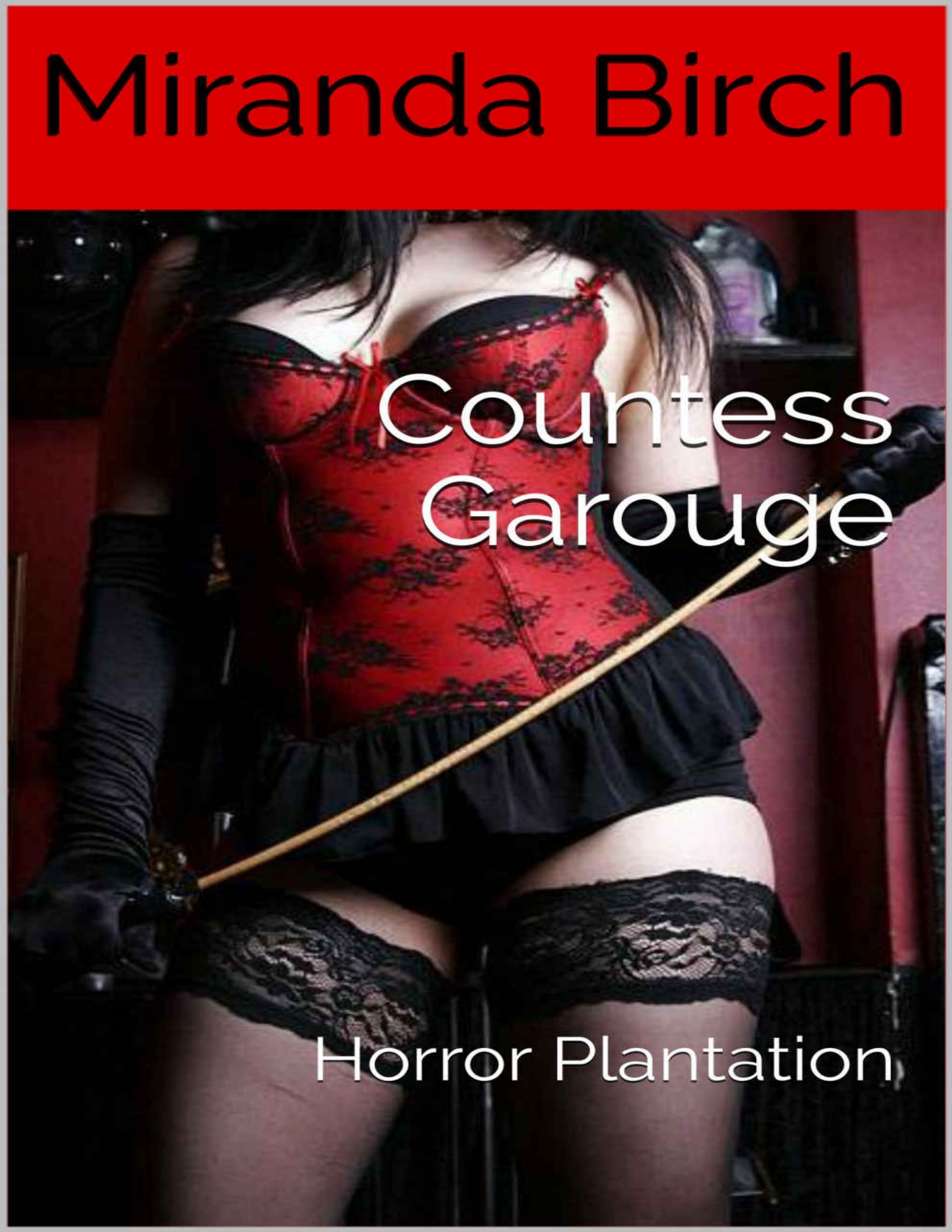


Miranda Birch

A woman with dark hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a red corset with black lace detailing and black long gloves. She is holding a thin, light-colored whip that extends diagonally across the frame. The background is dark and indistinct.

Countess Garouge

Horror Plantation

Countess Garouge

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By [Miranda Birch](#)

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The tale of Garouge Plantation and the terrible goings-on there have become the stuff of legend, a story parents tell to frighten their children. No-one really believes it ever happened. But something very like it did! Of course the movie 'Stay Alive' changed it all around. Here is what really went on. The Garouge Plantation was a slave estate, and there ruled a strict regime of female domination. Both male and female slaves existed on this estate solely for their owner's pleasure. The Countess exerted unlimited control over her male and female chattels.

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In the bad old days of the slave-owning States of the American South, there was a plantation called the Garouge Plantation, owned by a lady of quality who styled herself Countess Garouge. Of course, as an American, the citizen of a Republic, she had no claim to any noble title. But woe betide *anyone* who alluded to the fact!

Her lifestyle was extravagant even by the standards of the time. It was estimated that the Countess Garouge (for so we shall call her) owned some 10,000 creatures on her vast estate. Of these creatures, 8,000 were cattle, pigs or horses; the rest were humans. Human slaves. Most extraordinary for the time, many of her slaves were white.

These slaves were branded as were the animals and lived very much as the animals did. However they were treated far worse, since the animals were not liable to punishment — although the horses might feel a riding crop of course.

The vast majority of the slaves worked on the land under the supervision of overseers. Another queer aspect of the Garouge Plantation was that the overseers were all female, without exception. For all of their authority, these overseers went in dread of the Countess and treated her with the very greatest respect. No overseer wished to lose her position or, far worse, be made a slave herself.

A select number of the slaves — perhaps a hundred — worked as domestic slaves in the vast mansion in which the Countess resided. Many of these were males, but there were some females among them, there being a certain number of tasks at which female slaves were simply more proficient. However, for preference the Countess preferred to have male slaves in attendance upon her.

All domestic slaves wore nothing but a short leathern apron, at most; indeed, some where kept completely nude. Thus the female breasts were always exposed. Each slave was also fitted with a slave-collar. This was of iron, welded on, and carrying several rings for chaining purposes. In addition, each male slave was fitted with a skimpy but sturdy and very tight leather restraining device around the genitals, this permitting natural functions but prevented an erection developing. The Countess much enjoyed the degree of sexual control which she had over her male domestic slaves. The land slaves did not concern her. They were under the control of her overseers — who could do with them as they wished. (And they did!)

The day of the Countess generally began at about 11 AM, unless there had been some late-night ball, in which case she would give instructions to be left in peace until midday or even later. On waking, she would be brought coffee and a light repast. This would be brought to her by a male slave. The Countess always had males in immediate attendance, the females being consigned, in the main, to the kitchens.

The slave, doubtless in a state of great agitation at approaching the presence of his owner (who was virtually a goddess, as far as he was concerned) would pull the bell-rope outside the door and wait to be summoned in.

Upon receiving the awaited summons, the slave would enter the vast, ornately furnished

bedroom and at once go to his knees, bowing head to the floor. This, when one is carrying a laden tray, is no easy feat; but the slave would make the utmost effort to get it right, knowing that any faltering, let alone dropping the lot, would surely earn him a flogging. The slave might wait there kneeling for a mere moments or as long as half an hour, or even more. It was entirely at the whim of the Countess, who was quite unconcerned as regards the sufferings of her slaves. I say unconcerned? Nay, she actively relished the sufferings of her slaves. It *delighted* her to see them suffer. They existed to serve her, and to please her; that and nothing more. If she wished them to suffer for her pleasure, then they would do so.

On receiving the order to approach, the slave would rise and place the tray upon the table by his owner's huge double bed. He would keep his head down and his eyes lowered, unless receiving a command to raise them. This command the Countess sometimes gave, especially if she had slept in a state of nudity. It amused her to see this male animal regarding her with a mixture of terror and lust. When the slave was finally dismissed, he would fall to his knees and make his way backwards from the bedroom. Once outside, he would certainly breathe a sigh of relief, thankful that nothing had befallen him — he had not earned himself a flogging; he had not even felt his owner's switch across his flanks or buttocks. For always the Countess carried a whalebone switch with her — hooked to her belt or dangling on a loop from her wrist. And there was always one by her bed as well.

Once ready for her toilette, the Countess would again pull the bell-rope alongside her bed. This would alert a team of a full dozen slaves skilled at the appropriate tasks: bathing, massage, oiling, perfuming, making-up, hairdressing, dressing. Naked, with the dreaded whalebone switch looped to her wrist, the Countess would stroll stark naked into her 'chambre de toilette', where a sunken marble bath, oval in shape, awaited her. On their knees, heads bowed, would be her intimate retinue. The water would be tested with her toe and woe betide the slave responsible if the temperature was not entirely to her satisfaction.

Then the toilette would begin with the soaping of the Countess's voluptuous body... and it would continue for something like two hours, until her body was splendidly arrayed from a wardrobe of hundreds of gowns, her features perfectly made up, her hair superbly coiffeured.

By this time, most of the slaves would have flanks and buttocks decorated with stripes raised by the whalebone switch. No fault was ever permitted. A fingernail not perfectly lacquered, a single curl out of place, could earn a slave a minimum of six vicious cuts. The Countess enjoyed punishing. It will be understood, therefore, that to be part of this intimate retinue was something to be much dreaded. Not only was there the perpetual and painful frustration of being so close to such opulent naked beauty, there was also the constant lashing of the switch. Worse, if a slave who had been trained to certain skills was dismissed for repeated inefficiency, he knew he would not only become a land-slave, but a land-slave who worked perpetually in leg-irons. This meant certain death in a short but painful time, for it was impossible to fulfil a work-quota when one was so burdened.

Her toilette completed, the Countess would make her way to a large room she dedicated to holding audience for her minions. Seating herself on a throne-like chair, she would summon her chief overseer by striking a huge brass gong. This chief overseer would enter and prostrate herself just as if she were a slave. Given instruction, she would approach, there to find the

Countess's foot extended — for her to kiss.

Having done this, the chief overseer was permitted to stand and deliver her daily account of estate affairs. Yes... *daily*. The Countess wished to be kept constantly informed of everything that went on throughout her estate: work output from the fields, milk yields from her dairy herds, the state of her horses. And, needless to say, she wished to be informed of any misdemeanours reported by junior overseers.

The chief overseer would begin her report by addressing her as 'Most Noble Countess'; always conscious that even her relatively exalted status was always at risk. She could not but be aware that, if ever she were downgraded to land-slave, she would very quickly be torn limb from limb!

Having heard the report, the Countess would issue orders: what was to be done with certain parts of the estate, what crops were to be sown, where labour was to be transferred to. So on and so forth. Finally she would give details of forthcoming banquets, the arrival of special guests, and exotic menus to be prepared. This was her chief interest. The chief overseer would make careful and copious notes of all this, for no errors would be tolerated.

Finally, the Countess adjudicated on those who it was considered had committed misdemeanours: who had not worked hard enough, who had stated they were sick when they were not, who had been considered insolent or even rebellious. She would deliver the sentence on each malefactor but would not deign to deal with it or witness it. This was left to the overseer who had made the original report. The Countess only dealt with her personal domestic staff; and this she did twice a week. At least, she dealt with some of them. The rest she left to the mercies of her most trusted overseers, a big, hefty sadistic bitch who delighted in dishing out pain.

Typical of sentences handed out to land-slaves might be the following.

"Male slave complaining of inadequate food, Most Noble Countess."

A moment's reflection.

"Twenty five lashes. Half rations for six months."

The chief overseer bows and notes the punishment after each sentence.

"Male slave found asleep in field. Said he had no strength, Most Noble Countess."

"Thirty lashes."

"Two female slaves fighting whilst supposed to be working in fields, Most Noble Countess."

The Countess muses.

"Both of them to receive twenty strokes of the birch on their bare buttocks. To be birch simultaneously. Then both to be low-caged alongside each other for a week."

A low cage is a very smaller one which does not allow the occupant to stand up or stretch fully;

merely kneel or crouch.

“Male slave struck out at overseer.”

“Fifty lashes.”

An instant reply. Such acts were the most severely punished of all. Other households, the Countess knew, had been troubled through not crushing the slightest sign of rebellion without mercy. The armies of slaves were vast; it was vital that they be kept in their controlled, animal-like state.

Finally there came the misdemeanours of the domestic slaves. There were four due for punishment, one female, three males. The day of punishment was two days hence.

“Low-cage all of them,” ordered the Countess. “I shall decide on their punishment at the time.”

“Very well, Most Noble Countess.”

This decision meant that the four unfortunates would spend forty-eight hours in excruciatingly cramped confinement prior to being cruelly beaten. And all that probably for the most minor faults. However, the Countess had always ruled her private domain with a rod of iron and intended to continue to do so. For the Countess Garouge enjoyed absolute power within her private estate. And she enjoyed it to the full!

When the Countess personally punished her domestic slaves, it was her usual practice to do so in a state of near-nudity. She would wear high-heeled leather boots and the briefest of skirts or, sometimes, would dispense with the skirt and wear a tiny pair of knickers. Usually they would be made of leather, too, a material for which the Countess had a pronounced liking. Slung around her sumptuous shoulders and breasts might be, weather permitting, a great fur from her extensive collection. Be-decked with jewels, she would thus arrive in the underground punishment chamber where those incarcerated in small cages by her order had already been for forty-eight cruel hours. Cruel not only on account of their form of close imprisonment but also because they all knew their only escape route was a flogging from their owner. It was simply a question of who severe it would be.

Attending her would be the chief overseer and two assistants. In the centre of the Chamber was a flogging block constructed from heavy timbers and topped with leather. It was humped at one end and liberally furnished with securing straps.

Also in the Punishment Chamber was a whipping post and a pillory. The Countess employed each device according to her mood.

Upon entering, she did not even deign to look at the pitiful, terrified caged figures. Already they had been enduring mental and physical agonies. Now the moment of even greater agony was at hand. It was inevitable. There was possibility of escape from what had been decreed and their existence was of no more worth than that of a passing insect.

“I’ll have the female first,” said the Countess. “Offence?”

The chief overseer consulted his notes.

“Repeated carelessness, resulting in damage to kitchen-ware, Most Noble Countess.”

“Repeated...”

The Countess seemed to linger lovingly on the word as she moved to the terrifying array of corrective equipment hanging on one wall of the Chamber. She took down a slim cane and flexed it so that it formed almost into a complete circle. Then she replaced it and took down a stouter rod alongside.

“Repeated...” she said again. Then she turned suddenly.

“One stroke”.

The overseer was amazed. Such leniency! The slave-girl could hardly believe her ears at her good luck. Then, the Countess's mouth twisted in a cruel smile.

“To be repeated twenty-five times! Put her over the block.”

There came a whimpering wail from one of the cages.

The assistant overseers moved swiftly. The cage was unlocked, the naked slave-girl dragged out. She could not stand, having been cramped for so long. She was young, possibly no more than twenty; yet she was a well-developed girl, especially in her well-rounded bottom. The Countess watched impassively yet seething with cruel lust inside as the girl was forced over the Block. Silently, the Countess ran her hand over the taut buttock flesh. She liked the pleasure of young girls but this one was a little too gross for her; nevertheless, it was an excellent pair of buttocks to thrash. She tapped with the cane; the girl-slave groaned. There was no point in pleading; she was simply going to have to endure the agony.

The Countess raised the rod and lashed it down with all her might, her big breasts bouncing. The howl of torment which erupted was music to her ears. A twin-tracked weal of fire blazed up.

Excellent! This female slave would not be too happy to know that there were still twenty four more like that to come! Methodically, amidst an ever increasing cacophony of agonised sound, the Countess continued to apply the rod with full sweeps of her powerful right arm. This creature had erred in her duties, thus she deserved to be punished.

The three males, waiting in their cages for their own punishment, were filled with increasing terror at the awful sounds which filled that dreaded chamber. For this female-slave was merely receiving the rod. Each guessed that worse awaited him.

Near senseless of twenty five such cruel strokes, the girl was released and dragged away. then the Countess pointed to the first male cage.

“That one,” she said.

The slave was released and came out crawling, cringing right down before his all-powerful owner. “Offence?” enquired the Countess.

“Asleep whilst on duty, Most Noble Countess.”

“Asleep?”

The Countess's voice was filled with disbelief.

She surveyed the array of instruments available and finally took down a six-thonged martinet. Each strand was of tightly plaited leather and it was indeed a cruel weapon... one much feared.

“Asleep,” she repeated, almost in disbelief.

How could a slave possibly sleep on duty? It was something unthinkable.

“Thirty lashes,” she said with complete unconcern.

A terrible sobbing groan came from the male slave. He knew in that instant that his torment was going to be quite excruciating. One, also, which was quite unwarranted. He had been in a state of exhaustion, plagued by a fever, when he had collapsed, subsequently to be discovered by an overseer. But no excuse was ever accepted. A slave was expected to work himself to death or suffer the consequences.

The kind of consequences he was now about to suffer.

Moaning in despair, he was forced over the block in the same fashion as the female slave. But how different was his rump. Not soft and swelling but roughened and muscled; sinewy. It had felt plenty of the lash.

Smilingly faintly, the Countess measured her victim, trailing the six thongs lightly over his flesh. What a joy it was to flog a brute male! She raised her arm high and lashed down as hard as she could muster. The slave bellowed, bull-like. Mouth gaping, eyes starting. The pain he had just endured was, it seemed, unendurable, yet it was but the merest beginning.

Steadily the martinet rose and fell, lashing agonisedly down, flaying the back and buttocks. The bellows grew louder; then they became screams. These only seemed to stimulate the Countess, who lashed down even harder. Her magnificent breasts swung and bounced, her dark eyes blazed with sadistic relish. She was, indeed, an awesome sight. She had human flesh on which to inflict pain for as long as she wished — and that was what she intended to do.

She flogged mercilessly; she flogged expertly. After twenty strokes the slave on the block was in a state of near delirium. The chief overseer was summoned to place smoking smelling salts under the slave's nostrils, in order to revive him to some sort of sensibility. When that had been achieved the flogging was resumed.

When it was over, another human carcass was released and dragged away — to be thrown down alongside the sobbing female slave. The Countess strolled casually to and fro, rejoicing in her

naked beauty and her power. There were two more male slaves to be dealt with. It was quite intoxicating to know that she could impose whatever punishment she thought fitting.

“Next,” she said, tapping another cage. A cringing slave came crawling out. What he had already seen and heard had reduced him to near-gibbering terror. But there was nothing he could do but submit to whatever might be ordained by his goddess-owner.

“Offence?”

The voice was like ice.

“Failing to kneel quickly enough upon your approach, Most Noble Countess.”

“Ahhh... an offence, of course. But one not too serious.”

She selected a single-thonged bull-whip and cracked it viciously through the air.

The pinioned slave groaned. It was indeed a relatively light punishment but ten strokes from a plaited bull-whip was not something exactly to be relished. With her customary venom the Countess lashed down the whip, using the full sweep of her arm, cracked it skillfully across the helpless buttocks. The Countess was indeed an expert with the whip. She ensured that it fell with maximum speed at impact, thus being at its most agonising.

A howl erupted from the slave and a horrible purple welt appeared. The Countess swung up her whip again and, as if to demonstrate her prowess, lashed it down *precisely* over the first welt. A most terrible series of bellows echoed around the Punishment Chamber at that, as the slave struggled to absorb the extra pain.

Methodically, unhurriedly, the Countess continued to ply her whip. She was indeed an awesome sight: tall and Amazonian in appearance, her magnificent breasts swinging from side to side as the lash rose and fell. Her features were set, almost impassive, yet her eyes glowed and, occasionally, her teeth were bared in a snarl of sadistic pleasure.

The slave was released.

“Kneel,” commanded the Countess.

The moaning wretch knelt.

“You will kneel more quickly when I approach, will you not, you great oaf?”

“Uggggghhh... yes... Most Noble Countess...”

There was a peremptory nod to indicate that the ‘oaf’ be removed. Then the final unfortunate was released from his low-cage.

“Offence?”

“Interference with a female slave, Most Noble Countess.”

Imperious eyebrows went up.

“‘Interference’? Of what nature?”

“Well, ah, a general... er... fondling of the female's body, Most Noble Countess.”

There was a look of appropriate disgust on those noble features as, this time, the Countess selected a three-thonged martinet. That would have been an adequate punishing instrument in itself but the three plaited-leather strands were each tipped with three small iron pellets.

“Twenty five strokes,” came the announcement.

The crawling slave came sprawling forward, mouth seeking the boots before him.

“M-mercy... merceee... All Highest One... it... it was I... who was molested... I swear it!”

There came a vicious kick into the slave's shoulder.

“Thirty five strokes,” said the Countess unemotionally. “Secure him.”

There were willing hands to do so. The unfortunate creature was already sobbing with terror. He had glimpsed the studded martinet as it swung at his owner's side and thus knew he was about to be flayed to ribbons.

So it proved. And it is best to draw a veil over the terrible sights and sounds as once-white flesh became red-raw. The slave became senseless after some twenty strokes and, as earlier, the smelling salts had to be employed.

A slave never escaped one single stroke of the punishment allotted him or her. Seemingly quite unconcerned at the havoc she had wrought, the Countess tossed down the martinet and strolled from the Chamber, leaving the assistant overseers to clear up the remains of her handiwork.

Naked but for a luxurious fur of sable, the Countess sprawled idly on a couch in one of her many small boudoirs. The fur did little to hide the charms of her magnificent body but, though there were a number of slaves in the room, the Countess was unconcerned by this. She never minded whether her slaves saw her partially naked or totally naked. For slaves were of no account; no more than the furnishings of the room.

Being completely nude, male slaves who attended personally on the Countess could often be seen in a state of erection. For it was her rule that restraints be removed in her presence. The erections did not concern the Countess either. Rather she found it a source of amusement — in a derisive sort of way. What did concern her was that a slave must not so much as touch his genitals without a direct order from her or one of her six female Overseers. Every slave knew, moreover, that if ever he were caught doing so, he would be flogged within an inch of his life. This kind of flogging was given publicly before all the other slaves, assembled in the main courtyard. There had been several such floggings in the past year but their number was decreasing... proof that to witness such a flogging had a most salutary effect.

The Countess liked to start such a flogging but when her arm grew tired, she would hand over to one of her overseers. Slaves frequently fell insensibly under such an ordeal but were revived again and again until they were one mass of frightful weals — across the back, over the buttocks, down the thighs. Not an inch of unstriped flesh could be seen by the time the Countess was satisfied.

The Countess had to admit frankly to herself that she enjoyed watching slaves being punished and also punishing them herself. In fact, she intended to take charge of a Punishment Session to be held later on that afternoon.

She flicked a finger at a slave nearby, who held a tray carrying a glass and decanter. There was no need for her to give a verbal order. The slave poured a glass of wine, advanced and then knelt by the couch. It was some time before the Countess sat up and took the glass. The slave remained kneeling before another flick of her finger dismissed him. She noticed that he was solidly in erection. No doubt her body was exciting him. So be it.

She sipped the wine and, when the glass was empty, she tossed it on the floor and lay back again. Then she flicked the whip she held in her right hand across the back of the slave who knelt at the end of the couch.

“Kneel up,” she ordered.

The slave knelt erect, arms straight by his sides, eyes fearful.

“It's George, isn't it?” enquired the Countess.

“Yes, Highness,” came the respectful reply.

“I haven't seen you for some time. Have you been ill? You are looking pale.”

“You ordered me to be in the dungeon for ten days, Highness.”

“Oh, did I?” I don't recall that, thought the Countess. Doubtless, though, thought the Countess, George would recall it all too well. A spell in the cold dark dungeon on a diet of bread and water would not be quickly forgotten.

“So you are glad to be back as one of my personal retinue of slaves, George?”

“Oh yes, Highness. Most glad, Highness,” came the most respectful reply at once.

It was not really a truthful reply. Like all slaves in that retinue George was actually terrified at being in such close intimacy to this all-powerful woman. There was nothing she could not do to him, or have done to him. Yet there was nothing he could do about it. The Countess could keep him as a personal slave for as short or as long a time as she wished before dismissing him from her retinue with a flick of her fingers. Then it would be back to toiling in the fields under the ever-watchful eyes of one or other of the Overseers. They were all a little younger than the Countess but no less demanding and just as vicious.

“Did you masturbate while you were down in the dungeon?” asked the Countess lazily.

“No, Highness.”

How could he? With that cruel iron tube locked tight about his male member? But George was careful not to display by any outward sign the bitterness he felt inside.

The Countess smiled faintly.

“I’d like to believe you, George. But then, of course, you would never know when someone might not be checking up on you through one of the peep-holes, eh?”

“That is true, Highness,” responded George meekly.

“Well, though you are looking a little weak and wan, you are going to masturbate now, George.”

This was typical of the way the Countess acted. Her slightest whim became law. She was quite arbitrary; often utterly unreasonably. There, nearby, was the slave in massive erection. He would love to masturbate, but would be deprived. George, who looked weak and reluctant, would however do so.

The Countess regarded the moving hand through lazy, half-closed eyes. She liked all her personal slaves well-hung and George was particularly slow. It took George some time to reach solidity but when he did, his hand began to move rather faster.

Suddenly, the Countess sat up, swinging her whip arm across the couch. The last six inches of it cracked cruelly across the tray-carrying slave. he screamed, dropping the tray, and fell to his knees, clutching at himself.

“You filthy brute!” cried the Countess, “how dare you lust after me?”

“I... ahh... I beg pardon, Highness,” said the slave, forcing himself to kneel erect.

Again, the Countess's reaction was quite arbitrary. She most usually ignored erections, but there were times when she punished them. On a whim. The slave was placing pieces of the broken decanter on the tray as quickly as he could.

“For that act of carelessness”, said the Countess, “you will attend this afternoon's punishment session.”

“Yes, Highness,” said the slave wretchedly. “Permission to fetch a new decanter and glass, Highness.”

The Countess had, of course, smashed her own glass. Of no concern, naturally. How could he, in his sudden agony, have avoided dropping the tray?

“Go,” ordered the Countess. The slave stood and withdrew backwards from the boudoir.

How cruelly accurate that stroke had been! The Countess was certainly an expert with the whip.

The Countess turned her attention back to George, whose hand was beginning to move ever faster. As she often did, she wondered idly what it must be like for a young and vigorous man to be denied all contact with a female... and only, occasionally, to be permitted this form of relief. It was something pleasing to contemplate, adding to her sense of power. For the decision was hers.

George's chest was beginning to heave, his eyes to glaze. The Countess turned her eyes away, in seeming disgust, as he suddenly erupted, sagging at the knees, gasping and groaning.

Oh... oh under any circumstances, it was a joy to have such relief.

Then the moment passed. Deflation and humiliation took command. When, wondered George sadly, will I be allowed to do that again?

“Kneel,” she ordered George.

He knelt again and, sliding down the couch a little, placed her high-heeled shoes on his back, digging in her heels.

Well, life could not be all pleasure for a slave, could it?

In two hours time the Countess made her way to the Punishment chamber for the afternoon session. As was customary with her on these occasions, she was scantily clad and wore gleaming black boots of thigh length with remarkably high heels. On her way, she suddenly recalled why she had consigned George to the dungeon. She had considered he had not polished her boots to the high standard she insisted upon.

There were four slaves assembled for punishment, including the one she had allocated. The Overseer, who was not too happy with any slave moving too slowly, carried a leather switch. There was evidence that it had been used as the slaves remained crouching in this uncomfortable posture. To be punished on the Garouge Estate meant punishment in the full sense.

The Countess swept into the Chamber and one could almost feel the tension rise. The Overseer bowed slightly towards her.

“Four slaves for correction, Countess,” she said. and one could almost feel the tension rise. The Overseer bowed slightly towards her.

“Four slaves for correction, Countess,” she said.

“Thank you, Scarlett.”

The countess surveyed the crouched line. “You may release them.”

The cruel shackles came off and, groaning with relief, the slaves stood erect.

“Would you like me to detail the faults, Countess?”

“Not at the moment, Scarlett. I'll deal with this one first.”

She pointed to the slave she had allocated herself. “Give me a medium rod and put him over the Block.”

“Yes, Countess...” Scarlett went to a long rack of varying rods and made her selection. She handed it to the Countess who flexed it approvingly. “Over the block, slave.”

Looking pale and nervous the slave stepped out and made his way towards the humped wooden block. How many was he going to get? Surely he had not been truly at fault? Hopelessly, he stretched himself over the block. He was helpless... and there was no limit to what could be done to him. Sweat prickled his body.

“I am giving you twelve, slave,” announced the Countess, “since your fault was a minor one.”

The slave experienced a small wave of relief, even though 12 from the Countess was not going to be pleasant. But it could have been far worse. One never knew. He clenched his teeth and waited for the whistle of the descending rod.

It came...

Fiery pain blazed across his upper buttocks. He almost cried out but, in fact, only emitted a high-pitched grunt. The Countess was a tall, powerfully-built woman who was skilful in laying on any strike with excellent timing... thus ensuring maximum whiplash speed at impact.

The slave gritted his teeth tighter. The injustice of it all filled him with bitterness. The second stroke whistled down and blazed across him fractionally below the first.

“Nnnneeeeghhh...” It was a kind of whinny. Oh God, the pain!

Again!

“Nnnneeeeghhh...aaaghh!”

Again!

“Nnnneeeeghhh...aaaghh!”

Again!

“Nnnneeeeghhh...aaaghh!”

Again!

“Yyyaaaghhh!” She had made him yell — and they had only just reached halfway.

And, from then on, the wretched slave yelled with every lashing stroke he received, his hindquarters bouncing and twisting violently. Unmanly tears were misting his eyes when the caning was completed.

“Take him off please, Scarlett.”

“Yes Countess.”

The throbbing of the weals just raised was excruciating. It was always the same. Pain, pain, and more pain.

“Back to your place,” said the Overseer sharply... and emphasised her command by giving the slave a sharp and painful kick between the cleft of his nates. Whimpering, he tottered to the wall.

At least, it was over.

For him it was over.

Until the next time.

The Overseer unfolded a piece of paper. “The res of the defaulters, Countess.”

“Yes, yes,” the Countess replied rather impatiently.

“Matthew... caught idling whilst wood-cutting. Robert and Frank... both reported for below standard work in the household,” said Scarlett.

The Countess mused for a few moments. These were not truly serious faults but she was well aware that discipline must be maintained at all times. Every slave must be made to give of his maximum.

“I’ll birch all three of them,” she said finally. “18 strokes each.”

“Very good, Countess. Matthew... out. Over the birching hurdle.” The slave Matthew stepped towards the hurdle which was a thick rough rounded timber suspended between two uprights. He bent over it...

From out of a kind of stone horse trough, Scarlett withdrew the birch. It was long and quite bushy, containing between 12 to 15 green and supple twigs. A much feared implement. The Countess took it, swished out the water, examined the twigs and seemed satisfied.

She stepped to the bending slave. “If you idle again, you pig,” she said, “I’ll have you whipped.”

Then the birching began.

It was administered with a kind of cold savagery, each buttock cheek feeling the slashing-biting twigs in turn. For half a dozen strokes Matthew managed to restrain himself to gasping-groans. Then, as his flesh began to become more and more raw... more flayed... he began to howl;. The sounds seemed to add extra effort to the Countess's sweeping arm. Oh how she loved it when they bayed!

After 12 strokes, Matthew began to howl not only with pain but also for mercy. A foolish and futile exercise. Matthew continued to be flayed until the 18th stroke had fallen.

When released he crawled, sobbing, back to the wall, gasping and shuddering as he forced

himself erect. It felt as if a fire had been lit over his buttock flesh. A perpetual blazing torment.

“Next...” said the Countess.

Robert stepped out and bent over the hurdle which Matthew had just left. He knew exactly what he was in for since he had been birched frequently before. Also, he had just watched Matthew getting it.

The Countess administered a similar flogging... but Robert was tough enough to hold out until the tenth stroke. Then he, too, broke and bellowed with pain.

After the 18th stroke, the Countess tossed the birch aside. “Take over, will you Scarlett, I've had enough of this.”

“Very good, Countess.” She bowed as her mistress strode from the chamber.

Scarlett crooked her finger at Frank. “Out you come,” she ordered. “Take a look at Robert's backside.”

“Very shortly, yours is going to look like that.” Frank flinched and shuddered as he looked at the lacerated flesh. Robert was groaning. He was removed and crawled away. Scarlett pointed. Frank whimpered as he bent over the rough crosspiece of wood.

“I'm just in the mood to give it to you, you slack bastard.”

That Scarlett was very much in the mood was soon evident by the ferocity with which she assaulted Frank's helpless buttocks. The massed weals flared up.

It was not long before the wretched Frank was not just howling.

He was screaming.

When it was over, all four slaves were in the crouching position they had been before. This was now doubly painful after their floggings. Gasping and groaning, they shuffled out of the chamber. Scarlett had her switch swishing at the ready. She would not be at all averse to laying it across an already lacerated rump!

Back in her main boudoir after a most enjoyable punishment session, the Countess summoned another of her assistants. This was a tall magnificently-built blonde by the name of Lenora.

“Good evening, Countess.”

“Good evening, Lenora. Kindly have two of my personal slaves sent to me. I shall require a massage.”

“Very good, Countess.”

“Then, in about half an hour, I want two of the village girls sent to me.”

“Certainly, Countess.” The Countess had Droit de Seigneur over the girls in a nearby village... and they were taken up to the Castle frequently to service the Countess. None of the girls minded a bit. They got well fed and, often, received a present as well.

Two slaves entered and knelt humbly, awaiting orders. Their nerves were edgy.

At last the Countess slid off her bed and moved to a leather-topped massage table to one side of the boudoir. “Massage me,” she ordered as she lay face down.

The two slaves stood, eyeing that superb naked body with a mixture of lust and apprehension. Oil was produced and soon two pairs of hands were soothingly at work.

It is not, perhaps, surprising that before very long, two large ramrods of male flesh were solidly in erection. Not that anything would be done about that. The two female slaves who had been summoned by the Countess were for *her* pleasure — not for the use of mere male slaves!

Later that evening, the Countess gave one of her exclusive small dinner parties. There were five guests, all female, whose ages ranged from fifty down to eighteen. Three of the guests, all of noble blood, had, at one time or another been lovers of the Countess. She had high hopes of gaining the affections of one of the other two, the youngest present.

The candlelight seemed to enhance the beauty of that small female assembly — even in the case of the older women. Of course, all of them were most elegantly and sumptuously gowned, and done up to the nines, face and hair and nails all immaculate. All the work of slaves, of course. All the ladies were ladies of means, or, in the case of the two young ladies, had every expectation of one day becoming so. The slave-owners of the local district liked to stick together, aware that their way of life was becoming increasingly unpopular in the country. And, as it was a private party, and one with no male guests (slaves didn't count), there was plenty of lush white female flesh on display, what with plunging neck-lines and daring hem-lines.

In the background hovered a dozen or more domestic slaves. All male. All naked — not even wearing penis restrainers. Each one knew that if there were the slightest fault found in his service, he could be sure of a whipping later in the week. It was something which concentrated the minds of every one of them exceedingly. Accordingly, by the end of the meal, it would have been impossible for even the most fastidious to find fault. That was how the Countess liked it, for such service was a compliment to the iron disciplinary regime she maintained. Not, of course, that anyone commented on the service; it was simply something that was expected.

As the night had progressed, more and more liberties were taken with the serving slaves' bodies. By the end, they were being openly and lewdly groped, and most of them had come to full erection. Not that they could do anything about that, of course. Instead, the dinner being done and the guests dispersed, they would be cruelly deflated by an overseer and locked back up.

After dinner, coffee and liquers were taken in one of the drawing rooms. And then, as was customary, a very select group of slaves, specially chosen for their physical qualities, both male and female, were paraded stark naked in front of the assembled guests for them to take their choice of a ‘bed-warmer’ for the night.

When all of her guests had been catered for, the Countess looked to her own satisfaction. Being thoroughly bi-sexual, she had hoped to lure one of her younger female guests into her bed for the night. She had had her eye on that lovely young Natalie for some time. But alas! *she* preferred one of her male slaves, a great hunk of a fellow who, she had to admit, was a fine sight. So the Countess decided to content herself with one of her new stock, a recently-acquired lad she had not tried before. She issued instructions to her head Overseer, and then repaired to bed.

The Countess lay on her broad bed, clad in nothing but a silk dressing gown. Her heart was pounding with excitement. Soon she would have a man to do with as she wished. She had had one often enough; but it was still a most thrilling thought. If I decide I don't like the look of him, she told herself, I can always send for another. There were hundreds of males available to her. For her use. Oh, how delicious to have such power!

There came a knock on her door.

“Enter!” she called.

The door opened and in came a youthful looking slave, clad as usual in nothing but his short domestic apron. He was, the Countess saw at once both quite good looking and smoothly muscular. At once, the slave fell to his knees and bowed his head to the carpet. the Countess sensed the tension within him. Most understandable. This must be something quite unusual for one of his lowly station. Did he know, she wondered, why he had been summoned?

“Crawl forward,” she ordered.

The slave moved uncertainly towards her on hands and knees, head bowed.

“You know why you are here?”

He shook his head.

“No, Most Noble Countess.”

The Countess smiled faintly and let her gown open a little so that her breasts were partially displayed. She saw the man's eyes hot upon her.

“You have been sent to me,” continued the Countess, “because I wish to make use of you.” There would be nothing unusual in that, of course. But then she added, “I wish to use you sexually.”

The slave looked up, eyes widening in disbelief. Obviously he suspected some kind of trap.

“I... I do not understand, Most Noble Countess,” he stammered.

“That is because you are an ignorant slave,” stated the Countess, sitting up so that he gown opened further, displaying her breasts completely. The slave judiciously averted his eyes. “Look at me,” she snapped. The slave looked. And lusted. he could scarcely believe what was

happening, that was certain.

“You understand me? What I mean by sexually?” continued the Countess.

“I... I do not... cannot... I mean, Most Noble Countess... in truth not...”

The Countess snorted derisively.

“You are a man, are you not? Complete? You have had women before?”

“Y-yes... yes... Most Noble Countess...”

“How long since you last had one?”

There was a long pause.

“Many, many months, Most Noble Countess.”

“Not since you came to be my property, eh? Yes... I understand my overseers are very strict.”

The Countess smiled maliciously.

“Remove that apron.”

The apron came away at once to reveal the leather restrainer all male slaves had to wear. As they all were, it was locked on. But the Countess had a master key. She slid off the bed and walked slowly towards the slave, showing the key to him.

“As you know, you are my property,” she said. “so you will do whatever I wish, and you will do whatever I order.”

“Yes... y-yes... Most Noble Countess!”

The slave was visibly trembling. Was it with terror or excitement? Perhaps both.

The Countess inserted the key.

“I am going to release you from your sexual prison,” she said, smiling wickedly. “I trust you live up to my expectations.”

The contrivance came away and the slave stood naked. the Countess found herself well pleased but said nothing. She simply gripped the thick, dangling penis, feeling the man shudder.

“This is mine too, of course,” she stated.

“Yes, oh yes, Most Noble Countess,” agreed the slave.

What else could he do? What else did he want to do? Everything was so unreal. It was a kind of dream from which he might wake at any moment. Either that or it was some kind of trap which

would shortly get him flogged within an inch of his life. Whichever, he was powerless to do anything about it. This mature, voluptuous aristocrat had full control over him. He felt the stirring of his loins. Oh, it had been so long! Was he going to be permitted? Surely not! Yet that was what every word and gesture indicated.

“What is your name?”

The voice was low and sultry.

“John... Most Noble Countess...”

He watched the woman slide back on to the bed, removing her silk gown as she did so. The blood in his veins raced; his virile member was fast thickening and stiffening. All so incredible!

“Well, John,” said the Countess, “you are going to please me with your tongue.”

“Y-yes... Most Noble Countess.”

Oh what a joyous task!

“And please me fully. If you do not, I shall whip you.”

“Yes, Most Noble Countess.”

John, the slave, was in such a state that he would quite willingly risk a whipping for such an unimaginable privilege. Some men dreamed all their lives about pleasuring some aristocratic woman rather than the peasant flesh that came their way.

Now it was actually happening to him!

John slid on to the luxurious bed. Never had he experienced such comfort and softness before. Then, there before him, the young white thighs parted. Heart pounding wildly, his head slid between them... and, the next moment, his tongue was probing between those warm-silky sex lips.

He probed deeper, he used his lips, soon becoming lost in an unbelievable world, the list of which he had never remotely known before. His erection was solid and throbbing. The thighs had begun to quiver, the haunches to jerk. Then he heard her moaning. By all that was holy, he was pleasing her! He, a common slave, was pleasing a female slave-owner — *his* owner! She came to a shuddering climax, crying out; and then a kind of madness overwhelmed John's brain.

He would take her now. *Now!* Nothing else mattered. Nothing!

Actually, that was precisely what the Countess wanted. Yes, in her heart of hearts, she wanted to be raped. Yet she would resist. That would all be part of the excitement. Later, much later, after she had whipped this brute, she would be the one who would be in charge.

Meanwhile...

Hands gripped her. She felt the size of the hard penis against her thigh. For a moment, it almost frightened her. But no! It was what she wanted! He gripped soft, a yielding body, panting like an animal. She fought him, tried to claw him; but he had gripped her wrists. She was helpless. It was a divine sensation.

“I... ahhhh... I... I'll have you flogged to death!” screamed the Countess, feeling the hard prick against her warm and waiting nether lips.

If he heard, it was of no concern of John's. *Nothing* could have stopped him at that moment. With a savage, lusty grunt, he penetrated to the hilt. hearing a high, squealing cry, feeling that divine female body writhing and jerking beneath him. His flanks began to heave. He thrust and thrust, lost to this world. Nothing mattered any more. This was sheer ecstasy.

Sheer ecstasy for the Countess, too. This was exactly what she had wanted at that moment. She began, involuntarily, to co-operate with that massive, driving rod. The rod that filled her again and again and again.

But it could not last. A slave so deprived had no endurance. the Countess knew it, but didn't care. Within a matter of minutes, the slave was quite out of control and the volcano of his satiated lust was erupting fiercely.

The Countess climaxed again, and the two naked bodies lay panting together. The slave moaned repeatedly. He had had his pleasure. Now, he was sure, nothing but an agonising death awaited him. What should he do? Remain where he was and await an order? Or remove himself voluntarily. John waited, nerves on edge.

“You raped me, slave,” stated the Countess.

John had no answer to that. It was true. His heart began to pound with fear.

“Fortunately,” continued the Countess, now calmer again. “It was what I wanted at that moment.”

John could scarcely believe his ears!

“But you did not know that,” the sultry voice went on. “Therefore I shall whip you. Here and now.”

Could he be so fortunate? Merely to be whipped by this cruel beauty? After all the things he had heard about her? Impossible! But, yet, the impossible seemed to be coming true.

One minute later, John was lying face down on that most luxurious bed. Never in his life had he known one anything like it. Not that he was going to have a comfortable time upon it! Turning his head fractionally, he could see the woman, still quite naked, selecting an instrument of correction from a cupboard. She came back, trailing a single-thonged bull-whip on the floor. It could have been worse, thought John, gritting his teeth. Yes, for the divine pleasure he had received, it could have been far worse.

Even so, that bull-whip would be an agony, he knew. It was far from the first time that he had felt it, even during his brief time on this plantation.

“Do you not consider yourself fortunate, brute?”

“Y-yes... indeed, Most Noble Countess.”

John tensed. then the whip swung and cracked across his back. Oh yes, very fortunate! He grunted with pain, telling himself that he would show this young woman that he was made of stern stuff. And, indeed, he was. he was strong and hardened by repeated floggings. The first six strokes got no more than grunts from him, though each one was like a band of liquid-fire over his flesh. John had no knowledge of how many strokes he would receive. It was quite arbitrary. Just as many as this young woman wished.

After six strokes, she turned her attentions to his buttocks. The pain seemed to intensify, yet still John did not break, even if his grunts grew more and more agonised. For her part, the Countess was flogging hard — but she not so hard as she could.

Twelve strokes across the buttocks, and groans as well as grunts were being produced. But then the Countess stopped. She did not wish to over-flog and put this brute out of action. She had other, more interesting plans for him. She tossed the whip down and got back on to the bed.

“You will use your tongue again, brute,” she said.

“Yes, Most Noble Countess. Thank you, Most Noble Countess.”

Another supreme privilege! Would wonders never cease? But John was also thanking this woman for being relatively lenient with her punishment. He had earned a painful death, yet had merely received eighteen strokes. Merely...

And so he delved between those thighs again. They were warmer; they were damp with perspiration. And the sex lips were far warmer and wetter too. Avidly, John put his mouth to work. It was his duty to please this supreme being to the very utmost. The eighteen burning bars across his back and buttocks concerned him scarcely at all. They were no more than he deserved for what he had done — and for what he was doing at that moment. Of that he was well aware.

To his intense satisfaction, John soon heard and felt his owner reaching yet another orgiastic peak. All the same, he went on tonguing her until, in a weak voice, she ordered him to cease.

John lay there, between the warm, quivering flesh of that young woman. No slave, he felt, could ever have been so privileged before. What power had brought this upon him? He lay, waiting.

“On your back, brute!”

John twisted over, instantly obedient to this woman's command. She held his life in her hands; and also the degree of his suffering. The welts across his back throbbed relentlessly. Yet he was quite capable of absorbing and enduring that pain; for pain had been an integral part of his existence for as long as he could recall. It had become almost as natural as breathing. He lay

there sinking into the unaccustomed softness of the bed, very conscious of that exquisitely feminine nakedness nearby.

“By the time you leave this room, brute, you’ll just be able to crawl!”

John heard a girlish giggle; his nerves tingled. Then he gasped as his half-flaccid organ was seized.

“I’m going to use you and use you!”

So be it, thought John. There were far worse fates. Even if this night should be his last. He could not suppress a small moan as a small, sort, white hand — such a small, youthful, indeed girlish hand, he noticed, though the Countess was a mature woman — brought him quickly to erection. There came a sigh of satisfaction.

“You are indeed a *big* brute.”

Then she was straddling him, facing him, and spoke again:

“If you release yourself before I order, I shall flog you again,” said the aristocratic voice, “and flog you more severely. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, yes, Most Noble Countess...”

Ah, so now he would have to exercise all possible control. It was fortunate that he had released himself once already. All the same, with such a delicious creature riding him, it was not going to be easy.

The haunches came down and John felt himself glide smoothly up into her depths. Oh exquisite delight! How could he endure it for long? Yet he had to — he *had* to! Slowly at first, Her Most Noble Countess began to undulate rhythmically up and down. Soon she increased the pace and soon after she was gasping out her delight. She is like a bitch in heat, John thought irreverently, as he gritted his teeth. But I *must* hold out!

Another squealing climax came, accompanied by a violent wriggling of the haunches, yet John’s weapon retained his firm solidity. That was fortunate for, after little more than a minute of rest, the Countess began to use it again. She is insatiable, thought John. how long can I go on enduring this? The delight (one which he had not experienced for so long) was almost unendurable. Then John thought of that whip cracking again across his already burning flesh, and forced himself to endure.

The Countess rested even longer after yet another climax. Already she had lost count of how many orgasms she had already had that night. It mattered not; she was in a state of bliss. As with most things she liked, she liked to do this to excess. She liked to use her male sex slaves to the very limit. I’ll ride him all night, she thought to herself — or until I have no strength left myself. Then she began to move her haunches once more. This time, she thought, I’ll let him release. Then he will be able to hold out even longer when we resume later on.

Five minutes later it was an extremely relieved slave who received permission to unleash the well-nigh overwhelming lust which had built up within him.

The Countess slept for an hour or more, and John dozed. She was on the bed, he on the floor. Sometimes, in the intervals of wakefulness he thought he was dreaming nevertheless. how long would he continue to exist in this quite unreal world?

“Fetch me brandy, John.”

John leapt to his feet.

“Yes, Most Noble Countess.”

John! She had called him John... he, a lowly slave! How utterly unbelievable! With trembling hand he poured a large measure into a heavy glass goblet. On his knees he handed it to his Princess.

“You may drink some yourself, John,” she said, eyes smiling lazily. “I think you may need it.”

“Oh thank you, Most Noble Countess.”

Even more incredible! Permitted to drink in the presence of a the Most Noble Countess! John's hands shook as he poured; then he choked on the fiery spirit. that was something else he was unused to.

“Now I am going to use you again, brute,” announced the Countess some ten minutes later.

“Yes, Most Noble Countess,” said John, bowing his head low.

Then he installed himself on the bed, lay back, preparing once again to become this woman's plaything. The hand began to stimulate; and John's strength began to return. Soon he was mounted again, mounted for a ride that lasted a full twenty minutes, with the Countess achieving one climax after another.

Only when dawn came, was John dismissed. As her highness had promised, he could do no more than crawl from the room. But, he thought as he went, I can now die a happy man. Little did he know...

“I hope you enjoyed yourself.”

The Countess looked mock-disapprovingly at Natalie. And indeed, she felt just a twingle of jealousy and regret, even after her own night of passion. Natalie noticed nothing, and giggled.

“Oh yes! What a hunk!”

The Countess smiled indulgently. Oh, well! After all, you couldn't win them all! And that new

young lad, what was his name? Ah yes, John. Yes, John had kept her satisfied in the end, so all was well that ended well.

“What happened to the slave?” she asked Natalie.

“Oh, I simply dismissed him.”

“With no instructions?”

“No instructions, Countess,” said the Countess. “Why?”

“You gave him access to your lovely young body all night, did you not?”

Natalie blushed most becomingly.

“For such a privilege, I would certainly have had him well-flogged,” stated Countess Garouge emphatically. “I most likely would have done it myself.”

“It was not my wish,” she said simply.

The Countess shrugged and moved away to another guest. It was difficult to understand the young generation. However, she would make it her business to send for that slave and personally flog him on the following day — the day set aside for punishing the domestics. It would not do to let the male chattels get above themselves!

The Countess continued to use John as her sexual plaything for several weeks. Then, as she always did, she grew tired of him. Then, as she always did, she had him taken down to an obscure part of the dungeons known only to her and a few of her most trusted minions. There, he was castrated, then hung upside down by his heels. And every evening, except when she had guests, the Countess went down to visit her ‘lover’, and drank deep from a goblet of his fresh blood.

She had had one of the overseers remove his tongue, so as not have to listen to his futile pleading. But the inarticulate groans of the mutilated wretch were music to the Countess's ears. He took quite a while to die... When he did, his corpse was removed and buried with the others. There had been many others. For the Countess was convinced that the blood of male victims kept her young and beautiful. And after all, who was there that would dare to disagree with her?

[more vampirism, more torture, at least a few details of castration]

After the Countess's death, the estate fell on hard times — her extravagant lifestyle had taken its toll — and had to be broken up. Soon it had become a legend. But believe me, dear Reader, it was no legend, it really was — and maybe, if Mistress Lucy has her way, it will be again!

THE END

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