WHITE SLAVES

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book one

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Published in Spanish as
'Esclavas Blancas'

First published as 'Southern Comfort #1'
Published in electronic format by
www.dofantasy.com
with permission of
Olympia Press International ltd.

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d'O Fantasy ◆ Apartado 107 ◆ 08190 Valldoreix ◆ Spain
Fax +34 93 5890865
www.dofantasy.com ◆ e-mail dofantasy@dofantasy.com

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Chapter One

Edward T. Monson strolled to one of the long windows of his sitting room. It was on the first floor and looked out over the green, undulating lawns of the Chesterfield estate. His estate. He felt very content; very relaxed. Most men of his age (coming up for 43) would have done, of course, if they had just been as deliciously sucked as he had by a pretty 17 year old girl. A girl with a body and abilities far more mature than her years.

That girl was Tess, his personal slave. She had been assigned to that role some two months previously and Edward T. Monson had by no means tired of her. Possibly I shall keep her around for another couple of months at least, he thought, before changing her for something different.

Tess had caught his eye immediately. She was tall and lissom with olive-coloured skin and she was an octoroon. This doubtless accounted for her wide, full-lipped mouth... a mouth simply made for sucking. Although she could not easily be mistaken for a white girl, Tess was, in fact, classified as a Negress. Not that that made much difference. In most of the State - and certainly in Nashville County - it was perfectly legal to own black or white slaves, provided proper formalities were gone through. Those were minimal in the case of a Negress. Whether black or white, slaves had no rights and were treated alike. They were mere chattels, there to be used for work or amusement. They could be mercilessly punished at the whim of Master or Mistress. Even if a slave died under the whip, the owner was not held responsible. The matter was simply reported, recorded... and then forgotten.

It was a system very much to Edward T. Monson's liking. Also that of his wife Gertrude. Not to mention the score of more estate owners in Nashville County who all had large retinues of slaves. The majority of these toiled in the fields but a select number, mainly

girls, were assigned to household duties. As Tess had been. She had begun her servitude at 16 as one of Mrs. Monson's maids but, once spotted by Edward, she quickly found she had new duties. Gertrude had no objection. She had plenty of slaves in any event and she liked to keep her husband happy... being well aware of his predilection for nubile young girls.

Tess had not taken too kindly to this change. She was understandably nervous. Even more understandably frightened. Most understandably of all, she was repelled at the idea of becoming a plaything of a man old enough to be her father. The girl's feelings, however, were of no account. It was for her to obey and submit. Edward T. Monson found it necessary to personally give Tess several sound thrashings... and finally a very severe one.... before he considered the girl adequately malleable to his demands. Even then, she had a lot to learn. But Edward was a patient man and, indeed training such ripe young beauty was a pleasure in itself. Tess's bottom felt plenty of leather and willow during this period! And, on several occasions, that shapely posterior was made to writhe in agony as whip was laid across it.

In course of time, such treatment became no longer really necessary. All the same, Edward T. Monson always kept a leather-soled slipper handy and, on occasions, Tess would go across his knees and get a whacking from it. Simply because he enjoyed giving it to her.

Immediately he got the window, Edward's attention was caught by what had become known in the County as an 'equipage'. This was something which was becoming very fashionable and being taken up by most landowners around. It consisted of a light-weight, big wheeled open carriage, but, instead of a horse or horses between the shafts there were slaves!

An equipage could be pulled by a single 'pony' (that was the name given to any unfortunate slave assigned to this arduous and degrading form of servitude), or by a pair of 'ponies' or sometimes, as now, by three 'ponies'. Edward at once assumed that this particular equipage belonged to a certain Mrs. Emma Arbuthnot for she had been among the first to widen the shafts of

her carriage to accommodate three slaves between them.

"Tess... bring me my opera glasses..."

The pretty young octoroon hurried to a drawer where the glasses were kept. She was virtually naked, wearing only a red satin cincher-corset (very common amongst slave-girls). From the tight-nipping corset ran four thin red suspenders, these holding up a pair of black net stockings which were slipped into a pair of very high-heeled red shoes. Edward always designated what Tess should or should not wear. Sometimes she was kept completely naked; at other times she was fetchingly, and partially, garbed as she was at that moment. It was rare indeed for the girl not to have her breasts, buttocks and cunt invitingly on show.

"Here you are, Master."

Edward took the glasses without even glancing at the girl who stood alongside him awaiting any further order she might get. By now, Tess had learnt to obey instantly whatever Edward T. Monson commanded. Leather and willow had taught her to do that. She did not delay no matter how humiliating or unpleasant the order. It might, for example, be "Show me you arse, girl.", or "Show me your cunt, girl." Tess did so, as enticingly as possible. She was Edward's 'plaything' and she knew it. For him it was rather like having a 'Human Doll' to amuse himself with. To look upon, to fondle at will, to slap, to degrade, to fuck. Edward could do whatever he wanted with this delicious female creature and he knew it. That knowledge was a source of constant satisfaction to him.

Edward focused his glasses and the three figures between the shaft suddenly seemed to be only a few yards away. They were all harnessed and the arms of each were folded behind, high up on the back, held by a single, laced-up leather sleeve. The two female Ponies each wore head-plumes, the male had a band around his forehead. The central Pony was a tall, strong-looking Negro. He was bullock naked and Edward noted, in passing that he was exceptionally well hung. Not that that sort of thing interested him particularly since he was very heterosexually orientated. He noted that the harnessing was of the usual kind... that is to say, from a waist strap another broad strap came down tight over the belly,

splitting in two just above the root of the penis so that two thongs ran underneath, one on each side of the groin, then re-forming into a single strap which was attached to a bar several feet back. This bar, in turn, was fastened to the carriage itself. The Negro also wore bridle and bit, the reins from which ran back and were looped to a brass rail at the front of the carriage. This slave, Edward saw, looked resigned but sullen. He was what might be termed the main driving-force of the equipage but, all the same, there would still be plenty of work for the other two Ponies. These were both female... and white.

Both were similarly accoutred... each having a black cincher-corset which rose up from the waist to give under-support to their breasts which, nevertheless. were three quarters exposed. As in the case of the male, a strap hung down and again divided just above the mound of Venus and thus becoming two under-thongs which left the sex fully displayed. As was the case with 95 per cent of female slaves, both were depilated. Edward approved of that. He far preferred female slaves to be quite hairless in their sexual regions. It displayed them to so much better advantage. They were like little girls... yet they were big girls!

The Pony next to the left-hand shaft was fair and blue-eyed. Edward put her in her mid-twenties. Quite pretty. She, too, looked resigned but not sullen. Simply hopeless. And, one could sense, absolutely submissive. She must, thought Edward, be an experienced Pony. there did not seem to be a trace of rebellion left in her.

The Pony next to the right-hand shaft was a different kettle of fish however. She, Edward realised, was quite new to the game. In the first place, her head had been pulled back and up, the rein having been tautened - so that the bit cut into the sides of the Pony's mouth - and then tied to the brass rail. It looked most uncomfortable! Saliva dribbled down from the sides of the Pony's mouth... and Edward saw a look of unimaginable horror and despair in a pair of lustrous, dark brown eyes. This woman, he guessed could be in her early or mid-thirties. Her figure was maturely fulsome and her cincher-corset was cruelly tight which en-

hanced the hour-glass effect of swelling breasts and hips.

That nose... sharp and tip-tilted. It had a natural disdain about it. Did he not recognise it? Surely... yes... surely! Yes, he had more than once seen that nose looking most disdainful in a socialite drawing room. And this confirmed what had already been rumoured for some time. And that was that Mrs. Emma Arbuthnot had recently acquired a quite exceptionally slave. A slave by the name of Eleanor Gordon-Bradshaw. Indeed, the Honourable Eleanor Gordon-Bradshaw! For the lady in question was of English birth and connected to the aristocracy. Her husband, a business adventurer, had brought her with him to America. Unfortunately, through gambling in cotton futures he had lost heavily and been forced to sell all his assets in order to survive. Eleanor was one of those assets. She fetched a good price at a private slave auction... partially on account of her handsome looks but mainly because of her breeding. Many a parvenu merchant or his wife, liked the idea of having a member of the English aristocracy as a slave. Mrs. Emma Arbuthnot like the idea more than most. She had paid more than she would have wished for Eleanor and it was natural she should wish to get her pound of flesh out of her. After a gruelling four-week 'breaking in' period, Nellie (as she was renamed) was assigned to the Stables for Pony Training.

"Well I'm damned," said Edward under his breath. "Who ever would have believed it! There's a lady who can't be taking too kindly to being between the shafts." That was, to say the least, an understatement!

Lowering the glasses, Edward, almost absent-mindedly it seemed, fondled Tess's soft bottom. Invitingly, the girl parted her long limbs a little. Edward didn't bother to take advantage of the invitation. "How would you like to be a Pony, Tess? He asked.

He felt the girl give a little shudder. "I wouldn't, Master," she answered in a whisper.

"I can't say I blame you," smiled Edward. "Here, take a look through the glasses."

Tess had no wish to do so, but she didn't hesitate. The sight of the huge Negro was frightening... that of the women pitiful. Fancy

being secured along-side such a brute, just as if one were an animal, she thought. How awful! Her existence was bad enough but that of a Pony must be ten times worse. Was he allowed to... did he? Tess's mind reeled away from the horrifying implications. Her Master's voice enlightened her.

"How would you like to share a Stable with that buck, eh Tess?" he asked. "They're all in together, stallions and fillies alike. Bet those two get plenty of black meat all nights!"

He felt Tess shudder again and it occurred to Edward that it would be rather amusing to watch Tess being fucked by such a brute. He would arrange it sometime.

"Put the glasses away and fetch me a Pink'un," ordered Edward T. Monson.

Tess scurried off and was back in moments with a glass of pale pink liquid. Edward drank half a dozen of this potion every day... since they were designed to fortify his already powerful sex drive. Despite his age, it was quite common for Edward to slake himself, one way or another, two or three times a day. His sensible adage was that there was no point in having unlimited opportunities for self-indulgence if you were not in condition to take advantage of them.

He gave Tess's right buttock cheek a none too gentle slap. "Set out my riding clothes," he ordered. Once more Tess scurried off to obey.

Edward T. Monson descended the wide, curving staircase which was the centre-piece of the vast entrance hall of Chesterfield. A female black slave, who was polishing the brass lattice of the banisters, curtsied deferentially as he passed. Edward ignored her. All the same, if she had omitted that act, Edward would have sent her to an overseer with instructions that her black arse be well tanned. Discipline was very strict in the Chesterfield household and the prime instigator of that was his wife Gertrude. Edward was happy to back her up in every way. It was his opinion that, if slaves ever thought you were going a bit soft on them they took advantage. So there was no softness in the Chesterfield regime.

Good work was expected not praised. Bad work was punished... and no excuses were accepted.

Passing through the hall, Edward made his way to the main drawing room where he reckoned Gertrude would be entertaining Mrs Arbuthnot. He entered without knocking and was intrigued rather than surprised to see that the two women were not alone. One of his wife's maids, a black girl by the name of Jennie, was kneeling on the seat of an upright chair. Her skirt was pinned up and her white drawers were down. Several weals encircled her quivering black bottom and her knuckles were taut as she clasped two wooden knobs which decorated the top of the chair. Gertrude, he saw, was using a cane.

"Good afternoon, Edward... excuse me a moment, my dear..."

"Of course." Edward bowed towards Mrs. Arbuthnot and smiled. The cane cracked across Jennie's ample bottom and she yelped loudly, squirming vigorously left an right but managing to hang on to the chair knobs. Gertrude always administered two extra strokes every time hands came away from those knobs. Her slaves knew it... so they had a great incentive to hang on.

"Careless slut!" rapped Gertrude as the cane cracked down again. Edward appreciated the jelly-joggling of the black flesh as Jennie absorbed more pain. Idly, he wondered what the girl had done. It could not have been too serious otherwise she would have been sent to an overseer for proper punishment. These on-the-spot punishments (of which Gertrude was inordinately fond) were usually for minor infringements. Mrs. Arbuthnot clarified the matter by pointing to a splash of milk which disfigured a polished tea-table. Ah... so that was it. Yes, discipline was certainly strict on the Chesterfield estate!

Ssswweee...zzwwiiccckkk!

Jennie got another...

"A-Aah...a-aah!"

The frizzy head was thrown back, the ample black bottom squirmed again. In Edward's experience, these darkies were usually much tougher than white girls but a cane got through to them all the same.

“All right, Jennie, get off... and pull your drawers up.” With a dry sob, the girl did so, wriggling from side to side as she tugged up the thin, tight-clinging underwear. So thin was it, the rigid weals just raised could be seen through it and it certainly offered no protection. However, Getrude made it a principle, ‘to punish on the ‘bare’ whether the slave be male or female, black or white. “Now go and clean that mess up with your tongue.” Obediently, Jennie carried out this humiliating order. “If there’s any more of this carelessness, I’ll send you for a proper hiding. Understood, girl?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” answered Jennie, completing her licking. Her voice was humble and accepting. Now twenty, she had been a slave since her early teens so was used to this kind of treatment and hearing such threats. She was also used to being thrashed without mercy for even quite minor faults. This enabled her to answer with demure respect in her voice.

Edward seated himself while Jennie resumed pouring coffee, setting a cup for him too.

“Nice to see you, Mrs. Arbuthnot,” he said politely.

“Oh do call me Emma, please... Edward,” came the gushing response. Mrs. Arbuthnot was typical of the female slave-owning class. Over-dressed, over-weight and over-bearing. Like Gertrude, she was in her mid-thirties, exceedingly wealthy and used to getting her own way in everything.

“That’s a nice equipage you’ve got there, Emma,” said Edward conversationally. The black girl was bending very close to him as she poured coffee into his cup and he could hear her quick breathing. Her big breasts were bursting through the almost transparent white blouse she wore, strong nipples prominent. Like all female slaves, she was permitted a re-inforced half-cup brassiere of white material. Slave-owners, incidentally, each had their own ideas about uniform in the household. Some insisted that just a simple smock may be worn; others preferred more conventional dress. Gertrude Monson’s female slaves all wore white drawers and brassiere, a thin white blouse, a red linen skirt which did not quite reach the knees and a little white mob-cap with red ribbon... plus

red ankle-boots with high heels. Rather fetching! Male slaves wore a white shirt, red bermuda shorts, cut very tight. They went barefoot.

"I am glad you approve," said Emma Arbuthnot smugly. "It's my first Threesome but I'm afraid one of them needs a good deal more training." Edward could guess which that one was! "I only use a Threesome on the highway," went on Emma. "on my estate, I prefer a Single or a well-matched Double." Edward nodded understandably but all this was rather new to him.

"Do you use females as Singles?" he enquired politely. "I mean, are they strong enough?"

"Oh yes!" replied Emma emphatically. She smiled faintly. "The whip can be quite a stimulant to extra effort."

Again Edward nodded. So he could imagine! He thought of the inexperienced bottom of Mrs. Gordon-Bradshaw getting such a stimulant... and found it both amusing and exciting. This pony business could well be worth going into. He would talk with Gertrude. "And, of course then, you will use females in Doubles," he said.

"Yes," nodded Emma. She had on a large, broad-rimmed blue hat, decorated with small waxed fruits. "And when I do, I like the two Ponies to be of the same standard of training. It's no good having one moving smoothly and the other frequently stumbling."

"Quite so," said Edward. "And... as to training?"

"Most of the initial training is done in Singles," replied Emma, "though, from time to time, a new Pony will be put between the shafts with more experienced Ponies. that sometimes brings them on. I'm hoping that will be the case with Nellie - one of those outside at the moment."

So, reflected Edward with even more amusement, that was what the Hon. Eleanor Gordon-Bradshaw had become. Nellie... a simple Pony-girl. It would indeed be a pleasing diversion to have such a possession, would it not?

"Have you ever considered owning and training Ponies, my dear?" he enquired, turning to Gertrude. "It seems quite the thing these days."

“I have indeed,” smiled his wife. “In fact, Emma and I were discussing that very thing this afternoon. With your permission, of course, I propose to have some of the general stables converted into Pony Stables as soon as it can be arranged.”

“By all means go ahead my dear” he nodded. “We must keep in the fashion.”

Jennie was close and bending again, re-filling his cup. He recalled, long ago now, when the girl was seventeen and not quite so buxom, he had sent for her and fucked her. It had been quite amusing.

“Would you not like to have a spin, Edward?” asked Emma. “As an expert carriage driver, you’ll not find it difficult. The principles are the same. Control but not over control. Patience but firmness.

Edward found his nerves give a little tingle at the suggestion. “Well, that’s very kind of you...” he murmured. It would be his first taste of this new craze.

“Bess and Jake are well trained,” said Emma Arbuthnot, “but, as I say, you’ll find Nellie rather inexperienced. Inclined to stumble a lot. Make allowances but also use your whip when you feel it has been earned. It is the only way she’ll learn.”

“Yes... quite so,” nodded Edward. He exceedingly liked the idea of using a ship on the once-aristocratic rump of the Hon. Mrs. Gordon-Bradshaw! It should be noted that Edward T. Monson felt not the slightest compassion for this wretched unfortunate woman who had once been of his own class. Once sold into slavery, she became of the same status as all the other slaves... and was considered and treated accordingly. Owners, if ever, rarely felt sorry for slaves. They just made use of them. “I’ll be on my way then,” said Edward, standing up and giving Emma a small, formal bow.

“Enjoy yourself,” smiled the plump, cruel face under its fruit covered hat.

“Let us know all about it when you get back,” joined in Getrude.

“I will,” replied Edward. He closed the door behind him. This, he said to himself, is going to be rather fun.

THE HON. MRS. GORDON-BRADSHAW

Oh the pain of it! The awful incessant pain of it. Steel cutting into my mouth. A steel bit. How could I have ever imagined I would, one day, be made to wear a steel bit? Just like an animal! Yes... that is what they have made me. An animal. She has done it. She, that monstrous creature... to whom I would not give the name of woman.

Oh the cruelty... the never ending cruelty! Deliberately, before she left the carriage, she tightened the rein and fastened it to the rail. So that I should suffer even more as I stand here, harnessed in bridle and bit.

It is all madness... yet it is a fact.

Alongside me, I can smell the stinking black brute. My gorge rises at the very thought of him. The bestial horror of him. Yet I am classed the same as he. As a slave. We are 'stabled' together. How incredible to even think that! Me, the Honourable Eleanor Gordon-Bradshaw is now a human being who is stabled. And I am treated and used just as an animal is. I have no rights, no protection, no privacy. It is utterly, utterly intolerable!

Yet I have to endure it. Day in, day out.

How long can I survive this hideous existence?

Why do I not end it all? Impaled on a pitchfork?

Why?

First because I am a coward. I do not want to die yet. Second, absurd as it may seem, I still have hope. Hope of escape, hope of release. For, what were Gerald's last words to me as I was dragged away? I will repeat them, to bolster my own fortitude:

'Eleanor... oh Eleanor... keep faith... be brave, my beloved! I shall win back my fortune... and buy you back. Have faith... be brave... hold on... oh Eleanor... hold on...'

So I am holding on, sick at heart at my nightmare existence. Daily I am naked and shamed, in public. Used and abused in unmentionable ways. Made to suffer mental and physical torments beyond all normal comprehension. Because she wishes it so. Because she is my legal owner. Because she has me in her power.

Sometimes I sustain myself by thinking about what I will do to her one day. When I am free again. the revenge I shall exact has no limit. My imagination becomes fevered at the thought of it.

Oh the pain in my flank... and my buttock cheek. It never ceases. It is where her whip fell as we came here. Oh dear God, how it bites! How it drives one on beyond all normal capability! The urge to rebel against the whip is well-nigh irresistible. Yet, as I already know to my cost, to rebel brings only greater suffering. It is all impossible to have to put up with... yet there is no way of escaping it.

Oh no! Footsteps on the stone-flags. A male figure in riding clothes is approaching. He is red faced, authoritative. Do I know that face? Yes... surely... I have seen it at more than one soiree. Hate and sickness well up within me. If he were truly a gentleman, he would release me on the instant. He would purchase the freedom of one he once knew as an equal. That would be only justice.

Why does he not?

He has gone to the other side of the shafts; to the other wretched woman between them. I hear him humming softly as he examines her. With eyes, with hands. Oh the hideous indecency of it! It should not be permitted in any civilised land. Slavery, maybe, yes... but not this kind of slavery.

“Open...” I hear him say. The swine is looking into her mouth, just as if she really were a Pony! How can any human being behave like this to another? Especially how can any man behave like this to a woman? I hear the slap of his hand on her flank-flesh. His feet crunch on gravel. He ignores the black male brute. Now he is right before me; pale blue eyes questing, lusting, glinting in cruel power-delight.

I shrivel deep inside.

Chapter Two

Edward studied Nellie - as he now already thought of her - with the casual insolence that power brings. There was no doubt this woman was a magnificent specimen, even if slightly over-blown. She had superb breasts which, perforce, were held high by her corsage; her waist was well nipped in by the very tight cincher she wore, exaggerating the marvellous swell of hips and flanks. Edward moved around a little. Ah yes, those fulsomely lush buttocks were worthy of the whip!

Bending closer, he examined the dozen or so thin red weals which laced the right hand side of the right buttock cheek and then ran around the right flank. It seemed that Mrs. Arbuthnot's whip had three small knots in its tail. He lightly touched those weals, and, with a gasp and a whimper, Nellie shied away, buttock-flesh juddering.

Edward slapped that flesh. "Steady!" he warned, just as if Nellie were one of his mares. It was nice to know that it was actually the flesh of the Honourable Mrs. Gordon-Bradshaw he was slapping. A woman whose hand he had once kissed; one he had bowed to; shown respect to. Those days were over. This was now a slave. A Pony. Edward returned to the front of the shafts and squeezed Nellie's right breast in an absent-minded way.

"Well made..." he murmured, almost to himself.

Nellie whimpered and shied again. Oh the shame and misery in those dark eyes! Edward saw that she was dribbling profusely. Not very lady-like. Still, she wasn't a lady any more, was she?

"Steady!" he repeated. Then added: "Or I'll take a crop to you." Nellie shuddered violently. She knows I can, if I wish, thought Edward pleasurably. Doubtless he would before long, too.

"Open!" he ordered.



Steady...!! Or I'll take a crop to you.

Nellie's mouth opened reluctantly. The cruel bit cutting into the sides of her mouth was very evident. There was indeed a lot of saliva about in the pink interior. Nice, strong teeth, he thought.

Close," he said. The mouth closed. Nellie whimpered again. She was not having a very nice time, he reckoned. Edward looked down and studied the depilated mound of Venus with its attendant pink sex lips. Made more prominent, it seemed by the undercutting of the divided strap. Unhurriedly, delicately, Edward ran a finger up between those sex lips... and now Nellie whimpered more loudly and bucked even more violently.

"Whoa there!" called Edward, "You're far too frisky, girl! You need exercise."

And, with that, he walked back and stepped up into the small but comfortable carriage behind. It was well-sprung and the leather seat was soft. To his right hand was a metal tube of brass in which stood the horse whip. It had a bamboo handle and a five feet length of cord, just the right length for dealing with those quarters before him. He noted that the tip of it did not have three knots but three small pellets, like those used in a shot gun. He approved.

Bess, on the left, Edward noted, was very well formed and quite a number of years younger than Nellie. About twenty five, he estimated. The hulking Negro he did not study. He really was virtually an animal, in Edward's view and not at all appealing. Already he had decided that all his Ponies would be female. Gertrude, of course, might have other ideas. Well, that was her affair.

First, Edward unfastened Nellie's reins from the brass rail before him. There was a great sobbing sigh of relief as the woman's head immediately slumped forward.

"Hup!" cried Edward and gave a sharp tug on the reins. there was a loud squeal and Nellie's head immediately came up again. Edward played with the reins, getting the feel of them. Not too slack, not too tight. That was just about it. Then he picked up the other two pairs of reins and adjusted them too, finally gripping all three in his left hand. Then he removed the whip from its holder and gripped it in his right hand. He could not help smiling a he

saw the sound of that removal caused Nellie's swelling buttocks to give a quick clench of dread. She is indeed very nervous, he thought. Understandable, of course.

Now, how to proceed? If it had been his own mares before him, he would simply have clicked his tongue and shaken the reins. They understood him by now. These Ponies did not. Perhaps he should have asked Mrs. Arbuthnot. Edward came to a decision.

"Move!" he ordered. "Walk..."

At once the three nude figures before him, bent forward so that each torso was at an angle of about forty five degrees. The under-straps tautened and thus pulled on the bar before the carriage. Edward found himself in motion and was at once intrigued by the high stepping action which the Ponies adopted. They stepped in unison and, at each step, the thigh was brought up to the horizontal. This had the effect of making the hindquarters roll more opulently which, in the case of the female Ponies, was a most pleasing spectacle. Right at the outset, Edward was beginning to appreciate what pleasure there was to be obtained from Pony driving!

They proceeded at a sedate pace before the house then, with a touch on the reins, Edward guided the Equipage to the right on to an undulating, sandy track which headed towards some woods about a mile distant. It was a route on which he often took his mares.

Swing and bounce... swing and bounce...oh those most excellent quarters! Idly Edward wondered just how the Honourable Mrs. Gordon-Bradshaw must feel, knowing his eyes must be on her naked, swinging backside. Not too happy, he guessed. He smiled contentedly.

Edward noted that the three under-straps remained constantly taut. This must be a prerequisite, he thought. For, although Jake might be taking the main weight and set the pace, the filly on each side would pull her fair share. If she was not doing so that would be made evident by a slackening of her under-strap. He decided to watch for that.

After a few hundred yards of walking, Edward gave another

order.

"Faster!" he said. "Trot..." Perhaps it wasn't correct but it got results. After two more stepping strides, the Ponies moved into a faster gait, still high-stepping. Now the quarters swung from side to side more rapidly; now the soft female buttock flesh joggled more violently. Edward, to say the least, found it quite enchanting.

The Negro was as solid as a rock in the centre, doing all that was necessary. Bess was moving beautifully... rhythmic and well controlled, obviously full of experience. Nellie, on the other hand, seemed unable to find a smooth gait, was inclined to be jerky and also lacking co-ordination. Perhaps that was because she was not naturally athletic, Edward considered; perhaps it was something which could be eradicated with training. It would be interesting to discover. Also, after about half a mile, Nellie could be heard panting, whereas the other two seemed unaffected by the increase in pace.

Then Edward noted Nellie's under-strap beginning to lose its tautness. She was flagging. The other two were pulling her weight whilst she was just running between the shafts. He gripped his whip tighter. Then it snaked out and flicked over Nellie's juddering right buttock cheek and around her flank. Edward was pleased with his accuracy.

"Pull your weight, Pony!" he called out as a high whinnying sound came from Nellie. She half stumbled then gathered herself up again. The under-strap became taut once more and Edward nodded in satisfaction. As Emma Arbuthnot had said, he recalled, the whip can be quite a stimulant to extra effort.

On they bowled, the big wheels of the carriage hissing in the soft sand. It was really quite a delightful sensation. Not to mention a delightful spectacle.

Swing and bounce... joggle and joggle... swing and bounce... joggle and joggle...

It was an incessant wild juddering of the flesh. And, thought Edward, it can be made to judder more.

"Faster." he called. "Gallop..." As he gave the order, Edward

first flicked the whip across Bess's neat bottom... then again across that of Nellie. Jake he ignored. No sound came from Bess but her pace increased smoothly. Nellie, on the other hand, stumbled so badly that she almost fell. Another flick forced her to pull herself together and as best she could, she strove to match her pace to the other two.

Thighs pumped up and down, feet pounded on the sand. Nellie's inexperience became more evident... but Edward spared her the whip. She will probably fall if I really lash her, he thought. Puffing like a steam engine, he said to himself. Not at all fit. Doubtless training would cure that.

Rapidly they approached a densely wooded copse alongside which, Edward knew stood a stone drinking trough. Unfeelingly, Edward reined in hard alongside it. He would have treated his mares better. Nellie squealed loudly. Yes, her mouth must be very tender.

Edward jumped down and, taking Nellie's bridle, led the Threesome towards the trough. Each head sank down... but Nellie's most eagerly of all. Greedily she slurped and slurped at the green water, obviously uncaring of the spectacle she made. Her thirst was paramount.

Once slaked, Edward led the Threesome away and tethered them to a hitching post. Nellie's big breasts were heaving frantically up and down. Her body was wet with sweat and trough-water. Her dark brown eyes rolled as Edward looked into them. she was half berserk with pain and exhaustion. the other two, however, seemed reasonably composed. Jake stood as sullen as ever; Bess looked resigned, round breasts rising and falling sweetly. A pretty girl he thought. Then his hand searched in the pocket of his riding jacket. Ah yes... as he had expected. Out came a knob of sugar... and this he extended before Bess's mouth. Her pink lips came down and nibbled it up out of his hand. She crunched it down.

Then it was Nellie's turn for a 'treat'. Momentarily, she gazed at the tit-bit in the palm in disbelief. then fury. She shook her head... tossed it back.

Ssllaapppp! Ssllaaappppp!

dward's palm fell stingingly on a tender flank.

"Come on, Pony... take it... take it..."

With an awful, deep groaning sob, the Honourable Mrs. Gordon-Bradshaw managed to scrabble the sugar lump up into her mouth. Edward smiled indulgently and slapped a flank more gently.

"There, there," he intoned. "You tried hard, Pony... but you'll do better. Oh yes, I'm quite sure you'll do better!"

Nellie's bouncing bottom received some half a dozen more stinging flicks from Edward's whip on the return journey. though the cord of the whip might be slim, those pellets really hurt. Especially as they seemed to fall repeatedly in more or less the same small area.

She was slavering and weeping by the time they swept up to the wide front steps of Chesterfield and her thighs and calves were quivering with fatigue. Two miles and more between the shafts, most of it at a fast pace, is no light matter for a new Pony. Nellie's lungs were going like bellows and even Bess, Edward noted when he got down, had dribbles of sweat running between her breasts and down her belly. "Good girl," said Edward patting a warm soft bottom, "I shall report you favourably to your mistress." Bess seemed unmoved by this kind pronouncement. All she wanted to do was get back to the Stables and lie down in straw to sleep away the memories of yet another awful day.

Edward moved across to Nellie, glancing down briefly as he passed Jake. Who will get that horrible-looking thing 'up them tonight, he wondered. My God, it was certainly some size!

"My, my... we are in a lather, aren't we, Pony?" he said consolingly as he stood before Nellie's still heaving breasts. "Not used to it yet, eh?" Pat.. pat... on a damp flank. "Ah well, not to worry, one day you will be." Pat... pat... further around on a warm sticky bottom. Gasps as he deliberately squeezed the flesh where the pellets had bitten most often. "And you'll soon cool off when they hose you down back at the Stables. Then it will be time to eat up before going bye-byes. Oh what a lucky Pony you are really."

Edward heard loud despairing sobs coming from the mouth of the Honourable Mrs. Gordon-Bradshaw as he strolled slowly up the steps and into the house.

It had been a most enjoyable half hour... for him, that is!

Gertrude and Emma were still in the drawing room when Edward re-entered. He noted that they were now eating cream cakes and drinking glasses of Marsala. No wonder both are getting so plump he thought. Not that it mattered to him. By mutual agreement, he and Gertrude no longer had any sexual relationship... and he, of course, was able to enjoy any sylph-like nubile slave on the estate. He sometimes wondered about Gertrude. Did she get any sexual satisfaction by having some buck nigger in her bed? He would have been rather surprised if she did, for Gertrude was a little fastidious. Possibly, now, she liked the company of women more. Well, if she did, that was entirely up to her.

"Hello, Edward... how did you get on?" enquired Emma.

"Quite well, I think," replied Edward, going to a table and pouring himself a very large brandy to which he added a little seltzer. "I didn't quite know what orders to give, but they responded adequately enough." He seated himself. "I must say I can well imagine it a quite relaxing pastime."

"Oh yes... it is... it is..." beamed Emma. She finished her glass of Marsala at a gulp and Jennie was at once hurrying to her side to replenish it. "The whole concept appeals to me. I'm so glad you enjoyed yourself, Edward."

"It was kind of you to loan me your Equipage...."

"Anytime... anytime... but then, dear Sir, you'll soon be having your own Stables, will you not?"

Edward glanced at his wife. "Yes," he nodded, "I think we will."

"I'm fully in agreement," said Gertrude.

"I think, however," went on Edward, sipping at his brandy, "that I would prefer single Ponies. Yes... that somehow appeals to me more. In any event, I want female Ponies."

"I can understand that, Edward," Emma said quickly. "The vast majority of men want fillies between the shafts. Sensible enough.

We ladies like the occasional male to drive."

"Also understandable," smiled Edward.

"I hope Jake did not upset you..."

"No... he did not upset me. but I did not find him pleasing. A Double Equipage with fillies would have been quite satisfactory to me."

"Well, in that case, I'm glad you took a spin, Edward. Now you know what sort of Stables you want to build for yourself. Gertrude, of course, will also have her own ideas."

"Of course," smiled the pampered wife of Edward T. Monson.

"That," said Edward, "is entirely up to her." He downed the remainder of his brandy glass. "I think I'll take a rest for an hour or so. Dinner at eight, as usual my dear?"

"Yes," replied Gertrude. "And we have guests. Try not to be late."

"I'll try," sighed Edward. He bowed to Emma Arbuthnot. "Thank you again for the loan of your Threesome. You were right about Nellie, she does seem to require some more training."

"She'll get it... never you fear... Edward," replied Emma, her surety face complacent with sadistic satisfaction. "Oh yes, she'll get it."

Edward strolled towards the door, Jennie curtsied respectfully as he passed her. He scarcely noticed her... for he was idly beginning to consider what he would have Tess do for him for the next half hour or so. As he closed the door behind him, there was a sudden flash of lightening, followed by a clap of thunder. Even within the house he heard the torrent of rain descending.

THE HON. MRS. GORDON-BRADSHAW

Oh the blessed relief of that rain! Washing away the sweat. I open my mouth and let it run in. I am greedy for it... though it stings the sore edges of my mouth where the bit cuts so cruelly. But, at least, he did not leave me with the rein tied tight to the bar, so that I have to keep my head hauled back. As she did. I could never have believed I would find plain water so sweet. It is better like this, too. Better than the humiliation of the drinking trough. That makes one feel so much like an animal. But one is so desperate for the water at first one ignores that. It is only when one is slaked and one is standing there, head hanging, face streaming, panting... and one knows they are looking at you with amused contempt. That is when one feels the deep burn of humiliation.

Yet... isn't it there all the time? Yes... of course it is. It is just that the burn is deeper there at times. Like this afternoon. Yes... it is even worse (oh how can it be worse!) when one is driven by a man. One knows he will be gazing lustfully at one's naked hindquarters... flesh which rolls and bounces uncontrollably. That's what one loves to see. And one has no means of checking that rolling and bouncing. It excites him into the whip. So that those hindquarters flinch and squirm and shudder. That's what he loves to see even more.

Oh how unbelievably hideous it is!

Not only the ghastly humiliation of it all but also the terrible effort that has to be made and the repeated pain. Oh god how those pellets sting! It is enough to make one lose one's reason; yet, somehow, one keeps it. At this moment, my right buttock cheek and flank are throbbing raw. And there is still the return journey to be made. Three long miles and I am already weary. and what awaits, when I get there? The stinking straw of the Stable, the food

and water troughs, the indecent attentions of the Head Lad... and in the night... oh dear God, in the night... perhaps the monstrous brute alongside me now will be let into my stall. To cover me. Yes... that is the term they used. They use it too for mares when they are taken to a stallion. Then I become truly an animal. In the dark, fighting with all one's pitiful strength (but so easily overpowered), it is the moist bestial form of rape.

The rain is unceasing. It has lost its pleasantness. I am beginning to shiver. How long will she be? It could be hours. We are of no concern. we can be left to stand here all night, if need be...

Suddenly there is the sound of steps. My nerves flare. but there are lots of footsteps. Then they are in the carriage. I realise they are slaves. They are putting up a hood and windshield for her. They will be drying the seat and laying fresh blankets over it. She must not even get damp. We, naked and shivering, can be half-drowned.

Now I am cold and shivering constantly. My teeth chatter. How long have we been here? Perhaps just under an hour, but is seems like hours. The rain teems down, the light is fading. Will we be returning in the dark? It will be difficult to see one's way. I may well stumble and fall. How can I help that? But if I do, I know I will feel the crop when I am back. The Head Lad will be told to thrash me for my 'carelessness'. Oh the agony of that crop! I must avoid it at all costs. But how... how?

So loud in the rain, I do not hear her return... but with dread, I feel her taking the reins. As I must (unless I wish to suffer even more), I summon my strength and will.

"Goodbye Gertrude, thanks for a nice afternoon!" She calls happily. I hate her... oohh... I hate her!

The bit pulls in my mouth. I hear the rattle of the whip handle as it is withdrawn from its tube. My flesh creeps. I am shivering now not only with cold but with dread too.

"Now, Ponies," she says in that over-bearing voice of hers, "you've had a long rest, so let's have good spanking pace on the return, so that we get back before dark. A good spanking pace, right?" The whip lashes thinly across my right buttock, the pel-

lets bite cruelly into my flank. I squeal uninhibitedly.

"From you especially, Nellie", she says.

We move off. Thighs up... up... up. At every stride they must come up. up... up... up. It is the black brute who sets the pace and, as has been ordered, he makes it a fast one. But one must keep up with him. Always feeling the tug of the under-strap so that one knows one is pulling one's weight. If it goes slack for anything but a moment or two, she will use her whip. She will use her whip until you make the extra effort needed. If one could swing one's arms, it would help one's forward motion. But they are high up on one's back, folded and pinioned in their leather sleeve.

Out of the grounds and already I am panting. Yet we have covered but half a mile. Still two and half more to go. I will never make it! Yet I must! I must! I think of the crop... and drive on my faltering limbs. I hate her... I hate her with an intensity beyond belief. She is sitting there, in warmth and comfort, controlling us. Driving us on with the deepest pleasure. Oh how I hate her!

With a crack, the whip snakes across my buttock again. The pellets bite. My shriek is lost in the wind and rain.

"Keep the pace, Nellie," calls a warning voice.

Desperately, I strive to obey.

Up... up... up... with those thighs. On and on and on... with muscles burning.

How can I go on? I am becoming exhausted. Have we reached halfway even?

Once again the whip cracks and bites. Agony! I shriek and writhe, stumbling as I do so. Almost falling...

"I won't warn you again, Nellie," rasps the voice I loathe more than any other in this world.

Sobbing, breathless, I battle on into the driving rain.... the rain which washes away my tears.

It is under a mile before the Stables that I finally fall.

I am dragged along the earth, grazing and bruising myself, before she reins in the other two.

"You stupid creature," I hear her bellowing, "You nearly had

us over!”

I lie there exhausted, almost past caring. Her boots crunch around and I realise I am being taken from between the shafts. Temporary relief floods me. She must be aware that I am finished. Physically exhausted. I am hauled up. I stagger.

“Just you wait until I get you back...” My blood freezes.

Then I find my rein being fastened to the rear of the carriage. In that fashion, I shall be led back to the stables.

I shall have to run fast.

And I dare not stumble again.

But, at least, I shall not have to pull. Nor will I feel her whip.

Chapter Three

Emma Arbuthnot's carriage sloshed through pools of water into the Stable yard. Pain was still torrenting down... but that did not concern the Mistress of High Pines. She was snug in her covered carriage. One of the stable hands came hurrying up.

"Bring me an umbrella!" she called out sharply.

"Yes, Ma'am..." The hand hurried off. Emma sat in dry comfort, enjoying a satisfying moment. She had had a pleasant afternoon and a comfortable time. Her Threesome, however, had had a most disagreeable time. They would be cold, drenched and very tired. One of them, in fact, was in a state of semi-exhaustion, clinging on to the back of the carriage to keep herself upright.

Ah well, that was the way of the world. It was divided into a few masters and many slaves. The former lived lives of luxurious pleasure, the latter lived lives of wretched misery.

Emma saw the Head Lad, a 35 year old Mexican, approaching with a large coloured umbrella. "Good evening, Ma'am. I trust you had a good drive." He opened the carriage door.

"You have obviously not looked between the shafts," retorted Emma sharply. "Nellie is not there. She is on a lead rein at the rear. The stupid creature fell and nearly had the carriage over."

"Good Lord, Ma'am... I'm so sorry..."

"That's alright, Pedro... it's not exactly your fault. However, I want her trained hard every day. She's got to improve."

"Of course, Ma'am." The Mistress of High Pines was stepping gingerly down, under the umbrella, avoiding the puddles. She took the umbrella and moved away.

"Use a crop on her, before you tether her up for the night," ordered Emma. She had originally intended to do so herself but

was now feeling a little jaded. The warmth of her own drawing room and the comfort of a bottle of Bourbon beckoned.

"Very good, Ma'am."

"Make her feel it."

"Yes, Ma'am..." The Mistress of High Pines disappeared into the gloaming and the Head Lad summoned two hands to take care of Bess and Jake. In view of the weather, they would not need hosing down. Just rubbing down and then feeding. He would take care of Nellie personally. As he had done since her arrival in the Stable. He found this kind of Pony... mature and well-bred... the most rewarding of all. They may not have been as athletic and manageable as some of the youngsters sent to him, but he found them a delight to break in and train. Nellie, of course, was still very 'green'. A lot of work would have to be put in on her yet but Pedro had little doubt that, in due time, she would turn out to be a quite strong and well-mannered Pony. One who might lack something in speed and grace but made up for it in determined application. Still, all that remained to be seen. Constant hard training would slim Nellie down, in which case, she might put on more speed. As to a rhythmic pace, that, to some extent, could be taught. It was going to be an interesting project. Pedro walked round to the back of the carriage to find his charge slumped against it, white shoulders heaving.

"I hear you fell, Nellie," he said. "What a clumsy Pony you are, to be sure." He had his riding crop in his hand and laid it vigorously across the plump buttocks presented to him.

Zzzzwwweeee...cccrrraaaccckkkk!

Nellie's piteous shriek echoed up into the night sky as, writhing, she twisted down on to her knees. That cry, very faintly, reached Emma Arbuthnot just as she was passing through her front door. A faint smile passed over her dry, rouged lips. The Honourable lady is not going to have a very pleasant evening, she reflected with sadistic satisfaction. She mounted the stairs to her bedroom. There attended by her personal slaves, she would lie in a warm bath for half an hour or so before being dressed for dinner.

Meanwhile, Nellie was being pulled on her lead-rein towards

the Stables. She wanted to protest and plead... to say that it was none of her fault. That it was the kind of accident which could have happened to any tiring Pony. She wanted to beg for mercy... to promise it would not happen again. However, she could not or dare not.. do any of these things. For a Pony was not permitted to speak. She could only toss or shake her head in acknowledgement of a direct question. Nellie had learnt, early on, that to do otherwise earned instant punishment.

Into the Stables. Oh the horror of them! Oh the smell of them! Then into one of the Tack Rooms at the rear. There Pedro removed Nellie's bridle and bit. She was shivering, chilled to the marrow. And feeling so weak. Oh God, there was still the crop to come! How could she survive that?

In a business like fashion, Pedro removed Nellie's cincher-corset and then unlaced the leather sleeve which held her arms high up upon her back.. Finally the bridle and bit came away. A moan of relief. She was simply a naked woman again. Not one accounted like a Pony.

"On the bench... face down," ordered the Head Lad.

Nellie slid on to the leather-topped bench which was seven feet long and four feet wide. About every ten seconds, a deep dry sob shook her. Pedro looked down at the mature, curvaceous woman before him. It was the kind of body he liked best of all. One with plenty of meat on it. He particularly admired Nellie's ample hindquarters. Excellent Pony material this. Almost solicitously, he dried the sodden flesh with a soft towel, from neck to ankles.

"Over," he ordered. Nellie turned over. Oh what misery in those eyes! Moaning she lay quiescent as Pedro dried the front of her. She had learnt the folly of resistance. But, oh how difficult it was to lie still under those marauding hands!

Next Pedro produced a large jar of oil. "Don't want you stiffening up, Pony," he said. "I'm taking you on a long training run tomorrow morning. Over you go again."

Nellie received this news with hideous despair. there was never any end to the horrors of her existence. With a deep groan, she

turned over so that her bottom was upmost once more. Pedro kneaded the oil into her aching shoulders and arms. It was relieving even though she hated the touch of his hands. Over her back then down to her hind quarters. The oil went soothingly into her rawness.

"Open," said Pedro... and Nellie parted her thighs reluctantly. But she dare not disobey. The sticky hand went between her cleft and toughed her intimately. Every female instinct in her urged her to resist... to run from this loathsome attention. terror held Nellie in place. Grinning, Pedro titillated her a little knowing just how much the woman hated it. Then he spent a lot of time massaging her thighs.

ssssssslllllllaaaaaaaaaaaapppppppppppp!

A palm descended hard on Nellie's oily bottom. "Over..." She turned over once more, averting her eyes from the sallow, lecherous features. She hated this beast who was 'in charge' of her as much as she hated Emma Arbuthnot - even if in a somewhat different way. There was nothing he was not permitted to do to her body. The shaming humiliation of that was beyond belief. Now Pedro began to oil and massage the front of her. He spent an unnecessarily long time over her breasts, since they were scarcely a part of her body likely to 'stiffen up'. Down over her belly... over the mound... over the sex. Lubricating, fondling, probing. Nellie whimpered, squirming.

At one point, Pedro examined closely between the thighs, pulling the outer labia this way and that. "Mmmm... don't think you want shaving again yet, Pony." he concluded. finally he massaged the fronts of the thighs. "That will do," he said at last. "Off you get." Nellie slid off the bench, the dread mounting within her. Was he going to use the crop on her now? "Feeding time," announced the Head Lad, slipping a small leather halter over his charge, then leading from the Tack Room by means of the leather trace attached to it. A sob choked in Nellie's throat. Another daily degradation was approaching.

Into the straw-floored stall. Her stall. Oh God, could she ever get used to it! There, at the front of the stall, at floor level, were set

two small metal troughs. Pedro tied the halter trace to a ring low down so that Nellie had to kneel between the two troughs. Then Pedro filled one with water from a bucket and ladled some mushy substance from another bucket into the other. Nellie's gorge rose even at the smell of it.

"Eat up well, Pony," said Pedro. "You'll need all your strength." He tapped Nellie's bottom warningly with his crop. "If that trough isn't licked spotless, you'll feel this." Poor Nellie groaned. There was so much of the nauseous, yet sustaining, substance... which seemed to consist of oats, left-over bits and pieces of meat and fat and the like, all gooed up by some liquid. It was disgusting.

First night in the Stables, Nellie had been unable to eat it, Pedro making his inspection, had increased the amount then, with Nellie's face in the trough, he had laid his crop across her bottom (about once every ten seconds) until all was consumed. It took quite a while for as much kept spurting out as was being taken in. After that, Nellie had always eaten up, however disagreeable it might be.

After the trough had been licked clean, and she had drunk her fill, Nellie remained kneeling. Waiting. Trembling with dread. Her ordeal for that day was by no means over, that she knew. Oh how tired she was! How long could she go on in this fashion? Help....rescue... from this quite intolerable existence must come soon. Her face congealed with mush; it stank in her nostrils. But was not permitted to wipe it off. That was one of the jobs of Head Lad. It seemed to amuse him rather a lot.

There was a rustling of feet in the straw. Oh merciful heaven... he had returned.

"Hands behind your back," came an order.

Nellie, sobbing, turned and beamed piteous eyes upon the Mexican, shaking her head from side to side. She was making a desperate plea for mercy - without words. Her hands went out imploringly. She clasped black leather riding boots. Her head went on shaking.

"Its no use, Pony," said Pedro. "I'm going to give it to you."

A terrible, howling cry from Nellie....

“Those are my orders, Pony. Now, hands behind your back. Don’t want to make things worse for yourself, do you?”

Choking with sobs, whining despairingly, Nellie did so. At once her wrists were secured tight with cord. Then her halter-lead was unfastened and Pedro passed the end of the wrist-cord through another ring high up on the wall of the stall. Nellie’s arms came out and then up until she was standing, bending forward head hanging. Pedro liked the soft gleam of that lush female flesh in the lantern light. This woman had most excellent hindquarters which already he was becoming to know well, one way or another. The look of them, the feel of them. Yes, this was fine material made all the more so by the knowledge that she was of good breeding. Some sort of aristocrat, some said. It could not be easy to adapt to her new life.

Pedro picked up his crop. He did not feel compassion. On the contrary, he felt pleasure. Not only had he a job to do, as ordered, but he enjoyed doing it. ‘Make her feel it,’ the Mistress had ordered. Well, he’d certainly do that.

Zzzwwweeee...cccrrraaaccckkkk!

The first stroke fell across the top most part of that fulsomely curving bottom.

Nellie’s gasping-shriek rent the Stables, chilling the blood of those other unfortunates who occupied it. All had felt that crop often enough; all did everything humanly possible (and sometimes even beyond, it seemed) to avoid it. They knew what this new Pony was going through.

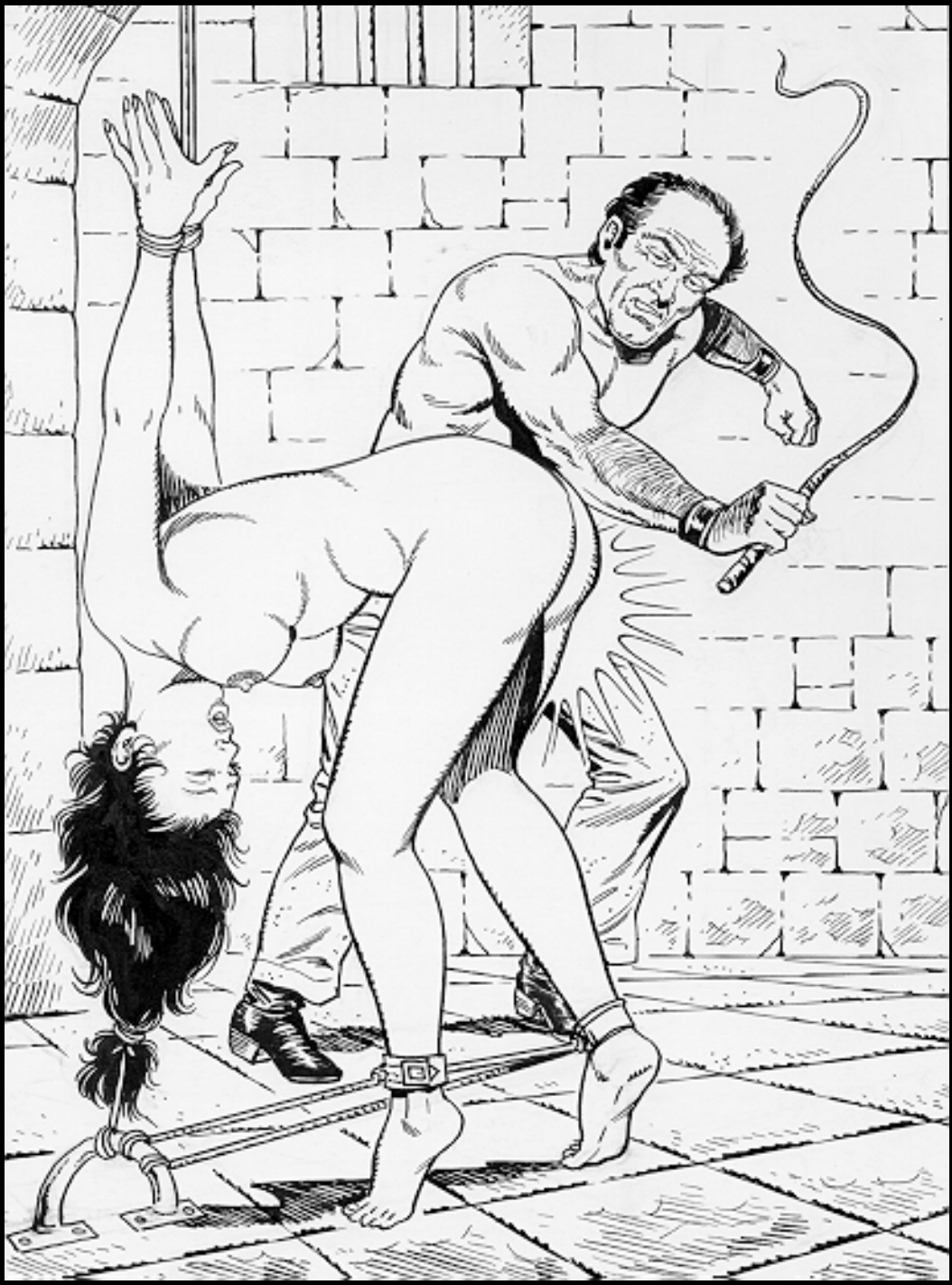
Zzzzwweee...ccrrraaaccckkkk!

Nellie’s bottom got its second vicious cut while it was still writhing agonisedly from the first. the first shriek continued into a second and Nellie twisted right around. With speed and precision, Pedro lashed down a third stroke so that it fell across the front of Nellie’s thighs.

“Yeeeeeegghhhh...yyyaaaaaaggghhhhh.....”

Nellie twisted back again, her bottom a mass of quaking-juddering flesh.

Zzzwwweee...cccrrraaaccckkkk!



You’ve got to learn, Pony

That bottom received its fourth stroke in the space of little more than five seconds. Little wonder that Nellie was going berserk, howling like a banshee, jerking like a puppet. Pedro, teeth clenched, gave her two more in quick succession across the buttocks. Those strokes were really hurting... as his Mistress had ordered.

"You've got to learn, Pony," he yelled above the din.

Then he proceeded to give his victim six more strokes in quite rapid succession... strokes which either fell across the buttocks or thigh-fronts, depending on which was presented to him. He did not care about that. soft flesh was soft flesh, and wherever it was, it was equally sensitive to the crop.

Pedro was about to continue when he realised that Nellie was slumped virtually senseless, now hanging from her cord. Terrible groaning sounds were coming from her. Well, she has had a hard day, I suppose, he reflected. And there was the morrow to be considered. Perhaps she has had enough. With a shrug he tossed down his crop, untied Nellie from her cord and let her drop down into the straw. There she lay, twitching and moaning, occasionally babbling incoherently.

Well flogged, thought Pedro. Still, it would help to make her into a better Pony. That was what counted; not her feelings. After all, she was but a slave.

Pedro strolled through the Stables. There were twelve stalls in all - and all were occupied. Two male Ponies - more usually called Stallions - and ten female Ponies. These were sometimes referred to as Fillies, especially if they were on the younger side. Jake and the other Stallion, Hank, were both big built Negroes, strong and hard working, giving very little trouble. Being between the shafts was no more arduous for them than working in plantation fields. And in the Stable there were certain privileges to be had. for it was the Head Lad's practice to let each of them off his halter for a couple of nights a week. sometimes more often. It was his theory that it was good for their fitness to 'let off steam' with the Fillies of their choice.

First he considered whether or not to have one of the Fillies himself. They were all available to him. but he was feeling just a little jaded... having had a very active hour with a newly-arrived 16 year old Negress slave during the afternoon. A bottle of something strong and some food were more to his taste at the moment.

Pedro entered Hank's stall. The bid buck nigger was half-dozing but was quickly awake when he felt the Head Lad's hand on his halter. He had been hoping it would be one of those nights when he was 'released' for he had had an easy day and was feeling both strong and randy.

"Take your time, Stallion, I shan't be back until morning," said Pedro casually as he strolled from the stall.

This was always a great moment. Hank enjoyed it. He was as free as any male slave could be.

Free to fuck, anyway...

HANK

Man... you should be so lucky... there's ten white women in this so-called Stable, all as naked as God made 'em, and all tied up so they've nowhere to go. And my Massa had just given me the go-ahead to fuck anyone of those ten I wish. Or as many as I wish. Jus' depends how strong I'se feeling. It ain't bad for a poor black slave to know that. No, it ain't bad at all!

I get hold of my weapon. It's a nice big one, even though it ain't up yet. It feels good, especially as I'm going to be using it some. I'm goin' to stick it up a white women's cunt. Yes, Sire! A soft, young white women's goin' to get my black meat.

Time to be goin'...

Now let's see... who's in this stall? Ah yes, Lindy Lou, they call her. Not bad... not bad at all. But she don't fight me. And I like 'em to fight me when I'm feeling strong. So who's next along? Mmmm... yer... I reckon that's young Bess. Now she's a fighter 'cos she don't like me at all, I guess. So she's the one who's going to get it. Get it first, anyway.

Into the stall, slithering along the straw. there's her nice, tight rounded arse. Don't seem she's had much whip today. I stick my hand in between her thighs... grab her cunt... and hear her scream. She was a sleep, but now she's well and truly awake. She don't like it!

"You... aaaahhh... you black beast... leave me alone!"

Ponies, they not supposed to speak. But at night, who knows? Who cares? I slap her bottom. Soft, squashy. I slap it again.

"I'm going to fuck the arse off you, white missie..." I say. already I'm getting super hard.

"Beast... beast!" She is pummelling me, biting me, kicking me.

I don't mind a bit. I like it.

"Oh god... NO... OOO! I... I'm a slave.... you, too... let's help each other... ooooohhhh... NO... OOOOOO!"

I've got a real whopper on by now. so I up-end her, she with her face down in the straw, me gripping those soft, curvy flanks. I pull her limbs apart and ram it in, in one.

Aaaaaaggghhhhhh!

Oh that feels good! A tight young cunt. A tight young cunt possessed. She's still struggling and kicking like a mad thing. She hates it; she hates me. Who cares? The Massa have given her to me. She's just female flesh to be used.

I begin to drive, really thumping into her. Slapping against that rounded young bottom. She feels good... even if not yet hot enough; or wet enough. that will come soon. They can't resist Hank's whopper, however much they may hate it to begin with.

Thump.... thump! Thump.... thump!

Oh... I'm really giving it to hard... A long hard length each time. Oh it's good... it's making her squirm... yet she's sobbing her heart out. Not fighting any more. Too weak.

Me... I'm as strong as an ox. I'm really fucking her. Yes, Sir... oh yes, Sir!

Wham...wham! Wham...wham! Wham...wham! Wham...wham!

She's getting warmer... she's getting wetter. Oh this is good... she's beginning to jerk and wriggle... she can't help herself... oh it's good... good... good...

White flesh... white woman's cunt... yes... yeeeessss... that's good... and it's all mine!

Faster now... faster! Oooohhhh... she's squealing... and I'm going to let go! Yeeeessss... I just gotta let go...

Thumpity...thumpity...thumpity...

Faster...faster...faster...

NOW!

Oh God it's wonderful!

I'm shooting and shooting... and shooting... and shooting...

And I know she's coming.

Because she can't help it. My big black cock has conquered her.

I’ve really fucked her. good and strong. And as soon as I’m strong again, I’ll move on. More white flesh to be enjoyed.

Maybe I’ll have that big white Nellie. They sure flogged her but her cunt’ll be the same. Yes... I like that big white Nellie. She’s some woman. Some say she’s a lady!

But as far as this poor black bastard is concerned, she’s just a fuck.

A good, juicy fuck...

Chapter Four

The ‘view’ thought Edward T. Monson was rather enchanting. He was lying on his large four poster bed, wearing only a silk dressing gown, reading some financial journals sent from the East Coast... but he had only to raise his eyes to see the uplifted, naked bottom of his young personal slave, Tess. That was attractive enough but it was enhanced by the fact that she had the stalk of a hibiscus flower thrust into her anus. It was a wonderful colourful flower, deep red, the petals of which fluttered slightly from time to time as a light breeze came through an open window. The olive skin of that soft young bottom framed it perfectly, thought Edward, smiling inwardly. How pleasing it was to own a pretty creature like this and to use her in this fashion. To use her as a flower vase. so deliciously demeaning for her. Edward did this sort of thing quite often with Tess. That was her purpose. To amuse him, to satisfy his slightest whim. A permanent living plaything always on hand to gratify his lust and cruelty.

Tess kneeling on a round pouf, her palms and forehead to the floor. She had been there for half an hour or more. It could not have been a very comfortable posture, but that was of no concern at all to Edward. It simply gratified him to know he could keep hr there for just as long as he wished. The girl would do as she had been ordered. Or else!

Edward rather reluctantly returned his eyes to the less appealing but potentially more profitable pages of the journal he was perusing. It was pleasing to know that his skilful financial transactions were making him richer week by week and month by month. He must, he reckoned, now be one of the wealthiest men

in Nashville County. However, he was not satisfied with that. He intended to be one of the richest men in the Southern States. Money was power... and Edward T Monson loved power. He loved it in its wider sense, knowing he was able to influence the life, well-being and future of whole communities. But he also loved it in its more intimate sense, knowing he could make young Tess do virtually anything he demanded. Or any other slave, for that matter. His mind wandered to the events of the previous afternoon when he had taken his first spin in an Equipage. He had certainly made the Honourable Eleanor Gordon-Bradshaw do what he wanted. Yes, he had certainly made that once high and mighty lady step out smartly enough between the shafts! By the simple expedient of laying a horse-whip across her big, bouncing bottom. What a spectacle those buxom rolling hindquarters had made as she had strained and panted! but that was only the half of it. What made it so truly enjoyable was the knowledge of what this woman had been and to contemplate not only the physical agonies she was enduring but also the mental torment. Frankly, he could not imagine anything worse for a woman (especially a woman of good breeding) than to be treated and used like an animal. Yes, there lay the kernel of one's power-pleasure.

He had observed Emma Arbuthnot drive off in that torrential rain last night, seen the whip crack across that aristocratic arse, heard the Honourable lady's piteous squeal, watched as she had settled into that thigh-raising stride. It could not have been exactly pleasant to do a further three miles or so in that weather when one was already weary in mind and body. Doubtless that whip would have been plentifully used. And at the end of the journey, what was there? The Stables! Where one's animal status would be further emphasised... where one was kept in a stall, fed from a trough, lay on straw at the end of a halter. Where one was sexual prey of any Stable hand... or, worse, one of the black Stallions also kept there. Edward recalled the brute he had seen between the shafts. Not exactly any respectable lady's first choice! He smiled. Soon, he thought, I must visit the Arbuthnot Stables partly to pick up a few tips for the formation of their own Stables

at Chesterfield but mainly so that he could have Nellie between the shafts for himself alone. A solo spin with her could be quite something.

Edward realised he had not read a single word for some time, his thoughts rambling in more pleasant environs. He also realised he was feeling rather randy. It was the memory of the Honourable Eleanor's hindquarters which had done that. He had half a hard on. Edward tossed the journals to the floor and opened his gown. His eyes returned to the kneeling figure of Tess.

"Come here, girl," he ordered. "I want to make use of your cunt." As always Edward liked to be as crude as possible with this personal plaything of his.

With a little moan of relief at being able at last to change her posture, Tess forced herself up and stepped off the pouf. The hibiscus swayed up and down. Tess thought little of it; she had become acclimatised to such minor degradations. She saw the half erection before her and thought little of that either... for she had been serving it regularly over recent months. taking it into one orifice or another and pleasing it to the utmost of her ability. It seemed foolish to her now that, at first, she had rebelled and resisted the demands made of her. Not only to submit either, but to perform co-operatively, simulating sexual zeal and pleasure. That was what he wanted, so that was what he got. He became her Master in every sense of the word; she was reduced to an abject slave. Abject to the point of willingness. There were times, Tess had to admit, when she realised she was receiving as much sexual satisfaction as she was giving. That was something which, a few months ago, she would never, never have believed possible.

It was, Tess supposed, because she had at last truly become a slave. A mere chattel, without a mind or will of its own. Perhaps it was easier that way.

Tess smiles provocatively as she undulated gracefully to the end of the bed. "Master," she said softly, "I am honoured."

Edward made no comment on this. He still found this nubile youngster most sexily attractive and had kept her longer than most.



Come here, slave...I want to make use of your cunt

"Get it right up, then ride me," he said unemotionally.

"Yes, Master..."

Tess insinuated herself on to the bed. In moments her wide, full-lipped mouth had closed over his organ and she was sucking gently but persistently. Edward stirred, feeling the heat in his loins increase. The girl had become very good at this; most times she seemed to be positively enjoying herself. Could that be so? It did not seem all that long ago that he had had to came the living daylights out of her for being so reluctant to suck him. Just training, he said to himself; and acceptance of servitude. There wasn't much you couldn't make a slave do in course of time.

Edward came steadily and happily to full erection. What a marvellous tonic those Pink'uns he drank were! He was capable of fucking three or four times a day... which wasn't bad for a man in his mid-forties. Tess stopped sucking and came up over him, long thighs straddling wide. Her apple-round breasts bobbed on Edward's face as she posed herself. Then, very slowly, sighing and wriggling gently, she lowered herself on to the hard bone of male flesh. Edward savoured the silky-warm tightness of her as she remained pressed hard down upon him for something like ten seconds. It was as if she were striving to absorb the very last millimetre of him with herself. Nice. He placed his hands on the soft, rounded buttocks. How often he had striped them; how often he had made them squirm with pain! But now, it seemed, they were all 'loving and giving'. Up they came... slowly, wriggling just fractionally. At the peak, the cunt-lips gripped his knob and slithered momentarily back and forth. then down went the buttocks again... slowly... still with that fractional wriggling motion. Looking up into the mirror set in the top of the four-poster, Edward saw the hibiscus still fluttering gently. Then it was suddenly waving furiously up and down as Tess made half a dozen rapid lunges with her lithe haunches... before slowing right down again. Edward closed his eyes. Mmmm... this girl knew what she was doing alright. He had taught her. It had on occasions, been a painful process for her. But she had learnt. She had, indeed, become an expert. It was something most satisfying for Edward to think upon.

Another minute or so of slow-gliding rising and falling... followed by more of those rapid lunges. A dozen or more this time. Heavenly! How merrily those young breasts bounced with her movements.

“M-Master... Master I... worship... y-you...” gasped Tess.

Could that be true, wondered Edward? Here was a girl, easily young enough to be his daughter, a girl whom he had made stick a hibiscus up her arse, who had to posture most prettily but very uncomfortably for a very long time, who had been ordered to service him, saying she worshipped him! It did seem most unlikely, but one never

Knew. In any event, she was getting beautifully hot and gooey inside.

Slowly again... but now not quite so slowly as before. Rather more urgency. Then fast again. but even faster. And for longer. Delightful.

“M-Master...oooohh... M-Master... m-may... I... aaaahhhh... c-come?”

Edward’s’ teeth bared in a triumphant grin. “You may, little one.” he replied. Then he strove to rein in his surging lust as Tess went into a frenzy of bouncing and squirming, breasts all a-joggle, head thrown back, mouth wide, as she gasped and squealed to a palpitating climax.

That it was genuine, Edward had no doubt. He felt her even more juicily succulent as, momentarily exhausted, she slumped down on him, breathing hard. Edward gave her a few moments to gather her strength then slapped one of the buttock cheeks.

“Move it again my pretty,” he said. “This time, I’m going to come.”

“Yes... ooohhh... yes... yes... Master...”

Panting through clenched teeth, Tess now worked herself up into a steady rhythm. the hibiscus swayed as if in a gale. Lying back, now grunting with pleasure, Edward allowed the divine sensation to spread over him. Up his limbs, down his spine, into his balls...

Then bursting!



Move it again, my pretty. This time, I’m going to come

He rolled and jerked, groaning, as he ejaculated powerfully.

Oh joy! Unalloyed!

Skilfully, Tess slowed, but kept herself working until she knew her Master was fully slaked. Then she lay still upon him, listening to the thumping of their hearts.

A cunt had been well used...

A slave had served her Master...

An hour later, bathed and dressed, Edward T. Monson descended to the sitting room of his wife Gertrude. Not finding her there, he continued on to the Breakfast Room. breakfast was taken any time up to midday at Chesterfields. There she was, flanked by two slave-maids, stuffing herself as usual. One thing which Edward did not much care for about Gertrude was her grossness. But she had some fine qualities. Wealth for one thing and allowing him complete freedom of action, for another. Naturally he reciprocated.

"Good morning, my dear, sleep well?" he enquired formally.

"No, not too well. Damn storm kept me awake."

"Sorry to hear that." He snapped his fingers. "Coffee," he said. One of the black slaves in attendance hurried to do his bidding. Gertrude picked up an envelope from the table and tossed it across to Edward.

"Had an invitation from Gloria Vance," she said. "To attend one of her tea-parties. Tomorrow. Doesn't give much notice, does she?"

Edward felt his pulses quicken a little. These so-called tea-parties at Lauderdale were always good value. They were, in fact, public punishment sessions involving Gloria Vance's slaves, both black and white, and over the years, he'd seen some really excellent floggings handed out. He liked the atmosphere at Lauderdale because Gloria was a superb producer of this kind of entertainment. Invitations were much sought after and, for special guests like himself (that is to say, the wealthiest and most influential) were granted other privileges.

"Well," said Edward, "I suppose we'll be going. It can be quite an amusing afternoon."

“I’m afraid I won’t,” answered Gertrude a shade huffily, “I’ve got a contractor coming to discuss the stable conversion.”

“Can’t you put him off?”

“I don’t particularly want to. In any event, though the afternoon can be amusing, Gloria Vance is inclined to get on my nerves. Always trying to queen it over everybody.”

Edward T. Monson shrugged. “She’s always seemed a kind and generous hostess to me,” he said.

“Ohh... it’s different with you men,” Gertrude almost snapped. “if you were a woman, you’d understand better.”

“If you say so, my dear.” It occurred to Edward that, if her friends found Gloria somewhat obnoxious, her female slaves must find her absolute Hell-on-Earth!

“You’ll be going then.”

“Yes... I think I will.” nodded Edward. He emptied his cup. Another snap of his fingers and it was re-filled. He hadn’t been over to Gloria Vance’s estate for almost a couple of months. Either business or other diversions had forced him to excuse any invitations which had arrived. Now it would be interesting to see how Lucinda Fanshawe was coming along as a slave. Now named Lucy, she was a socialite in the same mould as Eleanor Gordon-Bradshaw, even if she had not got an English handle to her name. She was a sumptuously built woman whom he recalled watching receive one of her earlier punishments. Sentenced to be birched by Gloria Vance, she had refused to remove her drawers before the assembled company. As a result, she had been put over the Punishment Block and caned. Afterwards, still refusing, she had been caned again. And more severely. One week later, at the next tea-party, the woman had been considerably more contrite. Somehow, though obviously raging with fury inside, she forced herself to publicly admit the error of her ways and that she deserved all she had got.

Once again, Gloria had then ordered Lucinda to remove her drawers, prior to being birched. This time, the ‘proud beauty’ had done so... and what an effort that must have cost her! She had been put over the Birching Hurdle, blatantly exposed to all, and then

flayed on her superbly ample bottom. Eighteen strokes, if Edward remembered right. Most enjoyable. He reckoned that Lucinda Fanshawe would be far more respectful of her Owner in future. It would be interesting to see.

"Give Gloria my apologies," said Gertrude, consuming yet another syruped waffle.

"Certainly," nodded Edward. "I may stay the night, of course. It depends."

"That will be quite alright. Please enjoy yourself, Edward."

"I'll do my best," smiled Edward, with all the casualness he could muster. However, as he well knew, it was very difficult for one of Gloria Vance's closer friends and confidants not to have a most entertaining time at Lauderdale.

TESS

What must it be like to be free? I can only imagine because I have never known freedom. Both my parents were slaves, so I was born to servitude. As soon as I became a young woman, at around 15, my parents' Owners realised my potential. I developed early and was very conscious of the ripe femininity of my body. It both frightened and embarrassed me. Instinctively, I sensed where it would lead me.

How can I describe the sick, shaming horror of being auctioned? Led stark naked before what seemed like hundreds of pairs of staring eyes, mostly male? I was led in, a rope around my neck, by the auctioneer's assistant, too terrified to resist. The man carried a fearsome whip and I had already seen and heard him use it on girls and women who resisted. As I mounted the long dais I wished the ground would open up and swallow me. But, of course, it did not.

I was Lot Number 137.

My head buzzing, my cheeks hot with shame, I dimly heard the auctioneer detailing my attributes. I would have given anything to be able to place my hands over my intimate parts but they were corded behind me. His exact words are lost to me but I still recall parts of them. I will never be able to forget them. He gave my age, my height, my other measurements. Then he said things, awful things:

'This is a sassy youngster, who will develop even more. Look at those breasts, gentlemen... remember she is only 16... and use your imagination..."

'Though it doesn't look like it, this girl has one eighth negro blood in her. If that weren't so. her price would go even higher..."



Look at those breasts, gentlemen...

“Come on girl... move... move that arse... show these gentlemen how you swing it...” (Sobbing, I was tugged along by the rope, wishing I could die. I heard comments from the watchers, heard the rising murmurs).

“Well then, ladies and gentlemen, what am I bid for this fine young specimen? Shall we say 2000 dollars?” (The murmuring ceased. No one bid. Oh those eyes!)

“1500 then. There’s years of good value here. Think of her at 18, gentlemen...”

“1200” called a voice.

“1300” came another. Then others followed thick and fast. “1400... 1500... 1750... 1800... 2000...” The auctioneer began to look quite pleased. I felt sick to my stomach. 2000 dollars. Was that all my whole being... my body and soul were worth?

“Come on, girl, move that arse again...” The whip tapped me. Once more I walked up and down the dais. I could not help the way I walked; the way they liked. I felt the soft bounce of my breasts. Oh dear Lord! The bidding began again.

“2200...” It was a woman’s voice. I was faintly surprised and relieved. Would it not be better to be owned by a woman?

“2300... 2400... 2500” The auctioneer looked even more pleased.

“Come along... come along... only 2500 for this fine youngster,” Will anyone say 2600?’ He me turned around so that my back was to the bidders, then lifted my wrists so that I was forced to bend forward. there were loud murmuring, some shouts, a guffaw or two. I truly wished I was dead.

“2750...” A man. “2800...” The woman again. “2900...” So it went on until the 3000 mark was reached. I was permitted to stand erect again... to turn and face those eyes once more. “3250...” said the woman. and a silence fell.

“At 3250 then,” said the auctioneer. “Are we all done? Quite sure, ladies and gentlemen? So... at 3250 for the last time.” A moments pause. “Sold to Mrs. Monson” he concluded. I felt a degree of relief. At least, it was a woman who owned me.

I was led off the dais and into an outhouse, there to be chained alongside scores of other slaves, both make and female. Later we

were to be distributed to our new owners.

That is how I joined the Monson household... originally being selected to be one of Mrs. Monson's personal maids. Having received my 'uniform' I and two other newly-bought slaves, were addressed by her. We were informed we were to show respect, be obedient and work hard. If we did not, we would be punished. It was frightening but, it seemed to me, I might have done worse. If I had been owned by a man, who knows what he might have done to me?

However, Mrs. Monson was a stern task-mistress. That I learnt from the outset. On the very next day, in her drawing room, I made some stupid little error. forgetting to curtsey, I think. To my horror, she took a cane from a cabinet and ordered me to kneel on the seat of a high backed wooden chair, then pinned up my short skirt.

"Take down your drawers, Tess... I am giving you six strokes of the cane. Here you learn the House Rules quickly, or pay the penalty." I wanted to plead and protest but, out of terror, dare not. I lowered my drawers. Of course, I had been punished before, but only by my parents. Usually a belting, but this was different. A Mistress and a slave. "Grip those wooden knobs at the top of the chair, Tess," she said. "every time you let go, I'll give you two extra." Oh dear Lord!

At the very first cut I let go, clasping my hands urgently to the burning weal she had just raised across my flesh... gasping, squirming. Oh how it had hurt!

"Grip the knobs. Seven to come..." Already my punishment was worse! The second cut came and somehow... I know not how... I hung on, though my knees twisted off the chair seat. "Six to come," she said. "Get your bottom square on to me girl..."

Flinching, whimpering, I forced myself to do so. The third cut whistled down. Oh agony! Once again I lost my grip and clasped my nates, twisting and turning.

"Grip again, Tess," she snapped out. "Seven to come. You'll learn before I've finished with you."

"M-Mercy... Ma'am... I'm so n-new to... to this...."

"Grip, girl!"

I gripped... and got my fourth cut. It caught me on my overhang, just where my buttocks joined my thighs... and it was the most painful cut so far. I found myself crashing down to the floor, crying out breathlessly, my hands once more clasped to the intolerable torment. “Eight to come, Tess,” I heard her saying from above.

“M-Mercy... mercy, Ma’am... I c-can’t stand it...”

“Up... and grip again, girl. And be quick about it.”

“I can’t... ooooh... I can’t!”

Then I heard her speaking, into some brass tube which hung on the wall. “Come up to my drawing room, Jameson,” she said. An even greater terror gripped me. Jameson, I already knew, he was the chief male Overseer. I lay sobbing on the floor, still clasping myself. Oh dear Lord, what was to become of me? Then the Overseer entered.

“Take Tess here down to the Punishment Chamber. Give her twelve strokes of the heavy rod. Hard ones!” ordered my Owner. I wanted to scream and run... do any thing to escape. Instead I found myself gripped about the waist, lifted up and tucked under the Overseer’s arm as if I were no more than an infant.

“Very good, Ma’am,” he said as we left the room, with me kicking and shrieking.

The memory of that first ‘official’ caning still lives with me. In a gloomy cellar room, I was made to strip naked, then was tied over a hard wooden block which curved so that my hindquarters were high. Two women assistants tied me and Jameson flogged me personally. It was an agony beyond all description. The rod was twice as painful as Mrs. Monson’s and was laid on harder. And, of course, I no longer had any means of escaping. At ten second intervals it fell, driving me to a screaming frenzy, making me believe I must lose my reason. At some point I fainted, but was quickly revived by one of the women. They used Salt Volatile.

Afterwards I was carried back, more dead than alive, to slave-quarters. There I remained for forty-eight hours, unfit for work. My weals turned purple and black, though, with the use of healing ointments, they did not last as long as I would have thought.

As can be imagined, I was, thereafter, very careful to obey House Rules when in my Owner's presence. As she had said, at Chesterfield, you learn quickly.

Later, to my shock and horror, I was noticed by the Master of the house and subsequently assigned to him.

My sufferings then became of a different kind... to indecent for me to wish to describe personally. Though still on Earth I have steadily descended into Hell. He has broken me, then re-moulded me. Into the fashion he desires. It is a most evil thing that he has done.

I no longer have a mind or will of my own. It is as if I am merely an extension of him. Like another limb. This morning I lost control of myself again. It is becoming more frequent, I am sure . He loves it. I hate myself for doing it; but have no means of stopping it. This is all his doing. He has suborned me utterly. Oh dear Lord... it seems I am coming to enjoy what I have to do! Who would ever have believed that possible?



My sufferings then became of a different kind...

Chapter Five

The brougham was brought round to the wide front portico of Chesterfield by a stable valet. This was a one-horse carriage named after an English Lord and one much favoured by Edward T. Monson. Even though he and Gertrude certainly intended to form a human Pony Stable, he certainly had no intention of giving up his real mares and stallion.

The time was two fifteen p.m. when Edward descended the steps, smartly garbed in a country style suit. By his side came his personal slave, Tess, carrying some luggage, for Edward had decided to stay overnight at Lauderdale, come what may. Tess was nude but for corset, net stockings and little, high-heeled red ankle boots (one of Edward's favourite outfits for his delicious young possession). The stable valet opened the door of the small but well upholstered carriage and Edward stepped in. There, right before him, were the glossy, well-groomed flanks of a bay mare by the name of Sula. One of his favourites. Edward smiled faintly as he took the reins. Before long, he reflected, it could be the smooth white flanks of the Honourable Eleanor Gordon-Bradshaw who would be before him! It was a pleasing thought, definitely something to look forward to, but for the meantime, he was quite content with Sula. There was no need for him to use a whip with this mare; she understood him well. In fact, Edward deprecated the use of the whip with a well-bred, well trained mare. It would, of course, be rather a different kettle of fish if one were dealing with a Pony! He clicked his tongue, shook the reins and they were off. The stable valet and Tess, needless to say, were quite ignored. They had carried out their duties satisfactorily; that was all that was required of them.

Guests at Gloria Vance's Wednesday afternoon soirees were expected to arrive promptly at 3 p.m. when refreshments would start to be served. The 'show', if such it should be called, usually began about 4 p.m. Edward was not going to be late. By word of mouth and flicks of his finger, he kept the mare at a good, steady pace. There was no reason to use his whip. In any event, he liked the look of that glossy, bay coat.

Who would want to scar that?

Edward always thought there was something special about the ambience of Lauderdale. From the moment you entered its high iron-grill gates it reeked of riches and power. Everything was on a luxurious scale. Even the plants, shrubs and trees seemed to be more exotic than those which grew elsewhere. He supposed it was all down to the grand personality of the place's owner, Gloria Vance. She was of the toughest fibre; a wheeler-dealer in the power circles of the State. He liked her. She was his kind of woman. Not because she was feminine or particularly sexually attractive, but because she was a woman of action and accomplishment. Gertrude, his wife, ran a good ship he didn't complain. But Gloria was ahead of her, both in the ship she ran and on account of her grip on politics. He admired that.

With luxuriant russet hair, hard green-blue eyes, angular features, Gloria Vance had a commanding presence. Her looks, voice and manner all carried the stamp of authority and this was enhanced by her tall, Jouesque figure. The first Lady of Lauderdale certainly looked most splendid that afternoon, thought Edward, as she usually did at these afternoon soirees. Her hair was up and surmounted by a small, diamond studded tiara. Her gown of rich purple was cut low to expose snow-white shoulders and a swelling bosom; held by a slim gold chain about her throat was a large emerald. The gown, Edward noticed when she stood to greet him, though full-length was slit up one side to mid-thigh, exposing a well-laced, calf-length purple boot with an exceedingly high heel.

"How kind of you to invite me, Gloria." Edward bowed and kissed an elegantly extended hand, to discover this hostess ex-

uded heady perfume as well as power.

"Always a pleasure, Edward. No Gertrude?"

"She has some important business appointment. Something to do with the Stables."

"Ahh..."

"And I," went on Edward, "must apologise for having to turn down your recent invitations. My business has taken me East more frequently that I would have wished."

"Business must always take precedence," said Gloria firmly, as she reseated herself. "It is the mainspring of our Society... our way of life."

"Would you care to join me, Edward?" asked Gloria, indicating the table, set for two.

"I should be delighted," smiled Edward. And indeed, he was. It put him in the very front rank. And all those detailed for punishment had to come right up to Gloria Vance's table to be sentenced. He liked those close-ups of tearful, terror stricken females. He sat down on a comfortable padded upright chair. Before him, the heavy red curtains were still drawn across the 'stage' upon which 'justice' was meted out.

"Coffee... or something stronger?" enquired Gloria.

"A bourbon with ice would go down well," replied Edward.

Gloria raised but a finger and, within moments, a figure was by her side. And what a figure it was! Edward instantly enchanted by the young vision which had appeared before them. She was blonde (very), blue eyed (very) and poutingly pretty (very). And she had a compactly curvaceous body which even a dedicated monk would have had difficulty in keeping his eyes and hands off. As did all the girls who performed these serving functions at Gloria's soirees, she wore a fetching, see through harem style outfit (this one of the palest pink) with traditional full sleeves and baggy trousers, enhancing rather than concealing her womanly charms.

Gloria ordered the drink without even turning her head.

"Yes, Madam," said the girl tremulously. How nervous she is, thought Edward, watching the bounce of a superb, tight rounded

bottom as the girl hurried off.

"New?" he enquired.

"Who?"

"That girl..."

"What girl?"

"The one who just came to the table..."

"Oh, you mean the slave." Gloria spoke rather as if a slave were a being from another planet and could scarcely be give the classification of 'girl'. She glanced towards the serving area. "Sue, you mean? Or the black, Daisy?" Gloria normally had one white girl and one black acting as serving wenches.

"Sue," answered Edward, watching the girl returning with a salver on which his drink was rested. Oh, God, those breasts bounced just as deliciously as did her bottom! This one, sooner or later, he must definitely have. She was of the age and type which attracted him most of all. Most likely had the right reluctant temperament too.

"Yes, she's new..." Gloria was saying. "Not fully trained yet. First time on this duty, I think. Probably a bit nervous.

"I'm not surprised," grinned Edward, watching the blonde Sue set down his drink, averting her eyes. He saw the tightness of her lips, the twitch in one cheek, a faint trembling of her hands. What a nervous kitten! Delicious! Briefly, before the girl curtsied and turned away, he caught a glimpse of the smooth curve of her mound and the line of her sex lips.

"Used to be Suzanne Delacroix," said Gloria. "Daughter of Jacques Delacroix. You remember him? Gambled on futures some months ago now and lost his fortune."

"Ahhh... yes... I recall. Nasty business for him."

"Nastier for his daughter," said Gloria unemotionally. "My husband Charles was one of a consortium of merchants responsible for raising as much cash from the wreckage as possible. Young Miss Delacroix was one of the few worthwhile, realisable assets. He bought her for me. Quite expensive she was, too."

"I'm not surprised," said Edward amusingly.

The large, ornately decorated room was gradually filling up

with fashionably dressed men and women who took their seats at some dozen or so tables scattered around. Others sank into armchairs or sofas. There was constant chatter and laughter, delighted greetings, a sense of mounting excitement. This was one of the great regular social meeting places of Nashville County.

Edward was aware that, as this gathering increased, already arrived in an adjoining ante-chamber, would be those unfortunate slaves who had earned themselves punishment that afternoon. Wearing only corsets and thin cotton drawers, each would be standing, hands on top of her head, nose to a wall, waiting. Hearing the hub-hub from the guests' chamber. Feeling the tension and terror mounting as minute succeeded minute. Mrs. Duprez, the housekeeper of Lauderdale, had instructions to bring all those on punishment detail into the ante-chamber at half past two, even though punishments never began before four and more usually at four thirty. Gloria Vance considered that this waiting period was, itself, a most salutary experience. And in that, she was absolutely 100% correct!

From time to time, guests came and greeted Gloria. Edward knew most of them... and they greeted him equally affably. Edward finished his bourbon and raised a finger... just a shade disappointed that it was the Negress Daisy who came to his side. Not that she didn't have an excellently buxom body, with gleaming flesh. Edward recalled having her sent to him as a 'chamber maid' some time ago (this was in the days when Gloria only employed black girls on such 'duties') and the girl had as the saying goes 'fucked like a rattlesnake'. Yes a most enthusiastic little number... especially as she had had the threat of a birching hanging over her if she didn't put her mind (and her arse) into her work!

"How's Lucinda Fanshawe getting on?" enquired Edward, sipping his freshly arrived drink. He was hoping she would be on the parade that afternoon.

"Lucy, you mean?" said Gloria flatly.

"Ah yes, Lucy, of course..."

Gloria shook her head sorrowfully. "No longer with us, I am afraid."

"Really?" Edward was genuinely surprised. "What happened?"

"I'm afraid she tried to escape," said 'Gloria, almost sadly, it seemed. "You know the penalty for that here."

"Yes, I think so. A whipping in the courtyard... then out into the plantation shackled to a male slave."

"Correct."

"She didn't survive?"

"She will almost certainly be out of her misery by now. You see, I didn't just send her out there for a week or two. In her case, it was for an indefinite period." Edward whistled faintly. He recalled that Gloria had always had some motive for getting very special revenge on Lucinda Fanshawe. Well, she had certainly seemed to have done it! "What with the constant toil and whippings - not to mention having to service buck niggers night and day - she couldn't last out more than a few weeks." Edward felt momentarily and faintly sorry for the women. Still, she would be at rest now.

"Discipline has to be maintained," Gloria was saying smugly. "If I didn't crack down hard on escape attempts, they'd soon all be at it."

"Quite so... oh I do agree," nodded Edward. It was true that Masters had to remain Masters and slaves had to be kept under. Known penalties must be implemented when a slave broke the rules. That was the way of the world. The world of Nashville County, anyhow.

"Hullo, J.J., nice to see you looking so well." An old friend had come up.

"Thanks, Edward, you're looking in the pink yourself."

"It's those tonics you put me on to, old man."

J.J., real name Judge John Jackson laughed. "They sure do help, don't they? Still got that young Tess, have you?"

"Sure have, J.J.," smiled Edward. "She's real well trained now."

J.J., like Edward liked them young. He was also a privileged friend of Gloria's, too, and frequently stayed nights at Lauderdale. "Might pay you a visit one day."

"Anytime, J.J.," smiled Edward. "Just heard about the Fanshawe woman." he said.

"Mmm... pity about that. Foolish of her." J.J. shook his head. "I used to like watching them take the skin off that backside of hers. Proud woman, but they brought her low."

"They did, indeed," nodded Edward. "It's somehow more enjoyable getting it when you've known them socially."

"Couldn't agree more..."

"Usual verdict. Suicide, I suppose?" said Edward.

"Sure to be," agreed Judge John Jackson, the noble upholder of the Law and natural justice! "Ah there's Brownstone. I want a word with him. See you in the billiards room later, old man?"

"A good idea. I'm staying the night." J.J. smiled understandably as he wandered off. So was he... and he already had something lined up. It would be a repeat of his visit of the previous week. Rather scrumptious!

Gloria Vance, who had been wandering from table to table chatting, returned. She looked cool and confident and one knew she revelled unashamedly in her power. Well, why not? Though it did seem to make her a little unpopular with some of the ladies. Perhaps Gloria should have been a man, reflected Edward. He leaned across and coughed gently.

"Er, Gloria... this... this Sue. Has she... I mean is she... ever on Chambermaid duties?" he asked. He felt a little nervous; was that because his desire was so strong?

"Not yet," responded Gloria, giving him a faintly acid look. He got the idea she did not think too highly of men.

"There's always a time to begin," said Edward brightly.

A little sigh came. "You middle-aged bastards," she said, half jocularly, "you all go for the kids, don't you?"

"Not all of us," replied Edward. "But I do, for sure, so what?"

"Nothing," shrugged Gloria. Edward formed the impression she might have been a shade jealous and that his reflection that she would have been better off as a man was correct. "I'll have her sent up..."

Edward felt the tingling of his nerves. "Thanks, Gloria... that's

great," he said.

"That's O.K.," smiled Gloria. "I like to keep rich and powerful friends happy." Edward accepted the compliment gracefully. "She'll probably give you quite a deal of trouble."

"I like trouble," said Edward, feeling his nerves tingle even more. "And, if there's too much trouble, I can always have her birched... then sent back to me another week."

"Very true," said Gloria, in a matter-of-fact way. That's probably how it will turn out."

"It would suit me fine," smiled Edward. It was going to be an amusing struggle to watch... young modesty .v. terror of the birth. Who would win? Once more, Edward found his glass empty; once more he raised a finger. This time it was the luscious young Sue who came to his side. She curtsied.

"Y-Yes... Sir?"

Edward looked up into half averted eyes... saw shame and fear in them. Very casually he placed his hand on the top of the girl's thigh, at the back, just below her buttock curve. He felt her flinch, heard her gasp, saw her bite her pouting lower lip. But she did not withdraw; she dare not withdraw; loathsome as she found his touch, she had to endure it. She had to! All the more so since she was under the direct eyes of her Owner. A certain flogging awaited any display of resentment at the obscene touch of this middle-aged guest.

"Yes... yes... S-Sir?" repeated Sue, voice weak and trembly.

Oh how anxious she is to get away, thought Edward. He could feel the tension in the girl, feel the trembling of her thigh-flesh. If I slipped my hand between those thighs, would she shriek and run? Maybe, maybe not. It depended on her training and the degree of self control she had acquired. but, in any event, Edward was not one for such public displays.

"Bring me another of those Bourbons, girl," he ordered, giving that lovely, rounded bottom a gentle pat. It felt delightful. Best of all, it was going to be more delightful to make use of it.

"Y-Yes... S-Sir..." Another curtsey. Another bounce of her breasts. Another unavoidable, if brief, display of that mound and sex-lips.

Mmmm... yes... this really was something out of the ordinary. The ripest of ripe young beauties! A sudden thought swam into Edward's brain.

Why should I not buy her off Gloria?

She might be expensive but the money would mean nothing to him. It was merely a question of whether or not he could persuade Gloria to make the sale. Some Owners could be pig-headed; just hanging on to a slave out of sheer obstinacy.

He would have to handle it carefully. Put a little pressure on. Maybe in the political arena. He could..... oh... he could. Anyway, it was a nice idea.

Already Edward's mind was turning to the situation where he had both Tess and Sue as personal slaves. working as a team... ah...! Playing games together..... ah ! Mmmm... he was beginning to like the idea very much. And if one liked an idea... and if one were very rich... one put that idea into actuality.

Tess and Sue... Sue and Tess... in due time it would happen. Edward was already sure. He had made a decision and he would carry it out. That kind of determination had made him the success in commerce which he already was.

There was a sudden intensification of the buzz and hum of conversation in the room. Fezal, Gloria Vance's Turkish "Major-Domo" had entered, followed by her Housekeeper, Mrs Duprez. Hard-looking, professional in appearance, they were, in effect, joint Chief Overseers at Lauderdale.

Mrs Duprez, who had a large black book under one arm, deferentially approached the table. "Excuse me, Ma'am," she said, "are you ready to begin?" Tall, powerfully built, she as an octoroon with dark, flashing eyes and a ready smile which belied her ruthless nature. Edward felt a tingling of his nerves at the question. That, however, he reflected, would be nothing compared to the tingling of the nerves in the adjoining ante-chamber.

"In ten minutes," replied Gloria calmly, taking a sip of coffee. "Fezal may make preparations. How many on the Detail?"

"Thank you, Ma'am... five, Ma'am." Mrs Duprez made a small, formal bow, placed the book on the table and withdrew, making a

sign to the Turk. Edward glanced at the tome. On its cover were the words:

RECORD OF HOUSEHOLD PUNISHMENTS ON THE LAUDERDALE ESTATE

What a catalogue of torment it must be, he thought!

Fezal now mounted three carpeted steps which led up to the stage which ran right across one end of the room; he pulled a tasselled silk rope and the heavy curtains parted silently. As usual, there was a momentary silence at this moment when the 'place of execution' was revealed for the first time. There, in the very centre stood the menacing humped block, made of wood and leather, with its heavy pinioning straps attached. There, on the far wall, was the large mirror in which the agonised victims' features would be reflected... and in which she would be able to see them all gazing upon her. Beneath that mirror ran a series of iron troughs, filled with brine water. Some carried birches, others rods of various weights. The handles of some of these instruments could be seen projecting. To the left, hanging from what looked something like a coat-rail, were three heavy leather straps, attached to short wooden handles. One was a single-thronged, one double, one triple. These were a recent innovation at Lauderdale, having been introduced by a distant relative of Gloria's, a Miss MacGarry from Scotland when on a visit. This formidable personage, once a schoolmistress but now Head of a Reform School for Girls, enthused on the beneficial effects of what was sometimes called the Lochgelly Tawse... and Gloria was happy to experiment. She was immediately impressed. So, too, were those slaves who felt fearsome leather thongs cutting across the bare flesh of their buttocks! Miss MacGarry was asked if she would be so kind as to send a supply of the instruments as soon as possible and the lady was happy to do so. It was, she ruminated later, a rather unique Scottish export!

It should be noted that the tawse was always applied to the bare flesh. This was because Miss MacGarry stated that this was the fashion in which it was always applied in her Reform Schools. Birchings at Lauderdale were also given on the bare flesh, but (this being a quirk of Gloria's) canings were administered over a

girl's thin cotton drawers.

The audience watched avidly as Fezal made a brief inspection of the troughs. Someone gasped (a first-time visitor, doubtless) as he picked out one of the birches. It was a mass of whippy green twigs, dripping water... a real flayer of flesh. A rod or two was swished; the tawses examined to see that they were supple with oil. All was well.

As Fezal, dressed in red livery, moved to one side and stood with folded arms, in filed his ten assistants, five male, five female. The former, know as Flunkeys (and garbed similarly) consisted of three negroes and two whites. The latter, known as Maids (wearing white blouses, three-quarter length red skirts and high-heeled shoes) consisted of two negresses and three white women, all of them very muscular. It was indeed difficult for any slave to distinguish between a flogging administered by one of these Amazons and one of the males!

As the conversation became muted, as the excited anticipation mounted, the tinkle of teacups seemed loud in that room. There were occasional little fluting sounds of nervous laughter from some of the women guests. Many were trying to put themselves in the place of those unfortunate waiting outside. God, God, what must it be like? How nice it was to be able to sit there in safety and comfort... and gloat.

There was a movement at the door. Mrs Duprez entered.

Following the Housekeeper was an attractive young negress, wearing only her clincher corset and a pair of white drawers. She had already lost control of her mouth and her dark eyes glistened with tears.

"Meg, Ma'am," said Mrs Duprez.

Gloria Vance opened her Punishment Book. At the top of the page which carried the girl's name was her age - 22 years - and the date she joined the household - a little more that a year previously. The list of Punishments awarded ran over halfway down the page, but, most of them dating from the first six month's of Meg's servitude.

"For?" enquired Gloria.

“Demerits, Ma’am...”

A finger ran up the list of entries. Gloria noted that Meg had not been punished for a month... but that the last time was also for Demerits. These Demerits, it should be stated, were awarded during any one week by Flunkeys or Maids, and a slave could earn them for the most minor faults, such as not curtseying properly, looking sulky, failing to show sufficient respect and the like. Apart, of course, for what was deemed unsatisfactory work.

Gloria looked up and fixed the shivering girl with her cold green-blue eyes. Edward was looking up, too, particularly appreciative of the girl’s large breasts which, held up by the undersupport stop of her clincher, thrust provocatively like pale brown melons.

MEG

The sea of faces shimmers through my tears. They have all come to see me suffer. To ENJOY seeing me suffer. For they are rich and powerful and I am a poor negress slave. The Mistress of Lauderdale looks at me with those piercing eyes of hers and my stomach turns. What will she decree? She has limitless powers over me. Beside her a red-faced man gazes lustfully at my bare breasts. As always, I wish they were not so large. Repeatedly, when I am going about my duties, men squeeze and fondle them. Yet I dare make no protest. That is the existence of a slave. Once, when I first came to this household, I did protest... and was soundly thrashed for it. I have not protested since.

I do not know how I have come to earn over ten Demerits. I seem, this week, to have behaved as well, and worked as hard as ever. But I have received them and now I am in this awful room, trembling with dread. On how unjust the world is! I do not deserve to be punished but I know I shall be. She is peaking: I must concentrate my mind...

"The last time you were here was also for Demerits, Meg, do you recall that?"

"Y-yes, Madam..." Of course I recall it; one never forgets a visit to this room. My voice sounds small.

"Speak up... and keep your head up!" snaps the Housekeeper. I raise my chin. Oh how they all gaze upon me, loving to see my tears and trembling!

"And what happened?"

"I... I... was c-caned, Madam..."

"That's right, Meg. You received twelve stokes of a medium rod." She paused. My heart was thudding. What was coming... oh

what was coming? Oh how she could drag out these hideous moments! “Obviously that was not conducive to helping to mend your ways.” Oh dear Lord, it is going to be worse this time! My legs feel as if they are filled with water. “I think it will benefit you girl, if you feel a heavy rod. Twelve strokes.”

A sob bursts from me as she writes in that book. I have felt that heavy rod. Six strokes. Each one sheer agony. Now I am to receive twelve. On why cannot I die? But at least it is neither the tawse nor the birch, so I will be allowed to retain my drawers. It is small comfort, but something.

The Housekeeper touches my arm and I turn and mount those three steps. This is the moment when some slaves panic, especially when they are new. It only earns them worse punishment. I bite my lips, summon what little resolve I have left and try not to look at the Block before me. Already I see two of the Flunkeys mounting the low trestles, one on each side of the Block. One is black, one is white; it is they who will thrash me. As I reach the sloping end of this dreaded device, each grips me by a biceps and pulls me up until my belly rests on the curving leather at the topmost part of the Block. It is cold. I shiver.

Automatically, I stretch out my arms before me,, down the front slope of the Block. My wrists are taken by one of the Maids and leather cuffs are buckled around them. Short chains attached to the cuffs are adjusted so that my arms and torso are pulled at full length. At the same time, another Maid is buckling cuffs around the lowest part of each of my thighs... other chains pull my limbs down the back slope of the Block as far as possible, my thighs being kept pressed close together.

I have been through this all often enough before. It is a ritual designed to intensify one’s terror second by second. Already I am curving helpless, but they have not finished with me. One of the Flunkeys pulls a six-inch wide strap across the very lowest part of my back, just fractionally above the top of my buttocks. The end of this strap goes through a large brass buckle and, using all the leverage he can muster, the flunkey pulls the strap as tight as possible, crushing my belly and flanks to the top curve of the Block.

Now, whatever comes, I cannot move my quarters more than a fraction of an inch in any direction. Much as I might be driven to do so! I am completely immobilised, my bottom presented to the audience in a taut-rounding curve, covered by my thin white drawers. Slave as one might be, never does one get used to the immodesty of it.

My sobs are now coming at regular intervals. They will love to hear them. They will love to gaze upon my quarters, projecting up ready for the rod. Oh I hate them... I HATE them! But there is nothing I can do. A hand grips my hair at my neck; it is twisted, then knotted to a thin thong. That thong runs back to a ring on the belt below my waist... then it is shortened until my torso is brought almost upright and I am gazing at my hapless self in the wide mirror before me. I see my big breasts thrusting before me; I see those rows of faces behind me... smug, smiling, smirking... male and female. Loving it all... lusting. The people of power. Oh I HATE them! Now they will not only be able to see the stripes as they are raised across my bottom but also the agony of my features. Oh I HATE them! I see my Owner chatting to the man at her table. She laughs and pats his arm. Having sentenced me, she seems quite unconcerned at my awful fate. He licks fleshy lips. This is meat and drink to him. Oh I HATE them!

Icicles seem to shaft through my vitals as I watch Fezal go to the iron tanks. I think at any moment I may wet myself with terror. It happens often enough. They find it rather amusing. Two rods come out. O dear God, how thickly rounded they are! Yet so supple. They sway as Fezal carries them and hands one to each Flunkey.

"No!" I cry. "Have mercy... I... I have done nothing... wrong!"

I am not conscious of having made any effort to cry out. It simply happened. My poor, distraught being made it happen. It was involuntary. Also, it was utterly useless. It merely adds to the pleasure they received.

"Singly..." It was one simple word from my Owner which decreed the fashion in which I would be punished. It decreed that the strokes would fall from alternate sides of me, one every ten

seconds or so. Sometimes my Owner decreed ‘Doubles’, in which case the strokes would fall virtually simultaneously from each side. Dear God, I do not know which is more unendurable. In the latter case, it is over quicker; but there is double agony each time.

The rod held by the Flunkey on my left taps me lightly; then is sawn slowly to and fro across my buttock flesh. I feel my muscles clenching and clenching with awful dread.

“Ooooh... for G-God’s... s-sake... no... NO... OOOO... NO... OOOOOOOO!” I hear myself crying.

Before me, I see my distorted features.

I watch as the flunkey raises his rod high. I am already shrieking as it descends.

It bites across the fullness of my buttock cheeks. The pain is indescribable. I am robbed of breath; my mouth gapes; my eyes roll wildly. I cannot endure it... I CANNOT:

My own shrieks are echoing in my ears...

I cannot endure this deep, deep burning torment! I CANNOT!

But already the second Flunkey, who is on my right side, is beginning to saw his rod gently across my bottom. To make me more fully aware as to what is to come in a matter of moments.

I cannot endure it... I CANNOT!

Unhurriedly, the rod is raised high... and comes hurtling down again.

Chapter Six

Not only are these young Negresse's breasts most excellent, thought Edward, but so also was this particular one's bottom. He also preferred her brown skin colouring to that of the blackness of many of the girls.

"Well made," he murmured, almost to himself.

"Indeed," said Gloria, patting his arm and uttering a little laugh. "But she's too old for you, Edward. Over twenty!"

Edward laughed also. "Ohh... I'm not all that choosy, Gloria," he replied. "I don't at all mind them more mature on occasions. In fact, I was thinking of getting around to having a rough and tumble with Lucinda... sorry, Lucy... before you despatched her."

"You would have been welcome, you know that, Edward," answered Gloria, graciously.

Edward watched the rod being sawn across the well-rounded bottom before him... saw the convulsive clench of the nates. He liked that. The girl was crying out... pleading. Poor thing. Poor thing indeed! The girl had earned her punishment and was now going to get it. She had no right to complain whatever sentence her Owner had passed on her.

The heavy rod went up... and then, with a hoarse-harsh whistling sound, came lashing down to lash across the fullness of that brown bottom. The weal raised was instant and savage... twin-tracked and purpling... beginning to fill quickly. This rod was obviously a real brute. There were several intakes of heaving breath before Meg's shrieks began to echo from wall to wall. Yes, thought Edward with cruel lust she really felt that. And there were still eleven more to come. Lovely! She'd be in no end of a state by the time the twelfth was delivered. Idly he wondered whether the

Negress would survive without Fezal having to push his smoking joss-sticks under her nose. Probably. These Negresses were a good deal tougher than the whites. As a general rule, that is. There had been some notable exceptions of course.

The second stroke lashed down... and the gasping-shrieks were even more intense. Oh the agony in those contorted features! Eyes bulging... mouth wide and pink... tongue flickering. Oh yes... oh yes... you could really see just how much it hurt. Delightful! And it was only just beginning.

This was how recalcitrant female slaves should be treated. This was the only way to maintain discipline. The iron discipline required to keep people like Gloria Vance and himself on top of the girls. When you had power, you must use it. Start getting soft and these underlings would soon take advantage. Why... they might even begin to imagine that they had some rights themselves! That was a laugh, thought Edward.

Remorselessly, stroke succeeded stroke. From left, from right. At measured intervals. Each stroke laid on with maximum power from a Flunkey's muscular right arm. No let up, no mercy... despite the inhuman shrieks which were filling the room.

Ten!

Eleven!

Twelve!

Oh those pitiful howls! Oh those purple weals! They were raised ridges of incredible torment. A light or medium cane was bad enough but anyone who had felt the heavy cane knew it was truly murderous. Some slaves had even been known to say they would rather be birched... but that was until the slashing twigs were starting to take the skin off them. Then they thought differently! It was a matter of degree. But it was still all pain... pain... pain!

"Quite a hiding," remarked Edward, still gazing upon the quivering buttock-flesh. One could well imagine those encircling weals burning down, down, down... deep, deep, deep.

"They don't like the heavy rod," said Gloria, signalling for her cup to be re-filled. She spoke as if her slaves rather appreciated a light or medium cane!

"No, that's pretty obvious," nodded Edward. Great heaving sobs were coming from the Punishment Block where Meg still remained. Though the rod had ceased to fall, she was still suffering excruciatingly. Her features were contorted, tears streamed unchecked down her cheeks. "Do you use it very often?"

"No," replied Gloria. "In fact, I was in two minds about having it used on Meg, for Demerits are not ALL that serious. However, as she had had twelve strokes of the medium last time, I was in a bit of a dilemma. Eighteen of the medium I considered but then I thought that of the heavy would bring her up real sharp. I don't think we'll see her over that Block again for quite a few weeks."

Edward nodded again. Gloria Vance was quite some disciplinarian. One couldn't argue with her methods because she got results. And pleased her friends into the bargain!

Meg continued to sob unrestrainedly. She would remain over the Block for at least another ten minutes. The theory of this was to give her some time to recover her wits and will before she was taken out; in reality, it was merely to keep her on display for the benefit of sadistic onlookers.

"What is your slave complement in the household now, Gloria?" Edward enquired politely.

"Well over forty," came the reply. "And ten of those are white."

"Really? That is rather splendid." Edward felt a certain sense of envy. He would have a word with Gertrude about increasing their establishment. One could not afford to fall behind in any way when one moved in these upper circles. Still, they were going to have Stables at Chesterfield. That, he had already gleaned, had no interest for Gloria at the moment.

"U-Urff... u-urff... u-urrfff..." sobbed the wretched Meg. No one was particularly concerned. The girl had earned her punishment and had received it. It was correct that she was suffering. It would, quite possibly, help her to behave better in future.

Sue returned to the table and poured Gloria yet another cup of coffee. While she was doing so, Edward ran a hand lightly over her bottom. The girl flinched and uttered a small gasp, almost spilling some coffee in the saucer. Gloria gave the girl a sharp

look but said nothing.

"Another Bourbon, girl," ordered Edward. He was beginning to feel a shade merry. My God, you're going to make a marvellous fuck, you little beauty, he thought as Sue hurried thankfully away. However, he would have to slow down a bit on the drinking, otherwise her might not be able to do himself justice.

Oh, this was the life... this was very much the life!

"Take her away, please Mrs Duprez."

"Yes, Ma'am..."

Maids and Flunkeys unfastened Meg's bonds. She slid slowly down the back of the Block, clasping fruitlessly at the bands of torment swirling across her buttocks.

"Stand, girl!"

Somehow, Meg managed to obey, staggering from side to side, gasping and wincing as her pains intensified with her movements. There were a few titters. The girl stumbled and almost fell. As if incensed by this natural inability to walk properly after such a hiding, Mrs Duprez seized Meg's hair and virtually dragged her from the room. Wails and sobs faded away. Another culprit would shortly be brought in.

And how would her nerves be, reflected Edward, as, nose to wall, she had had to listen to Meg's awful cries. Gloria Vance's methods were indeed of the severest nature. Perhaps other Owners in the South could learn from her. For not only were those methods severe, but they were clever. They preyed on the mind as well as the body. That, Edward was coming to realise more and more was an important element in disciplinary procedure.

"Who's next?" he enquired confidentially of Gloria.

"I've not idea," answered the Mistress of Lauderdale's a shade haughtily. She spoke as if she were not remotely concerned. Yet, within her, sadistic delight throbbed constantly and increasingly. This absolute power over her female slaves was the most exquisite joy to Gloria. However, she did not like to show that joy in public. Nor in private for that matter. She kept up the pretence of being a just Mistress meting out punishments to her erring slaves in order to ensure the efficient running of her household.

Little could have been further from the truth. For Gloria enjoyed inflicting pain purely for the ineffable pleasure it gave her. Nothing, not even sex (when she had been a little younger) had ever given her so much delight. And the greatest delight of all was to be had from inflicting pain on a white woman of good social background who, through unfortunate circumstances, had been reduced to penury and servitude. Such as Lucinda Fanshawe, such, indeed, as all the white slaves Gloria now possessed. Black slaves had slavery in their blood; white slaves did not. There was an exquisite difference to be enjoyed there... for one could put oneself even more easily into the mind of such a woman and better gauge just how much mental, as well as physical, torment she was having to endure.

There was movement at the door and Mrs Duprez returned. This time she was escorting a young white slave by the name of Ginnie. Once Virginia Wainwright, still only 19, she was the daughter of a merchant adventurer who had gambled and failed. At 18, to save something from the wreckage, Ginnie had been sold into slavery; purchased by Charles Vance and given to Gloria. She was a very pretty, wide-mouthed girl with black hair and dark brown eyes, (how vivacious those eyes had once been!). Edward had seen the girl before and was pleased by her reappearance. She stood before the table, trembling just as Meg had done. Her breasts, however, were much smaller, with a firm apple-roundness. The aureoles and nipples were pale brown.

"Ginnie," said Mrs Duprez and Edward watched this pretty young thing bite her lips fiercely. If Fate had not been so unkind to her, he reflected, she might now be out riding or entertaining guests. Possibly she might be flirting with some attentive beau.

As it was...

"And what has Ginnie been up to?" enquired Gloria opening up her Punishment Book again.

"Nothing too serious, Ma'am," replied the Housekeeper, "but I did find her half-dozing while she was supposed to be cleaning silver."

Gloria clicked her tongue. It was not, of course, a very serious

offence, yet it had to be dealt with all the same. Indeed, it scarcely merited the girl being brought here. “Dozing, eh?”

“Yes, Ma’am... it was the third time this week.”

“Ahh... I see...” That was different. Once might earn the girl a few strokes from a ‘stinger’ (a leather strap carried by all Maids and Flunkeys) but three lapses of that nature were a more serious affair. “Well,” continued Gloria, “we’ll have to wake Ginnie up a bit, won’t we. I think a tawse might do that.” Edward saw the girl flinch. “Six strokes of the double.

Those dark eyes closed momentarily. A tear oozed out. But Ginnie was the first to realise she had got off relatively lightly. She had been expecting a dozen from a medium cane.

“Remove your drawers, girl,” ordered Mrs Duprez whilst Gloria was making an entry under Ginnie’s name.

Ah yes... of course, there was that. She would have to expose herself to this hateful, leering, lusting company. Something quite abhorrent to a 19-year-old. All the same, she would HAVE to do it.

Edward watched slim white fingers go to the pale blue ribbon-knot which held those thin white drawers. What an effort, for a young woman to have to expose herself in this way. For one who had been cosseted and sheltered all her life. Once she would never had dreamed of lifting her skirt above he calves... and now she had no skirt. She had only drawers... and these she was going to have to remove. Ah yes, there was the pain of actual punishment but there was also a mental anguish which, for a well brought-up girl was possibly even worse.

The drawers, unfastened, slid down over the well formed thighs. Down to slim ankles. Covering her face with her hands, Ginnie stepped from them. Harsh sobs racked her. Edward gazed lust-fully at the smooth pubic mound revealed nakedly to him. Oh what delicate sex-lips they were! So sweet! How glad he was that Gloria had insisted that all her slaves should be depilated. It was said that it made them all far more sexually attractive.

Mature women made to look like little girls... yes... oh yes... that was very nice

What a lovely cunt it was...

How satisfying to know that he could possess it any time he wanted...

Naked but for her clincher-corset, Ginnie mounted on to the stage and walked to the Block. The Flunkeys and Maids awaited. The helpless girl was gripped, positioned and secured. Her taut-rounded, naked bottom curved up.

Oh so delightfully!

Edward was positively enchanted. Only nineteen, he said to himself. Only nineteen. That's how he liked them to be. Yes... he would surely like to have this one at some time or another. Well... he could and he would! He felt sweat beading him as one of the hefty-armed white Maids mounted the trestle alongside the Block. In her hand swung the two-thonged leather tawse. Brownish-red leather... three inches wide, half an inch thick. Mmmm... yes... that would hurt alright. That would hurt like hell!

Mary, the Maid, looked down dispassionately at the softly-girlish bottom beneath her. Through she had seen plenty, she had to admit it was quite fetching. She herself preferred them rather larger; still... yes..... it was quite pretty. She was, however, somewhat concerned that the punishment she had been ordered to deliver was so light. An idle slave only getting six strokes of the tawse? That really didn't seem quite enough! However, Mary decided to do her best and make sure those six were well and truly felt.

That shouldn't be too difficult...

Why not lay each one of them over the other?

Mary swung the two-thonged tawse high and, with all the force she could muster, brought it down across the centre of Ginnie's bottom.

TTTHHHWWWAAACCCKKKK!

The sound of leather on flesh was loud in that tensely silent room... and it was instantly followed by a gasping-gasping-gasping cry from the girl. All gazed with sadistic relish at the three-inch wide red swathe that encircled the upthrusting buttocks and curled round into the left flank, where the two flailing thongs bit

most keenly of all.

"Aahh... aaaahhhh... AAAAAHHHHHH!"

Yes, she sure felt that, said Edward to himself. It must be a different sort of pain to the cane, with which Ginnie would be more familiar. It would be a broader-based pain... flaming and spreading... rather than cutting and biting. Am alternative agony.

Up went the tawse again and all were appreciative of the fact that Mary expertly brought it down over precisely the same area. This she was more easily able to do on account of Ginnie's hind-quarters being so firmly held in position by reason of the strap around her lower waist.

Ginnie, it need hardly be said, was not as appreciative of this cruel stroke as was the audience. Her gasping-gasping-gasping cry was louder and more eloquent. In the mirror her wide-gaping mouth and wild staring eyes were vividly seen. How they epitomised her pain!

Impassive, thin-lipped, Mary raised the tawse a third time... and there congratulatory murmurs and even a few hand-claps as the Maid laid it precisely where the first and second strokes had fallen. Ginnie's eyes seemed to roll back in their sockets and for several seconds, though her mouth was a wide slit of torment no sound came from it. Temporarily, she had no breath to scream with.

But then it came...

A piteous series of shrieks... louder and higher that all those which had come before. They were sounds to delight the heart of every sadistic watcher there. Eyes were brighter, breathing was faster. How good it was to see a youngster made to suffer in this way! The original red swathe had now taken on a purple hue. In one's imagination the heat could be seen rising from it. In future, this girl would be careful not to doze off during her duties... even if she may have been kept up half the night before.

Mary stepped unhurriedly down from the trestle and walked to the other side of the Block. She was enjoying herself. She loved beating slaves, especially female ones. She loved even more beating them in public where her strength and accuracy were appreci-

ated... as they were that afternoon. Up on to the other trestle she went, tawse swinging easily.

Now what?

She could, of course, place the last three strokes where the first three had fallen: But then, in that area, the pain could scarcely be intensified. Over concentration might even have a deadening effect. It would be better to spread the area of pain by placing the second three strokes elsewhere. Mary chose the lowest part of Ginnie's nates, just where they joined her slender thighs.

TTTHHHWWWAAACCCCKKKKKK!

Another eruption of gasping shrieks... up... up they went... ringing in the ears. Oh how that bottom would have squirmed if it could have moved: But it could not move. It had to remain precisely where it was, curving up tautly, helplessly enduring whatever was done to it.

TTTHHHWWWAAACCCKKKKKKK!

Number five overlaid number four...

"A-A-AAGGHHH...A-A-A-A-AAAGGGGHHHHHH!"

Oh yes, young Ginnie was suffering alright! You could see it, you could hear it. What most had imagined would be a fairly mild punishment was turning out to be really something. It was not generally appreciated how deadly a good thick tawse was, except by the likes of Miss MacGarry. Certainly Gloria Vance had not appreciated it originally and had begun by ordering far too large a number of strokes to be administered, resulting in a plethora of fainting fits. Miss MacGarry had pointed out that the maximum with the heaviest tawse was 18 - and that for the toughest offenders in Reform School. Thus, not out of the kindness of her heart but for practical reasons, Gloria had moderated her sentences. Rarely were more than twelve of any of the tawses given... but that number was very adequate was more than obvious.

TTTHHHWWWAAACCCKKKKK!

Ginnie got her sixth, just as hard as she had got her first. And just as accurately.

"A-A-A-AAAAGHHHH... O-O-OOOOOGGHHHHH... AAAAAAGGGGHHHHHH!"

Mary stepped down, a job well done. One half expected her to bow to the audience. Again there was some clapping but Gloria turned and frowned upon it. This was not entertainment. This was slaves getting their just desserts. Or so she implied.

Before them, Ginnie's rounded bottom glowed purple, two bands of fiery torment completely encircling it. The girl was sobbing her heart out. And understandably so.

"A tawse is very effective," remarked Edward. "We have none in our household, but I must get Gertrude to consider it."

"I would recommend her to get a supply," said Gloria. "Frankly, if you asked them, I think a lot would prefer to be caned."

"What... even with the heavy rod?"

"No... I doubt that, Edward. You saw Meg's bottom just now, did you not?"

"Indeed I did," smiled Edward. The memory of that agonised brown flesh was still very fresh in his mind. There's a young lady who would not be sitting down for quite a while, he reflected. Nor would Ginnie for that matter.

"M-Mmmmfff... u-uuurrfff... m-mmmfffff... u-uurrfffff..." came the sobs. Tears glistened on soft young cheeks, a pretty mouth wobbled wetly. It tugged at the heart-strings, did it not?

No... not in that room in Lauderdale.

The appetites of all had been whetted but fifteen minutes was to pass before the next course was served. It took the form of Isabella Runcorn, aged 28 years, once a member of Society, but now simply re-named Ella and a slave at Lauderdale. She had been on the estate for a year and now had no more hope of release since her worthless, bankrupt husband had recently committed suicide. She was there for as long as Gloria Vance wanted to keep her.

Oh what a fate!

Ella was beautiful in a tall, stately kind of way; she was also most buxom. Big-breasted and big-buttocked, one could well have taken her for a woman of considerably older years. As she stood before the table, Edward did not find her particularly attractive; on the other hand, he did admire the bulk of her. This woman's

breasts were bigger than those of Meg... and her backside was positively broader. Excellent flogging material!

"Ella, Ma'am," said Mrs Duprez.

"Ella..." repeated Gloria, raising languid eyes. "Ella AGAIN." Edward saw the woman flinch; her turned down mouth became loose. "What it is this time, Mrs Duprez?"

"By all that's holy! Breakages again!" Gloria's finger ran up and down the page of her big black book. "This, girl," she pronounced, "is the fourth time you've been brought her for breakages in the last six months. How do you explain it, you careless slut?"

Ella's breasts heaved with her emotions. She knew whatever she said would make no difference, but she had to reply.

"I... I... can't, Madam," she muttered.

"Can't! My God, this is too much. It costs enough to run this establishment without my slaves breaking things. Are you not a careless slut?"

"Yes, Madam," replied the woman who had once had twenty servants of her own.

"Say it..."

"I... I am a c-careless slut, Madam..."

Oh how lovely it was to make them grovel verbally before you... and your guests! Knowing just how much it must cost them.

"A careless slut who DESERVES to be punished."

"Y-Yes, Madam..." Ella had to agree, however unjust it might be.

"Say it..."

"I... I am a careless slut... who... who deserves to be p-punished, Madam," said Ella. Edward smiled. What a jelly of submission this woman had been reduced to. He could not remember her in Society but he could well imagine the type she had been. Very worldly, very domineering. There was something of Gloria in her, in fact. Well, all that had changed. Gloria could now make this once-proud woman say and do virtually anything.

"Well, you ARE going to be punished," stated the Mistress of Lauderdale. Ella's features began to quiver uncontrollably. Tears welled in her eyes. Oh the monstrous injustice of it! Would it never

cease? “What was the item, Mrs Duprez?”

“A vase, Ma’am. Quite a valuable vase.”

Gloria’s thin lips set in a hard line. “Indeed. I am not pleased to hear that.” Ella’s big breasts were heaving even more forcefully. There was a long pause. The room was expectantly silent, delighting in this woman’s terror and humiliation. “Have you anything to say, girl?”

“N-No... M-Madam,” answered the ‘girl’ of 28 years. She knew it would be useless to fabricate an excuse.

“What do you recommend, Mrs Duprez?”

“A birching, Ma’am,” answered the Housekeeper promptly. There was a gasp from Ella. She had half expected it; now it was happening.

“I agree with you, Mrs Duprez,” said Gloria. Her finger was on the page again. “The last time this sort of thing happened, I ordered ten strokes of the birch. For protesting... and for delay... Ella, in fact, received fourteen strokes. This time I am ordering eighteen strokes of the birch...”

A loud wailing sound emitted from Ella. She swayed, covering her face with her hands.

“Oh no... oohh... no... ooo...oooohhhhh... nooo... oooooo!” she cried out in infinite despair.

JOHN

It's me and Blanche on next. A couple of blacks to deal with a white. There's a fine thing for you! Time was when it was always the other way around. Them fine white ladies always flogging us blacks. At Lauderdale we get a chance to have our own back.

I'm pleased when I see it's Ella standing before the Mistress's table. She's got a good plump arse on her that one. I've caned it several times before. She got plenty when she first came here. Wouldn't knuckle under, I guess. She's calmed down a bit now, though still going over the Block quite regular. Popular with the gentry, I know, on account of that arse.

What's she done? Breakages again. She must be clumsy. The Mistress won't be pleased. Maybe she'll give her the birch. I'd like that. I'd like to flay that white skin till there's no white left.

She's done it! Eighteen strokes. My God, that'll teach her! Ella's wailing already... and I don't blame her.

"Take your drawers down, girl," says the Mistress. Girl... some girl! It's a moment they don't like at all. Some refuse at first but that only makes matters worse. They all take 'em down in the end. There they go. That big bottom's bare, ready for Blanche and me to deal with. Fezal is already cranking up the Birching Hurdle.

Up he steps she comes, face all loose and wet with tears. They'll be watching her bottom roll. Loving it; thinking what's going to happen to it. I give her a big grin, just to let her know it'll be me giving it to her. Me... a nigger. I wonder how she feels about that. Not too good, I reckon.

"Over you go," say Fezal.

"Oh God... oh God... h-have mercy..."

She's a bit slow so Fezal gets her by the hair and pulls her over. Oh that lovely arse! It looks even bigger now its bending. Bridget and Stella shackle her wrists; William and Robert pull her legs wide apart and shackle her ankles. This white lady doesn't look too dignified now. She's got nothing to hide. They're murmuring; some of those fine ladies are giggling. I guess some of the gentry are thinking what they'd like to do to her.

Fezal brings across two birches. Water spatters on the floor. They're all long thin, green, whippy twigs. About fifteen of them. They bite beautifully.

Head inverted, down between her legs, she's hollering and begging. Won't do her no good. Her bottom's already twisting and clenching. Silly woman; does she think she can escape anything?

Unless we are given orders to the contrary, birchings are always carried out in the same fashion. One of us lays on the first stroke and the other immediately follows up with the second. That makes 'em yell alright. Then we wait about ten seconds for her to reflect on the situation before she gets the same again. Owing to the wide spread of the twigs, after the first four strokes have been delivered, the whole of the bottom is covered in weals, even if it's a big bottom like Ella's. At that stage, however, you can still see a deal of white flesh. As the flogging proceeds, that disappears. After seven or eight strokes they start to bleed.

Blanche and I stand ready. I nod to her... a signal for her to go first. She's got an arm like a man, has Blanche, and loves her work. Up goes her birch, then down it comes, hissing and slashing. No sooner has it done it's deadly work, than mine follows.

My God, how that bottom bounces and twists in torment! How she shrieks! There are thirty long thin weals covering the top part of it. Ten long seconds tick away; the buttocks are clenching like fists with dread. They'll love that.

Then we give it to her again...

Three! Four!

This time we lay on over the bottom half of her bottom. Now it's a lovely mass of bright red streaks all over. And from now on,

as weals repeatedly overlay weals, it is going to hurt more and more. She'll be screaming the place down; begging and beseeching. She'll twist and writhe like a mad thing... but we shall continue in our methodical way. We'll lay on each stroke just as hard as we can. We'll make her suffer as they want to see her suffer. That is no more than our duty. Perhaps she'll faint. No matter. There will be a brief pause while Fezal applies his joss-sticks under her nostrils. She'll come round in no time.

And then we'll start flaying her again...

Chapter Seven

Edward much enjoyed watching Isabella Runcorn getting such a good birching (he liked to think of the Society women by their real names rather than the diminutives they were given). It was something she could never have imagined remotely possible in her former days. But now it was a hideous reality... her hindquarters nakedly and blatantly exposed to former friends and equals to receive eighteen truly agonising strokes of the birch. Made all the worse by the fact that the flogging was administered by blacks. Oh the humiliation of that!

But that humiliation was quickly forgotten, as was the fashion in which she was displayed, once the multiple twigs began to bite repeatedly into her helpless flesh. It was excruciating beyond all bearing... yet it had to be borne. There was no escaping it. No matter how much she screamed and begged, no matter how wildly she writhed, the unbelievable pain came at remorseless, measured intervals.

For the last four strokes, Ella was virtually senseless and only Fezal's joss-sticks, held constantly under her nose kept her aware of her terrible sufferings. Then, when it was at last over, she was a mere blubbering, whimpering wreck of humanity. Head still inverted, her flood of tears formed a pool on the wooden floor beneath her. Her red-raw, lacerated buttocks were kept exposed to the audience. They saw the seeping blood. They saw it trickling down her white thighs. Here was a woman who had been well and truly flogged.

Excellent!

Discipline amongst slaves must be maintained at all times. And

it must be seen and heard to be maintained. Edward wondered how the last slave on the punishment detail must feel, having had to listen for so long to the awful sounds which came from that room. Would it be one of the black slaves or another white one? Much as he enjoyed seeing any woman well punished, Edward preferred the latter.

In due course, the 'Carcase' which had been Ella was carried from the room by the Maid and Flunkey who had flogged her. For a while the room seemed strangely quiet. Then the chatter and laughter resumed. A fine time was being had by all. And the entertainment was not yet over.

"More Bourbon, Edward?"

"No thanks... I think I'll have some black coffee. Don't want to overdo it."

"Quite," smiled Gloria, watching her guest eye Sue lustfully as she came to the table at the snap of fingers. Idly she wondered if the girl would accept or reject this middle-aged lecher. If the latter, she would certainly find herself up on the stage next week. Rejecting the advances of a privileged guest was a most heinous offence.

"Do you ever permit guests to punish slaves, Gloria?" enquired Edward.

"To a limited degree," came the response. "Spanking by hand or hairbrush is allowed. That sort of thing. But, as far as more serious punishments go... no."

Edward nodded. "That seems a reasonable attitude," he said. "Otherwise things could get out of hand."

"Indeed they could," agreed Gloria. "It is my view that a Mistress should be firmly in charge of her own household."

"Yes... yes... you are right, I am sure, Gloria," said Edward. Very few people even her closest friends disagreed with Gloria's pronouncements.

Then, for the fourth time that afternoon, Mrs Duprez entered the drawing room, followed most reluctantly by a slave. Edward saw at once that she was both white and young. She was tall, with very long blonde hair a most voluptuous figure. Another prize

which Gloria must have captured recently, for Edward could not recall having seen her previously.

"Ah, Polly," said Gloria. "She's a newcomer. This is only her second time on punishment detail. I thought she might be paying us a visit. Most new arrivals are pretty regular." Edward could understand that. It was not easy for any young woman to settle in quickly to such a harsh and degrading regime. Especially a well-bred young woman.

Standing there before the table, this Polly looked quite petrified. She was quaking and quivering, cheeks bright red with shame. Edward liked the look of her. A lot. He liked, too, her obvious modesty... and realised what a frightful ordeal it was for this well-formed girl to stand with breasts bare, wearing only thin drawers, before a gaping audience.

"You remember the Garstons, Edward?" asked Gloria.

Edward nodded. "I met him a few times. In timber, isn't he?"

"Was," replied Gloria with a smirk. "This is their daughter, Pauline. Now known as Polly... and one of my newest acquisitions. I'm afraid the Garstons lost everything. Including their daughter."

Polly's features were puckering tears were trickling. How cruel to have her parents and her former way of life discussed in this open fashion!

"I see..." said Edward amusingly. How callous some parents can be, he thought. Would it not be more honourable to sell themselves? Of course... but then, he reflected, they were hardly likely to fetch the same kind of price as a nubile woman in her early twenties! Not a fraction of it. So, it was a matter of economics.

"Why is she here, Mrs Duprez?" asked Gloria.

"Failure to show sufficient respect to a guest, Ma'am," came the answer. "Also, failure to bend over and raise her skirt to receive a Stinger when so ordered by a Flunkey." (A Stinger is the single-thonged strap carried by all Maids and Flunkeys for casual, on-the-spot punishments of a relatively mild nature).

"Ah yes," nodded Gloria. It was quite a common reason for newcomers to be brought for punishment. Possibly she had cov-

ered her breasts in front of a guest, naturally, she would be reluctant to bend and get the Stinger. However, these were faults which had to be eradicated early on. “Is this correct, Polly?” enquired Gloria.

“Y-Yes, Madam,” whispered the luscious blonde creature.

“I am afraid that kind of behaviour cannot be tolerated her,” intoned Gloria. “Slaves will treat my guests with the UTMOST respect... and they will obey the orders of all Maids and Flunkeys INSTANTLY. I thought that had been made plain to you.”

Polly could only sob and shake her head. “P-Please... p-please... I... c-couldn’t help it...” she whimpered.

“Silence girl,” rapped out Mrs Duprez.

“Last week, Polly,” went on Gloria, looking at the single entry under the girl’s name, “you were strapped for failure to obey a Maid’s order. Nothing serious. Just six strokes were ordered. However, that number was increased to ten since you were slow to lower your drawers to receive your punishment.”

“Mmmff... mmmmffff...” sobbed Polly. She was horribly conscious of so many eyes upon her. Especially male eyes. She wished she could sink through the floor.

“This week, Polly,” resumed Gloria, “for the error of your ways, you are going to be caned...”

“Oohhhh... God... no... no... p-please... n-noooo!” came the piteous cry.

“Silence, girl!” Mrs Duprez ordered again.

“Twelve strokes...” ordered Gloria.

“Noo... oooo... no... ooo... h-have m-mercy... I didn’t m-mean any h-harm... have mercy... p-pleeeese... eeeease!”

“The light cane will suffice on this occasion,” continued Gloria, undeterred, “but, Polly, while you are feeling it being laid across your bottom, remember that, if this sort of thing occurs again, it will be the medium cane. And, if need be, the heavy one!”

“Oh God... no... ooo... NO ,,, OOOOO!” Polly looked wildly round as if either seeking help or a way of escape. Mrs Duprez thought it wise to take a grip of the girl’s arm.

“Furthermore, Polly,” said Gloria, her blue-green eyes so hard

and cold. “Since you were so reluctant to remove your drawers last week, we will see if your extra punishment has taught you to improve in that direction. Because, girl, you are going to be caned on your bare bottom.”

That was something rare at Lauderdale... but Edward, needless to say, was delighted to hear it.

“P-Pleese... eeease... p-please... M-Madam... no... no... ooohhh... p-p-leeee... eeeease...” Polly was half sagging to her knees, holding out imploring arms.

“You will remove your drawers, Polly... NOW...” said Gloria firmly.

“NO... OOOO... don’t m-make m-me... pleee... eeease!”

“Two extra strokes, Polly. Remove your drawers...”

“F-For... pity’s s-sake... oh God... don’t...”

“Four extra strokes, Polly. Remove your drawers...”

The folly of further resistance was at last borne in upon the stricken girl. There was no way out. Every passing moment was only making matters worse.

Sobbing heart-renderingly, blonde head bowed, she tugged at the blue ribbon which held up the flimsy item. The drawers slipped slowly down her long limbs, her face now buried in her hands. Many male eyebrows were raised in appreciation and murmurs ran round the room. This was some beauty.

“Mrs Duprez,” said Gloria, “Polly will not on this occasion, go over the Punishment Block, but will be put over the Birching Hurdle, in the usual fashion.”

“Very good, Ma’am...” Mrs Duprez at once twisted Polly’s arms up behind her back and frog-marched her up on to the stage. She sensed the girl might panic... which would have been perfectly natural. There were sighs of delight as this voluptuous creature was forced - screaming - over the Birching Hurdle (which still stood in position) and even louder sighs as first her wrists were manacled and then her long limbs parted to be similarly secured. Here at the end of an afternoon’s excellent entertainment, was indeed a bonus! Young beauty exposed to the full... a curvaceous bottom and soft thighs both quivering with awful dread.

“Fezal... perhaps you will be so good...” smiled Gloria.

“As you wish, Ma’am,” replied the Turk with a little bow. He was delighted to receive the order. Particularly as this youngster, secured as she was, would have ample opportunity to squirm. And it there was one thing Fezal truly enjoyed, it was to make a young woman squirm. It was only a pity, he reflected, that it was the light cane. Still, he’d give it to her just as hard as he could and, sensitive and inexperienced as she was, he was sure he would get her really going.

Long blonde hair coiled to the floor. Polly’s bottom was bouncing and twisting frantically as Fezal tapped it with the tip of the cane.

“MERCEEE... AAAGGGHHH... MERCEEEEE... MERCEEEEEEE!” Those cries were music to avid listeners.

“Six from each side, Fezal,” ordered Gloria. “Then four diagonally.”

“As you wish, Ma’am,” Gloria did not usually give such precise instructions in these matters but he was delighted to receive them. Here was a new young beauty worthy of his skill. He planned to concentrate his attack on the on the lower portion of her curving buttocks... starting mid-way then working down to the overhang. When he changed sides, he would work his way up again, overlaying as many weals as possible but that would not be easy since the girl would be writhing uncontrollably. Still, he could but try!

The caning which followed was an artistic affair. Gloria had expected it would be and that is why she had asked Fezal to carry it out. The man was aware that it had to be a spectacle as well as punishment. Why else were so many invited on these occasions?

Polly was kept waiting a full thirty seconds before proceedings began. Repeatedly the cane was swished and tapped on cringing flesh. The contractions of those lush nates was a joy to all who witnessed them. Polly went on pleading; went on weeping. All could see her wildly distraught features, upside down, between her splayed limbs. They could also see plenty else as well!

At last the first of sixteen strokes came whistling down, crack-

ing across the very centre of the girl's bottom. What a shriek! What a convulsion of writhing; though the cane may be a light one, this inexperienced slave had felt that cut to the very core of her being. How could she survive fifteen more like that? How COULD she?

Well, she was about to find out.

Fezal was completely unhurried. Before now, he had been known to spend fifteen minutes giving a slave as many strokes. Tap... tap... tap. Tap... tap... tap. Clench and twist. Clench and twist.

"No... NO... m-mercy... mercy!"

Then suddenly, unexpectedly, when the bottom is momentarily fully square, comes the second whiplashing stroke.

Ssswwweeee... eeeeppppttttt!

Breathless, disbelieving gasps. "A-A-Ahhh...A-A-Ahhh..." Then the shriek as breath is regained. "YYYAAAIIIEEEEE... AAAAGGGGHHHHH!"

A madly bouncing, madly twisting bottom. Oh yes, this young lady is really feeling those cuts from Fezal. She has never known such pain in her life before. Never imagined such pain could exist. Of course, she will experience greater pain in the future but, for the time being, she feels she has reached the limit of endurable torment. How little does this young woman know!

Ssswwweeee... eeeeppppttttt!

The third stroke bites. The cane buries itself for a fraction of a second, then springs back again. A long, thin tramline of pink-red is left behind, curving delicately over two buttock cheeks which are juddering out of control as they absorb that incredible pain. Yes, incredible. Incredible to Polly. She has a lot to learn.

Tap... tap... tap... tap. Tap... tap... tap... tap. Now there is to be a longish interval. The cane is sawn to and fro. Those nates clench even more frantically with dread.

"NO... AAAGGGH... NO... NO... NO... oooo... NO MORE... NO MORE!"

Nor more? Oh foolish girl... it has scarcely begun...

Sssswwweeee... eeeeppppttttt!

Fezal is pleased with himself. He is working steadily down this beautiful bottom, just as he had planned, raising the weals

more or less in parallel, just about an inch apart. That's what he wants. The sixth stroke will fall across the very tops of her thighs. Thighs that are spread wide. But before number six must come number five.

Sssssswwwweeee... eeeeppppttttttt!

"A-AGH... U-Ugh... A-Aagghh... U-UUUGGHH... HHHHAAAAAGGGHHHH... EEEEEGGGHH!"

Oh squirm, my young beauty! Squirm! That's it... I love to see it! I love to make you do it! Squirm... squirm... squirm!

And now for number six. Not even halfway, yet she thinks the world has come to an end. She thinks she cannot endure it for a single moment longer. Not even one more stroke. But she will... Oh yes, she will!

Tap... tap... tap. On the left thigh. Tap... tap... tap. On the right thigh. How she flinches! How she twists! How she pleads! Soft female flesh all quivering. Lovely. Raise the cane a little. Get her on the overhand. Tap... tap... tap. Then...

Sssswwwweeee . eeeeppppttttttt!

Perfect! Just where he wanted it. And it really got through to her.

"YYEEE... AAAAGHHH... YEEEEE... EEEEEEGHHH... AAAAGGGHHHHHHH!"

God, you'd never believe that a woman can be made to writhe so frantically. But you've got to believe it; because she can. Yes, she can. And how marvellous it is to do it!

Calmly, unhurriedly, Fezal stepped back. He ran his fingers along the smooth suppleness of the cane as he walked across to the other side of the Hurdle. A quick glance at the audience showed him how riveted were the audience by his performance. Not to mention that of young Polly! She was certainly putting up a bravura show! All quite involuntary.

Well, if she thought she'd had it hard up to now, it was going to get harder still. He was going to work his way back to the centre of her bottom. Quite possibly, he would overlay three times. Maybe more. He wanted to... because he wanted to display his skill to this critical audience.

“U-UUUURFF.... UURRFFF... NO... MORE... OOOOGGGGHHHH... NO... MORE... UUUURRFF... UUUUGHHHHHHH... NO... OOOOOO!”

Tap... tap... tap... tap. Get the nerves all a-tingle. Tap... tap... tap... tap. Get the tension mounting. Make her twist and turn. Make her clench and contract. That’s what they want to see. It’s easy to do. Tap... tap... tap... tap. Then suddenly.

Ssssswwweeee... eeeeppppttttt!

We’re off again! She’s writhing like mad and screaming her lungs out. And why? Because number seven fell just about exactly where number six did! That was clever... and there’s no doubt it really hurt. REALLY hurt! Ah yes, young Polly’s not going to forget this afternoon in a hurry. And she’s going to be a lot more respectful and obedient in future. Yes, now she knows what a cane feels like, there’s going to be some changes in he character and her way of life.

Ssssswweee... eeeppppttttt!

Number eight was as expertly aimed as number seven, overlaying weal number five. A remarkable achievement in view of the fact that Polly’s lush bottom was scarcely still, even for a fraction of a second. There was a buzz of approving appreciation but it was not heard above the girl’s ear-splitting shriek of agony.

Halfway. Now was the moment to keep her waiting again, reasoned Fezal. Now that she could contemplate the fact that what was to come was going to be worse than what she had received. It would not exactly bring her peace of mind. The Chief Overseer sawed the whippy cane across weal number four, indicating to Polly that this was where she would be getting it next. Oh how frantically those nates flinched and contracted with dread. Again and again and again.

“S-Sttooo... ooopp... oooohhh... st-stooo... ooopppp... ooooh... no... more... NO MORE!” The voice was hoarse, strained by shrieking.

Still Fezal kept her waiting. In such a situation, there was no need for haste. Tension would only add to torment. But, at last, it had to come.

Ssswwweeee... eeepppttttttt!

Owing to a wild twisting lunge by Polly's hindquarters, at the last fraction of a second, Fezal missed the overlay. But only narrowly. Momentarily, he was annoyed with himself, but had no real reason to be. Anyway it was gratifying to know, from gasping cries and convulsive squirming, the girl found the cut quite adequately painful.

Of the remaining three strokes which had been designated to be placed horizontally, Fezal overlaid with one and just missed with the other two. It was a commendable performance, however, for the uncontrolled writhing of Polly's bottom was increasing rather than diminishing. Understandably! This was the first proper caning the girl had ever received in her life and, as far as he was concerned, the pain was beyond all believing. Her mind could not yet quite grasp that anything could be so excruciating. Yet it was... it was! Her thoughts (if such a mental turmoil can be so termed) were, of course, very similar to those of any girl getting her first sound thrashing. Later they all learnt that there were even greater torments to be endured if one misbehaved.

After the twelfth stroke, Fezal paused again. He wanted Polly to be aware that, if she had removed her drawers when first ordered, that was where her thrashing would have ceased. The final four strokes would be conducive to making her remove that item of clothing more quickly on any future occasion. Fezal now decided to change his tactics. He sensed that Polly was reaching the end of a rather slender tether and wished to complete his task before she fainted. The four diagonals would be placed - two over each cheek - in rapid succession. He felt it would be a fitting conclusion. And, indeed, it was!

A new high peak of frenzied motion was induced... although Polly's cries were less piercing on account of the strained condition of her larynx. And when it was over, the audience wee well satisfied as they watched that curvaceous bottom continue to twitch and quake and squirm even though Fezal was no longer attending to it. His had been a masterly exhibition much appreciated by the aficionados.

Sixteen strokes...

Not a very severe punishment by Lauderdale standards but one which would be remembered by Polly for many a day. Those early punishments which most slaves received were, in fact, usually the most memorable.

"A good man, Fezal," remarked Edward T Monson.

"If he weren't," replied Gloria Vance a shade acidly. "He would not be my Major-Domo."

"Of course not... no... of course not," said Edward hastily. Had he made an implied criticism? Surely not. Still, it was best to keep the likes of Gloria sweet. "Quite an attractive young slave, this Polly. An excellent acquisition."

"I agree," nodded Gloria. And that was all. Edward decided it was time for another Bourbon after all!

The wretched Polly remained for longer than usual over the Birching Hurdle, Gloria being well aware that her guests, particularly the male ones, would enjoy gazing upon such ripe young beauty. Not to mention the havoc which had been wrought over it!

It was a good twenty minutes before the order for release was given.

"Bring her down to me again," came the command from the Mistress of Lauderdale.....

Not surprisingly, after the first good caning of her life, Polly found it both difficult to walk or even stand. She had to be supported by two of the Maids, Mary and Blanche, gasping and wincing with every step. Gloria eyes her dispassionately, but with secret, deep sadistic pleasure; Edward gazed upon this curvaceous young blonde with unconcealed lust. He had thoroughly enjoyed such a well-shaped bottom being made to squirm and was now even more determined to have it squirm for other reasons in the not too distant future.

"Well, Polly, now you know what a canine's like, he?" said Gloria. The whole room was expectantly silent.

"Mmmmmffff... mmmfff... mmmfff..." came the sobs.

“Answer, girl!” rasped Mary, shaking Polly violently. Her breasts wobbled prettily.

“Mmmfff... uurr... y-y-urr essss... yes... M-Madam... mmmfff... mmmfff...” Polly managed. Her long blonde tresses were straggling over her tear-strained face.

Gloria nodded. “So, do you think you will show greater respect to my guests in future.”

“U-Urrff... mmmfff... y-yer... ess... Madam... yes...”

One more nod. Gloria loved playing these games of ‘question and answer’, bringing further mental torment to her victims. “And, girl,” she went on, “the next time you are told to remove your drawers, do you think you will do so without delay?”

“O-Ohh... y-yes... uuurrrff... uurrrff... yes... Madam...”

“Good,” said Gloria silkily. She was like a big fat cat, so happy and complacent. “I’m glad to hear it. For your sake. Because, if you do NOT do any of the things I have just enumerated, you will find yourself back up where you have just been. And getting a considerably more severe caning than the one you have had this afternoon.”

Polly burst into a great flood of tears. Obviously it was difficult for her to imagine that anything could be more awful than what she had just endured!

“Like eighteen strokes... or maybe twenty four... and next time with a medium rod. That hurts quite a lot more, as any of your fellow-slaves will tell you.”

“Oooohh... ooohh... no... n-no...!” cried Polly. The threat was too dreadful to believe. “I... I w-will be g-good, Madam... I... I... will... o-obey... I WILL.”

Gloria smiled faintly. It was pleasing to have the efficacy of her disciplinary methods so publicly displayed. A good hiding could work wonders with a new slave! “You may put your drawers back on again now, Polly,” she said.

When the Maids released her, Polly almost fell but, wincing and gasping more loudly, she managed to step into and pull up her thin cotton drawers. What a relief it was to cover her nakedness again, at least, to some degree! Trembling fingers tied the

blue ribbon in a bow.

"Good," said Gloria. "Now, Polly, as a demonstration of your newly-discovered desire to be more instantly obedient, you will remove your drawers again." A gasp of dismay. "Then, Polly, you will turn so that your back is to my guests and you will bend over, touching your toes, thus showing all here the reason for your newly-discovered desire." Another and louder gasp of dismay.

However, well aware of the consequences of any slowness to act, Polly unfastened the ribbon as quickly as she could. The knot was a little tight but she managed it. Down slid the drawers again, over the long limbs, to fall around her ankles. Once more the smooth, depilated mound was fully exposed... swelling provocatively, with delicate pouting sex lips dividing it.

Then, with a half stumble, Polly turned and, sobbing loudly as she felt the humiliation and shame of it, she bent over as she had been ordered. All eyes avidly drank in the spectacle of that beautiful, weal-striped bottom... and also the ripe sex now displayed from a different viewpoint.

There were a few titters, some murmuring, but Gloria raised a hand for silence.

"No-one in Lauderdale, Polly... NO-ONE... defies my orders," she said. "Remember that, Polly, and remember what I have said."

The curving buttock cheeks gave a sudden clench. Polly was remembering alright. And it was evident she would go on remembering what had been done to her, and what had been said to her, that afternoon, for a long time. However, few were in any doubt that, before long, on some pretext or another, the girl would be brought back to that room to suffer again.

Polly was kept bending for a full minute. It seemed to her the watching eyes were like daggers thrusting into her soul. Another torment to be endured apart from the incessant stinging-burning-throbbing of the weals which encircled her sensitive flesh.

"Take her away," ordered Gloria at long last and, drawers ripping about her ankles as she went, Polly was marched from the room between Mary and Blanche.

"Excellent," sighed Edward.

“I am glad you approve,” said Gloria smugly.

“Oh I do... indeed I do...” smiled Edward. Then he raised his hand to summon a serving wench. This definitely called for another Bourbon - come what may!

SUE

Poor girl, poor girl, I know just how much she is suffering. Has it not happened to me; to all of us? How can any human being be treated in this way? Even if she has become a so-called slave. The injustice of it is monstrous. All the more so if one is a white woman. If there anywhere else in the Western World where women are treated so? I doubt it.

Oh dear God, how mercilessly they punish! Even for minor 'faults'. It is beyond all reason. I have been tawsed and caned on several occasions (often for acting quite instinctively against the hideous demands made upon one here) but I will never forget the first time. Nor will this girl - whose name is Polly, if I remember alright.

It is so terrible to wait...

So terrible to be brought in before these leering beasts.

I was ordered to be tawsed. So I had to remove my drawers... there before them all. Can you possibly imagine what that is like for a modest young woman who has been brought up in sheltered conditions? I burnt all over at the shame of it. Naturally, I almost refuse, but I knew that only makes matters worse. I had been told about that. SHE, that vile woman, goes on increasing your punishment until you DO it. So I made myself do it. Somehow I made myself do it. But I wanted to die. I truly wished it. Of course, I didn't. That was just the beginning.

The horror of being secured over the Punishment Block is beyond description. The straps are buckled with an incredible tightness. One's bottom curves nakedly there for all the see. Impossible to move it more that an inch or so; one can escape nothing. There is one's own distraught face in the mirror beyond it one's uplifted hindquarters. Oh horror! One sees all of THEM, too. Well-dressed, carefree, happy... gloating. Revelling in a helpless wom-

an's mental and physical anguish.

Then one of the white Flunkeys is taking down the tawse. It is single thonged, but it is wide and thick. For a moment, I almost lose control of my sphincter, but do not. I begin to sob... to beg. The flesh of my bottom starts twitching and quaking uncontrollably with dread.

The Flunkey mounts to the trestle beside me. It is about to happen. I am about to be flogged in public. For the first time.

"No... ooo... NO... NOOOOOO!"

The first stroke flames across the top of my bare bottom. The burning pain is breath-taking. Unbelievable! How can I stand it? Wide-mouthed, I howl; the sound fills my head.

Again! A little lower. The scalding pain burns deep. I can't stand it... I can't!

"A-Aaaaghh... m-merceeeeee!"

The fact that my naked hindquarters are exposed to the public gaze has already gone from my mind. That has only time and space for the sensation of pain... and the MOST urgent desire for it to cease.

But it does not cease...

It intensifies as the burning swathes from the broad leather straps moves steadily down over my buttocks... until the final stroke falls just where they join my thighs. I have howled unceasingly; my flesh feels as it is literally on fire. in the mirror, I can see the tops of my nates glowing red. THEY can see ALL of my bottom glowing red. THEY will be loving it. Oh how I loathe them all! But HER especially. My Owner. Oh dear God, who would ever have thought I would be 'owned'?

That was my first public punishment. Never to be forgotten. Yet, in truth possibly about the least severe punishment meted out at Lauderdale. Six strokes of the single-thonged tawse. Nothing much, really. Nothing much... unless you have experienced them yourself!

This new girl, Polly, has suffered far worse. She has been cruelly caned. Beyond that, being over the Birching Hurdle, she has been most modestly exposed. How fearful it must have been for

her! My heart goes out to her in sympathy.

Now she is standing before HER. Being further humiliated; further warned. I hope she heeds those warnings. They are meant. The poor girl has to lower her drawers yet again. Then bend and show herself. Oh the cruelty of it! The obscenity of it! No wonder she sobs so bitterly. Then she is at last gone... and my nerves tingle as I await orders. There will be plenty now that these swine can relax after the 'entertainment'!

It is he who signals first. The red-faced lecher beside HER. Obviously a special friend. The filthy beast has already mauled me, fondled me. Yet I can do nothing. Submit to it; smile even! He nearly made me spill HER coffee. If I had done so. I am sure I would have been thrashed. That is the 'justice' of Lauderdale. This place is the Hell of the Western World.

I must hurry across the room to him. So many eyes upon me. Because I have a good body. That cannot be denied. Nor can it be denied that, in this transparent 'harem suit', I am as good as nude. Oh God, how frightful it is! Yet I dare not even show resentment, let alone protest. I must look PLEASED! I am there to serve and to amuse. SO WILL DO IT or be punished. That is the simplicity of slavery. A hideous basic simplicity. Pain is a powerful persuader. So I force myself to stand obsequiously beside this middle-aged 'gentleman' and endure his squeezing and fondling of one of my buttock cheeks.

"Y-Yes... Sir?" I ask subserviently. Do I even force a kind of smile? HER eyes are hard upon me; so it would be well to do so.

"More Bourbon, my pretty," he says... and fingers thrust indecently. I almost lose control. Oh God help me!

"Mint Julep for me, girl," she says.

"Yes, Madam..."

It is a relief to be away from them pouring the drinks they require. But I have to return. Once more I have to submit to that marauding hand, whilst keeping my own hands steady as I put down their glasses. I want to be sick. It is disgusting. I want to run and run and run. Screaming! Yet, I do not. I am held there by sheer

terror. That is the power SHE has over me.

"Sue..."

"Yes, Madam?" My nerves tingle. What is coming? Nothing of good. Oh God please let it not be too bad!

"This gentleman here, Mr Monson, is a friend of mine. He will be staying the night..."

My nerves suddenly stretch to snapping point. What I have dreaded and dreaded for so long is about to happen!

"... he will require the services of a chambermaid. You will render that service..."

The room spins, sounds become distant. I think my head must burst with horror. Then the room stops spinning and sounds come back. Loudly.

"Did you hear me, Sue?"

"Yes... Madam..." Is that my voice?

"You will report to Mr Monson's suite - number 8 - at 11 o'clock tonight. Is that clear, girl?"

"Yes... yes... M-Madam..."

"You may go, girl."

I stumble away. Dizzy. Disbelieving. Can it be happening? I stagger and nearly fall. I must pull myself together, I must. I MUST!

"Hey, girl... we want some service here!"

I totter towards a group of four. Two women, two men. The women contemptuous, the men lusting. Somehow I take their orders and remember them.. As I have said, pain is a powerful persuader. Eleven o'clock. Can it really be true? That I have to serve that foul lecher? Can it? Yes it is... it is! In my heart I know it is. Thus it is only a few hours to my own personal Gotterdammerung.

Chapter Eight

There was a timid knock at the door of Suite 8.

Come in," said Edward, feeling his nerves give a little flutter of excitement. A new young girl was always something special. A new, young girl of obviously excessive modesty was something extra special.

The door opened and Sue came nervously in. She curtsied at once but studiously avoided Edward's eye. There were incipient tears and trembling lips. The girl was now wearing her regulation uniform, which consisted of a three-quarter length dress with thin white and blue stripes. This dress was cut very low so as to expose a good deal of her excellent bosom.

"Close the door... and lock it," ordered Edward as calmly as he could. He had not yet retired but was lounging in a velvet-covered armchair wearing only a light dressing gown. Then was a deep sob from Sue as she obeyed the order. "Come over here, girl..."

As pale as death, biting her lips, Sue advanced across the bedroom. Edward saw her slim hands clenching and unclenching repeatedly. It was clearly an effort even to approach him... so what a vastly greater effort was going to have to be made shortly!

"I... I... h-have been sent to you, S-Sir... as... as... ch-chambermaid," came a weak, whispering voice.

"Ah yes," replied Edward formally, "I noticed you this afternoon in your harem outfit. Most fetching that. You have merit, girl. Sue, isn't it?"

"Y-Yes, Sir..."

"Formerly Suzanne Delacroix?"

Another deep sob as former days - days of liberty - were recalled.

"Yes... mmmfff... y-yes... Sir..."

"I shall call you Suzanne," announced Edward. "I prefer it."

Sue, blinking back her tears, suddenly fell to her knees and held out imploring arms. "Sir... ooohh... Si-Sir... you knew my father... oh... Sir... please be merciful... for his s-sake, Sir... sp-spare me... oh Sir... spare me!"

"What should I spare you, girl?" asked Edward callously. "You are a slave."

"Sir... Sir... I'm s-so... y-young... Sir..."

"I know," smiled Edward lustfully. "I like young girls."

Sue burst into tears and buried her face in her hands. "P-Please... p-please... I w-was in S-Society once... well brought up... I... I... was c-convent educated..."

"Really, Suzanne?" Edward raised his eyebrows. "Are you telling me you are a virgin, girl?"

"A-Almost..." sobbed Sue.

Edward uttered a short, sardonic laugh. "Lost it riding horseback, I suppose," he half sneered - and received no reply. "Do you know the duties of a chambermaid Suzanne?"

Sue gulped, her cheeks reddened. "N-No... Sir..."

"One of them," said Edward with an evil smile, "is to pour me a night-cap. Get me a large brandy and seltzer."

"Yes, Sir .. oh yes, Sir..." The look of relief on the girl's face was quite enchanting, thought Edward. A heavy cut-glass decanter clinked on a goblet. Sue's hand was patently trembling. Nervously she returned with the drink on a tray, curtsied, and handed it to Edward. He took it and sipped thoughtfully.

"What other duties do you think you have. Suzanne?" he asked casually.

Sue shook her blonde head. "I... I don't know, Sir..." she answered.

"Don't be stupid, girl," snapped Edward. "What were you asking to be spared from?"

"I... I'm sorry, Sir," came the lame response.

"You will be if you aren't very careful," said Edward. He was beginning to get roused. What a ripe beauty this one was! He could hardly wait for her to get stripping. "As you well know, the du-

ties of a chambermaid are to please those she serves. With her body."

"O-Ohh... no... no..." Once more Sue covered her face with her hands. She still found it difficult to grasp that this was actually happening to her. That, alone and helpless, she was in the bedroom of a middle-aged lecher. A beast of a man she had to please and obey... or suffer. Oh how utterly hideous it was!

"Yes..." said Edward emphatically. "You are no longer a Miss in Society, you are a simple slave. So you will do as you are ordered."

"O-Oh... I... oh... I'm n-not a s-slave... not really... not like a b-black girl...not like a b-black s-slave... my father... was j-just un-unlucky..."

"You ARE a slave, Suzanne," said Edward. "It has all been contracted. Signed and sealed. You are OWNED by Mrs Vance. She is permitted to do what she likes with you. For the time being, she has given you to me."

A series of great heaving sobs shook Sue. She was well aware of the truth of what was being said. How prettily those breasts rose and fell, thought Edward. Soon I will be seeing them to better advantage. And having a feel of them.

"Now, Suzanne," continued Edward as calmly as he could, "I am going to tell you what you are going to do. First of all, you are going to take off your dress. Nothing more, nothing less. That couldn't be simpler, could it?"

"P-Please, S-Sir... please... oohh... p-please... you don't understand wh-what it means..."

"I understand perfectly, girl. Now do it."

"Oooohhh... p-pleeee... eeeease!"

Edward put down his goblet sharply.

"Suzanne," he said sternly. "Let me tell you something. If you continue to defy me... if you do mot do as I say... I shall personally see to it that you get such a thrashing you'd wish you'd never been born. And, I personally, shall be there to witness it."

"OOOOOOOGGGGHHHH... ooooooghh... nonoooo... for God's s-sake... NO... OOOOO!"

"I mean it," said Edward. "Remove your dress, girl. NOW!"

Sue dissolute and despairing, knew he meant it. Was it not better to be shamed before a man than flogged to ribbons? Possibly. Sobbing, she began to unfasten the strings which held her dress. Slowly it fell from her. Beneath, her breasts supported by the waist-cincher, were bare. Apart from that were only thin white drawers and white stocking which came halfway up lissom thighs. Edward relished the moment.

"Come here, Suzanne," he said thickly. "And kneel." He pointed to the carpet right before him.

"P-Pleeee... eeeease... Sir..."

"Do it! Don't forget what I have said."

Sobbing, Sue stumbled forward and fell to her knees. She was trembling violently, breathing fast. Instantly, Edward's hands were on those succulent young breasts, kneading and fondling.

"No... oogghh... NOOO... NO... NOOOO... STOP IT... STOP IT!" cried Sue, her torso twisting to and fro violently.

Edward withdrew his hands and slapped the girl's face, left and right. Hard. "How dare you tell me what and what not to do!" he bellowed. "For that alone I could have you soundly caned!"

Tears flooded down Sue's reddened cheeks. "D-Don't m-make m-me... Sir... ooooooohhhhhhhhhh... don't..."

Feeling his lust mounting, feeling his organ thickening, Edward resumed his fondling. Sue continued to twist and turn... and to plead... but did not actually withdraw, Edward found it most, most enjoyable. "You've got good titties, girlie," he said. "You should be glad about that." Sue simply sobbed and sobbed. Oh the anguish on that pretty face! Oh those tears, oh those quivering lips! What an effort it must be costing her to submit to his mauling, reflected Edward. So much the better! That knowledge made it all the more enjoyable.

At long last, he removed his hands and took a swig at his brandy. What next? There did not seem much point in getting the girl to remove her cincher since that covered nothing and, in any event, only enhanced her splendid figure. The stockings and black brass-



Remove your dress, girl. NOW!

buckled shoes were of nor account either. That only left her drawers.

"Stand up, Suzanne," he ordered.

Weeping unrestrainedly, the girl did so. Her blonde head hung. "Ohhh... ooooh... p-please... let me g-go... Sir... you m-must understand..."

"Suzanne," said Edward firmly. "You will now remove your drawers."

"Pleee... eeeease... it... it's so a-awful for... for a girl like me... oh... let me g-go... S-Sir... let me g-go!"

Far from letting Sue go, Edward thrust out an arm and took a grip of her blonde hair. He tugged and the next moment, the girl had fallen across his thighs. There was the softness of her and the hardness of him. She kicked and thrashed, crying out.

"Disobedient girls get spanked," said Edward. "To begin with, anyway." Beside him on the table was a wooden-backed hairbrush which he had placed there for such a contingency as this. Naturally, he had expected Sue to resist his advances initially... and he would not have enjoyed himself so much if she had not. There, right before him, were the curving buttock cheeks. So thinly covered; so inviting.

Whack... whack! Whack... whack!

Two on each buttock cheek in turn. Oh what a lovely sound it was! Oh how resilient was that soft flesh! Edward took a firmer grin of a slim waist.

Whack... whack! Whack... whack!

"Ow... aahh... oowww... ooowww!" How delightfully she bounced and wriggled, trying to throw back hands to protect herself. It was no use.

Whack... whack! Whack... whack!

"Aaahh no... no... coowww!" How lovely to know he could go on spanking this young beauty for as long as he liked! Of course, by Lauderdale standards this was mild punishment indeed. But it was a delightful one to administer. Something so personal about it. Something which a young girl would find particularly humiliating.

Whack... whack! Whack... whack!

The reddening of the cheeks could clearly be seen through thin cotton but, not content with that, Edward laid some strokes on the bare flesh of Sue's thighs.

Whack... whack! Whack... whack! Whack... whack! Whack... whack!

Oh how it made her kick and yelp! Lovely... lovely!

"Stooo... oop... ooohh... st-stoo... oppp oooowwww ,,, oowwwww!"

Whack... whack! Whack... whack! As hard as he could... often laying on in the same place twice. It seemed to be hurting more than he had thought. Oh God, what a bottom it was! How he was going to enjoy it! One day, he must own it, whatever the cost.

Whack... whack... whack... whack! As hard as he could. Whack... whack... whack... whack!

"AAgghh... oooowwww... aaaagghhhh... oooh... st-stoo... oppppp!"

"Are you ready to take your drawers off, Suzanne?"

Whack... whack! Whack... whack!

"Yeee... oowww... ooow... yes... sss... oh... yes... Sir... yyyeeeoooowww!

"Sure?"

Whack... whack! Whack... whack!

"Yyooowww... ooowww... yes... yes... oooohhh... yes... Sir..."

Whack... whack... whack... whack... whack... whack! A final flurry; a final frenzy of kicking and yelling from Sue. Then Edward thrust her off his knees. The girl lay squirming on the carpet before him hands pressed to her burning cheeks. Yes, indeed, the hard back of a hairbrush did seem to be quite an effective implement.

"Well, get up... and get on with it!" rapped Edward.

Moaning, Sue forced herself up; tears were streaming down her pink cheeks; her blue eyes were reddened all around. All the same, her prettiness shone through. Edward licked his lips as Sue's slim fingers undid the ribbon; she pushed the drawers down. A great sobbing-groan came from her and she hung her head in abys-

mal wretchedness and shame.

Edward devoured his treasure with his eyes. What a smooth, ripe cunt it was! So swellingly soft, so appealing. The word 'eatable' came into his mind. Yes... that was fair description of it.

"Uuurrff... uurrff... uurrff..." sobbed Sue. She had known shame before, but never shame quite like this. Naked and alone in a locked room with a middle-aged man who disgusted her. What a horror! Oh there must be some way of escape! There MUST!

"Look what I've got for you, girlie," said Edward. He parted his dressing gown to show his rampant erection. Sue's head remained bowed. "Look, I say!" he insisted.

The young blonde's head came up; her eyes glistened with tears. But those tears could not hide from her the obscenity which awaited her. She shrieked and covered her face in her hands.

"Ooooh... no... no... no... oooooo... never!"

Edward T. Monson's teeth bared in a sadistic grimace. "Don't be a foolish girl," he said softly. "You are going to start by sucking it. Later you will get it well and truly up you..."

"NO... OOOOO... NO... OOOOOO... I CAN'T... I C-CAN'T... I'D R-RATHER DIE!"

Again Edward's teeth bared. "Really?" he said mildly. then you are indeed a foolish girl. Now come along, get down here on your knees and start sucking!"

"NOOOOO... OOOOO... I CAN'T... I CAN'T... YOU... YOU MUST UNDER... UNDERSTAND!"

"Suzanne," said Edward firmly, "kneel down NOW... and suck me..."

"NO... OOOOOOOO!" Sue was aware of the folly of refusal, but could not stop herself. Anything... ANYTHING... was better than doing what this beast demanded.

"I CAN'T... I... I... W-WON'T... NO... OOOOOO... NEVER... NEVER!"

The young girl went berserk, running wildly around the room, rather like a headless chicken. Her breasts and bottom bounced and swung wildly, much to Edward's pleasure. He had expected resistance, but not quite to this extent. "I give you one more warn-

ing...” he began. But, by then, Sue was already at the door and was unlocking it. It opened and she was gone. Her screams faded as she ran down the corridor.

Edward slumped back, momentarily angry and frustrated. The little minx! How dare she! By God, she’d get a right hiding for this! That thought consoled Edward considerably... as he finished his brandy and seltzer; then strolled across and poured himself another. He realised, now, that he would have the pleasure of seeing this girl soundly flogged the next week. Afterwards, she would be delivered to him again. Then he would repeat his orders... and he had little doubt they would be obeyed. His frustration was only temporary; ultimately his pleasure would be all the greater. Slaves could never win, he told himself reassuringly.

Lust was till hot upon him. It was a lust he had hoped Sue would slake, but no matter. Another would do. He pulled a bell-rope by the side of the ornate, marble mantelpiece...

A couple of minutes later, one of the Maids entered. “You called me, Sir... is there something wrong?”

“The chambermaid - Sue - who was sent to me, has fled,” answered Edward.

“Indeed!” The Maid’s face hardened. “She will be caught and dealt with.”

“Of course,” nodded Edward. “I shall speak personally to Mrs Duprez about the matter.”

“Very good , Sir.”

“Meanwhile, send me up another girl. I don’t mind what, so long as she’s young and pretty.”

“At once, Sir. I am sorry you’ve been so troubled.”

Edward smiled graciously. “No matter,” he said. “These things happen.”

“She’ll pay for it... never fear, Sir,” assured the Maid.

“Yes, Sir... right away, Sir.” The Maid was all eagerness to please. Quite right that she should be. He sank back in his armchair again. His erection was collapsing slowly but, no matter, that would shortly be attended to!

That was most satisfying to know!

EDWARD T MONSON

The girl they sent up to me is black. Not jet black but a nice cafe-au-lait colour. She is young. Very young. Immediately I see her, I remember a few months before, I had fucked her. She's only 16... with a body that's fully and firmly shaped and one that really gets on the move when she's in action. You feel she's really enjoying what she'd doing. Maybe she is. If not, she's a marvellous little actress.

"Good evening, Sir. They sent me to you." A curtsey.

"Uh-hu," I say. "It's Maisie, isn't it?"

"Yes, Sir..." She seems a shade surprised I recall her. "What can I do for you, Sir?"

It's nice, isn't is, having a 16-year-old asking you such things? "You can start by stripping, Maisie," I say. "Then you can suck me."

"Yes, Sir... whatever you say, Sir..."

Whatever I say... mm... yes... I like that. That's what slaves are for. To do whatever you say.

Maisie strips quickly. Nice round breasts with big brown nipples. A good plump bottom. Certainly she looks a lot older than sixteen... but then, a lot of these darkies do.

She advances. "I'm glad they sent me to you, Sir."

"Indeed?" She kneels before me and I open my gown. "It's a bit saucy of you to say so." I slap her brown bottom.

"I beg pardon, Sir. I didn't mean to be saucy."

"Get on with it." After my unfulfilled fun with Sue, I'm feeling very randy. She takes hold of my half-hard cock and slips the knob into her big-lipped mouth. A typical Negress mouth. She starts sucking, gently at first, and it really seems as if she wants to do it.

She's good at it... and soon she's given me my hard back again. I think about Sue. What is going to happen to her. Afterwards, having her sent back to me. Then what I'm going to do to her. As Gloria had said earlier today, 'no-one defies me.' Sue will not defy me. She'll give me her body and I'll make any kind of use of it I want. That's a lovely thought

And Maisie's mouth is working wonders.

"Oh you little black bitch... you're good at this!"

"Mmmmmm... mmmmm... mmmmmmm... mmmmmmm..." She sucks even more zealously. "Mmmmmm... mmmmm... mmmmmmm... mmmmmmm..."

Shall I shoot my load in her mouth? This first time? I can fuck her later. Yes, why not? She can stay her all night... and I can fuck her as often as I can manage it.

Oh it's lovely... lovely... oohh how this youngster can suck!

"Mmmmmm... mmmmm... mmmmmmm... mmmmmmm..." I fondle her silky-warm breasts and feel the nipples firm. She's liking it... she really is liking it, I'm almost sure. What a hot little number.

I think about Sue again. I think about fucking her. How she'll loathe it. But she'll have to giver herself. Delightful! Suddenly, for no particular reason, I think about the Honourable Mrs Gordon-Bradshaw... about Nellie. I imagine her between the shafts, that big white bottom bouncing... me laying a horsewhip across it... driving her on and on. Hearing her panting, seeing her sweating. On and on. Faster and faster. Crack... crack! Oh what fun!

"Mmmm... mmmmm... mmmmm... mmmmm..."

I can't hold on much longer. I simply can't. This girl's too good... and my thoughts are too stimulating. She senses I'm coming to a peak and sucks even more furiously. And I know she'll go on sucking while I shoot into her mouth. She'll suck and suck... she'll drain me dry...

Heaven!

The divine, all consuming, indescribable, up-welling sensation...

Exquisite!



Oh you little bitch... you’re good at this

Haunches jerking, I erupt. My lava jets and jets... into her mouth... down her throat. She keeps on sucking... I keep on jetting... I'm twisting and groaning. Oh dear Lord... it's so... so... so... good...

Then suddenly, I'm slack and limp. I'm weak. It's all over... all over yet again. There'll be plenty more times, though!

But it was absolutely marvellous...

Just what I wanted at that moment.

Her wet-warm mouth still encases my flaccid organ. It will continue to do so until I order her off. Mmmmm... yes... that was good. Very good. Later on, I'll fuck her. That will be even better. She's a right goer, this one. Yes, I'll fuck that black arse off her.

But later... later...

Meanwhile... I'll doze... yes... I'll doze...

Doze into dreamland...

END

Cooming soon:
Southern Confort 2

more to come...
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STAY TUNED!!!