

Victor Bruno

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**ENSLAVED
CELEBRITY**

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Victor Bruno
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INTRODUCTION

Lady Susan Melbury, aged 28, married into the English aristocracy ... and both beautiful and arrogant ... has been abducted by a gentleman with the name of Kaspar Montolive. He, of Turkish-Armenian abstraction, is a powerful figure in world finances, and immensely wealthy. His personal and private tastes are somewhat bizarre, for he keeps a small but most excellent 'harem', of captive young women. Each has been hand-picked for excellence of features and figure.

Lady Susan has been forced to join this harem, for Kaspar Montolive is intent on gaining absolute revenge for the insults she heaped upon him (in front of other guests) when he was staying at the Melbury's country mansion. Since his organisation is highly efficient, Lady Susan has been presumed lost at sea, by the world at large. There is no possibility she will ever be able to escape from the confines of Bella Vista, the large, rambling, isolated chateau in Andorra where she is presently confined.

When her new status was explained to Lady Susan - that Montolive was now her Master and she his slave - she naturally did not believe it. She went wild with fury and resisted with all the strength of which her being was capable. It was a natural reaction, one adopted by all members of the 'harem', but, in Lady Susan's case, all the more emotional and violent in view of her breeding and background. Also, she had a natural abhorrence for all those of Middle eastern or African origins, and callously lumped them together as 'Wogs' ... and, as such, largely beneath contempt.

Thus, to find yourself in the power of such a person was beyond all bearing!

Yet Lady Susan had to bear it ... for there was no escape for her. Moreover, resistance and rebellion resulted in her suffering in ways which she had never before dreamed remotely possible. And not only was there pain, there was also obscene humiliations which she could never have believed one

human being could perpetrate upon another. Especially upon a woman; especially upon an English aristocrat.

Already she had given him exquisite pleasure ... yet her servitude had just begun ...

THE SET UP

In Bella Vista. Kaspar Montolive has a team of four to assist him ... to see to the training and disciplining of his slaves, and the orderly running of his household, where he relaxes for a month at a time between world-wide business trips.

The team consists of:-

HAMOON. 'Chief of Staff'. A giant Turk, in his thirties.

MUSAD. A dusky Algerian, a little younger.

MIRIAM VOGEL. A 40-year old South African woman ... iron-hard ... relentless. Takes a cruel delight in personally disciplining those in her charge.

ROSE. Her assistant ... a pretty young half-caste.

CHAPTER ONE

It is not surprising that, since she was quite unused to hard physical work, Lady Susan Melbury should end up in a state of semi-collapse after a morning engaged on 'domestic duties', allocated to her by Miriam Vogel, the Slave Mistress of Bella Vista. Nor is it surprising, in view of her breeding and background, that when Susan was suddenly roused from her stupor-fatigue by a stinging slap on her bare bottom from Musad, the big, dusky assistant overseer, something within her snapped.

She had flung herself upon the brute, spitting and clawing.

Musad was delighted by his charge's instinctive reaction.. It was not unexpected. New slaves quite often lost control despite the dire threat of severe punishment hanging over them if they did so. Newcomers, unused to such demeaning degradations and harsh physical exertions, simply could not help themselves. Could they be blamed? Surely not; especially if they were of Lady Susan Melbury's temperament. However, it was very foolish of any slave to defy Miriam Vogel's orders, whatever the circumstances; and it has to be said that no slave at Bella Vista did so for any great length of time.

Quickly subduing the struggling Susan, Musad contented himself by giving this maturely curvaceous 28 year old woman a sound spanking. It was most exhilarating for him to know that the person gasping and squirming over his thighs was a real English Lady. At least, she had been until she became one of Kaspar Montolive's select bevy of slaves. Not many blacks have had this kind of privilege, Musad reflected, as he watched the sumptuous, juddering buttocks changing from pink to red.

"Oh ... oh ... stop ... oowww ... aaaaahhhh ... oohhh ... stop ... stopp ..." came the plaintive cries.

But Musad did not stop for some time. He was enjoying himself too much. When he did finally release his victim,

Susan fell sobbing heart-rendingly to the tiled floor of the bathroom in which she had been working, hands clasping her tenderised flesh. Almost worse than the pain, though, was the hideously shaming knowledge that she, naked but for an absurd maids cap and apron, had been unmercifully slapped on her bottom by a nigger! She! She, Lady Melbury! It was almost too much for the mind to contemplate.

"You'll be a lot more tender tomorrow, White Miss," said Musad, grinning.

Susan's sobs checked. The terror lancing into her belly was like icicles. The folly of her action, even if perfectly natural, began to fill her with panic. Somehow, Miss Vogel must not hear of what she had done. That would be too terrible. Somehow ... but how? The only one who knew was the nigger in whose charge she was. Somewhere there lay the answer.

Suddenly Lady Susan Melbury knew what she must do.

She must give herself.

She must cajole ... seduce ... at whatever cost. In order to persuade him not to report her. Susan felt sick at the thought. Desperately, she fought down her fierce pride (so much of which still remained under the surface). She must forget what she had been. She must accept the present ... and struggle for survival.

Gritting her teeth, Susan slid across the floor. She began to kiss the dark brown feet before her.

"S-sir ... sir ..." she said, between mouth-pressing - she had remembered overseers had to be addressed in this way. "Sir ... p-please ... forgive me ... I ... I'm new ... so I ... I was so shocked ... it was so s-sudden ... I didn't know what I was d-doing ..."

Musad looked down at the dark head of hair; saw the smooth white back, the colourful buttocks, the luscious thighs. This was good. Very good. Hands clasped his calves; fulsome breasts were pressed to his shins; a head was raised to reveal a tearful, pleading face. casually, Musad parted his thighs, hands rested on top of them. Susan came between. He wore only a brief white pouch, which was already bulging ominously.

"Sir ... Sir ..." came a hoarse croaking whisper. "D-do ... what you wish with me ... but ... but don't report me ... oohhh ... p-please Sir t-take me ... Sir ... anything ... but don't report me ..."

Then Musad found Susan's mouth pressing to the thin covering of his pouch. Yes ... this was good. Very good. It was a pity, he reflected, that he was not permitted to fuck this beauty. He could only do so on direct orders from her Master, who had to be obeyed. He was not even permitted to let her suck him without an order. Yes, it was a great shame. All he was allowed to do, was slap her, fondle and play around with her.

All the same, he could have some fun.

"What do you mean, Susie?" he enquired.

"Y-you know ... you know ..." wailed Susan. Oh the utter degradation!

"No I don't", replied Musad.

Susan gulped. "I'll suck you ... Sir ... if you wish ..." she said, with a sort of desperation.

"Will you indeed?" smiled Musad. Deftly he removed his pouch. He was virtually in full erection. "I must admit it is a very nice cock for a young lady to suck." He paused. "But you are not going to be permitted to do so."

Susan's features crumpled. It was incredible that, having descended to such depths she should be refused! Could a woman's pride be more deeply wounded?

"However, you may kiss the knob of it," continued Kaspar. "Just once!"

Susan sobbed. Oh the humiliation! Then soft, pink lips came forward ... and kissed. Just once. Again that look of desperation.

"T-take me ... then ... Sir ... take me ... please ... Sir ... please ..." Incredible ... incredible that she was asking this vile monster!

"Take?" queried Musad. "I do not understand you, Susie."

"Yes ... yes ... Sir ... yes ... you ..d-do ..."

"No, Susie. You must make the matter more clear."

Susan shuddered. "Fuck me ... Sir ... fuck me ... but d-don't report me ..." she choked out.

"Ahh ..." smiled Musad. "Now I understand. The English Lady wishes to be fucked by a well-hung wog, does she? Likes black meat, does she?"

"Y-yes ... yes ... Sir ... fuck me if you wish ..." In those moments, Susan would have said anything, done anything. In fact, was doing so!

Musad appeared to be considering. the whole incident really was most enjoyable even if he was not going to be able

to take advantage of the offers. In due time ... the time would come, of course.

"Turn round ... get your aristocratic arse in the air and I'll consider the matter," said the Algerian, after a prolonged pause.

More sobs burst from Susan, but she made herself obey the obscene command. Somehow Musad had to be persuaded.

"Open you thighs!"

Susan did so. A long silence ensued whilst Musad contemplated the succulent, depilated delights which would one day be his. This was quite some woman! Susan continued to sob. It was as if hot knives were being repeatedly jabbed into her most intimate secrets. Surely ... surely ... this lecherous beast could not resist, now that she was so immodestly presented for him?

"No ..." drawled Musad, after another prolonged pause. "I don't think I fancy you!"

A shrieking wail came from Susan. How could she be so spurned? How could she? After all she had put herself through? It was beyond belief! Despairingly, she flung herself round, panic filling her anew.

"I beg you ... I beg you!" she cried out in anguish.

Musad smiled contentedly. It was nice to be begged to, particularly by such a woman.

Slowly he shook his head.

"I am afraid I shall have to disappoint you, Susie. Not this time. Definitely not."

Once more Susan was clasping the brown limbs.

"Mercy ... have mercy ... don't report me ... oh God ... NOO ... OOOOO... DON'T ... DON'T ... I BESEEEEEEECCCHHH YOU!"

Casually Musad kicked her off.

"You will be reported, slave; and you will not enjoy the consequences."

To say the least, Lady Susan Melbury did not look very elegant. She hung inverted from a beam which traversed the Training Room, her ankles being held by leathern cuffs attached to short chains. Her wrists were also held by leathern cuffs, and these were fastened to a leathern collar she wore. She was stark naked, and her long limbs were wide-splayed ... a situation which was not only painfully uncomfortable and frightening, but exceedingly undignified.

However, it has to be said that Susan was not at that moment particularly concerned with her lack of dignity. Her mind and being were filled with terror - literally quivering with it, it seemed - in the knowledge that she would soon be mercilessly flogged.

Susan had hung thus for a quarter of an hour, the muscles in her thighs and calves straining agonisingly, and she would continue to hang there for a further quarter of an hour.

She hung alone in a room of horror ...

Waiting, waiting ...

Faced with the inevitable ...

Wishing she could die ...

It had all begun the previous afternoon, when Musad had taken her before Miriam Vogel.

"She attacked me, Miss," the Algerian said simply. Hands on head, Susan knelt before Miss Vogel's desk. There was no longer a semblance of the 'proud Lady' about her. She was a cringing, whimpering slave, tearful eyes dilating with horror.

"I ... I didn't mean it ... I d-didn't ..." she cried out. "Ooooooh ... can't you u-under ... u-under ... stand?"

"Silence!" rasped Miriam, eyes as hard as cold steel. "All I do understand, slave, is that this is a most serious offence. Give me the details, Musad."

The husky dusky-skinned brute proceeded to do so ... relating how he had found 'Susie lying idle' in a bathroom ... and how, when, quite rightly, he had slapped her bottom and reprimanded her, she had flown at him, spitting and clawing.

"I ... I couldn't help it ... I didn't m-mean to ..." came a whisper from Susan.

"SILENCE!" bellowed Miriam again. "If I hear another word from you, I'll start by giving you a caning here and now!"

Susan's breasts heaved, she had no control over her mouth, tears flowed.. She was lost. There was no hope for her.

"Later," continued Musad, "she tried to bribe me with her body. Tried to persuade me not to report her."

Miriam's eyebrows went up, her lips curled, and she gave a contemptuous snort. "Disgusting!" she pronounced. "But, obviously, you were not to be bribed, Musad?"

"No, Miss, certainly not!"

Miriam nodded approvingly, and, getting up from her desk, came around to stand before Susan and grip her by her lustrous dark hair. She looked down at the petrified, quivering features.

"Not only disgusting, slave, but insulting!"

Susan shook her head in abysmal disbelief. How was it she was 'disgusting' and 'insulting'? The world was upside down!

"For," continued Miriam icily, "you offered something you no longer possess. It is your Master who now owns your body. Your tits, your cunt, your arsehole ... they are now all his. So, by offering them without his orders, you insulted him!"

Susan continued to shake her head in disbelief. How could such things be said? Surely, they could not be really meant!

"Didn't you?" Miriam's palm smacked across Susan's left cheek. Then the back of her palm fell across the right cheek. "Didn't you?"

In a mental turmoil, head ringing, Susan was slow to answer.

SMACK! SMACK!

"Didn't you?" The voice was relentless.

"A-aah ... y-y-aah ... eesss ... y-yes ... ss ... M-Miss ..."

"Say it!"

SMACK! SMACK!

"Aaaaahhhh ... oooohhhh ... I ... I ... aah ... in ... insulted ... uuurrf ... uuurrf ... m-my ... M-Master ..."

"How, slave?"

SMACK! SMACK!

"Oooohhhh ... oohhh... b-by ... o-offer ... offering ... m-my ... b-body ..."

"Correct, slave!" said , releasing her victim's hair.

Susan slumped, sobbing heart-rendingly to the floor.

"Up! Up!!" yelled Miriam, "or you'll feel my cane!"

The threat lent Susan the will and strength to kneel erect and place her hands back on top of her head. Tears and saliva were now dropping on to shuddering breasts. Her head was a caldron of shock and horror. Sometimes Miriam Vogel seemed near, sometimes far away.

"That will be taken into account when you are punished for attacking Musad," said Miriam, reseating herself at her desk. "Take her away now, please. I shall give my decision

in the morning. Chain her up in a cell for the night, Musad."

"Sure, Miss!" The Algerian crooked a finger at Susan, but the sobbing, kneeling figure seemed unable to rise. Unceremoniously, Musad took a grip of Susan's thick head of hair and dragged her screaming and kicking from the room.

It was a nightmare for Susan. One of achingly cold stone and heavy iron chains ... appalling enough for the roughest peasant to endure, let alone a 'lady of quality'. She slept but fitfully, and very times she woke, the hideous horror of the day to follow, flapped in upon her consciousness with vulture wings.

"Help me ... help me ..." she would moan weakly. But whom was the plea addressed to? The Lord above? The Lord who had been her husband? The Lord who was now her Master? Whoever her words were addressed too, they were not answered. Susan remained for hour after hour chained naked and completely helpless.

"How can this be happening to me ... to me ... oh to me ..." she would whimper. "Oh ... oh ... it can't be true ... it can't be!"

Yet it was true!

Ultimately, there could be no escaping the facts of the situation. For one minor act of folly ... a legitimate display of her perfectly natural arrogance ... and why, oh why, should she not be arrogant as far as those over-weening wealthy wogs were concerned for she was a Lady, a real lady ... and they were just parvenu ... for that ... for simply that ... she had somehow been confined to an unimaginably horrific Hell-on-Earth! OHHHHH ... OOOOHHHHHHHHH .. IT WAS SO UNJUST!

And they were going to flog her. Just as Barbarians and Romans had flogged their common slaves. For what? For what? Simply because she had instinctively reacted as any decent, normal woman would have done. What woman - of any class - would not have reacted as she had done when her bottom had been slapped by a filthy nigger? Simply because she was lying down in a state of semi-exhaustion? It was natural ... yes ... perfectly natural ... that she had reacted as she had.

She would do it again ...

Wouldn't she?

Surely she would!

Lady Susan Melbury wept bitterly. Perhaps ... oh dear God ... perhaps ... perhaps ... if she had known what was going to happen to her ... perhaps ...perhaps ... she had to admit it ... though it was unbearable to do so ... perhaps she would have stopped herself reacting like that.

And that ... oh that ... was the cruellest, bitterest part of it all!

"H-help me ... mmmffff ... mmmf ... h-help me ..."

No one answered.

"Strike me dead ... NOW!"

No one did.

Susan sobbed and sobbed. It was pitiful enough to have softened stone. Yet the stone beneath her naked body yielded nothing.

Once more, Susan knelt in the position of submission, and this time she was in the dreaded Training Room. Terror-filled eyes darted towards the Punishment Frame, over which she had once endured unimaginable agonies. How could she endure more? Death would be preferable. Yet, in her heart, Susan knew she would not be permitted such a simple escape route.

Before her stood a leather-clad Miriam Vogel, as implacable as ever. Alongside her was the dark-skinned Musad, near nude, lustful.

Oh God, what was going to happen to her?

Susan's whole body shook as if she were gripped in a fever. It was a sight pleasing to the onlookers. How gratifying it was to be able to inspire such dread! A sadist's dream.

"I have decided," said Miriam at long last, "that you shall be birched..."

Susan gasped ... and shook even more violently.

"... which is customary for the kind of assault you have committed."

Susan gasped again. Incredible that it was she who was considered to have committed an assault and not the monsters who had her in their power!

"Y-you ... y-you can't m-mean it ..." she began hoarsely.

"Normally," continued Miriam, "such an assault earns a slave twenty four strokes. You, however, will receive thirty ... since you also attempted to suborn an overseer with your

body."

"NO ... OOOO ... OOOHHHH ... NO ... NOOOOOO ... NOOO ... OHHHH ... NO ... OOOO!"

They couldn't mean to birch her!

Not that number of strokes!

It was inhuman! Unbelievable!

Even hardened make criminals had been treated more leniently in former times ... whilst she was but a helpless woman. A woman soft through pampered ease and luxury.

If they did it she would die! She knew she would! She knew it! But then, perhaps that would be for the best ...

"String her up, Musad ... in the usual fashion," ordered the tall, blonde South African sadist.

"Sure, Miss!"

The Algerian moved with speed and dexterity. In moments, he had a shrieking Susan inverted and was fastening her ankles, one at a time, to the waiting straps which hung from a beam above. Then the collar and wrist-straps were secured. Susan swung helpless ... heaving, sobbing and crying out ... as her limbs took the awful strain. Panic-terror filled her, at her utter helpless vulnerability. She screamed and screamed for some unknown being to help her.

None came ...

"I shall return in thirty minutes," said Miriam. "One minute will pass for each stroke you are to receive. Think about that."

"U-u-uggggghhh ... aaaaahhhh ... m-merceeeee ... ooh ... l-let m-me d-down ... u-u-uuuuggghhhh ... aaaggghhhh ..."

"And since it was Musad you assaulted, it is Musad who will flog you, slave," announced Miriam. "If your Master had not been called away on business, doubtless he would have been watching. Still, no matter ..."

Then she turned sharply on her high-heeled boots and left the chamber - which continued to echo with the wretched Susan's sobs and pleas.

Musad, giving Susan's bottom a sweeping slap, followed after.

Susan, crying more pitifully, swung to and fro like a child on a swing.

When they came back, Susan was only semi-conscious. Her inverted position had befuddled her ... and mounting terror



'Flog her well. Remember, it was you she assaulted...'

had overwhelmed her. However, powerful smelling salts soon returned her to full sensibility.

Moaning now, she began to plead once more.

To promise ...

To beg ...

"Musad," said Miriam, as she selected a long green-twigged birch from one of the iron troughs, "you will lay six strokes across each inner thigh. Then you will lay twelve strokes across the buttocks."

"Yes, Miss."

"The final six strokes I shall administer myself."

"Yes, Miss."

"Those will be the ones for insulting her Master."

"Very good, Miss."

Musad took the birch. It was some three feet long, with about a dozen whippily flexible twigs which were bound together at the thicker end by cord, to form a handle. As the twigs descended, they would splay out to cover a wide area ... ensuring that the recipient was well and truly flayed.

"N-NOOO ... OOOHHHH ... N-N-NOOOOOO ... ST-STOOOPPP ... OH GOD ... NO ... OOOO ... OOOOO ... STOO OOOPPPPPP!"

"You may begin, Musad," said Miriam, "and flog her well. Remember, it was you she assaulted."

"Yes, Miss ..."

Eyes glowing with lust, the Algerian took up his position. Before him were the silkily smooth whites of Susan's inner thighs, splayed in a wide V. So soft! So tender! So very tender!

A superb target!

And after that, there was the curvaceous bottom to follow! Surely he could ask for nothing better?

Musad raised the birch high, and slashed down the first stroke upon Susan's left thigh, just above her knee.

Multiple twigs spread, bit and curled ... slashing into inviting whiteness ...

Then sprang back ... leaving a vivid criss-crossing tracery of red, virtually covering half the length of a thigh ...

Susan's scream was demonic.

The pain was intolerable ... and she knew, in that instant, she could not possibly survive the seemingly limitless torment still to come. She simply could not! It was not humanly possible. Jerking frenziedly in her agony (which

only increased the hideous strain on her v-wide limbs) she swung back and forth, like a demented puppet. Unhurriedly, Musad measured the opposite and, as yet, unmarked inner thigh ... then delivered the second stroke with equally sweeping force.

Oh how wonderful it was to flog a helpless woman!

What an exquisite sensation blazed through one, as twigs lashed into such tender flesh!

How it made her scream! How it made her jerk and writhe! Wonderful! Wonderful!

Yet it was only just beginning.

Methodically, at well-spaced intervals, the muscular Algerian continued to sweep down the birch on to alternate thighs, working from knee to sex flesh, then back again.

The sounds were inhuman. Like those heard in a slaughter house. And the jerking and twisting and writhing became more frenzied.

Miriam Vogel looked on with features impassive. But now her normally cold eyes were hot with cruel lust. This woman was a sadist to her fingertips, and the knowledge that it was she who had decreed that Lady Susan Melbury be flogged in this fashion was like hot wine in her veins.

It was when Musad began to lay his birch across Susan's sumptuous buttocks that his victim fainted for the first time. However, it was but a temporary respite, for Miriam was quick with the smelling salts. In less than a minute, Susan's shrieks were echoing once more from the chamber walls, as the birch swept up and down again.

Up and down ...

Up and down ...

The tender skin breaking. Blood oozing and trickling. For this was a true flaying. The skin was literally being taken off those quaking, clenching nates.

Oh, the frenzied contortions! Almost unbelievable to watch!

Oh, the inhuman sounds! Almost unbelievable to hear!

Around the twentieth stroke, Susan fainted for a second time ... and once more Miriam was quick with her revival treatment. Methodically, Musad completed his task, lacerating the flesh until it took on the appearance of raw meat.

Twenty four strokes ...

Six still to come ...

Susan was in a state of near dementia. Her mind ... her

nerves ... knew nothing but pain. That was all there was in her world.

Pain ... pain ... and more pain.

Intolerable pain.

Yet pain that continued and intensified.

"Keep the smelling salts under her nose all the time," ordered Miriam.

"Yes, Miss."

She took the birch from Musad. It had lost some of its twigs, but Miriam seemed satisfied with its condition.

"And this," bellowed Miriam into Susan's ear, "is for offering something you no longer possess."

The final six strokes fell mercilessly down between the widened V, slashing into the most tender flesh of all ...

Lacerating the sex-flesh ...

Susan knew she must die.

But didn't.

Couldn't.

Agony upon agony. Beyond even anything she had previously known.

Despite the smelling salts, she was insensible again as the six strokes lashed mercilessly down.

Musad and Miriam stood examining their work.

With seeming satisfaction.

Sadists satisfied.

"Take her down, Musad ... and give her some treatment."

"Yes, Miss."

Miriam gave him one of her brief, mouth-only smiles.

"I don't think she'll be assaulting anybody again for quite some time."

Musad grinned back.

"No, Miss," he agreed.

Then he turned to deal with the 'carcase' which still swung to and fro.

Miriam - no longer interested - turned and left the chamber.

CHAPTER TWO

"I hear you were a naughty girl while I was away," said Kaspar Montolive.

He had been back at 'Bella Vista' for a couple of days, but this was the first time he'd had Susan brought to him, since he wished her to be completely healed. This had taken a week, which was miraculous enough, and only possible on account of the special skin ointments and restorative ray-lamps employed.

She knelt submissively before him, quite naked. An emerald stone at the end of a tiny gold chain, hung from a clip on each of her pink-brown nipples. These clips were tight and quite painful. Small as the decorations were, Susan found them most humiliating, since they emphasised her helpless servitude ... and the fact that she had become a 'pleasure object' that someone else could adorn as they wished. She had no say in the matter. She was no longer a woman in the normal sense of the word. She was a slave. Utterly incredible!

"Is that so, Your Ladyship?" enquired Kaspar. He continued to use this form of address quite frequently, since he was aware how wounding it was.

"Yes, Master," whispered Susan. A sudden shudder shook her, and the emeralds swung delicately to and fro.

Kaspar rose and strolled round her, taking in Susan's curvaceous figure from varying angles.

"You were birched, I believe?"

"Y-yes, Master ..." Another whisper. Hoarser.

"Quite rightly, in view of your behaviour," said Kaspar, with deliberate callousness.

Susan shuddered again. She could feel the hatred like black bile, welling up within her ... and fought it down. It was too dangerous an emotion for her to luxuriate in. It could make her lose control. And she knew where that led. She tried to close her mind. Not possible, of course.

"And, Your Ladyship, I hear you asked Musad to fuck you. Begged him, indeed! Is that so?"

A sob came from Susan. Oh how well this beast knew how to degrade! She realised she had to answer.

"Y-yes ... M-master ..." She bit a quivering lip.

"Tut-tut," smiled Kaspar.

He was standing alongside Susan, and put a hand down to cup a fulsome breast. There came a momentary recoil, then he felt Susan return to submit to his fondling. She is learning, he reflected.

"Not at all good behaviour, that. An English Lady asking a nigger to fuck her!"

"Mmmmmmmfff ... u-urfff ... mmmffff ..." sobbed Susan. The tears flowed down; she simply could not check them

"I don't know, though," mused Kaspar, still fondling, "there was that Lady Chatterly, wasn't there? Used to get her gardener to give her a length from time to time. Very earthy. Fiction, of course, but quite possibly founded on fact. You aristos!"

Susan continued to sob. She wanted to rage and scream; to rip and claw; to murder with her bare hands. However, she went on kneeling submissively. She knew she had no option. Or, rather, the option did not bear thinking about.

"In due time," said Kaspar, removing his Caftan, "I shall give you to Musad. So your desire to have his big black cock up you will be granted." He reseated himself. The look of revulsion on Susan's proud aquiline features was a joy to see. Was it caused by what he had just said, or by the sight of his nudity? Perhaps both.

"In the meantime, it is I who will be fucking you. As and when I want. Have you got that quite clear, Your Ladyship?"

"Mmmmmmmfff ... y-yumph ... yer ... esss ... M-master ..." The mounting hatred and fury became almost unmanageable ... and Susan could only suppress it by thinking of the consequences of not controlling it. She trembled violently with the effort required.

"Good ..." said Kaspar smoothly. "Now, Your Ladyship, you will crawl here and lick me. When I am in a suitable state, you will ask permission to mount me." Kaspar smiled as he saw the sudden flash of uncontrolled fury in those dark eyes.

"If I grant permission, it will be you who will be doing the fucking." He crooked a finger.

Susan hesitated, twisted her torso from side to side, ground her teeth; then she went on all fours and came crawl-

ing forward. In a mirror on the far side of the room, Kaspar saw Susan's shapely bottom rolling gently from side to side as she moved. Quivering softly. Lovely. It was quite unmarked; ready for any treatment that was deemed necessary! He opened his thighs, and Susan crawled between them. Now he cupped both breasts in his hands. They were superb to feel.

A warm wet tongue began to lick.

How marvellous to know it was Lady Susan Melbury doing this!

She went on sobbing. Delicious! How she hated it. Yet she dare not disobey. Quite delicious! Kaspar felt the stirring of both lust and cruelty in his loins. Soon he was thickening; then stiffening.

Susan went on licking.

Kaspar patted the dark head beneath him.

"Good girl," he said. "It's not a bad cock, is it? Though I say it myself. Not black, of course ... but you can't have everything." He was indeed well made, even if he could not quite match either Musad or Hamoon. They were both truly exceptional.

"Have you anything to ask, Your Ladyship?"

A choking sound came from Susan. She stopped licking. He saw her hands clawing into the carpet. What a struggle it was for her! That made it all the more delightful. He squeezed two fulsome breasts.

"Well?"

"M-may ... I ... may ... I m-mount you ... mmfff ... mmmffff ... M-master?" The voice came hoarsely. It sounded like that of another person.

Savouring the moment, Kaspar was in no hurry to answer.

"I hope," he said at last, "that you are aware that it is an honour for a slave to service her Master?"

Susan's head was down; she continued to sob.

Kaspar suddenly pulled her up by the hair and slapped her face hard.

"Well - are you?"

Gasping, Susan jerked her head sideways.

"Y-yerr ... esss ... y-yes ... Master ..." she choked out.

"Say it!"

Kaspar's lust was surging strongly. Soon this once-haughty bitch would be riding him. She would be using the cunt he now owned for his leisured enjoyment.



'Have you anything to ask, Your Ladyship?'

"A-ahh ... I ... ahh ... am honoured to ... to ... serve ... you ... Master," Susan managed.

"Service, slave!" rapped out Kaspar, slapping Susan's cheek again. Oh how marvellous it was do as he liked with this arrogant beauty!

"Honour ... honoured ... t-to s-service you, M-master ..." Tears were streaming down Susan's reddened cheeks. Her shame at her own submission to this monster was as intense as her loathing for him.

"Then you may now be so honoured, slave," said Kaspar, smiling in lecherous triumph. It was a wonderful moment. "And if you don't do it well, my girl, I'll lay a cane across your beautiful backside!"

A gasping groan burst from Susan. She knew that was no idle threat. He could do that, and would if he wished, she was well aware. As she came up off her knees, Kaspar closed his thighs and Susan straddled them. Clasping her breasts right before his face, he nuzzled them.

"Get that aristocratic cunt to work," he said thickly.

Then he felt the lips ...

Moving ... positioning ...

Against his hard knob ...

Kaspar's hands moved to smooth flanks. He resisted the temptation to pull Susan down. She must impale herself 'voluntarily'. Yes ... yes ... she must do it herself. True submission!

Then, with a moan that became ever more intense until it was a gasping cry, Susan lowered herself onto the big hard bone of male sexuality. It was an exquisite sensation for Kaspar, even if Susan was not as warmly succulent as he would have wished. That was scarcely to be expected in view of her hideous reluctance. It was the sensation of possession which was so exquisite. He felt the soft buttocks on his thighs ... and the equally soft breasts against his chest.

"Now work your arse, my beauty!"

Another despairing moan from Susan.

"Ooooooh ... oohhh ... God ... dear God ... oohhh ..."

"Or else!" warned Kaspar.

With a kind of frantic despair, Susan gripped Kaspar's shoulders and raised her haunches ... then, with a sobbing gasp, lowered them again. Her head was turned to one side, her teeth gritted.

She felt sick with disgust for herself ... and revulsion

for the beast who could make her do such things.

Up again ...

Down again ...

Kaspar took hold of a hank of Susan's dark hair and pulled her head up.. He looked into the distraught, tear-stained features right before him. They were twisted almost beyond recognition by the intensity of Susan's emotions.

"That's a nice big prick, isn't it, slave?"

Only a sobbing moan from the wretched Susan, who continued to raise and lower her haunches with a jerking, uneven rhythm.

Kaspar shook her head violently

"Isn't it, slave?" he insisted.

Susan knew she had to answer. Knew, too, what she had to answer. Hating herself as much as him, she did so.

Y-yes ... sss ... u-ugh ... u-ugh ... M-master ..."

Kaspar smiled into the eyes before him ... eyes which brimmed not only with tears, but so much suppressed hate and fury.

"Say it!" he ordered.

Oh how he loved putting a woman like this down!

Susan struggled with herself and her vocal chords. Strange sounds emerged ... and then some words.

"It ... it's ... a ... a ... nice ... b-big ... p-prick ..."

"Isn't it just!" grinned Kaspar. "But your cunt is not servicing it as well as it should." Kaspar shook Susan's head again. "Work your arse faster, my slave ... and put some joyful action into it or I'll cane it till you can't stand!"

Susan, who, understandably, had tried to do and give as little as possible, realised there was no escape for her. She had to surrender herself completely ... surrender her soul as well as her body ... or suffer intolerably. Closing her eyes and gritting her teeth more fiercely, she began a more vigorous and rhythmic undulation of her haunches.

"Better!" pronounced Kaspar. "But open your eyes, my beauty."

He wanted to see the shame and loathing in them. The eyes opened ... two dark pools of abysmal anguish.

"Faster yet," he said ... feeling that Susan was becoming just a shade warmer. Not through desire, but simply by reason of her physical motions. A natural reaction. Another time, he thought, I'll put her on Casanova first, then she'll

be lovely and juicy.

As the lush bottom bounced and bounced faster and faster on his thighs, Kaspar's lust increased rapidly ... partly because Susan was new to him, partly because it was Susan.

"Ah yes ... yes ... that's it ... yes ... work it, girl, work it ... ahh ... yes ... faster ... ahh ... yes ... faster ... yes ... ahh ... yes ..."

Panting with her efforts, sobbing unrestrainedly, Susan made herself undulate ever faster.

Get it over with ... get it over with. The words drummed in her fevered brain.

Then the beast she rode began to gasp and groan. Oh how vile he was! The lust was suffusing his revolting features; and she had to please him ... please him to the limit! Oh the nauseous horror of it!

Kaspar's fleshy lips were wet and parted; his eyes began to glaze a little.

"Ohh ... y-yes ... oohhh ... HHHHHHAAAHHHHH ..."

Kaspar slumped back, head twisting, mouth gaping, haunches jerking as he unleashed himself ...

And Susan slumped forward, feeling sick to her soul, as she felt the monster jerking and ejaculating strongly within her. She groaned again and again as if in awful pain. As if on the rack.

I shall never feel properly clean, not ever, she told herself. Self-pity, self-hate, despair ... all swept over her. She had yielded. She would never be the same again.

But I can't truly be blamed, she thought with savage, bitter fury. Who would not have yielded in view of the alternative?

A short while later, leaving Susan kneeling, Kaspar went and had a shower. He felt in fine fettle. Not that it had been one of the most exhilarating of fucks, it was what he had made Susan do that was so enjoyable. He was very aware of the inner struggle which had raged. What she had gone through to make herself submit in that fashion. Delightful!

She will submit again and again, he told himself, as he luxuriated under the warm water. To an even great extent. There is nothing she won't do by the time I've finished with her.

"Slave" he called out. "Come in here!"

A few moments later, Susan nervously entered the shower

room.

Kaspar beckoned.

"Soap me all over," he ordered. Then he grinned. "A slave has more than one use ..." He tossed the soap to Susan.

Sullenly she began to soap the monster who had just so vilely abused her.

SMACK!

Kaspar's palm fell on Susan's bottom.

"Don't sulk, girl," he snapped. "It is an honour for you to serve me. Don't forget it!"

SMACK!

"Smile, girl, smile ..."

Somehow Susan forced her lips into a mockery of a smile. But her eyes remained filled with hate and fury.

How could she endure such an existence?

Anything would be better ...

Suicide! The chilling thought iced through her brain. Yes ... death would be preferable to this. Yes, she knew, she would have to bring about her own end, for they would not kill her. They wanted to prolong her sufferings and degradation infinitely. So suicide must be the answer, awful as the idea was.

Poor Susan! She was not aware that this mode of escape was not available to her. Even if she had plucked up sufficient courage to try to carry out the deed, she would have found it impossible ... for, immediately on arrival at Bella Vista she had been drugged and subsequently brain-washed in order that self-destruction was made an impossibility. Kaspar Montolive was no fool. He was well aware that most women would prefer death to the kind of eternal damnation he had devised, and, from the outset of his scheme, had built in this essential precaution.

"That's a bit better," grinned Kaspar. "Slaves should always look happy, happy to serve their Master. Shouldn't they?"

For a third time, Susan's bottom got a stinging slap.

Her seething inner rage brimmed over. Perhaps the thought that she would soon be ending matters made her act as she did, forgetful of all warnings ... and what had already happened to her. Eyes blazing, teeth bared, Susan sprang at Kaspar, nails talon-like, ready to claw.

"You filthy swine!" she cried.

No more haughty arrogance ...

Just stark terror of him ...

And whatever he might be going to do to her.

How heavenly! How absolutely heavenly!

Looking down at the lovely, curvaceous, naked creature he now possessed, Kaspar allowed the grovelling and pleading to go on for quite some time ... and Susan's pleas seemed to intensify rather than lessen.

CHAPTER THREE

"Crawl!"

Susan crawled at the command of her Master. At that moment, such was her terror, she would have crawled for the Devil himself. On hands and knees, wet and dishevelled, shivering, she crawled from the shower-room back into the salon where Kaspar had so recently made her service him.

H-have mercy, M-master ... have mercy ..." Susan kept on whimpering as she slithered along.

She was no longer the woman she once had been. Indeed, she would not have recognised herself as she now was ... an object, a quivering wreck. One filled with dread of what was to come, and with every nerve screaming to find a way out of the consequences of her action.

Such a natural action!

Such a simple action!

Yet now, that made no difference.

She would ... yes, yes, she was fully prepared ... to do anything this man demanded of her, if only he would spare her from the consequences which loomed so hideously.

Oh, had she not suffered enough?

Oh, how could she bear any more?

Worse, even!

"STOP!"

Susan stopped in the centre of the salon. She was on luxurious pile-carpet. The same sort as once she had trod upon - she and her guests - in the Manor House. Now, already, it felt alien. She had become accustomed to stone and hard board.

"M-mercy ... mercy ... M-master ... p-please ... understand ... I ... I ... I ... didn't mean it ..."

"Oh yes you did, you arrogant bitch," responded Kaspar, helping himself to a large brandy.

"N-no ... Master ... I s-swear ..."

"Yes," thundered Susan, throwing a smooth and stimulating 5-star Martell down his throat. "You still won't accept you

are now my slave. You still can't believe it!"

"Y-yes ... mfff ... mfff ... yes ... I do, Master ..." sobbed Susan. But it was an answer which carried little conviction. It was the answer of a whining child striving to avoid punishment at all costs.

Kaspar smiled benevolently and poured himself another brandy. Things were going well. The last thing he wanted was for Lady Melbury to submit utterly too soon. He wanted her to submit little by little. Then utterly and completely.

He would know when that moment had come.

There would be no disguising it ...

"You realise you will have to be punished for what you did, slave?"

"A-a-aaagggghhhhh ... no ... no ... I c-couldn't h-help it!"

"I asked you a question, slave. Do you realise you will have to be punished?"

Susan's brain was a bubbling caldron of mixed emotions. Did she realise she would have to be punished? For what? FOR WHAT? Oh God ... only for doing what any decent woman would instinctively have done! Let alone a woman of her breeding and background! Why ... if this beast had so much as laid a hand on her in former days, she would have had him prosecuted for indecent assault! Yet ... now ... now ... she to submit to him ... and ... and ... he had been slapping her ... bottom ... committing all sorts of unmentionable vileness ... and ... and for acting so naturally it was SHE ...SHE who was to be punished!

The world was upside down.

It had gone mad.

Mad!

"Do you realise it?" The voice was relentless. Gloating, too. It was getting through to her.

Susan knew she had to answer. Somehow, to help herself, she had to answer. Even if only to help a little.

But what? What?

She choked ... throat working ... head slumping down.

"Y-yes ... yes ... M-master ..." she whispered.

It was defeat again. Abysmal, humiliating defeat. Yet what else could she answer? To rebel further would but make her plight all the worse. Somehow, to avoid further excesses of suffering, she must submit and demean herself, again and again, to the uttermost degree.

There was no other way.

"I am glad you realise it, slave," intoned Kaspar. He was mellow now. Exultant, too. He had made this aristocrat service him ... he had made her grovel before him ... he had made her beseech for mercy ... and, finally, to admit she deserved to be punished.

A man could scarcely ask for more.

Kaspar looked down with sadistic satisfaction at the figure kneeling on all fours just before him. Seeing all the intimacies of her lush body ... seeing her soft flesh trembling with dread.

He was indeed her Master!

This was power personified!

Power not over masses, but over an individual.

Intimate power ...

The most heady power of all.

"Kill me ... s-shoot me ... now ... oohhh ... now ..." came a pathetic, croaking plea.

Kaspar's eyebrows went up.

"Don't be absurd, Lady Melbury," he said. "That's the last thing I would do. You're much too amusing to me alive."

"Then I'll kill myself!" Susan knelt erect, eyes wild and searching.

"By all means try it," replied Kaspar complacently. He lit an oval, Turkish cigarette, the paper of which was pale pink in colour. He loved to see a woman in such mental turmoil.

Susan staggered to her feet, and, white-faced, swayed across the room. She had seen a paper-knife on a desk. Her means of escape. This was the end ... the end of her life! That was terrible ... but not so terrible as the existence which had been devised for her. She stumbled, clasped the edge of the desk, then found the paper-knife in her hand.

Why not kill him ... the vilest beast on earth ... why not kill him first?

Why not ... oh, why not?

But no ... no ... he was stronger than she. He would overpower her, and agonies unbelievable would ensue. Better to end it all now.

Now ...

NOW!

Susan thrust the paper-knife at her breast ... but the point merely pricked her skin. Her arm seemed suddenly

paralysed. She could neither move it back nor forth. The implement dropped from her nerveless fingers to the carpet beneath, and Susan, wailing, crumpled after it.

Oh how could she be such a coward?

Oh how could she endure such a vile existence when there was no way of escape?

She must ... she must ... kill herself now!

Her hand found the paper-knife again; and once more she strove to thrust it into her bosom. Once more her hand and arm became as if paralysed.

"Don't bother to try again, Lady Melbury," said a leering voice from above, "you have been conditioned to make it impossible to do away with yourself. Or, for that matter, to do myself or my servants any serious harm. A natural precaution, I think you must admit?"

Beneath him, white shoulders heaved and heaved with indescribable despair. the sobbing sounds were truly pitiful. Oh yes, truly pitiful.

But Kaspar Montolive felt no pity.

Merely cruel pleasure. Now, dear Lady Susan Melbury, he thought, you are fully aware there is no possible escape from the life of servitude I have so skilfully planned for you. Now you know that you are indeed my slave. And that this basic knowledge had been well and truly imparted was as pleasurable for Kaspar as it was mentally excruciating for his victim.

It was at this point - not unexpectedly - that Susan's nervous and mental resources exhausted themselves. Flapping, vulture-like wings, seemed to begin to surround her ... then the thin tether of her mind snapped.

Darkness and oblivion enveloped her ...

Oh happy moments!

It was the death she had sought!

But, sadly for Lady Susan Melbury, it was not a permanent death, but merely a temporary one.

Kaspar Montolive studied the recumbent form. He could send for Miriam Vogel of course. Have Susan taken away. Deal with her later. Yes ... he could do that. But it might be more enjoyable to deal with her now. Deal with her for 'starters', that is. More serious retribution could be exacted later.

Yes ... a strong stimulant injection would bring her

round ... then he could have a little more fun before the day was out. Why not? Oh why not? Was he not the man completely in charge?

Of course he was!

Kaspar opened the drawer of his desk, took out a phial and syringe ... and plunged a needle into Susan's arm. then he went and re-seated himself, finishing off his cigarette. In a minute or so, he well knew, he would have a 'living doll' to play with again!

Once more Susan knelt erect, hands on top of her head. Before her sat Kaspar, enwrapped in a bath towel. How could she have recovered from such a shock so quickly? Why was her mind so keenly alert? Why ... how ... did she feel the sensitivity of her nerves so keenly? She should either be deranged or still insensible. Yet she was neither. It was incredible! Yet ... then ... was not everything incredible? Susan shivered outwardly and inwardly. She, needless to say, was not aware of the various stimulant and sedative drugs regularly employed at 'Bella Vista'. They invaded new frontiers of medical science. In the right hands they could have been a blessing; in the wrong, as now, they were a devilry.

Mental and physical endurance could be hideously prolonged ...

"Well, Lady Melbury," said Kaspar, lips curling evilly, "now you know there is no escape!"

Susan made no answer, though her fulsome breasts rose and fell rapidly, and her mouth was out of control.

"You know ... don't you?" insisted Kaspar.

Susan blinked back the tears in her eyes, and managed to nod her head. She did indeed know ... and the bitter blackness of her despair had never been deeper.

"Answer, slave!"

A white throat worked; breasts heaved faster.

"Yes, master ..." It was scarcely audible.

"Louder ..."

"Y-yes ... M-master."

Kaspar nodded with satisfaction. For him, it was always as enjoyable to conquer a woman mentally as well as physically. Indeed, he sometimes thought that mental submission could ultimately be the more gratifying.

"Very well then," he said, a shade pontifically, "we can

proceed." He paused. "You must be aware, slave, in view of warnings - and what has already been done to you - that assaulting your betters is a most serious offence ..."

Susan began to interrupt, nodding her head violently, but Kaspar raised an admonitory hand and she fell silent, biting her lips. Oh God, oh God, the abomination of it all! And now she could not even escape into merciful death!

"... I shall consider carefully how you are to pay for your intolerable action," continued Kaspar blandly, "but, meanwhile, to make you aware of the heinous nature of your behaviour, I intend to exact a little personal retribution."

Susan quailed, dark eyes dilating. Dark eyes which shimmered with tears.

"P-please ... M-master ..."

"Nothing too serious," said Kaspar, ignoring the minor interruption, "but something, I believe, which will give me considerable pleasure. That is fair enough, since, slave, your assault was upon me personally."

Kaspar smiled indulgently. Yes ... it was going to be enjoyment of the highest order to have Lady Susan Melbury to play with for an hour or so. To play with ... to debase ... to make suffer. To gain some of the burning revenge he still sought!

And while he took that enjoyment, his victim would be aware that this was but a preliminary to a far more serious punishment to come. One yet to be decided.

But inevitable.

"Have you anything to say?"

Susan looked both bewildered and desperate. What could she say that would be of any help? Was she not already irrevocably lost? All the same, she found some kind of response.

"Y-you ... you h-have me in your lower ... that ... that I know ..." Susan blinked tears away. "M-master ..." she added, and Kaspar inclined his head.

"B-but ... but ... once we were the s-same ... equals ... s-social equals ... ohh God ... surely that must mean s-something ... oohhh ... can't you stop all ... th-this ... can't you remember the past ... as it was ... ooohhhh ... please ... pleeeee ... eesss ..."

Susan's arms were suddenly extended imploringly; there was a vibrant intensity in her features. Here was a woman giving her all. The last throw.

"We were not equals," answered Kaspar coldly, "you made that quite clear."

"No! NOO ... OOO!" cried Susan. "I ... I didn't mean to ... to be ... offensive ... I didn't ... it ... it was a slip of the tongue ... ohh ... truly!"

Kaspar shook his head.

"Don't speak rubbish, woman," he said sharply, "you meant what you said and did - and you know it!"

Susan's head went down. There was a silence but for her sobs.

"V-very ... w-well ..." she said at last. "I admit it. I was foolish and wrong. Very. I ... I ... am ... truly s-sorry. Yes ... yes ... I was wrong ..."

"You certainly were!"

"But ... oooh ... but surely ... wh-what I did ... does not deserve ... this?"

"Haven't you forgotten something?"

"M-master ... I beg pardon, M-master."

"Better," smiled Kaspar. "Don't start getting back into your former ways, Lady Melbury ..."

"NOOO ... NEVER!"

"Silence, slave! How dare you!"

"I ... ooh ... I beg p-pardon, Master ..."

"So you should. And, my girl, I am shortly going to prove that you truly are my slave. It matters not what you say now. It was what you were in the past ... and what you said and did ... that counts..."

"Ooooh ... can't you forget that ..."

"NEVER!" Kaspar's voice was edged. His eyes flashed.

"I ... I'm not truly bad ... not ... no .. Master ... please understand ... please forgive me, Master ... I'm so sorry ... yes ... yes ... I was wrong ... but please ... please ... forgive me ... I was arrogant but it was how I was brought up ... oh, can't you understand?" A heaving pause. "Master?"

"Oh yes," replied Kaspar softly, "I understand all too well. I understand what people like you have been doing to people like me for centuries. Now it is my turn. Now it is your turn to be humiliated. To be made to suffer. That is justice, is it not?"

Susan's head sank again.

"Oh no no ... oh, it cannot be ... it cannot be ... ooohhh ... it's not m-my f-fault ... ooohhh ... c-can't you

understand?"

"I understand perfectly," answered Kaspar with contented composure. "What you can't understand is that a woman like you is now a slave of a man like me. Yet, throughout history, the same situation has arisen often enough. It is your misfortune, Lady Melbury ..."

"Ooooooohh ... ooooooohh ..."

"... and my good fortune!"

Kaspar Montolive stood. His voice changed from the equal, conversational tone. It became cold and hard.

"But enough of this. A Master does not explain to a slave. It is time for your punishment."

Followed by Susan's despairing, pleading eyes, Kaspar moved to a tall cabinet, opened it and withdrew from it a long slim switch. It was one of his favourite instruments when dealing with his slaves in his own quarters. For three-quarters of its four-foot length, the switch was knitting-needle thin, only thickening at its end, to form a grip ... being composed of a core of very flexible steel wire, around which was tightly plaited the thinnest strips of rawhide leather. Kangaroo hide, in fact. At the tip of the switch was a minute lead pellet, from which dangled three tiny strands of wire. Just a flick on the bare flesh from this tip was painful enough ... whilst a full-blooded cut from the switch was true agony. Yet, since the weal it raised was far thinner than that of a cane or an average riding switch, it could be applied in considerable quantity during a single session.

During the sort of session which Susan was about to have to endure ...

"MERCEEEEE!" she cried, as she saw the implement in Kaspar's hand.

"This hurts," he said, a little unnecessarily, as he placed the index finger of his left hand on the tip of the switch, and bent it back easily until it touched the handle. When he removed his finger, the tip sprang whippily, then swayed to and fro.

"... as you will shortly discover!"

"M-MERCY ... MERCY ... M-MASTER ... OH FOR GOD'S SAKE HAVE M-M-MERCEEEEE ... I'LL DO ANYTHING ... ANYTHING ..."

Susan came scrabbling across the carpet, clasping again at Kaspar's bare calves. With relish, he looked down at the lushly curving bottom beneath him ... then lightly flicked

the left buttock cheek.

"I'm glad to hear it," he said, as Susan gave a startled gasp. "For your sake!"

"Anything ... any ... anything ..." babbled Susan. "I'll never a-assault you again, never!"

"No ... I don't think you will," smiled Kaspar, giving the other buttock cheek a flick.

Again came a gasp of pain from Susan, but she went on kissing Kaspar's feet and clasping his calves.

"H-have mercy ... just this once ... ohh ... Master ... just this once ..."

Cruel pleasure glowed from Kaspar's features. Oh what a joy it was going to be, to put this beauty through her paces ... and lay his switch across her luscious bottom whenever she displeased or disobeyed him!

"Kneel erect, slave," ordered Kaspar sharply, "I have things to tell you."

Susan, now in anguished dread of more pain, did so without hesitation, automatically placing her hands on top of her head. Yes ... she had been conditioned in more ways than one.

As her superb breasts rose, Kaspar dangled the tip of the switch on one of them.

"Don't forget, my slave, you can feel this there, too!"

With a disbelieving, whimpering gasp, Susan recoiled.

"O-ohh ... nooo ... "

"Oh yes," nodded Kaspar. "Now, come on my girl, get that back straight again. Let's have those tits of yours nice and high."

Susan straightened, conscious of the deliberate crudity of the words, yet now absorbing them almost unfeelingly. Almost without resentment. What did words matter? It was pain that mattered!

"Now listen to me, slave, and listen carefully," said Kaspar, playing with each of Susan's nipples in turn with the tip of his switch. "The severity of your ultimate punishment - for assaulting me - depends to a great extent on how you behave yourself in the next hour or so. I am going to give you certain orders, and I shall note how quickly and well you carry them out. Is that clear?"

"Y-yer ... esss ... M-master ..." nodded Susan. Oh what hellish ordeal was now before her?

"If you do not carry out my orders quickly and well, not



'Don't forget, my slave, you can feel this there, too!'

only will you get a 'black mark' for the future, but an immediate 'red mark' as well. That red mark will be made by my laying this across some part of your shapely anatomy." The switch swished menacingly and Susan recoiled again, gasping with horror. "Quite clear?"

"Yes ... oh yes, M-master ..." Stark terror was making Susan feel almost eager and willing to obey!

"So, my first order to you, my slave, is to get your nose into the carpet and your backside high in the air. You're going to get six from this!"

Again the switch flicked ... and Susan's mouth gaped in shocked disbelief. She had hoped, by obeying, to escape pain. Yet the very first order only meant she was to receive pain. That eagerness and willingness to obey vanished rapidly!

"P-please ... eesss ... pleee ... eeas ... n-not t-that..." she began.

"And if you do not do so immediately," went on Kaspar deliberately, "not only will you get your first 'black mark', but I shall tie you over the back of one of my armchairs and give you a dozen!"

A hopeless wail undulated from Susan's throat. Her eyes widened in half-crazed terror. How hideously was she aware that Kaspar meant exactly what he said! There was no escape from torment. None. If she delayed further, or disobeyed, she would only suffer all the more. It was indeed one of the cruellest 'Morton's Fork' which could be devised.

Through her tears, Susan saw Kaspar smiling. Yet now her terror was stronger than her hate. Sobbing, she turned and pressed her face down into the thick carpet.

"I said, get your backside high!" Kaspar's voice was a little thick as he gloated upon the smooth, lush, white curves presented to him. Lady Susan Melbury, he thought, presenting her naked arse to me! Who, once, would ever have believed it? He watched as Susan pushed up a little higher.

"Dip your back here, more, slave," ordered Kaspar, tapping the small of Susan's back.

She was sobbing and shivering with dread. Yet obey she must, or worse would befall.

"That's better," said Kaspar with a complacency he did not exactly feel, as Susan thrust up higher. He noticed that not only were her nails clawing into the carpet, but she was actually biting it.

Lightly, very lightly, Kaspar tapped Susan's bottom ... and made it twitch, clench and quiver uncontrollably. then it twisted to one side in an absurd attempt to avoid what must come.

"Keep your backside square, slave," ordered Kaspar harshly.

The lovely bottom came back and up again. Still twitching, still clenching. Oh how evocatively it portrayed its dread! Kaspar let a long ten seconds pass, savouring the exquisite moments, stretching Susan's nerves to snapping point.

"Say," he ordered at last, "I am sorry I assaulted you, Master."

Susan's teeth unclenched from the carpet pile, and, between sobs, in muffled tones, she repeated the words. At the very instant she finished, Kaspar raised the switch high and brought it whiplashing down.

It made a keenly high-pitched hissing whistling sound and, with a thin crack, bit deep into the soft flesh of the upper part of Susan's buttocks. The tiny lead ball with its three little wires zipped round into her flank. And, as the fire, encircling, blooded weals sprang instantly up over the flesh, Susan uttered a breathless, piercing shriek, and threshed over and over, and around and around the carpet, with her hands clasped to the steak of liquid-fire which blazed across her. Her eyes were wide and filled with the intensity of the pain. That switch might be slim, but it bit deep.

"I told you it hurt, slave," said Kaspar, as Susan's shrieks subsided to sobs. "Now, let's have your bottom up again. There are five more like that to come ..."

"N-no ... oooh ... for p-pity's s-sake ... no ... ooo ..."

"And don't forget my warning, slave. It still applies."

"P-pleee ... eease!"

"Last chance, slave!"

Oh how wondrous to watch them making that agonised effort of will to obey so hideous a command! Forcing themselves to present themselves 'voluntarily' for further torment. Quite wonderful!

Sobbing, flinching incessantly, Susan somehow got her hind-quarters up again. Once more, Kaspar kept her waiting before whiplashing his switch down a second time.

Wwwhhheeeeeeee ... sswwiiccckkkk!

Susan's reactions were similar, and her gasping cries as

agonised. Again she rolled over and over, kicking and squirming uninhibitedly. Kaspar looked down with cruel lust. What an infinite joy it was, to treat a lovely woman in this way!

"Come along ... come along ... bottom up again, my slave ... come along ... be quick about it!"

Sobbing ... pleading ... moaning ... Susan made herself obey the command again. Once more she was kept waiting, and twice, much to Kaspar's amusement, she twisted right away in dread anticipation.

At last the third stroke came.

Wwwhhheeeeeeee ... sswwiiicckkkk!

...just as deep-biting and fiery as the two which had preceded it, contorting Susan into another kicking-writhing frenzy.

"M-merceee ... aaagghhhhhh ... m-merceee ... I can't st-stand ... uuuuurrrfff ... uuuuurrrfff ... any ... any m-more ... m-merceee ... M-master ..."

"Three more, my beauty. Let's have that bottom up again. Double quick!"

Poor Susan! What mental, as well as physical, anguish she was enduring! Yet she had to obey! She had to!

With whimpering reluctance, she presented her curvaceous bottom for the fourth time ...

For the fourth vicious cut!

Ah what an agony! What a fiery agony!

Yet there was still a fifth and a sixth stroke to come ...

And, in due time, come they did, as, with greater reluctance, making ever greater efforts of will, Susan presented herself for the torment Kaspar imposed. The torment which sent her, hands-clasping, twisting and convulsing across the room.

Sounds and sights for the true sadist to revel in.

And Kaspar Montolive was just such a sadist.

He left his victim sobbing and heaving on the carpet, and went and poured himself a further brandy. Not that he truly needed another stimulant. Laying the switch across Lady Susan Melbury's magnificent bottom was heady enough! Yet he drank almost greedily, it seemed. The bath-towel had dropped away from him and he realised, despite his earlier exertions, he was already half in erection. There's life (as well as hormone pills!) in the old dog yet, he thought. Yes ... there's no doubt I shall culminate a delightful little session by fucking the arse off this beauty!

He finished his drink and strolled over to the quivering form of Susan, noting her hands still pressed to her buttocks in a vain attempt to ease a little the fiery-throbbing pain.

"Kneel up, slave!"

Susan's hands came away and she slowly moved up and around on to her knees.

Then, still slowly, her hands went on to the top of her head. Her proud, aquiline features were wet and reddened, almost unrecognisable. Her mouth was sagging and dribbles ran from each corner.

"Say: I'm sorry I assaulted you, Master," ordered Kaspar.

With difficulty, between sobs, Susan forced out the words. Her voice was hoarse. She could only vaguely discern her tormentor's nudity through a veil of tears. Her dread of him ... her dread of what he could do ... now well outweighed her loathing of him.

"You said it before," went on Kaspar, "but this time I think you really mean it, my beauty. Yes ... now that you have felt my switch across your bottom, you are truly sorry. Right?"

"Y-yur ... uuurrf ... y-yes ... M-master ..." croaked Susan. She was indeed sorry. A moment's loss of control ... the natural display of a spasm of hate ... was not worth this torment. Yes, Susan was sorry. Sorry for herself!

Kaspar came closer; he lifted up Susan's damp chin with one finger, and looked into her distraught eyes.

"Let me tell you something, slave," he rasped. "If you ever assault me again, you'll be far, far sorrier. For I shall start by giving you twenty-four strokes like that!"

CHAPTER FOUR

Kaspar lit himself another of his pink-papered Turkish cigarettes, and puffed out contentedly. No doubt about it, power was the most exhilarating commodity in the world. Especially power over individuals. Better than alcohol, better than drugs. For power was not a mental fantasy created by inputs. Power was real. Actual and instant.

You did just what you wanted ...

Whilst somebody else had to do as you wanted.

Heaven!

Oh yes ... sheer Heaven!

All the more so when one had complete power over a woman such as Lady Susan Melbury.

It was she, who remained kneeling ... tear-streaked and shuddering ... helpless in his power ... while he relaxed, suffused with the joyful knowledge that she was his possession. More than that. There was still so much pleasure to be gained from her.

"Is your bottom feeling a little painful, slave?" Kaspar enquired, after a prolonged silence.

Susan's throat worked and worked. Her head nodded.

"Y-yes, Master ..." she answered hoarsely.

"It will feel considerably more painful if you do not continue to obey me. I hope you realise that?"

"Mmmffff ... uuurrf ... y-yes ... M-master ..."

"Good ... good ..." Kaspar was all ease and relaxation. The power he had was as wine in his veins. He was consumed with it. Yet could never get enough of it.

Or was that so?

Perhaps Lady Susan Melbury would ultimately slake even his insensately cruel lusts! It was possible; but unlikely.

It was time, however, for some more games. Games to denigrate 'Her Ladyship' to even further depths. Games for his sadistic amusement. Games that only he could play.

"Get up, slave, and come over here." His voice had acquired a new kind of authority as far as Susan was concerned.

A tone which expected his order to be obeyed. Susan rose stiffly, wincing, as the pain of her thin weals intensified with her movements. She moved unsteadily towards Kaspar, hands still on top of her head. Then, as she came before him, she recalled what she must do. She knelt, bent forward and stretched out her arms before her. There she remained, until she was given an order to get to her feet again. Slowly but surely, Susan was adapting into a pattern of slavery. Casually, Kaspar looked his possession up and down. It would be quite nice to have her suck me, he thought. But then, that might arouse him too soon ... and finish this session earlier than he would have wished. Possibly she could suck him a little later. Before he fucked her. Meanwhile, there were different amusements to be had.

Kaspar got up and went to the cabinet, from which he had originally fetched the switch. He returned with a number of items upon which Susan could not bring herself to look. She only knew too well she was a plaything in a game of monstrous evil being played at Kaspar's behest.

"A little treat for you, my pretty ..."

A three-inch wide leather belt was fastened around Susan's waist. A strap hung from the back of it, dangled down. There was something projecting from it.

"Legs astride!"

Susan, murmuring and shuddering - in terror - parted her legs a little.

At once, the strap was pulled between and under them. The top of the projection arrived at her sex-lips. It was an eight-inch long, hard rubber dildo. Still Susan had not looked down. She dare not; yet she knew something awful was about to happen. She was trembling all over violently.

"Oh ... oh God ... what are you doing?"

"I told you - giving you a treat," replied Kaspar, suavely. He slipped the top of the understrap through a buckle on the front of the belt ... suddenly pushed the knob of the dildo into Susan's passage ... then pulled on the strap.

An awful wailing scream erupted from Susan, as, levered by the pull of the strap, the big solid dildo was forced up into her.

"A-A-AHH ... A-A-AGGGHHHHH ... NOOOOOO ... NOOOOOO ..."

Grinning, Kaspar pulled the belt as tight as he could, then buckled it securely.

"There," he said, "all safe and sound. Nicely inside

you."

"NOOO ... OOOOH ... OOOGGGGHHHH ... NOOO ... OOOOO ..."

Susan twisted and turned ... then sagged to her knees, burying her face in her hands. The degradation of this hostile and unnatural intruder was well-nigh unbearable. It filled her. It stretched her. It appalled her. It was an alien horror.

Also, it was painful.

"You'll soon get used to it, my pretty," smiled Kaspar. "In fact, I dare say, you'll soon get to like it ..."

"OH NO ... NO ... N-NO ... OOOO ... OH ... NOT THIS ... NO ... OH GOD ... NO ... OOOOHHHH ... T-TAKE IT ... OFF ... TAKE IT OUT ... OH GOD ... P-PLEASE ..."

"Sorry! It's all part of the games I like to play with ladies like you!"

With surprising speed, Kaspar clipped two small silver bells on to Susan's nipples. At once they began to tinkle as she shook and shuddered, shocked and horrified at her obscene violation.

"O-OHHH ... GOD ... DON'T D-DO ... THIS ... DON'T ..."

Susan was pleading child-like, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Disarmingly, Kaspar pinched one of her cheeks.

"Don't be silly," he said, "lots of girls would be delighted to have a thing like that up them."

"Uuuuurrrfff ... uuuuurrrfff ... uuuuurrrfff ..." sobbed Susan.

"Stand up!"

Again that authoritative voice ... one which made Susan get to her feet. All the time she was being driven by terror of what could befall her if she did not obey this monstrous being.

"Uuuuurrrfff ... oooohhhh ... uuuuurrrfff ... oooohhhh ... uuuuurrrfff ..."

"Don't you like it, Your Ladyship?"

"U-U-UUUUUUGGGGGHHHHHHH ..."

"Walk ... walk around the room, slave!"

Susan, still emotionally shattered by the big object which had been thrust within her - and held there - was slow to obey the command. She wavered and swayed.

"P-please ... ooooh ... p-please ... no ... oooo ..."

In an instant, the long slim switch was in Kaspar's hands. It slashed across Susan's left flank, whipping round and biting into the buttock cheek.

"Yyyyyyaaaaiiiii ... eeeeeee ... eeegggghhhhhh ..."

"I said walk!" Kaspar raised the switch again, but, staggering, Susan had already set off. Groaning, gasping, stumbling, she made her way around the room, often clasping chairs and pieces of furniture to keep herself erect. That she keenly felt the presence of that big rubber intruder, was very evident!

Kaspar reseated himself and smiled contentedly. His 'living doll' was in action! Oh what a lovely bottom that was, which swung and rolled. Which juddered and quivered. Carrying those thin but so vividly-scarlet stripes he had handed out. And how delightful was the tinkling of tiny bells, as breasts bounced and joggled, this way and that! A spectacle indeed. And, above all, a demonstration of his power.

"How does that nice big rubber cock feel, slave?"

"Mmmffff ... uuurrf ... ooh ... it h-hurts, M-master ... it ... it's horrible ... Master ..."

"Really? You surprise me, Your Ladyship. I thought you aristos secretly enjoyed something nice and big up you. Not so, eh?"

"Mfff ... mmmffff ... uuuuurrrfff ... uuuuurrrfff ..." sobbed Susan, staggering on around the room.

Now Kaspar rose again, and going to the cabinet, took from it a number of curving bamboo rods. These he slotted into each other, to form a full circle, some five feet in diameter.

A big hoop ...

"There is an expression often used in England," said Kaspar, as he took the hoop and fastened it erect, in the centre of the room. "It is that 'I will make you jump through hoops'. You may have heard of it. It is meant, metaphorically, to demonstrate one person's power over another. I am going to demonstrate in reality."

Susan stumbled on, only half comprehending. Her mind, despite stimulants, again seemed to be reaching the end of its tether; oh the vile thing within her! Why could she not fall down insensible? Why did she not fall down insensible? Was her ordeal not horrifying enough?

"Animals normally jump through hoops - at the dictate of a ringmaster," continued Kaspar. "It is a sign of the ringmaster's superiority over the animal. You, Lady Melbury, are going to jump through a hoop for me!"

Kaspar picked up his switch again, swishing it as a ring-

master might. Terror flashed in Susan's eyes.

"Jump! Jump through the hoop, Your Ladyship!"

"Y-yes ... yes ... yes ... M-master." Susan seemed desperate to do as she was bid. Anything to avoid more pain. She stumbled to the hoop, gathering herself and jumped. But then tripped on the hoop to fall sprawling. Kaspar guffawed loudly ... at the same time as he lashed his switch across Susan's hindquarters.

"Come on! You can do better than that! Hup ... hup ... on with you ... round again ... come on ... hup ... hup ... round again and jump, my beauty!"

Once again the switch slashed, and Susan was galvanised to her feet, and running. With a groaning gasp, she jumped through the hoop, nipple bells tinkling loudly.

"Better!" cried Kaspar, now half-drunk with a mixture of power and brandy. "And again, my beauty ... again ... through the hoop with you ... come on ... come on ... jump!"

The wretched, panting Susan, toiling under the impediment of the huge dildo within her, turned and ran for the hoop again. Once more she jumped through it, getting a vicious flick of the switch as she did so.

"Y-yeee ... aaaghh ..." She tripped and fell again.

"Up ... up ... my beauty ... jump again ... come on ... up ... hup .. jump again ... through the hoop with you ..."

The switch blurred through the air ... menacing ... deadly ... driving Susan up and on again. Once more she ran and jumped, to the accompaniment of Kaspar's raucous laughter, and another stinging flick of his switch.

I have reduced her to animal, he thought exultantly. Made her jump through a hoop at my command. Could he ask more? Could he degrade her more? Scarcely ...

But he would try!

Five times ... six times ... seven times ... Susan jumped through the hoop, each time getting a stinging flick from the tip of the switch as she did so. She was panting and gasping, staggering as if intoxicated. Kaspar kept urging her on with his shouts, laughing all the time.

"Hup ... hup ... hup!"

"Move that arse, my beauty!"

"Swing those tits!"

Though nearing exhaustion, Susan drove herself on - in terror of receiving a full cut from the switch. At the



'Come on! You can do better than that! Hup ... hup ...'

eighth jump through the hoop, Susan caught her foot and fell heavily, sprawling over the carpet, shoulders heaving, breath rasping. the temptation was too great for Kaspar. He stepped forward and laid two sweeping strokes in quick succession across his victim's upturned buttocks.

"Up you get ... you're not finished yet!"

Screaming, twisting and writhing in agony ... Susan somehow forced herself up and stumbled on her circuit again. Now she moved half doubled-up, mouth gaping and slavering ... eyes wild. No one who had once known her in her former days would have recognised her at that moment.

"Hup!"

Through the hoop again ... and this time getting more than a flick from the switch. If not a full-blooded stroke, it was a good wristy cut.

"Yyaaaieeee ... eeegggghhhhhh!" shrieked Susan, almost falling again.

"Three more times, my beauty!" cried Kaspar. "Come on ... keep that arse moving or I'll thrash the living daylight out of it!"

On and on ...

"Hhhuhhhh ... hhhaaaahhh ... hhhaaaahhh ..." panted Susan hoarsely. Her limbs felt like lead, but she dragged them on. But for her terror of that agonising switch, she would have dropped.

"Hup!"

Another wristy cut ... and through the hoop again.

Oh how it made her squirm; oh how it made her yelp, thought the watching Kaspar - his brain now half-feverish with cruel lust.

Round again. Two more jumps to go.

"Hup!"

As Susan jumped, she flung back an arm to ward off the cut from the switch. But it was to no avail. Kaspar swiftly lowered his aiming point and laid the switch across the top of Susan's thighs. It sent her squirming on to her knees, cries jetting from her. Another full-blooded cut, and the cries became more piercing.

"One more time, my beauty!"

Stumbling, swaying, Susan went round almost on her knees. Breath rasping, she literally fell through the hoop for the final time ... to lie shuddering and gasping in exhaustion, like a swimmer who has just been saved from drowning.

Looking down, Kaspar observed the sweat which sheened a smooth white back ... and, lower down, the criss-crossing tracery of thin blood-red weals over incessantly quivering-twitching buttocks.

I think, he said to himself with an inner smile, I am beginning to be revenged. Yes, I really think I am!

Susan was permitted a quarter of an hours rest. Then, while she knelt before Kaspar once more, he gave her a very large brandy indeed. She choked it down greedily. Would this nightmare never end?

"Quite a good performance, Your Ladyship," Kaspar was saying. "For a first time, that is. But you'll improve with practice ... and when you're fitter."

Susan could not suppress a groan. So the horror was to be repeated, was it?

"You used to ride horses once upon a time, I believe," went on Kaspar. "Had quite a reputation for getting the most out of them, I was told. Liked to flog them over the jumps, and bring them back in a right lather." He paused. "Now you have just a little idea what it is like for them."

Susan said nothing. It was true. She had been vicious with her horses. Intermittent sobs came from her. It felt as if there were a dozen hot electric wires laid over her hind-quarters. Wires that flickered; some burning more fiercely than others. The hideous thing within her made her feel quite sick.

She wished she could die. Not for the first time.

"Stand up!"

Susan stood. She could not understand how she had the strength to stand. It would have been quite normal to have been insensible with shock and fatigue after all she had gone through. It both puzzled and frightened her. How had she acquired such powers of resistance?

"Legs astride!"

Susan straddled. God, how humiliating it was! There was nothing he could not make her do. Nothing too disgusting, nothing too obscene, nothing too monstrous!

The belt which held the dildo was unbuckled at the front, then pulled down. The dildo came out with a faint plopping sound. It was a relief but the degradation of being so handled was like a knife in an open wound.

"Now I have another little game for you to play," Kaspar

said. "I think Your Ladyship might enjoy this one rather more."

Susan's head reeled and she actually cried out in disbelief. How long could he go on tormenting her one way and another? The inhumanity of it was beyond belief ... yet Kaspar behaved as if everything he ordained was perfectly natural. Nothing more than real children's games.

"Is something the matter?" Kaspar was grinning.

"N-no ... no ... Master," whispered Susan hoarsely. The answer was as absurd as the question.

Back once more to the cabinet went Kaspar, while Susan watched him with growing horror. What devilry would be produced this time? Panic began to well up in her and, for a brief moment, she thought of trying to escape from that dread room ... a room which, outwardly, looked so ordinary, yet was as evil as any medieval dungeon. The futility of making such an attempt - plus the certain consequences - kept Susan rooted to the spot. She began to tremble violently.

Smiling, as if he were doing a favour, Kaspar returned with what looked like the top section of a rocking horse. There was a head, there were handles, there was a saddle. But no legs. The thing was sliced through so that it had a flat base. Kaspar set it down on a low, solid-looking trestle table.

"There!" he said.

Susan was both puzzled and apprehensive. She went on trembling uncontrollably. Kaspar was regarding her with a smirk.

"It's back to the riding scene, Your Ladyship. One of your favourite pastimes, as we all know. But now you'll have no crop to drive your mount on with. In fact, he will stay stationery. It is you who will move."

From an oblong box, Kaspar produced a massive, pink-fleshed dildo. Susan gasped, and her hands covered her face. Unconcerned, Kaspar screwed the end of the dildo into the saddle ... where it thrust up formidably at a slight angle.

"There!" he said again. Then he picked up his switch.

"Mount, Your Ladyship!"

Susan was now retching with sobs again, face still covered, head bowed. the switch whistled down and bit yet again into her tenderised flesh.

"Yyaaaiiiiiieeeee ... aaaaiiiiiieeeee ... ah-aaagh ... aaaaahhhh!" shrieked Susan, squirming down on the floor,

head thrown back, mouth gaping in her torment.

"Didn't you hear me?" rasped Kaspar. "I told you to mount!"

Weeping, Susan got to her feet and tottered to the vile thing which had been set upon the table. With every moment that passed, she seemed to be slipping deeper into a foul pit of degradation. And there was no way of stopping her descent.

"Up with you!"

The switch just tapped. That was sufficient to make her shriek and swing one leg over the saddle. Moaning, she gripped the handles, standing with legs slightly bent, straddled wide over the device on the table.

"Into the saddle, Your Ladyship," smiled Kaspar. Again the switch just tapped the quivering bottom-flesh.

Groaning now ... gasping breathlessly ... and finally crying out, Susan impaled herself on the huge dildo.

"Down ... right down ..." Kaspar was still tapping with his switch. "Your backside may be tender, but it will rest on that saddle."

With a final in-suck of breath, Susan took in the final inch or so remaining. She groaned and shuddered. Never, never, had she felt anything so big within herself before. The thing was obscenely ... unnaturally ... large. Oh the horror of it! The awful disgusting horror!

Kaspar seated himself in his armchair, which he had pulled closer to the 'horse'.

"Off you go, Your Ladyship ... and enjoy your ride. And may I just remind you that if there's any flagging it is you who will get a switch across your hide!"

Continuing to groan, Susan strove to summon her will. She knew what she was going to have to do. She knew she was going to have to degrade herself to the utmost for the amusement of this beast in human form. She was going to have to 'ride' that disgusting object until she achieved an orgasm, which could not have been less wanted.

Oh, the vileness of it!

Oh how could she make herself do anything so revolting?

How? Oh how?

Susan, of course, knew how. Smirking, Kaspar lounged back in his chair, flexing that long switch in his fingers. It would, she knew, give him the very greatest pleasure to use it.

Gripping the handles, white knuckled, teeth clenched, eyes screwed shut, Susan raised herself up ... and then slowly sank down again, gasping out as she did so.

It was the first move in a 'gallop' to nowhere ... except the very depths of womanly humiliation.

Sipping yet another brandy (he had thought now to add soda) Kaspar watched Susan's rather slow initial progress. He wasn't in any hurry ... but if he wanted her to speed up, he could always make her do so. It would be more amusing to watch her speed up herself. Because she couldn't help doing so! Yes ... nature would take over in due time. In a long mirror, well placed, he had a rear view of his victim's 'ride'. He could see the juddering, striped buttocks, the widened thighs, the big dildo sliding remorselessly in and out as she rose and fell. Most entertaining.

Equally so was the look on Susan's features. Nausea and revulsion ... twisting mouth, flaring nostrils, eyes _ when open - wild with a mad mingling of emotions. A little lower, two lovely breasts bounced rhythmically, the bells still clamped to the nipples, jangling unceasingly. Most entertaining.

Kaspar sensed that the pace had increased a little. She will be becoming more accustomed to the size of the thing. It will be hurting less, feel less frightening. She will be warming ... yes ... especially as she'd had that other dildo stuck up her for quite some time.

He lit a cigarette.

"How's it going, Your Ladyship? Just trotting at the moment, aren't we? But I expect we'll soon be at a gallop."

Susan said nothing. Little gasping groans were emerging from between parted lips. Her hate almost balanced her terror. On and on she went ... up and down she slid.

"Perhaps you'd like a touch of the switch to bring you to a gallop?" said Kaspar, puffing contentedly.

"N-no ... aaaaahhhh ... n-no ..." gasped Susan. And at once her joggling bottom began to move up and down at a faster pace. The little gasping-groans grew louder; lips parted further.

"That's more like it!" grinned Kaspar. "There's nothing like a good gallop is there, Your Ladyship?"

"Hhhaaaahhh ... hhhhaaaahhh... hhhhaaaahhh ... hhhhaaaahhh ..." panted Susan, her mouth now opening wider still. She



'Perhaps you'd like a touch of the switch
to bring you to a gallop?'

realised the thing within her was beginning to take control of her. She hated it. She hated herself. But that made no difference. It was gradually conquering her. Her panting grew louder.

"HHHAAAHHH ... HHHAAAHHH ... HHHAAAHHH ... HHHAAAHHH ..."

Kaspar, in the mirror, watched that superb bottom now bouncing hard down on to the saddle and springing up again. It was a clenching, quivering jelly of mingled pain and mounting lust. A jelly becoming ever more uncontrolled. A marvellous sight! He saw, too, that the dildo was now glistening wetly.

"Ride, my beauty, ride!" he urged. "Ohh ... what a wonderful sport it is, eh? Ride then ... ride for all you're worth!"

Susan began to do just that. She simply could not help herself. Her hindquarters rose and fell ever faster, her mouth gaped ever wider.

"AAH ... HHHHAAA ... AAAAHH ... HHAA ... AAAAHH ... EEEE ... AAAAHH ... EEEE ... HHHHHHAAAA ..."

"That's it ... come on ... let yourself really go, my beauty!"

"HHHOOOORRRRR ... HHHHAAAARRRR ... HHHHAAAARRRR ... HHHOOOORRRRR ... HHHHHOOOR ..." Susan was definitely out of control. Her bottom was not only rising and falling at a frantic rate, it was also squirming around and around as it did so.

Then, suddenly, her head went right back as she cried out in a mixture of agony and ecstasy. It was a long, long cry, during which her hindquarters moved to a final frenzy. jerking and jerking ... juddering ... juddering.

She was lost ...

Completely overcome by the power of the massive dildo ... Her degradation was forgotten ...

Lust ... wild lust ... gripped her whole being ...

"A-A-A-A-A-AHH ... H-H-H-A-A-A-HHHHHHAAAA ..."

Gloating ... glorifying ... Kaspar watched his possession spend, spend and spend herself uninhibitedly. His lips were wet and parted; his eyes bright. It was a supreme moment for him ...

Seeing the proud, inviolate, touch-me-not Lady Susan Melbury behave just as any lusty serving wench would!

Marvellous!

Absolutely marvellous!

Susan slumped forward, weak and drained.

"Haaaa ... a-a-ahh ... hhhhaaa ... oooo ... ooooo ... hhhhaaa ..."

It was over ...

Over ...

She had abandoned herself to a bestial object.

Utterly abandoned herself. behaved like an animal. While he had watched. Leering. Loving it. How could she have done it? Oh how could she? Bitter shame and abysmal humiliation swept over Susan.

She began to sob like an abandoned child.

Kaspar became aware that he was virtually in full erection ... and that a most warm and succulent cunt awaited him. Rising from his chair, he pulled Susan off the 'horse'. She was unresisting. Whimpering. Weak as a kitten after her orgasmic ride.

Almost contemptuously it seemed, Kaspar thrust her down on to the floor ... came behind her, gripping her flanks, pulling her up. His features were salaciously heavy ... eyes bulging, mouth agape. The lust within him was uncontainable.

Grunting, he rammed into the succulence which awaited.

Oh ... oohhh ... how wonderful it felt. So hot, so juicy, so melting ... all his ... all his!

Snorting piggishly, panting and dribbling, Kaspar began to ram in and out feverishly. He rutted like an animal. There was no finesse, no waiting. It was lunge ... lunge ... lunge ... all the time.

It couldn't last ...

Kaspar didn't even want it to last ...

It was too good to last ...

This was the pure unalloyed joy of conquest and possession.

He pounded away to an incredibly frenzied climax, as he realised that Lady Susan Melbury was being brought to a second orgasm.

Those final moments were ones to be treasured for all time!

CHAPTER FIVE

The following morning, along with the rest of the slave-girls in 'Bella Vista', Susan presented herself in Miriam Vogel's study. The fact that she had been through a hideous ordeal was of no account. The daily routine went on ... girls being assigned to domestic or sexual duties.

Having had twelve hours of continuous healing treatment, Susan's physical condition was surprisingly good. Whilst under sedation, ointment had been repeatedly applied while the miraculous recuperative rays beat down constantly. There was now only the palest pink thin tracery over her buttocks and thigh tops. It was incredible. Susan herself could not believe she could be so swiftly restored. Yet it was a fact.

Sick at heart, despairing, she prostrated herself in the required fashion before Miriam's desk. She was beginning to learn the true meaning of slavery. Toil, torment, degradation, day in, day out. No let up.

The giant Hamoon, who led in the girls, surveyed with satisfaction the dozen sets of naked buttocks which curved before him. Some larger and more curvaceous than others; all exceedingly pleasing to the eye. Already earlier that morning he had enjoyed the feel of one of those bottoms bouncing against his belly and flanks. That of Leila, a pretty 24 year old German girl - who was always available to him, as were the Irish girl, Nesta, and one of the French girls, Monique. The rest he could only enjoy on the direct orders of 'The Boss'. The Turk's eyes strayed to the superb bottom at one end of the line, that of Susan. He was looking forward to the moment when 'Her Ladyship' was given to him. I'll give her a fucking to remember, he told himself ... and doubtless 'The Boss' would be there to enjoy the entertainment. Once he'd had plenty himself, he liked to give his possession away from time to time.

"Up," intoned Miriam.

Though normally garbed in black, she was this morning wearing a figure-hugging red leather dress and boots to match. The dress was slit to the top of a thigh at one side,

to ensure ease of movement. Hard-featured, stony-eyes, she presented a terrifying picture as ever to her charges. For her word was law; the punishments she handed out unchecked. Kaspar Montolive gave her cart blanch in matters of training, and in the smooth running of his establishment.

Now, twelve lovely women knelt erect, buttocks on heels, hands on head. Twelve pairs of breasts rose and fell. Some faster than others, Susan's in particular. Terror was like a lump of ice in her belly, for she was under the impression that Miriam was about to announce her punishment for assaulting Kaspar ... and carry it out there and then. In silence, Miriam surveyed the line for quite some time, noting how Susan shuddered and avoided her eyes.

Then, she looked down at her duty sheet on the desk.

"Kate, Camilla and Susan, on domestic duties," she announced, "as well as the usual three of course." (These were Nesta, Monique and Leila) "The rest of you will wait the pleasure of your Master." Miriam paused. "Anything to report, Hamoon?"

At once the line tensed.

"Just Maisie, Miss," replied the Turk. "I caught her eating a chocolate she must have stolen while cleaning in the Master's quarters."

"Indeed!" Miriam's eyebrows went up. "Theft, eh? A serious offence."

Her eyes fastened on a girl near the centre of the kneeling line. This was Maisie, a tall magnificently built American Negress of 23. She had coal-black skin which gleamed softly. Kaspar much enjoyed her, as a change from his white girls. Also Mina from Barbados, who was a half-caste.

"Stand, girl!"

Maisie stood, all five feet eleven inches of her. Her features, which were not over Negroid, remained impassive, but her eyes were frightened ... sles set in brilliant white liquid. Hamoon recalled what a marvellous fuck she made, once fully aroused. He'd had her several times in Kaspar's presence, and was forming the opinion that this Maisie was becoming not exactly averse to his powerful attentions.

"Anything to say, girl?"

"No, Miss." Maisie shook her smooth, jet black head of hair. "Ah just forgot; just made a stupid mistake ..." Her low voice had a Southern drawl.

"You did indeed," said Miriam, almost sadly. "I don't like pilfering in this household." She checked through a Record Book beside the folder on her desk.

"Hhhmmmm ... this is a serious matter. You were caught once before. You are obviously a natural thief ... and I intend to cure you of the practice."

Maisie remained silent, but began to bite her full lower lip. She had always been one of the toughest of all the girls, and had become tougher, but that was a mixed blessing, to say the least.

"On that first occasion, I gave you a caning. A dozen strokes. But it doesn't seem to have impressed you."

Another pause, and a longer one. Then Miriam wrote something on the Rota Sheet under the heading 'Punishments Awarded'. She looked up, poker faced.

"This time, Maisie, you will receive twelve strokes of the double-thonged tawse, followed immediately by twelve strokes of the medium rod. I shall tawse you, Hamoon will cane you."

A gasp came from the Negress. The punishment was cruel enough, but the fact that the giant Turk would be wielding the rod made it worse. Susan heard the sentence with cringing heart. A few days ago, she would not have believed what she heard. Such suffering for so little! But now Susan was aware of the true barbarity of the regime at 'Bella Vista'.

"All stand," ordered Miriam. The rest of the girls got off their knees. "Up with you, Maisie ..." It was the so-familiar, so-dread command.

Head bowed, the Negress stepped, long-limbed, to the Punishment Frame along side Miriam's desk. She moved gracefully, with a natural, seductive, hip-swinging movement, which made the black-velvet flesh of her big buttocks quiver deliciously. In silence, she knelt on the step at the front of the contrivance, pressed her thighs to the forward-sloping wooden panel, and then hoisted herself over the rounded leather bolster set at the very top of the frame. Finally, she stretched her arms down the gentler slopes now before her.

Hamoon was ready to buckle her wrists into the waiting leather cuffs, then adjust them so that Maisie's arms were at full stretch. Then he pulled the six inch wide strap across the small of the girl's back (just above the top of her buttocks), and, putting it through a brass buckle, hauled the strap as tight as he could. Gasps came from Maisie. She

was pinioned completely immobile from that strap upwards, but her hindquarters were free to writhe and her limbs to kick.

They were surely going to!

Susan, forcing herself to look, experienced the familiar dread, even though it was another who was about to suffer. And suffer so unjustly. She knew well the horror of that utter, utter helplessness, with one's naked bottom thrust up in a so vulnerable curve, waiting for the agony to come.

Meanwhile, Miriam had slid open the side cupboard and taken the two implements to be used from it. The tawse was two separate thongs, each an inch and a half wide and eighteen inches long, attached to a wooden handle. The well-oiled leather was over a quarter of an inch thick. The cane, which had been taken from a brine-water tank, glistened wetly yellow. Excluding a leather grip, it was three feet long and three eights of an inch in diameter. Hamoon dried the length of the rod, and flexed it with seeming satisfaction. Usually, he reflected, I make this black panther squirm for different reasons ... but whichever way, it was most enjoyable!

"Thieving is one of the failures of your race," pronounced Miriam, now positioned at the rear of the Punishment Frame, tawse swinging. She was rather like a tennis-player preparing to serve. "And I don't like thieves!"

The tawse swung high and all saw Maisie's large nates clench involuntarily as it swung down.

TTHHHWWWWAAACCKKKK!

The sound was loud in that confined room ... so was Maisie's breathless gasp. As, horrified, Susan watched the girl's black bottom bouncing and twisting, she was amazed that Maisie had not actually cried out.

Miriam stepped to the other side of the Frame. Up went the tawse ... and down it came again.

TTHHHWWWWAAACCKKKK!

Another breathless in-sucking gasp from Maisie and more wild bouncing of her bottom. The tawse left double swathes of mauve across the black flesh.

Stepping from side to side to lay on each stroke, Miriam proceeded unhurriedly and methodically. By the sixth stroke, she had reached Maisie's overhang ... and still the girl had uttered no more than those agonised gasps. Susan became ever more amazed. The girl must have the hide of a rhino, she

thought. Perhaps blacks were made that way.. They were fortunate ..."

However, once Miriam began to work back up Maisie's bottom ... so that welt overlaid welt ... yelping howls began to be forced from the Negress, and the writhing of her bottom and the kicking of her thighs became more urgent.

It was blaze upon blaze ...

Agonising pain ...

And the fact that Maisie had not got the hide of a rhino, was made very evident!

Susan wanted to cover her face with her hands, to shut her eyes, and her ears; but she dare not. Everyone had to watch - or else. One who needed no compulsion was Hamoon, who found the convulsing flesh of Maisie's big bottom a most gratifying spectacle.

TTHHHWWWWAAACCCCKKKK!

The twelfth stroke fell ... and Miriam was back at the top of Maisie's buttocks again. It had been a most competent performance (only to be expected from such an expert!) during which Miriam had assured that most of both cheeks had welts overlaying welts, and, to say the least, would be in a highly sensitive state to receive the rod.

"Do you think you're likely to steal again, my girl?" demanded Miriam.

Maisie was sobbing and groaning.

"No ... ooh ... no ... no ... Miss ..." she managed to answer.

"You'll think it even less likely after Hamoon has finished with you!"

"Ooooooh ... oooohhhh ... n-no ... more no ... m-more ..."

How well Susan knew how Maisie felt in those awful moments. In awful agony, yet knowing that that agony was going to get even greater. Oh the unbelievable cruelty of it all! Surely there could not ever have been more sadistic monsters than these on this earth!

Susan, need it be said, would have been wrong in that assumption, however.

Miriam nodded to Hamoon, who stepped forward. He wore nothing but his brief white pouch, and all could see his rippling muscles ... on his legs, on his back, on his arms. He was tall, broad, slim-hipped ... and to say that he was well-hung could scarcely convey the size of his sexual or-

gan. It was both long and thickly girthed. Kaspar Montolive had done a lot of interviewing and inspecting before he made his choice of 'Chief of Staff'! After all, he wanted his girls to be happy, did he not?

"No ... no ... aaaaaahhhh ... NO ... OOOO!" wailed Maisie as Hamoon's cane tapped her twisting bottom - despite the fact that she knew it was useless to plead.

Hamoon decided (and the decision was his to make), that he would place the stroke diagonally across those curving, black moons of flesh. Three from the left, then three from the right ... to be repeated. Yes, that was how it would be.

He'd have this sassy Negress squirming her arse off!

Hamoon laid on three strokes in quick succession, quite close together, so that they ran from the top of Maisie's right buttock cheek down to the bottom of her left. For him, the reaction was satisfying. Maisie did indeed 'squirm her arse off' ... and the gasping shrieks which erupted from her were ear-splitting. Such strokes, so strongly laid on, would have been agonising on unmarked flesh, let alone flesh which already burned and blazed!

Across to the other side.

Three more diagonal strokes.

Merciless strokes. Biting deep into soft black flesh. Raising bright, purple weals.

Oh, how poor Maisie writhed and kicked, screaming uninhibitedly!

Her flesh is no tougher than mine, thought Susan - or very little anyway. She was just braver to begin with. But how could any human being withstand such monstrous treatment?

Three more diagonal strokes ... from one side.

Then three more from the other.

The sounds became inhuman; the convulsion of frantic-writhing flesh indescribable.

Purple over black ...

Swathes of purple ... ridges of purple ...

Ravaging the velvet black sheen which once had been ...

A velvet sheen which now quaked and quivered in awful torment ...

Maisie, 23 years old, black and beautiful, had been punished for stealing a chocolate. She would not, it may be said, steal again!

When Maisie had been removed for treatment, those for Domes-

tic Service, including Susan, donned apron and cap, and teetering high heels.

Susan was still tense with apprehension. Why had Miss Vogel said nothing? Perhaps she was not yet aware of what had happened. That seemed the only explanation, and it was not a very comforting one.

It remained with Susan throughout the morning, as, mainly on hands and knees, she swept and polished what seemed like acres of parquet floor. Demeaning, back-breaking work. Fit for a slave, she thought with searing bitterness.

For that was what she was now. No doubt about it.

No shadow of doubt at all.

But how could that be? She was really Lady Melbury. Lady Susan Melbury ...

SSSMMAAACCKKKK!

A violent slap sent Susan sliding on belly and breasts across the polished floor. She saw it was Hamoon who had given it to her, as she twisted round. He was grinning. Susan recalled how she had reacted when Musad had similarly slapped her ... and the terrible consequences. So, though fury burned through her for a few dangerous moments, Susan merely turned and knelt before the Turk. The act of submission; the posture for awaiting orders. So humiliating. She could not help noticing the fulsomely bulging pouch he wore. What a revolting big brute he was!

"You are to report to Miss Miriam, Susie," said Hamoon. "Right away!"

Susan felt her heart begin to pound; a freezing sensation went through her abdomen. Now it was going to happen. Oh, dear God, help me! She prayed for the floor to open and swallow her up. It didn't. Despairingly, Susan looked this way and that, as if seeking some way out.

Hamoon strode forward and, seizing her by the hair, hauled Susan up, swung her round, then, projecting one thigh, thrust her over it.

SSSMMAAACCKKKK! SSSMMAAACCKKKK!

"I said, right away. Didn't you hear me, girl?"

"A-ahh ... oowww ... y-yes ... Sir ... yes ..."

SSSMMAAACCKKKK! SSSMMAAACCKKKK!

"Then do as you are told!"

"Oooowww ... oowww!" yelped Susan.

Hamoon's big palm felt as if it were made of wood.

By Allah, said the Turk to himself, it's going to be good

to fuck this one. What a figure she had! He laid on a couple more hard smacks before releasing Susan ... who fell to the floor, claspng her burning nates. But she didn't remain there long. She didn't want any more ... so forced herself up as quickly as possible and preceded Hamoon from the room, hands still pressing her bottom.

"Hands away," came the order. Hamoon wished to enjoy the sight of that magnificent bottom bouncing and swaying as 'Her Ladyship' moved. It did so quite delightfully.

They came to Miriam Vogel's door. Susan was already near to tears, terror and panic surging through her. In she went, and prostrated herself in the prescribed manner.

"Up!" grated Miriam's voice.

Legs feeling rubbery, Susan stood ... to see the gaunt, blonde South African woman coming round her desk. Susan found her hair gripped again, and her head forced back. Miriam's face was within inches of hers. The eyes were diamond-hard, the mouth twisting venomously.

"You are more arrogant ... or more stupid ... than even I believed!" she spat.

Susan just cringed, whimpering.

"I shouldn't have thought," continued Miriam. "that after the birching I gave you, you would have thought twice before assaulting anybody again. Especially your Master." Miriam shook Susan's head. "But not you, you aristocratic cow! Not you! You still think you're something special, I suppose ..."

"N-nooo ... no ... ooo ... Miss ..." whined Susan.

"... reserving your favours for those you fancy ..."

"No ... p-please ... nooo ... Miss ... I ... I am a slave ..." No pride now. Susan was a jelly of dread.

"You're going to be taught a lesson, you over-weaning bitch! Before we've finished with you, you'll be the lowest, meanest slave imaginable. And the most submissive!

Susan's hair was released, and she fell to her knees.

"M-mercy ... mercy ..." she choked out. "I d-didn't m-mean it ... I didn't ... I didn't ..."

"Take her to her Master please, Hamoon. He has decided to deal with the matter personally. Rather a pity. I should have liked to have done it myself."

"Very good, Miss."

"She can go on all fours ... on a collar and lead. Perhaps that will make her feel a little less high and

mighty."

"Very good, Miss."

Hamoon fetched a brass-studded dog collar from the sliding cupboard, and fastened it around Susan's throat. Tears were trickling down her cheeks. A six-foot lead was clipped on.

"Up!" said the Turk.

Moaning, Susan got off her knees into an all fours position. The lead tugged and she moved off. Nothing could be less dignified. Kaspar knew it; Susan felt it. Endured the bitter humiliation of it. Padding along like an animal, breasts swinging beneath her, bottom high and rolling above her. Her tears fell unchecked. And her terror mounted as they approached Kaspar's apartments.

In they went.

"The slave, Susie," announced Hamoon.

Susan saw Kaspar's feet, and prostrated herself. Oh God, what was to happen to her now? Were there worse inhumanities to torment her with?

"Thank you, Hamoon. Kneel up, girl."

Susan knelt erect, and placed her hands on her head. The figure of Kaspar in his brightly coloured caftan swam before her.

"For God's sake have mercy!" she cried out with sudden and unexpected strength.

"Silence, slave!" bellowed Hamoon.

"Remove her collar and lead, please, Hamoon."

The Turk did so ...noting that Susan was shivering uncontrollably, as if with a fever. It was understandable. The Boss had some nasty ways with pretty women. He wondered if he would be required.

"You may go, Hamoon."

Hamoon bowed and turned, feeling a faint sense of disappointment. He would have enjoyed staying.

Kaspar sat silent, stern-faced, contemplating his victim. Once again a surge of power-delight went through him. He could do what he liked with her! And already he had decided what he would like to do. Lady Susan was in for an exceedingly unpleasant experience; one, however, which should cure her once and for all of that tendency to lose control and attack those in whose power she was.

He stood up. He saw dark eyes ... pleading and panic-stricken ... brimming with tears. A wide mouth was out of control. A beautiful body quivered and shook incessantly.

there could be no doubt of the terror he was inspiring.

"Follow me," he ordered. "Crawl, my beauty!"

He made his way into an adjoining ante-room, where, amongst other things, 'Casanova' was kept. This device can best, and most briefly, be described as a fucking machine. A woman could be pinioned upon it and dildos, driven by an electric motor, positioned so that they slid automatically in and out of either of her apertures. Or both. The pace at which the dildo, or dildos, entered and withdrew was regulated by a kind of tuning knob on a metal control box. On occasions, Kaspar kept a woman on this device for as long as an hour ... at the end of which time they would be as weak as a kitten, and half-insensible from multiple orgasms. He rather enjoyed fucking them when they were in this helpless state. It made a change.

On this occasion, however, Susan was not to be subjected to this treatment. She was going to have to endure something far more unpleasant! For 'Casanova' was adaptable. Metal dildos could be substituted for the hard rubber ones ...and through these, electric charges could be passed. A different box regulated the strength of these charges.

"You are now going to be punished for assaulting me, slave," said Kaspar, looking down at the naked figure on all fours in front of him.

Susan said nothing; she went on moaning and sobbing. She was expecting to be flogged again, but far more severely than ever before. But was that possible? Surely she was not capable of enduring worse than she had already received.

Then Susan cried out with shock, as she found herself being lifted up, both painfully and degradingly ... for Kaspar held her by her hair with his left hand while his right was thrust through the back of her thighs.

"Ups-a-daisy!" He spoke almost jovially.

Too surprised to struggle, Susan found her belly resting on a leathern squab. Then a broad strap was quickly buckled across, pinioning her firmly down at the waist.

Now a wide, leather-covered panel descended from the ceiling. It touched the small of Susan's back and remained there. On the front of this panel were three sets of straps and buckles. one was for Susan's neck, the other two were for her wrists.

"W-what ... a-are you ... d-doing?" she wailed plaintively, eyes widening with horror, as Kaspar pulled her head

up and back, and fastened the middle strap.

"Putting you on Casanova," replied Kaspar in a matter-of-fact way.

"C-Casanova?"

"That's right," nodded Kaspar. "Usually he fucks my slaves as I dictate, but today he is programmed to make you suffer for your misdeeds, my girl."

"P-please ... pleee ... eeease ... no ... ooo ..."

Susan did not know what was going to happen, but sensed it was something both terrible and evil. In turn her arms were spread across the front of the panel and her wrists fastened. thus she was held in a crucifix position, torso curving, head erect, breasts thrusting prominently.

"Well, that's one end all ready," smiled Kaspar. He squeezed the two fulsome globes of flesh before him. "Did I ever tell you what excellent tits you have, Lady Melbury? Ah yes, I expect I did."

Gibbering sounds came from Susan. Oh God, what was this monster going to do to her?

Now Kaspar went to the other end of the device, and, having forced Susan into a kneeling position, he pulled her thighs wide and fastened them to the sides. She was held rigid; fully and blatantly exposed. Utterly available.

Susan knew it. She was weeping and moaning.

From the ceiling above, Kaspar now lowered a contrivance which, at first glance, looked rather like something one sees in a dentist chair. At the end of a series of adjustable rods, gleamed two metal dildos; the lower one rather larger than the upper one. From them ran wires which controlled the current which would run through the. Outwardly calm, but seething sadistically within, Kaspar manoeuvred the dildos until one was fractionally away from Susan's anus, and the other almost touching her sex-lips.

Back to the other end went Kaspar, bearing two metal clips, also with wires attached. Susan screamed as a metal clip bit into each of her nipples.

"Yyyyyyaaaaiiiiiieeeee ... oohhh ... w-what are ... you d-doing?"

"Punishing you, slave," said Kaspar harshly.

"No ... NO ... OOO ... STOOO ... OOOPPPPPP ... YOU C-CAN'T DO ... THIS!"

"I can do anything I like," smiled Kaspar. Oh what a state this beauty was in already! And he hadn't even started!

"Those clips hurt a bit at first," he said complacently, "but you'll soon get used to them ..."

"N-NO ... OOO ... STOO ... OOPP THIS ... OOOHHH ... STOO OOPPP!"

"I am now going to put a third clip on an even more sensitive part of your anatomy," Kaspar announced blandly. His eyes were hard and cruel. The eyes of countless torturers through the ages.

Back he went to Susan's parted thigh, and the third clip went on her clitoris.

The wretched woman's screams intensified. And suddenly she knew. She knew what was going to happen. She had read about it. They did it to women in the dungeons of South America. She was going to get shock treatment!

"NO ... OOO ... YOU CAN'T ... YOU CAN'T!"

Feeling a cruel lust mount within himself, Kaspar turned one of the knobs and sent a quarter strength charge through Susan's nipples.

CHAPTER SIX

There was a sharp intake of breath from Susan, and her breasts bounced and swung from side to side. Stark terror filled her eyes, rather than pain ... caused as much as anything else by her utter helpless vulnerability. This inhuman beast had her powerless!

"Just tickling you," Kaspar smiled coldly. Then he gave a tweak on the knob which activated a charge through the clip attached to Susan's clitoris. She shrieked uninhibitedly.

"Ahh yes ... we are sensitive there, aren't we?" nodded Kaspar. He continued to tweak on the clitoris clip every five seconds or so ... and steadily increased the charge through Susan's nipples, up to 30%.

"Ss-stoo ... ooopppppp ... oohhh ... s-s-tooo ... ooooppp!" pleaded Susan between her sharp shrieks of torment. "I ... I c-can't b-bear it!"

Kaspar's mouth twisted in a sideways grin.

"I haven't started on you yet, my beauty," he said. "This is just an introduction to a new kind of pain."

He turned the clitoris clip to 50% strength and held it there for five seconds. Susan's mouth gaped wide and a terrible howling sound came from it. Her dark eyes were wild, rolling from side to side.

Then the clitoris clip was turned down to a steady 20%, and the breast clips given repeated one-second bursts of around 75%. The howls became banshee-like; the frenzy of juddering breast-flesh was incredible to behold! After about a minute of this, Kaspar reverted to the clitoris clip ... and lowered the current strength through the nipples.

Oh what fun it was!

Just like playing some musical instrument!

A human musical instrument!

For over a minute it was the so-sensitive clitoris which got those fierce one-second bursts ... and Susan was driven to the verge of screaming dementia.

She had not the strength or voice to plead any more. She just shrieked and shrieked ... those shrieks becoming ever

more hoarse and cracked. Her eyes kept rolling right back in their sockets. Sweat had burst out all over her flesh like rain-drops on a window pane.

Her mind and being were filled with pain and more pain. And yet more pain. Intolerable pain which continued and continued. Just as she was falling into insensitivity, Kaspar switched off the current. He was experienced. He knew the limits.

Eyes closed, Susan was making mewling sounds. Her mouth was slack; she was slavering. Almost solicitously, it seemed, Kaspar mopped her brow, cheeks, shoulders and breasts with a cloth. Then he gave her a double stimulant injection in one wrist. That should hold her for the rest of the session, he said to himself.

Kaspar left the ante-chamber and, seated in an armchair, smoked a cigarette, whilst his pulse slowed a little. It would be best to let the stimulant become fully effective before starting on the main part of his little exercise. One which Susan was not likely to forget in a hurry! Also, he must not get himself too over-excited too soon. The heady wine of such intimate, personal power must not be taken at too fast a rate. Happy intoxication was one thing, drunkenness another.

When he returned to the ante-chamber, he saw that Susan's eyes were wide. two, wet-gleaming, terror-filled orbs. And her mouth twitched incessantly.

"Do you think you will assault me again?" he enquired coldly.

Susan seemed incapable of speech. She just shook her head dumbly. She could not understand why she had not fainted under the awful shock-torment. Nor could she understand why her mind was so alive ... and every nerve in her body alertly sensitive. When one came to the limits, surely Nature took over, and one was allowed the benefit of oblivion!

But no ... but no ...

"Now we will proceed to the second stage," said Kaspar.

Susan regarded him uncomprehendingly. Blankly. Surely there could be no more? It was not possible. It was not possible for her to stand any more. She would die.

Ah yes ... she would die.

That would be better.

But first there had to come the ordeal. Her very soul

shrank from it.

"No more," she said in a hoarse whisper. A hopeless whisper. "It is not necessary!"

Kaspar smiled faintly.

"That, Your Ladyship, is your opinion. That does not count any more. And I think otherwise."

"No ... please ..." It was not a shriek or a shout; just a quiet but desperate plea. A plea of one 'in extremis'. The plea of a quite broken woman.

Kaspar was unmoved.

He seated himself, and moved two levers on his little box.

"These will feel rather cold and painful, I'm afraid," he said, almost sorrowfully.

Slowly but surely the two metal dildos moved into Susan ... and an ululating, ever-louder cry rose up and echoed from wall to wall, the sound issuing from a red letter-box of agony.

"There," said Kaspar calmly. "Not nice, I know. But necessary."

"Ner ... nar ... nar ... no ... no ... ner ... nnnnggghhh ... no ... no ... oooo ... nnnnggghhh ... nnnnnhgggghhh ..." Susan's dark eyes were bulging from their sockets. Why could she not faint? It was unendurable! Absolutely!

The hard metal dildos were themselves an unspeakable horror. They filled and stretched her obscenely ... painfully. They were not to be tolerated. Not for a single moment longer!

Yet they remained ...

Cold and implacable.

The, once again, Kaspar began to play upon his human 'Musical Instrument'. An instrument which began to emit sounds which, if not exactly musical, certainly caught the ear!

First, in order to make Susan realise fully what she was in for, he gave her a five-second shock at 50% through the dildo in her cunt. Then, having cut that back to zero, he gave her the same through the dildo inserted in her anus.

A ten-second interval ...

Then the pattern was repeated.

Another ten-second interval ...

Then the pattern was repeated again.

Except that Kaspar put up the strength to 75%.



'These will feel rather cold and painful, I'm afraid'

The sounds which came from Susan were inhuman. She jerked uncontrollably in her bonds. Her features became contorted, she could well have been another person. Or even an animal.

After that, Kaspar turned everything to zero for a while. And when the awful sounds had subsided to groans, he spoke.

"Rather painful, eh, my slave? And don't forget, if you ever lay a finger on me again, I can always do this again. Understood, slave?"

Susan could make no answer. Her mouth opened and shut like that of a fish. Her eyes rolled.

"Understood?" repeated Kaspar, and gave her a strong tweak on the clitoris clip.

A shriek from Susan ... and a violent nodding of the head.

"Understood?" said Kaspar again ... and gave an even stronger tweak.

"YYYYAAAAGHH ... AAAGHH ... Y-YER ... EESSS ... M-MASTER ..." howled Susan. At least, it sounded approximately like that.

"Don't imagine I've finished with you yet," said Kaspar. "Not by a long chalk, you arrogant bitch. How dare you attack your Lord and Master?" He activated Susan's breasts with a series of short, sharp shocks at virtually full power. The consequences were awesome. One could scarcely credit that flesh could be so frenziedly convulsed.

Another pause. How long would she last, wondered Kaspar ... even though she has been injected. It was never possible to be sure. Best, perhaps, to start to play his final 'symphony'. It was one which would continue until his wretched victim was at last insensible.

Skilfully, Kaspar began to manipulate the little levers and knobs before him. Shocks went either individually or simultaneously through all four attachments ... and all at varying strengths and for differing lengths of time.

It went on and on and on ... with demonic sounds filling the small room, until Susan's voice finally cracked and only hissing-croaking sounds emerged.

She's going, thought Kaspar, after no more than a minute of this multiple and truly shocking torment. And he brought his 'symphony' to a grand crescendo by turning everything on to full.

Susan collapsed insensible within no more than five seconds.

Ten minutes later, Hamoon was carrying a seemingly lifeless body from the ante-room. He knew well what the Boss had been up to. It's a wonder he doesn't kill them he reflected. Perhaps, one day, one of them will pass out. One with a weaker heart. Not that Montolive would care. There were, with his organisation, always replacements available.

As instructed, Hamoon put Lady Susan Melbury under sedation. She would remain in that state for forty-eight hours before returning to normal duties. And return in an even more submissive condition than prior to her terrible ordeal.

Mina, the lovely lissom young half-caste from Barbados, was in the gilt cage that hung in one corner of Kaspar's apartment. She'd had to listen to the terrible sounds which emerged from the ante-room. Even though partially muffled, even though she covered her ears, they chilled her to the marrow.

She knew what Susan was going through ... for she had once gone through it herself. She'd had a fiery temperament too. One which now was now subdued. Who would want to endure such inhuman torment again? Anything was better than that. Anything!

Kaspar, cheeks flushed, came back into the room. Mina watched as he drank an enormous brandy and lit a cigarette. Perhaps, she thought, with a faint glimmer of hope, he'll soon kill himself with his excesses. Even so, would she gain her liberty? Probably not. The glimmer of hope faded. Mina, coiled naked on the gilt bars, waited patiently. Her Master may or may not want to amuse himself with her. She was used to such degradation. Now she dumbly accepted the horror of her present life; just as she had accepted the joys of her previous one. In time, even such a hideous existence could become somehow normal.

She watched as Susan was carried out by Hamoon. Kaspar did not even glance up. His eyes were closed. A slave had served her purpose. Satisfied his sadistic lusts. That was all.

Time ticked away. Kaspar was dozing. I have only about another hour of this 'cage duty', Mina estimated. Perhaps I shall go unmolested ... unsuffering ... on this occasion. Her nerves tautened a little some while later when she saw that Kaspar had awoken and was reaching for the house-phone.

"Miss Vogel ..."

"Yes, Sir?" The sharp voice of his chief assistant could be heard faintly.

"Have a bottle of champagne sent up to me."

"At once, Sir."

"Also ..." A pause. "Ninette."

Mina experienced a bitter pang, that this beast in human form could order a woman as easily as a bottle of champagne.

"Have Hamoon come up too. He can bring Ninette."

"Very good, Sir."

The phone receiver went down and Kaspar re-seated himself. He looked complacent and smugly content. As well he might. Few men indeed had the opportunity to wield such intimate, personal power as he. Power on a grand scale ... yes. But not his kind of power.

A couple of minutes later there came a knock on the door.

"Enter!"

One of the permanent domestics came in. It was the flax-haired German girl, Leila. She was big-built, 24 years old, with ample breasts and buttocks. He'd had some fun with her for a while, but had soon tired of her. That was why she was a permanent domestic ... and, as such, was always available to Hamoon or Musad. Hamoon, a big man himself, had taken quite a fancy to this Junoesque woman, and fucked her with considerable regularity. He had formed the idea that the German girl now secretly enjoyed it.

Leila advanced and curtsied. She wore the customary outfit for a domestic ... white cap and brief apron, suspender belt and black stockings, very high-heeled shoes. Kaspar did not even look at her, and Leila put the ice-bucket and tray she carried on a table alongside her Master.

"Pour ..." ordered Kaspar.

Plop! Leila poured. Carefully. It was not advisable to slop champagne on the Master's table. She'd been caned for that before now. The bottle crunched back into its bucket. Leila waited submissively.

"Out," said Kaspar, picking up his glass. Another curtsey from Leila, and she turned to the door. Kaspar's eyes rested momentarily on a big, swaying wobbling bottom. It carried a number of red blotches, obviously where the girl had been slapped. She had a very slappable bottom, he thought ... then dismissed her from his mind ...

A glass of champagne had gone down when Hamoon arrived, leading Ninette on a silver collar and chain. The girl



'Have a bottle of champagne sent up to me.
And also ... Ninette.'

prostrated herself before Kaspar. Like Leila, she was 24 years old, but her figure was far superior. She was exceedingly well proportioned, but slimmer and more lissom, moving with an attractive, almost prancing, gait which gave her a most pronounced and sexy undulation to her hindquarters. She had russet hair, dark green eyes, a full mouth, and typically high Gallic cheekbones. Definitely one of the best looking girls Kaspar owned, and certainly one of his favourites.

"Up ..."

Mina knelt erect, hands on top of her head. Her features were remarkably well composed. She was an experienced slave who had learnt that it was best not only to submit but to cooperate. She had also learnt, unfortunately, that this did not mean one necessarily escaped punishment. One merely got less of it.

"Take off her collar, Hamoon."

The Turk did so. His desire for this French beauty was intense but, so far, the Boss had not given her to him. Understandable. If he owned such a piece, he'd keep her all for himself!

"Have you anything to say, Ninette?"

"That ... that I am honoured to have been brought into your presence, Master." A controlled voice, with an engaging trace of accent. "And I shall be even more honoured to be of service to you."

Kaspar nodded perfunctorily. Fascinating to think, not all that long ago, this lovely creature had been chief assistant in a Paris fashion house, and the mistress of a rising French politician. She had been on her way to the top. Instead, she had arrived at the bottom!

Kaspar looked up at Hamoon.

"I bet you'd like to fuck this one, eh?"

"Yes, SIR!" There was emphasis and eagerness in Hamoon's answer.

A nerve in Ninette's right cheek twitched, and she bit her lower lip. This was a moment she had been dreading for some time. The Turk was such a massive brute. She knew that well enough, since she'd had to suck him on several occasions, in front of Kaspar.

Kaspar sipped his champagne. He was considering whether it would be more enjoyable too have Ninette himself or watch Hamoon having her. Ninette knelt very still, very straight,

while the decision was made. But she felt sick inside.

"You, Hamoon," said Kaspar at last, "can amuse yourself with Mina. Go and get her out of the cage." He smiled at Ninette. "While you, my pretty, can suck me. And you will do it very, very well."

"Yes, Master ... I ... I shall be honoured ..." said the girl. And relieved, thought Kaspar. He felt his loins stirring. This girl not only had a marvellous mouth but, like so many French women, knew exactly how to use it to the full.

Meanwhile, Hamoon was carrying Mina across the room by her hair. She was kicking and squeaking like a puppet-doll. So much for her hopes of being spared! She looked scarcely half the size of the giant Turk, who had already removed his brief pouch. His outsize organ swung to and fro, dangling thickly.

"Lick it, little one," grinned Hamoon, depositing the girl on her knees in full view of Kaspar. "Lick it till it's lovely and big. Then I'm going to ram it up your tight little Barbadian cunt!"

Mina began to lick ... and lick avidly. There was no question of protest or delay. She was long past that stage.

Ninette had now come between Kaspar's thighs, and, having lifted his caftan, had taken his half-flaccid organ in her left hand. The knob ... and just the knob ... she put between her warm-wet lips, and began to kiss and suck and tongue with exquisite gently subtlety. She did it like a genuine lover would, thought Kaspar ... though the fact of the matter was far different! Oh God, she was good! Worth having her for her mouth alone!

Kaspar began to thicken and stiffen quickly, noting that Hamoon was doing the same. But on a larger scale.

Five minutes later Ninette was taking a good proportion of Kaspar's hard length into an avidly sucking mouth. Her nostrils were flared and her eyes wide with the effort. From time to time she let the prick slip out, and would run her mouth and tongue along each side of it ... while it jerked and quivered like an independent living thing. Kaspar could hardly wait for it to be slipped back into the sucking cavern ... but his lustful pleasure was heightened all the same.

Oh God, this girl was good! The best!

On the floor, Mina had not stopped squealing for several minutes. At first it had been with pain, as Hamoon lunged

from the rear with fierce brutality. The girl was pushed to the front of an armchair by the force, where she remained, head back, crying out as she was so thoroughly ravaged.

Through half-closed eyes, Kaspar watched, in order to intensify his own lust. He saw the Turk's massive organ gliding in and out, ramrod-like. Irresistible. All conquering. Yes ... how that little dusky one's bottom was starting to wriggle more with pleasure than pain. Nature would not be denied when Hamoon was in the driving seat!

"You ... haaahh ... coming ... little one?" panted Hamoon.

"HUUUUUUHHH ... hhhooooorrrrr ... yes ... yes ... I'm ... c-coming ... oooo ... ooooo ... I'M COMING!"

Mina small-moulded hindquarters went into a back-and-forth jerking frenzy as she climaxed.

"Good girlie ..." grinned Hamoon, glancing at Kaspar, "now I'm going to make you come again."

Kaspar grinned back and nodded as the Turk continued to fuck with unabated vigour. That man not only has the size, he reflected, but stamina too. More than I have. Not that I'm that bad.

It was just that Ninette was so good ...

Oh so good!

He was trying to hold out. Trying ... trying ...

But it was no use. He abandoned himself to stark lust.

"S-suck ... aaaahh ... suck... you beauty ... suck as you've never s-sucked b-before!"

Ninette, needless to say, was already doing that. Groaning, heaving, Kaspar rolled to and fro on the chair as the divine spasm arrived and erupted.

And went on erupting ...

And erupting ...

Spurting the white lava of his lust into Ninette's mouth and down her throat. He was aware, dimly, that she continued to suck him until he was drained dry.

It was no more than her duty to do so, of course.

Kaspar lay back, mouth open, trembling slightly with exhaustion.

Slaked ... slaked ...

Quite slaked ...

Too slaked even to open his eyes to watch Mina achieving her second orgasm, while Hamoon finally unleashed himself.

But he listened ...

CHAPTER SEVEN

Following her frightful ordeal at Kaspar Montolive's hands, Lady Susan Melbury was a changed woman. Of course, prior to that ordeal, she had been changed utterly from the proud and arrogant English aristocrat she once had been. A woman quite happy to insult a 'wog' like Kaspar in her own household.

But now she was changed even further ...

She knew there was nothing she would not do - or attempt to do - at the snap of her Master's fingers. Yes ... now she even thought of him as her master. Nor would she hesitate to obey the orders of Miriam Vogel and her young assistant, Rose ... nor those of Hamoon or Musad.

In her mind, she had come to accept that she was a slave, and thus must serve those in whose power she was ... and please them to the best of her ability. She must try not to feel resentment - and certainly not to show it - however degrading an order she might receive. She must subdue all pride and act with humility. She must show proper respect for her 'betters'.

All that Susan now knew.

When she had first come to 'Bella Vista', Susan had been both puzzled and amazed by the degree of subservience shown by her wretched companions ... and what they did without protest or query.

Now she understood.

For now she knew what could be done to her ... and any one of them.

"Up ..."

Along with eleven other naked slave-girls, Susan knelt erect, coming from the position on obeisance (head to head, hindquarters high) before Miss Vogel's desk. Another day had begun. It was the day after Susan had awoken from forty-eight hours of sedation.

She felt that familiar tense anxiety whenever she was in the presence of this hard-faced South African woman. She accepted it as part of her way of life. The life of a slave.

Cold blue eyes studied the line and lingered longest upon Susan. She felt herself shiver inside.

"Those on domestic duties are ..." Miriam read out a list which included Susan. "The rest of you, of course, will await your Master's pleasure."

Silence. The silence of acceptance. Resigned acceptance.

"Anything to report, Miss Rose?" It was the pretty young half-caste who had conducted in the girls that morning.

"Caught Leila taking an unscheduled rest, Miss Miriam."

"Did you indeed." Now the cold blue eyes swivelled to the big, plump German girl. "Anything to say, Leila?"

"I ... I didn't feel well, Miss. Kind of dizzy."

"So you say!"

"It's true, Miss!"

"Don't bandy words with me, girl!" The voice was sharp. Miriam Vogel considered. Leila was normally a good hard worker who gave her little trouble.

"I'll give you the benefit of the doubt," she said at last. Leila gave a faint sigh of relief. "Just six of the cane." Leila bit her lower lip. For a moment she had thought she had got off scot free. Still, six wasn't too bad.

"Up with you."

Leila walked to the whipping frame permanently set by the side of Miriam Vogel's desk ... knelt on its lower step, pressed her thighs to its sloping front, bent over its top leather bolster and stretched her arms and hands down its forward slope. Rose fastened Leila's wrists, and then the broad waist band, which secured any occupant of the frame relentlessly down whilst allowing a considerable degree of movement in the hindquarters. It was a degree of movement usually taken advantage of! Leila's ample bottom, curving high and helpless, somehow looked even larger now that she was thus positioned. Miriam surveyed it appreciatively as she fingered the supple, highly polished yellow rod she had selected ... a medium one. Mmmm ... yes ... a bottom made for thrashing and one which was capable of absorbing plenty.

"I hope you realise, Leila," said Miriam, tapping the girl's bottom lightly with the tip of the cane, "that if I hadn't given you the benefit of the doubt you would be getting at least a dozen. I will not tolerate slackness in this establishment."

"Yes, Miss," Leila was heard to say meekly. Her big

buttocks clenched apprehensively under the tap of the flexible willow.

Susan watched in dumb despair. Once she had watched with indignant disbelief. No longer.

Miriam stepped into position. The cane arced up and blurred down.

SSWWEEEE ... SSWWIIICCKKKK!

For a fraction of a second the hard willow buried itself into soft flesh before springing back and up to leave a twin-tracked, deep red weal encircling both buttocks, and a little around the right flank. For another fraction of a second, there was whiteness between those tracks, which then filled and turned to a bright pink.

Leila's flaxen head jerked up, and she ejected a series of high-pitched gasps as she absorbed the fiery pain. But she did not actually cry out. Leila was a pretty hardened campaigner.

A couple of strides took Miriam to the other side of the frame.

SSSWEEEE ... SSWWIIICCKKKK!

Again across the fullness of the bottom, but fractionally lower, and now the tip biting into Leila's left flank. Another long, twin-tracking weal over Leila's wildly juddering bottom; another series of breathless gasps. Susan wanted to close her eyes, to shut her ears. She dare do neither.

Two more strides back.

SSSWEEEE ... SSWWIIICCKKKK!

"A-ah ... a-ahh ... a-a-ahh!" gasped Leila, big bottom squirming, powerful thighs thumping against the front slope of the frame. Each stroke was like a red-hot wire laid over the flesh, then pressed in deep. Miss Miriam always caned ferociously. Every girl knew it. Never could they expect a particle of mercy.

Thank God there were only three more to go, thought Leila. Somehow, that knowledge gave her strength to endure the subsequent vicious cuts with the same kind of stoicism which she had displayed since the outset. Though her hindquarters squirmed and bounced ever more convulsively, she did no more than eject those high-pitched gasps of pain.

Eleven pairs of eyes looked on ... seeing the twin-tracked weals ... little red ridges and a pink valley between. Leila winced as she stood erect. It was over. Once again it was over. The desire to press her hands to the

burning-throbbing torment was almost irresistible. But she resisted it. It was forbidden ... and she had no wish to be caned again. Which she assuredly would have been, had she made that simple gesture of attempted relief. Her eyes were moist as she resumed her kneeling posture before Miriam Vogel's desk.

The fact that she had been genuinely dizzy, and that her punishment had been quite unjustified, she forced from her mind. She was too experienced to allow herself to dwell on that.

Miss Vogel did not replace the cane, but now leant against the edge of her desk, flexing it.

"Most of you will have heard," she said, in sombre tones, "that the newest slave here - Susan - had the temerity to assault her Master." Miriam paused. And this, mark you," she continued, "after I had soundly birched her for a similar offence against Musad." Another pause.

Susan was trembling, mouth a-quiver.

"She was appropriately, and personally, punished by her Master."

Another pause.

"I do not think we shall have any more assaults from Susan."

Yet another pause.

"Lady she might once have been, but now, I am sure, she realises she is truly a slave, and, as such, will submit herself both mentally and physically. Is that not so, Susan?"

Susan took a moment or two to find her voice. Her throat was dry.

"Y-yess Miss ..." she whispered.

"Louder!"

"Yes, Miss!" Susan forced herself ... but it was still a croak.

"What are you?"

"A ... a slave, Miss ..."

"And as such?"

"Honoured to serve my Master," answered Susan.

"Correct." Miriam favoured her with a brief, brittle smile, but the eyes remained cold. It was good to get true submission from this English bitch. Her Ladyship indeed! Oh what a fall was there!

"You will all understand, of course, that although Susan has been punished for her offence, this second assault re-

flects on me. On me! On my methods! I was mightily displeased when I heard about it. Accordingly, I shall be exacting a little personal retribution. This week, every morning on arrival here, I am going to give Susan six strokes of this cane." The cane swished. Something between a gasp and a sob came from Susan. "Those strokes," went on Miriam, "will naturally be in addition to any other punishment she may earn herself."

Now Susan was sobbing openly, lovely breasts rising and falling rapidly. Was there to be no end to her agonies? Had not enough been done to her already? It seemed not. Even when one made oneself submit in mind and body, one still suffered!

"Mmmffff ... mmmffff ... mmmffff ..." The sounds were loud in the room.

"Up with you!"

Hideously aware what delay could mean, Susan forced herself erect, and stumbled blindly to the frame. She knelt, almost slumped, and draped herself over as Leila had done ... and Rose went quickly to work.

"O-oh ... h-have p-pity ... oohhh ... p-pity me ... h-haven't ... I ... I ... s-suffered e-enough?"

Miriam didn't even bother to reply to this absurd question! She looked with satisfaction upon Susan's hindquarters, which were smaller than Leila's but superbly proportioned and curvaceous. The only one who could match her as far as perfection of figure was possibly the French girl Ninette, and then it was a close run thing.

"You know why I am caning you, Susan?" Tap ... tap tap went the cane.

Susan's brain was in a turmoil, but she knew she had to answer.

"Be ... because ... m-my ... my ... what I did ... reflected ... on ... y-you ... Miss ..." she chocked out. Oh the horror of being so helpless, knowing what was to come!

"Correct!" said Miriam. "And, as we go through the week ... and Your Ladyship's bottom gets more and more tender ... I think I shall exact the retribution due to me." Miriam was going to deny Susan any healing treatment for the seven days.

"U-ugh ... mmmffff ... u-u-uggggghhh ..." groaned Susan.

Teeth bared, Miriam measured her victim. Oh what a joy it was to cane this woman! To make her squirm. To make her shriek. Infinitely satisfying!

The rod rose high, and with all the force she could muster, Miriam lashed it down.

The pain exploded in Susan's brain. Pain not to be tolerated! High-pitched her screams echoed round the room as she squirmed frenziedly. She had nowhere near developed the toughness of Leila.

Teeth still bared, Miriam stepped to the other side of the frame. This arrogant bitch did not like the cut of the cane ... not one little bit. Good! Because she was going to get plenty. Plenty!

Sssswweeee ... SSSWWWWIIIIICCCCKKKKKK!

Oh how that shapely bottom squirmed! Oh how those long limbs kicked! Mercy, indeed! Susan might as well have asked for the moon.

Sssswweeee ... SSSWWWWIIIIICCCCKKKKKK!

Skilfully ... venomously ... Miriam laid the third stroke clean across Susan's overhang; just where her buttocks joined her thighs. And produced even more agonised cries and uncontrolled writhing.

"STOOO ... OOOPPP ... OHHH ... S-STOOO ... OOOPPP!" The pleas were piteous. Delightful to hear ... and ignore.

Sssswweeee ... SSSWWWWIIIIICCCCKKKKKK!

Stroke number four fell across the fullness of Susan's madly bouncing-jouncing bottom ...

Liquid fire, searing deep. Not to be endured. It must stop ... it must! Why could she not faint? Why could she not die? It must stop ... it must!"

Sssswweeee ... SSSWWWWIIIIICCCCKKKKKK!

Back to the overhang ...

Mind-bending agony, as weal overlaid weal. Susan's throat rattled hoarsely with her terrible shrieks. She must die ... she must!"

Face still a mask, but blue eyes glinting with sadistic joy, Miriam laid on the final stroke ... just as hard as she had laid on the first. Her pleasure at thrashing this English woman knew no bounds. And there were no bounds to the amount of thrashing she could do!

Sssswweeee ... SSSWWWWIIIIICCCCKKKKKK!

The final stroke whiplashed across the tops of Susan's buttocks ... burying itself ... flying back ... leaving yet another cruel, twin-tracked weal. There would be many more over that tormented flesh before the week was out. Miriam was determined to break her newest charge. Utterly

and completely,. Once and for all. The shock treatment may have brought Susan to an awareness of true submission. The thrashing would complete the process.

When the shrieks had subsided, Susan just sobbed and moaned. She was like a child in distress; defeated and helpless. She had to be assisted off the frame, and forced back into a kneeling posture.

"After this week, Susan," said Miriam, "you will never defy me again. Never ... never ..."

"Uuuggghh ... u-u-uuuggghh ... u-u-u-ugggghhh ..." came the groans. Susan knew she would certainly not. Never ... never ...

"Stand up!"

Somehow Susan managed it. She was half-blinded with tears. The pain of her newly-raised weals was excruciating. Every move intensified the pain. If God had truly contrived a Hell, she must be in it!

"Open your mouth."

Susan opened it. And the next moment found something wooden pushed into it. Through her tears she saw some brown bristles dancing before her eyes. Straps went over her cheeks and were fastened behind her neck. She almost panicked. What new horror was this?

"As I told you, Susan, you are on domestic duties this morning. You will be on domestic duties every morning this week. Those duties will, I am sure, convince you finally that you are no longer remotely a Lady, but, in fact, the lowest of the low among slaves." Miriam paused and smiled coldly. "Fastened in your mouth, my girl, is a lavatory brush. In this establishment there are twelve lavatories ... or maybe even more. I cannot quite recall. There are also two men's urinals. All these you will clean spotless. And I mean spotless, girl ... or you will pay dearly for it. Rose will give you a nice sudsy bucket, and another with plain water. Your face, with a brush sticking out of it, will do the rest!"

Already half choking on the wooden handle, Susan felt even more sick. How disgusting! How degrading! A task vile enough if one used one's hands. But this way ... this way ... Oh God ... oh dear God! The tears continued unchecked. Sobs snorted from Susan's nostrils. Her breasts continued to heave.

"You can set her to work right away, Rose. I'll deal with

the rest of the."

"Very good, Miss." Rose was grinning happily. How amusing to see this white 'Lady' with a lavatory brush stuck in her mouth. She was sure she had her cumppance, this one. Great! It was good to see.

"Follow me, slave," she ordered crisply.

Still snorting and choking, Susan stumbled after the light-footed young half-caste.

Susan's head was down the lavatory pan. It was the third she had visited that morning. And it was a disgustingly dirty one. Her hands gripped the cold edges of the china pan, as her head bobbed up and down. the suds kept getting into her mouth and eyes; all over her face. She retched repeatedly. Several times she had been almost literally sick. Yet she dare not give up. Nor even pause. She knew Miriam Vogel's cane awaited her if she did ... and the throbbing pain of the weals already across her flesh was a most potent stimulus to avoiding that cruel instrument.

The sudsing finished, Susan plunged her face into a bucket of plain water, cleaning the lavatory brush. Then back to the pan. Cleaning off the soap. Removing the last specks of filth. It had to be done. It had to be ...

Was it clean enough?

She must be sure she had left not a spot behind.

Desperately, Susan plunged back into the bucked and sluiced around the pan yet again.

Yes ... she must make sure.

SSSMMAAACCKKKK!

A stinging hard slap landed across her curving bottom as Susan was still kneeling, bobbing her head up and down. She jerked up as much with shock as pain, her water-streaming features a pitiful sight.

"That's what I like to see," roared a laughing male voice, "devotion to duty!" It was Musad, doing a little supervising. "Mmmmm ... that looks not too bad ..."

Susan's head slumped back into the lavatory pan. She was moaning horribly. Can this be me? Can it? Can it be the same woman who was once Lady Susan Melbury? Can it?

Me ... with a lavatory brush in my mouth ... my head in a lavatory pan ... my bare bottom being slapped by a black!

Can it be me?

Yes ... oohhh ... yes ... it can!

Indeed it is!

"Follow me, Your Ladyship," came Musad's sneering voice. "Your next stop will be the men's urinals. I'm sure you'll enjoy that even more!

On hands and knees, Susan followed. Miss Rose had given her strict instructions she was not to stand until her duties were completed.

CHAPTER EIGHT

During that dreadful week - without doubt the worst she had endured at 'Bella Vista' - Susan received from Miss Vogel, not only the forty-two strokes of the cane already decreed, but twenty-four more. Two lots of six extra. One lot of twelve extra. Making sixty-six in all. Since she had been forbidden all healing treatment, the state of her hindquarters as the seventh day approached can, perhaps, be imagined. So, probably, can its tenderised sensitivity!

However, before that, on the fourth day of her ordeal, Kaspar Montolive sent for her. By that time, Susan had received thirty-six strokes. Kaspar had heard what was going on, and it seemed to amuse him. He thoroughly approved.

Lavatory brush still in mouth, Susan entered the apartment which filled her with such horror. What memories! She prostrated herself ... and waited.

"Mmm ... that backside looks a little tender, my girl," drawled a voice at last. Susan burned both inwardly and outwardly. It was this monster who was the cause of all her inhuman sufferings!

"I hear Miss Vogel's taking it out on you. I can't say I blame her. She's not used to being thwarted."

Susan remained prostrate. Hating ... hating ... and quivering with dread deep inside. This beast in human form had done unimaginable things to her already. There was no reason why he couldn't do more.

"You may go and clean my lavatory, slave," said Kaspar. There was a triumphant gloating in his smooth voice.

Bitter and broken, Susan crawled wretchedly into the bathroom, where a lavender-blue lavatory pan awaited her. She went assiduously to work. She was more or less used to this hideous, revolting and humiliating task by now. This one, at least, seemed clean already.

Susan's nerves flared as she heard a footstep on the tiles.

"I've never fucked a lavatory brush before," said Kaspar,

with a light laugh. "Don't let me interrupt your work."

Horror-stricken, Susan felt her flanks seized. The next moment a hard bone of male flesh slid into her. There it remained for a few moments before beginning to glide in and out. Oh God, what vileness! Were there no limits to her humiliation? It seemed not!

"I said ... don't let me interrupt your work," came Kaspar's lustful voice.

Susan's head began to bob up and down again.

Kaspar continued to fuck her steadily, grunting his enjoyment.

It lasted four or five minutes. Then, when it was over, he withdrew abruptly.

"Now get out!" he ordered.

Dirtied and degraded, Susan crawled from the apartment in abysmal despair.

When that terrible week was at last over, Miriam Vogel ordered intensive healing treatment, and twenty-four hours sedation. During the seventh and final caning (one of twelve strokes) Susan had fainted three times. She was right at the end of her tether. No physical or mental reserves left. Which was scarcely surprising!

After four days, Susan had recovered. Physically, if not mentally. She was certainly unmarked. It was an unwanted miracle of healing which meant that she could now again be punished at will.

Miriam Vogel sent for her. Alone. She was taken by Miss Rose, not to the study, but to Miriam Vogel's private apartment. There, filled with quaking terror, she knelt submissively, while Miriam strolled around studying her.

"Your bottom looks better than when I last saw it, girl," said Miriam at last. Susan said nothing. What was there to say? "Don't forget," went on Miriam, "I can always cane you like that again if I deem it necessary. If you disobey me .. or defy me. Understood?"

"Y-yes ... M-miss ..." quavered Susan. Her fear of this woman was absolute. Miriam came nearer, and now Susan noted that she was not wearing her customary leather, but a simple, short-length wrap-around, and a pair of red high-heeled shoes.

"Good," murmured Miriam, "I'm glad you understand, girl." Susan found her hair gripped and her head pushed back. Blinking, she looked up into that expressionless face. "Because



'I said ... don't let me interrupt your work...'

I am now going to give you some orders you may not exactly like."

Susan shuddered.

"Yes .. M-miss ..." she heard herself whisper.

The wrap-around was unfastened, and dropped. Miriam stood nude. She had an excellent figure for her forty years. tall and slim with long legs. Susan gasped, recoiling.

"You may or may not be aware of it, little Susie," said Miriam, "but I am a lesbian. All my slaves, as a final display of their full submission, have to please me. Those who I take a fancy to, have to please me frequently. You could be one of those."

Susan's dark eyes were dilated, her jaw dropped. She could not believe what she was seeing or hearing. Here was evil. Evil perversion. An act quite alien to her nature.

"I ... I ... aah ... c-can't ... I can't ..." she croaked weakly, feeling revulsion well up inside her. Kaspar was bad enough, but this ... this ... was unspeakable!

A hand ripped her hair again. Cold blue eyes glared down.

"Can't ... can't, little Susie?" Miriam's voice held no anger. It was soft, with a hint of surprise.

"No n-no ... ooo ... I can't ... I'm not like that ..." gasped Susan.

Miriam smiled with her mouth.

"Few of my slaves are 'like that', as you put it," she said, "but that makes no difference. They please me just the same."

"P-please ... please ... n-not me ..." whimpered Susan.

"You especially," replied Miriam

"I'd rather die!"

"I expect so. But no way.. You, slave, will do as I order."

"For God's sake ..."

"Unless," continued Miriam, her voice now steely, "you wish your backside to return to the state it was in a few days ago! Unless you want another week like the one I've just given you! Or unless you would like your Master to play a few more electrical games with you!"

A terrible wailing cry burst from Susan. She knew, in that awful moment, that she was going to have to do the unthinkable. To perform an act ... acts ... totally abhorrent to her. She felt sick to the depths of her being, while those awful eyes continued to pierce her. She knew

that Miriam Vogel was not simply threatening. That she would do exactly as she said if she did not get her vile way.

And that, to Susan, was even more unthinkable.

Her body, mind and soul had suffered enough. There were limits to what one could withstand. She must submit. Broken yet again, she must submit. Just as she had been forced by terror of more torment to give herself to Kaspar, now she must give herself to this perverted she-devil.

"Well, slave ..." Miriam emphasised the word, as she released Susan's hair.

A dark head slumped. A series of deep, rasping sobs was heard. Sobs of bottomless despair.

"I will t-try, M-miss ..." Susan moaned.

"You will try very hard, slave," said Miriam, eyes glinting lustfully, "or you'll know all about it!" This is really going to be something, she said to herself. And English Lady bringing me to the boil! She slid down onto a broad bed covered with a pale orange quilt.

"Don't pretend you don't know about lesbians," said Miriam, "and don't pretend you don't know what a woman likes tongue-wise. I'm sure you've had plenty of male tongues up your cunt before now ... and thoroughly enjoyed them!" She sprawled on the bed, long thighs parted and readied. "Come along, slave, get to work!"

Heart pounding, sick to her stomach, Susan crawled to the bed. Could she do it? Could she make herself do it? The consequences of not doing so were too awful to contemplate. She had to do it. She must. Somehow she must! Eyes closed, Susan insinuated herself between the thighs, over the slippery quilt.

She smelt feminine scent. Femininity. She almost recoiled.

Then her hair was seized, and her mouth pressed firmly to wet-warm sex lips.. She felt a bush of hair under her nose. Her stomach turned.. She fought down nausea. She must do it. She must!

"Get your tongue in, bitch!" came the rasping voice. Susan did so. At first, tentatively. Feeling the liquidity. Tasting the saltiness. Hating it.

"Right in!"

She had to do it! Susan thrust deeper. Heard sighs as she probed and probed. It was horrible. Unnatural.

"Now work on my clit, slave ... come on, you know what I



'Now work on my clit, slave ...
Come on, you know what I want'

want."

Susan quickly found the little protuberance. Well, it was not all that little. She felt it under her tongue. Heard more sighs. Thighs clamped to her cheeks. She was trapped in liquid femininity and scant.

"Suck it, bitch," came the order.

Susan sucked. And tongued and sucked and tongued and sucked. Trying to shut her mind off from what she was doing. Failing to do so. Conscious of Miriam squirming and shuddering. At least she was doing what was required of her. Pleasing this evil creature.

"Now ... now get your tongue in deep ... real deep ..."

Susan's nose was pressed hard to the bush. She thrust her tongue as far as she could. Kept on thrusting it. Feeling Miriam squirm more and more. Then hearing her little gagging-cries mount higher and higher. Until they reached a squealing peak as orgasm was achieved.

Susan stopped. She still felt nauseated.

Oh how beastly it was! To be made to do such things!

But at least I have done it, she thought. Done the impossible. Done my duty ...

Susan was not aware, at that moment, that her duty was not yet done. At intervals of ten minutes, she was to bring Miriam twice more to orgasm, each one being stronger than the one which preceded it. In the end, Miriam lay back, sighing happily.

"Not bad for a beginner, but you'll get better. A lot better."

Despair flooded Susan. If this pervert 'took a fancy' to her, she was indeed in for a hideous time!

After a while, Miriam slipped off the bed. Susan remained, waiting orders. One came.

"On your back ..." Susan turned and looked up to see Miriam strapping a massive pink dildo about her loins. "I know how much you like being fucked, Susie ... so I'm giving you a treat." Susan shrivelled inside. "Open wide, girlie, and get that aristocratic cunt up!" Susan obeyed. "Mmmm ... that looks nice ..." Miriam came on to the bed and positioned herself. "Every time I ram this into you, Susan," she said, "it makes a thing tickle my clit. Really gets me going, it does."

Tense and silent, Susan was quivering with loathing. But she dare not resist or protest in the slightest. She was

this woman's plaything. She groaned as the big dildo went slowly but surely into her. To the hilt. Stretching her. Filling her.

"Feels good, eh?" There was a sneer as well as lust in Miriam's voice.

What could she say? What dare she say?

"Y-yes ... M-miss ..." came a choking voice.

Miriam smiled and crushed herself down on Susan's full breasts.

"Mmmm ... nothing like a good, big prick, eh Susie? You'll absolutely love Hamoon when, one day, your Master gives you to him."

The dildo began to work in and out. Susan tried to ignore its insistent thrusting, determined not to give Miriam the added pleasure of rousing her. The latter, already roused, was panting.

"Ohh ... hhaahh ... I love ... hhaahh ... fucking ... a ... hhaaahh ... a ... young ... woman ... oohhh ... hhaahh ... hhaahh ... oh I really wish ... I ... hhaaahh ... w-was a m-man ..."

The dildo rammed in and out faster and faster. Belly smacked to belly, breasts slapped to breasts. Susan felt herself weakening under the relentless driving. She was getting wetter and warmer. Hating herself, but not able to do a thing about it.

"C-come on, girlie," gasped Miriam. "I ... hhaahh ... am ... am going to ... make you s-spend ... hhhooorrr ... yes ... yes ... I can go on all ... night ... hhhooorrr ... if ... if need be ..."

She could too, thought Susan wearily. What was the use of resisting? Why not get it over with? Even if it was so humiliating? Even if it did give this she-devil extra pleasure?

Relaxing inwardly, she began to move her haunches in counter-action to the thrusting dildo...

Arms spreadeagled, her breasts quivering, her features contorted, now Susan was riding instead of being ridden - once more Kaspar had mounted her upon the diabolical machine he called 'Casanova'

And left her there!

Miriam's obscene lesbian extension of herself had been exchanged for the two impersonal but unstoppable weapons of

the infernal machine which pounded remorselessly in and out of her ... arse and cunt ... in and out ... cunt and arse ... in and out ...

Can this be me, she asked herself?

Lady Susan Melbury?

On a machine ... being ravaged anally and sexually by dildos?

Yes ... yes ... it was!

The sheer regularity of the rhythm began to get to her. It was not like normal intercourse, which was variable in pace. This was relentless. Like doom. In and out ... in and out ... in and out.

"Ohh ... 0-0hh ... stop it ... ohh ... stop ... it," she babbled to herself. Casanova, of course, continued in his immaculate, mechanical way.

"Ooooooh ... I ... I ... w-won't ..." wailed Susan. What she meant, of course, was that she would not submit to these mock penises. They were unnatural. Abhorrent.. Quite disgusting!

"Hhhhaaaahhh ... hhhhaaaahhh ... oh no ... no ... no ... ooo ... hhhhaaaahhh ... hhhhaaaahhh ... no .. ooooo ... aaaaaaaahhhh ... hhhooooorrrrr ... HHHHHHAAAAHHHHH!" came the cries.

Because, for all her resolution, for all her 'nicer' inner feelings, Susan could not prevent herself once again being sexually aroused by the large rubber dildos which kept thrusting again and again at such regular intervals.

It was obscene. Obscene! OBSCENE!

And unstoppable ..

Susan climaxed powerfully. Shuddering, jerking. Mouth gaping, eyes rolling. Gasping out. Wanting it. Yet wanting to die, too. Hating it. Hating herself. In the grip of forces beyond her control.

Casanova continued to penetrate her with split-second precision. In both passages.

"No ... no ... no ...oohhh ... no ..." moaned Susan. She was aware that she was but at the commencement of an utterly degrading ordeal.

Forty minutes later, Kaspar re-entered the annexe. He was half-drunk ... a combination of brandy and power-mania. He grinned lop-sidedly at Susan.

"Having a lovely time, Your Ladyship?"

Susan, sweat profusely gleaming, eyes glazing, was panting harshly. Despite all the resistance she could muster she had been brought to four orgasms, and was steadily mounting to a fifth. She felt as weak as water. As if she had been robbed of a year or more of her life, on account of her excesses. Relentlessly, the dildos continued to drive in and out. Susan's mouth was wide; she was slavering. Disgusting to look upon. But she didn't care. She was lost in a mad orgasmic world. Controlled by two thrusting dildos. Quite controlled.

For ever and ever ...

In and out ... in and out ... in and out ... in and out ...

For ever and ever ...

In and out ... in and out ... in and out ... in and out ...

Kaspar Montolive seated himself in front of Lady Susan Melbury, control panel in hand. He had her where he wanted her. As he wanted her. Revenge was incredibly sweet. Oh my God, this arrogant English aristo had learnt her lesson well and truly! More than that! Oh yes ... more than that ...

"Now let's see you really spend, you randy cow!" said Kaspar. He turned the switch to 'Full' ... and the two dildos began to drive in and out at twice the speed.

Susan squealed hysterically. But, it must be said, joyfully too. Within a few moments she was being brought to her fifth orgasm ... and then ...oh yes ... oh then ... being mounted irresistibly towards her sixth!

Kaspar just sat and sat ... exulting lustfully. He was having a marvellous time. For, though it was always good to conquer any woman, to conquer Lady Susan Melbury was the utmost bliss!

Twenty minutes later ... half-conscious ... drooling ... moaning weakly ... Susan was taken off Casanova. She felt she had been permanently weakened by the incredible series of orgasms she'd had to endure. At the end, it seemed to her, she was made of nothing but water. Her brain had become water, too. She was scarcely capable of thinking. Only the simplest thoughts. She was a baby again. Only needing a bottle.

Instead, she got Kaspar's hard length up her liquid-squelching cunt!

His face a mask of lascivious pleasure, Kaspar fucked fast and furiously. He loved them like this.

When they were utterly, utterly, utterly helpless!

The relentless regime ... the repeated degradation ... continued day after day, week after week. Either Susan found herself on some back-breaking menial chores, sent to perform grovelling attendance upon Kaspar, or to be vilely used by him for his amusement. These 'slave duties' were interspersed with occasional thrashings from Miriam, Musad or Hamoon, for some alleged offence or another. Six strokes were the minimum, twelve more usual, eighteen all too frequent. Twice Miriam gave Susan twenty-four strokes. The fact that the South African woman gained the greatest sexual satisfaction from Susan's body, and her lesbian ministrations, made not the slightest difference to the iron-cruel discipline maintained in 'Bella Vista'. Each and every one of the girls was similarly subject to it.

Kaspar had dreamed up a 'game' to play with Susan. When he told Miriam about it, she laughed heartily and delighted in the instructions she received from him. As a result, one afternoon, Susan presented herself at Kaspar's apartment both puzzled and, as always, terrified.

For Susan was no longer stark naked, as was customary, but dressed as the English Lady she truly was! Twin-set and pearls, stockings, Gucci shoes, the lot! It was quite incredible how strange Susan found it to be, wearing clothes again, and she suddenly realised she must have been kept in a state of nudity for several months. Ever since that awful, infinitely shaming day she had been made to strip herself completely in front of Kaspar Montolive. Oh how long that had taken, and what agonies she had suffered before submitting!

"Come in!"

Susan entered the dreaded room ... to find Kaspar formally dressed. She almost made her customary obeisance, only just checking herself in time. She'd had her instructions from Miriam. Smiling, Kaspar rose and extended a hand.

"Welcome, Lady Melbury," he smiled. "How kind of you to ask me."

Limply, Susan took the hand, well aware that a cruel charade had been devised for her and had now begun. In the

background she saw Hamoon, dressed as a butler. To one side dark-skinned Musad dressed as a flunkey. Young Rose came hurrying in, prettily dressed as a maid, carrying a silver tea tray.

"G-good afternoon ... S ... S ... M ... Mr ... Montolive," whispered Susan.

"Would you care to take tea, Lady Melbury?"

"M-most ... kind ..." It was a typically English afternoon scene; one with which Susan had been most familiar. Now, in these hideous surroundings, it was being re-created for her.

Kaspar pulled back Susan's chair.

"Please be seated, Lady Melbury." He was all charm.

Susan sat nervously. The bitterness of it was like a knife through her midriff. Hate seared through her so intensely, she had to bite her lips to get some kind of hold on herself. Oh God, what were these monsters playing at?

"China or Indian, My Lady?" It was Rose at her side. The same vicious Rose who had so often bound her over the Punishment Frame.

"I-Indian ..." Susan managed to say. Tears began to well up in her eyes. Oh the beasts ... the beasts ... to put her through this! To rouse again such long-forgotten memories ... memories now best forgotten.

Tea was poured, cucumber sandwiches passed. Hamoon, with a lop-sided, lascivious grin on his face, helped with the serving; he knew what was coming. Kaspar made light conversation; Susan did her best to respond without actually bursting into tears. The teacup in her hand trembled, so that she often spilt its contents; sandwiches and cake were dry in her throat. She simply wished some violent explosion would wipe out all the occupants of that room. Herself included. At last the desultory meal petered out. For a while, silence reigned. Susan found herself shaking. Oh what was going to happen now?

Kaspar lit a cigar. "Er - you don't object, Your Ladyship?"

Susan could only shake her head.

Kaspar beckoned Hamoon over.

"Sir?" enquired the giant Turk.

"What do you think of Her Ladyship's tits?"

It was like a slap in the face to Susan. Somehow being clothed made the remark all the more revolting.

Hamoon coughed discreetly.

"Well ... er ... well, Sir, it's not really for me to say, is it? But, I suppose, if you really want my opinion, I would say they are 'not 'arf bad'!"

"I agree," nodded Kaspar. "Perhaps we should take a closer look, eh? You wouldn't mind showing them to us, would you, Lady Melbury?"

Susan shook her head. She knew she had to play out this charade to the bitter end. Tears began to trickle slowly down her cheeks as she unbuttoned her pale blue cardigan and then lifted her pale blue jumper. Her superb orbs, held high by the briefest white open-net brassiere, came thrusting out prominently.

"What do you thin now, Hamoon?" asked Kaspar, smiling faintly. He was having a grand time.

"Excellent, Sir," leered Hamoon. "A couple of beauties, if I may say so."

"I think you may, Hamoon. Would you like to go and show them to your footman, Lady Melbury?"

It wasn't a suggestion, it was an order. Susan stood up and stumbled across the room to where the Algerian stood against one wall. Musad grinned broadly and squeezed Susan's right breast.

"Speaking as just a humble servant," he said, "I think Her Ladyship is to be commended."

"Good figure altogether, in my view," said Kaspar. "Fine quarters, eh?"

"Yes, Sir!" Hamoon and Musad were both in agreement.

"Perhaps we ought to look more closely at those too, eh?" Again they agreed.

"You wouldn't mind, Lady Melbury, would you? I mean, showing us your bottom?"

Susan shook her head once more. Tears flowed faster. Somehow, doing this whilst clothed made it all seem doubly shaming. Oh the cruelty of it! Lowering her jumper, Susan now took hold of the hem off her skirt and pulled it up. This was simple to do, since, on one side, it was slit half way to her thigh. Stockings, a saucy pink and black suspender belt, and tiny white open-net panties were revealed.

"Show your footman first, Lady Melbury," said Kaspar.

Susan turned her back to the still grinning Algerian, and bent forward a little. He gazed at the curvaceous buttocks, so scantily covered. Of course, he had seen them often

enough before, but that made it no less pleasurable. Indeed, the scanty cover added an extra titillation.

"First class, Mr Montolive," he said.

"Perhaps you will now do myself and your butler a favour, Your Ladyship," said Kaspar smoothly. He pointed to the carpet before him. "Kneel here, please."

Features quivering, Susan knelt as he instructed. Her nails clawed into thick pile. Her loathing for these obscene devils was like a raging storm within her. Yet she dare not give way to it; the consequences of doing so did not bear thinking about.

"Yes ... indeed first class," nodded Kaspar. "Agreed, Hamoon?"

"Oh yes ... very much agreed, Sir."

The seconds ticked away; became a half minute or more. Susan could be heard sobbing quietly.

"Perhaps ... perhaps," continued Kaspar at last. "We should have those little knickers down. What do you think, Hamoon?"

"I ... I can see no harm, Sir," replied the Turk lecherously.

"Then ... if Your Ladyship would be so good?"

Susan's fingers went to the flimsy elastic of her briefs. She pushed them down over her buttocks, and fully down her thighs.

"Mmmmmmm ..." sighed Hamoon.

"Quite nice, eh?" said Kaspar. "An aristocratic arse, you might say. Do you know, Lady Melbury, that you are now showing me and your butler your cunt?"

Susan nodded her head, sobbing more loudly.

"Rather naughty, that, eh Hamoon?"

"Very naughty for a Lady to do that, Sir!"

"Naughty enough to deserve a spanking?"

"I should say so, Sir!"

"So would I! Lady Melbury, you will be so kind as to place yourself over my knees. We can't have this kind of behaviour from one of your station. Fancy going on as you have done! Showing us your tits, then your bottom, and now your cunt. Really! No protest at all. Doing it quite willingly, we can only suppose..."

Weeping half-hysterically, Susan now draped herself over Kaspar's thighs. He began to smack each buttock cheek in turn. Hard. Very hard. Occasionally his hand would descend

across the centre of that bouncing bottom. Quickly it changed from pink to red. Kaspar went on with his work, slaps being interspersed with caustic remarks.

"Naughty ... very naughty ... no manners at all ... what are the upper classes coming to? Naughty, naughty, naughty! Have you got no pride at all, Your Ladyship? It's amazing what women like you will do sometimes."

Kaspar went on spanking until his arm was tired and his palm unpleasantly hot ... and Susan's bottom was scarlet all over. The trousers of Hamoon, who was looking down, were bulging ominously. His moment, he knew, was at hand. Kaspar regarded him, face impassive.

"How would you like to fuck your Mistress, Hamoon?"

Another discretionary cough.

"Well, Sir, it ... it's a bit unusual, isn't it? Not quite the done thing and all that. Still, since you ask, Sir ... and since Her Ladyship has been so keen to display her wares, which must show something of her inclinations ... I must say, Sir, I'd like that very much."

Hamoon unzipped and his massive organ came rearing out and up.

"Carry on then, Hamoon," said Kaspar. "Where would you like Her Ladyship?"

"Oh just down there on the floor will do nicely, Sir. I can come in from behind."

"Very well!" Susan was decanted unceremoniously on to the carpet.

"Oh for the love of God!" cried Susan. "No more ... no more ... spare me!"

Then her flanks were seized, and Hamoon came into her forcefully ... and Susan's pleas turned to gasping squeals. Kaspar settled back to enjoy himself as Hamoon swung smoothly into his stride. This was a moment Kaspar had long waited for.

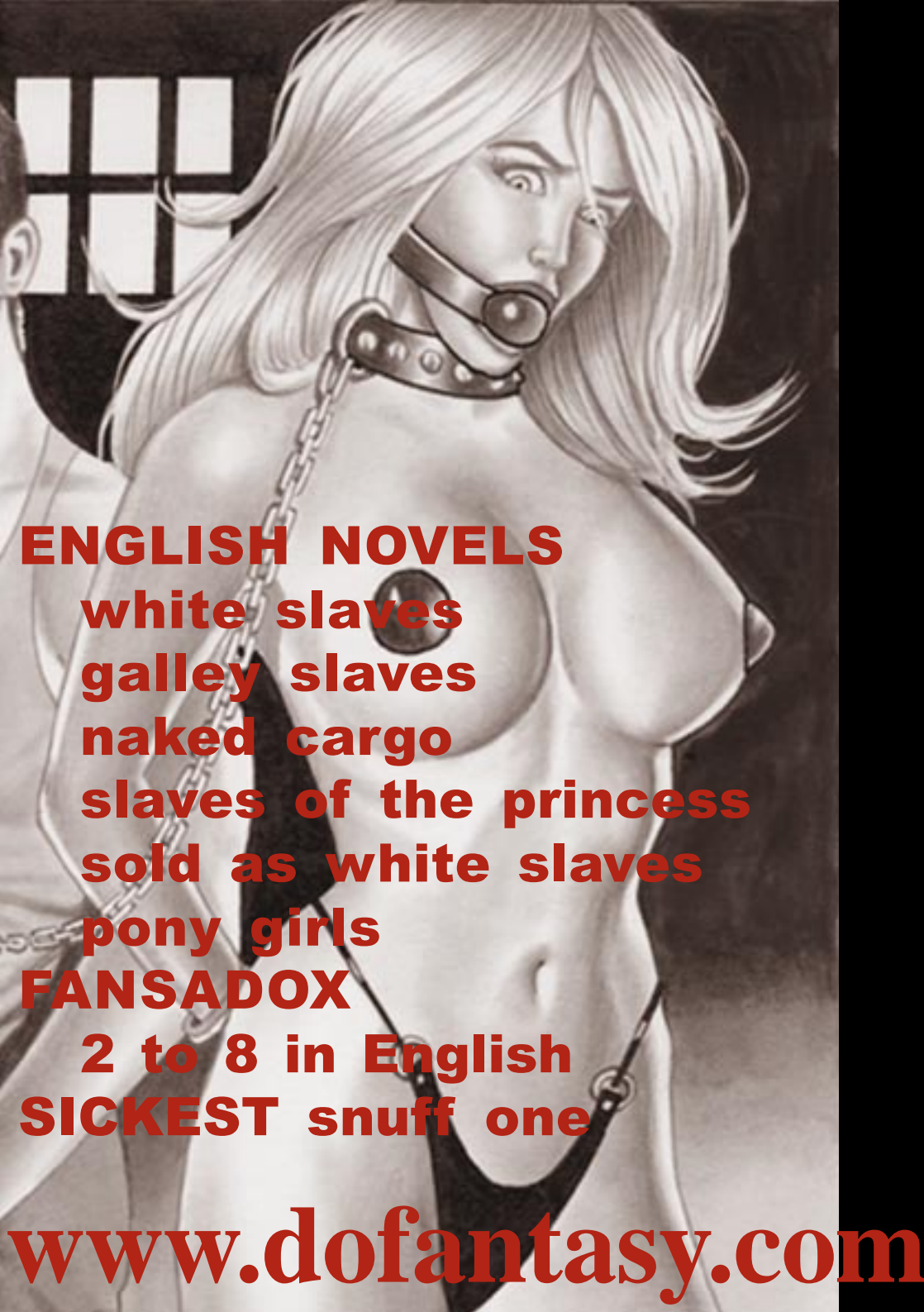
The final humiliation for Lady Susan Melbury.

He turned to the watching Musad.

"Your turn next," he said.

"Thank you, Sir." The Algerian's grin was broad. ...

THE END



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