. The trade of Rio 9 is reality, not romance. It supplies the tastes of masters, whether they be for Marina Wilson and Pauline Cox at thirty or Caroline Auderssen and Marie Moburg in their late teens, such pupils as Tara or Samantha. Whether they are cherished or chastised—or cherished and chastised—is for their new masters alone to decide.

The rooms of Manrique and his guests are tiled in cream

and blue azulejo or hung with dark historical paintings by Portuguese masters of the seventeenth century. The interior furnishings are heavy with red velvet and the sombre sleekness of Brazilian carving. The air seems rich with fanaticism and cruelty. One passes down the red-walled corridor, by crimson velvet chairs of gilded wood, pale aqueous light through arched and leaded windows, to dark-panelled and stuffily-furnished rooms.

From the private rooms at the extremity of each wing of the building, long galleries run high above the main roof to the Torre das Senhoras at the centre. Each long, velvet-draped gallery connecting a drawing-room or salon, with the central tower is hung with more than thirty full-plate photographic studies of a young woman who has passed through the hands of her masters and mistresses into whatever submission and captivity lies beyond. One pauses by the nearest leaded window that looks out across the damp forests and ferns, in order to study the first camera portrait. It may be of a punk-cropped honey-blonde with carefully made-up face and a soft figure. Or the snub-nosed insolence of a tomboy of eighteen in her school blouse and tie. It may be a hard-faced little blonde, a Scandanavian, beginning the adventure of her late teens. Perhaps it is a married Venus of thirty with a tumble of fair ringlets, a firm maturity, and a long-backed dancing-girl figure.

An entire gallery is devoted to full-plate prints of the same girl, two subjects appearing only where they are sisters or a woman and her daughter. The downlights of the opposite wall illuminate the continuation of the series against the deep red silk of decoration. The world of the dimly lit galleries is turned in upon itself, brooding and sensual, decadent and overblown. Here and there one is briefly aware of a world outside. Through windows or interior doors are glimpsed courtyards with blue and yellow azulejo tiles, lush with palms and ferns among the murmur of fountain-water in lily-pools. At the foot of the little tower—the Torre das Senhoras, as it is called—is

a round room in pale stone, well-lit with plain framed photographs on the bare wall.

To walk in the watery light of a winter afternoon along these galleries is to come to the winding stone stairway of the Torre das Senhoras with its lantern windows at the top. From here, one sees by day high across the forests to the western coast. Just below the lantern-room are smaller rooms, with velvet couches and narrow gothic windows. If you were to look for Emma Smith, Elke Mähne, Tracy Searle, Annica Jarnryd, Sharon Hartley, or Caroline Auderssen, you might find them here. From time to time, you must look elsewhere in a subterranean vault whose rough whitewashed walls are thick and soundproof. The heavy iron-banded doors shut hermetically tight. There is no light from the upper world except by a small barred window high in the wall at the level of the vaulted ceiling. The vault itself is brightly lit by strip lighting. When such captive girls are taken in there, late in the evening, the lights burn until dawn.

CHAPTER TWELVE

One of the quiet pleasures of Metron, for Lord Quirt, was to wander alone through the high galleries with their glimpses in fine weather of the road to the sparsely inhabited Spanish Plain beyond the wooded mountains and, if one tried hard enough to imagine it, a distant gleam of the further ocean. Several days after his arrival, alone in the south gallery, he walked between the silver-framed full-plate photographs which hung on the crimson damask with its honeysuckle pattern. The beeswing swags of fine muslin filtered a watery light from the maneline casements with their moorish curves. A deep red scarf of cloud was almost lost now in gunpowder grey and the sole light came as if from the distant gleam of the ocean rim. In these high galleries of Metron the lamps, with their painted glass shades in butterfly patterns of green and mauve, lemon and rose, cast a warm radiance on beige carpets, polished parquet, Japanese cabinets in black and gold lacquer, the marquetry of little tables.

Lord Quirt walked slowly among the carved Indian chairs and ebony consoles of the south gallery. Two or three dozen photographs of the same girl hung, each in its carpeted recess. The prints changed as one girl was displayed and then replaced by another. The punk honey-blonde nineteen-year-old Karen

Dearlove today, perhaps, Mandy Worth next week or the week after. Whether the dramas depicted were real or staged must be a matter of conjecture. Lord Quirt knew only that mere staging was not permitted in Colonel Manrique's enthusiasms. Moreover, thanks to the novelties of science, as one stood before each photograph in its velvet-walled recess, an endless loop of tape, inaudible in the rest of the gallery replayed the sounds of the moments when the photograph was taken.

If Lord Quirt felt a keener interest in this subject, it was because he had once seen her in life, a bending bare-bottomed pony-girl turning the mill shaft with Jo Phillips, Maggie Turnbull, and Helen Wong. He was excited, from the background of the prints, to see that this was a romance of a remote prison-farm punishment-room. As the prints showed, the young woman about to undergo discipline by a boys' prison-farm warden was a hard-faced young lesbian, quite tall, with a firm fair-skinned oval face, her figure showing the firm maturity of a young woman at twenty-six years old, auburn tresses framing her face from her high crown to her collar. The chin was firm, the mouth prim but cute, despite a certain sourness when commanded. The blue eyes were direct and unsmiling, their lashes mascara'd and the eyebrows well-marked. The chin was firm, the nose straight, the young vixen's expression hard and challenging. This young woman, a challenge to discipline, was the heroine.

His lordship dutifully followed the drama depicted in the series of prints, noting that the events had occurred since he had last seen the girl. The setting, he had no doubt, was at a prison-farm on the Spanish Plain. Indeed, a framed note at the start of the display explained that, since Catherine demanded the right to act as a boy with other young women, it had been decided to let her taste life as a delinquent boy, bare-bottomed under the command of a sadistic warden at a boys' prison-farm beyond Casa del Campo. It was to be her final destination.

In the first print, the photographer had been content to show

Cat with the firm oval of her fair-skinned face carefully made-up, quite a tall figure in a skirt and blouse, the collar-length auburn tresses a little disarrayed, as if from a struggle of some kind. Even in her skirt and blouse, it was possible to see that her figure was quite well firmed out and that there might be a certain seductively pale swell in Cat Clarke's bottom-cheeks.

In the second print, the young woman had been subdued and bent over a tall stool bolted to a stone floor, a gleam of light on black harness straps. Cat Clarke's bottom was presented in a full-cheeked posture. Her skirt had gone, showing the fuller pallor of Cat's hind cheeks in a pair of tight and shiny nylon panties. The white panties were thin and translucent, mistily showing the cheek-pallor of Cat's bottom and the shadowy dividing crack.

Thirdly, the hands of the prison-farm warden appeared, a man of forty or fifty, trained to chastise. He was peeling down the tight nylon sheen of Cat Clarke's panties, tangling them round the pearly gloss of her young thighs above her sleek nylon stocking-tops and laying bare the moon-cheeked pallor of her bottom.

Lord Quirt moved on to the next private alcove and studied a close-up portrait of alarm in Cat's mascara-lashed blue eyes, the twisting round of her collar-length auburn tresses, the parting, lipstick-brightness of her mouth.

He spent some time at the next print, a close-up of Cat's self-assured and womanly young bottom as she was made to bend over the punishment-stool. The pallid curves of Cat's rear cheeks, sexily fattened out by her posture, were tensing and squirming. Her swell-cheeked young arse was framed by the white elastic arch of a suspender belt across the back of her waist, the straps running down either flank to draw her stockings up smooth and sleek, and the stocking-tops themselves. Her tight sleek nylon panties were now tangled round her knees, but their elastic hem had left an imprint arching up over each sleek pearly cheek-swell of Cat Clarke's bottom!

Cat was excitingly bare-bottomed over the tall stool but the

print also showed her backward glance. In panic, the twenty-six-year-old lesbian twisted round, showing her widened blue eyes with their mascara'd rims and her lightly parted lips, her hatred of the warden shown in the line of her lips and the tension in her face. There was a glimpse of her sleek-fleshed stockinged thigh-pallor smoothing and tensing in the tightness of the pinion-strap. The warden was looking closely at the full moon cheek-pallor of Cat Clarke's arse.

The camera next showed a fine bottom-shot, the sadistic impact of the slim black riding-switch across the pallid cheek-swell of Cat's backside. Every muscle and sinew in Cat's fair-skinned thighs, hips, and backside tightened in the searching torment of the whip. The tape had caught the wild scream that burst from her.

Lord Quirt next saw a print of Cat's face twisted round, the auburn hair brushing her collar, lipsticked mouth screaming, blue eyes wide with their darkened lashes. The prison-farm warden had drawn the waist-strap tight, pressing her belly down harder on the stool and making her hips swell back more fully. In this pose, the rear of her sex peeped back between her thighs. Between her full pearly buttocks the camera glimpsed the desperately tightened flesh-petals of Cat Clarke's anus as she strove to contain the torment of the whip.

In the next print, her pale thigh-weight strained bare against the broad black leather of the pinion strap that held her legs, just below her stocking-tops. Two vivid brands of the riding-switch showed high across the backs of her thighs, above her stocking-tops. Three more prints aslant her writhing and contorting bottom-cheeks, two more cruelly low down across the softer, fatter cheek-weight of Cat's backside. Mascara'd blue eyes were wide in desperation. The young woman's eyes strove to hold their hatred for the man. But then the prison-farm warden's whip drove the young bitch wild and wide-mouthed again.

A glimpse of the digital clock on the wall of the punishment-room at five past midnight. A facial portrait of the

auburn-haired young rebel, her mascara'd eyes wild and and Cat's lipsticked mouth wide and shrill.

Then the slim leather riding-switch was being measured low down across the bare full-cheeked swell of Cat Clarke's bottom. On the tape a pistol-crack whip-smack of the switch rang low again across the rather fatly-presented pallor of her bottom-cheeks . . . low across her bottom again . . . aslant Cat's bottom-cheeks . . . the bare backs of her thighs above her stocking-tops . . . the backs of her thighs above her stocking-tops again . . . and again . . . her bottom . . . bottom . . . low across Cat Clarke's bottom . . . Cat Clarke's bottom again . . . her bottom . . . bottom . . . bottom . . . bottom . . . bottom . . . thighs . . . Cat Clarke's bottom . . . bottom . . . bottom.

The pinion-strap round her pale thighs held her legs straight and still. The broad prison strap was tight round her waist to increase and fatten the swell of Cat's pale sleek-fleshed arse-cheeks. A lacework of whip-prints embroidered her cheek-writhing backside. Whether this was prison-farm punishment or training, she had been taken to a place where it would be calm and pitiless.

He had made her bend tighter, resulting in a fine study of a hard-faced young vixen, presenting herself to a sadistic official in a full-bottomed and spread-cheeked posture, Cat looking as if she was arching her hips back with her panties down to sit on the toilet. However impersonal the warden might make the whipping, the vulgarity of Cat Clarke's bottom posture in this suggestive toilet-pose made her look like a girl really asking for the whip across her bare backside!

Every muscle in Cat's stockinged thighs and bare pale hips tensed under the prison-farm lash. Up on her toes, pulling forward desperately against the straps, the sour but good-looking young bitch succeeded only in presenting her backside more fully. She was twisting her face, auburn hair disordered, mascara'd blue eyes wide and lipsticked mouth distended in her frenzied appeal.

The digital clock showed that twenty minutes had passed.

The more intricate pattern of whip-prints across the young woman's bottom-cheeks proved that the warden had made good use of his time. Cat's pale thighs, ankles and wrists, strained with all her strength against the leather straps. But the straps in the prison-farm punishment-room were more than a match for this prison-farm career-girl, making her bend right over the tall fixed stool.

The recording caught her shrillness at the top of her range as the high-crowned auburn head twisted and arched back. The whipping was measured now, the strokes ringing out sharply at intervals of regulation space, given every six seconds. The purpose was to time each stroke just as the swelling torment of its predecessor reached a climax.

Lord Quirt musingly timed the strokes in a single minute. *Whip!* . . . the first aslant the writhing and cheek-creasing of Cat Clarke's bottom . . . *Whip!* . . . the second across the fullest central curve of her bottom-cheeks . . . *Whip!* . . . the third agonisingly low across the fuller fatter swell of Cat's backside, just above the light flesh-crease dividing its cheeks from her thighs . . . *Whip!* . . . the fourth wickedly low across her twenty-six-year-old backside again, causing a shrillness that rang back from the the bleak whitewashed walls of the prison-farm punishment-room . . . *Whip!* . . . the fifth even more wickedly aimed, low across her bottom just where its predecessor had landed, Cat shrieking that she could feel her cheek-skin cut. . . . *Whip!* . . . the sixth perhaps a missed aim, catching her high across the backs of her thighs . . . *Whip!* . . . the seventh safely aslant both cheeks of her backside, Cat Clarke's bottom performing that slow, flesh-creasing surge which comes with such a young woman's climaxes of pleasure or punishment . . . *Whip!* . . . the eighth deliberately low across her rear cheeks again . . . the tape echoing the rudest retort that Cat Clarke's pale-cheeked bottom could make. The warden unmoved by such vulgarity, which was heard alike during punishment whether from Cat Clarke and Susan Webb, or from

Sally or Elaine, from self-assured young women and beginners a dozen years junior.

Such was the single minute. Lord Quirt admired the warden's pitiless skill with the good-looking young woman. Later still, having carried out the prison-farm punishment, the warden as usual intensified it with salt fat smoothed into smarting bottom-cheeks. As it sank in, the heavily salted grease turned the smart into a torment which made it impossible for Cat to keep her behind in check.

The young woman was still securely fastened over the tall stool, bending tightly. The sleekness of the salt fat made the swell of her backside glow deeper and more smartingly. It gave a slightly heavier and sexily fatter look to the cheeks of Cat Clarke's bottom. She bowed the collar length tresses of her high-crowned auburn crop, as if to hide her face from the camera. The writhing full-cheeked swell of her glossy and furnace-red rear cheeks still faced the lens. Cat's backside seemed to swell fuller with effort, yet her working-girl bottom smarted so fiercely that she could not curb its writhing and surging.

The tape caught her lamentations, a sob that betrayed exertion as well as self-pity while she wallowed over the stool. The framed print showed the black pinion round her bare pale thighs making her keep her bottom to the viewer and checking her movements. The belt round her bare waist was drawn tight, making Cat's bottom-cheeks swell suggestively fuller. She turned a self-pitying face, though the dark mascara round the blue eyes, the firm line of her nose and chin, the lipsticked mouth still gave her a sexy look.

Cat tensed her fiercely smarting backside. On the tape she gasped, as if with fright, in her effort to contain the ferocious torment which the prison-farm whip and the salted fat had bequeathed her. Lord Quirt studied the glossy heavy-cheeked glow of the young lesbian's writhing and cheek-creasing backside. He approved the smearing of salted-grease which had

given the suggestively fuller and sexily fatter look to the cheeks of Cat Clarke's bottom.

The writhing of those rear cheeks must have excited the prison-farm warden greatly, as he stood behind her and watched. The auburn-haired head was round again and the mascara'd eyes flooded over with self-pity. On the tape, as her rather urgently-writhing career-girl backside still squirmed and flesh-creased, a desperate fart sounded from between the glossily swelling and deeply-blushing cheeks of Cat Clarke's bottom!

Lord Quirt smiled at this and listened to the loop of tape again with stiffening excitement. Such vulgarity by a sullen but sexy female delinquent in the punishment-room of a prison-farm on the Spanish Plain was always dealt with severely, however exciting it might be to the sadistic warden. The next print showed an inch-wide strap of black leather drawn back tightly under Cat's legs, then pulled up deep and tight between her rear cheeks to fasten at the back of her waist-belt, so that her rudeness might be curbed. The following print showed a slim bamboo prison cane being measured across the fattened flame-toned swell of Cat Clarke's bottom-cheeks. On the tape the warden calmly promised the arrogant young woman a lesson in manners she would never forget. For ten minutes the bare whitewashed walls echoed the impacts of prison-farm bamboo, minutes during which the whitewashed walls also rang with her screams and Cat Clarke's desperate rudeness against the tight strap drawn up between her bottom-cheeks. With pitiless accuracy, the warden continued the lesson until he was completely satisfied with the state of Cat's backside. The digital clock which had begun at 11:45 PM now stood at 2:00 AM.

The last prints were hung under a small velvet curtain as a matter of delicacy. Lord Quirt peeped. The hard-faced young woman was kneeling forlornly, the walls of the punishment-room as a background. Her hands seemed secured behind her but her lips were rounded on a fine well-fleshed erection.

There was another print which showed Cat's bottom rewarding the chastiser's lusty tool, as she knelt over a chair.

There was one more alcove. It contained no photograph but a framed invitation to a wedding at the town registry of Casa del Campo between Captain Sanchez, age fifty-eight, Warden of the Allingua Prison-Farm, and Ms. Clarke, age twenty-six. The bride's maiden modesty had been spared by a legal document from Alcalde Manrique, certifying that she would only be present at the ceremony in the proxy of Miss Cynthia Smith. Cat's signature was almost spoilt by the tears that fell on the paper and the sudden start that a warning touch of the cold leather riding-switch across her bare bottom-cheeks produced as she signed her consent. A bridal couch was to be furnished by the Agenza Sodoma, an ingenious sofa with a padded rise midway, so that the young woman who lay upon it must do so on her belly with her behind well raised. A curious range of straps hung from the sofa-frame. It was also noted that the bride's trousseau contained short singlets, blouses, stockings, suspender-belts, and smart high-heels, but no skirts, jeans, or panties. The list for Cat Clarke's "bottom-drawer" consisted of one or two pieces of harness, a spanking-strap, a pony-lash, a Vaseline jar, a slim squirt with a rubber bulb, and other objets d'art.

Underneath this exquisite document, instead of a bridal bouquet tossed to the guests, a second frame contained a token of appreciation from the groom to Colonel Manrique. It was recognisable as the pair of panties in tight glossy white nylon, which Cat had been wearing in the first photographs and which were shown being taken down soon afterwards.

Lord Quirt smiled at the dismay which this gift of Cat's panties would have caused their owner when she knew their destination as public display. As close inspection showed, she had been wearing this pair of panties for a day or two before she was disciplined by her future groom. That they should be displayed like this would curb her self-importance a little.

Lord Quirt was still standing in the alcove when he heard

a sound. Someone was at the other end of the gallery. He looked quickly and saw that it was the hangman's apprentice who had been at Joanne's inspection in the police barracks, as well as at Krater Island.

The lad appeared to be rummaging in a basket of discarded papers. These were photographic prints, no doubt discarded when they were taken down to put up those now shown for the guests' arrival. The apprentice was certainly furtive. Lord Quirt kept quiet and watched.

The lad had not the least idea that there was anyone else in the gallery, as he took from the basket the sheaf of discarded prints and an audiotape. As Lord Quirt watched, the lad set out a dozen of the full-plate prints on two shelves of a bookcase, propped up so that he could see them while lying on a velvet sofa listening to the tape. Lord Quirt recognised the young woman in the prints. Lesley, whose dismissive, fair-skinned face under its long-parted fringe, as well as the full moon pallor of her mature young bottom, had been subjects for the camera.

One or two photographs which the boy propped on the shelves just in front of him had been taken by a furtive admirer while Lesley was still at liberty. One showed her looking into the distance as if with self-possessed contempt for male admiration. There was one taken surreptitiously, which showed her bending to weed the garden in her black trouser-suit, firm young thighs braced astride, bottom-cheeks full and broadened under the strained black cloth of the trouser-seat. Lesley's bottom-cheeks and the rude crack between them were as clearly delineated as if she had been naked. Small wonder that male passersby slowed their pace and that this one had taken his furtive photographs. It would be naive to doubt, Lord Quirt thought, that the peeping cameraman, alone in his room at night, had masturbated as he brooded over these images of Lesley Hollingsworth's bottom taken while she bent over in black trouser-suit to her weeding.

Very recently in the lad's bookcase selection, there were

full-plate prints taken on Horsewhip Hill, a steep mile-long carriage-drive on a private plantation of the Spanish Plain. Lesley, the young mare, was photographed from behind as she bent over a cross-bar between the shafts, her sullen young jockey-girl astride her waist, secured lying forward on Lesley's back. The young jockey-girl wore garters with outward pointing needle-points. A belt under the firm, proud swell of Lesley's belly was lined with similar steel needle-tips. A strap between her twenty-eight-year-old bottom-cheeks was lined with needle-tips either side. The trainer who drove the pretentious young woman knew that he had only to crack the whip across the bare cheeks of the jockey-girl's bottom for the sulky young rider to try in vain to straighten up or writhe. This would cause the sullen pupil's needle-tipped garters to tighten on Lesley's bare hip-flanks, the strap with its quarter-inch tips to draw taut against Lesley's belly, the needle-tipped rear-strap to spur the inward slopes of Lesley's bottom-cheeks agonisingly.

The boy had set out three prints of this ingenious harness, one showing the frantic tensing and contorting as all three lines of points pricked hard into the young woman's body. Lord Quirt was intrigued by this print and also by a charming double cunt study, as the jockey-girl managed to raise her hips a little from the back of her mare's waist, at the same time as Lesley brought her knee up at an angle and inadvertently opened herself between the legs as she strove to ease the piercing anguish of the needle sharpness on hip-flanks, across her young belly-curve, and between the cheeks of her bottom. The reason for this drama was plain as the young jockey-girl's trim rear cheeks showed the pattern of a birching which had made it impossible for her to lie still on Lesley's back.

The lad had also set out several "bottom-shots" of Lesley alone, secured bending tightly over the crossbar between the shafts of the little carriage on the steep mile-long ascent. Lesley's bottom in this posture almost filled the print, her anus knowingly made the centre of the photographer's interest! In

the next four prints which the boy set out, the firm full-moon cheek pallor of Lesley's bottom began unmarked. By the end it was seamed and braided by lash-prints. A number of times the cheek-skin of Lesley Hollingsworth's bottom showed punctuation lines of pin-point rubies. Most of these were low down where the fuller and fatter cheek-swell of Lesley's backside made an exciting target for her trainer's whip!

The boy gazed at these prints as he slipped the audiotape into its slot and listened. The acoustics were surely those of the prison-farm punishment-room. The impacts of the whip on bare bottom-cheeks were also identifiable as those of a short snakeskin lash.

Looking at the boy's display, Lord Quirt saw a full-plate print which showed Lesley's bottom in close-up. The camera had finely caught the impact of snaking black leather, as it curled agonisingly round one rear cheek and snaked into the dividing crack, the tip of the leather tail curling out over the second cheek. The full moon pallor of the young woman's bottom, firmed out by youthful maturity and controlled child-bearing, seductively swelling and fattened out a little by the way Lesley was made to bend over, made a perfect target.

The camera's automatic wind had produced another full-plate close-up a second after. The boy studied it eagerly and saw that the snaking whip had marked Lesley Hollingsworth's bottom beautifully. A thin plum-toned print, ruby-dotted, curled over both halves of her bare backside and in between her full pale bottom-cheeks, marking her skilfully in their dividing crack! The next print, an instant later, showed that the urchin-cropped young woman had made the mistake of thrusting her backside out as she writhed in the surging smart of the lash, opening her rude but intimate rear view. Such an arse-target was irresistible to a prison-farm chastiser. He aimed at the tight petalled bull's-eye and Lesley clenched her hind cheeks together just in time to close them on the speeding lash. Her bottom was intimately and agonisingly skinned along the path of the speeding whip. A fine portrait showed Lesley's

eyes wild and mouth wide under the parted fringe of her fair crop.

The next plate in the boy's lineup had been taken a moment later. It showed the chastiser's finger with salt fat, between the promiscuous young wife's rear cheeks, wanting to intensify the ferocious smart of the intimate whip-print in her crack so that Lesley might experience his sadistic passion to the full.

With the photographs before him, the boy played the audiotape of the prison-farm punishment-room, listening to the whip and the young woman's frenzy, in her rising and falling arpeggios. The tape caught a creak of wood, a strain of leather as the young woman strove against straps that held her bending over so tightly. For the full length of the tape, Lesley Hollingsworth screamed under the cuts of the stable-lash across her bare backside.

The apprentice wound the tape back and listened repeatedly to Lesley's wildness as he studied the prints of her bare bottom two feet away along the shelves. There were short moments of high drama when the tape caught the sharpness of the whip across her bare bottom-cheeks and the full vibrance of Lesley's screams. The apprentice seemed taken aback at first by her frenzy. Then he listened, his eyes on the prints of her firm, full-cheeked bottom-pallor. He began to wind back the tape and listen repeatedly to the most unbridled moments of Lesley Hollingsworth's screams. As he did so, although he was lying with his back to Lord Quirt, it seemed as if the lad began to polish vigorously something he was holding in his lap. Lord Quirt, eminent jurist though he was, found himself counting the change in his trouser pocket, only to realise when the drama was over that there had been none in there.

As he listened and his hand moved vigorously, the apprentice closely studied those photos where they had bent her very tightly and Lesley Hollingsworth's arsehole was the centre of the composition. In some, it was fully and rudely exposed as her buttocks strained apart on the steep slope of Horsewhip Hill. In one, she had twisted her face round, so that the photo

showed the sulky self-pitying mood of her clear, fair-skinned features and blue eyes under the parted fringe of her pudding basin crop—but at the same time it showed the tight flesh-petalling and tightened little vortex of Lesley Hollingsworth's anus. Studying the detailed close-up, the lad began to polish harder.

The drama on the tape was dark and intense. It might have been supposed that the young woman's shrillness would eclipse every other sound. But it seemed one microphone had been placed knowingly behind her. Besides the young woman's screams, the excited listeners could clearly hear that the first time the whip cut cheek-skin agonisingly low across her writhing and flesh-creasing bottom-cheeks, Lesley Hollingsworth farted. Her behind repeated this vulgarity several times during the long punishment. The apprentice propped photos of Lesley before him as he lay on the sofa, her clear cut disdainful young features, fair hair in a boy-cut crop, thighs and bottom firmly mature from childbearing. Then his hand moved firmly and resolutely as he lay there, listening to the tape, winding back to hear the moments when the whip pistol-cracked across her bare bottom-cheeks and Lesley Hollingsworth screamed. Repeatedly too, he wound back and listened to the high moments of the drama, listening repeatedly to the shrill whip cut low across the pretentious young woman's twenty-eight-year-old bottom. When Lesley Hollingsworth farted under the pony-lash across her backside's full moon pallor, he wound back and listened to this incident a dozen times, masturbating harder as he did so.

He smiled as he compared Lesley's wildness in the punishment-room with the prints of her dismissive young face, taken furtively before her detention, her bottom full-cheeked as she bent to weed a suburban garden in tightened black trouser-suit. Lord Quirt too smiled at the fate which had overtaken the pretentious young woman, making her bare bottom-cheeks the target for a sadistic prison-farm warden's whip. The wildness and the vulgarity on the audio-tape, the

punishment-room photographs of Lesley Hollingsworth's bottom, recorded an everyday reality of discipline in many parts of the world. To regard them as reason for concern or outrage was plainly absurd.

The apprentice gasped and quivered with the energy of his polishing. He lay quiet for a moment but Lord Quirt was pleased to see that the lad showed no remorse for his enjoyment of the find in the wastebasket. It would have been imprudent of the apprentice to take all the discarded prints. He seemed to limit himself to a dozen. And, understandably, he slipped the audiotape into his pocket. It was as he returned the remaining prints to the wastebasket that he saw something still more curious and lifted it out. It was a mere handful of white elasticised cotton web, a pair of plain white stretch-briefs which might have been of little value or interest. But the lad recognised these from two of the other prints as Lesley Hollingsworth's knickers, taken down as she bent in the prison-farm punishment-room. She could not have been warned of her punishment in time to change her knickers because he saw that Lesley had worn these briefs for a day or two. After a full prison-farm whipping, she would have been unable to endure wearing a pair of stretch-briefs that night, nor would she have been allowed to.

The lad had room secretly for half a dozen prints under a curtain that covered one wall of his bedroom in the attics of Metron. He chose one of Lesley looking disdainfully past the secret camera before her captivity and a close-up facial portrait of the pretentious young woman under the whip on Horsewhip Hill. He chose two "bottom-shots" with Lesley Hollingsworth's bull's-eye as the centre of the target, one with the pallor of her backside yet unmarked, another with her rear cheeks finely lash-printed. He chose one which showed Lesley Hollingsworth's arsehole as she bottom-writhed over the bar between the shafts with her bum-cheeks well-chastised but which also showed a peep of something which the pretentious young woman could no longer contain. The last was a study

of Lesley Hollingsworth's bottom-cheeks contorting and flesh creasing desperately, writhing over the bar, her backside already marked by the whip, a suggestive muddy blemish low on one rear cheek where her rudeness had touched. At night the apprentice lay in bed and sought prolonged relief as he gazed at these large photographic prints framed on his wall. He played the tape, listening intently and with mouth tight to Lesley's frenzy, listening to her bottom's vulgarity with the pitiless severity of a disciplinarian.

Lord Quirt was promised that the apprentice should not be punished for his trivial theft. Indeed, it was agreed by Alkan and Manrique that the apprentice who showed such interest in Ms. Hollingsworth's backside should be closely watched and tested as a lad of promise.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

On his autumn visit to Paris, as usual on his arrival in the city, Lord Quirt found his way to a discreet dealer in curious books and documents. This was a secluded shop with a private room on its upper floor in a street that ran north from the lamplit entertainments of the Boulevard des Italiens, one of those thoroughfares of bars and brasseries, along which one sees the white towers and domes of Montmartre rising against the cold November sky of a city afternoon.

On this occasion, his lordship found himself in the Rue de la Paix, having just secured an orchestra stall seat for the following evening at the Opéra Garnier to hear a performance of *Turandot*. It was past twilight as the office girls began to bustle homewards, though the shops were still bright and busy. The thought of the little bookshop came to mind and he turned back, crossing the busy avenue before the pumpkin domed roof of the Opéra and the black bronze nymphs that surround it. By late autumn, the Boulevard des Italiens was busy with canvas shooting-galleries along the gutters and with stalls from which rose the hot sweet odours of fresh nougat. Presently, Lord Quirt turned off into the narrow side-street with its distant view of Montmartre in the lamplit dusk. His destination was a neat low-ceilinged shop with a narrow front of timber

painted olive-green and lettered in gold. The tall buildings of the little street made it rather dark. Even on a summer afternoon, lamplight fell behind the street window, on the rows of bindings in maroon and royal blue, emerald green and brown calf, labelled in red or green and lettered in gold. There were paperbound volumes too, printed on that soft French paper, English words in Gallic script, the books that you may only read publicly in France or secretly at home.

The little bookseller smiled in recognition as Lord Quirt opened the shop door and the bell jangled on its spring. In the past, his lordship had selected several choice volumes for the proprietor to send by post. There was *Fancy Girl* and *Miss Jolly*, both describing the abduction of the same golden-skinned and almond-eyed girl of a dockland city, Carol Jolly, who progressed from dressing the window of her employer's store to a life of sexual slavery under the orders of a perverse and demanding master. There was a new adolescent romance of birch, bamboo, and woven leather, *Samantha Wilson: The Bottom of the Class*.

Leading the way to the private room on the next floor, the little bookseller unlocked a tall glass-fronted bookcase in which he kept the leather-bound portfolios whose photographs and commentaries, accompanied by recorded voices, commemorated the journeys into exotic captivity of the young women whose names they bore. Lord Quirt might have chosen Mandy Worth or Tania Nicoll, a curly-headed full-bottomed tomboy of eighteen, Shaida Ali or Karen Howard, Marina Wilson and her young Samantha. Such organisations as Rio 9 were able to recoup their expenses a little by producing fifty or 100 copies of each volume to be treasured secretly by discerning collectors. A small but exclusive market existed for these editions, which showed girls of all types and ages in extreme circumstances, under the rule of men like Manrique who would not flinch from the ultimate severities.

The proprietor opened the glass fronted bookcase of walnut veneer and selected a dozen volumes for Lord Quirt's perusal.

He laid them on the mahogany table, drawing out a leather chair for Lord Quirt to browse at leisure while the proprietor himself went to make tea. The private collections in these volumes were a series of dramas, showing beauty in the perfumed bondage of sexual slavery in all its forms. Lord Quirt viewed the matter philosophically. As a man of the world, he accepted that things are done to or forced upon such girls which, to speak frankly, would be impossible elsewhere. At least, elsewhere they would be acted or pretended for the camera or the microphone. But in this darker reality, a portfolio of the girl's training in obedience is often produced. It would take only a minute to be convinced that what is photographed and recorded there is not acted nor pretended in any way.

Lord Quirt sampled the double ordeal of Marina Wilson and Samantha, the graceful cheeks of Laura Richardson's bottom showing their first vivid prints of classroom bamboo. He browsed this far and had made up his mind to buy half a dozen large leather-bound folios. They would be wrapped for special delivery by the time that Lord Quirt caught the continental express at the Gare du Nord next morning. Then he noticed two others in the pile which bore a small and very discreet law enforcement stamp of Rio 9.

He drew the first towards him and opened it. The first section assured him that he had found a souvenir of actual excitements enjoyed only a month or two earlier. "Sandra Williams in Her Broad Green Sash." Because these volumes circulated so privately among men who enjoyed knowing everything about the girl chastised, there was an account of Sandra's upbringing, the school, her punishments, tomboy eagerness to please, enough to fill several pages. Lord Quirt smiled as he saw that the first of the full-plate photographs had been taken by Heathers, the furtive peeper, Sandra with her head turned slightly, knickers in an untidy tangle round her knees, the adolescent cheek swell of Sandra William's bottom arching back to sit on the seat rim of the toilet.

The main photographs for "Sandra Williams in Her Broad

Green Sash'' had been taken on the *Alcazar* in Heathers's stateroom, where the girl was forbidden to wear either skirt or knickers. There were innumerable views of Sandra's bare backside, framed by the white arch of suspender-belt and straps and stocking-tops as she acted as waitress. Others showed her lying on her belly over the sofa cushions, her bare bottom constantly available to Heathers, even while he was otherwise engaged. The alarm in her blue eyes and firm open face as she cautiously pushed back her disordered brown tresses and looked round furtively, made a charming study.

The prints were dated, the renewed bamboo prints and bruise marks on the sturdy cheeks of her bottom showing that Sandra Williams had been caned every day. The "Broad Green Sash," was no more than two inches wide. It appeared round her waist in the rear close-ups, its twelve-inch length dangling to cover the suggestive cleavage of Sandra's hind cheeks like a sexy ponytail, its frilled end just dangling at the backs of her bare thighs above the stocking-tops. The view was likely to excite punishment, being suggestive of young fillies and stablewhips. When she had to bend over to some chore, however, Sandra was made to tuck the tail of the sash up first and show her complete rear view to Heathers as she stooped.

There was a final sequence taken elsewhere, which Lord Quirt found most instructive. Sandra Williams was kneeling tightly over a heavy fixed stool, lamplight catching a pale gloss of bare bottom and a gleam of black leather straps. On the floor beside her lay a bamboo, a small jar of perfumed brilliantine gel, a porcelain bowl, and a roll of paper tissue. In the distance, on the other side of the stool, the long slim handles of two devices rose from a brazier. Lord Quirt's eyes followed the sequence of thirty photographs eagerly. Of the implements, the tin of perfumed brilliantine gel was used first, the bamboo second and the bowl, of necessity, third. Even before the long slim handles were drawn up, Sandra Williams's young bottom had no secrets left from the photographer who knelt a few feet

behind her. One photographic print was particularly amusing to Lord Quirt. A strong light, perhaps a flashlight on another voyeur's camera, had thrown the shadow of Sandra Williams's arse-photographer on the tiling. Lord Quirt recognised without effort a silhouette of Heathers.

What followed was quite different. It was an official report of some kind—a report on an official whipping carried out in the punishment-room of a prison-farm, somewhere in the province of Casa del Campo, with several officials present. There was no further explanation, just the signed and stamped report for the provincial reformatory service.

OFFICE OF THE ALCALDE,
Casa del Campo,
20th July '72. Ref. Elaine Cox 14/11

The sentence of "five twelves," the first two to be given with the switch and the last three with the pony lash was authorised for Elaine Cox. However, no further report of this is to be made and the punishment remains under the normal press embargo per Security Tribunal regulations.

Officials of the alcalde's office as well as several prison-farm staff were present to witness the punishment. Instead of her uniform of skirt, blouse, and Cyres tie, Elaine was ordered to report to the matron in a short white singlet and the pair of smooth tight-fitting lavender trousers which she had worn at home when going to work during the holidays with her elder sister Pauline and when going out in the evenings with a boyfriend in her class.

The punishment-room was used and the normal prison arrangements made. A fixed trestle on a low platform was provided for the girl to kneel over. A screen was placed at either side of the trestle level with Elaine's waist as she knelt on all fours. These measures were taken so that the girl should not be able to see, when she looked round, either the witnesses or her chastiser, a necessary

precaution, he being a teacher who had known her for several years. Small observation holes in the screens enabled the chastiser and witnesses to see Elaine Cox's face without being seen by her.

Elaine was brought down by two matrons at 10:00 PM and made to kneel over the trestle. She still showed defiance by struggling, tossing back her lank fair hair to threaten and abuse them. It was necessary to curb such resistance while the restraints were tightened for her wrists and waist. Chairs for the witnesses were set out at the regulation distance of six feet behind the kneeling girl.

Despite her bravado, it was possible to see through the observation holes and in the mirror on the far wall that Elaine was apprehensive. The lank fair hair which frames the broad oval of her face from its central parting to her shoulders did not conceal her narrowed eyes, snub nose, or the manner in which her teeth were pulling at her lower lip.

On the near side, the smooth lavender trousers were extremely tight in this posture across the full cheek-swell of Elaine Cox's bottom. As she knelt over the trestle, Elaine appeared quite a big-bottomed youngster in this posture, amply justifying the severity of her punishment. The teacher undid the tight trousers at the girl's waist and drew them off over her ankles. The girl attempted to struggle while he did this but without effect. Elaine Cox's knickers were the white stretch-briefs of her uniform. The sturdiness of her young backside had pulled them very tight at the seat. The chastiser also pulled these undergarments down and off over her ankles. In doing this, it was necessary for him to free the humid cotton from between her thighs and also from Elaine Cox's bottom-crack. The fact that this took him a minute or two, especially where the cotton had caught between her rear cheeks, was used by Elaine as a pretext for shouting

abuse at him as "A dirty filthy thing!" She pulled against her restraints during this, also gasping and cursing.

As a precaution, after Elaine's trousers and knickers had been removed the usual restraint of ankles and lower thighs was implemented.

Two retired officials chose to watch the punishment from alcoves beyond the screens on either side where they could see Elaine Cox's bottom and also her face. They were not seen by the chastiser or other witnesses but only by the girl herself when she tossed her hair back and twisted her face round. While final preparations were being made, Elaine Cox turned her face to one of these officials who was showing himself to her and called him "a dirty bastard!"

A female officer then informed Elaine of the punishment-room rules. She would get the first two twelves with a slim leather riding-switch, the remainder with a short snakeskin lash. She was required to present her bottom properly at all times. If the girl failed to do this, the strokes of the whip would be repeated. She would be judged not to have presented her bottom properly if any part of the whip marked the backs of her thighs or the flank of her hip. If the chastiser's skill was such as to mark her young backside between the cheeks or cut the cheek-skin, he was entitled to give two extra strokes for each occasion.

Elaine was severely warned that any insolence would earn four extra strokes and that any failure to control her bottom under punishment would earn six extra strokes.

It was observed that she began to gasp and tried again to pull at her restraints. The chastiser, who must remain anonymous, took up his position. At this point, the full-cheeked pallor of Elaine Cox's bottom was noted as unmarked except by the elastic hem-print of the knickers she had been wearing.

The preliminary arrangements were completed by

10:20 PM. At 10:25 the chastiser measured the long tapering riding switch across Elaine Cox's bottom and began the punishment. At his request, it was given with maximum severity. The strokes were timed so that Elaine should not be able to contain the smart of one before she received the next. She gasped after the first impact and her rather fatly presented tomboy bottom began to tense and writhe. She cried out after the second and third, cursed her chastiser wildly after the fourth and screamed after the fifth. After the first stroke across her bottom, Elaine Cox attempted to clench or compress the full cheek-pallor of her young bottom, as if to contain the anguish. Her teacher's skill was shown in the way that he brought the whip down with such effect that Elaine's backside surged at once in a full-cheeked writhing. Her bottom was well-marked by the whip before the end of the first dozen.

At 10:25, the first two dozen had been given and the remainder were then inflicted with the short pony-lash.

At 10:35, Elaine's bottom was examined by the overseer, who judged the number of extra strokes to be given. Six strokes had marked the backs of her thighs and one the flank of her hip. The overseer awarded seven extras for these, judging that Elaine Cox had failed to present her bottom properly to her chastiser. Five of the lash-strokes had marked her between the cheeks of her bottom, which entitled the chastiser to add ten to the extras. Four strokes, three of them low down across the fatter swell of Elaine Cox's bottom-cheeks had cut cheek-skin. These entitled the chastiser to add eight more. Elaine had been insolent to the chastiser when he took her knickers down, calling him a "dirty filthy thing!" When the lash cut her low down on her bottom-cheeks, Elaine Cox had also yelled, "My arse! Oh, you bastards! You fucking bastards!" Four extras were incurred for each outburst. Moreover, Elaine Cox farted after the ninth

stroke of the switch and the tenth of the pony-lash. These added twelve.

The fact that she had earned forty-five, despite the matron's warning, was judged to be proof of her defiance and insolence. She had also cursed the two officials whom she could see in the alcoves, accusing them of masturbation. A postponement of her remaining punishment was out of the question in any case, the punishment-list for last Saturday being a long one. Salt fat was rubbed over Elaine Cox's bottom-cheeks by a matron at 10:45 and she was left to wait for 11:00 PM. The cheeks of Elaine's backside were now deeper red and sleek with the salt fat. They were smarting severely but the manner of her writhing them for fifteen minutes may have been an attempt to seduce her chastiser.

The secondary punishment was given by her chastiser at 11:00 PM with exemplary strictness. He was allowed sole discretion to repeat any stroke of the whip if he considered Elaine had not presented her bottom to him properly. In consequence, the punishment-room was not free for the birching of Kerry Bartlett until 11:30. At the teacher's request, Elaine's posture was adjusted so that she knelt over the padded leather with her shoulders down, forehead touching the floor on the far side and fair hair spread on the tiling. Elaine thus presented a fuller view to the witnesses behind her and a fuller target to her chastiser.

Before the secondary punishment was half completed, it was noticed that Elaine was kneeling in a puddle. It will also be observed at 11:25 the impress of a china rim appears high on the rear of her thighs. The teacher whipped her additionally for this misconduct, so that Elaine should not be encouraged to interrupt her future punishments deliberately in this manner.

An incident report should be noted in that, by virtue of her failure to keep still, the tail of the whip understandably

marked her between the rear cheeks in this posture on a number of occasions. It also caught her "trou mignon" between the cheeks with some of these whip strokes. Since Elaine Cox afterwards alleged that the chastiser had deliberately aimed at what she calls her "arsehole," it may be wise to note the time and number of these incidents. The minutes are given and the number of times in each minute when the incident occurred. 11:10 (once); 11:16 (three times); 11:18 (twice); 11:22 (four times); 11:25 (four times) 11:26 (five times); 11:27 (six times); 11:28 (five times). The punishment ended at 11:29. The alcalde has dismissed Elaine Cox's allegation of deliberate aiming and finds that these incidents were the result of the failure of Elaine to keep her bottom still and properly presented to her chastiser.

The final minutes were an exemplary discipline, reducing Elaine Cox's bottom to a laboured and cheek-creasing writhing, all her energy employed in screaming the names of her boyfriend, her sister Pauline, her sister Maxine.

The chastiser's time in the province is limited but it has been agreed that if further chastisement of Elaine Cox is need during his visit, he shall either inflict it or be a witness. In teaching this lesson to a shouting and ruffianly tomboy like Elaine, his skill is most highly to be estimated.

Lord Quirt smiled to himself. He had no doubt that the chastiser had been wisely chosen, a man who had perhaps endured Elaine's young insolence and vulgar manners. As for the two witness who stood alone in the alcoves, showing themselves to the girl, he could only guess. There was a tape, which bore the same date as the report of Elaine Cox's tanning but was timed at 3:00 AM, when surely the last girl would have been dealt with. He had expected it to record a delayed punishment and was puzzled as he turned it on. The

first sound was a bedspring. "Lift your fat young bottom, Maxine Cox, and slip another pillow under your belly. Does it feel very big in your bottom, Maxine? . . . That's because it's still such a tight place. . . . Rather go down to the warden's room? I'm sure he hasn't put the cane away yet! No? Get properly bottom-up over the pillows, Maxine Cox! Still cross with me for smacking your young backside a few weeks ago, Maxine? . . . The spanking-strap across those fat young bottom-cheeks? . . . Even little girls get that! . . . One more year, the prison-farm . . . the whip, Maxine. . . . Your sister Elaine . . . want to go there early like her, Maxine? . . . Still sulky over the spanking-strap across your bottom? I've given it a good kissing tonight, haven't I, Maxine? . . . Lie right over the pillows. . . . Your fat young backside, Maxine Cox! . . . Feel something coming in a moment. . . . Your bottom, Maxine Cox. . . . Ah-h-h-h! . . . Like the feel of it coming? . . . Does it make you feel like a rude little girl, having a man's squirting in your bottom, Maxine Cox? . . . Much more to come now, Maxine. . . . Keep your bottom quite still for it, Maxine Cox!"

Even the tape had caught the quick rhythmic pulsing and Maxine Cox's gasp of dismay. The sound faded and Lord Quirt shook his head as he recognised the voice of the incorrigible Heathers. Was there no holding the fellow? Whether there was or not, Lord Quirt had no more need to guess whom one of the witnesses of Elaine Cox's punishment had been! Maxine owed the quantity and vigour of Mr. Heathers's passion to the excitement given him by her sister Elaine.

Lord Quirt turned to the end of the collection. In such confidential collections as this, Rio 9 would include a "taster," some display of a young woman under their observation whose journey had not yet begun. The title of the section was quite simply *Koreen*.

The first photographs, taken surreptitiously at this stage, showed a strongly built girl, her age noted as nineteen, her natural defiance shown in the firm set of her jaw and the wide

points of her cheekbones. The sturdy young trollop was dressed for work in a snug-fitting cotton singlet and the faded blue denim of tight Falmer jeans. Her stout waist-belt of brown leather was ornamented with a brass circlet at the back, pulling the thin denim smoother and tighter over her hips and thighs, so that Noreen's strapping young backside was displayed in the skin-smoothness of her Falmer jeans.

As she knelt forward to polish the floor of a display case, Noreen's nineteen-year-old bottom appeared full-cheeked and strongly-rounded but without surplus fat. The furtive photographer had evidently watched her as she backed towards him on hands and knees, polishing the white hardboard of the display-case floor, where she had finished setting out the wax mannequins late in the afternoon. The firm big-cheeked swell of Noreen's bottom in this posture was a perfect subject for the camera, which the photographer must have held concealed under his coat as he pretended to wait for someone in the lamplit entrance of the store. In the display window itself, the fluorescent lighting provided ample illumination for his photographs.

The young window-dresser's thighs were straight and strong, like a young Amazon shop-girl. The Falmer jeans were strained like faded mat silk across the sturdy cheek-weight of Noreen's bottom as he lined up his camera under the flap of his raincoat. Some photos also showed glimpses of the girl glancing round to see if anyone might be watching her—in which case she promptly sat back on her heels. By then she was too late, the man had taken his photographs of her. He took shot after shot of Noreen's "bottom-postures" over the months, with Noreen's nineteen-year-old arse-crack well shown by the way the seam of the jeans-seat was drawn so deep and tight between her sturdy rear-cheeks. Noreen was not a girl to wear frilly panties. Lord Quirt could see that under the tightened jeans-seat, only the thin elastic hem of plain white stretch-briefs curved up over each cheek swell of the vulgar young trollop's bottom.

The thought of having Noreen under discipline was so exciting that Lord Quirt had to adjust the set of his trousers a little. He would certainly be in Cheluna to watch her training. He was about to close the volume when he noticed that there was a prison-farm punishment-list of teenage girls for the Saturday night of Elaine's chastisement by her teacher. 10:00 PM: Elaine Cox, 11:30 PM: Kerry Bartlett, 12:00 midnight: Sharon Sylvester, 12:30 AM: Michele Page, 1:00 AM: Tara Randell, 1:30 AM: Kerry Bartlett (reimposed for insolence), 2:00 AM Kimberley Brooker, 2:30 AM: Judith Terry. . . .

How had he missed that? The girl of his dreams! Stiffening with excitement, he turned the pages and this time found the photographs. Judith standing quite tall between two matrons, the fair skinned oval of her face, the wide-set hazel eyes, the lightly parted lips. The blouse and tie, the black stockings to the knees, the pleated skirt that just covered the hips, the long grace of the bare thighs, the model-girl figure. From the rear as she turned to the trestle, she showed the view Lord Quirt had followed in his dreams and too rarely in reality. Then Judith standing to face the trestle, wearing only the black knee-socks, the white uniform blouse tucked up at the rear and her tie. Bare-bottomed! Lord Quirt had to take a deep breath. And now, a matron guiding her towards the trestle. One hand, with the woman's wedding-ring on its finger, gently on the girl's bare backside! Look! Lord Quirt stared. One of the woman's fingers, as the hand rested on the girl's backside, between the rear of those graceful young thighs, masturbating her a little. Another finger between the elegant oval cheeks of Judith Terry's bottom, caressing the girl's tight rear vent! Suffering snakes! In the background, concealed from them, the same chastiser as Elaine's with a cane, waiting. Had he known them both? Another shot, the woman guiding the girl very slowly, middle-aged feminine maturity knowing how to masturbate and arse-tease a girl of Judith's age with one hand.

Now the rear view of Judith between the screens of the punishment-room, kneeling over. Judith Terry's knickers be-

ing pocketed by the most fortunate chastiser in the world, fresh from his tanning of Elaine, Sharon, Kerry, Michele, Tara and Wendy, Jane, Kim . . . Long elegance of pale bare thighs, the demure pale ovals of Judith Terry's bottom-cheeks, slightly and suggestively parted in this posture. The prison-farm bamboo. Forty! Lord Quirt felt he might burst.

He tried to control his tremor as the bookseller returned. He insisted that he must—positively must!—have this volume. The bookseller smiled and nodded. Lord Quirt went out into the street like a man in a dream, towards the Avenue de l'Opéra and the more exclusive travel agents, who know nothing of "package holidays." His lordship was dreaming of climate now, imagining a plantation for sale where birch and bamboo grew readily, somewhere on the Spanish Plain.

Available now

The Captive
by Anonymous

When a wealthy English man-about-town attempts to make advances to the beautiful twenty-year-old debutante Caroline Martin, she haughtily repels him. As revenge, he pays a white-slavery ring £30,000 to have Caroline abducted and spirited away to the remote Atlas Mountains of Morocco. There the mistress of the ring and her sinister assistant Jason begin Caroline's education—an abduction designed to break her will and prepare her for her mentor.

Forthcoming in Spring 1999

Captive II
by Anonymous

Following the best-selling novel, *The Captive*, this sequel is set among the subtropical provinces of Cheluna, where white slavery remains an institution to this day. Brigid, with her dancing girl figure and sweeping tresses of red hair, has caused the prosecution of a rich admirer. As retribution, he employs the underground organization Rio 9 to abduct and transport her to Cambina Alta Plantation. Naked and bound before the Sadism of Col. Manrique and the perversities of the Comte de Zantra, Brigid endures an education in submission. Her training continues until she is ready to be the slave of the man who has chosen her.

Available now

Captive III: The Perfumed Trap
by Anonymous

The story of slavery and passionate training described first-hand in the spirited correspondence of two wealthy cousins, Alec and Miriam. The power wielded by them over the girls who cross their paths leads them beyond Cheluna to the remote settlement of Cambina Alta and a life of plantation discipline. On the way, Alec's passion for Julie, a golden-haired nymph, is rivaled by Miriam's disciplinary zeal for Jenny, a rebellious young woman under correction at a police barracks.

Forthcoming

Captive IV: The Eyes Behind the Mask

by Anonymous

The Captives of Cheluna feel a dread fascination for the boy whose duty it is to chastise. This narrative follows a masked apprentice who obeys his master's orders without pity or restraint. Emma Smith's birching would cause a reform school scandal. Secret additions to the frenzy of nineteen-year-old Karen and Noreen mingle the boy's fierce passion with lascivious punishment. Mature young women like Jenny Woodward pay dearly for defying their master, whose masked servant also prints the marks of slavery on Lesley Hollingsworth, following *Captive II*. The untrained and the self-assured alike learn to shiver, as they lie waiting, under the caress of the eyes behind the mask.

Available now

Captive V: The Soundproof Scream

by Anonymous

Beauty lies in bondage everywhere in the tropical island of Cheluna. Joanne, a 19-year old rebel, is sent to detention on Krater Island where obedience and discipline occupy the secret hours of night. Like the dark beauty Shirley Wood and blond shopgirl Maggie Turnbull, Jo is subjected to unending punishment. When her Krater Island training is complete, Jo's fate is Metron, the palace home of the strange Colonel Mantrique.

Available in February 1999

Images of Ironwood
by Don Winslow

Ironwood. The very name of that unique institution remains strongly evocative, even to this day. In this, the third volume of the famous Ironwood trilogy, the reader is once again invited to share in the Ironwood experience. *Images of Ironwood* presents selected scenes of unrelenting sensuality, of erotic longing, and occasionally, of those bizarre proclivities which touch the outer fringe of human sexuality.

In these pages we renew our acquaintance with James, the lusty entrepreneur who now directs the Ironwood enterprise; with his bevy of young female students being trained in the many ways of love; and with Cora Blasingdale, the cold remote mistress of discipline. The images presented here capture the essence of the Ironwood experience.

Available Now

Ironwood
by Don Winslow

The harsh reality of disinheritance and poverty vanish from the world of our young narrator, James, when he discovers he's in line for a choice position at an exclusive and very strict school for girls. Ironwood becomes for him a fantastic dream world where discipline knows few boundaries, and where his role as master affords him free reign with the willing, well-trained and submissive young beauties in his charge. As overseer of Ironwood, Cora Blasingdale is well-equipped to keep her charges in line. Under her guidance the saucy girls are put through their paces and tamed. And for James, it seems, life has just begun.

Order These Selected Blue Moon Titles

Souvenirs From a Boarding School	\$7.95	Shades of Singapore	\$7.95
The Captive	\$7.95	Images of Ironwood	\$7.95
Ironwood Revisited	\$7.95	What Love	\$7.95
Sundancer	\$7.95	Sabine	\$7.95
Julia	\$7.95	An English Education	\$7.95
The Captive II	\$7.95	The Encounter	\$7.95
Shadow Lane	\$7.95	Tutor's Bride	\$7.95
Belle Sauvage	\$7.95	A Brief Education	\$7.95
Shadow Lane III	\$7.95	Love Lessons	\$7.95
My Secret Life	\$9.95	Shogun's Agent	\$7.95
Our Scene	\$7.95	The Sign of the Scorpion	\$7.95
Chrysanthemum, Rose & the Samurai	\$7.95	Women of Gion	\$7.95
Captive V	\$7.95	Mariska I	\$7.95
Bombay Bound	\$7.95	Secret Talents	\$7.95
Sadopaideia	\$7.95	Beatrice	\$7.95
The New Story of O	\$7.95	S&M: The Last Taboo	\$8.95
Shadow Lane IV	\$7.95	"Frank" & I	\$7.95
Beauty in the Birch	\$7.95	Lament	\$7.95
Laura	\$7.95	The Boudoir	\$7.95
The Reckoning	\$7.95	The Bitch Witch	\$7.95
Ironwood Continued	\$7.95	Story of O	\$5.95
In a Mist	\$7.95	Romance of Lust	\$9.95
The Prussian Girls	\$7.95	Ironwood	\$7.95
Blue Velvet	\$7.95	Virtue's Rewards	\$5.95
Shadow Lane V	\$7.95	The Correct Sadist	\$7.95
Deep South	\$7.95	The New Olympia Reader	\$15.95

Visit our website at www.bluemoonbooks.com

ORDER FORM

Attach a separate sheet for additional titles.

Title	Quantity	Price
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

Shipping and Handling (see charges below) _____

Sales tax (in CA and NY) _____

Total _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Daytime telephone number _____

Check Money Order (US dollars only. No COD orders accepted.)

Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

MC VISA AMEX

Signature _____

(if paying with a credit card you must sign this form.)

Shipping and Handling charges:*

Domestic: \$4 for 1st book, \$.75 each additional book. International: \$5 for 1st book, \$1 each additional book

*rates in effect at time of publication. Subject to Change.

Mail order to Publishers Group West, Attention: Order Dept., 1700 Fourth St., Berkeley, CA 94710, or fax to (510) 528-3444.

PLEASE ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY. ALL ORDERS SHIP VIA 4TH CLASS MAIL.

**Look for Blue Moon Books at your favorite local bookseller
or from your favorite online bookseller.**

EROTICA/\$7.95



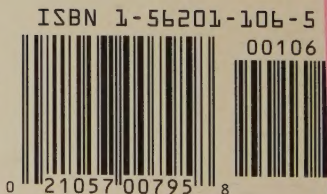
*B*eauty lies in bondage
Everywhere in the tropical
island of Cheluna. Joanne, a 19-
year-old rebel, is sent to detention

on Krater Island, where obedience and discipline
occupy the secret hours of night. Like the dark beauty
Shirley Wood and blond shopgirl Maggie Turnbull,
Jo is subjected to unending punishment. When her
Krater Island training is complete, Jo's fate is Metron,
the palace home of the imperious Colonel Mantrique.

*Cover design by
Iris Jeromnimon
Newirth & Associates*

DISTRIBUTED BY PUBLISHERS GROUP WEST

UPC



P9-BVE-135

**BLUE
MOON**