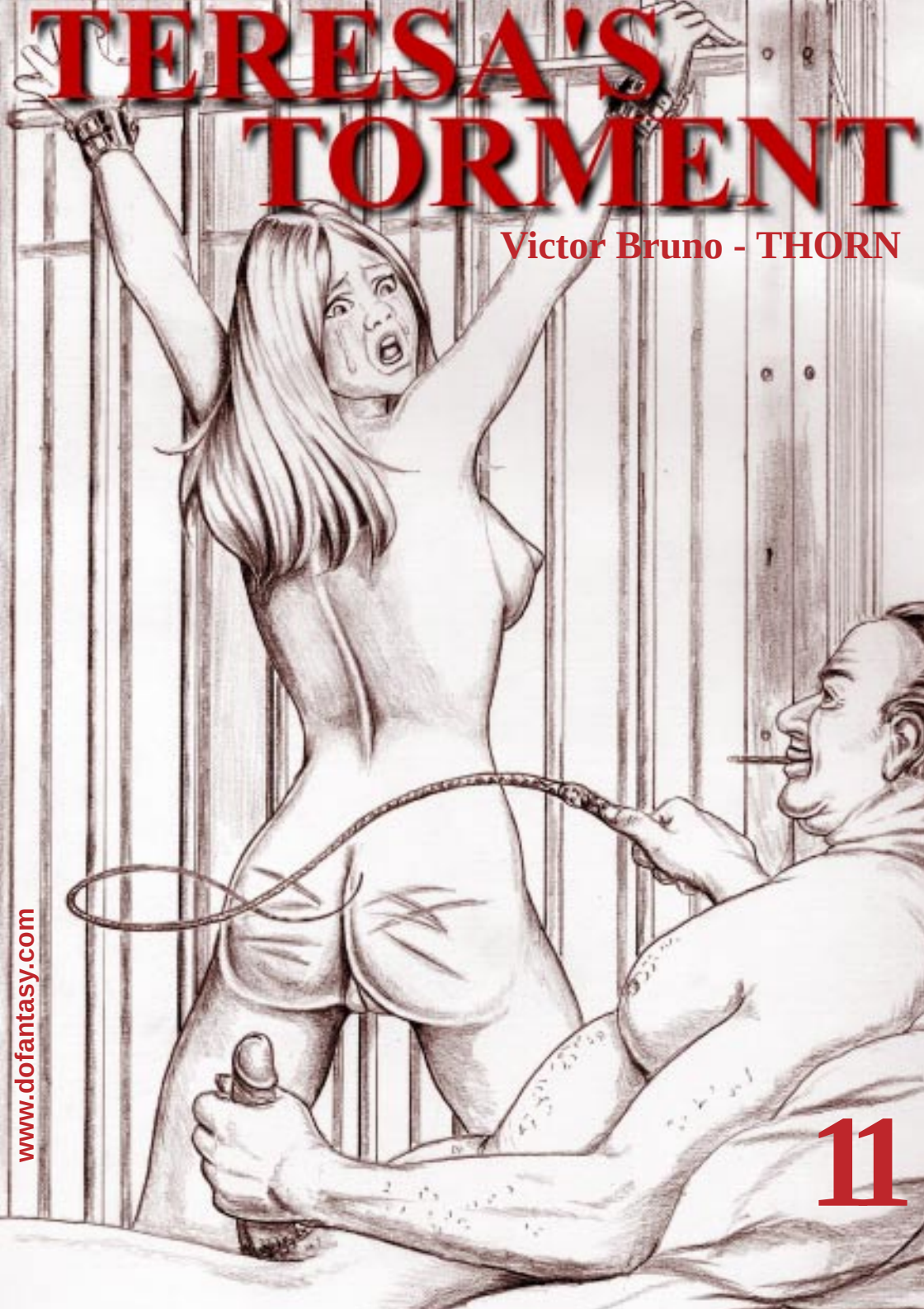
TERESA'S TORMENT

Victor Bruno - THORN



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Cover: THORN

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PROLOGUE

Colonel Garcia Valmira is a Spanish gentleman whose extreme wealth enables him to indulge his bizarre sexual tastes - without limit or restraint. To this end he has established a secret ranch or ‘estancia’ in a remote part of the desolate ‘Gran Chaco’ district of the Argentine. Its name is “Los Limitas” and here he keeps some forty or fifty desirable young women in a state of captivity and the most complete servitude. These girls have a variety of functions to perform: they act as domestic servants: They are used as decorative objects: they even perform the role of pieces of ‘human furniture’; and, of course, they are the sexual playthings of the Colonel and any of his specially selected guests.

In charge of these girls, acting as trainer and overseer, is Miss Judith Somerton, a woman of around thirty-five years of age. Her bland, calm, appearance - rather like that of a devoted nurse, belies her true nature for her chief delight is to inflict humiliation and pain. This she does in full measure, her regime is one of iron discipline, and woe betides any of her charges that get out of line!

A recent arrival at “Los Limitas” is a ravishing young twenty-year-old blonde-haired girl by the name of Teresa Mendoza. Reserved, shy, naturally modest, she is horrified to find herself in such an extraordinary establishment owned body and soul by as a slave by Colonel Garcia Valmira. However she has to face the fact that it is so ... although she suffers cruelly at Judith Somerton’s hands before she finally begins to admit defeat and submit both physically and mentally to what is demanded of her.

A new guest has arrived at “Los Limitas”. Her name is Janina Casal a black-haired, vivacious natured, young women of the same age as Teresa. She is a favoured friend of the Colonel and, in her teens, grew up with Teresa. With the same kind of upper class background they were good friends until they fell out over a young man by the name of Carlos Estanza. Originally the friend and lover of Janina he switched

his affections to Teresa and became her first and only lover. Furious at being jilted thus Janina never forgave Teresa and continued to nurse a burning hatred for the girl.

Janina is unaware of Teresa’s presence as a slave at “Los Limitas”. Equally Teresa is unaware that Janina has arrived for a stay of several weeks at the ‘estancia’.

CHAPTER ONE

Janina Casal felt particularly good that morning as she came down the wide stairway to the main hall of “Los Limitas”. She looked good too in her skin tight, tight fitting, riding breeches of black leather, over-topped by a simple, long sleeved, white blouse. The rounded black sombrero she wore gave her an air of authority her height did not truly command: she was but five feet four inches tall; a “pocket Venus” one might say. The plaited leather-riding crop, which dangled by a loop from her wrist, added to the air of authority. She felt at home although this was only the third time she had been asked as a visitor to Colonel Valmira’s unique ‘estancia’. This, above all, she had long ago decided, was the environment which suited her temperament perfectly. Indeed she would have preferred to be a permanent resident at “Los Limitas” rather than a guest! That, however, was rather more than she could hope for ... even though she might be a favoured second cousin of the Colonel. He chose and invited his guests as and when he wished. As he was entitled to; Janina had to accept that.

She paused on the final step of the staircase watching one of the serving girls cross the hall carrying a silver tray piled with debris from the breakfast room. The girl was tall, blonde, and moved beautifully: as was customary she was quite naked but for the traditional brief white apron and a pair of high-heeled shoes for those on so-called ‘domestic’ duties. With a faint, derisive, smile on her lips Janina observed the bounce of the girl’s breasts and the soft quivering of the flesh of her buttocks and thighs. A girl in servitude: a slave of the Colonel’s ... and therefore, since she was a guest, a slave of hers. That was delicious to know and to feel. That was what made it so wonderful to come to “Los Limitas”. Always, when one was there, one felt completely in control. Absolutely dominant. Where else inn the world could one feel quite like that? Nowhere. At least not to the degree one could at “Los Limitas”. One had but to ‘snap’ ones fingers and a servant came running; indeed grov-

elling; and, by God, they did one's bidding; to the best of their ability. If they didn't one could have them punished. Even if they did one could still have them punished, if one was in the mood, provided one was persuasively tactful to that marvellous housekeeper Judith Somerton.

Janina recalled, with an inner thrill of pleasure, how she herself had several girls punished, for no particular faults at all, when she had been on previous visits. They had been punished simply because she liked the idea of it ... and she had been able to persuade Judith Somerton that it was 'advisable'.

Mind you one had to 'persuade' that nun-like housekeeper; she did not simply take one's word for it automatically. She was a law unto herself and, guest or no guest, one had to abide by her decision ultimately. Fair enough, reflected Janina, because Judith Somerton had done, and was doing, a quite remarkably efficient job. Shed had all those girls, and there must be forty or fifty of them, eating out of her hand. And that was putting it mildly! The more one knew of the regime, though, the more one could understand it. A faint chill went through Janina as she contemplated the regime at "Los Limitas" and she momentarily put herself in the place of the tall, lovely, girl who had just passed through the hall. She shivered mentally at the thought of what it must be like to be in that girl's situation ... to be a prey to the eyes and hands of all in sundry ... to have to give oneself to anyone at any time (man or woman) in whatever they demanded ... to be at their constant beck and call ... to be treated with indifference, disdain and derision ... to know, constantly, that one could be made to suffer agonies if one disobeyed for a second, or in the slightest degree, or failed to give the satisfaction demanded. Yes, a chill went through Janina, and then it turned into a flame of pure joy, Sadistic joy, the joy of knowing that she could command and others had to submit!

She stepped down into the hall.

'Girl!' Her voice rang sharp and clear.

The tall blonde, by then some way down one of the passageways, which led off the hall, stopped in her tracks and turned.

'Come back here' ordered Janina, flicking her crop against her black leather-riding boot. The blonde came back, still carrying the tray, breasts still bouncing, hips swinging

sinuously. Janina saw that she had been shaved of all body hair.

'What is your name?' asked Janina as the blonde sank to her knees, still carefully supporting the laden tray; that was obligatory.

'K-Kirsten ... Miss' came the low, meek, answer. Oh what joy it was to be able to command such instant servility!

'Your nationality ... and your age?'

'I ... I am Danish ... Miss ... and ... and twenty-five, Miss'. Five years older than me, thought Janina gleefully, and absolutely at my mercy! Or nearly so anyway.

'Well ... Kirsten ... did you not see me descending the stairs to the hall? And, having seen me, should you not have shown the proper respect by halting and going to your knees?' asked Janina. Her smile was cold and cruel; she was having the greatest fun. It was for that one came to "Los Limitas".

'I ... I beg p-pardon Miss ... I didn't see you ... Miss ... I ... was intent on my task Miss' came the halting answer. Oh what it must be like to have to beg pardon for no fault at all, thought Janina delightedly!

'That was careless of you then, was it not, Kirsten?' said Janina tapping her crop to her boot. She would very much like to have laid it across the girl ... but that was not permitted. Only Judith Somerton punished or, very occasionally, gave permission to punish. It was the same for all the guests of whatever rank. In a way, much as she regretted it, Janina appreciated the reason.

'I ... c-can only beg pardon Miss', said Kirsten. Janina loved the way she trembled. Kirsten had beautiful breasts, high and firm, like big white cooking apples.

'I shall have to report this matter to Miss Judith; you understand?'

'Y-Yes ... Miss ...', nodded Kirsten, now even more pale. Janina smiled slowly and sadistically, loving every moment of it.

'You may go now, Kirsten', she said. Kirsten rose with difficulty for she still had to balance her tray. Then she bobbed with a curtsey before turning; 'Thank you Miss', she said.

Still smiling Janina watched the quivering bounce of the flesh of the shapely bottom as Kirsten strode lithely away again about her duties. It was supremely satisfying for Janina to think that, before the day was out, Judith Somerton's

leather thong would flail across that bottom just because of Janina's whim. Janina Casal strode across the hall. The day had begun: and begun well; many pleasures lay ahead. The first of those was that she was to go riding with Garcia Valmira and riding was one of her passions; especially when the steed was an Arab stallion. By God she'd use her crop on him until he really went like the wind! Power! That was the supreme thing reflected Janina Casal, as she wandered about the main hall, awaiting the arrival of her host. That was what mattered in life; what gave one the greatest pleasure. The power to control, the power to bend others to one's will; and it gave Janina the greatest pleasure of all when she had power over another women -particularly if those women were young and attractive. She surveyed, curiously, the portraits of Garcia's ancestors, which hung, almost overwhelmingly large, upon the walls. Most of the faces had the same, sallow, lined look about them. There was also a hardness and cruelty in them. She could well imagine how these men, and women, long dead had treated their serfs and slaves in previous centuries. Then any cruelty on underlings had been both expected and permitted. Now, in modern times, it was far more difficult to exercise one's authority. Yet by skill, determination and organisation, Garcia had managed it. He was, one might say, carrying on the good work. Indeed, in many ways, he had extended and developed the cruel practices inbred in him. Thank God for that thought Janina. It was wonderful to know that there was still at least one place in the world where one could do as one wished. Not for the first time she felt herself profoundly grateful for the fact that she was related to the Colonel, even if distantly, so that she was able, from time to time, to satisfy the same vicious instincts that were in her blood.

Janina glanced at her watch. He was late for their ride. Her riding crop slapped her boot. She didn't like to be kept waiting. Still, since it was Garcia, she checked her impatience. At that moment Judith Somerton entered the hall, coming through one of the numerous high entrances, clad in her customary royal blue dress with it's prim white collar and cuffs. Behind her came two of the slave girls. They were naked but for high-heeled white kid shoes. Each girl had a heavy iron collar about her neck to which her wrists were shackled. One of the girls was dark, the other fair; both were young and pretty. Janina turned and moved so that

she could observe them more closely, her lips curling with cruel pleasure.

'Good morning Miss Casal,' said Judith Somerton, her pale face as composed as ever. One might as well have supposed she was leading a couple of spaniels rather than two nubile young women. She was, in fact, taking the two girls to the Colonel's quarters where they would be forced to submit to some decorative-functional role for the next few hours.

'Good morning Miss Somerton,' smiled Janina pleasantly. Then her attention went back to the two girls. As it did so her mouth opened a little and her eyes widened. They were fastened incredulously on the blonde. 'Teresa!' She gasped. 'Teresa ... it is Teresa!'

The doe-like brown eyes of the blonde dilated in shocked horror. For it was indeed Teresa. Teresa Mendoza. And she had been the one-time girlhood friend of Janina Casal in Madrid!

Teresa staggered, recoiling as if struck. 'J-Janina...' she gasped equally. 'Janina ... Oh my God ... J-Janina!' Janina's hand went to her mouth, the surprise in her eyes changing to delight. 'By the saints,' she said, 'it really is you. It is Teresa! You ... of all people ... here!'

Temporarily taken aback Judith Somerton now recovered her composure. 'How dare you girl ... how dare you address a guest so familiarly!' Her hand slapped across Teresa's mouth. But, seemingly so mesmerised by the sight of Janina, Teresa scarcely seemed to notice the blow. Her eyes remained fixed on Janina, growing wider, whilst her mouth opened and shut repeatedly like that of a goldfish, with little, disbelieving, gasps coming from it.

'How dare you, I say! How dare you!' rasped Miss Judith, slapping Teresa's face twice more. This seemed to have the effect of shaking the girl back to some sort of awareness. Terror filled her eyes as she tore them away from Janina.

'I ... beg ... p-pardon ... Miss,' she croaked.

'You'll do more than that,' snapped Miss Judith. 'You'll get down and kiss her boots ... and address her with proper respect ...'

Colour filled Teresa's cheeks and her eyes darted wildly, this way and that, as she bit her lips. There before her was her hated rival of former days ... and there was she, a helpless subject creature. 'P-Please ... please ... Miss ...' she heard herself choking out, 'I ... I know ... Janina


Teresa ... it is Teresa!
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... I m-mean ... Miss Janina ... we were friends ...' She looked imploringly at Janina's hard little face under the black sombrero. Surely ... surely ... in view of their former relationship she would intervene on Teresa's behalf! Perhaps (Oh dear God!) seek her release.

Judith's face remained a mask. 'Get down on your knees, Teresa,' she said, icily. The discipline of inculcated obedience was already strong enough in Teresa to make her carry out the order without further delay - whatever the circumstances. Miss Judith was the paramount force in her life. Every moment of it she controlled her actions and raised or lowered the degree of mental and physical torment she had to endure. Teresa knelt and, bending forward, kissed the polished black boots before her. 'I ...I ...b-b-beg pardon ... M-miss ...' she whispered. 'Louder ...' insisted Miss Judith, 'and kiss those boots with proper respect!' Teresa said it louder ... several times ... and went on implanting her lips to the leather. Yet still her mind could hardly credit the fact that it was Janina Casal's boots she was kissing. Those of a former friend! Could such an incredible thing really be happening?

Janina's shoulders began to shake with suppressed laughter.

'Oh my ... Oh my ...' She giggled. 'Can it possibly be true? Prim little Miss Mendoza here ... here of all places! Well ...well ... well ... now isn't that just something!' Her dark eyes began to flash as the full implications of it all crowded more and more upon her.

'I am sorry for this piece of insolence, Miss Casal,' said Judith Somerton. 'I can only point out that Teresa has not been over-long in the Colonel's service ...'

'Has she not then?' replied Janina, eyes flashing ever more avidly as she looked down at the crouching naked figure at her feet, seeing the smooth back and the swelling, curvaceous, hindquarters. 'I see ... I see ...' Her small white teeth were now bared and she had an expression of infinite, cruel, pleasure on her features.

'I shall see she is appropriately punished of course, Miss Casal,' said Judith Somerton.

'Yes ... you will?' There was a sudden brightness in Janina's eyes. 'Yes ... yes ... of course,' she added trying to look a little more unconcerned.

'Immediately, Miss Casal,' agreed Judith Somerton. Her

agile mind had already guessed the situation between the two young women ... and, since Janina was a relation of the Colonel's, and a much favoured guest, she would go out of her way to please her. 'Get up, girl,' she ordered the kneeling Teresa. At that moment Colonel Garcia Valmira came striding into the hall.

'Sorry to have kept you waiting, Janina.' He called, 'all ready?'

Janina was gazing into Teresa's petrified eyes, scarcely seeming to hear. 'Yes ... yes ... Garcia,' she said softly, almost to herself. 'I'm ready ...'

The Colonel glanced briefly at the group ... and with seeming indifference. Naked slave girls were as much an everyday part of the decor at "Los Limitas" as were the furnishings!

Judith Somerton's head nodded peremptorily towards the passageway from which she and the two girls had just emerged. 'You know where we are going, Teresa,' she said before glancing at the other figure who had stood silent throughout. 'You will remain here until we return, Maria,' she said, turning on her heel.

'Do come along, Janina,' said the Colonel, now getting a little impatient.

Janina gave Teresa's despairing features a last, long, lingering look; and she smiled and smiled. Then she turned and followed the Colonel from the hall. She was bubbling with such joy inside her that her blood might have been champagne. What luck! What a piece of heavenly luck! Teresa Mendoza there as a slave; and, right at that moment, being led away to be punished simply because she had addressed Janina by her Christian name!

Her arm linked through the Colonel's. 'Garcia ...' she said.

'Yes, my dear?'

'That girl ... in the hall ...'

'Yes? Which one?'

'The blonde one ...'

'Well, what about her?'

'I want her as my personal servant while I am here, please.'

'That's OK. Just fix it up with Judith Somerton. She attends to all those details.'

They emerged from the house into the stable yard where their stallions stood ready. The Colonel glanced with sud-

den sharpness at Janina. ‘Any particular reason?’

‘Yes,’ smiled Janina looking up at him. ‘Her name is Teresa Mendoza.’ The Colonel’s brow wrinkled and a trace of a smile crossed his face.

‘Aah ... haa ... yes ... I see. You knew her back in Madrid, didn’t you? For quite a while. Wasn’t there some kind of ... fracas ... between you?’

‘There was,’ said Janina shortly. ‘That little bitch upset some plans of mine! She stole a man from me. She stole Carlos Estanza.’

The Colonel clicked his teeth. Then, putting his foot into a stirrup, swung into his saddle. ‘In that case, my dear,’ he said, ‘knowing you I wouldn’t like to be in her shoes!’

With a laugh, Janina mounted the stallion that awaited her. The animal leapt into its stride as her crop cracked across his flanks and, with her usual arrogant confidence, she rode from the stable yard. The crop cracked again and again and soon the stallion was at a full gallop down a sandy track. With each crack of the crop she thought of Teresa’s far more tender flesh. She wondered, as the Colonel came racing alongside her, what was happening to the girl at that very moment. Just to think of it, coupled with the pounding saddle beneath her, gave her a pleasure so keen that it was comparable with that experienced in orgasm.

CHAPTER TWO

The door closed behind Teresa. There again was that dread room. So plainly furnished with it's wooden chairs and that heavy, wooden, table. The table of so much torment for her ... and others. She trembled violently, her heart in her mouth, sick with dread. Her mind was still numbed with the awful shock of meeting Janina Casal ... let alone with all that had happened since. Could any twist of fate been more viciously cruel? Oh God ... Oh God ... the implications of it were quite, quite unbearable to contemplate! 'Now Teresa, what is the meaning of this impudence?' asked Miss Judith. She looked calmly but sternly at Teresa as if she had committed some serious crime.

Teresa, clenching her hands, had already been made well aware that "justice", in its true sense, was an exceedingly scarce commodity at "Los Limitas" ... yet, this time, she felt it must surely be her due. 'Miss ... Miss Judith ...' she said, fervently, 'it ... it was all a mistake ... I mean, Miss ... that ... that I knew Janina ... I beg pardon ...I mean I knew Miss Casal in Madrid ... we were friends ...w-we grew up together ...'

'And you regard that as some form of excuse?' asked Judith, regarding the girl benignly.

Teresa gulped. 'It ... it was the shock, Miss ... seeing her like that ... I spoke as ... as I would have done ... b-before ...'

'Precisely,' said Judith acidly. 'Which indicates to me, Teresa, despite numerous verbal and corrective reminders, that you are slow to learn. That you do not truly accept your status of slave ...'

'I do ... I do, Miss ... I swear I do!' cried the wretched Teresa, clasping her hands together.

'... and a slave shows respect for her owner, her overseer, and her betters. As guests are,' continued Judith as if Teresa had not spoken. 'She shows it at all times, whatever the circumstances. Haven't I told you that ... impressed it on you ... again and again?'

‘Y-yes ... Miss ... yes ... but ... but ... it was all a m-mistake ... I mean to be respectful ... t-truly I did, Miss ...’ pleaded Teresa. She felt weak and helpless up against the implacable, pitiless, wall that Judith invariably erected. Worst of all she felt sick to the depths of her being at the thought that it was on account of Janina Casal that she was there, simply for addressing her by her name. As once had been such an everyday thing! That was the bitterest of bitter pills to swallow. Moreover, Teresa sensed quite naturally, they were but the opening bars of a new symphony of servile horror that was being composed just for her.

‘What you meant and how you actually behaved are two very different things Teresa,’ said Judith in that matter-of-fact way of hers. ‘You showed a lack of self-control and you were disrespectful. For that you will be punished. Not least of all, either, because your behaviour reflected on my training.’

She opened one of the drawers of the chest where the corrective instruments were housed ... and every fibre of Teresa’s being cried out in mingled protest and fear. All the same she remained silent, her knuckles white, her breasts heaving faster, her eyes filling with un-shed tears.

‘I have a very good mind to cane you,’ said Judith, taking out the rod and flexing it. ‘I am sure Miss Casal would approve of that ...’ Teresa felt the icicles of terror stab at her vitals at the sight of the dreaded length of supple willow. Oh no ... surely she could not be caned for such a simple ... so unavoidable ... a fault! And Janina would approve! Oh yes ... yes ... how true that was! That evil creature would certainly approve! A great choking sob burst from Teresa and big tears began to roll slowly down her cheeks. There was nothing she could say or do that would be of any use. She just had to accept whatever was decreed.

‘However,’ continued Judith, laying the cane on top of the chest of drawers, ‘I will make some allowance on this occasion. Your stay here has not been all that long ... and the circumstances were a little exceptional. Perhaps a strapping will suffice.’

Teresa felt relief. Absurdly, perhaps, but it is a fact. Her relief lessened when she saw Judith take from the drawer not the single leather thong but the double thong!

‘Get yourself across the table, girl,’ came the relentless order.

Rubbery-kneed, Teresa moved towards the heavy timbers of the tabletop. She dared not hesitate, or protest, and plead further ... she knew the folly of that. Coming to the side of the table, at its centre, she bent over it, her sobs coming faster, her soft belly pressed to the rough hardness of the wood. Oh the inhumanity of it! Oh the horror! She felt her nates already twitching and trembling at the thought of what must come. Her wrists were unshackled from her collar. Then, stretching her arms forward, she felt her wrists re-secured by tight cords ... and she knew then the fashion in which she would be punished. Sometimes she was made to lie flat along the length of the table ... spread-eagled ... wrists and ankles secured at each corner. Sometimes (as on this occasion) she had to lie across it ... her legs then being drawn under the table and fastened to the bound wrists by a length of cord. This meant that the edge of the table cut cruelly into her belly and flanks and that her hindquarters were drawn into a tight curve, the flesh stretched. It was, she had been made aware, a most painful way in which to be punished.

Her ankles were pulled under the table ... the length of cord from her wrists was fastened to them ... her buttocks curved taught, the cleft widened and Teresa found herself quite helpless. As many times before; and this was all Janina's doing! For nothing ... for nothing!

'M-Mercy ... Miss ... ohh have ... mercy ...' she found herself croaking, despite knowing the futility of it. 'I didn't mean it ... ohhhhhh ... I didn't ... I didn't!'

Judith Somerton made no reply to this but simply picked up the double-thonged strap. Each thong, glistening softly with oil, was eighteen inches long, two inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick. The thongs swung high ... and lashed across the helpless, naked, bottom flesh ... Oh God ... the agony of it! And for nothing. No ... no ... worse ... for Janina. The agony of bitter hate in Teresa's heart was almost worse than the sheer physical torment.

Ttthhwwwaaaccckkkkkkkk!

It came again. Double agony. Two swathes of fire, not one. Two swathes that had her writhing uncontrollably as the gasping screams jetted from her throat.

'Merceeeeeee!' she cried, 'Merceeeeeee!' Oh God, how many was she to get? For nothing ... for nothing ...

No ... not for nothing. For Janina's pleasure. For

Janina’s pleasure by proxy!.

Ttthhwwwaaaccckkkkkkkk!

Again ... and again the awful searing torment. Unbelievable in its ferocity ... yet having to be believed. Because it was there ... there ... contorting her frenziedly, choking her throat with breathless gasping cries.

Ttthhwwwaaaccckkkkkkkk!

Again ... again worse. Because now the burning, burning swathes overlaid those that had come before.

‘Aaaiiieeeeee ... m-m-merceeeeeee ... eeeeee!’

Judith gave her none. She was not one to whom mercy came with any ease. With the same full swing of her right arm ... with the same venom, using every ounce of her strength, she brought down the strap for the fifth time.

Ttthhwwwaaaccckkkkkkkk!

The double swathes of fire flamed once again across Teresa’s squirming bottom and once more a cacophony of sound filled that small, bare, room.

Aaaiiieeeeee ... aaaaaaggghhh ... eeeeeggggghhhhh!

The fifth stroke delivered (or in terms of actual striping it was the tenth) Judith stepped back and surveyed her handiwork. The long, bright, welts encircled the quaking buttocks. Burning welts. Most salutary welts. Yes ... Teresa would have learnt a good lesson!

Of course there was nothing on earth to have stopped her continuing to lay the double-thonged strap across Teresa if she had so wished. Indeed there were girls who had received as many as twenty at one time from it before then! But that was for serious faults! Teresa’s was a comparatively minor one though Judith had deliberately not made it appear so. No, five strokes were enough for such an offence. Judith kept her own ‘code’. She rarely punished indiscriminately; small faults, minor punishments; serious faults, severe punishment! That was Judith Somerton’s “justice” and she abided by it however much she might be tempted to bend the rules for her own gratification on occasions!

Having replaced the strap in the drawer she released the sobbing Teresa from over the table and ordered her to stand erect. Teresa, her eyes red-rimmed with tears, did so with difficulty.

‘Do you think that will teach you to be more respectful to guests in future, Teresa?’ Judith demanded.

‘Y-yer ... mmmmff ... y-yer ... essss ... Miss ... y-yesss

... Miss ...' answered Teresa, nodding vigorously. Oh, how well she understood!

'And now,' went on Judith, 'I will make the lesson even more clear to you.' She went back to the drawer and Teresa froze. 'I do not like uncontrolled tongues. This will, I am sure, help you control yours in future.'

From the drawer she took an object shaped like a small pear and made of lead. This she brought over to Teresa who took a step back in fear.

'Open your mouth,' ordered Judith, 'Wide.'

'P-Please ...' whimpered Teresa, not quite knowing what was to happen but sensing it.

'Open your mouth,' rasped Judith, 'or I will have you over that table and give you another five!'

Teresa opened her mouth quickly. And wide. The leaden pear was slipped into it. Teresa half-retched as she felt it filling her mouth, forcing it wide open, and pressing to the back of her throat. Then, in moments, Judith had produced a strap which she place over and around Teresa's mouth, buckling it at the back of her neck. And buckling it tight. Teresa choked, tear-filled eyes bulging.

'When she returns from her ride I shall inform Miss Casal you are wearing this gag,' said Judith calmly, 'I shall tell her that it is part of your punishment for letting your tongue run away with you. At the same time I shall tell her that you have been strapped for that offence. Beyond that I shall tell Miss Casal that it is entirely up to her as to when the gag is removed. Is that clear, Teresa?'

Teresa could only make a pitiful whimpering sound in reply, but she nodded her head.

'Very well then,' said Judith, 'we will now return to the hall and I shall assign you your duties, with Maria, in your master's quarters. Follow me.'

Weeping silently, but bitterly, Teresa stumbled after the straight-backed figure of Judith Somerton as the door was opened. Once again she had been punished. Cruelly and unjustly. Once again she was filled with utter despair. But now that despair was all the greater. For Teresa knew in her heart that now that Janina Casal was a guest at "Los Limitas" her torments, mental, emotional and physical, were going to be even greater.

Back in the corridor the portly, middle-aged, figure of a man

approached. ‘Good morning, Miss Somerton,’ he said, his fleshy lips parting in a smile to reveal large, white, teeth.

‘Good Morning, Baron,’ answered Judith, ‘I hope you passed a pleasant night?’

‘I did indeed,’ answered the Baron, smiling even more broadly. He was heavily yowled, very Germanic in appearance, and what little was left of his hair was close-cropped and grizzled. His pale blue eyes turned to Teresa who made the obligatory act of obeisance before a guest by going down on her knees and bowing her head. ‘One of your ladies been naughty then?’ he asked.

‘I am afraid so,’ answered Judith with her usual, calm, gravity. ‘You will appreciate, I am sure, that it is necessary for me to maintain a regime of the strictest discipline here. Often what might normally be considered minor faults cannot be overlooked.’

‘Ah ... quite so,’ nodded the Baron while his eyes devoured Teresa with lustful interest. ‘This one’s new here, isn’t she? What’s her name?’

‘Her name is Teresa, Baron,’ Judith said simply. ‘Yes she is new here. Stand up, Teresa.’

Teresa stood up with trembling dread, the agony of shame filling her as it had done often before when she had to endure being inspected by a guest. Her eyes were so a-brim with tears that she saw only the paunchy figure before her through a misty haze. Then, suddenly, she was hideously aware of hands fondling her breasts.

‘Quite a dish,’ the Baron was saying gutturally, ‘How old?’

A violent shudder went through Teresa. The another ... and another. But, by a tremendous effort of will, she did not twist herself away or actually recoil. Unfortunately for her Teresa had done so on the previous occasion that a guest had similarly mauled her. That had resulted in one of those visits to the dreaded room she had just left ... to receive a caning for what Judith termed her ‘impudence for not submitting to the honour bestowed upon her!’ Now, put to the test again, Teresa found sufficient self-control to submit. Repellent as it was it was better than having to submit to something far worse. As she knew she would have to from Judith.

‘She’s just twenty,’ said Judith, answering Baron Newmann’s question.

‘Hmmm ... and very well developed. Very ...’ said the Baron. He liked them blonde; and young; and with the firm shapeliness that Teresa possessed. With one finger he flipped the little metal tab on the belt about Teresa’s waist (the one which announced the Colonel’s ownership of her). ‘Pity about this,’ he said.

Judith Somerton made no direct comment merely saying rather primly, ‘Perhaps, Baron Newmann, it will not be there when you are next a guest here.’

A shudder ran through Teresa again at those words ... with their implication that, once the Colonel had his fill of her, she would be freely available to any guest. Oh God! The incredible horror of it!

‘No, perhaps not,’ grinned the Baron as he waddled off down the corridor, after one, final, lingering, glance of Teresa’s curvaceousness. Colonel Valmira was a strange man he reflected. Or, perhaps, he was simply a man of iron will. How, otherwise, was it possible for him to have in his house - perhaps for weeks or even months - such a dish as that young Teresa and not make use of her? Make use of her in every, delightful, way? It certainly was amazing. But then, he told himself more philosophically, if one had so much delicious flesh about as the Colonel, perhaps one would act differently. He wondered. It was certainly something pleasing to wonder about.

Maria was in precisely the same place in the hall as Teresa came alongside her once more. It had been no more than a quarter of an hour since she had been in precisely that same spot. Yet what a miniature world of varying torment she had endured in that short space of time! And what torment she still endured!

With a peremptory nod Judith indicated that the two girls should follow her and soon the entered the ‘Master Suite’ as it was sometimes known. Several girls had already been set about their duties by Judith: four were uncomfortably postured as chair supports; the supports of the heavy glass tabletop knelt motionless and beautifully naked. Less utilitarian, but certainly most eye-catching, was the centrepiece decoration of the room. There was always one of these and it was usually positioned on a round table set in a large alcove in one corner of the room facing the big sweep of the main windows. The centre-piece on this occasion (something al-

ways arranged with great care, and attention to detail, by Judith) was a nude woman whose prime function, apart from displaying her own charms, was to act as holder for a silver flower vase. Though she lay on her belly her torso was twisted so that her breasts thrust to the centre of the room. This thrust was emphasised by the backward positioning of the arms and there was the tiniest of rosebuds clipped to each nipple. Further, larger, roses were arranged attractively in the woman's flowing, dark brown, hair. But that was not the main display. That was in the silver vase. This was supported above the woman's body and was massed with roses.

Judith conducted her two charges into one of the smaller rooms that led off the main room of the Master Suite. This room acted as the Colonel's study but guests were permitted to use it as a writing room if they so wished. The part that Teresa and Maria would play in this set-up was a simple one: they would act as supports for the thick, glass, desktop. However they would not kneel on hands or knees as did the woman who supported the glass topped table in the main room for that would mean the desk would be too low. Each girl would kneel erect, several feet apart, and the top would rest on their shoulders, the head going through a circular hole in the glass. Thus, while they took the weight, the head of each girl would act as a kind of 'ornament' on top of the desk facing anyone who sat at it. Through the glass their naked curves could be seen.

The neck collars having been removed Judith positioned the two girls on their knees and settled the glass top over them. Then the arms of each were pulled tightly back behind them and fastened by a thong at the elbows to ensure maximum uplift of the breasts. With the supports settled, the top firmly in position, Judith arranged Blotting Pad, Silver Inkwell, Pens and so on, as well as a vase of flowers, upon the desktop. She stepped back and surveyed her work with her customary composed air of efficiency, seemingly unaware of - or certainly indifferent to - the look of pleading despair in Teresa's eyes and the tears that trickled silently down her cheeks. That pear-gag was already a choking, jaw-stretching, torment she devoutly desired would be removed. But no hope of that. Under no circumstances did a slave girl at "Los Limitas" address a guest with familiarity and not suffer for it!

A final adjustment to the flower display and Judith turned and left the study. Teresa and Maria remained in kneeling silence only the gentle heaving of their breasts and the occasional twitching of the features or the body flesh indicating that they were not sculptured supports but living, human, creatures. There they would remain, for a minimum period of four hours, performing their function as 'furnishing objects' ... remaining whether the function, or the service, they performed was used or not. The fact that they were there - available for use - was what was required.

Colonel Garcia Valmira wished it so; and what he wished was so!

Teresa continued to weep silently for a long time. She did not weep only because of the gag she had to endure, not simply because of the burning-smarting strap welts across her buttocks, sufficient though these things might have been in themselves; she wept because her mind was filled with the spectre of Janina Casal: that trim figure in the riding outfit: those flashing, dark, cruel eyes: eyes that were alight with cruel delight: that mouth that twisted in cruel scorn: that voice unable to hide its glee at the announcement that punishment was to be meted out.

That arrogant young woman, striding with riding switch swinging from her wrist ... The woman who had once been her equal; the woman whom she had made a deadly enemy ... The woman who had long thirsted for revenge; and who was now in the perfect position to practice it ... It was in this woman's power that Teresa now knew she was even though she might actually be owned by the Colonel. Through his power over her Janina had power over her. Little wonder that Teresa wept. She was aware that woman (especially a woman out for revenge) can be cruellest to her own kind!

CHAPTER THREE

Janina Casal lit a cigarette, drew on it, then expelled the smoke slowly. It trickled from between her red lips and down her nostrils. Her dark eyes glinted, as she looked down on the naked figure of Teresa who was kneeling erect on a low wooden stool with her hands clasped at the back of her neck. The iron pear-gag was still firmly and cruelly in place.

'I never thought such a thing would happen ... could happen ...' said Janina softly and with evil relish. 'But it has. You ... YOU ... of all people, Teresa ... are my slave. I couldn't have thought of anyone better if I'd tried. After what you did to me back in Madrid, you little bitch. After you stole Carlos from me. As you did, you harlot!'

Janina's eyes flashed dangerously as Teresa shook her blonde head from side to side. The kneeling girl's eyes were little round saucers of dismay and terror; every half minute or so she was shaken by a convulsion of trembling. She could not but be aware that, bad as things had been for her before, they could not be worse than this.

'Are you denying it?' snarled Janina, seizing the blonde head of hair and rocking it from side to side.

Teresa again shook her head. This time to deny that she was not denying Janina's statement whereas a few moments before she had instinctively done so. She knew she had no option.

'I should hope not,' smiled Janina, releasing the hair, 'It doesn't pay a slave of mine to lie to me. How do you think Miss Judith would react if I reported that to her?'

Naturally Teresa could make no answer. Her long eyelashes blinked and two large tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

'I can guess,' went on Janina, 'I know what happened to you this morning just for speaking to me as you did. Got a strapping didn't you? I reckon if I told Miss Judith you started lying to me during the first ten minutes after you'd been sent to me you'd get a caning. In fact I'd make a strong recommendation.'

Another of those trembling shudders ran through Teresa. She knew Janina meant every word she said ... and delighted in it.

'I'll look at that backside of yours, by the way,' said Janina. 'To see how the correction left it. Come on, turn around and get it up girl!'

Teresa's eyes pleaded momentarily. Then despairing resignation filled them before she turned and thrust up her hind-quarters in the abject fashion demanded when they had thus to be displayed or presented for random punishment. The deepest humiliation filled her with the knowledge it was Janina who gazed upon her and who delighted to observe the flesh that still burnt.

'Hmmm ... yes ...' said Janina after a few moments, 'that's a pretty colour I must say. You got quite a leathering. I would like to have seen it.'

'Just as, I am sure, Carlos would like to see you so invitingly displayed as you are now ...'A deep sob from Teresa, her head bowed lower.

'Did you often get it from behind from him?' enquired Janina.

Another deep sob and the bowed head bowed slowly.

'You're not lying to me, are you?' demanded Janina sharply. She smiled as she saw the widened nates twitch in sudden apprehension. Again the bowed head shook. 'But when you did, you liked it, eh?' persisted Janina.

For a moment Teresa was still, then, summoning her will, she nodded slightly. A peal of laughter came from Janina. 'Oh I bet you did you randy little trollop' she said, 'I bet you liked it in any and every way from him. A beautiful strong boy he was. In every way. Oh yes, I'm quite sure you loved it!'

The bare shoulders heaved as the cruel jibing words rained on Teresa's head.

'Well, now that you're here as one of the Colonel's slaves, you'll get plenty of fucking I'm sure. Once he's taken what he wants himself ... and you no longer have to wear that little 'chastity belt'. As you know it will be with anybody and everybody who wants a feel of you. I wonder how you'll like that? Especially when you have to give a performance in public to amuse some of the guests. Oh yes I wonder how you'll like that!'

'All I do know is that I shall enjoy watching it, whenever

it happens, whether it's on this trip or my next.' Janina laughed evilly again. 'Yes ... it will be something to see "Miss Prim-and-Proper" well and truly put to work! That's what we called you, remember? Oh what a good pious, girl you were! But, all the same, you couldn't resist opening your legs quickly enough when Carlos showed you that length of his!'

To have a gentle, true, and romantic love affair (her first) spoken of in this deliberately crude fashion was to pile cruelty upon cruelty for Teresa. Janina knew it and revelled in it. For Teresa had been genuinely in love with Carlos Estanza; only after much delay and deep heart-searching had she finally surrendered herself to her man after they had been officially engaged for six months. For her it had been a supremely beautiful, though rare, experience. Always, afterwards, she was plagued by guilt feelings. As she had always feared God would punish her: and He was punishing her on this earth ... could it be worse in the next?

'All right, kneel up again,' ordered Janina crisply. Teresa did so whilst her cheeks flushed a bright pink with shame. She could scarcely bear to meet her tormentor's eyes yet she knew she must. She saw them dancing with sadistic delight. 'I bet you'd like to get that thing out of your mouth,' said Janina, 'but Miss Judith informs me that it is entirely up to me; I am considering the matter ...'Janina went over to the cabinet and poured herself a large Scotch-on-the-Rocks. She was wearing a short-length housecoat of a black, lacy, material and a pair of calf length boots - of highly polished scarlet leather - with very high 'spike' heels. Her smooth thighs were Ivory white below the short coat. Black and Red: they were her favourite colours and they suited her personality. She seated herself on a couch, crossed her legs, and sipped her drink never ceasing to eye Teresa like a cat watching a mouse.

'Slave ...' she said softly, almost to herself it seemed. 'It implies so much. Complete submission and absolute obedience. I shall have both from you, Teresa.' She paused, twirling her glass, 'One day, when the Colonel has finished with you here, I may well ask him if I can buy you from him. I rather think I should like to own you. Permanently I mean. We shall see. It will give you something to think about anyway.'

Teresa's lovely high, rounded, breasts quivered softly as

she trembled with dread in that convulsive way.

'The idea doesn't seem to appeal to you,' smiled Janina, 'Well that's understandable I suppose. Miss Judith's in charge of your training and discipline here, I realise. If I owned you I would be in charge. I would be able to deal with you personally: make your backside squirm with my own rods and whips: every day if I wished: whenever it took my fancy in fact.' Janina lit another cigarette. 'You may, at the moment, consider Miss Judith a stern task mistress ... but I think you would come to regard her as a ministering angel when compared with me!'

The words were spoken with such venom that Teresa swayed on the stool as if struck. Horror was piling on horror as her dreaded future was being revealed piece by piece: and this girl, of her own age and background, had once been her friend and constant companion. A heavy silence reigned while Janina slowly finished her cigarette and then her drink. Then she rose, unfastened the short housecoat and slipped it off. Beneath she wore only a brief bra and panty set of the same scarlet colour as her boots. Her figure, smaller than Teresa's, was excellent - a true "pocket Venus". She stood legs a little astride, hands on hips, before Teresa.

Carlos had me many times, before he met you,' she said calmly, 'I allowed him to do so because I wanted to marry him and thus possess him completely. For my own reasons - apart from his wealth. I did not enjoy him; certainly not as you did, I know. For... you may not be aware of the fact that I do not particularly care for men in that way. I tolerate them in bed but I do not particularly enjoy them; my true pleasures lie elsewhere. They always have done to some degree ... and increasingly so in recent years.' Janina smiled and took a step closer to Teresa. 'Am I beginning to make myself clear, Slave?' she asked.

An added look of dread terror had now come into Teresa's eyes: she looked both desperate and disbelieving.

'In case it is not quite clear to you,' added Janina, 'I will leave you in no doubt, Teresa. I am a Lesbian ...'

Once again Teresa swayed on the stool, shaking her head incredulously.

Janina's smile widened. 'You understand now, my slave, in what capacity you will serve me, do you not?'

Teresa's eyes rolled back in her head and she swayed even

further. This time she fell sideways to the floor. Despite the stimulant she had received before being sent to Janina she had fainted clean away.

Having been primed earlier by Judith, Janina gave her victim a further injection and then employed the smelling salts. Thus Teresa was brought swiftly back to full sensibility and the horrors of reality. Once more she was ordered to kneel on the stool: once more she looked up into Janina's hard, gloating, features. A new dimension had now been added to her ever-continuing mental and physical torment. Teresa was now aware that Janina was not only a vicious sadist but a pervert as well; and it was the kind of perversion which Teresa's whole, sensitive, being recoiled from with the biggest revulsion.

'You seemed more than surprised by what I told you,' said Janina, smiling faintly. She had begun to unfasten the buckling strap about the lower part of Teresa's face and, despite everything, a bright gleam of relief came into the girl's eyes. 'Shocked, I would say. It seems you had me all wrong, Teresa. I was not offended on sexual grounds when you took Carlos away from me. Not at all. It was simply on the grounds that you had done it at all. You might say my pride was wounded - since I had other, very different plans for him - however it is now your pride that is being wounded - even more so!Janina removed the pear-gag and tossed it, with the strap, onto the floor. A deep, sighing, groan of relief came from Teresa as, for the first time in hours, she was able to close her wide-stretched mouth, to have her tongue loose, and be free of the constant sensation of near choking.

'That's rather more comfortable, isn't it?' grinned Janina.

It took Teresa quite a while to answer. Her mouth seemed to have dried up and her vocal chords felt as if they were atrophied. 'Ugh ...u-ugh ... y-yer ... y-yes ... ss ... M-miss ...' she managed to choke out at last. Oh God! What a joy it was to have that gag out! She felt she would do anything rather than ever have it put back again.

'What do you say Teresa?' asked Janina. It was by no means her first visit to "Los Limitas" and she knew all the conventional formulae and response of slave submission which were conventionally taught and proceeded with.

'Th-thank ... you ... Miss ... for r-removing the g-gag ...' whispered Teresa hoarsely.

Janina smiled wickedly again. It really was a delight to be thanked for such a thing and she knew the effort it must cost Teresa. ‘Is that all?’ she enquired.

‘Thank y-you ... for ... f-for h-having me c-corrected for my faults Miss,’ croaked Teresa.

A nod came from Janina. ‘That’s better,’ she said. ‘But don’t forget, slave, that if ever I disapprove of your tongue again that gag will go back instantly and for a longer period. What’s more I shall see to it you get another strapping. How many strokes did you get, by the way?’

‘Five Miss ...’ came the answer.

‘Five?’ Janina’s pencil thin eyebrows arched. ‘It looks more. Ahhhh ... yes ... perhaps Miss Judith used a ‘double-thonged’ tawse, eh?’

‘Ye-Yes, M-Miss,’ nodded the wretched Teresa. One part of her mind could still scarcely, truly, let her believe that this was actually Janina who had caused her to be treated so cruelly; Janina, who had her so completely in her power, and, would be crueller yet! But it was! Oh God it was! It seemed to Teresa that her heart must burst with the bitter despair and anguish which filled it - not to mention the icy terror.

‘Miss Judith, I am sure, has a ‘triple-thonged’ tawse.’ said Janina. ‘Next time, if there is a next time, I shall ask her to use that. Understood?’

‘Yes ... Miss ...’ Teresa was truly humble and servile in the tone of her reply for all the turmoil of her inner emotions. Long ago, from Judith, she had learnt the wisdom of such a tone whatever the circumstances. All the same she was conscious of the more intense effort of will required when doing so facing Janina.

‘Right,’ said the dark-haired young vixen. ‘I will now have an overt and practical demonstration of the respect you would wish to show your newly acquired Mistress. You will lick my boots Teresa. Every inch of them. Down here ... on your hands and knees ...’She pointed to the carpeted floor where, with no delay, Teresa came and postured herself abjectly. Instant obedience was another, hard learned, lesson. With a little, smug, smile of satisfaction on her face Janina looked down, watching the tongue slave with servile zealousness, watching the mouth press and press, again and again. She saw, too, the white smoothness of Teresa’s back, the hour-glass swell of her hind-quarters as she bent, the pink-red swathes across the buttocks which were left by the

tawse that morning. It was good. It was very good. A moment to be truly treasured. Although she had power over girls similarly enslaved before, never had she felt such an exquisite thrill as with Teresa. A thrill which made her throb deep down inside. Of course it was the previous relationship that made the difference. That, coupled with the opportunity for a personal revenge.This creature, she thought, is completely and utterly at my mercy. I know it ... and she knows it. Janina's pulse began to throb more urgently. This ceremonial licking of the boots was but a preliminary to a far more intimate kind of servitude that Teresa would have to undertake!

'All right, that will do,' she said at last. After some five minutes even Janina could find no lack in the degree of 'respect' shown by Teresa's mouth and tongue. Teresa knelt meekly erect, biting her lips in an effort to maintain her self-control that was being tested to the limit.

'Now slave' said Janina in a deep, soft, voice, 'you may rise. Then you will remove my brassiere and knickers ...' she saw the look of desperate, deep despairing, terror that flashed through her victim's eyes. It added to her pleasure.

Slowly Teresa rose to her feet and, with trembling fingers carried out the order. First the brassiere came away revealing Janina's firm, apple round, breasts with their strong, dark, nipples. Then the brief knickers were eased down ... over the swell of the hips ... slipping over the white thighs ... revealing taut, round, buttocks of an Ivory white. Flesh, thought Teresa with a self-pitying stab that knifed through her heart, that has never known the blazing torment of corrective treatment. Janina stepped form the little knickers and kicked them aside casually. She was aware of Teresa's eyes upon the firm curvaceousness of her trim figure and the velvet flawlessness of her skin. She gently firmed up her breasts and then ran her hands over the smooth curve of her bell to brush lightly over the dark down of her triangle. She smiled a smile that was both cruel and sensuous.

'Now you will serve me truly, slave,' she said in that same, soft, voice. 'Well and truly. As I wish. And, after what I have told you, you know what I wish!'

Teresa's agitation increased visibly. She trembled more violently, her features quivered, and she quite lost control of her mouth. Very obviously she was torn between the terror of the consequences of refusal and the horrors of obedience!

Janina knew it as she moved on her high heels to the couch; and Janina loved it! She stretched herself languidly on the satin covering, one again firming her breasts, sighing softly as she splayed her thighs a little.

'Come here slave. Crawl to your Mistress. Come ... crawl and serve her. As she wishes ...'

Breasts heaving as the sobs burst from her Teresa fell to her knees. The white shoulders heaved equally as she crawled to the couch. The agony in her mind was like a white flame; every fibre of her being screamed out in natural rebellion.

'M-Mercy ... m-m-merc ... ee ... m-mistress ...' she heard herself choking out. It was involuntary, uncontrollable for deep down she knew both the futility and the danger of it.

'Mercy?' Janina's voice took on a sudden, sharper, note. 'What do you mean by 'Mercy', slave? Is it not an honour to serve your Mistress in any way she wishes?'

Teresa knew the answer she had to give ... so she gave it. 'Y-Yes ... yes ... Mistress ... it is ... an ... an honour ...'

'Then why do you ask for Mercy?' persisted Janina. Her eyes were flashing with cruel pleasure. Hotly lustful as she was for the feel of her victim's reluctant lips she was delighted by Teresa's all too obvious revulsion for the task she had to do. That would make the performance all the more enjoyable.

Teresa could find no reply to Janina's question. Still on hands and knees she raise tear-filled eyes mutely and imploringly.

'Answer me!' rasped Janina.

Something inside Teresa seemed to snap. To answer would betray her in error as much as no answer! She was trapped on the barbs of Janina's verbal venom. With a movement beyond her will to control she flung herself forward, clasping at Janina's scarlet boots, clasping them and slavering over them, as she panted out her pleas.

'O-Oh ... M-Mistress ... spare me ... oooh ... s-spare me ... M-Mistress ... I beg you! Ooooo ... M-Mistress ... don't make me ... don't, oh-d-don't! For the love of God don't!'

Janina looked down at the bent blonde head and the heaving white shoulders: her lips were curling in pure, undisguised, joy; it was a moment of exquisite exultation for her. The more Teresa protested and pleaded the more she liked it. In the end Teresa would be made to do as she had been ordered,

however much it went against her instincts, however much it repelled her.

'M-Mistress ... Mistress ...' cried Teresa, her voice rising on a note of semi-hysteria, 'I can't ... ooooh ... I ... I ... can't ... I C-C-CAN'T!'

The smile left Janina's lips to be replaced by a thin red line of cruelty. 'Can't?' she queried disbelievingly. 'Can't, slave?' It was if Teresa had said something blasphemous.

Teresa, still slavering, and well aware of the danger she was in, went on slobbering and begging for forgiveness. Surely this girl she had one had as her closest friend and confidant would understand? Surely she would spare Teresa from such an act knowing how she felt? Surely ... surely! 'Forgive m-me ... M-Mistress ... please I beg you ... b-but ... you must understand ... Mistress ... surely you must understand ... M-Mistress!' babbled Teresa.

'I understand all right!' There was a half-snarl in Janina's voice. She kicked Teresa sharply in the softness of her belly before getting to her feet. 'I understand that you have committed an act of flagrant disobedience, slave. Under most serious circumstances too. I gave you a direct order and you refused to carry it out. Miss Judith will not be at all pleased when she hears about this!'

'No ...oooo! No ... oooo!' Teresa's cries came up in a wail from the floor at the mention of Judith's name. With a convulsive movement she scrambled across the room on all fours after Janina who was striding to the desk. 'I'll do it ... I'll do it ... I w-will ... M-Mistress ... I W-WILL!' Once more she was clasping at Janina's boots and once more she received a painful kick in the belly for her pains.

'Too late for that now,' said Janina icily, seating herself at the desk. 'You have been wilfully disobedient, Teresa, and, quite naturally, disobedience is one thing I will not tolerate in a slave. Nor would any self-respecting Mistress. Miss Judith, I am sure, is like-minded. She will hear about this matter immediately.'

Janina picked up a pen and began to scribble a note whilst Teresa, sobbing like a child in utter defeat, remained grovelling on the floor.

'Get up!' The command was crisp, coldly authoritative. Teresa got up, trembling weakly, as Janina handed her a sealed note.

'Take this to Miss Judith. It outlines what happened.'

Janina’s dark eyes were dancing. She could scarcely have felt happier in the knowledge of what her action would bring down upon Teresa. ‘Naturally I have asked for you to be soundly punished,’ she said coolly. ‘In fact I have suggested that you be caned. Most soundly caned, girl. When you return here, do not doubt, there will be little to find fault with in matters of obedience. Now go!’

Janina pointed a peremptory finger to the door and, almost sightless with tears, the wretched Teresa stumbled towards it.

CHAPTER FOUR

Miss Judith shook her head sorrowfully. Or so it seemed. ‘I cannot understand you, child,’ she said, lowering the note which Teresa had handed to her. She was in her own quarters where she had retired early to relax for the evening. Teresa’s arrival was an unexpected, but not entirely unwelcome, intrusion since disciplinary matters were generally dealt with during the day. In cases, where a guest made special request, there could be exceptions and this was such a case. ‘I had to strap you, and gag you, for a piece of gross insolence this morning. Then, not so many hours later, I find you have been flagrantly disobedient to your new Mistress to whom you earlier showed such a lack of respect. Have you learnt nothing since you have been here Teresa? Is your backside so insensitive it cannot transmit its suffering to your brain and will - for you to act upon?’

Teresa remained dumb, head hanging. She knew whatever response she made would be of little consequence. She was there, at Janina’s instigation, to be cruelly punished, and cruelly punished she would be, whatever she now promised, however much she pleaded.

‘I try,’ continued Judith, ‘from the very beginning ... by word and deed ... to impress on every girl who comes to serve the Colonel’s household, that she is a slave and must obey those she serves without question and without hesitation. Did I not do so with you?’

‘Y-Yes ... M-Miss ...’ answered Teresa managing to find words this time.

‘You have been punished for previous failures?’

‘Yes ... M-Miss ...’ nodded Teresa miserably.

‘With both Strap and Rod?’

‘Y-Yesss ... mmff ... mmff ... M-Miss ...’

Judith shook her head a little wearily. ‘But that does not seem to have made sufficient impression on you,’ she said looking at the note again. ‘At the first true test of your submissiveness you fail. Obviously you are more wilful and

stubborn than I thought. Therefore I can only assume I have been too lenient. Simply a question of my being mistaken about your character.'

Too lenient! Teresa's mind reeled at the gross injustice and inhumanity of the words. Only in "Los Limitas" could they have been uttered.

'That, however, can be remedied in future,' continued Judith. 'You are by no means the first girl of an obstinate nature to pass through my hands. Not one have I failed to make as supple as the softest glove by the time I have finished with her.'

Teresa was moved to protest. 'Miss ... oh ... M-Miss ... I s-swear I am not obstinate! I s-swear it! I ... I try ... to obey ... I do try ... I do try ... I swear!'

All this was true and, naturally, Judith knew it. Teresa was far from being obstinate in the normal sense of the word; only in "Los Limitas" could she be so described!

'Words,' said Judith in that same, almost weary, way. 'Always I hear so many and so often. Always I have to repeat that it is 'deeds' which count in a slave.'

'But ... but ... Miss ... I was a-asked ... I mean ... ordered ... to ... to do ... to do something ... s-so ... so ...' Teresa's voice tailed off as Judith regarded her with something akin to amazement.

'The fact that you dare to query the orders that are given you only serves to reinforce what I have already said,' Judith said calmly and coldly. 'It also fully justifies your Mistress in requesting that you be soundly punished. And so you will be, girl.' No one was better aware than Judith the bitterness those words would instil in Teresa since she had learnt in some detail from Janina of the previous relationship between the two. 'It will not be necessary to take you to the Punishment Room. I shall deal with you here.'

Pale, trembling, Teresa watched as Judith rose from her chair. The older woman was not wearing her familiar blue dress with white collar and cuffs but a richly embroidered full length, housecoat with long sleeves. This she slipped from her body and the action strangely startled Teresa. Beneath the housecoat, apart from her normal calf-length boots, Judith wore a tight-fitting leotard of thin, fine quality, black leather. This leotard had a laced-in section at the waist and this emphasised the hourglass swell of Judith's powerful figure. Despite the fact that she herself

went constantly naked (except for the “chastity belt”) Teresa felt almost a sense of indecency at seeing her taskmistress so revealingly clad. Not that Judith was in any way exposed. It was, simply, that Teresa saw her for the first time as a splendidly built woman. It was an odd sensation and a frightening one too. The thought flashed in her mind that Judith might have the same predilections as Janina, and in this her instincts would have been correct, but these thoughts and sensations were driven from her mind by the steadily mounting terror of what must come.

Hips swinging Judith went to one of the numerous, glass panelled, wall cupboards. Teresa had a glimpse of the ‘corrective armoury’ that was kept there before her eyes shuddered away in anguished horror. There were chains, manacles, leather ‘restrainers’, rods, birches and whips of every kind.

‘Your Mistress suggests a caning,’ said Judith as she studied the array. ‘I think a birching would better meet the case!’

Teresa felt a freezing of her blood at the words; and the monstrous injustice of being so savagely treated for what was, truly, no fault at all but an instinctive, natural, reaction burnt like a brand into her. All the more so as it was Janina who was the root cause. Once more she found herself on her knees pleading abjectly.

‘But ... but, Miss ... Miss ... I said I would d-do anything for my Mistress! I did ... Miss ... and I swear I will ... I will do anything for her ... I swear it!’

‘That is not the point Teresa,’ replied Judith coldly. ‘You disobeyed her order. That is the point! Naturally you wanted to change your mind after the inevitable consequences became apparent.’ There were three or four birches of the traditional kind (bushy with slim twigs) hanging ready. Her eyes ran over them. Then they alighted on one that hung at the end of the row and she made her decision. It was a much-feared instrument known as the “Quinqua” and it was not, in the true sense of the word, a real birch at all. In the first place it was not composed of birch twigs but of slivers of flexible whalebone, each one about the thickness of a knitting needle. There were five such slivers - hence the name of the instrument -and they were fastened together at the handle end, being bound together by silver wire for a length of some six inches. This binding formed the grip. When the

“Quinqua” was swung the five slivers splayed out each falling individually, but simultaneously on the flesh; thin but deep-biting streaks of fiery torment.

Teresa recoiled when she saw it. Her hands went up as if to protect herself. ‘N-No ...ooooo!’ she cried despairingly. She cried out again when Judith swung it experimentally through the air. ‘OHHHHH ... NO ... OO!’ The sound of the whistling whalebone switches was an agony in itself.

‘After you have felt this across your backside,’ said Judith menacingly, ‘I think you will have the most intense desire to be far more obedient and submissive to your Mistress!’

From the cupboard she took some wrist and ankle cuffs. Then she closed the mirrored door, tossed the deadly instrument to one side, and stepped before her victim.

‘Merc ... eee ... merc ... eee ...’ Teresa was gasping.

‘Stand up,’ ordered Judith relentlessly. ‘This instant!’

Somehow Teresa managed to obey and found the cuffs being fastened on to her wrists and ankles. The cuffs were of leather with short lengths of chain attached. A leather collar was fastened about her neck.

‘Over there ...’ Judith motioned Teresa towards a heavy, old-fashioned, leather armchair that stood on the far side of the room. It had been specially adapted to serve the purpose it did whenever Judith punished in the privacy of her own apartment; it had small fastenings at a number of points (to which the cuff chains could be attached) and making it convenient for a culprit to be secured in a number of positions. She could be placed with her back in the seat, her legs being raised up and fastened to the back of the chair; she could be secured in a half-kneeling posture bent over either side arm; she could be secured over the massive, curving, back of the chair with her head down in the seat. It was this latter position which Judith chose for Teresa.

‘Get yourself over the back of that,’ she ordered.

Teresa was now so petrified she was past further pleading or any thought of resistance. Either, she knew, would only make matters worse. Meekly, still sobbing, she placed her belly against the curve of the chair and bent down. The leather felt cold to her skin as she looked down into the seat of the chair. She felt her left ankle secured to one side of the chair, then her right ankle secured to the other, her limbs being straddled apart. Next her wrists were dealt

with in turn, each being fastened on each side of the chair, down near the front castors. Special retaining clips fastened into the links of the chains of the wrist cuffs and, in order that this could be achieved, her arms, legs and body had to be stretched to the limit. The flesh of her thighs strained and the flesh of her bottom tautened into an uplifted, swelling, curve. It was the perfect position for such a punishment to be administered; perfect from the administrator's point of view that is! Finally, as a finishing touch, the chain of the neck collar was fastened to a small retainer set at the front of the chair.

Teresa, strained and stretched, was completely immobilised; quite helpless; and no one knew better than her how even more acutely agonising would be the torment upon the tautened flesh of her thrusting, naked, hindquarters when added to the effects of the tawse earlier that morning!

Judith moved to pick up the whalebone birch: familiar as such matters were to her she could not deny the repeated pleasure they gave. They were meat and drink to one of her temperament especially when her victim was one of exceptional loveliness. As Teresa was, Judith had to admit that, of all the many 'blooms' in the Colonel's 'rose garden' as beautiful as any she had seen for quite some time. In addition there was the question of her temperament: her natural sweetness and shyness: her instinctive modesty and reserve; such qualities added to the pleasure when one was engaged in moulding a girl perfectly to one's will.

Hoarse, gasping, sounds were coming from the depths of Teresa's throat as Judith gave the whalebone birch a couple more experimental 'swishes' and a final, piteous, desperate plea burst from her. 'Oooohhh ... for the love of God ... h-have merceee ... ooooohhh ... have p-pity on m-me ... ee ...!' Taut as the flesh on her buttocks was it twitched and quivered with involuntary dread.

A rare, faint, smile passed over Judith's pale lips and the look on her normally passive face was one of unusual eagerness as she positioned herself and measured by eye the thrusting curve of Teresa's hindquarters with the "Quinqua". She made no response to the plea but said, clearly, and with cold venom, 'Perhaps this will teach you, one and for all time girl, that I demand, and will have, absolute obedience from you!'

Judith swivelled and the "Quinqua" swung high in the air.

Then it swept down, the slim, flexible, slivers splaying, to fall slashingly across the helpless flesh. Five individual slivers of whalebone biting simultaneously! Biting deep and fierily. Encircling the twin mounds of the tautened nates ... raising five long, curving weals, ... weals that leapt over the widened cleft between those nates. A terrible howl burst from Teresa and her blonde head jerked up and down. But only back fractionally because she was held by the short length of chain attached to her neck-collar. Yet, agonising as the torment was, she could writhe only minimally so tightly was she pulled and stretched over the back of the chair by her bonds. All the same the quivering, twitching and shuddering contacting of her flesh was ample evidence of the pain that flamed through her; each of those weals was like a red hot wire placed over already tender skin. Wires that blazed suddenly and continued to burn relentlessly. The first gasping howl became a piercing scream that rose higher and higher. Unhurriedly Judith moved her position so that she stood on the right side of her victim. Then, just as the screams began to subside a little, the “Quinqua” was swung again with equal venom. This time, however, Judith swung it with a backhand sweep to ensure it was Teresa’s left buttock cheek that took the full brunt of the whip-lashing tips of whalebone. Those last few biting inches that produced the greatest torment of all!

Once more the howling screams rang out filling the room with almost inhuman sound. Once more Teresa jerked and squirmed within the small limits that the cuffs and chains permitted. Judith stepped back to the left-hand side. Now the whalebone tips came sweeping down to fall on the tenderest flesh of all ... the flesh of the thigh just beneath the left buttock cheek. This time the tips bit into the tender velvet-smoothness of the inner thigh. The cacophony of sound intensified although it had scarcely seemed possible that it could. And there was a greater cacophony when the right received identical treatment! At measured intervals two more strokes fell across the quaking flesh of Teresa’s helpless bottom ... Once more it fell across each thigh in turn ... Before two more final strokes fell mercilessly across the juddering lacerated buttocks ... Ten strokes had fallen in something less than a minute yet fifty thin weals striped Teresa’s agonised flesh. Each one an individual torment to receive; each one an individual torment to live


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with. Little wonder that, for all the stimulants she had received, Teresa had reached the limits of her endurance and was half-fainting by the time Judith tossed the “Quinqua” aside. Pain she had known in plenty since she had arrived at “Los Limitas”, but never such concentrated pain in so short a time. Death (the one escape ever denied to her) would have indeed been welcome in those moments!

Something of the calm impressiveness returned to Judith’s features as she surveyed her handiwork though her eyes looked a little hot. She noted that, wherever one weal crossed another, there was a purple hue and in perhaps a dozen places the skin had lightly broken and little beads of blood had appeared. She had not intended that but, no matter, she had means of making quick remedies for such cases. It was rare, she reflected, for any girl to escape at least one such severe flogging during the course of her initiation and training; there had to come a moment to break them completely. That moment could well have come for Teresa. Judith waved a bottle of smelling salts under Teresa’s nose to ensure that she was fully sensible to the excruciating burning of the punishment. There was to be no escape; not for one moment. Still stretched helplessly Teresa’s back and shoulders heaved with her groaning sobs. The whiteness of that flesh was in startling contrast to the red-flaming area below the waist. A full five minutes passed and Judith spoke not a word. Teresa continued to heave and sob, moaning incoherently. She was experiencing to the limit the pain of her punishment. That pain was etching itself into her brain and into every fibre of her being. She knew, through the miasma of past and present torment, that she would never disobey an order again; no matter what it was; no matter what it cost her. For anything ... anything ... was to be preferred to what she had suffered and continued to suffer. Of that she was quite sure! She was quite defeated; quite broken. She was a true slave.

‘You will report back to your Mistress ... and you will take this note with you ...’ It was something over half an hour later and Judith was seated at her desk writing on the back of the note Janina had originally sent to her. Teresa knelt to one side of the desk; she was very pale and silent - except for the occasional deep, dry, shuddering sob. There was a blank, stunned, look in her wide-set brown eyes.

‘...in it,’ continued Judith, ‘I have explained the nature of your punishment. The effects of it she will see for herself. I have also told her that, if she detects any disobedience whatsoever in you in the future, I wish the matter to be reported to me at once. I have assured her that the flogging you would then receive would be of increased severity ...’

One of those deep, moaning, sobs shook Teresa setting her breast-flesh quivering softly.

‘Do I make myself quite clear Teresa?’

‘Y-Yes ... Miss ...’ Teresa’s voice was low but distinct. The very epitome of meekness and humility.

Judith turned in her chair, having sealed the envelope, and looked down at the shivering creature whose last remnants of will and pride she had just destroyed. ‘I do not want to have to go on punishing you, believe me,’ she said in her cool matronly voice, ‘It gives me no pleasure.’ The hypocrisy of her words did not concern her at all. ‘All I want is for you to be a submissive and obedient slave in the Colonel’s household.’

‘That, surely, is not too much to ask? Admittedly you may think that Fate has dealt harshly with you but you must accept it. You must put all other thoughts ... particularly your previous life ... from your mind. That, I am sure you will agree, is where you have erred in the past Teresa.’

‘Yes, Miss ...’ Again Teresa’s reply was low yet clear; and completely servile.

‘You must, from now on, realise you have no rights. None. Just duties. You are a slave girl whose sole duty is to serve and please ...’

‘Yes ... M-Miss ...’

‘You will be called on to do that in many ways in the weeks and months ahead. Never forget that, one day, the Colonel himself may honour you. You must prepare yourself emotionally and mentally for that now ...’

Another shuddering sob from Teresa.

‘... and you could, perhaps, imagine what would happen if you happened to displease him in any way. Yes?’

‘Yes, Miss ...’

‘Later, after fulfilling that honour, you may find favour in the eyes of some of the male guests who come here. You must prepare yourself for that as well. Think on these things fully and carefully Teresa. Meanwhile serve your

Mistress to the limit of your ability. In whatever way she demands.'

Judith smiled a comforting little smile and motioned Teresa to rise. Wincing the girl got stiffly to her feet. She gasped and moaned with the intensification of pain. It felt as if the flesh over her hindquarters had shrunk by a quarter. Electric wires of pain stabbed through her relentlessly. She swayed and clasped the edge of the desk to prevent herself from falling. A quarter of an hour or so earlier a special solution had been applied to her lacerated flesh. It had stung so excruciatingly that Teresa had almost fainted again. Then a healing salve cream had been rubbed into her (it was one that was remarkably speedy and efficacious) and the cooling relief of that had been a joyous, if temporary, benefit. Now it's effects seemed to have worn off; moreover Teresa felt rather light-headed.

'Here ... drink this, my child ...' Judith's voice was kind and motherly. Her arm was suddenly about Teresa and there was a glass of liquid at the girl's lips. 'It will make you feel much better ... and stronger.'

Teresa drank the liquid. It had a sharp but not unpleasant flavour. Judith, holding the glass, was suddenly intensely conscious of the ripe, young, naked body against her. Desire stirred in her but she quickly and sternly repressed it. The time would come when she would enjoy Teresa to the full. At her leisure. For the moment, in such matters, a guest had priority. Like a good, true, servant Judith was very strict about such matters. All the same her hand ran gently and soothingly up and down Teresa's smooth back and she pulled her close so that she could feel the breasts, belly, and thighs against her.

'Is that better?' she enquired solicitously when the glass was empty. Teresa's head was already clearing and a renewed vitality seeped into her veins.

'Yes, Miss,' Teresa answered looking up into that calm, nun-like, face. Who could ever believe any woman with such a face could be so cruel?

'Now you will try and be a better girl in future, won't you Teresa?' said Judith.

'Yes Miss ... I really will ...' Teresa meant it. She felt a strange feeling of weakness yet comfort in the firmness of Judith's clasp. Like a naughty child with a firm, but just, mother. She realised, oddly, that she no longer hated Judith:

she feared her ... yes ... felt overpowered by her ... yes; but she did not hate her.

'Good,' said Judith softly. Then, slowly, her head bent and she kissed Teresa full on the mouth. It was a kiss from which Teresa did not recoil. Indeed she responded to it. Then, suddenly, she was clinging to Judith's scantily clad body. Clinging and clasping whilst floods of tears came from her.

'Ohhh ... ohhh ... M-Miss ... mmmmffff ... mmmmffff ... I ... I want to be ... b-better ... I w-want to ... mmmmffff ... mmmmffff ... s-serve ... and ... a-and ... p-please you ... I do ... I do!'

Judith smiled, half-dreamily. 'Excellent ... excellent ...' she sighed. It really was most gratifying. Just as she would have wished. She savoured the touch of Teresa's palpitating body before easing the girl from her. Then she kissed her again. 'You understand now why I had to punish you so severely?' she asked.

'Yes ... M-Miss ... yes ...' nodded Teresa. In some strange way it now seemed to her that Judith had good cause.

'So what do you wish to say?'

'Th-Thank you ... for ... for c-correcting me, Miss ...' replied Teresa. It was the expected formula but this time it was something more. The formula had a genuine ring of conviction in it. Again, in some strange way, Teresa felt that she actually did have something to thank Judith for; after all, was it not better and easier, at long last, to be proud and rebellious no longer but meek and submissive? Yes ... yes ... surely it was! And that's what Judith had done for her!

The older woman sighed benignly. 'Yes ... yes ... very good,' she said, almost to herself. She had, indeed, conquered. Then her hand ran down, lower, down to the burning area of buttock flesh, her finger feeling the multiple, thin, ridges. Teresa winced and gasped even at that light touch. 'But never forget Teresa,' Judith added, 'whenever the need arises to correct you - even if the fault may seem minor - I shall do so. You will feel the strap and the cane ... and even the birch if need be ... if ever you give cause or if ever I deem it necessary. Is that fully understood?'

'Yes ... oh yes ... Miss,' answered Teresa. It was, indeed, fully understood.

'All right. You may go along to your Mistress now,' said

Judith. ‘Do not forget to take the note with you.’ Teresa picked up the note from the desk then, before turning to the door, she fell to her knees and kissed Judith’s boots. She did it quite naturally ... as an act of obedience ... to demonstrate openly her submission. New-found but deep-seated. Then she rose and moved to the door. Her natural grace of carriage was only slightly marred by the stiffness of her movement induced by her mortified flesh. Contentedly serene Judith watched her go.

Janina had not moved. She still lay sprawled on the couch naked but for her scarlet boots. One would have thought time had stood still since Teresa had left the room. But for Teresa it certainly had not ... and what a world of difference that interval had made! Having knocked and been summoned to enter she had gone at once to her knees to come crawling to the couch.

‘Well,’ said the cold, languid, voice from above her, ‘Did you get a good caning slave?’

‘No ... Mistress ...’ came the answer.

‘No?’ Janina sounded both surprised and angry.

Humbly keeping her eyes lowered Teresa handed her the envelope. She felt almost, if not quite, the same degree of meek servitude towards Janina as she had towards Judith.

Certainly she felt a greater degree of dread for Janina. For, although Judith might be the executive of pain, it was Janina who was its director and it was Janina, Teresa realised, in whose power she was truly held. ‘The note explains, Mistress,’ she said.

Janina ripped it open. ‘Aaahh ... aaahh ...’ she said, the tone of her voice changing. ‘A birching, eh? Then Miss Judith was certainly displeased with you. As I expected. Quite rightly. Show me, slave.’ Teresa turned and, abjectly, displayed her lacerated hindquarters. Janina’s hand flew to her mouth and she almost gasped. My God, she thought, she certainly has had a flogging. The throb of sadistic joy mounted within her. She felt not an atom of pity. It was simply good to know it had all been her doing. ‘I imagine you must be feeling more contrite now,’ she said after a prolonged contemplation of the havoc that had been wrought.

‘Yes, Mistress ...’

‘And with a strong desire to be instantly obedient to your Mistress, slave?’

‘Y-Yes ... oh yes ... Mistress ...’

Janina smiled with cruel delight. What heavenly words! And with such true servility were they spoken! ‘You know I am advised to send you back again if need be?’

The weal striped nates contracted and quivered convulsively and Janina’s smile widened.

‘Yes ... Mistress ...’ said Teresa hoarsely.

‘I hope for your sake that will not be necessary,’ said Janina complacently. She sprawled back voluptuously on the cushions of the couch, her white thighs splaying. ‘You may come and please me ... in the way that you know I wish, slave,’ she said. The pleasure of power and the mounting sex-lust were now mingling and flowing like hot wine through her veins.

Teresa turned. She crawled to the edge of the couch, insinuated herself upon it, slipping between the smooth flesh of the parted thighs. Before her she saw the coral pink lips raised and ready. They seemed to pout with their very eagerness. Desperately Teresa fought down all those natural, yet so dangerous, instincts. You are a slave, she kept repeating to herself, and you must do whatever those who own you may desire.

‘You will begin by just using your lips,’ said Janina, ‘I will tell you when to use your tongue.’

The blonde head moved. A little shudder ran through Janina at that first, exquisite, contact. Then came a murmuring sigh and her eyes half closed as the soft lips continued to kiss and kiss with slavish zeal. This, she thought, is Teresa. Teresa ... all submission. Conquered completely. The thought stirred the fires of her lust and her shudders of delight increased. Oblivious to everything but the necessity of carrying out her odious task Teresa’s mouth pressed and pressed with unremitting zeal and urgency. It had to ... it had to! She felt Janina’s shudders; felt the increasing warm-wetness of the fulsome, quivering, lips upon which her mouth worked. It had to ... it had to!

There was a more prolonged shudder from Janina accompanied by a breathless, gasping, moan. The white thighs closed, clamping against Teresa’s cheeks, pinioning her in a sexual prison. Then, after a few moments, she heard Janina’s voice, low and husky, ‘Now use your tongue, slave,’ it said.

Teresa’s tongue probed, flickered and thrusting into the hot, liquid, depths. Again and again. Again and again.

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Now use your tongue, slave

Never pausing; ever urgent. It had to ... it had to! Soon Janina was squirming and panting with delight. One moment her thighs were spread wide the next they were clamping tight on Teresa's cheeks. Never, it seemed to Janina, had she known such exquisite pleasure. The fact that Teresa was lacking in expertise was of no matter. The fact that it was Teresa who was tonguing her so assiduously more than compensated for that! Haunches jerking, Janina spent herself with a sudden violence, her hands gripping Teresa's blonde head as if she were fearful she would escape her, though the fierce clamping and encircling of the thighs made that impossible in any event.

'A-Aahh ... a-aahh ... my slave ... aahh ... you'll do this for me ... every day ... aahh yes ... yes ...' she gasped, 'twice ... three times ... whenever I want ... Aahh ... yes ... you will ... you WILL!'Half-suffocating, drowning in Janina's warm succulence Teresa continued to tongue and tongue. She was a slave. Janina's slave; and that was her duty. She must continue until her young Mistress ordered her to stop. That she knew and that she accepted. Janina continued to squirm, continued to gasp and moan, her mouth open a little, her features heavy with lust. 'Aahh yes ... yes ... more ... more ...' she sighed, her back arching, her whole body abandoned, vibrating ever-mounting pleasure. For this was but a beginning. It would be a quarter of an hour ... half an hour, maybe ... and several climaxes later, before she was fully slaked. And before her exhausted slave was permitted to cease from her duties.

CHAPTER FIVE

‘When are you going to have your fun and games with the Mendoza girl?’

It was Janina Casal who asked the question of her host, the Colonel, Garcia Valmira. It was late morning and they were both seated in the Colonel’s private apartments. Janina had now been at “Los Limitas” for something like a fortnight for the last ten days of which Teresa Mendoza had been her personal slave; completely at her disposal.

Colonel Garcia’s eyes, half-hooded, lizard-like, remained almost inexpressive. ‘Why do you ask, Janina?’ he questioned in return. ‘Are you not having your particular fun and games, as you call it, with the girl? I should be surprised if you are not ... with Miss Judith ready to ensure you get every satisfaction.’

‘My dear Garcia,’ smiled Janina, ‘I am certainly getting my satisfaction from the girl and I certainly make no complaint against Miss Judith. Indeed I heartily commend her. There you have a woman who knows what she’s about!’

The Colonel nodded. ‘I realise that,’ he said. He shifted his weight on the leather squab on which he was seated and the ‘human chair’ beneath him uttered a half-repressed groan. Facing him Janina was similarly seated in comfort upon another crushed victim who lay flat on her back, thighs pressed to breasts, calves making a backrest. Alongside Janina was a ‘human trolley’ loaded with glasses and drinks. The girl who performed this function was fastened, naked, to a metal framework on four small wheels. She knelt on all fours so that her body formed the support for the heavy, plate glass, top of the trolley. She was not only cruelly bound to render her immobile but she also wore a steel bit. Slim chains at each end of the bit pulled her head back so far that she was forced to gaze upwards. This had the effect of forcing the girl’s fulsome breasts to the maximum before the front of the trolley. Through her nose was a ring and from this ran a slim length of chain. By a pull on the chain the trolley

could be moved.

'I was just interested to know, Garcia, said Janina, 'I must also confess I like the idea of the girl being used. Not only by you ... but by all and sundry!'

The faintest trace of a smile crossed Garcia Valmira's lips. 'All in good time, Janina,' he said, 'it may well be that next time you pay me a visit you will have the opportunity to see her giving a little performance. Perhaps of the kind we saw last evening.' The Colonel was referring to one of the entertainment's put on for the guests when a girl had serviced three men at the same time. It had been a great success both for the male guests engaged and all that watched.

'I hope so,' said Janina, her voice thick and sultry. She, personally, had abased Teresa to the limit; now she wanted to see her degraded even further. In a fashion, she sensed, Teresa would hate that most of all. Janina's hand moved and, instead of using the ashtray on the trolley, she stubbed out her cigarette on the flank of the girl alongside her. A high-pitched squealing sound came from the girl's throat and her whole body convulsed and shuddered setting bottles and glasses tinkling. An angry red spot appeared on the girl's flesh.

'I do wish you wouldn't do that, Janina,' said the Colonel. 'In the first place one is likely to lose a lot of bottles and glasses. Also, as Miss Judith mentioned, although she had remarkably swift and efficient methods of removing traces of normal corrective treatment burns present a greater problem ...'

'Sorry, Garcia,' smiled Janina sweetly. 'I promise to try and remember in future.' She did not even deign to glance at the helpless girl beside her whose body still quivered with pain. However she was still experiencing the thrill of sadistic pleasure she had received by inflicting that pain. 'Can I get you another drink?' she asked.

'Yes ...' said Garcia, 'Another Scotch on the rocks please my dear.'

Although a slave girl lurked in the background ready to do their bidding Janina did not use her on this occasion. Instead she rose from her chair, picked up the length of chain, and pulled the trolley over towards Garcia. Another whimpering squeal came from the girl's throat. Her nostrils were exceedingly tender from such previous usage. The nose ring pulled agonisingly, for Janina was deliberately clumsy, and

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the carpet was thick and impeded the trolley's movement.

'Thanks,' said Garcia, accepting the tinkling glass of amber fluid. He watched, unconcernedly, as Janina pulled the trolley back to its previous position. He was now favoured with a view of the girl's blatantly naked hindquarters. As with all his girls she had been depilated. Garcia preferred it that way. The stark hairlessness made them seem all the more nakedly exposed. Idly his mind sought to recall the name of the girl but it could not. But no matter; he had obviously enjoyed her at one time or another, he presumed, and could again whenever he wished. Now she was just another piece of human female flesh at his service and pleasure.

'You know,' said Janina, sinking back into her chair and crossing her boot-clad limbs, 'I would like to buy the Mendoza girl when you have finished with her ...'

The Colonel pouted slightly, 'That's not my policy,' he said.

'Oh? What is your policy then?' enquired Janina.

'When they leave here ... if they leave here ...' answered Garcia, 'they go to a convent.' Again he smiled faintly. 'There to live out their lives in peace and tranquillity.'

'You really mean that?'

'I do,' said Garcia. He knew well, in fact, that the 'Mother Superior' of the convent where he ultimately consigned his girls had her own perversions and sadistic pleasures to satisfy. That was no concern of his. All he asked for was a convenient and completely secure place for disposal ... and he got it.

'Can't you make an exception?' asked Janina softly. Her loins were stirring at the thought of having Teresa as her permanent slave.

'I doubt it' answered Garcia, 'but I don't entirely dismiss the suggestion, Janina. Provided you can satisfy certain conditions. I am very security-minded you know.'

'I'll agree to any conditions,' said Janina quickly.

'Good ...' said Garcia. 'Then I'll think about it. There's no hurry.' His fingers snapped and, out of the shadows, came the attendant-serving girl, breasts bouncing softly. She was naked but for the traditionally brief white apron which designated her duties. 'Cigar,' he said.

The girl, young, shapely and raven-haired, presented the Colonel with the cigar box. He selected a cheroot and, whilst the table-lighter was held, ran his hand up a satin-

smooth thigh. Then his fingers casually fondled soft, ripe, lips. The girl did not recoil; indeed she proffered herself more provocatively. She was truly trained. For a few more moments, while he puffed on his cigar to a glowing red, he continued to fondle. Then, with another flick of his fingers, the girl was dismissed to the background.

Smiling faintly, watching. Janina realised that such duties, such treatment, were Teresa's lot as well. If it were not for the fact that she had been assigned to Janina as a personal slave it might be Teresa who was being thus fondled, who acted as the trolley, or supported her as a human chair. The idea, the knowledge, was exceedingly satisfying. Even more satisfying was the knowledge that Garcia Valmira had not dismissed, out of hand, her suggestion of buying Teresa. I'll have to work on him further, she thought, but subtly; I must not overdo things. The thought of having Teresa as her slave forever was something too good to be dealt with lightly or hurriedly. She sipped her own drink and let her mind roam over the previous days. What heaven they had been! Teresa's submissiveness had not only become complete; her sexual expertise had made remarkable strides in a short time. She now satisfied Janina's lesbian lusts more fully than any other girl she had used did. There seemed no limits to her slavish zeal and desire to satisfy. Whatever Janina demanded Teresa performed. In the previous days Janina had, quite literally, spent hours quivering with joy under the exquisite stimulation of Teresa's lips and tongue. How superb it was to have a creature so instantly and utterly submissive! In fact, on occasions, Janina had found Teresa almost too submissive. It was difficult indeed to find justification (not that Janina had to have any!) for the repeated slaps on Teresa's face and bottom, and even more so, for sending her to Judith Somerton for formal punishment. However Janina had no difficulty on trumping up charges on three occasions and a tearful Teresa was dispatched with a note to the Punishment Room. On the first Janina suggested a strapping; and Teresa got it with Judith using the double-thonged tawse. On the second occasion Janina suggested a caning; this Teresa received with Miss Judith applying ten, vicious, strokes of the willow rod across tautly curving buttocks. The third occasion, which Janina had enjoyed most of all, had occurred the previous day. It lived happily in Janina's memory, and would do so for some time to come, as

she had been present when the punishment was administered.

Prior to the event Janina had approached Judith as made a specific request. ‘Miss Judith,’ she had said, ‘I know it is against your normal rules but I would very much like to attend the next time Teresa receives correction.’

Judith had looked doubtful, pursing her lips, ‘Yes, Miss Janina, it is against my own rules. One of my principles here has always been that punishment is for the remedial benefit of the slave ... not for the pleasure of the owner. You will understand I get many such requests and, if I acceded to them all, things would soon get quite out of hand.’

Janina had nodded. ‘Oh I do realise that, Miss Judith,’ she had said, smiling as winningly as possible, ‘but ... well ... my relationship with Teresa is rather a special one. You understand?’

‘Oh yes ... I understand that,’ Judith had replied.

‘In any event I won’t be here for more than a few days longer ... so I wouldn’t ask again ...’

At that Judith had relented; bearing in mind, too, that Janina Casal was such a favoured guest of the Colonel’s.

‘Very well, Miss Janina,’ she had said,’ I will make an exception in your case. If you deem Teresa needs punishment bring her to me and I will administer it in your presence.’

How Janina’s heart had leapt! My God; she would certainly deem that Teresa needed punishment; and, later that same day, she informed Teresa of the situation. The girl had just been performing to her most satisfying level and Janina lay sprawling, naked and relaxed, upon her bed. Teresa’s blonde head was still bent between the warm, soft, thighs of her Mistress.

‘Teresa ...’ said Janina, ‘I shall be leaving in a few days.’ She saw the girl shudder convulsively, with evident relief, and smiled. ‘But never fear, I shall be back ...’

‘I shall be honoured to be your slave again, Mistress,’ said Teresa in a low, hoarse, voice. She had, by now, become accustomed to making the expected, correctly servile, replies.

‘Yes, you will, won’t you,’ said Janina. ‘Most honoured. By then you may also have been more honoured; by your Master, I mean. Or, to put it more explicitly my girl, he might by then have decided to fuck you.’

Teresa shuddered again but now for a different reason.

‘That will mean,’ went on Janina languidly, ‘that you will have lost that little “Chastity Belt” you now wear. You will have to go about showing yourself to all and sundry. What is more you will have to give it to all and sundry ... whenever someone fancies you ...’

Janina drove home the final nail. ‘I shall personally see to it that, whilst you are in my service, you get plenty of it. And I shall enjoy watching you get it you little trollop. Believe me I shall enjoy that. It won’t be from your precious Carlos - for whom you once reserved yourself -but from anyone I choose.’ The cloud of horror and despair, which was always hanging over Teresa, darkened a little. That it would all happen one day she had no doubt. She had, long ago, lost all hope. There could only be crueller torments and more base degradations awaiting her, even though she may have thought she had already plumbed the depths. She remained kneeling in silence; head bent. Before her she saw the dark-haired mound of her Mistress ... the wet, pouting lips ... now the very heart of her servitude. ‘I expect you are aching to be fucked,’ said Janina. ‘It has been a long time ...’‘Y-Yes ... Mistress ...’ whispered Teresa.

‘Well ... I’m sure it won’t be much longer now,’ said Janina in a comforting kind of voice. ‘And now, slave, I have another piece of news for you. I have arranged with Miss Judith to watch you being thrashed. This is unusual, as you know, but your taskmistress has definitely agreed. I must say I am looking forward to it rather a lot, I can tell you. As to what your fault will be - the reason for your punishment, that is - I haven’t quite decided. But this much I do know ... it will be quite a serious fault ...’

Teresa’s smooth white shoulders began to heave gently with her sobs. This was something she had always especially dreaded. Now it was upon her. That Janina could order her torments was bad enough; that she could witness them as well was unbearable. Yet Teresa had to bear it; she had no option.

‘And, whilst you are squirming with pain my girl, remember one thing above all else,’ said Janina with sudden viciousness, ‘and that is that you are not suffering for any fault of yours but simply because I wish it so. Because I delight in it.’ Teresa’s shoulders heaved faster. ‘Now ... get your mouth back down there and make me come again,’ concluded Janina.

Still sobbing Teresa resumed her task of sexual servitude with lips and tongue.

Janina kept Teresa in suspense for a couple of days then, on an evening after the girl had attended to her toilet and dressed her in an elegant evening gown, she said, ‘It will be tonight, my slave ...’

And so it was. For, after dinner with Garcia and his guests, Janina retire early to her apartment. There, as ever, was Teresa waiting to attend her; there, as ever, Teresa fell, instantly, to her knees before her Mistress, bowing her head low to kiss the very floor over which arrogant high heels would walk. Janina, literally, kicked her slave aside as she moved at once to the house phone. There was a faint click as the receiver was lifted and Teresa began to tremble softly.

‘Miss Judith ... I’m sorry to disturb you late in the evening ...’

‘That’s all right Miss Janina,’ Judith’s crisp voice could be clearly heard from the earpiece, ‘I’ve told you that I’m always here to help you if you need me.’

‘I’m afraid it’s Teresa again,’ said Janina, smiling evilly at the still kneeling figure with its tense, white, face and quivering lips. ‘Another case of indiscipline ...’

‘You mean she’s been disobedient?’ Judith’s voice was sharp.

‘Yes,’ answered Janina. ‘Even if not directly perhaps. It’s general slackness about her duties; a lack of proper zealousness should I say. Sometimes I think she is sullen ...’

It was all a pack of lies, of course, and Judith sensed it. However she made no comment. This was an exercise, pure and simple, to satisfy an important guest and for once rules had to be bent. ‘I see,’ she said, ‘Well you were quite right to report this matter Miss Janina. Slackness, sullenness and, above all, disobedience, are things that cannot be tolerated at any time. I would like the girl sent to my quarters so that I can deal with her at once!’

A low moan came from Teresa who was trembling even more. ‘Very well,’ said Janina. Then, she paused, and smiled as Judith continued, ‘Perhaps, Miss Janina, it might be as well if you brought her along yourself. This indiscipline of Teresa’s reflects on my methods ... so it is only right that you should see that I do not extend leniency to this kind of

continuing recalcitrance.'

Judith was respectful and attentive towards Janina ... seating her in a comfortable armchair and serving her coffee and Brandy. All the time, naked and trembling, Teresa knelt in the middle of the room, head bowed, hands clasped. The bitter injustice of her fate, the presence of Janina, all added to the natural torment of her mind and spirit at what was to come. Calm-faced Judith listened whilst Janina listed a number of imagined faults over recent days and that day in particular. This woman is as true a sadist as I am, reflected Judith, and she could imagine how much Janina wished she were administering the correction herself. That, however, Judith did not intend to permit. Janina would have to wait until she owned her own slaves before she gained that prerogative.

'I think,' said Judith when Janina had finished, 'that this is a case for what is termed a 'progression' punishment. It takes a little time however. Have you that time, Miss Janina?'

'Oh yes ...' answered Janina, almost too eagerly. 'What is a 'progression' punishment Miss Judith?'

'It is a punishment in two, or sometimes three, stages,' replied Judith, 'There is an interval between each stage and each stage is more severe than the preceding one.'

'I see,' nodded Janina, eyes glinting, 'that certainly sounds very salutary.'

'It is,' said Judith. 'I think it will remove any final traces of indiscipline from Teresa.' She glanced at the kneeling figure whose breasts were now heaving as terror began to fill her even more strongly. 'I shall begin by giving her a sound strapping. That will tenderise her well. Then salt-impregnated gauze will be placed over her hindquarters for half an hour. That will tenderise her even more. After that she will be caned. Then the gauze will be replaced for a further half-hour.'Janina's eyes were wide with sadistic delight. 'So the whole process takes something like an hour or more?' She was aware of the sobbing groans now coming from Teresa.

'That's right,' said Judith complacently. She believed in giving guests value for money if and when she entertained in this way. 'Of course, you don't have to stay for the whole punishment, Miss Janina ...'

Janina raised her hand. 'Oh, it's nothing,' she said, 'I

was only going to bed early anyway.'

Judith rose. 'Very well then,' she said. Then she turned to the weeping slave. 'Teresa ... you will crawl to your Mistress, kiss her feet, and thank her for instigating the correction you are about to receive.'

The sobbing, naked, figure came crawling, grovelling, forward to her Mistress. Teresa's new ordeal of agony was about to begin.

Unhurriedly, and with her customary relentlessness, Judith secured Teresa for the first stage of her punishment. She had decided the girl would receive this in a massively, ornately, carved wooden armchair with a high back ... Teresa kneeling in the seat of the chair, facing it's back, her wrists being fastened to the supports of the gargoyle-like knobs, whilst her thighs were fastened to the side-arms of the chair. Thus, although Teresa would be secured quite helplessly, her hindquarters would have ample scope for movement. Judith correctly sensed that Janina would enjoy seeing the girl writhing restrained as her torment mounted. As was her habit on these occasions, Judith bound her victim far more thoroughly than was truly necessary, using strong tightly plaited cords. These cords encircled Teresa's wrists and the supports of the chair again and again before being cruelly tightened and knotted. Similarly the cords went around and around the lower parts of her thighs before being fastened to the arms of the chair. The process of binding was slow and meticulous. Deliberately so for it was all part of the punishment. It intensified Teresa's feelings of utter helplessness ... it emphasised the inevitability of her fate ... and it prolonged her period of agonised waiting whilst the terror and tension built up in her, second by second, minute by minute. Janina stood close, looking on with eager interest, listening to Teresa's harsh, dry, sobs, watching the soft flesh of her curvaceous bottom and long, tapering, thighs. That flesh was already beginning to quiver and twitch in the foreknowledge of what was to come. Mentally she tried to put herself in Teresa's place, trying to imagine what it must be like, to be so humiliatingly and cruelly prepared for a punishment that was quite undeserved. A punishment designed to give her, Janina, alone, pleasure! And Janina's imaginative glimpse of the hellish turmoil of Teresa's emotions in those moments only added to her own sadistic delight.

‘I think that will suffice,’ said Judith, finally, when the last cord was knotted. She regarded her work with silent satisfaction, having secured Teresa in exactly the posture she wished, with hindquarters thrusting in a fulsome, naked, curve from the front of the heavy chair.

‘Yes,’ Janina nodded, finding her voice tight with excitement. Teresa had uttered no word during the bondage process only the dry sobs at intervals. One cheek was turned, pressing against the back of the chair, and Janina could see those light brown eyes wide with hopeless dread. Like those of a stricken deer, she thought. ‘What do you intend to use, Miss Judith?’ she asked.

‘I had in mind the triple-thonged leather tawse ... if you agree,’ replied Judith.

Janina was more than pleased with Judith’s choice, seeing the widened nates contract convulsively at the announcement. ‘Oh ...’ she said modestly. ‘I am quite happy to leave things entirely in your hands, Miss Judith ...’Judith went to the glass-panelled wall cupboard and returned with the tawse, handing it to Janina to inspect. The handle was of serrated wood, about two feet long, thus ensuring that the attached leather thongs could be swung in a high, wide, arc for maximum effect. The tawse was, in fact, a single strap, four and a half inches wide which, after fifteen inches, separated into three strips, each one nine inches long. The leather was heavy, nearly half an inch thick, and carefully oiled for suppleness. Thus it will be seen that when the tawse was applied expertly (which in this case it most certainly was!!) the recipient would receive the broad part of the leather thong over one buttock whilst the three end strips would curl over and around the other buttock cheek.

Silently Janina examined the instrument with care, running the leather lovingly over the palm of one hand, feeling it’s supple softness, noting the sheen of it’s well-oiled texture. ‘Has Teresa had this before?’ she asked at last?’ Judith’s brow knotted in thought. ‘Frankly I am not sure,’ she replied. She turned to her trembling victim, ‘Have you girl?’ she asked.‘Y-Yes ... M-Miss ...’ answered Teresa in a low, hoarse, voice. She was in the process of summoning all her strength and will power for the ordeal ahead. Long experience had taught her that it only made matters worse if one “broke” too soon. Moreover the black hatred in her heart for Janina gave her and added incentive to withstand beyond

the normal limits; she was well aware that the greater the vocal and physical evidence of her torment the greater Janina's pleasure. That Teresa knew; it added remarkable strength to her determination.

'Then she knows what to expect,' smiled Janina. Judith nodded but made no comment. She was engaged in thrusting a hypodermic needle into Teresa's arm. On such an occasion a 'booster' stimulant was obviously essential. Her task completed she began to unbutton the long sleeved housecoat she wore.

'I hope you don't mind, Miss Janina,' she said, 'but I prefer to be quite unrestricted when I work.'

'Not at all,' answered Janina. Her eyes fastened, almost greedily, upon Judith as the housecoat slipped to the floor ... noting the smooth, white skinned, body, well built and well muscled. She much admired the briefness and appropriateness of Judith's garb; it consisted of a tight-fitting bra and panty set made of thin, black, leather and a pair of magnificent, thigh-length, boots, also of thin black leather, with six inch heels. She was the absolute epitome of the dominating slave-mistress!

Judith relieved Janina of the tawse and positioned herself squarely to the rear of Teresa's hindquarters. Janina stood a little to one side and to the rear with an unimpeded view. She found her heart was thumping wildly. Rarely had she experienced such an intense moment of anticipatory pleasure! Equally, it can be said, that Teresa had rarely experienced a moment of intense anticipatory dread. Her eyes were now screwed tightly shut and her teeth fiercely clenched. Oh God ... oh dear God ... give me strength ... help me ... help me ... Oh God help me ...! No one could have prayed more fervently.

'Teresa,' announced Judith, 'You are being punished for both displeasing your Mistress and disobeying her. Each fault is serious enough in a slave; together they are indeed heinous. There is no excuse; you do not deserve mercy ... and you will receive none!'

The smoothness of Judith's white, muscled, shoulder and arm rippled as the tawse swung up ... and then came sweeping down. As ever Judith did not appear to apply a great deal of effort; yet the full arc of her arm and the final, wrist-snapping, action ensured the leather was laid with resounding force across the flesh. The broad strap raised a welt

across Teresa's left buttock cheek, the three slimmer thongs bit and curled around her right buttock cheek.

Janina, expecting as shriek of pain, was rather surprised to hear only a high-pitched, gasping-whinnying, sound emitting from between clenched teeth. However the sight of Teresa's shapely bottom jerking back and forth and round and round as it absorbed the pain most gratifying. A stab of the purest pleasure went through her and she realised she was holding her breath. Janina expelled the air from her lungs as the tawse swung again after something like a five-second pause. This time Judith laid it on with a backhand action so that it was the right hand buttock that took the brunt of the broad strap and the left that endured the three snapping, circling, thongs. Again came the gasping, whinnying, sound of torment and, as Teresa's hindquarters juddered and squirmed again, Janina saw that the first two strokes had fallen across the very topmost part of Teresa's quaking bottom. She realised, with another flush of pleasure, that Judith intended to work down until the whole of that lush, fulsome, area had been covered by the tawse. How many strokes would that take, she wondered? How long before outright cries were forced from Teresa? Already she was mildly surprised at the girl's fortitude. She did not realise how repeated visits to Miss Judith's Punishment Room hardened any girl; she did not realise how fully hatred can fortify resolution and raise the powers of endurance beyond the normal. Judith, however, did realise these things, and for a fraction of a second, the faintest trace of a smile touched her lips. She was gratified that Teresa had acquired this new stubbornness for it would add to the entertainment of this important guest. Far better than having too quick a collapse into mindless, shrieking, flesh.

Remorselessly, methodically, Judith continued to apply the sweeping tawse at five-second intervals, working right and left and steadily down, over the madly writhing buttocks. Never for a moment did the tumult of torment cease. With each fresh stroke Teresa was driven into even more fantastic contortions of squirming. The pitiful gasping-whinnying sounds grew higher and louder as the flogging proceeded yet, by an almost superhuman effort of will, Teresa did not actually cry out. As the cruel leather 'thwacked' across her flesh her blonde head would jerk back. Her eyes, wide with terror, torment, and tears, would stare sightlessly

ceiling-wards and her mouth was a letterbox slit of agony, with the white teeth still clamped with an almost unbelievable ferocity. Janina saw it all and revelled in it. Those tortured features, those convulsively writhing hindquarters, with the reddened flesh all a-quiver, brought her the very keenest delight. She had lost count of the number of strokes, perhaps twelve ... perhaps fifteen ... had fallen by the time Teresa's bottom had been completely covered by the flailing leather; and all the time she had marvelled even more at Teresa's powers of resistance. Few men, she thought, could have endured so stubbornly; this girl was far tougher than she had ever imagined.

The tawse ceased to fall and Judith, looking as cool and as unruffled as ever, steeped slightly to one side. She, too, was slightly surprised at Teresa's powers for she had, by no means, stinted herself. That had been a real leathering all right! She looked with satisfaction at the twitching, contracting, flesh of the nates as, now with head bowed, shoulders heaving unrestrainedly and moaning sobs, Teresa at last gave some vent to the burning torment.

Janina broke the silence. 'She did not actually cry out,' she said, 'Frankly that surprises me a little. Should she not have some more, Miss Judith?'

Judith smiled faintly; almost primly. The amateur never knew when to stop, she reflected. 'I do not think that will be necessary, Miss Janina,' she replied, 'Teresa has spirit and can be very stubborn. However, when she feels the rod across that backside, she will sing like a bird. Believe me!'

The moaning sobs, from Teresa grew louder at those words. Despair filled her for she knew, despite her will and fortitude that, next time she must surely break. Then ... oh dear God ... then Janina would get all the sadistic pleasure she craved! In fact the first true cry came from Teresa when Miss Judith laid the square of wet, salt impregnated, gauze over her quivering, reddened, buttocks. The relentless, burning, pain seemed to double instantly. The gauze clung to her like a second skin and through it the incessant, violent, twitching contractions of her curving nates could be seen.

'That's given her something to think about,' said Janina, lighting a cigarette.

'Yes,' nodded Judith, 'It is a most salutary extension of any punishment.' She closed the small cabinet in which the

salted wet gauzes were kept. ‘I shall make a fresh application in fifteen minutes. After a further fifteen minutes I shall prepare Teresa for her caning. In the meantime would you care for a drink, Miss Janina?’

‘A-ahh ... mmmmffff ... mmmmffff ... aaaahhhh ... aaaahhhh ...’ sobbed Teresa.

‘Thank you, Miss Judith. A brandy, I think,’ answered Janina, ‘and I hope you will join me.’

‘Yes ... I think I will,’ replied Judith. Statuesque, authoritative, in those superb thigh length boots, she moved to the drinks cupboard.

Janina re-seated herself in an armchair, making sure she had an unimpeded view of Teresa’s projecting hindquarters. The redness of the nates glowed visibly through the thin white gauze; the tormented flesh never ceased to twitch and quiver; the sobs and despairing moans continued. All this is my doing, thought Janina, feeling the fierce heat between her legs. What Heaven it was!

She accepted a drink from Judith. ‘Thank you,’ she said. Yes ... what heaven it was; and this was but the beginning! Judith was correct in her forecast that Teresa would ‘sing like a bird’ when she received the rod across her tenderised, raw, buttocks. Indeed a piteous scream of agony was torn from her throat from the first whip-lashing stroke. A sound that sent a shrill of ecstasy through Janina!

As before the preliminary preparations were long and unhurried. After the half-hour-waiting period of stinging saline torment Teresa was unfastened from the wooden chair. She fell to her knees on the floor and clasped vainly at Janina’s boots.

‘I ... I am your s-slave Mistress ... y-your willing and obedient s-slave ... o-ohh ... Mistress ... h-have mercy on your slave ...’ she gasped and sobbed.

Janina’s red lips curled in disdainful cruelty and she delivered a sharp kick to the girl’s midriff. You deserve all you’re going to get,’ she said coldly, ‘Kindly proceed, Miss Judith.’

Judith did so, with her customary relentless efficiency, first seizing Teresa by her hair and dragging her over to a padded, purple, satin-covered, chaise-longe. This was a low couch with a single, rounded, arm-piece (or head-rest) at one end and it’s very shape made it a favourite place for Judith to secure her victims when she punished them in her

own quarters. ‘Get yourself over the end, girl,’ she ordered crisply, pointing to the rounded tubular arm. Whimpering hopelessly Teresa knelt and bent over the arm which pressed into the softness of her belly. Then the binding began with Judith using the same cords as before. Teresa was made to lie face down on the seat of the couch, arms stretched fully forward; then her wrists ere stoutly corded and fastened to ring bolts set in the end of the seat. With Janina watching intently Judith came back to the arm-end of the couch and wound cords about the lower part of Teresa’s thighs. Each cord was then run forward, under the couch, with the ultimate result that the girl’s hindquarters were stretched to the tautest possible curve over the end of the chaise-longe.

‘M-Merc ... eeee f-for God’s s-sake have merc ... eeee’ she kept on whimpering incessantly. Needless to say not the slightest attention was paid to her pathetic pleading!

Janina surveyed the widened cleft of Teresa’s nates, and the tightly stretched flesh of her rounded bottom, with the very greatest satisfaction.

‘This is the most satisfactory way to administer a caning,’ stated Judith.

A smile flickered over Janina’s hard features. ‘Yes,’ she replied musingly, ‘I can imagine that.’

Finally Judith went to her glass-panelled wall cupboard and made her selection. As before she handed the instrument of correction to Janina. ‘This is the most effective cane,’ she said. ‘If it can be truly described as such.’Janina fingered the instrument lovingly and flexed it into an arc. ‘Exceedingly flexible,’ she remarked, ‘what is it made of?’

‘The rod is whalebone,’ answered Judith, ‘It bites deep ...’

‘Mmmmmm ...’ sighed Janina. She swished the rod through the air several times knowing the effect the dread sound would have on the bound and helpless girl. Teresa’s pleas for mercy grew louder. ‘Give it to her good and hard, Miss Judith, please!’ said Janina, handing back the rod.

Judith rather resented any such advice but said nothing. She turned back to her victim and tapped lightly on the rounded buttocks. The flesh quivered and rippled all over reminding Janina, momentarily, of wind passing over a cornfield. ‘I’m giving you ten you disobedient wretch,’ said Judith.

‘Merc ... eeee ... merc ... eeee ...’ cried Teresa. She

was stretched as if on a rack; her tormented flesh blazed as if on fire, literally; and the thought of the rod upon it was unendurable!

Janina's eyebrows raised slightly. It did not seem a great number of strokes; but then, she reflected, what they were being laid over would make them three or four times as effective. How true it was. As had been said Teresa's ear-splitting shriek echoed around the room as the rod came whip lashing down across her helpless bottom. She could not actually writhe, in view of the exceeding tautness of her posture, but her flesh quaked and juddered violently with a purple, twin-tracked, weal streaking in a circle over the nates.

Judith was less hurried than before ... allowing a ten-second interval between each stroke. And, in between each of the full-blooded cuts, Teresa never ceased to scream agonisingly or, alternatively, shriek pitifully for mercy. Watching, with lips parted and eyes alight, Janina kept pressing her hands into her belly as if to contain the fierce stabs of sadistic delight that went through her at the spectacle before her and the continuous explosions of sound.

Purple weal followed purple weal, marching down over Teresa's juddering buttocks, spaced precisely half an inch apart, the last one falling precisely over the tops of her thighs.

Teresa's screams went on long after the rod had ceased to fall before they gradually subsided into great gusting groans of torment. More stabs of sadistic joy went through Janina as Judith approached once more with the wet saline gauze. Jesus; this is really going to hurt her, she thought ecstatically! How right she was; once more Teresa's ear-splitting screams came jetting out as the salt bit and burnt with searing intensity. Higher ... louder ... they were more animal-like than human and, with a wry little smile, Janina placed her hands over her ears. Taking the hint Judith unceremoniously stuffed a large cloth gag into Teresa's gaping mouth and the sounds, partly muffled, changed into a series of neighing sounds.

That's better,' said Janina, resuming her seat.

'Yes,' nodded Judith coolly, 'one can get quite a headache if one goes on listening to that sort of thing too long.' She replenished their glasses and both lit cigarettes. Another half hour ticked away whilst the two woman chatted amiably, and with mutual understanding, of the many and various ways

of training, disciplining and correcting slaves. Teresa, her mind seemingly throbbing with the same kind of fire as her hindquarters, prayed ceaselessly for the release that only death could bring; it was the escape that was always denied her.

Seated in Colonel Garcia's apartment Janina recalled that hour with infinite pleasure. Afterwards she had hurried back to her own quarters; there, as Judith had promised and quickly arranged, another young slave girl waited to attend her. It took that girl a full hour to satisfy and slake Janina's burning lust to the full. With the physical pleasures of the girl's lips and tongue had mingled the memories of the scenes just enacted. Janina could not recall having spent herself so repeatedly and with such exquisitely pleasurable strength! That girl would remain with Janina for the remainder of her stay for, not surprisingly, Teresa would be "hors de combat" for several days yet. Janina did not much mind. For the time being she had had her fill of pleasure from Teresa; pleasure of every kind; she could have asked for nothing more during her stay. In any event, she thought happily, in the not too distant future, she would return to "Los Limitas" and she would surely have Teresa as her personal slave again. And then, too, there would be greater humiliations and even more cruel torments to which Teresa would be subject! Regardless of the Colonel's earlier polite request Janina stubbed out a second cigarette on the naked flank of the human 'drinks trolley' which was still alongside her. Once more the high-pitched squeal came from the girl's throat; once more the drinks bottles and glasses tinkled as her whole body shook uncontrollably. This time Garcia made no comment; he was engrossed in an illustrated magazine.

CHAPTER SIX

It was something like six weeks later that Judith led Teresa, on a collar and chain, into Colonel Garcia Valmira's main bedroom. The large gilt cage in one corner was empty. The Master had decided to enjoy a new favourite and, on this occasion, his choice had finally fallen upon Teresa. It was while Judith was unshackling Teresa from the collar and chain that Garcia came strolling into the room, obviously, just having had a shower. He was quite naked and drying himself completely with a towel. Pale and tense Teresa sank to her knees.

'Good evening Miss Judith,' said Garcia.

Judith inclined her head. 'Good evening, Sir,' she said formally. 'This, is Teresa Mendoza, the slave you requested.'

'Ah yes ...' Garcia's lizard-like eyes roamed with seeming casualness over Teresa. He appeared unmoved but, used as he was to unlimited access to female flesh, in fact felt a throb of anticipatory excitement at the sight of this young, lush, beauty. He had been looking forward to enjoying her for quite some time and had only postponed the moment because he was aware that, by doing so, he would increase his ultimate satisfaction. He recalled his initial strong desire for her - long ago it now seemed -when they met as social equals. He had liked the modest shyness and reserve that had contrasted strangely with her exceptional beauty of features and figure. Well, he reflected, she would have lost a lot of that shyness and reserve by now ... and would soon have to lose more.

'Age,' he asked, refreshing his memory.

'Twenty, sir,' answered Judith.

'And not a virgin?'

'No sir ... but I understand she consorted briefly with only one lover.'

'Aahh ...' Garcia rubbed his chin. The girl had superb breasts, high and round, full yet firm. The nipples, not over large, were pink with a tinge of light brown. 'Stand

up, girl,' he ordered.

Teresa stood, striving to hide her trembling. The long dreaded but inevitable moment had arrived. She steeled herself to meet it, as she had done often enough before, and her experience of countless horrors and humiliations gave strength to her will. She gave her mind to the necessity of absolute submissiveness and obedience as she stood, acutely conscious of the Colonel's eyes devouring her.

Garcia admired the long, shapely limbs, the swell of the hips, the slim waist. Of course he had seen and noted her often enough before when she was engaged on other duties in his apartment. 'Turn around,' he said.

Seen from the rear Teresa's shape could scarcely be faulted. The swell of her hindquarters was fulsome yet perfectly proportioned. The back was straight and smooth. He also noticed that Teresa's skin was unblemished.

'Teresa has been behaving herself of late I see,' he said with a flicker of a smile.

'Yes Sir,' answered Judith. 'I have had little need to correct her.' As a matter of fact Judith had sensed that Teresa would shortly be summoned a week or two before and had deliberately avoided any serious disciplinary treatment. She preferred to hand over an unmarked body to the Colonel.

'Let's hope it continues that way,' said Garcia. 'Thank you, Miss Judith.'

Judith inclined her head, turned, and left the room. For the time being her duty was done; and well done.

Without haste Garcia strolled over to his desk and opened a drawer. From a mass of keys he withdrew the one that carried Teresa's name on a tab; then he moved so that he faced her. He liked the way that she trembled; yet there was a meekness and subservience about her. The result of Judith's work, of course. His fingers took hold of the little tag, with its message of degradation for Teresa: "THE PROPERTY OF COLONEL GARCIA VALMIRA". Then the key slipped into a small padlock; there was a click and the padlock came away, allowing the brief 'chastity belt', which she had worn for so long, to slip away. It slipped to the floor, never to be worn by Teresa again. Pink cheeked, trembling, Teresa stood stark naked before the man who owned her body and soul. Naked and shamed! Like all the women at "Los Limitas" Teresa had been depilated; Garcia preferred it that way. Somehow that smooth, hairless, experience made them even more starkly

naked than they were. Now he gazed appreciatively at the swelling softness of Teresa's mound ... seeing clearly the coral-pink vaginal lips. They seemed to pout both pertly and provocatively. A lush, curving, slit that disappeared between closely pressed thighs. Garcia was very pleased with what he saw; that plump swelling sex somehow put a seal on the perfection of Teresa's young body. The phrase 'Ripeness is all' slid into his mind.

Yes ... Teresa was ripe. As ripe as a juicy peach. Inside she would have the succulence of a juicy peach ... but with an added liquid warmth. Garcia's blood stirred at the thought. He had an impulse to take her there and then. Quickly and brutally. He checked himself, however, since experience had taught him that deeper and subtler pleasures (of the kind that appealed to his temperament) could be obtained by a slower approach. His hand went down and he lightly fondled the warm-smooth softness of the girl's mound, his fingers gently parting the outer lips. He felt her flinch and the thighs press even tighter. He withdrew his hand ... and used it to give Teresa a stinging slap on her bottom. She gave a little gasp.

'Don't play the 'shy and innocent' with me, my beauty,' said Garcia. 'By now, from observation and training, you know what is expected of you ...'

It was true. How often Teresa had stood in that very room, acting out the role of some piece of decorative 'human furniture' and being forced to watch while the Colonel slaked his lust in whatever way he pleased. Just as the girl on the far side of the room - supporting a huge vase of flowers on her back as she knelt on all fours - was now forced to watch her. Oh yes, Teresa knew well enough what was expected of her. She now had to make a supreme effort of will to fulfil those expectations. When Garcia's hand returned, Teresa proffered herself ... opening her thighs a little and thrusting herself forward invitingly. Garcia nodded slightly but said no more. His fingers played at will up and down the velvet-soft slit, whilst sudden, little, shudders shook Teresa from time to time. Her breasts had begun to heave faster and faster under the stress of her emotions. He is going to ravage me ... now ... any moment now ... she thought, with wildly beating heart. But it was not so. Garcia sought other amusements before the final assault!

After a few minutes he ceased his titillation and went to

sit on the edge of a satin-covered Ottoman couch. He parted his sallow-skinned, hairy, thighs. His organ, still quiescent, hung thick and solid between them. 'Come here girl ... and kneel,' he ordered, 'You will begin by showing your Master some proper respect.'

Teresa knew well what that phrase implied and, for a moment, panic gripped her. Desperately she fought it down. She must obey ... even though the act she now had to perform was one, which was abhorrent to her. In fact she had never performed it before; hitherto she had only been a witness. Feeling the sickness of dread she came forward and knelt between Garcia's thighs. There, right before her, was the male organ. It both frightened and fascinated her; it's size, even in repose, was formidable.

As her blonde head bent forward Garcia's hands came down to cup her breasts, fondling and squeezing them avidly. Her lips, slightly parted, pressed nervously to the male flesh. She repeated the kisses of 'respect' along the whole length and then, as she knew she must, began to lick it. As she did so she felt the first reactions of swelling and stiffening. When she had brought Garcia halfway to erection he spoke again. 'Now suck it, my beauty,' he said.

Teresa's right hand gripped the base of the root. She felt it jerk at her touch; then she took the big, mauve, knob in her mouth ... and began to suck. The hand continued to fondle her breasts.

'More of it,' said Garcia, his voice still unemotional.

Teresa forced herself to take in more of the fast stiffening length. It filled her mouth, right to the back of her throat, until she was almost choking. She continued to suck as avidly as she could, tonguing the hard knob as she did so. A sudden shudder went through her as the thought came to her that soon that massive solidity would be thrust into her elsewhere. A flicker of a smile, briefly, crossed Garcia's lips as he looked down at Teresa's eyes screwed tight and her nostrils flared in revulsion. Her evident distaste at having to pay this kind of 'respect' only added to his pleasure. He went on mauling the luscious breast-fruit. They really were a couple of beauties! Soon he was in full erection and Teresa was both snorting and half-choking as she sought to carry out her task to his full satisfaction. Her lack of expertise by no means disturbed Garcia; it was but another additive to his enjoyment. Innocence and inexperience were


More of it!
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delights in themselves, were they not?

By a positive effort of will he controlled the mounting of his lust to within reasonable limits - although the temptation to do otherwise was strong; thus Teresa knelt, sucking him for a full five minutes; her neck muscles and her jaw soon began to ache under the strain, but the many hours she had spent between Janina's thighs stood her in good stead, lending her both will power and physical strength. Ultimately Garcia removed his kneading hands from her breasts and, taking her by the hair, eased her off him. She heaved and panted for breath, mouth open, the saliva running. Her eyes, misted with tears, opened and looked up at him with piteous dread ... seeking, he guessed. If not his approval at least not his disapproval! She knew then that the moment had come when Colonel Garcia would claim his full ownership.

If Colonel Garcia had been one for paying compliments to women he would have paid one to Teresa. For his enjoyment of her ripe young body was greater than he had experienced for some time. His pleasure in the female flesh that squirmed and quivered beneath him was heightened by the fact that he was aware that Teresa was virtually a virgin. Certainly she had the delicious tightness of a virgin; also she had the emotional and sexual immaturity. This, coupled with a natural shyness and reserve, created a delightful combination. A combination of fear and reluctance ... and of contrived cooperation which was interspersed with flashes of spontaneity. She had been told and taught what to do; and, Oh, how hard she strove to comply! Yet her horror and loathing of the ravishment could be divined. For that reason Garcia used her all the more brutally. The more lovely the object the greater the satisfaction in despoliation! At some point Garcia forced himself up a little and looked into Teresa's face. The soft, doe-like, eyes were wide and glazed; something like those of a dying rabbit. The fulsome mouth was parted and turned down at the corners; tears damped the peach texture of her cheeks; her breath rasped, pulsating, with gasps and sobs. This was the moment she had been dreading for so long. The moment her owner claimed her; asserted his rights of ownership; took her.

'You ... like it ... eh?' grunted Garcia, his sallow features drawn taut, his thin lips twisting with sadistic lust. The knowledge that there was nothing ... absolutely nothing ... that he could not do to this young creature

filled him with that unique, ultimate pleasure which he always craved. He thrust even more vigorously. A hoarse sound came from Teresa's throat.

'Y-Yes ... Master ...' it sounded as if she said.

Garcia assumed that had been her response and grinned lasciviously. His pleasure was becoming well nigh unendurable and, in a few moments, he abandoned himself to it ... rutting exultantly to a furious climax. Then, groaning, he slumped down, crushing his new possession beneath him. Conscious of her palpitating body beneath him ... hearing her breathless little sobs ... but heedless of her and them. There was no pride of possession just contentment in his right to it. It was a right, Garcia was well aware, which he could exercise again and again; just whenever he wished; just how he wished. That, indeed, was the motivation behind the establishment and the organisation of "Los Limitas".

Teresa Mendoza was not confined inside the gilt cage that swung beside the Colonel's massively broad bed - the customary place where his current 'favourite' was kept until she was required for use. Instead she was secured to it's bars, spread-eagled fashion, on the outside of the cage by means of cuffs about her wrists and ankles; and, ever and anon, the tip of the long slim rhino-hide whip which Garcia held flicked across her shapely buttocks. Every time it did it drew a little squeal of pain from the helpless Teresa. Garcia, lying relaxed on the bed and smoking one of his customary cheroots, looked on impassively as the young nates clenched, squirmed and quivered. However that impassivity, as usual, belied the pleasure he was receiving.

'You would not lie to me girl?'

'No ... oh ... n-no ... Master ...'

Flick!

'And you say you had the woman's pleasure with me?'

'Yes ... oh yes ... Master ...'

The tip biting into each buttock in turn.

'Eegghh ... Aagghh!'

How deliciously that bottom squirmed thought the Colonel. He was an expert with the long whip reckoning, nine times out of ten, to be able to take an insect off the wall at six paces.

'I think you can do better girl. I think you can have more pleasure.'

Garcia was by no means convinced that Teresa had, in fact, had an orgasm. Indeed he would be surprised if she had done on that first occasion. Yet he knew that the girl dared not state otherwise. How could she deny that she had not had the supreme pleasure from her master? Garcia smiled inwardly. It must be difficult to admit to a pleasure one had been far from receiving. All the same the urgent movements of the girl's body he had recalled at the end indicated she had, at least, simulated some pleasure. That was something. Judith Somerton was a good overseer; a good trainer. Soon, though, said Garcia to himself, this ripe, young, peach - for all her upbringing and all her reserve - will be spending herself unrestrainedly while he enjoyed her. Once they start they cannot stop themselves. It had nothing to do with what they really wanted; their own true feelings. It was simply a matter of nature taking over. It was nice to think of Teresa coming, uncontrollably, as he fucked her. It would happen soon, he was sure.

Crack!

This time the tip of the whip fell with great force across Teresa's bottom. A yelp of pain rang round the room.

'Do you not think so, girl?'

'Aahh ... yes ... aahh ... yes ... Master ... yes ... I c-can have m-more pleasure ... M-Master ...' came the gasping answer.

Hanging from the bars of the cage, tears streaming down her cheeks, Teresa knew the true torment of slavery. Used indiscriminately for brute male satisfaction then made to suffer humiliation and pain for pure amusement.

Are you not fortunate then, girl, that you can have more pleasure?'

Flick!

This time the tip fell with less severity.

'Yes ... Y-Yes ... Master ...'

Oh God ... the horror of it! Having to say such things when one's whole soul revolted against doing so! When one's whole being, mentally and physically, was crying out in extremis! Yet Teresa had to; yes ... she had to; she knew that.

Garcia remained lying there, slowly finishing his cheroot, alternately flicking out taunts or the tip of the whip and revelling in the sight of Teresa squirming both inwardly and outwardly. The pleasure of power! It was unbeatable. And, from time to time, Garcia baleful glance would drift

you say you had the woman's pleasure with me?



slowly around the large room. Seeing the “female objects” which had been set there for his service. Silently, bleakly, they gazed before them as they carried out their assigned functions. To act as a hat-stand, an ashtray holder, a support for a piece of furniture, a flower container or perhaps merely as some piece of decor. Enchanting! Teresa herself had performed such functions. Perhaps, before long, one of these silent figures would be in Teresa’s place; performing a more active function. Colonel Garcia’s cold eyes lingered a little longer on some of the silent, naked, figures than it did on others. The choice was his; the timing was his. Finishing his cigar and tiring of his amusement, he rose from the bed. The ‘ashtray’s’ features twitched slightly as Garcia stubbed out his cigar in the brass tray she supported on her left hand, the arm extended. From one nipple hung a lighter, from the other a cigar-cutter. Garcia had no use for either at the moment. He turned away, indifferently, and strolled out of the room to take a shower. Blonde head drooping, shoulders heaving with half-stifled sobs, Teresa remained hanging, manacled to the gilt bars. At least the whip had ceased to bite even if her muscles still remained racked with pain. Did one ever become used to pain? Inured to it? If so it seemed to Teresa it was an exceedingly slow process. She would remain where she was until Judith Somerton did her customary ‘duty round’. Then Teresa would be removed, placed in the cage, the door locked ... to await the time when Colonel Garcia would require her again.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Teresa knelt on the floor, her shapely hindquarters upthrust, her thighs invitingly wide. One side of her face was to the thickness of the pile carpet and her blonde hair cascaded around her. With a look, bordering on contempt, on his sardonic features Colonel Garcia rode her from the rear. Lightly his hands lay on the white flanks which shuddered unceasingly; flanks that moved back and forth and simultaneously performed a seductive gyrating motion as he thrust easily in and out. It was a performance of receptive perfection ... for the 'favourite' had learnt a lot about pleasing her Master in the preceding few days. That her Master was well pleased with her was indicated by the lust shining from the dark eyes set in his impassive features. As he had always expected Garcia was finding Teresa exquisite material for his enjoyment. Casually he removed his hands from the flanks and, without altering the pace of his heaving haunches, squeezed the lush, pendulous breasts. The nipples were hard.

'Come, you little beauty,' he said softly.

Beneath the spreading nest of blonde hair breathless gasping sounds were already to be heard. Now they began to intensify whilst the movement of the hindquarters became more urgent. Then a high-pitched whimpering sound ... Nails clawing the carpet ...

'M-Master ... Master ... oooo ... I ... I'm coming ... oooo ...'

Reminiscent of pain rather than pleasure; but that it is pleasure is no doubt; this is no simulation. Driven on by irresistible urges as the Colonel's organ thrusts again and again so remorselessly Teresa mounts swiftly to climax. A wild whimpering climax ... A wild wriggling climax ... In one cheek of Garcia's face a muscle twitches as he feels the convulsions within ... and the increase in liquid-hot succulence. Utterly delicious ... Everything a woman should be ... And quite out of control through her own lust ... Yes ... he was truly the Master now in every sense! Garcia continued to thrust in the same controlled fashion. He was not yet

ready to reach his own peak even though the temptation was great. There was much yet to be savoured; and savoured to the hilt! It was, indeed, most likely that Teresa would come again before he let all restraints go. Possibly that next climax would be a simultaneous one ... Yes ... for Teresa was already beginning to wriggle happily again. Groans were becoming interspersed with her gasps. She was becoming quite abandoned.

'M-Master ... oooo ... Master ... oooo ... oooo ... Master ...'

The sounds were an involuntary admission that Garcia was indeed her Master. Her sexual master! It was exactly as Garcia wanted it. To conquer as a man as well as an owner! His satisfaction was complete.

Some five minutes later Colonel Garcia unlocked the door of the gilt cage; Teresa climbed through the narrow entrance setting the cage swinging from the heavy chain that kept it suspended from the ceiling. It was never an easy thing to do and now her legs felt weak. Garcia helped her on the way by giving Teresa's invitingly curvaceous bottom two stinging slaps.

'In you go, my pretty,' he encouraged. It was the nearest he had ever got to what might be termed some sort of geniality. Teresa did a final effort and insinuated herself into the cage, crouching on the barred floor. The door closed and the key turned. She was locked away again until she was needed for whatever service was demanded of her. A sob caught her throat as she forced herself up onto her knees. She always had to kneel erect when the Colonel was in the room. I have betrayed myself, she thought, at the memory of her recent abandon. Betrayed my womanhood; my honour. For she could not deny the pleasures of her hotly aroused lusts. She was still quaking deep inside; still feeling that conquering bone of male flesh. Yet again she had disgraced herself. Given way to the temptations of the flesh. There is no more pride in me, she thought, I can lay no claims to it. Yet what else was there for her to do? It was demanded of her. She remembered the Colonel's whip and shivered. How could one resist when resistance was both painful and pointless? Especially when, at the moment of greatest weakness one wanted that pleasure? Two single tears of self-pity ran down, one on each cheek. There was no escape for her; she

was this man's slave. Now she truly knew it. The Colonel was surveying her contemplatively through the bars. He liked what he saw. Particularly the look of defeat he saw in those soft brown eyes. He saw the shame there, too, and knew the reason for it. Little Teresa was feeling dishonoured on account of her own natural feelings and reactions. Garcia liked that even more. Yet, already, his mind was casting about. How long shall I keep her there? Another week? Maybe a little longer? Longer than most, anyway; and, in any event, he could always have Teresa sent back to him. Though it was rare indeed that he ever took two bites at the same cherry. Somehow he considered that a form of flattery to the slave-girl in question; and they were not creatures to be flattered. Ah yes, my little Teresa, he said to himself, do you still sometimes recall the calm seclusion of your convent schooling? Those days when you dreamed romantic dreams about your lover? Saving it for him alone, were you not?

How differently life has turned out!

Soon, when I have finished with you, you will be anybody's. Perhaps, even, I shall give you to Janina Casal. No one but that ex-rival could be better designed to make your life a Hell on earth. It would amuse her greatly to watch you servicing a constant succession of unwanted 'lovers'. Yes ... Janina had been very insistent when she had last been his guest at "Los Limitas". He must give the matter his consideration. A favour of quite an exceptional order could be asked for in return, Garcia was certain.

He turned away and poured himself a drink. Decanters and glasses stood ready on an oval silver salver held by a human statue of almost alabaster whiteness. A statue with flame red hair and green eyes: a statue with firm, high breasts which had nipples painted the same colour as the eyes. A faint flicker of memory came to Garcia and it was confirmed when he noticed that there was no 'chastity plate' carrying his legend of ownership. Yes ... this slave had already occupied the gilt cage at some stage previously. Garcia looked into the green eyes and saw both respect and true servitude.

'I have fucked you, have I not?' he enquired. His voice was gentlemanly. He could have been addressing a lady of high birth.

'Yes ... Master ... I have had that honour,' replied the girl with the flame-red hair. Her lips quivered but frac-

tionally.

Garcia nodded and ran a hand lightly down over the smooth curve of the girl's belly to the even greater smoothness of the depilated mound. The human statue stood motionless under his casual fondling.

'And now,' he asked, 'you are fucked quite often? By my guests ... yes?'

'Yes ... Master ...'

A slight dilation of the green eyes; many memories ...

'And you enjoy that?'

'Yes, Master ...' Only a small hesitation. 'It is my duty to serve your guests, but ... but I enjoy it, Master. It is an honour to serve in your house. To be your slave ...'

Garcia nodded perfunctorily and turned away. The reply did not seem forced or false. Even though it must be. Once more he made a mental commendation of his chief overseer, Judith Somerton.

She was, it seemed, indeed a woman who could virtually work miracles!

Teresa was deposed as 'favourite' after something like ten days. This was an above-average length of time to spend in the gilt cage in the Colonel's apartment and no doubt Teresa's proper reaction was to feel herself honoured, though it cannot be truthfully said that she did. Some girls spent no more than twenty four or forty eight hours in that cage (and for so short a duration were made to suffer appropriately); some spent perhaps a week there; so it can be gauged that Teresa pleased her Master well. There was no fashion in which Teresa had not pleased ... Every orifice was put to use ... according to Garcia's mood. There were times, for Garcia's amusement, when Teresa was called upon to gratify herself ... with a variety of objects he presented to her. On a number of occasions another slave-girl was introduced into the bed and Garcia watched while they gratified each other. Either that or he would enjoy Teresa while she was gratifying the other girl. And, of course, there was always the whip. There were more ways of making Teresa squirm than by fucking her! So, perhaps, it is not surprising that it can be truly said that Teresa did not feel honoured by the duration of her 'service'; nor, perhaps more surprisingly, did she feel relief at her dismissal. For no one could be more hideously aware that she no longer wore the 'chastity plate' which had

acted, not only as an indication of the Colonel's ownership and prime rites but, naturally, as a protector from the maraudings of others.

Teresa knew, on release, that she was 'free' to all.

Helpless prey to the lusts of any guest, male or female.

That knowledge filled her with a quivering inner horror as she made her way to report to Judith Somerton. Somehow she felt doubly naked, doubly vulnerable, and her mind and emotions seemed more in turmoil than they had been when she was awaiting the Colonel's summons. Now that appalling hurdle had been surmounted only for Teresa to find herself seemingly confronted by a series of even more appalling hurdles. There was no end to her torment. Judith Somerton did not, exactly, set her mind at rest. The familiar, placid, features regarded Teresa as she stood meekly before the overseer. They gave no indication of comprehending what the girl must have endured. They were indifferent. It was Teresa's fate to have to endure such things; and, if necessary, worse.

'Now that you have been honoured by your Master, Teresa,' said Miss Judith; 'you realise the implications?'

'Yes ... M-Miss,' answered Teresa, giving a little shudder, her blonde head bowed slightly.

Judith paused, surveying the girl carefully, 'and, I may say,' she went on, 'you were indeed honoured by your length of stay ...' Judith was pleased that the Colonel had been well satisfied but was not surprised. She had guessed that this young 'innocent' would prove very much to his liking.

'Yes ... Miss,' whispered Teresa, head drooping a little lower.

'Stand up straight!' Ordered Judith sharply.

Teresa jerked erect and her high, rounded breasts bounced delicately. She is, indeed, a pretty young thing, reflected Judith. She will be much in demand.

'What are those implications?' asked Judith coolly.

A hesitation; a quivering of Teresa's soft, pink lips. 'That ... that now I must ... must p-please ... the guests, Miss,' she answered in a low voice.

Judith nodded. 'That is correct,' she said. 'The honour will not be so great, of course, but it will be an honour nevertheless.'

Teresa remained silent. A faint mist of tears was filming her eyes. The prospects before her did not bear contemplation; yet it was impossible not to do so. Not only her mind

but also her soul seemed to shrivel at the prospect.

'You will, of course, have other duties to perform,' Judith continued in her 'matter-of-fact' way, 'as you did before'.

'Yes, Miss,' said Teresa.

She had long learnt how vital it was to show meekness and true humility when in Judith's presence; anything less and she would be made to suffer. Momentarily Teresa's mind flickered back to her early days at "Los Limitas". Was she the same person? In body, maybe, but not as a being.

'You will go to your quarters; your duties will re-commence this evening.'

'Yes, Miss ...'

The interminable round of shame, humiliation and pain had begun again.

That evening Teresa's duties were simple enough, if not exactly comfortable. Her smooth white back served as a support for a plate-glass tabletop. It was a side table, holding a vase of flowers, an ashtray and a bowl of Cashew nuts, in the main salon where the Colonel's guests had assembled for pre-dinner drinks. That evening the guests were few in number, as it happened, but of those present there was one man in particular who made use of that side table more often than the others did.He was a 'gross' man in middle age, heavily jowled, fleshly lipped and with piggy eyes. It was not the first time he had set eyes on Teresa ... for he had been a guest before. Then, however, Teresa had worn Garcia's plaque for ownership. Now that man - happily, lustfully - was well aware it had been removed. His name was Baron Newmann. The Baron enjoyed his dinner that night more than usual.

During those hours, while he, and the others, gorged and guzzled, Teresa remained kneeling, trying to forget the aches and pains in her back, her arms and her legs. There was never any knowing quite how long she would have to act out her role as a 'human-object'. Maybe the guests wouldn't even return to the salon. No matter, she and all the other 'human-objects' there, would have to remain in position just in case they did return. Only when the guests had retired would they be released.

As it turned out the salon was re-visited. The Baron's jowled face was now flushed with drink and his eyes had a "stickily-hot" look about them. He spent quite some time

staring down through the glass tabletop ... and the longer he looked the more he liked what he saw. What a lovely little beauty! So young, yet so mature! And now he could have her whenever he wanted. Teresa, by reason of her kneeling posture, could not, of course, see who was inspecting her. But she was hideously aware of that unknown's gaze. She felt as if eyes were boring right into her body, particularly at its most intimate parts, and her body seemed to be covered with goose pimples. It was only by a tremendous effort that she stopped herself shuddering and so, possibly, upsetting anything on the tabletop that she was supporting. At long last, to her intense relief, the unknown observer departed. But, as Teresa knew in her heart, it could be but a short relief.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Teresa stood in the dreaded room. The barely furnished room with its heavy table where she had already suffered so much at Judith Somerton's hands. She was shivering uncontrollably and her terror seemed to take the form of an icicle that had been plunged into the middle of her belly.

Oh God ... how could she have been so foolish! Oh God ... how could it possibly have happened? Yet it had. There she was, back again so soon, in that room with Judith Somerton's cold, baleful eyes upon her. She had been sent to that room having fallen at the first of the new hurdles set before her. Sent with a little note of explanation from a gross and obscenely lustful man of middle age. Sent by the Baron.

'Yes, Teresa?' enquired Judith stonily.

'I ... I h-have a n-note, Miss ...' came the answer. Teresa's voice was little more than a croak.

'Oh, Yes?' The voice flat, unemotional. 'Stand back to the wall. I will attend to that in a moment.'

Teresa moved as ordered seeing distractedly the young woman who knelt on the wooden table; for Teresa had interrupted Judith in the course of her 'work'.

'Now, where were we, Marianne?' asked Judith, turning back to the trembling figure.

'I ... I don't know ... Miss ... I ... I find it so ... difficult ...' Said the young woman. She had rich black hair that fell to milky-white shoulders; her eyes, wide with fear, were china-blue.

She was new, Teresa realised, and under instruction. Poor wretch. Teresa recalled those first awful days she had spent on that bench. Yet, in a strange way, she could feel no pity. There was none left in her for anyone else but herself. She was, simply, and observer.

'Well, if you don't, I do!' Judith was saying. 'You had just forgotten, yet again, to address me correctly ... and, immediately the door opened, your hands left your neck and covered your breasts.'

With a guilty start the girl, Marianne, clasped her hands behind her neck and thrust her breasts forward. They were very good breasts; rather larger than average, yet sagging only a little, with strong dark brown nipples.

'Too late, Marianne,' said Judith with the trace of a thin smile. 'Now what did I promise you for such stupid errors?'

Marianne burst into tears and, forgetfully again, covered her face with her hands. 'N-No ... oh ... no ...' she wailed. 'Please ... I forgot ... please ... I couldn't h-help it ...'How familiar Teresa was with the routine. The slow, relentless, routine. It was something engraved on her soul. Yet still she felt no pity. The sooner this newcomer learnt to obey Miss Judith the better for her.

'What did I promise you?' The voice was remorseless.

Another wail. 'Some ... s-some ... more ... s-strap ...' came the petrified answer.

'That's right,' said Judith. 'And that is precisely what you are going to get.'

An even louder wail ... and then Marianne was slithering off the bench ... down to the floor ... clasping at Judith's knees.

'No ... no ... Miss ... please ... please ... no ... m-more ... oohh ... I b-beg you ... Miss ... I just forgot ... please ... I'll never forget again!' Came the anguished cries.

Teresa knew exactly how the girl felt. Had she not promised in exactly the same way? Time after time? And had she, still, not forgotten frequently? Indeed, at that very moment, had she not forgotten in a far more serious way? She had indeed.

'Get up, Marianne ... and bend across the bench,' ordered Judith icily.

'No ... OH ... NO ... OOOO ... P-PLEE ... EEEASE!'

'Marianne,' said Miss Judith even more coldly, 'I have already caned you once. That, I know, you did not like at all. However, if you do not do as I say, immediately, I shall cane you again; and far more severely.'

A despairing shriek filled the room as, for a few more moments, Marianne clasped at Judith's knees. Then, by some tremendous effort of will, she dragged herself up and draped her body over the solid wooden bench-table. From where she stood Teresa could see the girl's hindquarters. They carried some dozen bright red welts where Judith's strap had

fallen recently. But there were no other weals. That caning must have been given on a previous occasion.

'Please ... please ... no ...' Marianne was sobbing.

Judith cut her short. 'Listen girl,' she said in a voice of steel, 'you can think yourself lucky you're not getting a caning right now. Next time, for the same errors, you will!'

With her customary speed and expertise Judith corded Marianne's wrists to her ankles so that the girl's body formed a triangle around the tabletop. Unhurriedly Judith moved to the cupboard nearby and brought out a single-thonged strap. It was one that Teresa knew well ... nearly three inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick. She saw Marianne's nates contract involuntarily several times and her own gave a tiny, sympathetic twitch. Her heart felt heavy and cold. It would be a mercy indeed if she were but to receive the strap for what she had done!

'No ... no ... oh ... please ... please ... please ...' the cries were incessant as Marianne's head twisted round towards Judith. 'I ... I'll do whatever you say ... I will ... I swear I will!'

Judith was quite unmoved as she came round the table and took up her position. Briefly she stroked the supple leather through her fingers. 'Yes,' she said, 'in time, you will, my girl!'

With that she laid the first stroke across Marianne's helpless bottom using a full sweep of her arm. Yet, though she put a lot of effort into it, no sign showed on Judith's features. In everything she did, including outward expression, she seemed completely controlled. A terrible howl was torn from Marianne's throat and she threshed this way and that over the table. Teresa saw the brighter, deeper welt that had just been raised and knew just how agonisingly it was burning deep at that instant. The soft nates were already contracting even more convulsively in anticipation of what was to come. Calmly Judith waited for the tumult to die a little before laying on a similar stroke. A cacophony of sound filled the room again as, once more, Marianne was contorted with pain. Teresa closed her eyes and a large tear welled up from under each lid. Soon I shall be suffering far worse, she said to herself, feeling the sickness of dread in her throat. Oh God ... have mercy upon me! For no one else will. Teresa's eyes remained closed but she could not shut her ears. Again and again the leather cracked across bare

flesh. Again and again Marianne's piteous cries and pleas filled the room. Unheeded; she was there to suffer ... and suffer she would.

It seemed to Teresa that some dozen strokes fell before the awful sounds ceased. At least the sound of leather on flesh; Marianne's howls continued. Teresa opened her eyes to see the fresh batch of brightly-hued welts overlaying former ones: to see the constant quaking and quivering of tormented flesh; to see Marianne still continuing to squirm with pain even though the strap had ceased to fall. As methodically as a nurse in an operating theatre Judith returned to the cupboard, replaced the instrument of correction, and then came back to un-cord Marianne's wrists and ankles. Once released the girl fell, twisting, to the floor, hands clasping urgently to her burning flesh. Her breasts heaved wildly as huge sobs were drawn from her. 'Don't forget what I said, Marianne,' said Judith pontifically from above. 'Next time it's the cane. Good and hard ... and plenty of it too!'

'Oohh ... mmmmffff ... oohh ... oh ... mmmmffff ... no ... no ... no ... mmmmffff ... mmmmffff ...'

'Oh yes,' said Miss Judith, 'you'll get a thrashing to really remember, I can tell you!'

How well Teresa recalled such words being spoken to her; all too often; and how often she had not heeded them. She had not heeded them now; with all her experience. Teresa shivered uncontrollably. Would she ever learn, fully? Was it, indeed, possible to learn fully?

'Stand up, Marianne. Up ... up ... girl ...'

Marianne staggered to her feet, still clutching her buttock cheeks.

'Now stand back to the wall. Hands clasped behind your neck. Move girl ...' Judith's orders were crisp, brooking no delay.

Sobbing incoherently Marianne forced herself into position. She thinks, said Teresa to herself, that she has suffered to the limit. Oh, how little does she know! Her own heart was beginning to pound, the iciness in her stomach to intensify.

Judith picked up the note that Teresa had given her and studied it in impassive silence. Teresa herself did not know what was in it. However the details did not matter. She was aware that she had made an instinctive rejection of the first

guest who had made demands of her. Yet how could she help it? Oh God ... he had been so repulsive! So fat, so slobbering, so disgustingly lecherous. At long last Miss Judith raised her head and looked at Teresa with eyes of stone. Teresa felt herself shrivelling inside.

'I do not understand you, Teresa,' said the overseer. Her voice had a touch of weariness in it as if she were chiding, yet again, an errant child. 'Were not the implications of your new status emphasised to you?'

'Yes, Miss ...' came the whispered answer.

'Then what is the meaning of this?' Judith flipped the note, her voice now sharp.

'I ... I ... d-don't know,' said Teresa. Her head was beginning to feel light and she had momentary sensations of disembodiment ... as if it were not her standing there answering. As if she were an observer at the scene.

'You don't know!' Judith's voice had a sneer in it. She took a step forward and seized Teresa by her hair, speaking close to her face, her words low but intense. 'Do you think there is something special about your attributes? That you can deny them to those who wish to make use of them?'

'N-no ... no ... Miss ...' quavered Teresa, shaking her head.'Well I don't,' said Miss Judith, releasing Teresa's blonde hair, 'but you have an attitude of mind that is going to be changed. Right now.' Judith flipped the note again. 'You have brazenly insulted this fine gentleman.'

Teresa recalled the repulsiveness of the so-called 'gentleman'. How could such a beast be insulted? No accusation could have been more false; crueler. The bitterness of it was like gall in Teresa's soul.

'I ... I d-didn't mean ... Miss ... I ... just couldn't h-help ...' she began.Judith slapped Teresa's face, left and right. 'Silence, girl!' she snapped. 'I don't want to listen to any of your snivelling excuses. What is all too plain is that you have refused the advances of one of Colonel Garcia's guests. And that is a most serious offence.'

Teresa's head reeled under the stinging slaps, her mouth began to get out of control and the tears to flow. She sank slowly to her knees and raised her hands in prayer-like fashion.

'P-Please ... Miss ... p-please ... c-can't you understand ...' she began again.

Judith gripped the girl's hair again and yanked her to her

feet. Once more she slapped Teresa's face.

'I told you I didn't want to hear excuses,' she rasped. Judith's normal veil of composure was being drawn aside. Teresa could not remember that happening before. 'You were given clear instructions. Orders, in fact. And you have disobeyed them. It simply amazes me that, after all this time, you are not aware of it.'

'I ... I ... am ... M-Miss ...' choked Teresa. The utter futility of trying to explain herself was obvious. Perhaps Miss Judith did not understand about natural, and involuntary, female reaction when faced with such a situation. Yet, even if they did, they would be of no concern to her.

The overseer released Teresa's hair and walked over to Marianne. The girl had stopped sobbing and now stood against the wall trembling and with eyes wide with shock as she gazed upon the scene.

'It is, perhaps, fortunate, that you are here at this moment Marianne,' said Judith, 'you are going to see how I deal with a girl who, unlike you, is not untrained - yet is still disobedient. I trust it may be a lesson to you so that you can avoid a similar fate in the future. Understood?'

Marianne nodded. 'Yes ... Miss ...' she managed to answer. Her big breasts heaved up and down with the stress of her emotions; her legs were rubbery with terror.

Judith touched the 'chastity plate' which Marianne wore. 'As you see,' she said, 'this girl, Teresa, no longer wears one of these. She has had the honour of serving her Master - as will you one day.' Marianne flinched. 'Thus she now has to serve any of the Master's guests.' Judith paused. 'Teresa does not seem to find that to her liking.' Another pause. 'Therefore I am going to change her attitude of mind.'

Judith opened the cupboard - the cupboard of cruelty - and Teresa's breasts began to heave as much as Marianne's did. The overseer stood there for a few moments, hands on hips, before stooping to take an instrument from the cupboard. Then she turned and went back towards her victim. Teresa's blood froze. It was something she had never seen before.

It was longer than a cane; more like an extended riding switch. Teresa saw tightly plaited leather and, at the tip of the instrument - the last inch or two - what looked like little beads of lead, half an inch or so apart. The instrument swayed flexibly up and down before her eyes and Teresa's freezing sensation intensified.

‘You haven’t felt this, have you Teresa?’ asked Judith.

Although Teresa struggled to answer normally, hardly any sound came out of her mouth.

‘Believe me girl,’ said Judith, flexing the instrument in a semi-circle arc, ‘it hurts. Considerably more than the cane. And you know what that feels like, Teresa.’

Oh dear God ... did she not! Teresa nates clenched and unclenched at the memory of it. And now ... now ... this was to be worse!

‘Let me explain it to you,’ Judith was saying, though her voice seemed to be coming from a far distance. ‘The core of it is of hard whalebone; rather like a bull’s pizzle, but slimmer. Very flexible, as you can see. Around the whalebone is thin, tightly plaited leather; and here, at the tip, you see, a half a dozen or so zircons. Hard as diamonds they are. That’s where it hurts most of all!’

Teresa felt her knees buckling and would surely have fallen if Judith had not gripped her by the blonde locks again. Once more the so-placid, yet so terrifying, face came close.

‘Let me tell you what’s going to happen, girl,’ Judith said in that quiet, menacing voice of hers, ‘so that we don’t have any more of this kind of disobedience.’ A pause. An agonising pause for Teresa. ‘I am going to give you twenty-four strokes with this. Across your backside. And as hard as I know how ...’

Teresa features were dissolving.

‘After a couple of days,’ continued Judith, still maintaining a grip on Teresa’s hair, ‘after you have recovered somewhat, you will go back to the gentleman you have insulted by your behaviour. You will apologise humbly and show him what I have done to you. After that, you will do whatever he wishes ... and you will do it well. Is that quite clear?’

The wretched Teresa could not find her voice; she could only nod. Judith was seen through a mist of tears; the face came closer still.

‘Then, when you have served him as he wishes,’ Judith was continuing, ‘you will return here again. Then I shall give you further twenty-four strokes across your backside with this!’The long switch flashed up and down making a deadly whistling sound. A high, wailing moan of despair came from Teresa. Her eyes rolled back into her head.

‘Merc ... eeee ... mercee ... eeee!’ she cried.

Judith seemed quite unconcerned. ‘So while you are get-

ting your first twenty-four, my girl ... you can be thinking you've got them all to come again. Quite a salutary lesson, I think.' The voice went suddenly sharp. 'And you deserve it! If there's one thing I won't tolerate, it's disobedience - especially of this kind!'

Teresa's knees crumpled, her body sagged. She was only prevented from falling to the floor by Judith's grip on her hair. She had fainted out of sheer terror.

Fainting was of minimal concern to Judith Somerton. She had means of coping with it. Means that both revived and strengthened; a powerful stimulant that increased the limits of human endurance and warded off another fainting fit, however much it might be welcomed. This stimulant was injected into Teresa's arm, as she lay senseless on the wooden bench. Already she had been securely bound over it's top, lengthways, wrists corded to one set of legs, lower limbs to the other. The latter had been corded in such a way that Teresa's thighs were well straddled. Their soft inner flesh was to be a prime target for the tip of Judith's switch. In addition a bolster had been pushed under Teresa's flanks, thrusting up her hindquarters in a generous curve whilst simultaneously tautening the flesh of the nates. Meanwhile the shocked Marianne had begun to sob and moan again with such violence that Judith had been forced to gag her effectively and then chain her to the wall with wrists aloft so that she did not slump down to the floor. Teresa came round quickly following the injection. Instinctively she strained at her bonds and was made instantly aware of her utter helplessness. A terrible moan came from her as Miss Judith's words flooded back into her consciousness.

The moan was followed by a whimpering plea. 'Mercy ... mercy ... I ... I'll do anything ... anything ...'It was always the same. Although it was quite useless the pleas came all the same. They could not be checked. Perhaps, just this once, there would be mercy; some mercy at least. There never was!

Judith picked up the long, plaited leather and whalebone switch. It felt good in her hand. Balanced, riding up and down with suppleness. She enjoyed using it, rare though it was, since it was reserved for what she considered to be extremely serious offences, such as Teresa's. She measured the curvaceous bottom by eye; it was twitching with dread and

prepared herself to use maximum force. In her teens Judith had been a junior tennis champion so her shoulders and biceps were about as powerful as the average man was, if not more so. She could really lay it on when she set her mind to it; and this she had done. The pattern of punishment was already set in her mind. The middle part of the buttocks would be the first target. Three from the right hand side followed by three from the left. The turn of the tops of the thighs would come next. Six on the right hand thigh followed by six for the left. The completion of the punishment would be the same as it's beginning except that she would aim a little lower down the buttocks placing the strokes just above the join of the thighs.

Her arm went up and then came flashing down. The switch bit exactly where she intended ... the last eighteen inches or so across the fullness of the buttock cheeks, the zircon-studded tip curling round and biting cruelly into the flank. Teresa let out a terrible scream. Pain she had known ... in plenty ... but never pain like this! It was unbelievable ... Unbearable ... Constricted though she was Teresa writhed agonisingly, mouth gasping as a series of shorter screams followed the first long one. It was not possible to endure twenty-four like that ... She must die first ... She must! The second stroke came whistling down about ten seconds later, falling fractionally below the first. Teresa's scream was even more terrible. Not surprisingly so for not only had she to endure the searing bite of the switch itself but also the even more agonising bite of the zircon stones into the softness of her flank. Her eyes started from her head. Wildly she tugged at her bonds. All to no avail; she was at Judith Somerton's mercy. With calm venom, and with the full force of her powerful right arm, the overseer laid the third stroke precisely ten seconds after the second had fallen. This time Teresa's vocal chords cracked in the middle of her scream. They could only take so much. And as, from the left hand side, Judith laid on three more full bloodied strokes, similarly spaced, and delivered with the same precision, the wretched Teresa could no longer scream in the true sense of the word. Instead an awful, high pitched rattling sound came from the depths of her throat. And steadily, as one merciless stroke followed another, the wild squirming of her bottom and frantic clenching of her nates intensified. After the sixth stroke Judith went round and yanked up Teresa's

head. She saw the gaping, dribbling mouth; saw the eyes glazed and un-focusing. All the same she was aware that Teresa was fully conscious. The stimulant was seeing to that.

'Are you beginning to wish you had behaved yourself, Teresa?' she asked.

There was almost gentleness in her tone, which belied the ferocity of the strokes she had just been delivering. Teresa could make no coherent answer. Her mouth just opened and shut, with hoarse sounds coming from her throat, but she nodded her head. She nodded it vehemently, hoping beyond hope, that her agreement would relieve her of further agony. It was a hope soon dashed away.

'You will wish even more by the time I have finished with you,' said Judith Somerton, letting go of the 'rag-doll' like head.

She moved back to her position at the end of the bench. Now it was the soft tenderness of Teresa's thighs that was to be cruelly lacerated. Perhaps an even greater torment ... Teresa fainted just as the sixth stroke curled and bit agonisingly around and into her right thigh. Never ... never ... never ... had she known anything as terrible as those strokes. Strokes that marched steadily, inch by inch, up her thigh top until the final one was cutting into the junction where it met her most intimate and tender flesh of all. Powerful as the stimulant was it could not hold her. Mercifully she swept down into insensibility. Judith Somerton was neither surprised nor disturbed by Teresa's fainting once more. That could be remedied whenever she wished. She was rather amused to see that Marianne had fainted purely from the shock of having witnessed what had been done. So, ignoring Teresa, Judith decided to take Marianne back to the slave quarters. It would be unwise to give Teresa another injection for at least an hour and by keeping the girl on the table for that time it would not lessen the punishment in any way. If she remained insensible it would seem to her that no time at all had passed since her ordeal re-commenced and, if she came to, she would be aware that her punishment was but partially over.

Judith carried Marianne as if she were no more than a child. Back in the bare quarters where the girls were kept - and slept - in between duties she removed the gag. There was no need for an injection in this sort of case. Judith



Are you beginning to wish you had behaved yourself?

simply poured a jug of water over Marianne's head and then slapped her face until she revived. Gasping, the girl opened her eyes; the terror in them was plain to see.

'No ... oh ... no ... no ...' whimpered Marianne, recoiling back to the wall. There was no doubt that she had been much impressed by what she had seen, let alone felt.

'You wouldn't like to get a thrashing like Teresa, would you Marianne?' enquired Judith Somerton in a motherly fashion.

Marianne shook her head violently. 'No ... oh ... no!' she cried. 'No ... Miss ...' she added quickly. The memory of the falling strap was still vivid; her bottom continued to throb and smart.

'Then you must remember - always - to be a good, obedient girl,' said Judith.

'Yes ... y-yes ... Miss ...'

'No matter how difficult it is.'

'Yes ... oh yes ... Miss ...' Marianne could not have been more fervent in her agreement. Yet, as Judith knew, the true tests had not yet come for this young woman. What she said now, and what she did in the future, could so easily be two very different things. Under duress promises were easy; actions at a later date were far more difficult. Judith had seen it all before; she was under no illusions. All she knew was that, in the end, every girl owned by Colonel Garcia conformed to her will. In the final analysis there were no rebels.

Teresa was a typical example, reflected Judith. The girl, obviously, felt she had truly learnt obedience and submission - hard for her though it might have been. Indeed she had obeyed and submitted to a considerable degree; but not completely. It was necessary for her to go through yet greater torment before that condition was reached; as she was doing now. After that, reflected Judith with some confidence, there would be no more rebellions, minor or major, from Teresa. And, even if there were, they could be stamped out by even greater severity.

Judith stood up. 'Now that you have had another taste of the strap, Marianne,' she said, 'you should start mending your ways. Being more respectful; not being so forgetful.'

The girl was looking at her wide-eyed, lips trembling. So that was a 'taste' of the strap, she was thinking! To Marianne it had seemed like a merciless beating. Shuddering, she

could only nod.

'I ... I'll t-try ...' she whispered.Judith's features went stern suddenly. 'I should try very hard if I were you,' she said, 'and more than that if possible. Because, Marianne, the next time you show lack of respect, or make careless errors - as I have already warned you - I shall take you back to my little room, tie you over that table again and use a cane on your tender young bottom. Indeed, my girl, I can assure you that I shall give you the thrashing that you will remember for many a day!'

The threat was not uttered violently, but with a cold authority that had the inevitability of doom about it. Marianne was not left in the slightest doubt that this was a warning simply to scare her. She knew that Judith Somerton would do exactly what she said should the occasion arise. Little wonder that Marianne's already pale cheeks blanched even whiter; or that the tears flowed faster again. Terror and despair grabbed her vitals as if in a vice. Like tens of scores before her she was sliding down into the abyss of human horror which servitude to Colonel Garcia entailed. Judith turned and quietly left the room feeling that her point had been well made - and well taken! Doubtless young Marianne would slip up from time to time (it would be difficult not to!) but she presented no long-term difficulty in the process of moulding her into a suitable slave-girl.

When, one hour later, Judith returned to the dread room where Teresa had remained secured, she saw that the girl had revived somewhat. Her shoulders were heaving and low groans coming from her. Fortunately, therefore, a second injection would not be necessary at this stage; smelling salts would suffice. She applied them beneath flaring nostrils. Teresa choked hoarsely and even more tears streamed down her cheeks as her head cleared. The eyes were rounded, light brown discs of shock and pain. Opaque, glistening orbs -which reflected the disbelief that such barbarities existed. Pale pink lips, almost uncontrollable, strove to frame some words; with the faintest of success.

'No ... more ... for pity's sake ... no more ...' came the pleading whisper. But Judith's face was of stone. If she could have felt pity she would not have been doing the job she was. In fact she would not have denied that, if she felt anything at that moment, it was pleasure.

'Halfway, Teresa,' she said callously, 'Halfway today,

that is ...'

Teresa's mouth opened and sagged simultaneously. A heart-breaking cry of anguish came from it. For a few, brief moments she had let herself hope that the overseer could not possibly be so heartless as to carry out such a cruel punishment to the full. That the balance of it would hang over her - ever perilously poised like the Sword of Damocles. Not so ... Judith picked up the flexible switch again and, as an even more heart-breaking cry came from Teresa, all the soft flesh of her body seemed to twitch and quake at the same time. The tip of the switch touched the flesh halfway down Teresa's left thigh.

'NO ... OOOOOOOO!'

It was a final, despairing shriek from the deepest pit of terror. Unmoved Judith raised the switch and brought it whip-lashing down with all the force at her command.

It had begun again ... And it would not cease until the final stroke had contorted that helpless figure on the table in another extreme of agony! Perhaps, surprisingly, Teresa did not faint again as her flogging marched remorselessly on to its conclusion. Dearly would she have liked to have done - to gain some temporary relief from the agony of the deep-biting switch and the even greater agony of it's flailing, zircon studded tip. But that benison was denied her as six strokes fell across her left thigh before returning to the soft plumpness of her upthrust bottom. The sounds that filled the room were more animal-like than human; but Judith seemed unmoved by them. She had heard such sounds before; seen such sights. She simply had a job to do. An indication of the true professional, it might be said.

CHAPTER NINE

Judith Somerton had to admit that she had been rather optimistic in expecting that Teresa would be in a fit condition to present herself to Baron Newmann within forty-eight hours. Admittedly, despite such a terrible flogging, she might just have been able to do it in the physical sense but she would have been too weak to do have been much use to any man. Moreover her badly lacerated buttocks and thighs still presented a vividly unsightly appearance. It would be better, Judith decided, to let Teresa rest further and allow the healing process to continue. Teresa's savage weals were dressed every four hours, night and day, with a special fast-acting salve and her progress to something like normality proceeded with commendable speed. In one way a comfort for Teresa because, with the rapid healing, the pain eased. Yet she was aware that every day brought her nearer a return to duty - and all it implied. Worse still it brought nearer a return to the flogging bench. Teresa's mind veered away like a startled rabbit from that thought. It was something it just could not cope with. Impossible that she would have to endure such a nightmare again. Even Miss Somerton could not be so cruel. For, by then, would not she -Teresa - not only have promised to do everything demanded of her but also have done it? In which case there was no need ... With such thoughts, so bleak in hope, did Teresa comfort herself as she lay in isolation, slowly recovering.

It was nearer a week than forty eight hours before Teresa made her way to the luxurious apartment occupied by Baron Newmann who was one of the Colonel's closest friends. In the meantime Judith Somerton had spoken with him, explaining the situation. The Baron had been both amused and delighted.

Incidentally he had been only momentarily put out by young Teresa's reactions to his attentions for he was aware it was nothing more than a temporary aberration capable of being cured. It was natural that some girls should behave like

that. After all, with his appearance, and at his age, he could scarcely expect to be exactly welcomed. Indeed the Baron preferred it otherwise, that the girl should have to hide her true feelings and be made to welcome him. Accordingly, smoking a cigar and drinking a goblet of brandy, wearing only a short-length quilted dressing gown of red velvet, the Baron awaited Teresa's arrival with considerable anticipation. He liked young women; he liked blonde haired young women more; he liked blonde young women with plenty of shape most of all. It was a pity that he was not as virile as he had once been. Still he would have all the time he could ask for and, as someone had once said, "it was often better to travel than to arrive". When she came to his apartment Teresa looked even more ravishing than the Baron remembered. For one thing her hair had been fashioned into a ponytail and was held with a dark blue ribbon. That, somehow, made her look even younger. Moreover her naked charms had been bedecked with a certain amount of jewellery; large gold bangle rings hung from her ear lobes; two bright blue sapphire pendants hung from small firm nipples that were pierced with tiny golden rings. Then, around the slim waist, was a golden chain from which, lying over the smoothness of her belly, was a large blue sapphire of diamond shape. It pointed down invitingly to the delicious, depilated mound ... the mound that was divided by coral pink, pouting lips perfectly formed. Finally Teresa was shod in a pair of sandals; openwork sandals made of thin golden thongs and fastenings with teetering high heels. The latter not only enhanced her stature but also the shape of her lovely legs - as well as her stance. Yes ... Teresa presented a most fetching picture. As it was intended she would. She curtsied respectfully as the door closed behind her. The moment of truth had, at last, come and Teresa was summoning all her will to act and react, as she knew in her heart she must. She had, to say the least, every incentive to do so! And it was that incentive which would force her above and beyond that which she was normally capable of doing. Appreciatively the Baron noted the soft bounce of the apple-round breasts that set the sapphire pendants swinging.

'Well ... well ...' he said, through a cloud of cigar smoke, 'if it isn't little Teresa come back!'

Teresa moved slowly and gracefully forward with her hips swinging with their natural seductive rhythm. She curtsied

again as she stood no more than a few feet from the Baron, seeing the pores on his suet-white face, the quivering jowls, and those repulsively fleshy lips. She pressed her lips closed and thought of Judith Somerton's switch. That strengthened her will.

'Y-Yes ... sir ...' she said in a low, slightly unsteady voice. 'And ... and I have come back to ... to ... to make my most humble and respectful apologies.'

The Baron could not help grinning a little smugly. What a delightful situation it was!

'Oh yes ... yes ... is that so?' he said.

Teresa sank slowly to her knees as if she were a worshipper before an altar. She held out her hands in a little imploring gesture; 'I ... beg you, sir ... to forgive my behaviour. Indeed, I entreat you ...'

The Baron grinned again. 'Mmmm ... yes,' he nodded, 'you were a naughty girl, weren't you?'

'Yes ... yes ... sir,' agreed Teresa hastily. She was trying to stop the trembling inside her body being transmitted to the outside of it; not altogether successfully.

'Got a tanning for it, I expect,' said the Baron complacently.

A tanning! How could such merciless treatment be described merely as a tanning? Had this gross beast any comprehension of what she had endured? Teresa bit her lips as the bitterness of it shafted through her. At the same time, by a tremendous effort of will, she quickly adjusted her mind. As Miss Judith had so constantly emphasised, to think right was so essential. This man was no gross beast; he was her privileged master and she was there to have the honour of pleasing him as he wished. He was her owner; her owner by proxy of Colonel Garcia. She was his slave and she must think and act as such.

'Yes, sir,' she made herself answer, fighting back the tears of self-pity.

The Baron smiled in almost a fatherly fashion, 'Show me, little one,' he said.

There was no hesitation from Teresa. She swivelled on her knees until she was facing diametrically the other way. Then she placed her hands on the rich carpet and put her knees between them simultaneously thrusting up her hindquarters for inspection. The Baron beamed lecherously. What a dish! All his, to consume at his leisure! At the same time he noted

the remaining traces of the ruin Judith Somerton had wrought. Despite the healing treatment and a generous coating of flesh-coloured powder the carefully placed switch-weals were still to be seen. Fainter but visible. He could guess how they must have looked at the same time. However, fortunately, as far as the Baron was concerned, these fading marks in no way detracted from the overall charm of the spectacle. He gazed his fill, sipping at the brandy goblet.

'Open your thighs,' said the Baron after a long silence.

Teresa parted the long, smooth and tapering white pillars and the Baron took a deeper draught from the goblet. All mine, he kept saying to himself ... all mine!

'Yes,' he remarked musingly after some time, 'Miss Judith did give you quite a tanning, I see. And you don't want another one like that, do you?'

The Baron saw the sudden shudder that ran through the young body before him.

'N-No ... no ... sir,' came the answer. It was more of a whimper than a whisper.

And yet ... yet ... that is what I am going to get, thought Teresa, her mind reeling. Unless ... unless ... yes ... just perhaps possibly ... if I please this ... this man ... my master ... enough ... I may escape. Surely it must be possible!

Baron Newmann stubbed out his cigar, leaned forward slightly in his chair, and ran his hand up the inside smoothness of one of Teresa's parted thighs. He felt her quiver, but noted there was no recoil. The power of pain, he reflected. Quite remarkable.

'Does it hurt now, my pretty?' he asked solicitously.

'No ... sir ...' answered Teresa. She gritted her teeth, forcing herself to submit to the odious fondling.

'There's just the memory, eh?' said the Baron, running his hand lightly over Teresa's buttock cheeks.

'Yes ... yes ... sir,' agreed Teresa. She felt her nates contract involuntarily. Once ... twice ... The Baron enjoyed that and smiled lasciviously. Yes, she's very nervous, he reflected, but understandably so. His hand slipped slowly down between the smoothly soft cleft and his fondlings became more intimate. He felt the quivering tension in Teresa increase. Again so understandable. And so enjoyable! Teresa fought back her tears. One did not cry when one was being 'honoured'. She fought back all her natural in-

stincts too; she must think right! Yes ... she must! With half a sob Teresa thrust up her hindquarters fractionally. Even more blatantly. The fingers toyed ... The fingers delved ... At will ... A faint sheen of perspiration was beginning to appear on the Baron's brow. Those fleshy lips were wetter and now a little parted. There was the sensation of a tingling warmth starting in his loins.

'You like it, eh, my pretty?' asked the Baron, thickly.

A finger was titillating Teresa's clitoris fast. She remembered how she had to 'like' whatever the Colonel did to her, whatever her true feelings. She began to wiggle her bottom, as if she was feeling enjoyment, although she felt cold inside.

'Yes ... yes, sir,' she replied.

There was nothing she could not be made to say; nothing she would not do; or, at least, attempt to do. The Baron's features were stretched in a lecherous mask. How delicious to have such a lovely plaything. His ... his! If only he had his old virility. He would have taken all he so urgently wanted at that very moment. But he was not yet ready. It could take some time yet. He removed his fingers, stood up and took off the padded dressing gown. Then he waddled his flabby nudity towards the bedroom door.

'Come along, little one,' he said, 'I have a few games for you to play.'

Teresa got quickly, to her feet; for a moment her head spun slightly. Then she saw the gross figure ahead of her. Like a big, white, hairless bear; she hurried after it. She was the Baron's slave. She must do her utmost to please him. Whatever the cost.

How long had she been between those horrible, fat thighs? How long had her mouth been working with all the skill and avidity she could command ... yet gets so minimal a reaction? Ten minutes? Twenty minutes? It seemed forever. She had licked with devotion; she had kissed with passion; she had sucked with uninhibited zeal. Yet there were only minor reactions and those were but temporary. Fear began to fill Teresa's heart. Was she not pleasing her master sufficiently? But if not, what else could she do? Yet, let it be said, the Baron seemed quite content. He lay back, jowls quivering, grunting happily from time to time. He, for one, had never expected quick responses and was willing to wallow

in the sensations that Teresa's wet-warm young mouth was bringing him. Now and again, his hand played with the blonde Ponytail as he looked down at the bobbing head. Twenty years old, he thought. Such a nice age. Especially for one who was nearer sixty than fifty. How keen she was now ... Made keen, of course. He looked at the reflection of Teresa's rounded bottom reflected in the mirrors both above the bed and on the wall at the foot of it. How much in agony that must have writhed and wriggled at Judith Somerton's behest! Simply because the girl had displeased him. The Baron began to think about that. To think about that bottom squirming. Almost at once he began to get a stronger reaction. A tingling in the balls; a thickening of the organ. Teresa began to suck as if her life depended on it. It was good ... very good ... The image of Teresa suffering at Judith Somerton's hands grew stronger. The girl screaming and begging ... yet still getting it. A merciless thrashing on his behalf. Solidity became more solid. It firmed. It stiffened. At last ... at last ... he was fully in erection and Teresa's mouth continued to suck the knob while one small white hand gripped the root. The Baron pulled at the Pony-tail. Pulled hard; pulled Teresa off; pulled her up over the flabbiness of his belly.

'Now ... now ...' he grunted, 'get yourself on it, you little beauty!'

Teresa, eyes glazed, arched her lithe body up, thighs straddling. This was a moment not to be missed. The moment when her master was capable of being pleased, so must be pleased. Her hand went down and gripped the root again. The root that was already beginning to lose something of it's sudden rigidity. Swiftly she guided the knob to herself. Inserted it, even as she felt it shrinking further. Oh dear God ... don't let that happen ... let it be finished now ... now! Fortunately for Teresa her 'cri de coeur' was answered. The contact of warmly succulent female flesh renewed the Baron's failing vigour. He gripped the flanks that were already beginning to rise and fall. Gripped them fiercely. Above him, just before his face, the little sapphire pen-dants swung merrily as Teresa's breasts bounced and swung.

'Ride ... ride ... my lovely ...' he panted.

Teresa rode ... using all the expertise she had acquired in the days as the Colonel's 'favourite'. The Baron lay back; a great white sweating slob. Mouth agape; piggy eyes


Ride ... ride ... my lovely ...
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half closed. He snorted as if at the trough, jowls and belly juddering furiously. He had all he could want ... a sexual Seventh Heaven ... The sounds he made became more disgusting and Teresa's efforts grew ever more urgent. In her desperation to please she abandoned herself completely greatly adding to the Baron's delight. But it was a delight too fierce to be sustained for any length of time. In a sudden flurry of convulsing flesh and groaning almost as if he were in the death throes Baron Newmann erupted the lava of his filthy lust within Teresa's depths. Only the rasping sound of a heaving chest followed. Teresa lay still at last, feeling the fat, hot-sweaty paunch beneath her. It had a kind of sliminess about it. She hated it. A sickness rose within her and she fought it down, desperately. This is my Master. I must show nothing but pleasure in pleasing him, she told herself. And, to reinforce her resolve, she thought once again of Judith Somerton. This had the desired effect of helping her to gain some control of herself. You are a slave, she kept on saying to herself. Just a slave. Nothing more ... Yet, surely, a slave who had pleased her Master? By her head she heard the Baron begin to snore faintly. She remained where she was, her body stickily to his repulsiveness. She dare not move until he gave an order. Hopelessly, no longer being able to check her tears, she re-lived the full degradation of her submission to this beast of a man. And, in her heart, Teresa was aware that he was but the first of many such beasts she would have to service in the endless weeks and months that lay ahead. No wonder her tears flowed even more strongly to mingle with the sweat on the Baron's belly.

Later, unlike the Colonel, Baron Newmann was quite lavish in his praise.

'I shall send for you plenty of times while I am here,' he told Teresa -as if that were some kind of compliment!

'Thank you, sir,' replied Teresa with grovelling respect in her voice. 'I am honoured to please you, sir.' The Baron nodded as if that were very understandable. He gave Teresa's bottom a none too playful slap whilst his other hand mauled one of her breasts. If only, he thought, I had the strength of my youth, I would fuck this little beauty again right now. Still, no hope of that now. He had, indeed, performed better than he expected. Better to live with his memories for a

while rather than waste his effort on a certain failure.

'How silly of you to be such a naughty girl at first,' said the Baron. 'You could have saved yourself a good hiding.'

'Yes, sir,' agreed Teresa, nodding meekly.

'As it is,' went on the Baron, 'I shall put in a good word for you with Miss Somerton. Tell her how much you have improved.'

'Oh ... oh thank you, sir!' Teresa cried out the words with genuine joy and relief. That was, indeed, the first time she had expressed spontaneous emotion since entering the room. Almost without thinking what she was doing she slid down and grovelled on the floor, kissing the Baron's stubby feet. 'Oh thank you, sir ... thank you ... thank you ...' she kept on repeating.

Baron Newmann smiled indulgently. How easy it was to gain gratitude from a slave-girl! And how obvious it was in what mortal dread Judith Somerton was held!

'I have a report from the Baron, Teresa,' said Judith Somerton.

From her customary expressionless face it would have been impossible to tell if it was a good or bad one. Teresa heart thumped painfully; her nerves were stretched to screaming point. Simply having been summoned to the dread room that contained the flogging bench had made her feel weak with anxiety-tension. Yet ... yet ... the Baron must have given her a good report. So, surely, there was no need for her terror. Oh surely not!

'It is a fortunate one for you, Teresa,' continued Miss Judith folding up the note and slipping it into the pocket of her dress.

'Yes Miss,' nodded Teresa. Her hands were shaking as if she had a fever. Her eyes were desperate for Judith's slightest move towards the cupboard where the instruments were kept.

There was a long pause.

'You know what I promised you,' said Judith Somerton at last.

Teresa stretched nerve seemed to snap. She reeled back, hand to her head. For a moment the room spun ... and she felt she must faint. The overseer's voice came to her from a long distance. 'In view of the Baron's wishes,' she was saying, 'I am changing my plans.' Teresa's head cleared a little. Hope burgeoned fractionally.

‘He will be here no more than a week or ten days,’ she said, ‘and does not want you to spend most of that time under medical treatment ...’ Oh merciful heavens ... it is not going to happen! Teresa suddenly wanted to scream out with joy. To throw herself upon Miss Judith and express the wildness of her relief. She did neither. Her knees seemed to be buckling and she had to seek the support of the table to stop herself from falling.

‘You will report again to the Baron tomorrow afternoon,’ Judith said.

‘Yes, Miss ...’

‘When the Baron leaves “Los Limitas”,’ went on Judith, ‘you will receive the balance of your punishment ...’

A strangled cry came from Teresa and she reeled back, face blanching. So there was to be no escape ... merely a postponement. The utter cruelty of it seemed to rob her of all her strength like a blow to the midriff.

‘If you receive a further good report,’ Judith was saying, her voice once again far away, ‘I shall halve the balance of your punishment. Twelve strokes only ...’Twelve strokes, thought Teresa ... God they would be bad enough! But not, of course, so terrible as twenty-four.‘If I receive a bad report,’ concluded Judith, ‘I shall increase your punishment. To thirty six strokes ...’

Teresa fell to her knees and held out her hands in supplication. ‘I ... I swear, Miss ... I swear ... I will not give grounds for a ... b-bad report!’ she cried out desperately.

Judith Somerton smiled faintly. ‘That is entirely up to you, Teresa. Now you may go.’ With mingled relief and anguish, Teresa struggled to her feet. There she stood, swayed for a few minutes, before curtsying and leaving the room. There was relief that there had been no immediate renewal of her torment ... but anguish in the knowledge that but one single failure to please Baron Newmann to the utmost could bring the cruellest retribution down upon her. He future looked just about as bleak as a moon landscape.

Not a day passed when the Baron did not use Teresa’s body one way or another for his amusement or satisfaction. Sometimes he simply toyed with her ... Sometimes she had to toy with him ... Sometimes, experiencing a sudden surge of virility, the Baron enjoyed Teresa to the full. It was on her fifth or sixth visit that Teresa received a body blow. For, upon

entering the apartment, she had found the Baron was not alone. Seated on a chair, joining the Baron in a customary brandy, was Janina Casal! Teresa let out a breathless gasp, her hand going to her mouth, her whole body beginning to shake instantly. Her hair seemed, literally, to stand on end with shock and horror at this dread re-appearance of the woman she hated and feared most of all in the world. Janina's dark eyes twinkled mischievously and she could not keep the twist of cruelty from her broad smile.

'Well, well,' she said, 'so it's little Teresa again. Enjoying yourself? From what the Baron tells me you seem to be!'

Recovering from the awful shock, Teresa fell to her knees before the black-clad figure, whose legs were crossed, with one ankle swinging gently to and fro.

'Mistress ...' she croaked, 'M-Mistress ...' Teresa bowed to the floor. Never before had it been so vitally important not to displease her archenemy for the news of it was certain to reach Judith Somerton. Only the most grovelling servitude would suffice, only the most implicit and instant obedience! 'The Baron says he does not mind if I stay and watch you playing your little games,' came Janina's voice. There was triumphant satisfaction in it. This was a moment, Teresa knew, that Janina had long been looking forward to. Teresa's public degradation. The first of many! A guffaw from the Baron. 'Rather amusing, I think,' he said. 'I just hope I can come up to the mark for this occasion.'

'I'm sure you'll do your best, Baron,' said Janina with a little laugh in her voice. 'Stand up, Teresa.'

Teresa wobbled up to her feet, sensing Janina's hard eyes boring into her jewel-bedecked nakedness. She felt weak in her presence, with all its implications.

'Oh ... I will ...' said the Baron. 'And Teresa is very good at encouraging me.'

'I'm sure,' said Janina with a sneer, 'Suits your temperament well, doesn't it, you trollop?'

Teresa swallowed painfully, feeling the flush of shame and hate mingling on her cheeks. 'Yes ... Mistress ...' she forced herself to answer.

'One more thing, Teresa, before we go into the bedroom and you start disporting yourself - and I know how anxious you are to do so - I have some news for you.' Janina's hard features seemed to be glowing with inner delight.

Teresa stood stock still ... waiting ... her heart pounding like a sledgehammer. News? There could be no good news ...

'I have talked to the Colonel ... your master ...' said Janina. 'He has agreed to sell you to me after you have been here another three months. The price was rather higher than I bargained for so I shall be expecting rather a lot from you.' Janina paused. 'Have you anything to say, girl?'

For almost half a minute Teresa could not speak although she strove to do so. Although half-expected the eventual announcement had been too bitter. Paralysingly bitter. Many times Teresa had imagined she had reached the nadir of suffering. Now Janina's words showed her all too clearly that there were yet new depths of misery and torment to be plumbed! At last she found her voice, summoning the dregs of her reserves of will. 'I ... I ... am honoured ... M-Mistress ...' she managed to say, even if it was but a whisper.

Janina nodded with seeming complacency even though she was bubbling with joy. It was like champagne inside her.

'Quite so ... oh yes ... quite so ...'

She smiled broadly. So happily! So triumphantly! Fate had given her all she could have asked for. Soon ... soon ... Teresa would be hers completely. In the meantime, before then, there would be plenty to amuse her on the way.

'Ready, Baron?' enquired Janina.

'Ready ...' The Baron grinned lasciviously. He squeezed one of Teresa's buttock cheeks. 'Come along, girlie,' he said.

Teresa stepped towards the bedroom door ... Stepped towards a new and deeper degradation ... And however deep that pit, in the end, Janina Casal would always be there waiting to dig a deeper one for her!

END

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More Torment for Teresa


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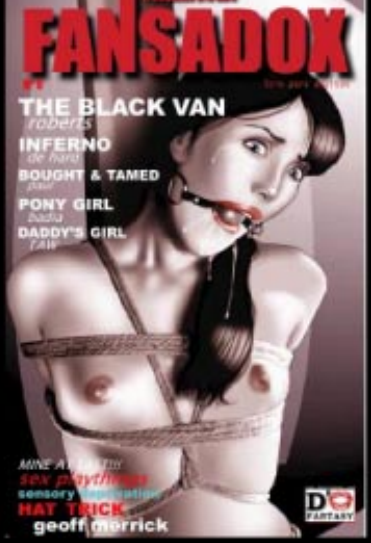






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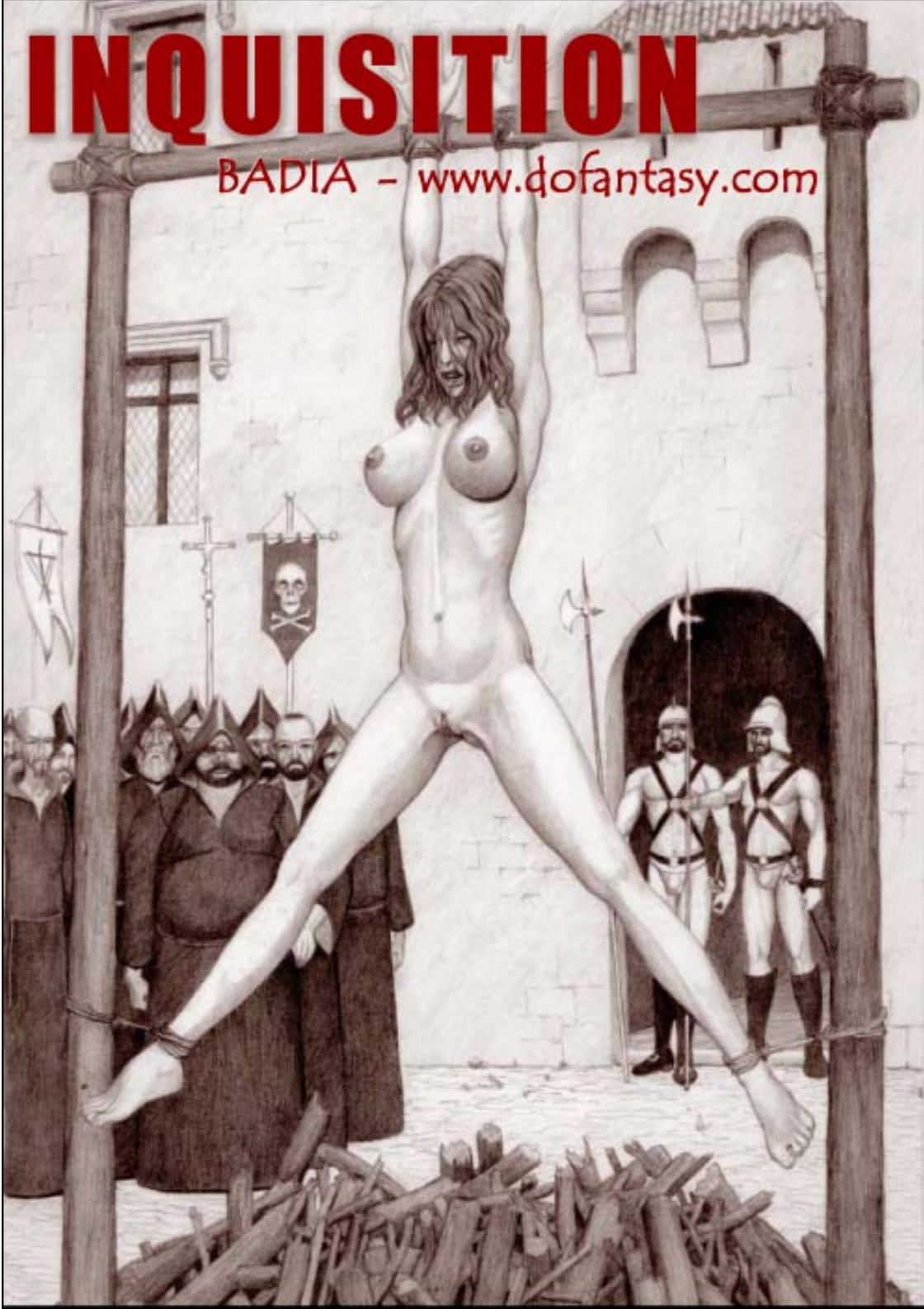





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