Herrin

A Tale of Sci-Fi and Female Domination

By

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A female-led tribute to the great H.G. Wells

Prologue

The man crawling upon all-fours at the side of the dark-haired woman, his haunches raised that his knees might be elevated from the ground and allow him the greater speed of movement necessary to match her pace, was unsure what troubled him the most as he felt a tug on the lead attached to a studded collar and raised his pace to match his owner's stride.

Was it the fact she had taken his manhood from him in the most emphatic and irrevocable of ways?

Or was it the equally undeniable fact that, with each day that passed, he felt his memories of that time when he had actually been a man receding?

"Komm zu fersen," came the order from above as she stopped and, though his native tongue was not that of his owner, he recognised the simple command that had been amongst the first she had taught him and instantly lowered the doglike-snout that had once been an aquiline nose to the sand at her feet.

"Guter Hund," came the demeaning praise as his lead was attached to a wooden post placed upon the beach for just that purpose and his owner began to disrobe for her late-afternoon exposure to the rays of the sun.

When her incredible but mostly unattainable body was naked she snapped her fingers and he crawled to his position at the foot of her sun-lounger, the slack in his lead allowing him that far but no further.

Settling down upon his haunches in the deferential pose he had been taught and she demanded, he raised sad and beaten eyes to the view above him and wondered yet again how he could affect him in such a way.

The cold, clinical, and utterly heartless woman above him had, after all been responsible for the lowering of his status to a cur and assured him his humanity would not only never be restored but that he would find himself giving way more and more to the canine nature overriding his own.

She had also assured him that he would retain just enough of his former sentient life to know what had happened to him and be responsive to *"training"* beyond that of the *"native"* canines.

So why, given he had been stripped of everything that had marked him as a man other than the facility to have an erection, was he finding it increasingly impossible for his cock to harden outside the presence of the woman who, as assuredly as if he were a piece of household equipment she had purchased at market, owned him with complete totality?

As she removed and folded the shiny one-piece that was de-rigeur for her outside her compound, before taking her place on the lounger under his hungry but powerless eyes, his question was partly answered.

Her body – and for a woman of her years – was a feat of genetic engineering. Due, in no small part, to atavism and the more positive use she had made of her knowledge and research for herself.

In fact, the whole lightly tanned infrastructure seemed a caricature of the womanly form: legs with defined calves that were muscled yet smooth; thighs that looked positively dangerous, so powerful were they to the front of rounded and prominent gluteus maximus and below a hairless and seemingly pristine mound. The breasts above were ridiculously full while being incredibly firm and self-supporting and black hair framed a face most who met her maintained no smile had ever been allowed to line, so unblemished and severe did it seem.

None of which, given women of such a type had not made any appeal to him before, explained why almost his every waking thought was becoming more and more geared to both obeying her commands and the prospect of using his servile tongue to bring her incredible body pleasure.

How could he possibly have such feelings for a monster, the manhood still left to him screamed, who had taken an enthusiastic and diligent First-Officer upon a Space-Cruiser and reduced him to status below that of the most humble and abject humanity?

The futile anger he was unable to express did not linger long as her powerful legs were spread and she made herself comfortable for her daily hour in the sun.

Knowing what was expected of him, he edged forward, elbows tucked beneath his chest as he raised himself up to the level of the lounger and edged his snout closer to his owner's cunt; the heightened olfactory senses going hand in hand with his demotion ensuring that any thoughts other than those connected with his owner's pleasure vanished as her scent provoked his already straining cock to breaking point and overrode any sentient capacity left to him.

His last thought as that capacity left him – as had been the case on many an occasion since his arrival – had been for his fellow crew-mates and the hope that, had any of them survived, they would not have found the same fate as him.

And then, as the taste of her womanly arousal upon his flattened tongue joined the scent of that same arousal as it dominated his nostrils, all his thoughts narrowed themselves to one.

To serve his owner with every fibre of his new being…

One

The space in which I found myself was small and rather untidy and I had yet to make up my mind if it were a room intended for guests or a cell to hold prisoners.

A youngish and stick-thin man with flaxen hair, and a somewhat diffident expression, was seated at my side holding my wrist. For what must have been a full minute we stared at each other without speaking. He had watery grey eyes, oddly void of expression. Then just overhead came the sound of metal scraped along a floor and the low angry growling of some large animal.

The man chose this time to speak and I realised I had heard the same question – and in *English* - not seconds before:

"How do you feel now?"

I tried to answer but my voice was inaccessible to me; though I realised with a start that - given the absence of the Universal Translator that usually hung from a chain at my neck and was connected remotely to a receiver embedded inside my ear next to the cochlea - the man was speaking in my native English.

Seemingly unaware of my surprise, and with a smile holding much of wariness, he took it upon himself to fill in some blanks.

"You were picked up some miles from the settlement, a few miles into the interior."

My benumbed thoughts raced.

What *settlement?*

Which *interior?*

"You were found in the wreckage of a small life-craft," he told me in a voice a small inner voice of my own described to myself as effeminate. "The words *Stella est Fortis"* were on the side of the craft."

My recall improved with a rush.

A painful rush.

Stella est Fortis – "The Intrepid Star" - was the name of the Galaxy-Class Space-Cruiser on which I had been travelling as an official-chronicler. We had been returning to earth from a diplomatic mission to Venturi-7 when a meteorite cluster decided on a rapid change of course that put us smack in the middle of it. The hull had been breached and, though the safety procedures and sealing compartments inside gave us time to plan a course of action, we soon realised the ship was fatally wounded and it would be only a matter of hours before the damage to the hull and the pressure being exerted upon the sealed interior confirmed our fates.

Hence the departure of our crew of ten, sadly reduced to eight by the deaths of our Chief-Engineer and his first mate who had been sucked into the void upon impact.

Evacuation made in the two Escape-Launches – or *"Life-Craft"* as the younger man had described them.

And *not* entirely successfully it transpired.

My eye caught the blackened skin of a minor burn upon my hand and all the business of the meteor-strike came back to me.

"How long have I been unconscious?" I asked, looking at him closely now and quite taken aback by the amounts of body hair I could see upon his bare arms and legs and, even, sprouting up from beneath his tunic to almost tickle his chin.

"An indigenous phenomenon?" my thoughts queried.

"The sun has risen seventeen times since the Herrin had you brought here," he told me, obviously aware of my scrutiny and seeming a little abashed, his words explaining my feeling of lethargy and the stiffness of my limbs that went with it.

"There were two Escape-Launches," I told him, taking the *'Herrin'* he had spoken of to be the head-man of the community.

"Have some of this," said he without responding, expression evasive, offering me a dose of some scarlet liquid.

It tasted like blood, but it was chilled to its marrow and made me feel stronger.

"You were very fortunate," he told me. "The Herrin could not sleep and was watching the night sky to relax. When your craft come down on the East side of the island and the Hund Sklaven were sent to locate and rescue you."

His speech was becoming more and more marked with an almost slobbering articulation that appeared to be accompanied with the ghost of a lisp. His *"Hund Sklaven"* – whatever that might be – sounded German, but deprived of my translator and not a natural linguist, I could not be sure.

I also knew – though it was hardly relevant at this point – that we were on an island and I had at least been found by something resembling civilisation.

"Where are we?" I asked slowly, finding my voice but hoarse from my long silence.

"You are on Valkyrie," he lisped, confirming my suspicion of the German in the process – the same German that been an exotic language for so many years as English had supplanted all but the Chinese dialects as the earth's homogenous tongue. "The Hund Sklaven found you unconscious in the wreckage. But you are safe now."

He suddenly looked apologetic.

“What?” I asked.

“I… I am afraid,” he began, lisp becoming more and more pronounced, “that… that…”

A cold chill ran the length of my spine.

“…that there were no other survivors.”

I felt sickened, much as I had when we all realised Chief Barnes and First-Mate Capshaw had gone, having bonded with all the crew during our journey out. Grief multiplied another four times now at the loss of my erstwhile crew-mates.

First-Officer Carter Jennings; Ensign Emmy Greening; Communications-Officers Nick Gattuso, and Katrina Ivanovic.

Gone!

“You were nearly dead,” said my interlocutor, voice dropping out of respect for what he knew would be my sense of loss.

“What about…?” I began.

He pre-empted me:

“I am afraid there is no sign of the other craft you mentioned a few seconds ago… But… Well, it is still early.”

“I suppose I was lucky,” I mumbled, not feeling anything like it at the moment.

“It was a very near thing, indeed. But, as I have said already, you are safe now. And conscious.”

“How long was I out?” I asked, determined to be professional, though more from the hope it would detract from pain I felt for the loss of my colleagues than any sense of decorum.

There came an unearthly howling from outside and he suddenly left the cabin, though I could hear him in what sounded like a violent controversy with someone. *Someone* who seemed to me to talk gibberish in response to him. The matter sounded as though it ended in blows and I could only imagine that my effeminate sounding helper would not be the victor if such were the case.

Then I heard him shouting at what I assumed to be dogs before he returned to the cabin.

“Excuse me,” he said from the doorway, before approaching me in a more businesslike manner. “I have been tasked by the Herrin to determine your details.”

His manner was suddenly interrogatory and my eyes flashed suspiciously.

He immediately looked apologetic.

“We are but a small and relatively recent settlement and the indigenous population on the island and beyond are not friendly to us. I am afraid it makes us – and especially the Herrin – a little… *insecure*.

“My name is Kieran Casey,” I told him as he wrote down the details lest he forget. “I am – was – an official Earth-Federation chronicler, travelling in that capacity aboard the Stella est Fortis that was returning to earth from a diplomatic mission to Venturi-7. I am forty-three years of age and, back on earth, I am married with two teenage girls.”

He looked up at my mention of earth, expression brightening.

“The Herrin will be very pleased,” he told me, expression appearing to relish the possibility of delivering this good news to her. “Like you, the Herrin is also of Earth and will have much to say to you.”

My spirits rose at this, though it was not evident to me how a fellow of my own planet had found the way to - what I knew from our last moments aboard our soon to be abandoned ship - was a planet as yet unexplored.

He asked me a few more questions and was evidently satisfied with my frankness. For my part, I felt horribly weak and when he was finished with me all I wished to do was rest. Noticing this, he bade me goodbye and made to leave.

The growling overhead was renewed then, and this time with so much savage anger that it startled me.

“What is that?” I called after him, but the door had already closed and I heard the snap-to of a locking mechanism confining me to the cabin – if such was what it truly was.

Given the savagery of the growling from above, my incarceration did not unduly bother me at this point.

In fact, I was grateful for it.

Two

It was a week later, after days of alternating sleep and feeding, that I was so far recovered as to be able to get from my bunk and stretch my legs. Even exercise a little to stave off the incredible boredom of being cooped up in one's room.

For my own safety, at this point, my young attendant had told me.

An explanation that would make sense with a vengeance very shortly.

The absence of a window from which to take in a view of some kind that I might make a guess as to my surroundings, doing nothing, as you might expect, to alleviate my growing sense of tedium and frustration.

Not to mention… *concern*.

What had happened to the rest of my comrades in the second Escape-Launch?

Were any of them alive?

Had the Mayday we had sent back to earth, or anyone with the means to hear it, been intercepted?

Even as I tried to regain my strength and convalesce, was a rescue-ship on its way?

Questions I was no nearer to answering when my young and incredibly hisute benefactor entered one morning with news.

"I have told the Herrin you are healing."

He appeared to be awaiting a reaction from me.

"You will be seen shortly."

I remained silent, not knowing what kind of a reaction he was looking for, buoyed, I suppose, by the knowledge I would shortly be leaving the room for the first time and be allowed a glimpse of the sky and surrounding countryside I had caught a glimpse of as the escape-launch came in for its ill-fated landing.

My silence was matched by his own and finally, simply for the sake of filling the void, I asked:

"When?"

His smile told me it was the response he had been waiting for and his reply held just a hint of… *self-importance*.

"*Whenever*, the Herrin is ready…"

*****

As it turned out, it was a large and dark-hued female, skin as black and smooth as the most stygian and empty stretch of deep-space, who eventually unlocked the cabin that had come to seem like more of a cell.

Like my seemingly effeminate attendant before her, she spoke English, but in a base and guttural way that put me in mind of my native tongue being filtered through first Dutch and then that of something more… *bestial*.

When my eyes met hers, she looked down at the hound that sat between her knees, its collar attached to a thick leather lead in her hand.

A look that immediately had the fearsome looking thing put up its paws as if begging.

A successful ploy, given she threw it some kind of treat which flew past the large pointed teeth before the beast's jaws snapped shut with a sound I found… *unnerving*.

She was a powerfully-built woman with an almost caricatured hour-glass figure with huge conical breasts contained in a tight all-in-one suit that had the look of… well …*rubber* …and left me wondering how she perspired.

Or, indeed, if such a function was even possible.

As I have said, she possessed a large and unlined forehead and rather bland and heavy features; facial characteristics contradicted somewhat by eyes that were bright and malignant and stared back at me with what I could only describe to myself as pugnacious resolution.

And something else.

Something else that seemed almost like…

…Like… *hunger*.

The hound, when I managed to draw my eyes from its owner, was such as none I had ever seen and fixed its eyes upon me balefully.

"Stand," she ordered, with no trace of either my masculine attendant's diffidence or civility.

Doing as she asked, my eyes travelled to the three pairs of eyes peering in through the open door at me.

And what strange specimens they were.

I saw only their faces, yet there was something in them - I knew not what at the time - that sent a thrill of both horror and disgust through me.

I looked steadily at them, and the impression did not pass, though I failed to understand what it was about them that repelled me so. They seemed to me then to be brown women; but their limbs were oddly swathed in some thin, dirty, white stuff, down even

to the fingers and feet: I have never seen women so wrapped up before except in those pictures placed in historical tomes that depicted the women of the East required by religion to cover up so. Unlike the pictures I had seen, however, there was nothing covering their heads and their facial expressions were clear to me, peering at the intruder in their midst with curiosity and again – I prayed I guessed wrong - hunger.

Their faces, each of them, were elfin with protruding lower-jaws and bright eyes. They had lank black hair, almost like horsehair, and seemed as they sat to exceed in stature any race of terrestrials I had come across. Even the black-skinned woman sent to escort me, herself a good six feet in height with a defined muscularity to compliment it, sat a head and more below any one of the three women peering in at me.

I would discover later that they were blessed with a physical strength that was at least the equal of their dimensions.

At any rate, they were a somewhat disquieting trio and I found myself grateful for the presence of the black woman whose eyes had not left mine – though I found her no less disquieting when, glancing towards her waist before it billowed out again at the hips and down onto a pair of amazingly powerful thighs, a coiled and braided whip secured to her belt.

When she slipped a leather noose over my neck, and drew it up tight before, appalled, I could protest, I realised she was, in effect, placing me in a collar and lead.

“It is for your own protection,” she told me with her thick and guttural accent, reading my thoughts, her pronunciation uncomfortable with a language that was obviously not her first.

“But…”

“Follow me,” she ordered in English, cutting me off as if I were of absolutely no account, before, in a harsh tongue unfamiliar to me, snapping some words at our audience.

Feeling less than secure in the thin white robe that fell only to my waist and the brief shorts that were still my only clothing, along with the loose-fitting sandals that slapped at the ground beneath me, I did as my unfriendly escort suggested and followed behind her, led by the, thankfully, slack leather lead and collar; aware that the seemingly luminous eyes of our audience as we passed seemed to drink me in as if I were something exotic and aspirational.

Something, it struck me, that they would like to have for themselves.

As I followed behind the swaying and not unshapely buttocks and legs of my black escort, towards an aperture of sunlight at the end of the corridor, I felt the back of my neck shiver.

And it was *not* from a desire for the swaying arse and powerful rubber-encased legs ahead of me.

Three

When my eyes adjusted to the bright sunlight and my body to the… bearable …heat of the day, I took in my exterior surroundings for the first time.

I realised we were situated on a broad bay flanked on either side by a low promontory. The beach was of a sand as white as any I had ever seen and sloped steeply up to a ridge, perhaps sixty or seventy feet above the sea-level. The ridge itself, upon which we now walked, irregularly set with trees and some undergrowth. Half way up was a square enclosure of some greyish stone, which I found subsequently was built partly of coral and partly of solidified lava.

But it was towards a set of curving stone steps that led to a running concurrent with the beach that my Nubian-like escort led me.

I suppose it must be obvious that everything seemed strange to me after having been through such tragic and unexpected adventures. And yet, I seemed to have, for some reason, a deal less discernment of the relative strangeness of this or that thing. Here I was, led by a collar and lead, in the hands of black woman clad in some rubber costume, the only thing different from myself and the other animal she led being the fact I was walking on two feet. Yet, for whatever reason, it did not seem as outlandish – and humiliating - as it should.

I followed her up the beach, a sparkling but placid blue sea to our left and noticed, in amongst the vegetation, a cage to my right, with what looked something like a Puma in its cage.

A *"Puma"* pacing restlessly, with a hungry look that seemed to be the common denominator for those creatures I had seen thus far.

Though what exactly motivated their hunger was not something to which my thoughts were prepared to commit. and the pile of packages had been placed outside the entrance to this quadrangle.

Some three hundred yards further along the beach, shielded from view by some strange vegetation I could only compare to the palms of my home-world, a solid three-storied building came into view with a pretty impregnable looking front-door of some metallic substance which, again, looked unfamiliar to me. The shutters were closed, despite the heat, on all the ground and first floor windows, though all were open on the those at the top-level and pretty much beyond the reach of anyone – or *"anything"* that could not fly - looking to gain an unauthorized entrance. There, I assumed, would be found the sleeping quarters.

The main-door opened as we approached and I felt some tension in my lead urging me forward, as if I truly were a canine being led by a strong mistress.

And a strong mistress who was both black and dressed in what, on my planet, would have been considered the most outlandish rubber costume.

Though it did strike me that there were *certain* establishments back on earth where her outfit would not only *not* be seen as out of the ordinary but highly… *arousing.*

Wondering why I did not seem to resent being led in such a demeaning way more and, passing it off as my natural curiosity and the fact I was removed from my own culture, I followed my - *guide?* - into an empty hallway and another impregnable looking door to the right upon which she pressed the button of what turned out be an intercom.

"Ya?" came the metallic response through the small speaker.

My guide's response was made in German, though I picked out my name and that of the *"Herrin"* in amongst the unfamiliar words; the vowels and consonants of *"Kieran Casey"* not coming smoothly to her; though I did detect a certain respect and servility in her tone when addressing the *"Herrin"* that was marked only by its absence when she had spoken to me.

My first thought, of course, being to correct my erroneous first impression in respect of the word's meaning and the gender to which it referred.

If her voice was a guide, my *host* – the *"Herrin"* – was nothing of the sort.

Male, I mean.

The door swung open, triggered from inside, and I was led in by my Amazonian guide, one curt command from her leaving the creature next to me on its haunches in the doorway as she released its lead.

A creature that had obviously been placed on guard-duty.

Though why – and to where – they thought I could possibly run was a puzzle to me.

Taking in my surroundings, it was obvious we were in a windowless laboratory of some kind, walls a gleaming white while a whole host of metallic apparatus gleamed equally as strikingly.

"So," said a voice in English with heavy Germanic overtones. "Our uninvited guest is finally recovered."

The woman supplying this less than warm and convivial greeting – the *"Herrin"* – stepped out from a bulky piece of apparatus of whose purpose I utterly ignorant.

I'm not sure what I had been expecting, but she was *nothing* like a scientist or the stereotype of the blonde Aryan German of the dim past.

For a start, her hair was the deepest black; its shading made all the more obsidian for being pushed from her face and tied at the back.

A styling choice that made sharp Germanic features seem all the more…

Severe.

I placed her in her early to mid-forties, around the same age as myself, and with a shape, if not a colouring, similar to my guide – albeit without the seemingly moulded rubber costume adhering to her body, as if she had sprung from the womb with it already enclosed around her and it had stretched to accommodate her subsequent growth.

What are we to do with you?" she asked in English, almost as if to herself.

"My name is…" I began, before halting with a yelp as the black woman's hand slashed across my bare thigh.

"Do not speak until the Herrin gives you permission," I was warned.

I stared at the *"Herrin"* with shock, expecting her to take her subordinate to task for such treatment of me while trying to come to terms with the pain inflicted upon me with no more than a casual slap of the black woman's hand and waiting for this the woman from my own world to upbraid her for such an insult to a guest.

There was no such taking to task.

Instead, she twisted her mouth and its thick lips and, to my no small displeasure, actually flicked a faint smile of gratitude to her rubber-encased subordinate; this while I considered taking her to task. An intent the continued presence of the sizable black woman by whom I had just been reprimanded – not to mention the ferocious looking hound on all-fours at the still open door – soon quelled. The powerful looking dimensions of the *"Herrin"* herself not doing much to motivate me either.

"You would be advised to heed, Naomi," she told me in perfect and only slightly inflected English as I tried to come to terms with what was happening. "She is most mindful of my dignity and comes down hard upon those she perceives to be questioning it."

"But…"

Again, I was cut off from finishing my response – this time by the back of *"Naomi's"* powerful black hand against the back of my legs.

I heard myself yelp and immediately felt a surge of the purest embarrassment join my outrage for reacting to her discipline as if I were a little girl being disciplined in one of those less enlightened centuries my former studies of my own world's history had made familiar to me.

"For your own well-being," the woman known as Herrin advised me, no sign of a reprimand to her bestial assistant forthcoming, "you would be advised to wait for my permission to speak before attempting to do so."

My mouth fell open with shock.

"Permission to speak?"

“Commonly,” she went on, “those wishing to speak in my presence before receiving my express permission to do so kneel before me and place their lips upon my toes – be they bare or shod in footwear.”

My open mouth attempted to reach my chest.

“Only then, if I grant permission, do they speak.”

For the first time since I had regained consciousness on this planet, I began to feel truly afraid.

There was in those severe features something… *unbalanced*.

Something… *fanatical*.

Something… *sadistic*.

“I understand that this is strange to you and, no doubt, you are having… *unkind* …thoughts about me,” she went on, as if having a man from her own world before her in a collar and lead, residing in the hand of a large black woman covered neck-to-toe in rubber and being chastised by her, was the most everyday thing imaginable. “But this is not our Earth and it is necessary to maintain discipline if what we have created here is not to revert back to chaos. Is that not right, Naomi?”

“It is the truth, my Herrin,” replied her black assistant, applying a little pressure to my lead and jerking back my neck by way of a counterpoint.

“My people respond only to discipline and a firm hand,” the Herrin went on. “There can be no exceptions – even for an uninvited visitor from my own country. Were I to treat you differently they would see it as weakness and react accordingly. This, I cannot allow to happen.”

I held my tongue, a swift learner when required.

And especially when pain was involved.

At a woman’s hand or otherwise.

My name is Dagomar Brandt,” she told me, satisfied I would not interrupt again. “Like you, I found my way here via an accident some twelve years ago. Though, unlike yourself and your former crew-mates, we managed to crash-land our mother-craft some miles to the west of here. A most fortunate happenstance, given it provided the supplies and technical equipment necessary for me to create what you see around you.”

My thoughts raced.

Could this be the infamous Brandt whose expedition disappeared all those years ago?

The coincidence was too great.

How could it be anyone else?

I vaguely recalled reading she had published some very astonishing facts in connection with the transfusion of blood, and in addition was known to be doing valuable work on morbid growths.

All this while working for the European Research Federation.

Other snippets of information joined what I had recalled already.

I remembered that, suddenly, her career – at least in government terms – had been pronounced over. A journalist, with the deliberate intention of making sensational exposures, had obtained access to her laboratory outside Hannover in the capacity of laboratory-assistant, and with the help of a shocking accident his article and what he had discovered became notorious. On the day of its publication a wretched dog, flayed and otherwise mutilated, escaped from Brandt's laboratory. Testing on animals having long since been proscribed, the media appealed to the conscience of the nation and Dagomar Brandt had not only been dropped by the Federation but howled out of her own country.

The last I had heard of her was when it was reported she had joined a private Interstellar enterprise to research… something or other …and the ship she had joined had been lost to communication and, subsequently, been listed as missing. If my memory was correct, it was considered at the time of her fall from grace that many of her experiments, and by the journalist's account, were wantonly cruel.

An account with which my own thoughts were beginning to concur.

Goose-bumps rippled across the back of my neck as, from outside, the Puma chose that moment to let out the most unearthly and mournful howl.

I was aware, suddenly, of Dagomar Brandt appraising me.

From the top of my head to my sandaled toes.

The goose-bumps became more pronounced.

There was, it struck me with no pleasure whatsoever, something… *proprietorial* …in her scrutiny.

Suddenly the puma howled again, this time more painfully.

“Your Herrin gives you permission to speak,” she told me grandly, and I asked myself if she was just putting up an appearance before my rubber-clad guide in order to maintain the illusion of that *“discipline”* she had mentioned earlier or truly believed in her own superiority.

“Is…?” I began, almost expecting correction from my guide, before continuing when no such rebuke arrived. “Is there any means of making contact with our people?”

Her snort was derisive.

“None whatsoever – though it is entirely typical that the first words you utter when given permission to speak should be so wholly predictable.”

“Understandable though,” I fought my corner. “Wouldn’t you agree?”

“For a lesser mortal, perhaps,” she agreed. “However, I am most certainly not of their number and, even if communication were possible, I should have no desire to let others of our kind know of the planet’s existence. No doubt they will find it soon enough, but, and hopefully, by that time both my life and my work will be done.”

Her severe features deigned me with their own version of a smile:

“As the old Latin and Dante had it: *‘Tis better to reign in hell than to serve in heaven’*.

I nodded my familiarity but declined to correct her and explain that it was Milton’s Old English, rather than Dante’s Latin in which it had been first put.

Her science, obviously, far more comprehensive than her literature.

I also had an epiphany:

“I take it the strange and exotic creatures I’ve noticed since waking are your doing?” I asked, the nature of her past work making it seem all too explicable.

“You know of me, then?” she asked.

“A little,” I nodded.

My reply was followed by the sound of cries from outside. The same cries I had first heard outside my *“cell”* and found singularly irritating as they seemed to grow in depth and intensity. Cries, if I interpreted the look upon Dagomar Brandt’s face correctly, were almost musical to her inner-ear.

“You will learn our ways soon enough,” she told me. “I shall give you permission to speak again soon. But, until then, you will follow Naomi to your new quarters. You will be staying here at the compound for the duration of your tenure here.”

My neck was tugged to the side immediately and I found myself tugged along behind the outrageous and rubberized curves of the monstrous black woman, past the animal, still on all-fours, at the door and up the stairs.

From behind me, and before the door to the laboratory hissed closed, I heard:

“And be mindful to do exactly as she tells you… Naomi can be most creative when it comes to punishing disobedience.”

The door clicked closed and, as I was tugged to the stairs behind a woman whose hand had already provided both my thighs and the backs of my legs pain, I knew beyond all doubt that the *"Herrin"* was *not* being flippant.

Four

I strode through the undergrowth that clothed the ridge behind the Herrin's nerve-centre, scarcely heeding whither I went.

I passed on through the shadow of a thick cluster of straight-stemmed trees beyond it found myself some way on the other side of the ridge and descending towards a stream that ran through a narrow valley.

I paused and listened.

The air was still.

Then with a rustle a rabbit emerged, and went scampering up the slope before me as I hesitated, then sat down at the edge of the shade.

The place was a pleasant one, hidden by the luxuriant vegetation of the banks.

Save at one point.

I caught a triangular patch of glittering water and on its far side I saw through a bluish haze a tangle of trees and creepers. Then, and above these again, the luminous blue of the sky. Here and there a splash of white or crimson marked the blooming of some trailing and colourful epiphyte.

I let my eyes wander over this scene for a while, and then found myself dozing off, so tranquil was the scene in which I found myself.

From this I was suddenly aroused by a rustling amidst the greenery on the other side of the stream.

For a moment, I could see nothing but the waving summits of the ferns and reeds.

Then, suddenly upon the bank of the stream, there appeared something.

At first, I could not distinguish what it was. It bowed its round head to the water, and began to drink. Then I saw it was a man, going on all-fours like a beast. He was clothed in bluish cloth, and was of a copper-coloured hue, with black hair.

He was grotesquely ugly!

I strained my eyes forward to see him better, and a piece of lava, detached by my hand, went pattering down the slope.

He looked up and his eyes met mine before he scrambled to his feet, and stood wiping his clumsy hand across his mouth.

All the while regarding me.

His legs were scarcely half the length of his body and we remained staring at one another for perhaps the space of a minute. Then, stopping to look back once or twice, he slunk off among the bushes to the right of me, and I heard the swish of the fronds grow faint in the distance and die away. Long after he had disappeared, I remained sitting up staring in the direction of his retreat.

My drowsy tranquillity had gone.

And now I was startled by a noise behind me, and turning suddenly saw the flapping white tail of a rabbit vanishing up the slope.

I jumped to my feet.

The apparition of this grotesque, half-bestial creature had suddenly populated the stillness of the afternoon for me. I looked around me rather nervously and regretted that I was unarmed. Then I thought that the man I had just seen had been clothed in bluish cloth and had not been naked as some of the other savage apparitions I had seen since arriving had been. I attempted to persuade myself that he was, after all, probably a peaceful character and that the dull ferocity of his countenance belied him.

And yet…

I was greatly disturbed at the apparition as I walked to the left along the slope, turning my head about and peering this way and that among the straight stems of the trees. Why, I asked myself, should a man go on all-fours and drink with his lips? Presently I heard an animal wailing again, and taking it to be the Puma, I turned about and walked in a direction diametrically opposite to the sound. This led me down to the stream, across which I stepped and pushed my way up through the undergrowth beyond.

I was startled by the dead body of a rabbit covered with shining flies, but still warm and with the head torn off.

Here at least was one visitor to the island disposed of!

There were no traces of other violence about the corpse and it looked as though it had been suddenly snatched up and killed.

It was then, as I stared at the little furry body, that upon the difficulty of how the thing had been done.

The vague dread that had been in my mind since I had seen the inhuman face of the man at the stream grew more distinct as I stood there.

I began to realise the peril in which my presence among these unknown people placed me. The thicket about me became altered to my imagination. Every shadow became something more than a shadow and became an ambush in waiting. Every rustle became a threat. Invisible things seemed to be watching me.

Thoroughly out-of-my-depth, I resolved to go back to the relative safety of the Herrin's enclosure on the beach and instantly turned away to thrust myself violently, possibly even frantically, through the bushes; anxious to get a clear space about me again.

I stopped just in time to prevent myself emerging upon an open space.

It was a kind of glade in the forest, made by a fall; seedlings were already starting up to struggle for the vacant space; and beyond, the dense growth of stems and twining vines and splashes of fungus and flowers closed in again. Before me, squatting together upon the fungoid ruins of a huge fallen tree and still unaware of my approach, were three grotesque human figures.

All were men.

And all were naked.

Save, that is, swathes of scarlet cloth about the middle; their skins a dull and pinkish colour such as I had not seen before. They had fat, heavy, chinless faces, retreating foreheads, and a scant bristly hair upon their heads. I never saw such bestial-looking creatures.

They were talking, or at least one of the men was talking to the other two, and all three had been too closely interested to heed the rustling of my approach. They swayed their heads and shoulders from side to side. The speaker's words came thick and sloppy, and though I could hear them distinctly I could not distinguish what he said. He seemed to me to be reciting some complicated gibberish.

Presently his articulation became shriller, and spreading his hands he rose to his feet. At that the others began to gibber in unison, also rising to their feet, spreading their hands and swaying their bodies in rhythm with their chant. I noticed then the abnormal shortness of their legs, and their lank, clumsy feet. All three began slowly to circle round, raising and stamping their feet and waving their arms; a kind of tune crept into their rhythmic recitation, and a refrain of which I could make nothing.

Their eyes began to sparkle then, and their ugly faces to brighten, with an expression of strange pleasure.

Saliva dripped from their lipless mouths.

Suddenly, as I watched their grotesque and unaccountable gestures, I perceived clearly for the first time what it was that had both affrighted and offended me.

That which had given me the two inconsistent and conflicting impressions of utter strangeness and yet of the strangest familiarity.

For the three creatures engaged in this mysterious rite were human in shape, and yet human beings with the strangest air about them.

The air of some familiar animal.

Each of these creatures, despite its human form, its rag of clothing, and the rough humanity of its bodily form, had woven into it - into its movements, into the expression of its countenance, into its whole presence - some irresistible suggestion of a hog.

A swinish taint.

The unmistakable mark of the beast!

I stood overcome by this amazing realisation - and then the most horrible questionings came rushing into my mind.

At which point, they began leaping in the air, first one and then the other, whooping and grunting.

Then one slipped, and for a moment was on all-fours.

A transitory image of true animalism!

I turned as noiselessly as possible, and becoming every now and then rigid with the fear of being discovered as a branch cracked or a leaf rustled, I pushed back into the bushes.

It was long before I grew bolder, and dared to move freely. My only idea for the moment was to get away from these foul beings, and I scarcely noticed that I had emerged upon a faint pathway amidst the trees. Then suddenly traversing a little glade, I saw with an unpleasant start two clumsy legs among the trees, walking with noiseless footsteps parallel with my course, and perhaps thirty yards away from me.

The head and upper part of the body were hidden by a tangle of creeper.

I stopped abruptly, hoping the creature did not see me, and the feet stopped as I did.

So nervous was I that I controlled an impulse to headlong flight with the utmost difficulty.

Then looking hard, I distinguished through the interlacing network the head and body of the brute I had seen drinking.

He moved his head then and there was an emerald flash in his eyes as he glanced at me from the shadow of the trees, a half-luminous colour that vanished as he turned his head again.

He was motionless for a moment, and then with a noiseless tread began running through the green confusion.

In another moment, he had vanished behind some bushes and I could not see him, but I felt that he had stopped and was watching me again.

What on earth was he?

Man, or beast?

And what did he want with me?

I had no weapon, not even a stick. Flight would be madness. At any rate, whatever it was seemed to lack the courage to attack me.

Setting my teeth hard, I walked straight towards him. I was anxious not to show the fear that seemed to be chilling my backbone. I pushed through a tangle of tall white-flowered bushes, and saw him twenty paces beyond, looking over his shoulder at me and hesitating. I advanced a step or two, looking steadfastly into his eyes.

"Who are you?" said I.

He tried to meet my gaze. "No!" he said suddenly, and turning went bounding away from me through the undergrowth. Then he turned and stared at me again. His eyes shone brightly out of the dusk under the trees.

My heart was in my mouth; but I felt my only chance was bluff, and walked steadily towards him. He turned again, and vanished into the dusk. Once more I thought I caught the glint of his eyes, and that was all.

For the first time, I realised how the lateness of the hour might affect me.

Unless I would spend the night among the unknown dangers of the mysterious forest, I must hasten back to the enclosure. The thought of a return there did not please me – in fact, it was extremely disagreeable. But still more so was the idea of being overtaken in the open by darkness and all that its impenetrable blackness might conceal.

I gave one more look into the blue shadows that had swallowed up the odd creature, and then retraced my way down the slope towards the stream, going as I judged in the direction from which I had come and towards the Herrin's enclosure.

Presently the trees grew thinner, and the shrubby undergrowth more abundant. Then there was a desolate space covered with a white sand, and then another expanse of tangled bushes. I did not remember crossing the sand-opening before. I began to be tormented by a faint rustling upon my right hand. I thought at first it was fancy, for whenever I stopped there was silence, save for the evening breeze in the tree-tops. Then when I turned to hurry on again there was an echo to my footsteps.

I turned away from the thickets, keeping to the more open ground, and endeavouring by sudden turns now and then to surprise something in the act of creeping upon me. I saw nothing, and nevertheless my sense of another presence grew steadily. I increased my pace, and after some time came to a slight ridge, crossed it, and turned sharply, regarding it steadfastly from the further side. It came out black and clear-cut against the darkling sky; and presently a shapeless lump heaved up momentarily against the sky-line and vanished again. I felt assured now that my tawny-faced antagonist was stalking me once more; and coupled with that was another unpleasant realisation.

I had lost my way.

For a time, I hurried on hopelessly perplexed, and pursued by that stealthy approach. Whatever it was, the creature either lacked the courage to attack me, or it was waiting to take me at some disadvantage. I kept studiously to the open and, at times I would turn and listen. Presently I had half persuaded myself that my pursuer had abandoned the chase, or was a mere creation of my disordered imagination. Then I heard the wash of the sea and quickened my footsteps almost into a run.

Which was when there was the sound of a stumble in my rear.

I turned suddenly, and stared at the menacing trees behind me. One black shadow seemed to leap into another. I listened, rigid, and heard nothing but the creep of the blood in my ears. I thought that my nerves were unstrung, and that my imagination was tricking me, and turned resolutely towards the sound of the sea again.

In a minute or so the trees grew thinner, and I emerged upon a bare, low headland running out into the sombre water. The night was calm and clear, and the reflection of the growing multitude of the stars shivered in the tranquil heaving of the sea. Some way out, the wash upon an irregular band of reef shone with a pallid light of its own. Westward I saw the zodiacal light mingling with the yellow brilliance of the evening star. The coast fell away from me to the east, and westward it was hidden by the shoulder of the cape.

Then I recalled the fact that Brandt's beach lay to the west.

A twig snapped behind me, and there was a rustle. I turned, and stood facing the dark trees. I could see nothing or else could see too much. Every dark form in the dimness had its ominous quality, its peculiar suggestion of alert watchfulness. So I stood for perhaps a minute, and then, with an eye to the trees still, turned westward to cross the headland; and as I moved, one among the lurking shadows moved to follow me.

My heart beat quickly.

Perhaps two miles away was a little point of light that signposted the Herrin's beach.

But to get to it I should have to go through the trees where the shadows lurked, and down a bushy slope.

I could see the creature rather more distinctly now.

It was no animal, for it stood erect.

At that I opened my mouth to speak, and found a hoarse phlegm choked my voice.

I tried again, and shouted, "Who is there?"

There was no answer.

I advanced a step and my foot struck a stone.

That gave me an idea.

Without taking my eyes off the black form before me, I stooped and picked up this lump of rock; but at my motion the creature turned abruptly as a dog might have done, and slunk obliquely into the further darkness.

It was some time before I could summon resolution to go down through the trees and bushes upon the flank of the headland to the beach. At last I did it at a run; and as I emerged from the thicket upon the sand, I heard some other body come crashing after me. At that I completely lost my head with fear, and began running along the sand. Forthwith there came the swift patter of soft feet in pursuit. I gave a wild cry, and redoubled my pace. Some dim, black things about three or four times the size of rabbits went running or hopping up from the beach towards the bushes as I passed.

I gathered together all my strength, and began running again towards the light.

It was at this point that I thought I heard a voice calling me and my heart all but gave up the ghost as a huge black figure rose up in front of me.

"You have been disobedient," came the guttural English.

The creature named Naomi had her hands on her hips in the manner of astern schoolmistress but still, for a moment at least, I was pleased to see both her and the sanctuary of the Herrin's compound behind her.

Which was when, removing the whip from her belt, that she moved towards me with an unmistakable purpose that made my legs buckle beneath me…

Five

I awoke from my dream in a sweat; the imagery of the monstrous Naomi as she ripped the clothing from me and prepared to use her whip upon my bare and vulnerable back all but fetching a scream to my lips.

Dream or not, I was convinced now, absolutely assured, that Dagomar vivisecting the planets sentient life. Almost from the moment since I had heard her name, I had been making a subconscious link in my mind to the grotesque animalism of the islanders with what I recalled of her research and experiments on earth. By no means an authority on the woman – I was a humble chronicler, not a mover and shaker – I thought the connection unassailable, nonetheless. The memory of her work on the transfusion of blood and genetic matter recurred to me.

The creatures populating my dream and those I had already seen were the victims of some hideous experimentation that, it appeared to me, consigned them to a fate more horrible than death itself. For though I had no idea what they had been like in their former incarnations, I could scarce believe it was not a sight more preferable to the torture that had been placed upon them. To be a sentient being forced to live as a beast

I looked round for some weapon; knowing I was in the stronghold of the perpetrator and at risk of such a fate myself.

Nothing.

Until I overturned a wooden chair at the side of my bed, put my foot on the side of it, and tore away the side-arm to release a long nail with the wood, it's dagger-like point lending a touch of danger to an otherwise petty weapon.

I heard a step outside and, taking all my courage in my hands, having no clear idea what I would do once I had my freedom on this strange and terrifying world – I was a man of words, not action, after all – waited until the door was unlocked and the monstrous jailer I had first taken for a guide stepped into the room.

I raised the nail and slashed at her bestial face; but she caught my wrist the moment it moved forward and gave it a twist to the right, forcing a scream from my lips as she effortlessly disarmed me before releasing my arm.

Unconcerned by my attempt, the woman named Naomi stepped past me to survey the damaged chair.

Allowing me the opportunity to race through the door she had unlocked, slam it shut and, taking advantage of the key, she had left in the door, to lock her in.

To my relief, there was no sign of the monstrous and – I knew now – semi-human hound that had accompanied her the day before as I fled downstairs.

The heavy metal doors were closed but there was a press-pad to their side and, after I pressed it, they opened with a life-affirming hiss that sounded like freedom.

Only now, armed with the usual hindsight, do I see the futility of my thinking.

The understandable stupidity of a friendless man upon a planet he knew nothing of and armed with nothing more than a desire to escape a fate that – at this point – only his imagination said awaited him.

For the moment, however, I was free.

I began to run along the beach to my right; having no idea where I was going or what I would do when I found my unknown destination; zig-zagging off into the vegetation for a few minutes then back onto the beach itself, that anyone pursuing me might not find an unbroken trail of my tracks when, as they must, they came to seek me out.

I went westerly in a direction of triangular right angles from the direction of the Herrin's compound and the place where I had been allowed to convalesce beyond it. At one time, as I went running headlong up the beach, I glanced over my shoulder and saw Naomi in the distance. Alone and, surprisingly, without her hound.

My fleeting impression, before I ducked out of sight once again, was that she appeared in no hurry and, though she strode the beach purposefully, she looked utterly unhurried and not in the least agitated.

No athlete, but driven by adrenalin motivated by sheer terror, I ran furiously back inland and up the slope before turning back towards the beach after another lung-bursting mile. Then, knowing such a pace could not be sustained, and with my chest straining and my heart beating in my ears, I lay down under the shelter of a canebrake, taking advantage of the cover provided by its canes to catch a second wind. Something I sensed with certainty I would be needing very soon.

There I remained for as long a time as I dared, too fearful to move, and indeed too fearful even to plan a course of action.

The wild scene about me lay sleeping silently under the sun, and the only sound near me was the thin hum of some small gnats that had discovered me. Presently, though, I became aware of a drowsy breathing sound, the reassuring wash of the sea upon the beach. A wave of pure exhaustion overcame me and, before I could fight it, I fell asleep.

*****

I came awake with a jolt sometime later and it was only seconds before the enormity of my plight placed its heavy burden upon my shoulders once again.

I was alone on a strange world – and an even stranger island; unarmed and friendless.

For a few seconds, I almost considered returning myself to the Herrin's compound and receiving whatever Naomi decided to dish out to me by way of correction for my… *"disobedience"*. At least back there I had shelter and food. As well as protection from the inhabitants and wild life.

My intent to do just that lasted only for as long as a picture of myself with pointed-ears and a snout brought some sanity to my thoughts.

"Better to die on one's feet than live on all-fours," I paraphrased aloud to the unhearing canebrake.

I lay still there until, inevitably, I began to think of food and drink.

Which was when the real hopelessness of my position came home to me.

I knew no way of getting anything to eat. I was too ignorant of botany to discover any resort of root or fruit that might lie about me. I was physically and mentally unsuited to be a hunter of any kind and even the trapping of the few rabbit-like creatures I'd seen upon the island was beyond the scope of my skill-set.

The more I turned the prospect over the more despondent I became.

At last in the desperation of my position, my mind turned to the animal men I had encountered.

What if my dream had been correct and, far from wishing to harm me, they were looking for a saviour of some kind?

It was an extremely fanciful *"what if?"*, but desperation has ever thus shunned logic to allow in a ray of sunlight.

Faux as it might be.

Then suddenly I heard a distant bark and realised that in my need to rest I had allowed Naomi and any other assisting her to locate me to gain valuable yards upon me.

Rushing headlong from my hiding-place towards the sound of the sea, I crashed through a growth of thorny plants with spines that stabbed like spikes.

I emerged bleeding and with a torn tunic upon the lip of a long creek and went straight into the water without a minute's hesitation, wading up the creek, and presently finding myself knee-deep in a little stream.

I scrambled out at last on the westward bank and, with my heart beating loudly in my ears, crept into a tangle of ferns to await the issue. I heard the hound but no others – though I knew one was more than enough - draw nearer and heard it give out a yelp when it came to the thorns. Then I heard no more, and presently began to think I had escaped.

The minutes passed and the silence lengthened out as I remained knee-deep in the creek with my ears keened for the slightest of giveaway sounds.

After around an hour of this and anxious to move for the water that was chilling my legs, a little of my courage began to return to me. In the main, though, I was still terrified and despondent. I felt now that my life was practically lost and only the prospect of the

inhuman and bestial fate I was certain awaited me if I were somehow returned to Dagomar Brandt kept me from retracing my steps and placing myself in the certain to be vengeful hands of her monstrous subordinate. I took solace from the thought that, if I were too hard pressed, at least one path of escape from torment still lay open to me. They could not very well prevent my drowning myself, after all.

In fact, a million light years from my own world, friendless, growingly hungry and terrified, I had at that point more than half a mind to drown myself then.

If, that is, I could find the necessary courage.

Which was when, coming through the haze under the trees beyond the end of the creek and the brushing past the foliage either side of it, I saw the dark figure and terrifying figure of Naomi as she made her way towards me, her expression stern and unforgiving as she controlled the slathering Hund Sklaven on a short lead.

For a moment, I stood horror-struck in the water, my earlier intent to do away with myself revealing itself for the chimera it was as my legs turned to water and I resigned myself to the supervision of the woman with not even an attempt at either fight or flight.

As she strode towards me, unhurriedly and at her leisure, untroubled by the possibility of my again attempting to flee, I saw she held a different collar in her hand to the one I had removed and left behind at the compound.

This one was of a sturdier design altogether and, with its three inches of wide and thick leather, studded on the outside with shiny and sharp metal studs and what looked to be a locking mechanism at one end, did not look as if it would be coming off once on without a great deal of effort on my part.

And still I stood motionless and resigned, wearied from my earlier exertions, as she stepped close to me and I allowed her to place the collar about my neck as if truly were no more than a disobedient pet returned to its master.

Despite myself, I flinched at the near vicinity of my monstrous captor and heard a growl from the Hund Sklaven at her side.

"Bleibe!" rang out in German before my terror totally unmanned me, and the retrograded beast returned to its haunches.

I realised my whole body was shaking as if from a particularly bad episode of the ague

"Guter Hund," she cooed to the dog in soothing tones I had yet to hear directed at me, and suspected I never would; before she caressed its ears then turned hard and unpromising eyes upon me once again.

There was not an ounce of resistance left in me as she attached a matching lead to a ring at the base of my new collar and, without the need for words, turned on her heel and left me to follow, utterly confident that I was cowed and beaten.

With the Hund Sklaven to her side and yours truly trudging along behind with fear and foreboding, we began the journey back to the Herrin's compound and whatever punishment awaited me there.

It would, I'd soon find, be simple.

And about as humiliating as an emasculation not involving castration could be.

Six

"You must either adapt or be *made* useful," said the Herrin from a comfortable chair in her quarters."

It was the second day after Naomi had returned me to her side and the day after the black woman had implemented the punishment for my having run off in such a way.

A punishment witnessed – as if it were not humiliating enough for a man in his forties to be handled in such a way – by the Herrin herself…

…Not a word had been spoken to me on the long walk back to the compound and the status quo remained in place as I was locked in a more secure room in a windowless basement with no more than a bowl of water and left to reflect on what was in my immediate future.

It is safe to say I had not expected it to be a simple, bare-buttock and over-the-knee spanking.

Such as a strict Nanny in a less enlightened Earth period might administer to a wayward and wilful charge.

Though I find it hard to believe any mere Nanny, from whatever period, could have used her hand with such stunning and excruciating force as the black monster who slung me over one thigh and kept me in place with the other.

Never the most physical adept or courageous of men – my nature lending itself more to the poetic and the literary – it was by far the worst pain I had felt in my life to that point and, before I could even analyse and attempt to mitigate it, I was howling, screaming, and attempting to kick myself free from the black woman.

Unsuccessfully.

As she held me in place over her knee with one stupendous cry and twisted an arm up towards my neck, I could do no more than wait for her hand to land upon my pale arse and drive the air from my lungs until it seemed only the need to scream allowed me to suck it back in again.

At which time the procedure was repeated.

Again…

And again…

And again…

And all in the presence of the German woman from my own country, whose desire to "reign" on this benighted planet and the freedom it gave her to put her unholy research to practical use in her own cause.

So hysterical had I been made by the twin assault of agonising pain and an almost equally unbearable sense of emasculation, I barely heard Dagomar Brandt's words as I cried, just as a child might, soundless great sobs.

The sheer power of the thighs entrapping me and that of the hand punishing me with metronomic regularity seemed to rob me of all that made me a man.

And yet…

Even as the shame of the knowledge seared my masculinity, I knew that there was far worse they could do to my manhood.

"Place him with his nose in the corner and allow him to think about his future behaviour Naomi," said the Herrin when she considered I had been physically chastened enough.

I was instantly rolled from her great thigh onto the floor and felt her take my lead in her hand to virtually drag my almost insensible and unresponsive body to a corner of the basement room I had been told would be mine from now on – at least until I "earned" more favourable treatment.

Then, in her native tongue I only managed to translate much later:

"Mein Diener muss verstehen, dass er, wenn er sich wie ein Kind verhält, als einer behandelt wird."

At the time, of course, and hysterical with pain and humiliation as I was, the only words I could make out were "Servant" and "Child".

Not enough to make an exact translation but adequate for me to make an informed guess.

I had been left in my new "quarters" and warned – by Naomi – that if I moved before I was given permission what I just received under her strong black hand would feel no more than a stroking from a kindly aunt.

I have no idea how long they left me there, but even as I heard their low-heels clatter their way over the concrete floor and up the equally unyielding steps I knew, even if I had been assured discovery was impossible, I would not have moved.

In fact, so confident were they of my "taming", they locked neither the door to my new abode nor the one leading upstairs…

…And now, a day later and with buttocks still red raw and painful, here I was. Inside the Herrin's living-quarters for the first time, naked and upon my knees – *"until your behaviour is servile and respectful enough to deserve them"* – before the evil scientist herself as she relaxed in a chair with a clay tumbler I guessed contained alcohol of a sort.

“Have you thought about your behaviour?” she asked, thoroughly enjoying talking to a man who was around a year or so older than her as if both his physique and his intellect had been age-regressed.

“I… I…” I began, unable to find words and not wishing to do anything that would involve a reprimand from Naomi; almost grateful for her interruption when it came.

“And take your hands away from your *hodensack!”* she snapped.

Startled – not to mention terrified by the prospect of Naomi being called to correct my disrespect – the hands that had been protecting my disengaged cock and balls came away on the instant; despite the shame that brought moisture to my eyes.”

“When you are in the position of respect before me,” she continued as I averted my eyes to block the disgrace I saw reflected back at me from her own, “you will place your hands behind your back until it is necessary for you use them. Ya?”

I nodded my head and sensed her lean forward before feeling her hand across my cheek – the first time she herself had *“corrected”* me.

A correction that was not made with the same hideous power possessed by her monstrous black enforcer but which, nonetheless, was enough to assure him she would be more than capable of dealing with him physically should either the need or the mood, or both, take her.

“You are not a dumb animal, Sklave Casey,” she said as my face coloured under this latest indignity, using my surname for the first time, though I was at a loss as to the meaning of the prefix – and would not, as those of you with a greater grasp of German than I realise, be pleased when I found enlightenment; even if it would prove a step-up from *‘Hund’*.

“When your Herrin asks you a question,” she continued, “you must answer. Verstehen?”

I hesitated.

“I asked if you understand?” she explained.

“Y-Yes,” I heard a facsimile of my former voice answer, not quite able to come to terms with the shaming knowledge that it had been reduced to such a pitiful and abject – supplicatory, almost – pass after so short a time with the two women; no matter how evil and bestial both were.

“Yes, *what?*”

“I… I…”

“By which English noun of possession would you describe yourself?” she asked, catching me unawares so that I needed to think.

“Come now, Sklave Casey,” she tutted. “You are a Federation Chronicler. Have you so little understanding of the language in which you chronicle?”

For some reason, her mockery of my professional expertise shamed me almost as much her treatment of me and I managed to concentrate my thoughts enough to respond to her first question.

“My,” I answered, still unable to meet her eyes.

“Guter Sklave!” she said, feigned delight in my minimal accomplishment doing nothing to disguise her patronisation. “And in German *‘My’* would be…?”

I swallowed back my humiliation and answered, having already experienced the rewards defiance could win me and – call me a coward – having no wish to experience them again:

“That… That would be *‘Mein’*.”

“Das ist mein kluger Junge!” she again gave false praise.

Then:

“So. If I am your Herrin…” the derisive curl of her lip and the deep intent upon her severe features beneath the crown of black hair told me no question mark was required for the statement “…how do you feel you should address me from this point on?”

I closed my eyes to my own humiliation, but was to be denied even this small consolation.

“*Look at your Herrin when you address her!”*

I actually cringed, expecting a hand to make contact with my cheek at any moment, but opening my eyes to look at her when no such contact was forthcoming I saw her own fairly glistening with an animation that I knew was sexual.

The perverted German bitch was actually getting off on her ability to overmaster my masculinity.

“Tell me now, Sklave Casey,” she persisted, sparkling and alive blue eyes almost cobalt in their excitement. “How will you address me from this point on?”

Not feeling the most minute shred of the same sexual animation that almost had her wriggling in the chair above me, convinced that at any moment the evidence of her arousal would make itself visible upon the outside of the tight black leggings she seemed to favour, I cleared my throat and answered, only my terror and an exercise of the will that remained to me allowing my eyes to remain on hers as I answered:

“Mein Herrin,” the words fell from my lips, fetching a smile to her own that infused her features with not one joy of warmth.

"Das ist mein kluger, kluger Englischer Sklave!" she mocked. "Make sure you do not forget. *Ever!* As I think you are beginning to understand, Naomi enjoys nothing more than to keep Hunds and Sklaven such as you respectful and obedient. Believe me, the punishment you have received at her hand to now is as nothing to what she will do to you if your improvement is less than… *pleasing.*"

She rose then, as if it were the most normal thing in the universe to have an adult male on his hands and knees naked in her presence – utterly cowed and terrified goes without saying - and stepped behind me to refill her tumbler.

"Of course, if your progress as our *'Mann-Diener'* proves less than satisfactory, I am sure a position can be found for you amongst the… *'Lasttiere'*.

She was laughing when she returned with her refreshed tumbler.

"Lasttiere," if you do not know its meaning – and I am reasonably positive you do not," she told me, retaking her seat and crossing her powerful lycra encased legs. "Is the German phrase for *'beast-of-burden'*."

Fresh terror overlaid itself upon the already considerable levels plaguing my thoughts as I recalled some of the abominations I had seen since my arrival here and her threat of adding me to their number if her… *expectations* ...were not met.

"And now, Sklave Casey, I will explain how things have progressed to this point since our expedition landed her all those years ago. Then I will tell you how your life as man will be lived from now on."

Woman or not, her eyes truly terrified him as they held his with all the ease of a tractor-beam compelling a piece of annoying yet inconsequential space-debris into its path that it may be destroyed.

"If, that is," she finished her earlier thought, "you are allowed to live it as a man…"

Seven

She had sat in her chair, regarding me with all the comfort one feels in the presence of human-being or a pet over whom one has *total* control.

And why would she not feel such a way?

What was there to make her feel threatened when there was so little the man kneeling before her could do to either harm her or override the intellectual imperatives and the desire for supremacy they had fostered within a soul that must have been at least a little perverted from her very entrance into the world?

And yet, for all her intellectual and scientific capacity she was sadly lacking in that self-awareness usually to be found in those of moral and emotional quality.

Much use it would serve me.

As I knelt before her in the submissive manner and posture she intended for me, my flaccid and wholly disinterested genitals totally defenceless against the scrutiny of her gaze, it struck me that the great Socrates – and no matter the distance of two millennia – would have found her a most narrow and lacking in self-awareness example of homo-sapiens.

She would certainly have confirmed his assertion, made known to us by his pupil Plato, that:

"The life unexamined is not worth the living."

A Socratic condemnation which did not comfort me in the slightest as her voice droned on and on in regard of her many accomplishments since the craft containing the other members of her scientific expedition had crash landed on the island.

Many of the innocent unfortunates, she assured me, I had seen with my own eyes during my short and unwanted stay thus far.

"There were none apart from Naomi," she told me, "who interested me as either men or women but were of much value when it came to the more… *practical* …side of my experimentation with gene replacement."

In spite of the hatred I felt for this woman that soared alongside my fear of her power over me and how she might use it, my thoughts could not help marvel at just how she had managed to place herself in such a position of power she could have her crew-mates design and build the compound we were in, but to then be able to reduce them to…

Bestiality.

"Your thoughts are as readily visible to me as the bashful manhood you attempted to hide from and which I now gaze upon freely," she told, me. "As well as a superior and highly gifted scientist, I am a born leader of both men and women. And, like all true born leaders, I know there are only two ways to power. Either it is the use of swift and

overwhelming force that renders one's opponents helpless; or it is a patient entrenchment in those opponents of a belief in one's own superiority that must lead them to offer you that power freely."

She was gazing above my head as she spoke now, interest, my *"bashful manhood"* thankfully ignored for a while as her eyes seemed to glaze and she lost herself in the re-telling of her triumph.

Then, to my amazement, she placed a hand between her own powerful legs and began to lightly finger herself through the lycra covering her own genitalia.

A jolt, as if electric, seemed to pass from head the whole length of my body as I realised what she was doing in front of me; her lack of inhibition in marked contrast to my own as she continued to speak while arousing herself and – to my horror – my previously disinterested manhood seemed to come to life.

"But why?" my thoughts raged. I was aware of feeling nothing in the way of sexual attraction for either her or the equally monstrous and sadistic Naomi. So why, powerless and naked before her, was I responding in such a way now?

"The screams of the Puma that have troubled you since your arrival and who you saw for yourself when brought to me by Naomi," she said, coming back to earth and training her eyes upon him, though the flat of her hand still rested against her lycra-clad womanhood, "are less troubling to me than they are delightful."

Hoping the unwanted erection she appeared yet to have noticed would subside swiftly, he hoped the obvious contempt he felt for and which was unmistakable in his eyes would divert her until it did.

As it was, she was too far gone in recall of her own odious triumph to notice anyway.

"That Puma is none other than Pelling, our ship's former medical-officer," she said with a smile before her lip curled and settled her features into a mocking smile. "A most ethical man whose constant criticism of my methods ensured he finds himself caged and without a voice – save for the screams that are among the limited array of sounds left to him to make."

Her eyes scanned my kneeling body appraisingly, my erection having thankfully subsided, almost as swiftly as it had arrived.

"And that is what makes him so… *precious*… to me," she said. "Far more so than he could ever have been as a man."

She rose from her seat then, powerful and hour-glass shape settling itself into a crouching position before me and sliding her fingers between the tiny gap separating my neck from the studded leather to tug my face closer to her own – so close her breath was full upon my face and, while not unpleasant, made me feel… nauseous.

"You see, Sklave Casey," she said, her free hand dropping to my scrotum and cradling it in her palm; robbing me of breath ion the process as I tried to my treacherous cock

not to rise against the intrusion. “Until my experimentation with the Puma and the intermingling of human-matter with the animal’s own genetic coding, the results had not been as I desired; hence the less than impressive results to be seen about the island.

“But with the introduction fo the Puma’s own genetic matter into the system of Doctor Pelling, I found the correct balance and incubation period at last. The result is that the dominant physical characteristics of the animal overrode those of the doctor while leaving his mental capacity entirely intact and removing all trace of the lower metaphysical characteristics of the Puma itself.”

My hatred of the bitch knew no bounds – even if my cock was hardening considerably under a hand that was now feathering the length of my erection, and even as I tried to fight it.

“So now, Sklave Casey,” she went on a in a low voice she no doubt considered seductive and which, much to my self-disgust, my manhood responded to with a lurch, “when you next hear the Puma scream you will not be alarmed and will know it is simply our former doctor – who I am sure now regrets his decision to… *defy* …me - voicing his misery in the only way his new form will allow.”

I couldn’t help myself at this and, thrusting back my hips to remove my cock from her light grasp, told her:

“You are not only insane, but a monster into the bargain!”

Her eyes became immediately dark and I felt her hand take possession of my scrotum once again.

Though not so gently this time – the implication being that she would not hesitate to crush my balls in her hand if my behaviour became too insulting.

“Be quiet now, mein sklave,” she said, tone remaining quiet but, just same remaining infused with no small menace. “Your disapproval is nothing to your Herrin, but you will find her displeasure with *you* to be most painful – *and* lasting.”

Which was when, my scrotum still captured in her hand she moved backwards, forcing me to shuffle upon my knees with her if I wished to remain… *complete* …until she was again seated and at her ease; staring down at me with an expression that was, at once, triumphant, joyous, and sadistic.

Releasing her grip upon my balls then, she removed a sandal, crossed one leg over the other and placed a bare and surprisingly shapely foot under my chin.

“I am going to speak now and, should you interrupt or I sense you are not paying attention, I shall consider having Naomi remove the testicles I have just released. Understand?”

The fear levels setting my body to a quivering mass were off any scale I had ever imagined or experienced. I was on a strange and uncharted world, many light years from my own planet, naked and on my knees before a demented woman. A woman who

was not only physically more powerful than me but wholly lacking in those female traits we men, and despite the emancipation of centuries, still expected from a woman. Empathy, sympathy, and good old-fashioned nurturing were about as far, probably further, from her mental and moral make-up as my home on the East coast of Scotland and the beloved wife and daughters who would most likely never see me again.

But, if those womanly traits were alien to her, then others of a more clinical but no less heartless kind thrived in breasts that, for all their self-supporting allure, were simply not… *womanly*.

"Guter Hund!" she applauded, without me knowing why. "You are learning. But your Herrin asked you a question and she is giving you permission to answer, ya?"

I had to think back furiously to her last words and found myself none the wiser other than for her threat have the monster who was Naomi unman me.

"Y-Ya, Mein Herrin," I answered, hating the weakness in my voice and, for once, wishing I had been in possession of the necessary physical and mental attributes to have become a Space-Ranger rather than a Chronicler of human interaction.

Then I could have died a man's death, at least.

"I understand," I finished.

"Gut," she said simply, something in her tone – even if I hadn't had her actions to back it up in my thoughts – telling me that, almost by the second, she was seeing me as more of a *"thing"* in her possession than a man with an individual will and voice.

"While I speak, I wish for my Mann-Diener to place his lip upon my toes and breathe through his nose that he may take the perfume of his Herrin and her feet into the innermost recesses of the soul she now owns."

My stomach almost rebelled at the humiliation – all the more so for my certainty I would do as she asked.

So terrified did the demented German woman and her black enforcer have me.

"Do so now," her voice ordered as if it were being dropped upon me from Mount Sinai itself in a deluge of stone-tablets. "It is as effective a method as I know to instil respect for the Eigentümer in her sklave."

Adding then, as I pondered the meaning of *"Eigentümer"* – I would learn later that it was the German word for *"owner"*:

"And do not make me stop my narrative to correct your breathing."

I stared at the toes before me, their nails painted a startling azure blue, feeling benumbed.

Was I really about to humble myself in such a way?

Had my manhood been decimated so completely – assuming it had ever truly existed?

What would my beloved Trina and my equally as cherished daughters think to see husband and father submit to another woman so… *compliantly?*

"Jetzt!!" came the command and, as unfamiliar as the German was to me, I understood it perfectly.

"Guter Hund!" she exclaimed as my lips instantly found her toes and I even remembered to breathe through my nostrils – exaggeratedly, lest she find cause to implement her horrific threat.

As the scent of her perspiration, and whatever creams and cosmetics she used upon her feet, did indeed begin to seep into the *"innermost recesses"* of my soul, she began to speak:

"Our ship being forced to land here as it was," she began, "was a gift to me from die Götter. No longer was the Captain the master of our fates in whom we must all place our well-being. Nein! Now it was *my* knowledge that ensured we had food to eat and shelter in which to eat it. Only I knew how to use and adapt the sophisticated equipment and the computer allowing it to function… Especially as we were to discover the island upon which we had landed so fortuitously was unpopulated – at least with homo sapiens."

With my toes pressed to her lips and careful to make us much noise as was necessary for her to know I was being obedient, my thoughts raced nonetheless.

"If the island was unpopulated when they made landfall, then…"

The conclusion to that thought was horrifying enough for my breath to catch in my throat – at least until my terror channelled my servility once again and her *perfume"* again entered my nostrils.

"That is correct, my obedient little Mann-Diener," she spoke down with derision, my hesitation assuring her of my thoughts. "The animals and other Sklaven you have seen since your arrival here are no other than the former crew of the vessel that crashed here before your own."

It was a sickening thought but, so great was my fear of her power – and especially over me – that I managed to continue sucking her scent up and past my nostrils.

Even more sickening was the realisation that my cock was beginning to react to both her *"perfume"* and her evil words.

"Of course, you are probably wondering how a lone woman – even with the help of my genetically improved Naomi – could have managed to make so many men and the few women amongst their number accept such a fate."

She was right.

I was wondering just that.

And, even as I wondered, I realised I was far more concerned with what this utterly depraved and evil genius had in mind for me; it goes without saying that I found myself hot with shame and self-disgust at our mutual positions.

"You see, Mein Diener, I had not looked upon my fellow crew-mates as either men or women. They were *not* men but inferior life-forms capable of being taught simple functions but without a spark of imaginative creativity. And, even had they found themselves in possession of such a spark they would never have had the courage of their convictions to see whatever they were led to through. What I have given them is a more honest life. Their genetic composition has been rearranged that they retain enough of the human to exert simple cognizance, and enough of the animal – whichever beast I think best suits their genetic and physiological coding – to be trained to offer complete obedience to a strong master."

It was utter nonsense, of course, and the woman was the very worst kind of sociopath.

A sociopath who just happened to be a genius.

"Of course," she continued, warming to the sound of her own voice and its subject…

Her.

"…homo-sapiens being a tool-making animal that would be at the lowest of the food chain were it not for that facility, a great part of my research was dedicated to pinpointing those genes in the beast that provided it with its own particular savagery and isolating it. Only then, after isolating certain coding from the would-be recipient, could I introduce to the body of its human incubator the modified and domesticated genes of the beast chosen to inhabit and share that body also."

I was trying to follow her, despite my own lack of scientific nous, certain that she would question me either later or at some time in the future and not wishing to invite punishment by offending her monumental ego and sense of achievement.

No matter how perfidious and odious that achievement was.

As far as it went, I understood – broadly – what she was saying. She had introduced genetic modifiers into her chosen test-subjects – *victims*. But only *after* she had taken key elements from both host and chosen guest that suited her purposes.

Namely: the gene or genes supplying self-determination to the host; and those giving the beast the savagery necessary to function within its role on the food-chain.

She would not, after all, want an animal with superior strength and agility to be able to call upon its savagery at any time.

Nor would she want a man or woman to be able to rebel enough to make use of its new and genetically modified… *attributes*.

The scientific means by which she accomplished this were totally beyond me, of course, but the warped reasoning made perfect sense on a sociopathic level.

“You are probably asking yourself how I managed to accomplish this without at least some kind of rebellion from the members of our expedition,” she continued.

She laughed as I continued to sniff loudly through my nose and keep my lips upon her toes.

“It was probably the easiest of all the tasks I set myself. Under the guise of having us all inoculated against disease – with the full agreement of my… *Puma* … I created a strain of botulism that replicated the symptoms of nervous and physical exhaustion and allowed me to try and cure the problem with my own methods; the doctor being, of course, as infected as the rest of the ship.”

I listened from my hunched over position on my knees as my lips maintained contact with her toes, grateful for the fact that my head would be blocking the evidence of my unwanted erection as it throbbed almost painfully at my groin. My head awash with conflicting feelings. Chief among them the desire to consign the bitch above me to a fiery hell, though this begged the question as to why, if my feelings were so vengeful for what she had done to her crew-mates and the humiliation she was heaping upon me with unabashed pleasure, I could find myself so sexually… *galvanised*.

“It was simple matter then – our ship’s doctor being completely at a loss as to how to treat the problem - for me to introduce the fruits of my years of research into their system under the camouflage of… *treatment*.”

The narrative above me paused long enough for me to hold out hopes that reflecting upon her own actions was bringing her face-to-face with her own inhumanity.

A forlorn hope.

“I was, of course, terribly disappointed,” she went on, “when the first four of my subjects passed away. But genius must always be accompanied by persistence and I was convinced my tenacity would pay off after these first setbacks.”

My anger almost overrode my terror then, as she explained away four murders as if they were of no more account than the loss of some lab-rats.

As I say: *almost*.

“And it did,” she continued, self-congratulation infusing every word. “As the effects of their lethargy began to wear off, other effects began to come out to play. You have seen the results for yourself. Even in Naomi and myself. Did you think our bodies and superior strength came about by natural causes?”

That, I assured myself had *not* been amongst my thoughts on their behalf.

“Suffice it to say, my knowledge and expertise is now at an optimum and I can now create these human animals with as much ease as if I was preparing myself a simple meal.”

Head lowered still, I could picture the smile that would be accompanying her words; oblivious to the death and misery her selfish pursuit of her own warped desires had caused so many.

“The Puma,” she began, voice simply oozing with pride, “the beast whose screams do so much to unnerve you, is my crowning glory. A diadem amongst trinkets. The perfect embodiment of my genius and persistence. A man in the body of an animal who, unlike the others I have modified, cannot be mistaken for anything other than what he is. Though he remains, like the others, a hybrid, his appearance is perfect – though he might take exception with me on that score. Were he able. The screams and roars you hear are, in effect, the voice of humanity that has been stripped from him. And yet his memories of being a man are intact. Though not enough that he can utilize his new physicality in the same savage way as the animal into which I have made him.”

She began to stroke my hair.

“You can only imagine what I know for certain,” she went on, almost as if speaking to herself and finding her own self-love a captive audience. My only puzzlement relates to just why such seeming miracles as I have performed here have not been performed before. But then, there is the small matter of the parochial and tunnel-visioned morality that prevails upon the planet we share as natives. The same morality that puts the genius and imagination of someone such as myself in the metaphysical chains of scientific and artistic restraint so stiflingly that any progress we make is not so much gradual as infinitesimal. For that reason alone, what I have done has not only *not* been done before, but, apart from my previous efforts that saw me ostracised back on Earth by both society and my scientific colleagues, not even been attempted. And now, not only have I used the science of genetics to improve upon a person’s physical make-up, but now I can also intermingle and infuse those genes he was born with to fashion a creature of my own design and choosing.”

The hand stroking my head became more… *preoccupied* … and I knew what she said next went to the very heart of what enthralled her most when it came to her… *achievements*.

“Even as that creature recognises those modifications and his manly cognizance both recognises and hates the changes that have been made to him.”

Suddenly, her stroking hand went to the back of my head and I found lips and nose mashed up against her womanhood as she uncrossed her legs and drew me in as the smell of the arousal induced in her by her own words overwhelmed my senses and, shamefully, given the depraved and disgraceful reality her words described, the erection I thought could not become more urgent throbbed and expanded as if it must take leave of my groin.

“He has in effect, and at the bidding of my own genius, become a shark without teeth; a bird-of-prey without talons; a beast who can bark but do nothing more threatening. In

short, he is a subject ripe for the taking. Awaiting only the yoke of his master to make him whole in his new existence."

I waited, lips and nose mashed against moist lycra, as her self-induced excitement seeped past the fabric to cover my cheeks in her juices; knowing, even in my own debased and aroused reaction to her putrid narrative, that she had not finished yet.

"Which," she began, throwing her powerful legs over my shoulder and draping outsize and muscular calves over my back, "brings us to my little Mann-Diener, and the position I intend for him to take upon this island – this *world* – I now rule."

I felt her hand rest itself upon my head, proprietorially and almost affectionately, realised my cock was straining harder at the contact; even as my inner-man – or what remained of him – screamed his dismay for my exterior shame.

I was, I realised with a sense of imminent humiliation almost as great as my fear of this lunatic genius who insisted she was my owner, on the very precipice of my own manly crisis.

"Show your respect for your Herrin and lick her through the gusset of her leggings," she ordered, words reaching my fevered thoughts as if through a fog and ensuring I instantly obeyed, so great was my arousal."

"Yes," she went on, as my tongue took in the taste of her debased arousal as it seeped through the lycra. "These creatures you have seen as exotic animals are, in actuality, human-kind. Men, and a small number of my fellow women - for whom, I confess, little interest but who have uses as breeding-stock – transmogrified into new shapes and mindsets by courtesy of my genius and my lifelong devotion to the study of the plasticity of living forms.

"I am well aware that, even as my womanly perfume, and the enhanced copulins within it, enflames and enslaves your senses, that you are horrified by my actions. It is ever the way when the small finds itself in the company of the great. For true greatness knows no temerity and the fear of the irrevocable that holds the little people in check plays no part – and nor should it – in our decision making and the thirst for innovation and *real* knowledge running in tandem with it.

"Why, once my efforts bore fruit, and I realised it was more than simply the outward form of a man I could change, would I have not taken the next step to see the that fruit in a more practical application."

I was unsure if it was the efforts of my tongue as I continued to lick at her sodden gusset, or the effects of her own self-congratulation that was accelerating her arousal, but I was aware of the discomfort accompanying my own arousal as her hands upon the back of head mashed my face into her lycra covered pussy and gyrated upon it.

"It was an incredible experience," her words reached my ears, muffled now by her incredible thighs and my erection more urgent than I could ever recall and feeling utterly… *submissive* …to her. A memory of the word she had used – *'copulins'* –

nagged at my subconscious and, somehow, I knew it played a part in this sudden desire I had to submit to her.

And not only because of the terror she and her monstrous assistant inspired in me.

"Watching one's success under laboratory conditions," she had gone on, voice to my muffled ears sounding unsteady with the excitement exerting such power and control over a member of the opposite sex – *me* – supplied her, "in no way prepares one for the pure joy and exhilaration of seeing that same test brought to a successful conclusion in a… *practical* …setting and with a suitably cognisant subject. To see the results, as all my knowledge and genius was infused into my chosen test subject and the genetic coding of which I had extracted from the beast added itself to that subjects nervous-system and began to override it in exactly the manner of my devising, was even more satisfying to me than the growingly servile tongue with which you worship my superior female cunt."

At her use of the profanity from her previously correct lips, my whole body gave a start and I heard laughter above me as she applied more pressure to the side of my head to keep in position – as if my remaining there had been in any doubt.

"To this day," she went on, amusement at my reaction still in her voice, "I have yet to trouble myself about the ethics of the matter and, as you may have already divined, I *never* shall. For once true power has been tasted – as history and the study of nature itself tells us – there can be no way of replacing that particular genie back in its bottle. As nature is remorseless, so is a woman in pursuit of her true fulfilment."

The hand that ran itself through my hair was patronising and gentle as she made a small correction to her statement:

"At least, that is, a superior woman such as myself."

I realised my need to empty my engorged balls, through the conduit of the painfully aroused cock above, was overriding my ability to take in the words of the madwoman above me and knew that at any second I would be spurting seed up and onto the underside of the chair upon which she resided as I was forced to pay her sex homage.

"All that you have seen since you arrived here, was designed and robotically automated into existence by my genius," she went on, hand still fingering a lock of my hair. "Without my expertise, the other members of the expedition would have still been living in the remains of the crashed mother-ship and surviving from the food-replicator until it went beyond its capacity. Was it not only just and meet that they should assist me with my research? And be grateful to do so?"

The scent of her was simply overpowering my resistance and the will to stave off my imminent explosion; but still I fought it, some small voice of reason telling me she might not be too pleased if I were to take such… *unilateral* …action.

"It was not the case," she told herself with some bitterness, as if her colleagues unwillingness to sacrifice their humanity on the altar of her genius was not only

inexplicable but ungrateful. “Which is why I needed to bring them around to my way of thinking in a more… *final* …way.”

Her thighs gave my beleaguered head yet another squeeze and I felt the gauge rise close to the point of no-return.

“And then you arrived and I realised I could have what I now wanted to complete the heaven upon land I had created for myself here.”

From somewhere behind her, I heard a door open and somebody enter. Naomi, I guessed – and not alone. Though I was too far gone to worry about witnesses to my shame.

“A Körperdiener and sex-sklave who retained his humanity intact and would be my chattel and servile companion as I continued with my research and tests to breed an ordered society bereft of dissent and rebellion against its natural leaders – or, in this instance, *leader*.

“And a sex-sklave and Körperdiener I will take great pleasure in training him to my most intimate service without once resorting to the use of gene-replacement.”

I gave out a muffled cry as the launch-pad that was my scrotum spewed rope after rope of my sperm onto the underside of the seat supporting her capacious and lycra-clad arse; feeling as if my very life-force were leaving my body along with it.

“Oh, what a gut Menschlicher Hund Sklave you are going to be for your Herrin,” I heard through the benumbed aftermath of my ferocious ejaculation, the pressure around my head released as she opened her legs and allowed me to slump backwards exhausted, still upon my knees but supporting myself with the hands I had thrust from being clasped behind my back to the floor.

“Is he not perfect, my lovely Naomi?” she said over her shoulder, eyes boring into mine with all the genuine satisfaction a true sadist comes from the shame of its victim.

“Ya, Mein Herrin,” said the monstrous black woman, still out of sight behind her…

What?

“Boss?”

“Mistress?”

“Lover?”

“He is a pitiful specimen of his gender and was created to be of service to his superiors,” the still-out-of-sight female-enforcer finished.

“Ich bin einverstanden, meine Liebe.” Answered the Herrin. “It is as if an even higher power than my own designed him to be of service to me and ensured that our paths should meet.”

My eyes were tearing up at this and the Herrin's response was to lean forward, huge breasts almost grazing my nose, and take me under the chin with her fingers to raise my gaze to her own.

"Do not feel too sorry for yourself, Mein kleines hündchen. You are, after all, the most fortunate of your former ship-mates."

My eyes widened.

Was she saying others had survived?

It turned out she was.

And the evidence presented to my eyes provided me absolutely nothing in the way of joy.

As Naomi led the creature into view – a creature that had once, I now knew, been a man - the shameful jettisoning of my seed that had been made a few seconds earlier was forgotten.

The body of this artificially mutated beast was far larger and more powerful looking than my own, but, though it scurried at the heels of his black master upon his haunches, nose almost touching the ground as he was guided via a slid looking chain lead attached to a metal collar that it appeared had been welded closed about his throat, it was easy to distinguish human characteristics and a certain light of cognisance behind the eyes that belied the bestial pelt of dark hair that covered his naked body from head-to-toe.

The creature was all *too* aware of what he now was.

And, more soul-destroyingly, what he had once been.

He was also, I realised, as an unstoppable upsurge of vomit rose towards my throat, my former friend and First-Officer…

Carter Jennings.

Which was when Naomi, without relinquishing her grip on my former friend's lead, took a step towards me and jabbed what felt like a needle into my bare shoulder and consciousness left me with a rush…

Eight

"Not so fucking sure of yourself now are you, kraut-bitch?"

It was both a question and a statement and was directed at the demented German female on the bedroom floor below him.

The same maniacal, power-hungry, bitch who had thought she could actually reduce him to the same condition of bestial dependence to which she had reduced the men and women of her crashed expedition - AND get away with it.

The terrified and helpless face below him now telling him how much she regretted underestimating him so badly.

Tough!

Driving his cock past the hole he had slit into her lycra suit; unwilling to give her the dignity of feeling her putrid and sociopathic flesh against his; he gripped the long black hair she kept tied at her neck and twisted her face to his that she may look into his eyes as he took the same pride from her the way she had tried to take from him.

"Try begging me," he snarled, elated at reversal of roles. "One bark for yes if you want me to take my superior English cock from your unworthy kraut pussy. Two, if wish me to keep it there."

She was staring up at him with hate-filled and horrified eyes. Powerless and despising herself for being so. He could see the wonderment in them as she asked herself how he had managed to extricate himself from the grip both she and Naomi had maintained over him.

He laughed to himself as he slowed the pace of his pistoning cock before resuming a few moments later with even greater vigour; this as she squealed up at him through the makeshift gag he had thrust into her mouth.

And yet, despite his hatred for the female monster now at his mercy, he younger woman and the elation at having turned the situation around, Kieran Casey could do no more than confess that he was enjoying being astride the powerful lycra-clad body of his former tormentor and would-be owner. Fucking her without any of the tenderness and finesse he reserved for the beautiful wife the dysfunctional Teuton on the receiving end of his pummelling had vowed he would never see again.

She was incredibly muscular but her genetically enhanced was no match for him in his rage. His former tormentor was at his mercy and the breasts, hourglass-figure and caricatured but shapely legs almost made the indignities she had heaped upon him until then worth it to experience the pleasure he was receiving from his own revenge over her.

Knowing she utterly hated the position she was in was another factor in his intense and growing satisfaction. Supine and grudgingly submissive beneath him her eyes blazed up at him as if they possessed the power to incinerate him. Eyes that could not quite

hide the pleasure she herself was taking from his control of her as the cock of her former chattel pistoned itself into the orifice males from time immemorial had considered to exist for nothing more than their own selfish pleasures. Any pleasure to be taken by the female herself secondary to the male imperative.

So it had always been and so it would always remain.

No matter how many technically gifted and ethically tainted females tried to prove it otherwise.

Wishing to prolong her discomfort and his own arousal that was already functioning at levels approaching melt-down, he eased the pace of his thrusting in an attempt to stall his onrushing crisis.

A simple fucking, he told himself, was too good for the bitch who had thought she could treat him in such a way.

The black monster who had abused him so humiliatingly would also, he assured himself with grim satisfaction, get hers later.

Sliding his cock from her pussy and releasing his grip on her hair, he knee-walked himself on the flooring into a position astride her chest, the enhanced and self-supporting breasts that had once seemed so imperious to him serving now only as a launching-pad for his own erection as he allowed the head to rest upon her chin.

His smile of intent must have given the game away, for the woman shook her head frantically when it dawned upon her what he intended to do; knowing as he did just degrading and demeaning it would be for her to actually have him invade her mouth with the cock she had so enjoyed tormenting.

Having no option but to swallow the seed erupting from the balls she had allowed the black woman to discipline as a means of… "motivation" …would be a horror for which her imagination would not have been able to prepare her.

"Try biting me," he warned, prior to removing her gag, "and I'll end your disgrace of a life without giving it a moment's thought."

Her bulged with horror and he knew she believed he meant what he said.

And why wouldn't he?

Gag removed – the same ball she and Naomi had used when playing "fetch" with him for their sadistic amusement – he shoved his raging erection past the mouth she had opened in a rictus of terror and the teeth that, as instructed, did not bite.

She closed her eyes and he withdrew his cock and slapped her across the cheek with it.

"Keep your eyes on mine as I make love to your mouth, my little Fraulein Sklave," he said sarcastically, turning her former title for him upon its gender-based head. I want you in no doubt of what you're getting and who it is giving it to you so generously."

Terrified eyes had opened again as he re-inserted his manhood into her mouth and increased his tempo.

"Braves Mädchen!" he mocked, the few words of German he had picked up from her in his indenture to her becoming more difficult to find as his excitement grew. "You have a real… a real… talent… for… for…"

Tears coursed down her cheeks as his speech tailed off into the elliptical and she felt him tenses before the arrival of the inevitable; it being her eyes now that stared up at his to see her humiliation and debasement reflected back at her.

It provoked a powerful reaction in him, and yet he still found time to smile in the face of his forthcoming tsunami.

And yet…

Of a sudden, and on the verge of filling her mouth with his seed, he realised he felt…

Constricted.

A sense of claustrophobia seemed to steal over his senses in a way that was both fuzzy and detached at the same time.

As if he were conscious but not conscious.

Aware and yet unaware.

Happy but not happy.

Not, in fact, feeling right at all.

Not just not right.

But badly wrong.

He felt hot.

Stiflingly so.

And that was not all.

The kraut-bitch beneath him was looking less afraid now and, even with his cock filling her mouth, was attempting to smile.

Which was when he realised his limbs were losing elasticity as she bit down upon his wilting erection before spitting it from her mouth and toppling him backwards to the bedroom floor before raising herself up and over him.

Now it was SHE who was staring down into his eyes with a look of power and commitment.

A commitment, that promised terrible retribution for the affront he had just attempted to place upon her and spoke of unspeakable torments for what he had intended to inflict upon her.

The smile beaming down upon him was nothing less than demonic and only intensified in its promise of evil as it took in the floppy cock that had been an iron-bar of retribution nor moments before and.....

…….When my eyes fluttered open, they were the perfect representatives of the mindset currently residing behind them.

Seeing but unseeing.

And utterly dislocated.

Even as I relished the independence and vengeance I had enjoyed in what I was coming to realise was nothing more than a dream.

I was also aware of a sense of movement that was both restricted and proscribed and yet found himself completely lacking, at this point, the mental facility required to either question or deduce why.

The earlier sense of warmth that had done so much to wake me, ran in tandem with a feeling of dislocation and reminded me of the time I'd come out of anaesthetic after having undergone surgery on a perforated ulcer that had threatened to become peritonitis.

Twin sensations that had seemed other worldly and, somehow… delicious.

Gradually becoming more aware, I realised my neck felt restricted and attempted to raise his hands to check it out.

Only to be prevented as that delicious lassitude reasserted itself and the eyes I had only just managed to open began to sag closed once again.

The last sight to greet me as I succumbed once more to the mercy of sleep, was the sight of a bare foot with nails painted cobalt blue.

A foot that seemed to be coming towards me from the end of a long tunnel.

A tunnel I would soon reassess when I woke next as…

An aperture!

Nine

The next time my eyes opened it was not with a start. I was far too fuzzy around the edges and disorientated to react in such a way. And the sight waiting to greet me went no way towards easing my feelings of dislocation and claustrophobia.

Screwing my eyes together before opening them was only partially successful in my attempts to clear my vision and, for a period of time I had no way of measuring, I could have sworn to myself that I was in a tunnel of some kind.

Which was, as the webs clouding my mind lifted sufficiently, that I realised was resting in a darkened interior and what I had taken to be a tunnel was really an aperture through which light from outside shone.

And through which, as my gradually cleared, I could see rain splattering against the glistening flagstones of the compound.

My groaned was loud and raspy, mouth almost completely dry as I attempted to organise confused and jumbled thoughts.

The last thing I could recall before waking had been…

The image of my friend Carter Jennings – or what I could discern of that which remained in the countenance of the dog-like abomination being led on all-fours by the even more disturbing abomination that was Naomi as I rested on my haunches before the Herrin herself.

A Herrin who had managed to make me empty the contents of my own balls without the necessity of touching them.

Triggering my crisis with nothing more than words describing me as her *"sex-slave"*.

That, at least, I now knew, had not been a dream.

The honour there went to my recent and subconscious thoughts where *I* was in control of *both* women.

This, however, was not a dream.

Even if I was no longer in the cellar to which I had been consigned.

As more sensations began to creep in drowsy eyes remained open for longer periods, I realised I was resting on my side and felt constricted.

And why were my hands up around my shoulders?

More worryingly, why could I not move them and why did my heels appear to be resting against the backs of my thighs?

More worrying still: why could I not fetch them down?

And then there was my head.

Why was the breeze entering through the aperture cooling my scalp as if I were hairless?

Which was when I realised, with yet another thrill of pure horror, that the only part of my body not covered was my face and scalp together with my cock and balls, upon which I could also feel the breath of cool and rain-flecked air.

Tentatively, realizing now that I had been drugged as the image of the monstrous Naomi jabbing a needle into me flashed across the back of my eyes, feeling enfeebled from whatever had been placed in my system and no doubt topped up to keep me under, I tried to straighten my body in the tight but stretchy fabric I could now feel imprisoning it.

Impossible.

Even the most minimal movement along those lines was out of the question.

The sense of claustrophobia that had unmanned me prior to the return of full consciousness returned with a vengeance, multiplying in force as my thoughts gradually unscrambled and enabled me to take in the full horror of my situation.

As if it had not been bad enough before!

A jangling of metal greeted my ears each time my body shifted and appeared to come from a chain attached in some fashion to my neck. As my vision cleared, I could see it coiled on the straw upon which I was lying sideways on, one end exiting the square of light where it was lost from my sight upon the glistening flagstones.

I appeared to be in a kennel of some kind and my body seemed to be covered in some kind of second skin into which my folded arms and legs were trapped and made standing normally an impossibility.

Had the German sociopath worked her evil genius upon me while I was under and sentenced me to the same fate as Carter?

These were my appalled thoughts as I took in the padded contraptions at elbows and knees and were only eased somewhat by the *"What the fuck?"* that left my lips a few seconds after.

At least I could still think rationally and had my voice.

Which was when I screamed as I was rewarded with a short sharp current of electricity that seemed to start at my neck and work itself the length of my body and robbed me of the facility to breath.

"What the shi…?" I attempted to curse once I had made a recovery of sorts, and was again rewarded with a jolt of current I swiftly realised was connected to whatever the

chain was attached to and was, somehow, kicked into life whenever I attempted to speak.

At this point, a shadow fell across the aperture of light beyond whatever it was I had been confined in and I saw the muscular and tan legs of the Herrin, bereft for once of her habitual lycra body-suit, barefooted and seemingly untroubled by the light rain still dropping onto the glistening flagstones.

"Ingenious, does my little Hund-Sklave not think?" I heard.

"What…"

The ill-advised attempt to speak triggered by my anger reduced me to breathless agonies once again and I could hear her amused laughter as if from faraway.

"I would advise against any attempt to speak," she told me when I had recovered yet again, voice, smug and secure as she crouched to take a better look at my shame and misery, totally naked to my eyes as she allowed the light rain to cool her body and completely unconcerned at the incredible – I could do no more than admit – self-supporting breasts and bullet-hard nipples her condition made available to my gaze; her long black hair free of restraint and looking almost oily as the rain dripped from it.

"The collar to which your chain is attached is not only very secure but very sophisticated."

She held up a small device, casing as black as the sodden hair she brushed from her face.

Involuntarily, I flinched; knowing instinctively that what she held was *not* intended for my well-being.

"So invigorating," she breathed to herself, face tilted up to the rain that she might feel it freshen her cheeks more fully.

Then, with a relaxed smile she knew would madden me in my impotence, she held the device up for me to scrutinise and reiterated my own thoughts:

"It also allows me to…" she chose her next words carefully, enjoying both the control and the knowledge she was unlikely to be interrupted "…correct any behaviour that either offends me or I find inappropriate."

Squatting even lower that she might observe my misery more fully, the pussy I had worshipped through her lycra body-suit earlier now available to my eyes in its full glory, she went on:

"It has various settings. Quite a few of them in advance of the mild shock you just experienced for inappropriate language."

My blood ran cold.

She stared at me unblinkingly then, totally oblivious to her own madness.

But not to the unwanted reaction my shaved cock and balls had to her naked womanhood as her lip curled with both pleasure and contempt:

“You may be assured, Mein Hund-Sklave, that, you do not want me to have to use any of them on you.”

I stared up at her with such futile hatred she would have been instant ashes had my eyes been armaments, recalling my dream of earlier and assuring myself that I, formerly the most mild-mannered of men, would have no problem in doing to her exactly what my thoughts had pictured were I ever to find myself in a position of power over her.

“It is,” she went on, confirming what he had already divined for himself through practical experience, “triggered by any sounds made by the vocal chords that have not been pre-programmed into the collar’s memory bank as allowed language.”

With my shaven head and denuded genitalia open to the elements, body confined in some kind of outfit that restricted my movements along with an attached chain, I shook my head violently from side to side, for all the world as if I really were a canine and not a man but mainly to try and clear it of the fog in which it was still enveloped.

And in the hope, also, that the action would wake me from the horror-show I was being forced to endure.

How could it be real, after all?

I was on a strange planet. At the mercy of two deranged women who had reduced the men and women who had accompanied them to this place to a condition of semi-bestiality!

And, in the case of one unfortunate ship’s-doctor, true animality.

Or at least as true as it can be for a human placed inside a Puma’s body with – she assured me – the ability to think, if not to speak, as a man.

And now, as if it what had transpired did not stretch incredulity enough. She had placed me in some kind of body-suit that prevented my walking on two-legs and attached a collar to my neck she insisted would proscribe and inform my means of verbal communication.

The feel of her hand as it made contact with my scalp confirmed for me what I’d suspected and that she had shaved my head.

The still thick hair I’d once prided myself upon, and my wife had loved so much, was gone.

As she stopped stroking my denuded scalp in order to perform the same patronising and infuriating act for my cheeks, and maddened enough not to consider what would happen afterwards, I retaliated in the only way available to me.

Like the canine she intended me to be, I sank my teeth into her hand and was rewarded by a howl of pain as my teeth sank into the soft flesh below her thumb and the metallic taste of blood filled my mouth.

Unheedful of what was about to happen, I thrilled to having finally acted in a manly way in the face of my treatment at her hands and was still tearing at her hand when a pain like none I had experienced in my life until then stunned me immobile before consigning me to the floor of my kennel.

Unconscious and, for the moment, thankfully oblivious.

Ten

“Out, you Englische Fotze!” her enraged voice penetrated my scrambled thoughts as I once again climbed my way back to a consciousness I did not want to experience.

“Böser Hund!” she blazed, zapping me again at, I assumed, one of the lower settings.

When she considered me recovered enough and capable of such movement as she allowed me, she tugged on the chain and, more in command of herself, though her anger remained incendiary, gave me another command:

“Hacke!”

It was the German for *“Heel”* that Naomi had taught me during my service to her and, for some reason, seemed to deepen the shame I felt for my servitude; even more than my pitiful ejaculation at the Herrin’s feet and the pathetic way I allowed both women to treat me.

The one small consolation for my pride and sense of self-worth being that I had not *“allowed”* any of it at all.

These monstrous and degenerated women had simply taken what they wanted from me.

And what they wanted, I now knew, was a servant who had not been genetically tampered with for that purpose but an intact man who was their servile and obedient creature just the same.

A position for which I, the Herrin had assured me, was suited both by temperament and genetic make-up.

As I hesitated to leave the relative security of my *“kennel”*, I raised my denuded head in her direction just in time to see her point the remote-control device in my direction.

Nothing further was required on her part and, beaten eyes dropping to the glistening flagstones, one sharp tug on the chain constituting my new lead was all it took to set me in motion.

The satisfaction I felt at the blood I could see dropping from her hand to mix with the rainwater was compromised when I finally raised my eyes from the floor again and saw the savage smile my German tormentor was aiming in my direction.

Anger for my disobedience unabated by the other-worldly pleasure she took from exercising such complete control over a fellow human being.

Free of the confines of my erstwhile kennel, I felt a mixture of terror for what she held in her hand and what she could do to me with it, and the sheer and persistent disbelief that I could be in such a situation.

“Up!” she demanded, voice terse and staccato.

The voice of command.

I could see the pleasure she took at the instant way I attempted to carry out her command and felt a little relieved I had gone some way towards mitigating her anger and she looked on with delight as I manoeuvred myself onto all fours, first by placing the cups padding my elbows onto the floor, then by repeating the action with my knees.

"Das ist besser," she smirked, still bleeding hand forgotten for the moment, her expression one of almost pure pleasure for what she was achieving with a man who was not… *modified*.

He could almost read her thoughts:

"There, on the flagstones of my compound, on an Island I rule, is a mature man who not weeks ago had been a happily married and gainfully employed father-of-two. An individual in his own right. And yet, here he was, denuded of the hair that defined his masculinity and forced into the role of a canine.

"HER canine."

"I am going to treat the hand my bad Hund-Sklave saw fit to bite," she told me, anger returning as she surveyed the damage I had done.

"Then," she went on, "I am going to lock his disobedient Hund-Schwanz and his Britische bälle into the chastity they deserve."

I felt myself shaking with fear below her as she went on, knowing she was not finished and there was more to come I would not like.

I was not wrong.

"Hund-Sklave Casey," she continued, "must learn what happens when he makes his Herrin angry."

She pointed to her pussy with the hand I'd bloodied.

"Obedient behaviour and a desire to please his owner," she said, will earn good treatment and, perhaps, a reward."

In spite of everything, looking at the monster's bald and desirable slit, I felt my cock twitch and told myself there could be no greater affirmation of my shame and weakness that I could respond in such a way.

And to such a person.

My cock forgotten in a hurry then, as I saw her raise the dreaded remote-control.

"Disobedient and disrespectful behaviour," she assured me will result in great pain and, if there remains no improvement afterwards, the removal of his genitals."

Epilogue

Even as his tongue worked his way over the painted peach nails and long black toes, prior to continuing up the caricatured shapeliness of her legs themselves, the one-time repugnance that had, somehow, been turned into a desire to serve his Herrin and the black enforcer who both terrorized and aroused him, was backdropped by intermittent images guaranteed to heighten the shame at the effortless way he had been enslaved.

And the favourable treatment he received, when juxtaposed with what his last surviving crew-mate and those of the Herrin's and the monstrous Naomi before him were currently receiving, lessened those images not a whit.

As Kieran Casey knelt at the feet of his Nubian disciplinarian in the pristine white surroundings of the compounds upstairs bathroom, performing the ritual of obeisance both his owner the Herrin and her second-in-command insisted upon, he realised the dim images of his wife and children back on earth were becoming more and more indistinct to him. The faces flashing before his eyes now as he tried to visualise himself during a happier period in his life, were no longer the clearly defined images that had comforted him during the early stages of his captivity and slide into servitude of the most intimate and personally disgusting nature. His fear, given the black-hole of abject obedience and personal service his two female masters were consigning him to, was that, soon, he would no longer even recall the exact physiognomy of his loved ones.

An absence that would pain him even more than having to witness the dog-like snout that could not quite hide the recognisable face of his former ship-mate and friend.

Carter Jennings.

The same First-Officer who had a wife and four children of his own back in Boston on the Eastern Seaboard of the US.

A First-Officer he had shared stories with, drunken hangovers, and their plans for the future upon their return to earth.

Plans that would *never* come to pass now.

For either of them.

The one, a larger version of a woman's lapdog from Kieranes past.

The other – him; Kieran Casey – a more functional servitor who had, at least, been allowed to keep his humanity.

If not those metaphysical trappings that defined his manhood.

Pride, self-determination, and self-will.

By the day, he was becoming more and more detached from what he had once valued as his reality and, worse, something weak and despicable in his own soul was embracing his new and abject status rather than attempting to fight it.

The look of reproach in the semi-canine eyes of his friend, this as he viewed the sexual service he provided to the Herrin from his oversize basket at the foot of her bed or any of the other humiliating duties both women expected from his favoured former shipmate never failing to penetrate his arousal and new willingness to serve.

Even if that look could not bring about any serious intent on the former Chronicler's part to rebel against his owners in any way, shape, or form.

As the sound of the monstrous Naomi's urine splashed into the bowl below her, and his tongue made haste up past her bulging black calf muscle, over her knee, and on to the smooth, warm and yet cool, thighs he knew could crush his skull as if it were no more than the shell protecting a peanut and she a jack-hammer, he recalled the last occasion his timing had been off and he had not been in place to clean her evacuated pussy of the last remaining drops of her effusions.

The memory of being dragged across her thighs as she remained seated on the toilet, and the screams that had been forced from him until his voice was too hoarse to croak, let alone scream, had certainly speeded up his training as their *"Körperdiener"*.

It had also set a precedent.

No longer was it his tender white buttocks that received chastisement whenever his level of… *service* …was not considered suitably motivated and abject.

Now it was a huge, black and female, hand that made him wish for the death he was too cowardly to procure for himself.

A hand that slapped at his unprotected scrotum until he was incoherent with agony and shame – mostly agony – and would manage to walk afterwards with only the most extreme discomfort.

The Herrin, when she deigned to discipline him rather than Naomi, had a far different approach, of course.

An approach that had seen him placed in a costume replicating that of the dog she had made of his former friend, and made to act exactly as if he were a true canine until she considered he had learned his lesson – and one, surprisingly, given his utter terror of the black woman and the pain she could cause him, that placed interior shame and self-disgust on an equal footing with Naomi's more... *hands-on* …methods to both train and keep him in awe of her.

The male chastity device in which she had placed him and the device embedded in his collar that had only allowed him to communicate with sounds such as a dog might make – or at least a man imitating one.

And for as long as she kept him doglike as a means of further showing him his place and instilling the cur-like obedience that now seemed normal to him.

A successful method that had resulted in him becoming the thoroughly intimidated and respectful chattel both women had intended him to be without the necessity of changes to his genetic coding.

“Gut Sklave,” I heard from above, this after she had thrust her stygian and gigantic arse forward on the lavatory seat and he had instantly begun to lap at the dribbles of urine still adhering to her pussy.

“Up on your knees now, Sklave Casey,” he heard when she was satisfied he had cleaned her sufficiently, the presence of *‘Hund Jennings’* in the corner watching his humiliating obeisance to the dominant black woman still having the effect of shaming him, but to nowhere near the levels it had previously.