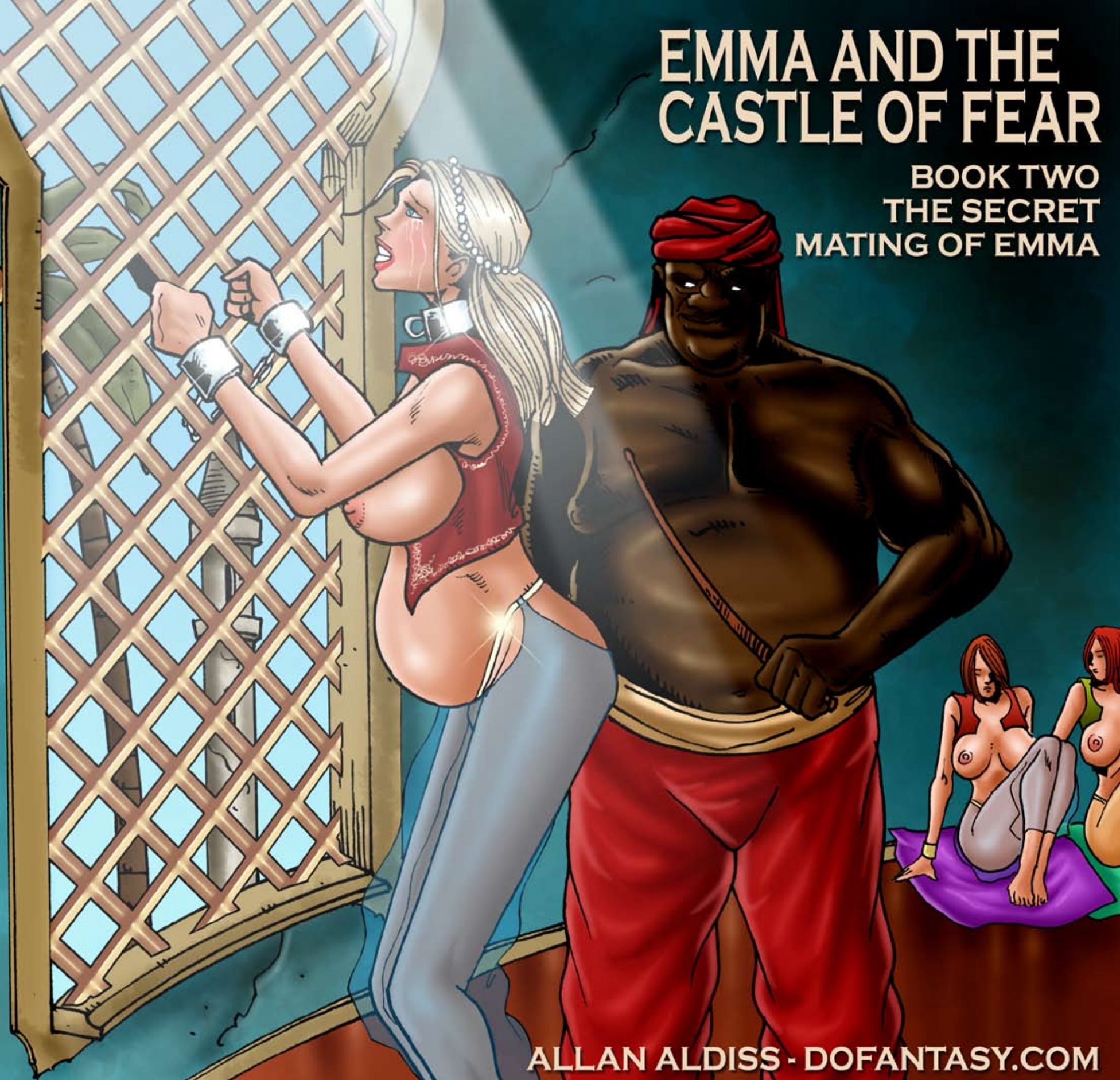

EMMA AND THE CASTLE OF FEAR
BOOK TWO
THE SECRET MATING OF EMMA
ALLAN ALDISS - DOFANTASY.COM

EMMA AND THE CASTLE OF FEAR

By ALLAN ALDISS

Book Two - THE SECRET MATING OF EMMA

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EMMA AND THE CASTLE OF FEAR

By ALLAN ALDISS

Book Two - The Secret Mating of Emma

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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PART I – MARRIED BUT IN THRALL TO MYK MISTRESS

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2 - A strange orgy
3 - Caned by my mistress
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PART II – PREPARED – BUT FOR WHAT?

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EPILOGUE

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THE STORY SO FAR

In Book One, Emma herself recounted how she was lured by Ursula to an isolated castle in Eastern Europe. Here she joined 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.

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.

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

She told the breathtaking story of the control that Ursula exercised over her despite her being a married woman; of her humiliating –in 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/

Then comes their intimate inspections by an elderly cruel Arab Prince, who appeared to have hired them for a particular purpose. But again, they wonder, for what? Emma is terrified of the continual uncertainty hanging over her and why she has been brought here.

Now in Book Two come even more sinister happenings, with Emma and her American friend at first still uncertain and fearful about just what has been to them – and horrified when they learn the dreadful truth.

PART IV
"ASSIMILATION"
16 – IN THE KENNELS

Suddenly I awoke. It seemed only moments later, but it must have been longer for I was no longer lying on the couch. Was I now undergoing the mysterious "Assimilation" that I had heard so much about?

I gasped as I looked around me, for I seemed to be lying in a small, low, cage-like kennel. My God! Yes, in front of me, at the front of the cage, were bars, iron bars. In the middle of the bars was a trapdoor, also barred, and closed with a large padlock.

In the bars, to one side of this main trapdoor, were three smaller round doors. They were hinged and the middle one was slightly larger. I wondered what they were for.

Attached to the bars was a large piece of cardboard on which was written on both sides: "25". Goodness, I thought, that's my number!

Large mirrors were securely attached to the two wooden walls of my cage on either side of the barred front. I gasped as I glanced into one the mirrors, for there, looking back at me, and reflected back in the other mirror as well, was a large black spotted, rather large, Dalmatian bitch. It was me!

I saw that I had been put into a cleverly designed dog-skin with a very realistic headpiece. There were even stiff dog's ears sticking up above my own hidden ones.

All that I could see of my face were my eyes, peering through little slits. Above these slits were small pieces of fur that could be lowered to fasten onto Velcro and so prevent me from seeing anything at all. How terrifying!

I saw there were also little slits over my nostrils and that a sort of dog's muzzle was fastened over the mouth of the headpiece.

I also saw that my collar was still fastened round my neck but was now outside the dog-skin so that it looked like dog collar. A long chain was fastened to a ring in the front of the collar. I saw that the other end of the chain was fastened by a padlock to a ring set in the cobbled floor in the front of the cage.

Horrified by it all by, I opened my mouth to scream out in protest, but there seemed to be a rubber bar across the top of my tongue, attached to the muzzle. It prevented me from uttering more than a sad little moan.

I began to miss Isabella, my lovely baby doll. Oh how sad it was to be separated from her.

Still looking into the mirrors as I knelt on all fours, I saw my two naked white breasts hanging down below me, or rather between my dog-skin covered arms. The dog-skin had evidently been specially cutaway around each of my breasts. My now elongated nipples were almost grazing the cobbled floor of the cage, looking more animal-like than ever.

My God, I thought, was I being brainwashed into thinking of myself no longer as a human being, but as a bitch? Was this what the Assimilation process was all about? Was that why there were these two large mirrors in the cage that it was almost impossible not to keep glancing into and which reflected not a pretty girl, but just girl-dog?

Then I saw each of my prettily hanging breasts had been prominently marked on the outside with the Number in black "25". With my whole face and entire body hidden under the dog-skin, I realised with a shock, that these numbers would now be the only way anyone could tell who I was. I had indeed lost my human identity.

I tried to jump up in alarm, but two things stopped me. The first was that the barred top of the kennel was too low to allow me to stand. The second was that my knees were kept bent by metal bars apparently sewn into the dog-skin. I could only crawl on all fours – like a real dog.

Indeed, I felt a pad inside the skin, over my knees, evidently to make it easier for me to walk on all fours like a dog.

Horrified, I tried to tear off this awful dog-skin. At least my wrists were no longer manacled. But far worse, I found that my fingers were now tightly folded into a fist, inside the stiff padded paws of the dog-skin, making it impossible for me to hold anything or to unfasten any of the zip fasteners that kept me imprisoned in the skin.

Looking into the mirror I had a closer look at my back view that was reflected in the other mirror. I saw that the dog-skin enclosed my buttocks, now my hindquarters, and my legs, now my hind legs. But I also saw that my hairless beauty lips and rear orifice were shamefully displayed between my hind legs. Evidently the dog skin had been slightly cut away between my legs.

I looked more closely in the mirror and saw the two rows of little infibulation rings – but there was no sign of the little curved bar or of the tiny padlock that had hitherto kept them tightly closed - and myself totally frustrated.

Wildly excited at the thought that at last I might be able to play with myself again, I reached down with a hand to find the beauty bud that for so long I had been unable to touch. But, my hand was now just my front paw. To my bitter disappointment, I found that with my fingers totally immobilised, I could not even part my beauty lips, never mind stroke my lovely bud. I could feel nothing. Evidently I was being kept just as frustrated as before.

Desperately disappointed, I looked around my little cage. I saw that in black wall there was a small wooden door, evidently locked from outside. I wondered where it led.

In one corner of the cage was pile of fresh straw, presumably for sleeping on, and in other corner near the bars was another, rather smaller, pile of straw, presumably for my wastes. There was a gap under the bars, presumably for raking out dirty straw.

In the front of the cage, on either side of the barred trapdoor were two dog bowls. One contained water and the other a mixture of ground-up dog biscuits and minced meat, with small bits of vegetables and fruit. Moreover, I saw that sprinkled over this unattractive mixture was the same distinctive blue paste that Sabhu had been putting onto our food – the same paste that Carole had suspected was a fertility drug. How strange, I thought.

Looking through the bars, I had earlier noticed a large room and, opposite me, a line of kennels, similar to my own, each containing a dog: a real big four legged dog! My God, I thought, I was a girl bitch in some sort of kennels!

Moreover, just as my cage-like kennel was marked with my number, so each of the real dogs' kennels was prominently marked with it's occupant's name: "Caesar", "Napoleon", "Mars", "Attila", "Copenhagen" and "Blucher".

I saw that one of them was cocking his leg. Indeed, I noticed that they were all male dogs. There was not one bitch.

Copenhagen was a fine looking Great Dane, whilst Blucher, I recognized, was a black spotted German pointer. The others were fierce-looking Alsatians, or German Shepherd Dogs, as they are called on the Continent.

The kennel of one of these, Caesar, was decorated with numerous rosettes, as if he had won many dog shows, and was the pride of the kennels. Indeed I recognised several of the rosettes as being the ones given in dog shows to the prize stallion dog with the best prize progeny.

In the space that separated us was a strange-looking, wooden, contraption. It had several short bars, which were covered in soft leather. Their height could be adjusted up or down. I wondered what on earth it could be for. I was soon to learn.

Looking through the bars of my cage again, I saw that on one side of the room was a massive, old-fashioned door. Above it and looking down onto my cage and



Suddenly I awoke. Was I now in the mysterious Assimilation Wing? I gasped as I saw that I was in a small, cage-like kennel. I tried to look into a mirror and vaguely made out that I had been zipped into a very realistic, elasticised, Dalmatian dog skin. My head was similarly enveloped in an equally realistic dog's headpiece with two little eye holes through which I was peering. The only sign that I was a human being were my two hanging breasts, each marked "25" – my number! I tried to call out, but my jaws were held shut by the dog muzzle. Round my neck was a collar attached to a chain fastened to a ring in the cobbled floor. My God, had the horrible old Arab Prince paid to have me brain-washed into thinking that I was a bitch? But why?

onto the strange contraption, was a balcony. It was covered in trelliswork that would hide from view anyone sitting in it.

If, I supposed, the Assimilation process was intended to brainwash me into now thinking of myself as a dog, then it would make sense to prevent me seeing other humans – hence, I supposed, the trelliswork.

Then I saw a vague shadow move behind the trelliswork. Was it imagination or was someone there? Was someone, perhaps my sponsor, enjoying watching me as, horrified, I discovered what had been done to me?

I saw a little television camera high up on the wall. It seemed to be trained on me and a tiny red light showed that it was switched on. I remembered hearing Ingrid telling the Prince that she made videos for the sponsors of girls undergoing Assimilation. Goodness was I being videoed? As a record for my sponsor – whoever he was?

On the wall opposite the trellised balcony, was a large blackboard, mysteriously headed "Programme of Daily Work". What work I wondered?

Several columns had been painted on the blackboard. The left hand column was headed "Bitches" and the other columns were headed "Dogs". The columns headed "Dogs" were permanently headed in paint with the names: "Caesar", "Mars", "Pluto", "Bluch-er", "Napoleon" and "Hannibal". The first two names were painted in red, the others in black.

Were these, I wondered, the names of the dogs in the kennels opposite? And if so, what as so special about Caesar and Mars?

Then I could not help gasping as I saw that in the column headed "Bitches" the numbers "22", "24", "23", and my own number "25". They had been scrawled in chalk, each on a separate line – and in the order in which girls had been sent for Assimilation.

"22" I remembered excitedly was Carole's number. Did that mean she was here? Oh how wonderful! Was she in a cage alongside mine? Had she been put into a dog skin like mine? But if so, why for Heavens sake? Oh, it was so frustrating that my cage had wooden walls that prevented me from seeing if there were cages next to it and equally frustrating that I was muzzled and could not call out to her.

I heard a slight chinking noise from coming from beyond one of the wooden walls. It resembled that made by own collar chain. So, I thought, other girls were kept chained and muzzled here. Were we all in a row of kennels, unable to see each other, but able to see, only too well, the row of fierce real dogs in the like the row of kennels opposite.

It was rather un-nerving. ■

17 - THE KENNEL- BOY

All these worries and queries were now suddenly brushed aside when I heard a noise as if bolts were being drawn back on the far side of the massive door. I heard a key being inserted into the large old-fashioned lock.

Evidently recognising the noise all the real dogs opposite me jumped up. There was a creaking sound as the door slowly opened.

Then into the room came a diminutive figure, rather like Joseph. Another of Sabhu's young black acolytes, I thought.

Astonished, I saw that his face was completely hidden by a black mask that matched the colour of his skin. Indeed, I was never to see his face. Nor, thanks to my muzzle, was I ever to speak to him. Nor, indeed, did I ever hear him speak. I never even knew his name. Mentally I called him the Kennel-boy, for he was always dressed like the staff of a large breeding kennels in a long white coat.

He was the only human being I was to see whilst I was in the kennels. Was he, I often wondered, masked and silent so as to lessen his human aspect and so heighten the effect for me of now living, looking and, increasingly, feeling like a dog? If so, it was all very clever.

He was carrying what looked like an extendable metal pointer, rather like those used by lecturers to point to items on a screen. However the handle was quite fat and there was a little red switch just next to his thumb. At the end of the pointer were two little prongs.

He came up to my cage and pointed to my almost full food bowl.

I was not sure whether it was an order or a question. I shook my head. I was not hungry did and anyway the mess in the bowl, although doubtlessly nourishing, did not look exactly tempting.

Again he pointed to the bowl and then extending his pointer he poked it through the bars of the cage. I saw that his thumb was now on the red switch. I shrank back but the cage was too small to allow me to avoid his pointer.

Suddenly I felt it touch one of my bare breasts. I saw him press the red button. I felt a nasty shock in my breast. I screamed aloud but with the bars of the muzzle pressing down on my tongue, all that came out was a muffled moan.

My God, the innocent-looking pointer was a sort of cattle goad! A goad that would enable this young boy to control me, a grown woman, just as in the so-called Slave Market, young Joseph's dog whip had enabled him to control a whole group of young women.

Again he pointed to the bowl of unappetising-looking food and touched my other breast with his pointer. I felt another shock and again tried to scream. But, this time, I also scrambled hastily forward and lowered my head into the dog bowl. Despite the muzzle and the bar over my tongue, I found that I could suck up the food, and chew and swallow it.

The little Kennel-boy stood over me, whilst I dutifully gobbled it all up, the terrifying goad in his hand. Then apparently satisfied he pulled the bowl out through the narrow space below the bars of my cage and threw it onto a table. Then he similarly removed other empty feeding bowls from cages alongside mine.

Then I saw the boy go down, what seemed to be our line of cages, with a pot containing thermometers. Oh, not here, too, thought.

When he came to my cage, he gestured to me with his frightening goad to turn round. Then he touched my



Silently the hooded black Kennel-boy used his terrifying goad on my exposed breasts to make me press my bottom against the bar of my cage. Was he deliberately silent and was his face hidden to prevent me from having any human contact and thereby become more assimilated into my new role as a bitch? I blushed under my dog skin as I felt him grease my rear entrance and then insert an animal thermometer up inside me. I remembered that, in the "Slave Market", young Joseph had similarly and humiliatingly taken our temperatures to record secretly our monthly cycles. We did not know why then, and I did not know why now.

breasts with it, thankfully not turned on, to make me press my hindquarters had up against the bars.

My rear orifice was now embarrassingly on display. I felt him grease it through the bars and then insert the thermometer.

I was then left kneeling on all fours in my cage, whilst he went down the line of cages, apparently removing the thermometers and recording the results. Finally, he did the same for me. I remembered what Carole had said about them all seeming to be preoccupied here with establishing each girl's exact monthly cycle and indeed I was to learn that this was a twice-daily routine in the kennels.

But even that was not all, for I now saw him coming down the line cages with some little bowls. He slipped one under the bars of my cage and raised his goad in an embarrassingly explicit manner.

Oh not that here, too, I again thought. But when he returned and saw that my bowl was still empty, he angrily gave me a shock in one of my hanging breasts. Quickly I obeyed and, much embarrassed, with my hind quarters still pressed against the bars of my cage, I spent a penny, under his supervision, into the small bowl, which he then took away.

This, too, was a routine that I would have to perform daily. ■

18 – THE COUPLING OF CAROLE

I saw the little kennel-boy now turn away and nod up towards the mysterious screened balcony. Looking up at it, I again had the impression of several shadowy figures moving behind the trelliswork. Was my degradation being watched? But by whom? By my unknown sponsor and his friends? Goodness!

Then, astonished, I saw a little green light flash back, as if giving he kennel-boy permission to continue.

He now went to what I suspected was a nearby kennel. I heard him unlock a padlock. There was a creaking noise as if from a barred trapdoor like mine. I could see him reach forward into the cage, as if unfastening, from the ring in the floor, a collar chain like mine.

Then he stood back and gave a little tug to the chain he was now holding. He gave a little click of his tongue as if encouraging or calling an animal. But whatever was attached to the other end of the chain was clearly holding back, evidently not wanting to be taken out of its cage.

The masked kennel-boy, with an angry gesture, raised his goad warningly, his thumb poised over the dreaded red button. I heard a little muffled moan, as if from behind a muzzle like mine.

Then I saw a girl-dog crawl hastily into the room. She was dressed in a dog-skin, just like mine, except that it was long haired and black, like that of a Labrador.

Like mine, her full white breasts were hanging down beneath her and, on the outer side of one of them, I saw the number "22". Number 22, yes, she was Carole! Had she been here ever since she had disappeared nearly two weeks earlier?

As if leading a dog by its lead, the kennel-boy led her crawling on all fours by her collar to the massive door. I saw her flash a look at me from behind her headpiece and I tried to flash a similar look of recognition. But the boy had unlocked it and led her out, out of my sight, locking the door behind him.

Looking up at the carefully screened balcony, I had the vague impression of figures standing up and leaving.

Where, I wondered, had Carole been taken and why. Any had the mysterious figures in the balcony gone to watch whatever it was that was being done to her? Could they be her sponsor, the Prince, the Cruel Greybeard, and his Arab friends, accompanied by Sabhu and perhaps, Ingrid – or even Doctor Anna?

A few minutes later the Kennel-boy returned alone. What had happened to Carole, I wondered anxiously.

He then went up the big blackboard. Under the column headed "Caesar" in red, he put a big tick, with red chalk, opposite the number 22, Carole's number. He then put a red circle round this tick.

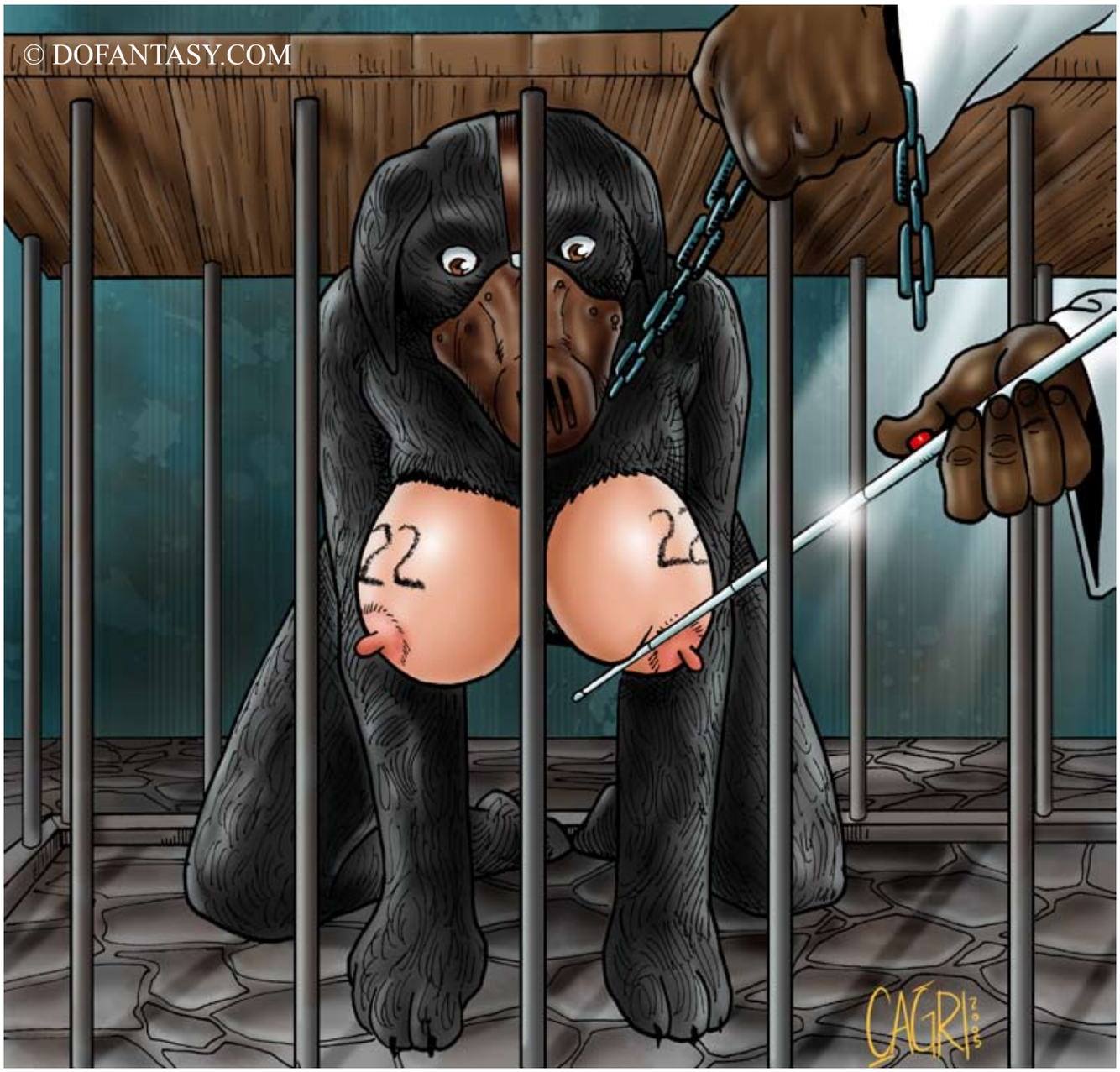
Then in the columns of the other dogs he put black ticks against the numbers of the other two girls, Numbers 23 and 24. Against my number, 25, he put a red tick in the column, headed "Copenhagen", the name of the Great Dane, and other ticks, this time in black, in the columns headed "Blucher" and "Caesar".

Alongside the red tick in Copenhagen's column was the figure "1". How odd, I thought.

Then, as if to further emphasis them, he ringed round the red ticks opposite Carole's number and my own.

What on earth was the significance of all this, I asked myself. Again I was soon to learn.

The Kennel-boy then went over to the line of kennels opposite me and silently let out all the dogs. They started barking excitedly and jumping up at him, as if



I saw another girl bitch being led past my cage by a hooded black Kennel-boy. Astonished, I saw the number "22" on her breasts. She was Carole! Had she been here ever since she had disappeared nearly two weeks earlier? I saw her flash a look at me from behind her head-piece and I tried to flash back a similar look of recognition. But the Kennel-boy angrily raised his goad. He was pointing it at her bare breast and his thumb was poised over the dreaded red button. I heard a little muffled moan from behind her muzzle and she scuttled on out of sight. Where was she being taken? And why?

expecting to be taken out for exercise. How big and strong they looked – as seen by me still silently kneeling on all fours in my cage.

Still not saying a word and with his features and expression hidden by his black mask, he let them all out through the big door, which he again locked behind him, leaving me in the room – though I could occasionally hear the rattle of chains which showed that I was not alone.

Half an hour later he brought them back, silently put them into their kennels and left. They seemed to have been well exercised.

Then a few minutes later he returned again, this time leading in Number 22. I now watched astonished as instead of putting her into her cage next to me, he led her, still humiliatingly crawling on all fours, up to the strange apparatus in the middle of the room.

I saw that the little television camera was no longer pointed at me, but was following Carole. Again I remembered Ingrid saying that the Prince that as part of the price he was paying for sponsoring her, he would be provided with a video of her full treatment- what ever that meant.

I also had the impression that people were returning to the balcony.

The kennel-boy again looked up at the balcony enquiringly and again little green light flashed. I thought I heard a deep- throated grunt, like that of the Prince, come from the balcony, together with several laughs, male laughs. Goodness, had the cruel Prince, and his Arab cronies, returned to watch what next was going to be done to the girl he had paid so much to sponsor?

How horrible, I thought, for I was beginning to suspect what was going to happen.

Indeed, the Kennel-boy immediately set about fastening Carole down on the strange apparatus. Carole made no resistance. Clearly she was as scared of his dreaded pointer as I was.

He first raised one of the padded wooden bars under her belly, raising her furry hindquarters high but leaving her pretty naked beasts hanging down below her.

Then he placed another bar under her chin so that her head was also forced up high and another behind her knees. Then he passed her collar chain through a ring in the floor and pulled it taut.

Finally he placed a bar low down behind her knees so that her hindquarters were held thrusting back.

With her head held raised by the bar under her chin and her neck pulled down by her collar chain, she now had to arch her head back. With her buttocks held up high, she now had to arch her back downward, as if all the better to accommodate something up inside her.

I could not help thinking that, held rigidly as she was, she must make an exciting and erotic sight for the Prince, if indeed he was up in the screened balcony.

Then satisfied that Carole was held helpless, he put down his goad and went to a cupboard. Astonished I saw him withdraw a long whippy bamboo cane, with a curved handle – just like the ones that Sabhu used to use to such terrifying effect whilst we were being broken-in and disciplined.

He was going to cane Carole! Oh no! It was obviously so unfair, for she could not have done anything wrong, or been disobedient. How could she have been - controlled as we all were by that awful goad? Was she going to be thrashed simply as a preliminary to what I now suspected was going to happen.

Indeed, the kennel-boy now went behind Carole and flexed the cane. I had the impression from the horrified look in Carole's eyes that she had not expected to be thrashed.

Silent as ever, the boy now started to beat Carole slowly and carefully on her fur covered bottom. It was more as if he was intent on getting her aroused, and the blood rushing to her hips, than on hurting her. Indeed I soon saw the telltale drops of moisture on her well-displayed beauty lips. Poor girl, she was helplessly reacting like many girls do, against their will, to being beaten.

I then saw the kennel-boy open a jar of something oily, like lubricating jelly. He dipped a finger into the jar and, coming behind her, with his other hand parted her exposed beauty lips. Then he inserted his finger up her and rubbed the jelly inside her to add to her natural juices induced by the beating.

Then apparently satisfied that she was now ready, he opened a bottle of a strong smelling substance. I recognised it as being the smell of a bitch on heat. I saw the dogs in their cages sit up eagerly and begin to bark if in anticipation of something exciting. Oh my God, I thought, oh no!

Scarcely able to believe what I was seeing, I watched horrified as he dipped a paintbrush into the bottle and began to paint the sticky liquid onto Carole's smooth and hairless beauty lips.

Then checking that Carole was still held quite helpless, he put down his pointer and went over to the kennel in which Caesar was now jumping and down with excitement. Shocked, I saw that his pink manhood had begun to emerge from its hairy sheath.

The boy let the excited dog out of his cage and immediately he ran towards Carole. My God, I thought, is she really is going to be coupled with Caesar?

The dog sniffed her nicely presented hindquarters evidently becoming yet more aroused by the pungent smell from the bottle. Yet more of his manhood emerged.

I realised that, with a bar placed behind her knees, she was quite unable to kick out at the dog behind her. All she could do was to press her knees prudishly together.

Suddenly the dog mounted her, standing up on his hindquarters, and gripping her slim waist with his front paws. He thrust at her beauty lips with his manhood. I saw Carole try to squeeze her legs and buttocks closer together, but instantly the kennel-boy picked up his pointer again, and raised it warningly in front of Carole's eyes.

I heard her give a little muffled moan of despair, and part her knees again, letting Caesar's thrusting manhood finally penetrate her.

How quite dreadful, I felt, but then I thought I heard another grunt of approval and muffled laughter from the balcony. Were the horrible Prince and his cronies enjoying the spectacle of a well-educated American career girl being taken by a fierce Alsatian dog? But surely this was not all that he paid so much to sponsor?

Caesar was now thrusting in and out. I could see his testicles hanging down between his legs.

Suddenly he lunged forward deeply into her.

I cold see that he was ejaculating – ejaculating into Carole. I heard a muffled scream from her - and perhaps another grunt from the balcony.

But if I had thought that the dog would now jump off her, I was mistaken. The dog continued to thrust into her. I remembered that dogs often got "locked" together when coupled. It was Nature's way of making sure that more seed went up into the bitch and was able to penetrate, unimpeded, deeply into her and thus ensure conception

Conception! Thank God that, with different species involved, there would be no question of that here. Even a child knew that, I told myself. It was quite impossible – thank Heavens!

Finally the kennel-boy produced a bucket of water and threw it over their locked hindquarters. Immediately the dog was able to get free and the boy led him back, satisfied, to his kennel.

But if I had also thought that he would now free the doubtless shattered and horrified Carole and lead her back to her cage, then once again I was mistaken.

Horrified, I saw the boy pick the cane again, and flex it in his hands. Then once again he proceeded to beat her slowly and methodically, again as if to make sure that the blood was rushing to her hips.

Although I then had the impression that the shadowy figures in the balcony were leaving, poor Carole was now left tied down with her hips raised high above her shoulders for nearly an hour, whilst the kennel-boy busied himself with brushing and cleaning out the kennels.

My heart went out to Carole. I could imagine her horror as she felt the dog's seed relentlessly sliding down inside her. She, too, would, of course, know that it was quite harmless, being that of another species, but even so it must be a horrible and degrading feeling.

Finally the kennel-boy unfastened her and, without a word, led her crawling back to her cage a little distance from mine. I heard him refasten her collar chain and lock the trapdoor.



Looking through the bars of my cage, I watched in horror as the Kenne-lboy used his goad to make the terrified Carole part her legs to allow the powerful Alsatian dog to mount her. With her head held raised and neck pulled down by her collar chain she had to thrust her bottom up to accommodate the dog's thrusting manhood. Laughter came from the screen as the dog thrust in and out of her. My God, was the Prince secretly watching? Was this what he had paid to sponsor? Would I be next? Suddenly the dog lunged forward and I could see that he was ejaculating deep into her. I could imagine Carole's horror as she felt the slimy dog seed slipping relentlessly deeper and deeper inside her. How degrading! But at least she would know that it was quite harmless, being that of a different species.

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Then he went across to the big notice board and, picking up a piece of red chalk, put a line across the tick against Number 22 under the name ”Caesar”, converting the tick into a confirmed cross.

Goodness, I thought, did that mean that anyone in the viewing balcony could see that the apparently ordered coupling of Carole with Caesar had now been carried out? In that case what about the ticks again my own number? Was I going to be coupled with Copenhagen and then Blucher? Oh my God!

My heart was racing as I now realised the truth: we girls were here to satisfy these randy dogs. If, as it seemed, each dog had to be satisfied at least once a day, then, depending on the number of girls, each one would have to satisfy one, or perhaps even three dogs every day.

I looked at the three ticks opposite my name – more than any of the other girls. Was this because I was a newly arrived girl and was being broken-in to my new life here? Oh, my God!

I counted all the ticks on the blackboard: they came to eight. Eight separate couplings! Each dog would have two except for Caesar, who would have only have one. Was this to ensure that he remained potent? But why bother if breeding between species was scientifically impossible? Similarly each girl would be coupled twice except for Carole, who would only be mounted once, and myself who was apparently going to be put to a dog three times.

It was a programme of work, to use the awful expression on the blackboard, that could go on all day, with each girl anxiously eyeing the blackboard to see when she was next due to be coupled – or on parade, so to speak, and on parade again.

What, I wondered, what had been so special about Carole being mounted by Caesar that excused her from further duties today? Presumably, poor girl, she must previously have been mounted every day by several dogs, so why the great prominence on the board to this particular performance with Caesar?

And why had my own apparently forthcoming performance with Copenhagen also been so prominently highlighted in red on the board together with the figure 1? Was it because it would be my first coupling?

Would my sponsor be in the screened balcony to see my first coupling, my opening up? How awful!

How ghastly it all was. Was this what Assimilation was all about – girls, white girls, being repeatedly coupled with real dogs for the amusement of visiting Arabs gentlemen? Was all this intended to make us feel, as well as look, like real bitches? But why? There must be a reason.

Oh my God, I thought, it was all just too dreadful.

But yet further degradations awaited me. ■

19 – MY NIPPLES – MY TEATS!

The kennel-boy now came down our line of cages opening the three little round trap-doors. When he came to mine, he beckoned me forward, silently indicating with his goad that, kneeling up on my hind legs, I should reach forward and place my neck through the larger central hole and my front paws through the smaller ones on either side.

I was far too frightened of his goad not to do so – and quickly. He then slipped little bars across the back of my neck and wrists. I was now held in place with my headpiece looking out along what I now saw was a row of cages, similar to mine, each with a dogs headpiece and two paws protruding through the bars, just like mine.

One of them, the end one in a black dog-skin, must be Number 22, my friend Carole, I thought, and the other two were presumably Number 23 and 24. But being unable to see their breasts, and the numbers so humiliatingly marked on each one, I could not be sure.

Taking advantage of the fact that we were held helpless with our naked breasts right up against the bars, the kennel-boy now came down the line of cages with a pot of some sweet smelling paste. When he came to my cage, he rubbed the paste carefully into now greatly elongated nipples. Held as I was, there was nothing I could do to prevent him.

I now saw the Kennel-boy go to what appeared to be the end of the line of kennels holding of us bitches, as I was already beginning to regard myself. I heard him open another kennel.

Instantly, I was amazed to see half a dozen little puppies go, gambling and playing with each other, into the room. They looked so sweet. But then they turned back to our kennels. Two of them came to my cage and smelling my now well-greased nipple, crawled into my cage through the gap under the bars.

Suddenly I felt my nipples being sucked. I tried to look down but with my head fastened as it was, I could not see what was happening. But it was obvious that, attracted by the smell of the apparently delicious paste that the kennel-boy had rubbed into my nipples, the little puppies were determined to lick and suck it off.

I saw that the television camera had now zoomed onto my cage, as if to catch the scene.

Although I was horrified by what was happening, I had to admit that a strange feeling was flowing through my body as they busily sucked and licked. Was this also part of Assimilation, I wondered? Then I remembered what I had heard Doctor Anna say about our elongated nipples playing an important role in the Assimilation process. Goodness, just what was I being assimilated for?

I could hear little moans coming from the other heads sticking out from the cages. Evidently the other girls' nipples were similarly being sucked.

The television camera was now training up and down the line of cages. We must, I realised, have made a very erotic sight, as helpless, with our heads and front paws thrust out through the bars of our cages, little puppies came and sucked eagerly at our white, naked, hanging breasts and elongated nipples.

After a time, my two puppies had apparently licked off all the paste and wandered off to seek other nipples. Other puppies took their place and then went off again in disgust.

Meanwhile, although feeling utterly degraded, I was also overwhelmed with a feeling of disappointment that my breasts were dry. Oh how I longed to be able

to give suck properly to these little puppies.

Indeed, my body felt like that of a virgin bitch, eagerly looking forward to what Nature intended for her. Such thoughts may sound shocking now, but at the time, looking and feeling like a bitch, and deliberately isolated from all human contact, except for the masked kennel-boy, it seemed quite natural.

The kennel-boy now collected the puppies and took them back, apparently, to their mother's cage at the end of the line and released all our necks and paws.

This, I was t learn was a routine carried out several times a day. Each time the strange feelings in my body, and my mental regret that I could not feed the puppies properly, grew stronger –absurd though I knew that it was.

Now, once again, I was kneeling on all fours in my cage, glancing at the strange Dalmatian bitch reflected in the mirrors of my cage and looking through the bars nervously across at the dogs in their kennels. I looked like a bitch and was feeling more and more like one.

The kennel-boy now returned to my cage and unlocked the padlock of the barred trapdoor. Then he opened it and reached in to unlock my collar chain from the ring in the floor.

He now stood back holding my chain in one hand and his dreaded goad, in the other. Silently he beckoned me out. Was I now going to be put to a dog, too? Oh my God! I saw his thumb moving towards the red switch. Hastily I scuttled out of the cage.

But instead of being led to the terrifying apparatus in the middle of the room, I was led crawling to the impressive looking door.

I scarcely had time to look around me but I saw that my cage, marked "25" was the end of a line of similar cages with cage "22" at the far end. Cage "24" was next to mine and "23" next to that – all in neat mathematical sequence. And in each cage was a girl-bitch, looking like me, with white, naked, breasts hanging down below her, each marked with her number.

At the very far end, separate and too far away to be able to see into, was another kennel, presumably the one the puppies had come from.

Before I could take in any more, I was taken out through the door, into a passage and on to another room. It had a raised platform in the middle, covered in straw.

The kennel-boy made me crawl up on to it and fastened my collar chain to a ring. He gestured with his goad for me to raise my head and then to thrust back my hindquarters – just as poor Caroline had made to do in the strange contraption. Then he waved his pointer in front of my eyes as a clear signal to maintain my position – or else!

I could feel my breasts hanging down below me, as I knelt there wondering what was going to happen.

I did not have long to wait, for he now dropped down the small flaps over my eyes and closed the Velcro fastening. I could not now see anything.

There was a pause and then I thought I heard several footsteps – the heavy footsteps of men. Suddenly I felt the pointer on my breast. I jumped as if expecting a shock, but nothing happened. Again it was a clear reminder not to move.

I heard voices, male voices, talking in what sounded like Arabic. Suddenly, I felt a hand, then several hands, male hands, on my hanging breasts, as if weighing them. They seemed to be discussing them. Then they seemed to be examining and again discussing the length of my now well-sucked nipples. Oh, the shame. Yes, indeed, but also, strangely, oh the feeling of pride, pride that I a mere bitch should have attracted the attention of these obviously important human beings, and pride in my now animal-like and elongated teats, as I now began to call my nipples.

But worse was to come for I then felt several hands behind me, first stroking my fur-covered bottom and then feeling down between my legs to find my infibulation rings. Even worse I felt my beauty lips being parted and fingers probing up inside me, accompanied by derisive laughter. Once again, oh the shame. But I did not dare to move.

Then, like someone's favorite pretty bitch, I was given an encouraging pat - and again my shame was somehow mitigated by a strange feeling of pride in being evidently found to be such a beautiful little bitch.

I longed to say something, but being muzzled I could

not speak – any more than a real bitch could. It made me feel all the more like a real bitch.

Finally, I heard the footsteps going away.

Then Kennel-boy lifted up the flaps over my eyes. I looked around. The room was empty. Had I really been examined like a bitch by several men? Or was it all just my fertile imagination?

The Kennel-boy now led me, crawling behind him, back into the Kennel room. ■

PART V
STRANGE MATINGS
20 – MY FIRST COUPLING

Three pairs of eyes silently watched from behind bars as the kennel-boy led me, again crawling on all fours like a dog back into the kennel-room. But instead of taking me back to my cage, he led me up to the apparatus – and past the notice board on which of course under "Programme of Daily Work" my name had been ticked in red in the column headed in the column headed "Copenhagen"

Oh my God, I thought. Was I now going to be coupled with the huge Great Dane just as Carole had been with the Alsatian? Oh no! But how could I get away? Frantically I looked round the room. The only door was again closed. The balcony was too high to reach. The windows were barred. And anyway the metal bars on the knees of my dog suit, prevented from standing up and the boy held me by my collar chain. There could be no escape.

I was now able to see into the kennel of the real bitch at the far end of the line. I saw that she was lying on her side allowing her puppies to feed from her teats, which were as prominent as my own now. Again I felt a strange pang start to run through my body.

Although the real bitch seemed indifferent to what was going on, the eyes in the cages of the real girl-bitches were fixed on me - poor me, being taken to the awful coupling apparatus, like a lamb to slaughter.

The masked Kennel-boy adjusted the height, raising my buttocks slightly – presumably to allow for Copenhagen's greater height. Then he raised his goad and beckoned me. Hastily I servilely scuttled forward.

Then just as I had earlier seen being done to Carole, my collar chain was threaded through the ring in the floor and pulled taut. Padded bars were placed under my belly, behind my knees and under my chin. Like Carole had been, I was now quite helpless, with my head held back, my buttocks raised and my back curved downwards - ready to accommodate Copenhagen's dreaded manhood.

I was now expecting the boy to go and fetch the cane – just as he had with Carole, but instead he proceeded straight to greasing me humiliatingly up between my beauty lips and then to painting them with the pungent smelling sticky liquid that had had such a marked effect on the dogs earlier on.

I watched with mounting horror as the Kennel-boy now went to Copenhagen's kennel. I saw that his large pink manhood was already out and ready. The boy opened the kennel gate and the dog bounded out.

Held rigidly still as I was, I could not see behind me, but suddenly I felt a long soft tongue eagerly licking the sticky liquid on my beauty lips. Horrified I could feel my body responding, just like I thought, a real bitch's body would also respond.

Suddenly I felt the big dog mount me. His front paws gripped my waist. I felt his heavy weight on my bottom and something probing at my beauty lips. His big face was now only just behind my head. I could smell his breath as he panted eagerly, thrusting at me.

Then suddenly I was penetrated. I felt the large stubby manhood, helped by the oily grease that the Kennel-boy had inserted, forcing its way up me. Oh my God!

Had the big Copenhagen been chosen to open and stretch me, ready for the rest of my daily work programme - after weeks, if not months, with my beauty lips held compressed together, first by Ursula's chastity belt and then by the bar threaded through my little infibulation rings.

He was opening me indeed. Then he began to thrust



Oh my God, I thought, was I really going to be opened up for the other dogs by the big manhood of the huge Great Dane? Just as I had seen Carole being taken by the Alsatian Caesar? There was a strong smell as the Kennel-boy opened a bottle marked "Bitches on heat" and started to paint the sticky liquid onto my beauty lips. Immediately Copenhagen became excited, his extra big pink manhood emerged from its furry sheath and he started to lick me eagerly. I tried to squeeze my legs together but the Kennel-boy raised his goad warningly in front of my eyes and with a muffled moan of despair I parted my knees. Horrified I felt my body responding. I felt I really was a bitch on heat – on heat and ready for my canine Master. And how many other dogs would I be coupled with that day?

in and out, pushing yet deeper and deeper into me. Oh my God! I simply could not believe that this was really happening – not to me a respectable married woman. How could Ursula have allowed this to be done to me? Oh, how I hated that cruel and heartless bitch.

Then I was overcome with shame as I felt that, despite myself, my body was reacting to the constant thrusting in and out. Oh, how dreadful.

Then again suddenly I felt the dog explode inside me, drenching me with his seed. Thank God, I thought, it was quite harmless. But I felt completely overcome, both emotionally and physically.

Then, curiously, instead of leaving us locked together for some minutes, as he had done with Caroline, the Kennel-boy threw his bucket of cold water over us straight away, as if he was impatient to get on with the next coupling.

A satisfied looking Copenhagen was led proudly back to his kennel.

But, I was tottering with exhaustion as I was led back to my cage. ■

21 – RECOVERY

I thought again that I saw figures behind the screen on the balcony, moving as if getting up to go. Were they my unknown sponsor and his friends who had come to enjoy the cruel spectacle of me being put to my first dog? Was it them who earlier had so degradingly felt my breasts and up my beauty lips?

Then I saw the Kennel-boy put a confirmatory line across the tick opposite my name, and under Copenhagen's, on the big blackboard. I had been coupled as ordered. How humiliating!

I looked across at Copenhagen, the dog who had just so degradingly taken me. How I loathed him.

But I could not also help admiring him a little. What a handsome beast he was. How fiercely and commandingly he had mounted me. They always say a girl never forgets her first lover. Would I always remember my first canine one? Goodness!

I could still feel his seed inside me. Although I again told myself it was harmless, I still longed to wash it all out. But with my fingers imprisoned in my paws, there was nothing I could do.

Was feeling a dog's seed up inside us, all part of this strange Assimilation?

Hardly had I been put back into my kennel, when the Kennel-boy took Number 23 out of her cage for her first coupling of the day.

Spellbound, I watched her shame-making performance through the bars of my cage. And to think that, presumably, like poor Carole, she must have already been coupled several times a day, for several days. How awful!

Then it was the turn of Number 24. By now I could not help comparing their performances with that of Carole and myself.

I noticed that, like me, both Numbers 23 and 24 were both spared the beatings that poor Carole had had to suffer. Also like me and unlike Carole, they were immediately taken back to their cages as soon as they had been coupled – and not left first locked to their canine lovers' manhoods and then left tied down onto the coupling machine with their heads held down and their buttocks raised.

Why difference between Carole and us, I wondered.

Why, indeed, unlike us, was Carole not to have another coupling that day?.

The kennel-boy now round with two buckets of food.

One bucket, which was for us girl-bitches, contained the same semi-liquid mess that I had to gobble up earlier on top of which he sprinkled the same mysterious blue powder.

The other, which was for the real dogs, included large hunks off delicious looking, slightly cooked meat. Doubtless, I thought, with so many girl-bitches to cover every day, they needed a lot of protein to keep up their virility.

Then locking the big door behind him he went off – doubtless, I thought bitterly as I sucked up the mess in my bowl, to have a good meal and a sleep in a comfortable bed - before returning to the hard work of coupling girls with the dogs who had not yet had a girl-bitch to cover. Like me and Blucher, the German Pointer. Oh, my God!

Had my sponsor and his cronies also gone off to enjoy a good lunch, or perhaps to inspect some other

hapless girls in the Slave Market, before returning to watch my further couplings and degradation?

Kneeling on all four in my cage, my eyes were fixed on the blackboard with its "Programme of Daily Work". I was dreading the return of the little kennel-boy.

I had so often wondered just what fate awaited me in Assimilation, but I had never imagined in my worst nightmares any thing so inhuman as this. ■

22 – JUST ANOTHER WORKING BITCH

Finally the kennel-boy returned, glanced at the blackboard and came straight to my cage. I cowed back in horror. But one glance at his now menacingly raised goad was enough to make me crawl servilely to the front of the cage again.

Once again I was led out to the terrifying coupling apparatus. Once again I was fastened down helpless. Once again I was greased and then painted with the strong smelling liquid.

Sadly I noticed that the cage which had held Carole was empty and even the notice "22" on the bars had gone. Again I wondered what had happened to her.

Once again I thought I could make out shadowy figures arriving in the balcony. Had they returned to see me being coupled again?

I trembled with fear as I watched the masked boy go to the kennel marked "Blucher".

Moments later the athletic looking Pointer had bounded out and was soon eagerly and embarrassingly sniffing my hindquarters.

From then on matters took a similar course as they had with Copenhagen – except that being larger he had indeed opened me up for the smaller Pointer.

Once again I was spared the "before and after" thrashings, and being then left tied down.

It must sound dreadful but the fact is that, again aroused against my wishes by Blucher's eager thrusting, I felt my body automatically pushing back to meet the thrusts, as if it wanted to encourage a deep penetration. It was as my body was instinctively seeking to have the dog's seed ejaculated deep up inside me. I felt so ashamed, especially as I thought I heard laughter coming from the balcony.

I was again emotionally and physically exhausted by my shameful coupling and must have dozed off in my cage as Numbers 23 and 24 served their second dogs of the day.

Suddenly I jumped as I felt a shock in my breast. I jumped up. There, firmly beckoning me through the now open trapdoor in the bars of my cage was the sinister and silent figure of the masked kennel-boy, his goad ready to give me another shock. He must, I realised, have unfastened my collar chain whilst I was still sound asleep.

Glancing at the blackboard I saw that my third coupling was the only one still outstanding.

Oh, I felt so tired. I longed to be allowed to go to sleep again. But the boy and his goad were adamant. I was certainly being subjected to an intensive programme of work. I tottered out of my cage to the dreaded coupling apparatus to be fastened down. I knelt there inert, as Caesar, who now seemed to have fully recovered his vigor again, began to thrust brutally in and out. It was a strange feeling being taken by the same dog, who had earlier taken my friend: almost as if we were sharing lovers.

Once again I felt my body betraying me as it reacted to Caesar's brutal movements. What a virile dog he was. No wonder he had won so many prizes as a stallion dog – and for his evidently numerous progeny.

My third coupling left me even more exhausted. It must sound odd, but in the strange all-canine atmosphere of that terrible kennel, seeing myself I in the mirrors looking like dog and, above all, deprived of the sight of a human being, other than the masked and silent kennel-boy, these repeated couplings really were being to have the effect of making me feel more and more like a real dog and less and less like a pretty

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young woman.

I felt that even more so when that evening, so exhausted that I could hardly kneel up on all fours, I was again made to thrust my head and front paws through the bars of my cage and have my nipples again rubbed with the sweet smelling paste. Half asleep I felt the puppies sucking at them again.

Perhaps, I wondered, being deprived of sleep whilst being coupled and having my nipples sucked in earnest by real live puppies, was a deliberate way of making me succumb more easily to the all invading feeling of no longer being a real human being.

It was feeling that I was to find growing stronger over the next few days as I continued to be used to satisfy the randy dogs - especially after Carole and then Number 23 were no longer used and then disappeared, leaving only me and Number 24 to satisfy the six dogs –and indeed all the puppies.

It was indeed exhausting work and I could not help wondering how I would cope when Number 24 disappeared, leaving me on my own to satisfy them all.

Indeed for a couple of days after my first coupling and Carole's apparently special one with Caesar there had been no ticks against Carole's number on the blackboard. She seemed to be just left alone in her cage. Lucky her, I thought, but I also cold not help wondering why.

Then, suddenly, the kennel-boy had taken Carole out of her cage and, crawling, out through the door. My heart had given a little pang. What was going to happen to her?

In fact, although did not then know it, I was not to see her in the kennel again. Indeed, when he returned, the Kennel-boy wiped the number 22 off the board. It was if Carole had never been here.

I remembered Ursula, and indeed Doctor Anna and Sabhu, all mentioning the mysterious "Final Treatment" for which our period in the Slave Market and here in Assimilation led up to. Had Carole undergone this Final Treatment? Was that the reason why her coupling with Caesar on my first day had been different? Was that why she had been spared further couplings? But why? And just what was this final treatment? I was really as much in the dark as ever.

Vaguely I noticed that, before when Number 23 similarly disappeared, she, like Carole, had been coupled with Caesar, the pride of the kennels, the tick on the blackboard was ringed in red. I had also noticed that on the day before this, Caesar had been rested, as if to make sure of his virility for the gala event on the following day.

Immediately before this, like Carole, she had been mysteriously taken out of the kennels room for an hour or so. Also like Carole, she was given a Before and After thrashing with the cane. Again I had wondered why, whilst thanking God that I had never had been thrashed in the kennels – yet.

Then when it was all over she, too, had been left in her kennel for several days and excused more couplings. Then she, too, had disappeared.

Clearly there seemed to be some connection between these strange, almost ritual, canings and disappearing. But like so much of our life in the castle, it was all beyond me.

Unable to use my hands to make the smallest mark in my kennel, I had no idea of the exact passing of the days – anymore, I realised, than real dogs do. Anyway, I was kept so busy, with Number 24, satisfying all the dogs and the puppies.

Then one day, I noticed two strange things about Programme of Daily Work. Firstly, Copenhagen, the Great Dane, who had been used to open me up, and his friend Mars, the largest of the Alsatians, were mysteriously having a day off with neither Number 24 nor myself being coupled by them. He same applied to Caesar.

Oh my God, I thought, these already randy dogs would be even more virile than ever the following day – having been deprived of a girl on the previous one. ■

23 – THE COUPLING OF THE BEAUTIFUL MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Chained in my cage, I had spent a sleepless night worrying about how on earth I was going to cope with satisfying all six dogs. Then next morning I heard a noise apparently coming from behind the strange wooden door at the back of my kennels – a door, which I had never seen opened since I found myself in my cage.

The noise was if someone, or some people, was being carried along a stone corridor. I heard a creaking noise as if a door was being opened, a clinking noise as if collar chains were being attached and then ... silence.

The kennel-boy, masked and silent as ever, then entered the room and began his usual task of writing up the division of work for the day. The boy was busy writing but then stood back to consult a sheet of paper.

I saw that Caesar was to be coupled with Number 24, but much more worrying, that this tick was ringed in red.

Oh, my God, I thought, for I now knew that this meant that Number 24 would be spared any further couplings on that or subsequent days, prior to disappearing. Moreover, with me as the only other girl-bitch now available, that would mean five ticks opposite my number, 25, today – and six, including Caesar on the following day. And that assumed that each dog was only allowed to couple once a day, whereas I knew that often they were allowed two. Oh, my God!

The boy now resumed his work on the blackboard. Imagine my astonishment when he started to write other numbers below mine and to put ticks against them. He then stood back to check that it was all correct.

I now saw that the numbers were "26A" and "26B", the numbers of the lovely mother and daughter who had apparently also been sponsored by the Prince. Now they were here – and with plenty of ticks after their numbers, including those for Copenhagen and Mars both of which were also ringed in red, as if for a Gala Performance, just as had been my first coupling with Copenhagen.

My joy at finding that I would not, after all, be alone in having to satisfy six dogs, was tempered by my horror at what the pretty mother and daughter would now have to go through – and in front of each other. And even worse, of course, I remembered that the daughter was still a virgin. Was she going to have to lose her virginity to a dog? My God!

Then just as Carole and Number 23 had been taken out of the kennel room, before their apparently special coupling with Caesar, so Number 24 was, too.

Meanwhile, just as I had been on my arrival in the kennels, Numbers 26A and B were introduced to the joys of the masked kennel-boy's goad, to gobbling up their food, to presenting their hindquarters for the taking of their temperatures and to having their nipples sucked by the puppies.

On her return, Number 24 was led up to the coupling apparatus, fastened down onto it and given her "Before" thrashing. Caesar was then let out of his cage and proceeded do his ty.

All the time I could not help thinking what the mother and her daughter would be thinking as they watched this horrific display of cruelty. Just as I had seen Carole being similarly coupled with Caesar before being put to my first dog, Copenhagen, were they, too, beings deliberately shown Number 24's coupling before their own first ones? Were they, just as I had, now

suddenly realising the significance of the blackboard and of the awful tasks that lay ahead for them? Poor things!

Then just as I had been taken out to be so humiliatingly and silently examined by unknown hands, so too Numbers 26A and 26B were now taken out of their cage and led out of the room, their naked white breasts, marked with their numbers, hanging prettily and erotically below their bodies.

I had seen how their numbers were bracketed together on the blackboard, but had not understood why. I did now, however, for I saw that they were closely chained together by the neck and had to crawl side by side.

I presumed that, blindfolded with their eye flaps down they, again like me, were undergoing a degradingly intimate inspection by their sponsor, the Prince and his cronies, with both of them kneeling helplessly up on the platform, side by side and on all fours.

This exiting event alone must have made the Prince think that the cost of sponsoring them well worthwhile.

Eventually they returned to the kennel room. I could imagine their fear as they were led up to the coupling apparatus on which the kennel-boy fastened them down side by side.

Again, I saw the kennel-boy look enquiringly at the balcony. Again saw a green light flash. The mother and daughter's first coupling was about to start – and the daughter was about to lose her virginity.

No wonder, I thought, peering through the bars of my cage, that I had made out a whole crowd of shadowy figures coming onto the balcony. Old Greybeard seemed to have invited half of Arabia to come and see this Gala Event.

Doubtless the Lady Partners would not have wanted to miss it either. I wondered if Ursula was there, also enjoying the sight of me in my cage..

The kennel-boy then went to the kennels of the dogs and let out Copenhagen and Mars, the other two dogs who had been rested, specially rested I now realised.

The blackboard had shown that these two were to be used, but because of the bracketing of the numbers of the mother and daughter, it had not been very clear just which dogs were going to be used to be used on which girl. I now saw that Copenhagen, with his extra large manhood, was going to be used to take the virginity of the daughter, whilst alongside him Mars would be enjoying her mother. Oh, how dreadful!

Poor girl, I thought, losing her precious virginity to that virile great brute Copenhagen. I could hear little muffled moans. Doubtless both mother and daughter were trying unavailingly, to scream out their horrified protests.

The couplings took their inexorable course, with the two dogs standing along side each other on their hind legs as they each thrust in and out of the two new girl-bitches that were b being so abjectly proffered to them.

Soon the kennel-boy led both the new girl-bitches sobbing and staggering on all fours back to their cage. I glanced at the blackboard again. Yes, just as I had been coupled three times on my first awful day to heighten the feeling of now being just a bitch, so the mother and daughter would also be coupled twice more.

Now, however, it was my turn to be coupled for the first time that day... ■

24 – MY FINAL COUPLING

My awful life in the kennels continued but with Numbers 26A and B now helping me to satisfy the randy dogs.

However the task became more onerous again when a new real dog arrived in the kennels. He was rather like a greyhound in appearance with long slender legs, a matching long slender body, a deep chest, a long nose and sharply pointed ears. I wondered if he was an Arabian hunting dog, of the type whose breeding went back the days of the Pharaohs.

Certainly, his name, written on his kennel, was an Arab one, Faisal, and on his hindquarters, apparently branded, was an Arab-looking crest of two crossed scimitars. Could that be the crest of the Prince, I wondered. Might he have sent his favorite hunting dog here, to watch him enjoying himself with us?

For a day, the kennel-boy seemed content to let him watch the other dogs mounting us girl-bitches. However the next day, he was allowed his first coupling – with me! Again I thought I thought I saw shadowy coming into the screened balcony. Had the Prince come to see our joint performance?

At first he seemed hesitant about what to do. However, I saw that the pungent-smelling liquid that the Kennel-boy painted on my beauty lips soon excited him and before long I was mounted as determinedly as by any of the other dogs. From then on he was mounting one or other of us once or twice a day.

One day, I saw that Faisal was being rested and next morning I again heard, from behind the locked wooden door at the back of my cage, the noise of someone being carried along a corridor and being put into an empty cage – presumably unconscious just as I had been. Another girl must have started Assimilation!

Sure enough when the Kennel-boy started to write up the daily work programme, there on the blackboard, below 26A and 26B was the new number “27”. I remembered that this was the number of Maja, the third of the girls that Sonja had tricked into coming here, just as Ursula had tricked me.

So she too had been sponsored to start her Assimilation. How little did she know what horrors awaited her. Indeed, like all the girls being coupled for the first time, her number was circled in red.

Then saw that the first coupling of the day was to be me and Faisal. It was to be my only coupling that day and was also ringed in red as if a Gala Performance. Oh Lord!

Sure enough, just as Carole and the other girls who had disappeared had all been taken out of the kennels room before their final Gala Performances, so I, too, was now led out. Anxiously I wondered what was going to happen as, urged on by the threat of the Kennel-boy’s goad, I crawled along the stone floored corridor.

Suddenly I found myself back in Doctor Anna’s examination room – the one in which she had infibulated me. I saw, however that the door into the big Display Room was firmly closed – presumably so as not to frighten any girls there with the sight of a girl in a dog skin.

There silently waiting for me, arms akimbo and wearing a surgical gown, was Doctor Anna herself. And alongside her stood an equally silent Sabhu, smiling in a strangely self-satisfied way.

Except for the always masked and silent kennel-boy, they were the first human beings I had actually seen



I must have been kennelled for a couple of weeks, exhaustively servicing several dogs every day and feeling more and more like a real bitch, when I saw on blackboard that my only coupling that day was to be with the new dog Faisal – the Arabian hunting dog who bore on his hindquarters the mark of the Prince, just as I bore it on my tummy. Moreover it had been ringed in red. Then the Kennel-boy, urging me on with his goad on my bare breasts, led me crawling down past the cages, just as I had seen Carole being led before her final coupling. The Velcro fastenings above my eyeholes were closed and I felt my self being strapped down on a gynecological couch with my feet raised wide apart. I heard a noise as if a refrigerator door was opened and I felt something being planted deep I insider me. It was repeated several times and then I was led back to my cage, wondering what had been done to me, before being humiliatingly taken by Faisal.

since starting Assimilation. Was I now considered to be sufficiently assimilated into a canine environment for them show themselves again, I wondered. But why?

The kennel-boy and Sabhu quickly fastened me down on my back on Doctor Anna's gynecological couch. My ankles were strapped into the well-separated stirrups. As my knees were, of course, already bent by the bars in the dog-skin, I was wide open. I saw that a television camera was trained on me as if to capture for my sponsor's video, what was now going to happen.

I noticed that Doctor Anna seemed very busy taking some glass files out of a medical refrigerator and putting them into a shiny metal dish on which there was a surgical syringe. I thought I heard her then murmur to Sabhu something about specials eggs from the |Prince's favorite bitch now being ready for insertion. But it seemed such as strange remark that its significance did not dawn on me until very much later.

In any case I have no real memory of just what was then done to me, for Doctor Anna gave me an injection that made me feel very drowsy for a time. Suffice to say that when I came to again, Doctor Anna had disappeared and I had a strange feeling right up inside me. It was as if something had been placed there. But what? And why?

The kennel-boy then took me back to the kennels and straight up to the coupling apparatus. I could see the eyes of Maja, as well as those of the mother and daughter fixed on me. I also thought I could, once again, make out figures arriving in the balcony – was it my sponsor come to see my special performance?

My heart was in my mouth, as I saw the kennel-boy go and fetch the cane. Just as I had seen him do when giving the other girls their "Before" and "After" beatings, he now began to beat me slowly and deliberately, as if more concerned about getting my blood rushing to my backside than really hurting me.

I could feel myself becoming aroused. Sabhu used to boast humiliatingly that he could arouse a girl with the cane – and he must have taught the kennel-boy how to do so too.

When he let out Faisal, I could immediately feel that he had been kept frustrated for a day for he instantly mounted me and wildly thrust up into me. Ashamed, I felt myself pressing back in some strange instinctive way, to receive his seed deep up inside me. Then suddenly he absolutely drenched me with his seed.

Next came the equally drawn-out "After" beating. Then, again like the other girls who had disappeared, I was left strapped down, with my hips raised and my head lowered. Just as I remembered thinking that Carole must be feeling, I now felt Faisal's seed slipping deeper and deeper down inside me.

For the next two, or perhaps three days, I was left in my cage. Although I was not coupled again, I was still made to comply with the rest of the kennels routine: offering my sore and swollen nipples the puppies and having to press my backside against the bars of cage for the taking of mg temperature and to spend a penny into a little bowl.

Did this mean, I wondered, remembering what had happened to Carole and the other girls, that I too was now about to disappear? Where to, I wondered? Anywhere would be better than this God-awful kennels. ■

PART VI
IN THE BELLY DEVELOPMENT WING
25 – A CHANGE OF VENUE

Then, one morning, I was suddenly taken out of the kennels and, as before, led along the stone-floored corridor

This time Sabhu was waiting for me - in the same room in which, blindfolded, my breasts and beauty lips had been so humiliatingly examined. I had not seen him since I started my strange and dreadful period of Assimilation.

His dreaded cane was tucked under his arm. With him was a young fat version of Joseph. Another of Sabhu's acolytes!

A nasty-looking, short-handled whip, with coiled-up black leather, braided, leash hung from the fat boy's belt.

He put his hand to the handle of his whip and gestured to me to crawl up onto the platform. Hastily I obeyed. I saw that to one side of the platform was a bucket of soapy water and a sponge.

'Doctor Anna say very good results of tests,' Sabhu said, smilingly, to the kennel-boy. 'That Final treatment very successful. Yes, maybe …' He held up six fingers. 'That will make sponsor very happy. He give you and me good tip.'

I did not understand what he meant. The results of what tests? What had been so successful? And why had he held up six fingers?'

Then, ignoring me, he turned to the fat boy.

'Take care, Mbarku. This one as clever as a monkey and she'll be desperate to get rid of them.'

Get rid of what, I thought, confused? But the boy laughed confidently.

'Nothing she can do about them when infibulation bar back in place,' he said in broken English with a strong African accent.

'So let's get it back,' laughed Sabhu. He turned to me. 'Keep quite still,' he ordered.

The three of them then proceeded to unzip my dog-skin. In moments I was stark naked, except for my collar – the same flexible metal collar that I had had to wear since Sabhu put it on me in the van.

I blushed at being naked in front of the big black overseer and his two boy assistants. But, oh the joy of having my hands free of the all-enveloping stiff paws, of feeling the breeze on my face and of no longer being dumb and muzzled.

'Wash her down, Mbarku!' ordered Sabhu.

The boy picked up the sponge and washed me all over as I knelt on all fours on the platform. Once again, oh the joy, after being kept fastened into the horrible dog-skin. But, oh the embarrassment of being cleaned and dried by a black boy, for he paid great attention to my beauty lips and even to my rear orifice.

'Just sponge her hair now,' Sabhu then said. 'You can shampoo it later.'

I remembered that Joseph used to pride himself as a hairdresser and even had a little salon off the Display Room in which he would keep us looking beautiful – just as presumably a slave dealer of old would keep his stock of girls also all looking beautiful. Did Mbarku have one, too?

'Stand up!' then ordered Sabhu.

Free of the curved metal bars on the knees of the dog-skin, I was able to do so for the first time since I was put into the Assimilation Wing. I stretched myself happily, jumping up and flinging my arms in the air.

'Hi, you be careful!' shouted Sabhu in genuine alarm,

'your body now valuable commodity. We treat you like expecting Happy Event.'

'Expecting? I cried. 'But I'm not! How could I be?'

I saw Sabhu exchange smiles with Mbarku. What did they know that I did not? Then he turned to me.

'If slavegirl argue with overseer,' he said angrily, raising his cane, 'she get six strokes.'

I fell silent.

'Position for Inspection!' now ordered Sabhu, taking his cane from under his arm. It was a gesture that was enough to make, as in the Slave Market, clasp my hands behind my neck, look straight ahead, part my legs and bend my knees.

'Thrust belly out more,' he ordered, impatiently tapping my tummy with his cane. It was now level with his eyes. He ran his hand over my mound and down between my legs.

'Get this fuss off her, Mbarku,' he said 'Its surprising how it grows in Assimilation.'

I felt the boy rubbing a burning depilatory paste over my mound and down between my beauty lips. He stood back to allow it to do its work and washed it off.

'That better' grunted Sabhu. 'Now we replace number on belly and also now put on crest of sponsor.'

I felt Mbarku putting two transfers on my tummy. I looked in a mirror. The number "25" was now emblazoned on my belly. But immediately above it, instead of the Lady Partner's crest of a castle, were two crossed scimitars. I gasped as I realised that this was the same Arab-looking crest as I had seen branded on the hindquarters of the dog Faisal. My unknown sponsor must be his owner!

'Sponsor get great pleasure seeing this,' said Sabhu, tapping my belly and adding with a laugh: 'a steadily growing pleasure!'

I wondered what he meant. But before I had time to think more about it, Sabhu announced: 'And now we put back infibulation bar.'

I gave a gasp of despair as I felt him carefully thread a little stainless steel, rod one by one through each of my infibulation rings. I felt my beauty lips being tightly compressed again. I did not dare to look down as I then felt him doing something between my legs and heard the click of the retaining padlock being closed.

'She now quite safe – not able interfere with Nature,' he laughed. 'But we take further precautions, too.'

Further precautions? Was I going to be manacled as I had been in the Slave Market with a length of heavy shiny joining m wrists? They had very effectively stopped me from even attempting to escape and ad made me feel very much a helpless slave

But it was not a pair of heavy clanking manacles that Sabhu now produced from a cupboard but something that I would learn was far worse: a black belt and a pair of thick leather gloves.

I was horrified when he then slipped the thick black leather gloves over my hands. They kept my fingers bunched up together in a ball. I was now unable to use them or, indeed, hold anything. Just as the paws of the dog skin had prevented me from holding anything in my cage in the Assimilation Wing. The gloves were fastened round the wrist with a strap that I could not now undo. Next to each strap was a little ring.

But that was not all for Sabhu also fastened the belt round my waist. It was I saw elasticized but still fitted tightly whilst mysteriously allowing for expansion. Then pushing my elbows back, he clipped each of my gloves to a side of the belt.

I was now held quite helpless. I was able to walk, to lie down on my back, to bend my knees and even to scratch myself against something like an animal. However with my wrists and immobilized hands held to my side, I would be complete dependent on Mbarku to feed me and, for instance, to clean me when I went to the loo. I also realized that that with my elbows held back, my shoulders were held back and my breast and tummy thrust forward.

'Come down off platform,' Sabhu now ordered. 'Now we try out her going-out dress.'

Going-out dress, I thought excitedly, as I rather gingerly stepped down off the platform scared lest, with my hands held to my side, I lost my balance.

The boy produced a lovely blue silk, smock-like, top

with a matching skirt and cape. All very fashionable, I thought. They put the smock top on me first. It had Velcro fastenings over the shoulders so that it did matter that my wrists were fastened to my waist. It was very elegant and surprisingly loose fitting. It came down almost to my knees. It was very pretty and cleverly cut as if intended to hide my slim body and immobilized hands. How odd, I thought.

They put the matching silken cape on over my shoulders. It hid my collar and was very pretty. It fastened loosely below the bosom.

Then they made me step into the skirt. It, too, was loosely cut and came down to my calves. It was fastened with a drawstring high up under my breasts.

Then I gasped as I saw that a large hole had been cut in the skirt over my tummy.

My God, this lovely three-piece suit was, in fact, an elegant maternity dress. There must be some mistake. I wanted to cry out that wasn't pregnant. How could I be? So why give me a maternity outfit? But I wasn't going to argue about it with Sabhu and so kept silent. I wasn't going to risk getting six strokes of his cane for arguing. Perhaps, I thought, it had been originally intended for someone who was and Sabhu had purloined it.

'That very nice,' he said, before I could say anything. 'Sponsor very happy take her for walk in garden, wearing this. But we put her into house dress.'

This house dress, I was disappointed to see, was to be nothing more than my former slavegirl dress with its embarrassing cut away over the tummy and between the legs that would display both my Slave Number and my infibulation rings and bar. With my hands fastened to my side, however, my bare tummy would be eve more display. Again I wondered why?

'Sponsor soon now get increasingly pleased see her dressed like this,' said Sabhu mysteriously – as he had so often.

He turned to me. 'Yes, you now very nice,' he said, stroking my tummy. 'You earn much money for Lady Partners. We take great care of you here in "Development Wing".

"Development", I thought, development of what? These names were all very strange. First there had been the strict discipline of the "Preparation Wing" or "Slave Market, then the awful "Assimilation Wing" and now this "Development" wing . And each in a different wing of the Castle, as if to prevent us girls from seeing what was going to happen to us next.

Sabhu now turned back to Mbarku. 'I must go see other girls. You now take this one to join the others.' ■

26 – EXPECTING HAPPY EVENTS!

Just as Joseph had originally led me, half naked in my slavegirl's harem dress, into the Display Room of the Slave Market to meet my companions being made "nice and ready", so now Mbarku was leading me into the so-called Development Wing.

Would I meet my friend Carole here?

Mbarku opened a strong looking locked door and pushed me through.

I remembered I had gasped, on first entering the exotic Display Room of the Slave Market with Sabhu, at seeing half a dozen half-naked girls. Seeing Sabhu, they had put down their baby dolls and had risen respectfully to their feet. They had been dressed, collared and manacled, like me, with their slavegirl numbers emblazoned on their exposed bellies below the crest of the castle. Except for the new girls, they had also been infibulated.

So now I gasped again at seeing here, in another large room, similarly decorated in Arab style, not half a dozen half-naked girls, but well over a dozen, some of whom I had not seen before.

Had these girls, I wondered, spent their time in the Preparation and Assimilation Wings before I arrived?

Seeing Mbarku, they all also rose respectfully, but awkwardly, to their feet. They, too, were all collared and dressed, like me, in the humiliatingly cut-away Harem Dress – and, again like me, their hands were gloved and fastened to the side of black belts fastened round their waist, leaving their tummies bare and exposed. I saw that they had also been infibulated like me and that their numbers similarly prominently blazoned on their bellies. But, but now above the numbers was what appeared to be a variety of different of private crests – presumably those of their different sponsors.

But what made me really gasp this time was that the girls' well displayed bellies were prettily curved, some only slightly but some extremely so. No wonder, with their hands fastened to their waists, they had stood up sop awkwardly. No wonder also that the black belts round their waists were elasticized - to allow for their tummies swelling. But mine was also elasticized - and I was not pregnant!

I then saw how the numbers on the tummies of some of the girls were greatly, and strangely erotically, stretched by their equally swollen bellies. And the lower the number, meaning the earlier they had arrived in the castle, the more their bellies were swollen.

My God, was this a sort of Maternity Home? Was the name "Development" just a euphemism to hide its real purpose.

'All waiting for Happy Event,' he laughed. 'Not wait long!'

Again I wondered why I had been brought here. I wasn't awaiting any Happy Event – nor had Carole been.

Carole! Eagerly I looked around to see if she were here. I saw Numbers 23 and 24, but where was Number 22?

Suddenly I saw her. She was standing on tiptoe, at the far end of the big room, with her back to me, between two white painted columns. Her gloved hands had been un-clipped from her belt and were outstretched above her head, fastened to rings in the columns. The Velcro shoulder fastenings of her bolero had evidently been undone, for she was naked to the waist.



Carole was held stretched up on her toes and naked to the waist with four red weals running across her shoulders and round to her breasts. She had been whipped! I saw that her tummy was already slightly curved. How, I wondered. “Today,” said fat young Mbarku , seeing my look of horror, ‘she feel little kicks for first time and she argue with me, saying not possible when I tell her she now expecting Happy Event. Here in Belly Development Wing, mothers-to be not allowed know, nor ask, how they conceived nor what carrying - or get six strokes of whip. She now get remaining two strokes on backside. I think she not ask any more questions!” With that he pulled down her thin harem trousers. He ran the thong through his podgy hand and brought it down across poor Carole’s bare bottom. “Please no more,” cried Carole. “I wont ask any more questions.”

But, as so often in this castle of fear, that was not all. Across her slender exposed shoulders, and running across onto her breasts were eight separate red lines. My God, she had been whipped – and then left standing there.

Mbarku must have seen my look of horror.

'She argue with me, this morning, saying it cannot be true,' the fat boy grinned, 'when I tell her she now also awaiting Happy Event, after she first feel little kick inside her. She demand to know more. That earn her ten strokes.

Ten strokes! Gosh, poor Carole, I thought. How awful for a grown up woman to be whipped by a mere boy. I found myself shivering in fear.

'Because she expecting Happy Event,' the horrible young black boy continued, 'she only get a few at a time. She already have two lots of four strokes each on back, now she get remaining two strokes. She get these on backside. Only two strokes there not harm valuable little progeny of mother-to-be.'

I gasped. Carole expectant? Feeling little kicks inside her? Valuable progeny? Carole a little mother-to-be? But that was all impossible. Like me she had not been alone with a man since arriving in this dreadful Castle.

The boy laughed cruelly and pointed up to a little television camera that was trained on Carole. 'Make good video for rich sponsor,' he added.

Then he pointed up to a screened balcony, like the one in the kennels. 'And good entertainment for visiting sponsors and would-be sponsors.'

Then leaving me speechless, he strode over to behind Carole, unfastening his whip from his belt. He lowered he silken harem trousers down to her ankles, baring her bottom. Then he turned and clapped his hands.

Immediately the other girls all quickly lined up to the right of Carole facing her in the order of their belly numbers – the lowest on the right and the highest, meaning me, on the left. This was something I was to learn to do repeatedly over the coming weeks – for it also provided spectators with the erotic sight of a line of increasingly curved bellies.

'Attention!' he ordered and cracked his whip alarmingly. The girls all straightened up, just as we had been taught to do in the Slave Market. But there we had had to clasp our hands behind our necks, whereas here our wrists were fastened to the sides of the belts round our waists.

'This teach you not argue with Mr. Mbarku,' he said to them all. 'Remember you not know how come you expecting Happy Event. Not your business. You just made little mothers-to-be here to please sponsors. You ask how - and you get whipped, like Number 22. You just accept your fate. Here you just slave girls.'

I caught my breath as the horrible fat boy slowly ran the thong of his whip through his podgy hand and then drew it back behind him. I saw Carole's bottom twitching nervously as in anticipation. Then we all caught our breath as, with a sudden and obviously much rehearsed movement, he brought his whip down across Carole's soft little bottom.

There was a scream from Carole as a red line now appeared.

'No more!' she screamed. 'Please no more. I promise I'll never ask again.'

But the boy was implacable. Slowly he again drew the thong through his fingers and again suddenly brought it down across her bottom. Again the girls, "the little mothers-to-be", caught their breath in horror and again a red line appeared – just below the first one.

Mbarku coiled up his whip and refastened it to his belt.

Then leaving Carole fastened between the two pillars, he turned to the line of girls and started what seemed to be a much-rehearsed liturgy. Indeed, I was to learn it was repeated by all the girls, lined up as they now were, several times a day, so that even the girls who spoke little English had soon learnt it's meaning.

'Mr. Mbarku, he your overseer here,' he called out. 'You treat him with great respect, like you treat Mr. Sabhu. You only speak when spoken to. You all understand?'

'Oh yes, Mr. Mbarku, oh yes, Sir,' cried the girls, singing altogether out loud, in an evidently well rehearsed chorus. 'We all love you, our kind overseer.'

‘And you all happy now made mothers-to-be. You all delighted expecting Happy Event.’

‘We all happy now made mothers-to-be. We all delighted expecting Happy Event,’ chorused the girls. It was probably about all the English that most of the poor girls knew, I thought.

‘And not for you to know how,’ Mbarku continued his cruel but clever liturgy. ‘You not know, you not ask.’

‘Not for us to know how. We not know, we not ask,’ chorused the poor mystified girls. ‘We not know, we not ask.’ It was to be a phrase engraved on my heart.

‘You just here to please your sponsors.’

‘We just here to please our sponsors,’ came the chorus of girlish voices.

Mbarku suddenly again cracked his whip. We girls all nervously straightened up again.

‘Dismiss!’ he ordered and then, turning on his heel, and checking that the door was locked, he disappeared into his joint office with Sabhu, where all our records were kept locked up, and from which he could see into the big room in which all the mothers-to-be were kept. ■

27 – CAROLE AGAIN

As soon as the horrible fat black boy was out of sight, I rushed up to where Carole was still standing, tethered.

As I did so, noticed that the crest on her naked tummy was also an Arab style one, of two crossed scimitars – just like the on my tummy and the one on Faisal's hindquarters. So, as Carole had been definitely sponsored by the cruel Prince, Old Greybeard, I must have been as well. Gosh!

Moreover, it must have he who sent Faisal to the kennels. But why? Just so that he could have the satisfaction of seeing me being mounted by one of his dogs?

As I glanced at Carole's tummy, I could not help thinking that her tummy was now slightly curved. But how? I remembered how the girls had all chorused: "We not know. We not ask". It was breaking this rule that had cost Carole a whipping.

I longed to fling my arms round her neck, but of course was quite unable to do so.

'Oh, darling, how awful,' I cried. 'How can I release you? Or put some cream on the whip marks?'

'Don't even try, Emma,' she whispered back, 'or you'll end up here as well. I expect that awful Mbarku will release me soon. It'll certainly be the last time that I'll ask how I could possibly be expecting a Happy Event, as they call it here.

'But you can't be,' I cried. 'How can you be? And when?'

'I don't know. I just don't know. And they won't tell us. We're just brainwashed into accepting it. You heard the girls repeating: "We not know. We not ask". But like a fool I did ask – and paid the price!.'

'Yes,' she went on, 'like all the other girls, I simply could not believe it at first. And now look at them! And I've now started to feel – and look - strange. And the oddest thing is that it all seems to be happening much more quickly than the nine months, you and I spoke about.'

'But what can they have done to us,' I gasped.

'I just don't know. I wondered if it was something to do with those awful dogs in the kennels. But you can't cross a dog with a girl – we're different species. Thank God!'

'But then what was that awful period of Assimilation all about' I murmured.

'God knows!'

She paused.

'And the worst thing is that damn locked infibulation bar. It wasn't for them stopping us from getting at ourselves, most of us would have got rid of whatever it is that we're being made to carry – and to hell with the fees that the sponsors have paid and to hell with the tips that Sabhu's expecting to get.'

Again she paused.

'But I find myself constantly thinking about the shame-making way our harem trousers show off the infibulation rings and bars, that keep us so helpless. It's all part of the cruel power game that the sponsors have paid to enjoy.'

She looked down at my bare belly.

'Well I see that at least we're both being sponsored by that loathsome Prince, Old Greybeard. I expect he'll soon come to gloat over us, like the other sponsors do with their girls.'

Just then Mbarku came out of his office, having pre-

sumably written up his record of Carole's whipping. He came towards Carole. Hastily I stood back.

'Just you remember in future,' he said humiliatingly to her, 'not for you to understand what happening to you, and you not ask - or you get another whipping.'

The fat boy paused as if waiting for something. He put his hand to his whip, still hanging from his belt. Again I caught my breath. I could see that all the other girls were also listening spellbound

'Well, Number 22 ... you want another two strokes?'

'No, kind Mr. Mbarku, please no!' Carole screamed, copying the boy's broken English. 'I not understand what happening to me, and I not ask. I just very happy to please my sponsor in any way he wishes.'

'Good,' the boy said with a smile. Finally, he had broken this highly intelligent American girl, just as he had broken her younger Eastern European predecessors.

I heard the girls sigh with relief, as he unfastened her wrists. She collapsed onto the floor, rubbing her bottom and trying in vain to get at her back.

The boy turned to me.

'You look after your friend,' he said, 'but you also learn lesson. Yes?'

'Yes, Mr. Mbarku, Sir, yes,' I said quickly.' I learn lesson too.'

Yes, indeed, I thought, as I helped Carole to her feet, I certainly had learnt a lesson in utter submission. Having kept quiet to avoid Sabhu's cane, I certainly was not going to risk getting Mbarku's whip. ■

28 – A TERRIBLE UNCERTAINTY

It was a strange and frightening experience being in with Carole and the other expectant girls, and yet refusing to believe that I could be pregnant too. It was even more frightening being unable to even touch my tummy.

'Wait until you have your first morning sickness,' laughed Carole. 'You won't be so cocksure then – nor when you feel something kicking inside you.'

I could scarcely believe it when one morning a couple of days later I felt sick.

Mbarku was delighted.

'Sponsor, he will be very pleased,' he said smiling. Then patting my tummy, he added: 'Soon we see this getting prettily curved.'

'No, no, it's not what you think, I just must have eaten something,' I longed to protest. But, remembering what had happened to Carole in similar circumstances, I bit my tongue and said nothing.

Then, when the same thing happened the next morning, I realised that, unbelievably, I was indeed apparently expecting a Happy Event. But how? It was a question that Carole and I kept vainly asking each other in a whisper so that our black boy overseer did not hear. And what were we carrying? And why was it all developing so quickly? Developing! I remembered that this was the "Development" wing.

What terrible thing had been done to us?

I felt the first kick a week later when Mbarku had made me take an afternoon rest. I was alone in the dormitory resting on my back on top of my bed. Mbarku would periodically peer round the open doorway, to check up on me.

Suddenly I felt something move inside me. It made me cry out.

This really confirmed my worst fears, even more than my morning sickness. I was shattered. Desperately I tried to wrench my hands free from the awful immobilising gloves and from sides of my belt. If only, I thought, I could get my hands to my beauty lips then, despite the locked infibulating bar, I'd soon show these swine that they could not make me go through with their mysterious and secret plan.

Desperately I tore at the unyielding belt. I'd show them! But I was all to no avail. My hands remained immovably fastened to the sides of the belt and my beauty lips were as tightly closed as ever. I just could not get at whatever it was that was now kicking away inside me.

I lay back exhausted and furious. Horrified I saw that Mbarku evidently alerted by my cry, had quietly come into the room and was watching me, a smile on his horrid fat face. He was drawing is whip through his hands.

My God, I thought, he must have seen me trying in vain to get at myself – to get rid of what ever it was they were making me carry. He would report me to Sabhu! I'd be whipped – just like Carole. Oh Lord!

'I didn't mean to do ... any harm, Sir,' I stammered hopefully.

The boy just laughed cruelly.

'All girls tear at belt when first feel little kicks.' He pointed up at the small television camera which to my shame I saw was trained on me. 'Make good video for sponsor.'

Oh my God, I thought, the Prince will be shown the pictures of me vainly trying to get rid of whatever it



A week after being put into the Belly Development Wing I, too, felt things moving inside me. They made me cry out. My worst fears were confirmed. Angrily I put my hand down to my infibulated beauty lips. I'd show these swine they could not make go through with their mysterious plan. Desperately I tore at the unyielding bar and padlock. The bar remained immovable and my beauty lips were as tightly closed as ever. I was going to be made to carry whatever it was inside me! Then I saw that, alerted by my cry, young Mbarku had quietly come into the room, frighteningly playing with his whip. Was I going to be whipped? But the boy just laughed, "All girls tear at bar when first feel little kicks." He pointed to the television camera which to my shame I saw was trained on me. "Make good video for sponsor."

was he had paid to have done to me. How awful!

Over the coming weeks I, like Carole, was to feel these kicks more and more – much to the delight of my young black overseer, made me practice thrusting my bare belly forward so that he, too, or my sponsor could also feel the little kicks.

Life in the cruelly named "Development Wing" was of course mentally desperately worrying as my tummy seemed to get mysteriously bigger by the day. Physically however we were treated like the valuable creatures we were – valuable that is for Ursula and her lady business partners.

I soon learnt was I learnt that, provided I did not start querying what was happening to me, as Carole had tried to do, discipline was more relaxed than it had been in the Slave Market. Although, for instance, we had to ask permission to spend a penny and wait for Mbarku to take us into the big communal bathroom, there was not the same humiliating emphasis on performing together.

I remembered vaguely hearing Ursula bargaining with the Prince whilst I was still in the Preparation Wing over my "Sponsorship Fee" and how it was to be paid one third up front, one third on conception and the final one third on delivery. I had not then understood what she was talking about. But, by God, I did now!

I had then had a quick glimpse of the Prince's first cheque and had been astonished by the number of noughts – and now he would presumably be handing over the similar second one, with the third one due when I delivered whatever it was that I was carrying. No wonder that I, like the other girls that had similarly sponsored for an unwanted motherhood, was now being treated so firmly and yet with kid gloves.

Like the other girls here in the Development Wing, I was, I realized, a valuable piece of property – and nothing must be allowed to upset the satisfactory "development" of my increasing curved belly. Quite apart from preventing us from having any access to our wombs, strict precautions were taken against us, in our desperation, harming ourselves – though with our hands fastened to our sides, this would have been difficult.

Nevertheless Sabhu made sure that no unnecessary risks were run. Thus although we could only eat by lowering our mouths into our feeding bowls or by waiting for Mbarku came round with his wooden spoon, no knives or forks or meals spoons were allowed and the plates were all made of plastic.

Indeed, despite the ever-present threat from the coiled-up whip hanging from Mbarku's belt, it almost seemed as if we being cosseted in this comfortably furnished and so-called Development Wing of the castle.

Cosseted? Yes, I thought, like prisoners in a high grade security prison. But I had to admit that even the regular intimate inspections by Doctor Anna were carried out in a friendly and caring way – provided you did not ask her any questions. Instead of being strapped down on her couch, we were invited to lie down and to place our ankles in the raised stirrups - though I was always aware that Mbarku and his terrifying whip were on call beyond the half closed curtain, should we show the slightest sign of recalcitrance.

Cosseted? Well, as valuable mothers-to-be we were given special highly nutritious food. We enjoyed comfortable beds in the airy dormitory, and a gentler daily exercise period than in the Slave Market. Although we could not hold a book or magazine Mbarku would periodically read us articles from magazines aimed at "Happy future mothers."

Although our nipples were still kept strangely elongated, there were no signs of the baby dolls, nor of the special pills and medicines about which Carole had been so suspicious.

It was almost as if the periods of being broken-in and then of Assimilation were now regarded as having achieved their object.

Every afternoon, we were changed like little helpless children into our silken blue maternity dresses. Then, carefully watched over by Mbarku, and with our fastened wrists hidden under our cloaks, and our swelling bellies hidden under the loose tunics, we were allowed to walk and get some fresh air in a pretty walled garden. Here, we walked round and round

chattering away like a crocodile of happy schoolgirls on an outing.

Happy? Well, I hated what had been done to me , whatever it was, and the manacles on my wrists and the locks on the doors and the bars on the windows that prevented me from escaping . I hated even more the rings, the bar and the tiny padlock that kept me infibulated and unable to get rid of what I was being made to carry and constantly reminded me that I would be made to bear my progeny through to delivery. But despite all that and despite still suffering from morning sickness, I had to admit to a growing and wonderful feeling of fulfillment and physical well-being. Perhaps I thought it was Nature's way of making up for being made pregnant against my will.
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However one glaring absence in the Development Wing was a calendar. There was not one there and we were deliberately kept ignorant of the passing of the days and weeks.

I remembered what Sabhu had said about me now being a valuable commodity, who was going to earn a lot of money for the Lady Partners and who would be looked after carefully. 'Carefully!' Carole used to comment bitterly as we endlessly discussed what was happening to us, 'like getting only two strokes of the whip on your bottom at a time.'

We were constantly being paraded by Sabhu on a little stage, just as we had been in the Slave Market. Once again it all seemed to be being recorded by a video camera, but then the emphasis had been on offering us, with our flat little bellies, for sponsorship. Now it was on what was called "the success of the sponsorship" – meaning, I realised, our now growingly curved bellies which we had to further, and erotically, show off by belly dancing humiliatingly in the way we had learnt in the Slave Market.

There was no doubt that the larger the girls' proffered white bellies, the greater the excitement amongst the mainly Arab male and the black African women sponsors ones, as with their friends, they eagerly patted, compared and stroked them. There was no doubt that, whatever people in the West might think, these people considered at that a well curved belly greatly increased a woman's beauty.

Nor we were only paraded all together for our sponsors. There was also a private examination room as well. On one occasion Carole and I were told that the Prince had come to inspect us and that we were going to be taken to "present our bellies" to our generous sponsor.

Generous, I thought? Perhaps generous to the Lady Partners and to our overseers, but we were getting nothing out of it all – except pain, discomfort and degradation.

Oh how I hated having to kneel down and gratefully kiss Old Greybeard's hand and thank him for sponsoring us for motherhood, as Mbarku had warned us to do under the threat of a whipping. Mbarku then made us stand at Attention with our hands, as usual, fastened to the sides of our belts whilst the horrible old man, smiling with pleasure at our utter humiliation, ran his hands up and down over our swelling breasts and bellies and the down over our infibulating curved bars and padlocks to reassure himself that we were still being made to carry the progeny that he had sponsored for us.

It was I now realized, with a shudder, he and his henchmen who had so humiliatingly similarly inspected me in the room outside the kennels.

He would also enjoy taking us, wearing our loose silken maternity outfits, on leads fastened to our collars, into the walled garden.

Often on the Prince's visits to see his "team", Mbarku would warningly uncoil his whip and make us put our heads under the Prince's robe to pleasure him.

Carole and I were soon joined on all these humiliating occasions by the trembling mother and daughter, Numbers 26A and 26B, who had now come on from Assimilation – also displaying, to our surprise, the Prince's crest on their now prettily and increasing curved bellies. We did not know whether to be jealous of the attention the Prince, and his friends, now paid to such a prestigious addition to his team, or to be appalled at what was happening to them, with their bellies nicely swelling in time with each other.

Sometimes it would be me and Samantha who both had to lick and suck his manhood and sometimes the



It was horrible when the Prince came to see the progress of the frightened mothers-to-be he had paid to so successfully sponsor. Carole, the beautiful mother and her young daughter and I, all longing to ask what we were mysteriously carrying, had to line up in front of him whilst he ran his gnarled hands over our now well curved bellies, and compared mine with Carole's and the mother's with her daughter's. Then he would teasingly run his hands down our bars, checking that they were properly in place. We longed to scratch his eyes out but with our wrists helplessly fastened to the sides of our belts and with Sabhu watching us with his cane raised, we just had to submit to his intimate examination – before having to crawl under his robe to suck his manhood.

mother and daughter. Periodically he would lift up the hem of his robe to take a further look at the slave-girls who, terrified of the threat of the young overseer's whip, were so humbly pleasuring him.

The two who were not kneeling under his robe, would have to stand at his side whilst he aroused himself by running his hand over their swelling bellies.

Evidently the Prince did not mind the presence of the black boy whilst being pleasured, as he sat back in a large comfortable chair. On the contrary he would call out to Mbarku to apply his whip to our bare bottoms at the slightest slacking of our efforts.

Nor was that all, for the never missed the opportunity to spend a penny in our mouths, with Mbarku checking that we swallowed what he called the "slaves nectar". Even worse was when he told Mbarku to take us to the bathroom and fasten us down, helpless on our backs.

'Keep mouths open or you get thrashed!' Mbarku would order with a warning c rack of his whip. And make certain you eat every tasty and nutritious particle that your kind sponsor deposits in your mouth. You lucky being able eat ambrosia of the Gods.'

Then the elderly Prince would come and squat down over each of our faces in turn.'

Lucky? Tasty and nutritious? Filthy and disgusting rather. It was horrible. I can't bear to think about it. Only fear of the horrible boy's whip made us do it - that and the thought that if we took the revolting mess into our mouths at least we would avoid having it spread all over our faces. ■

29 – BRAINWASHED BY URSULA

However, it was not only the sponsors who were enjoying us. We were also, as in the Slave Market, often paraded for the Lady Partners –and taken by them for their beds. They, too, evidently got a great kick from whatever it was that had been done to us, and from the fact that we still not understand how it could have happened.

I did not know whether to be pleased or disappointed that Ursula was apparently away. On the one hand I could have cheerfully killed her for what she had allowed to be done to me, but on the other I was dying to ask her about it all.

Then one day my heart was in my mouth as I was taken up to her room where, beautifully dressed in an afternoon frock, she was about take tea with Ingrid, the Senior Partner.

'Ah, and how's our clever little Emma?' Ursula greeted me enthusiastically as she first patted my now slightly curved tummy. 'Such a clever little girl!'

Then she took me into her arms. For a moment I held back and then she kissed me. It was all too much. I burst into tears and found myself hugging her like a little child. Oh, it was so lovely being back in her arms.

'Oh yes, Emma, isn't it so exciting?' came her soft hypnotic voice. 'And your sponsor, the Prince is so pleased. And so is your Mistress, too, for you're earning her a lot of money. And you look so pretty – motherhood obviously suits you . Yes, you're your Mistress's clever little girl! Aren't you thrilled? Aren't you?'

'Oh yes, Madam,' I sobbed. As usual, all my fears and worries seemed to evaporate when I was in Ursula's arms.

'And,' she went on, whilst kissing and stroking me reassuringly, 'like your other little friends, you've got nothing to worry about, nothing at all. Your kind Mistress, and kind Miss Ingrid here, are going to make sure that Sabhu and Mbarku take special good care of you. Oh, it's all so exciting isn't it?'

Brainwashed, I could not help nodding between my tears. My Mistress was going to look after me! Everything was going to be alright.

'And it's such a lovely feeling, isn't it?'

Again I found myself nodding. It was true.

'But how ... ' I began.

'No, no, little girl, no buts, no questions! Little Emma doesn't want to be bothered about things she's too young to understand, does she? She just wants to leave it all to her kind Mistress, doesn't she? She just wants to be a happy little girl, very happy to be pleasing her Mistress.'

I knew that Carole would think I was being silly and stupid. But she had never known the joy of being completely taken care of by a strong and clever Mistress - and of then not having a care in the world. Somehow, not understanding what had happened to me no longer mattered. It was Ursula's problem, not mine.

'Oh yes, Madam,' I now lisped like a little girl, in the way that Ursula liked her girls to talk. 'Emma is a happy little girl.'

'And she loves her Mistress doesn't she?'

'Oh, yes, little Emma, loves her Mistress, very much.'

'Good! Then, Emma's now going to dry her tears and, like a good slavegirl, serve tea to her Mistress

- and then she'll be allowed to pleasure them.'

Back with the other girls in the big room, I now found myself avoiding Carole and her interminable self questioning about what was happening to us. I kept remembering what Ursula had said about leaving it all to her, and in some strange way I enjoyed doing so. ■

PART VII
UNEXPECTED HAPPENINGS
30 – TAKEN HOME BY URSULA

A few days later, I was again sent for by Ursula. This time, however, she was brisk and to the point.

'Here's an interesting letter for you from John,' she said, handing her an opened envelope. Ursula always opened my letters before letting me see them.

Eagerly I read it. Then I burst into tears. John was returning home unexpectedly and was simply demanding that I be there for the following weekend as some important and influential backers of his oceanographical research would be coming to stay. Our daily cleaning lady, cum-cook, could make all the necessary arrangement but I must be there too. Why did I not bring Ursula?.

'What's the problem?' asked Ursula impatiently. 'I think it sounds rather fun – with interesting people.'

'But about me?' I wailed. I pointed at my now swelling tummy. 'How can I possibly let John see me like this?'

'Oh stop fretting,' said Ursula. 'Doctor Anna says you're quite fit to fly and I've already booked our flight back to London – and sent an e-mail to John to say that we will be there.'

Then changing her tone, she added reassuringly: 'Just wear your pretty blue silken smock outfit and John won't notice. We'll say that your luggage was mislaid by the airline to excuse you having only the one suit - and anyway I'll be there to look after you. And you'll even be traveling with me first class, as a friend.

I dried my tears and smiled. I knew I should hate her for what she had allowed to be done to me. But I did so love it when Ursula was gentle and kind – and nurturing.

'We'll leave tomorrow,' she said. 'Sabhu will take you to the airport in the special closed van and take off your belt and immobilising gloves and collar - and also remove, and keep, the metal bar from our infibulation rings. We don't want them to trigger off the alarm at the airport security check!'

No horrible infibulation bar and padlock, I thought. How lovely!

Everything went off smoothly. Ursula was all sweetness and light.

For the first time since leaving London, I saw the date - on the newspaper she was reading in the plane. Astonished, I saw that it was only about six weeks since that dreaded day when I had so innocently arrived in Vienna.

I tried to work it out. Assuming, say, ten days in Preparation in the Slave Market, and another ten days in Assimilation in the kennels, that meant that I had only spent about three weeks in Development in the Maternity Home. And yet already my tummy was showing well as Sabhu so humiliatingly put it . Goodness, I thought, but I did not dare to ask Ursula about it, nice as she was being.

We spent a lovely night together in her flat in London, with Ursula, evidently thrilled, stroking my little curved tummy and saying how exciting it all was for me. I could not help snuggling up to her like a little girl snuggling up to a favorite aunt. My expectant state made me feel so dependant on her.

'Now little Emma,' she said, gripping me by the hair, 'get down and lick me properly- and use your fingers too. '

It was a task that I knew of old how to do. But with my own beauty lips now free I was desperate for re-

lief, too. 'But don't you dare touch yourself,' came a dreaded warning. Oh the frustration!

Then, next day, we took the train down to my home. However, I began to feel very nervous in the taxi taking us to the house. Would Ursula's good mood last? In seconds she could turn nasty and behave like a shrew. She might even tell John the truth out of sheer spite. Or John might discover it for himself. Oh, what a risk it all was.

Then suddenly, just before we arrived, Ursula said: 'Of course, you can't sleep with John.'

I gasped.

'But I have to,' I said, tears beginning to pour down.

'Well you can't. You'll just have to tell him you have a virus. I want you in my room at night.

This started one of Ursula's furious rows, with me saying I must sleep with John and she saying I was not to. I don't think it was entirely out of jealousy - jealousy of me making love to a hated male. I think she was also concerned lest doing so might jeopardize my valuable expectant state – she had, I had noticed, now given up using her dildo on me.

So I was both exhausted and fearful as we drove up the drive. Fortunately, John was too preoccupied, with organizing the wine and checking with the Daily about food and cooking, to notice.

However, when I said that I would have to use one of the spare rooms, John was very put out. 'But darling,' he said, 'I haven't seen you for ages, not for weeks. This is ridiculous. A virus? What type of virus?'

Ursula was loving every moment of this conflict with John. She even encouraged it, saying with an innocent air: 'Yes, Emma, what sort of virus?'

I was speechless. I wanted to kill Ursula. There was Ursula one moment saying that I couldn't sleep with John, and in the next breath apparently encouraging me to do so. But I knew that I would be in deep trouble if I disobeyed her.

Then suddenly I felt I was fed up with all this. I will sleep with John, I decided, and so I did.

Fortunately he still found me very attractive and was so entranced by the little infibulation rings, which I told him I had had put there for his greater enjoyment, that he scarcely noticed my little rounded tummy: 'You're putting on a little weight, darling. Good!'

The same applied to my still slightly elongated nipples. As for long term transfers on my tummy, that really showed my Slave Number and the crest of my sponsor, I told him that they were just a joke to make me look more exciting for him.

Perhaps it was these that so turned him on. Anyway the sex between us was marvellous. I didn't think I had ever known such excitements. Expecting a Happy Event had made me feel enormously sexy. A real bitch on heat, I laughed to myself, thinking back to the awful kennels.

With all the excitements, I forgot all about Ursula and her threats. But my happiness was short lived, for the following morning I heard the sound of a cup being broken in the kitchen. It was still very early, so I knew it could not be the Daily or any of the other guests.

I hurried down and found Ursula raging like a mad woman and about to break all the breakfast cups.

'Stop!' I screamed.

Ursula grabbed me by the hair. 'You little tart! You filthy minx! How dare you misbehave! How dare you not obey me!'

She paused to catch her breath. 'You'll pay for this my girl! It will Mbarku's whip and the punishment cage for you when we get back.'

Horrified, I remembered Carole pointing out, off the Maternity Home, a darkened smaller version of the cages in the kennels and seeing a poor girl, who had been rude to her sponsor being whipped and then put in it for three days on bread and water.

'And,' Ursula continued, 'we're leaving here in one hour, or I'll tell John everything – and show him some of the photographs taken of you in the kennels.'

I was beside myself with fear. But what could I do? I really did love John and yet now I was going to have to walk out on him again. What excuse could I possibly give him?

I decided to say that Ursula had been urgently called away and that I had to take her to the airport, but that

I would be back soon.

John was again damn put out. 'That damn Ursula! Why do you have to fetch and carry for her?'

'Darling,' he pleaded, 'tell her to get a taxi. You just can't keep disappearing. What are our friends here to think? And I'm only back here for a few days.'

I hugged John and said this would be the last time. I would be back from the airport in three hours and would then make love to him torridly – and every day until he had to leave again.

I could handle John alright, but meanwhile Ursula was smoldering. I knew I would have to ring from the airport to say that I would not be home for a few days – or weeks.

And then? Then I would have to face up to my punishment, whilst doubtless Ursula would charm John into letting her look after his wife again during his absence. ■

31 – DESPERATE CONCERNS

Carole and I had become close again following my whipping and incarceration in the punishment cage after my return with a furious Ursula from seeing John.

By now we could both constantly feel something, or rather we thought things, moving or kicking inside us. Our breasts were hardening and filling. And our tummies were growing at an alarming rate. They had been quite normal whilst we were in the Slave Market and, presumably, hidden under the dog skins, in Assimilation. But, now, look at us – and, we kept telling each other, after only such a short time.

When Carole, and now I too, were taken to be inspected by Doctor Anna, she would wheel a strange piece of electronic equipment up to the couch. It was connected to a large monitoring screen. But we could never see what the screen showed as the doctor, nodding with delight, would silently run something like a computer "mouse" over our swollen bellies, periodically pressing a button to have printed a picture of what was on the screen.

Moreover, now when the odious Prince came to inspect the progress of his team in the private room, we would see that the same equipment and screen had been wheeled into it.

Watched, as ever, by a little video camera, we would both, together with the blushing mother and daughter, be lined up in the order of the size of our increasingly curved bellies with Carole on the right, then me and then the mother and daughter. Then we would be blindfolded, so that we would not see what was on the screen, though doubtless it was videoed for the Prince show off to his friends.

Just as the Prince and Doctor Anna came in, Sabhu would call us to Attention with, as usual, our hands fastened to our sides and our elbows back. Our increasingly firm and swollen breasts would now be thrust out past our open brocade boleros and our much more swollen bellies would be thrust out through the cut away in our thin silken harem trousers. We could hear Mbarku standing behind us, running his normally coiled-up whip through his hands – ready for use at any sign of recalcitrance.

We would tremble as we heard the heavy steps of the Prince coming up to us. What an erotic picture we must have made for him: four lovely, blindfolded, half naked, frightened young white women lined up for his inspection, with his crest emblazoned across our bare curved bellies, under the orders of a whip-carrying young black overseer.

Not daring to move a muscle or say a word, we would blush scarlet as he slowly came down the line, feeling an increasingly hardening breast, cupping a swelling belly and checking that an infibulation bar was properly locked in place.

Then still standing rigidly at Attention we would feel Doctor Anna run her "mouse" over each of our bellies in turn, pointing out to the Prince things on the screen that we could not see.

'There's one, Your Highness,' she would say mysteriously, 'and here's another!'

The Prince would give an appreciative grunt as each strange discovery was made.

Finally, we would hear the equipment being switched off and our blindfolds would be removed. Then he cold come down the line again looking at our pretty but frightened faces as, from behind us, Mbarku pulling back our hair forcing us to look into the gleaming eyes of the Prince, our cruel sponsor.



Carole and I would secretly commiserate with each other as our mysterious maternities rapidly progressed and as, to Mbarku's delight, our tummies became bigger and bigger. "I just don't understand it," I whispered, "Ursula would never let me near a man and even made me wear a chastity belt when my husband returned from abroad - and I'm sure I feel more than one littler creature kicking inside me." "Me, too,"! whispered Carole, "I just can't understand it and it's simply impossible that having to satisfy all those awful dogs could have made us pregnant... "Unless," I said, "Doctor Anna has somehow put real bitches eggs inside us, ready to be fertilised by a real dog." "Oh that's quite impossible," cried Carole dismissibly, adding, "Watch out! Mbarku is listening." Hastily we chorused, like little girls: "We not know, we not ask." Mbarku smiled approvingly.

I would then hear the Prince say something in an under tone to Sabhu or Mbarku who would laugh out aloud. 'Oh no, Your Highness they still not know. And they dare not ask.'

I could imagine our overseers gesturing with their canes or whips as they spoke, the bastards.

Then, the now well aroused Prince would sit down comfortably and gesture to the smiling Doctor Anna and Sabhu to leave. Then, as before, he would order Mbarku to bring us to pleasure him, crawling awkwardly on our knees, together with the beautiful mother and daughter

At least, I used to think, we had not been sponsored by one of the large black ladies who enjoyed blatantly denigrating white women even more than did our Prince.

After such a scene, a thoroughly degraded Carole and I, watched by a grinning Mbarku, and sometimes by Sabhu as well, we would sob in each other's arms as we desperately and vainly wondered just what was happening to us.

Clearly something must have been done to us in the kennels. But what?

We were both so ashamed at what had happened there, that it was sometime before we could bear to discuss our experiences. Gradually we blushingly whispered to each other what had happened. We could do so with the other girls as their English was so limited.

Yes, we agreed, we had both been humiliatingly coupled with numerous dogs. Yes, for both of us the final coupling, for Carole with Caesar and for me with Faisal, had been special occasions - with the dogs' virility being saved up for a day beforehand, with us being caned before and afterwards, and with us then being rested for a day or two.

'If I didn't know it was physically quite impossible,' Carole once had whispered, 'I'd guess that we're now carrying a litter of puppies, mine Caesar's and yours Faisal's'

'And that's what the sponsors paid for, the cruel swine?' I had cried in horror, trying to keep my voice down. 'But how about all the other awful dogs?'

'Maybe they were just to get our bodies used to it – assimilated,' Carole whispered back. Like the dogskins, and like our nipples being stretched and sucked at by the puppies.'

'Yes,' I agreed, 'and that might explain the thermometers and the way Doctor Anna was controlling our monthly cycles, to make sure we were ready to conceive on the right day.'

'And the fertility pills – if that's what they were,' added Carole.

'And the speed of it all,' I said.

'Yes,' said Carole, 'but that's all just idle speculation. You can't successfully mate a woman with a dog, or with any other animal.'

'Thank God for that,' I said.

'But,' Carole muttered angrily, 'that still leaves our problem unanswered. What have these bastards done to us?'



Nervously, I straightened up when Sabhu called me to Attention as Doctor Anna showed the fearsome terrifying Prince into her examination room. I trembled with fear in the presence of the dreadful man who had paid for such awful things to be done to me. I saw Doctor Anna wheel her ultra-sound equipment over to me and invite the Prince to look at the monitoring screen. Sabhu blindfolded me to prevent me seeing what was going to be shown on the screen. "Keep still!" he ordered, tapping my bottom with his cane. I felt Doctor Anna running her mouse over my tummy. "Look , Your Highness, here's one," she said mysteriously, "and here's another. Both looking fit and well." My God, was I carrying twins for him?

32 – SHOWN OFF IN LONDON

It must have been about three weeks after the disastrous trip to my home that Ursula suddenly told me that the Lady Partners had agreed that she should take me back to London again for a short visit.

'Your husband, John, is away again but the sight of your now very well curved belly will greatly help me to persuade my lady friends to send their girls here – or to become sponsors,' she said. 'But don't think you'll have any opportunity of running away. This time your collar and the infibulation bar will be firmly locked back in place when we arrive. And, anyway, where would you go in your state? It's too late now to do anything about that.'

Indeed, I was now getting distinctly big and awkward.

'But I wouldn't want to do anything, Madam,' I protested ingratiatingly. All I wanted to do was to get away from this awful castle for a bit. But I hated the idea of being used to recruit more innocent girls for what went on here. But what could I do?

'Good!' said Ursula briskly. 'Well, provided that's understood we'll leave tomorrow and be back in a few days time.'

Once again I was driven to Vienna airport in the closed van, leaving me disorientated, still with no idea where, or even in which adjoining country, the castle was.

Once again, I was thrilled to be allowed to travel First Class with Ursula, my now huge tummy only half hidden under my loose silken maternity outfit. To my great embarrassment, however, Ursula drew the attention of the airline ground staff and of the cabin crew to my state - evidently much enjoying showing me off.

As a result they all rallied round me, treating me like a Queen. How horrified they and our fellow passengers would be, I thought, if they knew that, despite my size, I was in some mysterious way only some six weeks gone.

After all this pampering, you can imagine my horror when we arrived at her house in London and the door was opened by ... Sabhu! And in his strong black hand was his cane!

'Oh didn't I tell you?' said Ursula, seeing the look of horror on my face. 'As this trip is only a short one, the Lady Partners particularly wanted Sabhu to keep an eye on you. Wasn't it kind of him, Emma, to agree to come and do so?'

Dumbly I nodded. Sabhu kind? That'll be the day!

I had so looked forward to getting away from the constant control of the black overseers. Ursula was strict, but nothing like as bad as those black bastards. My heart went down into my boots as he gripped my arm with his strong wrist and as I heard his ingratiating reply.

'Yes, Madam, and I've got her infibulation bar and collar ready for her.'

He led me away to a small room. Here he made me take off the loose maternity outfit. He put my collar round my neck and I heard it lock with a click. Then, tapping my buttocks impatiently with his cane, he made me stand up, looking straight ahead and with my legs wide apart, in front of a stool on which he now sat down.

Somehow, having to stand like that, stark naked, in front of the big Negro overseer, here in London, with the noise of the traffic and of chattering passing pe-



Having made me take off the maternity outfit in which I had flown back to London with Ursula, Sabhu made me stand stark naked in front of him. I did not dare to look down as I felt him replacing the short curved stainless steel bar which, re-threaded through my little infibulation rings, would keep my beauty lips tightly closed again - and so prevent me from interfering with the mysterious progeny growing inside me. I realised that even if I somehow managed to escape and found a friendly doctor, the steel bar and padlock would prevent him from being able to do anything. I felt utterly degraded.

destrians coming in through the open window, was even more degrading than it had been in the castle.

He threaded the bar through my infibulation rings. I heard another click as he closed the padlock.

I sighed as I realised that even if I did somehow manage to escape and find my friendly doctor, the stainless steel bar would prevent him from being able to do anything.

He then put a black elasticized belt back round my swollen tummy. It was a much bigger one than the one that had been put onto me when, with a still flat little belly, I had arrived in the Development Wing, straight from Assimilation. The immobilising gloves were put back onto my hands and their securing rings snapped back onto the sides of the belt. I was now as helpless here in London as I had been in the dreaded castle.

Then he fastened a dog lead to the ring on the front of my collar and silently led me, still naked, up to the alcove off Ursula's room. It was here I remembered that, only a little over a couple of months before , I had knelt on all fours in the darkness alongside Maja, with the ends of our leads humiliatingly thrust under the locked door into Ursula's bedroom.

Again I had to kneel down. Again I had to thrust the end of my lead under the bottom of the same door.

Sabhu closed and locked the door behind me into the corridor and switched off the light from outside leaving me in the darkness, with the only light coming from under the door in front of me.

After what seemed hours, I heard footsteps in Ursula's bedroom. Then the door into Ursula's bedroom was unlocked and the door very slightly opened – just enough, I realised, to enable me to push it open if my lead was pulled.

I could hear my Mistress undressing. Eagerly I awaited a tug on my collar. But I had forgotten that my Mistress liked to tease her girls. Now apparently lying back on her bed, she stated to make a series of long telephone calls, mainly it seemed about confirming that a large number of friends were coming to a special Live Demonstration she was giving in the afternoon of the day after tomorrow. Meanwhile she hoped to see them at lunch tomorrow at Imelda's.

Imelda's! It was a well known and expensive restaurant, behind Harrods, that was frequented almost exclusively by ladies with the same tendency as Ursula – almost as if it were their private club.

They would go there to show off the latest girl they had acquired – or one of whom they had got tired and wished to pass on to someone they could trust. Ursula had often taken me there to show off her control over a young married woman.

Finally I heard her put down the phone, come over to the door and give the lead a sharp tug. With m hands still fastened to the sides of my belt, I began to edge forward awkwardly on my knees, my swollen belly thrust out.

It was the beginning of night giving please whilst remaining myself frustrated under my infibulation bar.

But it was the next day that I learnt the full extent of the pleasure that Ursula had planned to obtain from showing off my expectant state.

I was dressed and made up by Sabhu as a schoolgirl, in a black gymslip, white blouse and socks, gray felt hat, and black sensible shoes. To my further embarrassment, my lovely long blond hair was pleated into two pigtails.

Looking in the mirror I could see that Sabhu had indeed transformed me into a very realistic schoolgirl – but one that was also a teenage mother, for the gym tunic in no way hid and, if anything accentuated my protruding tummy and now heavy breasts. My wrists were free for once but even so, I thought, Ursula can't possibly take me out like this. But she did.

Followed by Sabhu she took me, blushing and hoping that no one would recognise me, along the King's Road Chelsea, absorbing the looks of astonishment directed at me and my tummy. It was even worse when she started to introduce me to acquaintances and shopkeepers as her niece who, as they could see, had got herself into a spot of trouble. They would have been more astonished if they had known that "niece" was how Ursula's coterie used to describe a girl in their power.

At last, flushed with excitement, she took me home.



The gym tunic in no way hid my now hugely protruding tummy as, to my great embarrassment, and followed by Sabhu, Ursula took me, dressed like a schoolgirl mother-to-be, waddling awkwardly down King's Road Chelsea. She greeted friends and introduced me as her niece "who had got herself into a spot of trouble." Everyone was staring at my tummy and I was blushing and hoping that no one would recognise me. Amongst Ursula's dominant lesbian friends, "niece" means a girl in your power and I was horrified to hear one exclaim: "Only seven weeks gone? She looks more like seven months!" to which Ursula replied, "Yes, and it's such a simple way of exerting complete power over your girl, and of making her earn you a large amount of money. Come and learn how it's done at my Live Demonstration tomorrow!"

Not surprisingly, however, I was exhausted and was so relieved when I heard her tell Sabhu to put me to bed to rest for an hour. What did not hear was her instruction then to take me in a taxi to Imelda's – still dressed and made up as a schoolgirl teenage mother.

My entrance there, with my arm gripped by the huge Negro, caused a sensation.

There was a complete silence as the assembled women looked at me and Sabhu with sheer disbelief. Who had let this man, this black man into this holy of lesbian holies, they must have been wondering, and who is this disgraceful young girl who evidently was paying the price for association with a man. A man! Ugh!

At a signal from Imelda herself, even the gay young waiters fell silent and stood still.

I blushed and desperately looked around for Ursula. Finally I saw her seated with a crowd of friends at a big window table. But she, eager to take the maximum advantage from the dramatic effect of my entrance, was in no hurry to acknowledge me and went talking in a low tone to her neighbour. .

Finally, with all eyes on us, Sabhu led me, waddling awkwardly, over to her table. The room was still hushed as he coughed and then spoke in his distinctive Haitian accent, half French and half Caribbean.

'Miss de Vere, here is the girl you wanted.'

Ursula looked up as if surprised.

'Oh, thank you Sabhu.'

'That's Sabhu!' came whispers from around the room. 'You know – the Haitian whom Ursula uses to take charge of her girls.'

'Oh yes, the one they say he was a circus animal trainer before she picked him out as an overseer.'

'Yes, that's where he learnt to use the whip,'

Ursula let the whispers die down and then turned to me.'

'Well, Emma,' she said in a clear loud voice, 'and how's my little mother-to-be?'

'Alright, thank you Madam,' I lisped, as she had made me practice in her bed the night before.

'Not been trying to run away and see a doctor?'

'Oh, no Madam, what's the point now that I've been infibulated,' I said as I had been taught, know that Sabhu's cane awaited me if I got it wrong.

'Infibulated!' The word was repeated around the room in whispered astonishment.

'Well, Sabhu,' said Ursula, 'remember that she's six weeks gone now.'

'Six weeks!' came the whispers.

'She looks more like eight months!'

'It's just not possible.'

'Well, if it is, then I want my girl done too.' '

The astonished comments continued and then Ursula turned to Sabhu. 'Put her back in her cage to rest. She's going to be the star at my Live Demonstration, at my house in Barnell Street, off The King's Road, Chelsea, and so I shall want her to be in good form.'

'A Live Demonstration?' once again came the whispers.

'Tomorrow afternoon?'

'Oh!'

'Yes,' Ursula went on again, as if still speaking to Sabhu, 'It's such a simple way of exerting complete power over your girl and making her utterly dependant on you – and of using her to earn you a large amount of money. And it's all over in weeks rather than the usual drawn-out months. '

'Oh!' came the whispers.

'Oh!'

'So,' continued Ursula, 'I'm expecting many of my friends to come and hear how they can send their own girls to have the same treatment - or sponsor a girl to have it done.'

'Oh I'm going to ask Ursula if I can come,' came a voice.

'And me, too!'

'And I've got a friend who'd be very interested, too.'

Sabhu now gripped my arm again and marched me towards the door – and the waiting taxi. As I went out,

I saw that many eager would-be attendees of her Live Demonstration were now surrounding Ursula. ■

33 – THE LIVE DEMONSTRATION

It was the following afternoon and there was a murmur of excited voices from curtain, behind which I was being held out of sight by Sabhu on a lead, not fastened for once to the ring at the back of my collar but even more humiliatingly to a ring on the back of the well stretched elasticized belt fastened round my waist and over my protruding tummy. Otherwise I was stark naked except for the black immobilising gloves fastened to the sides of the belt.

I was feeling utterly subservient for with his free right hand Sabhu was gripping his dreaded cane and my gloved hands were fastened to the sides of the belt, keeping me quite helpless.

I heard Ursula clap her hands.

'Ladies,' she called out. Let us start.'

The assembled audience of well dressed ladies fell silent. They were, I knew, sitting on specially hired little gilt chairs, facing a big video monitoring screen, in the big studio of Ursula's house.

'First of all let me thank you for coming here and immediately start off with an explanation of what I am going to show you.'

She paused.

'We all know that making a girl submit to forced breeding would be the very apogee of the power that we, as strong minded and dominant women, enjoy exerting over our younger, and perhaps rebellious, girls.'

There murmurs of assent.

'We also all know how satisfactory it is to seduce and control a married woman behind the back of her unsuspecting fool of a husband.'

'Yes rather!' came an enthusiastic voice.

'And it would be even more satisfying to make your married girl go through a forced maternity behind the back of her stupid husband.'

'Yes!' called out several voices.

'But there's often a serious problem: what are you going to do with the off-spring.'

His time there were even more murmurs of assent.

'Furthermore, 'added Ursula, 'you may well find that nine months is often inconveniently long - and far too long to keep a married woman away from her husband.'

'Yes! That's the whole problem,' came another voice.

There was utter silence as Ursula slowly said: 'Well, I can offer you a solution to these problems – and very enjoyable and, if you wish, a very profitable one too.'

She paused to let her words sink in.

'Many of you will have heard of Doctor Anna's astonishing technique. It is a technique she developed during the Cold War when she was the Medical Officer of an Eastern European prison camp for politically rebellious young women. It's one of the secret miracles of modern medicine.'

'Our castle,' Ursula went on, ' has certainly proved to be an ideal place for us to exploiting and enjoy this new technique – and make a handsome profit from it. The castle is isolated and yet easily accessible for us and for the clients.

She paused. With her tall, almost boyish, figure, thin gaunt face and well cut black velvet trouser suit she looked just what she was: a rich lesbian, who like the women in her audience, hated men and enjoyed playing the part of a strict and ruthless Mistress of young

women.

'But,' she went on, 'we do need some more Lady Partners to help to run it and to provide a steady stream of new girls for our sponsors – which is why I have invited you all here today. Or, if you do not have any girls of your own, to interest you in becoming a sponsor.'

'In either case,' she laughed, 'you can be a sure of finding it exciting – the video of what Emma has been through will give you a foretaste of what I mean.'

'Moreover we'll share with you half of what your girl earns –just as I'm getting half of the considerable amount that an elderly Arab potentate, a Prince, is paying to sponsor my Emma. And you'd have the use of any of the other girls, especially when there are no clients visiting the castle.

'Now, before I show you the video are there any questions?'

'Yes,' said a slim petite woman with a Slavonic accent, 'I could perhaps bring my girls. They're a blond and very pretty pair of sisters.'

'Ah!' interrupted Ursula. 'Our Arab clients would love that – our elderly potentate has just also paid a record amount to sponsor a mother and daughter!'

There were gasps from the audience. 'A mother and daughter!'

'But,' went on the petite woman, 'these sisters only know a few words of English or German.'

'All the better,' said Ursula. 'The same applied to our mother and daughter and to most of our mothers-to-be. The clients don't like to be bothered with girls begging for their freedom, or asking what's happening to them ... Now, before we start the video, lets have look at the girl it features – and as she is now.

Then to a burst of applause, Sabhu led me out, blushing, from behind the screen from where I had been eagerly listening to Ursula, hoping to learn, so far in vain, just what had happened to me.

'Just look at her hugely curved belly,' Ursula called out. 'And her breasts - and all only sex weeks since she conceived.'

There were gasps of astonishment and I saw that many of the audience were pointing at my bare tummy. I was terribly embarrassed to be displayed like this, half naked in my skimpy harem outfit. I longed at least to cover myself with m hands – but, of course they were fastened to my sides with elbows back making me thrust my tummy and breasts out even more towards the audience.

'This is Emma, one of my own girls,' I heard Ursula continue. 'She's an upper class English Lady, which made her very sought after by our Arab clients – and by our lady African clients as well. But the Prince was determined to get her, especially as she's a respectable married woman. He outbid them all.'

'Ah! A young married woman!' I heard several of the audience repeat.

'Yes, like many husbands these days, he spends long periods abroad – long enough for his wife to be put through our special process without the husband suspecting what was happening to his darling young wife.'

She laughed. '

Sabhu was now leading me up and down and using his cane to make me show myself properly. I was so embarrassed – and scared of the cane.

'You can see t hat she is being treated, like all our girls in the castle, as a slavegirl. You can also see, that like all our girls, she has been infibulated to prevent her from trying to interfere with what Nature now intends for her body – and as further precaution her hands have been immobilized. Like it or not, she is being be made to carry her mysterious little progeny through to delivery.'

This was greeted with a burst of cruel laughter.

Sabhu now made me stand up on a bench to the side of the screen and, as the lights were dimmed for the video, he switched on a spotlight that lit me up. The audience was able to see both me and the screen, but I could not see what was on the screen.

'Please bear in mind that Emma still does not know, even now, just what happened to her,' laughed Ursula. 'Isn't that right Emma?'

'I not know. I not dare ask,' I repeated mechanically to more laughter.

‘So,’ said Ursula, ‘please excuse me if I am not too explicit in my commentary and leave it to the printed notices in the video, which Emma can’t see, to explain what’s going on.’

The lights went down and the video now started.

‘This,’ Ursula said, ‘shows Emma’s arrival at the castle and the beginning of her breaking-in in what we call the Preparation Wing of the castle. Here the girls are kept isolated and under strict discipline. They are discreetly both physically and mentally prepared for mating but are kept blissfully ignorant of what is going to happen to them.’

Blissfully ignorant indeed, I thought, thinking back to my own time in the Preparation Wing.

‘As you can see the girls are treated like abducted white women in the hands of a discreet modern day Middle Eastern slave dealer, with Sabhu and his equally strict young assistant, playing the part of the black overseers. The girls are the stock of merchandise, offered for sale, or rather for sponsoring. The clients have a good choice to choose from.’

‘Now you can see that, as in a real private slave dealer’s establishment, the clients, and ourselves, can look down into the girls’ bathroom and display room from behind a screen without being seen. It is very enjoyable and the clients, both male and female love it.’

She laughed as she continued.

‘Here you see an important part of the breaking-in process – disciplining once free girls by controlling their natural functions. Once again, the clients love watching them being made to perform together in the communal bathroom.’

‘Here you see the girls in the display room. The Arabs go mad as they see half-naked grown girls being made, under the supervision of a black overseer, to play innocently with baby dolls to bring on their maternal instincts and so help their bodies to accept what is to come - when they’re sponsored.’

‘They’re also fascinated watching the girls, as you can now see, being put through a set of special ore-natal exercises by Sabhu and his team in readiness to get the ready for their forthcoming maternity, though of course the girls don’t realise what’s happening. Our Arab clients are also fascinated when, as the screen now shows, the girls have their nipples strangely elongated, and even more when – do look at this shot of Emma – the girls are paraded for them to choose from.

‘But don’t the girls try and run away?’ came a voice from the audience. ‘I don’t want to lose my girl!’

‘Oh don’t worry,’ laughed Sonja. ‘We haven’t lost a girl yet! They’re under constant surveillance by internal television. And all the windows are barred and the doors have electronic locks. So the girls can’t get out. And, even if they did, they’d soon get a terrible electric shock as they tried to crossed the castle grounds - from the special electronically controlled collars that we keep locked round their necks.’

‘O.K.!’ came the same voice.

‘And, as you can see on the video, and on Emma here, the girls are kept manacled when in the Preparation Wing which would make it even harder for them to escape. The clients like the sight of the collars and of the heavy shiny hands linking their wrists and the clinking sound they make with every movement.’

‘But,’ asked a woman, ‘doesn’t a girl in the Slave Market soon realise just what’s in store for them?

‘Oh no,’ replied Ursula in a shocked tone. ‘Even Emma is still not sure what she’s carrying’

This was greeted with excited laughter.

‘How exciting for us! ‘ said one woman

‘Yes, the girls are quite horrified enough to find themselves under strict discipline in what they imagine to be simply a special up-market brothel, where they are forced to serve a clientele of both men and women. And serve us Lady Partners as well, of course ... ’

‘Now here’s a shot of Emma being given her mysterious pills and Doctor Anna’s all important secret anti-rejection serum. You can now read what they’re for on the screen. But don’t tell Emma!’

‘Here you can see her being infibulated in the Preparation Wing and then, horrified, inspecting herself back in the dormitory. And here’s another shot of her distress when she finds that her friend, an American career girl, has mysteriously disappeared – just as have

others, one by one. The girls are punished if they ask what has happened to them, which is of course half the fun for us and the clients.

'Punished?' queried a voice.

'Yes,' replied Ursula, '"Curiosity killed the cat," I've heard Sabhu say to an inquisitive Emma, as he angrily fetched his favorite long whippy cane, "and is a punishable offence here in the Castle."'

'Then, as you can see, he made the poor girl take down her harem trousers and then, in front of the other girls, ordered her to bend over - - to be given ten strokes on her bare bottom. That soon put a stop to more questions!'

'Oh!' laughed the same voice, 'but they must terrified at not knowing what is going to happen to them!;

'Yes indeed1' laughed Ursula.

'But don't they guess?' asked another of the audience.

'No, not at all!' replied Ursula, temporarily stopping the video to explain more easily. 'You see, the girls in the Slave Market are carefully prevented from seeing what's going on in the rest of the castle.'

'But are they also being discreetly got ready for what's to follow?' asked an intrigued woman.

'Indeed! And one of the first things Sabhu has to do with a new girl is to adjust her monthly cycle with Doctor Anna's special pills so that she'll be ready to conceive on the day that we have earmarked for her.'

'What do you mean?' asked Sonja. 'Surely ... '

'Well, it's a bit technical. Basically the chances of a successful conception are much increased if she is mated for real at a time when her body is ready to conceive in the normal way. Then her body can be tricked into reacting as if the strange conception that as taken place is a quite normal one. So the alien little embryos are not rejected and the girl's unusual maternity will commence. Simple!'

'Oh, how clever,' gasped a woman. 'And what else do you do to ensure a successful conception?'

'Well, although the girl won't at first realise what has happened to her, Doctor Anna thinks it's important psychologically to bring on her natural maternal instincts beforehand. So, as you saw, Sabhu gives each girl a pretty little doll to play with. With little else to do, they soon spend hours washing and dressing their dolls. It makes a fascinating sight for the clients.

'Again, how clever!' laughed the same woman, clapping her hands with excitement and doubtlessly thinking of her own unsuspecting girl having her maternity instincts unwittingly aroused in readiness for her mating.

'Then,' went on Ursula, starting the video again, 'once a girl is has been judged ready and has been financially sponsored by a client, she starts what Doctor Anna regards as the all-important period of Assimilation.'

'Here, for instance, is Emma, helpless in her dog skin, in her cage in the kennels, whilst puppies suck at her now much elongated nipples. Doctor Anna says that, as well as being a charming sight for the sponsors, this releases certain chemicals in the brain that make her body ready to accept what's going to happen.'

'Ah, and here's Emma having her first coupling. You can see that she is often coupled several times day, Here again Doctor Anna says that this plays a vital role in tricking her body into accepting what's going to happen, so that when she is coupled for real her body readily accepts the result conceptions. Equally important is that during this period she has no contact with a human being, or even sees one other than the masked kennel-boy. Doctor Anna likes a girl not only to look like a bitch, but to act and mate like bitch, until eventually she genuinely feels like one. She likes a girl to spend two or three weeks in Assimilation so that her body is psychologically prepared for the final treatment.'

'Yes,' Ursula went on with a smile, 'With a half a dozen randy dogs to be satisfied every day, and perhaps only two or three girls in the kennels at any one time, our human bitches are kept pretty busy – as you can see!'

'But don't the girls object?' asked someone.

'Even if they do,' laughed Ursula, 'what can they do about it, being kept muzzled and helpless in their dogskins? No they seem to settle down and accept their new life as bitches.'

'Do you find, 'came a shrewd question, 'that, being

kept locked up in the kennels, some of the girls form quite an attachment with a particular canine lover?'

'Oh yes, sometimes,' laughed Ursula, 'and they get very jealous when they see him mounting another girl!'

'Oh!' cried the woman excitedly.

'Yes,' went on Ursula with a laugh, 'and watching our human bitches doing their daily duty with the dogs makes a fine spectacle for the clients – especially when one of the girls, unknown to her, has been secretly ... oh, but as Emma is here, I think I'd better stop and let the video tell you what happens next.

Ursula paused for a time, whilst the audience silently and attentively watched the video. Oh how I longed to look, too – to learn the secret of what of what had been done to me for, although what Ursula had said so far had explained much that I previously had not understood properly, it still had not clarified just what had been done to me.

I was tempted to jump down off the bench, on which I had been made humiliatingly to display my half naked body, and to take a look at what was being shown on the screen. But Sabhu gave me a sharp warning tap with his cane on my bottom, making me quickly abandon any such idea.

Meanwhile the audience was clearly enraptured by what they were seeing on the screen.

Finally Ursula continued her commentary.

'Then, as you can see, Emma was taken out of the kennels and her dog-skin removed. As a precaution, however, her infibulation bar, which of course had been removed when she was put into the kennels, was now locked back in place. Then, as you can also now see, once the Sabhu and his other assistant are satisfied that the belt is securely fastened, they put her back into her harem clothes, fasten her wrists to her belt manacles, and put her into the Development Wing - so called because it's where her belly now rapidly develops.'

'And where, I suppose,' laughed one of the audience, 'she is astonished to find her missing companions each with an increasingly swollen belly nicely on display- thanks to their skimpy and transparent harem clothes.

'Exactly!' laughed Ingrid. 'And this what the video now shows.'

'But how long does it all take?' asked a voice.

'Well, about nine weeks from conception to delivery as compared to a girl's normal nine months.'

'Well, I can certainly see that the very speed of it all, must certainly make it all the more exciting,' a woman laughed.

'And much more practicable,' added another.

'Exactly!' cried Ursula. 'And you can now see how Sabhu and the black boy in charge of the Development Wing keep her well disciplined, for like or not she is now a very valuable young lady. Not only does her pretty and increasingly curved belly make an exciting sight for visitors and for her sponsor, and of course for her Mistress, but a further considerable is due to be paid by the sponsor on satisfactory delivery of her often very valuable progeny.

'How the clients must enjoy watching the reluctant mothers-to-be being controlled and exercised by Sabhu and black boy,' laughed a woman.

'Yes,' said Ursula Ingrid, 'and, as you see, the rich Arabs often just love spending hours watching it all, either hidden behind a screened balcony or having their girls paraded for their inspection.'

'And,' laughed Ursula, 'the girls are meanwhile getting more and more concerned about the swelling bellies that they are having to show off. Of course they don't dare ask Sabhu or his assistant about them and it's quite funny hearing them wonder how it could have happened - and so quickly! Just as my Emma, standing up in front of you now, is still mystified by it all, so all of them simply can't believe that it is possible.

'And how's it all going to end?' asked a woman.

'Ah, that we can't discuss in front of Emma, so I'll ask Sabhu to take her away out of earshot.'

As, to my disappointment, I was taken out, I could hear Ursula continuing. 'Yes, there's no doubt you'd find watching your girl being gradually introduced to what faces her in the castle all very exciting, just as I

did with Emma. Your girl, too, would be in for a big surprise!'

'And, if they pay enough,' laughed a woman 'I might like a rich Arab sponsor to keep the girl!'

'Why not!' agreed Ursula to my horror. 'In any case she'll certainly earn you a lot of money.'

'Oh, incidentally,' she added 'I forgot to mention one thing. To prevent beautiful and sophisticated Mistresses being mistaken for the girls they have brought, we have a strict rule. Girls brought to the castle to undergo the full treatment must arrive dressed like young girls with pink ribbons in their hair. I hope you don't mind.'

'On the contrary,' came a voice, 'I shall really enjoy treating my girl like a little girl again'

'And,' laughed another woman, 'I don't want to risk Sabhu thinking I'm one of his girls!'

'Oh don't worry. So far no Mistress has yet been inadvertently put into the Slave Market!' ■

34 – MY BELLY IS GETTING HUGE

Two days after Ursula's so-called Live Demonstration, at which I was the live item on display, I was back in the Castle, back in the Development Wing - and so, worse luck, was Sabhu.

Ursula, who had brought me back to the castle, seemed very pleased with the results of the demonstration - numerous women had fixed dates on which to bring their girls to the Castle and two had arranged to visit the Castle as potential sponsors. So I was the heroine of the day, although I felt so awful at having had to help with the entrapment of more new girls. Poor things!

To my dismay, however, I found on my return that Carole had disappeared, just as other girls, apparently approaching their time, had also previously disappeared. No one knew what had happened to her, nor had we dared to ask our black overseers. Apparently the Prince had come and inspected her and the mother and daughter and then Sabhu had beckoned her out through the normally locked door - and she had never returned.

At least, I thought, Numbers 23 and 24, who had left the kennels before me and after Carole, were still here.

I had longed to discuss with Carole what I had heard Ursula say during the Live Demonstration - and now she wasn't here. In fact, I had not been able to see the screen when it had shown just what had been done to me and had been sent out of the room, just when Ursula was going to tell the audience what was going to happen to me next. So I wasn't really much wiser than before.

My tummy was now getting beautifully curved, as they euphemistically termed it and Doctor Anna was examining me almost daily. My breasts were also now becoming increasingly heavy and little drops of milk kept escaping from my nipples.

Ursula was thrilled, hugging and kissing me - and licking my nipples. 'Oh isn't it exciting, Emma!' she would cry. But I was feeling I was about to burst. How awful it was still being kept infibulated.

My sponsor, the grey-bearded Prince, was equally delighted when he came to inspect me and the mother and daughter, whose tummies seemed almost as large as mine. How I wished they spoke better English so that we would exchange ideas about what had been done to us.

'A pity,' the Prince said to Sabhu in his heavy Arabian accent as he patted my tummy and stroked my also swelling breasts in a proprietary, 'this girl not available to be sent onto my harem, to join American one, when she, too, has recovered from her final performance. My black eunuchs have branded my crest on the American girl's now flat belly - to replace your temporary transfers. It looks very pretty and my eunuchs say makes her feel a proper slave.'

He laughed cruelly and went on: 'We've renamed her Philadelphia. My eunuchs tell me she now makes a pretty sight as she angrily shakes the bars of the windows of the harem in desperation, as she slowly realises there is no escape from her new fate, as part of my collection of beautiful white women,'

Again he laughed.

'Of course, she'll now never see or speak to another man. Only me and my black eunuchs. And the infibulation bar is no longer needed to keep her pure. Like my other women she now circumcised.' He grinned horribly. 'So she is now unable masturbate!'

Poor Carole, I thought, now renamed, locked up in an



I heard the Prince laugh cruelly as he described now he enjoyed secretly watching Carole crying and frustratingly shaking the bars of a window in his harem, where she was now incarcerated. "It's amusing" he said, " to see an educated woman, like her, slowly realising that there will be no escape from just being one my collection of beautiful white women, and that the only men she will now ever be allowed to see, or speak to, will be me and my black eunuchs. And my black eunuchs have circumcised her to prevent her masturbating and branded her on her belly with my crest to heighten her feeling of helplessness." Circumcised and branded! Poor Carole! "Of course, she'll shortly be joined by the mother and daughter, before being sent back here to be mated again - but this time she's going to be made to deliver her prize progeny in my harem." He patted my now hugely curved tummy. "What a pity I can't take this one back to my harem, too.

elderly Prince's harem out of sight of any other man, branded with his crest and circumcised. How awful! Thank God it had evidently been too risky for Ursula to sell me to him, too.

'Yes, pity about this English one. I would like have an English Lady also locked up in my harem. She would make a fine addition to my collection of white women. However, I will have video of what she made to do here. And maybe I buy mother and daughter for my collection instead - after their final performance together. They will make a rare and interesting item for my collection.'

Poor things, I thought.

'But meanwhile I am much looking forward to bring my friends to see how this one performs. They won't believe what they see,' he laughed. I felt sick with apprehension.

Then he turned to Doctor Anna. 'No change to date of final performance?'

'No, Your Highness,' she replied, 'but I can always delay or bring it on for your convenience.'

My heart missed a couple of beats as I heard this talking about me as if I was some prize animal. But I did not dare to ask what they meant.

'And, Your Highness,' said Sabhu, as if repeating a well rehearsed sales patter, 'do not forget you can always send any girl back here for a repeat Full Treatment on special terms. Many girls after final performances are either kept here in our Further Performance Wing or sent back later to it for another Full Treatment.'

Sent back to go through it all again? I thought. How awful. Might Ursula send me back, next time John went off abroad for several months?

'Yes,' said Doctor Anna, 'and like the girls waiting in the Further Performances Wing to be chosen to be sponsored for another Full Treatment, yours would not need to go through again the periods of Preparation or Assimilation. Provided your girls still have their infibulation rings, they can be done quite quickly.'

'Excellent,' said the Prince. Then he turned to Sabhu. 'You will pleased to know, my black eunuchs say they are very pleased to find how the American girl is already frightened of the whip.'

'Thank you, Your Highness. And if she sent back here to Further Performance Wing for second Full Treatment, your eunuchs can be sure she kept again under same strict discipline - based on fear of whip. She again open to regular inspections by yourself - just as if still locked up in your harem. She kept manacled and collared - and dressed as slavegirl.'

Carole, the great career girl, was being talked about like this by an uneducated black man and an elderly Arab Prince. My God! Oh how unbelievably awful it all was, I thought, as the Prince now left the room. Unbelievable indeed!

It was then that I decided that once back at home I would to write down secretly all that I had seen in the Castle and what had been done to me here - for no one in England would ever believe that such things could happen - or were even possible.

The following week first Number 23 and then Number 24 disappeared. My God, I thought, looking at the number 25 stretched out over my tummy, I shall be next.

'Not long now, little Emma,' teased Ursula. 'Aren't you excited - not knowing what's going to happen?'■

35 – MY FINAL PERFORMANCE - OR WAS IT?

A few days later, holding his whip ready in his hand, Mbarku marched me into see Doctor Anna, who gave me an injection. I wanted to know what it was for, but did dare to ask.

'She now soon perform,' she said mysteriously to Mbarku. Almost immediately I began to feel strange.

Then Mbarku again carefully depilated me. I still hated it being done by young black boy.

'No hair for video,' he remarked mysteriously.

He had scarcely finished when Sabhu arrived. I blushed with embarrassment as he checked the smoothness of my mound and infibulated beauty lips. He nodded his approval to Mbarku and silently beckoned me. He then snapped a lead onto my collar.

Oh God, I thought, is this it? But any hesitation on my part was instantly dispelled by a sudden crack of young Mbarku's whip just behind my scarcely covered backside. 'You follow Mr. Sabhu,' he ordered. 'Now!'

There was another terrifying crack of his whip. Once again I felt so gutless in not resisting what they were making me do. But I was far too frightened of the whip.

Following Sabhu, I tottered out of the Development Wing, never to return. Walking behind me, Mbarku kept menacingly stroking my bottom with his whip to keep me moving.

Sabhu led me down to a large wooden door in the basement of the castle.

'When Mbarku tap your bottom with whip,' Sabhu now told me, 'you curtsey to Prince and say humbly to him: "Your Highness, this humble slavegirl thanks her kind sponsor for allowing her to have A Happy Event, despite being a married English Lady and she now ready to perform before him." You speak slowly and clearly. Understand?'

Thank that swine of a Prince for A Happy Event, I thought bitterly. And perform what, I wondered. But I could guess only too well. Oh, how shame-making! But I knew I had no alternative.

'Yes, Mr. Sabhu, Sir,' I said humbly.

Not satisfied, he made me repeat the degrading words, until I was word perfect. Then he opened the door and led me in by my lead into what seemed to be a dungeon.

I was still manacled and wearing my harem dress with a little golden embroidered cap, a stiff open embroidered bolero cut back to display my now milk laden breasts, the shamefully cut away silken trousers which displayed my now hugely swollen belly and, below it, the still tightly fastened infibulation bar and little curled-up Turkish slippers.

A number of men in Arab dress were sitting chatting in what sounded like Arabic and sipping coffee. They were seated in comfortable chairs around small tables. In the middle was the elderly Prince whose crest was so now shamefully stretched across my swollen belly.

I saw that sitting next to him was Ursula, smiling away in a proprietarily way, with Ingrid, the Senior Partner, on his other side. Doctor Anna was sitting to one side, dressed like a surgeon with rubber gloves and a mask. By her was a tray of surgical instruments.

'Just in case of complications,' I heard her explain to the Prince, 'But I'm not expecting any.'

Oh my God, I thought.

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Sabhu and Mbarku now bowed to the Prince. I blushed at being led in, in front of all these men, on a lead by two black overseers, half naked with a hugely curved belly. I felt a sharp tap on my bottom. Hastily I made an awkward curtsey.

'Your Highness, this humble slavegirl,' I somehow managed get out the humiliating words, 'thanks her kind sponsor for allowing her to have A Happy Event, despite being a married English Lady and is now ready to perform before him."

This little speech seemed to please the elderly Prince greatly. He turned to his friends and said something in Arabic, which made them laugh cruelly. What, I wondered, was he boasting of having had done to me?

Facing them all, high up, was a large video screen and below that a sort of wooden gallows.

A gallows! My God, they're going to hang me, I thought.

Then I saw that instead of a noose hanging down from the centre of the gallows, there was a short length of chain with a hook at the end. The chain went over a pulley so that the hook could be raised or lowered.

And, below the gallows, instead of a trap door, there was a straw-lined basket and two rings set in the floor.

Mbarku used his whip to drive me, terrified, up to the gallows. The room fell silent. Then he released my hands from the belt which he then took off. Oh the joy of having my hands free again – even if they were still encased in the horrible gloves. But it was short lived joy for he quickly snapped the two snap-hooks on the gloves together. My hands were now fastened together in front of me.

'Turn round! Hands above head!' the boy ordered with a crack of his whip. As I turned and raised my arms, I could see the men licking their lips in eager anticipation of whatever it was that was to follow.

Mbarku placed the hook hanging above my head through the snap- hooks holding my hands together. He pulled the chain that went over the pulley and my arms were now raised high over my head.

The he slightly lowered the hook, and fastened my ankles, wide apart, to the two rings set in the floor. Then he placed the straw-lined basket between my ankles, below my infibulated beauty lips and the cutaway in my harem trousers. I saw high up in the wall, two little video cameras, both focused on me, one right in front of me and one to one side.

Sabhu now again bowed to the Prince.

'With Your Highness's permission we will now proceed,' he said. Terrified I saw that he was now holding a long thin whippy cane which he showed to the Prince and to his friends.

The Prince nodded his approval, and, to my horror, I then saw Doctor Anna coming towards me, with a hypodermic syringe in her hand. Fastened as I was, I was helpless to prevent her from injecting the contents of the syringe into the side of my belly. Immediately I felt more faint than ever. Only the chain over my head, to which my manacles were hooked, stopped me from collapsing onto the floor.

'Your Highness,' heard Ingrid say, 'whilst we are waiting for the injection to take effect, may I suggest that you and your friends might like to see the video we have made for you of the progress of this particular slavegirl - so far.' She pointed to the two little cameras on the walls. 'Of course, what they are about to record will later be the highlight of this video.'

Oh God, I thought, surely they're not going to include this in the video. But they did and of course it was particularly the threat of showing this scene and those shot in the kennels, to John and his relations that bound me in future, reluctantly, closer to Ursula than ever - just as she had intended.

I tried to look up to see what was on the big screen above my head but, just as at Ursula's Live Demonstration, I could not see it.

'Please, however, remember that the girl has no clear idea of what was done to her and cannot see the video - so, please do not give the game away with your enthusiastic comments. Just enjoy the sight of it all!'

Indeed, I realised, just as at Ursula's demonstration, the contrast on the screen above my head of my early flat belly and then gradually more curved one, with, lower down, my present highly curved tummy, would be highly erotic.

Indeed for the next half hour the Prince and his friends watched enthralled at the record of the humiliation and degradation of an English Lady, whilst the Lady herself was biting her lips with anguish.

Finally, the video ended and Doctor Anna now came and inspected me. She nodded to Sabhu who then gagged and blindfolded me. I was horrified.

'Gagged, Your Highness,' I heard Ingrid explain, 'so that her cries do not disturb you and blindfolded so that she still remains ignorant, even now, of just what sort of Happy Event she enjoyed.'

Enjoyed, I again thought bitterly. My God!

'And,' she went on, 'if Your Highness agrees, we will now remove her infibulation bar, ready for her performance.'

Blushing under my blindfold, I felt young Mbarku unlocking the retaining padlock and then carefully unthread the bar from the rings. As before, I felt my now freed beauty lips open like a flower in the shameful cutaway in my harem trousers - but this time rather differently.

I felt Doctor Anna's hands on my tummy.

'To get things moving, I heard Ingrid say: 'we'll let Sabhu have a little fun - after all, it all started with the help of the cane, so it's only right, Your Highness, that like the American girl whom you also sponsored, she should finally perform under the cane, too.'

Suddenly, I heard the whistling noise of a cane and felt a line of fire across my bottom, under my transparent silken harem trousers. I screamed under my gag and wriggled with pain. I could feel something strange happening inside me, but I was far more concerned with the cane.

There was a pause. I could hear the Arab men laugh. Oh how I hated them. Then I was given two strokes.

Again there was a pause. I felt Doctor Anna's rubber clad hands on my body. I heard her say something. Then, I heard the clinking of the chain in the pulley and I felt the immobilising gloves above my head being eased down.

'Bend your knees,' ordered Sabhu with a tone of excitement in his voice.

He tapped my bottom with his cane. 'Down more!' he ordered.

Feeling utterly degraded, I struggled to obey.

Then I felt the gloves slacken a little more. Sabhu again touched my bottom with his dreaded cane. 'Down! Yes, get right down.'

Forced down by fear of the cane and yet still held up by my arms, I was now crouching over the basket between my ankles. My now freed beauty lips must have been only a foot or so above it.

Suddenly I gave a scream from behind my gag as I felt something small slipping out of my body and dropping down into the basket. My God, was I giving birth? Like an animal? Like a bitch? I heard a burst of applause and cruel laughter from the horrible watching Arabs.

Naturally I desperately wanted to see what it was that I had I just delivered but the blindfolded ensured that I could see nothing.

'Up!' came Sabhu's voice and at the same time my arms were pulled up gain until I was almost standing on my toes. Again there was more laughter as I tried to look down under my blindfold in another vain attempt to see what it was that I had dropped into the basket.

Moments later, I again felt Doctor Anna's hands on my body and there was another sharp tap of the cane on my bottom.

'Down again,' ordered Sabhu. 'Right down!'

Again I felt something small slipping down out of my body. My God! Two!

'Up!' ordered Sabhu again and again I was hoisted up onto my toes.

I lost count how many times I was lowered down to drop something into the basket and then pulled again. Was it five times or six or more? Anyway, I was then left exhausted, hanging from my manacles.

Finally, I heard Ursula order: 'Clean her up and replace the bar, Mbarku.'

There was another burst of laughter as the bar was again locked in place.



Get down!" ordered Sabhu emphasizing his order with a stinging stroke of his cane across my bottom. "Right down!" I felt the chain holding up my manacled hands being slackened, and obediently I bent my knees. Unable to see anything from behind my blindfold, I felt Sabhu's hand on my belly. "Push!" he ordered, giving me another stroke of the cane. I gave a little cry from behind my gag as I felt something small slipping out of my body and dropping into the basket. My God, I was being made to give birth – to his command! How degrading! I heard a burst of laughter coming from the spectators. "Stand up and wait for the next one!" Sabhu mysteriously ordered and I was pulled upright again by the chain fastened to my manacles. I was quite helpless.

I had heard of the cruel Arab custom of sewing up young wives and concubines, as a simple alternative to female circumcision, to prevent them from being unfaithful to their Lords and Masters by masturbating - and to keep them frustrated when used by for pleasure. Only a small orifice would be left, well below the girls' now inaccessible beauty buds, for use by their Masters' manhoods. If a girl became pregnant then the stitching would be cut at the moment of delivery and then she would be immediately sewn up again after it was all over.

My God, I thought, was the replacement of the beauty bar a throwback to that - to further excite Arab sponsors?

I heard the Prince call Sabhu over.

'Here is little reward for all your hard work in bringing Number 25 onto such a very satisfactory performance today. English Ladies need much attention to ensure success.'

'Oh, Your Highness is too kind I heard Sabhu reply.' There was the noise of a well stuffed envelope being pocketed. Evidently, the Prince was feeling that he had had his money's worth. But there was nothing for me, not even a little pat on the head.

I was left standing there, as I heard the Arabs, laughing and chatting, leave the room.

'Oh what a clever girl, you've been, Emma,' heard Ursula then say. I blushed with pleasure, though I knew that I ought to hate her.

'Yes, it's a pity that her husband is due back again so soon, I heard Ingrid, the Senior Partner, say. There would have been a big demand to sponsor her to have another Happy Event. I've had several financially attractive queries as to when she might be ready again.'

'Don't worry,' laughed Ursula, 'she'll be back here again, as soon as her husband goes off again for a few months.'

'No! No! I tried in vain to scream through my gag. 'I won't do it, I won't!'

'And if she refuses?' asked Ingrid.

'She won't refuse,' said Ursula in a determined tone of voice, 'not with the threat of the threat of me sending a copy of the video that you made of her here to her husband and mother-in-law and a few other of her friends and relations.'

Oh my God, I thought, yes, I'd do anything rather than risk that.

'Especially,' said Ingrid, 'now that the video will include this latest scene of her dropping her progeny in front of the Prince and his friends.'

Progeny! What does she mean? What sort of progeny? It was something that I was destined never to be quite sure about, for Ursula would never say.

'And husband or no husband, she'll still carry her infibulation rings with the bar locked in place. Quite apart from their vital role here in preventing them from interfering with what they have been so profitably sponsored to carry, they'll still be very useful when I get her home. If there's one thing I can't stand it's a slut playing with herself behind my back and this one does it whenever she can. In the past I've had to keep her locked in a chastity belt, even when she went home to her husband. But keeping her infibulated will be much neater.'

'Excellent,' laughed Ingrid. 'But you won't tell just what happened to her here, will you? I wouldn't want her telling the other girls when she came back.'

'Oh no, she'll be as uncertain about it all, as she is now.'

'Good, well let me have her for a day or two to recover in my private ward,' I heard Doctor Anna say, 'and you'll then be able to take her away – as if nothing had happened.'

'And bring her back soon,' laughed Ingrid. 'She'll again earn us plenty of money.'

'Yes,' I shivered as I heard a deep masculine voice, 'and a very good tips for Sabhu - and I like discipline her again.'

'Don't worry,' again laughed Ursula, this time in a more sinister tone, 'she'll be back, and begging for it. My cane and the video we've taken of her here will soon see to that!' ■

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EPILOGUE

I was in the garden when John at last came home at last.

As he came up the path he dropped his bags and pointed.

‘What on earth,’ he exclaimed, ‘is THAT!’

‘It’s only a puppy.’ I said. ‘Ursula gave it to me. Isn’t it sweet?’

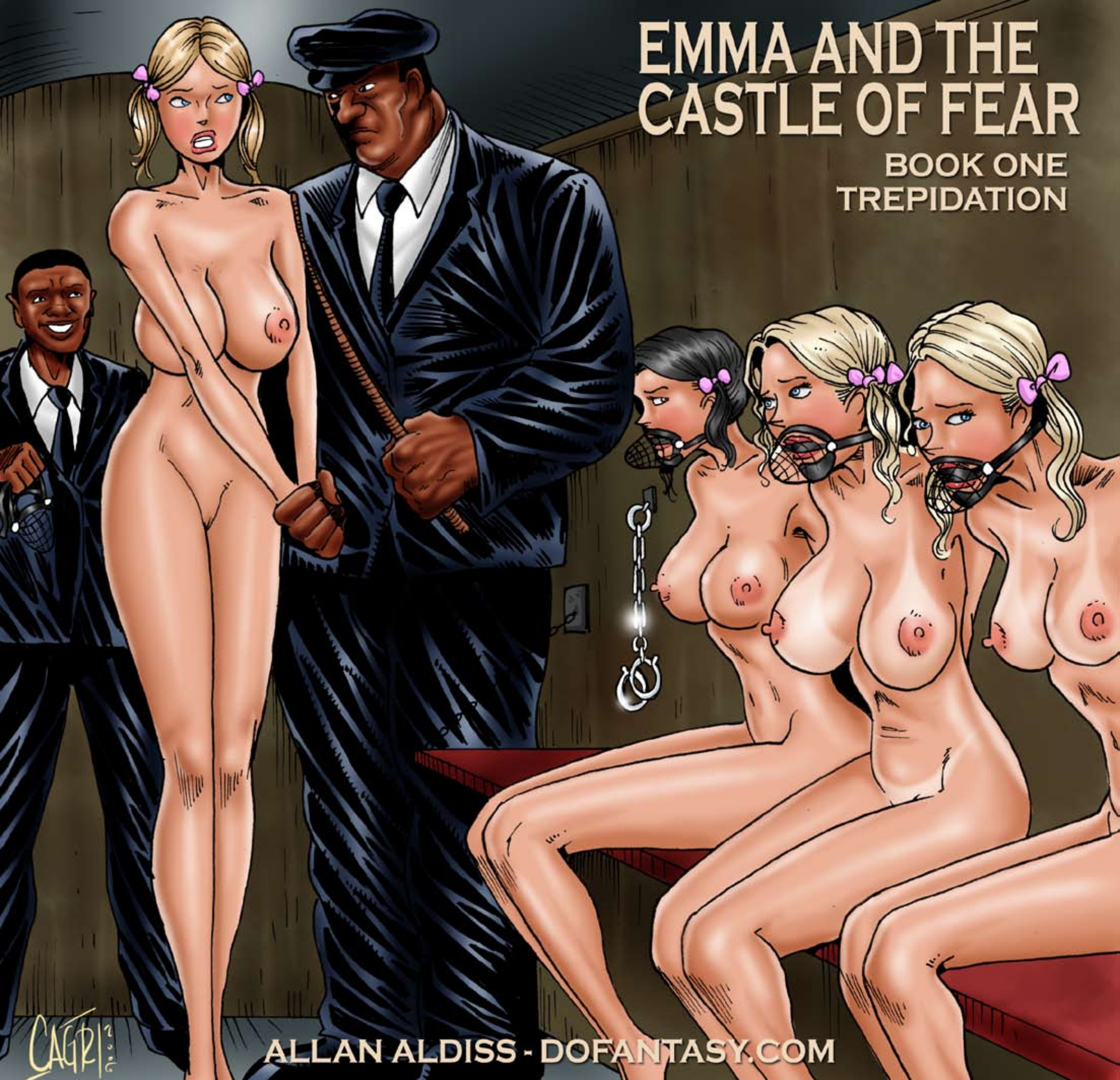
John picked it up even before he kissed me. I felt quite jealous.

‘Why, it’s an Arabian Hunting Dog!’ he exclaimed. ‘They can be very valuable - especially if they’re from a breeding line developed by one of the royal families. I should love to know its pedigree.’

I often wonder about that myself!

THE END

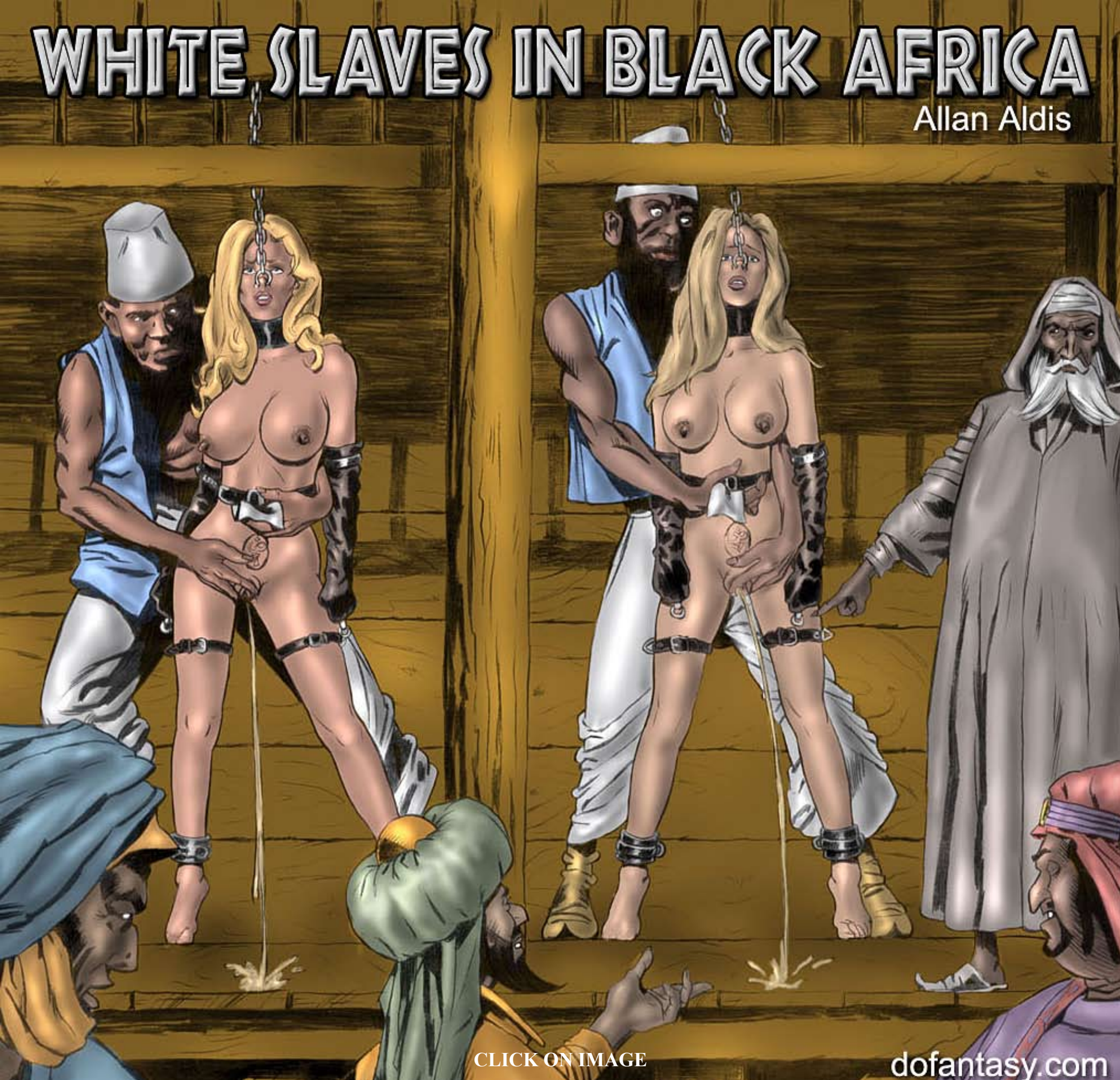
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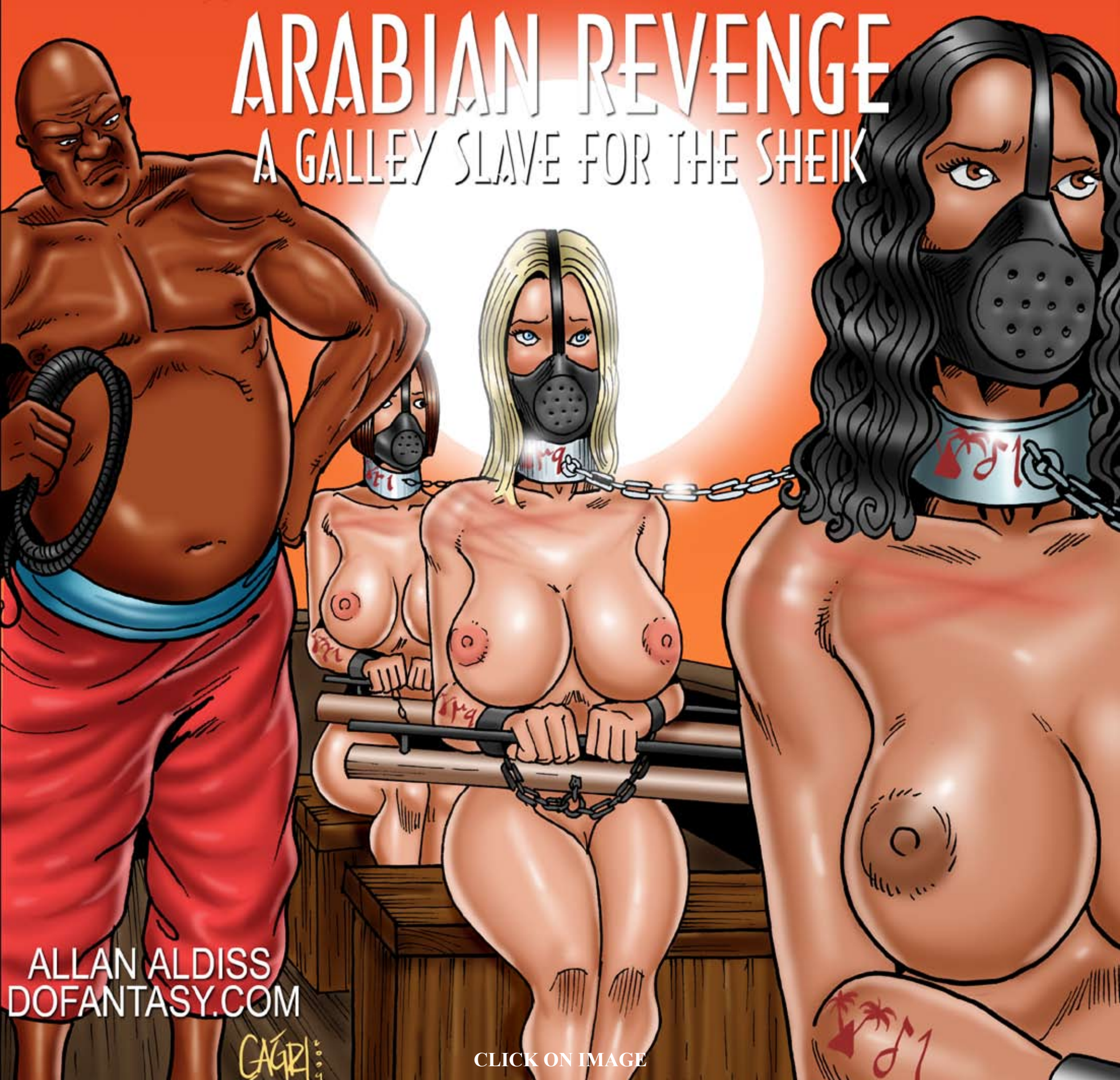
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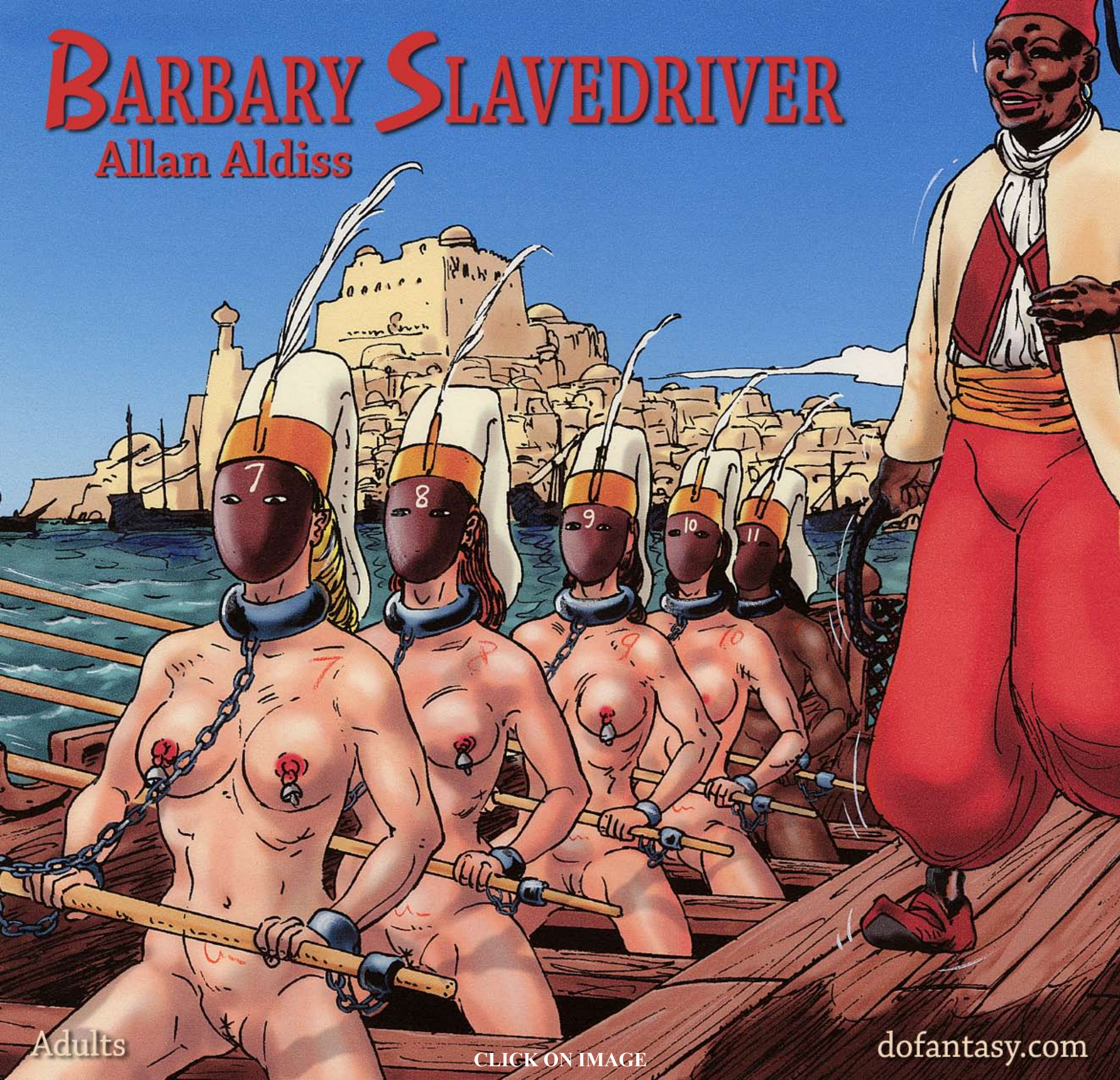
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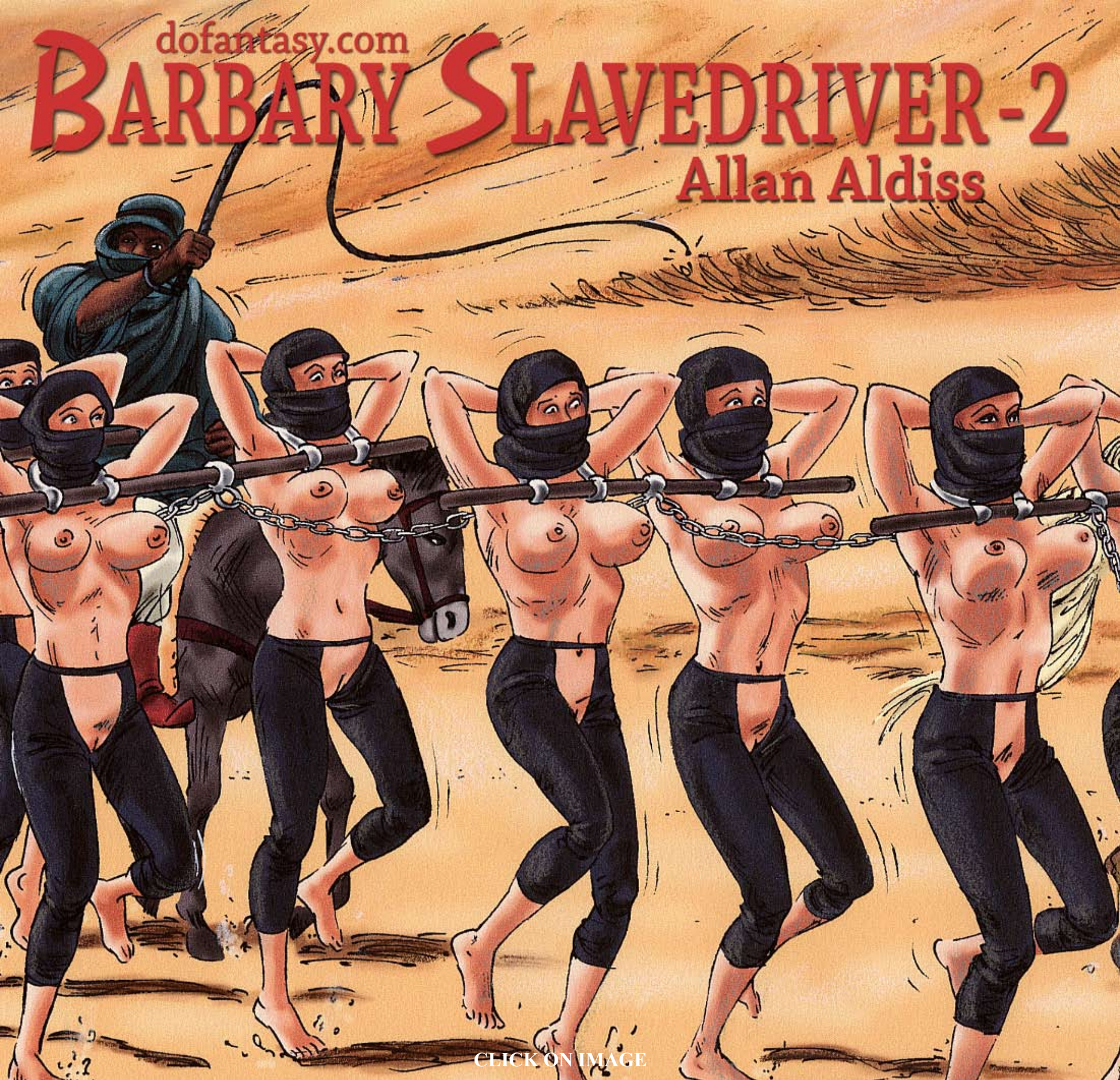
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