

CITY OF SHAME AND PAIN

by
Brian Khast

Copyright Brian Khast

CHAPTER ONE

Her sleep had been fitful. The cage in which she was imprisoned was a diabolically clever construction whose dimensions ensured that its occupant was kept in a state of permanent discomfort. It was too short to lie in and too low to allow sitting or kneeling to be bearable for any length of time; thus she was forced to continually change position in order to minimise suffering. Both Felix and his coarse new mistress, Corah, had urinated on the caged and naked Elizabeth Berisford before drunkenly staggering off to the bedroom, lasciviously entwined, with the woman loudly promising Felix the ‘fuck of his life’. Either deliberately or accidentally they had left the bedroom door open and Elizabeth had been forced to listen to their ‘lovemaking’, which was loud, obscene and occasionally violent. Sometimes the sound of a hand slapping a bare body resulted in yelps of female pain. Often, however, raucous female laughter followed, indicating that the woman was a not unwilling participant. Given the amount of liquor which they had consumed it was hardly surprising that the tumult was frequently punctuated with the sounds of expelled flatulence, usually accompanied by howls of crude laughter.

To make matters worse for Elizabeth, a pool of stale urine had collected in the tray at the bottom of the cage and her frequent movements agitated the liquid, provoking an increasingly disagreeable odour.

Despite her discomfort, she had been exhausted by her terrible experiences and several times had dozed off. Now she awoke with a start, having no idea of how long she had slept. Recollection flooded back pitilessly. The obscene and drunken clamour from the bedroom had ceased. The only sounds in the suite consisted of the snores of Felix and Corah, the soft purring of the air-conditioning and her own slithering, splashing movements as she tried to attain a comfortable position. She succumbed to a sudden, intense need to ease her bladder, feeling the warm urine splatter her inner thighs before mingling in the tray with the stale emissions of Corah and Felix. The tray was about an inch in depth and the level of urine was close to the top; sometimes, as she moved, it splashed out onto the marble floor. Her flow of urine had expelled the remaining pygmy jism from her vagina and it congealed into a thick, greyish grunge. She shuddered as the disgusting mess adhered to her naked body.

She was hungry, thirsty and her violated body ached; she guessed that her need to pee, despite having drunk nothing for what seemed like ages, had something to do with her ravaged innards. She feared the new day, terrified of being in the power of Felix Fenton. For the first time in many years Elizabeth Berisford offered up a prayer to the Deity, begging for His mercy.

Mercifully, despite her fear and discomfort, her exhaustion once again asserted itself and once more, she fell into a shallow sleep.

She was awakened by the sound of a flushing toilet.

For a moment she had forgotten where she was, but her memory recovered rapidly and she cried out softly in dismay. Her limbs were cramped and as she moved a jolt of pain shot through her. She twisted her body and involuntarily agitated the filthy liquid in which she lay, provoking an increase in its already odious stench. She glanced downwards, wrinkling her nose with disgust as she saw the large blobs of thick, grey scum clinging to one thigh. Her head bumped the side of the cage as she tried to change position but her buttocks slipped in the slimy tray and she was forced to put a hand into the liquid to steady herself.

There was a dull pain between her thighs, caused primarily by the thick, stainless steel slave ring embedded in the inner lip of her vulva. That ring had been brutally inserted, without benefit of anaesthetic, the previous day. The intensity of the pain varied periodically, sometimes being just sore, at other times generating a burn-like agony.

Her vagina and anus throbbed unpleasantly from the violence of the gang bang she had suffered at the hands of the pygmies. Her anus in particular felt as if it had been lacerated and forced open far beyond its containable elasticity. Gingerly she explored it with a finger, discovering what seemed to be an excessive dilation and fearing that permanent damage might have been caused. At best, she guessed that her next passing of excreta would be accompanied by acute pain.

Only a few days earlier, her circumstances had been very different.

Then, the Honourable Elizabeth Berisford had been free; a wealthy woman, an admired beauty, fully in control of her life. It was her heightened sexual libido that had betrayed her; that and the skilful deception played upon her by a scheming older woman. Lured by the prospect of a discreet, if unorthodox, experience aimed at assuaging her strong sexual needs she had been betrayed, kidnapped and flown with other victims to this desert hell.

Within a few short hours she had been reduced to the status of sex slave to a bunch of sophisticated perverts.

The abuses and beatings that she had already endured had been described to her as being merely the first part of her 'training'. The steel ring, painfully inserted into her vulva, was the visible banner of her slave status. She was just a female sex thing, fated to either please her betters or be severely punished.

The depraved and sadistic ordeals which she had suffered had been made worse by the knowledge that they were merely part of an obscene cabaret, played out for the passing pleasure of rich and powerful sadists. Expensively clad, lavishly fed, perfumed, smoking expensive cigars, sipping fine brandy or a diversity of liquors those people—both male and female - had watched her degradation with enthusiastic and vocal enjoyment without showing even the smallest tinge of pity, in spite of the fact that some actually knew her. They were collectively known, as 'Guests' and already Elizabeth hated them—almost as much as she feared them.

Despite the humiliations already perpetrated on her, Elizabeth guessed that the real struggle would be for her mind. Physically she would have to endure whatever treatment her captors chose to wreak upon her. But if her mind resisted then hope would still exist and escape might be possible.

It was the woman, Corah, who made the first appearance, entering the large living room and coughing horribly. Without makeup, wrapped in a white towelling robe and smoking a cigarette, she was a faded blonde of medium height, in her early forties with deepening creases beginning to age her face and a slightly over ripe figure. She looked gray and drawn and was obviously badly hung over.

“Oh Gawd! What a bloody stink!” she muttered, frowning disgustedly towards the cage.

Elizabeth shrank as far back in the cage as was physically possible—which was not very far. She was intimidated by this woman whose behaviour the previous night had been grotesquely hostile and whose last act had been to urinate on her.

It seemed that Corah, also, was in no mood for conversation. She collapsed into a comfortable looking easy chair and held a handkerchief to her nose.

A few moments later Felix Fenton made an entrance. He looked in even worse shape than Corah. He was a short, pot bellied man with thinning gingerish hair and a tiny moustache, wearing a brightly coloured, short cotton robe that showed his hairy, spindly legs. It was obvious that he was in a foul temper.

“The things I’m going to do to you, bitch!” he spat viciously at Elizabeth and her face whitened in fear.

“Can’t yer do it somewhere else, love?” Corah begged. “The stink of stale bloody pee is turning my stomach.” She peered towards cage. “God! She’s pissed out all that pygmy spunk and it smells as bad as they did! Like elephant shit. We don’t ‘ave to ‘ave ‘er ‘ere, do we, love?”

“I’ve bloody smelled worse than that, you stupid whore! You were farting like a pig last night! Get out if you don’t like it! She stays ‘cause I’ve a few debts to collect from her.”

He bared his teeth unpleasantly towards Elizabeth.

Corah looked worried. “No. I’ll stay, lover. If it’s all the same to you? Didn’t do bad fer you last night, did I?”

She had a whiny London accent, which she tried to disguise though without much success. It was obvious that she was desperate to placate Felix.

Felix belched loudly. “Well, I don’t want any bloody mouth! No bloody lip. See?”

Elizabeth had known and disliked Felix vaguely for years. She had even been contemptuous of him but now she both feared and hated him.

Corah was verbally cringing.

“I’m sorry, love. Me belly’s a bit delicate today but I’ll get over it. Christ! I need another fag and a coffee! Just ignore me till then, love. Sorry I spoke.”

He seemed slightly mollified.

“We’ll have breakfast down on the terrace by the pool—just to humour your delicate, farty bloody belly. Then we’ll come back and deal with this fucking bitch. Christ I need a bloody coffee as well!”

Tears brimmed in Elizabeth’s eyes after Corah and Felix had left the apartment. She was desperately hungry and thirsty for she had been given no sustenance since she had arrived in Khastan. The last meal she had consumed had been a light breakfast in her London flat on the day that she had been kidnapped. She was uncertain exactly how much time had passed since that meal because she had been drugged in London and had awoken in Khastan without having any idea of the time frame in between. She guessed that something like forty-eight hours had elapsed since leaving the flat but it might have been longer. She was certainly ravenous. Yet there was no sign that anyone was interested in feeding her.

But most of all, she was frightened. Tears started in her eyes.

Elizabeth Berisford had been accustomed to fawning attention throughout her life. Comfortably rich and outstandingly beautiful, her life had always been pleasant and

comfortable. Even her famous arrogance and notorious temper had usually been tolerated and even appeased on account of her wealth and physical assets.

Yet now she was little more than a caged and scared animal.

The previous night, she had actually lowered herself to ask for food from one of the Nubian Guards. The black had sent for a sandwich but had wiped it over his semi-naked body before contemptuously throwing it on the ground before her. Outraged, she had let it lie, refusing to degrade herself by even looking at it. Now, her mouth watered at the recollection.

Worse than the hunger was the thirst, which was heightened by the amount of pygmy semen that had spurted into her mouth the previous evening. Much of it had been swallowed. Even now, several hours after the ordeal, she could not rid herself of the horrid taste. The same filthy stuff that Corah had picturesquely described as smelling like 'elephant shit'.

Resolutely, she tried to turn her mind away from her thirst and hunger by increasing her efforts to find some equation of comfort within the cage. Once she even tried lying on to her belly, bending her legs at the knees and putting her arms behind her with her head pressed against the bars. It was a hopeless position to maintain. All she succeeded in doing was to soak the front of her body in the brew of stale urine and pygmy jism. The splashing sounds resulting from her clumsy movements further mocked the absence of anything to drink.

Tears ran down her cheeks. Her mind was filled with foreboding. She was terrified of Felix whom she had known in her previous life as an ineffectual, rather weak man, whose father was President of a large American Corporation. Several times during the last few years she had dealt with his advances disparagingly, often subjecting him to public ridicule and contempt.

Their circumstances had changed abruptly and radically. Elizabeth was no longer the widely admired and even adulated Society beauty. Now she was just a helpless slave. Already he had inflicted a cruel revenge on her by having both inspired and hosted her public gang bang by South American pygmies in front of a delighted, sadistic and sophisticated audience. Felix had even provided the biting sarcastic commentary which had revelled in her complete public humiliation. Secured helpless and naked, her vagina, anus and mouth had been freely available to the small yellow men with big bellies and seemingly inexhaustible lust; video cameras recorded the event in full colour.

At the end she had been rendered semi-conscious and stripped of all vestiges of dignity. Even now the rotting jungle smell seemed to cling to her and she feared that it would never wholly leave her. She shuddered at the memory.

This Khastan was a terrible place!

Felix and Corah were breakfasting in the pool area under the shade of a large, yellow coloured awning. The usual Khastani heat and humidity was making itself apparent even though it was comparatively early in the day. Nevertheless it was made bearable because beneath the awning, outside air-conditioning vents lowered the temperature a few degrees and huge concealed fans vigorously circulated the air to give the impression of cooling winds.

The pool area was a triumph of layout and engineering. It was situated at the far side of the 'Pleasure palace' and incredible efforts had been made to convert a naturally sparse desert area into a haven of sybaritic luxury. There were two very large swimming pools. One, the smaller, was irregular in shape and very deep. Pristine white rocks were built up to several metres in height around it, overlooking

the still, limpid depths, simulating a rock bathing area. A large white float moored at the centre of the pool further strengthened the impression.

The second pool was larger and more conventional though equally spectacular. It contained two 'swim to' bars at the centre, all fronted by underwater stools on which Guests could sit and enjoy cocktails or snacks. A bridge ran from one side of the pool to the other, with a bar and diving platform at its centre. A large artificial waterfall some thirty feet in height, impressively constructed of stone and marble, took up the whole of the narrower end of the pool. The waterfall was activated by powerful electric pumps and thundered impressively downwards in seething, swirling foam of violent movement. At the back of the waterfall was situated another large bar and private rooms with showers and toilets.

The pool area was paved with heat resistant tiles of yellow and white; shady copses of palms and flowering trees dotted the area. White chairs, tables and beach loungers, comfortably cushioned in yellow, were plentifully available. Yellow beach umbrellas of various sizes were carefully placed to give shade where desired. There were a number of yellow cabañas situated at the far side of area and the exit from the 'Pleasure palace' was preceded by lavish shower, toilet and dressing facilities.

The bars and general service areas were staffed by pretty, immaculately made up slave girls wearing only red pubic flaps and high-heeled red shoes. A few young male slaves in tiny red thongs cleaned the pools and acted as lifeguards. Overseers in pristine white loincloths and Palace guards in baggy red pantaloons stood around watchfully, their slender canes ready to mete out immediate punishment for less than perfect service.

Felix was wearing an orange shirt and white slacks. He was slumped in his well-cushioned chair, chomping on his second croissant and slurping down great draughts of freshly squeezed orange juice. A lit cigar was lying on a crystal ashtray near a large tray of coffee, hot milk, cream and assorted sugars. His eyes were fixed on the swaying breasts and swinging bottoms of the nearest slave girls.

Corah had applied a light makeup and was wearing a stylish black, one-piece bathing suit with a white cotton beach-robe. Given the degree of young and near naked competition she was relieved that she had done so; the provocative presence of the young slaves inevitably reminded her of her own diminishing charms. In a bedroom she could redress the balance with kind lighting and the use of her advanced sexual techniques but in this venue she was clearly vulnerable to comparisons. Disconsolately, she was drinking her coffee black, but had not touched the impressive selection of rolls and pastries.

Both still looked gray and jaded and they consumed their breakfasts in silence, still suffering from their alcoholic indulgences of the previous night.

Corah, inhibited by her companion's obvious ill humour, kept her eyes down, apparently studying her coffee. She knew little about him, for he had picked her up while both were very drunk the previous evening. A striking looking blonde girl had accompanied him earlier in the evening but she had seemingly disappeared. Corah was an aging porn actress who was happy to be the whore of such an influential man and had no intention of enquiring about his past relationships. She merely aimed to meld her behaviour to accommodate his wishes, confident that her sexual performances would suit that side of his nature. Nevertheless she had already realised that he would be a difficult man to hold on to.

Felix gazed aggressively about him, eyes roving around the elegantly laid out area, glaring at the few other Guests present, most of whom were breakfasting and a few lazily frolicking in the huge pools.

“You!” Felix straightened up in his chair and screamed accusingly at the dark haired slave-girl who had served them and who was just sashaying past. His aggressive tone made Corah jump in sudden fright.

The slave turned terrified eyes towards him and immediately approached the table. Felix studied her approach closely. Like the other female slaves she was naked except for high heeled red shoes and a piece of red braiding wrapped around her middle from which hung a scrap of red material, some three inches in width. The material just about covered her pubis. Thoroughly trained, she walked with short, mincing steps and both her bottom and heavy breasts swung tantalisingly as she moved.

“You bloody slut!” Felix raved. “The sodding coffee’s cold.”

The girl looked petrified with fear.

Corah, who knew that Felix had not even touched the coffee pot, never mind attempted to drink its contents, bit her lip. It was obvious that he was going to vent his bad temper on the unfortunate girl. That was bad luck on the girl but Corah’s main reaction was relief that his wrath was not to be directed at her. She was not a vindictive or particularly insensitive woman but she held the philosophical view that it was a cruel world where one could do little more than look after one’s self.

“I’m sorry, master,” the girl stammered. “I’ll get some fresh immediately.”

“You bloody will!” Felix snarled. “And bring your overseer to me.”

The slave-girl was immediately in a fine state of panic. A complaint from a Guest—and particularly one as important as Felix Fenton - would inevitably result in severe punishment.

She dropped abjectly to her knees. Whether by accident or design the red material dangling from the waist braid fell to one side, displaying her shaved sex lips. She spoke in a little girlish, breathy voice. “I am very sorry, master. Please forgive my miserable incompetence.”

Her eyes flickered pleadingly towards Corah who carefully avoided her gaze. She could do nothing to help and to attempt intervention would probably result in even more pain for the unfortunate girl—as well as cause trouble for herself.

At that moment there was a heavy splashing sound and an attractive, blonde young woman with a well rounded body hauled herself out of the pool, grabbed a nearby yellow beach towel and rubbed herself vigorously. She looked towards the table where the tableau of Felix, Corah and the unfortunate slave girl seemed momentarily frozen, then walked towards them slinging the towel over her shoulder.

She was certainly pretty and there was sensuousness about her face, which integrated perfectly with the voluptuous body. Her damp, short blonde hair shone in the sunlight. The red bikini she was wearing was minimal in size and her blatantly revealed body was intriguingly curvaceous.

“Hi!” she greeted them brightly, arching her eyebrows attractively. “Say, can I borrow that girl? I’m hungry as a prairie owl at sunset!”

Her accent was American and her beaming smile exhibited small, perfectly even white teeth.

Felix’s smoothed his sparse hair with his fingers.

Corah looked at him anxiously. The warning signals were flashing brightly in her mind. This newcomer was very, very sexy! Corah’s adult life had largely been spent trying to entice men with the financial ability to support her and to repel interlopers once she had hauled in her fish.

A couple of seconds passed, then Felix grinned. It made him appear rather cherubic and Corah felt a further tremor of unease run through her, knowing that the change was brought about solely by the vitality and attractiveness of the newcomer.

“Sure,” he said. “I’m American too. But why not join us. She’s bringing some more coffee anyway. Ours is cold.”

“OK,” the American girl said brightly. “Love to join you. Don’t know too many people here. First time in Khastan you know. I’ll, go shower first. Won’t take long. But let me have a coffee first. Doesn’t matter if it’s a bit cool.”

Felix pushed his unused cup towards her. “Help yourself. And we’ve plenty of patisseries left. Corah here is watching her figure.”

‘Nothing like as much as he is watching yours!’ Corah reflected grimly to herself, fearing the glamorous interloper.

“My name’s Alma. Alma Rotherton and I’m from Boston, US of A - though married to an Englishman.” Her hand snaked out, touched the coffee pot and withdrew quickly. “Hey! If that’s too cold for you, you must like it molten. Or d’y just like having slave botties battered for pleasure? ”

Felix smirked but did not reply.

She poured herself a coffee, added cream and sugar and drank about half before putting down the cup.

“Must change. I won’t be long.” She disappeared towards the dressing rooms and Felix watched her rolling buttocks until she entered the building.

Unhurriedly he lit a fresh cigar then glanced at the slave-girl who was shaking with fear, but trying to maintain a smile.

“Bring more coffee—and more rolls for the lady. Serve it when she returns.” He considered for a moment and then added. “Forget the overseer.”

Alma was remarkably quick, returning within ten minutes showered, lightly made up, smelling of Yves St Laurent’s ‘Opium’ and wearing a fresh, blue one-piece swimsuit that seemed to match her sparkling eyes. It was made of the thinnest material that Corah had ever seen in swimwear.

She sank gracefully onto a yellow cushioned chair between Felix and Corah, casually slung her towel and a brightly embroidered beach bag onto a nearby table and smiled dazzlingly. The swimsuit was exquisite and exhibited her body perfectly. Big, erect nipples seemed to be trying to thrust themselves through the ultra thin material and the divide of her sex lips was clearly outlined, as was her thick mat of pubic hair. She was little more than naked.

“My name’s Felix—Felix Fenton,” Felix said.

She nodded. “I know who you are. I saw you last night at the—the entertainment .You made a marvellous compere.”

Felix simpered at the compliment

At that moment the slave girl returned with fresh coffee, a large pitcher of freshly squeezed orange juice and another basket of assorted sweet rolls. She placed the items carefully and moved off, doubtlessly breathing thanks for her narrow escape. Felix tore his eyes away from the newcomer and watched the rhythmic swing of the bare buttocks as the slave-girl moved away.

“Hell—I’d like to be able to walk like that!” laughed Alma. “It makes all the men stare, whatever else they’re supposed to be doing. And they all do it so perfectly.”

Felix swung back to her and smiled ingratiatingly. “I’ll bet you get plenty of attention,” he said. “But yes, they do get plenty of training.”

She raised her gloriously expressive eyebrows and emitted a low chuckle, then raised her coffee cup in salute. “To plenty of training!”

“Expert and tough. They get their bottoms beaten if they’re slow to learn.”

“Hell,” Alma said explosively and beamed deliciously. “This is one hell of a place. Still, they’ll need training just to walk in those high heels. I’d go arse over tip if I

tried. And I guess they'll have to be shaved 'you know where' 'cause otherwise you'd have to line up their hair colour with the cc's."

"What are cc's?" asked Felix, with a puzzled expression.

She chuckled sexily and assumed a southern accent. "Well, Felix, the second initial stands for cover, but ah'm a bit shy of saying the first word 'case you think ah'm a forward hussy!"

It was coarse enough to please Felix; he plucked at his small moustache and laughed.

"I'm Corah." Corah intervened deciding that she should get into the conversation. "Corah with a 'haich' at the end. I'm English."

Early in her career as a porno actress, she had inserted the 'h' into her name in the belief that it gave it a bit more class.

Alma once again flashed that captivating smile. "You mean you stuffed a 'haich' in the 'a' of the 'Cor'. That sounds like something that might have happened to someone here on stage!"

Felix laughed coarsely and Corah forced a smile though she was uncertain whether or not she had just suffered a clever insult. She disliked this exuberant bitch.

Alma leaned towards Felix and it was obvious to Corah that she was both flashing her considerable cleavage and teasing his nostrils with her scent.

"That really was Elizabeth Berisford on stage. I once saw her at a thing in London. She's famous! How d'y get someone like that here?" She put a hand over her heart, which merely served to emphasize her shapely breasts. "I find it all really mind-boggling—please tell? Straight up?"

Felix laughed.

"A lot of women—even rich, attractive women, like the idea of giving up control to someone else. It's what they call being 'submissive'. You've heard of that? Lots of women are like that."

It was a far from being an accurate account of how Elizabeth Berisford came to be in Khastan though there was a very slight germ of truth in it.

He leered at her, obviously hoping that his answer might excite her sexually.

Alma grabbed at a sweet roll and bit into it enthusiastically. She waved a hand towards one of the male slaves who was passing by. He was a youngster of about average height with black curly hair and an evenly tanned body. Like the female slaves male, slaves were taught to walk in a specific way though in their case it was nearer a macho saunter rather than a wiggle.

"And as for those-!" A wide, lascivious grin creased her face. "Hey."

"They're all for use if you're interested." Felix said slyly. "But only when you want them. If they look too interested—you know, if the bump between their legs gets out of hand—just get an overseer or a guard to give 'em six hard strokes on their butt."

She giggled. "Dear Felix! I've got my pride. If I pass one and he doesn't get a hard on, I'll probably give him twelve strokes myself."

Felix giggled. He looked at Corah.

"I'd like to chat to this young lady for a bit longer. Can you go and do those jobs in the apartment? You know, clean out all that rubbish. Get it tidy for visitors, eh? Don't mind, do you? I'll probably see you for lunch."

Corah rose quickly but there was a chill in her belly. She had only just moved in with Felix and was already under threat. The girl was too young, too pretty—and too interested in Felix. She had said she was married but Corah doubted if that would

count for much. She certainly understood the message that Felix was conveying to her. That she should get rid of Elizabeth and the cage just in case he wanted to bring his new friend back to the apartment. Presumably she would have to make herself scarce as well. The bastard!

"I'd like that," Alma smiled. "I'm sure I can learn a lot from you." She made it sound like an invitation and Corah's teeth ground silently together.

'You've no idea!' she thought, recollecting some of Felix's less salubrious sexual whims.

He stubbed out his smouldering cigar and lit another without taking his eyes away from Alma's.

"I look forward to teaching you everything I know!" he murmured.

CHAPTER TWO

Corah walked into the apartment and visibly recoiled from the disgusting smell. "Oh fuck!" she swore, then walked over to a drinks cabinet and poured herself a large, neat Chivas Regal. Taking a hefty gulp she stared towards the cage. Her expression was morose.

"I s'pose you'd like a shower?" she said unexpectedly and Elizabeth, frightened and huddled against the bars of the cage, gazed at her in surprise.

"Oh. For Christ's sake! I'm as much in a bloody cage as you!" Corah snapped.

Still holding her drink, she opened a drawer and fumbled in it for a key. Then she walked over to the cage and unfastened the lock allowing the door to swing open.

"Yer c'n come out. Felix is sniffing around something young and shameless so 'e's lost interest in you for the moment - and me as well, as far as that goes."

Elizabeth crawled out of the cage, the filthy liquid dripping off her body and on to the marble floor.

"Don't get any of that shit on the rugs!" Corah ordered. "I can get the floors mopped but the rugs look expensive."

"Yes—yes, Mistress." Elizabeth was wary and wondering if it was some sort of trick was being played on her. She had feared the fate that awaited her when Corah and Felix returned.

Corah poured a generous slug of 'Chivas Regal' into a second glass and handed it the bewildered Elizabeth.

"You needn't 'Mistress' me - unless someone's around. I've nothing against you, love," she explained with a shrug. "But I have to please Felix 'cause e's my man. An' I want to keep it like. When I was just a porn actress I got treated like dirt all the time. With 'im, I get respect and everyone talks to me as if I was someone proper. So what 'e wants 'e gets. Sorry, what I did to yer but I 'ad to do what 'e wants an' mebbe I'll 'ave to do worse. But it doesn't mean nothin'. It's all a game, y'know. We all 'ave to do what our men want, if yer think about it. Now, you enjoy that drink and get a shower—then off you go. You're better out of 'is way."

Astonished, Elizabeth straightened up gingerly and took a mouthful of the whisky. She felt sore to her very bones but she was relieved to be released from the cage. She had never liked whisky but on this occasion it acted as both a stimulant and a mouthwash, both of which were welcome. One thing that Corah had said was certainly accurate; Elizabeth needed to get away from Felix a.s.a.p. quickly; she emptied her glass, choking slightly on the fiery liquid.

Not that she agreed with Corah's philosophy on men. Previous to her incarceration in Khastan, Elizabeth Berisford had rarely done anything unless it conformed to her

own inclinations. The idea of doing what a man required just to keep in his good books was wholly foreign to her although she had heard other women express similar sentiments. Nevertheless she had no intention of arguing and welcomed the other's unexpected sympathy.

Corah rambled on. She was still wearing the swimsuit and wrap and frequently scratched her crotch without showing the slightest self-consciousness. "'E seems to be able to do as he likes 'ere. They say the Princess really likes 'im. All men are filthy minded bastards at 'eart and they enjoy treating women like shit. Some of the things 'e wants are real dirty—but I don't complain. I've done most things before anyway."

She said it very matter-of-factly. Then she shrugged. "But this place is wrong," she said. "See. You're a lady an' your bein' forced an' that's wrong. Yer not like me. No one should ever blame a woman fer what she does willingly. It's 'er body and 'er life! I don't like women bein' forced. But I 'ave ter look after meself, dear and that comes first. Sorry."

She emptied her glass and poured a couple of even more generous measures. The alcohol was obviously affecting her already. There was a maudlin look on her face as she continued. "I won't last with Felix, dear—I know that. Not sophisticated enough for 'im. Too old and not pretty enough. 'E just wanted a good shag last night an' I'm still good at that. 'E's got someone else sniffing around already. That's why e'e lost interest in you for the moment. But I want to 'ang on as long as possible and keep being friends with 'im even after that. So don't judge me too 'ard if I 'ave ter be cruel to you sometimes— it won't be personal."

Elizabeth privately thought that being friends with Felix was about as safe as being friends with a rattlesnake but she made no attempt to argue. She was making a mental check on her body. She was badly bruised and her muscles ached from the long constrictions enforced by the cage. Her vagina was sore but she was most worried about the painful feeling within her anus. She had been an anal virgin before the pygmies had plundered that orifice.

"You said I could have a shower?" she said tentatively, half expecting the offer to be withdrawn.

Corah nodded. She glanced at her watch. "We've probably got plenty of time but yer never know. Don't be too long. I'll 'ave to get someone ter come and clear this place up and take you back ter where yer belong."

Elizabeth bit her lip. "Tell me," she asked. "Where will I be taken?"

Corah looked vacant. "Don't know, love. 'Fraid I can't help there. But you'll be better away from 'im. That's for sure! Oh—just use water and soap. Don't use the perfume and don't use the flannel. 'E'll be angry if 'e thinks I've gone easy on yer."

The first thing Elizabeth did in the pretty, white and pink bathroom was to drink copiously from the tap. With her thirst assuaged, the pangs of hunger subsided a little.

Then she stepped into the shower.

At first, the surging water stung her injuries and she cried out in pain. She gritted her teeth until it passed; only then could she enjoy the cleansing flow. She thoroughly washed out her vaginal and anal passages; inserting her fingers and enticing a flow of water into both orifices, watching the remnants of slime slither down her legs and disappear down the plughole. The pain in her anal passage intensified and once again she feared that she might have suffered permanent injury there.

At the finish she patted herself dry and looked at the towelling robes hanging from the bathroom door, thinking how marvellous it would be to cover her nakedness. She

shrugged; discretion demanded that she remain naked. She glanced at her reflection in the mirror.

Even with the many bruises on her body, she was still a good-looking woman; tall and voluptuously built with large, firm breasts, small waist and swelling hips. She carried more weight than was fashionable; her belly was too convex and her hips and shoulders were a little fleshy. Nothing, she thought, that a short sharp diet and a brisk exercise regime would not swiftly correct.

Wryly, it occurred to her that the dieting was already—involuntarily - under way.

She grimaced. Across her back, breasts, thighs and buttocks were a mass of bruises and weal marks reflecting the ill treatment which she had suffered. Worst of all was the thick, stainless steel ring embedded in her vulva, reminding her of the worst moment of all, its insertion without anaesthetic the previous day. The permanent badge of slavery. She shuddered at the recollection.

The dark red hair looked a mess, having been rough cropped on her arrival at the Slave Hall and then tidied—which involved it being cut even shorter, though more sympathetically—for her on stage abuse the same evening. The short cut was not unattractive in itself but, together with the bruised body, unshaven armpits and ringed vulva inescapably demonstrated that she was no longer a free woman.

Unsurprisingly, she looked tired. There was a drawn look about her features and her once sparkling green eyes were dulled. Irritably she turned away from the mirror and cleaned her teeth from a tube of toothpaste using only her finger. As she did so her thoughts turned to her immediate predicament.

She wondered how much help she could expect from Corah. The blonde woman seemed a decent enough sort and her worries were justifiable. Corah wanted to keep in with Felix but lacked confidence in her ability to do so. Elizabeth thought that such doubts were fully justified; Corah was well beyond her best.

She cleaned up the bathroom with some care then, with some trepidation she walked back into the lounge. To her surprise the cage had already been removed, although some of its rank odour still hung in the air. Corah had changed into blouse and slacks and was drinking from a heavily charged glass.

Elizabeth's attention alighted on a pile of sandwiches on the table near to her own refilled glass. Her mouth watered and she looked quickly at Corah.

"The service 'ere's bloody marvellous. They only took five minutes to come," Corah gushed in a voice that betrayed her alcoholic indulgence. "Got rid of that bloody cage and brought the sandwiches. They're beef. Is that OK?"

"God bless you!" Elizabeth said whole-heartedly. She grabbed a sandwich and demolished it in a few bites. She ate three more before saying another word. Corah stood; sipping her whisky and grinning like some mother watching a child eat a favourite meal. Underneath the somewhat dated, sexpot image, Corah was obviously a compassionate woman.

Unwilling to risk addling her mind, Elizabeth had not touched her fresh whisky. Having assuaged her hunger she decided to take advantage of the moment

"Look, Corah. You know it's not going to last with Felix. He's a pig—you've implied as much yourself. But I'm rich. If you help me now, I'll help you later and I'll do it for the rest of your life. You'll be really well looked after, I promise."

Corah frowned and shook her head vigorously. "No, love. You don't know these people. Ruthless bastards they are. I'm not takin' any chances—"

Elizabeth hazarded that she already knew more about 'these people' than most but she plunged on.

“You don’t have to take chances. Not now. Not here. But sooner or later you’ll get back to Britain. All I want is for you to tell my lawyers that I’m here. There’ll be no risk for you.”

The other woman was still shaking her head and looking annoyed. “Yer’re takin’ advantage. I’m sorry for yer but I’m not takin’ risks. It’s not my fault you’re ‘ere.”

Elizabeth bit her lip in frustration and opened her mouth to continue her argument but at that moment there was a knock on the door and the flustered Corah opened it.

Two overseers entered, one a balding, browned skinned man of middle years, the other a dark haired, heavily built white man who could not have been more than twenty. Both wore loincloths and sandals.

Elizabeth took a last bite of her sandwich but did not touch the whisky. She felt a great deal better for the food and water and the shot of alcohol had certainly relaxed her. She recognised that the rebuff she had just received from Corah was not necessarily the end of the matter. Felix would probably send for her again and whatever humiliations and sufferings might follow would be worthwhile if she could only recruit Corah to help her.

If she could just get word to her lawyers they would move heaven and earth to free her!

“Hasn’t anyone told you how to act in front of your betters?” The younger man’s voice was thickly accented. There were many east Europeans amongst the overseers; often men who had been involved in the several wars, which had resulted from the break up of the old Yugoslavia. The brown skinned man could be a Turk or Iraqi, races also well represented amongst the overseers.

Elizabeth accepted the return to normality. She dropped immediately to her knees and kissed the sandals of both men.

“I’m sorry, Masters.”

The balding man laughed. “You will be. Now stay on your hands and knees and crawl ahead of us. Turn right outside the door.”

He looked at Corah. “Any special instructions about her, Madam?”

“Do what you want with ‘er,” Corah said casually. “I don’t care. But leave the door open. It still stinks ‘orrid in ‘ere.”

Elizabeth Berisford crawled out of Fenton’s suite as ordered, on her hands and knees. She steeled herself to obey her captors and do whatever they wanted. The whisky had calmed her nerves and the food had subdued her hunger. She hoped and believed that Corah might ultimately be persuaded to help her. For the first time since she had first set foot in Khastan she experienced a tinge of optimism.

The middle aged man sniggered as he watched the lush female body crawl along the passage. The heavy udders swung about and the big bottom undulated sexily. The thick, divided channel of the vulva with one inner lip pierced by a silver coloured ring was clearly displayed, as was the dark, slightly open button of the anus.

It was irresistibly erotic.

He leaned over and peered at the unusually shallow, buttock cleft, which widened and narrowed as Elizabeth crawled. Casually he spat into the protruding crack of the anus and she drew her breath in sharply.

“Shitty arse!” he sneered.

The younger man bent down and slapped the bruised flesh of her buttocks, making her wince.

“Who cares,” he grinned. “She’s going to lick my arse—I’m not going to lick hers.”

“When you bugger her you’ll get shit all over your cock.”

“And when I’ve finished, who do you think’s going to suck it off?”

They laughed cruelly and tears of apprehension filled Elizabeth’s eyes. The budding sense of optimism faded. Her immediate fate was clearly to be more degradation.

The tears suddenly blinded her. It was all so unfair! Yes, she had got herself into this mess as a result of a few minutes of carnal stupidity but no one deserved such punishment.

“Stop snivelling, you stupid cow,” the older man growled and kicked her bottom so that she sprawled full length on her belly. “You should be honoured to get a couple of good big cocks up you. Come on! Get on your back and get your legs open.”

Near distraught she rolled over on her back, trying unsuccessfully to control the tears. There was no way out of this except to obey. She parted her legs and drew her knees up to her thighs in submission.

The words of Venus, the black call girl who had been enslaved with her, ran through her mind.

‘We’re made for fucking. There are plenty of worse things that can happen to a woman. Either lay back and enjoy it or just let them do it and think of something else. But in either event make them believe you like it.’

It had sounded sensible if cold-blooded advice but the reality was not as easy as Venus had suggested. The once proud socialite hated the idea of having to offer her body so blatantly and found herself unable to force a welcoming smile.

The older man stripped off his loincloth revealing a thick, stubby, circumcised penis, which was fully erect and surrounded by a heavy growth of hair. His testicles were heavy and hung down to near mid thigh. The younger man flung off his garment; his penis seemed both longer and thinner and his pubic hair had been shaved close to the skin giving a new interpretation of the term ‘designer stubble’. Like his companion, he was circumcised.

The two men stood looking down at Elizabeth, anticipatory grins on their lecherous features.

Her body ached both internally and externally and she was bitterly ashamed at her vulnerability.

“Please—I hurt—inside-,” she whispered. “Be gentle. I’ll do my best. Just don’t hurt me.”

“It’s not bad,” the younger man said slowly, gazing at her with lust filled eyes. “I could do with a long session with this one.” His voice was thick with desire and his penis was erect to near bursting proportions. The end was red and angry.

The older man laughed. “We’re in no hurry,” he grated. “Why not take her into one of the empty rooms and do her good and proper?”

He bent and pulled at her nipples until she squealed with pain. “You’re that rich redhead. The one the pygmies fucked. We’ll do better than pygmies. You like a Turkish gentleman—big cock for big hole—eh?”

He kicked her in the ribs and she gasped as a fresh paroxysm of pain jolted through her body.

“Oh, God! Please!” she begged. “I’ll do what you want. But please don’t hurt me.”

The young man grabbed the Turk’s arm. “It’ll be better if she co-operates. I’ll bet she’s a randy piece.”

The Turk frowned. “This sort of bitch would have treated us like dirt if we’d met her in her own country. I’d like to beat her arse first-”

“You can beat a slave, any time. But a willing beauty like this cunt will be something special.”

Utter humiliation was flowing through Elizabeth as the two men discussed her as if she were a piece of meat, which might be cooked in different ways.

“Look,” the younger man went on urgently. “She’s not going to argue. She’ll do anything you want—willingly.”

“She doesn’t know what I want. Probably will pretend not to understand if I tell her.”

“Then tell her so there’s no misunderstanding. If she doesn’t agree then we’ll give her the thrashing of her life first. We’re going to fuck the hell out of her anyway. She knows that!”

He bent down, thrusting his face close to hers. She smelled the garlic on his breath and recoiled.

“You’ll understand, won’t you? You’ll do what he wants? Nice Turkish gentleman likes rich white girls for fucking and dirty games. Give him a good time, eh?”

“Yes—yes.” She sobbed. Refusal was unthinkable in the circumstances.

“Tell her what you want,” the younger man leered at the Turk. “Make certain she understands.”

The Turk squatted down beside her and she could smell his rancid body odour. She recoiled slightly but he grabbed the back of her head and pulled her face within an inch of his. His foul breath stank in her nostrils and his spittle spattered into her face as he spoke.

“You’ll lick my arse. Lick it so it’s shiny and clean.”

Her senses reeled but within her mind an imperative voice calmed her sense of outrage. ‘It can’t be worse than the things you’ve suffered already. If you’re lucky he’ll be fairly clean and if he isn’t—you’ll still survive.’

She forced out an answer. “Yes—yes. If that’s what you want. I’ll do it.”

She heard the cackle of delight from the younger man.

“And you’ll take my cock up your arsehole, right up your smelly shithole?”

That was different. Her anus pained already. But she knew that he would do it to her anyway.

“Yes,” she sobbed. “All right. But be gentle. Let me put some cream or Vaseline in so you don’t make me sore.”

The Turk shrugged. “That’ll be better for me, whore,” he conceded. He looked at the younger man. “Your turn, Pietro.”

The younger man smiled, bent and looked into her eyes.

“Kissing,” he said. “Deep, long, wet French kissing?”

It was the worst thing. Worse than the obscene and disgusting demands of the Turk.

“Yes,” she said dully.

They took her a few yards down the corridor and into a bedroom.

They stayed there for several hours.

CHAPTER THREE

Corah did not regard Alma Rotherton as being particularly beautiful and she was sick to death of hearing Felix sing her praises. True, she had big tits and plenty of other curves, all of which she exhibited without inhibition but her face was too round, her mouth too wide and her nose had obviously been remodelled by a plastic surgeon. Twenty years ago Corah believed that she could have outshone the other without

breaking sweat. Nor was Alma subtle. She was foul minded and could move from risqué conversation to blatant obscenities with the sweetest of smiles on her face. She dressed like an expensive tart and was invariably cheerful.

She copulated like a stoat

It was two weeks since their first meeting and Corah was no longer as worried about Alma as she had been during their first encounter. For Alma was well and truly married to an aged, distinguished and absurdly rich English Lord who actively encouraged her sexual foibles. Moreover it had become clear to the sexually discerning Corah that Alma liked really rough trade and was more likely to be attracted to the overseers and Nubian guards than to a smoothie like Felix.

Felix certainly lusted after her but so far Alma had merely played with him. Corah guessed that when the inevitable seduction took place it would mean as little to Alma as the shaking of hands. Alma was a nymphomaniac; most afternoons during the two weeks she had spent in Khastan, she had retired to her bedroom with two or three well-endowed male slaves and his Lordship in tow. It appeared that Lord Rotherton liked watching while Alma Rotherton loved doing. ‘A marriage made in heaven’ as Felix had caustically described it at dinner the previous evening. The Rothertons had laughed as loudly as anyone.

Now, the group of Guests sat at a large table, under the air-conditioned canopy of the pool area. The lunch had been excellent; lobsters and fresh salmon, which were flown in daily, accompanied by a plentiful array of salads and fresh fruit. The food had been accompanied by liberal amounts of vintage Chassagne-Montrachet. The eating over, champagne, cigars and liquors were circulating freely.

It was an alcoholically relaxed party consisting of the Contessa Maria di Letharo, Corah and Felix, Erika Bock the blonde wife of Heinz Bock, the German billionaire and Lord and Lady— John and Alma—Rotherton. All were clad in expensive beachwear and the immaculately made up women exuded a variety of expensive perfumes, which mingled seductively with the stronger scent of male cologne.

The service provided by male and female slaves had been flawless. The female slaves wore the usual minimal red pubic covers and the men were garbed in tiny, front bulging, red g-strings. The female slaves were unashamedly groped by the male Guests and Alma made a point of examining the masculinity of each male slaves.

“Do they pick ‘em for size?” she asked a grin on her features and her hand cupping the bared testicles of a crop haired male slave. The slave stood patiently, his thong around his knees, eyes fixed on the far distance. His penis was fully erect. Alma was drinking a very old Napoleon brandy from a large cut glass snifter.

“Does size matter?” Felix leered.

“It doesn’t matter to you, darling. We women are made to accommodate all sizes. But for us, a tight fit’s best!”

There was a burst of laughter around the table.

“The definitive voice of experience!” Felix crowed. He also was drinking the Napoleon and was more than a little drunk.

Alma was clad in a miniscule but cleverly cut, white ‘Gucci’ bikini. She raised her glass gaily and released the slave’s testicles. “I think that men should give us their measurements before we agree to bed them,” she chortled.

Lord Rotherton raised his eyebrows. He was a tall, gaunt looking man in his late sixties. “Tell me, Alma. Are you making a formal complaint?”

“Never any complaints about you, darling.” Alma blew him a kiss and sipped at her brandy.

The slave pulled up his thong and departed without haste. His erection was pushing against the material of his thong and he moved a surreptitious hand down to knock at his testicles. A slave with an erection could be beaten for insolence. Alma smelled appreciatively at her hand, giggled and slapped his bottom as he moved away.

Corah was not surprised that Lady Rotherton had no complaints. He was very rich and let her do anything she wanted. All he asked in return was to watch, though dangling naked in chains was his preferred position on such occasions. He also liked being whipped.

"I'll give you my measurements if you like," Felix offered hopefully. "Ten inches by 4 inches—the latter being the circumference."

"Hopeful!" Alma laughed and winked at Corah who winked back.

Felix caught the exchange and glared savagely at Corah who flushed and looked away, knowing that he would revenge himself on her later. She was not quite certain why he was still with her, though obviously her readiness to perform to his very extreme sexual demands and her ability to improvise improvements on them had a lot to do with it.

It was unpleasant work even for a hardened sexual performer but she liked being part of this upper sector of Guest society.

The Contessa Maria smiled, though it looked slightly forced. She was a petite, immaculately tanned beauty with raven hair and a serious demeanour. Her white 'Ralph Lauren' swimsuit was one piece and modestly cut. Whereas Alma Rotherton's lush curves threatened to spill out of their brief covering, no such possibility existed with Maria's swimsuit even though her body was equally voluptuous. The Contessa was a regular visitor to Khastan but her motivation was not wholly clear. She was certainly a voyeur for she watched all the erotic entertainments on offer but she had never been known to indulge herself physically. Alma had playfully asked her to join one of her afternoon sessions but Maria had declined with obvious embarrassment. Many of the male Guests had attempted to seduce her over the years but without success. Crude and sardonic remarks were made behind her back but she was popular simply because she was likeable and malice free. She was also much photographed by the world's media on account of her unusual beauty and even in Khastan beautiful celebrities were afforded special consideration.

Erika Bock was pretty in a rather insipid way and was normally nearly as reserved as the Contessa. She was usually under the thumb of her dominating husband, the billionaire Heinz Bock. Bock was a regular visitor to Khastan and used the sexual facilities with all the ardour of a man half his eighty years. He clearly had no regard for the feelings of his wife. It was obvious that Erika was not enamoured with the goings on in Khastan and occasionally she had even indulged in small gestures of protest. When Elizabeth Berisford had been on stage, Maria and Erika - both of whom had known Elizabeth previously - had walked out of the banqueting room. It had been a brave gesture on the part of Erika who had defied her husband's shouted demands that she should return to the table. There was speculation that she had been punished for her 'crime' but no one knew how.

Erika wore a gaily-coloured 'Hermes' one-piece swimsuit that seemed a little too bright for her pale skin and hair colouring. Her husband had left Khastan in his private jet the previous evening on some mysterious business and was not due back for several days; it was noticeable that in his absence Erika seemed more relaxed than usual and was drinking quantities of wine with abandon.

"Did you enjoy the show last night?" Felix asked Alma.

Dinner at the 'Pleasure palace' was invariably accompanied by erotic entertainments. The previous evening, after the usual sex and lesbian acts, there had been a set piece item and a game show. In the set piece item two newly arrived girls had been brought on stage in a very large cage. They had been fully dressed but were obviously scared and bewildered. The cage had been very brightly illuminated and the main lights of the banqueting room had been turned low so the girls were able to hear the noisy babble of Guests but could not see them.

Obscene and jocular comments had assailed the prisoners from the darkness around the cage and they had become very tense. Several times they had walked to the bars of the cage and attempted to look out but the lighting was skilfully calculated to reveal little. The girls could see the lighted ends of cigars and cigarettes and smell the odours of food and perfumes but that was all. They had known that they were being watched, but by whom was concealed from them. Liquors had been served to the Guests while the tension had built up until suddenly a dozen naked men were driven into the cage by Palace guards.

There had been immediate pandemonium.

The newcomers had been a fearsome sight. Their bodies were dirty and sun burned to a mahogany shade of brown; their hair and beards were long and matted with filth. They had reacted to the sight of the women with sex-crazed desperation.

A long and brutal defilement had followed, encouraged by howls of encouragement from the audience.

The men were slaves brought from the northern mines and quarries of Khastan. Normally they laboured, naked, every day from dawn to dusk and were fed and treated like animals. They rarely saw a woman and their reactions had been fully predictable to those who had planned the event.

It had been highly successful. The great banqueting room had been in tumult as the slaves fought amongst themselves to satiating their lusts on the terrified victims. One of the women, clothes hanging in threads, semen spilling in streams down her thighs, had staggered to the bars of the cage and begged for help. She was rewarded with jibes and insults and finally slid to the ground, crying fitfully until her ravagers came for her again. The applause afterwards had nearly equalled that which had greeted the degradation of Elizabeth Berisford—itself considered the best entertainment ever shown in the 'Pleasure palace'.

The game show had also been fun.

Four naked slave girls had been brought on stage and made to lower themselves, buttocks first, into horizontally suspended car tyres that were attached by ropes to ceiling pulleys. The girls were then pulled up some ten feet or so, dangling in the air, doubled up with their bare bottoms protruding downwards, hands clinging to the body of the tyres and legs pointing upwards towards the ceiling.

Four fixed dildos, realistically moulded heads facing aggressively upwards, were fastened on a table, one under each of the girls. Four guests, one of whom had been Felix, then manipulated the ropes and pulleys to see who could be first to fully embed a dildo into a specific vagina. For the watching Guests it had been very funny. The unfortunate girls had been swung inexpertly over the threatening dildos and raised and lowered with sometimes startling abruptness. All of the Guest contestants were drunk and the slaves had good reason to fear that they might be landed so hard on a dildo that they would suffer serious pain and even permanent injury.

Alma smiled. "You won, dear Felix. You were so clever!"

"Just get the big hole over the end and let the slut's weight slide her down." Felix said happily. "It's a knack!"

“Well—I won’t play that particular game. At least not with you,” Alma murmured with a slight shiver. “But where did you get those beasts you let in the cage? Some of them-” She licked her lips meaningfully. “Well, size was no problem with them.”

Felix sniggered. “Hand picked for the ladies! Quarry slaves. Normally, they rarely even see a woman let alone have use of them. They go crazy at the sight of one.”

“So we saw,” Erika said tipsily. “But if I saw an animal like that looking at me, I’d just turn and run.”

“Whereas, if it were me,” Alma said slowly. “I’d just pray he’d stop looking and do something!”

“She’s just fantasising,” Lord Rotherton grinned. “She hates bad smells and they stank to high heaven!”

“You’d be surprised what I’d endure if I was excited enough,” his wife said playfully and put her tongue out at him.

Felix was flushed with anticipatory pleasure. He had exchanged meaning glances with Alma and not long afterwards she had excused herself to visit the loo. After a minute or so, Felix had made a similar excuse and followed suit. She was walking just ahead of him and from the way she was swinging her hips he guessed that she knew he was there.

Calmly she had walked into the men’s toilets and, having first glanced over her shoulder at him, had entered one of the stalls, deliberately leaving the door open. She had rolled down the bottom of her bikini and crouched over the seat before peeing noisily. He noticed that she had profuse and dark pubic hair well trimmed. Grinning, he had stared into her eyes and hefted his swimsuit covered testicles.

“Show time,” he had chortled.

She straightened and looked at him languorously. “Yes, darling. Why don’t we do it over there?”

She indicated the marble slab opposite the stalls against which male urination usually took place.

He frowned. A lavatory was not the place of assignment that appealed to him but if it had to be, he much preferred the private stall to her alternative. Without answering he stepped into the cramped cubicle and pulled the door closed behind him.

He saw her slight pout of disappointment before she slipped to her knees and pulled his swimming trunks down around his ankles.

“Leave the door open, darling-”

The last few words were muffled because she had taken his penis into her mouth and was sucking on it energetically.

Felix’s taste ran to exhibiting other people, preferably women, not to being exhibited himself. He frowned. “Someone might see us,” he muttered, then realized that she would probably enjoy that. After a moment’s consideration he pushed the door slightly ajar and gave himself over to the ministrations of her mouth.

She raised herself, sliding up his body inch by inch and pulled his mouth down to hers. “I’m wet with piss and pre cum,” she giggled. “And I’ll be wetter still when you’ve spunked into me. So fuck me, partner! Fuck me real good.”

Her mouth was cool and tasted of cock and cognac. One of her hands was running down his back between his buttocks, the other cupped his testicles. He explored her nipples, finding them like bullets, then he pushed a hand between her thighs.

She was certainly wet; so wet that he suspected that it was not just from pee and her normal juices. He guessed that she had been fucked only a short period before and

that his hand was dipping into some other man's semen. It was not a notion that he found pleasant.

Grunting and with his ardency much diminished, he pushed her back against the side of the cubicle and tried to enter her, but he had lost his erection. They each struggled to revive it but it was hopeless.

Finally she kissed him on the cheek.

"Isn't working, darling. Another time, perhaps!"

She pushed him away and replaced her swimsuit, showing no sign of disappointment. "Give me a few minutes. Might look suspicious going back together."

Like most men who had failed to maintain their erection, Felix felt humiliated. It was his nature to blame someone else for his own shortcomings and he put Alma in the frame. It was disgusting, her trying to seduce him in circumstances where she was leaking some other man's spunk.

He waited for several minutes before returning disconsolately to the table. Only Lord Rotherton appeared to notice his return and he winked broadly. It was obvious that his Lordship had a fair idea of what Felix had intended. Felix suspected that Alma described those encounters, which her husband did not actually watch, to him in detail later. If so they would probably laugh uproariously over Felix's failure and that infuriated him even further.

He had lost his desire for Alma. You could catch something nasty from a pervert like that, he thought viciously. Nor was he interested in Elizabeth Berisford any more. God knows how much spunk had been shot into her by now and any case he did not fancy the leavings of those ghastly pygmies. Felix liked to think that he possessed high standards.

Corah was just a temporary fill in; she was bloody good in bed with the lights out, but she was like a cow at a beauty contest compared with the other sophisticates around this table. He gazed around the area and his eyes fastened on a lissom brunette slave-girl. She would probably do; she'd be clean and willing anyway. He would give himself the pleasure of personally whipping that neat little arse and feeling those sexy red lips around his cock and sucking and sucking-

At that moment, Alma straightened up in her chair with an expression of awe on her features.

"Who," she asked. "Is that?"

Everyone peered towards a tall, beautifully built Nubian with dreadlocked hair decorated by tiny vari-coloured bows who stalked by at the side of the larger pool. He wore baggy white pantaloons together with a loose, gold thread embroidered waistcoat and gold sandals. He was a magnificent specimen of humanity and he carried himself with arrogant disdain for the admiring female looks aimed in his direction.

"That," Erika Bock said thickly. "Is Haroun. Chief bodyguard of the Princess. Said by some to be the foremost stud in Khastan."

Alma put a hand to her mouth. "He looks as if he's hewn out of rock," she said, eyes sparkling. "If the bits that we can't see are equally impressive-"

"Those bits are reputed to be awesome," Erika said. Her voice was noticeably slurred.

"It's a God!" Alma breathed in a reverential tone. "Has to be a God! I'd always thought that God was white but now I'm converted. It's my road to Damascus. How do I-?"

“Haroun’s not on offer.” Felix said quickly. He felt spitefully pleased that Alma wanted something she could not have - squalid little bitch that she was.

Alma frowned. “Why ever not? Guards will perform for a consideration. He’s just a higher ranking guard.”

“The guards are free to do what they like. I’m sure they’ve been cooperative with you,” Felix sneered. “They don’t get much in terms of pay so a bit extra is welcome. Haroun is different. He’s well looked after and doesn’t much like white women. Anyway, women swarm around him like flies so he takes his pick.”

“I could be the best pick of his life. And he could be the best prick of mine,” Alma said, gazing rapturously at the swaggering figure.

Felix shrugged. He was contemptuous of white women who willingly opened their legs for blacks. Still, the episode in the lavatories told him that she was a disgusting bitch.

“He’d treat you like shit. He made one Guest crawl naked all the way from her quarters to his and open her legs to four of his men before he fucked her stupid. And she was a Baroness!”

He enjoyed telling the story, which happened to be true. His penis revived abruptly. Sweat ran down his face and he put a hand down and caressed the thick erection within his Valentino shorts, uncaring that the Contessa could see what he was doing. The prissy sow liked looking so she could bloody look at his cock; she’d get it up her before long anyway.

He badly needed a woman! Now!

Alma asked: “Was she white?”

“To begin with. She was black and bloody blue by the time he’d finished with her.”

Felix could smell Alma’s sex odour and there was a tell tale slackness around her mouth. He wondered if he could persuade her into voluntary slavery. Exhibitionists were often masochistic as well.

He began to daydream about her but the dreams were very different from earlier ones. He began to consider what he could do to her if she became his slave. He dreamed very nasty, very vicious, dreams!

The bulge in his shorts became harder. He finally made up his mind, looked across at Corah and jerked his head towards the ‘Pleasure palace’. She would have to do.

For the moment!

CHAPTER FOUR

Everything was very clear though it resembled a film being played in slow motion. Immaculately clad men and exquisitely garbed and jewelled women sauntered around the luxurious reception room, laughing and chatting and clearly much at ease in a safe and familiar world. An eight-man band played; white-jacketed waiters served trays of champagne and canapés and over on the far side of the room, a magnificent buffet was laid out.

But Elizabeth could hear no sound.

A noxious smell assailed her nostrils and the vision began to fade, slowly at first then with increasing rapidity. Despair rocked through her as she realized that it had been a dream and that she was waking into the horror of reality.

“No,” she shouted desperately and tried to retain the pleasing images, but the blackness spread around her and suddenly the mirage was gone and she was in utter darkness.

And awake!

Tears rose to her eyes as reality asserted itself. The blackness that surrounded her was the result of being in a room without windows, where night and day were indistinguishable. The unpleasant smell resulted from the odours of forty unwashed women confined in a relatively small space, plus the near full bucket containing their overnight waste.

Despondency swarmed over her, quickly obliterating the happy scenes from her dulled mind. And reminding her that she had been in Khastan for over two weeks.

Two weeks of slavery. Two weeks of utter hell!

In the darkness she could hear others stirring around her, though slight snores indicated that some were still enjoying the blessed respite of sleep.

There was a familiar grating noise and a door opened allowing a small degree of light into the room. Two male figures appeared in the threshold and began shouting at the occupants.

“Get out of your wanking pits!”

Immediately there was a babble of noise as forty women were stirred into immediate activity, rising sleepily, from their grimy mattresses, pulling on the heavy plastic boots, which were the only item they were allowed to wear and pushing their way towards the newly opened door.

A female voice, couched low enough to escape the hearing of the guards, spoke. “Another day in the Paradise ...”

It was an indication that there were still a few women who resisted their subjugation but they were few and they had to very careful. Anyone caught saying or doing anything considered ‘insolent’ was punished viciously by their captors. Those who risked such punishment were very brave.

Elizabeth was one of the first through the door, twisting between the two men who stood by it and getting her bottom slapped by a cane as she did so. One of the men was the young white overseer whom she had serviced after leaving Felix’s suite and who had summoned her several times since. He was naked except for a discoloured loincloth and leather sandals and his face retained that sadistic grin which she knew so well. The other man was a thickset Nubian wearing the baggy red pantaloons and embroidered slippers of the Palace Guard. Both men carried the ubiquitous thin cane switches, with which they lashed out at the naked female bodies as they sped past.

Outside the dormitory the oppressive, if familiar, smell of unwashed bodies dissipated a little. The lighting was barely adequate. Within the slave quarters of the ‘Pleasure palace’ where windows were rare, natural light permeated with seeming reluctance and electricity was used sparingly. The atmosphere was dank and humid and there was no decor as such. The walls and flooring were of unpainted concrete or brick and ran with condensation. It was a dark, smelly, ill-lit area and offered a depressing welcome to the new day.

Directly outside the dormitory was the ablutions room, which in turn, adjoined the latrines. Standing by a crude stone sink was the Slave Mistress, Yona, and the sadistic natured Serbian. She was a brawny, square figured, big-breasted woman in her late thirties or early forties, who frequently changed the colour of her cropped hair –today it was straw blonde - and wore a short, red leather dress and red boots. Her body odour hung in the atmosphere for she was no devotee of bathing.

Several more guards were standing around, ready to harry the slaves through their ablutions.

On the sink lay three decrepit, much used toothbrushes and a pottery dish half filled with a gray looking substance that substituted for toothpaste. The slaves queued

for their turn in using the brushes, an unpleasant experience for those few who had any hygienic scruples left. Some thought it surprising that teeth were given any attention when body cleanliness was treated so casually but the answer was quite simple. Guards and overseers had no great concern about body odour, from which they themselves often suffered, but they disliked bad breath.

After each woman had cleaned her teeth she stepped into the showers, still wearing the heavy boots. The water was tepid, brownish coloured and slow running but very welcome; most of the slaves would have chosen to spend more time soaking their bodies, but the brutal canes slashed out viciously compelling them to pass through quickly. Water was an expensive commodity not to be wasted on slaves.

Elizabeth Berisford, her statuesque body little more than dampened, was among the first to exit the shower and she then entered the latrine area. It was a squalid and uninviting place; there were just three stinking holes set in the bare concrete floor. She positioned her dampened boots on either side of one of the holes and then squatted over it, wishing that she could close her nostrils to the stench that floated upwards. She clutched each buttock firmly and pulled them hard apart. No toilet paper was provided so a degree of after soreness was inevitable but holding the buttocks wide and dilating the anus as much as possible would keep it to a minimum.

Nubian guards were grinning at her and the other two slaves who had positioned themselves over the holes. There was never a shortage of onlookers for this part of the proceedings. Elizabeth gritted her teeth and looked over the heads of the voyeurs, trying to ignore their sniggers. It was one of the worst humiliations that the women suffered daily; relieving themselves in the full sight of the laughing, contemptuous guards and overseers.

She urinated easily but her bowels were resistant. She flushed; knowing that the visible straining which was necessary would concentrate further undesired attention upon her. The woman next to her completed her task and the stink of excrement wafted to the nostrils of all within distance. The watchers noisily parodied disgust as she stood up allowing another slave to take her place.

The hateful, thickly accented voice of Yona spat out.

“We haven’t all day. Get your shitting over, you lazy sow! Or do we give you an enema?”

The remark was aimed at Elizabeth who grimaced and strained harder. Failure would be diagnosed as constipation and that would be remedied by an enema. These were applied without consideration, a metal tube being roughly shoved into the anal tract and water pumped into the bowels through the tube. It would leave her with anal pain for a several days, making the future clearance of her bowels even more of an ordeal. She shuddered at the threat and contorted her features into a grimace of concentrated effort. Inevitably she attracted obscenities from the watchers.

“She needs a cock up her arse to open her shit hole!”

“Look at her face—she loves flashing her arsehole!”

Ashamed and afraid she intensified her straining and tried to ignore the barrackers. Her face became a mask of concentrated effort.

‘This is a natural, human function,’ she told herself. ‘I should not be ashamed.’

Growing impatient, one of the guards stepped towards her his cane raised and at that moment her sphincter relaxed and a thick turd spurted from her anus. She was not finished but desperate to avoid punishment she rose from her squatting position, still excreting as she did so, feeling warm softness slop onto the calves of her legs. Her movement was not fast enough to avoid the blow that lashed across her breasts and she yelped in pain.

Glumly cursing herself for neither avoiding the lash nor completely voiding her bowels, she passed quickly on to the next degradation. A few feet beyond the latrines were three stone columns, each measuring some three feet in height. A plastic dildo around two inches in diameter and seven inches in length surmounted each column. Five steep steps placed on either side of each column, allowed a slave to climb up and position her vulva above the tip of the dildo.

A slave-girl was just stepping down from one column; her eyes caught those of Elizabeth then moved quickly away. The slaves suffered this routine daily yet never failed to feel humiliated by it. The vacated dildo gleamed with vaginal juices. The woman dropped to her knees and kissed the wet dildo then extended her tongue and licked at it for a few seconds until an overseer gave permission for her to move on.

It was a carefully calculated degradation, which the overseers described it as ‘cock worship’.

Elizabeth ascended the steps and placed herself in a position where her vulva was poised over the head of the gleaming dildo. At a sign from the overseer she lowered herself carefully, feeling the lubricated plastic tip enter her sex lips. She was forbidden to use her hands and she repositioned herself carefully to avoid overbalancing, then continued to impale herself until she was sitting on the base of the column, with the thick plastic buried deep in her body.

Two other women were impaled beside her on the remaining dildos. Each woman slowly raised and lowered her body on the dildos in an obscene parody of sex. The squelching, wet plopping sounds resulting from their movements, plus the strained looks on the women’s faces, brought laughter from Yona and the men. The naked women waiting in line behind, faces drawn in misery, shuffling their feet uncomfortably, knowing that their own turns would not be long delayed.

After six cycles of the enforced masturbation, face flushed, Elizabeth was allowed to vacate the dildo. Like her predecessors, she dropped to her knees and kissed and licked the dildo before rising and being replaced by another slave. She hated the taste and smell, part her own, part other women’s, but she licked with a forced show of enthusiasm until a guard slapped her bottom, indicating that she had done enough.

“Next week you’ll use the other hole,” Yona shouted.

The slaves received the words in anguished silence and private fear. The vulva could fairly easily accommodate the diameter of a dildo, though there was sometimes a degree of after soreness. The anus, however, would be a very different matter. And the aftermath would be wholly disgusting. No one doubted that the sadistically inclined Yona would institute her threat.

There was an inevitable delay while the forty women completed this last and most demeaning stage of the morning ablutions. Those who had completed their activities stood passively looking at the ground. It was safer than looking at their guardians and risking being accused of insolence.

When all had finished they proceeded to a large but nondescript room where an unappetizing breakfast was laid out on rough wooden tables. Plastic beakers of brackish water and hunks of stale bread spread with what looked and tasted like cold porridge were consumed ravenously by the women who, since their arrival, had never been given a decent meal. They were fed twice a day on similar fare supplied in quantities clearly designed to keep the slaves hungry.

The men hovered behind the slaves as they ate, leaning over and fondling the breasts of the prettier ones and harrying them with coarse suggestions. There was no resistance, the women usually forcing smiles as if they were pleased to receive such attentions. There were one or two scuffles but they resulted from slaves squabbling

over the food and were soon broken up by their captors. The slaves ate quickly and every mouthful of food was devoured. Then the canes began to lash out once more and they were chivvied through the slave hall at the back of the 'Pleasure palace' and out through the smoked glass doors into the already oppressive heat of the day.

This group of forty women had arrived in Khastan as two separate airfreight consignments.

No one who had seen them arrive just over two weeks before would have recognized them now. At that point they had been apprehensive, dazed from sedatives and bewildered by their kidnap - but they had been recognisable as civilized Western women.

They had possessed little inkling of what was to befall them. Well clothed, coiffured and made up, their bodies had been perfumed and pampered with the every day luxuries of modern day living. Some, to be sure, had more expensive clothing and possessions than others, but all were attractive women of independent lifestyle.

Once in Khastan their treatment had been brutal. Deliberately disembarked several miles from Khastan City, they had been forced to trudge their weary path to the 'Pleasure palace', through the desert, in the hot and humid climate. As a preliminary to the journey and as an indication of their new status, the Nubian guards had summarily taken one of their number. Still stunned by that shock, they had quickly been relieved of handbags and personal possessions while being subjected to random brutality.

Entering the drab streets of Khastan City, they had been greeted by hostile crowds of poorly dressed people and only the presence of the guards had saved them from serious harm. Worse was to follow; once in the slave hall of the 'Pleasure palace' they had been stripped naked before a howling crowd of men and women and subjected to serious sexual mistreatment, culminating in the agonisingly painful insertion of the slave rings into their vulvas—without anaesthetic.

Since then they had been deprived of all vestiges of dignity and privacy. Naked but for heavy plastic boots, they were subject to the uncontrolled sexual desires of their betters—who seemed to be just about everyone else. The thick, stainless steel rings in their cruelly pierced vulvas were the visible, shaming symbol of slave status.

Most had already given up hope of succour and were trying to adjust to the new circumstances. There were no outward signs of rebelliousness; those who still carried the spark of resistance within them had learned to keep it well hidden; the most apparent residue lay in rare, bitter, whispered witticisms.

Those women, who had originally shown the greatest defiance were either broken, had vanished or were now keeping their true feelings well concealed. Elizabeth, Sally Stone, the lawyer, Venus, the beautiful black call girl and two young teachers had been the core of initial resistance. Venus and one of the teachers had disappeared on the first day. Sally Stone seemed broken after suffering a marathon abuse and Elizabeth's own horrible experiences resulted in an outer show of passivity. The second teacher, a pretty, dark haired girl named Ann, was the favoured lesbian plaything of Mistress Yona and was now regarded with suspicion by the other slaves. An increasing number of other women were suspected of being willing to betray their fellows in the hope of obtaining favours from their captors.

The slaves had little knowledge of Khastan and their captors showed no interest in enlightening them. . Observation and bitter experience were their only tutors and that sufficed for minimal information. They soon realized understand that they were at the very bottom of whatever hierarchy existed.

A few things became apparent.

Khastan was situated in the Middle East and ruled by a Princess named Lala. Slavery was a normal and legal part of the way of life here. The streets of the Khastan City, through which they had been herded on arrival, were little more than dusty, poorly defined tracks, flanked by seedy buildings constructed of wood, mud or stone. Given the magnificence of the Palace grounds and the elaborate buildings it contained, it was clear that the rulers lived far better than the ordinary people. Transport was usually horse or slave drawn though they had noticed a small number of large, expensive four wheel drive vehicles. The inhabitants of the city consisted of poorly dressed people whose colour varied from black to white, with the former predominating.

The slaves had quickly learned to fear those who were known as 'Guests'. Guests paid huge fees for the privilege of visiting this Sadists' Heaven; they were rich and powerful people from many parts of the world who came to Khastan to indulge their perverse pleasures. Several of these fiends had watched the initial travails of the newly arriving women with interest and amusement - but no iota of sympathy.

They were of all nationalities—though westerners predominated - all colours and both sexes. Some Guests were homosexual and many were bi-sexual. Khastan offered such people a venue where they could play out their most extreme sexual fantasies without restraint and within a community that passed no judgement on even the most aberrant behaviour. They were indulged in absolute luxury with the finest of accommodation, food and wine. Whatever perversities they desired were freely available with slaves always on hand to slake their lusts. Newly arrived slaves were rarely given time to adjust to their new bondage. Like Elizabeth Berisford many were precipitated into extreme sexual abuse soon after arrival; their very innocence being an aphrodisiac to the callous and warped minds of those who preferred to degrade the inexperienced.

Guests' appetites for sensation were catered for by spectacular public events of unrestrained obscenity while their private lusts could be slaked either within their luxurious, sound-proofed private apartments or in custom-built dungeons situated in the nether regions of the 'Pleasure palace'.

CHAPTER FIVE

The female slaves stood in three files outside the 'Pleasure palace'. It was early but the heat and humidity had barely dissipated during the night. Trickle of sweat were already visible on their naked bodies and all knew that the heat would become worse as the morning progressed.

Every day followed a similar programme.

Each morning, after their ablutions were completed, they were made to run many times around the wide perimeter of the Palace grounds, an exercise that left them panting and exhausted. After that they were subjected to what was euphemistically described as 'training in deportment and obedience'—which involved a whole gamut of humiliations and training in sexual perversions. Later in the day they were employed on laborious and unpleasant cleaning jobs. During every activity guards or overseers, who had total power over them, watched.

The only protection they possessed were the ugly plastic boots that shielded their feet from the stinging underfoot heat generated by the sun. The boots were, however, ill fitting, unventilated and of poor quality. They inevitably caused blisters and the stench in the dormitory at night, when they were removed, was gut wrenching.

Cleanliness was impossible, for the brief, inadequate showers made little impression on their sweat soiled bodies. Hygiene was a word that they had almost forgotten. Daily exposure to the sun had tanned them to various shades of brown though several had suffered bad sunburn in the process. The residues of perfumes and body lotions had long since disappeared and been replaced by sour body odours; once expensively dressed hair had been unevenly cropped and was now greasy and unkempt; previously polished and manicured finger and toe nails were broken and dirt rimmed. Once carefully tended bodies were badly blemished by bruises and red streaks inflicted by the ever active canes, for any disobedience—real, imagined or invented—was brutally punished. Every woman was regularly subjected to abuse, including anal, and many suffered considerable soreness in their sexual parts as a result.

They were formed up into three lines; heads hanging low, trying not to look their captors in the eye, for to do so could be judged to be insolent and insolence resulted in severe punishment.

Two guards, in their loose red pantaloons, and an overseer in his loincloth, stood in front of them and looked enquiringly towards Yona who had just strolled out of the slave hall, smoking a cigarette. She stood sneering at the waiting slaves, slapping her cane noisily against her long, red leather boots.

Ginning sardonically, she pointed towards a tall, slender young woman standing in the front row. The woman, even though apparently looking at the ground, stepped forward immediately. Being attentive to superiors while not actually looking at them was one of the first lessons that slaves learned.

The summoned girl was ostensibly blonde though dark hair was beginning to show at her roots and her pubic hair was dark. She was pretty and not much older than twenty years with small, tip tilted breasts and long legs whose muscled calves indicated that she was a dancer. She stood a few inches away from Yona, still looking down at the ground.

Calmly Yona put an arm around the girl's shoulders and pulled the pretty face up towards her own. There was no resistance. The Serbian woman's thick red tongue dived deep into the girl's mouth and the surreptitious watchers could see her cheek muscles working furiously. The slave mistress's hand searched in the hairy cavern between the slender legs, which parted obediently. The girl timidly stroked Yona's bottom, clearly aware that she must co-operate but uncertain as to how far she should go.

The lesbian embrace continued while the other slaves stood with discreetly lowered eyes. Yona's hand roved freely over the girl's body, testing her breasts and thrusting fingers into the damp orifice between her legs. She was not gentle. The slave-girl jerked a little as a searching finger invaded her anus but she quickly submitted, even stroking the intrusive hand as if enjoying the crude caress. Her mouth was wide open to the questing tongue, accepting it like a lover, eyes shut. Few could be certain whether her reaction emanated from ecstasy or shame but there were some who could make an educated guess. Elizabeth Berisford was one of the latter; she had several times suffered Yona's attentions and knew that the Serbian liked to dribble saliva into her victim's mouths and that her exploration of another woman's body was usually both crude and cruel. But if a slave was sensible she put up with it and even pretended gratitude.

After a moment or two, Yona shoved the girl roughly back into line. She gazed contemptuously at the slaves.

“You’ve much to learn,” she shouted in that croak of a voice, which they hated and feared. “Your foul bodies reflect your ignorance and your cowardice. Serbian women would never allow themselves to get into the stinking state you’re in. They would find ways of keeping themselves clean. Pigs smell better than you. You’re sluts!”

The cowed women flinched as the insults lashed over them. Elizabeth Berisford wondered if the insult carried a kernel of truth. Had they indeed surrendered too easily, allowing themselves to be debased with undue ease? Were they indeed cowards and sluts?

Certainly they all did things that would have been unthinkable in their past lives. Some women had resisted sex in the early days but the punishments had been frightful. Now every all the women parted her legs on demand and oral sex was regularly demanded and grovellingly supplied. Such acquiescence was not without shame; many of the women were consumed with self-loathing. Yet what alternative was there?

Yona nodded to the overseer.

“Make the cows sweat. Most of them are still far too fat. I want it all off by the end of the week.”

The men shouted orders and in three ranks, the women began their trot around the vast quadrangle of the Palace grounds accompanied by the overseer and two Nubian guards.

Yona stood in the shade of the portico watching. In obedience to her order a fast pace was set and the sweat began to run more profusely on the heaving bodies. The heavy thump of boots hitting the ground in a regular rhythm echoed around the great quadrangle of the Royal Compound.

The Royal Compound contained three main buildings with the three-story Royal Palace as its centrepiece. The Palace with its huge, gilded dome surmounting an extravagant exterior of splendid mosaics, elaborately worked stained glass windows, intricate stonework and fronted by a wonderfully carved and gilded entrance was an impressive sight. A few hundred yards beyond it stood the large, single story building of the ‘Pleasure palace’, which housed the Guests in luxury and the slaves in squalor. Close by the ‘Pleasure palace’ was a barracks of the Palace Guard. The open grounds of the Royal Compound were expertly and magnificently landscaped with tinkling fountains, trees, flowering shrubs and various types of paving of differing colours and textures.

In different circumstances the women might have been impressed with the beauty of the surroundings but as it was, they had other things with which to concern themselves.

They ran in good order, the heavy boots striking the ground with precision, breasts swinging loosely, bottoms undulating, heads thrown back so that they could suck air into their lungs.

Occasionally they encountered Guest joggers clad in designer tracksuits. The guests eyed the phalanx of slaves with a combination of contempt and curiosity. Those who had heard the saying that ‘women sweat but ladies perspire’ were faced with the apparent reality. The slaves’ bodies ran with profuse sweat whereas the Guests’ suits were lightly dampened in specific places. To make it worse, the Guests’ perfumes drifted tantalisingly into the slaves’ nostrils.

The fast pace soon had many of the women panting. It was a deliberately arduous exercise. On most past occasions, some women had fallen out overcome by exhaustion. Such unfortunates were always judged to be malingerers and were

mercilessly thrashed for their failure. No distinction was made between the naturally athletic and their weaker sisters.

It was undeniable that most of the women were physically in better shape than when they had arrived—though their mental states were a very different matter. Despite Yona's final jibe, surplus weight had largely been eliminated and muscles toned by the hard exercise. No set distance was ever laid down in advance; they were kept running until a number were reeling with weariness. It was obvious that exhaustion of the women was the main aim of their captors.

The exercise might have been equally as testing for the male minders - if they had completed it on the same terms. That did not happen.

Each man took a turn in circuiting one lap with the women while the other two rested. Thus each man completed only a third of the distance covered by the women and enjoyed lengthy rest periods. They finished fresh while the women, panting and wheezing having completed every inch of the course had used up most of their reserves of energy. To celebrate their freshness all the men joined the last lap and lashed out at the faltering women with their canes.

On this occasion, the slaves completed twenty-two circuits of the spacious grounds and at the end no one had actually fallen out though several were virtually unconscious on their feet; the rest were in little better condition. They were halted, as usual, near a water filled, stone trough close to the 'Pleasure palace'. There they were allowed to lower themselves to the floor and rest. The guards watched the heaving bosoms and splayed legs with leering pleasure.

The young overseer hawked furiously and spat several times into the trough.

There was a long, unnecessary pause with the panting, sweat soaked slaves, slack faced with exhaustion, gazed longingly at the water troughs while the men chatted amongst themselves. A curt word from the overseer finally gave the desperate slaves permission to drink. Despite their weakness it resulted in a stampede. There were no drinking vessels and the women had to lap up the water like animals; they literally fought to get at it. The weaker women, tears of frustration pouring down their cheeks, slumped to the rough ground and had to wait until their stronger sisters had drank their fill. Dehydrated by their heavy sweating, some women thrust their heads into the trough and drank until their bellies swelled visibly. The laughing overseer and guards paced around the drinking women, lashing out with their canes to inflict stinging red marks on the mass of outthrust female buttocks but on this occasion such blows had little affect.

*

When all had finally drunk their fill, the weary slaves were marched back to the 'Pleasure palace', excess water swilling uncomfortably around within their bellies. Soon most needed to urinate, a need that was granted just outside the doors of the Slave Hall where traders were beginning to congregate. The women squatted in a sandy area and relieved themselves despite the sardonic glances of the traders.

They were then taken to a dingy gym for what was described as 'deportment training'.

Mistress Yona was, as usual, in charge.

Experienced slaves gave demonstrations of what was required and the newcomers were ordered to learn from them.

The experienced slaves had, from the beginning, been both a revelation and a warning to the newcomers. They were young and extremely pretty; very shapely, with

red rouged nipples to match finger and tow nails and the colour enhanced lips of mouth and vulva. They moved, straight-backed, with graceful deliberation and a sensuous sway of the hips. They wore red high-heeled shoes, which in terms of clothing was their only distinction from the heavy booted newcomers, but they were also perfectly coiffured and made up; they exuded the heavy flowery odour of Eastern perfumes. When they spoke their voices were breathy and seductive. All hair, apart from that on their heads had been removed. Their one similarity with their pupils lay in the fact that they too had the ubiquitous slave ring in their vulvas.

The new slaves, dirty, smelly, ill kempt and dejected, felt utterly inferior.

‘You will become like these girls,’ Yona had told them at the first class. ‘You will walk like them, talk like them and think like them. You may ask how they think? I will tell you. They think only of obedience and of how to please their betters. You will also fuck like them. With anyone who wants you. Smilingly, sexily, like the whores you are. Now you will begin. I want you to walk like a piece of Swiss clockwork, with your back straight, your arse swinging and your tits bouncing!’

The training was not easy.

Apart from the straight-backed posture and the trick of rolling the hips when in motion, the new slaves had to learn the art of balling the foot as it landed on the floor and sending a slight tremor through the body at each step, a technique which made the breasts bounce seductively. They also had to walk in short steps, putting each foot in turn exactly in front of the other which helped maintain the smooth, rolling motion of breasts and buttocks.

Some of the new slaves learned relatively quickly. These included those with professional dancing experience and a few, such as Elizabeth, who had excellent posture to begin with. Even they took many days to perfect the short swaying steps and the exaggerated swing of their buttocks. The slow learners were brutally thrashed. Sally Stone, once a famous lawyer specializing in women’s rights, lacked any talent for what was being taught and her already bruised buttocks were beaten red; her screams were pitiful.

The classes had ultimately been broken into two parts; those who had sufficiently mastered the correct deportment began to learn the verbal techniques of submission. Once again they were instructed by the experienced slave-girls. The grovelling words and breathy delivery were deliberately aimed at being self-demeaning and humiliating but such occasions did give the new slaves a chance to surreptitiously question the experienced slave-girls about conditions in Khastan - though they had to be careful since such conversations were forbidden. The situation was helped by the fact that the sadistic Yona enjoyed punishing the slow learners and spent most of her time with that group. That made possible whispered exchanges within the other group.

The experienced slave-girls did not balk at answering questions and it was quickly obvious that gossip, though forbidden, was rife within the slave community. Nevertheless, what was gleaned held out little encouragement to the new girls. The experienced slaves were terrified of the Princess who they described as an unutterably cruel woman. They spoke of the atrocities inflicted by Guests on their helpless victims and confirmed that no one had ever escaped from Khastan. It was a dismal tale which left no room for optimism. Elizabeth guessed that the slave-girls were under instructions to pass on grim news but she also recognised that most of what they said was probably accurate.

The final part of ‘deportment training’ concentrated on sex. Groups of guards and overseers appeared and the slaves were made to perform sexual acts with them. The men gave points for each performance. Twelve lashes punished the worst five

performances. Sally Stone had been one of the five every day since the beginning. It was not that she was unwilling to co-operate. Constant thrashing had long ago reduced her from being – outwardly at least —the articulate and assertive woman she had been on arrival to the slack mouthed, fearful individual who had become the butt of her tormentors. Sally was just not talented at sense and even tried too hard. Elizabeth, who offered her what encouragement and protection she could, winced when watching the degraded lawyer with a man. Despite the fact that she was a presentable looking woman, when offering sex she resembled a clumsy, over eager, ageing whore.

Today, Yona concentrated on one of the most abhorred of sex acts; black kissing.

“You, redhead. Tell me what it is?” Yona demanded of Elizabeth.

Two nights previously, Elizabeth had performed the act on the Serbian sadist and had been pronounced ‘talented’. Like many of the sex acts demanded of her the recollection sickened her.

“Licking the anus, mistress,” she replied.

“Don’t be bashful. You weren’t when you did it for me.”

There was a titter from the women listening. Laughing at a mistress’s joke was permissible and even encouraged, though it was essential to be certain that a joke was really intended.

“It means licking arsehole, mistress.”

“Arselicking! Is that what you are? An arselicker?”

“If it pleases my mistress,” Elizabeth replied wretchedly.

“You certainly got your tongue right up me. Very enthusiastic.”

There was a further burst of subdued laughter and Elizabeth hung her head in shame.

“Why do you like the taste so much, slut?”

“I was honoured -” Elizabeth broke off and tears came to her eyes.

“You like the taste of shit?”

“I was honoured -” Elizabeth could think of nothing else to say.

Yona signalled a big Nubian slave who was standing nearby.

“Now you can give us all a demonstration. Plenty of enthusiasm now.”

The Nubian dropped his pantaloons and bent his buttocks towards the redhead.

Trying to eliminate the tears from her eyes, Elizabeth dropped to her knees and parted the smooth black nates. She was unsurprised at the smelly mess that met her eyes for Yona never failed to ensure that when she humiliated a woman it was done properly.

*

After the ‘deportment classes’, the tired and depressed women were allocated various duties that usually involved hard, degrading and unpleasant labour. They were divided into small groups who carried out such tasks as washing and polishing the vast expanse of marble floors in the Guest areas, thoroughly cleaning the quarters of the guards and the various toilet and latrine areas of the ‘Pleasure palace’. Guards and overseers supervised their labours and the ubiquitous canes punished any perceived slacking.

Often they saw trained slaves flitting the passages carrying food or drinks to the private suites; they passed by silently and the overseers eyed them but did not interfere with their duties. Elizabeth envied them their perfumed cleanliness and their comparative freedom but she did not miss the blank expression of hopelessness in

their eyes. Yet she did not doubt that ultimately she would resemble a clone of such women. Each day she felt her helplessness increase and her will power diminish.

The humiliations continued unabated. Slaves were instructed to humble themselves if they found themselves in the presence of Guests or other notables such as the rich Khastani Arabs or Indians. In such circumstances they had to immediately kneel against the nearest wall with face pressed to the floor and hindquarters raised. Under no circumstances were they to look at the exalted ones.

Such encounters carried particular hazards. Many of the Guests enjoyed personally abusing slaves; it was what they had come to Khastan for. It enhanced their self-esteem to be able to insult and disparage those who retained no ability to defend themselves. Even better, a Guest could actually order a degree of punishment without ever having to worry about justification.

*

Elizabeth Berisford fell victim to two such guests. She and several other slaves were scrubbing the stone floor of a passage, which led to the living quarters of the overseers. It was not an area normally frequented by Guests but two young women in their early twenties, dressed in light floral dresses, suddenly appeared at the end of the passage. The scent of their perfume filled the slaves with envy but they quickly took up their servile positions, noses pressed firmly against the ground and buttocks hoisted high into the air. The guard who was supervising them grinned politely at the newcomers.

“What have we here?” one of the women trilled to the other. “Smelly, smelly, uglies!”

“Disgusting, aren’t they, darling?”

They were laughing sarcastically and with sinking hearts the slaves realized that this was no casual encounter. These Guests were actively looking for amusement.

“You!” One of the girls prodded Elizabeth with her foot. “Stand up and turn around. Let’s have a look at you.”

Elizabeth obeyed, showing outward docility though inwardly seething at her helplessness. She stood up and turned towards the girls but lowered her gaze. Slaves were not allowed to meet the eyes of their betters unless so directed.

Standing like a supplicant before these two, sweet smelling women was an ordeal in itself but Elizabeth knew that things could get a lot worse. In her short stay in Khastan, Elizabeth had already suffered much at the hands of sadistically inclined Guests.

“Natural redhead—that will please the gentlemen,” one girl murmured, staring at the thick, matted pubic hair. She was brown haired and quite pretty in a dolly bird sort of way. The other girl was raven haired, plainer and rather buxom. “Smelly though! Probably diseased. Are you diseased?”

Her voice rose sharply as she rapped out the question.

Elizabeth swallowed. A slave was wise to regard all questions by superiors as potential traps. She swiftly considered the possible answers. Even with her hair mangled by rough shears, body whip-marked and dirty, and lacking even the most rudimentary make-up, she was a splendid looking woman and was usually amongst the earliest to be selected for casual sexual use. It would be dangerous to give a flat negative.

“I don’t know, mistress. I was clean when I first came here but -”

Her voice trailed off miserably. She guessed that she had already said too much.

“But you’ve wallowed in the filthiest types of sex since you arrived and lost all sense of decency. You’re probably riddled with disease now!”

Elizabeth swallowed at the insults but kept her eyes lowered. Only self-denigration would suffice in these circumstances. Whatever the newcomers intended would happen anyway and any show of spirit would drive them to greater excess.

“It’s possible, mistress.”

The brown haired girl looked at her companion. “This is the one who was flaunting herself on stage the evening we arrived. The one who accommodated all those disgusting pygmies? Seemed to enjoy it as well!”

In spite of herself, Elizabeth flushed. That had been the worst episode of her life and it was continually thrown back at her. One male Guest had sent for her and had insisted upon her watching the entire video of the occasion before subjecting her to a horribly obscene ordeal, which had left her near hysterical.

Afterwards, she had been thrashed for misbehaviour

“Enjoyed it, did you?” The girl rapped sharply.

Elizabeth felt her cheek involuntarily twitching. The other slaves stayed as still as possible, pressing their noses firmly to the walls and obviously hoping to be overlooked.

“Yes, mistress. I enjoyed it very much,” she lied as calmly as possible.

She would like to have screamed out the truth; that she had hated every moment of it and hated the perverts who had arranged and watched it even more. But she would pay dearly for such an outburst. To grovel was the only sensible course.

“Dirty bitch, aren’t you? A lot of women would kill themselves rather than do the things you do so willingly.”

Elizabeth hoped that this ordeal was going to remain just verbal. That was all she could hope for. She continued to abase herself.

“I’m a slut, mistress.”

The buxom girl giggled.

Her companion shrugged. “Cowardly bitch, as well. Bet you’d like to hit me?”

Elizabeth dropped to her knees, bent forward and kissed the ground in front of the other girl’s dainty shoes. Only cringing servility would suffice in this sort of situation. “Oh, no, mistress. I beg your pardon if I have given any offence, mistress.”

The girl laughed harshly and there was a tinkle of amusement from the plumper Guest.

“Well, she obviously knows her place,” said the second girl. “Come on Jeannie; let’s get back to the guys. They’ll wonder where we are.”

“Yep. I guess so,” the girl called Jeannie replied looking down at the magnificent body kneeling before her. She looked at the guard. “Ten strokes. Hard! I think she’s just grovelling to try and fool us. I bet she’s having nasty thoughts.”

Elizabeth gasped and risked a glance upwards hoping that the other was joking. She saw the vicious expression on the face; saw the excited glitter in the eyes. There would be no mercy.

The guard, who had watching carefully, strolled over, slapping his cane into the palm of one hand.

“Six is all that’s allowed,” he said firmly.

“There’s two of us. So give her twelve.”

The guard shook his head. The rules were quite firm. A Guest could order a maximum punishment of six strokes of the cane. Any number beyond that had to be authorised by a Slave Mistress. Very severe beatings could be given with prior

permission from the Slave Mistresses and such permissions were rarely refused, but it could not be done casually.

“Six.” he repeated.

The girl called Jennie screwed her face up petulantly.

The guard was not concerned at her anger. Guards had to be reasonably polite to Guests but their main job was security, not public relations. Nevertheless he was perfectly happy to apply the legal punishment.

“Take position,” he grunted at Elizabeth. “Present your arse!”

Biting her lip, though experiencing relief that her punishment was going to be restricted to six strokes, Elizabeth knelt with her back to him. She raised her bottom high and her forehead touched the ground in the required, humiliating position, offering her buttocks for punishment.

The rounded bottom was already intricately marked with red and blue bruises, some so livid as to resemble brands. The watchers could study and enjoy the wide cleft between the nates. The thick lipped, slightly gaping vulva and the steel ring embedded in her inner labia were thrown into prominence, as was the protruding, brown blotch of her anus. To complete her assumption of the required position, Elizabeth stretched her hands forward, fingers fully extended.

“God! Just look at the size of that—thing—,” Jeanie said with feigned amazement. She was referring to the glistening lips of Elizabeth’s vulva. “I bet she could accommodate a horse!”

The plump girl giggled. “Maybe we should see if she could. That’d make a good show. I’m going to suggest it.”

The two women moved to stand in front of Elizabeth, their perfumes wafting in her nostrils. She recognised them. The one called Jeannie was wearing ‘Tempt’d Air’ while the other was using ‘Coco’ by Chanel. They looked like a pair of ordinary young women. Yet underneath the veneer of sophistication they were a couple of sadists who now wanted to watch the face of their victim as she received the undeserved thrashing.

‘Craack’.

Elizabeth heard the swish of the whip and felt it bite across her left buttock. It felt as if she had been branded. She let out a small cry but managed to hold her position.

‘Craa-ack’.

The second stroke hit the same area and this time she reared back with the pain but the movement was momentary and she quickly recovered and offered herself once again.

CHAPTER SIX

The Princess surveyed the people sitting around the highly polished table. On the wall behind her was a large mural depicting her accepting the kneeling obeisance of a former Grand Vizier and the Grand Council. She hoped that those present recognised the mural’s significance.

It was a small group. Khastan was accustomed to absolute rulers and although a Grand Council existed, it possessed no executive powers and operated purely at the discretion of the ruler. The present Grand Vizier, a small, richly robed, aged Arab, sat on her right; he was the Head of the Ground Council, ostensibly, the second most important person in the country. He was also Lala’s personal appointee, as were all the members of the Council and, like the others, he could dismiss at her whim. Next to him was an equally richly clad Indian, Shar Mutani, a spokesman for the Indian

community and the only other Councillor present. He was a tall, rather corpulent man in his forties, the dark skin of his swarthy face accentuated by a large white turban. Finally there was Haroun, her long-term Nubian bodyguard, newly promoted Commander of the Palace Guard. She had agonised about making that appointment, for Haroun had shown up badly during the few terrible minutes preceding the death of the Prince and she was uncertain of his standing among Nubians, but there was no one else she could trust for such a sensitive post. The Palace Guard was the effective army of Khastan and in the event of insurrection would play a vital role.

The sudden death of the Prince—the nominal, if long incapacitated, Ruler of Khastan - had sent a shock wave through the country. The death itself should not have been a great surprise given the Prince's ill health over so many years. The circumstances however had become controversial.

At a moment that was never intended to become public knowledge, the old man had momentarily revived from the coma, which had afflicted him during the previous few years, hauling himself to his feet before expiring violently from a heart attack. Princess Lala's slave girls and Baka—the then Head of the Palace Guard - summoned by her screams, had rushed to her aid and found both she and Haroun stark naked, with the old Prince already dead on the floor. Haroun had been in a state of abject terror. He had taken a great deal of reassuring that the old man was really dead.

The whole event had been a heart stopping and embarrassing experience and several other officials who had also responded to the tumult had witnessed its aftermath.

Order had finally reasserted itself and at first a flood of relief had engulfed her. The terrible old Prince, whom she had hated from the inception of their marriage and who had mistreated her abysmally during it, was finally gone forever.

Lala had long planned to regularise her position as de facto Ruler of Khastan. Everyone knew that the Prince would never recover. The Princess controlled all the levers of power within the country and had never believed that she would encounter serious opposition. She had picked her time with care, making the vital moves when circumstances seemed at their most benign.

Yet the whole thing had gone badly wrong!

On the very evening of the Prince's death, though prior to that event and with no knowledge of its imminence, she had signed a proclamation dethroning him on health grounds and assuming the throne for herself. At the same time she had formerly abrogated the Khastani business concessions previously held by the Prince's old friend, Sir James de Barrie, and awarded them to a consortium headed by the German billionaire Heinz Bock and her old friend and favourite Guest, Felix Fenton.

She could not resist inflicting a final humiliation on the husband she hated. She had deliberately had sex with Haroun—her stud for many years—in the presence of the apparently comatose old man. To her shock and horror the old man had briefly and terrifyingly revived before finally expiring. Panic cries from both Haroun and herself had brought subsequently unwelcome witnesses to the scene.

To suspicious minds—and there were plenty of those in Khastan—the calendar of events smacked of conspiracy. The suspicion arose that the Princess had seized the throne and immediately disposed of the Prince by means of murder. Moreover it was whispered that Heinz Bock and Felix Fenton had been bribed to support her interests, by force if necessary.

Realizing the dangers, Princess Lala had flown several eminent specialists to Khastan and they had confidently asserted that the Prince had died of natural causes. A simple heart attack.

It had been insufficient to stop the whispering.

It had become widely known that Haroun and Princess Lala had been naked in the presence of the Prince. ‘Why?’ the cynics asked. ‘How could such a thing be justified? How often were they naked in each other’s company?’ For years rumours had persisted about the relationship between the Princess and her bodyguard and now those rumours seemed vindicated. The Arab and Indian elite of Khastan strongly disapproved of sexual relationships between the black Nubians and their own light skinned peoples. The implication that Princess Lala herself had been sexually active with Haroun was considered wholly disgusting and had weakened her standing in the Arab/Indian community. Even worse was the suspicion that she and Haroun had actually been copulating in front of the old Prince!

The smooth, uncontroversial succession, which Lala had planned, was suddenly threatened. Other associated problems arose.

One problem was the legal rule of succession. In Khastani Law a wife did not inherit her husband’s goods. The inheritance passed to the eldest male child and, if none such existed, to the eldest female child. The Prince as a Moslem had married twice and had bred a daughter through the second, now deceased wife. On a strict interpretation of Khastani law that daughter, the Princess Khalia, should inherit the throne.

But the main threat was Baka, former Head of the Palace Guard, now in rebellion against her. The Nubians, the largest, if poorest section of the Khastani population, had been fanatical supporters of the Prince. They had loved the old man even through his infirmities. Baka had declared his belief that the Prince had been murdered by his treacherous wife and had raised the flag of rebellion in the south of the country.

So far his support seemed minimal but Lala knew that she could afford to take no chances and count no chickens.

It was a mess—even a dangerous mess—but Princess Lala believed that she could surmount the problems. She, after all, occupied the throne and was the symbol of continuity. There was no reason to believe that any section of the Khastani population was anxious for change and Princess Khalia was an unknown quantity whose whereabouts were not even known. She had left Khastan years ago and Lala’s agents were trying to establish her current whereabouts.

Lala surveyed the room challengingly.

“Does anyone in this room dispute my claim to the throne?”

There was a long silence, then Shar Mutani spoke. “I am completely loyal, highness. But it has to be said that Baka does present a real problem! If the Nubians support him -”

“If! I am not interested in ‘ifs’. There is no sign that Baka has any real support. The guard remains loyal and there have been only minor disturbances in isolated regions.”

Shar Mutani frowned. “I can’t believe that he doesn’t have some support amongst the guards. He’s crafty and hungry for power. Always has been!”

Lala drummed her fingers on the polished table.

“Heinz Bock has temporarily left Khastan but he will be back shortly. Before he left I asked for his advice. He suggested that we should employ mercenaries.”

She stood waiting for her words to bring an effect, remembering exactly what Bock had said. ‘I’d bring in mercenaries. Within a week I’d have the bugger strung up high and you wouldn’t have to worry about a revolt any longer!’

There were a series of sharp intakes of breath around the room. Both the Vizier and Shar Mutani looked horrified and Haroun was frowning. Their reaction confirmed her view that the use of foreign mercenaries would inflame every section of the Khastani

population. The only thing that really united the various sections of the Khastani population was distaste for foreigners. Moreover, mercenaries might be hard to get rid of once they had achieved a foothold.

“You’ve no need to worry!” Lala snapped. “I will not countenance foreign mercenaries in my domain. But I must have the absolute support of your communities.”

“I have spoken to all the leading members of our community and they have confirmed their absolute loyalty to your highness. But they are traders, not soldiers,” Shar Mutani said stiffly.

“The Arab community is solidly behind you also,” the Vizier croaked. He could have added the same codicil as Shar Mutani but obviously chose not to do so.

“The guard is loyal to a man,” Haroun said in his deep, resonant voice.

Once again some of Bock’s words floated through her mind when she had told him of the many words of assurance she had already received.

‘Everyone’s happy, are they?’ Bock had growled. “So why all the rumours swirling around like confetti and stinking to high Heaven? Beware of those who pledge support but will not themselves pick up the sword. There’s dissent in the land, Madam. Am I the only one to realise it?’

Lala believed that he was wrong. She was convinced that the Arabs and Indians, however horrified they might be at her suspected relationship with Haroun, would ultimately support the status quo. They did well under the current regime and were too shrewd to risk all by backing an unknown Princess.

Nor did she believe that the Nubians were sufficiently roused to threaten her rule. She reasoned that if Baka were going to attract support, it would be apparent by now.

There were risks, as always. She knew that the coalition supporting her was far from solid. But she doubted that those in favour of change were more than a dissident minority. Change always brought unforeseen consequences and she doubted if any section of the Khastani population had the stomach to seriously appose her.

“Then you all support me. Good!” she snapped. The important thing was to act with confidence and give no ground to doubters. She was determined to rule firmly and smash any dissent that arose. “We must all remain on guard. However, perhaps we should consider some gesture of confidence, which will both underline our power and yet bring pleasure to the people.

Shar Mutani raised his eyebrows.

“What sort of gesture?”

“We will punish a spy. Publicly!”

“What spy? Who?”

“Why should that matter? The intention is to show that I rule Khastan and that those who attempt to disrupt my reign will be severely dealt with. We shall denounce someone a—slave — as a spy and have them publicly exposed to punishment. I shall expect my Arab and Indian friends to be conspicuously present and I shall also ask Mr. Fenton to ensure that as many Guests as possible attend. My guards will keep the public order. I have no doubt that the common people will enjoy the spectacle and be impressed. If successful we will arrange similar events. It is time we did something for the common people.”

A few days before, Felix had idly told her that in the middle of the Fourth Century AD, Romans had enjoyed 175 Festival days – all marked by the famous Games - aimed at keeping the population happy. The comment had set the wheels turning in Lala’s mind. She was determined to regain her sullied popularity at whatever cost. If

Games—or Spectacles— worked for the Romans then they might also work for the Khastanis.

She hoped!

*

Elizabeth had been taken from the ‘Pleasure palace’ by two Palace guards. They had arrived as she was cleaning the slave toilets and had curtly ordered her to don rough Arab garb with a veil covering her face. She had received no explanation of why she was being removed nor would she have expected any. Explanations were unnecessary in dealing with slaves. She had been able to do little more than a glance towards her fellow slaves, who had tried to conceal any interest in her removal, though she knew that quiet, if feverish, speculation would follow in the slave dormitory that night. She had been led to a four-wheel drive vehicle and driven out of the Palace area and into the dismal streets of Khastan City. One guard had driven while the other sat beside her, idly feeling up her loosely clothed body. She made no attempt to resist his groping and opened her legs obediently to his exploring fingers even though her mind, as usual, screamed a silent protest.

After a short drive of no more than a few minutes the vehicle had drawn up in a narrow street and she had been hustled into a wooden, three story building where she had been placed in the charge of a burly man in dirty Arab robes and a slatternly looking, half-caste woman in a faded sari. The guards had departed, one of them happily smelling at his fingers and the man and woman had taken her to a large but scruffy office where, at a dilapidated desk, sat the fattest woman that Elizabeth had ever seen. The rest of the furniture consisted of a few plastic chairs. There was an old Calendar and the picture of a fierce looking, old man on the cracked and dirty walls. The desk held an ancient typewriter and some papers.

The burly Arab had pushed a hand in the small of Elizabeth’s back. She had understood the signal and fallen obsequiously to her knees.

The fat woman was wearing a black Caftan that accentuated her bulk and a profusion of heavy gold jewellery. She smelled of a combination of heavy perfume and rank body odour.

“Strip!” she wheezed. “Let’s see what you’ve got!”

Elizabeth was long past the point where an order to strip naked in front of strangers was novel. Quickly she rose and pulled off her clothes until she was nude. Then she stood perfectly still, being ogled by the man and studied intently by the two women.

There was a long silence as they surveyed her.

“Not bad!” the fat woman said at length. “Good tits, good arse, good legs and red hair.”

She was looking at a body that was dirty, battered and unkempt but still shapely and desirable. The red hair was ragged and dull and her underarm and pubic growths were profuse. Her previously creamy skin was burned to a deep golden brown but was flawed by the myriad bruises and weals, which covered much of her body.

“Turn round with your back to me,” the fat woman said.

Elizabeth obeyed and found herself staring into the lascivious eyes of the burly man. For a brief moment she held his gaze then remembered her training and dropped her eyes respectfully.

He chuckled and put his hand between her thighs, deftly locating her clitoris. The two women ignored his action still concentrating on Elizabeth’s body.

“Very good arse,” the fat woman said approvingly. “Bend forward—let’s have a look at your holes.”

Elizabeth obeyed, bending forward at the waist. She even anticipated the woman’s next requirements and spread her legs wide. The man’s hand dropped away reluctantly. Elizabeth’s vulva and anus were perfectly displayed for the fat woman and her heavy breasts hung like ripe fruit for the delectation of the man. He cupped them and teased her nipples with his thumbs.

“Pull the cheeks of your arse open and open up your cunt so I can see the inside.” the fat woman ordered

Elizabeth Berisford had been made to similarly exhibit herself many times before in Khastan but she still hated it. Nevertheless she pulled her nates as far apart as possible and, holding the right hand buttock in place with her wrist; she opened up her vulva with finger and thumb. Her inner sex lips stung as the thick metal ring embedded in it rubbed on a sore.

“Were you not told to clean yourself thoroughly before leaving the Palace?”

“I am clean, Mistress,” Elizabeth said, using the breathy tone which had been drummed into her over past weeks. She had immediately understood the reason for the other’s question. “The inside of my arse cheeks are pigmented this dark brown. It gives an impression of shittiness but I promise that I am clean.”

The pre-slavery Elizabeth Berisford would never have spoken so lewdly. All of her life she had been ashamed of the shallow buttock cleft and the very dark skin within, which contrasted so markedly with the creamy perfection of the rest of her body. Even with her tanned body the difference in skin tone was still distinct. Twice in Khastan she had been severely thrashed in the belief that she was dirty and that was more than enough to destroy her inhibitions.

The fat woman looked at the woman in the sari.

“Check her. If she’s lying I’ll take the skin off her arse!”

The woman carried out the examination, scraping the inner buttocks with her fingernail and even inserting a finger into Elizabeth’s anus and sniffing at it suspiciously. She took her time but finally stepped away. The man, who was obviously enjoying the scene, grinned happily.

“She’s quite clean. Very little odour, in fact. It is skin pigmentation—not shit.” The woman acknowledged.

Elizabeth breathed a sigh of relief.

“Do you know why you’re here?” the wheezy voice demanded.

“To serve you, mistress.”

In fact Elizabeth had no idea why she was here but she doubted if she could go wrong with such an answer.

“As a prostitute. Have you ever worked as a prostitute before?”

“No, mistress.” Elizabeth had been treated as a prostitute ever since she had arrived in Khastan—though without payment. She doubted that what lay ahead could be any worse.

“There will be things to learn. A prostitute does not merely open her legs like a piece of meat.”

‘Neither does a slave’ Elizabeth thought grimly. ‘Not if she doesn’t want a sore arse’. She had been given plenty of lessons in pleasuring men with experienced slaves as teachers and guards as quasi lovers. She admitted to herself that it was not always unpleasant once one was used to an audience. She had several times orgasmed.

Out loud she said. “I promise that I will be compliant, mistress.”

"It would be as well," the fat woman wheezed. "For any other attitude will be severely punished. We are not as fortunate here as those in the Palace. Here we must earn our keep, not just enjoy ourselves. You will work very hard indeed."

Elizabeth bowed her head.

"Stand up. Turn and face me. Look at me."

Elizabeth obeyed, looking into pupils, which were so dark as to seem black and were full of menace.

"So. I hear you were a very important person in your country. Very rich, very cosseted."

"I—I was not very important, mistress. I was spoiled and arrogant but I now know my place and I am grateful to my betters for teaching me my proper role in life."

All slaves were expected to denigrate themselves when questioned by a superior and the punishment for failing to do so sufficiently was severe.

"Good. We expect a good performance from you."

"I will do everything possible to satisfy your confidence, mistress." She delivered the words in the breathy little voice, which she hated.

"Do you understand your task here?"

"I am to be a prostitute, mistress. I will do my best."

"You will certainly do your best!" There was a snap in the wheezy voice. "Let me tell you your task. It is customary that on or around their sixteenth birthday, all the Nubian boys of Khastan are introduced to a woman who initiates them into the acts of sex. In past days Nubian prostitutes were used but the pay is minimal and the demand is heavy. Thus we are now assigning white women slaves, of whom we have a surplus, to the task."

Elizabeth only narrowly avoided a sigh of horror as she realized exactly what the other was saying, that she, the once fashionable high Society beauty, lusted after by so many rich and powerful men, was going to initiate young blacks into their first sexual experience.

"It is important that the young men have a happy experience and you will be severely thrashed if they do not declare themselves completely satisfied. To make sure that you perform adequately, a matron will be present to supervise and to ensure your enthusiastic co-operation. You will naturally show delight at the honour of serving and you will do it by smiling enthusiastically and kissing the feet, penis and anus of your 'client' immediately he is presented to you."

She smirked. "Some of the boys are naturally precocious and will require acts of a very sophisticated level. You will indulge them without inhibition. Naturally they may require your services as often as they wish afterwards. You will become similar to what in the West is called a 'Nanny' though your services will be much more sexual. In due course they will marry or form relationships with Nubian girls but they might still require your services. Our Nubian women are rather reserved and will not perform some of the filthy acts you white women delight in."

Mistress Katrina had by no means outlined Elizabeth's full duties.

Katrina was a lesbian and from the first demanded that her new acquisition share her bed. Katrina, like Mistress Yona, knew exactly what she wanted and directed Elizabeth firmly to her will—though her requirements were not quite as disgusting as those of the Serbian woman who liked her victims to act as toilet slaves. The redhead—who in her past life had always been contemptuous of lesbians—had no alternative but to comply and even show feigned appreciation.

Katrina thoroughly enjoyed her new lover and she was nearly insatiable. Time after time the weary redhead had been woken in the perspiration soaked bed and forced

into some fresh obscenity that always ended the same way—with Katrina's fatty thighs clasped around her neck, pulling her mouth into the gluttonous pink of her vulva where she was expected to lick constantly until the vast woman orgasmed. She felt exhausted by daybreak and was given little chance to renew her energy during the day.

In the mornings four hours were allocated to her duties with the young adolescents. Nothing could have more clearly emphasised her fall in status than having to guide the youths through their first sexual experiences. Some swaggered into her presence, others sidled and a few glared at her with resentment. In every case she had to conjure up that forced smile and address them respectfully with honeyed voice. On the first day, one youth came prematurely and she was thrashed before being made to lick up the mess before all the other youths who were waiting their turn. It was not to be an isolated incident. The youths were frequently over excited.

The afternoon was devoted to serving as a common whore. Elizabeth Berisford believed that to be the nadir of her existence. On that first day she had been made to sit, smiling and nude by an open window to be ogled by the passers by. The Arab man had stood near her, slashing her with a plaited leather whip, which was much more painful than the switches used in the 'Pleasure palace', if she failed to smile. Occasionally he made her shake her breasts or stand up and undulate her body to attract potential customers. There was quickly a queue for her services, for her red hair and statuesque body attracted many men.

She serviced most of her customers on a thinly covered bed in a tiny cubicle. The door remained open so that those who could afford a few copper coins could watch the coupling. The sex was hasty, sweaty and unpleasant for the men were poor and Katrina strictly regulated their time to fifteen minutes. Most wanted nothing but to lunge their penises into her vagina and spurt their fluid into her. Afterwards they mauled her body with rough fingers until their time was up. She learned to keep the semblance of a smile on her face. There was no time to wash between customers but none complained about her bedraggled condition for her price was cheap and they were of the lower echelons of Khastani society.

At the end of the day, when darkness fell, she was allowed to wash herself from top to toe though she suspected that was more for Katrina's benefit than her own. There were half a dozen Arab whores in the brothel and they seemed indifferent to her except as a convenience. They rated her well below themselves in status, sending her, between clients, to bring them drinks from the kitchen and making her empty the chamber pots which each kept under the bed simply because the only earth toilet was in the basement of the building. Elizabeth made no protest at being treated as a servant.

A faint hope still burned within her. However degrading her new duties, she was away from the closely guarded Palace Complex. There must be a greater opportunity to escape here. She still regretted that the hopes she had centred on Corah had been unfulfilled for, surprisingly, Felix had not sent for her again.

She knew that somewhere just outside the walls of the city, was an airfield and occasionally she heard planes flying overhead. Elizabeth possessed a pilot's licence and if she could only get to a plane -

Escape was ever in her weary mind. The burly man who served Katrina inevitably demanded her services and she did her very best to please him, even going so far as to offer her anal passage and mouth before he demanded their use and pretending enjoyment during his performance. Ruefully she realized that she was becoming a practiced and hardened whore. Yet again her efforts seemed doomed to failure for he

showed no sign of offering her sympathy, merely preening himself on what he perceived as being his own sexual magnetism.

CHAPTER SEVEN

It was a large public square situated a few streets from the Palace whose elaborately gilded domed roof could be seen towering upwards in the near distance. It was an area that was obviously used periodically as a market for its cobbled surface was dotted with the rotting remnants of fruit and vegetables. Street cleaning was not a frequent occurrence beyond the immaculate grounds of the Palace Complex.

A holiday attitude prevailed. Several stalls selling food and drink had been erected around the square and were already being inundated by customers who were filing into the area, laughing and chatting loudly amongst themselves. Most were cheaply clad and there were as many women as men. Entertainment for the masses was rare in Khastan and it was already obvious that the event would be well attended. It had been widely advertised for the Princess was determined to demonstrate her power to the largest possible audience.

Two large wooden stands had been erected in the centre of the square separated one from the other by a distance of some twenty feet. Both stands were raised some four feet from the ground with wooden steps leading up from the street. Beyond that basic similarity they were very different.

The furthest stand was smaller, less than half the size of its fellow and very stark. A sort of tubular steel trapeze had been erected and a rack of whips and canes stood close by. It was completely uncovered, open to the sullen heat of the sun. Sisal matting covered the floor.

The other stand was far more elaborate. A bright blue canvas roof provided shade for some sixty plastic chairs, which were set out in precise rows separated by wide gangways. Behind the chairs was a bar staffed by male slaves naked but for red boxer shorts. Blue coloured ropes were strung around the circumference making it resemble an ultra large boxing ring but with a space to allow entry from the steps. Portable toilets had been installed. Around the circumference of the stage were a dozen or so individual gas operated turbines, which would provide a degree of cooling though the necessary gas cylinders and output units had not yet arrived. The floor of the stand was covered with padded blue cotton, soft and comfortable to the feet.

Slave drawn carriages were beginning to arrive, laden with early Guests seeking a good view of the promised spectacle. Their superior dress and demeanour marked them out from the ordinary citizens and Palace guards were on hand to protect them. Guests had been advised to dress as for a Gala occasion in the open air. Thus the western ladies wore simple but expensive dresses with large and sometimes elaborate hats. The men wore white or cream suits with vivid coloured shirts and, often, Panama hats. Both sexes wore designer sunglasses against the strong mid week sun.

Ordinary citizens were continuing to crowd the area, peering curiously at the cosseted group on the Guest stand and intently studying the other platform. They kept well away from the guards however; there was little love lost between the often-brutal Nubian guards and the lower class mixed races that inhabited the City.

Not that any unrest was manifested by the eager crowd that was gathering. They seemed cheerful and excited. Even the carriage slaves delivering Guests suffered little apart from a few well-placed kicks and the usual shower of spittle. The presence of so many guards was an inhibiting factor but there was little doubt that the crowd was in a festive mood. A group of ten Arab and Indian notables arrived though their transport

consisted of a fleet of three white Range Rovers rather than the ubiquitous slave carriages. They stepped, richly dressed in colourful and elaborate robes, out of the vehicles and glared arrogantly around them before ascending the steps of the platform. A Palace guard saluted them respectfully and led them to their places. They were seated apart from the Guests and conversed stiffly among themselves. The elite of Khastan tended to be contemptuous of Guests and rarely mixed with them.

Shar Mutani led the group of notables, accompanied by his pretty young wife, Samia, who was less than half his age. She was only nineteen and notoriously arrogant. There was a haughty air about her and her straight backed bearing was superb; she held a scented handkerchief to her nose, peering around her with obvious distaste—like a Goddess surveying ants. She wore a brilliant electric blue silk sari and a myriad of small pearls were entwined in her carefully coiled raven hair. Long pearl earrings dangled from her shapely ears and one pearl studded her nose. Her make up was somewhat theatrical and her eyelashes were enormously long. She was a gorgeous looking creature and her husband regarded her proudly.

The magnificently robed Chief Vizier, who had arrived some minutes previously, welcomed the group effusively. He had paid little heed to the Guests, merely nodding in their direction.

On the second platform a number of Indian technicians were installing microphones and video cameras around the steel trapeze and a deeply bronzed overseer was examining the whips and canes with professional interest.

The noise levels were already considerable but were stilled suddenly as a small column made its entrance from the far corner of the square.

The entertainment had arrived.

*

A group of Palace guards began to push their way through the crammed throng. Those on the Guest platform could see a woman among them.

It was Maria di Letharo who was the first to recognise her. The beautiful, petite Contessa had risen from her chair on the Guest stand, holding a glass of champagne in one hand, and put up a slender hand to shade her eyes as she peered towards the newcomers. Her movements were, as always, as graceful as those of a ballet dancer. Now, clad in spotless white tulle with a white, wide brimmed to shade her face, she looked suddenly shocked.

“Elizabeth,” she gasped, her voice quivering with dismay. “Elizabeth Berisford!”

She had known Elizabeth Beresford for many years. They were two rich, attractive women of similar age who moved in the same social circle, though they differed markedly in personality. The Contessa was shy and introverted; Elizabeth, confident and extrovert.

Maria already knew that the redhead had been brought to Khastan as a slave; she was immensely sorry for her but could do nothing to help. Every Guest knew that if any word of what went in Khastan reached the outside world it would cause international mayhem and result in the disgrace of a huge number of leading figures in world society. Guests were not only pledged to silence—their own freedom and happiness depended on it.

Maria was spending increasing amounts of time in Khastan and had as much need for the ‘Pleasure palace’ as a drug addict has for his ‘fix’. The spectacular live shows, pornographic libraries and the uninhibited chat of other Guests were all increasingly

necessary to her psyche. In particular, though she would never admit it, she longed and lusted to be subjugated sexually by the Nubian, Haroun.

Maria, for all her outwardly delicate beauty, was in a constant sexual turmoil. She fought a continual battle to resist her animal urges and, so far, she had with difficulty, confined herself to voyeurism. The urge to degrade herself by living out her fantasies was ever closer to overwhelming her.

Yet the fate of Elizabeth Berisford was an abject warning of the risks inherent in an over developed sexuality. Elizabeth had opted to play out her fantasies in what had been intended to be a controlled environment; yet everything had gone wrong and she had found herself in the hands of the most perverted society in the world. Now she was just a slave and fated to remain so forever. The exhilarating game had been turned into an unending nightmare!

Like Elizabeth, Maria would have liked to control her circumstances and reputation while physically yielding to her demanding lusts. Elizabeth had proved that to attempt such a balance was the equivalent of supping with the Devil. Maria was caught between her lusts and her fears and she felt that the conflict would ultimately drive her mad.

If she had known that Elizabeth was to be the victim of today's spectacle she would never have come. She wanted to forget about Elizabeth. Tears sprang to her eyes and she sank back on to her chair. It was so unfair that she should be so continuously reminded!

*

Elizabeth's world had, yet again, been turned upside down. After only two days working in Katrina's brothel, a detachment of Palace guards had arrived and she had been pulled out of her work cubicle and abruptly ordered to clean herself up. There had been howls of protest from the waiting queue of black youngsters but they had been ignored. The supervising Matron had made no attempt to intervene and neither Katrina nor any of her staff had appeared.

Elizabeth had been allowed the unrestricted use of a slow running but adequate shower and afterwards had been given some clothing to wear: jodhpurs, white shirt, bra and heavy shoes but no socks or panties.

To her surprise and delight the steel ring in her labia had been removed. It had been done by two of the guards and care had been taken not to initiate any bleeding. She had become used to its presence and its extraction was quite painful but a surge of hope had passed through her as the symbol of slavery had been removed.

On entering the square, walking between two files of guards and surrounded by a hissing, unruly crowd, she had quickly scanned the scene, eyes flaring in dismay as she glimpsed the well-dressed Guests, drinks in hand, gazing down on her from their gaily decorated and shady stand. She had recognized the sneering figure of Felix with Corah, overdressed in a grotesque floral outfit, standing next to him.

The sight of the second stand, with its stark tubular structure and accompanying rack of whips immediately dissipated any optimism she had felt. It was a whipping post and she guessed immediately that she was intended to be its victim.

She began to mew with terror and drag her feet. The guards around her moved closer, brutally subduing her as she offered resistance, lifting her bodily from the ground as that resistance intensified. They held her, one at each arm and each leg so that she was helpless though wriggling her body like some insect deprived of its wings by cruel tormentors. She began to scream.

She was being frog marched, carried face downwards, in a horizontal position. Mercifully, she could not see the hate filled faces of the crowd around her though she could hear their baying anger. The men holding her arms and legs were also supporting her thighs and belly; she could feel their invasive fingers exploring her body, fumbling with her breasts and attempting to unzip the front of the jodhpurs. Her screams and violent struggles intensified.

The primitive, ordinary people of Khastan resented foreigners. A melange of inter-bred people, living in poverty, they disliked the well-dressed Guests who stayed at the 'Pleasure palace' and occasionally swaggered around the city as if they owned it, protected by guards. They equally despised the white slaves as their social inferiors. In their hearts they also hated those powerful people who ruled them; the Princess and the Indian and Arab elites—but they were untouchable.

From the way that she was being treated the crowd guessed that this red haired woman was some special criminal; they were uncaring about her crime but happy to enjoy watching her punishment. In the meantime they vented their contempt by spitting on her struggling body and hitting or kicking at it as it passed.

It took some time to reach the whipping stand, for the crowd was dense and the prisoner's struggles were manic.

On the Guest platform drinks were still being served and the Guests toasted each other politely though several were beginning to look uncomfortable in the heat.

In fact the turnout on the Guest platform was disappointing. There were only ten Arabs and Indians and less than thirty Guests. The number of unoccupied chairs showed that twice as many had been expected. Most Guests had declined to submit themselves to the mid-day sun in spite of the urgings of Felix Fenton and the promise of air-conditioning. Alma Rotherton had told Felix bluntly that she had better things to do than stand in the 'fucking sun' and reminded him that her main penchant was for 'doing rather than watching' and that was how she intended to spend the afternoon.

She was not alone in her decision though others might have differing reasons. Comfort and self indulgence was always the main preoccupation of Guests and few believed that it could be achieved in the mid-day heat of a Khastani summer. The rich Khastanis, on the other hand, knew a great deal more about the political problems threatening the country and most preferred to keep a low profile.

*

Exhausted by her struggles, Elizabeth was finally manhandled up on to the second platform and secured to the metal structure, arms and legs splayed, wide by steel manacles. A few guards had climbed on to the platform and groped her shamelessly, their hands opening the front of her blouse and slipping her large, firm breasts out of the tight brassiere. The waistband of the jodhpurs was loosened and rough hands pulled them down around her thighs revealing the bare, curvaceous buttocks and the thick growth of red pubic hair. The sight of bare flesh emboldened her captors and they tore at her clothing, ripping off the blouse and brassiere and pushing the torn jodhpurs further down her thighs. Someone had spat in her face and channels of spittle dripping down on to her breasts. Fingers searched and found her vulva and anus, driving into her body with contemptuous ease. One guard took her left breast into his mouth and bit down sharply. She howled in agony.

The crowd was working up into a frenzy, encouraging the humiliation of the red haired woman. The tumult was deafening.

The Vizier was holding up his hands and pleading for a silence that it took several minutes to achieve. His thin, reedy voice elucidated on Elizabeth's 'crime'.

"This is the white mistress of the traitor—Baka! She was left here as a spy to help raise the white slaves in rebellion against our beloved Princess. Baka wishes to become King and make her his Queen. He wants a white woman—a filthy foreigner - to rule over our great country!"

There were frowns on the Guest platform at the disgust in his voice as he uttered the words 'filthy foreigner'. But it was not just his words that were disconcerting. Many were looking critically towards the non-functioning air-conditioning units. Neither the gas cylinders nor the outlet nozzles had been fitted and it was unlikely that they could now get through the heavy crowds at this stage.

It was very hot on the platform despite the sheltering covers and perspiration was breaking out on the pampered bodies.

*

Elizabeth, distraught with fear, hardly heard the Vizier's voice and certainly did not understand what he was saying. The obscene disarray of her clothing emphasized the utter helplessness of her position. Everyone in the crowd had a fine view her body. A guard was pulling open the gleaming, wet lipped slit of her labia, revealing its glutinous inner hole to the crowd.

The bra had vanished and the remnants of the blouse had been pulled down around her waist. Her splendidly firm breasts, one showing an angry bite mark, had been tantalized by several hands and despite her fear, her nipples were jutting and erect. One of the guards was kneeling behind her and poking fingers into her anus.

The Vizier's voice continued. "Baka seeks to free the white slaves and set them over our people. He knows that the people of Khastan are loyal to our gracious Princess and that only freed white slaves can help him prevail. For the Palace guard remains solidly loyal to her Highness and all the peoples of Khastan support her glorious reign."

The speech was not particularly effective. Rumour had already circulated the news that Baka had raised the standard of rebellion in the south but no one had heard that he intended to free the white slaves from the mines and quarries. Nor was it considered likely. There seemed no reason either why he should do so or why freed slaves would help him.

For the moment, however, criticism was suspended. The crowd was here to enjoy itself watching the desecration of this voluptuous, red haired, white woman and was happy to see the event through to the end...

"Her Highness has ordered that those who plot against the State will be punished before its people. This whore of Baka will be publicly whipped and branded, then given over to the street beggars for whatever use they wish to make of her."

Elizabeth suddenly comprehended what the Vizier was saying. For a moment she was transfixed with horror, then she flung back her head and screamed in horror.

*

The Contessa Maria di Letharo certainly did not believe that Elizabeth Berisford could possibly be the mistress of the brutal Baka. Baka had absconded on the day that Elizabeth had first arrived in Khastan. There would have been no time for such a

relationship to develop between them. And the spying charge was preposterous. How on earth could a slave learn anything important?

She looked around her at the other Guests and dignitaries and saw in their expressions the same savage and gleeful anticipation being exhibited by the excited crowds surging around the stands. Her eyes wandered to the edge of the square from whence Elizabeth had been led and she went white as she watched Palace guards escorting a disparate group of the most awful looking human beings she had ever seen, through the crowd. They were filthy in body and dress, heavily bearded, many with twitching faces and slaving mouths. There was no difficulty for in getting them through the dense crowd; those who saw them approaching moved hastily out of the way. No one wanted to be touched by such horrors.

The Contessa cried out in anguish as she realized that these must be the beggars who were to have Elizabeth as their plaything. She experienced a combination of guilt and helplessness. Her hand touched her mouth and she emitted another small cry. The circumstances were against her; she really could do nothing. No one could expect her to betray Princess Lala and the many friends that she had among the Guests.

Then a sudden frown clouded her face as another and worse horror made itself known to her. She was perspiring—heavily.

Felix looked at her, his eyes filled with glee. He was wearing an orange shirt and white trousers and white sweat stains were visible under his arms and at the small of his back. The stains were spreading rapidly yet he appeared unaware.

“This should be fun, Maria,” he gloated. “This’s that cunt finally getting what she deserves.”

Maria knew that he had enjoyed spitting out the word ‘cunt’ in front her. She flushed and turned away, offended at his gross behaviour.

*

Felix was on a high. He knew that Maria and Elizabeth had been sometime friends and remembered that the Contessa had walked out when the pygmies had tormented the redhead for the Guests’ entertainment. With satisfaction, he looked around the noisy, thronged square knowing that the mealy mouthed, prissy bitch could not walk out this time. His mind conjured on how to exploit what the Princess Lala had told him, in the strictest confidence. That the demure, ultra feminine Italian Contessa was inwardly a seething volcano of lust waiting to explode. He had immediately determined to break Maria and the Princess had hinted that she would aid him.

‘God! How I’ll love to whip that little bitch’s bare arse!’ he thought crudely. ‘And shove my cock hard up her shit hole afterwards. And then make her lick it clean-’

*

Elizabeth Berisford was still howling for succour. Being effectively naked before a crowd of what seemed like thousands was the least of her worries. The obvious hatred of the crowd, now baying like a lynch mob, was intimidating but her worst fear was of the line of filthy, malodorous, seemingly decaying men who were lining up at the base of the platform. She nearly fainted as she realized how many of them there were and guessed what diseases they must carry.

The big, brown skinned man overseer was flicking through the rack of whips. He selected one multi-thonged monster and held it out for her to look at. Her eyes flared

in terror and she shook her head wildly as she saw that each thong was braided and had a small metal inset at the tip.

The man laughed, fondled his thinly concealed testicles and replaced the whip on the rack, seeking instead a cane, which was long, thin and flexible.

He put his head close to hers so that she could smell his foul breath and whispered.

“What do I get if I use this cane instead?” Elizabeth was literally drooling with fear. “Anything—anything at all,” she muttered and had never meant anything as much in her whole life. It took little imagination to realize that the first whip would strip the flesh from her body and would probably maim her beyond recovery.

“Pee for me!”

In the past Elizabeth Berisford had been described in the Media as amongst the foremost of English beauties; as perfect as they came in looks and bearing. She was, one widely published article had gushed, ‘a Princess. But now, after some four weeks of slavery, face slack with fear, terrified almost witless, the fragments of torn clothing concealing little of her bruised and battered body and strung up in front of a third world mob she looked less than ordinary. The rough cut, dusty red hair, the unshaven armpits and untrimmed pubis, the engorged vulva glistening from the agitation caused by so many probing fingers, the limp, sweating body and sagging, defeated face made her look what she had effectively become; a mentally distressed, hard worked and hopeless whore.

Her scared green eyes peered at him uncomprehendingly.

“What?”

“Pee! I want to see it run down your legs.”

Terrified as she was she had no will to refuse. Her dulled mind told her that it mattered little. No vestige of dignity remained in her; how many times over the past days had she been forced to urinate and excrete before others. How could it matter if it were done before thousands rather than a few?

Tears that soaked her cheeks as she realized the full extent of her defeat and degradation. A few weeks ago she had been free, beautiful, wealthy and admired. Fiery even, people had said. Now-

She emptied her bladder in obedience to his demand. The strong, steaming yellow stream surged out of her violated body; splashing down her thighs and spreading in a widening pool around her shoes. Quickly the overseer knelt and pulled them off, leaving her to stand barefoot in her own urine.

The pitiless crowd guffawed with amusement, assuming that her bladder had been weakened by fear.

The overseer laughed in her face, uncaring that her urine was spreading around his own sandaled feet. He leered at her.

“Afterwards. I want you first. Here. Before the filth get to you. And willing?”

She understood what he was saying. He would fuck her up here in this public place and expect her to show willingness. It would be another delight for the sensation-demanding crowd. She looked again at the lengthening line of dirty, ragged men at the bottom of the steps leading up to the platform. What difference would one more make? Why make a fuss about the one man who could ease her ordeal?

“Yes, she moaned. “Yes. But spare me. I’ll do anything you want—anything at all. But spare me—them.”

“Maybe I can do something. But I want you willing. Up your arse? You like that, white whore?”

She hated being anally violated. It was like being treated as an animal, it was horrible and if previous experience repeated itself the ravager often required to be

cleaned by her mouth. Filthy! It also hurt for long after the event. She nodded, but knew that she was clutching at straws. Even in her panic stricken state she guessed that he would have little real power—except possibly in the selection of the whip. And that was important because it would affect the levels of pain and mutilation! Everything else—including anal sex in this public place—would just be nasty, unpleasant and degrading. One could shut out nastiness and degradation - but never shut out pain or the horrors of mutilation.

“Yes,” she whispered. “But be merciful with the whip. And not those others -”

The overseer indeed had no say in what was going to happen to Elizabeth but he enjoyed pretending that he possessed such power. Even the choice of the whip was denied him for the first one he had shown her would quickly turn her into a bloody ruin. That would be too extreme for the highlight of the event was to be her taken by the beggars and she needed to be in tolerable condition for that. He had already been promised first use of her but had been told to make a crowd-pleasing spectacle out of it. It would be vastly more entertaining for the crowd if she were willing and performed a few obscenities at his behest.

“Don’t worry. The beggars won’t be allowed to touch you if you fuck me good,” he lied. “But the whipping will have to be hard. If I’m seen to be too easy, they’ll get someone else to take over.”

Her tear filled eyes pleaded with him for mercy but his face suddenly turned cold. The crowd was becoming impatient and was blaming him for the delay; insults were being hurled at him. This white woman was here for their entertainment and they wanted the fun to begin.

The Vizier discerned the mood of the crowd and waved impatiently at the overseer who immediately slashed the cane across the heaving breasts.

She screamed, for the blow hit her left nipple, making it feel as if it had burst asunder.

The overseer leaned back and laid the second blow across her curving buttocks with all the force he could muster. Her howl of anguish seemed to split the hot, heavy air and was echoed by pitiless members of the crowd—and not a few people on the Guest platform - in callous mimicry.

The overseer did not attempt to pull his blows. There had been a sadistic pleasure in making her agree to accept minor humiliations but it would make no difference to her treatment. The pattern of events had been laid down by more exalted people. Elizabeth would be thrashed, then debauched by him on the platform, willingly or unwillingly - and there would be pleasure in either- then thrown down to the diseased scum who lined up below.

The whip cracked across her lower thighs, one of the most sensitive parts of a woman’s body. Her reaction was truly spectacular. She twisted her body, another flood of steaming yellow pee spurted from the plump slit of the sex lips and she squalled dementedly.

He put his lips next to her ears and spat into her ear.

“Only seventeen more!” he whispered.

His erection was bulging against the thin, soiled cloth of his loincloth and he pressed it momentarily against her thigh. He felt the warmth threatening to burst out from his sex sac and struggled against coming prematurely. He remembered the marvellous hours he had enjoyed interrogating prisoners during his service in the East German STASI. He recollected particularly the time when he had been able to beat and shag the young, pretty and once arrogant daughter of a high-ranking defector in the cellar of STASI Headquarters. The bitch had hardly been able

to walk when he had finished with her but she had been utterly compliant from then on. A whip to the overseer was as good as an aphrodisiac. It could make a woman do absolutely anything and even thank him for the honour afterwards.

In spite of his efforts at self-control the excitement trembled through him and he ejaculated wetly into his loincloth. Angry at his failure to control himself he slashed again with the whip, making certain that the full strength of his shoulders was hurled into the blow and the unearthly scream that resulted was like music to his ears.

A bright red mark, welling blood, appeared as if by magic across the full, plump buttocks and a thick weal raised itself before his eyes. He giggled and then frowned, as he smelled the faint odour of excrement. He studied her buttocks carefully, unmoved by her unearthly scream of agony.

Stepping back he saw the slight trickle of brown fluid staining the back of her thighs.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Guests were not used to being uncomfortable. They paid huge amounts of money to vacation in Khastan, which boasted every possible luxury from stunning apartments and fine food and wine to unparalleled sexual excess. Luxury and comfort were imperatives for them.

Khastan was hot and humid for most of the year and its unfettered climate was certainly not one to be enjoyed by its sybaritic visitors. Thus everything possible was done to render the climate tolerable by the use of lavish and often ingenious air-conditioning. The main facilities in the 'Pleasure palace' were air-conditioned and even the vast outside swimming pool area boasted an artificially cooled, covered terrace, which allowed Guests to retire in comfort to the shade to enjoy cold drinks, play cards, chat – or enjoy more sensual pleasures in the fully air-conditioned private rooms that adjoined the area.

Guests did, it is true, occasionally visit slave areas which were not air-conditioned but that was purely for their own vicarious pleasures. To watch new slave arrivals being humiliated and stripped of clothes, dignity and decency was a delight for the dominant connoisseur; well worth enduring the heat and stinks of the slave pens, the thick body odours of the slave dealers, guards and ethnic crowds—particularly when air-conditioned comfort was within easy reach.

Yet the heat today was becoming intolerable. Both the Guests and Khastan's VIPs were dressed for a garden party type of occasion. They had been promised efficient cooling facilities to moderate the affects of the mid day heat and few would have attended the occasion without that explicit assurance. Certainly their stand possessed an overhead canvas awning to shade them from the direct glare of the sun, but it was wholly insufficient.

In fact, the awning trapped the heat between itself and the platform floor and seemed to actually increase the humidity. To make matters worse the chairs and cushions were made of plastic; Guests were becoming aware that they were sitting in sticky wet patches of sweat from their own bodies. Both men and women began to fan themselves with their decorative hats and the early smiles and relaxed conversations turned distinctly sour.

The air-conditioning turbines were in place but there was no sign of either the gas cylinders and output nozzles without which the system could not function.

Moreover, the crowd in the square was so thick that it was difficult to see how the missing equipment could now be delivered.

A tall, middle-aged male Guest looked towards one of the guards and beckoned him over.

"It's damned hot here," he said loudly. "My wife and I want to go back to the Palace - now."

The guard shook his head abruptly. "It's not possible. You must stay until end." He pointed to the packed throng around the Guest stand.

The Guest growled with anger. "Get some more guards and move the bloody crowd. Kick the bastards out of the way if necessary!"

The guard shook his head again. "Not possible, sir. Must stay to end."

He walked away and ignored angry cries for his return.

The Guest became almost apoplectic with rage; he hauled himself to his feet and walked towards the front row where Felix was sitting. The seat of his white cotton trousers was soaked through, showing that he was wearing no underpants. His hairy bottom was almost as well displayed as if it had been naked, causing discreet titters from some of the ladies.

Felix was himself feeling uneasy. The people close to him were all sweating profusely. Even the usually pristine Contessa was perspiring; small dark crescents staining the underarms of her chiffon dress. Yet she looked composed compared with most of the other women on the stand whose make up was suffering from the heat and whose flimsy dresses were clinging wetly to their bodies. The Arab and Indian women, more accustomed to the climate, were maintaining a degree of composure but most of the white women were beginning to resemble melting butter pats.

"That bloody monkey-," the angry male Guest growled at Felix, gesticulating towards the Nubian guard. "Says we can't leave the bloody stand. We're all going to be in a bloody awful condition if we don't get away from here bloody quick."

Felix was furious that the portable air-conditioning units, which had been promised, were not functioning. He had been promised that they would be available and on that basis he had persuaded some reluctant Guests to attend the event. Now, the absence of the units was threatening to turn this event into an uncomfortable sweat bath. He realized that even if the missing parts arrived they could never reach the stand, given the current crowded conditions.

There was a horrific scream from the tortured redhead as two blows slashed across her breasts. Her pain did nothing to mollify Felix who compressed his mouth with annoyance and mopped his face with a damp handkerchief. He had been eagerly looking forward to watching the rest of the punishment, followed by a score or so of the stinking beggars fucking the once so high and mighty Elizabeth Berisford. But the angry Guest was right: the heat was definitely becoming unbearable. Some of the women Guests were gasping for breath and appeared on the verge of fainting.

He scowled with disappointment... The entertainment must continue for the benefit of the townspeople; it could be dangerous to interfere now. But it was important to get the Guests away quickly.

He beckoned to the senior guard.

"It's too hot. We want to leave," he said abruptly. "Get some of your men to make a path to the Palace for all the Guests."

The guard shook his head. "You stay here!" His stance was uncompromising, even hostile.

Taken aback Felix frowned.

"You'll bloody do as I-"

And then he stopped and his mouth dropped open in dismay as he saw men carrying Uzi assault rifles begin to climb the stairs leading to the Guest platform. He

recognised Baka immediately. The big Nubian was wearing black baggy pantaloons and a black leather waistcoat embroidered with red thread. His shaven head gleamed in the sunlight and his pungent male odour filled the air. With him were some twenty men and to the Felix's horror the red pantalooned Palace Guard were deferring to them. Several bowed respectfully towards their former leader. It was immediately clear that whatever Baka intended had the support of the Palace guards.

Many of the Guests and all the Arab and Indian VIPs also recognised Baka; he had been a familiar figure around the Palace complex. They gazed in shock at his powerful figure. The six male slaves in their red boxer shorts retired to stand behind the bar, wary of newcomers.

Until the Vizier had delivered his speech, few Guests had possessed any knowledge that Baka was in revolt against the Princess. Guests had little interest in the domestic affairs of Khastan and even had they known, it was doubtful if they would have been worried. The Princess had always seemed in total control of her small state. Now, only minutes since the Vizier had spoken, Baka was suddenly present in the centre of Khastan and obviously in control of the situation. It took little imagination for the shocked Guests to realise that they were in some danger.

The huge crowd in the square was suddenly silent, caught as unaware as those on the platform. The overseer was gazing fearfully at Baka and the whip hung limply in his hand. Elizabeth was hanging, semi-conscious, from the metal frame and sobbing quietly. She was in pain from her thrashing and, as yet, had no understanding of the new drama unfolding around her. One of the newly arrived, black pantalooned guards had climbed the steps of the whipping stand and stood there glaring menacingly at the overseer.

Baka pointed at the Vizier.

"Bring him to me!"

The frightened Arab did not resist but his features showed that he was terrified. He was thrown at Baka's feet and lay there gazing at the floor as if hoping that it would open and swallow him up.

"So. You would destroy me?" Baka's voice was like a hiss but in the silence it carried throughout the crowd. "And the murderous Princess will crush me?"

The Vizier gobbled something indecipherable.

"Strip him!" Baka ordered.

Roughly, the elaborate gold embroidered robes were torn off the Vizier until he was reduced to nakedness. He tried to hide his shrunken genitals with his hands. The red pantalooned guards, who had salaamed and paid great deference to him when he had first arrived at the stand, now joined in the laughter at the scrawny figure so pitifully exposed to derision.

Baka ordered: "Take him to the whipping stand and give him a dozen across his arse. Now!"

He looked at the overseer still standing near the sagging figure of Elizabeth Berisford. He pointed at him.

"Let him do it. I want to hear the Vizier howl louder than the woman or he'll take his own turn under the lash!"

The overseer paled. He realized that to refuse would be to invite his own immediate punishment.

The naked Vizier was bundled down the steps by a mixture of red and black pantalooned guards. They slapped at his bare buttocks, laughing at his ridiculous contortions as they did so. At the bottom he was immediately exposed to the hostility of the crowd. They exploded in a cacophony of noise and fists were brandished in the

air. It was immediately obvious that they had no sympathy for their fallen Vizier who was spat on and jeered at; only the guards prevented him being lynched.

The Guests were confused and increasingly apprehensive. Some smiled ingratiatingly at Baka, trying to convey their sympathy towards him, others weighed up the chances of jumping down into the hostile crowd and escaping in the confusion. In the event, Baka returned no smiles and none was prepared to risk the temper of the mob. A few male Guests were frowning and considering taking an aggressive stance, though Baka's confident demeanour did not encourage hostility. The Guest women were sweating profusely and ranged in mood from apprehension to near hysteria.

The Guests moved well away from the Arabs and Indians as if they had suddenly developed a contagious disease.

"Arabs and Indians, step this side of the stand," Baka ordered, his voice sibilant.

They hesitated. There were ten of them in total, two Indian and three Arab males, all accompanied by wives. Two of the Arabs males were smiling nervously as if proffering sympathy to Baka and his men. The other Arab male and the women cowered back towards the Guests for whom they had previously evinced a haughty disdain. Some of the women were beginning to wail with fear. The Indians, both men and women, took a more defiant stance, scowling haughtily at the newcomers.

Guards, some in black pantaloons and others in red, moved between the Guests and the Khastani elite and ushered the latter marginally closer to the steps.

In the meantime Elizabeth had been released from the whipping frame and had sunk down on her knees, still in a daze, sobbing and largely oblivious as to what was going on. Unconsciously she had pulled the jodhpurs up around her waist but her naked breasts rolled and dipped with each sob.

The Vizier had been strung up on the whipping frame in her place and he howled with pain as the first lash curled about his scrawny body. The sound sent a shiver of fear through everyone on the Guest stand and some female Guests started to weep, their cries echoing in tandem with the wailing Arab women.

The crowd was silent as the overseer thrashed the squalling Arab who had, only minutes before, been the second most important person in Khastan. Never had they seen so high a personage brought so low in public.

The noise of the thrashing, together with the concomitant screams of the victim, echoed around the square.

"The Princess and the Vizier," Baka said. "Have arranged this exhibition to mislead the ordinary citizens of Khastan. Let it be known that my regime will elevate the ordinary citizens to the top of this society. For too long the rich Arabs and Indians have battered on you. The Princess has decreed that the beggars will have their enjoyment and it shall be so. At my behest they shall have even more enjoyment. These rich and powerful nobles will donate their wives for the pleasure of the beggars."

His voice raised to a shout just as there was another brain curdling scream from the whipping platform. "Today the rich shall truly satisfy the poor!"

It was immediately a bedlam. The crowd howled with approval but the small group of Arabs and Indians cried out for mercy. Some dropped to their knees and begged; others sought to join the Guests but were brutally pushed away by the guards. Shar Mutani fought bravely for the honour of his young wife but he was kicked in the testicles and fell writhing to the floor. A black pantalooned guard knocked him senseless with the butt of his AK47.

The Arab and Indian women tried to hang on to their men but the guards, both those in black and those in red, combined to pull them away. Resistance by either sex

was met by force. Shar Mutani's wife, Samia, who was screaming with rage over the treatment of her husband and had scratched with taloned fingers at one of the guards, was winded by a punch which sank into her soft belly and sprawled her breathless on the floor of the stand.

The group of Guests watched, eyes flared in horror and several women crying—but none attempted to intervene. The male slaves standing by the bar were wide-eyed, obviously uncertain as to how this changing scene would affect them.

The rich clothing of the Arab and Indian women were stripped away, item by item. Three of the women were young ranging from late teens to early thirties. The other two were in their early and late forties. As their outer clothes were removed all were seen to be wearing expensive, western style underwear of silk and lace. That too was torn from them until the hysterically screaming women were reduced to complete nudity. For years, served by servants and slaves, considering themselves superior even to the Guests let alone the general population, these women had been in the top echelon of Khastan's society. Now the scented, carefully tended naked bodies were displayed to the crowds who yelled their approval, accompanied by a richly obscene vein of comment.

The two Indian women were tall, shapely and had shaven pubes. The Arabs were shorter and fleshier, their thick growths of pubic hair contrasting sharply with the bare pubes of their sisters in misfortune. There was no pity from the crowd. The comments thrown at them were coarse and insulting

“Look at their fat arses and drooping tits!”

“The Indian bitches shave off the cunt hair so their men's small pricks can find the big hole.”

“Look at those fat Arab bitches. They're going to swallow more than sweet cakes today!”

“Throw down the Indian bitches first!”

Samia was accorded special attention. Stripped naked and still breathless from the blow to her belly, she was lifted up by four of the guards and her legs pulled wide apart. Another guard stepped forward and pulled open the fleshy lips of her labia, exhibiting the wet inner nest to the crowd. He inserted two fingers of each hand into the purple hole and pulled it wide open.

The crowd screamed with joy.

“It's a chasm, not a hole!”

“She's made for a horse!”

“One man will never satisfy her!”

On the other platform the screaming was now continual and the thrashed body of the Vizier was shaking about like a hooked fish. The scared overseer stopped beating him, having applied the twelve lashes as ordered but no one else seemed to have been counting. He stood waiting for fresh orders while his victim howled from the pain that he was suffering.

Elizabeth had recovered somewhat and was gazing around her, mouth open and obviously stunned by the turn of events. The violated Samia was helplessly twisting and was incandescent with rage in spite of the fact that her dignity and bearing had been so utterly destroyed in a few brief minutes.

“You filthy pigs,” she screamed. “You'll all pay for this. I promise!”

The screaming, sweating, naked and mostly hysterical women were being shoved down the steps of the Guest platform and towards the line of beggars who waited droolingly for their prey.

“Not her!” Baka snapped sharply indicating Samia. “Keep her on the platform. Tie her, feel her up as much as you like but don’t fuck her. She’s mine.”

His men did not argue. If he wanted the vain, temperamental, bitchy Indian aristocrat, with her transparent contempt for Blacks, for his growing harem then that was his undoubted right. Beautiful women were a traditional reward for the successful.

Samia squealed with rage and spat at the guards who merely laughed at her anger while intimately fondling her breasts and thighs. Her wrists and ankles were chained together and she was left to lie on the floor of the platform, naked, crying and muttering with a fury that was perceptibly changing to fear. Her carefully coiled hair had fallen down about her shoulders and the pearls that had decorated her hair were scattered around her. The Indian and Arab men too, were being stripped of their fine clothing though they offered little resistance. One, fat Arab even smiled unconvincingly as a guard pulled his silk underpants down around his ankles, revealing a shrivelled penis. At a sign from Baka, the unconscious body of Shar Mutani was also stripped.

Reduced to nudity, the men covered their testicles with their hands, thus adding to their own ridicule. Their soft bodies showed the fleshiness of good living and infrequent exercise.

“Five of them and not a pigeon’s cock amongst them!” shouted a female voice.

“The fat pigs have lived off us for centuries. Cut off their cocks and send them back to their whore Princess!”

The latter cry came from one of the red pantalooned Palace guards and clearly pleased Baka. If such men were not loyal to the Princess then her reign would soon be over.

“Let the beggars use them as well. Their arseholes aren’t any different from their whores!”

Baka nodded. “It shall be so. Take them.”

A howl went up from the prisoners and, faced with the ultimate degradation, they tried at last to make a fight of it. It was hopeless. They were no match for the young Nubians.

Still screaming, tears running down several faces, they were pushed down the steps towards their womenfolk who, berated by both guards and the crowds, were already kneeling, facing the whipping platform, their bare buttock raised in the air, unwillingly exhibiting their twin orifices to people they had wholly despised until these last few minutes. They were crying and panic-stricken but they obeyed their tormentors because they were frightened for their lives and even the smallest tendency for the buttocks to be lowered was met with a hard lash from one of the ubiquitous canes.

The men, several weeping copiously, were forced to line up beside their women and assume the same demeaning posture. The unconscious body of Shar Mutani was laid at the end of the line and one of the Palace guards dropped his red pantaloons and urinated over the Indian’s head. There was a roar of approval from the crowd but the body stayed inert.

Then the beggars ran forward to enjoy their prey.

*

The Guests were in a state of panic, clustered together in a tight group. They were drenched in sweat but that was the least of their concerns. Most believed that they

were destined to share the fate of the Arabs and Indians. Felix, terrified, had sunk to his knees and was clasping and unclasping his hands in front of his face.

They watched as the first beggars took their pleasure using the weeping and howling Arab and Indian elite with brutish enjoyment. Fingers and penises searched and used the previously cosseted bodies, plunging into the captive orifices, male or female, with careless unconcern.

Wave after wave of stinking, slaving males of all ages crawled over the soft, scented bodies, soon demanding more than just to shoot their sperm into the unresisting bodies. Wet mouths and unshaven cheeks forced themselves into the contorted faces of the women—and often even the men since many of the rapists were unconcerned as to which sex they despoiled. Penises invaded every orifice; the unwashed, odorous sausages of flesh forcing themselves into mouths previously used to eating the most expensive and delicate of foods or engaging in the fashionable trivia of social conversation with their peers. Even worse, Arab and Indian mouths were forced open to searching, thrusting, and disgusting tongues that parodied love.

For the women of their class it was beyond humiliation. The high class Arabs and Indians treated their wives with respect even in the bedroom; they did not demand western style perversions of them—though they might use prostitutes or slaves to satiate such lusts.

Such refinement no longer applied as the lowest in the land now had free rein in the desecration of their victims.

Elizabeth Berisford, still aching and exhausted from her ordeal but now fully conscious, slumped at the side of the whipping stand. She could look down at the ravaged bodies and hear their hopeless cries as well as the triumphant yells of the huge array of watchers who cheered at the ultimate humiliation of the wealthy and powerful Nabobs of Khastan.

She had gathered some sense of what was happening. Some sort of revolution was taking place. There was no pity in her heart. Had things gone to plan it would have been her body being savaged down there. It was true poetic justice that those who had come to enjoy her fate should in fact suffer it. She devoutly hoped that the same fate would be visited on the rest of the occupants of the other stand; the hated Guests!

CHAPTER NINE

Baka's face was expressionless but inwardly he was triumphant. his enemies had been defeated and humiliated. The affair had gone even better than he had anticipated.

He glanced across the rooftops towards the golden orb of the Palace; so very close.

When he had fled the Palace on the night the Prince had died he had told his intimate supporters to remain dormant until he called for their help. He had no wish to risk disaster by initiating a piecemeal and confused rebellion. He had ordered the guard in the Palace to pretend loyalty to the Princess while he gathered his forces in the south of the country. Everything he had planned had come to fruition and every Palace guard who had been on duty in the square had chosen to join him; he was certain that the same would hold true of those guards still in the Palace.

Now, all that remained was to march on the Palace. He doubted if even the Princess's personal guard would fight but even if they did they would soon be overthrown for they would be hugely outnumbered. Within the hour if all went well, the old regime would be finished and the Princess would grovel at his feet for mercy.

He looked towards the bare breasted Elizabeth; slack mouthed and groggy but beginning to take an interest in what was happening. She was a truly beautiful woman

despite her dazed, sweaty condition and the angry, red whip marks on her thrashed body. He had been present when she had first arrived in Khastan, already enslaved but with no comprehension of the ordeals that awaited her. Even then he had been struck by her astounding beauty and impressed by her regal arrogance. From the first he had lusted after her. He had watched sullenly when the pygmies had abused her in the Great Banqueting Hall of the 'Pleasure palace' the same first night, hating the waste of so much beauty being thrown away on animals. Even at the end, literally shagged senseless, she had been desirable to him. At the end of her ordeal he had dragged her to the back of the stage and fucked her himself, though she had been too far gone to know what was happening.

Now she was his. She and Shar Mutani's wife. A fine reward for the new ruler of Khastan!

She raised her head and looked at him, the green eyes showing recognition. She held his gaze for a moment then looked down at the Indian and Arab victims who were now merely twitching bundles of soiled flesh. Many members of the crowd were now urinating on the prostrate bodies and a couple of men were squatting obscenely, buttocks bared, over the faces of the defiled victims.

Baka called across the divide between the two platforms, his voice strangely penetrating despite the loud howls of the seething mob.

"Come! There are clothes for you here. Unless you wish to remain a slave of the Princess?"

She dragged herself painfully to her feet and shot a look of absolute hatred at the overseer who shivered with fear and shrank backwards. Elizabeth went to the steps and made her way stiffly to the ground, picking her way through the recumbent bodies. The crowd, divining that she was under Baka's protection, left her well alone.

Baka moved to meet her as she climbed the steps to the Guest platform. Although his face remained inscrutable his penis swelled painfully as the voluptuous body approached him. She wore only the jodhpurs, her breasts swung enticingly and her head was held high. Her face was pale but calm despite the ordeals, which she had suffered. Her mouth was slightly open and, as she drew near, she licked her lips with a sensual circling moment that sent a tiny shiver down his back. The green eyes stared into his with an expression was inscrutable yet hinted at an accommodation—provided that she was allowed to give freely.

"They say that you're my whore," he said as she stopped before him.

"I am certainly your slave."

"You are certainly my slave," he smiled. "But are you also my whore?"

*

Elizabeth smelled the harsh man scent of his body and regarded him seriously. The first time she had seen him, when he had flicked a whip across her body as she emerged from the air container that had brought her to Khastan, she had thought him abysmally ugly and his strong body odour had repelled her. In Western terms he was certainly ugly, with a broad flattened nose, large, slightly bloodshot eyes, protruding ears, thick Negroid lips and the shining, shaved cranium.

He was undeniably a cruel man. Apart from the cruelty he had vented on the Arabs and Indians today Elizabeth remembered that he had publicly fucked the lawyer, Sally Stone and degraded the new slaves as he hustled them into slavery at the 'Pleasure palace'. On one occasion he had shown his merciless nature by using an electric prod on another slave simply to ensure obedience from Elizabeth herself. The

unfortunate woman had changed from being a striking beauty into a screaming inhuman object in a split second—and he had merely laughed.

Yet now he demonstrably lusted for her. She could see the bulge at the front of his black pantaloons. His desire was so clear that her heart beat much quicker than usual and she could feel the wetness between her legs. It yet amazed her that her body could suffer the sort of thrashing which she had just received and still react sexually.

Having recognized Baka's lust, she had no intention of refusing him. During the several weeks that she had spent in Khastan she had been assaulted many, many times. She had learned that it was better to treat the advances of a man—or woman for that matter—as consensual. In any case Baka was in charge here and a chance of escape might yet present itself if she played her cards skilfully. She wondered if she should ritually defer to him; perhaps drop to her knees, lower his pantaloons and pay homage publicly with her mouth. She, who had always hated fellatio, would no longer shrink from performing it on him—if it would help her cause.

She brushed the idea away as being too obvious.

"If that's what they say," she replied with a tiny smile. "Then that is what I must be."

He laughed. "Then find some clothes, woman. It is unfitting that my whore should be a sight for the rabble."

She searched through the clothing discarded by the Indian and Arab women. Several guards moved around her, sheltering her from the crowd. She found some splendid black lace underwear that was torn slightly but still usable. She could see the jutting penises under the pantaloons of the guards and smelled their musky desire. Nevertheless she dressed unhurriedly for she knew that she was under Baka's protection and, for now at least, had nothing to fear.

None of the outerwear was to her taste but at length she wound herself in some voluminous Arab robes. They were torn in several places but remained serviceable.

It did not concern Elizabeth that the former owner lay naked and smeared with urine and excrement, her mouth, vagina and anus oozing the jism of innumerable men, none of whom would have been allowed within yards of her before today. Within her burned a white-hot resentment towards the old rulers of Khastan—and their pernicious Guests.

*

Once dressed Elizabeth shot a sultry look at Baka. Like all the clothes of Arab women, those she now wore were designed to conceal. She smiled at him boldly, her white teeth shining as she curled her tongue around her wet full lips, not hesitating to exploit the wiles that had been whipped into her during the 'deportment' classes at the 'Pleasure palace.'

Pleased, she saw the concomitant, upward jerk of his thick penis under the pantaloons. After a month of slave training she was ready to play the sex game to the infinite.

The game itself might have changed but the aim was still the same—to escape this blighted land.

In order to achieve that objective she would lick every inch of his body and astound him with her enthusiasm. She would beg him to fuck her and offer her arsehole to whatever use he wanted to make of it. His lust would be met with a fieriness that would eschew the thought of any other woman. And she determined that when he had finished with her she would crawl on knees and thank him in the worst

gutter language that she could conceive. The erotic thoughts brought wetness between her legs, soaking into the gusset of the expensive new underwear.

With contrived shyness she turned her head away and her eyes idly traversed the line of frightened Guests. Her mouth opened in shock.

*

“Dear Elizabeth! I am so sorry that you have suffered so much! I have been so sad for you.”

The beautifully modulated words, spoken with a husky Italian accent made Elizabeth blink with surprise. She peered incredulously at the Contessa Maria di Letharo whom she had known for many, many years, who now stood in the centre of the group of perspiring Guests fearfully awaiting to be dealt with by this new force in Khastan; Baka.

Too stunned to reply, Elizabeth’s gaze swept over the other Guests. Felix, face contorted in abject terror stood at the side of the Contessa and just behind them was Heinz Bock’s wife, Erika. She also noticed Corah, standing at the back of the group. There were a few others whose faces she recognised including the two women who had ordered her beating so recently. All regarded her with a combination of fear and shame.

It was the presence of Maria that amazed her most. Elizabeth had always regarded Maria as being somewhat flaky but essentially good-natured. She was modest in her demeanour, exaggeratedly feminine, unusually kind and considerate and embarrassed at any discussion of sexual matters. Certainly she lacked any sign of the fiery self-expression that characterised Elizabeth. Good kind, sweet, considerate Maria—yet here in Khastan watching dirty, perverted and sadistic exhibitions!

“What in hell’s name-?”

The Contessa was dressed beautifully as usual, the white organza dress and wide brimmed picture hat stylishly matched to her tiny but perfect figure. Dark crescents were visible on the material under the arms and there was a dark stain between the shoulder blades and between the breasts but that could be forgiven with the prevailing degree of humidity. Maria looked as if she were attending a Fete.

A sudden rush of fury poured through Elizabeth this was a sort of Fete, but the intended sideshow had been she.

Her rage was uncontainable. “You bloody perverts! You pieces of shitty filth!”

Felix actually whimpered and hunched himself as if he had been struck. Maria flinched and her hands fluttered helplessly. She resembled a pinioned butterfly. The other Guests shrank back at the redhead’s fury.

“No, dear Elizabeth. You don’t understand. I wanted to help-” Maria began.

“You sanctimonious cow! You watched. You bloody watched! And you’d have gone on watching if—if—”

Almost lost for words she looked appealingly at Baka, silently imploring him to punish these people.

*

Baka was actually considering the position of the Guests. He had ordered that the air-conditioning apparatus should not function and his order had been obeyed. They looked a poor lot with their stained clothes and frightened expressions.

The drone of a plane overhead impinged on the scene and all looked up into the sky.

Khastan had an airport to the north of the city with runways that were far longer than were necessary. Most of the planes which landed there were executive jets with seating for up to 12. The air terminal was small but modern and officially Khastan had its own airline, Khastani Air, which operated 2 Boeing 727s –that spent most of their time in hangers. The whole thing had cost a great deal of money and was largely for the prestige of the Princess for there was no practical use for such facilities.

Until now!

The plane flying above them was huge, larger than anything that Baka had ever seen in his life.

“The plane is a C-5a transport,” a cool, slightly accented female voice announced. “It is bringing in mercenaries with all necessary support equipment. There are two more on their way.”

Baka’s head jerked towards Erika Bock.

“My husband has arranged for them,” she said coolly “He was assured by the Princess that it was unnecessary but he preferred to take his own precautions. He assures you that has no wish to take sides in this—er—quarrel. But neither does he wish his friends harmed.”

Anger flitted across Baka’s face but it was visible for only the briefest of moments. Mercenaries would change everything. He might still be able to take the Palace but defending it against hardened fighters would be a different matter. He bowed to fate.

“I have no intention of harming Guests,” he murmured. “My quarrel is with the Princess and those who keep her in power. No one else has anything to fear.”

He looked at Elizabeth. “Do you wish to go with your friends?”

“They’re not my friends,” Elizabeth said sharply. “And I certainly want nothing to do with them. I prefer to stay with you. With civilized people!”

The last three words were snapped out bitterly in a loud voice so that none of the Guests could avoid hearing.

Baka nodded then turned back to the small group of Guests.

“Then go. My men will protect you.” He raised his voice and spoke to the crowd.

“Let them through. Any one who harms them will answer to me.”

Fearfully and uncertainly the dishevelled Guests made their way the edge of the square and soon disappeared heading back to the Palace.

Elizabeth’s shoulder slumped dejectedly.

“So. They’ve won. Again!”

“No,” said Baka. He signalled to his men. “We’ll take the slaves and the overseer with us. We’re moving out immediately. That woman too.” He indicated Samia. “Make her walk. If she struggles give her bottom a good thrashing. A few whip marks may improve her temper.”

He turned back to Elizabeth. “No,” he repeated. “We are only at the beginning.”

(Note More of Elizabeth’s trials in the next book of the series)