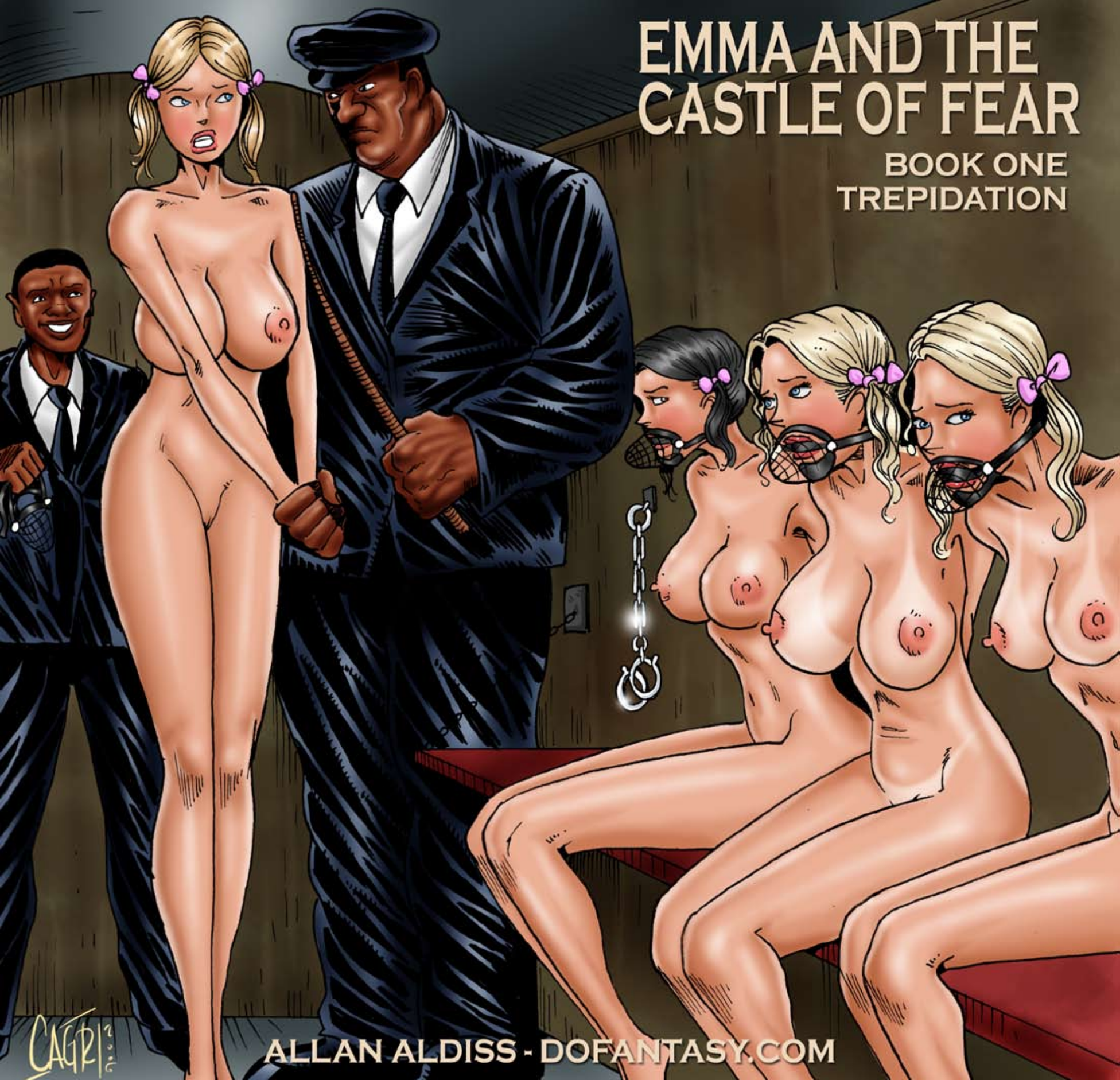

EMMA AND THE CASTLE OF FEAR
BOOK ONE
TREPIDATION
ALLAN ALDISS - DOFANTASY.COM

# EMMA AND THE CASTLE OF FEAR

By ALLAN ALDISS

Book One - TREPITATION

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# EMMA AND THE CASTLE OF FEAR

By ALLAN ALDISS

Book One - TREPITATION

Here is another of Allan Aldiss's best-selling stories of the shocking disciplining and control of Emma, a vivacious young married woman. But this story is also a story of forced breeding and domination of white women by black overseers.

Once again we meet the ruthless Ursula, her sinister friend Doctor Anna and the sadistic Haitian overseer, Sabhu, widely recognised as one of the most terrifying characters in the literature of the domination of young women.

In this story Emma herself tells how Ursula lures her to an isolated Castle in Eastern Europe. Here she joins other unsuspecting girls being prepared both physically and mentally for an unknown fate, but one that is evidently going to earn Ursula a lot of money.

She finds herself a helpless slavegirl in what seems to be an old fashioned Slave Market for wealthy Arabs, under the strict control of black overseers.

She tells the breathtaking story of the control that Ursula exercises over her, despite being married; of her own humiliating breaking-in in the castle and that of her American friend; of their constant fear of corporal punishment from Sabhu and his young black assistants; of their infibulation by the sinister Doctor Anna and other degrading preparations — but for what, they wonder?

But then come even more sinister happenings: intimate inspections by a cruel elderly Arab buyer. She feels terrified of the continual uncertainty hanging over her and why she has been brought here.

Indeed Emma has been earmarked for a strange fate.

# EMMA AND THE CASTLE OF FEAR

By ALLAN ALDISS

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### EPILOGUE


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# PART I
# MARRIED BUT IN THRALL TO MY MISTRESS
## 1 - KEPT PURE AND FRUSTRATED

I jumped as I felt my sleeping husband's half erect manhood pressing against my bottom. Thank heavens John was still asleep and not groping for my beauty lips, locked as they were under Ursula's awful rubber chastity belt.

How silly I had been when, carried away by the sheer excitement of being seduced by such an internationally sophisticated woman as the famous painter Ursula de Vere, I had agreed to sign an embarrassingly explicit Contract of Personal Service. John had been away abroad on one of his many long trips and I had regarded the contract as just a rather exciting joke.

But since then, every time I had tried to get away from Ursula's thraldom, she had threatened to send a copy of the humiliating contract to John - and, even worse, to his mother and sister. Even worse she had also threatened to send them photographs and videos of the dreadful things that she made me do – apparently willingly.

I knew I would do anything to stop that - even allowing her to lock me into a chastity belt when she had to let me go home to get our house in the country ready for John's return.

I now gently pushed John back onto his side of the bed. How embarrassing it would be if he found out that another woman had locked his precious wife into a chastity belt. How on earth would I talk my way out of that?

He had only just returned from one of his long trips abroad and naturally had been looking forward to having sex with his beautiful and desirable young wife - just as I, too, had wanted to have sex with him. But I was not allowed to do so by my implacable Mistress. She controlled my body - partly with a chastity belt and partly by fear of her cane.

'You're such a sensuous little creature, Emma,' she had said in her distinctive Slav accent, as she locked the horrible belt round my waist. 'I can't trust you to keep yourself pure for your Mistress. But now, whether you like it or not, you're now going to be kept as pure as a nun.'

'Oh, please, no, Madam,' I had begged.

'Oh, yes Emma, yes. Moreover, I don't want you getting yourself into a family way.'

'But the pills, Madam,' I said, for Ursula had insisted on putting me on the pill as soon as she heard that John was coming back. 'Surely ... '

'You're such a silly girl, Emma, that I don't know whether I can trust you not to forget to take them when I'm not there to see that you do. No, this way I can be doubly sure. I've got some plans for you when John goes away again - plans that I don't want to risk upsetting.'

'Special plans,' I had repeated. ' How exciting! What are they?'

'Never you mind, Emma. You just do as you're told.'

I had to be satisfied with that but I could not help wondering what my Mistress had in store for me that made her take such precautions.

I had been mystified about how little I seemed to remember of what had happened on previous occasions when Ursula had had made special plans for me. My memory seemed strangely vague. I often speculated whether she had me hypnotised to forget what had happened, or kept me on some drug that would wipe out my memory.

I had strange half-memories of being treated sometimes like a tart and sometimes like a dog. If I ever

asked her about it, she would become very angry and start reaching for her cane - something that would soon shut me up.

Had I really been used for some shameful purpose? More likely, I told myself it was all just a dream - or a nightmare.

Fortunately, John had accepted my rather glib explanation that it was not the right time for me. Earlier, I had played with him and brought him to a climax, even though I knew that merely doing this would earn me nine strokes of the cane when Ursula made me confess to doing it. But it would have been eighteen if I had let him use my bottom or my mouth. Even so, nine strokes! I resolved not to be brainwashed into confessing. Why should I?

Whilst pleasuring him, I had let him see and suck my breasts, which he loved doing and which excited me madly too. But, of course, with my chastity belt firmly locked in place, there could be no fun and games for me, no relief. Indeed I had to concentrate on brushing his hands away from my waist and loins for fear that he felt the embarrassing and horribly humiliating chastity belt for which that Ursula had embarrassingly had me specially measured.

Beneath the thick woollen pants that I had specially put on under my satin pyjamas, I could feel the two flat steel chains pressing against the cheeks of my bottom. They ran up from between my legs, leaving my rear orifice exposed, over my bottom and up to the strong wide rubber band, reinforced with stiff wire, fastened around my waist by a little flat lock in the small of my back.

Down from the front of the rubber band ran the flat, cleverly shaped rubber flange, again reinforced with steel wire on the sides, covering my mound. More to the point it also ran down between my legs to meet the two chains which ran up over my buttocks. Oh how I hated the long narrow slit in the flange, through which my beauty lips were forced and kept tightly compressed - and, hence, my beauty bud itself kept hidden away out of reach.

Even that that was not all, for to stop me from using a vibrator merely on the my sensitive beauty lips, Ursula had insisted on the slit being covered with a curved plastic grille through which not even a feather could penetrate. This was hinged at the top and fastened at the bottom by a tiny padlock that hung down innocently between my legs.

Oh, how I hated the way that, in front of her admiring friends, Ursula would unlock the padlock and make me hold up the grille for her to show off my well guarded beauty lips, or to check that they were still as smooth and hairless as those of a little girl.

Oh, how I also hated the cruel way that she and friends would laugh as they saw how, to my embarrassment, my frustrated beauty lips would respond to their fingers by becoming moist and glistening with desire - just indeed as I could feel, beneath the horrible locked grille, that they were at this very moment responding to the nearness of John's aroused manhood.

Oh yes, it was a horribly clever way of keeping a girl pure and unsullied by a masculine manhood and yet allowed her to spend a penny through the slit and on through the grille. The belt was almost unnoticeable under panties, except of course to the touch.

There was little chance of it being detected by a man unless you were dancing with him - and if you were dancing with Ursula or one of her lady friends, then, they would just love feeling the way their partner was being kept frustrated and pure.

But the belt was not all that all that I was desperate lest my husband would feel. Ursula also insisted that, when I was at home, I must still wear her leather dog collar locked round my neck, hidden under a scarf. This, I knew, was largely psychological - to make sure that I never forgot that she was my Mistress.

Quite apart from constantly feeling it, I knew that on the front of the collar, next to the ring for attaching a lead, was a metal plaque engraved with Ursula's name, address and telephone number. I could not remove the collar for it was fastened with a little lock at the back to which only Ursula held the key.

Oh, how embarrassing it would be if John ever saw that inscription! It was so embarrassing having to hide the collar all the time - even in bed. Like the chastity belt, it constantly reminded me that, married woman or not, I belonged to Ursula. Oh, how she enjoyed having a married woman in her power!

Oh, how humiliating it was being sent home by my

Mistress, deliberately still locked into the horrible and frustrating chastity belt and with her collar still locked round my neck.

Hesitantly I put my hands down to the front of the chastity belt and sucked in my tummy. But, I knew that it was a waste of time - the rubber flange was pressing far too tightly against my skin to allow me even to get a little finger underneath it. Oh the frustration! Oh how I longed for a little relief! Oh what a cruel woman Ursula was!

I knew it was largely because she kept me so frustrated that, husband not withstanding, I was so besotted by her. I hated the embarrassing chastity belt. But having to wear it was, I realised, better than Ursula's threatened alternative.

'Yes, Emma,' she had said, 'the next time Doctor Anna comes back to London, I'm going to talk to her about having you sewn up.'

'Sewn up, Madam?' I had nervously queried.

'Yes, Emma, having Doctor Anna sew up your beauty lips.'

'Oh no!' I had cried out in horror.

'Oh yes! After all, many Arabs girls are kept sewn up, so why not you? Then, even if you were not locked into a chastity belt, you still couldn't deceive me behind my back by playing with your naughty little beauty bud. You would also not be able to allow your husband, or any other brute of a man, to drive his manhood up inside you - something I know you love, you little slut.'

'Oh no, Madam,' I had again gasped.

'Oh yes, Emma,' Ursula had laughed cruelly. 'Of course, Doctor Anna would have to write to your fool of husband saying that she had to operate on you in this way for special gynaecological reasons - but that would be no problem. Then I'd know that, like it or not, you simply could not possibly be unfaithful to me.'

'Oh!' I had cried out.

'And,' Ursula had calmly continued, 'if Doctor Anna also took the opportunity to snip off any protruding inner lips, your now nicely compressed and hairless outer lips would look just like those of an innocent little girl. It would be lovely!'

'Oh, no, please, Madam,' I had begged.

'Well, you'll have to make sure that you are faithful to me even when your husband is at home - or you'll be sewn up. You can play with him, provided you tell me afterwards, but it'll cost you the usual ten strokes of the cane - won't it?'

Dumbly I had nodded, but secretly I was thinking: Oh my God, I'd do anything to avoid Ursula's dreaded standard ten strokes! How often had I tried to lie to Ursula about pleasing John, but she had always got the truth out of me - and had then given me her standard ten strokes of the cane. They may not have always have been very hard ones, but they still stung like mad - and left a mark.  Oh, how I hated that awful cane of hers – and that of Sabhu the big black Haitian she employed as an overseer for her girls. I even had nightmares about them. They seemed to have a malevolent life of their own.

Ursula used her cane to punish me for the slightest fault: answering her back; forgetting to call her Madam; failing to lay out her silk pyjamas properly; being caught helping myself from one of her silver bowls of delicious chocolates; not walking three paces behind her in the street - the list was endless and all earned me, a married grown-up woman, the standard ten strokes.

was not only the excruciating pain at the time. There was also the shame of it all - for invariably being beaten by my Mistress made me wet with arousal. There was also the highly embarrassing subsequent problem of hiding the marks from my husband - and disguising the fact that for two whole days I could scarcely bear to sit down or lie on my back in bed.

'Of course,' Ursula had then gone on, 'it might be more amusing to have Doctor Anna just cut off the tip of your beauty bud. Girls make such a fuss about female circumcision, but it's a very effective of keeping them faithful. And such a simple little snip!'

Female circumcision! My God! What a terrible Sword of Damocles was hanging over my head.

'Yes, your dolt of a husband would probably not even notice what had been done to you. But you certainly would - and you would then have to fake your pleas-




Oh, how I hate it when in front of her admiring friends, Ursula unlocks the padlock that keeps the grille fastened over my compressed beauty lips and makes me lift it up to disclosed my lips, held protruding, hairless like those of a little girl, through the long slit in the rubber flange. This chastity belt is almost unnoticeable under panties, but it keeps me pure and unsullied by my unsuspecting husband. Yet it allows me to spend a penny through the slit and on through the little holes in the grille. I could feel my frustrated beauty lips responding to the gentle stroking of Ursula's friends by becoming embarrassingly moist and glistening with desire.

ure!'

Desperately trying to put such terrifying ideas talk out of my mind, I thought back to the telephone call I had received that very evening from Ursula.

'Be at my house on Thursday at 2 p.m. sharp,' my Mistress had abruptly said.

Then without another word, not even to confirm that I could get away, she had put the phone down, leaving me to tell John yet again that Ursula wanted me to go up to London to give her a hand at the exhibition of her paintings. It was so much easier to make excuses to meet your lover if she was woman, especially a much-admired painter. Even a jealous husband would not normally suspect the truth. But, oh, how these apparently innocent trysts would arouse the most exciting and secret feeling of anticipation - and fear! I could hardly wait for Thursday and yet I was increasingly terrified as the day came nearer.

Ursula's pictures, largely of half-naked nubile young women, were in great demand. Little suspecting the truth, John was delighted that Ursula had chosen me to be her part-time sales assistant - and arranger of her exhibitions. el.

Ursula was very rich and highly intelligent, a leading personality in the artistic world, a keen supporter of ballet and in particular of young penniless girl dancers and ethnic immigrants from Eastern Europe. She was tall, with an angular almost boyish figure, dark hair, high cheekbones and a Slavonic accent. She was also a fervent and dominating lesbian who stood no nonsense from the young women in thrall to her - like me! ■

# 2 - A STRANGE ORGY

It was at precisely two o'clock the next day that, dressed up to the nines to impress Ursula, I pressed the doorbell of her West End house.

I had been so excited, and yet also terrified, at the thought of seeing my Mistress again. But, at least, I thought, she was bound to take off my chastity belt and give me the relief that she had prevented me getting from my husband. Oh, the thrilling feeling of anticipation!

Ursula's sour-faced Italian housekeeper silently let me in. At least there was no longer any sign of that awful big burly great Haitian, Sabhu. He used to really enjoy supervising and controlling Ursula's girls and we were all really scared of him. I hated him.

He had originally been an animal trainer in a circus, responsible for feeding the caged animals and for teaching them new tricks. Ursula had offered him a job to treat her girls similarly - even me, a married woman!

It wasn't so much that he was black that made him so awful. I have always prided myself on having no racist feelings - though undoubtedly there is something very frightening for a sophisticated white woman about being intimately supervised by an uneducated black man who only spoke broken English with a strong half French, half Caribbean, accent.

What made it worse was more the cruel way in which he treated the women he was supervising and the strict discipline he imposed on them.

Apparently, in his circus days he had specialised in breeding from his charges. I had heard Ursula talking excitedly to her like-minded lady friends about the idea of forced breeding, of imposing an unwanted pregnancy, supervised by Sabhu, on an unwilling girl. It would, they laughed, be the very apogee of imposing a Mistress's will on a girl and of asserting her power over her.

A forced pregnancy! And one supervised by Sabhu. Oh, how awful! Thank God, that it was quite impractical for Ursula to impose that on me. Even if she wanted to do so, how on earth could she hide my state from John and from our friends for nine whole months?

Ursula had allowed Sabhu a freehand when it came to punishing us - and no questions asked. All that she would say when she saw the marks of Sabhu's cane on my bottom was: 'I see you've been a naughty girl again, Emma.'

Indeed she was just delighted to have to a set of strangely obedient girls, all desperately anxious to please her and her lady friends and clients - for fear of Sabhu's cane, as well as her own one. But he had not been around recently - thank God!

Anxiously I looked around for Ursula. I was so longing to fall into her arms. To my dismay there was no sign of her. Instead the housekeeper pointed to a note lying on the tale by the door.

'Emma, go into the alcove and undress. You'll see a dog lead there. Snap the lead onto the ring on the front of your collar and push the end of the lead under the bottom of the door into my bedroom. Then wait for me - on all fours.'

How exciting! I loved being my Mistress's little dog, provided, of course, I was the only one - and evidently I was!

The housekeeper led me up to the alcove I knew well. It had two locked doors: one into the outside corridor and the other into my Mistress's sumptuous bedroom.




Ursula had told me to go into the little cupboard room off her bedroom, to undress, to push the end of my dog-lead under the door and then to await orders, kneeling down on all fours like a little dog. I had been horrified to find another girl also there. I felt something strange pressing against my hip. Looking down I saw that the other girl was also locked into one of Ursula's chastity belts. Poor thing, was she being kept frustrated too? I looked at her enquiringly. 'Not speak,' she whispered, 'or get cane.' Finally I heard footsteps and the swishing noise of clothes being taken off. 'Shall we let the littler dogs out and put them to work?' came a woman's voice. I heard a cane being swished through the air.

It also contained a small iron-barred punishment cage, like a dog kennel. How often had I had to wait there, naked and locked into the alcove, sometimes even into the cage, silently waiting for her to finish her siesta and to decide that she wanted me to pleasure her.

As I followed the house-housekeeper up the stairs I could hear Ursula's voice and that of another woman, coming from the dining room. Ursula must have invited a lady friend to lunch. How disappointing!

The housekeeper unlocked the door on the corridor and pushed me through it. It was dark. The door shut behind me. But I could hear breathing. There was someone else in the darkened alcove! Scared, I tried to open the door to get out. But in vain, it was firmly locked.

'Let me out!' I cried.

I heard the housekeeper's sardonic laugh and the noise of her footsteps going away down the corridor. I was alone with whoever it was.

'Who are you?' I cried.

'Me Maja,' came back a little whispered voice. 'Me no speak much English.'

There was a little chink of light coming from under the other door, the one into Ursula's bedroom. As my eyes got used to the darkness, I made out a dark haired young girl kneeling on all fours in front of this second door, just as Ursula's note had ordered me to do. I saw she was naked - except for a collar round her neck that looked just like mine. Her full breasts were hanging down beneath her. She looked about eighteen.

I felt furiously jealous at finding a younger girl also apparently waiting to please Ursula. Who was this chit of a girl who spoke no English?

I remembered Ursula's instruction that I, too, was to strip naked. Ursula might be coming upstairs at any moment. She would be furious if she did not find me kneeling abjectly and naked alongside the other girl. It would be the cane for me! That terrifying thought made me forget my jealousy. All I could think about was obeying Ursula's instructions. Hastily I undressed and put my clothes onto a shelf I felt in the darkened cupboard. Then I knelt down alongside Maja, my breasts hanging below me like hers.

I made out a little chain dog lead lying on he floor. Again remembering Ursula's instructions I quickly snapped it onto the ring at the front of my collar. Then I pushed the end of the lead under the door into Ursula's bedroom. I saw that there was another chain dog lead there - and that it led back to Maja's collar, again just like mine.

Goodness, how exciting for Ursula! Come into her bedroom and seeing the ends of two dog leads poking out under the alcove door, knowing that each was attached to the collar of a naked girl, humbly kneeling on all fours on the other side of the door, waiting to be summoned for her pleasure. How typical of Ursula to have arranged such an erotic scene.

I now felt something strange pressing against my hip. I looked down and saw that Maja was wearing a rubber chastity belt - just like mine. I looked enquiringly at her, but she just put a finger to her lips and then shook it admonishingly.

'Not speak,' she whispered softly. 'Get cane!'

The two of us silently knelt there abjectly on all fours like little dogs waiting to be summoned by our Mistresses. Indeed, I thought, perhaps this Maja girl was not one of Ursula's girls after all, but belonged to her luncheon guest and had been put into the cupboard whilst they eat - just as I had.

My feeling of jealousy abated. Poor girl, like me she was perhaps in thrall to a dominating woman.

It was some time before I heard voices and then the sound of footsteps going into Ursula's large and sumptuous bedroom. I heard cupboards being opened, and the swishing noise of clothes being taken off and satin ones put on. I recognised Ursula's cruel laugh.

'Shall we let the little dogs out and put them to work?' I heard a strange woman's voice ask in a Scandinavian accent.

'Why not?' I heard Ursula laugh. 'I can't wait to try out your clever little toy, Sonja. It's already giving me quite a thrill. I think my little dog's going to have a quite a shock!'

'Oh, I think you'll find she soon learns,' came the reply. 'Mine did!'

There was a swishing noise, this time as of a cane being swept through the air and then being brought down onto the bed.

'Well, she'd jolly well better!' I heard Ursula grunt.

I shuddered with fear. What was it that I was going to be made to learn to do under the threat of the cane? It would be so humiliating, me a thirty year old married woman, being treated like a naughty schoolgirl, in front of this young girl. Moments later, I felt a tug on the chain lead attached to my collar and the door into the bedroom opened. I blinked in the sudden light. Then I saw Ursula standing before me. She was dressed in a long green negligee of heavy satin. She was holding the lead to my collar in one hand. But I could not help trembling when I saw what she was holding in her other hand: a long whippy cane with a curved handle.

Standing next to her was a slightly shorter slim woman: evidently Sonja. She looked as though she was in her forties and her eyes had the same hard ruthless look of Ursula's. But whereas Ursula had the typical dark haired, thin faced look of a Slav, Sonja had the softer blonde look of a Scandinavian. She was holding the pretty dark-haired Maja's lead in her hand and, like Ursula, she too was holding a cane.

She pulled the crawling Maja towards her. Then she thrust her tummy forward and I was now astonished to see a very realistic pink rubber manhood thrust itself forward through the parting at the front of her long negligee.

'Emma!' ordered my Mistress, giving my lead another tug and raising her cane menacingly, 'watch carefully!'

Open mouthed, I watched as Sonja put the hand that held the dog lead down to the dildo. She began to move it up and down gently - like a man masturbating. She gave a little cry of ecstasy.

Then she took her hand away and snapped her fingers. Immediately Maja crawled forward. Then, like a dog that has been taught to sit up and beg, she began to tickle the tip of the dildo with the tip of her tongue. As she wriggled her tongue from side to side, Sonja again began to cry out in ecstasy.

I realised that the dildo must be a special double one, with the other half hidden inside Sonja. The slightest vibration of the part being tickled was evidently being repeated inside her, hence the evident ecstasy.

Ursula now pulled me towards her loins. A similar pink manhood appeared in the front of her negligee. She too held it between her fingers and began to move it up and down like a man pleasuring himself. She too began to moan in ecstasy.

'Now make your girl tickle it with her tongue,' said Sonja.

Ursula snapped her fingers and raised her cane. Remembering what I had seen Maja do, I too sat up on my ankles and began to wriggle my tongue across the tip of the rubber dildo. There was a gasp of pleasure from Ursula.

'Go on, girl, go on!' she cried tapping me on my bare bottom with her cane. Desperately I went on, until my muscles were aching.

'Now make her suck it, like mine is doing,' cried Sonja. I saw that Maja had taken her dildo into her mouth and was gently moving it up and down - evidently giving her Mistress much pleasure as she did so. I did the same.

'Oh, how wonderful!' I heard Ursula's voice coming from above my nodding head. Then I felt another sharp tap on my bottom. 'Keep at it, girl!'

There was silence broken only by the cries of pleasure from the two older women.

'Now get your girl to do this!' suddenly cried Sonja. She swept the folds of her negligee aside and, gripping Maja's hair to hold her head still, she stepped over the kneeling Maja so that the girl's body was now hidden behind her and under the heavy satin of her negligee.

Still gripping the girl's hair, she now trapped Maja's head between her thighs and pressed her face up to the base of the double dildo.

Astonished, I now saw that that hanging down below the dildo was a rubber scrotum, which was now being avidly licked by Maja. Once again the action of her tongue was producing delicious vibrations not only inside Sonja, but also thanks to little rubber studs, along her beauty lips and onto her beauty bud itself.

Seconds later I found myself being similarly gripped




Ursula a gasped with pleasure as, using her cane, she made me tickle the tip of her protruding dildo with the tip of my tongue. ‘Go on, girl, go on,’ she cried. Fearful of her cane I desperately went on until my muscles ached. Meanwhile Sonja was alternatively using her fingers alternatively to move her dildo up and down, like a man masturbating, and then thrusting the dildo into Maja’s mouth to be sucked. I realised that the dildo’s were double ones with one part going up inside our Mistresses and giving her pleasure with its slightest vibration. There were also rubber knobs on the base of the dildo pressing on their clitorises giving them even greater pleasure. But there was none for us – thanks to our horrible chastity belts.

between my Mistress's thighs and forced by more sharp taps of her cane to use my tired tongue to alternatively lick and tickle the scrotum of her double dildo.

Finally with raucous cries both women reached their climaxes and fell back exhausted onto the bed - each was still holding her girl's lead.

Aroused under our chastity belts, but kept totally frustrated by them, Maja and I looked sympathetically at each other as we stood on either side of the bed. But not long, for both our Mistresses quickly recovered and demanded our services again.

Once again we had to tickle the tips of their dildos - thus time kneeling by their sides on the bed, our heads nodding up and down in time, as our Mistresses laughed and cried out in an ecstasy that seemed to go on and on. ■

# 3 - CANED BY MY MISTRESS

'Well, little Emma,' said Ursula in a deceptively gentle voice, as I stood in front of her desk like a naughty little child some two hours later. 'Were you a good girl when you were at home?'

I trembled before replying for I could see the cane lying on her desk. It was long and whippy. I knew it could hurt like mad.

'Oh yes, Madam,' I lisped like a little girl, hoping against hope that I would not be found out, for under the swirling little girl's party dress, that I always had to wear in Ursula's house, I could feel that I was aroused - and frustrated. Oh how humiliating it was being made by Ursula to have to dress like a little girl over my chastity belt.

At least she was not giving one of her parties. It was bad enough when she made me take off my scarf and lift up my dress to show off my collar and chastity belt to her laughing and similarly minded lady friends. At least they probably often treated their own girls in this way.

But it was quite another matter to have to stand making polite conversation to strange men, whilst all the time feeling the collar pressing against my neck and the chastity belt pressing against my beauty lips. I would be terrified lest the scarf might slip or the swirling skirt might flare up - and reveal all.

Oh the shame! But, also, oh the exciting feeling of being utterly in Ursula's power. And as an outward sign of being in her power, I always had to wear a pink ribbon in my hair. Every time I looked in a mirror to admire myself, there it was, the pink ribbon, - a permanent reminder of being in Ursula's thrall.

I now turned to go to back the Nursery, as my little room was called. But then came the words that I had been dreading.

'Not so fast, young Emma. Come here and tell me how you got on with John after his long absence abroad. Did he discover your chastity belt or the collar?'

'Oh no, Madam,' I cried. 'That would have bee too embarrassing.'

'Yes, I expect it would have been,' laughed Ursula. 'So what happened? Well?'

'Nothing, Madam' I said nervously

'Don't lie to me girl.' She picked up the cane. 'What happens to little girls to lie to their Mistresses?'

I bit my lips.

'Well?' said Ursula in her most hypnotic voice. 'Well, what happens to them, little Emma?'

'They get double the normal number of strokes, Madam,' I finally blurted out.

'So you'd better hurry up and tell me just what happened, hadn't you? Better nine strokes than eighteen! Well?

'I ... I ... played with him Madam.'

'With your mouth?'

'Oh no, Madam, no!' I lied, knowing that would mean eighteen strokes. 'Only with my hands!'

'You disgusting little girl, playing with a man. Can't you control yourself? This means the cane. Doesn't it?'

'Yes Madam,' I sobbed. Then I added, lisping appealingly like a little girl, 'But only five strokes, please, Madam. I just can't take any more.'

I was in tears, but Ursula was implacable.




‘She’s going to be beaten, for masturbating her husband,’ Ursula had told her house-keeper, as she ordered her to take me embarrassingly to spend a penny. ‘I don’t want her disgracing herself onto the carpet.’ When I was brought back and she reached for her dreaded cane, she ordered: ‘Bend over the desk, bottom up and up on your toes.’ Each stroke was sheer hell, but I had to thank her humbly for each one. But how was I going to hide the marks from my husband? I was sobbing hard when finally my Mistress put down her cane. ‘Take her upstairs and put her in my bed, naked and under the bed clothes,’ she said to the horrible house-keeper.

‘You knew very well that the punishment for what you did is nine strokes and nine strokes is what you’re going to get.’

Nine strokes, I thought in horror. Oh my God!

She rang a bell on her desk and Francesca came bustling into the room. It was almost as if she had been waiting eagerly outside the door.

‘She’s going to be beaten,’ Ursula explained, ‘and I don’t want her disgracing herself onto the carpet. Take her away and make sure she spends a penny. Then bring her back here for her caning!’

Oh it was all so humiliating being handed over to the tender mercies of a foreign servant. Francesca really seemed to enjoy it as she took me to the loo and silently stood over me, as if I were a little girl, as blushingly I spent a penny – me, a grown woman!

At least, I thought, she was a woman and not the terrible black Sabhu. He had really enjoyed supervising Ursula’s girls even in their most intimate moments. How I had hated him - and feared him, too. If only, I used to think, that Ursula realised just how awful and cruel he was, she would have got rid of him. Perhaps she had, for there had been no sign of him recently.

‘Now you get a good caning,’ the housekeeper gloated as, holding me by the scruff of my neck, she knocked on the study door and pushed me back into the room. I was trembling liked a leaf.

Ursula was busy reading some papers as I stood in front of her desk nervously wringing my hands, my eyes fixed on the dreaded cane. I put on my most winsome smile. Perhaps I could charm my way out of a caning.

Finally my terrifying Mistress put down her papers and looked up at me. She ignored my little nervous smiles.

‘Bend over the desk,’ she ordered harshly, slowly getting up from her chair.

Scared stiff, I did so, reaching forward to grip the far edge of the desk, looking straight ahead and raising myself up on my toes in the way that I had been trained to do. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her pick up her cane. There were swishing noises as she made several practice strokes. I was terrified.

I felt her lift up my skirt with the cane.

‘Get more up on your toes!’ she ordered. ‘Head up! Present your buttocks properly.’ Nervously I looked at the wall in front of me and thrust my bottom back.

‘Count, girl!’ came an angry order.

‘One stroke, Madam!’ I called out my voice almost choked with tears.

There was a swishing noise and a sudden feeling of fire across my bare bottom. I screamed with pain and couldn’t stop myself from jumping up and rubbing my bottom.

I could see Ursula smiling as she again raised the cane.

‘Down!’ she ordered.

‘Again I bent over and presented my bottom.

There was a long pause. How, I was asking myself, was I going to hide the marks of the cane from John when I went back home that evening? Then, putting that aside, I added, lisping, as I knew I must: ‘This little girl thanks her kind Mistress for rightly punishing her.’

There was another swishing noise. Again I screamed and jumped up. Again I thanked my Mistress. Again I wondered how I was going to hide the marks. But that, I knew, was all part of the enjoyment that Ursula got from beating me. That and the feeling of even greater power that came from knowing that I would not be able to sit down properly in my own home for a couple of days, or even lie on my back in my husband’s bed.

I screamed even louder with the third stroke and started to cry. How could I stand another six strokes? But somehow I did.

Would beating me arouse my Mistress so that she would order me to her bed, I wondered, half excited, though I knew that she would not allow me any pleasure - I was in disgrace! My chastity belt would remain in place.

I was sobbing hard when my Mistress put down her cane.

‘Get upstairs and wait for me in my bed - naked and under the bedclothes. Now get out!’

Thrilled and yet still in great pain, I scuttled out of the room, rubbing my bottom and passed Francesca who had obviously been listening, gloating, through the half open door.

My bottom was still on fire as I took off my little girl's dress and slipped into the darkness between the satin sheets of Ursula's luxurious bed, taking care to remain on all fours. Then I remained quite still.

Minutes later I heard Ursula footsteps come into her room. I heard her undress and the running of water from the bathroom. There was a swishing noise as she slipped into her silk open peignoir.

Suddenly there was a flash of light as she pulled back the sheets and climbed into bed. Then there was darkness again. I felt her long legs thrusting down on either side of me as I crouched under the sheets.

I felt her grip my hair and guide my face down to between her parted legs. 'Lick, girl, lick - unless you want to feel the cane again.'

Terrified, I applied my tongue to her beauty lips, seeking out her aroused beauty bud. I reached forward to squeeze gently her aroused nipples. Soon I heard her moaning with pleasure. I did not dare to speak or call out. I could feel myself becoming aroused too. I longed to put my hand down between my legs, but I did not dare to do so. I knew that Ursula would notice at once if I once moved my hands off her small hard breasts. There would be no satisfaction for me today!

Suddenly there was a cry from Ursula and my mouth filled with her juices. She gripped my hair even tighter.

'Suck!' She ordered. 'Go on, suck!' For what seemed ages I went on alternatively sucking and licking whilst my Mistress seemed to come and come in one climax after another, before lying back satiated.

I still did not dare to move

'Now listen carefully, little girl.' I heard her say, at last. Now what, I wondered nervously. But to my surprise the tone of her voice changed

'Would you like to come away with me, little Emma, when your husband goes off again?' she asked in a nice friendly voice, as if she were talking to a friend rather than a mere pleasure girl.

My heart went into my mouth when I heard these words. I knew, of course, that she had something special planned for me when John went away again. I also knew that she was planning to go off abroad herself. But I had never thought that she might invite me to go with her. How exciting!

But, I thought suspiciously, what would be my role? Her companion, or just her maidservant?

Ursula! Oh how I sometimes hated her and her obsession with power - of power over young women, especially if they were married and upper class ones - like me!

It was one thing, I knew, to pop up to London to see her once a week when John thought she was taking me off to an art appreciation class or helping at one of her exhibitions. It would be quite another to go off on holiday with her.

Ursula was like a drug. I knew I should not see her or have anything more to do with her. But I also knew that I simply could not stop seeing her. Life was so dull without her! Even being in her power was all so unbelievably exciting - not knowing what was going to happen next!

It could, of course, at times be very painful, as I had just been reminded. Not only did Ursula have a strong cruel and sadistic streak, she also had a quick temper and was an adroit wielder of the cane. But somehow the constant threat of punishment made it all the more exciting!

'I thought we might both go to Vienna together,' I heard her say, as I cowered under the bedclothes. Vienna, I thought, well! How romantic - and just the two of us. 'I know that John is going away again for several months shortly,' she went on, 'so I rang him to say that I thought that a little trip abroad with me would cheer you up. He agreed and thanked me effusively.'

How typical of Ursula to go straight to John behind my back, as if I were still a child. But even so, how thrilling it all sounded.

'We could,' she went on in a strangely hypnotic voice, 'have great fun together!'

Fun together! The words rang through my mind.

‘Don’t worry about clothes or money. I’ll fix you up with what you’ll need out there.’

How exciting! And she was going to buy me some new clothes! And there was no mention of the dreaded Sabhu, who had caused me so much grief when I previously been with Ursula.

‘Just arrive at the airport dressed and made up to look like a teenager,’ Ursula went on, ‘with a pink ribbon in your hair.’

Even more exciting, I thought. I knew that Ursula, like many of her lady friends, liked to dress and treat her girls as schoolgirls.

‘And, of course,’ she went on, ‘we don’t want the metal wires in your chastity belt triggering off the alarm when you pass through the security check at the airport, so I’ll give you the key at the airport so that you can take it off in the Ladies and put it into a little bag which I’ll put into my make-up case. Anyway, we won’t need it on your holiday.’

Wonderful! So I was not going to be locked into the horrible chastity belt during our holiday together. All my earlier hesitation about going off with Ursula was swept aside.

‘Yes,’ I heard her say, ‘it will all be a new experience for you. And, little girl, if you don’t want to come I can always get someone else.’

A feeling of intense jealousy swept through me. Some one else! No! No! Plucking up my courage, I dared to make a little moan of protest from under the bedclothes. I heard her laugh.

‘So little Emma wants to come with her Mistress, does she?’

Again I made a little moan, this time of affirmation.

‘Well,’ I heard her say. ‘ I think you’d better use your tongue again - to persuade your Mistress not to change her mind.’

I lowered my head again. Never have I licked and sucked so eagerly. Vienna, I was thinking - and alone with Ursula! Oh, the excitement!

The next few days passed in a mad rush as I saw John off on his long trip and then prepared to shut up the house whilst I was away.

Ursula had cunningly arranged things so that I would not see her again until we met at the airport. Oh the anticipation! Oh the excitement of going off alone with Ursula! Oh the thrill of not knowing just what we would be doing, nor where we would be going nor for how long - for I had not dared to ask Ursula these questions.

It was, I had to admit, thrilling being so completely in Ursula’s power. But I would have been appalled if I had then known just what she had in store for me. ■

# 4 - SABHU!

I was so excited when I arrived at the airport. I was going off on holiday alone with my Mistress. And I was free from the horrible chastity belt.

It was when I saw Sonja there, with three very pretty girls in tow, that I had my first doubts - for, like me, they were all dressed as teenagers and wearing pink ribbons in their hair. One was poor Maja! Sonja waved to Ursula. They were obviously expecting to meet each other at the airport and to travel together.

Suddenly I noticed a strong family resemblance between the two other girls. Were they sisters, I wondered?

I knew that Ursula loved having a pair of sisters in thrall. She would seduce one of them and then make the other so jealous that she too allowed herself to be seduced, thinking that she had seen off her sister, only to discover that both of them were handed over to the dreaded Sabhu to be humiliatingly trained by him, through fear of his cane, to perform together in her bed - and to earn her large sums, often indeed like me, in the beds of her lady clients.

Then I looked more closely and to my astonishment saw that under her clever make-up, one of the two girls, whilst still being very beautiful, was really a good deal older than the other. Goodness, I thought, were they a mother and daughter, both in thrall to Sonja?

I knew that to have a lovely woman still in her thirties and her equally pretty sixteen or seventeen year-old daughter, both carefully trained to pleasure their Mistress together and both jealous of each other, was considered by Ursula and her friends to be the very height of eroticism - as indeed, I had heard, it was also still considered to be in the harems of rich Arab sheiks.

I never did learn the real names of this beautiful mother and daughter. My astonishment at seeing them was overtaken by my dismay at finding that instead of travelling first class alone with Ursula, I was to be put in Economy Class next to Sonja's three girls, who, like Maja, seemed to speak virtually no English.

As previously arranged, Ursula now handed me a little bag and the key of my chastity belt so that I could take it off in the Ladies loo before going through the security check.

'And hurry back,' she admonished.

Moments later I handed her the now full little bag, which she put into her make-up case. Oh it was so wonderful to be free of the horrible chastity belt. Our lovely holiday together, I felt, was really beginning.

But once in the aircraft, I found it impossible to have a sensible conversation with Sonja's girls s their English was almost non-existent. But it was clear that, like me, they were thrilled to be going off on holiday with their Mistress.

'Lovely holiday,' they kept repeating. 'You too?'

'Oh yes,' I replied confidently.

Meanwhile Ursula and Sonja were drinking champagne in the front of the plane and occasionally coming back to check up on us.

'But, Madam,' I plucked up enough courage to say to Ursula on one of these visits, 'I thought you and I were going to be alone together.'

'Oh don't worry, little Emma,' Ursula replied in a soothing tone, 'It's all going to be so exciting for you.'

Reassured and assuming that the other girls were destined for a quite different holiday with their Mistress,




‘Oh no little Emma, you not escape,’ Sabhu laughed cruelly. ‘You and your little friends here are all destined for something very special. I much enjoy getting you nice and ready.’ Nice and ready! What did he mean I wondered anxiously as I saw the muzzled and tied down other girls. Soon the boy tied a muzzle over my mouth and fastened it tightly round my neck. It fitted tightly under my chin preventing me from opening my mouth. I could also feel a stiff rubber flange pressing down on my tongue, rendering me completely mute. Then, I was pushed down onto the empty seat and, like the other women, my hands were fastened to the handcuffs attached to a ring in the wall of he van. Silently I exchanged looks of horror with the mother and daughter. What was going to happen to us?

I turned to look at a map of Austria. I saw how close Vienna was to the borders with Hungry, Slovakia, The Czech Republic and even Slovenia and Croatia. How exciting! I had never been to any of them. Would Ursula be taking me to see something of them, too?

When we arrived at Vienna airport, Sonja took Maja and her mother and daughter away, leaving Ursula and I to have some delicious Viennese cakes and coffee. Ursula was talking about her paintings. Oh, it was so wonderful to be alone with her and to be treated by her as a friend.

Then suddenly Sonja reappeared. She was alone. Ursula was evidently expecting her.

'Everything all right?' Ursula asked'

'Yes they're safely locked up,' Sonja replied mysteriously.

'Then I'll bring this one too, ' said Ursula, paying the bill. Then, telling me to carry her case, she gripped my arm and we followed Sonja out into a large and dimly lit car pack.

We stopped at a smart looking Mercedes and I put her luggage into the boot. But then she turned to a black windowless van, parked alongside the Mercedes. Again she gripped my arm tightly as if to prevent me from running away. I felt Sonja gripping my other arm. What was going on?

Suddenly a large black figure appeared. I did not at first recognise him. Then I realised that it was Sabhu. Sabhu was here!

When he had suddenly disappeared from the scene, I had assumed that he had gone back to Haiti, having made a fortune from the generous tips that Ursula's delighted lady friends and clients used to give him. But in fact he must have come here. What was he doing? Then I saw that a black boy was with him, dressed, like him in a smart blue suit.

My mind was racing. Oh my God, I thought, had Ursula tricked me into coming here? Had all her talk of a lovely holiday together just been bait to lure me into a trap?

I turned to run away but Sabhu gripped me firmly by the arm. Before I could say a word of protest, the boy had opened a small door in the side of the van and Sabhu had pushed me into it.

Vaguely I made out sacks of potatoes. Several were pulled back to disclose a trapdoor in a partition. I was pushed down onto my knees and then thrust through it. I was in darkness. I heard the trapdoor being slammed shut and locked. I could hear the sacks being dragged back to hide it. Then I heard the outer door also being slammed shut and locked. I stumbled over something. It was soft flesh. It was a woman's body! There was a muffled groan.

As my eyes got used to the darkness, I saw in front of me a row of small seats. One seat was still empty, but sitting strangely quiet on the others were Sonja's three girls.

'What's happening?' I cried but the only reply was some stifled little cries.

Suddenly a light came on in this secret compartment and I saw that the girls had all been silenced with black leather gags fastened at the back of their necks. They were wriggling in their seats and I saw that their hands were held behind their backs by handcuffs fastened to rings in the back of each seat. In the empty seat there was also a spare set of handcuffs.

I also noticed that I could not hear anything from outside the compartment. It was lined with some sort of acoustic padding. Goodness, I thought, even if the girls had not been gagged, any cries for help would not be heard from outside. What a clever way of transporting abducted girls, or even a beautiful mother and daughter. No one would be interested in a van carrying a boring load of potatoes and even if they were, they would not easily find the hidden partition.

I turned as I heard another door open, this time at the front of the compartment. There, facing me, stood Sabhu and the black boy. Tucked under their arms were wicked looking dog-whips. The boy was holding a black leather muzzle-like gag. Sabhu slowly closed the door and turned towards me.

Terrified, I rushed to the small trap door at the back through which I had been pushed, and tried in vain to find a handle to open it

Sabhu laughed cruelly.

'Oh no little Emma,' he said in his distinctive French-

Caribbean accent, 'you not get out. You not escape. Oh no, Miss de Vere bring you here for something special - very special. Yes, you and your little friends all destined for something very special. You all now just think of yourselves as slavegirls and I as your head overseer. And you earn Miss de Vere and her friends much money - and I much enjoy preparing you and getting you nice and ready.'

Something special, I thought, something for which I had to be prepared and got ready. What on earth could he mean? I remembered Ursula also saying, when she had locked me into the horrible chastity belt before allowing me home, that she had special plans for me.

'But ... Miss de Vere has brought me here ... to have a holiday alone with her ... whilst my husband is away,' I babbled incoherently.

'Oh yes, girl, you have a lovely holiday all right - like other girls,' he again laughed cruelly. 'A lovely holiday - but not doing what you expected. No - not quite! Yes, you and your little friends here never guess what's going to happen to you. And husband, he never guess what you used for. But you earn a nice big tip for Sabhu!'

Then before I say another word, moving surprisingly quickly for so large a man, he manhandled me down on the spare seat. Deftly he forced my hands behind my back and into the spare pair of handcuffs. They closed with a click. I was helpless. I opened my mouth to cry out but immediately the Sabhu thrust a couple of pills into my mouth. I tried to spit them out, but the black boy stroked my throat to make me swallow them.

'Yes, little girl,' laughed Sabhu, 'you swallow special pills. One start making you nice and ready and the other make you sleepy for journey.'

I gasped in horror. I was being drugged! And once again Sabhu had used that mysterious expression about starting to make me nice and ready. Ready for what? It was to be a question I would soon be asking myself over and over again.

I cried out in protest but quickly and deftly the boy pushed the leather gag into my mouth. Almost before I had realised what was happening he I heard the click of a padlock behind my neck. The gag was locked in place. As I was soon to learn, he may have only been a boy, but he certainly knew what he was doing when it came to handling girls.

I felt a stiff rubber flange pressing down on my tongue, rendering me mute. The leather gag fitted tightly over my mouth and down under my chin keeping my mouth shut. I could now only make little moaning noises - like those I had heard from the other girls.

Satisfied, Sabhu left the partition, leaving his young black acolyte to watch over us.

Moments later I heard the engine start and then felt the van drive off. Where, I wondered, was I being taken? And why? Evidently it was to some strange place, and for some strange purpose. Ursula had tricked me. Oh my God!

The only feeling of relief I had was that at least Sonja's girls were with me. But they, too, had obviously tricked. What awful fate awaited us that was so dreadful that such extreme precautions had to be taken to ensure that we arrived at our unknown destination not knowing where we were - and chained and gagged?

Then the boy turned to me.

'You!' he said. 'Up!'

He motioned to raise myself up in my seat. Too scared to disobey, I did so. Immediately he lifted up my skirt - right up to my waist. I blushed madly for Ursula had insisted that I travel naked under my skirt. She had insisted that I kept myself carefully depilated, for she liked the "little girl" look. The black boy smiled at the sight of my smooth and hairless beauty lips. Then to my utter horror he ran his hands expertly as if appraising them. But what, I thought, could a young black boy like him know about women?

'Me Joseph,' he said. 'Me overseer of slavegirls in Preparation. You obey me - always.' He raised his dog whip. 'Or else!'

Slavegirls in Preparation! What slave-girls and in preparation for what? Had he, I wondered, already treated the other three girls like this before I arrived? Was this black boy establishing his authority over us? How humiliating for grown women to be spoken to like that by a mere boy. And how strange that he appeared to think nothing of making us bare our bodies

in front of him.

Soon I began to feel more and more drowsy. I saw that the other girls were already half asleep. I remembered the strange pills. Then I, too, fell asleep.

Once I awoke, vaguely aware that the van had stopped. Was it at a traffic light, or at a filling station? Vaguely I remembered the map I had seen in the aircraft. Had we gone across a frontier - or, perhaps, more than one? What strange country was I being taken to? Slovakia or Slovenia? Hungary or Croatia? My God!

Was this, I drowsily asked myself, the reason for this strange van with its secret partition? Busy Frontier Guards would not bother to check a small van with a load of dull vegetables. And doubtless Sabhu had been given a large sum of money, if necessary, to bribe the notoriously poorly paid Eastern European Guards.

I longed to call for help. But gagged as I was, I was helpless. My companions were still asleep.

Clearly, we were valuable merchandise. But, for what purpose we were going to be used? Again I fell asleep.

The next time I awoke, I saw that the other girls were also half awake. The van was still rumbling on. How long had I been asleep? I tried to look at my watch but with my wrists chained behind my back was unable to see it.

Just where were we? ■

# PART II
# DISCIPLINED AND PREPARED - BUT FOR WHAT?
# 5 - MY BREAKING - IN STARTS

What seemed some hours later, I felt the van stop again and this time the engine was switched off. Had we arrived at our mysterious destination? If so, where was it?

Sabhu came into the little secret compartment. 'These all valuable fresh supply for Doctor - and all they very popular with clients,' he said mysteriously to the black boy in his broken English. Silently he locked a flexible collar round each of the girl's necks and then round mine, too. The collars seemed strangely familiar. I saw a little bump at the back of each one.

Goodness, I realised, they were ones like those used to stop dogs from straying, the ones which gave a sharp electric shock if he crossed a cable buried round the edge of your garden. Were we going to be treated like dogs too - prevented from straying, or escaping from wherever we had now been taken?

Watched by a grimly silent Sabhu, Joseph now snapped dog leads onto a ring at the front of each of our collars. How humiliating, I thought.

Then he unfastened each of the other girls' handcuffs from the ring behind her seat. Followed by a grinning Sabhu, the boy led the three women by their leads out of the van, leaving me alone with my thoughts, still muzzled and chained to a seat.

An eternity later they came back for me. They were both carrying those vicious looking little dog-whips. What had they done with the other girls? It was getting dark as they led me out, still gagged and with my wrists still handcuffed behind my back. They kept on purposefully tapping my bottom with their dog whips so as to keep me moving. I had the brief impression of being in the courtyard of a large building, like a castle. I made out what seemed to be a large iron grille across the entrance to the courtyard.

Then I was bustled in through a small door into a well heated, whitewashed, stone-floored corridor. I heard the door being locked behind me. Here, my arms still gripped by Sabhu, I was led up to a strong looking door. The black boy unlocked it and at the same time pressed the buttons of an electronic lock on the wall. Goodness, I thought, what with the iron grille, the special collars and the locks on the doors, they were certainly making it pretty impossible for a girl to escape.

They took me into a large room that was a cross between a bathroom and a changing room. There were small windows of opaque glass, high up and barred - like in a prison. There was a line of showers along one wall and a line of metal cupboards along another. Strangely, in the middle of the room was a line of loos, but there didn't seem to be any privacy. Across the room and facing the loos was a long high bench. I noticed a small television camera high up on the wall. It had a little red light - presumably showing that it was switched on. It was pointing straight at me. Goodness, I thought, is someone watching or recording the scene on a video? Goodness!

My muzzle was now removed. I was about to cry out, demanding an explanation, but immediately Sabhu ordered: 'Keep silent!' and raised his dog-whip menacingly. Still handcuffed, I was led up to one cupboard which I was astonished to see was already marked "Emma".

The black boy opened it. Hanging in it was a very pretty little girl's party dress and a frilly little short child's nightdress. How odd I thought. I saw that they had been altered to fit a grown-up but were still both very short. There was also a schoolgirl's black gym-slip and white gym shoes. Next to that was an Eastern looking, heavily embroidered, short bolero-like cape.

On a shelf there were several lovely looking blue silken garments and a pretty gold embroidered cap with a long tassel. Below was also a pair of very pretty Turkish slippers.

The black boy began to unfasten my sensible brown travelling shoes and then, to my embarrassment, my skirt. Unable to push him away, or cry out in protest I just cringed back.

'You keep still, girl!' shouted Sabhu. He raised his dog-whip warningly. My skirt fell to my ankles. Moments later my panties and then my stockings followed. I blushed, knowing that I was now naked below the waist. The boy made me step out of the skirt and of the panties, which he then nonchalantly hung up in the cupboard. I was now just wearing my blouse and bra.

Then he unlocked my handcuffs from behind my back. But my feeling of relief was short lived.

'Clasp hands behind neck!' he ordered.

Then he led me by my lead to the long bench facing the line of loos.

'Up!' he ordered, giving me a sharp tap on my bare bottom with his dog whip. Biting my lips with embarrassment I stood up, half naked, on the bench.

The boy now began to unbutton my blouse and unfasten my bra. I wanted to push him away, but with a free hand he raised his dog whip warningly. Oh, how embarrassing it was to have to let myself be stripped by him.

Joseph went to a cupboard and returned with a strange-looking little glass bottle to which was attached a small rubber bulb.

'Keep still!' he ordered. Then he squeezed the rubber bulb and placed the lip of the little bottle over one of my nipples. Keeping it pressed against my breast, he released the rubber bulb, presumably making a vacuum in the bottle. Instantly I felt my nipple being pulled further and further out. He repeated the process on both my breasts until my nipples remained strangely extended.

Indeed, it would have been quite exciting had it not been done by a horrid boy armed with a dog-whip.

'We do this three times a day - also get you nice and ready,' the boy said laconically. 'Very important get nipples nice and long,' he added mysteriously.

Meanwhile, Sabhu had placed a small glass bowl onto the still lowered cover of one of the loos. He had also put down his dog-whip and picked up a riding whip with a short lash.

I noticed that the little television camera was following me. How awful! Indeed I scarcely like to write about what then happened, for it was so horrible and embarrassing. However, it played such an important part in my breaking-in that I feel it would be wrong to leave it out.

'Now, girl, you listen carefully,' said Sabhu harshly, running the lash of his whip impatiently through his hands in a way that made me feel very scared. Although I hated it when he called me "girl", the mere sight of his whip put any idea of protesting right out of my mind. I remembered that he was my overseer and that, as far as he was concerned, I was really was just a slavegirl.

'When you hear order: "Prepare to Perform" Sabhu went on harshly, 'you stand at Attention on bench with hands still clasped behind neck and eyes fixed straight ahead. But you also part legs, bend knees and relax belly muscles. You get ready pass liquid wastes.'

I nodded, but how awful, I thought, to have this dreadful man giving orders to a woman about such intimate things. How humiliating! I blushed with embarrassment.

'Now we practice,' said Sabhu. 'Prepare to Perform,' he suddenly shouted like a drill sergeant, accompanying his order with a loud crack of his whip.

Scared stiff, feeling like a frightened performing animal being controlled by his trainer, I did as I had been ordered.

'Legs wider apart! Knees more bent,' Sabhu said, tapping me humiliating on my tummy with his whip. Then he nodded to Joseph who was standing behind me. 'Keep quite still,' he ordered, raising his whip.

I then felt the boy's hands come round my waist, feeling my belly and then, horror of horrors, going down between my parted legs and onto my bare beauty lips. I bit my lips and did not dare to move. I felt him part




The horrid black boy stroked my breasts knowingly. I longed to brush him away but was too scared of his dog-whip to do so. ‘Head up.’ he ordered. Then squeezing the rubber bulb, he pressed the little bottle over one of my breasts. I could feel my nipple being pulled further and further out by the vacuum, but I did not dare to look down. He repeated the process repeatedly to both my breasts until the nipples remained strangely extended. ‘We do this three times a day – get you nice and ready,’ said the boy, adding mysteriously, ‘Very important get nipples nice and long’ But why, I longed to ask.

the lips. I was so ashamed. But worse was to follow.

'You press beauty lips against overseer's hand to give secret signal that you now ready to perform. We now practice. Yes?'

Oh, the humiliation, the sheer degradation, of having to practice giving a little secret wriggle with my beauty lips, first into Joseph's podgy hands and then into Sabhu's rough ones.

Finally they were satisfied that I had learnt to give the proper signal. 'This slave, she ready,' I heard him report to Sabhu in his strong African accent. Oh, the ignominy!

'Good!' said Sabhu. He turned to me. 'On order "Down", you jump off bench and face loo, again standing at Attention with hands behind neck. Down!' he ordered, with another terrifying crack of his whip.

Hastily I jumped down and, again standing at Attention, faced the loo with glass bowl on it. Little did I then imagine what I was then going to be made to do.

'Next order will be: "Position for Performing!" Keeping hands clasped behind neck and raising knees high in air, you then prance forward to loo. You straddle it, facing wall. You keep hands clasped behind neck with knees bent. You place yourself so that wastes drop into glass bowl. If not all in bowl, you lick up! Understand?'

Still terrified by the sight of his whip, I nodded dumbly.

He pointed to the watching television camera 'And you bend forward to display yourself properly to camera behind you - and to supervising overseer.'

Oh, how shame-making, I thought.

There was a pause and then he shouted: 'Position for Performing!'

Hastily I pranced forward, straddled the loo and, again blushing as I realised what I would now be displaying, bent forward and lowered my head in shame.

It was even worse when I saw that the television camera, now behind me, was indeed now pointing at my bottom.

'Raise and thrust back buttocks! More! Display yourself properly to camera - or you get whip from overseer!' Sabhu shouted. Scared stiff, I thrust back my parted buttocks. Then Sabhu gripped me by the hair. 'Keeping back pressed down, you now look up.' He now pulled my hair back so that my neck was curved back up, but with my parted buttocks still well displayed. Oh, the shame! I was being broken-in all right.

'Now,' ordered Sabhu, 'you again relax belly muscles and prepare to pass liquid wastes, when ordered: "Slaves Perform!"'

I was longing to spend a penny again, but not like this - not in this humiliating way, like a bitch.

'Slaves Perform!' ordered the boy, slightly adjusting the position of the glass bowl so that it was immediately below my beauty lips.

'No,' I cried, 'not in front of you both.' I pointed to the television camera. 'Nor in front of that! I'm not a child or a performing animal. I'm a married woman. You have no right to humiliate me like this.'

Joseph angrily brought his dog-whip down across my backside. I yelped in pain.

'Here you just a slavegirl. You do what we overseers say,' Sabhu shouted. Then the boy gripped me by the hair and pulled me down over the loo again.

'At least let me turn round and sit down,' I begged.

Sabhu just laughed. 'Here, slave-girls not allowed sit down. And from now on you only perform with permission of me or of Joseph, your overseer and then always to our order. And if you want urgently spend penny you must ask young Joseph here to take you to bathroom. He watch you - see you perform properly.'

He paused whilst I took in what he had just said. How humiliating, I thought.

'Yes,' he went on, 'good for disciplining young slavegirls! You always perform facing wall - with head up and presenting backside towards overseer and to television camera - so we can see properly just what you do. Understand?'

Blushing, I nodded. Oh how degrading, I thought. No wonder that controlling a girl's natural functions was considered to be a very effective way of keeping a girl under tight discipline.

‘Back into position for performing,’ ordered Sabhu cruelly. ‘Head up! Raise buttocks!’

Blushing yet more, I did so. The boy pulled my head back by the hair. ‘Look up! Thrust buttocks back!’ he ordered.

I was now straining to hold my position as I was made to half crouch over the loo with my hands still clasped behind my neck, my back curved back and my head held back.

I blushed yet again as I realised that both Sabhu and the television camera now had an unimpeded view of my hairless beauty lips from behind.

Again I felt his rough hand on my beauty lips. I also saw his dog-whip raised menacingly in his other hand. Almost overcome with shame and fear, I relaxed my muscles and pressed my beauty lips against his hand to give the secret signal that I was ready.

‘Good!’ he grunted. He stood up and gave me a little encouraging pat, as if I was a dog he was training. ‘Now you learn to make sure you standing properly over bowl. One drop on loo cover or tiled floor and you get whip - and lick it all up.’

Terrified, I glanced down to make sure that my beauty lips were indeed properly over the bowl. Oh the shame of being ordered to do this by a man - by a black man - and in front of Joseph, a mere boy.

Suddenly I wanted to spend a penny - urgently.

‘No! Wait for the order!’ warned Sabhu giving me a sharp tap on the buttocks. Desperately I tried to hold back. Oh, it was so difficult - and so desperately embarrassing.

Sabhu then stood back behind me, his cane tucked under his arm. The boy joined him. The boy pointed to my quivering beauty lips.

‘She learning discipline,’ he laughed. Once again, the sense of shame.

There was silence and a long pause. I could hardly bear it as I strained both to hold my position and to hold back my liquids.

Suddenly a buzzer sounded - apparently triggered from outside the bathroom. Could it be a signal from someone watching me on a remote television-monitoring screen? How degrading!

As if in obedience to the buzzer, Sabhu snapped his fingers. He might have been giving an order to a performing animal. I remembered his circus training.

‘Keeping head up ... Perform!’ he shouted, cracking his whip. ‘Now! ‘

Not daring to look down, I relaxed my straining muscles. I heard the tinkling sound of released liquid running into the bowl the black man was holding between my legs.  Again the buzzer sounded, this time twice - more urgently.

‘Stop!’ ordered Sabhu, giving me a sharp tap on the buttocks with his dog whip.

Desperately I tried to do so. It was so difficult. Somehow I managed to control myself. There was another long pause. I bit my lip. Sabhu removed the small bowl and replaced it with another.

Then the buzzer sounded - once

Go!’ came the order from behind me, accompanied by an encouraging little tap on the buttocks. Again I let down my liquid wastes. Almost immediately, however, the buzzer sounded again - twice.

‘Stop!’

But I could hardly do so. Humiliated beyond all bounds I could still hear a little trickling noise coming from the bowl beneath my hips. I strained and strained, There was laugh from behind me - Sabhu could, I realised, see my lips desperately twitching - and so could the invisible television watcher.

At last I managed to control myself. The trickling noise stopped. Again Sabhu removed the bowl, putting it on a shelf with the first one.

Then the loo cover was raised. But still I had to remain crouching over the loo. At last the buzzer sounded again and the order came: ‘Go on!’ This time, thank God, I was not ordered to stop.

The boy dried me as I crouched there. Oh, how awful!

But that was not all for I then felt the black boy part my buttocks and grease my rear entrance.

‘Keep hands gripped behind neck!’ I heard him harsh-




'Performing to order, good for discipline,' Sabhu said cruelly, raising his dog whip. Then, on his order 'Position for Performing,' I straddled the loo, placed myself carefully above the bowl, raised my bottom and, with my head up and looking at the wall, I bent forward to display humiliatingly my beauty lips to him and the strange internal television camera. Oh the shame! Then came the order 'Get ready!' I felt Joseph's hands come round my waist and, horror of horrors, go down to feel between my legs, and wait for me to signal that I was ready by pressing press my beauty lips against his podgy hands. I did so and blushed as I felt him part my lips. A buzzer sounded. 'Perform!' I felt Sabhu's dog-whip on my bottom and gratefully released my liquid wastes, past the horrid boy's fingers, and into the bowl that Sabhu was now holding beneath me. Oh, the feeling of utter degradation!

ly order, emphasis his words with a sharp tap from his dog-whip. Then, horrified, I felt something being inserted up inside my bottom.

'Keep still!' came the order and again there was sharp tap from his dog whip. I did not dare to move.

Meanwhile I saw that Sabhu was pouring some of the contents of the two bowls containing my liquid wastes into some test tubes. I saw him add something to them. Suddenly I realised that he was doing a series of pregnancy tests. My God!

I saw him nod, apparently satisfied. He picked up a clipboard. On it was a large sheet of graph paper on the top of which was written my name in large letters. I saw him put a tick in one of the columns.

He then turned back to Joseph and again nodded. At last I felt the strange object being removed. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the boy reading ... a thermometer! He called out something to Sabhu, who made a mark on the graph. I realised that my temperature had been taken and recorded - perhaps, I thought with a shocked shudder, as a preliminary to establishing my monthly cycle.

This was something that, I was to learn, would be done twice a day, every day and for every girl. Obviously they were checking on my monthly cycle. But why? And how dreadful that it was being done by two awful black male overseers. ■

# 6 - I MEET MY COMPANIONS

Out of the corner of my eye, I now saw Joseph go over to cupboard and pick up one of the blue silken garments. He shook it out.

To my astonishment it was a pair of transparent lace harem trousers, held by a golden elastic cord. I saw that the trousers would be slung low down round my hips leaving my tummy quite bare. I wondered why.

But it was worse when they made me step into the trousers for they were only attached to the cord at the sides and were completely cut away in front, behind and between the legs. Not only was my shapely little bottom quite bare, but my smooth and hairless mound and beauty lips were also prettily, but humiliatingly, displayed, too.

Then they took out the stiff and heavy embroidered cape. Laughing, they put it over my bare shoulders. It was open at the front and the sides did not meet, leaving my nipples tantalising half uncovered.

Then they brushed my hair out straight and put the little Eastern cap on my head, with the tassel hanging down my back. Finally they made me slip on the pretty little Turkish slippers.

But that was not all, for Sabhu now opened another cupboard and took out a pair of old fashioned shiny manacles. He locked one gleaming manacle onto each wrist. I saw that a short length of shiny chain, about a foot long joined them. It was heavy and clanked with my every movement.

'You sit,' ordered Sabhu in his frightening broken English. He pointed to the long bench. Nervously I sat down on it.

'You clasp hands behind neck and keep still. Joseph now show you what you do in future.'

My manacles clanked as I did as I told. Then I was surprised to see that the young boy was holding a make-up box with coloured pastes and lipsticks, and several soft brushes. He began to make-up my face and eyes. He seemed surprisingly expert, but there was no mirror and so I could not see what he doing.

Then as Sabhu stood over me, smiling approvingly, he began to paint my nipples scarlet.

'Stand up on bench,' ordered Sabhu. 'Keep hands behind neck. Head up! You look straight ahead, not look down.'

Again I stood nervously before them, my bare belly now level with their eyes. I felt the boy pull the cut-away in the front even wider apart.

'Thrust out belly!' ordered Sabhu. Then I felt him applying his brushes to my hairless mound.

'Part legs!' was the next order. I blushed even more as I obeyed. Now I felt the boy painting my beauty lips.

Then still standing up on the bench, I saw Sabhu produce two skin transfers, of the type that will stick to the skin until removed with a special liquid.

I then felt him carefully placing the transfers on my tummy, of all places, rubbing them over with a special cloth. What was on the transfers, I wondered, but did not dare to look down.

Moments later, still clasping my manacled hands behind my neck, they led me over to a long wall mirror and stood back admiringly.

I gasped.

My tummy was now prominently marked with a castle and the number "25".

'Yes,' said Sabhu, smiling contentedly as he patted my belly, 'you now just Castle slavegirl Number 25.

All girls here numbered, just like old fashioned slave dealers marked their girls for sale with their own mark and girls stock number.'

Slave dealers! Stock numbers! Oh, how awful, I thought in alarm. Was I going to be sold? Oh my God! I would, however, have been more alarmed, if I had then known just what really was in store for me.

I blushed as I also saw my now rouged mound and scarlet painted beauty lips gleaming in the cut-away part of my harem trousers.

Then I thought again. Perhaps all this was really for the benefit of Ursula. How exciting! Was I to be brought to her, looking like a real slave-girl? How typical of her to have organised all this to make sure I really felt utterly in her power. But did she have to allow the horrible great Sabhu to treat me such a contemptuous way? Indeed, why was he here at all? What was his role?

'You look carefully,' Sabhu said, 'from you on you make yourself look like this. That what clients want see.'

Clients? What clients! What did he mean? And to think that I had thought I was going to be alone with Ursula. Had she brought me to some sort of clever upmarket brothel?

'She'll do nicely on display in Slave Market,' I heard Sabhu confide to his acolyte. Slave market!

'But she not go cheaply!' he went on. 'She fine English lady. She married woman. Clients pay much to sponsor her for full treatment.'

What did he mean?

Then he went to a cupboard and took out a beautiful baby doll.

'She help make you nice and ready,' he said mysteriously. Again that strange expression.

He handed it to me. It was a very realistic doll with lovely eyes. It also had very realistic mouth with rubber lips. It was beautifully dressed in a baby's frock. It was certainly very appealing, but what would a woman like me be doing playing with a doll?

'Now you hold baby doll. Close eyes and relax,' Sabhu said in a surprisingly gentle and hypnotic voice. I found myself obeying him.

'Yes, keep eyes closed and hold pretty doll. Just relax and think of lovely baby doll. She now your baby,' went on the low hypnotic voice. 'You love her. You love her very much. She so beautiful but so helpless. You want to give your baby a name, don't you? Don't you?'

Oh, yes, I thought.

'Well, what name will you call her?' came the hypnotic voice.

'Isabella,' I whispered.

'Isabella a lovely name for your lovely little baby.'

I found myself blushing with pride.

'Yes,' the hypnotic voice continued, 'but Isabella so helpless. You want look after her. You want play with her, wash her and dress her. You want hold her to your breasts.'

I did, I thought, oh yes, I did. I found myself holding her up to them.

'But she hungry. She want your nipples. You long to feed her. You want put nipples into her mouth, don't you? Just like other girls here. You love feeling of nipple in her mouth. And as nipples grow longer you will long all the more to put them into her mouth.'

Oh yes, I thought, I do want to feed her and to feel my nipples in her mouth.'

'And when I clap hands, you will open your eyes and put your nipple between her lips.'

Oh yes, I thought half-hypnotised and half wide-awake, oh yes.

There was a pause and then suddenly Sabhu clapped his hands loudly. Immediately I opened my eyes and found myself pushing my nipple between my baby doll's lips. She was my baby now! I was feeding her.

Sabhu smiled his approval and then opened another door out of the bathroom. Gripping me once again by the arm, led me out. I was still holding my baby doll to my breast.

I gasped at what I now saw. A huge glass conservatory had been transformed into a semblance of a sumptuous Eastern bazaar. I tried to see out but the glass




Joseph dressed me in a harem costume that left me shamefully bare with heavy manacles that clanked with my every movement. Then he painted my now extended nipples and beauty lips scarlet and rouged my mound before applying some prominent big transfers of the number 25 to my belly. ‘Yes, said Sabhu to Joseph, smiling contentedly,’ she now just Slave Number 25. That what clients want to see. And she married woman! Clients pay much to sponsor her for full treatment.’ What did he mean? What treatment? Then he thrust a beautiful and very realistic, life-size, baby doll into my hands. ‘She help get you nice and ready.’ That mysterious expression again! Ready for what? ‘She your lovely baby now. You hold her up to your nipples. Go on!’ he doll gave a a little realistic cry and mesmerised by Sabhu, I found myself putting a newly extended nipple into the sweet doll’s mouth. She had been made to suckle as if I was feeding her. It was a strange and lovely feeling.

panes had been painted over. Gorgeous silken draperies were festooned here and there. Miniature palm trees were scattered around on the tiled floor. Two little television cameras, high up on the walls, were quietly traversing to and fro. But what really caught my eye was the sight of several beautiful young women each playing like little children with a pretty little baby doll, like mine .

When they saw Sabhu, they hastily put down their dolls and rose from their brightly coloured Arab leather cushions to stand respectfully in the same position of Attention that I had just been humiliatingly taught in the bathroom, their manacled hands clasped behind their necks and their eyes fixed straight ahead.

They were all dressed like Eastern slave girls - just like me. And their faces, nipples and beauty lips were all painted just like mine, too. Above their low-slung harem trousers, they had also all been numbered on their bare bellies. Also like me, they were all heavily manacled and had collars fastened round their necks. They were all quite buxom and their breasts erotically pushed aside their open boleros.

Three of the girls, "new girls" I recognised as Sonja's girls, my late travelling companions. The beautiful mother and daughter now bore the numbers "26A" and "26B" on their bellies and Maja had been marked with the number "27". I remembered that I was Number 25.

They must have been put through their initial breaking-in whilst I had been left alone in the van. How awful it must have been for the beautiful mother and daughter to be so humiliatingly treated by Sabhu in front of each other.

I saw that their nipples had also been artificially extended. Had they also been subjected to Joseph's little vacuum bottle with its clever rubber bulb? Even the virginal, bud-like little nipples of the daughter were showing signs of having been subjected to his clever little machine.

The remaining girls were evidently "old girls" who had been brought here before us. They were marked "22", "23" and "24". Perhaps they could tell me why we were here - and what was going to happen to us.

Like us "new girls", they were all very pretty and slim with good figures. Just the type that appealed to Ursula and her lady friends - and indeed to most men.

I gasped, however, when I saw the almost animal-like extent to which their nipples had been extended. I remembered what Joseph had said about them being stretched three times a day - all part it seemed of being got "nice and ready". My God, were my nipples going to be stretched to this shocking extent, too?

One of them, Number 22, an attractive brunette, was a little older than the others. Like me and the young mother whom Sonja had brought here, she seemed to be in her early thirties and had a sophisticated, intelligent look about her. She was a tall, willowy blonde with sparkling eyes.

I noticed that that all the "old girls" had been depilated - again like us. But this was not all and I gasped as I saw that something strange had also been done to these girls. Not only had they been depilated, but there was something gleaming between the sides of the cutaway in the front of their harem trousers. Astonished, I saw that a line of half a dozen little white plastic rings had been inserted down each of their lips. It was as if they had been ... I could hardly believe it ... infibulated! But even that was not all, for a shiny metal rod had been threaded through the rings.

I saw that the little bar held each girl's beauty lips were tightly compressed, making them look like those of a little girl. Hanging from the bottom end of the rod-like bar, evidently holding it in place, was a tiny padlock that hung down between each girl's legs.

I had heard of this simple Eastern way of enforcing both purity and chastity in a girl, whilst still allowing her to spend a penny, but I had never expected to see it done to a European girl.

I looked again at the little padlocks. Did Sabhu have the key? How dreadful! My God, I thought, was this going to be done to me, too? How terrifying!

Then, horrified again, I saw, through her transparent silken harem trousers, that one of them, Number 23, bore on her bottom the distinctive weals of a recent caning. Then I saw the same marks on the bottom of Number 22, the rather distinctive, older looking, woman too. How especially awful for a woman like her, I thought.




I gasped as I saw that something strange had been done to Number 22. There was something gleaming between the sides of the cutaway in the front of her harem trousers. Astonished, I saw that a line of half a dozen little white plastic rings had been inserted down each of her scarlet painted and depilated lips. She had been infibulated! But even that was not all, for a shiny brass rod with a flat piece at the top, that prevented it from being pulled downwards, had been threaded through each of the rings, keeping her lips tightly compressed like those of a little girl. Hanging from the bottom end of the rod-like bar, evidently to stop it being pulled up, was a small padlock that hung down between the woman's legs. I had never expected to see this simple Eastern way of keeping a girl chaste, whilst allowing her to spend a penny, used on a sophisticated European woman. Was this going to be done to me? Oh God! But, again, why?

‘At Ease’ ordered Sabhu and the girls relaxed, sat down and picked up their baby dolls again. Sabhu certainly imposed a military style discipline on the girls in his charge. ■

# 7 - A DISTURBING CONVERSATION

Sabhu left the room, leaving our young overseer to supervise us. He was still carrying his threatening dog-whip.

Several of the girls began to whisper to each other. They were all speaking in strange languages that I did not understand.

'Don't any of you speak English?' I called out.

'Only very little,' answered Number 24.

'Not raise voice,' said Number 23, glancing nervously at Joseph, 'or you get cane!'

She stood up and pointed to the weals I had noticed earlier, still visible through her transparent harem trousers.

'Only whisper allowed here,' she said.

One of the girls, however, was different. She was Number 22, the girl I had noticed earlier as looking a little older than the other girls.

'Are you British?' she whispered in an educated American East Coast accent.

'Yes,' I answered delighted to find some one who spoke English and who could explain what was going on.

She came and sat next door to me so that she could keep her voice down. 'I'm Carole,' she said, holding out her hand. Eagerly I shook it.

'Welcome to the Slave Market.'

'Slave Market?' I queried.

'Well, that's what that swine Sabhu seems to be running,' she replied, keeping her voice down. 'As you can see we're all numbered like real slave-girls used to be when offered for sale. And I'm sure that you've already experienced in the bathroom one of Sabhu's degrading ways of breaking us in - or disciplining us, as he calls it.'

She glanced at Joseph who was toying with his dog-whip. 'And quite apart from that, we're kept continually under supervision.'

She pointed at a long whippy cane hanging on the wall.

'It's scary,' she said, 'the constant, humiliating threat of corporal punishment from our overseers, as they like to call themselves. It's as if they're preparing our minds and bodies to accept without question, like slaves, whatever is being planned for us. You've probably already heard their awful expression about "getting us nice and ready".'

'Yes but "ready" for what?' I asked.

'That's the whole point. I don't know. None of us knows,' she answered sadly. 'We just don't know why were here or what fate awaits us. And, if we ask Joseph, then we get reported to Sabhu for "unseemly inquisitiveness" - and that means six stroke of the cane.'

'What!' I gasped. 'But there must be some mistake, I'm supposed to be on holiday with a Miss de Vere.'

'Oh yes,' said Carole, 'Ursula de Vere! No, I'm afraid there's no mistake. I've heard of her. She's one of the Lady Partners that run this organisation.'

My heart sank. So I really had been tricked by Ursula.

'It seems we're in a sort of private slave market for young women, to which people bring innocent girls like us.'

'But Miss de Vere told me we were going off on a lovely holiday somewhere near Vienna.' I cried in dis-

may.

'Yes, that's what the swine of a young Italian lover who tricked me into coming here, told me, too. I never suspected he worked as a recruiter of girls for the Lady Partners. I also thought we were going off together to have a romantic holiday together - I was trying to get over the trauma of my divorce.' She sighed. 'Oh, what a fool I was. But he was so devilishly persuasive - and attractive. He even persuaded me to give up my good job in London in advertising, saying that he had an even better one lined up for me on the Continent. But, he said, I mustn't tell anyone yet - or it would all fall through. So no one knows where I am! I don't even know! Or even what country we're in. None us do. Do you?

'No!' I gasped. 'Just somewhere, several hours drive away from Vienna. We could be in one of several countries.'

'Yes, that's all any of us know,' Carole said bitterly. 'And then were you brought here hidden in Sabhu's van?'

'Yes,' I cried. I pointed to Maja and the mother and daughter. 'I was brought with these three - but I don't think they were expecting anything like this either or know what it's all about.'

'Join the Club!' she replied. 'None of us know. But we do seem to be being prepared for something strange to be done to us. Meanwhile, as I expect you saw earlier in the bathroom, that swine Sabhu enjoys humiliating us in the most degrading ways - he says its good for discipline - all part of breaking us in and "getting us nice and ready".'

Breaking us in, I repeated to myself. My God! And once again that awful expression: "nice and ready". Once again, ready for what? There must be some way out of all this.

'But the ... Lady Partners,' I asked anxiously, thinking of Ursula, 'do we ever see them?'

'Oh yes, whilst we're being prepared for our unknown fate, we also have to serve them sexually. That's what makes it fun for them! I hate that! I've never been a lesbian. But a couple of canings from Sabhu and, like the other girls, I was desperate to please them. Yes, the Lady Partners and their women friends like to come and choose a couple of us for their beds. They like to see us looking like six year-old girls. We have to dress in the children's party frocks that you've seen hanging in our cupboards. And we have to act, lisp and talk like little girls the whole time - even when in the Lady Partners' beds - or it's ten strokes again.'

'So that's what the pretty child's dress in my cupboard is for,' I murmured.

'Yes, I think they get great pleasure from seeing us looking and behaving like little girls, whilst in reality we are being prepared for something quite different. We're certainly made to behave quite differently when the very wealthy and often elderly Arab Princes and Sheikhs come here to see us - never the fat black African ladies.'

'Arab Princes and African ladies?' I queried. 'Come to see us here?'

'Yes, that's why we're kept dressed and manacled as we are now - it excites them seeing us dressed like captured Christian slavegirls, offered for sale as in an old-fashioned Eastern slave market - and open to inspection. Yes it's all pretty uninhibited - presumably like what happened in real slave markets. Perhaps that's what appeals to them - taking their revenge on their traditional Western enemies through degrading their women!'

'Goodness!' I cried. 'But if they're all that rich you'd have thought that most of them have enough women already!'

'Well, they don't seem to be very interested in us for the usual purpose,' said Carole. 'They seem to be choosing us for something even more degrading.'

Then she became more serious. I could see that that, as a career girl, she was both clever and highly intelligent.

'I think they come here because they are willing to pay large sums to choose us to be used for something strange, something highly erotic and unusual - something special for which we have brought to this remote place and for which we have first to be prepared both physically and mentally.'

My heart gave a sudden jump as I again remembered what Sabhu had indeed said about being prepared for

something special.

'And,' Carole went on, 'clearly something which satisfies their desire to have complete power over young white woman. These Arab men love that - and so do rich black women.'

Not only Arab men and black women, I thought, remembering how Ursula enjoyed having complete power over her girls.

Carole then pointed up to some wooden screens high up in the wall. 'We never know when an Arab visitor is watching us. But they also like to come and inspect us. Sometimes they even have these awful locked infibulating bars removed so that they can feel us better.'

'Oh how shameful. You mean we're examined and sold like real slavegirls?'

'Yes and infibulated slavegirls at that.'

'Were those awful rings put onto you here?'

'Yes. I expect you'll be done soon too.'

'Oh, how dreadful!' I gasped. 'Does it hurt much?'

'No, not really, it was rather like having your ears pierced. But afterwards, all the time you can feel the little rings that keep your body lips tightly closed. It's a strange feeling and the mental effect is terrible. You feel you have lost control of your own body.'

Yes, I thought, the effect of being infibulated on a highly sophisticated divorcee and career woman like Carole must indeed be quite awful. What a dreadful picture she had painted: kept shut up here under Sabhu's supervision and all the time, hanging over you like the Sword of Damocles, the dreadful uncertainty about what was going to happen to you.

'But can't you get the rings off?' I asked rather naively.

'No! They're made of specially toughened plastic and the ends of each little ring are brazed together. You can turn the rings in the little holes made in each beauty lip but you can't get them off. Its all very clever.'

She stopped for a moment as if overwhelmed by the thought of what had been done to her. 'The actual operation to insert the rings wasn't too bad. They muzzled me to stop me from crying out in protest and Doctor Anna gave me an injection which deadened the pain so that I hardly noticed what she was doing to me.'

'Doctor Anna?' I echoed in dismay. I had come across her before. She was a close friend of Ursula's - but certainly not of Ursula's girls. I had heard that under the communists, she had been a doctor in a women's prison camp in Eastern Europe where dreadful medical experiments had been done to girls.

I remembered vaguely hearing Sabhu saying something about us new girls being a useful fresh supply for some Doctor. My God! I never thought that he might be referring to Doctor Anna.

'She seems to be very much involved in whatever we're being prepared for. The rich Arabs always ask her a lot of questions about our bodies when we're lined up for their inspection. It's so embarrassing.'

'You mean we're really sold to them? Oh no!'

'Well, the Lady Partners call it sponsored, rather than sold.'

'Sponsored! To be taken away and locked up in a harem?'

'No I don't think so. That's what makes it all so strange. We just don't know. Certainly since I've been locked up here, I've seen several girls who'd been here longer than me just disappear.

'Disappear?' I queried, my voice faltering.

'They were simply no longer with us. I'm so frightened,' she said. 'You see, at one of the first "Slave Markets", at which I was paraded, the elderly Arab Prince examining us took a great interest in me - even though I head Sabhu telling him that I was not "ready". The Arab Prince seemed to find it exciting that a well-paid American career girl and divorcee like me was on offer. I expect he'd find it equally exciting being offered an English Lady, or our newly arrived mother and daughter. Anyway, I think he must have put down a deposit for me, as I saw Sabhu pocketing a tip and writing something on my clipboard.'

She paused, overcome with emotion. I gave her hand a little comforting squeeze. She brushed aside a tear and pulled herself together.

'I'm sorry,' she said, 'but it's so awful being treated

like a horse being sold by a dealer. It was even worse later,' she went on, 'when I saw the Prince hand a cheque to Fraulein Ingrid, who seems to be the Head Lady Partner and the owner of this castle. She certainly looked very pleased; I saw her showing the cheque to several of the other Lady Partners. Later Sabhu fastened this disc to the ring on my collar.'

She pointed it out to me. On it was engraved the letter "R".

'What does "R" stand for?' she murmured. 'It hasn't stopped me being paraded at subsequent Slave Markets. But the clients were told that I was no longer available. Does that mean that I've been "Reserved" for the Prince? Were they simply showing me off to gauge the market for a woman like me and to see if they had charged the Prince enough?'

She wiped away another tear.

'You see all the girls who were here when I arrived have disappeared and I'm so worried lest I am now "nice and ready", too. And if so, am I now going to disappear before long?'

'Oh, my God!' I exclaimed. 'But what's this Arab Prince like?'

'I don't know,' whispered Carole. 'I never saw his face properly, for he always wore a pair of those reflective wrap-around sun glasses that hide half your face and he had a long grey beard that hid the other half. But he had a cruel mouth and thick lascivious lips. The very sight of him made me shiver. I was never told his name,' she continued, 'and when I asked Joseph the name of the man who had apparently bought my services, I got six strokes of the cane for "Not minding my own business. So just think of him as the cruel "Old Greybeard".

'My God,' I cried. 'When is the next slave market?'

'Whenever a rich Arab comes to see us slavegirls. We never know when that will be. And, if we ask Sabhu or Joseph, we're caned for "Inquisitiveness". As I said, it's the uncertainty that is so awful. You don't really know when you're "ready", or when it's going to be your turn to disappear, or what happens to you then

'But,' I said horrified by what I was hearing, 'didn't you ask anyone?'

'Who is there to ask?' replied the American woman. 'Apart from the aloof Lady Partners, as we respectfully have to call them, the only people we ever see are Sabhu and his boy assistant.' Tears came into her eyes. 'I was so scared about it all that I could not sleep. Finally two days ago I plucked my courage and stupidly asked Joseph what the meaning of the disc on my collar. He was furious and reported me to Sabhu who told him to give me, in front of the other girls, six strokes of the cane "for unbecoming curiosity".

She pointed to the weals on her bottom which still showed through her transparent harem trousers.'

'How awful!!' I gasped.

'Yes, apart from the excruciating pain, the mental shame of being beaten like a naughty child by an ignorant black boy in front of the other girls was quite dreadful.'

'Oh yes,' I agreed fervently. 'It must have been quite ghastly. And to make it worse, you still don't know what's going to happen to you. Don't you have any idea what happened to the girls who disappeared?'

'No, all that Sabhu says is that they had gone off to be assimilated: to be further prepared, psychologically - and physically.'

'Just what does he mean?'

'I'm not sure,' replied the American girl. 'As I said, I think that perhaps these old men are satiated with normal sex. They want to exert their power over European women in some new and different way. It's as if we are being prepared for something strange - and exciting for them. I don't think these other young Eastern European girls have a clue as to what's going on. But I've noticed the attention that Sabhu and Joseph pay to our monthly cycles.'

'Oh no!' I exclaimed. 'How embarrassing!'

'Yes, indeed! They don't tell us anything but I think some those pills they give when we first arrive are to delay our "coming into season", as they so demeaningly call it, until after we've been sponsored.'

'Oh!' I gasped, shocked.

'Well, that's what they did with me and the girls who had been here longer than me. It was after that they disappeared, perhaps after they had also been as-

sessed as sufficiently disciplined.'

'But that sounds terribly cruel.'

'I think that cruelty's part of it, too. It seems to be something which would specially appeal to some rich Arabs, something which would satisfy their desire to impose their power on a helpless young Western woman, especially it seems, on slightly older and well educated girls like you and me - or on the newly arrived pretty mother and daughter. I'm not sure, but you'll soon see how we are given special food and made to do special tummy exercises – and how we are given special pills and medicines. I often wonder why we're we given baby dolls to play with: to wash and to dress. Even I have got very fond of my little doll. And why have we been infibulated so that we can't get at ourselves? And why are all our nipples kept so prominently drawn out and extended? And why all those repeated tests to make sure that we are not already pregnant and to establish our monthly cycle?'

'It's certainly all very strange,' I agreed.

'And why,' she pointed to an curtained alcove, 'is Doctor Anna involved - always examining us on the gynaecological couch in there, giving us more pills and also checking on our monthly cycles? Yes, she, too, seems to be preparing us for something special.'

'What do you think it could be?' I pressed her.

'Well, I had wondered, whether perhaps some of Sabhu's pills are ... No, you'll think I'm crazy.'

'On the contrary,' I said, 'I think you're a highly intelligent woman. Tell me what you think.'

'Well, I just wonder whether they were part of a course of fertility pills.'

'Fertility pills!' I cried out in horror. 'My God! You mean we're being ...'

'Yes! I can hardly bear to say it ... I mean ... I wonder ... if we're being prepared for an unwanted ... motherhood.'

'You mean a forced preg ...' I stammered. 'But I don't want a ...'

'Nor do I! And that's why they're keeping it secret from us. But it's certainly one possible explanation - perhaps the dolls are intended to bring out our latent maternal instincts.'

I remembered how Sabhu had said my doll would also "help get me nice and ready". My God!

'I know it sounds absurd and far-fetched,' she went on in a whisper, 'but imposing a forced motherhood on a beautiful white woman could well appeal to certain rich and cruel elderly Arabs. They've got plenty of women. Now they want something more - something new and unusual. You'll soon see what swine they are.' She went on, 'I did read that in the days of the Crusades, the Arabs used to get their revenge by mating the captured wives of the Christian knights with illiterate black slaves. And even better, if they captured a Crusader's daughter as well as his wife,' Carole whispered, with a sideways glance at the newly arrived mother and daughter. 'They'd then enjoy mating the daughter with the same Negro slave as the mother.'

'Good Heavens!' I gasped as I followed her glance.

Carole went on: 'Then when it was too late for anything to be done about it, they'd send the unfortunate wives and daughters back to their husbands and fathers, to go through the disgrace of producing a black child.'

'Oh my God!' I exclaimed.

'But then,' Carole said with a smile, 'I tell myself that this can't really be what we're being prepared for. For one thing what would they do with all the babies we'd all be producing? And what would they do with us for nine months? And where would they keep us?'

`Yes,' I cried, 'I'm a married woman and my husband knows I'm with Ursula. She knows that my husband frequently returns to England - and I must be there to meet him, if only for a few days. Ursula knew this before she brought me here. He may think I'm just studying art with her and is happy that she's looking after me whilst he's away for a month or two - but not for nine. He's got powerful connections in England and there would be hell to pay if I disappeared for so long.

'I see, ' said Carole looking increasingly reassured.

'So,' I said, 'she knows she couldn't possibly keep me locked up here, or in some harem, for nine months

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‘I had thought that those strange pills we’re given were fertility pills,’ said my new friend, Carole. ‘Oh,’ I gasped, ‘you mean that we are being prepared for motherhood? Oh no!’ ‘Well, certainly having to wash and dress my baby doll, and let it stop crying by sucking my nipples, has certainly brought out my maternal instincts.’ ‘And mine,’ I agreed, for the dolls were programmed to cry very realistically to be fed and held, and would then suckle equally realistically if a real nipple was put into their mouths. ‘I had read,’ she went on, ‘that in the days of the Crusades, the Arab used to enjoy forcibly mating captured Christian women with their black slaves , and I wondered if perhaps we … but if, as you say, Ursula has to return you to your husband in a few months time, then they must be planning to do something else to us – but what?’ What indeed!

and that I couldn't possibly have a black baby back in England.'

'Well, if your husband knows you're with her, that seems to knock my unwanted motherhood theory on the head,' laughed Carole. 'Thank Heavens for that! But I still wonder just what awful fate awaits us - and apparently for the entertainment of these rich visiting Arabs.'

'But can't we escape and get away from this terrible place?'.

'Not with Sabhu or Joseph, watching over us all the time,' replied Carole. 'Nor those!' She pointed at the little television cameras in he corners of the room. Each had a little red light showing that it was switched on. 'Anyway, how can we escape, kept collared, manacled and locked up like this? Even if we managed to open a door, there's always another behind it - and both have electronic locks as well as keys.' She sighed. 'It's like a high security prison here. And anyway they've taken our money and passports and we don't even know were we are. That's what the girls were trying to ask you when you arrived - hoping you might know.'

Our conversation was then interrupted by Sabhu returning, whip in hand. The girls all rose respectfully to their feet. Joseph nodded at him reassuringly.

'No problems,' he reported. Then he turned back to us.

Sabhu cracked his whip. 'Bed time,' he ordered. Immediately the girls, clasping their dolls, formed into a line in military fashion: tallest on the right, shortest on the left. I was relieved to find myself next to Carole.

'Right Turn!' Sabhu shouted ordered. We were now lined up one behind the other. Then, with a further frightening crack of his whip he ordered: 'Into bathroom - Run!'

In the bathroom the girls all took off their harem clothes and put them away neatly in their cupboards before cleaning their teeth and putting on their pretty short night dresses - all accompanied by more loud cracks of the whip to make us hurry. These were making me more and more frightened because my manacles were slowing me up, but luckily Carole showed me how the shoulder straps of the nightdress had Velcro fastenings on the shoulder straps, for because of my manacles, I could not, of course, put my arms through the armholes of the nightdress.

'Into bunks - Go!' came Sabhu's next order accompanied by another scary crack of the whip.

I now found myself running into a simply furnished dormitory, next to the bathroom. To one side was a row of double, simple, wooden bunks - one above the other. They reminded me of photographs of real prison camps. On each bunk was a simple blanket, neatly folded. There were no sheets or pillowcases.

One of the bunks, a lower one, was marked "25" - my slave number. The bunk above it was Carole's. Oh good, I thought, naively, perhaps we console each other like naughty schoolgirls in a dormitory after "lights out". I was soon to be disillusioned.

Hastily I got into bed and pulled up the blanket with my manacled hands. 'Keep hands always in sight on top of blanket,' ordered Joseph. Then he added embarrassingly to us "new" girls: 'Girls not yet infibulated - you not allowed masturbate in dormitory.'

He pointed to a little television camera that sweeping up and down the dormitory. 'Punishment for girl seen putting hands below blanket, six strokes of cane - twelve for girl getting into another girl's bed.'

How awful, I thought, for grown women to be spoken to like this by a boy with a dog whip.

'No talking allowed in dormitory,' he went on, pointing to a microphone hanging down from the ceiling. 'Microphone also pick up noise of manacles tinkling if you try play with yourselves through blanket. But I think you not try once you infibulated!'

He pointed to an open doorway, through which I saw a comfortably furnished bedroom that contrasted sharply with our bare dormitory. There was no door, just an open grille. 'That my room. I can see into dormitory. You want spend penny during night, you ring bell by side of each bunk and I take you to bathroom. Girls not allowed go to bathroom alone. You wake me up for nothing - six strokes!'

With that he dimmed the light and went into his room, locking the open metal grille behind him. Soon there

came the noise of a video being switched on and the sound of Joseph's boyish laughter. But there was complete silence in the dormitory.

Lying there in the half-light on my hard wooden bunk, on my back with my manacled hands lying innocently on top of the blanket, I saw that the small windows of the dormitory, like those of the next door bathroom, were made of thick opaque glass that prevented you from seeing out and were barred to prevent escape. These again reminded me of pictures of a prison camp.

I saw that the dormitory also served as a living room, with a long table running down the centre with chairs on either side. In front of each chair was a wooden bowl and a wooden spoon. Again I was reminded of a prison camp.

I thought back over the terrifying and unexpected events of the day. Tears filled my eyes as I thought of the high hopes with which it had started and the degrading and frightening uncertain way it had ended.

But at least I had a friend here: Carole.

Emotionally exhausted, I fell into a deep sleep. ■ I

# 8 - MORNING PERFORMANCE

awoke with a start. Our young overseer, Joseph, was noisily running the stock of a long carriage whip along the bars of the grille that separated his luxurious bedroom room from our simple dormitory.

'Wake up, slavegirls, wake up!' he cried and cracked the carriage whip frighteningly. His dog whip was tucked into his belt.

Then the boy unlocked the grille and came into the dormitory alcove with Sabhu, who was carrying a cane. Again he cracked his carriage whip. It was terrifying.

Like the other girls I hastily jumped out of bed. Now what, I wondered.

'Now pay attention, you new girls,' said the boy, speaking slowly in English. 'When I crack whip, you all run into bathroom next door.'

We stood there nervously.

Suddenly the whip cracked. Like frightened children, we ran into the bathroom - the one in which I had been so humiliatingly taught to perform, as Sabhu and his acolyte called it, the night before.

'New girls, remember when whip cracks, you line up on display bench with the others!' ordered Sabhu, again speaking slowly but also raising his cane. 'Tallest on the right, shortest on the left.'

I blushed at the thought of lining up half naked, my hairless beauty lips exposed, in front of this horrible black man and his young acolyte.

The whip suddenly cracked and I rushed towards the bench. Oh, the shame of having to obey orders to the crack of a whip.

Scared stiff I found my place in the line next to Carole. As I did so, she did not dare to turn her head and remained looking straight ahead. What discipline, I thought, or rather, perhaps, what fear.

'Stand at Attention!' roared Sabhu. Hastily, I copied Carole's position.

'Prepare to perform!' came the order. Blushing with shame, I remembered what Sabhu and the boy had made me do the evening before. Like the other girls, I was now standing looking straight ahead and clasping my manacled hands behind my neck, with my legs parted, my knees bent. I began to relax my belly muscles.

Once again I hesitate to describe what then followed, for it was even more degrading than my private lesson alone the evening before. However, without describing it, it is difficult to explain how a group of grown-up young women could have become such putty in the hands of Sabhu and his young assistant.

Sabhu came slowly down the line of women standing high up on the bench. Our tummies were level with his eyes. It was a scene that would be repeated several times during the day.

Sabhu, or Joseph, would then put a hand down between our parted legs to feel if any girl was daring to begin to anticipate his next order and then, to receive from each girl her secret signal that she was now ready. Invariably I would blush again as I felt him part my beauty lips inquisitively. I would bite my lips as I strained to hold my liquids back and as I then wriggled myself against his cupped hand.

But every time I felt so ashamed. Indeed, oh, the shame! Oh the awful embarrassment!

On this occasion, as Sabhu moved onto Carole, I saw her blush, too, as he parted her beauty lips.

Finally he stood back.

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‘Position for Performing!’ he ordered, as if we were a troupe of performing dogs. Joseph cracked his carriage whip.

All of us now had to jump down off the display bench and prance forward. Facing the wall, we had to take up the same humiliating position as we had had to do earlier standing up on the bench - except that now we were each straddling a bowl on one of the loos and leaning right forward to display ourselves from behind. I saw that my clipboard, with the number “25” and my intimate details written on it, was now hanging above my loo. I saw the number “22 “ on Carole’s clipboard.

I jumped as I suddenly I heard Joseph’s whip crack menacingly close behind me. ‘Get buttocks up!’ he cried.

As, scared by the whip, I strained to obey his order, I saw that the television camera was sweeping to and fro along the line of raised and proffered naked bottoms. Who I wondered was remotely controlling it - and enjoying this spectacle of degradingly dominated women.

‘Perform!’ Joseph humiliatingly ordered. I saw that Sabhu was smiling approvingly at the way his young acolyte was taking charge.

Oh, the shame!

We all had to perform just I had previously had to do - but with the difference that now we had to do so in perfect time with each other. Indeed, I watched horrified as, under Sabhu’s approving gaze, the black boy unhooked his dog whip from his belt and used it to give one girl, who had been slow to perform, three strokes on her bare bottom.

Then to make sure that she had learned her lesson, we were all put through the same routine of stopping and starting as I had been put through the evening before - but this time with all of us stopping and starting simultaneously.

At least, I thought, the infibulation rings and locking bar of the “older” girls didn’t seem to interfere with their natural functions.

Indeed, anyone who was the slightest bit late, or early, got two strokes of Sabhu’s cane. Even Carole, who must have been used to this humiliating display, got a couple of strokes - and so did I.

Oh, the humiliation! Oh, the pain of the cane! I remembered what Carole had said about the constant fear of corporal punishment

Once again, the shame of it all was overwhelming. I kept remembering how Ursula used to say to her cronies: “The best way of breaking-in a girl is to control her wastes. Humiliate her by making her perform to order and you control the girl herself.” Yes, it was terribly true. But I had never thought that it would be done simultaneously to a group of girls - and to the order of a young boy armed with a carriage whip.

Then, just as he had with me the evening before, Sabhu removed the glass bowls and carefully poured the contents of each into a test tube. Then, smiling contentedly, he wrote the result on the graph on the clipboard hanging above each crouching girl. Clearly he had some vested interest in each girl not proving positive. I wondered what it could be.

Meanwhile Joseph had greased each of our backsides and had inserted a thermometer into each - again just as he had done with me. But somehow all the girls being simultaneously treated in this way was even more denigrating than when it had been done to me alone.

Sabhu nonchalantly marked each, still crouching, girl’s temperature on her graph, whilst young Joseph washed us in turn between the legs with a sponge and then dried us.

Oh, the degradation of having our temperatures taken and recorded in this shame-making way!

Indeed, I was about to cry out and demand to know what was going on, but Sabhu raised his cane menacingly.

‘You keep silent. Here white slavegirls only speak to black overseers when spoken to, or you get cane - six strokes! You want say something you put up hand to ask permission to speak. And you call me, “Sir” - and also my Assistant, Joseph. You understand?’

My God, I thought, to have to call that nasty little boy “Sir” was too much. But I did not dare to argue.

‘Yes, Sir,’ I said docilely.

Sabhu then ordered, ‘Tongues out!’ What a humiliat-

ing order for grown-up women, I thought. But like the other girls, I still thrust my tongue well out, wondering why we had to do so.

I was soon to learn the reason, for Sabhu now came down the line of girls with a box of strange looking pills. He put a pill on each tongue.

'Help make you nice and ready,' he said to the new girls, but gave no further explanation. Instead, he watched carefully to make sure we all swallowed the mysterious pills. Clearly he attached great importance to them. Indeed I was soon to learn that we had to take them three times a day.

'I must go and supervise the others,' I then heard Sabhu say to Joseph, the black boy. I wondered what he meant. What others? Other girls? Where?

'You happy you've got control here?' Sabhu went on.

Joseph nodded and, with a grin, pointed to the long carriage whip he was now carrying. He gave it a sharp crack. We new girls all huddled back in fear.

'Oh yes, Mr Sabhu, I think the new girls now nicely broken-in.'

Sabhu then left and Joseph pointed to a blackboard on which was painted the heading in English: "Orders for the day". We all crowded round it. Written on the board in English was:

**Tuesday**

0800 - Morning Exercise Period - Gymslips

1000 - Morning Rest and Infibulation of new girls

1800 - Selection Parade of little girls by Lady Partners - (Party dresses and lisping)

Duty girl: Number 24

I did not understand all this, but the word Infibulation scared me almost out of my wits.

Following Carole's example, I then ran to my locker, and under Joseph's watchful eye, took off my short little nightdress and put on my gymslip and gym shoes. ■

# 9. THE PAINS AND TRIBULATIONS OF "MORNING EXERCISE"

Joseph cracked his carriage whip. 'Morning Exercise!' he shouted and cracked his whip again. It was all very frightening.

Immediately the "older" girls formed up into a line. Nervously, we new girls again formed up with them.

The boy cracked his long whip again. 'Right Turn!' The girls all turned together with military precession.

The whip cracked again, this time just behind me. I shivered with fright.

'Double March!' shouted the officious young boy. Hands clasped behind our necks we all pranced in step out of the changing room and into a spacious room next door that, I was to learn, was called the Display Room.

'Raise knees!' shouted the boy, cracking his whip. 'Up! Up! Up!'

For five minutes he kept us alternatively running and walking round the big room - but always prancing with our knees raised high and hands once again clasped behind our necks. Soon I was sweating. Several times I felt his long carriage whip across on my bottom making me strain to raise my knees ever higher.

It was a position and an exercise that I could feel was pulling on my tummy muscles. I wonder why they were so keen on exercising them.

At last came the order: 'Halt!'

Immediately, the "older" girls stamped their feet in proper military style as they halted.

'New girls, you halt properly!' the boy called out angrily. 'We do again! Double mark time!'

He made us all prance on the spot, using his whip to make us raise our knees high in the air. 'Up!' 'Up!'

Then again came the order 'Halt!'

It was performance that repeated over and over again, with much cracking of his whip, until we new girls were doing it almost as perfectly as the other girls. Oh, how I hated being drilled like this by a mere boy.

Finally Joseph was satisfied and the horrible young boy allowed us a minute's rest to get our breath back, before forming us again and making us prance again around the room for a further five minutes.

I saw Maja, the high spirited girl with whom I had to pleasure Ursula and Sonja back in London, take advantage of Joseph's back being momentarily turned away to put her tongue daringly out at him.

Indeed, I was wondering why a group of grown-up girls allowed themselves to be made to run round the room by a boy, even if he was armed with a long carriage whip, when suddenly I noticed that Sabhu had come quietly into the room. As usual he was carrying his cane and was watching us prance around the room to Joseph's orders. Had he seen Maja's impertinent gesture, I wondered.

Clearly he had, for he suddenly shouted: 'Halt!'

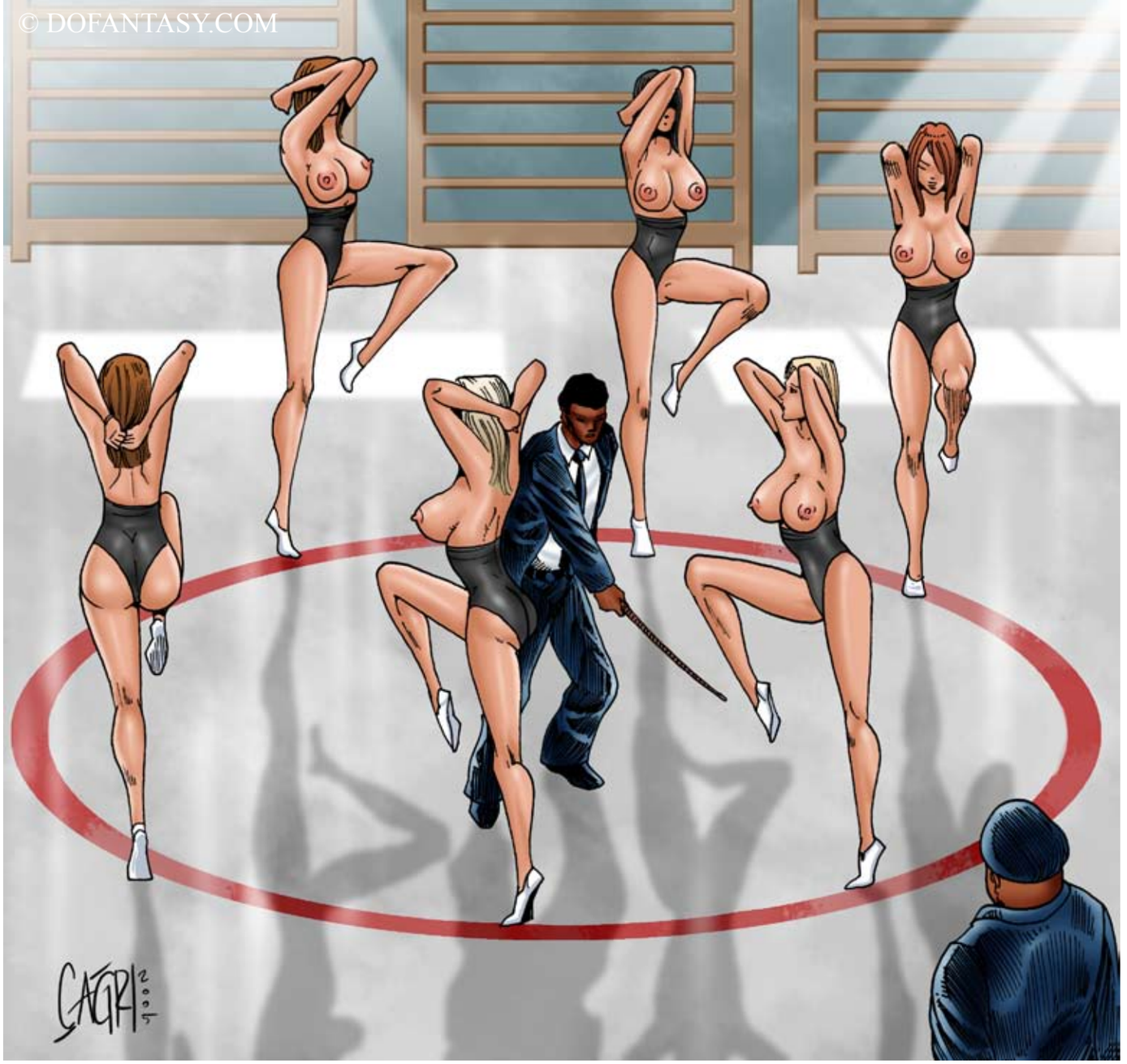
Then he pointed at Maja.

'You!' he said. 'You impertinent to overseer. You also not trying hard enough. You slack. You not raise knees high enough. Six strokes!'

'Oh no!' cried poor Maja. In fact she had probably been trying as hard as the rest of us, but evidently Sabhu was determined to make an example of one of us.

'Come here!' he ordered. 'And run when you're called!'

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Crack! Went Joseph's carriage whip, just behind my bottom. 'Up! Up!' he shouted and cracked his whip again. Exhausted, sweating and out of breath, but terrified of the long whip, I drove myself to raise my knees higher and higher. I longed to tell the horrible little boy where he got off, but Carole had warned me that one word of insolence, or even so speaking to the boy without permission, would get me ten strokes of Sabhu's cane. Already poor little Maja had been given ten strokes of the cane for slacking and protesting that she was exhausted. . 'Halt' the boy at last called out. 'Down on your backs.' Then came exercises that curiously seemed like pre-natal ones, aimed at strengthening our tummy muscles. I wondered why, but I did not dare to ask.

Hastily Maja broke into a run and stood before him, her ample bosom raising and falling, partly from with fear and partly from her exertions. Her hands still clasped behind her neck.

‘Turn round!’

Her back was now towards the rest of us.

‘Bend over!’

With a little sob of despair the pretty girl did as she ordered.

Sabhu came round behind her. He was bending his cane and straightening it again as he made several practice shots through the air. It was a terrifying sight.

‘More!’ demanded Sabhu.

The poor girl’s bottom was now thrust out towards us. With is cane Sabhu lifted the hem of her short gym-slip up over her bare bottom. There was a gasp from the watching girls as he slowly raised his cane.

He paused.

Then suddenly he brought it down right across Maja’s soft little bottom, leaving a red weal. There was a scream of pain from Maja. She jumped up and dropped her hands to rub her bottom.

‘You keep still and not touch bottom!’ roared Sabhu, waving his cane in anger. ‘That stroke not count! You still get six. Next stroke also not count if you move and if you not keep hands clasped behind neck.’

Maja’s English may not have been fluent, but his meaning was quite clear. The other girls around me sucked in their breath. I heard Carole, standing next to me, murmur: ‘Poor thing. Thank God it’s not me!’

‘Silence!’ shouted Joseph,’ or you get the same.’

No wonder the “older” girls had learnt to treat young Joseph with such respect, I thought.

‘Oh please! Please!’ Maja sobbed piteously, flinging herself abjectly down on her knees at his feet.

Sabhu looked down at her contemptuously. We held our breath, wondering the pitiful sight might melt his heart. Then angrily he kicked her away. ‘You get up and bend over again, or you get two more strokes!’

Again he paused and looked at the rest of us. ‘You all watch carefully. Tomorrow it will be one of the rest of you! I always like cane at least one girl each day. ‘

There was gasp from us all. I remembered seeing the wheals on some of the girls bottoms, including Carole’s.

‘Bend over again!’ he ordered Maja.

Then he flexed his cane menacingly, took careful aim and brought it down accurately just an inch below the weal of the first stroke. This time Maja bit her lips to prevent herself from crying out and shook with pain - but she somehow managed to hold her position.

Again the cane came down, again a bare inch below the last stroke. This time Maja screamed out aloud, but she held her position.

The process was repeated four more times. There was now a perfect ladder effect across poor Maja’s bottom.

Sabhu waved the tottering Maja back into her position into line.

‘Double March! Prance!’ ordered Joseph. Soon we were sweating again, for each of us was desperately trying to raise her knees higher and higher. Anything to avoid being caned like Maja!

‘Halt!’ Joseph finally ordered as we ran past a row of rubber mats that I had seen lying on the floor. ‘Down on your backs on your mats, go!’ he ordered - again accompanied by a crack of the whip. Hastily I followed the other girls in lying down on a mat, with my hands by my side. Now what I wondered.

What followed was another quarter of an hour of strenuous exercises: we were made to raise our legs straight in the air, to do sit-ups and press-ups and numerous other exercises. Curiously, once again, they all seemed to be aimed at strengthening our tummy muscles.

At last it was over and we were allowed to prance back into the changing room cum bathroom.

My God, I thought this must like one of those terrifying foreign women’s prison camps I had read about - and with Sabhu and the awful young boy and the strange “preparations” making it even worse.

However, such thoughts were quickly put out of my

mind when Joseph shouted: ‘Morning Showers!’

We were all made to line up under the row of showers. To my further mortification we were not allowed to wash ourselves. Instead, Sabhu and the boy, each with a bar of soap, came down the line of glistening bodies washing us all over with their bare hands in the most intimate and embarrassing way, and then drying us.

It was almost as if we were being brainwashed into accepting that we were no longer in charge of our own bodies. ■

# 10 - MORE HUMILIATION

One of the older girls, evidently the Duty Girl, Number 24, went to a sideboard on which Joseph had put a large bowl of porridge-like food. The bowl was taken round and watched by Joseph the girl put several large dollops of the mess in each girl's bowl.

Then Joseph produced a pot of strange looking black powder. With his dog-whip tucked under his arm, he carefully measured out a tablespoonful and poured it onto each girl's food. Was it some sort of medicine, I wondered? The resulting mixture didn't look very appetising and I waved it away. Instantly Joseph was onto me.

'Here you eat all given to you. Very nourishing. Get you nice and ready.'

'Ready?' I cried, remembering Ursula's strange remark and forgetting Sabhu's warning about not speaking to the "black overseers" 'Ready for what?'

'You not ask,' screamed the black boy giving me a sharp stroke across my shoulders with his dog whip. 'You just do as told!'

Hastily I began to eat up my porridge. It seemed to be a mixture of oatmeal, muesli, slices of fruit with a basis of Soya. All very nutritious, no doubt, but it was really rather tasteless.

'Morning bathroom parade!' Joseph then ordered.

Carole grabbed my arm and pulled me, along with all the other girls, back into bathroom. 'This is the worst part of our daily routine,' she whispered.

Worst part, I thought? What could have been more humiliating than the earlier so called Performance in the bathroom, or more exhausting than the Morning Exercise? I was soon to learn.

As before, we were all made to line up on the bench, standing rigidly at attention facing the line of loos.

I hardly like to write about what then happened. But again it shows the extraordinary level of discipline to which we were subjected.

Suffice to say, Joseph's first order was again 'Prepare to perform!' but this time it was followed by the order 'From backside!' I gasped, in horror as I realised what was meant. Oh no! Not in public! Not in front of Sabhu and that awful young boy! But that was exactly what we had to do.

As before Joseph came down the line, this time feeling our bellies. Any girl, like me on this first occasion, whom he reported was not yet ready, was promptly given a dose of Caster Oil. It was horrible but the effect was very quick and in no time I was desperately longing to go.

As before, on the lowered seat of each loo was a bowl. But this time the bowl was half full of a coloured, scented, liquid. As before, on the order "Position for Performing!" we had to run forward and half squat over the loo, facing the wall, with our buttocks thrust back and our heads raised. And, of course, we had to make very sure that our rear entrances were positioned neatly above the bowl.

Then once again Sabhu held us back until we were all ready to perform together. I was desperate! Then finally he ordered, "Go". But one of Sonja's new girls was a little late and got six strokes for "disobedience". It seemed so unfair.

Then Sabhu watched as, carrying a bucket of soapy water and a big sponge, Joseph came down the line of proffered backsides and washed each of us. Sabhu, I knew, was a fastidious man and insisted on absolute cleanliness for girls in his charge.

Then, instead of using the contents of the bowls for pregnancy tests, they were now carefully weighed and the results entered on each girl's graph. Why on earth, I wondered, was such embarrassingly detailed information required? By Doctor Anna? But why?

Once again it made me ask myself just for what strange fate were we being prepared. Clearly it was one that could potentially earn Ursula and her friends a lot of money - for they were certainly taking great trouble over us. I remembered what Carole had said about it being something that would appeal to rich, and sexually jaded, elderly Arabs.

What could it be? ■

# PART III
# THE "SLAVE MARKET"
# 11 - INFIBULATED!

'Morning Rest Time!' the black boy announced, cracking his whip. Evidently all orders were given in English here, but because the Eastern European girls spoke so little English, they were confined to short, sharp, phrases.

Obediently Carole and the other girls got up and ran to their bunks. I began to run after them.

'Not you!' the boy grinned. He seized my arm and then snapped a lead onto my collar. Sabhu then seized my other arm in his firm grip. I saw that the Joseph was now holding a muzzle like the one with which I had been gagged on the journey to the Castle.

Sabhu and Joseph now dragged me into a curtained alcove, off the Display Room. It was the one that Carole had pointed out the evening before. Astonished I saw that it really did contain a proper gynaecological couch, with stirrups for the feet.

But what really caught my eye even was the fat, squat, figure dressed in a white gown and wearing thin rubber gloves on her hands. Horrified, I recognised the dreaded Doctor Anna.

'No! No!' I cried.

Sabhu gave me a hard stroke with his cane across my bare thighs.

'Oh, yes, yes,' he laughed. Then he and Joseph forced the gag into my mouth and fastened it behind my neck. Then they pushed me down onto the couch and fastened my wrists to straps on either side of my head.

Horrified, but helpless, I felt them also fasten my ankles to the raised stirrups at the foot of the couch. My legs were now held wide apart. Then they lifted up my bottom and pulled my gymslip up round my waist. I was completely naked from there down.

Doctor Anna and Sabhu were whispering together in a corner of the room. Remembering Carole's fears of that they were planning to do something strange and special to us, I was desperately trying to hear what they were saying. I could only hear snatches of their conversation and what with their broken English it was difficult to make sense of it all, and I was left more confused than ever.

'Yes,' I thought I heard the lady doctor say in her heavy Germanic accent, 'with this last lot we will now have sufficient stock of girls to offer to clients to last for some weeks, especially as I do not like do more than one girl a week.

'Do? What do you mean "do"?' I tried to scream, but my muzzle reduced my cry to a little incoherent moan that Sabhu and the lady doctor ignored.

'But, of course, I make exception for this new mother and daughter, Numbers 26A and B. They a special challenge. We give both final treatment together - after I have correctly synchronised both monthly cycles.'

I saw Sabhu rubbing his hands together. 'And,' he added with a smile, 'clients pay plenty money to see both then being assimilated and being given final treatment together: virgin daughter in front of horrified mother and mother in front of shocked daughter - and then watch both in Development Wing.'

Again I longed to scream out and ask just what he meant by "being assimilated and being given final treatment together" - and what was the Development Wing, for Heavens sake?

Then I vaguely heard Sabhu saying, with a sinister laugh, something about rich Arab clients paying large sums to watch slightly older, but still unsuspecting,

European women being put through the full process, 'especially if they intelligent career girls like the American one, Number 22, or happily married ones like this one.'

My God, I thought, what was the "full process" and by "this one" did he mean me? It was true that I was happily married - I had just stupidly allowed myself to be seduced by Ursula when John was away, and had been in her power ever since. Listening to Sabhu and the doctor now made me more anxious than ever about what she was doing with me now.

'Yes,' I also thought I then heard Doctor Anna say, 'it's more difficult with older girls to be sure of success. Proper periods of breaking-in and disciplining, and then of Assimilation, all supervised by you, very important for them, both mentally and physically. Brain then stimulated into producing chemicals that get body ready to accept what we plan to do. So careful psychological preparation is most important, especially for older girls.'

'Yet these older girls are the ones Arab Princes and Sheiks can't wait to see undergoing final treatment,' said Sabhu.

'Which is why we can charge so much more for them,' laughed the horrible lady doctor, rubbing her hands, like Sabhu had done earlier.

'And I can get a bigger tip,' added Sabhu grinning.

'You and your tips,' chuckled Doctor Anna, 'they're all you ever think about! But American girl was certainly very good find. That handsome young Carlo, he certainly earned his fee for spotting a valuable young woman like her and for tricking her into coming here.'

'Yes,' I thought I heard Sabhu add. 'Yes, you remember how when Prince first see Number 22 and realise she still unsuspecting, he willing pay anything to have her, a sophisticated Western woman given final treatment straight away!'

Anna agreed. 'And yet she only here a few days and certainly not yet ready - and anyway I then not even sure she not pregnant by our friend Carlo.'

'His Highness is old man now, but he insist on paying big deposit to make sure that none of his other Arab friends got her first.'

I gave a little shudder as I remembered how Carole had said something about seeing an elderly Arab Prince putting down a deposit for her. Well!

Doctor Anna went on, 'Older men especially like exerting power over young women. That what we offer.'

Sabhu said, 'but I tell him you first require period of strict discipline and daily doses of serum, and of adjustment to girl's monthly cycle.'

'Very important cycle just right when girl given final treatment,' the doctor muttered.

'Then I tell him girl needs to be properly assimilated. Only then could he enjoy watching results of final treatment.'

'Quite right,' I heard Doctor Anna then say.

'But I tell him he can much enjoy watching unsuspecting girl both being disciplined here and even more in Assimilation and being given final treatment - as well, of course, as later on too, in Development Wing, with girl still unaware of what is in store for her.'

'In store!' laughed Doctor Anna, mysteriously. 'That very good!

Then I heard Sabhu join in the laughter. What, I wondered, was the joke. Oh, go on, I wanted to cry out. Go on! Explain what's so funny about "in store". But they both continued to talk in riddles that I could not properly understand.

'Number 22 now on serum for two weeks,' Sabhu then said. 'She also now had several canings. She now obedient and well broken-in. May be ready to move on in time for His Highness's next visit? He very pleased watch her undergoing Assimilation.'

My heart was in my mouth as I saw Doctor Anna consult some medical notes.

'Yes,' she said, 'Number 22 now ready for Assimilation.'

Then to my horror I saw her turn and point to me. 'And I expect sponsoring this one also very popular. The Lady Partners can charge big fee for her all right! Yes, Miss de Vere did very well in getting her here.'

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‘And may be Prince interested in her, too,’ observed Sabhu. ‘Perhaps he like have two - one shortly after the other!’

‘Maybe!’ agreed the doctor. ‘Or four if he also willing pay for new mother and daughter. Anyway I want all new girls paraded for him. The earlier a new girl is paraded,’ Sabhu laughed, ‘the longer clients have to wait for her to be “ready” and keener they are to pay more and to put down a big deposit to secure her.’

My mind was reeling as I tried to make sense of what I had heard. What final treatment, I wondered, and what was this mysterious Assimilation for which Carole, and apparently I, were both destined? Assimilated for what? I must warn her, I thought. But then, on second thoughts, it might be best to say nothing. After all there was nothing that Carole could do about it - nor me!

Anyway, I realised, I still did not know what it was that rich Arabs were so keen to pay to see done to us.

Doctor Anna now came round and bent over me. In her hand was a hypodermic syringe. I felt her wipe something cold between my legs and then two little pricks. Muzzled and held as I was, helpless on the couch with my legs spread shamefully wide apart, there was nothing I could do to stop her.

She stood back for a few minutes as if to allow the deadening injections to take effect.

‘Soon you good girl, whether you like or not!’ she said sternly. ‘Not able interfere with final treatment.’

I did not understand what she meant.

Then I saw her pick up a rather fat needle. I trembled as she bent down over me again, but all I felt were a series of little pricks. I saw her wiping up a little blood and rubbing a greasy ointment into me.

Then I saw her pick up a tray of small white shiny rings and a little gas burner. I shuddered, but I felt almost nothing. She seemed to be melting the ends of each ring before inserting it into me, and then pressing the ends together with a special little tool.

It seemed to go on and on.

Finally she stood up and looked down smiling, as if satisfied with her work. Sabhu joined her, looking down at my beauty lips and smiling.

‘Well,’ I heard Doctor Anna say mysteriously in her heavy German accent, ‘ this one will now not be able to interfere with what Nature, and her future sponsor, intend for her.’

‘Yes,’ said Sabhu, ‘ and they just love to seed girl ringed and helpless.’ Then he added mysteriously, ‘And it won’t be long now before she’s looking very different.’

‘And feeling very different, too,’ laughed Doctor Anna.

My God, I thought, what did they mean!

But my concern was then more with the strange feeling of my beauty lips being tightly compressed - rather like they had so often felt under Ursula’s chastity belt.

But I could also feel something hard running along them and something strange dangling between my legs. Suddenly I remembered the awful plastic infibulations bars I had seen passed through the other girls’ infibulation rings and locked in place with a tiny padlock. My God had they really done that to me, too?

Sabhu now released my wrists and ankles and helped me to my feet. But he did not unfasten my muzzle. Facing me was a full-length mirror. I moaned in despair behind my gag as I saw that, just like the other girls, I too now had a row of half a dozen tough little white plastic rings through each of my beauty lips. Through them a small curved bar had been threaded. Like the other girls, too, a tiny padlock hung down between my legs.

I put my hand down and felt between my legs and felt the rings. Just as Carole had said, the ends of each ring had been permanently closed, brazed together, after being passed through the new tiny holes in my beauty lips.

My God, I thought, removing these tough little plastic rings would certainly be a major task - and a very embarrassing one, too. Moreover, just as Carole had told me, the little bar that kept my infibulation rings so tightly closed was apparently made of stainless steel - and the tiny padlock looked strong too.

I felt for my precious beauty bud. But a flat piece at the top of the bar prevented me from getting my fin-




Having just been infibulated , I am lying chained on my hard wooden bunk, still muzzled, and crying. I did not dare to reach down to my beauty lips, for the horrid black boy Joseph was still there patrolling around, dog-whip in hand. It was humiliating enough being under the control of Sabhu, but to be also ordered about by a mere boy is too much. Carole had warned me that once I was infibulated I would be unable to get at my clitoris or masturbate – and that it would not be easy to get rid of these damn plastic rings, as their ends had been brazed together. Oh Carole, how I miss you. They just took you off to the Assimilation Wing without a word, leaving me to find your bunk above mine empty – and they threaten me with the cane if I ask after you. And now Sabhu is muzzling the beautiful mother and her precious daughter and will be taking them off to be infibulated too. Oh how awful it all is!

gers even close to it. I tried to pull the bar up, out from the rings but, as I suspected, the padlock completely prevented it. Similarly I found that the flat piece at the top of the bar prevented it from being pulled down through the rings. In any case, I realised, the rings kept my beauty lips so tightly closed that I could not even get a little finger between them to feel inside myself or to touch my precious beauty bud.

Sabhu and Doctor Anna were now laughing as they watched my desperate and vain attempts to get at myself. Even worse, Sabhu was tossing a little key in his hand. The key to my infibulation padlock! It made me feel so helpless so controlled.

Sabhu now led me, still stark naked, back into the dormitory, where all the girls were now silently lying in their bunks, resting in he half light.

The other three new girls were now muzzled like myself. I could see that they were all looking, horrified, at my new infibulation rings and bar. Carole gave me a little smile of sympathy, but then Sabhu handed me over to Joseph.

'Into bed!' he ordered. He did not unlock my muzzle, however.

A few minutes later, the lights were switched on and the boy shouted: 'Up' and cracked his whip.

All the other girls immediately jumped out of bed and stood nervously at Attention by their bunks, their hands clasped, as always, behind their necks.

Sabhu entered the room again. He was carrying his cane in one hand and in the other a black leather muzzle, like the one that was still gagging me. He looked at the three new girls that Sonja had brought. Then he pointed to Maja. With his forefinger he silently beckoned her forward. Desperately, she shook her head with a piteous look. But then like a rabbit hypnotised by a stoat, she stumbled across to him.

The big black man seized her by the arm and forced the gag into her mouth. Then he took off her nightdress and, just as he had done to me, he frog-marched her, stark naked, out of the dormitory and across the Display Room into Doctor Anna's dreaded alcove. Poor girl, I thought.

Joseph was still in the dormitory again, watching us girls. Indeed I was to learn that, in the absence of Sabhu, he would almost always be watching us - and, even if he wasn't, the little television cameras most certainly were. Clearly we were too valuable, as potential money earners for the Lady Partners, to be left on our own.

Lying in my bunk, I did not dare to reach down to my beauty lips, but I was constantly aware, as Carole had said, of the strange feeling of the little rings and of the bar which so cleverly kept my beauty lips tightly closed.

It was certainly a horrible and cruel thing that had been done to me. It was far worse than being temporarily locked into a chastity belt. A chastity belt was often just a little erotic joke, or a game, and was taken off after only a few hours or a day or so. But these brazed plastic rings were intended to be far more permanent. Oh God!

I was overcome by a feeling of despair and of mystification about why it had been done - though I could see that it was a wonderful way of asserting power over a young woman. Was this, I wondered, why Ursula had tricked me into coming here, or did a more sinister fate await me?

Twenty minutes later, poor Maja was led back into the dormitory, weeping. She too had been infibulated. She was still muzzled.

Then it was the turn first of the beautiful mother and then of her precious daughter. All four of us new girls had been infibulated and, horrified by the realisation that we had lost control of our bodies, were lying muzzled on our bunks. ■

# 12 - URSULA TAKES HER PICK

In the dormitory, later that evening, under the watchful eye of Joseph, we girls were all nervously playing with our baby dolls. Mine was so pretty. We all enjoyed comparing them, and washing and dressing them.

And the strange thing was that, earlier, when that cunning bastard, Sabhu, came into the dormitory he had just smiled and gestured to us to carry on playing with them. It was almost as if playing with our baby dolls was, as Carole had suspected, all part of the clever mental preparation to which, I realised, we were being subjected.

We girls were also trying to chat to each other in whatever common languages we could find. To my disappointment, Joseph had arbitrarily forbidden Carole and I to speak any more to each other. I suppose it was a way of imposing his authority over us.

But it was clear that, like Carole, none of the other girls had any idea of the fate that awaited us and were as frightened of the Sword of Damocles hanging over our heads as she was - and indeed as I was.

Like the other new girls, I was trying to get used to the strange and frustrating feel of the little infibulation rings and bar. The initial soreness, however, had worn off but I was constantly aware of my beauty lips being held tightly closed.

Suddenly there was the rustle of a key in the door and the click of the electronic lock. In walked Sabhu. He was dressed like the Ring Master in a circus: a smart military style cap, a red tunic covered with black froggings, gleaming white breeches and highly polished black riding boots. He was even carrying a long circus whip, which he now cracked alarmingly.

Taken aback, we all put down our dolls, jumped to our feet and stood respectfully at Attention, with our hands clasped behind our necks. Failure to do so, I now knew, would have meant the usual six strokes from his dreaded cane - for 'Lack of Respect.'

Sabhu looked enquiringly at young Joseph and then announced 'Selection Parade by Lady Partners in half an hour.'

I remembered having seen on the notice board that there would be a selection parade by them at 1800. I had not originally understood who was keeping us locked up in the Castle, but, following my conversation with Carole, I now did. It was these Lady Partners who were the swine that were planning to exploit us in some strange way.

Sabhu again cracked his whip. 'Into Bathroom - Run!' he ordered.

Watched by Sabhu, we all put on our pretty little girl party frocks. We were not allowed to wear anything underneath them. I was worried about we were supposed to put them on with our hands linked by the awful manacles. But, like the frilly nightdresses, they had Velcro fastenings on the shoulder straps. So all was well.

The dresses were beautiful with swirling hems. Like the little girl nightdresses, they had been let out to allow them to be worn by slim grown-up girls like us and as we were all also fairly buxom, they were had been cut away to display our breasts and painted nipples.

However they were still scandalously short. I could not help blushing when I saw how our now infibulated beauty lips were prettily displayed between the swirling hems with our every movement.

The girls all now sat down at a line of small dress-

ing tables. The older girls were busy brushing their hair straight down their backs and making themselves look like pretty little girls. They were also lisping and pouting at each other like little girls. I remembered what Carole had said about this.

'You new girls too!' Sabhu barked. 'You also make look and behave, like pretty little six year old girls. That what Lady Partners want when they choose girls for bed tonight. They keen try out new girls.'

Then for good measure he added: 'Don't forget to lisp all the time, especially when in Lady Partner's bed. Remember, you get six strokes if Lady Partners not pleased.'

It was a threat that made us all desperate to make ourselves look and act the part, even those, like Carole, who hated the idea of having to pleasure an older woman.

So, I thought as I carefully made my face look like that of a little girl and start to practice lisping, we were going to be chosen for their pleasure by the mysterious Lady Partners. Well!

Finally Sabhu cracked his whip and ordered 'Form Line.'

Then, he marched us, now running and laughing like little girls, back into the large Display Room, the scene earlier of the humiliating Morning Exercise. This time he halted us by a rather strange-looking alcove that seemed to include a small, but brilliantly lit-up, raised stage, rather like that of private theatre. In front of the stage were several chairs and a raised semicircular display platform, or walkway that ran round the front of the stage.

We were ordered to march up onto the stage and face the chairs.

'Remember, you smile and look pretty. You sway to music and make party frocks swing to display your new infibulations. Remember to look like you want to be chosen for Lady Partners' bed - or else you get cane!' warned Sabhu. He held up six fingers. 'Six strokes,' he added.

He then moved to one side of the front of the stage where he stood, his long whip raised, like a circus ring master, ready to parade his charges before his employers.

Then Joseph drew a half transparent net curtain across the front of the stage, and dimmed the lights in the Display Room. We could not now see beyond the curtain, but with the stage still brilliantly lit anyone in the display room could see us clearly.

Forgetting that Joseph was now standing behind us, I whispered across to Carole: 'Now what happens?' But Joseph had heard me.

'Silence on stage!' he shouted. 'Or I now report you to Mr Sabhu for six strokes!'

Oh God, I thought. How stupid I had been! Six strokes!

Sabhu cracked his whip and I heard footsteps and women's voices. The Lady Partners had arrived. I heard the scrapping of chairs as they sat down.

As they did so, Joseph, as if in answer to a signal from Sabhu, snapped a lead on to the ring at the back of my collar. He now held my lead in one hand and his fearsome little dog whip in the other.

A stereo player was now switched on and we girls all started to dance and sway to the soft gentle music, making our bosoms bounce and our full-skirted little party frocks swing, giving tantalising glimpses of our smooth and hairless beauty lips - together with our denigrating infibulation rings with the bar and the little padlock that hung down between our legs.

Blushing, I began to sway to the music, too, encouraged by taps on my naked bottom from Joseph's little dog whip.

Through a narrow crack where the curtains joined, I saw half a dozen of the dreaded Lady Partners, the women who had dreamt up and financed this whole strange operation, sitting down and looking intently up at us. Several were evidently taking notes. They looked Germanic and rather masculine and, to judge by their uniform black velvet dinner suits, complete with floppy black ties, also very lesbian.

Suddenly my heart gave a jump as I caught a glimpse of Ursula! Ursula, my some-time adored Mistress, until she tricked me into coming here, was here! I wanted to kill her!

But tightly held, as I was, by the lead attached to my

collar, there was nothing I could do.

I saw that she was dressed, like the other Lady Partners, in a black velvet trouser suit.

She was laughingly pointing me out to a dark haired woman standing behind her with a rather proprietary air. She looked like a prison wardress in a long black dress with broad leather belt round her waist from which hung a bunch of keys. Later I was to learn that this was Fraulein Ingrid, the owner of the Castle and the Senior Lady Partner.

Meanwhile my anger was beginning to fade away. Surely, I thought, if she chose me for her pleasure, then alone with her in the intimacy of her bed, I would be able to find out what was the fate that awaited me and the other girls - or, even better, persuade her to take me away from this terrible place.

I began to cry out to Ursula, but was cut short by a stroke of Joseph's dog whip across my bare thighs beneath my short gym tunic bottom.

'Silence!' he shouted. To my chagrin I saw Ursula nod in approval.

'I see she's being well disciplined,' I heard her say. 'And you've already had her infibulated. Well done!'

'Yes, Doctor Anna and Sabhu don't waste time!' laughed Ingrid. 'And Sabhu's also started her on the special pills and powders - for I want her ready as soon as possible.'

'Oh?' said Ursula.

'You see, His Highness and his cronies are coming back in a few days' time and we think she's just the type to catch his eye -just as the American girl did. He'll be thrilled to think that, thanks to him, a pretty married, upper-class, Englishwoman is going to be subjected to Doctor Anna's full treatment and that, of course, he'll be able to come and watch it all - just as he will for the American girl.' She gave a harsh little laugh. 'He'll be disappointed, naturally, that she's not yet ready to move onto the Assimilation Wing. But with luck, he'll put a hefty deposit down on her to prevent any one else from snatching her up - just as he did with our American girl.'

'Excellent!' laughed Ursula.

'And, of course, you'll get half,' Ingrid added.

'Better still!' said Ursula with a smile - much to my chagrin. I had hoped that she would save me from whatever awful "treatment" of Doctor Anna's it was that this Arab Prince was apparently willing to pay handsomely to sponsor me for.

'I like the look of the girl next to Emma,' I heard Ursula say a few moments later. 'I think I'd like her tonight.'

A feeling of acute jealousy swept over me: Ursula had chosen Carole in preference to me.

'Ah!' replied Fraulein Ingrid, 'she's the older American girl whom I was speaking about.

'Ah!' cried Ursula, making me feel even more jealous.

'I must warn you,' said Ingrid, 'she's new to lesbianism - and doesn't much like it.'

'All the better,' replied Ursula her eyes lighting up. 'I like a reluctant young woman. I'll keep my cane handy.'

'I'll tell Sabhu to warm up her bottom before hand with a special "Slave Paddle" of his. That usually keeps a girl docile and obedient. It's made of rubber and is mounted on a bamboo handle. It stings without leaving any marks.'

'It sounds wonderful,' laughed Ursula cruelly.

'It's a copy of the ones that were used in Haiti on female black slaves in the days of slavery. Of course, he's delighted, as a black man, now to be using it on a white woman!'

'Tell him to do the same with Emma, too,' said Ursula. 'I'll take her too, but I don't want any trouble from her either.'

My heart gave another double jump.

'And I'll tell Sabhu to have Joseph ready with his dog whip - just in case,' I heard Ingrid say. 'Most women don't mind having a black boy in attendance when they're being pleasured by a girl.'

'No, I shan't mind him,' laughed Ursula, 'and I'm sure he'll be very useful.'

I did know whether to be thrilled that my Mistress did want me after all, or horrified that Carole would there

too - and even more horrified that Joseph would also be there with his dog whip to makes sure that Carole and I both perform to Ursula's satisfaction.

Meanwhile the other girls were being paraded by Sabhu and the other Lady Partners were looking at them carefully and telling Sabhu which ones they wanted.

Then Ingrid stood up. 'Ladies, I think we might now go and see how the others are getting on.'

The others? Again I wondered what she meant. I remembered that Sabhu had used a similar expression. Oh, it was so frightening not knowing what was in store for me.

Moments later I watched as Ingrid lead Ursula and her other friends towards a heavily barred door, which was fitted with both a huge old-fashioned lock and a modern electronic one. She unlocked it carefully and they disappeared through it. I heard the door being locked again from the other side. ■

# 13 – URSULA TAKES HER PLEASURE AND GIVES AWAY NOTHING

It was later that evening.

Feeling like helpless slaves, Carole and I were both silently standing at attention at the foot of the Ursula's large bed. It was covered with a black satin sheet. Although we dutifully kept our eyes fixed straight ahead, we were aware of the sumptuousness of her bedroom, which contrasted sharply with our bare dormitory and its hard bunk beds.

We were also well aware of Ursula's long whippy cane which lay menacingly on the bed.

The horrid black boy, Joseph, was standing behinds us, humiliatingly holding each of us by a lead attached to a ring at the back our collars.

It was only half an hour since we had both been made to bend over and given six strokes of Sabhu's rubber Slave Paddle to get us in the right frame of mind, as it had been called, for pleasuring Ursula. The paddle had left no marks, but it had stung like hell.

As usual, our wrists were linked by short manacle chains, but we had been made to step over them, so that our hands were now held helplessly behind our backs.

We were just wearing our little girl "shortie" night dresses and our half nakedness contrasted sharply with Joseph's smart boy's suit.

There had no mention of unlocking and removing our infibulation bars and I could feel my beauty lips being tightly and frustratingly held together.

We could hear Ursula taking a shower in the adjoining bathroom. I cold feel Carole, standing alongside me, trembling with fear. I was, too.

Suddenly Ursula strode back into the bedroom. She was wearing a long satin peignoir with the front held together by a large bow.

Lethargically she lay down on the satin sheet and started to play with the cane, running it through her hands. Her peignoir parted to disclose her long slim legs and the fact that, unlike her girls, she was not depilated. Only slavegirls were depilated here, not Mistresses. She did see to be the least bit embarrassed by the presence of the black boy.

'So, Carole, I understand that you don't like our little lesbian games and don't like having to pleasure a Lady.'

'W ... well...,' poor Carole stammered.

'There is to be no argument about it, my girl. Either you please me or you get my cane, or Joseph's dog whip, until you do. Here you are just a slave and you do what you're told - or else!'

Carole gave a little gasp of despair.

'So,' Ursula laughed cruelly, 'perhaps we should start with a little demonstration from Emma of just what I expect from a slave girl.' She paused deliberately to increase the feeling of tension -and fear.

'Emma, get down on your knees between my legs,' she then ordered. Hastily, I took up my position. I could still feel Joseph holding my lead.

'Down!' he ordered, tapping my bottom with his dog whip and thrusting me down by the neck with his other hand. Obediently I dropped my head further, seeking out, as I knew I must, Ursula's prominent, hard, little beauty bud. It was awkward having to do so with my hands fastened behind my back, but my Mistress gripped my hair with her hands and guided my tongue into place.

Before long Ursula was uttering little cries of joy.

‘Make her go on,’ she cried out to Joseph who again brought his dog whip down onto by bottom - but this time harder.

Ursula began calling out a series of orders.

‘Now, just suck, girl!’

‘Now lick!’

‘Tongue further out!’

‘Slowly!’

‘Now push your little tongue up inside!’

‘Good! Now gently wriggle your tongue.’

‘That’s right. Go on!’

Joseph emphasised each order with another tap of his dog whip on my bottom. Oh, it was so humiliating having pleasure my Mistress by order, in front of another girl, with a black boy driving me on with his dog whip.

Soon Ursula was moaning with yet more delight. I could taste her arousal. The awful thing was that each stroke of Joseph’s dog whip increased my own arousal too, but, of course, with my beauty lips held tightly shut, I was kept firmly frustrated.

Then as I lay between my Mistress’s legs, forced by Joseph’s cane to keep my tongue well out, I heard my Mistress raise her voice and call out.

‘Carole, note carefully what I am making your little friend do. That’s what you’ll be doing very shortly. Understand?’

There was a pause, and then the sound of dog whip on a soft little bottom. ‘Answer!’ came Joseph’s high-pitched boyish voice.

‘Oh, yes, Madam!’ I heard Carole obediently and urgently lisp. ‘I pwomise to please, Madam. I weally will.’

‘Then come and take Emma’s place,’ ordered Ursula, kicking me back off her bed. Evidently making a grown woman lisp like a little girl had excited her. Equally evidently, Carole was remembering what Sabhu had said would happen to her if she did not lisp properly. How humiliating this must be for her, a successful career girl with a penchant for men.

Hesitantly, Carole took my place, whilst I again stood at attention at the foot of the bed. I could not help feeling madly jealous as Carole was given the same series of orders as I had. She was pleasuring my Mistress! But jealousy gave way to pity as I saw that Joseph was having to use his dog whip hard to make Carole comply with Ursula’s orders.

But soon she had Ursula again moaning with delight.

‘Make Emma kneel by the side of the bed and reach out to start licking again,’ Ursula now ordered. ‘I want to feel two little tongues vying against each other to give me pleasure.’

Oh no, I thought. But Joseph gave me a sharp cut across my buttocks and in no time I was kneeling down on the floor by the bed. Another cut from the boy’s whip and I was reaching forward and thrusting out my tongue.

I felt Ursula’s moist, aroused beauty lips and then Carole’s soft little tongue. I felt Ursula’s hand gripping my hair again. She was now holding two heads in place. ‘And Joseph, beat Emma had if she tries to raise her head.’

Terrified, I wriggled my tongue alongside that of Carole.

‘Oh, yes!’ moaned Ursula in ecstasy. ‘Oh, yes!

‘Drive them on, Joseph!’ she soon cried. ‘I want to feel each little tongue jerking as each girl in turn gets your dog whip.’

Joseph was now orchestrating our efforts, holding both our leads in one hand, whilst with the other he was applying his dog whip, one at a time, to our rears. Soon there was a regular pattern of the sound of the dog whip striking a soft little bottom, followed by another cry of ecstasy from Ursula.

It was so shame-making for us both being driven by Joseph’s whip into pleasuring Ursula like this whilst being kept completely frustrated ourselves. How, I wondered, would Carole and I ever be able to look each other in the face again. I could feel that the combination of our two little wriggling tongues, together with the feeling of power in having two helpless girls at her mercy and the sound of Joseph’s dog whip on our bottoms, was bringing Ursula to a peak of pleasure.

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‘Lick again !’ I heard Ursula order. Joseph brought his dog whip down aoss my bottom. Hastily I obeyed. I heard Carole give a gasp of horror from behind me. Poor thing, she was new to forced Lesbianism and hated it. ‘Make her get her tongue up inside – and wriggle it!’ Again down came the dog whip, Again I obeyed-eagerly to avoid another stroke. I coul0d taste Ursula’s arousal, but with my own beauty lips held tightly shut, I was kept firmly frustrated. ‘Make Carole take Emma’s place,’ called out Ursula. Joseph had to use his dog-whip hard to make poor Carole perform to Ursula’s satisfaction. It was her first time. ‘Now I want to feel two soft little eager tongues!’ Oh, the shame as Ursula reached down to hold two heads in place. ‘Beat them to make them get their tongues out properly,’ she ordered.

Suddenly she exploded in our mouths and moments later did so again, before lying back temporarily satiated.

But there were no thanks for us. 'Well done, Joseph, you did very well,' she said. 'I think both slave girls are now sufficiently beaten into submission to be allowed to step over their manacles again so that they have their hands in front. And I don't think I shall then need you anymore. You can give me their leads.'

Then, I saw her reach for her handbag, take out a note and hand it to the grinning boy as a tip. But there were to be no tips for us. We were just slavegirls.

Later that night I was curled up in Ursula's arms. Joseph had strangely come earlier to collect Carole and had taken her away. Ursula had made no objection and it was almost as if she had known that Carole was going to be taken away.

I, of course, was delighted. Quite apart from now having my Mistress to myself, it would be much easier to find out what was going to happen to me. But I was to be disappointed.

I was wondering how to raise the subject, when Ursula suddenly said: 'Well, little Emma, are you wondering what's going to happen to you here?'

'Oh, yes Madam,' I lisped eagerly.

'Ah, well, little girl,' Ursula replied teasingly, 'that would be telling, wouldn't it?'

'Oh please, Madam, please,' I begged.

'Oh no, Emma, pretty little slavegirls like you should only be thinking of pleasing their Mistress. It's not you to pry into what plans they've made for you.'

'But it's horrible not knowing,' I sobbed in despair.

'But that's half the fun for me! And meanwhile, are you enjoying being got ready by nice kind Sabhu and his young friend?'

'He's a swine, a nasty cruel swine,' I burst out, 'and that awful boy is no better.'

'Oh I don't think they'll like it very much when I tell them that,' she laughed.

'Oh no please don't tell them. They'll cane me!'

'Yes, Emma, they will - and you'll deserve it, won't you? Well, won't you?'

'Yes!' I sobbed.

'And are proud of your pretty little infibulation rings?' she went on teasingly. 'And the little locked bar that keeps you a nice pure little girl?'

'No, Madam, no! I hate them!'

'But it's a lovely feeling for your Mistress - being pleasured by a little girl who although aroused can have no relief.'

'Oh, please, Madam, take them off,' I again begged.

'Oh no, Emma. They'll be staying on to make sure you earn your Mistress a lot of money,' she said mysteriously.

'But how, Madam?'

'Never you mind, here you're just a little mindless slavegirl that we can do as we wish. But don't you often wonder why you, and the other girls have been infibulated?'

'Yes, Madam, yes! All the time! Oh do tell me, please.'

'Oh no, Emma! I'm enjoying keeping you ignorant - like a real little girl. Anyway, you might tell the others.'

'I won't, I promise,' I cried, but to avail. Ursula just went on teasing me without giving anything away.

To make it even worse she made me sign a postcard she had written to John. "Emma is very well and enjoying her stay here," she had written. Now she dictated what I was to add: "Ursula is being very kind and I am having a lovely time in this wonderful old castle. Miss you!"

Having a lovely time! How I longed to write that in fact I was being held a prisoner and would he please come back and rescue me. But Ursula made sure that I only wrote what she had dictated.

The card showed a restored old castle, but did not give the name or location - so I was still in the dark as to where I was.

'That'll keep him happy whilst we wreak our nefarious designs on his helpless wife,' she laughed cruelly.

This was the first of several short and innocuous postcards that Ursula made me send to keep John reassured.

So, it was a disappointed little girl whom Joseph collected next morning and took back down to the dormitory. But there I made a horrible discovery. My friend Carole had gone!

She had disappeared - together with one of the other "older" girls - the Romanian one whom I had overheard Sabhu and Doctor Anna discussing.

'What's happened to Carole?' I daringly asked Joseph.

'Never you mind,' he replied angrily.

I sat forlornly in the dormitory, looking at Carole's empty bunk and had a little cry - crying partly for the loss of my friend and partly from fear that one day I, too, might suddenly disappear.

Even Joseph must have been touched, for he came over and patted my shoulder. 'Not cry' he said, 'maybe you see her again soon.'

'What do you mean?' I cried.

But he just smiled and shook his head. ■

# 14 - OFFERED AND INSPECTED

'Get ready for Slave Market,' suddenly cried Joseph cracking a short riding whip as if to show that he would brook no nonsense.

It was later the next day, the day when I had noticed to my horror that Carole had mysteriously disappeared.

Just we had done the evening before, when getting ready to be paraded before the Lady Partners, we all now rushed into the bathroom and titivated ourselves.

'You make look beautiful - or you get cane,' warned our horrible overseer. It was so humiliating to be spoken to like that by a boy armed with a whip. 'And especially eyes. Arab gentlemen like see white women made up like Eastern Houris.

Then Sabhu arrived. I was astonished to see that he was dressed in a long robe and a simple turban and was carrying a long whippy cane. He looked just the slave dealer I had seen in a well known picture by a French artist called "The Slave Market" which showed two captured white, women, being displayed half naked and manacled to a well dressed, grey bearded, Arab. One was a virgin, the other a young married woman, clearly expecting a happy event.

In the picture the slave dealer had been using his cane to point out the features of the blushing, but clearly frightened young women. I used to wonder why a pair of proud looking European girls was letting themselves be so humiliatingly displayed. After only little more than 24 hours of Sabhu's terrifying discipline, I felt I now knew why.

Sabhu tucked his cane under his arm and clapped his hands for silence.

'Very rich and important Arab gentleman coming inspect you,' he announced, again speaking slowly for the benefit of the girls who only spoke a little English. 'I offer him now girls "Ready", but I also show him, for another time, girls not yet fully prepared. You obey my orders when I show you off and keep quiet, or afterwards you get cane: ten strokes.'

There were gasps of horror from the other girls and myself. Another ten strokes! Like the girls in the picture, we were all going to be far too frightened to object to being displayed by Sabhu, no matter how humiliatingly, to this unknown Arab gentleman.

'You make sure you thrust out bellies properly so that he can see your numbers easily and check them against our priced list.'

A price list - for girls! How awful, I thought.

'Into Display Room - Prance!' now ordered Sabhu. It was an order that was emphasised by a crack of Joseph's whip.

Moments later we were all lined up on the stage, behind the transparent curtain. Once again we were all brightly lit up making it impossible for us to see the Arab Prince that Ingrid and Ursula were now very escorting into up to some comfortable armchairs that had been placed in front of the stage.

'Welcome Your Highness to our Slave Market,' I heard Sabhu say obsequiously in surprisingly good English. Perhaps, I thought, Ursula or one of the other Lady Partners had written a script for him. 'As Your Highness will have already seen from behind the screen and on the internal television monitors, we have good stock of beautiful young women to offer again to Your Highness for further sponsorship.'

Oh my God, I thought, had this very rich and important Arab Gentleman, evidently a Prince, been watching me from behind the screened balcony high up on




‘Keep belly thrust out for inspection,’ ordered Sabhu angrily, raising his cane. I felt the Prince cup my tummy in his big gnarled hands. I did not dare look down. ‘Think what it could look like soon,’ I heard Sabhu say, pointing with his cane to my tummy.’ Then he unlocked the brass bar that kept my beauty lips closed. I felt them opening like a flower. ‘Part legs and bend knees,’ he ordered. In this degrading position, I then, to my horror, felt him part my lips so that the Prince could actually feel up inside me. ‘Feel her and imagine watching her receive the repeated preliminary treatments in the Assimilation Wing and then - the final one!’ he said to the Prince. ‘She would carry and drop her little progeny well.’ Little progeny? What did he mean? However, how awful, I thought, it must have been for captured Christian girls to be felt like this in a slave market.

the wall, whilst I had been innocently playing with my doll? Even worse had the television cameras trained on our bottoms, whilst Sabhu made us so degradingly perform together, been for his benefit? Oh, no!

'Our terms, as usual are very generous: one third on a reserving girl for sponsorship: one third on successful administration of the final treatment, as we call it: and the final one third on successful completion.'

'Sponsorship for what?' I longed to scream out aloud. 'What treatment? And successful completion of what?' But with Joseph's whip only inches behind my bottom, I did not dare to open my mouth.

'Two girls, Your Highness,' Sabhu went on, 'Numbers 23 and 24, will be ready to be sponsored to start Assimilation in a few days time. You will see that their nipples have all been nicely elongated. As you know this will play an important part during their Assimilation.'

My ears pricked up. I had always wondered why they took such trouble to stretch our nipples. But what on earth did he mean?

'The others,' I heard him continue, 'will be nice and ready in about ten days. You will see that their nipples are already responding to our special treatment and will be nice and long by the time they are ready, too, to move onto Assimilation.'

Again I was mystified as to the connection between our nipples and this strange Assimilation.'

There was a pause and then Sabhu said: 'You will see, Your Excellency, that all their prices are listed on the Price List.'

There was the sound of rustling paper. Was the important Arab gentleman consulting the Price List, I wondered in trepidation?

'I understand, Your Highness,' I heard Sabhu go on, 'that having earlier visited, in her new surroundings, the unusually interesting young woman you have already sponsored and who has now started her Assimilation, that you might be interested in sending another young lady, or two, to join her, to add to Your Highness's collection.'

I heard the Arab give a grunt of assent.

My God, I thought, could Sabhu be talking about Carole? Is this Arab Prince the same rich and cruel "Old Greybeard" whom Carole had thought was sponsoring her? Was it Carole whom he had earlier seen starting her Assimilation - whatever that might mean? Did that mean that she was still here, somewhere in this castle, in "her new surroundings"? Had seeing what had been done to her, made the Prince decide to come and look for other girls to "add to his collection"?

'So, Your Highness, I would like to draw your attention to three very special items we can now offer you: Numbers 26A, a beautiful mother, and 26B, her lovely daughter. I am sure that Your Highness would find it both exciting and fascinating to order them both to have the full treatment and then to watch them, unsuspectingly, having to undergo it.'

He passed to let his words sink in.

'The third item, I would recommend as being of particular interest,' he continued, like a slave dealer of old describing his wares to a prospective buyer, 'is Number 25, a genuine upper class English Lady, and married! Her husband is away and has no idea she is here, nor that she is also being prepared to undergo, unsuspectingly, the full treatment.'

I blushed at thought of being described as an item on a sales list. How degrading!

'These items are expensive, of course, because they are very rare and valuable - like Number 22 whom you are already sponsoring. Acquiring them has been difficult. But think of the feeling of power that would come from imposing your will on them.'

So, I thought, as a married upper class English Lady, I'm a rare and valuable item, am I? On a par with Carole and the mother and daughter? No wonder that Ursula had taken so much trouble to lure me here.

'But,' went on Sabhu ingratiatingly, 'may I remind Your Highness that we also have, on offer, three other charming, and rather cheaper, young ladies who are also listed in your Price List: Numbers 23 and 24, who almost as nice and ready to undergo the joys of Assimilation, and a delightful new arrival, Number 27.'

Oh how awful it all was, I thought.

The music now began and, encouraged by another

crack of Joseph's whip, we all began to dance, sensually swaying our hips and shaking our naked breasts in time to the music, as we had been taught to do. I blushed with embarrassment at the thought that evidently the unseen Prince was looking at our gyrating bodies.

At first we now had to keep our hands down in front of us so as to display our manacles. Evidently, like our collars, they made us look really slave-like.

Then, at a word of command from young Joseph, we all simultaneously had to raise our hands and clasp them behind our neck and thrust out our breasts and bare bellies, leaving our manacles at first hanging down just below our breasts, and then hanging down our backs.

The music now changed to a particular Arab tune, the signal to us to start belly dancing - something we had also had to practice and practice, with Joseph's little dog whip driving us on until we were exhausted.

I could see that with our harem trousers cut away around our bare and numbered tummies and with our infibulated beauty lips also displayed, we must have looked a very erotic sight.

Then one by one, with our manacled hands again lowered demurely in front of us, we each had to leave the stage and walk slowly round the semi-circular raised catwalk in front of it, whilst Sabhu called out an embarrassingly intimate description of our bodies and our monthly cycles.

'Keep heads up!' Joseph had warned. 'Not look down at client.'

However, I simply could not resist a quick glance down at the man for whom we were being paraded. It was a glance that later cost me six strokes Sabhu's cane for Disobedience, for I could not help a give a gasp when I saw a large, elderly, gross-looking bearded man, dressed in immaculate white Arab robes and headdress with a gold edged silken transparent black cloak.

His eyes were totally hidden behind large reflective sunglasses and, except for a cruel-looking mouth, most of the rest of his face was hidden behind a long grey beard.

My God, I thought, he was indeed Carole's cruel "Old Greybeard". Not satisfied with acquiring her for whatever purpose it was, he really had come back to look at more of us.

Behind him sat half a dozen similarly dressed Arabs - perhaps his cronies or guards, would occasionally lean forward and offer some comment in Arabic on the girls being paraded.

Seated next to the Arab Prince was the black-clad Ingrid, dressed as usual like a prison wardress. She was drawing the Prince's attention to each of us in turn as we paraded past them. I could see that he was clearly interested in me - but even more interested in the beautiful mother and daughter. I could not help feeling a pang of a jealous.

When we had all paraded round, I heard Sabhu ask the Prince if there were any girls whom he would like to examine more closely.

'Number 25,' came a deep gruff voice with a strong Arab accent.

'Number 25 to catwalk!' ordered Sabhu cracking his whip.

Joseph raised his whip warningly and beckoned me forward. Nervously I stumbled out onto the catwalk and stood there, lit up by the strong stage footlights.

'Position for Inspection!' I heard Sabhu order with a terrifying crack of his whip that seemed only inches from my bottom.

Quickly, biting my lips with fear and shame, I clasped my hands again behind my neck, parted my legs, bent my knees, thrust out my breasts and belly, raised my head, and fixed my eyes straight ahead on the wall at the back of the room. Standing up on the raised platform, I was looking over the head of the Prince who was now standing immediately below me, his headdress level with my bare navel.

'A lovely English Lady, Your Highness, who being married will be appalled by the results of the full treatment,' Sabhu commented. What "full treatment", I wondered anxiously.

Suddenly I felt a claw-like hand brushing aside the open bolero and feeling my breasts. It was the Prince's.

‘Nice and firm,’ commented Sabhu like a salesman. ‘They will look lovely hanging down below her.’

What did he mean, I wondered, blushing with embarrassment.

‘And see how the nipples are already responding to our treatment.’

The hand dropped to my belly. I did not dare to look down.

‘And as you can see, she has a sweet, soft, little belly. Think what it will be like before long.’

Blushing madly, I cringed back.

‘Keep belly thrust out for inspection,’ ordered Sabhu angrily. I felt a tap of his whip on my buttocks. ‘More!’ he ordered and I now really strained to present my belly to the frightening Prince. I felt him cup it in his big gnarled hands.

‘Head up and keep looking ahead,’ murmured Sabhu with another warning tap of his cane.

I felt his hands run down over my soft and now hairless mound and then, horror of horrors, down my trembling beauty lips and infibulation rings, kept closed, of course, by the cleverly curved and unyielding metal bar.

‘Would Your Highness like a closer look?’ I heard Sabhu ask.

The Prince gave a grunt of assent.

Then I heard Sabhu come behind me. I felt his hands between my parted legs. Then I heard a click. I realised that he must have unlocked the tiny padlock that hung down between my legs and which held the bar in place.

Then coming round to the front of my body, he carefully unthreaded the bar from between the rings on each of my beauty lips.

Suddenly I felt them open, like the petals of a flower in the sun. Oh, the relief But also how shame-making as, out of the corner of my eye, I saw below me the Prince peering at my beauty lips and give a grunt of approval.

But worse was to follow, for I now felt Sabhu part my lips and hold them open. Oh no!

‘Feel up her, Your Highness,’ Sabhu urged, ‘and imagine her receiving repeated treatments in Assimilation and then the final one.’

I had no time to ponder on what he meant, for I now felt the Prince’s gnarled finger penetrate me. He slowly felt up deeply. Oh the shame! But it was even worse when I felt my long frustrated body beginning to react to him.

How awful, I though, it must have been for prudish captured Christian slave girls to be inspected like this in the Eastern slave markets of old.

Then apparently satisfied, the Prince withdrew his finger and Sabhu replaced the bar and the little padlock.

I was sent back to join my companions on the stage behind the curtains through which we could not see.

‘Did any others catch our eye, Your Highness?’ I heard Ingrid ask.

‘Yes, the mother and daughter,’ came the reply in a deep guttural voice.

‘Numbers 26A and 26B to catwalk,’ ordered Sabhu with another frightening crack of his whip.

Both the mother and her daughter were sobbing with shame as Joseph silently beckoned them forward, round the side of the curtain.

I could not see what was going on but, after my own experience, I could imagine the scene only too well.

‘Position for Inspection!’ I heard Sabhu order, again with a terrifying crack of his whip.

‘Think, Your Highness, of the joys of imposing the full treatment simultaneously on a mother and daughter,’ I heard Sabhu say. ‘And daughter still a virgin! A virgin who is destined to have a rather unusual first lover. ‘

‘Think,’ added Ingrid’s voice, ‘what a magnificent video I shall be making for you to take away as a record of what they were both made to undergo over the month of preparation and assimilation and the two months of final development.’

Two months of final development, I repeated to myself, as mystified as ever.

I heard two clicks as, doubtless, Sabhu undid their padlocks and slight rasping noises as he slid both their retaining bars out from their infibulation rings.

Then I heard the daughter give a little cry as doubtless the Prince verified for himself her state of virginity. Poor girl! Poor mother!

'I want these two kept for me,' I heard the Prince say emphatically.

'Of course, Your Highness,' came Ingrid's evidently delighted voice. 'But they will not be ready to start Assimilation for another ten days or so.'

'Never mind, I pay now,' replied the Prince.

Moments later a deeply blushing mother and daughter joined us behind the curtain. A disc with a big "R" on it was now hanging from the ring on the front of each of their collars.

Was I jealous, or relieved, that this horrible old Arab Prince had not also reserved me for himself - yet! ■

# 15 - “NICE AND READY”

The next days so passed slowly. It would, I knew, be about ten days or a fortnight from my arrival in the castle before I would be considered ready for Assimilation -whatever that meant.

They were days of dread and uncertainty. Being deliberately deprived by Sabhu and Joseph of any access to a calendar, I could not sure whether my time was up.

Three times a day my nipples were stretched. They were now getting unusually long and almost animal-like - much to Sabhu’s evident delight and my own embarrassment.

I also continued to play happily at feeding my lovely baby doll, Isabella. I knew it was absurd but, such was the power of Sabhu’s hypnotism that I could not help feeling somehow deeply and growingly satisfied when I held her to my breast and thrust my lengthening nipples into her little rubber mouth.

However, it was not only a mental satisfaction, for I could also feel my body reacting in some strange way as well. Indeed I could hardly bear to be separated from her. As Carole had said, for some strange reason Sabhu was certainly arousing our maternal instincts.

At the same I continued to be subject to the strict and humiliating discipline of my black overseers. Several times I received six excruciatingly painful strokes of one of the special long whippy canes with curved handles that Sabhu kept specially hanging up on the walls of the various rooms to frighten us and keep us cowed. And, of course, several times a day we all had to go through the awful and degrading routine of “performing” in the bathroom - and woe betide any girl who failed to obey instantly any of young Joseph’s humiliating commands.

It was all a routine that ensured that both mentally and physically I was kept “broken-in” and slave-like, too terrified of the crack of our overseers’ whips and of the constant threat of the cane to dare to do anything but instantly obey their orders.

And overhanging it all was the equally terrifying uncertainty of what was going to be done to us. This terrible feeling of uncertainty was further increased when first Number 24 and then Number 23 quietly disappeared - having apparently been sponsored to start their Assimilation.

Meanwhile, Carole having already disappeared, presumably into the mysterious Assimilation, there was none to whom I could confide my fears, for none of the other girls spoke more than a smattering of English, just enough to understand the cryptic orders of our dreaded overseers.

However, the uncertainty hanging over us seemed to overwhelm them, too - especially the mother and daughter who would spend hours quietly weeping in each other’s arms.

What made it worse was that several times Ursula deliberately ignored me and chose another girl for her bed in the afternoon or at night. It made me so jealous.

Desperately and unavailingly trying to get at my buried little beauty, I would lie in my bare bunk, or perhaps with my face between the legs of another Lady Partner, thinking about what Ursula would be getting up to with that chit of a girl.

Perhaps it was even worse when Ursula chose another girl as well as myself. Then, turning her back on me, she would mischievously and lovingly talk to the other girl in some Eastern European language.

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The cruel old Prince called for me, and the mother and daughter, to satisfy him. He was highly aroused. Had he been to see Carole? Had whatever it was that they doing to her, in the mysteriously called Assimilation Wing, aroused him? I had to kneel down on the sofa alongside him, as one by one we were made to go down on all fours to lick and suck his manhood, under his robe, whilst he played with the others' breasts. When it was my turn, I felt more humiliated than ever as I knelt down between his knees and, driven on by young Joseph's cane, had to seek out and alternatively lick and suck his manhood – until with a grunt he exploded in my mouth. Later Sabhu attached a disk marked "R" to my collar. Did it mean Reserved? But reserved for what. What had the Prince paid to do me, a married English Lady who would have to return, in a few months time, to her husband? What was he already doing to the sophisticated Carole?

Finally she would turn back to me and teasingly say: 'Well, little Emma, I hear from Doctor Anna that you're getting nice and ready. Are you worried about what will happen to you next or when you get the full treatment?'

Or: 'So, Number 25 are you wondering about when you'll be moved on or who has sponsored you, or if you're going see your little friend Carole again? Well, isn't it exciting not knowing?'

Whenever I could, I would beg her to tell me just what was going to happen to me. But invariably she would teasingly reply: 'Oh no Emma, it would spoil all the fun if you knew that. All you need to know is that you're going to earn your Mistress a lot of money.'

Once when I persisted she angrily sent for Joseph to give me six strokes of the cane in front of her, kneeling on the foot of her bed. I never asked her again, but that did not stop her from teasing me.

Oh, it was so cruel of Ursula to keep me on tenterhooks like that, ignorant of my fate.

Ursula left the castle for a few days, perhaps, I thought bitterly, to set about luring other unsuspecting young women to the join Sabhu's team. Several times I was then chosen by different Lady Partners for their pleasure, often together with other girls. The Partners were mainly strict middle-aged German ladies, who enjoyed being pleasured by one or more reluctant young ladies - reluctant, that is, until the cane drove us into a frenzy of eager and frustrated obedience to their every degrading wish.

They also often chose the beautiful mother and daughter for their pleasure. However, it was made clear that serving the Lady Partners was not the main reason for our being kept locked up in the castle. Pleasuring them was merely an incidental item. We were there for something far more serious and money-making - but what?

But it was not only the Lady Partners that I had go pleasure for there were also numerous Slave Markets, each for a distinguished and evidently very rich visitor. Most were Arab Sheiks with numerous entourages, but some were lone European men, apparently German and some large fat African ladies. These last two were always masked as they degradingly inspected and felt us intimately.

What dreadful thing was it that they were being invited to do to us, that made them wanted to hide their identity? Were they frightened of us later causing a scandal?

But whoever they were, Arab, European or African, Sabhu would always tactfully enquire whether, aroused by their visit to the castle, they now wished "a little relief from the mouth and tongue of one of our slavegirls"?

Frequently it was me who they then chose and I would shortly find myself kneeling on all fours, with Joseph holding me by a lead attached to the back of my collar. He would also be caressing my bottom with his dog whip to ensure I behaved properly, as he made me thrust my head up under the robes of a seated Arab gentleman or African lady, or had to bend down over a German man's fly buttons.

Several times the cruel old Prince came with his entourage to inspect us again and especially the mother and daughter whom he had already reserved for himself. I would often wonder if he had come on from visiting Carole - to see whatever it was they were doing to her in Assimilation. Certainly he would be sexually aroused and he would require relief. Once, as a change from the stimulating mother and daughter, he demanded my services.

I felt more humiliated then ever I as I knelt between his knees and under his white robe, driven by Joseph's whip to seek and out and alternatively lick and suck his Princely manhood until with a grunt he exploded in my mouth.

It was shortly after this that Sabhu fastened a disk marked "R" onto the front of my collar. But I did not know if it was the Prince who had paid for me, or one of the Germans who seemed equally taken by the opportunity to impose their will on a married English Lady.

Then one morning Sabhu beckoned me to follow him into Doctor Anna's surgery. He

had frequently taken me there for examinations and I did not suspect that this visit was going to be any different. As usual I was tied down on the gynaecological couch.

In came the dreaded doctor, but following her, happily smiling was Ursula. Ursula was back! I was thrilled, but not by her words as she bent over the couch and kissed me.

'Oh Emma,' she said, 'isn't it thrilling? Doctor Anna says you're ready to move onto Assimilation.'

'What'll happen there?' I asked desperately.

'Oh you'll soon see,' she laughed cruelly, 'and your Mistress is very pleased with you, for Ingrid tells me that your sponsor has paid a large sum of money for you to be given the full treatment.'

'But who is this sponsor - and what this the full treatment?' I cried out in alarm.

'Never you mind,' Ursula replied.

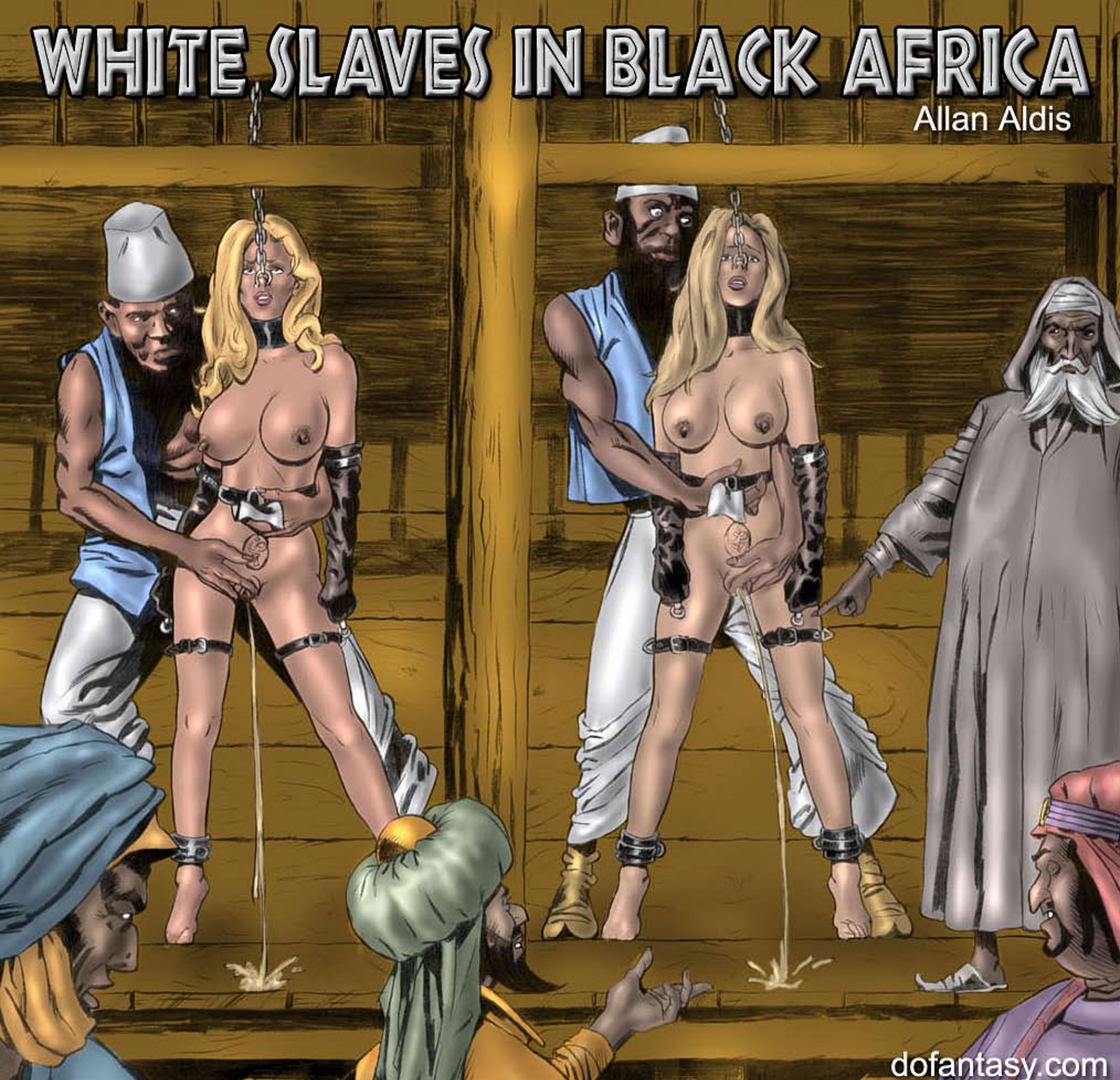
Then Doctor Anna came up and taking hold of my arm gave a little injection into the back of my hand.

'What are you ...?' I cried out in alarm. But I never finished the sentence. Instead, I lost consciousness. ■

END OF BOOK ONE

# WHITE SLAVES IN BLACK AFRICA

Allan Aldis



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# ARABIAN REVENGE

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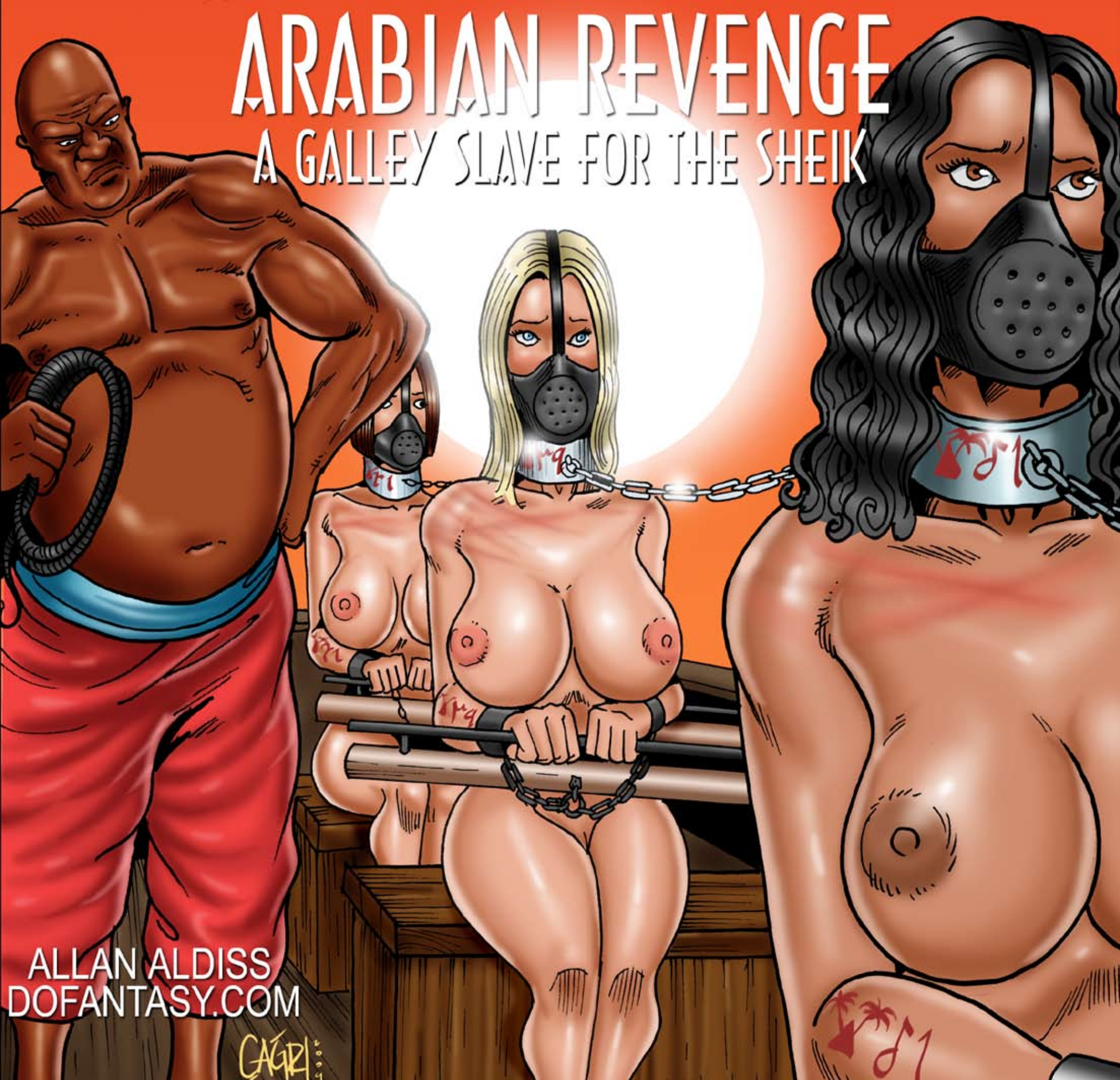


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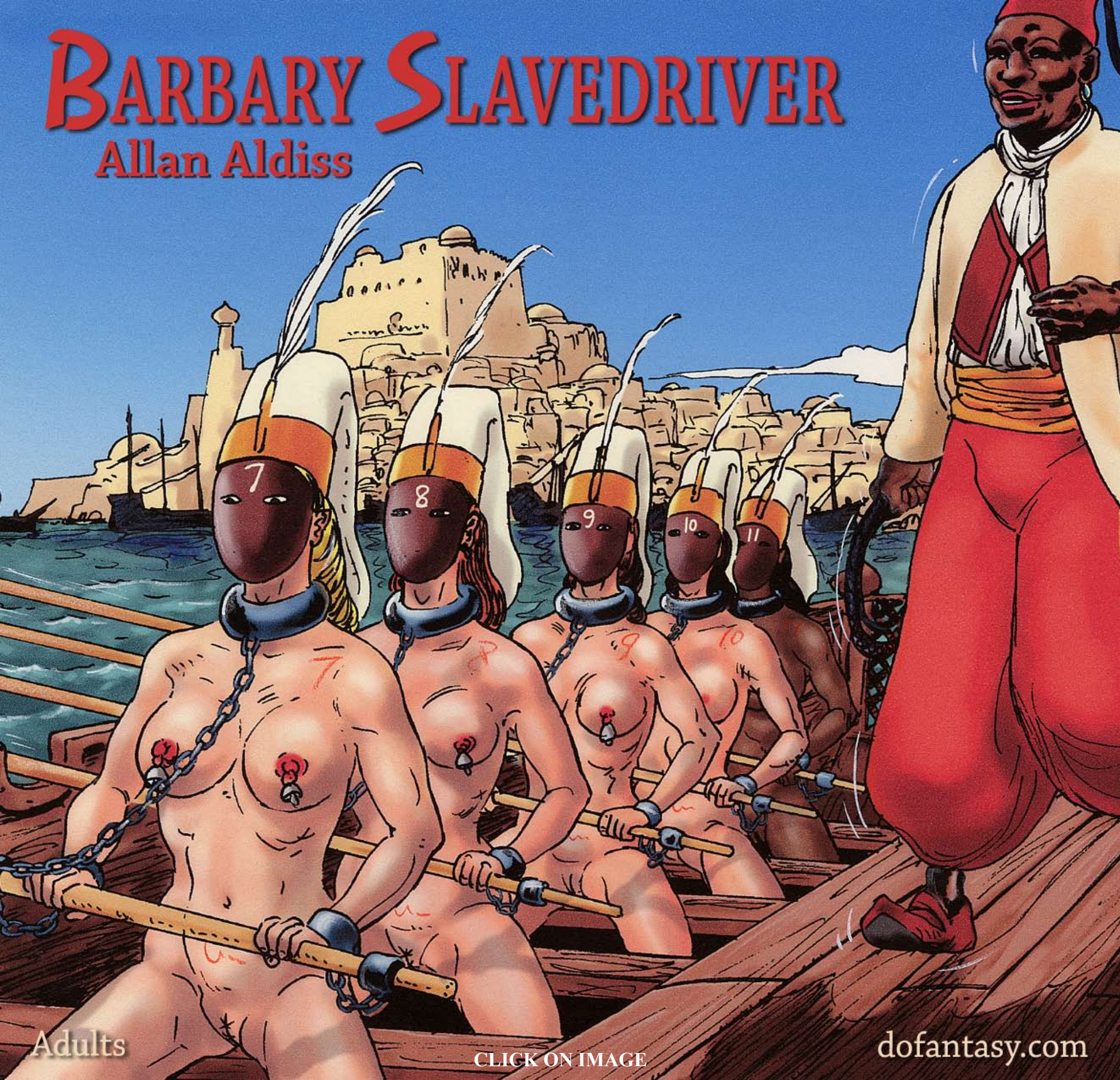
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# ARABIAN REVENGE

## A GALLEY SLAVE FOR THE SHEIK



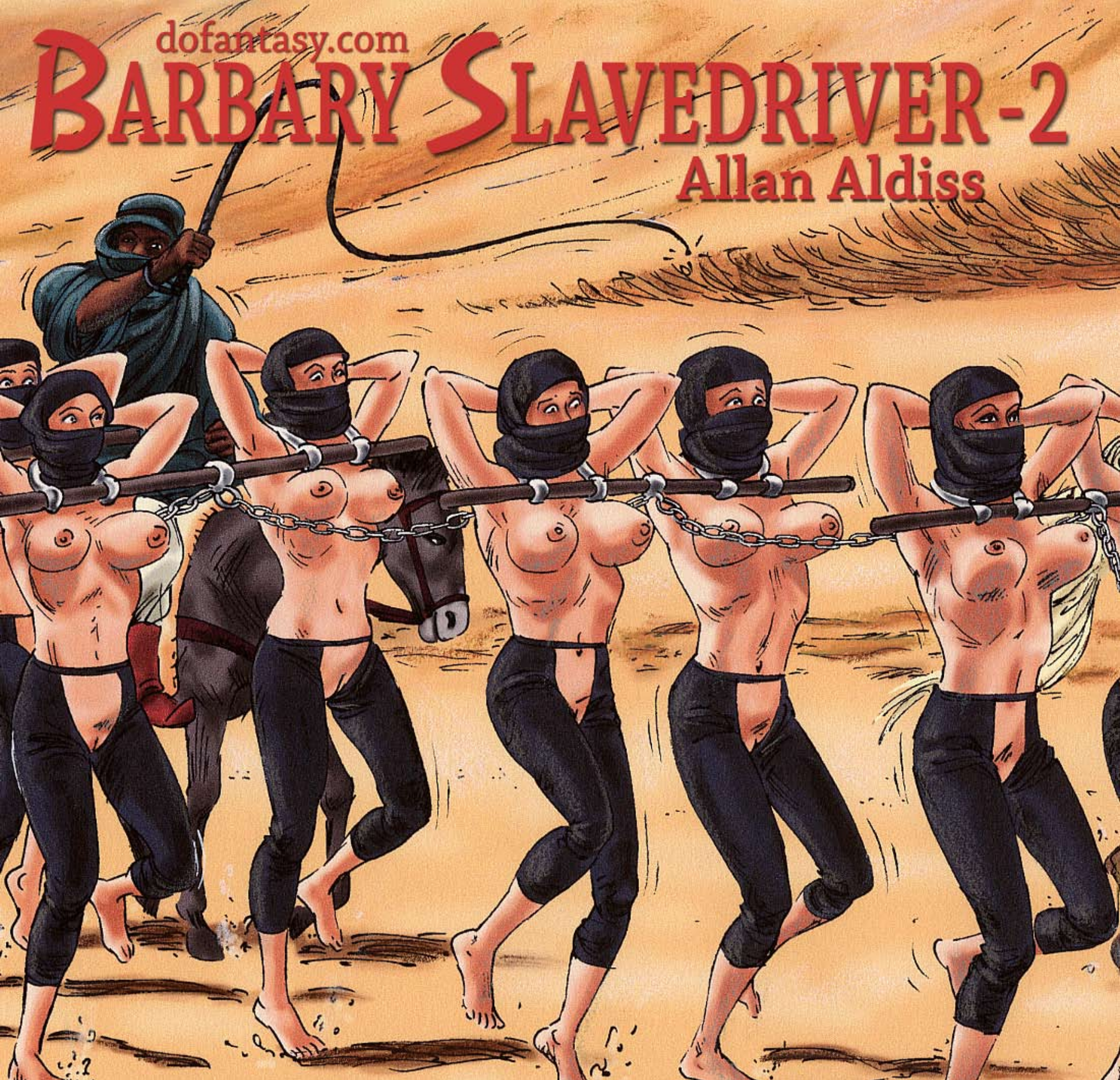
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