

The Milk Bitch Trilogy
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Smashwords Edition

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The Milk Bitch

Prologue

Gina was on Tilghman, a tiny island on Maryland's Eastern shore. The day was bone-chillingly cold and grey. The dank smell of dirty, fishy swamp water filled her nostrils. The riggings on the ancient fishing boats clanked like dissonant temple bells as she tried to climb them. She strained against the ropes above her but her arms were numb. She couldn't pull herself up.

The clanking – or something, she wasn't sure what – jarred her into wakefulness. Her leaden eyelids fluttered open.

She shivered uncontrollably. She was so cold! Her breasts were covered with goosebumps and her nipples were constricted into such frozen points they felt like tortured icicles. Her back and shoulders ached ... and – Oh my God! – her head pounded. Where was she?

She tried to raise her head to look around. The throbbing made even the smallest motion agony, made nausea hit her in waves, forcing her to quickly lower her head again. The horrible swampy smell made it worse. Her hair hung in her face and she couldn't move her arms to push it aside. She struggled to lift her eyes but her vision swam and went black.

Had she passed out? She tried again. This time her sight cleared a little.

It was probably only an instant before she understood but it seemed like an eternity. Each thought fluoresced painfully in her mind.

Her first impression was of the dim light and something cold, rough and hard against her back. The space seemed large with several – many? – people scattered through it. A large whitish shape floated at some distance in front of her. She shook the hair from her eyes as best she could.

Why couldn't she move? She realized with shock that she was naked ... and somehow held immobile. Through the gloom she peered down at her feet past the bulge of her breasts. They were fixed wide apart against the wall by something thick and rigid. She strained her neck, twisting upward to see her hands. They also were held together full length above her head in painful, unyielding bands. The bands cut into her wrists when she tried to move her hands. "Metal?" she wondered, as her mind cleared and her horror and fear grew.

She turned her head and would have reeled back from the sight that met her if she was not pinned upright. It was a warehouse, large and bleak. A row of naked women were stretched full length against a long wall, their wrists and ankles locked in place by wide black bands. Single or groups of men stood in front of each girl, talking. She couldn't clearly see what they were doing but they appeared to be examining the girls.

The girl next to her looked so young – certainly no more than a teen – with the lovely curves of a woman but the delicate bones of a girl. Though Gina couldn't see her clearly in the dim light, from the tremulous motion of her long blond hair she had the impression the girl's entire body shook. Gina watched a short Oriental man open the girl's mouth and peer inside, then work his way down her body, prodding and squeezing. The girl did not struggle or make a sound, even when the man bent to examine and finger her genitals.

Her mind was still befuddled but clearing ... and it was racing faster and faster the more Gina tried to focus. Anxiety hit her in the chest and coursed through her with the

jumble of thoughts. How did she get here? One inconceivable thought flashed in her mind. It was Phillippe.

Chapter One

Ward watched the tall man shepherd the woman between tables in the discreetly lit old restaurant.

The restaurant had ceased to be “hot” when Ward was a boy but was still one of the finest and most expensive restaurants in Washington DC. All the quietly important people could be found seated on the ornate banquettes at one time or another when Congress was in session and perhaps more frequently when it was not.

While waiting, Ward’s attention had been absorbed by the arrival of several puffy, magisterial men who the imperious maitre d’, Monsieur Paul, immediately seated individually. Each dined at his “regular” table in inviolate privacy with the epic excess of past centuries. Ward shook his head bemusedly. In here men were rigorously shielded from any intrusion, including modernity and fitness.

The tall man was ruggedly handsome and impeccably dressed – Ward knew he was one of the few Americans to still have suits made on Saville Row rather than by the Italians – with an elegantly unruly mop of thick sandy hair. He was always in the news but recently more so in DC due to his \$20 million purchase of thirty five acres of raw land on the best road in Great Falls, the favourite Northern Virginia domicile of IT mega-millionaires.

But every man here was a celebrity. It was instead the woman, Ward knew, who caused the slightest turn of heads and the smallest exchange of quizzical looks when they passed. .

She was exquisite, her body lithe yet voluptuous under her simple black sheath, her long pale brown hair shimmering like softest mink in the muted light. Her features, her wide almond eyes, narrow patrician nose and full clear red lips, were Grecian in their perfect regularity. She glided through the room with an unusual grace, the man’s hand resting gently on the back of her neck. In his vision’s periphery Ward took in all of the diners’ meticulously discreet responses. He smiled cruelly.

Their guarded distress was perfectly transparent to him. With satisfaction, Ward watched their incipient recognition of her impossible fragility, of her oddly inward – pained - eyes, of the care her every movement seemed to require. He watched their internal conflict between the desire to shelter such exquisite femininity and their discomfort at her illusive abnormality. “Little do they know,” Ward thought. She was femininity perverted, femininity taken far beyond its essential need for shelter to a magnificent victimization wretched to look upon. He noticed a few of the most aware cautiously expressing their unease to their lunch companions. She was truly a work of art.

Ward, standing at their approach, pleasantly noted the small tremor that ran through her when she saw him. He covered her cold delicate fingers with his warm strong ones and kissed her cheek. One powerful finger pressed into a vulnerable point between her index and middle fingers. With shrouded gratification, he watched her lips compress in anguish as she bowed her head to him. He lifted her chin and impassively examined her eyes. “How are you, Karen, my dear?”

Her smile was pallid and barely perceptible. “I am well, Sir.” Her husband helped her

tenderly to her chair.

‘Such a lovely scene. So warm, so thoughtful,’ Ward thought wryly. With a warm glow of sadistic appreciation, he watched her husband’s profound solicitousness of Karen’s every need and comfort. Her husband, Michael, was so gentle and considerate when he helped her with her napkin and when he assumed control of every aspect of the ordering process, from her drink to her entrée, so she would not have to trouble herself.

It was all so sweet and so gruesome. Ward simply could not resist the impulse to reach over and pat her hand. He felt her flinch almost imperceptibly but otherwise remain immobile. She sat with head bowed and eyes downcast, raising nothing but her fork when her entrée was served.

Ward looked up when the exotic young woman entered and scanned the restaurant. Her companion, a towering, rail-thin man her father’s age, stood a little too close beside her. Once a senior Presidential appointee, he was now a consultant who managed to be an insider – by whoring, he half joked – no matter the party in power.

Ward saw the dark woman’s gaze light curiously on their table, flitting first to Karen nibbling at her entrée then moving on to the men. His eyes locked with hers and, with no apparent force whatsoever, he caught and then firmly held her vibrant brown eyes in his quiet pools of grey.

No detail escaped him even as he trapped her. Her strong features under chic, long dark hair were beautiful without being pretty – unusual and compelling, oozing cultured sexuality. Her very conservative suit was artfully tailored to closely follow the curves of her abundant breasts, round ass and shapely athletic legs. As she leaned forward to survey the room he could see the bare curve of a breast peek above the V of her jacket. ‘This is no bland political wife,’ he thought appreciatively. ‘The profit potential here is obvious.’

He could see she was not having such an easy time returning the appraisal. She had recognized his companions but she did not recognize him. He kept his gaze neutral and lacking in aggression with no indication of any interest or intention toward her. He saw she could not break away, was intensely curious and – he smiled inwardly – captivated.

“Gina! Our table is ready.” Her companion’s voice shook her free. As she followed Monsieur Paul to the table Ward noticed the flick of her eyes rapidly back to him, then away.

Karen flinched when she felt Ward’s finger press deep into her leg under the heavy damask tablecloth. Under her husband’s concerned gaze, she carefully, intently raised her coffee cup to her lips and a spot of pink appeared on each cheek below her lowered lashes. She opened her legs wider apart. Ward smiled indulgently.

His hand made its way across the top of her old fashioned silk stocking. He lingered a moment to enjoy the porcelain sensation of her skin then continued onto the fine soft hair on her mound and the heavy stitches securing her lips tight together. His thick fingertips lightly ran across the row of ridges in her tender flesh and the hundreds of tiny scars made when she was opened, cleaned and re-stitched each morning, then downward to the clamped off plastic tubing protruding from the lower stitches. His voice was pleasant and confidential but loud enough for her husband to hear. “You realize Michael cares about nothing but your protection. Everything he does is for your benefit. He wouldn’t have to treat you this way if you weren’t so filthy and weak.”

The flush spread across her face and her head dipped lower. One tiny tear glittered in her lashes. “Yes Sir. I am filthy and weak.”

The waiter arrived with their coffee. Suddenly the exotic woman was at their table.

“How are you, Michael?” She kept her voice low enough so no other diners would hear.

His manner was cool when she held out her hand to him. He nodded at his wife and Ward. “I’m fine, Gina, but as you can see this is a private lunch.”

“I’d love to interview you and your wife,” she glanced at Ward, “and your friend too? Would you give me a few minutes?”

His eyebrows raised in astonishment. “Here?” Then a darkening pause. “You know my wife never gives interviews.”

Ward’s fingers were still on Karen’s labia. He squeezed hard enough to cause the flesh to strain and burn against the sutures. Karen’s pale face reddened further. She stared fixedly at her plate but otherwise did not move.

Gina’s glance down at Karen was earnestly apologetic but then she forged on. “Really, it would just take a minute or two. I’m eager to know about your recent purchase. What ARE you going to do with it? Are you moving from California?”

Heads had turned throughout the restaurant. Disapproving looks bored into Gina’s back.

Michael’s annoyance was palpable. “Gina, please call my publicist.”

Monsieur Paul appeared at her elbow. “I’m terribly sorry, Mademoiselle, but if you do not return to your table I will have to ask you to leave.”

Again Gina’s eyes locked with Ward’s. He smiled pleasantly, enjoying how powerfully his innocuous expression taunted her. She handed him her card. “Please call me any time.” The maitre d’ led her away.

Ward watched with narrowed eyes as her elegant rear swayed across the room. An agreeable sequence of possibilities flashed through his mind. He smiled to himself. There was never a lack of scenarios. She reached her table and he saw her companion waving his arms and expostulating.

“You know this is neutral territory.” Michael shook his head in doleful amazement. “I’m surprised Le Grand Monsieur didn’t throw her out on the spot. She’s going to have to do some serious damage control to ever get another reservation ... and most of the people here, not to mention their friends, will never forgive her.”

Monsieur Paul instantly returned. “Madame et Messieurs! Please! Please! Forgive the intrusion and be assured this will NEVER ...” Ward was surprised the man didn’t spit, the word flew from his mouth with such force. “... happen again. Would you like a cognac? No?” Paul picked up the check, ripped it in half and turned smartly on his heel.

Michael eyed Ward then patted Karen’s hand. “If Karen hadn’t been here this might have been amusing.” He smiled. “You never cease to amaze me. What do you do to them?”

Ward shrugged slightly. “So tell me what I can do for you.”

Michael gazed adoringly at his wife. “As you can see, Karen is doing quite well. But I’ve been travelling so much I haven’t been able to give her the attention she deserves. I also have some ideas about additional training. I’d like to send her to you for several days and then pick her up myself during my next trip here. Would you mind? You’d be doing me a great favour.”

Both of Ward’s hands were now on the tabletop. He tenderly touched Karen’s cheek. She flinched almost imperceptibly but did not pull away from his hand. “You know I’m always happy to help.”

Chapter Two

She'd fucked up badly and was going to pay. Why had she done it?

Gina sat in her office, attempting to work. Instead, every few minutes she came to herself with a start and realized she'd been staring into space. Each time she drifted off, the image of the man in the restaurant passed through her mind. He had been so thoroughly in command of the situation that she'd only managed to get a sense of him. An unusual sensation. She was always in charge, even with very powerful men. His effortless control over her was a little frightening, a little thrilling and very enticing.

What was it about him? He wasn't particularly memorable. Medium height, medium weight, medium hair colour. A pleasant face. Nice angular jaw though and beautiful grey eyes. Still, she didn't think she'd notice him in a crowd.

But since that day she'd thought about him constantly, to distraction. She felt drawn to him in a way she'd never experienced. It had elements of desire and also intense curiosity. She felt compelled to know him, to have his attention. Her article for Vanity Fair was going nowhere. This was no good. She did not need this kind of thing in her life. She had to do something about it.

She picked up the phone and called the most gorgeous and masculine man she knew, a 6'2" tall retired Navy SEAL, wounded in action, now a senior government official. She swooned a little every time she thought of his spectacular ass and shoulders and his fluid walk, like his joints were greased. Intelligence was not a requirement for SEALs but it helped and he had a remarkable amount of it. All in all, the perfect man. She would probably have married him if he wasn't married already.

His deep sensual voice answered the phone. At one time in her life she'd called his voicemail every time she masturbated. "Ted, I need you."

She hadn't spoken to him in months but he knew her immediately. He laughed. "Of course you do. Where and when?"

She booked the room at the Mayflower and they arrived separately. He always surveyed the space before they settled down to business – to determine the escape routes, she'd thought. She didn't mind. She got to watch his glorious body on the prowl.

She always wore the battered SEAL leather jacket he proudly kept as a trophy over her naked body when they fucked. He enjoyed eccentricity. God knows he could be strange and kinky ... and sometimes dark and emotional. So she pretended she was one of the many groupie slut SEAL camp followers. (Well, maybe she was.) He liked to let the big jacket fall open around her and unmask the hefty mounds of her breasts.

He was spectacular!

But for some reason this time something was missing. She didn't know what. She'd even managed to cum – a serious challenge. Fortunately Ted was used to her peculiarities and always up for challenges. Yet when they finished she wasn't satisfied, not deep inside.

Monsieur Paul was relatively easy to fix. A lot of grovelling and a box of fine Cuban cigars. She knew just where to get them ... the horny Israeli diplomat reputed to head the Mossad in the U.S. He brought anything he wanted into the country and was never without an exceptional cigar between his lips, much to her previous annoyance.

It wouldn't even involve fucking anyone. Not that she minded. She'd have enjoyed fucking the Israeli. He was a wonderfully male little peacock, a little Napoleon, with tons of charisma not to mention power ... but he also had an oh so dangerous wife. So Gina'd simply stick her tits in his face, firmly squeezed his thigh close - but not too close - to his balls and tell him for the hundredth time, "Honey, you know I'd love to fuck you. Just have your wife tell me it's okay. I don't want her coming after me with an Uzi." She would not be surprised if the wife did appear at some point, no doubt to say she wanted Gina to fuck both of them. But so far it hadn't happened.

It was the restaurant's owner, no, actually the old man's son, Philippe, who now ran things, who'd be the problem. He'd not only have to forgive her but he'd have to do it publicly. What would she have to do? She was pretty sure she knew.

Gina slipped through the restaurant kitchen door one morning before opening time, carrying her package. She had dressed in her most ladylike suit, suitable for an audience not with the President but with the Queen. Presidents, she'd discovered first hand, often preferred something more risqué. The kitchen staff didn't stop her as she passed but looked at her knowingly. Some seemed positively invigorated, eager for the impending fight.

Paul's glare at her was incandescent. She raced across the room before he could throw her out, babbling apologies all the way. "Please! Monsieur Paul, I am so sorry! I don't know what came over me. My behaviour was unpardonable. I swear to you it will never happen again!"

"And Monsieur," He had drawn himself up to full height, which though only 5'10", seemed gigantic at this moment. Still, she dared to place her hand on his arm, "I will not be able to survive if I am banned from your restaurant. It is not only that it is THE most important restaurant in DC ..." She saw him soften slightly, "... but the food is unsurpassed." More softening. "Can you ever forgive me?" She smiled into his eyes. He was, after all, French. "And I brought you something very special – very difficult to find – to attempt to make up for it."

He looked down at the box in her hands then took it from her slowly, reverently. He broke the seal and removed a cigar. He rolled it between his fingers, head cocked to the side, then ran the cigar under his nose from end to end, deeply breathing its earthy fragrance. Carefully he repositioned it in the box, focused again on Gina and raised his forefinger to her. "Never again!"

"Oh Monsieur Paul, thank you so much! I swear, Never Again!"

Monsieur Paul turned to continue his duties but Gina hesitated. She'd won this battle and knew she was insane to pursue a subject now sacrosanct. But she was suffering from some mysterious and unquenchable inner compulsion. She felt herself tremble with the tension – she didn't know, was it from the conversation with Paul or her irrational need? – but the words burst from her mouth. "One other thing ..." He turned back to her, Gallic eyebrows raised. "The second gentleman at the table. Can you tell me who he is and how I can get in touch with him?"

He stared along the bridge of his sharply aquiline nose, clearly communicating her unsteady ground. "Mademoiselle! We never break our patrons' confidence."

She again placed her hand on his arm. "Please, Monsieur Paul. It's very important." Again she looked into his eyes. "Is there anything I can do to change your mind?" She kept the question neutral, allowing him to decide what she'd meant.

For a moment he searched her face, then turned his back to her and walked away, throwing the words back definitively over his shoulder. "Mademoiselle Gina, we do not give out our patrons' information."

Philippe required no bullshit. She called him at home. "I'm sure you've heard about my unfortunate faux pas and know I've already placated Monsieur Paul." Her voice was replete with heartfelt sincerity. "I truly hope you'll forgive me as well. But I also need you to help me make it all better with the town. What's it going to cost me?"

The man seated at the desk in the Gothic lobby was utterly indifferent to her appearance despite the advanced age of most of his tenants. Philippe was, after all, an extremely eligible man in a city of single women.

"Come in, my dear." Philippe greeted her at the door in a green silk Chanel dressing gown and matching leather slippers. He took off her jacket and looked appreciatively at the impressive volume of her bare breasts jiggling unsteadily with each breath over the top of her black leather corset. "You look lovely ... Of course the skirt will have to come off." He ushered her across the wide pale foyer.

The venerable penthouse Philippe inherited from his grandmother was now stunningly – and his grandmother's few remaining friends said vulgarly – contemporary. The apartment occupied the entire top, roof and all, of the most beautiful building on the ornate Connecticut Avenue bridge in wealthy, archaic Kalorama. Philippe swore he'd kept, "stored" he said, all the original architectural detail he'd stripped off every square inch from hardwood floors to 13 foot ceilings. The original twenty five rooms were now seven sweeping spaces, bare and angular.

Gina paused in the doorway, the expanse of the room the town called "The Ballroom" and the city beyond spread wondrously before her. "Glorious!" she thought as her senses absorbed the scene. "The most romantic spot in the entire city – despite the starkness and weird furniture."

The huge space occupied the southern end of the building, one third of a floor. Rectangular ten foot tall windows denuded of trim filled the walls in three directions. During daylight, the lush greenery of Rock Creek Park filled the eastern vista. Now after dark, the brilliant panorama of Connecticut Avenue stretched straight down the hill to the south to within a few blocks of the White House and the lights of Rosslyn sparkled in the sky to the west.

The sharp edges of three massive industrial-looking chandeliers twinkled like tiny gilt stars in the firelight, shimmering on the shiny synthetic tabletops to light the way through the strange clumps of furniture. Philippe led her through the mosaic of muted yellow-gold flooring, walls and ceiling to one of the room's two blazing fireplaces. The "floating" floor, set on springs for dancing, gave a bit under Gina's heels. "Looks like the day's first piss," a wit at one of Philippe's many parties had commented on the colour, carefully out of his host's earshot. Philippe wouldn't have minded the joke. He enjoyed old-fashioned Washington's abhorrence of his décor.

Despite the unusual shapes, Gina knew the furniture was luxuriantly comfortable – not that it mattered tonight. Philippe sat in one of a pair of space-age chartreuse armchairs positioned on either side of a transparent dark orange table. He seemed to float in the darkened room in a pool of light from the fire and the minimalist silver table lamp on the orange tabletop. He smiled up at her. “Lovely view, isn’t it?” He glanced toward the southern windows. “... and I want to give Homeland Security a good look when they fly by. Now everything off but the shoes and corset, then come here.” He pointed to the floor between his legs.

Phillipe had been quite clear. A revealing corset – she could choose which – was not negotiable. She’d been pleased with this corset’s effect when she’d peered into her bedroom mirror. She’d enjoyed the obscenely voluptuous curves it gave her, forcing exaggerated roundness into her bottom and accentuating her breasts’ pendulous mass. Unlike most, its front was uncompromisingly flat, constricting not only her waist to “waspish” proportions but also disallowing any abdominal excesses. Now, though, she was clasped stiffly straight, brutally restrained at every forward bend. As she manoeuvred to her knees between his legs and opened his robe, already gasping slightly, she was certain she’d regret her vanity.

Despite the rich food served in his restaurant, Phillippe’s stomach was hard and flat. Gina couldn’t resist running her hand appreciatively across the hard muscles along the way downward. “Really, an extremely stylish and sexy man.” She was just a little startled by the tingling burst of lewd moisture the thought elicited. She wrapped her fingers around his thick shaft, enjoying the wonderful softness of the pliable blue veined skin, and ran her thumb over the swelling cap, “and a great cock!” With a frisson of pleasure, she remembered it deep inside her, so efficiently making contact, stimulating her. Gina squared her shoulders a little and breathed deeply before she bent her head. “Just hellishly hard work!”

Philippe was what Gina called a ‘strenuous’ blow job. It once took him two hours to cum and she had worked hard the entire time, used every ounce of her prodigious skill. That his cock was large didn’t help. Her jaw ached for days afterwards.

She sucked his cock into her mouth and instantly it was full sized and jammed into the back of her throat. With him it was a matter of energy and maintenance – he fucked her mouth and she did her best to take it. Her hardest jobs were to accommodate her motion to his rhythm, to open her throat so he could slide into it without hardship ... and to breathe, a requirement the corset tortuously impaired.

He leaned back in the chair and stared at or at least in the direction of the skyline, his hands on her head, continually easing himself deeper into her mouth. The hardness burned against the back of her mouth, burned as it first filled then stretched her throat. Oddly, she felt a certain gratification in the extremity, in the oral fullness, even with its excruciating effort.

She tried to content him by licking the shaft and sucking the head, shallowly so she could breathe but he grabbed her ears, moaned and gave a really hard push into her throat. She struggled not to gag – did gag, retched, then succumbed to a peal of coughing and gasped hard enough to wheeze like an asthmatic. The corset made getting enough breath impossible. He was relentless. The scenario repeated so many times she lost count. His cock seemed to never leave her throat, pounding the tissue, stretching far beyond normal use. Her eyes watered, her nose ran, saliva flowed down her chin.

After about twenty minutes and then again every fifteen minutes thereafter she paused for the miniscule instant Phillippe would allow, squeezed his cock in her hand and said in her most provocative voice “You’re making me so wet. I need you to fuck me,” or some variation. Really, she was wet and she did yearn to have him fuck her, not only to get a little rest. Again she remembered how great his cock felt inside her. The memory was visceral and accompanied by another burst of moisture. He smiled dryly down at her, shook his head and motioned for her to continue.

After one hour and seventeen minutes (the diamond markers on her watch sparkled clearly in the flickering light) he bellowed like an enraged bull and filled her mouth with cum. The fluid was thick in her mouth, gelatinous and slightly acidic tasting. She felt a moment of panic as it coated her mouth like glue and threatened to choke her. She stared up at him wide-eyed and pulled back off his cock, careful though not to spill a drop.

He used his own hand to gentle his throbbing. With the other he grabbed her chin and held it until he was sure she swallowed it all. The slimy mass slid down her throat like a raw but slightly warmed oyster.

She licked her lips and looked up at him. She could feel she was a mess, her face wet with tears, saliva and running makeup, her hair utterly dishevelled. She didn’t care. Had her obsession actually increased? “Philippe, I have another favour to ask.”

His eyes darkened momentarily but then he laughed. “Another favour? I haven’t given you enough tonight?”

“I need the name and phone number of the man who ate with Michael and his wife.”

She was startled by what she saw in his eyes. He seemed resolute, as if he knew her request was coming. “I promise you, you do not want to meet him.”

“Why not? What’s wrong with him?”

He hesitated. He didn’t seem to want to tell her. She waited, surprised. Finally he said, “Well ... he’s quirky ... dangerous.”

“What is he, some sort of Special Ops type? You know I’ve had my fill of those.”

“No,” he said softly, “he’s a very different sort.”

Gina laughed. “You know I can handle anyone.”

But Philippe did not share her amusement. She’d never seen him so serious. For several minutes he looked into her eyes, worried she thought. Whatever he saw, at last he shrugged. “Fine. I’ll get it for you and then you’ll do something else for me.”

Philippe’s apartment *was* the colour of piss, Gina discovered when she was on her hands and knees in Philippe’s yellow-gold tub and was being covered with it. Philippe pissed in her face, in her hair and all over her body. He seemed to have an endless supply and to take particular pleasure in aiming into her eyes.

His piss was warm. It might have been pleasant if she hadn’t known what was drenching her. Except for the odour. Really, it was quite peculiar this close up – acrid and strange. It seemed to create some odd sort of chemical reaction with her body, which was heightened by the sensation in her mouth. She couldn’t keep the liquid out of her mouth and the smell changed on her tongue. A profoundly different flavour seemed to pervade all of her cells. It was a powerful, awful taste she would not forget.

The thought of what was happening, what she was trying not to inadvertently drink, disgusted her. Gina pushed it from her mind. She would take it because, above all else, she didn’t want to offend Phillippe. He could help her in so many ways – and she needed

to get back into the restaurant. Being ostracized could destroy her in this insular little town.

She looked up at him and spat discreetly. She saw the amusement in his eyes, so she gave in to her revulsion. She sputtered and spat and shook her head. The warm yellow liquid drenched her skin before it vanished against the marble.

Afterwards, Phillipe gave her a snifter of Benedictine and Brandy. The golden liquid shot sweet fire into her head and from there along the pathway of veins into her body. He kissed her softly on the cheek. "I'm so sorry, my dear. I hope you'll forgive me and that I'll see you again."

She laughed. "Of course you'll see me again." For a moment his words nagged at her. Forgive her? She didn't understand and it all seemed so final somehow. Then she was gone.

Chapter Three

The last she remembered was Phillippe giving her a drink. Could he possibly have drugged her and sent her here? She shook her head, both trying to clear it and because she couldn't believe Phillippe could be involved. His family had been in DC so long they were an institution.

Then a thought struck Gina, squeezing her heart so tightly she swooned and almost blacked out again. What if she wasn't in the US anymore? Panicked, her eyes strained into the dimness in every direction trying to make out something that might tell her where she was. A grey sky, but nothing else, was visible through an open, roof-high industrial doorway. Her panic galloped up into her head. There were no clues! Only the swampy smell and the foreign faces.

An accented voice caught her attention. She turned her head. The Oriental man was satisfied with the young girl. He handed a briefcase to a man nearby. The man called across the warehouse in a language Gina didn't recognize. She heard the jangle of metal wheels on concrete before she saw another man approach pushing a cubical crate, open at one end, on a dolly. As a hypodermic needle slid into her arm, the girl screamed for just a moment until her body went limp. Gina watched the men unshackle the girl, fold her slack legs against her chest, fit her into the squat crate and hammer the crate closed. Tears streamed down Gina's cheeks as the crate was wheeled away. She felt such anguish for the poor girl ... and for herself. Would she be next?

She realized then that the metallic sounds of crates being hammered closed and rolled in and out and the shackles striking against each other, had penetrated her drugged dreams. As her eyes adjusted to the greyness she saw crates coming and going down the line of girls.

Adrenaline had consumed the pain in her head. Now her senses were on edge, hyper-aware, heightened by fear. She felt a presence and turned her head. About ten feet in front of her hovered a dark man in a flowing red headdress and white robes over a business suit. He stared at her fixedly and she knew she'd felt his stare all the while she'd been conscious. When he saw her turn, he called across the warehouse, in Arabic, she thought.

A handsome, swarthy man in an elegant dark suit, with beautiful black curls to his shoulders and large dark eyes, walked toward her. In spite of the horror around her she felt a little relief. This was someone she might deal with, she thought. She worked with men like him all the time.

The men talked – argued? – animatedly. Gina was now certain they spoke Arabic. She smiled seductively toward the man with the curls. "Hello. Have we met before?" she ventured. They ignored her. Her voice became urgent, louder. "Can you please unfasten me! There must be some mistake."

The men stopped their conversation and looked at her. The handsome man approached. Again she smiled. "I think I've met you ..." she began. The man drew back his fist and punched her hard in the abdomen. Her bound wrists prevented her from doubling over but her breath exploded from her body. The sensation of pain had not reached her brain before the man hit her again. She gasped and, despite herself, tears streamed down her cheeks. Her organs seemed to swirl and clench inside her. She felt sick ... and as the deep pain rose into her throat, her unwitting tears change to sobs of true mourning.

Clearly she was to be sold to the man in the robes. She did not see how she could possibly escape. She knew she wouldn't give up. But for the moment, at least, she was overcome with hopelessness. All was certainly lost.

The men's argument ceased and they turned toward the entryway. Gina saw another man's dark shape approach, silhouetted in the pale light. When he turned to shake the elegant man's hand hope burst into her chest. It was the man in the restaurant – Ward, she'd read his name at Phillipe's.

She started to yell to him. Then her hope died as quickly as it had risen. Her voice froze in her throat. Why was he here? Had he done this to her? What did he want from her?

The elegant man switched to urbanely unaccented English. "I'm afraid you now have a competitor for the girl."

Gina saw the expression on Ward's face grow dark, thunderous, for just a second before it recaptured tranquillity. He bowed to the robed man, who returned the bow. "Sir, I'm afraid Reza has given you incorrect information. This one is my property." The robed man did not appear in the least disturbed by Ward's statement.

Reza's tone was profusely apologetic. "Master Ward, I beg you to forgive me. I have informed the Sheikh of your claim. But he ardently desires her and I could not ignore his ... generous offer." He waved to the line of girls. "Can I please give you another – at no charge?"

Ward motioned Reza aside, out of earshot of the Sheikh but closer to Gina. Her fear was momentarily overcome by curiosity. She felt an urgent need to hear their conversation and was thrilled when they came close ... until it occurred to her that Ward wanted her to hear.

"There is no question here, Reza," he said coldly. "We have an agreement. She is mine."

Reza was clearly distressed. His voice was humble, plaintive. "Is there nothing we can do? The Sheikh has offered me a huge sum and he is a very good customer. I don't want to lose his patronage." His voice lowered, became confidential. "I think it's the giant breasts. He said something about feeding his children." He smiled wryly. "Maybe himself, also."

Ward looked momentarily thoughtful and his eyebrows lifted. "Interesting."

Gina listened to Ward's next words with awful realization – somewhere deep inside she had certainly suspected – yet also with a tiny bit of relief. "Do I need to remind you where many of your most desirable properties come from? I'm certain you do not want to damage our arrangement. And have you forgotten that it was my contacts who did this? You would never have had her without me. As I said, there is no question. She belongs to me."

Reza was intent, sincere. "Let me give you one – no, two – of the others." He turned toward the line of girls. "I have some beautiful ones. Younger." For a moment, Gina felt irrationally slighted and jealous. "Virgins." He smiled. "Well, almost. They're twins, also with big breasts and very submissive."

Reza led Ward out of Gina's line of vision. Her heart sank. How could she compete with beautiful young twins? She wanted him to take her away from this horrible place yet at the same time her rational mind was struck by the hideous irony. Would she then be

the slave to this frightening, mysterious man? What would that mean? Still she waited, barely breathing and chest tight with fear.

The men returned. Reza's optimistic expression grew larger in front of her like a scene from a nightmare. Tears sprang into Gina's eyes.

Ward cocked his head toward Gina. "Before I decide, let me speak to her." Reza resumed his conversation with the Sheikh, an obsequious smile on his beautiful face.

Ward positioned himself close in front of Gina. His eyes slowly, appraisingly, swept up her body. Again she experienced a sense of irony. Here she yearned to please a brutal kidnapper.

Ward painfully gripped a handful of her hair and pulled up her head so her eyes were a few inches from his. "These are the rules. They will be better and worse than you expect." His eyes grabbed and held hers like in a hard fist.

"In the future I will treat you as an animal ..."

"An animal? What did he mean?" she wondered, horrified.

"... so you will not be required to call me Sir. However in this discussion you will say Yes Sir and No Sir so I am clear about your answers. Do you understand?"

Gina could barely bring herself to say the words ... but she did. "Yes Sir."

"On the surface your life will not change. Unless I decide otherwise, none of your friends or colleagues will know of your new status. You will still work. But you will become my property." He jerked her hair for emphasis and brought his palely luminous eyes even closer. "I want you to be very clear about this. I will own you. I will control your actions and eventually all of your thoughts just like I would my dog. And I will train you like I would my dog." His eyes were relentless. "Do you understand?"

She didn't really. First she hesitated, then started to explain. He smiled and placed his free hand on her stomach. Though she couldn't fully look down, she glimpsed the edge of a flattened fist. The thought "It's amazing how big it looks," stabbed into her mind. Her body jerked and she stuttered out, "Yyyyes, Sir."

He smiled pleasantly. "I don't expect you to fully understand ... yet. But I do expect you to obey." His voice was still soft but with an intangible yet chilling emphasis. "Do you understand?"

This time she was too afraid to hesitate. "Yes, Sir."

"You are intelligent and I will use your intelligence along with your body to manipulate my clients – whatever their desires."

Her first response was amazement and disgust, then again fear. "Yes," he said. She saw him following her responses in her eyes. "I will make you my whore."

"For now you will continue to live in your apartment." Possibilities leapt into her mind. She knew he saw them in her eyes but couldn't stop them in time. His smile was icy and – she wondered why – he seemed completely certain of his words. "Don't think you can escape."

Ward released her hair. His smile was again pleasant but his words sent chills through her body. "This is the last choice you will ever make. My rules ..." he shrugged, "...or I will give you to the Sheikh and take the twins." Suddenly he was still. So frighteningly still, she thought.

Gina felt ill and exhaustingly overwhelmed. His silence deafened her and her mind raced through it in all directions at once. But she knew the truth. Really there was no choice. She did not want to respond. Finally her fear forced the word out. "You ... Sir."

Ward motioned to Reza. He peered intently into Ward's cold eyes. "No? I can't convince you." He looked toward heaven. "But how am I possibly going to placate the Sheikh?"

Gina wondered the same thing. Although she found herself strangely confident in Ward's ability to prevail (in some unimaginable future she must think about why) Reza's words sent another rush of anxiety through her. She moaned softly. Would this nightmare ever be finished?

"Let me help you with the Sheikh." Ward smiled – at a private joke, it seemed to Gina. "I'm sure he'll find my offer satisfactory."

Ward bowed to the Sheikh. "I hope you will forgive Reza. It was only his abject desire to satisfy your needs that caused him to give you misinformation." Ward's expression was intensely solicitous. "I'm afraid I cannot be outbid for this girl..." The Sheikh looked extremely surprised and somewhat displeased. "...because I have paid in things more valuable than money: honour and commitment."

Gina was dumbfounded. She could not comprehend what he could possibly mean. Honour and commitment? The man was making her his unwilling slave. The Sheikh's expression, however, told her he found Ward's words deeply meaningful.

"However, I think I have another solution that you will find suitable. As you may be aware, I have trained certain of Reza's girls."

The Sheikh vigorously nodded. "Yes, I do know. In fact, I own one of the girls you trained. Teresa. Do you remember her? A truly excellent property."

Ward bowed again. "Yes, an excellent choice."

The Sheikh eagerly continued. "Ah! That perfectly white skin! I have forbidden her from ever going outside because I am afraid her skin will burn in our hot sun. And her exceptional ability to fulfil all of my needs!" His expression became pensive. "But really most rewarding is her own need. I call it her addiction. She does not seem to be able to survive without providing her services. She degrades herself as thoroughly as if she was addicted to heroin." He beamed at Ward. "It makes possessing her so exquisitely pleasurable. So truly decadent!"

Ward was clearly pleased. "Sir, I am honoured to meet someone of your subtle understanding. I consider that my true skill is not as a trainer ..."

"Tsk, tsk." The Sheikh expressed his vehement disagreement.

"... but in my ability to perceive which girls truly need to serve." He waved toward Gina. "Like this one." He smiled at the Sheikh. "You clearly can also perceive this distinction."

"So why don't you allow me to train the girl to your specifications? Then I will bring her to you in Saudi at regular intervals. Or if you prefer you will have access to her in the US."

Again Gina listened without comprehension.

Her heart filled and overflowed with anxiety. She could simply not imagine what Ward proposed. His words had immediately come to pass. He had already arranged for her prostitution. And what strange needs did the Sheikh have? What would he do to her? She tried to clear her head. How was Ward going to train her?

Ward had paused to observe the Sheikh's reaction. "I can't imagine that you don't tire of your girls. This arrangement will allow you to use her when you please and have her training perfectly developed and maintained at all other times."

“I think you’ll find you’ll receive a superior product this way. So? ...”

The Sheikh considered for no more than a moment. He smiled and extended his hand. “Agreed.”

Gina was weak with relief. She sagged against the shackles. She didn’t know what was to come but it must certainly be better than slavery in Saudi Arabia. At least she could think so for the moment.

Ward handed the Sheikh his card. “Please email me your specifications and I will keep you apprised of her progress.”

Reza solicitously led the Sheikh away. “Perhaps I can offer you something else?”

Ward squeezed Gina’s jaw between powerful fingers. “You’ll grow to love this, I promise you.” She stared at him in disbelief.

A man approached with a hypodermic. “I’m sorry,” Ward said as she tried to jerk away. “This location is secret.” The hypodermic slid into her thigh and she slumped against the metal bands.

Chapter Four

Gina awoke in her soft bed in her beautiful, safe and wonderfully comforting bedroom. She wore her favourite solitary sleepwear, a giant Baltimore Orioles t-shirt. How long had she been asleep?

She stretched luxuriously then winced. Her muscles cramped in odd places, her stomach ached and her wrists were sore. Apprehensively she examined her abdomen – no bruises there, thank God! – and then her wrists. Her wrists were marked. Telltale streaks and blotches of purple circled them. They hurt when she flexed her hands. Suddenly she was overcome with anxiety. It was not a dream!

It was forever before she could rise from bed. Her mind was as opaque as the smooth cream of the ceiling at which she stared. At first. Then it began to swirl. Everything whirled around her and she lay in the middle, helpless.

Coffee. Maybe coffee would help. Ridiculous, she thought with hopeless irony. Nothing would help. She pushed herself up and out of her deep nest and wandered through the apartment, touching this and that without seeing anything.

Voicemail was blinking at her and she picked up the phone thoughtlessly and dialled. The service said seven messages. Quickly she forwarded through them until she heard her sister, Marie's, dramatic voice. "Hi Gina. I hope everything's great with you. I sent you an email but I just couldn't wait to tell you. I met the most gorgeous and wonderful man. He's some sort of international businessman. His name's Robert. I sent you a picture. Give me a call when you get a chance."

Gina took her coffee cup into her office and downloaded email. Days of them. Again she was hit with a wave of anxiety. How long was she gone?

She clicked on the message from her sister, scrolled down to the picture and stopped, stunned. Marie was smiling broadly, her head resting intimately on the shoulder of an eerily smiling ... Reza.

Gina's mental state instantly shattered into thousands of sharp, painful shards. Her life had disintegrated to something incomprehensible. Now her family was in danger and it was all her fault. If she could only take it all back. If she had never tried to find Ward – or, even better, had never seen him in the first place – this would never have happened.

A faint sliver of calm parted the turmoil. She was a strong strategist. Maybe if she didn't panic further she could solve the problem. Options immediately tumbled through her head.

She contemplated calling the police, no, the FBI. Her mind gnawed at the idea. Could the authorities really do anything? These men had a slick operation. Would her sister simply vanish before Gina could get help? Or worse, might the men kill them both? She had a friend – actually an old lover – at the FBI. A discreet phone call couldn't hurt. She fervently hoped it couldn't.

Thank God. He was in and very happy to hear from her. "Hi honey. I've prayed this moment would come. When can I see you?"

"Cut the crap, Brent. This is serious."

His tone immediately changed. "Tell me."

"I don't want to give too many details cause," her voice quavered, "well, frankly I'm terrified. I think I've gotten involved with a white slave ring. One of them is ..." She started to say "dating" but it sounded too ridiculous. "... with my sister."

His voice was a little sceptical, as if he thought it just might be a joke. “You’re kidding. Where’s your sister? And where are you?”

“We’re both at our homes.”

“Are either of you hurt?”

“Well no, not really.”

His voice was even more sceptical. “Gina, are you sure about this? Who’s the guy with your sister?”

“His name’s Reza something. Middle Eastern.”

His voice was incredulous. “Reza? Handsome guy? Goes by Robert in the US? He’s an Iranian expatriate, the grandson of the old Shah’s best friend – an international playboy. He probably has a billion dollars of the Shah’s money hidden around the world.”

Gina’s voice became urgent and frustrated. “Brent, you know me. I wouldn’t bullshit about this sort of thing. I was kidnapped and they let me go and then I find out one of the kidnappers, this guy Reza, has been spending time with my sister.”

“Okay! Okay! Try to calm down! This is way outside my jurisdiction. But there’s a guy here who can help. I’ll get you in to see him. When can you come down?”

“How about now?”

Taking action made her feel a little better. She showered, dressed and was on her way out the door when a thought froze her. What if Marie was in danger right now? She had to stop Ward from hurting her.

Phillipe had given her Ward’s phone number. Was it here? Her favourite purse sat on her desk on the exact spot it always did. Frantically she dug into it. She pulled out her day planner and, with shock, found the slip of paper inserted between the pages of ... yes, it was today’s date.

As she picked up the phone, her eyes swept the apartment with a chilling sense of vulnerability. It was all so perfectly in place. Her eyes dropped to her t-shirt. How did they know the tiny details of her life? Were they still watching her?

A frightening thought plunged into her mind. If they were watching, they would know she was going to the FBI. Once again, she was overcome with helplessness. “Why would they? They have my sister! And what choice do I have!” were her last thoughts before she heard Ward’s voice.

Gina wanted to scream. Instead she burst into tears. “Please don’t ... hurt ... my sister,” she pleaded, each word choked with misery. “I’ll do anything.”

His voice was quiet and merciless. “Yes. You will. We’ll discuss it at lunch.”

The J. Edgar Hoover Building was ugly and drab, both outside and in – like a massive collection of square sandstone picture frames, she’d always thought. Brent met her at Security at one of the side entrances generally used only by employees. He clipped on a badge after the guard manually patted her down and waved a metal detector over her, then led her to a bank of elevators. “We’re meeting him in his office. People are protective of their territories here, so I’m going to leave you there.”

On the third floor, Brent knocked on a partially open door and swung it open. A long-faced, rather nondescript man with glasses sat behind a big desk surrounded by a jumble of cheap metal office furniture. He rose to greet them with hand extended. Brent

said, "John, meet Gina." Then, "I'll leave you two alone." He exited, pulling the door closed.

John smiled at her. The smile was a little supercilious. Maybe that was just his personality. She shrugged mentally. A bureaucrat. "Brent has told me a little about your ... problem. Let's talk about it."

A little relief was beginning to seep in. At least he seemed to be taking her seriously. Gina casually looked around the office.

Then John said, "I know about Reza's operation." Her head jerked toward him and, at last, real relief swept over her. She had not expected to hear those words.

But her short-lived equanimity disappeared at his next words, "The FBI can't do anything about it. He's connected up to the highest levels and personally has diplomatic immunity. On his mother's side. She's Saudi. Plus, the operation is very efficient and exceptionally well camouflaged. The Bureau has never gotten anything incriminating on him."

Once again, Gina felt utterly helpless. She knew that tone. They weren't going to help her. She wanted to cry. She blurted out into his stolid face, "Can't you at least protect my sister?" Was it pity she saw in his eyes?

Her eyes spun around the room like a gyroscope, trying to find something to give her stability. Something caught her attention. In a back corner, between two tall filing cabinets, sat a squat, cubical wooden crate, its front open. Her heart clenched with now all-too familiar terror.

She turned toward John, praying he did not see the fear in her face, and said as cordially as possible: "You know, I really think I've made a mistake." She quickly rose to her feet. "Thank you so much for seeing me. Please forgive me for wasting your time."

With that, she turned and almost ran out of the office and the building. As she moved through the quiet halls, his words hit her like a slap in the face. He had just told her he was one of them or at least and, perhaps more hideous, used their services.

Ward's house was in an industrial area of Maryland about forty-five minutes south of the city. She followed his directions along a rural road past several industrial parks. Finally she came to a large secured gate in front of a mass of trees. She pressed the intercom and a British voice asked her name. The gate swung slowly open. She followed a road edged by short boxwood hedges and tall cast-iron Victorian gaslights through the trees. Suddenly the house – a fantastic old Victorian mansion with many porches, several turrets and masses of trim – appeared in front of her in the middle of a green lawn that rolled past willows to the banks of the Potomac River.

The scene was exquisite yet it barely registered. Her every motion occurred only by rote. She now lived in a haze of fear. Ward opened the door and she found herself in his house. She didn't remember how and she was barely aware of her surroundings. He held her wrists together behind her back during the walk to the long formal dining room.

At lunch, the reality of her subjugation to him permeated every cell of her body and mind and clouded the air around her. The elegant butler served a main course of some sort of grilled white fish she was sure was excellent but barely tasted. Again she begged him not to hurt her sister.

He told her, "Marie will enjoy her relationship with Reza." She felt a jolt when she heard her sister's name, but of course he knew it. He smiled coldly. "Robert. He will give

her experiences only available with a great deal of money and he will make wonderful love to her.”

He smiled again and she shivered at that horrible smile. “Reza is a very experienced and talented lover. At some point you’ll discover that for yourself.”

Gina recoiled from the idea of having sex with the white slaver who punched her in the stomach. Yet she was helpless to keep her sister away from him. He could be with Marie right now. Her mind shied away from the image.

“If – when I am certain of your ... devotion, Reza will be forced to tenderly leave her.” His calm eyes again managed to grab and hold hers. In an excruciating surge of realization, she knew she could not escape him. “Although I would regret the loss, you do have the option of trading her servitude for yours.”

The words burst from her mouth with a stream of tears. “I would never never never,” she shook her head frantically, “do that!”

He shrugged. “Your choice.”

His voice was so calm, so pleasant. “You’re fortunate to have such an attractive family. Such a lovely sister,” he paused for a moment and looked directly at her, “and your cousins in Boston.” Her gaze fixed on his with abject terror. “Do large breasts run in your family?”

She began to stammer. “Hh-how do I know he won’t hurt her?” Her breathing was laboured, almost hysterical, “Or sell her ... or anyone else?”

“Because I told you so,” he said. “I have no need to lie to you.” His words twisted her psyche as effectively as a cruelly domineering parent. “You will learn that I am only here to give you what you want, what you need.

“You’ve always known you are a slave, a ‘submissive’, someone whose fundamental nature is to submit to the will of another. You’ve just never found the means to make it possible.”

Some devious impulse inside her wanted his voice to be warm but it was precise and unyielding. “When I first saw you in the restaurant I knew you had exceptional potential. As your Owner I will take responsibility for you and see you develop fully. I will discover and fulfil your needs. I share the Marquis de Sade’s philosophy; you must have every experience in order to be complete and I will see that you do. I will train you so you’re capable of everything.”

He sounded so rational, so logical. Was this how psychopaths manipulated their victims?

Gina was bewildered ... and ashamed. Somewhere deep inside she believed him – worse, wanted to believe him. But every other part of her rejected him. No! He was a horrible person who did horrible and frightening things. He had her sister and had threatened the rest of her family.

The butler brought a silver coffeepot. He served only Ward. Ward rose from the table, put his arm around her neck and lifted her to her feet. Again he pulled her hands together behind her so her back arched against him and her breasts were forced forward. His movements were brutal but somehow erotic and, with heart wrenching dismay, she felt her body respond.

Ward tied her hands with pliable white cord. He showed her the tie in the big antique mirror over the sideboard. Her hands were wrapped at the wrist then separated several inches by a meticulous coil resembling a hangman’s noose. The remnants of the shackled

bruises felt tender and sore when the ropes pressed against them. Her lips trembled at the memory ... and at her uncertain future.

He told her to stand with her back to the wall opposite his chair with her pelvis tilted forward and her knees spread. He unbuttoned her blouse and squeezed her brassiere over her big round breasts, leaving it still clasped tight in her armpits. He pulled her skirt up to her waist and dropped her panties to her knees. Then he returned to his chair.

The position was humiliating. With everything else she'd been through, Gina didn't know why the awkward spread of her knees between her hanging panties and the inelegant and constricting position of her bra upset her, but they did. They were simple things, not nearly as extreme as other things men did to her, but still disturbing and, yes that was it, degrading. She wanted to scream and weep simultaneously. She was filled up with helplessness. Her life was no longer in her control.

She also found standing this way remarkably difficult, particularly in her four inch Manolos. Her thighs and knees soon stiffened and her ankles were killing her. She did not know how long she could stay still.

Yet her pussy was wet. She didn't understand and hated herself for her own body's betrayal.

The butler set a small dark chocolate bombe in front of Ward and a small gold wrapped box beside the plate. Ward's eyes played over Gina's face and body while he sipped coffee and ate chocolate. "Magnificent breasts," was his only comment and it sounded dreadfully ominous to her.

When he finished he photographed her, shooting close to her body from intimate, embarrassing angles.

He put down the camera and opened the gold box. Again he moved in intimate proximity to her. She felt the warmth of his body. He held his open hand against her bare breast and, shamefully, her nipple hardened.

At first she was confused by the beautiful small gold and black objects hidden in his palm. Were they earrings? Then she realized the onyx teardrops hanging from the bronze circlets were actually screw mechanisms.

"I'm giving you some special nipple clamps. I want you to wear them in public under your clothes. Sometimes when you go out I'm going to tell you not to wear a bra, just the clamps." For a moment she was appalled, envisioning her huge breasts bouncing around unbound and worse with the clamps showing beneath her blouse. She wanted to complain but didn't.

He untied her hands and gave her one clamp. "Screw the clamp wide open. Now put the circle over your nipple and pull your nipple through. Do it."

Her hands awkwardly moved to her breasts. Her nipple was too fat to go through easily, its progress hampered further by tiny serrations in the interior of the circle that aggressively grabbed the tissue. She tried pushing the clamp over the nipple, then pulling the nipple through the clamp, then both at once. Her nipple was fast becoming sore and abraded.

She became so frustrated that tears started in her eyes. She looked up and, as was now usual, he watched with dispassionate control.

Finally she managed to work one nipple into the bronze circle. The circlet fitted flat around the nipple's point, the teardrop suspended below, against her breast.

“Now tighten the screw.” The circle constricted around her nipple and the tiny ridges bit into her flesh. She gave an involuntary cry of pain.

“Good. Is the clamp tight enough to stay on?”

“I think so.”

“Now put on the other.”

Ward led her to the mirror. Although the clamps did lie fairly flat against her breasts she was certain a close observer could see the teardrops’ distortion beneath her blouse. She hoped her breasts’ huge proportion would prevent overly close inspection as it normally did in the politically correct environments she inhabited.

Still they were beautifully made and obviously quite expensive. For a second she regretted that Washington proper could not appreciate the fine jewellery and their flattery to her equally fine breasts. She pushed the thought from her mind.

Then something stranger and more heinous occurred to her. She had the impulse to screw them tighter. Should she tell Ward? As surreptitiously as she could, she glanced over at him from under her lashes and knew she didn’t have a choice.

“Do it,” was his response. She cautiously turned the screws. To her surprise they tightened further without extreme discomfort.

He watched. “Do it again.”

Now it hurt. She knew he could see the pain in her face. He saw everything.

“That’s right,” he told her. “I want you to tighten them till they hurt whenever you need to. You can take them on and off as you like but I want you to wear them each day for one entire trip out in public.”

Again Gina felt Ward’s physical presence close beside her. She looked into his face, bemused. “This isn’t so bad,” crossed her mind. “I can handle this.”

Ward looked back at her, calm and dominant. “By the way, because you had the good sense to leave the FBI, your friend, Stephanie, has only been raped, not sold.”

She looked at him with complete incomprehension. Stephanie was her running partner and one of her closest friends. How could Ward know about her? Then fear and shock hit her as his words penetrated her consciousness. “Www-what?”

“Check your voicemail.”

She had turned off her mobile when she entered the FBI building and then been too distracted to turn it back on. Now there were five messages, all from Doug, Stephanie’s husband, all saying basically the same thing. “Gina, Stephanie’s okay but she’s been raped. We’re at Columbia Women’s Hospital. I know it would help Stephanie if you were here. Please call as soon as you get this.”

Gina immediately dialled. “Doug! What happened? You said she’s okay?”

“Gina! Thank God! Stephanie really needs you here. Yes, she was incredibly lucky. Other than the rape – which was, of course, horrible – she wasn’t hurt.

“You know that alley between 19th and 20th she cuts through to get coffee? It happened around 11 this morning.” Shortly after she left the FBI, Gina realized with disbelief.

“Stephanie was about half way through the alley and a man in a ski mask jumped out of a basement staircase and put a knife to her throat. Another man was holding the door open. They took her into a furnace room in one of the office buildings. They told her they wouldn’t hurt her if she cooperated but would kill her if she didn’t.

“First they made her kneel. One man held the knife under her throat and ...” he had difficulty getting out the words, “touched her body while he forced her to have oral sex with the other.” His voice shrilled. “Gina, if she’d fallen or anything she could have slit her throat! Then they switched. Then one held her down with the knife at her throat. The other raped her. And they switched again.” She heard his voice break. “And Gina, she didn’t think it would ever end. They kept taking turns. When the second one finished, they did everything again.”

Gina was sobbing. “How did she get away?”

“They just left – left her lying on the floor in the dirt. But the most frightening thing is that one of them kept telling her how much he ...” Doug’s voice was rough with shame, “... liked her. She said he talked revoltingly to her, like she was his lover. When they left he said he couldn’t wait to ‘make love’ – those were his exact words – to her again. We’re terrified but the police think it was random.”

Guilt and fear cut through Gina. She knew it wasn’t random. Could they possibly do it again? She knew she would do anything – anything! – to prevent it.

Doug continued. “She wanted to call the police but her mobile didn’t work in the basement. So she had to crawl out and up the stairs. She looked so awful that someone passing called 911.” Now Doug was crying.

Gina knew the answer but asked anyway. “Did the police find any clues?”

“Nothing. There was nothing distinguishing about either of them. They wore masks and gloves.” His voice broke again. “And they used condoms. All in all, the police think she was very lucky.”

“Doug, I’m about 45 minutes away. Please tell her I’ll be there as soon as I can.”

When she hung up she looked at Ward. She felt tiny and cowed. Tears streamed down her cheeks. “You didn’t have to do that.”

Ward’s expression was stern and authoritative. “I’m afraid I did. Your trip to the FBI left me no choice. Reza wanted to make an example of you. He wanted to eliminate ...” He used the word in an odd manner and Gina wondered exactly what it meant. “... you and your sister also.”

He took her chin in his fingers and forced her to look into his eyes. “Understand, I arranged an alternative.”

His words sent her mind tottering precariously. It was him! He set up the rape!

“I told them you were too valuable to destroy,” he smiled in a way too complex for her to fully grasp but she knew there was sex in it, “and that I own you. I gave them my word you would quickly learn how you are required to behave and I – understand, I – made sure they didn’t maim or kill your friend.”

He paused and dug his fingers into the tender points at the corners of her mouth. She screamed through her locked jaw. “She could easily not be so lucky.” ‘Next time’ was implicit ... except that his eyes spoke vividly. There would be no next time.

She dropped her eyes. She was devastated. It was all her fault. She wanted to drop to her knees but couldn’t bring herself to make the gesture. She looked into his eyes again and choked out the words. “Thank you.” Then her voice broke and she sobbed uncontrollably. “I’m so sorry.”

Ward stood quietly and watched her. After a minute or two, she rubbed the tears from under her eyes and asked timidly, “Can I go to the hospital?”

“Go,” he said. “Wear the clamps.”

She looked at him in amazement, then hung her head.

Chapter Five

“How quickly we adapt,” Gina thought one morning when she sat at her computer. She had not heard from Ward in a week and her fear had faded from darkest black to dull grey. She was still consumed with guilt. She didn’t think it would ever leave her.

She’d worn the clamps to the hospital. In the chaos she didn’t think anyone noticed, though she was acutely aware of men’s eyes on her. Still, she didn’t take them off – not when she came home, not when she tried to do a little work in her office and not when she undressed and went to bed. The clamps rubbed against her sheets and she masturbated.

She dreamed her nipples were as big as cow’s teats and when men squeezed her breasts, milk came out. She was embarrassed but an orgasm began in her dream and ended by waking her up while the dream was still crystal clear.

The last few days she’d contemplated not obeying Ward. How would he know if she wore the clamps? she thought, until she remembered Stephanie. Gina blanched pure white and felt quite ill at the image. Stephanie was recovering, though she had nightmares and would need therapy.

Marie had called her almost every day to rave about ‘Robert’, once from his chalet in Gstaad. Gina had asked, as persuasively as caution would allow, “Aren’t you taking this too quickly? What do you really know about him?” Marie had not listened.

The phone rang. Gina answered absentmindedly, her attention on her article. Then her blood turned to ice.

Ward’s cool voice told her, “Tonight we are going to an event at my club. It’s black tie and you will wear a long, revealing dress.

“I will be at your apartment at 6 pm. You will be cleaned, completely shaven and made up, and naked except for the clamps and high heels. You will have several dresses laid out.

“I will inspect you.” She gasped. She wanted to tell him he didn’t have the right ... but in an instant all the horror was back.

“And then I will give you your first beating.” Gina was speechless, stunned, and he waited – a long pause. “I’m sure you agree that you deserve it.”

She knew who it was because the front desk had announced him. Yet she opened the door timidly – first cracking it just a little, then opening it slowly.

It wasn’t her nakedness. That was the least of it. He’d already seen her in far more exposed and undignified states. It was his domination of her. This was the first time he’d been in her apartment, her private space – at least when she’d been conscious. She felt like a small child facing a large and judgmental parent. Her brow furrowed in distress. She was horribly apprehensive about his ‘inspection’ – she gulped around an arid throat – and the beating.

Ward strode right to her bedroom. “As if he’s been here before,” she fretted, trailing hesitantly behind. Despite her discomfort, she could not help but watch the tuxedo’s fine black wool slide across his strong thighs at each step.

He lifted each of the gowns laid on her bed and turned them, back and front. Finally he chose a vintage Calvin Klein, created years ago when the designer was young. The

dress was a fragile, port wine colored silk 'slip dress', cut on the bias so it clung to every curve and utterly simple ... except it had no back and very little bust.

He returned the dress to the bed and turned, pointing before him with a stiff finger. A tiny jolt of recognition passed through her. The complexity hidden in his muted eyes was impossible to overlook above the sleek white on black starkness of the tuxedo, as was the unyielding angularity of his cheekbones and jaw. For some reason the costume allowed a corner of his true nature to slip from under his usual cloak of purposeful invisibility. She found the glimpse forbidding ... and vilely enticing.

Gina dragged herself forward, stopping a few feet in front of him. He motioned her closer, to within a few inches. "Hands behind your back, feet apart."

She obeyed, body quivering. She felt so hopelessly vulnerable she was dizzy. Her body tottered and he steadied her by wrenching up a fistful of pliant breast tissue. She screamed and tried to pull away, her tender flesh on fire. His grip tightened unbearably. She jerked upright, straining to rigorously assume the position, tears streaming down her cheeks. He released her breast and she almost relaxed – almost, until his hand went to the right clamp.

He twisted first one black teardrop, then the other. Shrill screams rolled out of her open mouth. He put his finger to his lips and she struggled to bite back all sounds. Then, suddenly, he peered at her mouth. The motion felt so ominous, her heart filled with dread. "No lipstick?" His voice was quiet but as thick as an approaching storm.

Her voice shook. "I ww-wanted it to be fresh when we left."

"I told you to be made up when I arrived. Go put it on and come back immediately."

Her body shook so hard as she lurched to the bathroom and back on her five inch heeled black sandals that she thought her knees would buckle. When she again stood in front of him, he said, "You will wear red whore lipstick at all times, except when you sleep. Your error has earned you two additional blows. Now turn around and bend over with your hands on your knees."

Turning and bending seemed to take forever. As she slowly, cautiously bent, she tried desperately to catch glimpses of him over her shoulder. Her mind was filled to bursting with one question, *'Is he going to beat me now?'* Finally she was in position, her body shaking precariously.

She jumped when he touched her, then realized it was his hand not something – what? – else. She felt his fingers circle her anus and pull it open, then move forward to touch and spread her labia. His touch, even perhaps enhanced by her terror, made her pussy moisten. Her fickle body yearned for his fingers inside – either hole, it didn't matter which.

Instead his hands moved away. She felt them on the full round muscular curve of her ass. A second later she heard a sharp snap and her bottom burned so hot she fell forward onto her knees. "Up," he ordered.

"No! No!" she shrieked.

"Up." Her hands were behind her, trying to protect herself. He grabbed both wrists in one hand and wrenched them upward until her arms threatened to rip from their sockets and she clambered to her feet.

"Stand straight, hands behind your head." She obeyed jerkily, trying to watch him.

His tuxedo was cutting edge, with belt loops in case one wanted to defy convention and leave off a cummerbund or vest. His choice was a chicly plain and narrow black silk cummerbund to best set off the expanse of white shirt front. Underneath he'd worn a belt.

At first he showed her the softly gleaming length of polished leather, doubled in his hand. Then he caressed her with it, running it over her cheeks and between her legs. She twitched and moaned as it moved across her, her body agonizingly tense. He leaned close and spoke softly against her ear. "Are you ready for your beating?"

She whimpered, "No. No. Please, no."

The belt again snapped against her rear, once, twice, three times. She screamed and tried to twist away but he held her still, then told her, "Stand still or you'll get more than I planned." He ran the belt over the insides of her thighs, which had closed together. "Open."

She looked at him with tears and terror in her eyes. "Please, no."

He smiled pleasantly. "Open or it will be worse."

Hesitantly she spread her thighs. He stood an inch away, looking into her eyes. As the leather cracked against her tender skin, his soft lips pressed against hers.

Ward strode up one side of a short, semicircular staircase to a building at the lower end of the steep hill bisecting Embassy Row, Gina on his arm. Her dress's clinging fabric was so soft. Yet it burned when it caught on the rosy welts rising on her skin.

A uniformed doorman peered stone-faced through the glass's ornate iron scrollwork then recognized Ward and opened the heavy – and unmarked, Gina noted – door.

Despite its impressive size, Gina had never noticed the building. The discreet façade blended perfectly with the surrounding buildings and in fact with most of the buildings at this end of Massachusetts Avenue. She looked around with interest painted with a pale wash of fear as they passed through the elegant old lobby into a spacious lounge filled with armchairs and small tables. No club members' portraits, but some really excellent 19th century landscapes hung on the walls.

Striking black-tie clad men and women populated a larger room beyond, once a banquet sized dining room, Gina thought. Laden buffet tables hugged the walls and poked like heavily caloric fingers into the room's interior. Each corner held a panelled bar with a spectacular array of bottles and crystal carafes magnificently backlit and serviced by three bartenders.

Gina recognized quite a few of the men in the room and a small handful of the women – all high profile Washington personalities. She was on a first name basis with several and quite friendly with one, a prominent female publisher who was now escorted by a short, surly and frequently obnoxious media mogul.

She frowned. Washington was a conservative town and reputations were fragile. She hadn't known what to expect and was now intensely self-conscious in the costume Ward had mandated. Was she being snubbed as a result? She'd smiled a greeting at the publisher but the woman did not respond, instead stared fixedly into the distance. In fact, though a few men nodded at Ward when they entered, no one acknowledged Gina.

Men with chic women on their arms periodically approached Ward and conversed cryptically on an array of only occasionally familiar subjects. They did not introduce their companions, who remained silent and ignored Gina's attempts to speak. When she started toward the publisher to say hello and remedy any social irregularities, Ward shook his

head and held her back. She did not understand the prevailing etiquette and Ward only nodded at her few timorous questions. She stood close by his side and observed.

Her attention was caught by a controversial ball-busting Democratic Senator on the arm of a beautiful effete man quite a few years her junior and not her husband. Gina hadn't initially paid attention, despite the dumpy woman's uncharacteristically chic attire, because she'd assumed the man was one of her infamous gay friends. However, something odd in the man's treatment of the Senator caught Gina's attention. His attitude seemed imperious, even proprietary, as if by his right her behaviour was under his constant scrutiny and criticism.

On closer look Gina noticed the Senator's spine oddly arched, her small breasts forced conspicuously forward above her pear shaped hips. Gina realized the odd posture was the result of the woman's gloved hands clasped in a V behind her, unwaveringly so it seemed. Gina also noted the Senator's companion periodically gripping – no, digging his fingers into – the woman's arm and her suppressed wince and heightened attention to him.

The media mogul and the publisher passed once or twice but never stopped. Were they avoiding her? The publisher's usual socially graceful 'Washington wings' of subdued strawberry blond hair were swept up into a complicated wispy twist, dramatising the capture of her slender throat in a spectacular but very wide, tight and certainly uncomfortable diamond, ruby and emerald 'choker'. Gina had never seen the woman's head held so stiffly erect.

Suddenly some oddity in every woman's demeanour became apparent to her. With shock, Gina recognized the only female appointee to the President's Cabinet. She walked precisely upright on the arm of a male colleague, a sanctimonious but charismatic leader of the Religious Right who had barely scraped past his confirmation hearing. She wore an exquisite pink damask corset dress. But her waist! Her waist was freakishly constricted to an impossible diameter half the width of her hips. Her trim hips and belly swelled roundly below the gruesome stricture.

The CEO of a major consulting firm, there with her husband, was continually on tiptoe, heels raised above the high heels of her conservative Italian shoes. A gold ankle chain seemed to disappear upward into the long multi-tiered skirt of a biotech entrepreneur. The favourite society gynaecologist held her mouth rigidly closed.

Gina watched entranced, fascinated. She also found herself curiously aroused. Her fingers drifted unconsciously to her nipples until she noticed her action. A soft laugh escaped her lips. She stopped herself, startled. When Ward glanced over, she reluctantly whispered, "Well, at least I don't have to worry about the clamps shocking anyone."

Ward's approval surprised her. "I'm pleased you understand."

"But I don't understand! What is this place?" A few heads turned at her outburst.

Ward instantly put a finger to his lips. He started to speak but his attention suddenly shifted into the distance.

Gina's eyes followed his. For hours now she had noted the attention of a large glowering man. Their eyes had met once or twice but he'd instantly looked away. The dark man now approached Ward.

"Please forgive my rudeness, Sir, but I must ask, is your new property for sale?"

"Quite all right, Sir James. I'm always happy to assist you and your patron in any way I can. However, I've only begun to work with this one so it's not yet developed

properly. I'm not certain of its capabilities. It may not be sufficiently durable for your patron's purposes. Also, as you can see, it's quite special and I'm considering keeping it myself. Call me in three weeks and I'll have more information. Perhaps you can use it, even if I keep it."

The dark man bowed and moved away.

Gina was stunned. Her voice was small and afraid. "Was he asking about me? Will you let him ...?" she stammered a little "... be with me? And what did you mean by durable?"

"His patron, the victim of generations of royal inbreeding, requires a girl with special abilities. The rewards are tremendous but so is the wear and tear ... and the danger." His smile into her eyes was piercing and chilly. "I'm not sure you would survive his ministrations."

A tumultuous haze swirled through Gina's vision. Her thoughts were utter, turbulent chaos. "I do not understand! What's going on here?"

"This is the place where decisions are made. The only entrée for a woman, no matter how influential, is as the slave of a member."

Gina gasped. "These powerful women do this willingly?"

"How do you think they got their power? Access to power motivates many women. Some come for power but stay for other reasons." Ward's voice was uninflected, inhuman. "Many don't have a choice. But most find it is their true nature." He took her chin in his hand and raised her face to his. "Look inside yourself. Haven't you yearned your entire life to surrender to someone else's responsibility? Isn't this your true nature?"

"Ironic, isn't it? Women have the most power when they allow themselves to be the most subjugated." Eileen, the publisher, had called Gina the next day.

Gina laughed despite herself. "I realized that truth a long time ago. Feminists do themselves a great disservice by not using the tools God gave them."

"Eileen, I need to tell you something." Gina paused to make sure Eileen would take her seriously. "Ward has exerted a lot of ..." She wanted, needed, to tell Eileen but was afraid. "... pressure on me to do what he wants." She heard a small sound of understanding and ascent on the other end of the line and hurtled ahead. "I don't understand and, Eileen, I'm afraid."

"Gina, I do understand. You can talk to me about anything you need to. Montie blackmailed me in ways far beyond anything I could deal with. I think he just liked terrorizing me. I still can't talk about some of it, it was so traumatic. All the while he told me, in his hideously autocratic manner, that this was what I needed.

"One day he took me to the club. No explanation. Nothing. It's escalated from there into some really shocking experiences."

Eileen laughed uncomfortably. "It's been fabulous for my career, though. And you know something ... I've come to like it in a strange and compelling way. It moves me and it's not boring ... Anyway, Montie wants you and Ward to come to dinner."

Gina didn't know how Eileen could stand him. Eileen's life must be hell.

It wasn't that he was a boor or even his often unpleasant table manners. She'd cheerfully tolerated, even been charitably friendly, with lots of disgusting, venal men.

Congress was full of them. She felt sympathy for them and never took their offences personally. Why should they bother her, after all?

What got her was Montie's relentlessly narrow-minded attack of all he surveyed. His venom extended far beyond his multibillion dollar media empire. He was renowned for the vitriolic editorials he insisted on adding to his otherwise exceptional news magazine. Secretly she thought he was profoundly stupid and for some reason she did take it personally.

Montie sat at the round dining table in the hotel suite, pontificating on the President's latest foreign policy decision and stuffing excellent pate into his mouth. The suite was in his five star hotel located on one end of his sleek, meticulously landscaped downtown media complex.

For an hour Montie leered at Gina's breasts. Suddenly, mid-sentence and mid-bite, he reached to his left and ripped apart the fragile pale green fabric of Eileen's evening dress, exposing her lovely firm breasts and round pink nipples. Gina stopped eating, aghast. But she was far more shocked by the complete lack of response by both Eileen and Ward, who simply continued their meals. Montie cocked his head toward Gina. "Nice boobs."

"Gina, take your top off." Ward did not raise his voice but she clearly had no possibility of dispute. Gina stared into his eyes for a moment then slowly lowered the top of her dress for the slaverling pig across the table.

Montie laughed uproariously. "Man! Nice cantaloupes! I bet you have fun squeezing those!" Then in celebration – or so it seemed to Gina – he again reached over to Eileen and pushed her face into her sublimely bloody Beef Wellington. He held her head down with his meaty paw while she choked and sputtered.

"No hands." His voice was nasty, despotic, between the laughs.

Again Eileen made no complaint but simply did her best to bite off pieces of the tender meat and suck up the succulent young haricots verts. Blood and butter smeared her face and ran down her chin onto her exposed breasts and the shredded remains of her dress

How Gina hated this disgusting man! How dare he degrade her friend – or any woman – this way! Her eyes blazed with fury. She looked up, ready to tell the monster exactly what she thought and saw he was enjoying her indignation. Her mouth opened ... and she felt Ward's sinewy fingers dig into the pressure point behind her knee cap. Pain shot up her leg. Her head snapped toward Ward. The warning in his eyes was unmistakable. Her mouth closed and she was silent.

Coffee and cognac were served in the living room. Montie leaned back on the huge white silk couch, one arm around Eileen's straight back. With the other he patted his gut. "I need to take a leak." He swirled his fingers downward. Eileen slid off the couch onto the floor. She knelt in front of Montie and unzipped his trousers, took out his penis and put it in her mouth.

Gina watched Eileen swallow. She was now horrified, amazed and thoroughly confused. This time she did not contemplate speech.

Eileen's throat was still moving when Montie put his hand on her forehead and gave her a hard push backwards. Urine squirted onto her face and hair. She tumbled onto her back then gracefully stood up, smoothed her skirt and re-seated herself next to him.

Montie nodded toward Gina. "Maybe she'd like some too."

“I’ve only started to train her so no one’s pissed down her throat yet ...” Ward’s tone was polite, “... and I plan to do it first.”

In some primordial place inside her, Gina felt Ward’s control, his maleness. A thrill pierced her and she did not understand her response. She couldn’t control the sensations swirling inside her. She was distraught but also helpless to resist their pull.

The thought of drinking urine revolted her. Yet the thought of Ward making her do it, of his cock filling her mouth and his foul fluid flowing down her throat made arousal course through her body. She saw herself kneeling before him like Eileen had knelt before Montie and she pushed the image out of her mind, pushed it hard. But her body responded ... for a moment, until she heard Montie’s next words. She froze.

“Okay. So how about if I fuck her?”

“Go ahead.” Gina stared into Ward’s eyes, pleading.

She heard Montie’s bestial voice. “Hands and knees.”

Her eyes never left Ward’s as she lowered herself onto the floor – even when she felt Montie behind her, even when his big grubby hands wrenched the fine Italian fabric of her skirt over her hips and she felt his hot breath on her back, even when he spread her cheeks and without preamble rammed his cock into her ass. Gina flinched then and flinched again when he laid his gross bulk on her back and manhandled her breasts, squeezing, pulling, twisting the soft flesh. She struggled to maintain her balance as Montie pounded her tight round ass, grunting laboriously and painfully stretching her nipples for leverage.

Yet still her warm brown eyes were locked into Ward’s cool grey ones. Like a dog she genuflected on all fours, her udders hanging heavy and pendulous, unprotected and accessible at his whim. She felt full and round and supremely erotic for him. Montie fucked her but Ward controlled her actions. It was Montie’s penis in her rectum but it was Ward who she made love to.

With a loud grunt and a wrenching thrust Montie came inside her. She started to rise.

“Don’t move.” Ward dug in the small satchel he’d carried with him and removed a six inch long, tapered piece of black rubber with a flat end. He lowered himself to the floor behind her and she wondered if he was going to fuck her too. He leaned over her back and caressed her ass with one hand, his breath warm on her neck.

Gina’s eyes closed. The juxtaposition of his degradation of her and his sensuality thrilled her. He touched her and she felt a burst of pain in her anus and then an uncomfortable fullness inside her.

He whispered in her ear but loud enough for the others to hear. “Montie gave you a generous gift. You are going to wear it until you adequately appreciate it.”

Gina looked back at him in discomfort. “I can’t clean up? What if I drip on my dress?”

“You’ll get it cleaned.”

Gina felt Montie’s vile semen squishing around inside her around the thick black plug. She squirmed on the black leather seat and the plug pushed into her, opened her.

Ward glanced at her as he manoeuvred the black Range Rover up the hotel parking ramp. “You are now ready for serious training.”

“Yes ...” Gina didn’t understand why the next word came from her mouth but it seemed so appropriate. “... Daddy.”

Chapter Six

She was almost pleased to hear Ward's cold voice on the phone – at first. "Someone senior from Commerce is coming here for drinks. You are going to join us."

"You are a whore and I want you to dress like one. Wear a see-through blouse and a short skirt with nothing underneath but a garter belt and stockings ... and your clamps."

Ward's impeccable Oxford-educated butler Ramesh, dressed in immaculate dove grey, opened the door with one graceful café au lait hand. The other held black leather with silver accents. "The Master requires that you wear these." He clearly did not expect any demur.

Gina halted in surprise. Her gaze fixed on Ramesh's hand for a long moment before she was able to respond. Then her speech was slow and tentative. "Well ... all right. If that's what he wants."

Ramesh fitted a high stiff collar under her chin. He reached around under her dark hair and she lifted it for him so he could lock the collar at her nape. It pressed against her trachea, not tightly enough to restrict breathing but almost. She now found her head motion severely restricted.

The butler snapped a lead to the large D-ring under her chin. "Please follow me." He led her down the hall to the library.

Next to Ward on the deep brown leather sofa, drink in hand, sat a stocky Southerner with an aura of power.

Ramesh jerked her lead and she hesitantly moved forward. When they reached the sofa he made no motion to pass her lead to Ward ... or to loosen it enough for her to join the men.

Ward looked up into her eyes. "Bob is helping me with some business. You're going to make sure he's taken care of."

Gina had driven down knowing Ward planned to use her this way. She'd thought about it as miles of verdant scenery flashed past unseen. She felt compelled to reason with him, to try to re-establish the normal patterns of her life. "May I speak with you for a moment?" Her voice was plaintive.

"That is not necessary." His tone was implacable and slightly amused. "Is it too long since you were reminded of Marie and Stephanie?"

One again he'd effortlessly subjugated her. Ripples of fear ran through her and she hung her head as best she could in the high collar. Bob watched curiously.

"I've told Bob he can have you whenever he wants your services. I've given him your mobile number and you are to go to him when he calls."

She looked at Ward in dismay. She'd thought he couldn't increase his intensity of humiliation, but she'd been wrong. With one simple gesture, he'd manage to strip away even more of the few remaining shreds of her life's integrity and place her at his mercy.

"Now remove your clothes. Leave on shoes, stockings and the clamps."

Ramesh held Gina's lead while she unzipped her dress, allowed it to drop to the floor and stepped out of it. The butler exhibited her like a show animal. He first bent her forward at the waist so Bob could squeeze her breasts and manipulate her nipples and the clamps.

A flush of shame suffused her face and then spread over her shoulders and onto her breasts. Even her thighs felt raw and hot.

“The black screws tighten the clamps.” Ward watched like the approving owner of a prize piece of livestock.

Bob turned a screw and a small shriek escaped Gina’s lips. He quickly looked up into her face then cracked a smile at Ward. “Great! ... Now let’s see that ass.”

Ramesh shortened her lead and turned her. Bob ran his hands over her cheeks. “Mmmm! . . . Bend her over again, okay?” Ramesh pulled her head down. Her cheeks spread slightly when she bent. She wanted to protect herself with her hands but didn’t dare.

Bob spread her cheeks further and pulled the sides of her anus apart. “Yeah! I’ll have to try that!” He reached forward and pushed a couple of thick fingers inside her vagina. “Nice and wet!”

Gina felt his fingers forcing their way inside her. She felt him move them in and out, first slowly then faster, harder ... and very clumsily, she thought resentfully. His fingers jammed against her cervix and they hurt. Gina winced and tried surreptitiously to pull away but Ramesh held her firmly in place.

Finally, mercifully, Bob stopped and licked his fingers with a loud slurp. “Looks good to me.”

Ramesh led Gina up the broad staircase to the second floor, the men following behind. Bob kept slapping her prettily jiggling cheeks as she ascended, sometimes hard enough to knock her off balance, making her stumble on her high heels. The small indignity seemed ridiculous to her but she felt so ashamed.

Ramesh brought the group into a large, bare room. In front of a long bank of windows overlooking the river stood a knee high platform with barred metal sides attached to its top. “Daddy made his bitch a stall,” Ward told her.

Ramesh helped Gina crawl up onto the platform and forward into the topless cage. He snapped the D-rings on the sides of her collar into metal straps hanging from the bars and unhooked her lead. Silently she backed against the wall and waited.

Gina heard Ward’s voice, “She’s all yours.” And then Bob was on her, panting and grunting. The sex was different from before and it was profoundly different. She hated what was happening to her and simultaneously felt stripped of any ability to stop it. Yet somehow she felt a tremendous obligation to Ward – to Daddy – to do her best job for him.

Afterwards Ward fed her excellent corn fritters and chowder in a tavern in Alexandria where George Washington had eaten two hundred and thirty years previously.

That night she returned to Ward’s home rather than her own. He took her hand and led her into his bedroom.

His bed was massive, black with age and ornately Jacobean. Heavy, dark gold silk drapes were held completely open by tasselled blood red cord. He undressed her slowly and lowered her onto its foot. Her skin tingled as his hands moved across her body. She looked up at him expectantly.

He picked up a piece of black leather – she couldn’t tell what it was – and, with one startling movement, encased her head in an unforgiving hood. Her head jerked forward and back and the leather constricted suffocating when he tugged the cinches tight. As fear rushed through her, she heard his voice, softened and quieted by the thick leather, “Did the bitch expect romance?”

Ward tied her arms tightly back around the post, forcing her breasts outward. The carvings on the heavy post dug deep grooves into her upper back. He wrapped a thick absorbent pad around her bottom, pushing her lower back and hips up and out – “for the bed’s, certainly not for the fuck-bitch’s protection.” The position raised her genitals, her clit straining upward between her labia.

She was afraid of him now – again. But the cool air moved across her tissues like gentle fingers. Then the tissues tightened as Ward spread her legs apart and used more rope to stretch each bare foot toward an adjacent post.

The black leather moulded like skin to eyes, nose and mouth, leaving only her nostrils exposed through two small holes. A leather gag hidden inside further restricted her breathing. At first she’d panicked, twisting uncomfortably and making frightened noises. She heard Ward’s muffled voice. “Such a nice dampening effect.”

Then she knew the hood wasn’t coming off. She forced herself to relax, to breathe slowly and evenly. She experimented with her breath and learned that she wouldn’t suffocate.

Yet he made her feel unbearably exposed and vulnerable – and terrified. Her heightened senses felt each whisper of her body’s stimulation, each pulse of blood through her organs, each tingle. Ward told her, “We’re going to experiment with sensations.”

At each new step he described his tools to her. “First I’m going to try heat and cold. Which first, I wonder?”

Gina tried to pull away but Ward warned her, “You’d better not move. You don’t want to burn yourself badly.” She held perfectly still, senses screaming. Her heart pounded. She didn’t know what he pressed against her nipples, what large awkwardly shaped objects he forced into her rectum. They all felt so painfully hot she didn’t know if she could stand it. Her breathing became laboured and panic rose in her chest. Doubts raced through her mind: Despite it all, her intuition – and yes, her need – had insisted he wouldn’t seriously injure her. Had she been wrong?

“That,” he told her, “was ice.” Relief washed over her. Her body vibrated with the after-effects. Oddly, his cruel subterfuge added an appreciative thrill. “Now, fire.” She heard the match strike and inhaled a whiff of cigarette smoke.

His voice sounded considerate. “Please don’t move.” He started with the soles of her bare feet, holding the flame close to the arch. She wanted to pull away but couldn’t move her feet more than an inch or two. Seemingly of their own accord, her feet tensed so hard they began to cramp. She cried out in pain and fear. With relief she felt him move the flame ... to her nipples. The flame was so hot she was sure her nipple flesh would wrinkle and peel.

She was faint from her struggle to control her trembling when she felt the heat move lower. He pulled her labia open.

Gina stiffened. She’d thought she’d been afraid before but it hadn’t compared to this terror. Something touched her clit. She flinched but somehow managed to control her motion.

For a long time he used his fingers and his mouth to play with her, patiently experimenting, she realised. At first she did not believe that he intended to give her pleasure. Her body remained tensed. To her surprise, the tension seemed to enhance other

sensations. Her arousal swelled and she moaned and strained against his fingers, her body fighting to cum.

Then the arousal subsided again, without orgasm. She almost screamed in frustration yet he would not let her be. She moaned and wept, overcome with self pity. He would never let her be!

She was exhausted and soaked with sweat and her own juices. Mercilessly, he again made her writhe with pleasure under his fingers. This time, he puffed the flame to life. Fearfully she smelled the smoke. "Don't move." He manipulated her until she moaned and squirmed uncontrollably, then held the flame close to her clit. Her body was so stimulated that she couldn't tell heat from arousal. She was so close. Her body strained to cum ... but couldn't. Again she reacted – slackening this time – in frustration. He set the cigarette down.

Ward's pause snapped her to alarmed attention. Gina anxiously strained through the hood to hear what he was doing. She felt him close, on the bed. Then something pleasantly cool moved across her nipples and downward. Something thin and hard crossed her clit, gently spread her labia and moved lower over her holes.

The next moment his fingers gripped one lip and she heard a snap. A sharp spot of intense pain rushed across her senses. He pulled and the pain became a deep ache. "This is a different kind of clamp. I'm going to put them on your other lip and your nipples."

She shook her head violently and cried "No no no!" around the gag. But she felt the pressure and then the deep pain as the clamps crushed her flesh. Now her labia stretched tautly upward and her nipples downward. The stretching sharpened the pain almost, but not quite, unbearably.

"I'm tying your tits to your cunt," Ward told her and then he began again with his fingers and the cigarette.

Gina was experiencing strange sensations. On one hand she felt the pain. The clamps were agonizing and the heat of the cigarette seared both her body and mind. But she found the pulling, the stretching open and exposure, even the intensity of heat, profoundly stimulating. Ward was relentless. She wondered at the effects of all the sensation he gave her and then was overwhelmed by them.

Her consciousness was not quite inside her. She seemed to be watching her body. She felt wonderful – excited and stimulated, drunk or drugged. But she wasn't. Somehow she knew it was the stress to her body coupled with her mental subjugation causing the feelings.

The extreme sensations didn't make her cum but they got her so close. Gina felt him watching and pushing her inexorably upward toward orgasm. After what seemed to her an almost intolerable eternity, he brought her to the edge then used a powerful vibrator to finish her. She screamed for many minutes while her body thrashed against the post, raising bruises on her back.

Afterwards, when she lay curled on his bed unrestrained, she felt completely 'done'. Her state of mind and body was luxurious. Suddenly she had an illusive glimpse of something missing at the centre of her life.

In the stillness she heard Ward's voice. "I've given a great deal of consideration to what you are." Somehow she had become vulnerable to his will. Unconsciously she yielded and was manipulated by his words. "I am the only person in your life who understands what you want and what you need."

“You are a magnificent animal who needs to be used. I will make you my prize brood bitch. I’m going to breed you to every man who can pay your price, just like a valuable animal. I’m also going to take the Sheik’s suggestion and make you produce milk.

“Tomorrow I’m taking you to the doctor to begin your alteration.” He looked to her as if he was pleased to give her good news – and that she should feel the same. “You should be excited. This is the beginning of your true life.”

His images traipsed through hidden reaches of her mind, gripping things she hadn’t known were there with sticky fingers and stirring them to the surface. Some part of her reached for them, but they were too darkly shadowed to be accessible. She stared at him in disbelief. Without thinking she said, “That’s not possible.”

He smiled icily. “I asked you earlier if you had forgotten Marie and Stephanie. Do I need to give you another reason to follow my orders?”

She shook her head no – too exhausted and befuddled to be frantic or even afraid any longer. Once again he had shattered her tenuous hold on security. She now knew she could do nothing about the path he chose for her. In total fatigue she gave up. She had no choice but to obey him.

He patted her bare leg. “I promise, you’re going to love your new life.”

Suddenly she was back in her dream. It had been Ward who bred her to the men who squeezed milk from her cow teats. The dream’s arousal gripped her all over again. Was he right?

Chapter Seven

Medical Laboratories was the oldest building in the Medical Research Centre. When visitors turned the corner past the shining steel and glass administrative buildings flanking the Centre's entrance they were startled to find, dead in the facility's heart, the Laboratory's arcane facade.

The beautiful old 'Lab' looked far more like a medieval castle with twin guard towers than a laboratory. Its variegated stone surface appeared from a distance deep grey but as one approached separated into veins of colour ranging from sparkling silver to dark purple. The graceful curving front staircase ascended to ornate leaded glass and iron mesh doors standing ceremonious guard behind the expansive top landing. However the building's beauty ended one step further, right inside those doors.

Ward stopped Gina in the dim lobby so his eyes could adjust to the light. Empty grey corridors spread out around them in all directions. The greyness accentuated the two-dimensionality of Gina's experience. Since she realized she could not fight him, her actions had become so simple. She simply did what he told her to. Now she followed him docilely, without will, like through the thickness of a dream.

Small, strange glimpses of herself passed across her vision. She saw that her surrender had somehow transformed her personality. Some part of her had truly become his brood bitch. A fractured thought flitted into her mind: Maybe the animal that had emerged was something primal already buried deep within her ... just as Ward had told her.

Ward bent to examine a piece of paper in his hand, then snapped Gina's lead into the ring at her throat and led her down the ancient staircase at the lobby's back. She didn't wait for a tug on the long strip of leather and the pain of the "training" chain constricting around her throat and biting into the skin. She stayed close behind him even though she had to take many quick tiny steps – almost to run – in her five inch heels.

The basement was even more stark and bleak than the first floor. As Gina followed him into one hallway after another, Ward peered at bare locked doorways cut crudely into raw walls. The numbers on the doors didn't seem to be in any logical sequence. Noises could be heard through some of the doors. At last he chose one and knocked.

The door opened, flooding the hallway with light. Beyond was a tiny room filled with whirring and grinding machinery. In the entry stood a man whose young face rose above an underdeveloped concave chest and a tall, thin, stooped-shouldered frame. "Excuse me," Ward stepped forward holding the slip of paper. "Can you direct me to room B-100?"

The man glanced at the paper but then quickly looked away, to Gina. His eyes widened as they swept her body beginning at her black high-heeled sandals up her long legs to the black miniskirt straining across her hips. But soon the eyes lodged for good on Gina's nipples, clearly exposed under her sheer, low cut blouse.

Despite his restrained and polite manner, Gina could see sinister machinations to which the man was utterly oblivious flicker in Ward's eyes. She observed with detachment, neither surprised nor even offended, but with certain knowledge. She was sure Ward had already thought of several complex, horrible and no doubt disgusting methods to use her to fulfil the man's darkest desires. Gina knew that if they had not been

on the way to the appointment, he would have taken great amusement in offering her to the gawky, certainly inept and possibly even virginal man for his examination and use.

Instead, however, Ward contented himself with tightening his grip on Gina's lead. She could only prevent choking if she leaned forward, thus giving the man a more complete view of her swollen breasts. The man's eyes almost popped from their sockets. She could see his prominent Adam's apple bob in his throat as he gulped for air. "Ww-whhat?"

"Could you please direct me to room B-100?" Ward repeated.

"Dd-down the hall, turn right and it's at the back, the last door on the left."

"Thank you." Ward handed the man a card. The man stood in the hall staring first at the card and then at Gina's diminishing hindquarters until they turned out of sight.

Room B-100 was hidden in the farthest corner of the Lab's basement. Nothing distinguished it except a small buzzer beside the door, which Ward pressed. A minute or so later the door was opened by a young man wearing a white lab coat. Gina stared.

The man was stunningly handsome. A full, red sensual mouth was in startling contrast to his angular Nordic features. His silver blond hair was meticulously cut around high cheekbones. Long lush eyelashes, so pale they were almost white, framed exquisite blue eyes that were exotic and slightly almond shaped as if one of his ancestors had long ago crossed from China into northern Europe. Yet his eyes were as icy and merciless as an arctic sky.

"Master Ward?" he inquired politely. "I'm John, Dr. Roland's assistant. Dr. Roland is waiting for you in his office." He glanced across at Gina's breasts and then smiled malevolently at Ward. "Please follow me."

John led them across a sparsely furnished institutional waiting room and knocked on a closed door. When a deep voice from within said 'Enter' he ushered them into a large, elegant office. Dark wooden bookcases overflowing with books covered the walls. A large, soft man with thinning white hair and a stern patrician face sat behind a massive mahogany Queen Anne desk. "Good morning," he said motioning them to a large burgundy leather sofa standing on a Persian carpet in front of the desk. "How can I help you?"

"Kneel, bitch," Ward ordered, "in front of the doctor." For just a second, Gina glanced into Ward's intransigent face. Then she bent her head and lowered herself between the sofa and the desk, her bulbous breasts directly below the doctor's face.

"As I told your assistant when I made the appointment," Ward settled into the deep sofa, "I've realized for some time that my brood bitch, Gina, needs to produce milk. However the matter is now urgent." Gina quickly looked upward, startled. This was new information about Ward's plans. "I have a very special guest coming to tea in several weeks and I must serve him properly. I understand you're an expert in this field."

"Well, Sir, in actuality we're primarily concerned with the quality of the milk. Have you given any thought to the milk's quality?" Dr. Roland asked.

"No, just how to make the milk flow most quickly."

The doctor nodded. "Although producing milk is not our primary concern, we've learned to generate it quickly and efficiently. I'll be happy to help you ... if she can participate in our study once she does produce milk."

“I’m eager to broaden Gina’s abilities and value,” Ward replied. “You’ll have to give me the details but I imagine her participation would be welcome.”

Dr. Roland smiled pleasantly. “Good. Then, let’s proceed. We first must give her a comprehensive examination to determine if her milk glands and other related organs are healthy and actually capable of performing this function. Shall we move into the examination room? John ...”

John pressed his palm against a piece of trim on the bookcase behind him. A section of the books swung inward exposing a large, brightly lit room beyond. He motioned Ward and Gina through, then followed Dr. Roland into the room and locked the door behind him.

The room was windowless and austere with white cupboards, counters and sinks along the walls and a pale linoleum floor. In the centre was a green physician’s examination table with a movable headpiece at one end and gynaecological stirrups at the other. A bright light hung above and machines, both on wheels on the floor and suspended from the ceiling by long mechanical arms, flanked it on all sides.

John handed Ward a hospital gown. “Have her put on the gown and lie on her back on the table.”

Ward turned to Gina. “Take off your clothes.” Without any hesitation, Gina undressed and climbed onto the table. She lay staring up at the bright light and the equipment around her. Little fissures of dread inched into the numbness encasing her.

Dr. Roland opened Gina’s gown and tightened a thick black leather strap around her arms and bare torso at waist level. “The gown allows our more modest subjects to feel some modicum of safety but really,” the doctor smiled slyly, “it’s only to catch any extruded fluids.” He spread Gina’s legs, placed her feet in the stirrups then strapped her ankles to the poles holding the stirrups in place. He wrapped wide black belts hanging from either side of the table around each leg above the knee, tightening until her legs were immobilized and spread as far as physically possible.

“John, please assist me.” John snapped two short straps on the sides of the headrest to the D-rings on Gina’s collar. Gina squirmed anxiously, just a little so the men wouldn’t notice, against the straps holding her tight to the table to test the limits of the restraints. John looked down at her and Gina’s anxiety froze instantly into sickening bone-chilling fear. His smile was so knowing, so eager and filled with evil. She knew John would hurt her badly if he could and would enjoy it. She wanted to look away from those horrible eyes but could no longer turn her head.

John raised his hand to the instruments overhead and brought into her field of vision a device made of a complex assembly of rounded and flattened steel bars and hinges padded in a few places by rubber. He began to slide the device over her head.

Gina was terrified. She wanted to scream but was afraid of Ward’s response. She started to call urgently to Ward and found she couldn’t bring herself to speak his name. To use his name in this environment seemed inappropriate. Instead she cried, “Daddy! Daddy!”

Ward moved to her side and looked down at her with approval. “Yes, Gina?” Gina could see him looking at John and the device in his hands.

She looked up at him imploringly, “I’m afraid!”

Ward bent close. He spoke quietly into her ear, caressing its delicate shell with his mouth. “You’re just going to have to lie there and take it, bitch. You’re here to serve

Daddy's purposes so you will obey Dr. Roland ...” Gina’s heart clenched in her chest. “... and John.”

John slid the metal framework over Gina’s head. He pushed two flat pieces of steel, each covered on one side by a strip of rubber, far back between her teeth. As he adjusted knobs at the corners of her mouth, the metal pieces ratcheted apart forcing her mouth open. After many ghastly minutes of adjustments her head was firmly trapped in the steel cage.

Again John brought his hand into Gina’s field of vision. Now it held a small black box covered with buttons. His lips curled in a hideous smile and he pushed a button. Her head in the cage and the headrest all turned to the left. He pushed another button. Everything turned to the right. While Gina lay trembling helplessly on the table John pushed one button after another. Gina tried to resist but the device was too strong. Her head moved uncontrollably, side-to-side, up and down and her mouth opened and closed.

Just as the first large tears rolled down her cheeks and pooled on the metal bars, John stopped.

“Now let’s have a look.” Dr. Roland ran his latex covered hands over the inside of her milky thighs. His eyes glittered diabolically. “Really quite lovely, Sir. I may perform some of the more rigorous tests myself.” Out of the corner of her eye, Gina caught Daddy’s surreptitious smile. “Yes, we’d much appreciate having her at our research facility. We really must work hard to stimulate her milk production. I can imagine we might get some nice thick cream from this one.”

Dr. Roland hefted one of Gina’s heavy glands in his hands then rolled it between them. Gina was still cold with fear but she felt her body relax a little. “Of course size does not correlate to quantity. Still, here we have plenty of milk ducts.” Curious little rushes of pleasure ran through Gina’s nipples as he pulled each one as far toward him as it would go. “These must, of course, be reshaped to fit the milking machine but I can see that should be no problem.”

Next to the examining table John rolled a big cabinet with four screens in its face and a device resembling an EKG machine with a paper feeder on its top. From a group of odd-shaped metal objects in clear sterile wrappings lying on the paper, John removed two large breast-shaped steel cups with holes at their centres. He attached the thick coiled electrical cord hanging from each bag to the machine’s console and handed one bag across Gina’s body to Dr. Roland.

Apprehensively, Gina saw something about the cup catch Ward’s eye. Dr. Roland offered Ward the bag. “Please take a look. These are my own invention.”

The doctor smiled dryly. “I’ve been told when they’re first fitted to the breast they create a sensation of burning. But they produce only minimal bleeding and no damage. In many ways they’re similar to acupuncture needles ... and you have no idea how useful they are!”

Gina strained to understand the conversation. Her anxiety soared at Ward’s next question. “Do your test subjects willingly let you use these on them?”

“Well, they don’t know what’s being done before they have them on,” Dr. Roland smile was now sinister, “and the money they’re paid for participating in the research is a powerful incentive for most.” The doctor looked away for a moment and cleared his throat. “With a few we’ve used stronger methods to prepare them.” He glanced over at John. “John can be quite convincing when he makes the effort. ... If we think a girl is

particularly promising we may sedate her even though it distorts the test results somewhat.”

“I’ll be interested to see how Gina responds.” Gina heard Ward’s tone change, heard it become quieter, more even. Her body tensed and cold chills ran down her spine. “Would you like to show them to her?”

“Of course we normally don’t, but if you’d like me to ...” Dr. Roland brought the inside of the cup in front of Gina’s face. The surface waved and shimmered in the harsh light as if lined with fur. She strained to see.

When she realized the silver metal was not covered with fur but with a layer of fine needles half an inch long, her eyes opened wide with fear. She tried to speak but only garbled panicked sounds came from around the metal bars. “Aooohhh! Aohhh! Aaaiiiyyy!” Ward moved so she could see him. He smiled silently down at her and stroked her cheek through the metal frame.

Gina’s stomach knotted with fear. She felt ill when John pressed his body against her side. Although she could barely see his face she could tell he smiled nastily to himself as he rubbed his rigid cock ever-so-slightly against her immobilized body.

Dr. Roland and John each held a cup over one of Gina’s breasts. Dr. Roland explained, “We do this simultaneously so the girls fuss less. The sensation is more intense,” Gina saw Ward nod in approval, “but of shorter duration.” The doctor sniffed loudly. “Their fussing can be very annoying!”

Gina again glimpsed John’s covert, frigid smile. She knew he did not find the girls’ ‘fussing’ in the least annoying.

“Get ready, John.” The men set the cups on top of Gina’s breasts. They reached through the centre holes and grabbed her nipples. She felt tiny pinpricks in her soft skin. The sensation was stimulating, almost itchy. “Now!” They pulled her nipples through and pressed the cups against her flesh.

Gina’s breasts felt like they were burned with a million tiny brands. Waves of pain washed over her. She tried to scream but the metal in her mouth made her choke on the sounds.

Somewhere in the periphery of her consciousness, she felt John’s hard cock jam into her side. An instant later John reached into her mouth and grabbed her tongue. She had no idea what he did but her tongue now too felt like it was on fire. With every wave of pain, a sound somewhere between a moan and a wail came unbidden from her mouth. The sounds came over and over until she heard Ward’s voice. “Lie there and take it, bitch. Be quiet!”

John snapped the two narrow metal pieces he had pressed into her tongue into thin side bars hanging from the knobs at the corners of her mouth. A twist of the knobs and her delicate pink tongue was stretched straight out to its full length with the part penetrated by the metal pieces locked outside of her mouth. Then he suspended a steel cup from the bars and tightened it under her chin.

Dr. Roland dolefully shook his head. “You can see why we restrain them. John is much better at applying the tongue plates than I am. He’s younger and quicker, you know. The cup, as you can probably guess, is to collect saliva. The subjects’ fluids seem to be quite useful indicators for various factors.”

Gina tried to obey Ward’s instructions. She forced herself to be quiet and then ... the pain seemed to change character, to change to intense and (could it be?) thrilling

stimulations in her nerve endings. Now she felt her breathing quicken and deepen, drenching her cells with oxygen. The same kind of drugged feelings she'd experienced in Ward's bed ebbed and flowed in thick curtains through her body. As endorphins flooded her consciousness and her vision blurred, she hummed quietly to herself.

Gina's hum brought the doctor's head up with a start. He raised his eyebrows in Ward's direction. "Her responses are extremely interesting. I believe it's essential to test them further at my research facility once the milk is flowing. There we have a group of test subjects who wear these cups continually.

"They not only provide a sonogram but can also monitor cellular characteristics through the electrical activity in the cells." The doctor's expression was both mournful and exasperated. "Really! This prohibition against research on human subjects is SO short-sighted! To think that I have to keep these beneficial devices hidden from the scientific community!"

He sniffed again but then smiled. "An electrical charge can also be sent back through the cups into the milk ducts and the sensory tissues in the tongue. The group wearing the cups receive doses of electrical current at regular intervals throughout the day, especially while they're milked." The doctor smiled happily. "The ionized milk is quite invigorating. When you visit the facility, you must try some of your bitch's."

Dr. Roland moved aside to allow John to roll a device between Gina's legs. It resembled a generator, with a long metal pole with two penis-shaped probes in a U configuration extending from the middle of rubber membranes attached to its end.

"This is another of my inventions." The doctor turned one of the dials and the probe extended and retracted. The farther he turned the dial the faster the probe moved. "This device not only gives a sonogram it also measures the degree of contraction of the vaginal and anal walls and the amount of fluid expulsion. It can tell us very precisely if she is approaching orgasm."

He held out his gloved fingers to John. John squirted a little lubricant on the fingertips. The doctor painstakingly covered Gina's anus with a thick clear coating. He spread the tight little orifice with his middle and fore fingers, working them into the resilient tissues.

The pace of the doctor's probing increased while his aquiline nose descended, until the doctor was bent almost double and the nose was only inches away from its target. In the midst of all of the sensations swirling through her, Gina caught Ward's satisfied smile.

Suddenly, with a large sniff, Dr. Roland came to himself. He watched the screens and pressed the device deep into both of her cavities. Gina gave a little gasp.

John lowered a small milking machine on a suspension arm over Gina's breasts. He smiled maliciously at her and stealthily rubbed his cock against her side. He selected a set of rubber suction cups from a box on a side table, attached them to the machine's flexible tubing, then fitted them to Gina's nipples.

Ward smiled down at Gina strapped immobile to the table, her head encased in metal with her tongue protruding and drool running out of her mouth, metal cups and plates pressing needles into her breasts and tongue, tubing attached to her nipples and a fuck machine inserted into her cunt and ass. He caressed Gina's cheek. "How pretty my little fuckbitch looks tied to the table and with all the devices attached to her body. Daddy wishes he had his camera."

He turned to Dr. Roland. "Could her head be raised so she can see what's being done to her?"

As the table's back ground upward and Gina's torso and head lifted, drool spilled out of her mouth and filled the steel cup. The viscous liquid almost completely covered her chin and rose back toward her mouth. Her chin felt slimy and cold. She began to gag. "John, please change the chin cup."

Through the haze covering her vision, Gina looked down at the body hooked to the strange tubes and devices. It belonged to her but it seemed so far away. Her consciousness was filled with impulses she knew came from the cups. She remembered they'd hurt so badly but now they did something else to her, something strange and euphoric. She tried to smile at Ward but her mouth wouldn't move. He smiled back at her, though. Ward always understood. She looked back down at the body and waited for whatever sensations came next.

"John," said Dr. Roland, "suction please." The pump whirled softly as John reached overhead and turned a dial. Gina nipples were sucked into the machine. The suction hurt. She heard small hurt sounds come from her mouth. Suck, pain, release, suck, pain, release. Over and over. The layers of sensations intensified. They flowed deep into Gina's insides. She heard herself moan, "Oooaah."

Dr. Roland stared at the machine's screens. "Yes, everything looks in prime condition and her glands are definitely responding." Suddenly Dr. Roland looked startled and worried. "Her vaginal walls have already begun to contract against the probe and secrete fluid. Is she going to have an orgasm?"

"I don't know," Ward replied cautiously, "since I don't have experience with these machines. I suppose the pain and stimulation could cause her to cum. She's not like your other test subjects. The machines scare her but they excite her too."

"I think it's highly unlikely though. Her body has a quirk making it almost impossible for her to reach a climax, no matter how aroused she is. I've had to work hard to get her to cum. I finally figured out I needed to apply extreme stimulation directly to her clit."

Dr. Roland's face was grave. "It's important you understand that the initial production of milk as well as its quantity and quality is enhanced by sexual arousal. You see, optimally she should not have an orgasm until the milk is flowing. However at the same time she needs to be continually stimulated. You can see the problem if she has an orgasm."

Ward looked thoughtful. "I really don't think you need to worry about it. It's worth finding out how far we can push her, though. Don't you think so?"

Dr. Roland nodded vigorously. "Yes, the outcome you suggest would be well worth our possible failure. So let's take the chance." Dr. Roland turned a dial. Beyond the tubes and the straps, Gina saw the pole sticking out of the body start to move. She felt the device rotate slowly against her female organs – not only in her vagina. It also split apart her tender anus. The nerves around the opening cried out as the hardness repeatedly forced its way inside.

Clouds rolled across Gina's vision. She seemed to be somewhere watching the sensations. Somewhere in their midst, she felt her asshole give itself up to the unrelenting thrills and open itself to the machine.

“She’s contracting and producing fluid. Well, we might as well see what happens.” The doctor turned the dial further. Gina felt the hardness beating against her female tissues. Sensations radiated in all directions from everywhere in her body. Through a wall of thick clouds she could feel the pressure to cum building deep within her. She looked up at Ward, pleading through glazed eyes. But he just smiled down at her.

Gina’s eyes rolled back in her head and the waves swept her away on top of them. She wanted to cum so badly. She needed to cum! She was almost there but her body would not allow it. She writhed and wept in frustration.

Dr. Roland’s eyes glowed with excitement. “You can see why her inability to have an orgasm is so interesting. If we do not have to moderate the arousal to prevent orgasm who knows what milk quality we could attain.”

Suddenly the clouds were torn away. Garbled screams came from her mouth. The awful overwhelming frustration had driven her back into her body and it hurt. She looked up at Ward, tears streaming down her cheeks.

But Daddy looked down at her pitilessly. “Poor little bitch can’t cum. I told you you’re here for Daddy’s purposes. Now be quiet.”

“I’ve collected all the data I can, and actually it should be enough. John ...” Gina’s opened her eyes and struggled not to scream when she felt John’s fingers on her tongue. He smiled evilly at her as he played with the plates, lingering, she saw in his eyes, to scare her and to please himself. She felt his hard penis again forced into her side as he gouged her with the needles when he removed the plates. His motions appeared clumsy but his eyes told her that he was trying to hurt her ... and he did.

It hurt. Everything hurt her so badly. The pressure of her poor body’s frustration made her feel as if she would explode. Tears poured down her cheeks. Her chest heaved and the needles from the breast cups dug into her. She cried uncontrollably as John removed the cage from around her head, then even harder when John gave his cup an excruciating little twist as he and Dr. Roland pulled them off.

Ward bent to examine her breasts. Their skin was suffused with a rosy blush but otherwise showed no indication of the cups’ presence. He pressed with his finger. Gina winced. “They’ll be somewhat tender for a few hours,” Dr. Roland told him.

Ward helped Gina to her feet. She was wobbly and dizzy on her high heels. He turned to Dr. Roland. “Perhaps John could help me put her back together?” Gina collapsed against Ward but was almost too weak to be afraid. She saw John lower his head and smile to himself.

Daddy placed his mouth against her ear. “I am going to let John hurt you because you’ve been such a good girl.” His voice was low so only she could hear. His tone was soft, even tender. Gina trembled with fear.

Dr. Roland headed for the door. “Certainly. Come back into my office when you’re finished and we’ll discuss home care.” John stepped to her side.

“Well!” said Dr. Roland. He leaned forward eagerly, his eyes glittering brightly. “I hope you realize what a remarkable position you’re in. Normally we hope the subject is responsive physiologically. Here you have one who can be pushed to virtually unlimited levels of arousal. Who knows what results we can produce!

“I must ask you to closely monitor her progress and to keep in constant touch with us. We will provide any assistance we can.”

“Do you think six weeks is possible?” Ward asked. Gina had collapsed onto the floor and now curled in a tight little ball at his feet. Her dark hair fell across her face like a heavy curtain, hiding her from the men.

“Yes, I think it’s possible – with almost continual attention and effort. It’s essential you keep her arousal at the highest level possible ... and of course no orgasm until the process is complete.”

Gina gasped. Would Ward really not help her cum for many weeks? Ward looked down at her. “That’s right bitch. Daddy won’t let you cum till your milk is flowing ... so you better work hard at it.”

“John will give you a suction device to reshape her nipples and a home breast pump.” John handed Ward a cardboard carton. “Between pumping, keep her sexually stimulated. At our research facility our subjects wear special vibrating dildos on very low power that slow or stop when pressure is applied. But in her case, use whatever extreme measures produce optimal results.

“When the milk flows, call for further instructions. We’ll thoroughly evaluate her at my research facility and develop enhancements suitable for her unique abilities.”

“Could John come and see us a few times so we’re on the right track?” Gina tensed against Ward’s foot. She was desperate to make him understand how dangerous John was. Another, more frightening idea occurred to her. Ward knew and would use John against her. She was certain of it when Ward shoved her away. “I’ll be glad to compensate him – or you – for his time.”

“I think that’s an excellent idea. Also a few additional suggestions regarding quality: You said your special guest is a man?” Ward nodded. Dr. Roland looked thoughtful. “Well, that allows both semen ...” he returned his gaze to Ward, “... and urine.

“We’ve found it’s possible to code the milk to the user – to create a special flavour or quality that reacts positively with the user’s physiology and senses – by having the subject ingest the user’s fluids. Can you acquire your guest’s fluids?”

“He’ll have to ship them from California. But yes, it’s possible.”

“Good. She should drink as much semen as your guest is willing to provide – several tablespoons spread throughout the day if possible – along with at least eight ounces of urine.”

Again Gina gasped. Of course she’d swallowed her share of semen. But urine? Lots of it? Every day? She could not imagine herself doing it without becoming quite ill. Then the image of Eileen in the hotel room surged into her mind along with the arousal she’d felt at the thought of swallowing Ward’s urine. What was happening to her?

“Doctor,” Gina wondered at Ward’s worried tone. For a moment she hoped he might find the doctor’s suggestions repugnant. “If she’s needs to consume only my guest’s fluids should I limit her breeding schedule?”

Now she lifted her head in shock. Breeding schedule?

Dr. Roland shook his head. “Clearly she should not swallow other men’s fluids. It would also be best to prevent ejaculation into her rectum since the tissues are porous. However there’s no reason why the fluids can’t be released into her vagina. In fact, if breeding keeps her aroused I’d encourage it.” The doctor cleared his throat. “At some point we may use her to determine the effects of a wide variety of male fluids on milk quality.”

Gina was stunned by the doctor's words. Ward had told her he would breed her. At the time, it had seemed like an illusive future event. Certainly she hadn't realized it would happen so quickly. And now Ward would also make her a laboratory animal?

For a moment Dr. Roland stared contemplatively off into the distance. "I've been experimenting with a special diet and regimen to generate exceptionally rich milk based on Japanese success with Kobe beef. I'd like to add first the diet and then the complete regimen to your bitch's program.

"Basically the diet is alkaline, rich in antioxidants and essential fatty acids – high in fat but wholesome. She'll eat fresh vegetables and rich whole grain mash made with butter and cream. I'll also give you supplements. John ..." John placed several large bottles on the doctor's desk.

The doctor opened the lid of a squat glass jar containing thick black paste. He smiled at Ward. "This is actually a powerful antioxidant I've adapted from an ancient East Indian formula. Its primary ingredients are ghee, raw sugar and many exotic herbs and berries. I'd like to patent it but am hesitant about drawing attention to my research. Administer it either orally or rectally." John added a small plastic tube with a plunger at one end to the box.

"When her milk is flowing, take her to my dairy farm for several days. The farmer and his son will finish the regimen."

"Dr. Roland," again Gina heard concern in Ward's tone, "I think I need some regular help. Do you know a suitable assistant, maybe with nursing background?"

"Yes, I think that's wise." Dr. Roland turned to John. "Is Terry available?" John glowered but nodded yes and added a business card to the box. "So ..." Dr. Roland rose to his feet and extended his hand, "... call us with any developments or questions. Do you need help getting to the car?"

Ward pulled on Gina's lead. Gina rose to her feet, wobbly but without help. She wanted desperately to get away from these bizarre and awful people.

Ward dumped the heavy cardboard box into her arms. "No, I think we'll be fine."

Gina struggled after Ward, not only to manoeuvre the unwieldy box but to assimilate everything she'd just experienced and heard. Anger and hatred for Ward welled up inside her. She was a human being, he could not debase her like this! What he planned for her was simply unimaginable. Her mind swirled around the hideous images. She couldn't believe that such procedures were even possible physically – and she knew they weren't legally.

Then she remembered Marie and Stephanie and the anger turned on herself. The incessant song played loudly in her head. It was all her fault.

When she was finally seated in his car, she beseeched him, "I'm doing everything you want. Now are you going to tell Reza to leave my sister alone?"

He looked at her and she could see his mind moving – as if adding up her checks and balances. "We'll see," he finally said.

Her heart sank and the hopes to which she'd so blindly clung shattered. Ward had betrayed her. But no, she'd been a fool to expect anything from him. She'd wanted – yearned for – his word to mean something, but did it really? Fool that she was, she still hoped it might. That her sister was still in danger was real ... and Gina did know with total clarity that she and Marie were both at Ward's mercy.

Chapter Eight

Drip after ceaseless drip, the water fell precisely onto Gina's clit from the tiny hole in the bottom of the bowl suspended above her abdomen. It trickled down her thighs and into the drains running all around the edges of the white table.

The sensation had been pleasant at first. Now each drop bit into her consciousness like an electrical pulse. She had tried twisting away but the straps were too tight. She tried pleading for relief with Terry – first, “Please! I need to come out” and then when he didn't respond “Gina needs Terry to fuck her!” – and with Ward when he entered for oversight and evaluation. Both men just smiled down at her.

Hungrily, Gina watched Terry's muscular forearms and long fingers attaching the suction cup and canister attachments to her nipples. The big cups extended far beyond her aureole, sucking volumes of breast tissue into their rubber maw. “Greater surface area for maximal hormone production,” Terry had advised Ward. The pump thumped softly and sucked at her breasts – fifty cycles per minute.

She stared at the bulges of Terry's hard muscles and the fullness between his legs just visible under his nursing whites as he moved around her tightening straps, opening her labia to check the catheter and adjusting the speed of the green liquid dripping from the enema bag into her anus. Through the “snow” blindness created by all the whiteness around her and her increasing arousal she saw him as tall, dark and very hard.

Thankfully she had finally fallen asleep. She dreamed a hundred strong male hands touched her, gripped her, stroked and stimulated her. She felt so sensual, so erotic. She tried to turn and stretch languorously under their hands, using her body as Daddy told her to, but they held her down. The pressure inside her increased until she was sure she would explode into a million pieces ... but she didn't, again she couldn't. In her dream she couldn't even cry. She knew it was her fate.

As faint morning light penetrated the white curtains she woke, her body and her holes drenched in her own dew, her arms and legs sore from the straps holding her. Terry looked up from the chair beside her table. “Several more hours and then I have to clean you up for the next breeder. Then back in. Until the milk starts to flow. So if you want out you better work on it.”

Gina glanced quickly from beneath her long lashes at the very black man in bright gold and black robes. As was customary, unless otherwise specified by her breeders, she was naked in towering heels. Terry led her closely by a rope lead that looped over his hand and hooked to the black leather harness rigidly encasing her head and holding it forward.

“Up, bitch.” Gina climbed onto the raised floor of the narrow barred breeding ‘stall’ at Terry's command and his accompanying blow with a crop on the inside of her thigh. Gina's heart thumped in her chest when he moved her forward into position, using the crop across her bare ass. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see the black man's gaze attracted by the slight jiggle of her round cheeks. Terry fitted a flat wooden ‘collar’ almost as wide as the inner dimensions of the stall around her neck and locked both the collar and her harness' D rings into the metal bars.

This was how it almost always began. She could now neither move away from the breeder nor see anything he would do to her. She was always afraid, though she knew

Terry would protect her from permanent damage. She never really knew what the breeders would do to her and now there was no possibility of escape – not that there ever was.

Gina flinched and gave a small cry at each suck of the manual suction gun Terry used to pull first one then the other of her nipples deep into the narrow glass tubes that hooked by long hoses to a commercial breast pump. She heard the pump whirl before she felt more pain.

And then her body responded with lubrication – efficiently preparing for the breeder. Some part of her felt ashamed. But – she could now admit it to herself – she did find her animal's position, with all her parts exposed for breeding and her heavy breasts hanging even more distended by the long tubes, profoundly erotic.

“Would you like me to strap her thighs apart or leave them mobile?” Terry voice was polite and helpful.

“Mobile.” His pitch black cock now protruded from the robes' folds and grew fat in his hand. The breeder moved to her head. “Open her mouth.” Terry pried her jaw open and locked it in place with a steel dental dam.

The breeder bent close and gripped her jaw in his free hand, pulling back her lips and examining her straight white teeth. He touched her cheek then caressed the inside of her mouth with his forefinger, first stroking her palate and tongue then extending the finger leisurely down her throat. ‘Pretty girl.’ His accent was urbane – broad, soft and African with a British overlay – and his breath smelled of flowers when he brought his mouth close to hers. His fat finger filled her throat.

He looked deep into Gina's eyes with his own onyx pools and pressed his fingers over the airways into her nostrils. Gina tried to quiet her panic, to be still to make the oxygen in her blood last as long as possible. But her face turned red, her head swelled. She began to gag and was restrained by the pressure of his fingers. With both fear and intoxication, she felt herself begin to lose consciousness. Leisurely, caressingly, the breeder slid his finger from her mouth.

Gina gasped for breath but his partially erect cock now filled her mouth. She could not close it. She was immobile. Her breathing was at his will. Once again her soft warm mouth had become simply a device for the breeders' purpose, to be used in whatever manner and for as long as the breeder desired. Once again she was nothing but a lump of girl flesh, an object, as devoid of will as a good breeding animal. Drool ran down her chin as the cock became huge and pounded her soft tissue. Her body responded with more juices.

Finally with a grunt, the breeder pulled his cock out of her mouth and made his way along the cage's side. He paused briefly to examine her breasts – squeezing their machine-enhanced fullness and enjoying, it seemed to Gina, the pumping sensation – prior to moving behind her. She felt his warm fingers gently touching her, probing her. Momentarily she relaxed ... but then his use of her began.

The pounding was relentless, ceaseless. Gina did not think any man could go on so hard for so long, but the black man did. Sometimes it hurt and she cried out. He backed off a little then before he began again. Finally her body just gave up and made room for him inside. All she could feel was the vibration. Her insides seemed numb. She was first afraid she could not control her fluids. Later she couldn't and liquid poured from her hole. “Gina is sorry!” she cried, but he didn't answer. The pounding simply continued.

Her hips flailed back and forth in the stall. She did not think she could stay on her knees. Sometimes his big hands held her hips in place. Again she was nothing but a hole. She heard Daddy's voice in her head telling her so. Her body convulsed around his cock. Almost there!

The black man stopped his pounding and glanced at Terry. "Just following instructions."

Gina wanted to scream in frustration but knew she wasn't allowed. After several minutes the man began his pounding again.

Gina opened her eyes. Had her body been spamming from electricity or had she dreamed it? Certainly each endless drip on her clit burned her as surely as a cattle prod. Ward, Terry and a third man standing together by the door turned to look at her in the dim light.

Gina heard real dismay in Ward's voice. "We don't seem to be making much progress. Can you give us any suggestions?"

The new voice was sulky but somehow familiar. "Oh, I'm sure we can come up with something. I see you have her constantly stimulated. You also might try vibrators while she's restrained." His malignant laugh caused Gina to strain through the darkness to see. "Much less boring, don't you think?"

Gina heard Terry emit something like a growl and click his tongue.

"Suction time should be increased and ..." Gina saw him bow his head to Ward, "... with your permission we can also try some neural stimulation with electricity and - something Dr. Roland has recently been experimenting with - acupuncture."

Gina's blood ran cold. Now she knew him. Tremors of fear coursed through her. Could he damage her without Ward knowing?

John moved to her side holding two boxes the size of shoeboxes and smiled down at her with the pale, loathsome smile she remembered. He set both on Terry's small table. From one he removed packets of sterile needles. He wiped Gina's left breast then unwrapped a needle and held it up. It gleamed in the darkness and Gina saw it was very long - almost a skewer. The evil gleam in John's eye made Gina wonder if Dr. Roland really used these needles.

"The needles need to be longer to effectively penetrate the fatty tissue." John bent toward Gina.

"I don't think so!" Terry's voice was sharp. John paused. Gina saw him glare at Terry, hate filling his eyes. Terry turned to Ward. "Sir, these thick needles might damage the milk ducts."

Ward looked speculatively at John who refused to meet his eye. His tone was tranquil, Gina knew deceptively so. "Perhaps we should call Dr. Roland and ask his opinion."

"Well, maybe we should use thinner needles." John unwrapped a shorter finer needle. He stuck the needle straight into Gina's breast next to the aureole. Rapidly he unwrapped five more needles and jabbed them in a circle around the pink disk. The needles didn't hurt as much as Gina expected. She knew John was evil and would say and do whatever pleased him. Much to her surprise, though, she did feel an odd sort of pleasant invigoration in her breast. Maybe needles would help ... and she so wanted off the table.

John hovered ominously above her. Surreptitiously, he caught Gina's eye. He unwrapped another needle and quietly began to insert the point into the centre of her nipple.

Terry grabbed his arm. "I said no!"

John glared at him and discarded the needle. He swabbed the right breast and stuck in six more.

Gina felt the same sensation in her right breast. "Daddy," she called.

Ward came to her side. He looked down into her face. "Yes, Gina?"

"Daddy, the needles make Gina's breasts tingle."

"In a good way?"

"Maybe."

Terry glanced meaningfully at John. He spoke to Ward. "I'll phone Dr. Roland tomorrow and get his instructions."

John sounded impatient. "Now I'll apply electricity directly to the needles." From one of the boxes he pulled a small electrical unit attached to a bundle of wires with alligator clips on the ends. He separated the wires into two bunches. One by one he clipped a wire to the end of each needle.

"Dr. Roland hasn't determined yet what level works best." John looked at Terry with disgust. "This unit is not strong enough to damage the tissue." He turned the dial quickly before Terry could react.

An intense burning sensation rolled down Gina's breasts. Her breath was forced from her mouth in a simultaneous "Oooohhhh!" like the exclamation of fear during a roller coaster's steep descent. Tears squeezed from under her tightly closed eyelids.

John looked at her and laughed. "But it can give a nice jolt."

"Dr. Roland is testing a variety of levels. He suspects a moderate level applied for an hour once or twice per day is probably optimal. Higher levels for shorter periods may also be effective. We'll let you know when we have more data." John set the dial and handed the unit to Terry. "I'm finished here."

Gina felt muscles she hadn't realized she had, hard with tension then slacken in relief.

Ward started to summon Ramesh but Terry stopped him. "I'll walk him out."

Gina heard the anger in Terry's voice as he walked out the door shoulder to shoulder with John. She wondered, not unpleasantly, what he planned.

Gina squinted against the brilliant light bouncing off every surface of the white room when Ward entered. The giant bathroom contained every modern amenity – and some specially designed utilitarian extras – but they were hidden amid an exact replica of the original design, a Victorian sanatorium treatment room. The room was stark white and rigorously hygienic to suit the needs of Ward's fastidious, often obsessive, clients.

She lay on her back on the edge of a broad alabaster counter, naked with her legs spread and knees bent upward. Her white skin was still rosy pink and a little damp from its vigorous scrubbing in the bath. A long clear tube draped from a small plastic bag hanging from a metal IV stand beside her. The ridged end of the large conical tip was just visible between her cheeks.

She tried to enjoy what was being done to her, tried to console herself with the thought that the 'treatments' would be prohibitively expensive in a top spa. But that was

all rationalization to salvage some vestige of her imaginary dignity. Truthfully, a pleasure still only partially acknowledged came from surrendering control of her every action to others. In any case, she didn't have a choice and she was far more worried, indeed terrified, about what was to come.

The Duke's manservant, Patrick, sat between her legs on a tasselled and skirted white silk cushion, bent within inches of her glistening holes. He was the fifth Patrick to serve the Duke's family, so was thoroughly educated in the family's often frightening, and in this century sometimes criminal, "eccentricities".

The Duke's requirements were specific. Patrick arrived two hours prior to his visit to insure they were carried out meticulously. Now he held a tweezers in his hand and was intent on making sure that no errant hairs escaped his efforts at eradication. He meticulously examined each piece of smooth bare tissue, pulling the labia up and out, spreading Gina's round cheeks. A slight smell of roses lingered in the moist air.

"I'm sorry but I briefly need Gina's attention." Ward held a cordless phone.

Patrick turned from his task. "Please don't let me interrupt you." The manservant lowered his head and resumed his search. Ward placed the phone in Gina's hand. "Your agent needs to speak with you."

Gina propped the phone on the counter against her ear. "Hi Jane. What's up?"

"Gina, what happened to you? You dropped off the face of the earth!"

"Well, let's say I'm taking a sabbatical." Gina winced as the manservant pulled her lip tight and yanked out a hair. "Is the *Vanity Fair* article okay?"

"They love it. That's the main reason I'm calling. Conde Nast wants a book. Great, isn't it! We need to discuss the details."

Ward laid his penis in Gina's hand and mouthed the words: "Make Daddy hard."

Gina grimaced at him. She felt overwhelmed and didn't think she could handle one more thing. He smiled back and mouthed the words a second time.

Really, she hadn't expected him to give her a respite. She knew, to the contrary, that he was amusing himself and asserting his mastery over her by degrading her during a business call and when she felt such fearful turmoil. She awkwardly twisted her arm and wrapped her hand around the shaft. "Sorry, Jane. I'm going to have to think about it."

"But it's such a great opportunity!"

"I know ..." Gina rubbed her thumb over the reddening head. She was eager to write the book but knew she could make no commitment without asking Ward. And she truly had no idea what his response would be. His perspective was unique and unpredictable. He would let her do it if it conformed to his often obscure but always obscene objectives for her. She shook her head grimly. Would she be able to do anything public with the changes he was making to her body? "But I'm very involved in my new relationship and its demands right now. Six months might be better. I don't know."

"It might not still be around in six months. Really Gina, I don't think you can afford to turn it down."

"I promise, Jane, I'll think about it." Gina's fingers stroked Ward's now erect penis.

"We really need to talk. I'll drive down and see you."

Gina looked at Ward nervously. "I don't think that's a good idea."

"I think it's necessary, Gina."

“Well,” Gina sighed. She had something so much more important to worry about at this moment. “Hold on a minute. Let me check with Ward.” Gina could imagine Jane’s eyebrows lifting on the other end of the line at her deference to Ward.

Gina didn’t bother covering the phone. She looked up at Ward but was distracted by Patrick’s skilled hands running across each of her soft tissues to find interlopers his eyes missed. Her fingers momentarily stopped manipulating Ward’s penis and a thoughtless little moan escaped her lips.

She heard Jane’s startled voice, “Gina! Are you okay?”

“Sorry, Jane. Believe it or not I’m getting a massage.” Then to Ward, “Jane wants to come down here and meet in person. Is that all right or should I meet her somewhere else?”

Again Ward mouthed the words: “Make Daddy hard.” He said out loud. “Of course. Invite her for lunch.”

Gina resumed stroking Ward’s penis. “You heard? How about Tuesday?” She glanced at Ward for confirmation.

“Sounds great! ... Gina, it’s that good?”

Gina adroitly manipulated Ward’s penis and the truth. “Right now I’m lying in a huge white Victorian bathroom naked and two men are subjecting me to indignities in the name of perfect beauty and service. And Jane, I have a 24/7 trainer.”

“So I guess I’m going to have a hard time convincing you.” Jane laughed. “Is there room for me?”

“You’d be amazed,” Gina said as she rung off.

A flurry of fine rose scented talc filled Gina’s nostrils as Patrick liberally brandished a ball of lush white fur. She handed the phone to Ward. Patrick’s patrician voice, with its remnants of Ireland, echoed against the white walls. “I believe she’s prepared properly.”

The mahogany bench, with metal straps, clamps and presses, crystal ball feet gripped in brass griffins’ claws, and worn leather cushions the colour of dried blood indented by 500 years of martyrs’ knees, sat in the middle of a small dark panelled and tapestried room. Henry VIII presented the bench to the Duke’s formidable ancestor during the King’s holy breach with Rome. Through centuries the bench had constant and devout usage by the Duke’s ancestors and now by the Duke himself in his pursuit of spiritual transcendence.

Gina could not control her trembling as Ward, hooded and dressed in black from head to booted heels, manipulated her onto elbows and knees. He angled her body downward below the effulgence of her rump, shimmering soft cream in the pale light.

Ward told his friends the Duke was the victim of generations of inbreeding and quite mad. On his previous visit Gina had needed several days to recover. Ward had come to her in the hospital and, between her agonized pleas, told her he would not let the Duke kill her or even permanently damage her ... but she was Daddy’s prime piece of breeding stock and he would do with her as he liked. His pleasure was to sell her and the Duke paid exorbitantly for her services.

Ward carefully arranging her white muslin nightdress so none of the straps impeded access to any essential parts. The full succulent tissue of her breasts pressed pendulous against laces in the thin muslin, jiggling a bit as Ward locked metal straps around her

limbs and turned the long screw tightening her head lower under the cap of the tarnished metal "head crusher".

Gina's trembling increased and she tried to hold back her tears. She did not want the punishment smeared makeup would entail. The head crusher didn't hurt now, but she knew what it could do. She felt faint and slumped against the restraints.

As the last lock snapped closed, the tall, regal Duke burst imperiously through the door in a rush of energy, wigged with masses of blond curls and surrounded in swirling silk and ermine robes. His manservant scurried at his heels. The moving air and her anticipation chilled Gina's skin but she dared not whimper again. "Show me."

Under the Duke's haughty gaze Ward carefully folded back the muslin hem to expose Gina's rear. He undid the lacing so her breasts hung free. At a nod from the Duke, Ward stepped backwards against the wall and Patrick quietly left the room.

The Duke circled Gina several times, lifting the muslin and probing here and there with the silver griffin's beak cane head. Her impulse was to flinch when he touched her but she held herself in terrorized immobility. He stopped at her head and Gina could sense Ward tense for immediate action. The Duke squeezed her jaw between gloved fingers. "Open," he said. Gina strained to open. "Farther," the Duke ordered. Gina's jaw strained against his rigid fingers. The Duke smiled fiendishly and reached for the screw's round top.

Half a twist and Ward slid close as Gina screamed in pain ... but the Duke seemed satisfied. He smiled, opened his robe and stopped Gina's open mouth with his half erect penis, hairless as a child's. Gina shrieked and gagged as the member hardened in her throat.

When the penis was a hard, pale pole, the Duke withdrew it from Gina's mouth and pulled from inside his robes an exquisite golden pear smaller than a woman's closed fist and topped by a scrolled key. Gina's stared, too terrified to either leave her mouth open or close it against him. He again clenched her jaw in his vice-like grip and pushed the body of the pear into her mouth. "Close." The pear filled Gina's mouth. She hastened to follow his instructions and close her red lips around it.

The Duke again smiled as he turned the protruding golden key. One turn and Gina's cheeks swelled. Two and her jaw began to strain around the pear, her lips parted slightly. She wanted to scream but was too afraid of the consequences. Helplessly, inadvertently, she whimpered softly. The pieces of the pear split apart inside her mouth. Three and her mouth was forced wide open around the golden segments.

As the Duke began the fourth turn and Gina's eyes rolled back in her head, Ward stepped to his side and whispered in his ear, "Since she has not yet been inseminated, would Your Highness care to spare her?" Ward led the Duke to Gina's raised rear. "She has been made perfectly smooth for Your Highness."

The Duke's attention turned and Ward surreptitiously screwed the pear closed. Gina looked at him thankfully. He quickly removed the beautiful old artefact. She saw him look at it in his palm for a moment, then slide it into his pocket.

The Duke stroked her cheeks with the tips of his long elegant fingers. He reached into his robes and extracted another golden pear. Delicately he spread her anus then forced the pear inside. The pear tore at her but finally slid in, exuding a smell of hedge roses as it entered. He turned the key again and again. Gina felt the fullness grow inside her, felt herself almost bursting, almost overcome with need to expel the object.

The Duke's pole pushing into her last remaining hole hurt against the hardness. "Daddy! Daddy! It hurts!" came involuntarily from her mouth. The Duke smiled and filled her with his seed.

As he left, his manservant handed Ward a draft on the Bank of England.

Chapter Nine

The two massive chandeliers overhead glowed softly onto the silver service plates and flatware, the cobalt and gold Napoleonic china, the faceted gilt-edged crystal. Most of the light came from the silver candelabra positioned along the length of the banquet table. Their flames bobbed and weaved, creating grotesque silhouettes amid the vines on the English wallpaper and across the highly polished golden satinwood tabletop. Ward, dressed in evening clothes, stared contemplatively into his glass of burgundy at the table's head.

The butler led Gina far down the table to Ward's right on a short chain hooked to an eyebolt in the massive wooden disk around her throat. Long glass suction tubes on her nipples bobbed precariously from her bulbous breasts. Her hideous shadow followed them, rippling across the wall like an Elizabethan clown, its collar and tits even larger and more deformed than her own.

Gina was naked except for high heels and a selection of Daddy's devices. Ramesh had inserted wooden plugs attached to a double labial press that clamped each lip between two pieces of wood. Sitting wearing the device was difficult. The clamps' thick sides and long screws dug into her inner thighs, forcing her legs apart. Yet both of her holes were gouged by the unyielding plugs if she did not perch on the edge of the chair with her back straight. Her resulting position was maddeningly cockeyed. And in it, the glass tubes protruded dangerously over the silver plate. Worse, she could barely see them or even her lowered hands around the collar.

As always, Ward had explained his intentions. He told her that he enjoyed having her naked and mechanized in formal and refined environments, particularly now that her tits were so obscenely distorted and gross. It reminded him, he said, of his ownership of this piece of girl meat, of his total control of her body and her life, of his ability to degrade, alter and in fact damage her at his whim.

It was all perverse, awkward, intrusive and painful. But Ward had now accomplished a primary task. She was depraved. His degradation of her aroused her like nothing else in her experience. In her mind's eye, she looked at her own distorted femininity ... and then she looked at him ... with electric surges of desire. She yearned to have him touch and manipulate her body to further extremes, to make her more gross, more abnormal, and then to bend her lurid mind and body uncompromisingly to his will. She wanted to open herself to him so her could use her – all of her or whichever part he desired.

Ramesh placed two heavy linen napkins on the woven seat cushion before he allowed her to sit. Gina had heard Daddy tell him she was only an animal and could not be expected to control her fluids. She looked at Daddy at the end of the polished table, the hard planes of his face slipping in and out of shadow with the candles' flickers, his thick, capable fingers gracefully plying the silver. She looked at him and her attention went to her tits and sex lips stretched tight as drum heads, to her holes forced open by the thick wooden spurs. Small squirts of fluid escaped her, just as Daddy said they would. Her bottom rubbed against the wet napkins.

Ramesh removed the service plates and replaced them with cream soup bowls on fragile bone china stands. He served Ward steaming soup from a large silver tureen. From a smaller silver bowl he served Gina the viscous white semen – now warmed – their

impending guest had shipped from the Coast. He refilled Ward's glass with burgundy then filled Gina's with their guest's deep golden urine.

When Gina was allowed to sit at table, Daddy required her manners to be impeccable. She lifted the silver soup spoon and struggled to eat the guest's slippery cum with grace, careful not to knock the long suction tubes against the delicate bowl. Manoeuvring the cum onto the spoon was difficult under the best circumstances. With the bulky wooden disk obstructing her vision it was excruciatingly frustrating.

Daddy would not allow her to sob at the table but hot, infantile tears sprang into her eyes when she tried to separate a spoonful from the rest of the congealed mass. It slipped from the spoon. She tried again and managed to pick up a few drops. Then she had to hold the spoon perfectly level to get it to her mouth. When some of the precious substance landed on the collar she looked fearfully over at Daddy. His amusement was always dangerous.

Between bites, she sipped the foul golden fluid. The butler stood at her shoulder holding a short whip to make sure she consumed every drop.

The phone rang. Ramesh retrieved it from the hall, listened for a moment and then manoeuvred it to Gina's ear above the wooden collar.

Marie was not quite weeping. "Robert and I split up. He was gone more and more. I think he was getting bored with me."

Gina's mouth made a cynical moue. Marie didn't know the half of it.

"I wanted to talk to him about it ... and he hit me!"

"What?!" Gina could not even contemplate what Reza could do to her sister. Her hand touched her abdomen.

"Well, actually he just slapped my face and not that hard. But I went storming out and now he won't return my calls."

Wonderful, joyous relief washed over Gina. "Marie, I'm sure it's all for the best." Gina glanced at Ward. He waited tolerantly, mild interest on his face – but she knew his patience had limits. "I'm sorry to ask this, but could I call you back in an hour?"

Marie paused for a moment, disconcerted, "Sure. Call me as soon as you can."

Ramesh removed the phone from Gina's ear and set it on the sideboard. Gina studied Ward. "Thank you."

Ward's expression was impassive. "You're welcome."

Ramesh resumed his place at her shoulder.

Gina's voice was petulant. "You're going to make me wear something inside when Jane's here?"

Gina felt not only safe but sanctioned in her childish outburst. It only reminded them both of his control. She was, after all, only an animal. Like an animal, she could do what pleased her ... until he told her she couldn't.

"The fuckbitch needs the stimulation to produce Daddy's milk. Since you won't be on your table you'll need to wear a vibrator internally." He smiled. "If you like I'll clamp your tits instead."

"Are you worried?" he asked. "Certainly your agent won't damage your reputation."

Gina stood on the wide front porch and squirmed as she watched the big silver Mercedes emerge from the trees. Fortunately Ward had allowed her to wear an opaque

brassiere hiding her thickened nipples. But the soft whirr of the vibrator against the underside of her clit, and even the rope ‘panties’ holding it in, were a constant distraction, intrusive and unpleasant at inconvenient moments. She waved to Jane.

Jane waved back through her open car window.

The day was warm, with the first summery hints in the fragrant air. The small lawn carved from the trees at the house’s front was covered with yellow and white daffodils and jonquils and pastel hyacinths. The circle in the drive and every flower bed overflowed with eight foot tall, hundred year old azaleas and rhododendron in a plethora of shades. Jane parked beside the circle and walked toward Gina, her chicly rumpled blond pageboy glistening in the sun, her plump arms opening toward the foliage. “Gina! It’s spectacular!”

Gina kissed Jane’s lovely face. “You can see why I don’t want to leave.”

Jane looked at Gina with her usual, deceptively mild manner. “You really do look marvellous. Even sexier than usual. Love – it is love, isn’t it? – is agreeing with you.”

Jane was probing, of course. Gina had met her five years previously at one of thousands of Washington charity luncheons. They had liked each other immediately and Gina had needed an agent. Jane had not been able to fool Gina since their first negotiation together.

For almost twenty years, since her teens, everyone had turned to Jane for mothering. Her face was exceptionally pretty. Her mother’s friends had constantly smoothed her hair and told her, “You have such a pretty face ...” The ‘but’ at the sentence’s end was unspoken but clear. It said ‘but you need to lose weight.’ The many boys who came to her for advice instead of love had distressed her then.

But she was a smart girl and learned to use the persona to maximum advantage. She was still maternal though much less plump. Now publishers rued the moment they dropped their guard and underestimated her.

Gina watched amused as Jane’s gaze swept curiously across the heavily trimmed foyer and through doorways beyond. “I’d love a tour of the house.”

Gina was hesitant but Jane persisted and Gina finally relented. “Oh, okay. We’re having lunch on the rear gallery overlooking the Potomac so we have to walk through anyway.”

“What about upstairs?”

“Most of the second floor is Ward’s offices and he wouldn’t like us up there.” Jane’s silence was eloquent. Gina’s could almost see the eyebrow raised at her deference to Ward – only mentally but still clear. “They’re mostly functional anyway and not much to see. The third floor is bedrooms.”

“What about the guest room?”

“It’s actually a guest house out by the pool.”

“Wow! ... You really won’t take me up there?”

Gina smiled at Jane. “How is it you always make me do things I don’t want to?”

“Because I’m good.”

“Come on. I’ll show you the room Ward calls the ‘Crystal Ballroom.’ It’s worth seeing. But Jane ... nothing else.”

Gina tried to walk naturally but she climbed the stairs awkwardly, her legs spread a little too far apart like an old man with sore balls. Jane noticed, of course. “What’s going on with your legs?”

“I think I pulled a muscle during my last workout.”

Under the leaded glass window on the grand, curved staircase’s first landing, Jane asked, “Where’s Ward?”

“He’s on the phone with a client. He’ll join us shortly.”

“What does he do?”

Gina hesitated. “He’s a consultant.”

Jane asked mildly. “What kind of consultant?”

Gina laughed. “You don’t fool me, Miss Jane. I know how damned persistent you are! He does something complicated in human resources.”

Before the next question could emerge, Gina slid back one of the giant, carved oak double pocket doors and Jane gasped. The long room was filled with tiny rainbows. Sunlight sparkled and refracted through an intricate crystalline mosaic of hundreds of pieces of bevelled and etched leaded glass in several large windows covering half of the southern wall. Light bouncing off two huge unlit chandeliers suspended from the vaulted ceiling added more rainbows. The mosaic pattern was repeated in a whimsical fractured looking glass over the massive carved fireplace at the room’s end and in the inlaid black, brown and white wooden floor. Thirty spectacular dark Rococo chairs, heavily carved with animals and birds and upholstered in silvery white damask, were positioned along the walls.

For once Jane was speechless ... for almost a minute. Gina saw her attention go to a complex group of wheeled metal cranks on the wall connected to lengths of chain running from ancient pulleys attached to the vaulted ceiling. “What are those?”

Gina cleared her throat. “They came with the house and they’re interesting so Ward left them. The house was originally a sanatorium so who knows what they did with them.” Gina smiled. “Now are you satisfied? I’m starving. Let’s have lunch. I’ll show you the main floor on the way out.”

Jane peered into all the ground floor rooms – the front parlour with the original horsehair furniture, the huge formal dining room, the very masculine panelled library. Gina put her finger to her lips as they stuck their head into the door of the white kitchen, Victorian except for modern steel appliances. “Ramesh, if you wouldn’t mind, we’re ready for lunch.”

At the back Gina opened a transomed door. “This is my favourite room. The original Victorian solarium.” The room was entirely glass, with a hundred small, clear bevelled panes, and filled with plants. Plants with long drooping leaves or pendant clusters of foliage hung one on top of the other from heavy steel hooks in the ceiling. Giant ferns and small palms sat in huge Oriental pots clustered around white wicker furniture on the tile floor. In the centre, water gurgled over the scalloped tiers of a fountain into a basin holding orange and white koi swimming through blooming water lilies.

A floor to ceiling black metal cage shaped like the Brighton Royal Pavilion sat amid the trees at the room’s southern end. Two long-tailed macaws, one brilliant blue and one brilliant red, screeched at them from inside the cage. “Don’t get too close,” Gina warned Jane. “Those beaks can crack bones.”

“This place is a wonderland!” Jane exclaimed as they seated themselves on the veranda on cast iron chairs with fat, pastel chintz cushions. “If Ward is half as good, I’ll know I’ve lost the battle.”

Gina discreetly struggled to find a manageable sitting position without Jane noticing. The vibrator's whirr had become increasingly intrusive during the walk through the house. She was certain her clit was hugely engorged, bright red with blood and hard as a rock. The squishy cushion reformed around her hips with every movement and the machine pressed harder against her.

The stimulation was not sensual. Rather the effect was intensely physiological, telegraphing involuntary commands through the neural pathways running deep within her, activating parts too intimate to be easily available even to her – just as Ward desired. She was quite simply dying to rub her clit.

Ramesh's appearance beside the table thankfully turned Jane's attention. He served two tall glasses of iced tea garnished with mint sprigs. "Miss Jane, would you care for a cocktail?"

Jane's appreciation of the elegant butler was unmistakable. "I'm driving so I better not. So, no thank you."

Ramesh set a crystal goblet filled with thick, pinkish liquid in front of Gina. "Master Ward reminds you to drink your protein drink."

Gina looked at the glass. "Strawberries?"

"Yes, Miss. I have taken the liberty of blending in fresh strawberries and a bit of honey."

Gina looked gratefully up at Ramesh. "Thank you so much, Ramesh."

Ramesh nodded. "Should I serve lunch? Master Ward tells me he is on the way down."

"Yes, please."

Jane looked with interest at Gina's glass. "Can I taste your drink?"

Gina grimaced, desperately trying to think how to dissuade Jane. "I promise you really don't want to. It's foul."

"I do. Really."

Gina gave up. She shrugged and handed Jane the glass. Jane took a sip and made a hideous face. "It's awful!"

"That's partly because it's made just for me. You can find much better tasting protein drinks. If you like, I'll have my trainer pick one for you."

Suddenly Jane's head shot around toward the river. "Who is that!?"

Terry, wearing only a diminutive pair of clingy nylon running shorts and shoes, his hard legs pumping and sweat glistening on his muscled shoulders, loped out of the trees across the sweeping lawn. "That's my trainer. He's also a registered nurse ..." Jane gawked and the words slipped from Gina's mouth, "... and he has the biggest cock I've ever seen."

Jane's attention immediately snapped back to Gina. "Now how in the world do you know that?"

Gina stammered. Why was it that she always told Jane more than she wanted to? "Ward is ... sssomewhat open-minded ..." She sought frantically for a distraction. "Hey! Would you like to meet him?"

Before Jane could answer, Gina yelled, "Terry!" He looked toward them. "Terry, would you mind coming over here? There's someone I'd like you to meet."

Terry ran over and stood looking down at them, his broad bare chest rising and falling from exertion. "This is my agent, Jane. I've been telling her you're a great trainer."

Terry smiled sardonically at Gina then turned his attention to Jane. "Please forgive me for not shaking hands. I'm a little sweaty." He looked down at Jane and Gina saw her respond to his big masculine warmth. Gina could have sworn that Jane fluffed up and became the model of femininity. With astonishment, Gina watched Jane stare into Terry's deep brown eyes, speechless and apparently suspended in time.

Finally Terry smiled. "It's a pleasure meeting you. Please excuse me. I need to take a shower."

Jane rolled her eyes. "Is he for real? How does he do that?" She stared longingly after him. "I think I'm in love."

Gina looked quizzically into Jane's face. "You are, aren't you?"

Before Jane could respond, Ward stepped out onto the veranda. He extended his hand. "I'm pleased to meet you." He moved to Gina's side and ran his fingers into her hair. "I understand you're trying to get my little ..."

For that fraction of a second Gina thought he would say "fuckbitch". Ward's approach was frequently unpredictable. Thus far, though, Gina had not found his assessment of situations to be wrong. Nonetheless she breathed easier at the next words. "... Gina to write a book." Ward squeezed her hair a little too hard, pulling her head back slightly. Jane's eyes widened.

On the surface, the lunch conversation was casual and pleasant. Ward and Jane discussed his house, the spring weather, politics. Gina watched them watching each other and watched Jane watching her relationship with him. They looked like two high class fighters circling each other. Except Gina knew in this battle Ward could outlast Jane by far.

Gina used Jane's absorption to drop one hand into her lap. The rope impeded direct contact with her clit but, to her relief, she was at least able to press against it. At one point in the sparring, Ward glanced over and saw her hand. He threw her an approving look before turning back to Jane.

Ramesh stepped through the glass doors carrying a tray of coffee and dessert. Gina smiled toward Jane. "Ward is even more of a chocoholic than I am. This is his favourite dessert. He actually bribed a restaurant owner in Chicago to give him the recipe. Good ol' American comfort food."

"It looks amazing!" The three dinner plates were covered with slabs of multilayer chocolate fudge cake with bittersweet chocolate butter cream frosting drenched in fudge sauce. No one made it through more than half the portion.

Jane sat back in her chair and moaned. "I'm stuffed! That was all so delicious ... and the cake!"

Ward rose from his chair and stood behind Gina. She waited apprehensively for whatever was to come.

He pulled a small coil of white rope from his pocket and wove it into her hair. Then he tied the end to the back of the chair, pulling her head back so her throat was stretched into a vulnerable curve and her chin was unnaturally raised.

Ward broke off a layer of her remaining cake. Carefully he lifted the gooey, crumbly material between his fingers. With his customary attention to symmetry, he balanced the morsel evenly between her nostrils and lips. “Stay,” he told her.

In her vision’s periphery, Gina watched Jane’s rapidly changing expressions – very quickly fading astonishment and then, to Gina’s surprise, understanding. Gina suspected that Jane knew she would not do the book now.

Ward kissed Gina’s cheek. “I’ll see Jane to her car.” He placed a gentle hand on Jane’s elbow and helped her to her feet. “Why don’t we walk through the garden?”

Gina imagined, rather than saw, Ward guide Jane down the veranda stairs and across the dense green lawn. She envisioned them walking in silence past orange breasted robins pulling on worms, small brown rabbits sitting frozen with whiskers twitching, and deep red cardinals flitting between the pink flowering cherries and the gauzy willows.

Her stretched neck ached and the chocolate on her lip melted in the warm air and ran down her cheeks. She wondered what Ward had in mind for Jane – for a brief moment, before she hiked up her skirt and rubbed her clit in earnest. Really, she didn’t plan to cum – Daddy would be angry and she didn’t think she could anyway. She just couldn’t keep her hands away.

Chapter Ten

The procession made its way slowly up the grand staircase to the Crystal Ballroom. Gina could hear the hum of voices, the faint clink of crystal and the occasional laugh as she carefully raised each knee above the next step.

Ramesh, in white tie, silently threw open the giant doors. Ward, dressed as usual from head to foot in black – this time as soft and flowing as poured oil – passed through.

Gina's perceptions, already distorted by excitement and physical duress, were suddenly overwhelmed by the sense of hundreds of faces turned expectantly toward the entry, some in mid-sentence or with glasses half raised.

First they goggled, with eyes that seemed to her as large as saucers, at the man who followed Ward – a man as small as a child and with the face of a dark Raphaelite cherub. He was dressed in a silk tailcoat and trousers of the darkest black and a shirt front of the deepest cerulean blue. His man-sized, leather gloved hands held a long lead made of black, diamond-cut steel chain. The steel glittered from the light of the chandeliers and the leaded wall's vibrant reflections in hundreds of brilliant facets of silver, blue and black, creating a sparkling path the men's eyes could not help but follow ... to Gina. As one voice they gasped and the sound thundered over her, pulling her farther out of her body.

Daddy had made Gina's carriage proud and her mind had followed. She was his upright, gloriously bedecked show animal.

He had bound the length of her arms tight behind her with the black chain so her shoulders almost came together and her back bowed around her bare arched spine. Her breasts, forced far out in front, came to two inch conical points under the edge of the dangerously stretched, skin-tight black satin bodice. Her waist was cinched no bigger than the circle of a man's two hands. As she moved toward the men, her long pale legs seemed to glitter white and black under floor-length, translucent layers of black and cerulean blue netting. The many constricting wraps of black chain around her throat held her head unnaturally high and streamed out in front to become the lead in the small man's hand.

She wore an elegant head harness made of black leather straps held together by black steel D-rings. The black rings anchored the throat chains at the back of her head and a pretty bright blue ball gag between her ruby lips. Her lush dark hair was trapped underneath and her head and neck forced back into an unnaturally high arch.

The chains at her wrists became twin reins. Terry entered behind her, a rein in each gloved hand. A long black leather coat swirled open around his high black boots and blue silk tunic, open to the waist. Under the tunic, his broad chest was crisscrossed with a wide, black leather and steel harness. At the rising wave of applause, Terry tightened the reins to pull Gina's arms up behind her, forcing her to bend over the corset into a stiff bow, taking away her breath and exposing her glassed encased nipples. Again the men gasped.

Ward led the procession to the centre of the room through the parting crowd and nodded at the butler. Ramesh cranked a group of the interlocking wheels affixed to the wall and a rusted metal ring descended on one of several lengths of chain from the pulleys above. Ward locked the ring tight around Gina's corseted waist. The butler reversed a wheel and Gina was lifted until the toes of her black high heeled slippers just

grazed the floor. She swayed slightly back and forth with exhilarating lightness, while Ward locked the black chains at her wrists to another old chain. He turned to the crowd.

“You have all been informed of the rules. Many of you have already bred the bitch. I count on you all to thoroughly stimulate her tonight.” Ward pulled down the top of Gina’s bodice exposing her swollen nipples almost filling glass suction tubes. Appreciative applause was heard all around. “And now the entertainment. Terry and Angelo ...”

Terry, shed of his long coat, made his way through the crowd to Ward’s side. The small man, Angelo, was secured against Terry’s chest in the harness, face outward. Like Terry, Angelo’s bare chest was visible under Terry’s open tunic but the lower half of his body was covered. Terry lifted Gina’s skirts to expose two strands of the black chain each running from a clamped labia down a bare leg to lock around a delicate ankle. He nodded at the butler and two of the antique chains descended to the floor. Terry attached one to each ankle and nodded again. Gina’s feet were lifted into the air above her head so her torso fell back against the chains and her labia were pulled apart, opening her moist pink vagina to the crowd.

She felt herself fly upwards into the air, almost like in a swing. Her head spun thrillingly, blissfully. Cool air rushed across her opened girl parts. Again applause rose in the air.

Terry and his miniature cargo turned toward the audience. With one fluid motion, Terry ripped off his tunic. All around, the audience gasped and gaped. Angelo’s legs dangled from the harness to either side of Terry’s huge hard cock. But a second huge cock rose inside the curve of the first. Angelo’s cock rose from his silk clad loins to his chin – a perfect duplicate of Terry’s.

Terry grabbed Gina’s swaying thighs in his strong hands and held her still so Angelo could grab one of her breasts. Angelo broke the seal on a glass tube, lifted it off Gina’s nipple – now rising from the centre of the deep, round, red impression of the suction device, and grossly swollen and distorted – and latched on with full red lips.

From a distance, Gina felt her body jerk as pressure, almost pain, rushed into her breast. With a look of surprise and a broad smile, Angelo drew back and stuck out his tongue. In the centre of the fat pink surface sat one large drop of pale white milk. He squeezed the teat in his hand and proudly showed a stream of glistening droplets to the audience, to a roar of applause.

Terry made a slight bow. Slowly, carefully he manoeuvred the big heads of the two weapons into both entryways, slightly spreading the tissues and exposing the pink interiors to the audience. Gina heard herself moan as the fat bulges caressed her, then delicately opened her. But suddenly she cried out. Her screams echoed on her dampened eardrums. She was brutally, agonizingly impaled in both holes. The two giant probes together stretched and ripped at her unbearably, fighting for the confined space.

Loud clapping throughout the large room almost drowned her screams as Terry forced her hips toward him. Over and over, for many many minutes, he pounded her body against the twin implements. Gina’s screams did finally cease but only when her head fell back and her eyes rolled closed. At long last Terry and Angelo simultaneously gave convulsive groans and shot their loads into Gina’s holes. As they slid out their oozing tools, thick white cum dripped onto the polished floor. Ward placed a large silver bowl strategically underneath to catch the juices.

The room full of men now formed an orderly line snaking around the lengthy ballroom. As each approached, he showed a numbered slip of paper to the butler and then dropped it into the crystal bowl in the butler's hands. One after another they fucked the bitch, some hard and quick, some slow (but not too slow) and languorously.

Gina had come back to awareness after Terry and Angelo had ceased. She watched the first ten men penetrate her, watched and enjoyed the sensation of being the centre of attention and of the cocks moving inside her girl hole. But as the line continued to move toward her, as the numbers grew to 20 then 30 and beyond, as her body was relentlessly pounded, her awareness soared away. She felt drunk or drugged or somehow altered.

Philippe had drawn the number 35 so it took him almost two hours to get to her. From his position in the long line he watched the proceedings with both fascination and horror. What had she become, the intelligent, accomplished, independent woman he'd known? Whatever she was now it was very erotic and had created a frenzied energy among the men in the room. The energy drew him forward and made him hard as a rock. Several men in front of him had their cocks ready in their hands. After a while he joined them.

He thought she looked at him with some small amount of recognition when he approached her. Phillippe paused guiltily for a moment. The men behind him were restless, eager, and he felt drunk with excitement. He let himself succumb – grabbed her huge tits with the obscenely stretched and thickened nipples and jammed his cock inside of her. Then her head fell back and her eyes closed. He knew he was hurting her but he couldn't stop himself. His orgasm was mammoth. God! It felt so good! He was sorry it was over, wanted to do it again. Suddenly the thought of contacting Ward for a private session flashed through his mind and just as suddenly he was horrified by the thought.

Afterwards he kissed her cheek and whispered sorrowfully in her ear, "I warned you."

After each penetration, thick white fluid dropped from Gina's bruising hole into the silver bowl. She was vaguely aware of it running out of her and of Daddy watching as the bowl filled drop by viscous drop.

Chapter Eleven

Ward had a small, quiet conversation with John. "I think you know I'm aware of every one of your schemes." Ward's voice was dispassionate but his eyes gripped John's mercilessly. "I enjoy my bitch's torture." He smiled coolly. "You really are quite accomplished so I'll shield you from Terry's vigilance – at least to some extent. But be quite certain you will sincerely regret it if you try to damage her again. Are we clear?"

"Yes, Sir." John was finally allowed to look away.

Daddy had not milked Gina since midday the evening he brought her into his 'Viewing Room'.

One side of the room was stocked with every amenity designed to bring comfort. Expansive down couches upholstered in the softest silk velvet looped in a U along three walls. Exquisite small Victorian tables with ornate turned legs were scattered on lush, dusky Aubusson carpets. At room's end was a well stocked mahogany bar, dark with age. An elaborate, high-tech entertainment system was hidden in the walls. Quite a contrast to the bare concrete floor fitted with drains, eyebolts and an array of metal and wood frames, posts, benches and other devices sitting opposite.

Gina was becoming used to the sensation of her breasts filling and being emptied three times a day. She was happy she pleased Daddy by producing more quantity each time. Now the milk hurt in her tits. "Gina needs Daddy to take his milk," she'd been whimpering over and over. She began to say it again when what she saw sunk into the sofa stopped her like a frigid blast – John.

Despairingly she turned to Daddy, but he only smiled at her. "Daddy promised he would let John hurt you. Daddy always keeps his promises and John has been very nice to come and help us train the bitch."

Ward handed John Gina's lead, fixed himself a drink and made himself comfortable on the centre sofa. Gina's stared into John's blue eyes and her legs would not move under her. John pulled her roughly to the metal frame. He cuffed her spread open in a long 'X', forcing her head back using a stiff metal nose hook, so her bulging breasts and distorted nipples protruded freakishly – readily available to his attentions.

"Your Daddy has asked me to teach you how to hold the milk and then give it on command." His tone was light and cheerful. He held up a heavy ceramic bowl. "Give me a little milk."

Gina was too afraid. Her breasts were bursting but her milk would not come. John grabbed hold of an elongated nipple and pulled hard. With long hard strokes, he beat first one side then the other of the taut breast with the bowl. Her body jerked against the restraints and the metal hook scraped into her nostrils.

"A little milk. Please!" Again the bowl was beneath her breast and again nothing came out.

Her breast hurt so much but she did not know how to obey John. His beating became rhythmic and the pain a constant buzz. Suddenly she felt the milk gush into the ducts. It squirted out uncontrollably ... all over John's hand and, she saw with horror, onto his pristine shirt sleeve.

"Oh no no! This will never do!" The breast he held was almost empty but his chilly voice was still soft and calm, almost humorous. He bent to the bag at his feet and

removed a small pipe clamp. "We'll just have to work with the other breast tonight." He slid the clamp to the base of the long nipple and screwed it to a tiny circle, cinching the nipple tightly closed. "Now let's get some milk in there." He fitted the nipple into a portable suction device.

The sucking and the rush of milk into her ducts was a relief ... at first. John watched the milk draw down and still he sucked with the device. Gina thought her breast would explode. She writhed and twisted while John laughed softly. "It almost makes ME want to suck her tit. Almost ..." He turned to Ward. "Would you like a suck? The effect is priceless!"

Ward circled Gina. He looked at her back arched by the pressure of the nose hook then stooped and examined the clamps. He ran his open palm over the nipple tips and lower down her breasts to her protruding belly. The sensations in Gina's stressed body were pleasure, but pleasure far surpassed into the unbearable. She quivered from top to toe. "Nice position. Very useful."

Daddy brought his face close to hers and she felt his warmth. While he pulled the voluminous fleshy point into his mouth, he pushed several thick fingers inside her, his palm rubbing her clit against her pelvic bone. Daddy could be so erotic! Gina moaned – until he sucked and her breast overflowed with the pain. Her body strained for freedom.

"Now that's interesting," John said. "We'll have to use it."

"Okay." His voice was singsong. "Time to hold in the milk." John screwed the clamp open slightly. Milk squirted and he tightened it again. "Oh my! We need better control than that!" He smiled at Ward. "Let's try something else. First that clamp needs to be a little tighter."

The metal edges of the clamp bit into her nipple, simultaneously compressing and excoriating the flesh. Gina's shrill screams bounced off the bare walls and floor and reverberated in her own ears, adding to her overload.

"Now bitch, you need to learn to hold it in no matter what's done to you ... and we'll keep trying until you learn it."

John pulled a small electrical unit from his bag. He stroked Gina's nipple between his thumb and forefinger, a nasty smile on his lips. Gina quivered with inadvertent pleasure heightened by uncontrollable fear. "It's so nice and fleshy I can put electrodes on the tip of the nipple itself."

He stuck flesh-colored adhesive pads containing a small metal disk between the pads' layers to each side right behind the nipple tip. "The pads have a bottom barrier so the current can only go up or around, not directly between the electrodes."

He connected the unit's wires to the electrodes and turned the dial to a high setting. Nothing happened. John turned and smiled at Ward. "Isn't this fun! Ready?"

"Okay bitch, hold in your milk." John unscrewed the clamp. Gina tried to hold in her milk but a stream rushed from her nipple. Suddenly the tip was on fire. She wailed hysterically. John tightened the clamp and wiped the nipple. "The milk completes the circuit across the nipple tip."

"Step 2. Your innovation." John took a shiny steel speculum from his bag and slid it into Gina's vagina. He screwed it open until Gina cried and tried to pull away, then another few turns while she twisted and turned. He pressed a small electrical pad connected to one of a second set of the unit's wires right above Gina's labia and retrieved a long metal probe hanging from the remaining wire.

For a second Gina felt the metal move gently across the tissue deep inside her. Suddenly her insides clenched powerfully ... and it happened again, then again, rhythmically over and over. Her nipple began to burn.

Everything was happening at once. The nose hook digging viciously into her nostrils forced her to restrict her motion but her body twitched and writhed. She felt completely unstable, out of control. Another contraction grabbed her insides. If she wasn't secured she would have fallen, she was certain.

This time liquid gushed out of her sex and poured down her thighs. She realized the burning on her nipples had stopped.

Through her chaos she heard John's horrible voice. "This IS interesting. Dr. Roland will want to be informed."

Chapter Twelve

The car made its way slowly past the old white farm house. The dirt road wound down the hill into a grove of elm trees then crossed a brook and rose up along the side of a green grassy hill. Golden brown jersey cattle with large soft eyes calmly chewed the lush grass as they watched the car go by. When the car crested the hill, Ward peered intently at six or seven pale figures appearing to recline on a distant slope. Gina followed his gaze. Were they calves? Were the swollen protuberances cows' teats? She couldn't quite see.

A long white building with an arched roof and a cupola with a weathervane on top was directly ahead. The walls of the building had a row of high windows at the top and narrow stall doors at the bottom.

Ward drove to the open archway at the building's end and parked. He snapped Gina's lead into her collar and led her into the building. A young man in jeans and a t-shirt, with an unruly mop of brown hair and a black leather crop in one hand, stood waiting on the clean concrete floor in the building's centre. An older man wearing baggy overalls leaned against the metal railing of one of the many stalls on both sides of the bright pristine barn and watched Ward and Gina approach.

Most of the stalls were filled with the docile cattle. The cattle chewed alfalfa and oats from troughs at the end of the stalls as machines pumped milk from their pendulous teats into large glass bottles suspended overhead. Far down toward the building's end another man shovelled soiled straw from one of the stalls.

"Good morning." Ward extended his hand to the young man. "Are you Bobby?"

"Yes, Sir." Gina stood still while Bobby circled appraisingly giving particular attention to her elongated nipples and engorged breasts. "Animals do not wear clothes," he told Ward.

"Obey the man. Take off your clothes."

"Her shoes also."

"You are to obey him, Gina." Gina stepped out of her shoes and stood naked and barefoot on the warm concrete floor. She looked around her at the barn and the sweet cows.

The man looked at her collar. "She doesn't need this stuff." Gina took her eyes off the cows and searched Daddy's face as he unlocked her collar. She looked from Daddy to the man and began to feel worried.

The man slid his free hand into Gina's hair and gripped so firmly her head bent to the side. He smacked the backs of her knees with the crop. "Animals walk on four legs."

Gina struggled to turn her head to ask Daddy for instructions but Daddy had turned and was walking away. Balefully, Gina cried after him, "Daddy! Daddy! Don't leave Gina!" But Daddy only kept walking.

Ward drove directly to the private airstrip. He stood on the tarmac and watched the sleek silver and black jet touch down and roll to a stop a hundred feet from his car. The stairs dropped to the ground. The beefy nurse emerged first, guiding Karen down the stairs behind him, her hand in his. Ward took her hand and gently helped her into his car.

Tears streamed down Gina's cheeks. She screamed for Daddy. Bobby grabbed her hair harder and forced her onto all fours. "Animals do not talk." He pulled her by her hair toward the man leaning against the stall. She struggled and wept and tried to throw herself onto the floor but he was too strong. When she fell he simply dragged her until her head hurt.

Finally they reached the older man. He held a thick harness with many straps and a large, hard black ball gag attached. She struggled but the men held her down, forced the harness around her head and the ball far back into her mouth. The younger man locked the harness and gag in place. The straps of the harness formed an inverted V that crossed her eyes so that her vision was partially obstructed. The point of the V attached to a thick strap that ran over the crown of her head. Her pretty hair stuck out of the harness in all directions.

Each of the men snapped a tether to their side of the harness. As she sobbed and drooled around the black ball, they pulled her on hands and knees into a stall. The older man grabbed one of her hanging distended teats and rolled it in his calloused palm. "Need more work," he grunted.

"We'll get them there like we always do, Dad." Bobby selected two glass suction tubes. "These are better than most." He attached her swollen nipples to an industrial milking machine. She wanted to resist but the machine's sucking motion caused her milk to let down and rush into the machine. She didn't want it to but the milk flowing from her breasts into the big mechanical device, relieving the pressure in a tingling rush, felt good and excited her little girl parts.

As the milk gushed from her tits into the big glass bottle, several more stable hands gathered behind her. The old man grinned at them. Pink gums showed where his front teeth must once have been. "Doctor says this one needs extra attention." The men milled around her, pawing her and whistling and grunting approvingly.

Gina's breasts emptied but they didn't turn off the machine. Dad unlocked the ball gag from the harness. He whacked her rump hard with the flat of his rough hand. "Forward" She could only move forward if she stretched her neck over a small empty metal trough.

Bobby dumped gelatinous green mush from a metal pail into the trough. "Eat it."

Gina shook her head, "No!"

Before the word had left her lips, Bobby's hand struck her face hard enough to snap her head back into the harness straps. "Animals do not talk!" Gina shook her head again. Bobby shrugged. "This is it. Eat it or nothing."

It seemed forever. Gina stood still feeling very vulnerable with her bare ass exposed to the stable hands and the machine sucking her nipples. The men now ignored her. Finally she lowered her face to the green ooze. It actually did not smell bad and it tasted quite good – like thick buttery cream of vegetable soup with cooked grain mash. She tried to eat it delicately, tried sucking it up then biting the ooze. The green mess clung to her lips, her cheeks, her chin. She ate most of it before she gave up.

Bobby returned. "Good girl." He pushed her head down. "Now lick up the rest." Gina started to complain but her cheek still smarted from his blow. He held her head down while she tried to lick the stuff from the bottom and sides of the trough.

She had somehow licked up most of it when Bobby released her head. He grabbed her harness at the throat and pushed. "Back." She backed away from the trough. He

didn't bother to wipe her face, just locked the ball gag back in place. Now he turned off the milking machine and released her nipples.

She had forgotten her nipples in her effort to eat from the trough. Now they felt irritated and sore. "Dad," Bobby yelled across the barn, "these are doing pretty well." He snapped a lead to her harness. She started to rise to her feet but he pushed her down. "Animals walk on all fours." He led her across the concrete floor on hands and knees and out into the warm sunlight and green grass.

Bobby moved quickly up the hill pulling her along behind him. The grass was soft under her knees, though the ground was uneven. Every so often, a hand or knee fell into a hole and wrenched her painfully, once or twice causing her to fall. Bobby didn't stop, just pulled her along behind him, so she got up quickly again. Her thighs had begun to ache and she was sure she was bruised by the time they reached the group lying under the large tree.

Six lovely naked young women with full round breasts and fat elongated nipples kneeled or reclined on their sides. Each wore a different style head harness, some with a crest or other symbol on the side. One with jet black hair and sharp curious eyes wore no gag. Three sweet looking girls with hair ranging from brown to dirty blond wore ball gags similar to Gina's. Gina stared at the remaining two – stunningly beautiful identical twins with long thick manes of golden blond. Their eyes were huge blue waters and seemed out of focus. Wide tube gags held them open-mouthed.

Bobby unhooked Gina's lead. He lifted her chin. "Remember, animals do not talk and they move only on four feet."

Gina started to sit as Bobby sauntered down the hill. She stayed on her knees when the girls looked at her with wide fearful eyes and shook frenzied heads. So she reclined on her side like most of the girls. She began to wipe her dirty face with her hands but again the girls shook their heads vigorously. One of the ball gagged girls wiped her cheeks on the grass. Gina copied her. It didn't work very well but some of the gunk came off.

Gina started to say, "Why can't we talk ...". This time the girls not only looked at her in fright but turned their faces away.

As the afternoon progressed and Gina lay idly under the tree she missed Daddy terribly. She knew he would come back for her. But when? Would he let her walk on two legs again?

Gina watched the girls make their way on hands and knees to a large, roofed trough on the side of the hill and drink. She no longer dared ask questions. She just crawled over when she became thirsty. She found she could suck liquid around the ball gag if she was careful. The liquid was pale green and tasted like some sort of sports drink, sweet and mineral. It slaked her thirst and also seemed to create strange sensation in her breasts. Was it her imagination or were they filling more quickly than previously? She noticed the other girls breasts seemed to be growing also. Each trip to the trough and they hung heavier, fuller, more engorged, with fat nipples closer to the ground.

She also watched the girls make their way to the far side of the big tree, tilt their hindquarters like dogs, never lifting hands off the ground, empty their bladder or bowels, then rub themselves on the grass. Daddy had made her piss for him or others and often did not let her clean off, so when she had to piss she had no problem following the girls' example. Pissing on the green grass in the warm sun was rather pleasant, she thought.

The sun was beginning to lower in the sky when two stable hands came and took the blond girls to the barn. None of the others moved. Finally dusk approached. Gina's breasts ached with milk. The black haired girl rose to hands and knees and started down the hill. The other girls followed so Gina did also.

In the barn, each girl moved to a stall on the side of the barn with the milking machines, followed by a stable hand. She caught a glimpse of the blonds being helped unsteadily to their knees in adjacent stalls. Bobby grabbed Gina's harness and led her to her stall, so she wasn't sure what she saw. It seemed the blonds had plastic tubes running through their gag openings and into their throats. Bobby wiped her breasts with a sterile wipe, hooked her to the machine and turned it on. Again her milk let down and her breasts emptied. Again she was moved forward to the trough of green ooze while the machine continued to pump.

Surreptitiously she glanced around. She saw the stable hands dump the bottles of milk from both cows and girls into a large vat with "Special Blend" stencilled on the side – but not the milk from blonds. Their milk was emptied into a small refrigerated container. A stable hand screwed the lid tight and sealed it with gold tape.

All the girls were led to stalls across the barn except Gina. Bobby led her to the walkway at the barn's end and snapped her harness into side tethers. The stable hands gathered around her. At a nod from Bobby they moved close. Dad removed her ball gag and his wrinkled, partially erect cock filled her mouth and throat.

It would have been better, Gina thought, if her teats were deformed with milk. But she liked her usage as a naked, pendent animal. She liked the attention and the feel of the many hands on her opened body, probing, squeezing, rubbing, while the cocks filled her holes one after another. The usage made her holes wet, especially when two stable hands knelt at her sides and sucked her distended teats to the accompaniment of jabbing cocks at her other ends. She hoped she was able to feed the men at least a few remaining drops.

When they were finished and had left the barn, Bobby led her back to her stall and locked her in. He too left. Gina wondered why none of the other girls were used by the stable hands.

The churning of Gina's stomach awoke her in the night. The diet must be laxative, she thought. She needed to let the mess out but didn't want to dirty her stall. She held it for so long! She felt she would explode from the pressure or worse lose control. She called out "Help! I need help!" No one answered though she heard the girls stir in their stalls.

Finally, still calling out every few minutes, she crawled into a corner of her stall to limit her mess. As it began to pour from her hole she heard heavy boots approach. A narrow beam passed across her eyes and onto the straw around her. The light again shone into her eyes blinding her. Suddenly hands grabbed her head and held it immobile. She felt the ball gag removed. A metal bar was forced into her mouth and her tongue pulled through its centre and clamped tight. Then a sharp jolt shot through her tongue and white light exploded in her head. As the world went black she thought she heard someone say "Animals do not talk."

She awoke in straw caked with green mess and piss. Her clamped tongue hurt so much. It was excruciatingly sore and burning. Her head throbbed agonizingly. The wet was all the way up her back. When she looked down, she realized to her horror she must have lost some of her milk. Her breasts did not seem as heavy as usual in the morning.

Bobby's appraising glance, when he came to get her, sent waves of terror coursing through her.

He said nothing but simply led her to a group of platforms. The other girls were already being scrubbed and hosed down. The brush was abrasive against her skin and tender girl parts but she was very grateful for the thorough cleaning. Once clean, the morning milking and feeding began again.

This time, though, when her breasts were empty and she was finished eating, a stable hand led her to the centre of the barn. The other girls were turned in their stalls to face her. For the only time during her stay in the barn she was raised off all fours. The stable hand held her head as the tongue clamp was replaced. Then he grabbed her upper arms and jerked her to her knees.

Bobby approached, holding a long wooden dowel. While the stable hand held her arms immobile behind her, Bobby caned her breasts mercilessly, all the while repeating as the dowel whistled through the air, "Animals do not talk ... and most important animals do not lose their milk until allowed to do so."

Gina writhed and made shrill garbled sounds around the bar but could not break free until long red welts covered the tops and undersides of her breasts. Bobby pulled her limply up the hill with the other girls and left her to the usual routine.

Chapter Thirteen

Ward handed Karen over to Terry. "We'll talk after your bath. This is Terry. He's a nurse. He'll take good care of you."

In the white bathroom, Terry snipped Karen's stitches and removed the catheter. He gave her a glass of water. "Do you think you can pee?" Her bladder was bursting but nothing came out. "Never mind," he said kindly. "We'll try again later."

The water was just hot enough and smelled of lavender. "Just relax," Terry told her. "Sir has given you permission to wash yourself if you like, or if you prefer I'll do it."

She looked up at him gratefully. "I'd like to try." She felt determined to undertake this forbidden activity, but then the next moment was shaky and uncertain. "Will you help me if I need you to?" Her hands shook as she took a washcloth and a bar of lavender scented soap from his outstretched hand. Terry seated himself close by, on the white silk cushion.

Karen looked down at her body and then hesitantly touched herself. First she carefully washed her breasts. Her hands crept lower. At first she was paralysed with fear and uncertainty. She tentatively touched then opened her labia and washed between them. Her eyes closed and her body shook.

Terry spoke softly, asking if she was okay. After a word or two he stopped. She was ashamed but couldn't stop the tears.

Terry dressed her for dinner in a clinging champagne silk gown and gold sandals with five inch heels. The movement of her labia against each other felt so strange as she walked down the hallways and stairs. He seated her on Ward's right at the long dining table. When she sat, the silk seemed to settle into her crevice and she had the urge to pull it out.

During the three courses of dinner Ward talked to her about current Washington events. He asked her what plays and concerts Michael had taken her to recently and told her about the performance of a famous classical pianist.

When dessert and coffee were served, his conversation ceased. She raised her lowered gaze for a moment and saw his eyes narrowed and deliberate. His demeanour was now businesslike. Frightened chills raised goosebumps on her thin skin. Her eyes plummeted to her clenched fingers, hidden in her lap, and she waited for the disaster that always came.

"You will spend your stay here caged, with the exception of your daily bath and certain additional training. You will not be sutured closed and are allowed to touch yourself at any time and in any way you desire.

"You will, however, be responsible for your own elimination. A pot will stay with you in the cage for your use. You'll have to figure out how to use it and how to keep it in the cage with you after you have used it without making a mess. Terry will empty it every four hours.

"Michael tells me you are deficient as an ass fuck." She was mortified. Her head dropped lower and her eyes moistened. "Since that is the only way he will use you until he decides to inseminate you, he has asked me to help him remedy the situation. You will therefore constantly wear a butt plug. The size will be increased every six hours, including during the night, until the plug becomes very difficult to insert and then we

shall see. Terry will help you insert the plugs. You may remove the plug whenever you need to, either due to internal pressure or to evacuate. However if you remove the plug you must replace it yourself with the next larger size. Probably once a day I will also use Terry's giant cock as a training tool.

"Michael also believes you to be too fragile for corporal punishment. I plan to show him his evaluation is incorrect." She glanced fearfully up at him, her eyes as large and frightened as a trapped fawn. "At some appropriate time I will give you one thorough caning – only one. It will be painful but you will survive it. I will choose the time at my pleasure and when I feel it will be most instructive.

"Any of the staff will be allowed to use you at their convenience and according to their desires. They can remove you from the cage or tell you to give them your holes through the bars. They will wear condoms and will not hurt you but are allowed to put their cocks in any of your holes," now her eyes filled with surprise and horror, "including your cunt.

"Finally in several days, when she returns, you will help me train my brood bitch. Do you understand your rules?"

She nodded hesitantly. "Yes, Sir."

"It doesn't matter," he said. "You'll learn anything you forget."

Terry led Karen by the hand into Ward's office. Ward had designed the space for function rather than style. The furniture was commercial grade and entirely modular, covering every windowless piece of wall and curling into the middle of the room to form a semblance of a desk. Every shelf and surface was filled with books, manuals, files and computer equipment. The room held only three luxuries – a state of the art, high-backed ergonomic desk chair in deep brown leather, thick soft tan wool carpeting and a spectacular view of the river.

The cage sat on the carpet between the desk and the windows in a shallow metal pan like those used for small rodents' cages. The bars had been lifted open on one end.

Terry sat on the carpet next to the cage and helped Karen, naked except for five inch heels, lie across his lap. He spread her cheeks and examined her anus. He chose a black plug from a stand with ten butt plugs, each incrementally larger than the last, positioned within reach of the cage side. Karen glanced apprehensively at the plugs. She could not imagine how the biggest one would ever go inside her.

Terry spread the opening and pushed the plug inside without lube. Karen winced slightly. He pulled it out and chose the next size larger. This time it hurt and Karen made small pained noises.

"All right, dear, now get into the cage." Terry helped her crawl into the cage on hands and knees. He put an old fashioned white chamber pot with a handle and a roll of toilet paper in next to her. "Sir is allowing you to be in any position in your cage." He dropped the bars, locked them in place and left the room.

Even with the pot, on hands and knees Karen's slim body had plenty of room. She was self-conscious under Ward's gaze, not because she was naked or even in a cage but because she felt compelled not to disobey him – and if she moved she might – and, far more important, she did not want to attract his attention. She longed to make herself invisible in the cage and faced away from him, hoping – pretending – that she was.

But he was seated above her and it was he who had placed her cage. She could not avoid proffering him her curves, exquisitely contorted and exposed by the cage bars. Her exposure was complete but she refused to acknowledge it.

In the position she'd chosen, he could not see her face, only the back of her hanging head. But her shoulders straining to hold her body raised and still, and the lovely curve of her back ending in round buttocks were directly below him. Her luscious bottom cheeks were spread over the black end of the butt plug and her labia opened slightly and enticingly below.

After fifteen minutes or so, her shoulders began to ache and her back stiffen. She tentatively lowered her body to the cage floor and lay still. When Ward didn't object or make any move toward her she began to experiment. She tried lying on her back or side with her knees folded against her chest and found those positions comfortable.

She spent most of the next few hours on her back with her knees against her chest, as languid and immobile as a rag doll. Her life in the cage was not much more restrictive than her life with her husband. Only the rules were different.

She was aware that Ward enjoyed watching her while he worked. When she heard him stand and stretch, she anxiously cast a glance in his direction ... and looked right into his looming face.

"I need a break," he told her. He motioned her to the side of the cage. "Open," he ordered unequivocally and put his penis in her mouth through the bars. "Make me hard."

She was not very skilled and very distressed. Michael rarely used her this way and when he did he wept afterwards and begged her forgiveness. Ward did not beg her forgiveness. In fact, her discomfort obviously enhanced his enjoyment. With every sign of her distress, his thick penis became more unyielding and difficult for her small mouth to manage.

She was both thankful and distressed when he removed his penis prior to orgasm. She peered up at him, wondering if she'd failed him, but he had already returned his attention to his work.

After several hours, she began to grow increasingly uncomfortable, moving this way and that in the cage. She glanced over at him then settled down again, only to shift position ten minutes later. She was like an animal scratching and circling to find a suitable toilet. She could not scratch and circle, only fidget. Again, she was certain Ward enjoyed her discomfort.

At last she could wait no longer. She glanced at him then hesitantly touched the butt plug. Still she waited another ten minutes before she pulled it out. She tried to do so discreetly but the plug came out with a loud expulsion of gas. She looked up at Ward in a panic. "Forgive me, Sir!" she pleaded. He smiled and now did not take his eyes off of her.

Tears filled her eyes. She did not want him to watch her disgrace. But he wouldn't stop and she must use her pot. She tried to curve her hips downward over the pot like a dog but didn't have enough room. She moved her body in every conceivable direction. She couldn't find a useable position. Finally she could think of no other solution than putting the pot between her legs as she raised herself on hands and knees, hoping it was positioned properly to catch whatever came out.

She looked back between her legs and saw one brown chunk miss the pot and fall onto the cage's floor mat. She needed to go so badly she almost didn't care. She pushed

the pot farther back and the second piece fell into the pot. Some urine squirted uncontrollably out with it and again tears filled her eyes. She was not good at urinating. Michael had never really let her. How was she supposed to aim it? After several attempts, during which her body shook with sobs and the urine squirted onto the mat or ran down her legs, she found this was actually the easier task. She managed to position the pot so the liquid gushed right in.

When her urgency ended, she came back to herself and realized she and the cage were a mess. She also realized she had entirely forgotten Ward. She glanced up, utterly humiliated, and saw his eyes fixed on her. Her body felt hot and her cheeks flushed bright red, but she gingerly picked up the faeces with a piece of toilet paper and put it in the pot, then tried to wipe up the floor and herself. When she'd done the best she could, her eyes again flitted up to Ward. He seemed to be waiting.

Then she remembered ... she was required to insert a larger plug. She reached through the bars and took the next size from the holder. To position it to push into her anus she had to stretch her arm between her legs, awkwardly twisting her body. The rubber plug caught against her skin and stretched her anus unmercifully but would not go inside her no matter how hard she pushed. She wanted to scream in pain and frustration but didn't dare. The only thing she could think to do to make the plug slippery was to lick it. So she did, first licking the plug delicately then, when it still didn't work, putting the whole thing in her mouth and sucking it like she had Ward's penis. Now, somehow, she got it inside.

"Very good," were Ward's only words.

The following afternoon, Ward stopped Terry before he replaced Karen's plug. "Terry, please bring Karen here and assist me." Karen knees gave way when Terry helped to her feet. He supported her while she wobbled on her high heels over to Ward's desk.

Ward laid her across his lap face down, her breasts flattened against his thighs. He looked down at her ass, the perfect pale cheeks both full and fragile at the same time. Her delicacy and lack of will, and his control over her, were wonderfully stimulating. "Exquisite," he thought, "A rare ornament for my collection."

"Karen, make Terry hard." Terry stood in front of Karen and hauled out his relaxed cock. Karen gasped when he moved it toward her mouth. Ward knew she hadn't seen many cocks – 'only Michael's?' Ward wondered – and Terry's was enormous, even when soft.

"Open up, Karen." Ward made his voice hard and cold. "Such a perfect victim," he thought. Even if he'd desired to, he could not have resisted dominating her.

After a deliciously excruciating ten minutes, Karen finally made Terry hard. She stared wide-eyed at the giant curve of hard flesh and its bulging purple cap.

Ward's voice was businesslike. "Terry is going to put his cock in your ass. He'll use lubricant and go slowly but it's going to hurt. He might not get all of it in today, but we'll practice every day and all of it will be inside you before you leave. You do not want to disappoint Michael."

Karen screamed when the bulging head burst into her.

Ward's cock got hard the moment Terry entered her. He loved watching Terry do it. Nothing got him like the corruption of innocence. Karen was so fragile, so perfectly suitable to be defiled with Terry's awesome ramrod.

Ward had to give Michael credit. It took a force of personality akin to brainwashing to subjugate her while still preserving her sweet femininity. She was and would always be his victim. Michael had trained her superlatively.

Ward smiled as Terry fought to control himself. Clearly Terry was dying to thrust. Instead, like the superb "tool" that he was, he stopped moving entirely.

Ward stroked her cheeks. "Breathe slowly, Karen. That was the worst part. The biggest part is already inside you. He's now going to move deeper very slowly."

It was a magnificent view, the huge cock between her exceptional rear stretching wide her taut anus ... and even better when Terry inched deeper to the accompaniment of Karen's laboured breathing and ragged whimpers. Ward's own cock was rigid as steel beneath her. He wanted to see Terry rip her apart.

"Oh well," he thought. "Everything in its own time."

The Viewing Room was windowless so Terry had plugged a small night light into a wall near the drain over which the cage sat. Karen lay on her side, overcome with wretchedness. Her body shook violently. The cage rocked around her, the bars clanking musically against the metal frame. With each tremor, the few soft rays of light shifted in the blackness enveloping her, illuminating new snippets of gloriously pallid female contours.

She had long since forgotten her desire not to disturb Terry. For just an instant, guilt rushed through her when she saw him lift his head and turn on the table lamp next to the sofa where he lay wrapped in a blanket. But her relief was so much stronger.

She wept inconsolably, limp with exhaustion and anguish, holding a butt plug in her hand. Her speech was slurred almost to incomprehensibility, "I can't get it in."

Terry opened the cage and drew her toward him. "It's all right, dear. I'll do it for you."

She looked up at him through her tear-drenched hair. She didn't understand her behaviour. Michael had taught her rigorous restraint from which she never strayed. But it seemed that all the misery buried unseen inside her had come to the surface and now flooded out. "I couldn't sleep and I took it out. Just for a moment, I promise. And now I can't get the bigger one in."

The gardener had come halfway into the Viewing Room. Ward motioned him further inside. Karen watched apprehensively. The rack of canes of different thicknesses was close by her cage on the Viewing Room wall. Every time Ward entered or moved about the room she worried about his promise of the caning.

The boy hesitantly approached the sofa where Ward was sitting drinking coffee and watching CNN's evening news and spoke to him in Spanish. Karen could not understand the conversation but she saw Ward nod in her direction.

The gardener came quietly to the cage, pulled a key from his pocket and unlocked the bars. He held out his hand and deferentially motioned her to come to him. She looked fearfully over at Ward. "He is going to take you to his room. He's a nice boy and will not hurt you but you must do what he wants."

His room was off a recently constructed hallway in the cellar below the kitchen. It was small but cheerful and modern, with a single bed, a small desk and chair and a chest of drawers. A Jesus figure on a cross hung on the wall above the desk and a painting of the Virgin Mary holding the Baby Jesus sat next to pictures of the boy's family on the top.

He motioned her onto the bed. With trepidation she watched him unbutton and remove his shirt and jeans and pull off his white underpants. He was not much taller than her and a little homely, with a round face, an uneven complexion and a thick shock of black hair. His body was fit, though, and his back and arms dark from working outside.

She sat stiffly on the bed's edge but he motioned her to lie down, saying something to her in Spanish, and lay down beside her. He put his arm under her shoulders and drew her rigid body against his side. He seemed in awe of her, speaking softly to her, looking adoringly at her hair, her breasts, her belly, her legs and then gently and reverently touching each. He tried to kiss her on the lips and she didn't know how to respond. Her soft mouth pressed stiffly against his.

His attention returned to her perfect teardrop shaped breasts. His touch was hesitant at first but when she made no objection he held each in a hand, squeezing gently and running his calloused thumbs over her nipples. In amazement she felt her nipples harden and strange sensations tingle deep within her.

Then he put his mouth on her nipple. She watched him in frozen disbelief. Michael only put his mouth on her breasts when he needed to perform his special rituals. Even the nurse was only allowed to touch them if absolutely necessary. This was different, softer, quieter. The tingling sensations – were they in her female tissues? she didn't know – became stronger.

And then he stopped. He moved lower and spread her tensed legs. Shock overcame her as he gently parted her labia and put his mouth in between.

Her parents were religious and she had been sheltered – a good girl. She was a young virgin, in fact had never even had a boyfriend, when Michael found her and married her. No one had ever done this to her. Not even Michael touched this part of her body. This area was sacrosanct, forbidden, even to her. Michael made sure of it.

She couldn't help herself and inadvertently began to pull away. Then she remembered Ward's admonition and stayed motionless. For awhile the boy's tongue touched everything, even reaching inside her vagina. Then he seemed to focus on one spot, licking, sucking and tapping the spot with his warm mouth and tongue. She couldn't help it. She squirmed beneath him. Something was happening to her and it was both pleasurable and unbearable. The pressure inside her was building and then ... her body convulsed. The moment was wonderful and when it had subsided she wanted more and he did it again without even speaking to her.

He raised up, smiled at her and said something in Spanish. He kissed her on the mouth and the taste on his lips was strange to her. She watched him sit back on his heels and roll a condom onto his erect penis. Then he lay on top of her, his body pressing down on her and his penis slid inside her vagina. She was amazed by the sensation, the enthralling rhythmic penetration and withdrawal of his penis inside of her. Somewhere in the middle, her body convulsed again and some sound – she wasn't sure what – came from her mouth. Then he moaned loudly, his body convulsed several times and he lay quiet on top of her.

For a moment she wondered if he was dead. But he rose off of her rapturously smiling and pulled the condom from his softening penis. Again he lay next to her and pulled her against him. He crooned to her in Spanish and stroked her hair. She looked at him in amazement. Is this how people have sex?

Chapter Fourteen

One morning prior to milking, Gina heard a familiar voice in the barn. Daddy had returned! “She’s made good progress,” Bobby told him. “I’ve held off milking her so you can watch.”

Bobby led Gina to a platform for Ward’s examination. Ward examined her huge misshapen nipples and rigidly engorged breasts. “Beautiful!”

Gina rippled with apprehension when Ward’s fingers stroked the long bruises. But Bobby was matter-of-fact. “We had one incident. After that she was fine.”

With pride, Gina felt the milk she had made for Daddy gush into the pump. This time, after her feeding Bobby washed her face. He snapped a lead onto her harness and handed it to Ward. Ward led her from the barn, still naked, on all fours and into a small, closed horse trailer attached to his car.

Gina reclined on the straw in the dark, moving trailer. She thought about how she had been abnormally altered by Daddy and how he was now driving her along car-filled public roads completely naked and with enlarged breasts and nipples that would no doubt horrify anyone who saw her.

The thoughts made her holes yearn to be filled. She remembered how the stable hands had fucked her like a dog while her heavy teats hung below her. She was eager for the breeders’ response to her condition. She knew Daddy would be proud of his altered bitch.

A sign posted beside the heavy automated gate stated ‘Private Facility. No Trespassing. Violators will be Prosecuted to the Extent of the Law.’ After his identification was fed into the state of the art computer system by the uniformed and armed gate guard, Ward drove the horse trailer through the high, barbed wire topped fence toward a stark, sprawling one story building.

Dr. Roland’s well-connected patrons bought the facility from the government ten years before. During the Vietnam war it had been a secret research installation hidden in acres of raw forest, ostensibly a wildlife preserve. The configuration of the hermetically sealed bio labs, offices and living facilities was still functional though the equipment had needed updating. Dr. Roland had no need to worry about finding funding for the improvements.

The doctor met Ward outside the building’s glassed, secured entrance. “Yes! Yes!” He nodded approvingly at Gina’s mammaries, so engorged her distended teats brushed the black and white linoleum floor of the institutional hallway.

Other girls passed, led by uniformed medical personnel. Gina noted with interest that some were naked on all fours like her but others were allowed to walk upright. All had large – and sometimes huge – breasts but most had normal looking nipples. Not special looking like hers.

Suddenly Gina blanched and stopped moving. Ward looked down in surprise. Then he smiled. A girl wearing silver breast cups and tongue plates, with eyes as wide and terrified as a spooked horse, passed, led on a chain attached to her tongue ... by John. He nodded at Ward and gave Gina a malevolent smile.

Gina was still quivering with fright when, to her surprise, she saw the blond twins proceeding down the hall ahead of them. Two orderlies held them upright as they tottered

along. They were dressed in white Victorian nightdresses, tight boned white corsets and high laced Victorian boots. When the orderlies stopped in front of a door and knocked, Gina could see the girls' massive breasts bulging explosively over the tops of their corsets, long teats sticking straight out in front.

The door, hung with a large placard stating 'Private Residence. Authorized Personnel Only', opened silently. A uniformed nurse emerged and strode efficiently up to Dr. Roland. "Excuse me Doctor. May I speak with you a moment? It's somewhat urgent."

"Please excuse me for one moment." The doctor moved out of earshot with the nurse. Gina only made out a word here and there but did hear 'drugs', 'failing' and 'milk' repeated several times. She noticed Daddy's head cocked, straining to hear.

The doctor returned. "Forgive me. A special situation."

Gina heard the veiled curiosity in Daddy's voice. "No problem. Interesting, though. Clients can live here?"

"Well, as I said, a very special situation. He's quite ill and as you can imagine his treatment is not inexpensive."

They first heard unrecognizable but odd sounds. Closer to the lab door, the sounds grew in distinctness until they were clearly screams. Ward had to drag Gina, bristling with terror, across the lab's threshold.

Strange equipment was everywhere in the large bright lab, organized into a dozen localized clusters. Technicians worked with girls at half of the stations. Dr. Roland motioned to a white coated technician reading charts. "Check for motility and then evacuate her breasts."

"Daddy! Daddy!" Gina cried fearfully as the tech approached, hand outstretched to take her lead from Ward. Ward silenced her with a look.

The tech wrapped his arms around Gina's arms and legs and lifted her on all fours onto a tabletop like a dog at the vet. He raised barred sides and snapped them in place on either side of her then strapped her immobile. Ward paused when he saw her try to pull away as the tech grabbed one of her nipples. When he saw the tech's indifference to her resistance, he continued forward.

Dr. Roland gave a pleased harrumph. "I've received samples from Bobby at the farm and also Terry, as I'm sure you know. She's responding extremely well to her training and the diet. Her milk is exceptionally rich. Just a few updated tests at this time ..."

Ward glanced around with interest as they passed through the lab. He recognized the metal breast cups on two girls. A plastic tube looped from an IV bag suspended on a wheeled metal rack and was taped into the mouth of one of the girls. Her unfocused eyes strained wide open in the direction of the tech in front of her. He intermittently marked a printout with a pen then opened a valve allowing clear fluid from the bag to flow into the plastic tube. The girl's eyes bulged and strangled sounds came from her throat as the liquid poured down through the tube into her stomach.

Another tech raised and lowered levels on a machine beside the second girl. Suction tubes attached to her breast cups' centre holes. As Ward watched, the muscles in the girl's arms and neck suddenly rippled and jerked. With each jerk, her breath was forced from her lungs in a whining whistle and milk squirted into the suction tubes. The girl's

eyes looked utterly abject. Tears rolled down her cheeks. Then for a few moments her body relaxed and her eyes closed ... until the spasms began again.

At another station a girl was strapped upright with her breasts inserted into sequenced rollers something like the rollers on an old fashioned wringer washing machine. She screamed each time the white porcelain tubes turned, sucking her breasts through from nipple to chest then pausing momentarily and reversing, tits crushed by the powerful machine.

The screaming seemed continuous from two girls with breasts so giant they seemed artificially inflated. One had a complicated metal cap attached to her nipples. The second girl was severely clamped behind each breast with large, adjustable yellow bands. Her breasts were as big and rigid as footballs and florid red. Techs suctioned the girls' nipples with small hand held pumps and adjusted the attached devices. The girls shrieked when pumped, shrieked when the devices were adjusted and shrieked when jets of milk streamed from their tits.

The doctor started through the door into his office but paused when Ward stopped to look into a water filled tank with a large thermostat on its side. A naked girl lay on the bottom secured by metal brackets around neck and waist. Her head was encased in a rubber hood with a breathing tube like divers wear. Her arms and legs moved slowly through the liquid, impeded slightly by metal wires in clear plastic tubes attached to contacts on her wrists and ankles and between her breasts. Suction hoses attached to her nipples and a feeding tube ran from a container mounted on the wall above the tank into her anus. Green liquid flowed through the tube. Her open eyes stared through glass apertures in the hood.

"This lab tests my new technologies. It's one of seventeen labs at this facility. The tank contains a particularly interesting group of experiments pertaining to oxygenation and heating of the milk." Dr. Roland tapped the thermostat. "As you can see the water temperature is quite high at the moment. Actually the temperature and also the level of oxygen inhalation cycle from high to low." He let out a small forced laugh. "We certainly don't want to cause brain damage.

"In any case, changes to milk quality are measured and correlated to these cycles. The porousness of the intestinal walls allow absorption of nutrients anally leaving the mouth available to ingest oxygen."

Ward watched the almost hypnotic motion in the tank. "Why does she move her arms and legs?"

"We encourage her to move as much as possible to stimulate blood flow and prevent atrophy." Dr. Roland cleared his throat self-consciously. "Unfortunately we had to bracket her neck as well as her waist so she wouldn't try to sit up."

"Remarkable."

Ward watched a small 'herd' of girls wearing metal breast cups lounge on the lush green field outside the bank of windows behind the doctor's desk. Dr. Roland leaned intently forward in his chair. "We can stop here and you'll have ample rich milk for your guest. But she's been such an ideal subject I'd like to take her one step further.

"I've developed a serum to double milk production. It's only partially tested at this point but has no discernable negative or even permanent effects. It's given once a week as a series of injections directly into the milk ducts. The injections are painful and have

certain side effects. The breasts double in size when filled with the additional fluid, making it very difficult for the girl to stand upright without assistance. Also, we do not believe the flow of the milk is controllable. It rushes into the ducts at a speed and quantity many of the girls find unbearable and will then flood out. We're consequently testing a variety of capping and dispensing devices. We have several working models but none we consider optimal."

"Since you are somewhat ... open-minded, I thought I'd ask if you'd be willing to allow your bitch to be part of the clinical trials. Terry can monitor her progress so we won't need her here immediately. But some time in the not too distant future I'd really like her back for several weeks."

Gina's was still secured to the tabletop when Dr. Roland and Ward re-entered the lab. "I think you'll find this rather amazing." The doctor nodded at the tech who handed him a large syringe with a long fine needle. He pinched her breast tissue between the fingers of one hand and slid in the needle. When he pressed the plunger Gina screamed and struggled but was held fast by the straps. He repeated the process seven more times – four injections evenly spaced around each aureole – while Gina screamed and cried.

Within minutes Gina's breasts swelled so large they pressed against the tabletop. "Hold her upright." The tech unstrapped Gina and lifted her to her knees. The doctor squeezed a nipple and Gina gave a long, high pitched wail as milk flooded into her milk ducts and then gushed out.

Ward watched excitedly as the milk rapidly filled a large beaker the tech held under Gina's bloated breast. His penis pressed hard against his trousers. "Magnificent! I'm going to enjoy using her in this condition. How do I control the flow?"

"Given the shape of her nipples, I think a basic adjustable clamp will be most effective." The tech handed Dr. Roland a thick yellow circle with a screw attachment. "This clamp is silicone rubber rather than metal or plastic. The silicone is neutral so should not create irritation and will stretch slightly providing both more effective closure and some degree of pressure release in emergencies." He fitted the clamp around Gina's nipple, slid it back against the bulge of her breast and tightened until she made pained noises.

"And it's simple to use." The doctor turned the screw and milk first dripped then squirted from Gina's nipple to the accompaniment of her wails. "The amount dispensed is relatively easily controllable. Yes, this I think is your best bet."

Daddy was reaping the rewards of his considerable labours. He lay back on a pile of pillows on the large bed, Gina's thick teats in his hands. Gina sat on his rock hard cock bent slightly forward, her giant breasts suspended over his chest like party balloons.

Ward could not possibly have expected the incredible bonus Dr. Roland's serum provided. His cock had been hard from the moment he first saw her distortion into something no longer human. She was now so effulgent, so erotic ... so abnormal ... and then came the pain. Her screams had been exquisite when he'd stroked her clamped nipples and milk had filled her breasts to overflowing. But it couldn't overflow and she'd flailed in agony against his cock. He'd had to fight not to cum.

At that point he'd had an idea. He'd called Terry and had the big milking machine moved into his room next to the bed.

He looked up at her, feeling his cock move against her dripping vaginal walls. Now he stroked her nipples and watched her struggle against the pressure in her giant cow's udders. Her breasts looked and no doubt felt on the verge of exploding. He could see she was awash in excruciating sensation. Terror stamped her face. Tears hung on her dark lashes and drenched her cheeks. "It won't stop hurting, Daddy."

He smiled up at her. "Gina ..."

She looked down at him curiously, for a moment distracted from her agony. "Yes, Daddy?"

"Your financial advisor doesn't trust me. He thinks your power of attorney isn't real. He wants you to meet with him."

She put her hands under her new breasts and tenderly lifted them, squeezing a little. "But how can I do that now?"

"I'm going to make you go out in public." He felt her tighten around his cock and knew the cause was the profound humiliation he would force upon her.

"Daddy, Gina wants to cum."

"Daddy has been thinking about that." Ward slid Gina's teats into the milking machine. He pushed his cock deep inside her, opened the clamps on her nipples and turned on the machine. As the machine pumped the milk from her nipples, he held a long, powerful vibrator to her clit.

Gina screamed as the milk gushed into the pump. She screamed as Daddy stimulated her clit and fucked her hard. He could see the sensations pour through her with her milk, threatening to rip her apart. This would be her first orgasm since he'd begun her alterations. Her screams vibrated in Ward's eardrums magnified many fold when the orgasm burst across her.

Daddy also could no longer wait. He shot his creamy load inside of her.

On the floor below Karen heard the screams and stirred anxiously in her cage.

Chapter Fifteen

“Today you are going to help Sir train his brood bitch, Gina.”

Karen had never been in this part of the house. Terry led her into a sunny room with a strange raised enclosure in the centre. It looked to her like a cage without a top sitting on a platform several feet above the floor. Several machines and large empty glass bottles hung above.

Ward, dressed in black as usual, stood in front of a young woman, naked except for some sort of odd triangular brassiere and very high heels, positioned under a group of pulleys in the centre of the room. The woman's wrists were tied together and fastened to a pulley's chain and hook a full arm's length above her head. The ends of a two foot long metal bar were attached to each ankle, holding her feet apart. Ward had secured the bar's centre to an eyebolt in the floor, fixing her in place like a mounted butterfly. Her head drooped forward between her outstretched arms and her dark hair covered most of her face.

The scene reminded Karen of a picture she'd seen in one of Michael's old books about the Inquisition. It frightened her and she was distressed for the poor girl. And ... how could she not have noticed! The girl's breasts were huge! She gaped with horror and gripped Terry's hand more tightly.

Ward grabbed the woman's hair and pulled her head up. She seemed familiar but Karen couldn't remember why. “Karen, this is my brood bitch Gina. Gina, say hello to Karen. Karen is going to help with your training.”

“Yes, Daddy.” The girl smiled glassy-eyed at Karen. “Hello, Karen.”

Karen clung to Terry. Her response was barely audible.

Ward unhooked the neck of Gina's brassiere and let the top drop forward. Karen recoiled. The girl's breasts were dreadfully inflated. Her thick, distended nipples had left cigar-shaped marks in the breast tissue where their remarkable length had been forced to lay sideways under the brassiere. One end of the marks was deeply scored with wide lines from the yellow clamps.

Ward stroked the huge organs. “See how beautiful Gina is with her hideous obscene boobs! Doesn't she look hot! Gina and Daddy worked hard to make Gina Daddy's special breeding stock.” He ran a finger across Gina's nipples. Her body jerked slightly. She winced and her eyes closed. “How many girls have such special teats and can give their daddies milk? Gina's big boobs make Daddy very hard.”

He looked at Karen. “Wouldn't you like to have boobs like this?”

Karen recoiled again. She could barely get the words out. “Please, Sir. No.”

Ward was amused. “Gina, tell Karen about your big teats.”

Gina strained her neck to look at Karen. “Gina told Daddy she wanted nipples like cows have,” she said, “and to make milk for him. It was Gina's idea. Daddy always gives Gina what she wants. She's glad she's not a regular girl anymore.”

Karen stared in amazement. Was this true? Did the beautiful woman want to be deformed this way? Was Ward only giving Gina what she desired? Could Ward, and also her husband, Michael, likewise be giving Karen only what she desired? The thought shocked her. Maybe she had chosen her life. She had to think about it.

“Good girl!” Ward patted a breast. “Time for Gina's training.”

Terry disengaged his hand from Karen's. He gripped her shoulders firmly from behind and moved her toward Ward. Karen stared in terror as she came closer, but did not resist.

Ward untied Gina's ankles and removed the spreader bar. He retied her hands behind her, pulling them up into the small of her back. She tilted unsteadily forward, helpless without her hands to catch her. Ward watched her fall for what seemed to Karen like an eternity. Then he grabbed Gina's arms and helped her to balance upright.

A coil of rope hung in two hangman's nooses from one of the pulleys' wheels. Ward slid one noose over Gina's head and pulled it tight. He gestured to Terry to bring Karen closer and tied her hands and neck in perfect symmetry with Gina.

Ward shortened the rope. Both women were forced to stand straight upright, almost on tiptoe. Gina tottered unsteadily forward then backwards as she tried to balance her giant tits. Karen found herself struggling to provide leverage to help Gina balance. With each sway, the coils of rope tightened against Gina's throat ... and Karen's.

Ward stood back, a satisfied expression on his face. He picked up his camera and photographed, the girls' distorted faces his primary focus. It was a beautiful study in contrasts and opposition – Gina, so dark, strong and vital against Karen, pale, fragile and soft.

He picked up a long black case from the floor and pulled out a length of half inch wooden dowel. Gina whimpered. Karen cowered at the sight. "Gina needs to learn to stand without help no matter what is done to her. Karen, you're going to help her learn."

Karen didn't think she could possibly have heard his next statements correctly. "It's up to you to tell me when to strike Gina ... and if you wait too long you will take the stroke for her." He took her chin in his empty hand. "And Karen, you can choose to take her blow at any time."

Ward gently moved the length of the cane across Gina's ass, testing the surface like a wooden caress. Karen looked on in horror as Gina cried, "No, Daddy, No!" but then his eyes turned toward Karen. Karen quailed. She whispered, "Hit her."

The cane flew with a crack against the white flesh. Gina screamed. She danced around and stomped her feet like a frightened horse all the while crying "No, Daddy, No!" Every movement jerked the rope against Karen's throat. The stronger motions lifted her until the very tips of her toes grazed the floor, causing her to sway uncontrollably backwards, forwards, sideways. She fought for balance against the loss of air and the violent movement.

Ward did not give her time to balance. His threatening eyes were on her again. Again she gave in. "Hit her." Again she heard the crack. She saw double red stripes appear on skin unsullied seconds before.

But now Ward didn't even give her time to think. His eyes seemed to never leave Karen's face. Fear drove her. "Hit her," she whispered again and again the cane flew. Over and over the wood made impact. Gina danced and screamed and jerked the rope. The double stripes disappeared under an ugly, iridescent pink welt.

Gina lunged violently in every direction. Karen was terrified she herself would fall and choke to death. With relief, she felt Ward grip her tied hands. But what was he doing? He pulled her closer to Gina and then he pressed her open hands on the pink welt. Unwittingly Karen lurched away. The welt felt clammy and hot enough to burn her

hands. Karen was hideously ashamed. This was her fault! She had done this to the poor girl.

Ward's attention turned to Gina's swollen tits. He stroked the cane against the tops of the huge orbs. He looked at Karen. Karen was not paying attention. She was staring at the welt, her body wracked with sobs. Her hesitation was sufficiently long for Ward to start toward her. She looked up at him with terror-filled eyes. The words stuck in her throat but she knew she'd voiced them.

The cane flew backward and forward in one fluid motion. Drops of milk ejected forcibly from Gina's nipples. Gina's torso jerked forward and Karen's delicate body was pulled by the throat off her feet.

Gina screamed, "No, Daddy, No!" Despite the pressure on her throat she would not straighten her back. Karen swung, strangling. Still she hesitated ... until her face turned red and her head felt like it would explode. She choked out the words, "Hit her." Through a red haze she heard the crack of the cane connecting with Gina's calves and Gina's scream. Suddenly Karen was on the ground again ... and she could breathe.

She didn't have time to recover. Through her gasps, she heard Ward's forbidding voice. "Karen?"

Tears filled her eyes. "Please, Sir. Don't make me ..." She began to cry in earnest.

Ward's warm breath was suddenly on her neck and his voice in her ear. "I guess you want the stroke." Before she could respond she heard a crack and the underside of her beautiful backside was on fire.

Without thinking, Karen leapt forward but again found herself choking. And she heard Gina's hoarse gasp. Karen was shattered. She had no idea what to do. Her only choices – pain, or strangulation and pain for Gina – swirled through her mind. Through convulsive sobs she said, "Hit me."

Gina immediately dropped onto the floor in a tight ball when Ward took them down. Karen stood exhausted tottering on her heels. Her behind and calves burned. She waited obediently for instructions – until she saw Gina. Then she too dropped to the floor in relief.

But no rest was allowed. Ward pulled Gina's hair till Karen thought it would rip from her head. Gina whined and cried but rose to her feet. While Karen watched, he dragged Gina by the hair to the platform and pushed her onto it. Then he came back for Karen.

She had already started to her feet when he grabbed her arm. He fitted her wrists and ankles into one of several sets of metal shackles hanging from a row of chains attached to the wall. Karen stared at her wrists when the locks snapped closed. With even greater alarm, she watched Ward fit a large wooden disk around Gina's neck and wide plastic tubes on her distended nipples.

"We waited to milk Gina so you can watch. Terry is also going to use Gina to demonstrate a proper ass fucking so you know what you should be doing." Ward flicked a switch and the machine above began to pump. When Gina started screaming and the big bottle filled with milk, Karen tried to disappear into the wall.

While the machine pumped, Terry stuck his cock in Gina's mouth. Karen could not believe how far the giant thing went down Gina's throat. He moved behind her and without preparation slid into Gina's anus and pumped hard. Karen flinched when he

entered and expected Gina screams to intensify but they didn't. Terry's hips thrust at remarkable speed. Karen could not believe Gina took it. She stared.

And suddenly Karen saw Gina's huge breasts hanging below her voluptuous body. She saw Terry's hard male body over Gina, controlling her, penetrating her. To her shock and surprise, Karen began to find Gina's subjugation and use by Terry erotic. Suddenly she understood. Then Ward was beside her.

Ward untied Karen and led her across the room, his fingers digging into her arm. "Now it's your turn."

Ward did not lock her head into the wooden disk, just immobilized her with straps. He stayed next to her, in her line of vision. "Terry is going to put his whole cock inside your ass and he's going to fuck you. It's going to be worse if you struggle. I suggest you just breathe deeply and take it."

Karen's eyes filled with tears when Terry put his hands on her bottom, but she made no sound. She knew it would hurt when his penis went inside her. It had hurt every day. He'd never had his penis all the way in, though, and he'd never moved it in and out.

Tears ran from her eyes and drenched the wooden platform below her. She was terrified and in pain but made neither sound nor movement, only tried to hold still. Terry's cock felt like it would split her in half. Her anus burned. The pain in her rectum made blackness swim in her vision. She did not think there was room for it all to go inside her. It painfully halted against parts of her she'd never known existed. Where could it go now?

The cock disappeared magically, centimetre by centimetre. Terry had an inch to go when Karen's body began to shake violently. Ward motioned him to stop. "Get ready, Karen. Terry's going to fuck you now."

Terry began slowly, starting and stopping, but gradually moved faster until his motion was steady and beautiful. The searing, rending pain climbed beyond her body's comprehension until it seemed to flail her, inside and out. The huge penis forged a path inside her. It opened her up and then, she came to realize, it also released her. Through the overwhelming pain she began to feel its rhythm, its mastery of her ... and somewhere at its centre was a tiny, newborn flame of arousal.

Ward stood by her head and watched with a hypnotized expression, his hand rubbing his own cock through his trousers. He stopped Terry when she could no longer hold back her screams. "Ten more strokes," he told her. "I want to hear you count them. Then you can thank Terry for helping you."

Chapter Sixteen

Gina wore a loose black leather jacket, its fullness dramatically contrasting to the perfectly tailored black trousers clinging to her slim hips. Daddy had emptied her breasts immediately prior to leaving but even during the moderate trip she could feel them growing under her jacket. Daddy had not allowed her to meet Mark at his office. He had approved a nice but not too fashionable restaurant.

Heads turned when she entered – but then they often did.

Mark sat in a corner booth pouring over papers. “You look great, as always.” He plainly tried not to be too obvious in his lechery. For a second, Gina wondered if he’d only questioned the power of attorney to continue seeing her.

Mark was the quintessential Southern gentleman, tall, sun-bleached blond, horsy and a little full of shit. His wife was from a very prominent family and his services were widely used by old DC and Virginia. Too much trouble, she’d always thought. So she’d kept him at arm’s length. But she’d never squelched his “appreciation” just not responded to it. A little sexual energy is a great facilitator.

“Would you like lunch?”

“No, just coffee.” Gina felt her breasts bulging under her jacket. She experienced a tremor of tension. “And I’m sorry, Mark, but I have a meeting in an hour so I need to make this as quick as possible.”

“Gina, I was hoping we could go over the changes I’m planning for your portfolio for this coming year.”

“You know I trust your judgment. Do we really need to discuss this? Let’s talk about the power of attorney. You told Ward you didn’t believe it was real?”

Mark looked embarrassed. “I’m sorry, Gina. I was only looking out for your interests. You’d rather have me be cautious, wouldn’t you? ... And Gina, I’ve heard about this Ward person before. There’re some pretty scary rumours about him. How’d you hook up with him?”

“Michael and then Phillipe introduced me to him.”

Mark whistled softly and raised his eyebrows. “Well, that’s something! Friends in high places. I’ve heard that too. But do you really want to turn control of your assets over to him?”

“Mark, I do of course, appreciate your caution.” She knew her words would be all over town within twenty four hours. Not a bad thing. She’d wondered how she’d discreetly let everyone know. “Ward and I are in a serious relationship. I’ve moved in with him ... and actually he’s paying my bills and taking care of me – really generously, I might add. I’ve pretty much stopped working. I think if you look you’ll find he has way more money than I do.”

She paused and put her hand on Mark’s. “And by the way, I trust his judgment. He’s very savvy. So please feel free to ask him if you want to make any extreme changes. Who knows, this might give you the opportunity to get him as a client.”

Did she feel her breasts starting to press against the zipper of her jacket? Did Mark notice anything when she leaned forward to take his hand? He didn’t seem to, didn’t leer anymore than usual. But she was now choking with tension and finding it very difficult to concentrate. She looked at her watch. “I’m sorry, Mark. I need to get going ...”

Gina started to rise but Mark grabbed her hand and pulled her back down. "Since I'm not going to be seeing you any more why don't you spend a little more time with me?" His voice was a bit too intimate. Gina wondered how much he really knew about Ward. She again tried to rise and he again pulled her down. "I must say I'm jealous. How'd Ward nab you so quickly?"

Gina started to panic. She was certain her breasts were getting bigger, maybe already unnaturally so. She had to get out of there. "Mark! Let go or" And then suddenly with a wrenching shock she felt her milk start to let down.

Pain rushed into her tits. She fought not to scream. Nausea and dizziness knocked her back into her chair. She was barely aware of Mark gripping her arm and saying, "Gina! What's wrong? You're white as a ghost!" and then "Oh, my God! What's happening to you?"

Had she blacked out? She didn't know. When the blackness in her head cleared to grey she realized her tits had filled her jacket and were pressed so hard against its front her cleavage was bulging over the top. Far worse, she was wet. The pressure must have caused the clamps to release some of her milk. The milk had drenched the top of her trousers under her jacket and was seeping lower. The pain made her head throb. She had to get out of there.

She looked up and Mark was staring at her. Other heads had turned toward them. She stammered "I'm sorry, I've got to go ..." When she pushed herself to her feet, Mark started to rise with her. She almost yelled at him, "Please! Don't get up!" and stumbled to the door struggling to hold herself upright on her spike heeled boots. Milk ran in a steady trickle from her nipples.

Half blinded by the pain she dug in her purse and somehow managed to find a ten dollar bill. "I'm in a hurry," she told the valet. Mercifully the ten sent him running off to get her car. She couldn't stand up while she waited, had to lean against the wall for balance. When the valet held her car door, he stared down bug-eyed at her bursting cleavage.

Gina drove two blocks before she had to pull over. She grabbed her mobile from her purse and dialled. When she heard Daddy's voice her words spurted out through hysterical sobs, "Daddy! My milk came out and I'm soaking wet. I can barely reach the steering wheel around my tits. It hurts so much I can't drive any more ..." She heard a horn and looked out the window. The black Range Rover was sitting beside her car.

Ward got out and opened her door. "Don't worry. I'll have someone come for the car." He helped her into the passenger seat of the Rover. As he put the car in gear he looked over and said, "I thought something like this might happen."

For a moment before Ward turned back to the road their gazes locked. What were his plans for her, she wondered?

"Gina I need to talk to you about something. ... When he said goodbye, Ward kissed me."

Gina first thought Jane meant a casual peck on the cheek. "So?"

"He kissed me passionately ... and Gina ..." On the other end of the line, Gina heard Jane fidget uncomfortably. "... I found it hard to resist him."

Gina grimaced sardonically. She mumbled, "I know the feeling."

Jane's voice was strident with tension. "What!"

Gina signalled Ward she needed to speak and he removed his penis from her mouth. “Really, I appreciate you telling me but don’t worry about it. It has no effect on my relationship with Ward.”

Another uneasy pause. “Gina, I kissed him back.”

Gina glanced up at Ward, eyebrows raised bemusedly. His expression was pleasant, innocuous. “Jane, you’re a good friend and I trust your discretion so I’ll tell you the truth. Ward is in control here. He does what he likes and I don’t ask why. A lot of times I don’t understand, at least not at first. He almost always surprises me. All this is why I’m with him.

“I can promise you though, he has something in mind. But I don’t have a clue what it is ... except maybe he enjoys shattering limits. And as I told you, he’s open-minded.” She wondered if explanation was hopeless but didn’t really care. “Do you understand?”

“Okay. I think I get it,” as usual, Jane did not disappoint her, “and I’m so glad you’re not upset. ... Gina, one other thing. Some weird stories are floating around. An incident in a restaurant with Mark? Something about your breasts getting bigger.”

“Oh Jane! Please! Mark is a lech. He has breasts on the brain. He pawed me more than usual and I shot him down. It was a combination of a broken bra strap, stomach flu and his ego. You know how big I am – especially compared to his perky little wife. My tit bursting out of my bra was not a pretty sight.” Gina laughed, managing to sound light-hearted. “He probably got hit by the shockwaves. Would you do some damage control for me?”

When Jane rang off, Ward took the phone away from Gina’s ear. He flicked the switch on the milking machine and returned to the head of the platform. As he replaced his penis in her mouth he exclaimed, “Excellent! Deny everything.”

After the first burst of pain Gina raised her dark eyes to his and again signalled she needed to speak. “But can I hide this forever?”

The question wasn’t rhetorical. She was asking his permission.

Chapter Seventeen

The sweet smell of baked goods met Ward at the kitchen door. Gina stood at the steel table with her back to the door, transferring tea cookies from a metal baking sheet to a cooling rack sitting in the table's centre next to a silver and porcelain tea service.

Ward was pleased to note that her black rope dress still looked fresh and the carved handle of a mahogany butt plug remained firmly in its place. His meticulous butler had made certain Ward's intricate rope work was protected with a sheer, frilly French maid's apron. The crisply bowed ties draped onto Gina's pale round cheeks over long red stripes, the broadest purpling into a revolting, oozing bruise.

Gina began to turn, but he stopped her. "Finish your task. We still have many preparations before our special guest arrives."

Ward examined the tea tray. Under Ramesh's supervision, Gina had set out an elegant service for two. She had polished the silver pot, sugar bowl, lemon dish and the tray itself until they gleamed. The white linen napkins were spotless, as were the delicate Irish porcelain tea plates, cups and saucers. Paper-thin slices of lemon sat in the dish's silver slots and the sugar bowl overflowed with big, irregular chunks of white and brown sugar.

"Excellent!" Never before had Gina performed these sorts of tasks for Ward. She was, after all, simply a brood animal capable only of grossness, not refinement. Today it amused him to force her into civilities utterly contrary to her normal functioning, particularly since it gave her the opportunity to practice performing upright.

Ward turned her toward him. His hand instinctively lowered to adjust his trousers. His cock had been almost continually hard since Gina began Dr. Roland's injections.

This afternoon he had skipped her customary midday milking in preparation for their guest and had not yet caused her milk to flow into the ducts. Her tits were glorious. The bright pink flesh, mottled with purple bruises like a brindled cow, bulged through the black bindings. She no longer cried constantly but her eyes told him how unbearable she found the pain.

"She's finished?" Ward asked the hovering butler. "Thank you. Everything looks wonderful." Ramesh graciously nodded. "Would you please get me the tea table?"

Ramesh returned several minutes later with long black wooden stocks. Ward fit the centre circle around Gina's neck and locked it with the long side pieces extending horizontally far out over her shoulders. He locked her wrists in place at the ends. Her arms were now raised and her hands and head protruded through the stock's holes. The flat surface of the 'table' began to tilt a little. "Suck it in. Back straight. Tits against the wall." Gina faced the wall. With her back held straight, her belly sucked in and her shoulders forced back, her giant breasts would not let her get close. "Closer," Ward ordered. He pressed her tightly against the wall and then watched to see if she stayed. She tottered on her high heels but strained to comply.

Ward gave the plug a good jerk then pushed it deeper inside her, forcing her still closer to the wall. He turned to Ramesh. "Please store her against the wall until our guest arrives."

The butler moved around the fragrant kitchen attending to his tasks. Periodically he approached and examined Gina to make sure she obeyed Ward's instructions and to

correct any dereliction. The table had tilted and was shaking slightly when the gate alarm buzzed.

“Welcome back, Michael.” Ward’s smile was eloquent. “I think Karen will be happy to see you.” He ushered Michael into the old fashioned front parlour.

Karen sat primly on a fragile Victorian chair with an intricately embroidered seat, back straight, knees together. She was dressed in a knit suit with a narrow, knee-length skirt of baby pink and yellow tweed, perfect for tea, and pink crocodile pumps, ladylike except for exaggerated stiletto heels. She smiled weakly up at Michael when he kissed her on the cheek but did not budge. “She is not allowed to move until she’s instructed to do so.”

Ward sat on an ornate old horsehair settee. He waved his arm expansively, acting the genial host. “The armchair is by far the most comfortable. When tea’s served I’ll want you to move over here though. You’ll see why. I have a little surprise for you.” He smiled pleasantly at Karen, savouring the torturous effect of his attention. “Don’t I, Karen?”

Karen bowed her head. “Yes, Sir.”

Michael looked at his wife. “How’d she do?”

“We’ve made good progress with all your objectives. Of course, I didn’t have enough time to bring her to any degree of perfection.

“She’s plugged now. I think you’ll be pleasantly surprised by her new plug size and by how much more easily she can be ass-fucked. I’ll tell you about some of our other accomplishments while we have tea.”

Ramesh propelled the teacart into the parlour. Ward watched Michael with pleasurable anticipation.

The butler had replaced Gina’s short plug with a long black wooden pole, angled up to form an elegant handle. The pole had a black ball in a silver claw at one end and was turned at a sharp angle at the other. To the turned end was attached a large silver plug, now buried deep between Gina’s cheeks.

Ramesh had draped a fine linen napkin on the wood over each of her arms. Over her left arm he placed the sugar bowl, lemon dish and dish of sweets, the plates and napkins. The two cups and saucers found their place over the right. He set the heavy round teapot, filled with exceptional Earl Gray tea, with the cups and saucers.

The stress on Gina’s shoulders was obvious to Ward as Ramesh moved her forward.

“My God!” Michael’s eyes opened wide.

“Kneel,” Ward ordered. Gina carefully lowered herself to her knees.

Michael joined Ward on the settee, his eyes fixed on Gina. “What the hell happened to her?”

“She got what she wanted. Didn’t you, Gina?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

Michael raised his eyebrows. “Daddy?”

Ward shrugged. “It just happened. Her idea really.” His lips curled the tiniest bit, relishing the impending comedy. “Gina, do you remember Michael?”

“Of course, Daddy.”

“Are you upset to have him see you with your giant boobs?”

“No, Daddy. Gina is proud of her boobs ... and she is here to service Daddy’s friends in whatever way they want her to.” She smiled a tiny smile up through her lowered lashes. “Gina would like to service Michael.”

Ward was savouring the role of gracious host of a rare fete. But to the world he invariably underplayed his dominance, so he nonchalantly patted a breast. “Good little horny bitch.”

“Hmmm. That could be interesting.” Michael shook his head. “Let’s see, I saw her – what? – three months ago and she was completely normal – or as normal as any of us are. Man, that was quick! You really are amazing!” He pressed a finger to the bruises on Gina’s breast. Gina moaned softly. “Looks like you’ve been putting these to good use.”

“You’ll find similar usage on your wife, though I stayed to kinder gentler spots.”

“Really? I never thought she could take it. Maybe I’ll have to re-evaluate.” Michael’s attention returned to Gina. “How’d her breasts get so big?”

Ward allowed himself a sadistic and slightly triumphant laugh. “Just wait. Let me give you some tea. Karen, come here and serve.” Karen rose from her chair and walked demurely toward them, eyes lowered. Her every movement forward spoke of fear and aversion.

“On your knees. Here.” Ward pointed to a small space between Gina and the settee.

Karen’s gaze, partially visible from under her lashes, was redolent with horror at Gina’s deformed body enslaved as a tea table. Haltingly, she dropped to her knees.

The table jumped when Karen lifted the heavy pot. The plates pinged against the lemon dish. The muscles in Gina’s shapely arms tensed. “Sugar? Milk or lemon?” Ward asked, looking at Michael with amusement.

Michael played along. “Milk.”

Karen poured tea and distributed the accoutrements. Most of the weight of the table was now on one side and Gina struggled to hold the table level.

Ward stretched his hand toward Karen. His palm held a small suction device. “Get us some milk.”

Karen blanched. She rocked back and forth, hugging herself.

Ward was unrelenting, experiencing his usual delight at crushing her to his will. “You know how to use it, Karen.” Karen fumbled the device onto Gina’s nipple. Ward smiled at Michael. “This is going to be noisy. ... Better not drop anything, Gina.”

Two milkings’ worth rushed into Gina’s breasts. Her wails were ear-splitting, rising and falling like a police siren with her gasps for breath. The table tilted and bucked. It was Ward who caught the teapot. Karen froze in a rain of tea cookies and lemon slices.

Ward sat back, enjoying the show. He surveyed the scene he’d created – first Michael’s stare at Gina’s inflating tits. Their fullness distended the skin, stretching her aureole to the size of saucers. Her teats protruded straight forward into rock hard cylinders. “What the hell is happening to her?”

Then Ward’s attention turned to Gina. “Quiet, Gina. Straighten the table.” She worked to obey him, biting back the screams, her body still wracked with her sobs. The table tilted and shook for several minutes until she managed to settle down.

Ward replaced the teapot, now focusing on Karen who scrambled to retrieve the other items. Ward stopped her with a hand gesture. Ramesh appeared by Ward’s elbow. “Ramesh, could you please replace the things that fell on the floor?”

He again smiled at Michael. "I have to give her at least a little break. She's in horrible pain. So ... milk?"

Ward took Michael's cup and handed it to Karen. "Go ahead, Karen." Karen placed the cup in front of Gina's nipple with agonizing slowness. Her eyes begged Gina's forgiveness when she opened the clamp slightly and milk squirted into the dark tea. Her hand quivered when Gina again shook and cried.

Ward took the cup and graciously handed it to Michael. "We've had her on a special diet and I'm told her milk is exceptionally rich. You should also enjoy the flavour. It was prepared especially for you. The process has actually matched the milk to your body chemistry.

"You'll be amused to know she's been drinking your piss and eating your cum every day for almost two months now. I thought it was fitting justice for disturbing you in the restaurant."

Michael laughed. "Yes, I'd certainly say the score is settled." He took a sip. "It is really delicious." He leaned toward Ward. "Tell me about this milk thing. It sounds interesting."

Ward gave him a quick summary of Dr. Roland's activities. Then he added, "Actually, the Sheikh is responsible for the creation of my milk bitch. He wanted to buy her, apparently because he wanted to feed his family from her huge tits. I arranged to train her to his specifications and then bring her to him. Your visit was just a happy coincidence."

Ward glanced at Gina to see if she'd recovered enough to listen and didn't think so. Her attention was inward, clearly absorbed by the pain of the unreleased milk. "Too bad," he thought. He would have enjoyed giving her something new to ponder.

"At this moment, I have containers of urine and semen from the Sheikh and his many sons in my refrigerator. The Sheikh has asked for her in a month. So from the moment you leave, she will be consuming large quantities of Saudi fluids."

Ward stroked the tubular nipple closest to him. Gina looked up at him, her eyes cloudy with misery. "Dr. Roland is thrilled at the opportunity for additional trials. His objective is to determine the effects of higher fluid consumption over shorter periods of time and also of multiple donors. He's hoping that multiple donors can be satisfied by the same milk."

Michael listened with rapt attention. Ward could see the entrepreneurial genius spark in his eyes. "Truly remarkable. Why haven't I heard about this? People I know must use his services."

Michael looked into the tea cup. "I wonder what his business structure looks like. There could be a huge demand," he smiled coldly at Ward, "for both milk and girls. Particularly overseas. Could you put me in touch with the doctor?"

"Of course. I'm sure he'd be thrilled to meet you."

Michael stroked Karen's silken hair with his free hand. He extended his teacup. "Darling, would you please pour me more of this delicious tea?"

Milk Bitch Lost

Prologue

The black eyes flamed hypnotically at her from their cadaverous sockets. Like a small, helpless animal, she couldn't break away and the eyes were coming too close! His narrow, skeletal head dropped toward her like a jagged-boned, prehistoric bird of prey. Through her paralysis, Gina felt the light, tickling brush of his straggly black beard against her hard nipple.

She saw his long, claw-like fingers wave toward her face, each bone and knuckle standing out in dismal relief. They gripped her chin and then, pain! In her nostrils! Two sharp stabs and after, unendurable sharp abrasion.

What had he done to her? Her nose burned and ran with thin mucous. Deep pain settled between her eyebrows ... and now something large and cold lay against her nose and mouth.

The priest lifted his torso upright. The swirl of his white robes sent cool, dank air rushing across her bare skin. He extended his long arm and motioned to a giant man with huge muscles bulging in his bare arms, waiting at an opening in the rock wall.

The man lifted her off the high slab and held her languid body effortlessly around the waist between his hands, face down, several feet above the stone floor. Her enormously engorged breasts pulled her downward, making her dulled perceptions feel off centre and precariously unbalanced – except for the ironhanded, unmoving restraint at her waist. Her arms and legs dangled below her limply, like a rag doll, and something pulled painfully from her nose.

Her mind was so thick that she had no idea how long she hung there. He held her as still and silent as a piece of statuary. Finally, through the torpid haze, it occurred to her to reach down with her hands. Then he lowered her onto hands and knees on the smooth, cold stone. She tottered a little but was too dull to do other than stare wide-eyed at the mammoth hand moving toward her.

The hand paused inches below her nose and then she felt a tug. Her face jerked forward and sharp, cutting pain raced through her nostrils. Liquid poured from her eyes and nose, blinding her. But the pulling didn't stop and the pain increased unbearably. She awkwardly moved forward, trying desperately to reduce the pressure ... and she kept moving forward across the cold, hard floor, aware of nothing else but the pain's recurring increase and reduction.

Suddenly bright light exploded in her vision. The air was now warmer and she heard water moving. She heard a metallic click and the heavy pressure lessened.

Her head ached and her nostrils burned, but she was becoming accustomed to the light. Her vision – and her head – was starting to clear. She looked down and saw her hands still holding her above the floor. Something silver was just out of sight below her nose. She did see a length of rusted chain hanging confusingly below. Her muddled brain followed the chain to a thick wooden post sunk into the stone.

As she moved her head the chain swung slightly. She felt befuddled. Did the pain in her nostrils increase with each swing? And what was beyond?

She did not know how long it took for her vision to clear enough to see but finally she could. She gasped. Four naked girls, attached to posts by large silver rings in their noses, stared back at her.

Chapter One

Out of the corner of her eye, Gina saw Ward emerge from the cockpit, a smile on his face as he surveyed the situation. “Ten minutes to drop zone.”

Her heart jerked and vibrated inside her. She wanted to gasp for air. The weight on her flattened back held her collapsed into herself and the thick harness straps bit into her ribcage, restricting any possible expansion of her chest. Nausea welled up into her throat and she gagged convulsively but fought it down.

Only her heavy breasts hung down free from the harness. They hung between the straps like large ovoid melons gift-wrapped in the fluorescent orange of her loose jumpsuit. Ward had pumped her before they went up in the plane. But despite all this stress, she now felt herself filling again. ‘*Odd,*’ the thought came unbidden, accompanied by a visual memory of her hideous accident with her accountant, when her milk let down in a restaurant, ‘*maybe stress makes them fill faster.*’

She heard the instructor moan behind her. He pulled on the straps running tightly between her thighs and she felt her labia pull apart with them. The pilot squeezed his hands into the sides of her head, constricting it almost to bursting. “Here it comes, baby. Get ready.”

Both men thrust fast and hard. She was dully aware, through her overwhelming anxiety, of one cock beating against her mouth and throat and the other pulling the stiff fabric of her jumpsuit into the hole Ward had sliced through the seam for easy access. She was utterly distraught and preoccupied but she felt her unfaithful body respond to the men, flowing with warmth and moisture. Then together, they shot their cum into her holes.

The pilot zipped up and turned away, toward the cockpit. She heard Ward’s voice. “Now, don’t you feel calmer?”

She glared up into his smiling face, struggling to swallow all the thick cum in her mouth. “No! I don’t!” Throughout their short relationship she’d feared him and had ardently, though cautiously, resisted his domination. This, however, was the first time she’d ever been truly furious with him. He could not force her to do this! She didn’t even think she could physically manage it.

“It didn’t calm me down at all!” As the words flew from her mouth, she realized that getting fucked had distracted her. At least she hadn’t sat in the plane worrying. And that, she also realized, had no doubt been Ward’s intention. His smile told her she was right – and that he knew she got it.

She began to weep. “Please! Don’t make me do this! You know I’m terrified of going down even small hills. What if I black out? I could kill myself!” Her violent sobs shimmied down the length of her prone body like a dog shaking itself.

The instructor, Dan, helped her to her feet. “Time to get you ready.” She wept while he checked the chutes, then the straps across her chest and between her legs, giving one breast and her ass little squeezes as he did. “Don’t worry, baby. Your Daddy and I’ll be right there with you.” Ward had told her the instructor had been a paratrooper and was expert at aerial acrobatics. “I’ve had a lot of experience with mid-air rescues.” He pulled her helmet over her hair and adjusted her goggles. “And don’t forget ...” she saw him smile lewdly at Ward, “when I get her down safely, part of my fee is to do her again.”

“Of course.”

Dan moved his lanky body toward the side door, effortlessly balancing against the plane's rolling motion. He slid the door open to radiant blue sky. Bright sunlight poured into the cabin, flooding Gina's vision. "Let's go."

Gina rolled onto her side, pushing into the heavy, comforting weight of the pack of chutes against the solid floor. "No!" she cried, "I won't go!"

Her arm jerked violently upward, almost wrenched from its socket. Ward's voice was as cold as steel in her ears. "Get up now!" A few seconds later the instructor was at her side. She went limp but he and Ward lifted her like a lifeless corpse – what she'd soon become, she thought – to her feet and moved her, one on each arm, to the big hole in the plane's side.

The closer the doorway came, the greater her dizziness and nausea grew. She couldn't help herself. When the floor ended she glanced down. There was the ground, green and brown and thousands of feet below. Terror washed over her. She felt so ill. Her mouth was tart and gluey with cum. Bile rose into her throat. Blackness started to move across her vision and – Oh God! – she started to lose her footing and fall forward.

Strong hands pulled her back into the plane. She heard Dan's voice, "Whoa! Hold on there! Wait for us." He and Ward each gripped a harness strap. "Remember what I told you about pulling the ripcord? And remember – steer with the guide ropes, left and right. Bend your knees and land on the balls of your feet when you hit the ground and tuck and roll." She said nothing – couldn't say anything. "Okay," the instructor sounded exhilarated. He patted her arm, "Here we go. You'll love it."

'That's what Daddy always says,' was her last clear thought. They stepped from the plane, taking her with them into open air.

She was falling. Straight down. Thousands of feet in a minute. She shook her head against the blackness and nausea ... and the hideous, overwhelming fear. She felt Ward and the instructor's hands on the harness and her arms, but it didn't matter. Tears poured from her eyes and then blew back up into her face, blinding her. That didn't matter either. Nothing mattered. She felt utterly beaten and hopeless. She gave up. All her will, all her strength, even her bones' physical support, seemed to leave her. She no longer existed. There was nothing inside or outside but fatal, life-sapping melancholy.

The instructor tapped her shoulder. He smiled, wild and high. He gripped the ripcord and motioned her to do the same.

Dumbly, she parroted his motions, pulling the ripcord. The pilot chute spun away over her head into the moving air and ... the instructor and Ward let her go. A jolt of terror tore into her chest. She felt a sickening jerk and saw bursts of colour above her. She gasped ... and then her mind was crystal clear.

Her heart's rapid, steady beat was loud in her ears amid the flapping of her jumpsuit in the rush of the air currents around her. Adrenaline surged through every fiber of her body, filling her with vibrant energy and also anxiety.

The downward motion was much slower now. She lifted her eyes and, in an uncanny circle of radiance, saw Dan's straight white teeth flash in a broad Cheshire cat grin across the twenty feet between them. Holding a guide rope in each hand, he gave her a quick steering demonstration, first right, then left. Then he pointed down and made a triangle between thumbs and forefingers.

Slowly, hesitantly, she lowered her eyes. Even in her distress, Gina couldn't deny the scene's beauty. Directly below her was a, yes, really ample landing triangle of several

acres of bare, brown and green earth bordered by three distinctly drawn roads. The triangle was surrounded by dense green, softly undulating forest, melding irregularly in all directions into far away farmland.

To one side, the glistening York River snaked back and forth through the greenery, first narrow and convoluted, then wider and gentler. On its bank she could make out the church spires of the tiny, historic town of West Point, Virginia, and even the elegant Southern bulk of the 'White House', the original homestead of the West Point Plantation. She lifted her eyes to the horizon, where the Blue Ridge Mountains rose up darkly under ethereal white clouds.

It was a moment of peace ... before she realized that the brown earth was quickly coming closer. The anxiety was back in her chest but it was different now, not quite as all encompassing.

As the ground rose up to greet her, the rich, Arcadian smell of earth, water and green life filled her nostrils and she had a vivid vision of herself as a two year old. She was in a park, standing abandoned at the top of a tall, old-fashioned metal slide, frozen, neither able to slide or climb back down the stairs. The stairs behind her were crowded with impatient children. And her mother wasn't there! Her mother wasn't coming to rescue her!

The tears welled up in her eyes. Her mother was never there, never helped her. Gina was alone, afraid and humiliated and somehow she was going to have to take care of it herself.

She looked down in terror and then, in a rush of overpowering pain, she felt her milk let down. She fought for control. She had to remain conscious!

Some part of her mind saw Dan's and Ward's chutes collapse below her. She watched herself hit the ground through a grey cloud of pain. Her mind noted that the impact was manageable. Then she was rolling, tangled in the chute's ropes and pulled helplessly by the wind.

Dan untangled her and lifted her to her feet. He released the harness and helped her out of it, smiling furtively at her as he brushed dirt from her breasts. She saw him start, then look down at his hand. She knew his hand was wet. She looked down at the dark stains slowly spreading across the front of her jumpsuit.

Then Ward was at her side. "Don't worry about it," he told Dan. "She's lactating." Dan's expression was mystified. Ward smiled at him as they walked toward Ward's black Range Rover, parked at the roadside. "You can drink some of her milk, if you'd like."

She listened to Ward with small, reluctant admiration. Daddy had a remarkable ability to know when confronting problems head-on was the best solution.

Gina sat facing Dan on the big back seat, his hard cock penetrating the holes in her jumpsuit and her cunt, while Ward drove to the small airport. So many different thoughts and emotions filled her consciousness. Over it all was the pain of her grossly engorged breasts. But her mind still focused on her vision, wondering about it, trying to unearth the relevance she could feel was there.

She was also buoyant with relief at making it safely to the ground – so buoyant the feeling had become erotic. She felt light and exhilarated and filled with enjoyment at being fucked. She looked down at Dan and saw her breasts, now swelled so huge they pressed hard against the jumpsuit's stiff fabric, were right in his face. "Daddy," she saw Ward looking at her in the rear-view mirror, "can Gina show Dan her tits?"

“If Dan wants you to.” Gina looked into Dan’s face and saw his eagerness. Slowly she unbuttoned the top of her jumpsuit and dropped it to her waist.

Dan’s eyes almost burst from their sockets at the sight of her mammoth breasts, her nipples rock hard and distended several inches straight forward like fat, red sausages. Pale, creamy milk dripped from their tips.

Ward’s voice drifted back over the whine of the big engine. “If you want a drink, turn the screws on the yellow clamps – but do it slowly or you may get a bigger mouthful than you expect.”

She arched her strong, graceful back, lifted a breast in her hands and offered it to him, arousal mixing with the pain running through her. He took her nipple into his mouth, then reached for the screw mechanism on the yellow rubber clamp circling its base and turned. She screamed, trying to restrain her volume, and rotated her hips against his cock as the milk rushed through her.

“Oh shit!” She heard his loud cry around her nipple and then felt his cock convulse inside her.

Gina lay next to Daddy in his sumptuous bed, under a many-layered canopy of ornate, richly coloured cascades and swags in the Inn at Little Washington’s gleaming aubergine brown bedroom. Her fury had returned in the form of sulkiness. She still resented him. But she was yearning to speak and now found it impossible to do so. The sentences were buried too deeply.

Daddy was showing uncharacteristic patience. He prompted her, “Tell me what’s going on,” or “Tell me what you’re thinking about,” or “Is it still the jump? What happened up there?” With every prompt, speech came microscopically closer to the surface – but not close enough.

After fifteen minutes, he brutally raped her, laying the full, crushing weight of his body on top of her and on top of her swollen, aching breasts. She first fought him with every minute shred of her angry might. With remarkable strength, he pinned her thrashing limbs against the magnificent bed, digging his thick elbows into the pressure points in her upper arms and his powerful knees into her thighs while she tried to scream in agony. One hand covered her nose and mouth except when she fought against his lips and tongue. Then he momentarily withdrew the hand, only to rapidly return it, slapping her face so hard her ears rung and her vision blurred. All the while, he forced her open and penetrated her, his unforgiving penis blindly attacking wherever it engaged, tearing and bruising the tender insides of her thighs, the walls of her vagina and her cervix.

When she found she couldn’t prevail against his strength, she became inert, lying like limp clay beneath him. Then his furious action increased and he beat her and fucked her all at once: he beat her thighs, her upper arms, her belly and, in a spray of milk, her breasts. She sobbed uncontrollably, helplessly and would have screamed if he had not stopped her mouth. When she thought his rage could not heighten in intensity, he came savagely inside her, ripping into her with all of his might.

She lay, bruised and sobbing, on the fine cotton sheets. But he was not finished. He tied her wrists, ankles and throat viciously tight to the bed’s feet and stuffed her mouth with one of her exquisite French lace panties. Then he fucked her with a wooden shovel handle that he had carried with him in his case of canes. One end of the handle was wonderfully penis shaped but that was not the end he used. He used the thick, flat end,

made to attach to the metal shovel blade. Its sharp edges raked and scored her tender tissues, drawing blood. She writhed in torment, gasping for breath, while the beautiful room's subtle grace swirled around her. And then, when she felt the blackness roll up around her, he stopped.

It was, finally, his mastery of her that allowed the words' release. She had needed him to take control no matter the force required to do so and, when he did, something in her let loose. The words came out covered with a thick patina of tears. "I realized no one has ever taken care of me my entire life." She looked up at him, into a mist through which comprehension wavered illusively. "Except you. That's why you made me jump."

She peered into his eyes and saw, for just an instant before she lost the understanding, that he was not trying to make her into something different. Rather, he was viciously stripping away her socialization – all of it, down to her bare, dark, primal and frequently twisted, distorted, hideous and helpless essence. He was making her who she really was.

Chapter Two

Instead of taking the highways, Ward came into the busy little town of Middleburg from the south on meandering, rural Halfway Road. Halfway and Middleburg itself – so named because they mark the midpoint between Alexandria and Winchester – are the heart and soul of Virginia’s hunt country and filled, end to end, with beautiful, prolific horse farms, many with magnificently renovated two hundred year old Southern manses. But true to private, conservative old Virginia, all that is visible from the road are low walls of stacked field stones, thick stands of deep green trees and, occasionally, lush fields bordered with the tall orange day lilies that grow like weeds in every gulley and drainage ditch.

“Smith.” The phone’s ring and Daddy’s clipped voice cut through the quiet whirr of the engine and the loud rush of rent air.

Gina stared at the passing countryside, only half listening to Daddy’s part of the phone conversation. “Yes, I’ll be there in about half an hour.” She was vaguely aware of Daddy’s long, attentive silence, broken only by the phrase, “Careful. You know this phone’s security can be penetrated.” Another silence. “Yes, of course I’m clear on our objectives.” She heard a hint of brusqueness creep into Daddy’s polite, regulated tone. “I’ll call you from a land line as soon after I have an answer as I can.” With a hard click, the mobile snapped abruptly shut.

Golden sunlight poured through every available opening in the car’s darkly tinted windows and lashed the silver ring on the neck corset’s throat strap with small, bright flashes. The corset rose upward, swathing Gina’s nose and mouth in black leather and holding her head rigidly upright. Her long, lustrous, dark hair flowed over the laces, glinting with auburn when light burst across it.

Gina’s skin, left almost entirely bare by the tiny, stretchy sleeveless top and white shorts Ward had required, appeared porcelain in the dim interior. Daddy told her he allowed the closed sex because the shorts exposed her even more completely than a skirt. He said anyone could see her girl parts if she bent over or spread her legs ... and he could reach in and grab whatever he wanted. She knew Daddy was right. Whenever she leaned forward she could feel the shorts ride up high over the roundness of her behind and deep into her holes.

The top was soft, sheer cotton held together by fine laces between her breasts. But even its gentle pressure hurt when her huge, engorged nipples stretched forward into it like obscenely thick, half smoked cigars. Though she’d grown accustomed to the constant pain, now she desperately needed Daddy to take his milk.

Still, the country was celestial and the town wonderfully redolent with charm and history. She lifted her head and did her best to pull the perfumed, fertile air in through the corset’s nose holes.

The Range Rover rolled through Middleburg’s narrow streets at lunchtime. Smatterings of the town’s 600 country gentlemen, ladies and self-assured, sun-bleached children, looking like participants in a Ralph Lauren ad, made their way to dine. They strolled to historic taverns and obscure local watering holes, past saddleries and the antique, crafts, knick knack and children’s stores common to quaint, insular, wealthy old towns.

Ward jogged the car to the right onto the old Ashby Gap trading route, Middleburg's main street, following the path of travellers since the 1730s. He slowly navigated the congestion of expensive cars pulling in and out of parking spaces.

The Rover was not worthy of notice amidst this crowd. Occasionally though, strolling pedestrians glanced into the car's obscured interior and then started and squinted hard for a better view. Their eyes struggled to understand the black shape of the neck corset but were then grabbed by the swollen bulk of Gina's breasts and nipples. The men's jaws dropped lewdly open. The women's eyes narrowed in a quick sequence of shock, revulsion and aristocratic contempt.

Gina squirmed uncomfortably on the leather seat but knew she could not cover herself. She must succumb to Daddy's will. She silently prayed she would see no one she knew. With his usual perfectly awful timing, Daddy's voice intruded. "Make Daddy hard." When she hesitated, he grabbed her hand and placed it on his black trouser crotch. Gina didn't need to see his face to know she must keep her hand there and rub. With a sigh, she complied.

Finally Ward turned left onto Foxcroft and they were in the country again. With intense relief, Gina rested her heavy breasts against the cool window glass and watched the stone walls pass.

Ten minutes later, the low stones to the left grew to eight feet. Soon they were broken by a high black gate. Ward spoke into a security box. After scarcely a minute, Gina heard the roar of an engine and an open, red Jeep raced down the road. A slim man with military bearing and a compact assault rifle slung over his shoulder jumped out. His hard, flat eyes examined first the car's interior and then Ward's face, with a momentary flick toward Gina. Then he used an electronic remote to unlock and open the gate, jumped back into the Jeep and led the Rover up the straight, canopied drive toward a dun-coloured brick façade squarely framed in the dense green trees.

Gina heard Ward's soft chuckle as they emerged onto the house's circular front drive. The huge, golden structure was 'colonial' in shape only. From the cascading tiled fountain in the circle's centre to the roof's ornamental brickwork and the scrolled columns of the gigantic three story entryway to the tall minaret in the midst of a cluster of adjacent outbuildings, the house was Arabic.

As they pulled up in front, a young boy, no more than twelve, seated in an intricately worked red and black pony cart, trotted past. Gina's stared. The cart was pulled by a girl wearing a body harness and bridle of nothing but red leather straps and golden metal fastenings, thigh high red boots and a golden mesh hood ornamented with red satin ribbons. Gina could hear the faint tinkling of beribboned golden bells hanging from gold rings in the girl's rosy round nipples. As Gina watched, the boy cracked a short whip against the girl's flank. She tossed her shimmering hood, thick honey blond curls bouncing on her shoulders from underneath, whinnied loudly, stomped and pranced around the house's side out of sight.

Not until Ward pulled her by the throat out of the Rover and toward him did Gina's attention go to a man standing in the high entryway. He was young – perhaps nineteen – and exceedingly handsome, with wavy dark hair and a lithe, athletic body covered minimally in tennis whites. She felt his gorgeous dark eyes on her body, her giant breasts and then ... his eyes met hers and she was instantly in her place, subsumed by his confident male energy.

He smiled into her eyes. His smile was warm and it was proprietary, as if he knew she belonged to him and he would enjoy having her. She rippled with pleasurable anticipation and desire. She was suddenly glad Daddy had left her milk so the man could see her awesome teats.

He extended his hand to Ward. "Good morning. I'm Abdul, second son of the Sheikh." He waved a slim, muscular arm toward the front door. "Please follow me. Father has awaited your arrival with great pleasure."

Abdul's eyes lingered briefly on Gina's distorted breasts before he turned. His expression said it was his pleasure as well. Again Gina felt desire flow through her body. She saw Daddy's gratified smile as he bowed slightly in acknowledgement then pulled her lead.

They followed Abdul into a three story atrium foyer hung with a huge, ancient oil lamp, now electrified, and beyond, straight through the centre of the house. Every visible space was decorated in the style of the Sheikh's Saudi palace. Ancient patterns of red, blue and green criss-crossed ceramic tile floors. Columns and arches repeated the patterns on walls and in doorways.

The slim, dark, elegant Sheikh, dressed in pale cashmere trousers and a finely woven, lightly plaid grey-green polo shirt, sat sunk in the middle of a group of deep, golden velvet couches on an open porch. Another man – older than Abdul but clearly the Sheikh's son – sat near him. Fat, red tapestried cushions, lush rare carpets and small painted wood tables inlaid with mother of pearl were scattered across the porch's floor.

The pure blue water of a tiled, Olympic sized pool stretched lengthwise toward the horizon like a small sea, water rippling gently in the warm breeze. At pool's end, the ground fell off into the distance to rolling forest and pastureland dotted with the graceful forms of Arabian horses. A flash of motion caught Gina's attention. A lone stallion, coloured like deepest desert, with a proudly arched neck and flowing tail and the perfect refined head and broad back of a blooded Arabian, galloped regally across a nearby paddock.

Two boys of around six and nine sat facing each other on several cushions, computers in their laps, absorbed in some sort of interactive video game and apparently oblivious to the Sheikh and his guests. Suddenly the youngest looked up. His dark eyes fixed on Gina, first her face and then her breasts. Gina could not help but smile at him, he was so sweetly beautiful. When their eyes met, he quickly dropped his head and turned back to the game.

Gina was gripped with a flurry of panic when she saw the Sheikh. Her life was so different now but she still remembered the terror of her kidnapping. She reminded herself, Daddy and the Sheikh had worked things out and now Daddy owned her, so she didn't have to worry.

Then she noticed Daddy looking at something at the Sheikh's feet, partially hidden by a table. It was a girl with skin the colour of white, blue veined marble. Gina could see the girl's flaming hair rising like an extravagant horse's tail at the rear of her head through a hole in a black leather hood.

"Teresa, we have a visitor." The Sheikh placed his hand on her head and she lifted up, turning her face blindly this way and that, listening. Gina saw that she wore a half hood, covering her eyes but leaving her pale lips exposed. Her translucent earlobes were

pierced and stretched almost three inches under the weight of long, intricate gold earrings.

"Hello, Teresa." The girl's head jerked in the direction of Ward's voice. Then she bent her head and rubbed it against the Sheikh's leg.

"She can neither see nor speak." Gina trembled in fear at the Sheikh's words, imagining he had maimed the girl. But if he had blinded her, why would she need a hood?

"As you know, she is marvellously accomplished." The Sheikh again laid his hand on her head and she again lifted her face. "Go and welcome Master Ward to my house."

Gina watched in amazement as the blinded girl slunk, four legged and as graceful as a big cat, across the room, moving unhindered around the many pieces of furniture. Her beautiful white breasts, with nipples the colour of pale pink peonies, hung softly below her and her round hips swayed rhythmically from side to side. As she moved, Gina became aware of gold glinting between the girl's thighs. She could just make out more heavy gold jewellery hanging almost to the floor from stretched labia.

When she reached Ward's feet, the girl placed her mouth on his trousers against his crotch and waited, still and silent. Ward stroked her head. "You've done a marvellous job with her. She's obviously had much more training since you purchased her from Reza."

Gina paled at Daddy's mention of Reza, the white slaver who had almost sold her to the Sheikh and who had punched her in the stomach and threatened her sister. Ward continued, "I'll be very interested to see what you've taught her."

"Thank you, Sir. You'd actually be doing me a great service if you'd evaluate her training while you're here and make any improvements you feel necessary."

"It would be my great pleasure to do so."

The Sheikh smiled. "You've had a long trip. Would you care for food or drink? And before you rest can she make you comfortable?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Make Master Ward comfortable, Teresa." The girl opened Ward's trousers, took out his penis and placed it in her mouth. Again she waited. Gina watched the girl swallow as Daddy's fluid flowed into her mouth. When he was finished, the girl licked him off and replaced his penis in his trousers. Again she waited silently with her mouth against his crotch.

"Return to me, Teresa."

As the girl made her elegant way back across the room, the Sheikh turned his attention to Gina. "Please forgive my intrusion, but I must set an example for my sons."

Ward shook his head politely, "Not at all."

"Slaves are not allowed to walk upright in my house. They must also be naked ..." The Sheikh examined Gina's neck corset, "... with their faces at least partially covered. This garment is suitable or we can offer others if you prefer to have her mouth available."

He motioned to a dark manservant, standing almost invisibly against a wall. "With your permission, I will have my staff properly prepare her. I would then appreciate an examination of her breasts and an explanation of her milk production." The Sheikh smiled. "The reports have certainly not been exaggerated."

Ward bowed, laid a hand on Gina's shoulder and pushed her to her knees. Gina quivered at his words. "In your house, she belongs to you to do with as you please." But

then a little relief entered. "I do need you to be aware that I have waited to milk her this morning."

"Good! Good!" the Sheikh nodded his satisfaction.

"Also, she is in pain and there is the possibility of accidents."

The Sheikh motioned again and the servant approached Ward and Gina. "Then we will proceed as quickly as possible." Gina looked up to see Ward's warning expression as the servant took her lead. "I have had a milking machine set up in a room attached to the slaves' quarters that I use for examinations. With your permission, she will be quickly bathed and we can proceed there."

The manservant led Gina on hands and knees through an enclosed walkway into an adjacent, detached wing. The doorway opened onto a landing above a large room decorated like a scene from Scheherazade. Nine nubile, naked young women in half hoods ranging from black leather and steel to jewelled gold, lounged on low tapestried couches around a mammoth, intricately woven Persian carpet. Small tables bearing platters of bite-sized pieces of fruits, breads and meats and pitchers of coloured liquid sat within their arms reach. Two giant, robed guards stood on the landing, automatic rifles presented in bulging arms in front of them.

A few women glanced at Gina's breasts but most showed little interest as the servant led her through a side door into an opulent bath. A huge, sunken tiled tub, like an ancient bathing pool, dominated the room's centre.

The servant turned gold taps and a steaming waterfall poured down the deep sides. Several swirled glass bottles of various sizes, shapes and colours sat on the tub's rim. He chose one and poured a stream of golden liquid into the gushing water. A heavy, oddly intoxicating fragrance – lilies? valerian? Gina wondered – rose in the steam. She began to feel a little sensuous, luxurious drowsiness. From the liquid? Or was she mistaken?

The servant did not wait for the tub to fill but unlaced Gina's neck corset and stripped off her top and shorts. Gina winced when the top pulled at her now rock-hard breasts on its way over her head but did not resist. Her limbs felt too languorous.

When the man began to remove his own robes, she tensed in alarm. He vigorously shook his head and raised one finger, telling her to wait. He pulled aside the sole garment covering his slim loins under the robes, some sort of white cloth wrap. Gina started in horror. Nothing hung beneath his long, limp, foreskin-encased penis. He was a eunuch.

He stepped into the shallow water beside her and helped her stretch her body to full length. The water lifted her, caressed her in otherworldly warmth while the servant's strong hands washed her flowing hair and lathered and kneaded her limbs. His touch on her breasts and nipples was as light as the water surrounding her. She opened her eyes and was startled by his expression of amazement, reverence when he touched her nipples' tips.

Finally, with one hand he raised her hips and filled her vagina with fluid that first tingled and then glowed hot inside her. She tried to pull away but he gently, soothingly restrained her and then motioned to her to expel it. When she did, everything inside her felt vibrant. Would she cum? She wanted to try but didn't dare.

Four men waited for her in another room with a table draped in heavy, cream coloured linen at its centre. Gina strained to see them through the gold mesh covering her eyes. She recognized Daddy. Of course he alone was dressed in black. She was also

certain of the man in tennis whites – Abdul, the second son who had met them at the door. The other two men must be the Sheikh and his eldest son.

As the manservant lifted her on all fours like a dog to the table's top, a fifth man entered the room. At first she saw only his white robes. She recognized the Sheikh's mellifluous voice. "This is Ayatollah Amani, my spiritual advisor." The robed man approached and Gina paled in fear.

He was horrible! He looked like a skeleton encased in a white shroud billowing vapor-like around him as he moved. Worst were his black eyes that seemed to burn with the devil's merciless fire. He bowed deeply, his long, coarse black beard falling almost to his knees over his clasped hands.

The priest looked with interest in her direction. When his glance touched her skin, her wonderful, sensuous warmth became hideous. His infernal gaze intently, meticulously swept each inch of her body. She felt her skin would crisp to cinders ... and – she reeled at what she saw in the smouldering blackness – his gaze was proprietary also.

Chapter Three

"It's possible to drink from her nipples," Ward spoke directly to the Sheikh, "if you'd care to do so before we hook her to the machine." He discreetly watched the Ayatollah. The intensity of the man's attention was interesting. Gina's reaction of repulsion and terror was also interesting. Gina had excellent protective instincts.

The Sheikh's nod encompassed the men surrounding him. "Yes, I would like us all to do so. Once we understand the mechanics," he smiled wryly, "made sure she's 'debugged' as my boys would say, my sons should also have this exceptional experience."

"Probably a wise decision. As I told you, she's a test subject for a new formulation," Ward ran his hand across Gina's breast. She whimpered softly. "The injections she receives each week are responsible for the significantly enhanced milk production. However, they also cause pain when the milk flows into and out of the ducts. She has a tendency to scream – most loudly when the milk enters the ducts. So it might be best to stimulate the milk to 'let down' before the younger boys are brought in."

Ward smiled at the Sheikh. "Please forgive me if I'm suggesting anything offensive." The Sheikh waved his fingers to proceed. "Another reason to delay the boys' arrival could be to provide a truly remarkable experience to any man who cares to take advantage of it. It is an unusual pleasure to breed her while she experiences the agony of the milk flowing through her breasts."

A small sound caught Ward's attention. He glanced in the sound's direction and noticed the fiery gleam in the Ayatollah's eyes.

The Sheikh's oldest son, Mahmud, leaned forward to examine the tight yellow rubber rings at the base of Gina's nipples. "Why does she wear the yellow rings?"

"The increased quantity of milk is not controllable. It will flood out of the ducts once it lets down. The clamps allow control and are also a safety valve when needed." Ward pulled a small, hand-held pump from his trouser pocket. "I'm going to bring the milk into the ducts and then," he nodded to the Sheikh, "perhaps you, Sir, would like the first drink?"

Gina whined when Ward slid the pump over her nipple. "Better be quiet, bitch," he warned. He turned on the pump and, a small smile on his lips, stood back and watched the show. He watched the men stare in amazement as Gina's breasts and nipples instantly blew up like balloons, more than doubling in size and protruding straight out from her chest, full to explosion point.

Ward saw Gina struggle not to scream but fail. Her eyes rolled back into her head and piercing wails poured from her lips. "Quiet, bitch!" Her body writhed and shook. He reached out to steady her before she collapsed and made a mess.

Gina's wails subsided to low moans and the writhing settled to spastic quivers. "Sheikh Mahmud ..." Ward lifted Gina to her knees. He placed a heavy hand under one of her obscenely gross teats and offered it to the Sheikh.

The Sheikh approached slowly, looking before he touched. Deliberately, he reached out elegant fingers. Ward's attention was momentarily diverted by the colossal pigeon's blood ruby in the brilliant yellow gold ring on his centre finger.

Gina quivered when the Sheikh's fingers brushed the enflamed tissue of her nipple. She gave a small shriek and tried to pull away when the fingers wrapped around the fat

three inch cylinder. Ward was ready and held her still. With satisfaction, he watched the Sheikh's thick dark hair slowly lower below him. He didn't see the nipple slide into the Sheikh's mouth but he saw Gina's body jerk and heard her cry as the Sheikh turned the yellow clamp and slid his hands around her lovely bare back, sensuously stroking while he held her teat inside his mouth.

Ward reached down with one hand and adjusted his trousers around his hard cock. "This is how women should be used," he mused pleurably. As the creamy fluid flowed and the Sheikh drank, Gina's body again shook and she showed signs of screaming, requiring Ward's constant attention. He gripped her throat warningly with his free hand.

Rapidly, without breaking his vigilance, he studied the observers. The boys stood frozen in erotic trances. But Ayatollah Amani did not appear overcome. Ward pensively evaluated the priest's expression. "Passionately intent and, yes," Ward's brow furrowed, "determined."

The Sheikh tightened the clamp and stood, his fingers still touching Gina's nipple. Ward smiled at the boys' hypnotic attention to a large drop of cream hanging endlessly suspended from the thick red tip, until finally it dripped to the tabletop.

The manservant rushed forward with a linen cloth with which the Sheikh genteelly wiped his lips. He looked at Ward, his expression awed. "What a rare and magnificent experience!"

Ward bowed slightly, loosening but not releasing the grip on Gina's throat as he secured her against his torso. "How did you find the flavour?"

"Quite rich and delicious."

"I'm pleased but not surprised. The bitch has been drinking your family's semen and urine for more than a month. As I told you, Dr. Roland, who created the lactation program and invented the injections to increase production, has found the milk can be coded to the user or users in this way."

Again Ward heard a small sound and turned his head. The priest had inched closer. Ward nodded respectfully to him and then turned to the Sheikh. "Perhaps you'd allow Ayatollah Amani to have the next drink?"

The Sheikh waved his jewelled fingers. "By all means. I was going to suggest it."

Ayatollah Amani glided like a wraith toward the table. Gina struggled against Ward's chest, her head turned toward the priest, cords in her neck standing out rigid with fear, like a small animal wired to flee. Ward gently laid his mouth against her earlobe. He whispered so only she could hear. "I'm allowing the priest to do what he wants to you. You will obey him, bitch."

The Ayatollah bowed to Ward. He made a short statement. The Sheikh translated. "He asks that you please release her and allow her to stand alone so he can examine her."

The priest's voice was as thin and reedy as his physique and scrolled with Middle Eastern accents that, even to his untrained ear, Ward could tell were florid but also preternaturally compelling. Its quavering tonalities reminded Ward of the chanted Muslim calls to worship, in which he was certain the priest had a large role. A bit of whimsy struck him unbidden. Was the priest the Muslim version of Jerry Falwell, the ruler of an American fundamentalist empire? Ward discarded the thought. Silliness!

"Certainly." Ward lowered her trembling form back to hands and knees. Tears started in Gina's eyes as the priest moved closer. Yet she didn't move.

Ayatollah Amani first walked slowly around the table, his bottomless black eyes systematically sweeping Gina's pale flesh, lingering fractionally on her swollen breasts. Ward could sense the man's power – one of the dark spirits, "men of God" like Rasputin or Torquemada, who ostensibly served kings but were, in reality, themselves the masters. This priest definitely bore watching.

Amani moved toward Gina's head. The closer he came, the more acute Gina's trembling grew. Her stare was fixed on the skeletal forefinger approaching her face, her body shaking so violently she was in peril of falling. Ward guessed she desperately wanted to escape, but she didn't budge an inch.

His brow again furrowed. Gina was his – Ward's – property. Without his permission, this stranger had apparently somehow transfixed her.

The priest touched the corner of her mouth and again spoke. "Open," the Sheikh translated. To Ward's surprise, Gina silently obeyed, staring wide eyed up at him. The priest's thorny palm caressed her cheek. Her trembling lessened. He smiled, then motioned with his hand. "Up," the Sheikh again translated. Ward moved closer to help but Gina had already raised up onto her knees, tottering slightly to balance her inflated breasts.

The priest slid his forefinger's claw like tip vertically across her belly, ending atop the cleft between her labia. Ward watched her eyes close, this time sensually, he thought with disquiet. The priest ran the flat of his palms across her nipples' tips then quietly wrapped his long fingers around the engorged surfaces. Gina's eyes remained closed and she moaned softly. He bent and took a nipple into his mouth. Instead of screams, Gina moans lengthened and her body seemed to pulse in time to the man's intakes of milk.

Ward was not pleased. What had the priest done to her?

After a few minutes, Amani removed his mouth from her nipple. He gently lowered Gina's hands and torso, then, without a word, stepped back.

Ward waited for the priest's comment but the Sheikh seemed to expect none. He had already turned toward his older sons.

Mahmud eagerly stepped forward. "Father, may we make use of her while she is milked?"

To the Sheikh's glance, Ward gave a quick nod. "Certainly. Perhaps Master Ward will first demonstrate the use of the milking apparatus?" The manservant rolled a large, commercial milking machine – built for cattle, not humans – next to the table.

Ward lifted a cluster of black suction tubes. "A very good quality machine." He smiled at the Sheikh then quickly glanced at Ayatollah Amani, now standing dispassionately nearby, eyes wholly hooded in cavernous sockets. "You realize that few girls could use a machine like this." He squeezed one of Gina's nipples with his free hand. She gave a small cry and a deep shudder ran through her. Several large drops of cream formed on the tip then dripped onto the heavy cloth. "Gina is an animal with animal udders and teats and ..."

"... her animal body readies itself to breed when she is reminded of her status." He smiled at the young men. "Would you like to stick your hands in her cunt and see how the little fuckbitch whore has lubricated herself?"

They looked at their father for approval then, one after the other, pushed several fingers into Gina's vagina. She arched her back, proffering them her splendid round cheeks. Little animal sounds issued from her red lips. Ward smiled inwardly as the boys

removed hands dripping with her juices and, with expressions aping maturity, nodded their acknowledgement to him. The manservant scurried forward to hand them napkins. In perfect imitations of their father, they gracefully wiped elegant fingers on the thick linen.

Ward continued. "I'll demonstrate the machine's use but leave you to attach it when you're ready." He smiled at the young men. "You may want to have a drink first."

Again they flashed glances at their father. At his nod, they closed enthusiastically on Gina, who smiled happily up at them. Their dark heads both bent to first examine and then drink from Gina's nipples. Her body jerked and she gave small shrieks with each suck. Ward smiled surreptitiously at the Sheikh's obvious arousal as he observed his progeny.

Ward stood away but made certain the boys properly attached the suction tubes. The boys bustled about with youthful energy. Mahmud moved behind Gina and motioned to Abdul, who stood at her head, to turn on the machine. Ward heard the rhythmic whirr and then Gina's hysterical screams as her milk pumped into the machine's container. As he and the Sheik moved through the door, he caught a last glimpse of Abdul forcing his hard penis into Gina's open, shrieking mouth ... then silence. He looked questioningly at the Sheikh. "Soundproofed."

Ward nodded. "Very well behaved boys. I really believe all young men of their age should have this kind of education."

"Thank you." The Sheikh morosely shook his head. "Too bad slavery is illegal in the U.S. It solves so many problems."

The Sheikh sat twisting the ruby on his finger when he and Ward were settled once again on the porch's lush sofas. "She is an exceptional piece of property. I would very much like to buy her from you." He pulled the ring from his finger and extended it toward Ward. "Would this be adequate payment?"

Looking at the magnificent stone, gleaming as richly red as thickening blood in the Sheik's open palm, Ward felt temptation. Gina was rare in her needs and abilities – probably as rare as the stone. But with some effort he could most likely find another to equal her. For a moment, his mind felt frozen with uncertainty. He was exceedingly glad he didn't need money. If he took the stone, it would be to keep not to sell.

He needed time to think ... and perhaps the Sheikh would make the decision for him. "As I said when we last met, you have the ability to recognize those girls whose need to serve is overwhelming. I respect that ability tremendously and I certainly do not want to diminish Gina's value." He smiled. "Clearly she is of great value to me or I would not hesitate to fulfil your desires."

"Please do understand though that you could have any slave of your choosing trained to give milk in the same way and even in the same quantity as Gina." Ward looked across at Teresa, lying at the Sheikh's feet and a lascivious thrill shot through him. "Your lovely animal Teresa would be an ideal candidate. Just imagine those delicate pink nipples hideously stretched to fit the machine. The process itself would be an exquisite pleasure, don't you agree?"

"I would be happy to train her myself, here, at your palace or at my residence, or loan you my very knowledgeable assistant, who is also a registered nurse. I know that Dr. Roland would also be happy to help." Ward shook his head decisively. Even for the ruby

he couldn't part with Gina. "So," he gave the ruby a last longing look, "I'm afraid I must decline your most generous offer. As I told you previously, you're welcome to use her whenever you desire."

He stood. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll go see if the boys are finished with her."

The Sheikh was clearly disappointed. Ward was intensely aware of the graciousness but also the warning in his tone. "My servants will see to her needs in the slaves' quarters."

Ward bowed. "I have no doubt she'll be well cared for. I'd just like to reassure her before she goes."

Ward made his way out of the opulent house quietly, to avoid disturbing the family. Really, he felt remarkably well rested. The bed had been excellent – perhaps even higher quality than the Inn at Little Washington's.

Ward walked through the fresh, dewy morning air to the tennis courts. The path was paved with odd shaped quarry stones in hues of lavender, blue and pink, flecked with particles shining silvery in the sunlight. It passed through the centre of a profusely blooming arbour thickly overgrown with the languorously drooping, many petalled heads of white, yellow, apricot and lavender English roses. An identical hedge climbed the south west corner of the courts' high fence, providing a partial screen from the sun.

Abdul and the brother who'd driven the pony cart when they'd first arrived, were on the court, hitting balls with an instructor who Ward recognized as a former Wimbledon champion. Abdul waved then came trotting over.

"I thought you might like to help me milk Gina ... and I probably won't be able to get into the slaves' quarters without you."

Abdul nodded vigorously. "I'd love to." He glanced back at his brother, who stood dejectedly watching them. "Rashi would probably like to come also, but I'm not sure Father would allow it." He and Ward strolled to the slave quarters. Abdul breathed deeply, overflowing with health and well-being. "Lovely morning, isn't it?"

They stepped through the door onto the landing. At this time of morning, the room was empty – all the slave girls either still sleeping or at their baths. "Or being used by the household's men?" Ward wondered. Abdul spoke in Arabic to the two guards, who pointed to a doorway on the opposite wall and they proceeded across.

Abdul eagerly pulled the door open. Ward was startled to see him draw back in surprise. Ward pushed past him into the room, his eyes sweeping the sunny space. It was empty. The bed covers were pulled back but not unduly tousled. Gina was gone but there'd been no struggle.

Abdul ran from the room and spoke to the guards. They answered and Abdul's response increased in urgency. The guards shook their heads. "We must find Father." Abdul's expression showed he was devastated. "She's gone and the guards don't remember how she left."

They'd found the Sheikh in the breakfast room, drinking coffee and reading the Wall Street Journal. The household was now in an uproar. Servants hurried silently in and out, heads lowered as if to avoid attention or blame.

Ward willed himself to be calm as the Sheikh tried to reassure him. "I've called my head of security. I swear to you, we will get to the bottom of this."

The Sheikh's youngest son, the beautiful six year old who had so captivated Gina, slowly and hesitantly slipped into the room. His small voice barely penetrated the chaos. "Father." The Sheikh didn't notice him so he tried again, more loudly this time. "Father."

The Sheikh turned his head. "Not now, Hosni."

But the child wouldn't leave. He stepped forward next to his father's chair, peering intently through large, limpid and very concerned dark eyes. "Father, I know who took her."

The Sheikh now gave the boy his full attention. He put his hands on the child's shoulders and asked with the kindly seriousness a parent uses to address a beloved offspring. "Tell me what happened."

"It was Ayatollah Amani. I couldn't sleep and I looked out my window and saw him carrying her to his car."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

The boy looked ready to cry at any moment. His voice was tremulous. "I didn't know he wasn't supposed to."

The Sheikh's head of security, a lean hard man with cropped steel grey hair, who'd silently entered the room in time to hear most of the conversation, strode energetically forward. "Sir, your son is correct. My men tell me he left around 20.00 hours with his driver, his secretary, a servant and the girl. They didn't stop him because everything looked all right. The girl was apparently awake and sitting peacefully at his feet on the limo's floor."

Ward caught the hard flick of the man's eyes in his direction. "We think they're on their way to Saudi in one of his supporters' jets." It was now he, Gina's owner, who was ridden with anxiety.

Ward's anxiety increased when the Sheikh leaned back in his chair with a sigh and looked disconsolately into his eyes. "Please accept my most sincere apologies."

Options – uninformed options at this point – were swirling through Ward's mind. He noted the Sheikh's almost passive response with puzzlement. His own response was vehemently reflexive. "I want her back."

The Sheikh pulled the ruby from his finger and extended it to Ward, who looked at it blankly. "I hope this will make up for her loss."

Ward was so dumbfounded that it shocked him back to icy calm. He asked politely, "Are you telling me you won't help me retrieve her?"

The Sheikh tried to take Ward's hand. Ward calmly, and he hoped politely, drew it away. The Sheikh spoke softly, sadly. "There is nothing I can do. He is too powerful. If I try to take her back without his consent it would mean civil war. Please take the ruby and my undying devotion."

Ward stood silent and still, his mind racing. Finally he said, "Without his consent?" He looked into the Sheikh's face. "Is there a way to get him to consent? Is there something he'd trade her for?"

A thoughtful expression lodged on the Sheikh's handsome face. He looked almost optimistic. "We can negotiate."

Chapter Four

Before Gina was a large, high cavern with a jagged, water filled fissure in the centre, into which a small waterfall cascaded. Bright light – sunlight? – poured through a hole high up in the cavern’s ceiling and cast broad rays across the floor. Tranquil air currents were pleasantly cool and damp.

Gina’s eyes fixed on a lighted patch of floor. Were there patterns in the rock – paving stones? She peered at the walls. Did she see the ruined walls of a building? “Quite beautiful,” she thought despite herself.

Her head felt fairly clear but she shook it anyway. She didn’t understand her feelings. She had no idea where she was nor, really, how she got here. A few faint memories perhaps. Daddy was clearly not near – at least she didn’t think so. And she was being held as a slave – she touched the large ring and drew her hand quickly away at the stinging pain – chained by her nose to a wooden post. Yet she felt calm, almost peaceful, not overcome with terror as she should have been.

Her engorged breasts ached, and now her arms and knees also. She needed to be milked and she needed to lie down. The cavern floor was cold stone but her hands and knees touched something soft. She looked down, to a thick, soft, cream-colored mat. She peered at the other girls, two of whom still stared at her. One, a slim girl who appeared Middle Eastern, seemed particularly malevolent. The four all lay on the same thick mats. Gratefully, she lowered herself onto her side and curled up tight, wondering what would happen next.

She had drifted into sleep. Strong arms lifting woke her. She had the thought to struggle but was too languid. She was taken to another cavern and placed on hands and knees on a stone slab. Had she been here before? Her barnyard udders hung below her, monstrously full, heavy and hard. A large ceramic bowl was placed beneath them.

She looked up at a slim, dark, robed man with a covered head. He took her inflated nipples in his hands and again she thought she should pull away but didn’t. He milked her body like a cow, his fingers rolling one by one down the length of her fat teats. Horrible pain raced down her breasts building into intense, unbearable pressure. She opened her mouth to scream and, with a rush like a dam bursting, the pressure released. Her milk let down and squirted in hard, fast, foaming jets out and into the bowl. With each gush of milk she wailed in torment.

She saw swirling white motion and the priest was beside her. He placed two spectral fingers under her chin. He lifted her eyes to his and she sank into cloying, roiling blackness, blackness that painted every millimetre of her skin with a fire that, curiously, didn’t burn. He placed his palms on the pendulous tissue of her breasts. The horrible pain lessened. He smiled. His thin lips drew back to show pointed teeth. His skin stretched taut over sharp cheekbones. She was reminded of a death’s head, yet she wasn’t afraid. Then he stepped away and watched the milking.

When it was finished and she was returned to her mat, her breasts felt light and empty for the first time since Dr. Roland’s injections. She looked down and, with surprise, realized she no longer wore the yellow clamps and couldn’t remember when they’d been removed.

She felt confused. She didn’t understand anything. Why was she in this cave? What was expected of her? She lifted her head, looked around and saw an empty mat. What

happened to the other girls who couldn't give milk when they were taken away? And most important, why wasn't she afraid? She laid her head down again and fell asleep.

Because of the piercing rays of sunlight, night and day existed in the cave. In the morning, the dark manservant who had milked her unhooked her chain. Other servants did the same with the other girls. Gina noticed that the Middle Eastern girl was missing from her mat.

The dark man led Gina on hands and knees toward a cave wall. Gina wondered where they could go. The wall was irregular but appeared to be solid rock. Not until they were almost on top of it, did she see a narrow, rocky passage leading into an alcove with small fissures running through the floor. Bottles of coloured liquid were clustered together next to one of the larger fissures. Gina heard water running deep below.

The servant gently pushed her to the floor, then rolled her onto her back. Her bottom perched so close to the fissure's edge that she was afraid her legs would drop in and the rest of her after them. She started to protest. The servant quieted her. He bent her knees upward and placed her feet securely on the rock to either side of the hole, spreading her knees. Cool air from the fissure's depth caressed her opened vagina.

The man tilted her pelvis upward and used several fingers of one hand to spread the walls of her vagina. With the other, he lifted a curved bottle and poured liquid inside her until her abdomen felt heavy and full ... and, in a minute, also tingling and hot. She squirmed uncomfortably but again the servant quieted her. He pressed one hand firmly onto her abdomen, then put fingertips on her clitoris and gently massaged. Suddenly there were ripples inside her and the ripples became surprising, intoxicating waves that swept through her. The liquid poured out of her and ran into the fissure.

Her empty vagina throbbed hotly. Now she desperately needed to be bred. She looked at the manservant hopefully. He reached toward her but only to turn her once again onto hands and knees.

He slid something into her anus and she began again to feel full. It was painful and she didn't think it could stay inside her. She whimpered yet the pressure increased. It hurt! She needed it to come out! She felt the manservant slide out whatever was inside her but then force something larger in its place. He laid her onto her left side and rubbed her lower back. The pressure to expel whatever he had poured inside her was unbearable. She looked over her shoulder toward the man, whimpering, pleading for release. He shook his head and continued rubbing her back.

The pain was so unbearable! She began to cry but he didn't respond. Finally, he lifted her to her feet and helped her squat over the fissure. He pulled out whatever was plugging her anus and, in a rush, all the fluid and everything else inside her poured out of her and into the hole in the rock. Then he lowered her back to hands and knees and poured water over her hindquarters.

The servant led her back into the sunlit cave and to the fractured pool in the cavern floor. Three of the other girls and their servants were already in the water. The water was clear and cold but invigorating rather than chilling. The men floated the girls on their back or lifted them above the water, soaping each part with fragrant soap.

The man was carefully lathering her engorged nipples when the Middle Eastern girl was returned. Gina looked at her curiously. The girl looked radiant.

After their baths, platters of small pieces of sweet and savoury delicacies and pungent drinks were set before their mats. Gina reached for a bit of food. Her engorged breasts were in the way. She looked at them in surprise. They were huge but the milk didn't flow out. And she was no longer in constant pain.

The priest entered the room. The girls turned plaintive faces in his direction, including the one just returned. Gina watched them all raise to their knees and silently extend supplicants' hands, fingers pressed together as if in prayer. Their sudden motion caused the chains to swing furiously from their nose rings yet they didn't seem to care. She touched her own nose then pulled her hand back, her eyes watering. Her nose still burned.

Gina turned her head toward the priest to see his response to the girls' silent pleas and started. He was approaching her. She wondered if she should also get up. Before she decided, the priest was at her side. She looked up at him fearfully but he didn't punish her. Instead he unhooked her chain and helped her to hands and knees. He pulled her – but gently so there was no pressure on her nose – toward the cave entrance. As she followed him, she glimpsed the other girls dropping back to their sides, resentful expressions aimed toward her. She had no time to worry about them. She had to keep up.

This cave was dim and cooler. One narrow ray of sunlight illuminated the stone slab in its centre. The slab grew larger and more forbidding the closer she came. Strangely, something else seemed to be happening as she neared it. Some sort of erotic energy grew inside her. The sway of her round hips and the effulgent weight of her massive breasts and nipples loomed in her awareness. She felt her vagina become moist in preparation to breed. Suddenly she was primally female and sensual like the splendid animal Daddy – faintly, she wondered about Daddy – always told her she was.

The priest helped her climb stacked stones, like steps, that descended from the slab's side. As she moved, she was aware of the spread of her bottom, opening her female parts to him. She yearned for his long claws to touch her, to passionately score her flesh.

He put his hands on her shoulders and lowered her. Beneath her throat she saw a deep indentation, almost an oval bowl, in the slab's top. Vaguely, she wondered what it was for. Then the priest rolled her onto her back, her head on one side of the depression, her shoulders on the other. With his feet still remaining on the floor at slab's end, he leaned his long, white robed torso over her. She looked up into his dark eyes and again was lost in the black fire that thrilled and overwhelmed but didn't burn. Then he began to drink.

Gina felt her milk let down and rush through her. The sensation shot through every hidden fraction of her body's nerve pathways, tunnelling through her, cleansing her. Her body writhed against the cold rock. But it wasn't pain she felt, it was ecstasy.

She felt his erect penis press against her pelvis through his robes and she opened her legs to him. She looked up into his eyes, silently inviting, then pleading. He raised his torso off her and opened his robes. Gina stared at the long thick sheath rising from his loins. Then she gasped. She thought she saw something red and raw emerging from the sheath. She'd seen something like it before. It was a giant dog's penis.

She looked up into his face, into the same black, abysmal eyes. But around the eyes was the black head of a giant dog. And below the head was the dog's huge white body stretched over her, its hind feet on the ground and its mammoth black paws beside her on

the slab. For a moment, terror rose inside her. Somehow the black eyes calmed her ... and then the gargantuan penis entered her.

She felt the organ's red heat as it penetrated her. The heat spread inside her, first through her loins, then into her chest and limbs. When it entered her head, the ecstasy overtook her again. She twisted and moaned underneath the animal as he penetrated her. The dog lowered its head and sucked from her teats. The sensations stormed, poured, raced through her, so overwhelming she thought she would break apart.

Then the animal raised its head and howled, full throated and eerie, and ejaculated inside her. She felt his penis pulse and jets of hot fluid bombard her cervix ... and then she felt something large and hard form inside her, filling her full.

Almost instantly, she too came. Hard involuntary contractions took her, ripping down the length of her body. Again and again around his hard knot. She was exhausted, on the verge of losing consciousness, but still she came and still the knot was inside her. Milk poured from her nipples and ran between her breasts onto her throat. Her orgasms continued, ceaselessly. Finally, her body gave up and she did pass out.

When she awoke, she was still on the slab with the black eyes over her. But now they were in the priest's body and he was no longer inside her. He helped her sit up and put a cup to her lips. As she rose, she saw that the indentation in the slab was filled with her creamy milk.

Chapter Five

"I have one thing I must do. Then I'll join you at the airport." Ward bowed to the Sheikh.

The Rover was waiting for Ward at the immense front door. He waited twenty miles, until he turned into the busy stream of morning traffic – and voices – heading into the city on the toll road, to pick up his mobile. Even then he hesitated, still gnawing at possible eventualities. Would his actions compromise the group's objectives? He fervently hoped not ... but he didn't see another choice.

He dialled. After several rings and then a click, a mechanical voice told him he was being transferred to Audix, the Federal government's voicemail system. He waited, in case the recorded message gave him any useful clues. Not that he expected any. These days, senior government officials were charily tight-fisted with information.

Nothing. He hung up, thought for a moment and dialled again. After several rings, a female voice said "White House."

"This is Ward Smith. I have an emergency call for Ted _____. Can you please find him for me?" The White House operator had immediate contact information for every senior official, and especially Executive Branch political appointees, of whom Ted was one.

Several more clicks – no doubt the Secret Service listening in – and the voice said, "Can you tell me the nature of the emergency?"

"Please tell him his cousin Gina has had a serious accident."

"What is your relationship to her?"

Ward considered for a moment. Always better to be as truthful as possible. "We live together. I guess you could say I'm her boyfriend."

Ward listened through several more clicks and a long pause. Then a deep, clipped male voice came on the line. "_____, " his surname was all he said.

"This is Ward Smith. I'm Gina's ..." He paused for a moment, wondering again how exactly to put it. "Gina and I have a relationship."

Ward heard a pregnant silence on the line's other end. He smiled grimly. No doubt Ted wasn't certain he wouldn't be confronted with a jealous tirade. Ted, a Navy SEAL retired from elite SEAL Team 6's most covert "Red Cell", had been Gina's lover long before her fateful encounter with Ward. Ted didn't know Ward from Adam. "Though who knows," Ward thought, again grimly, "he may have heard my name in other circumstances." Ward, however, knew everything – or everything that was public info – about Ted.

Ward paused again, sure that an open government line was not the best medium on which to discuss the problem. "Gina's in trouble – serious trouble – and she needs you to be here."

The change in character at the other end of the line was palpable. Suddenly, as Ward expected, Ted became as dry as a bone and all business. "So she's at Columbia Women's Hospital?"

"Cautious guy," Ward thought. Ted clearly had the same concerns about eavesdroppers.

"I'll meet you at the entrance on Pennsylvania Avenue." Ward recognized a trace of Boston Irish in the urbane, well-educated voice.

“It needs to be soon.” Ward worried that Ted might not be in town. “I have to leave ...” Ward paused again – it was difficult to be clear if someone might be listening – “... town this afternoon. Are you in town?”

With what Ward already recognized as his characteristic secrecy, Ted said, “I’m in a meeting. Make it forty-five minutes.” Ward spent the ten minutes following the call calculating how far away Ted might be if he had military transport at his disposal.

Ward strode across the one block long triangle of city green space adjacent to the small, discreet hospital and onto the sidewalk. He understood why Ted had chosen this location. No place amid the thickly treed hills of Georgetown Medical Centre or the snarled bridge traffic around the massive George Washington complex was this empty of the bustle and confusion that could camouflage a listener’s presence. He squinted down the broad, sunny expanse of Pennsylvania Avenue past the hospital, toward the traffic circle and bridge leading into Georgetown. Or had such great visibility. No one who might be Ted was on the sidewalk.

As Ward approached the entrance, a tall man with crisply cut, sandy coloured hair stepped from the shadows and moved forward, the soft fabric of his business suit flowing loosely around his lean frame. “Ward?” The man extended a big hand. “Let’s walk.”

Despite busy downtown only a few blocks away and heavy traffic clogging the wide roadway, few pedestrians were on the sidewalk on this side of the hospital. The men strolled casually, passed occasionally by hurrying businessmen and the odd jogger. Ward felt satisfaction at the quiet presence beside him. He’d made the right decision and he already liked this guy. Certainly Ted’s self-contained stillness, the silent confidence worn by all SEALs, made him feel a hell of a lot better about the looming outcome.

“Gina’s been kidnapped.” Ted’s head turned sharply toward him. “By Ayatollah Amani.”

Ted gave a long, low and very startled whistle. “How’d she get involved with that devil?”

Ward told him – a capsule summary of the gruesome erotic details since Gina had become his property, but with the judicious omission of her kidnapping, the threats to her sister and the rape of her friend. He also neglected to mention Reza and his formidable clout and connections. Reza provided so many layers of options. However, bringing a Middle Eastern slave trader, even one with royal blood, face to face with a member of the U.S.’s most elite group of peacekeepers could have dire, even explosive, consequences.

He could feel Ted’s interest growing harder and brighter and Ted himself growing very excited as he spoke. Gina’s assessment of Ted’s dark sexuality and his intelligence had not been wrong.

When Ward finished, Ted’s first comment was simply, “Wow!” Then, “Man! I can’t wait to see,” he smiled broadly into Ward’s face, “or try the transformation!” His expression became serious and a little sheepish. “Sorry. I know this is serious. But you have to admit, it’s a provocative tale.”

Ward smiled back at him. “And I’ll make sure you get the full benefit of it. Now, can you help?”

“I hope you don’t take it the wrong way when I say I look forward to it. I need to do some research and talk to a few friends. Let’s talk about how I keep in touch with you.”

Nothing much surprised Ward. Still, the sleek black Boeing 757 sitting in front of him on an isolated runway at Dulles Airport, its tail emblazoned in gold with the Sheikh's family crest, was impressive.

Two servants ran toward his car. One opened the door and motioned him out, indicating he would park the car and bring the luggage. The second ushered him up the stairway, past a 'real' and quite beautiful Middle Eastern stewardess uniformed in gold with the Sheikh's crest on her jacket pocket. "And the highly politically incorrect title 'stewardess' is probably how the Sheikh refers to her," Ward thought with amusement.

Abdul greeted him inside the expansive front 'lounge', which was lavishly decorated in the red and gold the Sheikh seemed to favour. A long hallway stretched down the centre to a closed door at the rear. Abdul followed Ward's gaze and explained, "Down the hallway are several sleeping cabins including slave's quarters, and an office. The rear door goes to baggage and horse stalls."

"Horse stalls?" Ward was now surprised.

The Sheikh emerged from one of the side doors. He looked far more relaxed than a few hours previously. "Yes, I always travel with my prized stallion and dearest friend. Would you like to meet him?"

Ward was somewhat suspicious of large, four legged masses of muscle but he could not, of course, refuse. "Certainly." He followed the Sheikh down the long hallway. "Beautiful plane!"

"Thank you." The Sheikh gave a droll smile. "The U.S. Government gave it to me. I particularly like this one because Rolls Royce made the engine – just like my favourite car."

Inside the rear doorway were two barred stalls, side by side. The left was wide, extending to the side wall, with a floor covered with pristine straw. Closely contained inside the second, narrow space, was the majestic stallion who had raced across the Middleburg paddock. A groom stood at his head. The animal tossed his burnished forelock and whinnied at the sight of the Sheikh who went to him and pressed his forehead against the horse's, then caressed the beast's beautiful nose.

"This is Haamseem, the burning wind that scorches the desert. Isn't he magnificent? His bloodlines are ancient." He smiled at Ward. "Don't tell them but he is no doubt dearer to me than any of my wives. We have to keep him in the small stall during takeoff and landing for his protection."

The stallion whinnied again. Ward started as another whinny answered him from deep inside the larger, and Ward thought empty, stall. The Sheikh called, "Come, Diana." Hoofs clattered on the metal floor and an Amazon of a girl pranced forward, tossing long blond hair and lifting leather clad knees high.

The girl towered to well above 6 feet and, though slim and shapely, had hard muscles visible in thighs and arms and across her broad back. She wore a black leather and steel head harness with a thick steel and rubber bit and a body harness that accentuated her bare round breasts and rear. Her nipples were pierced with thick barbells from which hung stirrup shaped steel loops. High black boots with metal soles rose to above her knees.

She pranced up to Haamseem and nuzzled his neck. The horse whinnied softly. "Diana is his constant companion." The Sheikh stroked her blond hair. "She's incredibly strong, as you might guess. She can carry a grown man on her shoulders or back." He

smiled and Ward saw his eyes twinkle. "And if you're not timid and good with a whip, she's also excellent breeding stock."

Ward eyed the affectionate companions. "How does Haamseem feel about it?"

"Let's just say it causes him disquiet." The Sheikh stroked the horse's head and Ward saw the man's eyes flash. He could imagine this vibrant man racing across the desert, his white robes flying behind him, on the back of a beast with colour so closely akin to the burning sand that the man seemed to be riding on the stallion's windstorm namesake.

The Sheikh turned toward Ward, playful fire still in his eyes. "For the brave, the stomping and snorting of the aroused animal within arms reach adds magnificently to the pleasure." He smiled. "Quite frankly I think he'd like to fuck the little mare himself ... and probably would if he knew how.

"In fact, when I need to breed Haamseem, I find it very useful if Diana is having her menses. Female animals are fertile during menses, not like humans. Her scent drives him wild. So, though I require a special cleansing afterwards, I breed Diana and give my brother," again he stroked the horse's head, "a mare of his own. The two of us breed the mares side by side in true brotherhood." The Sheikh threw back his head and laughed uproariously. In response, Haamseem tossed his head and gave a wild whinny. "Now that's a gang bang!"

Ward looked at the Sheikh with new appreciation.

"Which reminds me, I've assigned you a sleeping cabin. It's a long trip. We'll set down once in Luxemburg to refuel. As I'm sure you know, it helps with the jetlag if you get as much rest as possible. Would you care for a slave girl to serve you while you rest?"

That idea hadn't occurred to Ward and even if it had he would never have deigned to ask. But he'd certainly take advantage of the offer. He bowed. "Thank you. I'd appreciate it."

"Then let's go to the slave quarters so you can choose."

The Sheikh led Ward back into the hallway and opened one of the doors. They entered a large room filled with chaises lounges. Ward counted fourteen. The chaises' feet extended toward the centre of the room like wheel spokes and their backs became chairs for use during takeoff and landing. When the Sheikh entered, the nine naked, hooded women whom Ward had seen in the slaves' quarters at the house dropped off the chaises and knelt, covered eyes lowered toward the floor.

The Sheikh gestured to encompass all the women. "Please. Examine them and choose." To the women he said, "Master Ward is my honoured guest. Whichever of you he chooses will serve him superbly in whatever manner he desires."

"May I remove their hoods for a moment?"

"Certainly."

Ward slowly made his way around the room, stopping in front of each kneeling girl, pulling off her hood, lifting her chin so her eyes met his, then replacing the hood. All were different and all were lovely. He could sense the submission in most of them. Ward began to worry he could not choose ... until he came to the seventh girl.

She was small and feminine with delicate bone structure and beautiful breasts like ripe golden pears, exactly sized to fit in each of his hands. Her skin was flawless. Dark brown curls framed a small, delicate and slightly plain face – perfectly to his taste. Despite his flamboyant property, Gina, he was attracted to women who were more than

they appeared. But what made her irresistible to him was her remarkable, unassuming freshness, both intelligent and compliant. "Begging to be broken," he thought. He turned to the Sheikh. "This one."

"Excellent choice. She is French. Her name is Natalie." The Sheikh snapped his fingers. "Natalie, follow Master Ward." He led Ward to his cabin, Natalie crawling on hands and knees behind them. "Have a good rest."

When they were alone in the luxurious cabin, Ward pointed to the rich carpeting at his feet. Natalie came to him, rose to her knees and quickly lowered her eyes. He walked around her. "Hands behind your back." He pulled a small coil of white rope from his pocket and tied her hands using an elegant corded noose. He continued his path around her, thinking, examining. "Yes, I think we'll see how flexible you are. But first, you'll be my toilet and then you'll make me hard. Comprend?" The girl unzipped his trousers and took his penis into her mouth.

Ward awoke to a soft knock on the cabin door and an accented voice, "Master Ward, we will be landing in thirty minutes." Natalie stirred also but her brown curls didn't move from over his crotch, nor her mouth from his cock.

Actually, she couldn't easily move. She lay on her side, her wrists and ankles tied tightly together behind her unnaturally arched back. Her small breasts pressed against his waist and her sweet mound was close enough to his nose to smell her sex-enhanced fragrance. She'd been in that position since he'd finished using all of her holes many hours before and he was certain she was in agony. He smiled to himself. "Amazing, the power of a little rope."

He patted her head. "Ready for another drink?" The question was, of course, rhetorical.

Chapter Six

The sun blazed white hot in his eyes when Ward stepped out of the silver Mercedes limousine – silver like a Thermos bottle, the Sheikh had only half joked – onto the long, intricate Persian rug under the square stone entrance of the palace. He really needed to rethink all the black clothing, Ward thought. How did the Saudi women, black clad from head to foot, do it?

For miles, Ward had watched the palace rise out of the desert through the limo's tinted windows. He found the vast building's structure thoroughly fascinating. He'd expected curves and scrollwork but the palace was starkly geometric. Its flat, golden sand-coloured façade had layers of hard angles and narrow rectangular shapes. Even the tall minaret was in the shape of a sharply cornered rectangular prism rather than a column. The façade's surface was cut with patterns of triangular, square and rectangular windows, mathematical in their precision. The roof was lined with hundreds of small, sharp triangles, side by side, like rooftop fortifications. In fact, the building might have been a medieval European fortress except for the thick surround of palms and the almost contemporary narrowness of several of its wings. Ward smiled to himself. He wouldn't be surprised to see a smaller version created by one of I. M. Pei's students in Beverly Hills.

A robed silhouette stood waiting in front of the monumental doorway. Something in the man's carriage was familiar – Reza. Ward was used to working alone and solving his own problems. But he couldn't deny the relief he felt at Reza's presence. He strode quickly toward the entrance and extended his hand, gratitude in his eyes. "I can't thank you enough for coming."

Reza ignored the hand and threw his arms around Ward. When he drew away, Ward saw the sympathy in his eyes. "Of course I came." Reza bowed to the Sheikh, who had been helped regally from the long car and now approached followed by his children and his entourage. "I've also brought a large selection of my inventory."

With an expansive wave of his white robed arm and a statement in Arabic, the Sheikh led the way into the palace's grand and massive stone foyer. Reza bowed again and the Sheikh translated, "Welcome to my home. What is mine is yours."

Now Ward bowed. "Your palace is spectacular! I am truly amazed by it."

The Sheikh radiated proud pleasure. "Let's get you settled."

Ward's suite was magnificent and as large as a small house. Now he paused, nonplussed, in the high entryway of the remarkable space to which the servant had next led him. Exquisite, and no doubt rare, carpets covered every surface, on all sides and underfoot, thrown across the floor, tented on the ceiling and draped from almost every wall. Lush, tapestried couches and armchairs, the variegated colours of old ivory, sat facing each other around a pale marble table that filled the room's centre and was, at present, piled with silver and gold platters and footed and tiered serving trays filled with brilliantly coloured foods. Fabulous!

Yet Ward's eyes shifted inexorably to the Western wall. The windows were larger than they appeared from outside and only a section of their pattern was visible. Several feet above the floor stretched nine perfect, identical squares. Above each square was a narrow rectangle sitting vertically on end and then, above that, a slightly wider triangle, the two pieces forming an upward pointing arrow. Between the squares were vertical

stacks of the same triangles. The configuration uncannily resembled the detail on an American Indian rug.

And visible through the windows was an uninterrupted sheet of vibrant blue like a solid sheet of blue paper affixed to the windows' backs – the blue waters of the Red Sea joined to the pure blue sky at the horizon.

The Sheikh waved him into the room. "Please! Come and eat." He, Reza and the two oldest boys sat on the couches, sampling from the dishes. Ward moved forward, gaze still held by the blue and, with a sigh of released tension, sat next to Reza.

"Ayatollah Amani will join us soon. In the meantime, please eat and relax."

The food was both interesting and delicious. Ward had begun to decompress, at least a bit, when his phone rang. "Excuse me." He stood and stepped out of earshot, beside a square of window. Unwanted listeners were certainly possible – if the Sheikh had wired the palace. But they'd only hear his side of the conversation.

Ted's voice buzzed with adrenaline enhanced animation. "The palace is built on a buried city. There's access both from inside the palace and from lots of hidden caves, some underwater. Of course, we're great underwater.

"Anyway, my boys are pretty sure he's keeping her there." He laughed sardonically. "Right under your noses. That's the good news.

"The bad news is the place is an immense maze. Some of the passages are unstable and many are blocked. It could take us forever to find her. So pay attention to whether Amani always appears from one direction or one place in the Palace. That could at least narrow things down."

Ward dropped his voice almost to a whisper. Fortunately this phone could handle it. "We're trying hard to avoid negative repercussions. We're going to negotiate first and do everything in our power to convince him to give her back. But keep looking. If he doesn't agree you'll have to get her out."

Ward laughed uncomfortably. "I hope he gives her back. I'd hate to end up with a price on my head."

He glanced at the men on the couches. Politely, no one was paying attention to his call. "It's funny. I contemplated selling her to the Sheikh for a ruby and might have felt okay if I had. But now I just can't leave her here. I feel responsible ... and I do want her back."

It was an apology of sorts for bringing Ted and his associates into the mess. Ted's silence clearly communicated his understanding.

Only Reza was undisguisedly though mutely curious when he returned. Ward addressed the Sheikh. "You should be aware, I have a secured digital phone. So if your security people see any odd signals they don't recognize, it's probably me."

The phone looked exactly like the usual mobile but in reality it was state of the art digital technology and encrypted.

Ted had warned Ward to keep it safe. He'd said its loss wouldn't endanger national security. They were certain the Chinese had pirated the technology and then sold it to several third world "clients" but it was government issue and Ted would personally get into a world of trouble if his formidable superiors found out he'd loaned one to a civilian.

The platters of food did not appear diminished in the least an hour later when Ayatollah Amani slid soundlessly into the room, followed by several other men. The Sheikh rose and bowed and everyone else, including Ward, followed suit. Amani centred

himself on an empty couch as if on a throne, his gaunt carcass rigidly upright. Two of his staff sat in adjacent armchairs.

Six giant servants entered and lifted the food laden marble table to the room's side. They withdrew, then some minutes later, returned carrying various many-hued wooden objects and driving a herd of slaves between them like a flock of lambs. Instead of hoods, silk scarves, multi-coloured to match the wood, were tied tightly over the girls' eyes. The ends of the scarves flowed over their long hair, the rich colours billowing slightly with the girls' movements.

Following came six musicians and two dancers, all in traditional garb. The musicians carried three stringed instrument, the small lute-like uq, a long-necked buzuq and a qanam table harp, single and double wind instruments and the small drum tabliah. The dancers were beautiful, dark and voluptuous with enormous soft bare breasts. They wore gold headdresses with rows of gold and garnet beads swinging over their eyes and longer strands draped over their hair. Crimson scarves sewn with pounds of gold coins were wrapped tightly around rounded hips. One dancer carried a tambourine, called a daff, and the second held finger cymbals on her long tapered fingers. They settled themselves opposite the marble table.

The servants set about positioning the slaves in front of the seated men. They placed two in front of Ayatollah Amani positioned on hands and knees, one facing toward him, the other facing away, their ripe breasts swaying softly beneath them. One of the servants fitted the girl facing the priest with a large ring gag, opening wide her mouth for whatever use might be desired. He inserted the penis shaped, richly coloured purpleheart handle of a short, stiff flogger between the second's lovely melon shaped bottom cheeks, then stood back and evaluated his work.

His face grew intent. He said something in Arabic and then slashed the gagged girl across her belly, a vicious short stroke, with a two tailed leather strap. Ward watched the edge of the angry red welt rise on her side and her body violently shake as she bit back her screams. Instantly, her shoulders jerked to make her back rigorously flat. The servant laid a rectangle of golden cannarywood across the girls' backs to form a graceful table.

Another girl was placed on her back in front of the Sheikh, her arms lifted above her with palms flat and her knees spread and bent with toes pointed toward each other so that palms and lower legs were level. Her fulsome breasts ebbed softly onto her shapely chest and large nipples fanned out above like blushing anemones. Below, her vagina spread, open and pink. Her blond hair flowed around her head onto the patterned rug like a radiant halo. A gleaming piece of scarlet lacewood was set on top of her.

Two girls were squatted, one for each, in front of Ward and Reza. Servants locked curved sections of pale zebrawood edged with purpleheart around their waists to form small round tables. Their heavy, hanging breasts partially obstructed the table tops but, Ward thought with amusement, the trade-off was worth it and, he glanced to his side, Reza certainly didn't mind. Though never touching, Reza was meticulously examining his "table", probably, Ward suspected, comparing her to his own inventory.

Two girls, one blond, one dark, were laid on their sides in front of the boys, mouths and breasts flattened against each other, legs and arms intertwined. The oval of intricately grained orange tiger maple that was laid above them had a hole cut in the centre to provide clear view and easy access to the girls' most desirable parts.

Tea was ceremoniously served. A servant entered carrying a gold samovar and a second with a gold tray set with glasses in ornate gold holders. Each cup was filled, then placed on a 'table' with an elaborate flourish. Some discussion, which Reza did not bother translating, ensued before Ayatollah Amani, then the others, drank. Ward looked at the muddled mint floating in the dark liquid then he too took a sip. Very strong, very sweet and very minty. For him, an exclusive consumer of black coffee, barely drinkable – but he would do so.

The musicians began to play. The dancers undulated sinuously in front of them. Servants came and went with tea and platters of food. Discussion in Arabic continued.

Ward finally nudged Reza discreetly under a tabletop. Reza whispered, "These are preliminaries. They're chatting politely about the religious education of the Sheikh's sons at the moment. This will go on for hours, so relax." Ward sat back and watched the facial expressions, determined he wouldn't fall asleep.

He had become absorbed in the dancers' hypnotically rippling breasts. Their massive glands seemed to him the ideal size and consistency for breast suspension – no longer considered impossible but still very rare. A commotion snapped his attention back to the discussions.

The Sheikh's table was quivering and twitching. The Sheikh sat calmly watching, faint amusement not quite hiding on his lips, while several servants raced forward to catch the sliding glass and bone china and attend to the recalcitrant table.

A favourite saying popped into Ward's mind. "It's always the things that look the easiest that are the worst." Ward was surprised she'd survived the unrelenting stress on her arms for this long. He watched a servant haul her up by the hair and drag her to a magnificently carved and polished wooden frame brought in for the purpose. It really wasn't fair to punish her for her unavoidable fatigue. Ward's smile was gentle ... and so sadistic. But then life wasn't fair.

Two of the giant servants returned, one to her front, one her back. The music became lively, louder, not to cover her screams – the observers enjoyed those – but in energetic accompaniment to her savage whipping. They used short single tailed whips, endlessly striking until her body was covered with red, oozing gashes and she sagged in the shackles. Then they took her down and again dragged her by the hair, this time from the room. The table base was replaced and discussion resumed.

The strains of the evening call to worship reverberated off the stone walls. Ayatollah Amani got to his feet, bowed and left the room with his staff, closely followed by the Sheikh and his sons. Before Reza left, he explained, "Tomorrow actual negotiations will begin."

Gina lay on her side facing the rock wall but focused on the pain inside her. Liquid had been poured into her anus every day and the abrasive fullness still hurt awfully. Very faintly, very far away, she wondered how long this would go on. But the thought was separate from her, as if she was reading the words on some flat, detached white surface.

And she didn't care, not really. She'd never experienced such equanimity ... and also never such ecstasy – long moments of ecstasy when the priest dog visited her. She now craved the dog, yearned for his burning black eyes to stare into her soul and for his penis to force its virile fullness into her body until she was overwhelmed. Was it some kind of

addiction? Again, the question was distant, vague and ethereal and the thread to it broke easily. She turned back to the pain in her belly.

The manservant was occupied with his work – rubbing her back, forcing the horrible hot liquid into all of her vital cracks and crevices. Something caught her eye. Motion high up on the wall. Was it an animal? She shuddered. A rat or a bat or a snake?

Suddenly she saw a small human hand extended with palm open and fingers held straight upright in the universal gesture to halt. Signalling her to be silent, she assumed. Then the hand was withdrawn and she saw a child's face appear in a small opening in the rock. The Sheikh's beautiful youngest son. She smiled up at him.

To Ward, the scene appeared identical the following afternoon. Now, though, the Sheikh spoke at length in Arabic. Reza translated into short summaries. "He's being very polite. ... Basically, he's asking the priest to tell us what he'd take for her – money, another slave or several slaves. ... He's told him I've brought a selection for his approval or he can choose from among the Sheikh's property."

Ward searched Amani's face for any progress. The priest sat without speaking, his expression untroubled and completely impassive. Ward wanted to step in but, for a vast variety of reasons not the least of which was the Sheikh's honour, he also wanted to give the Sheikh the opportunity to do his best. After several hours, he gently nudged Reza.

"He's making very convincing arguments."

At very long last, the Sheikh's words slowed, then appeared to stop. Ward took the opportunity. "Excuse me." His tone was exceedingly polite and conciliatory.

Amani turned his head, his expression bland. "Like someone evaluating an interesting inanimate object," Ward thought. "May I explain something?"

One of the priest's companions spoke, apparently translating Ward's words into Arabic. Amani gave a diminutive nod.

Ward continued, eyes fixed on the priest's face. "I do not deny that Gina is an exceptional piece of property and very valuable to me. However, please do understand that her milk production is not unique." For the first time, Amani showed some minimal interest. "I can arrange for a slave of your choosing to learn to produce large quantities of milk like my bitch.

"We all have different tastes and needs." He gazed with serious intensity into Amani's eyes. "I am certain there is a slave who is far more valuable to you than Gina. Why take a slave you don't truly desire only because of a trainable skill? Wouldn't you prefer your perfect slave to learn it?"

The translator spoke and the priest actually showed interest. A ray of hope swept Ward. He forged on enthusiastically. "The doctor who created the milk production program is remarkable. He makes miraculous transformations to these girls. Gina is an excellent example of his abilities."

Now the priest's black eyes were fixed on Ward. Ward was unaccountably gripped by peculiar, bracing warmth. Semi-consciously, he catalogued the sensation as excitement at the challenge or perhaps at his hard won progress and then moved mentally onward.

"I would like to propose that you examine the inventory Reza has brought," Ward looked at the Sheikh, who nodded his consent, "as well as any girls of the Sheikh's who

interest you, then visit Doctor Roland's facility in the north-eastern United States. Afterwards, with your indulgence, we would appreciate your permission to speak again."

With eyes still locked on Ward, the priest spoke a few words to the translator. Ward saw relief wash over the Sheikh's and Reza's faces. The translator spoke. "My Holy Master agrees. He would like to see the inventory."

Fifteen girls, their heads covered with canvas bags tied closed at their throats with rough hemp cord, were led with shambling, shackled gates into the room. Crude, black, cast iron shackles connected necks, wrists and ankles and severely restricted motion. Ward thought he heard just the faintest hint of pathetic, quavering whimpers – very dangerous if Reza noticed.

Every body looked young and perfect. Almost all had large breasts. One tiny girl had breasts so colossal they seemed fake – not possible Ward knew since, as Reza always said, he only sold 'real' girls.

The girls were lined up at the end of the room, standing upright for better viewing. Before their hoods were removed, Reza walked down the line, laying an open hand on one, squeezing some part of another and all the while speaking too softly for the seated men to hear. Ward recognized Reza's 'tender' – another of the slave trader's favourite words – threats. Reza was so charming, with the startling, unearthly beauty of one of Goya's dark angels. But when he handled his "inventory", his barbarous and unredeemed cruelty was unmistakable.

His assistants removed the hoods. The girls didn't look at their surroundings. They stared only at Reza, wide eyed, terrified and absolutely silent. He moved the first forward, toward Ayatollah Amani. The girl gave the tiniest flinch at Reza's touch. In an instant, before anyone else in the room even noted her action, he had twisted her arm just short of the breaking point. She contorted in agony and tears streamed down her cheeks but still she made no sound.

He released her arm and instead touched her body with the most humiliating intimacy, fondling, squeezing and finally inserting his fingers into her anus and making her suck them clean. This time she complied utterly, though tears continued to pour down her cheeks in rushing streams.

The other girls watched in frozen horror. He led them, one by one, before the priest.

The priest showed no interest in any of the blonds. A slim teen with waist length dark hair briefly held his attention.

When he brought the tiny, huge breasted girl forward, Reza grabbed a handful of her voluminous soft flesh and squeezed it between iron fingers. The girl's body dipped slightly and he jerked her back up using his tender handhold. "Reza is so efficient," Ward thought as he noted her struggle to keep her knees from buckling beneath her from the excruciating pain.

Reza spoke in Arabic, then translated into English. "This one is unique. I have never found such large breasts with such small bones. And yes, they are quite real." His face assumed the honest expression of a used car salesman. "I assure you, I never stock anything but real girls."

Ward watched Ayatollah Amani nervously. This was the last and with this one too, he seemed unimpressed. The Sheikh's sons, however, leered with undisguised, youthful lewdness.

Reza replaced the girl in the line, then paraded the entire line slowly in front of the priest. When the long haired teen passed, the priest briefly spoke. Reza was instantly attentive – and clearly relieved. He motioned to an assistant and the girl was separated, silently sobbing and shivering uncontrollably, from the line.

When the line had passed and the priest had chosen no others, the Sheikh spoke in Arabic, then turned to Ward and translated. “I’m purchasing the little one for the older boys.” He chuckled with fatherly affection and amusement. “They seem to like her ... and it’s time they learned to train their own slave. Perhaps we’ll take her to Dr. Roland also.” He rolled his eyes. “Can you imagine those breasts filled with milk?!”

The Sheikh spoke briefly to Ayatollah Amani, who then rose with his entourage, bowed and swept out of the room, his white robes swirling around him. To Ward, the Sheikh said, “We leave tomorrow morning for Dr. Roland’s.”

Ward, who never took anything for granted, asked, “Is he accepting the girl as a replacement for Gina?”

Reza’s eyes held great compassion. “He’s only considering her. He wants to meet Dr. Roland.” He smiled hopefully. Reza was an eternal optimist. “But at least we’re moving forward.”

The Sheikh’s head turned away from Reza and Ward, who followed his gaze. Hosni, the youngest son, had entered the room and waited for his father’s signal to approach.

The Sheikh waved him over affectionately and lifted the boy onto his lap. The boy seemed eager for his father’s attention. The Sheikh spoke in English, perhaps out of politeness to Ward, perhaps as training for his son. “Tomorrow I must return to the United States for a few days.” He hugged the boy affectionately. “This trip you’ll have to stay here with your mother.”

The boy interrupted. “But father ...”

“I’m sorry, Hosni, but you can’t come this time. I’ll be back soon.”

The boy tugged the front of his father’s robes. “Father, I have to tell you something! ... I know where she is.”

The men exchanged startled glances. The Sheikh took the boy’s chin in his hand. “Tell me where, Hosni.” The boy explained how to get to the cave. The trip through the buried city’s ancient, decaying passageways sounded complicated and dangerous, though the boy’s description was enthusiastic.

The Sheikh again touched the boy’s chin. “Hosni, we thank you so much for telling us. You have done the right thing. But you must not go there again. It’s too dangerous.” He leaned close and explained to the child. “We do not want to take her. That would create many problems, even war. We would like Ayatollah Amani to give her back to us ... and the old city is not safe.”

As soon as Ward returned to his suite, he dialled Ted. He repeated the boy’s directions as closely as possible. “If you can, follow the boy. I bet he’ll go back there.”

Chapter Seven

Two extra-long, silver Mercedes limousines stopped by the guard kiosk at the heavily secured gates of Dr. Roland's research complex. The drivers handed identification to the armed guards. Ward, seated between Reza and the Sheikh on the soft, dove grey leather seat, watched the Sheikh's fascinated attention to the guards' scan of their identification, then their faces, with a state of the art biometric reader.

When the Sheikh craned his neck to see the computer terminal inside the kiosk as it initiated a sequence of electronic keys to open the gate, Ward repeated information his sources had brought to him prior to his first visit. "This place is as secure as the White House. It was once a secret government research installation and apparently it didn't require much updating, though Dr. Roland definitely has the resources to do what was needed."

The limos rolled through the high, barbed wire topped fence to a flat-roofed, white, one-story complex with long wings extending in every direction. A very tall man, elegant and patrician despite a doughy middle and thinning hair, bearing, in fact, a striking resemblance to Charles De Gaulle, waited in front of the entrance. When the Sheikh was helped from the first limo and Ayatollah Amani from the second, the man graciously moved forward to greet them.

"Good afternoon. I am Dr. Roland." He bowed to the Sheikh and the priest, then smiled hello to Ward and Reza. "Welcome to my research facility."

He waved to an astonishingly beautiful young man, with the palest blond hair and blue eyes, who had just entered the building's double armoured glass entry booth through a sealed interior door. The exterior door opened with a whoosh. The young man stepped through it and glided seductively to the doctor's side. Ward caught his covert, edgy glance and smiled into those icy eyes – for the instant before the young man looked away.

"This is my assistant, John. He will show your staff to your quarters. I've planned to begin your tour of the facility this afternoon. Would you like to rest first? Or perhaps have some lunch?" His smile held the brilliant scientist's heedless, egocentric arrogance. "We're accustomed to having important guests and can meet virtually any of your needs. I have a five star chef who has already been familiarized with your dietary prohibitions and," he spoke to the Sheikh, "has approved a list of menus with your secretary."

The Sheikh had a brief conversation with Ayatollah Amani. "The Ayatollah asks if your kitchen will accommodate his chef."

Dr. Roland was unconcerned. His obsessively finicky clients often used his services because of digestive ailments, real or imagined, so this situation had confronted him many times before. "Would he prefer a small, private kitchen in his quarters?" At the Sheikh's enthusiastically grateful nod, the doctor continued, "Has he brought ingredients or would he like our kitchen to provide them? ... It doesn't matter." He turned. "John, please see to whatever the gentleman needs."

"Now." He rubbed his long, pale fingers together. "How about the rest of you? I think you'll enjoy our 'lounge'."

Dr. Roland ushered the group one by one through the double sealed doors, to the accompaniment of a series of pneumatic hisses, into the facility's main, institutional hallway. "Each wing has a secured loading dock for easy movement of luggage,

equipment and the like. John is taking your staff to the guest quarters' dock. We will show Ayatollah Amani to his suite and then proceed to the lounge. I'll point out the other accommodations on the way."

The doctor turned them into another hallway just inside the front door – this one richly carpeted and decorated with contemporary paintings and sculpture. Ward recognized a large white Bufano bear and a smaller reclining pink Moore nude. Someone liked stone. "We try to make our guests feel as much at home as possible."

The Sheikh absentmindedly said, "Thank you." His head was still sharply turned toward the main hallway, which bustled with activity. White coated technicians led large breasted girls, walking upright or on all fours, in and out of doorways and in all directions. Most were naked but some wore provocative costumes and some even stranger hardware.

Ward smiled. "Quite a sight, isn't it?"

The Sheikh quickly turned. "I'm sorry. Yes, it is a sight." He spoke briefly to the priest, who nodded, though, as always, seemed unmoved.

Dr. Roland approached a heavily gilt-trimmed door and knocked. A tall, slim, impeccably dressed man with an intoxicatingly fragrant gardenia in his buttonhole opened the door. "I'd like to introduce Mr. Russell, my concierge. He can provide any assistance you require. Simply press 1 on your suite's phone."

Mr. Russell stepped back to allow Ayatollah Amani to enter the room. The priest's secretary stood just inside the door. "The Ayatollah's secretary has walked through the suite and advised me of the required changes. Some have already been made and the rest will be made shortly. With your permission, I'll now walk through the Sheikh's suite with his secretary."

"Please see that Ayatollah Amani is settled first. We'll be in the lounge." Dr. Roland continued down the hallway, pointing out the other accommodations.

The 'lounge' resembled an elegant and extremely comfortable club lounge, hence the name. A clutter of leather and richly upholstered armchairs and loveseats were clustered, with small dark wood tables beside and larger wood and glass tables between, singly or in companionable groupings. Lovely old portraits of ornately garbed, full breasted women decorated the walls. The far side held several serving tables now, in mid-afternoon, containing fruits, cheeses and other cold snacks, as well as a luscious variety of sweets.

But it was the coffee and tea service to which every eye flew upon stepping across the threshold. On one of the table ends was a large silver samovar surrounded by collections of sealed glass carafes of different fine teas and small porcelain teapots, each one unique and exquisite. On the other end sat an antique brass espresso machine next to several high tech brewed coffee makers, a roaster, grinders and brass canisters of green and roasted coffee beans.

The table was attended by a large, formidable and heavily accented Bavarian man dressed in chef's whites ... and it was he who served the milk from a row of naked human cows. The cows were locked into special holders, like small cubical frames, upon which they leaned at an angle, their engorged, gravid teats dropping straight down below for efficient dispensing. Each cow wore a silver plaque engraved with the milk's flavour or fat content around her neck.

As Dr. Roland led the group to the display, Ward found himself once again appreciating the doctor's creativity and he greatly enjoyed the Sheikh's awestruck gape, which left him bereft of his usual grace.

Dr. Roland stretched a patrician finger toward plaques inscribed with the words 'Low Fat', hung on a lean, athletic looking cow, and 'Light Cream' over one with soft, rosy, plump flesh. "As you may know, we've found, quite logically, that diet affects the milk's fat content. We've also found that certain spices and flavourings," he lifted a 'Cinnamon' plaque on a red-haired cow, "pass directly into the milk."

"But this," Dr. Roland's voice filled with pride, "this is a great accomplishment." He motioned to the attendant.

Ward watched the dark-haired cow's face as the attendant milked her into a porcelain pitcher. She closed her eyes as the Bavarian's thick fingers rolled down her long nipples and milk squirted out, but didn't seem in pain – not like Gina. "Not one of the doctor's special experiments," Ward decided.

The attendant poured samples into small glasses provided for the purpose and distributed them to each guest. Ward looked into the glass, then sniffed and took a sip. The milk was white but it tasted distinctly of chocolate. "Delicious!"

The doctor looked gratified. "It was remarkably difficult to transfer the chocolate flavour. We tried feeding with chocolate, cocoa and other variants with no luck." He smiled. "But we were finally successful with a complicated – and of course secret – formulation.

"By the way, any of these flavours can be steamed for cappuccino. We'll be happy to make any coffee drink you desire." He turned to the Sheikh. "Of course, milk is not added to what Americans call Turkish coffee. However, we do have cardamom flavoured milk.

"Now, would you care for some lunch? We have menus or the chef can make almost anything you'd like."

Ward's and Reza's opulent rooms were adjacent. Prior to the start of the tour, everyone had adjourned to 'freshen up'. Ward immediately unlocked his connecting door in preparation for Reza's knock. When Reza slipped into the room, Ward had already dialled Ted and was listening with rapt attention.

"In the morning, she spends time in a small side cavern with only a servant. The boy found a small tunnel, maybe once a narrow street, that leads to the cave's outside wall. We've been slowly, carefully widening it. The priest must think he doesn't need security. There's only one guard and he's in another room."

"Be careful. I wouldn't want you guys to get caught or trapped in a cave in."

Ted snorted. "Are you kidding! The older boys are battling each other for the position at the end of the tunnel. Shit! The tits! And you should see what they do to her in the morning. I have to threaten to stop them from jerking off while they surveil."

Ward heard the soft knock and then John's reluctant voice outside his door. "Master Ward, Dr. Roland requests that you come to the waiting room at the front entrance so we can begin."

The Sheikh, Ayatollah Amani, their secretaries and Reza were assembled and the doctor was speaking when Ward arrived. John had no doubt delayed interacting with him

as long as possible, still leery after their last interchange at Ward's house prior to Gina's milk production. Ward imagined him standing outside the door, fist poised to knock but too squeamish to do so.

"This facility has seventeen labs. Because your primary concern is initial milk production, we will first visit the six labs we call 'The Spa'. Dr. Roland led them down another long, stark hallway, this one not quite as busy.

At a door with a large glass window set with metal mesh, the doctor leaned his left eye against an ocular reader. The door made a loud click and swung inward. Ward heard an Arabic exclamation – the Sheikh – as he entered the room. He smiled and then was seized with dismay. Such fond, and now poignant, memories of his lost fuckbitch!

Inside the room were nine gynaecological tables in three rows surrounded by machines on the floor and suspended from the ceiling. Eight of the tables were attended by white lab-coated technicians and were occupied. Oh! How they were occupied!

The girls were strapped fast to the tables by wide, unyielding black leather straps. Their heads were encased in steel cages, tongues pulled from their mouths and gripped between two metal plates. Steel cups fit over their breasts, with nipples pulled through the centres and inserted into suction tubes suspended from the ceiling. Large monitors with screens and paper feeders were positioned at their sides. And from machines between their legs extended long poles running into vaginas and anuses.

The low whirr of the machines and the girls' mewling sounds made a continual babble of background noise. "We use these machines for initial examinations, to monitor progress and sometimes simply for stimulation. Let me show you the devices. Then I'll explain a little about our methodology."

Dr. Roland led the group to the unoccupied table. He lifted a silver object sealed in clear sterile wrapping – one of the steel breast cups – and passed it to Ayatollah Amani. The priest followed closely on the doctor's heels and was showing unusual interest. Ward saw his eyes widen fractionally at the rows of fine needles filling the cup. "Electrical impulses can pass out of the cups for data collection and also into them to stimulate milk production and affect milk quality."

The faintest smile played across the doctor's lips as he glanced over at a weeping girl. "The girls are required to wear these for monitoring twice per week. They apparently burn somewhat going on," he harrumphed and lowered his eyes, just a bit, "so they are given the option of taking them off and then having them replaced or wearing them continually. Many opt to wear them continually."

Dr. Roland moved to a small engine with a long pole ending in a double penis-shaped attachment. He flicked a switch and turned a dial. The probed moved forward and backward and rotated faster or slower as the dial turned.

The doctor led the group to the girl on the next table and stepped between her legs, which were strapped wide apart. The attending technician helped him into latex gloves. With medical precision, he spread the girl's anus and, with the other hand, pulled apart her labia so the observers could clearly see the machine's penetration and withdrawal. The girl tried feebly to pull away and her pathetic noises increased in volume. "The probe not only efficiently provides a sonogram but also records vaginal and anal responses to penetration. We can precisely quantify the degree of orgasmic capability – very important for milk production."

He moved to the girl's side. "You can see how the breast cups fit. Suction is not prevented." He touched the girl's tongue. She flinched violently but helplessly, then shrieked incomprehensibly. "The tongue plates contain similar configurations of needles." He smiled at his guests. "Please feel free to examine the equipment. ... Would anyone care for a pair of gloves?"

The guests strolled around the tables, gloved hands touching this, probing that. Ward briefly occupied himself with a leggy blond who retained a defiant expression despite the indignities. He looked down into her distorted face and pleasantly pondered the best method for wiping away every trace of her bravado. But of course, he'd seen it all before in excruciating – for Gina – detail. "A lovely little smorgasbord," he confided to Reza.

Reza hovered over a blond girl with such large soft breasts they flowed out from under the cups. She stared, terrified, up at him. Ward indulgently watched Reza play with the girl's fear. Reza had a special ability to recognize the vulnerable ones.

"This one is such a plump little cow." Reza touched the inside of her thigh and she jerked violently, then wailed as the machines and needles bit into her delicate parts. "She really needs a nice hot brand," he stroked her thigh, "right here." He clenched his fist and pressed it gently against her belly. "Or perhaps a good beating." Tears now streamed from blue eyes straining wide open. "Perhaps Dr. Roland will give her to me ..." the girl sobbed loudly, "... for just a little while."

Dr. Roland continued, "We've found that sexual arousal is critical to both initial production and milk quality. So we work to keep the girls aroused just short of the point of orgasm. We experiment with a wide range of techniques. You'll see many in our Spa. And of course, we also use the standard techniques of suction and diet." Ward saw him smugly survey his guests. Each of the others – including the priest, Ward was thrilled to note – was intently examining one of the girls. "Are we ready to move on to the next lab?"

The doctor placed his eye against a pad inside the door. "Locked in," Ward noted with interest. He wondered if any girl had ever managed to escape those restraints.

The next room was larger and contained two dozen of the water tables Ward had used with Gina, most occupied. Lights were dimmed and three attendants sat behind desks spaced evenly apart, working – entering data, Ward suspected – at computer terminals. Here too, a background ululation of girls' moans and whimpers, accompanied not only by the whirr of breast pumps but also by wooden creaking from the girls' restrained, dreamlike thrashing, was continual.

Each girl was strapped to a white wooden table with drains running along its edges. Three metal IV stands stood next to each table. One held an intravenous fluid drip for hydration, another the bag from the catheter inserted into each girl's urethra. The last was filled with green liquid which made slow, constant progress through a tube into the anus. Each girl's nipples were connected to a commercial breast pump attached to the ceiling. And suspended directly above each clitoris was a large steel bowl with a small hole at its centre. Warm water fell, drop by ceaseless drop, precisely onto each clit, then ran into the drains.

"Until milk is produced, most time is spent on these tables. We've found this simple, ancient mechanism to be extremely efficient. It provides constant stimulation but never – except in rare instances – is sufficient to initiate orgasm." He smiled at Ward. "I'm also

told it becomes quite uncomfortable after the first hour or two – an added psychological stimulus for the subjects.”

Again the group donned sterile gloves and made their way through the rows of tables. Ward noted that many of the girls were unconscious – asleep? Some stared up through eyes so clouded and unseeing they appeared drugged. Ward remembered this look in Gina’s eyes when the droplets’ tortuous caresses overwhelmed her.

His attention was caught by Reza standing next to John at a table’s side. As the men peered downward at the helpless girl, they struck Ward as reflections, an image and its negative, light and dark, ice and fire, but otherwise identical in beauty, in posture and in their expressions’ radiant cruelty.

Ward saw John look up uneasily at his approach but then back and forth with interest when Reza smiled tranquilly. He appeared to relax, lowered chin and lips quivering with self-satisfied secrecy. To Reza, Ward nodded in John’s direction. “Found a friend?”

The girl was trim and athletic with chicly cut, short dark hair. She might be a kickass businesswoman in some other reality. Now she stared up at Reza with consuming hunger. “John’s been telling me how desperate the water makes the girls. They’ll do anything to be fucked,” Reza smiled sweetly at Ward, “but they can’t be, poor things. Too much stimulation. We don’t want them to cum!” The girl trembled when Reza gently touched her cheek. He smiled down at her. “I’d love to help her. It would feel soooo good to stick my fist into her cunt.”

The girl exhaled, “Please!” The word was a breathy, plaintive whisper. Her eyes opened wide as dinner plates.

Reza pushed two gloved fingers into her mouth and she sucked them ravenously. “John likes to hear them beg. He lets them suck his cock,” again Reza’s sweet smile, “sometimes.”

The doctor had moved next to an IV bag containing the green liquid. “The intestinal walls are highly porous allowing anal feeding. With anal feeding, the girls can remain here for long periods of time.” His fingers slipped down the length of the hose toward the girl’s anus. “This is my own formulation based on ancient East Indian medicines. It is high in vitamins, minerals and antioxidants. Probably far more healthy than most of these girls’ diets at home.”

Ayatollah Amani glided soundlessly closer, black eyes glinting in the dim light. His secretary approached Dr. Roland. “Excuse me, Doctor.” Dr. Roland turned toward them. “My Holy Master is most interested in your feeding technologies.”

Ward, the Sheikh and Reza all looked up, then simultaneously drifted over. Ward caught Dr. Roland’s eye, avidly attempting to telegraph the need to cooperate with the priest.

Dr. Roland stopped still for an almost indiscernible instant then cleared his throat. “Do I understand that your Master would like to skip the rest and focus on feeding?” At the secretary’s half bow of assent, the doctor paused thoughtfully. “What about other manipulations to milk quality?” The secretary nodded.

Dr. Roland peered into the priest’s impassive face. He straightened, squaring his hulking shoulders with resolve, “All right. I’ll show you one more lab in ‘The Spa’ and then we’ll move on to our Commissary.” Again he cleared his throat, his eyes momentarily darkening. “I’ll have to give some thought to how the tour will progress

from there. So,” the doctor looked directly at the Sheikh and then back to the priest, “with your permission, we’ll adjourn for dinner and rest, and resume tomorrow.”

The Sheikh had a brief conversation in Arabic with the Ayatollah, who inclined his head in approval. “We must pray soon in any case.”

The doctor nodded vigorously. “Good! Good!” He turned back to the table, his elegant fingers stroking a white plastic hospital bracelet circling the girl’s wrist. “Please note the barcodes on the girls’ ID bracelets.” When everyone bent to look, he continued, “We keep both computer and hard files of special diets required either by research considerations or owners.” He waved his arm to encompass all the tables then tapped the green IV bag. “Each of these girls is fed with my basic diet plus her unique additives. In the Commissary you’ll see how the computer system efficiently dispenses these customized diets.”

The doctor led the group past several lab doors. Ward, and everyone else, glanced quickly in as they passed. Ward caught glimpses of what appeared to be girls stuck with acupuncture needles, attached to electrical devices, having orifices flushed with hoses and lying in tubs of dark, turgid liquids.

The doctor used an ocular reader in front of the last door in the hallway and ushered the men through. “These girls are 24 to 48 hours away from producing milk so we apply extreme measures. I’d let you examine them but, at this point, their handling must be precise.” Dr. Roland gave a hearty and solitary laugh. “We can’t have any orgasms now, can we?”

Ward’s cock was hard the minute he surveyed the scene. The room was filled with writhing girls, their voluptuous bodies twisting and turning uncontrollably in the throes of unsatisfied arousal.

Most girls lay on their backs with knees bent. Only arms and ankles were restrained using metal clamps. “We allow the girls’ bodies to move in any way needed. The bent knees allow increased arousal by tilting the pelvis,” Dr. Roland explained. Long suction cups bobbed on distended nipples. Between their legs, the doctor’s probes penetrated and retracted. Techs sat beside each girl applying small hand held vibrators to their clitorises with eyes fixed on the monitor screens. They repeatedly brought the girls almost to orgasm then backed them off.

Several girls were on hands and knees, suction tubes hanging toward the tabletops from swinging breasts. “These girls are more aroused by anal stimulation.” He spread one girl’s anus. “Please note that in this position, the larger side of the probe penetrates the anus rather than the vagina.”

Suddenly one girl screamed shrilly – in frustration not climax. A few drops of milk appeared in the suction tubes. “Very good!” Dr. Roland was enthusiastic.

The tech leaned close. “Don’t worry, dear. In a few days you’ll have as many orgasms as you want.”

Chapter Eight

Almost as one, the group froze inside the doorway, assaulted even more dramatically by the lurid vista before them than by the constant din of humans and machines. The Commissary resembled a production facility from the X-Files rather than a dining room.

Naked or scantily dressed girls with huge milk-filled breasts, many wearing silver breast cups and other metal devices, were herded or led on leads by white coated attendants to an efficient cafeteria food line. At the beginning of the line, the barcodes at their wrists were read by an electronic reader. Trays and squat buckets moved down a mechanized line, measured portions of specific foods assembled onto or into each by streamlined robots like those used in state-of-the-art automobile factories. At the end of the line, a robotic arm removed tall glasses – each containing liquid differing in colour or consistency, Ward noted – from a receptacle on the back wall and placed a glass on each tray or poured the contents into a bucket. A man dressed in white again read the girls' barcodes, matched each to one of the receptacles, then handed each tray to a girl or a bucket to her attendant.

Most of the girls sat together at large tables. However, along one wall were ten stalls with troughs attached to the doors. Half of these were already filled with prone girls. As Ward watched, two more girls were backed like cattle into the stalls, their buckets dumped into the troughs and the stall doors closed. The girls dipped their heads and lapped from the troughs. Ward smiled at the memory of Gina on the doctor's farm.

The doctor's voice broke into his thoughts. "This is really the end of the process. Half our labs are devoted to developing the dietary stimuli necessary to produce specific qualitative results. While subject to experimentation, girls are both fed and milked in those labs.

"Girls fed in the Commissary are reaping the benefits of our research. They are either soon to be released to owners or back to their normal lives, or have stabilized diets subject to longer term experimentation." As he ushered the men into the room, he waved toward the stalls. "As you can see, we strive to accommodate owners' specific requirements."

Ward – and from his rapt stare, the Sheikh also – was fascinated by the robotic assembly line. "You must have sophisticated technology supporting this operation. Where's the control room?" He watched the robotic arm lift a drink out of the wall and place it on a tray. "And how are the drinks produced?"

Dr. Roland beamed proudly. "We actually have one centralized control room supporting all the operations, from individual labs to mass milking. However, several decentralized clones, both scattered through this facility and off-site, back up the central operations." He laughed. "These days hardware is so compact that it doesn't look like much. But we have a ten person team of technicians and programmers servicing and upgrading the systems 24/7."

The doctor's wide smiled broadened to flash perfect, dainty white teeth with sharply pointed canines. "The 'Wall' is the end product of years of development in several industries. It utilizes the latest, very advanced technologies used to mix and package vitamins coupled with those for industrial fluid transfer. In its current configuration, it flawlessly dispenses and mixes selections from up to a thousand nutrients and flavourings, then spits the result into a drinking glass, like an old fashioned soda

machine. It's been in operation for about eighteen months and we've yet to have a problem with it." He tapped a nearby tabletop. "Knock wood."

Ward glanced at Ayatollah Amani and frowned in puzzlement. He could be wrong, of course. The Ayatollah's expression was always cloaked. Somehow, though, Ward sensed that this operation didn't interest him in the least.

Dr. Roland personally escorted the group back to their suites. The priest's came first. Once Amani was safely ensconced in his room, Dr. Roland strode farther down the silent hallway and motioned the men into a huddle. He dropped his voice to a discreet murmur. His concern laden eyes swept the group, locking onto Ward's. "It would help me design a productive tour if you could give me an idea of what he wants."

Ward exchanged worried glances with the Sheikh and Reza, who each shook their heads. "At this point, we don't have a clue."

"Ward! You've got to try some of this!"

Ward pulled his attention away from this morning's selection of milk dispensers. He made his way through the cosy clutter of furniture to the sunny table squeezed into the middle of a plethora of plump chintz cushions on the bay window seat and the deep armchairs. Reza happily waved a dripping knife over coddled egg cups, baskets of buttered toast, scones, croissants and Danish, pots of deep red jam, large squares of butter on crystal dishes and bowls filled with something thick and white. Steaming cups of café au lait sat beside his and the Sheikh's plates. Both were clearly enjoying the rich breakfast.

"The butter and clotted cream are made from the girls' milk. They have an actual girl dairy here. This is my idea of heaven!" Reza's brow creased, momentarily marring his impeccable countenance, then his usual cheerfulness returned. "I wish I'd thought of it!"

Ward understood precisely what passed through his mind. Ward knew just how much Reza enjoyed degradation of girl flesh. Now Reza had regrets, deep regrets. He mourned the loss of an opportunity for gratification perhaps unequalled in its comprehensiveness. The girl dairy not only turned women into barnyard animals used in commercial production – what could be more dehumanizing? – but also fulfilled two other of Reza's most ardent desires, to create a magnificent product and to profit.

"As I told you yesterday, most of the feeding and manipulations, and also the milking, take place in individual labs. The technologies fall into several major categories. I'll show you a few of the more dramatic.

"First, though, we'll watch something a little more," Dr. Roland paused bemusedly, "well, maybe not much more pedestrian." They followed two attendants herding sixteen girls wearing metal breast cups over engorged breasts down the busy hall and into a lab. "Our timing is ideal to view the morning routines."

Most of the girls made their way slowly to individual stations with monitor topped machines manned by technicians. Three hung back near the door, fear stamped on their faces. One of their attendants, his voice hard and dry, said, "Move to your stations."

The girls slumped backwards, as inert as clay, tears tracking down their cheeks. The second attendant walked calmly toward them, a long, pronged cattle prod in his hand.

One of the laggards shrieked and raced away toward a station. The other two stood frozen.

Without comment, the attendant pressed the cattle prod to a girl's flank. Her body jerked and she fell to the floor. Before he could touch her again, she scurried like a crab awkwardly into the room. He moved toward the second. She fell weeping into a foetal position. Mercilessly he pressed the prod against a haunch. She screamed and writhed against the linoleum. He shocked her again, waited, then carried her to a station.

"We need to train them or we lose efficiency." Dr. Roland was slightly apologetic – until the Sheikh made the small dismissive sounds of someone who shared the experience. Ward was certain he'd had his own training problems.

Ward's attention had followed the girl shocked first. She reminded him a little of the Sheikh's Natalie but with much larger breasts. He'd enjoyed watching her delicate legs and rear strain as she scuttled across the floor, exposing her pink rimmed anus and thick labia.

She was now seated – like all the other girls – in the type of pale green reclining armchair used in hospitals to prep non-critical patients for surgery. Black electrical leads connected her breast cups to a machine covered with gauges and dials. Her nipples had been sucked into the glass tubes of an overhead breast pump.

Suddenly Ward saw her arms tense and her body go rigid in her chair. Her eyes squeezed tightly closed. Tears streamed across her upraised face. He looked around the room and saw the Sheikh, Reza and, yes, Ayatollah Amani all riveted by the sweeping catharses. At every station, girls were pulsing and jerking, small, hard breaths and cries erupting from locked lips.

Then the deafening thrum of sixteen breast pumps filled the room. Dr. Roland stepped to the closest station and siphoned off a few ounces of milk into an Erlenmeyer flask. "The ionized milk is extremely invigorating." He offered the flask to Ayatollah Amani who looked closely, swirling the pale liquid as if it was brandy, then sipped. Ward was thrilled to see the priest nod thoughtfully.

Dr. Roland stood in front of double doors like those isolating the surgical theatres in major hospitals. On each door hung a large red lettered sign on stark white warning 'Admittance by Authorized Personnel Only'.

"This wing houses our more sensitive experiments." He scanned the faces around him. "I probably don't have to warn you about the shocking nature of what you'll see."

The doctor placed his eye in another ocular reader and the doors swung open. Inside stood a big man in hospital whites with a 45 calibre Glock holstered under his arm and an automatic rifle held ready in his hands. When he saw the doctor, he slung the rifle over his shoulder and stood with casual vigilance.

"This is the High Fat Content Laboratory, otherwise known as the Cream Lab," again he surveyed the men's faces, his own expression darkening, "or the Veal Room."

The door swung silently open and Dr. Roland led the way into a room with an eerie red glow and a ghostly stillness. All eyes were immediately anchored to the wall to wall window from which the red glow emanated. "This is an observation room. The rooms beyond are basically sensory deprivation chambers but designed to focus the physiology and senses along certain specific pathways. They are as devoid of illumination as we can make them but in other ways thoroughly luxurious, warm, sensual and hedonistic. The

glass is made of the same material as the infrared goggles the techs wear, allowing observation.”

Ward realized he’d been holding his breath. He let it out and forced himself to examine the interiors of the five small rooms on the other side of the glass.

Each room held what he knew were girls on hospital beds with slightly raised backs. Cloudy eyes stared wide-open from celestial faces, inhumanly angelic in their tranquil pallor. Plump, alabaster skinned torsos supported huge soft breasts with long, thick opalescent nipples. Thin black cables, affixed with round contacts between breasts and to temples, ran to monitors standing next to the beds. Each girl wore a headset and was being fed from a sectioned tray by a goggled technician.

It was the girls’ limbs – and their absence – that was shocking. Only one of the girls had four limbs but they were clearly useless, shortened and shrivelled to thin sticks. One girl had only arms, one only legs and a third one arm and one leg, all desiccated and non-functional.

The face of the fifth girl was stunning in its unearthly beauty. Long heavy hair, auburn so dark it appeared black – or was its red infrared? – was arranged along her sides to below giant, magnificent breasts. The torso supporting them was large, soft, white and devoid of limbs or contours, like a tube of flesh. At its end – the end closest to the observers – the tissue indented to form a perfect, pink vagina. A catheter’s thin tube and the thicker anal feeding tube snaked out of sight below.

Dr. Roland’s voice pierced the silence. “All these girls are here voluntarily. We advertised for quadriplegics to participate in experiments. They are paid exorbitantly and, really, their lives are comprised of almost total sensory indulgence.”

Ayatollah Amani’s reedy tones quavered and reverberated across the carmine stillness. The Sheikh translated. “Why are the technicians feeding them?”

“It is not possible for them to receive adequate dietary richness through the feeding tube. Also, we try to regale their senses. Their food is designed to provide extreme values of nutrition, taste and caloric balance. In other words, it’s delicious and satisfying on many levels.”

The Sheikh asked, “What do they hear through the headsets?”

“We have tried a variety of sound technologies from ancient healing vibration technologies to classical music. Our results are, of course, proprietary but I will tell you that we’ve found the study of language to be beneficial. The girls are in total immersion language programs. They can choose a romance language – French, Italian or Spanish – or Japanese. Along with the course, they listen to music from the chosen country and the techs speak to them – when they speak – in their language of choice.”

Ward had turned toward the doctor but his eyes kept shifting of their own mind back to the scene behind the glass. “Like to a gruesome train wreck,” Ward mused. His glance flitted toward the limbless girl but he found Reza blocking his view. Reza’s demeanour startled him, causing his drifting gaze to focus.

Reza looked hungry – that was the only word for it. He was standing drawn forward, his forehead almost touching the glass. Ward could see only the side of his face. Even from that angle, the straining intensity was obvious. At first Ward thought, amazed, that it was lust. Then he realized that not lust but longing overwhelming his friend’s beautiful visage.

Ward walked over and gently touched Reza’s arm. “Reza, are you okay?”

Reza's silky voice came out like a frog's croak. Ward didn't understand. "What?"

Reza's turned fathomless, otherworldly eyes, the black pupils dilated to completely consume the irises, to Ward. This time he whispered, "I want her." He pivoted decisively toward Dr. Roland and raised his voice, "I want her!"

Ward, the Sheikh, Dr. Roland and the two secretaries all stared at Reza with horrified disbelief. Only the priest remained impassive ... and he didn't understand, Ward thought.

For an interminable moment there was only silence. Then, with startling succinctness, Dr. Roland asked, "Why?"

Reza's eyes became soft and sweet. "She is special ... beautiful." His voice took on the tone of a suitor to his love's father. "I will cherish her and fulfil all of her desires."

Suddenly, like a star studded slap, Ward understood and the understanding sent cold chills up his jade spine. He had been wrong in thinking he knew how much Reza enjoyed girls' subjugation and degradation. It wasn't enjoyment, it was need ... and the need was profound, orphic in its aberrance. Reza had unexpectedly – and no doubt traumatically – come upon its fantastical personification in this deformed, immobile yet exquisite girl. "Well," Ward gave himself a mental shake and then a shrug, "we all have our fetishes."

Ward watched Dr. Roland struggle to respond appropriately. Finally the doctor simply took Reza seriously. "She is our most prized experimental subject. Her milk reflects even the most minute changes in manipulation and ..."

"I'll give you US \$10 million for her." In the quiet room, Reza's voice virtually roared with both eagerness and impatience.

Dr. Roland stopped still, rapid calculations and greed slithering furtively across his face.

Ward decided to help. "Reza can provide your less," he paused meaningfully, emphasizing the next word, "voluntary test subjects."

Reza nodded and Dr. Roland looked dismayed. "She is here voluntarily. The best I can do is allow you to ask her yourself." He sighed dramatically and Ward knew he was negotiating. "I'll be very sorry to lose her."

"\$10 million," Reza repeated, "and help with your other problem."

"You will have to scrub and wear sterile garments. It's highly irregular but we'll give her infrared goggles so she can see you. We'll have to prepare her. It will require several hours to arrange. So, after her lunch." Dr. Roland examined Reza as if he was one of the facility's more bizarre experiments. "Do you speak French?"

He lifted a wall phone and asked for John, then summarized the situation. Ward could imagine John's pathological glee on the line's other end.

The doctor hung up and turned to the group, rubbing his fingertips together. "Can we handle one more lab?" He smiled wryly. "I doubt it will be more emotionally demanding than this one."

As they moved toward the exit, Reza asked, "What is her name?"

The doctor spoke casually back over his shoulder, "Lila."

Reza and the Sheikh halted in midstep and exchanged meaningful glances.

Ward grabbed Reza's arm. "What?"

"It means Night." Reza's expression was solemn. "An omen."

The blond twins were in the next lab, leaping into Ward's vision with the elemental impact of classic blond wet dreams the minute he crossed the threshold. Really, they were archetypes of femininity, he thought. They just begged to be raped and pillaged.

Now they were naked, stripped of the Victorian costumes he'd seen when he'd last brought Gina to the facility. Their spectacular bodies were positioned, like life-sized Barbie dolls, propped upward on frilly pink and white pillows that were piled against the scrolled headboards of two pretty white French Provincial twin beds. Engorged cows' teats with long thick cows' nipples protruded from delicate ribcages, dwarfing tiny waists that appeared even more diminutive in contrast to the luscious, abundant pale curves above and below. Long, fair, lissom legs stretched atop the beds' frilly pink coverings. For some baffling reason, but much to Ward's taste, high heeled pink slippers with feathered toes had been placed on their small feet – their only clothing.

The wide tube gags Ward remembered forced open full red lips. Thick, clear plastic tubes ran through the gags' openings – to where? Ward wondered – from nearby IV bags. And above the black gags, long, golden lashes fluttered over immense, utterly vacant blue eyes.

Dr. Roland ignored the twins, directing the men to activity throughout the large, bright room. Healthy, vibrant naked girls with full, firm breasts were everywhere. Several painted and sculpted. Four girls battled each other over chess boards. Another four played bridge. Others worked at computers. Some simply read. All were implanted with small metal devices on loci shaved hairless at the base of their skulls behind left ears.

"Personally," irritation sparked in Dr. Roland's voice, "this doesn't seem to me so horrible. Look how happy and healthy the girls are. We've used this technology on rats for almost fifty years with no damage." He lips curled slightly. "Of course, most of the rats' brains were dissected so we have no long term data. But I'm confident no harm was done. Still, you can see why we have them hidden away.

"You are observing micro-implants into the endocrine organs, particularly the hypothalamus. Each girl's device operates on a different frequency and can be triggered remotely. Some of the subjects receive intermittent bursts of stimulation to various organs. However our results have led us to the primary focus of continual low level stimulation to the low arousal pleasure centres, sometimes considered the seat of inspiration, revelation and religious ecstasy."

Ayatollah Amani's gaunt frame loomed intently over the Sheikh. Ward could see his eyes flame as he hissed emphatically in Arabic. Ward waited, swallowing his impatient need to understand. The Sheikh spoke, "Ayatollah would like to know what factors you are testing for."

"At this point, we have not narrowed the thesis. We're trying virtually every test used in our facility." Dr. Roland hesitated, sweeping the men with a protracted and solemn appraisal. "You can see how the girls benefit." His voice became confidential. "Ideally, we'd like to produce milk rich in serotonin, which is regarded as an essential factor in human evolution."

The priest's dialogue with the Sheikh resumed, now almost musical in its ardour. Ward saw Dr. Roland become interested. He peered intently into the priest's face. "Does he have a suggestion?"

Amani was finally seriously engaged yet his eyes seemed to Ward to sparkle with humour.

“He suggests you have other people drink the milk and test those people for psychological factors pertaining to self-awareness.” An odd expression passed across the Sheikh’s face. “He originally said to test for God.”

For a moment, Dr. Roland looked thoughtful. Then he smiled brilliantly. “We’ll do it!” A look of total, distracted absorption lodged on his face. “I must talk to John!” He began to hustle the group toward the door.

On the way out, Ward touched his arm. “What’s with the twins?”

Dr. Roland shrugged. “We keep them in this lab only for convenience.” He was distracted but not enough to abandon discretion. In Ward’s ear, he said, “They nurse a special patient who’s addicted to morphine.”

It was, after all, Dr. Roland who solved the problem.

The Sheikh ordered lunch served in his suite’s living room.

Ward, sunk in another deep sofa, steeled himself for one more interminable, floridly ritualistic discussion in Arabic – a discussion made more unbearable by Reza’s nervous, impatient fidgeting. Ward considered ejecting him from the room. Would he be any use whatsoever as a translator? Ah well. As usual, Ward would wait and see.

He was silently thankful for two choices of focal point, the riotous summer woods beyond the suite’s picture window and a lovely Taoist fountain portraying a brook flowing over smooth black stones. The fountain, positioned according to Feng Shui principles, was angled oddly but pleasingly into the room and provided ample material for idle contemplation.

His musing was interrupted by a loud knock on the door. Dr. Roland burst into the room, his tall, pale form quivering like an elegant presentation of veal in aspic. “Please excuse me,” he strode toward Ayatollah Amani. “May I speak with you?”

The Sheikh spoke and the priest inclined his head.

“You would do me great honour and a great service if you would assist me in my work here. I have so many ideas I would like to explore with you. You could bring as many girls as you like to train to your specifications.” The doctor stared passionately into the priest’s face. Ward thought he was an inch away from dropping to his knees and begging. “Would you be interested?”

The Sheikh again spoke. This time, Amani was silent for what seemed like an eternity. Ward searched his face, labouring to read him, until at last he replied. The Sheikh looked amazed. “He says he will bring his acolytes to test the milk. They have very refined nervous systems.”

Dr. Roland stood silent, processing this information. He straightened, chortled excitedly and rubbed his fingertips together. “Yes! That will work marvellously!”

He frowned self-consciously. “I would consider it a tremendous favour, though, if you would return the bitch, Gina, to Master Ward. There are so many possibilities but she is already shaped according to his specifications ... and he has been of great help to me. I owe him my consideration, so I ask this favour of you.”

He looked disdainfully down his narrow, patrician nose. “Yes, we really need to keep all options open. Don’t you have a girl or girls who would be as fresh and exceptional as your boys?”

Untempered amazement had never left the Sheikh's urbane face. Now he looked stunned. "Ayatollah Amani agrees with you. And he will give the girl back. He also asks to speak with you privately, with only his secretary."

"Now?" Dr. Roland led the priest and his secretary to the suite's dining room, beyond the babbling fountain.

With a start, Ward observed the two towering men standing nose to nose, the dramatic contrast of the doctor's pallid rotundity to his dark Italian suit, the priest's dark angularity to his white robes ... and each to the other. Here it was again – opposites, positive and negative (though, in this case, which was which?), light and dark, fullness and emptiness. A second set, here in this place, in this time. What had Reza said? An omen.

Ward watched astonishment then excitement race across the doctor's bloodless visage. What were they discussing?

"We got her! The servant is unconscious. He didn't know what hit him."

"How long ago?"

"Six minutes."

"Can you put her back without anyone knowing? Amani just agreed to give her back to us."

"Really? What convinced him?"

Ward could not entirely eliminate the worry from his voice. "Truthfully, I really don't understand his objectives," he chuckled sardonically, "but it seems Dr. Roland has offered him a job."

Ted sounded startled, "What? You're going to have to tell me all about it."

Then, "Well, she'll know – but the girls don't seem to talk and I don't think any of the servants speak English. Maybe we can put some debris around them and make it look like a cave-in. So maybe it'll be okay." Ted paused, then spoke reluctantly. "We'll probably have to give her some cuts and bruises."

"Do what you have to."

Another pause. "Ward, I know you've had enough bad news but I have to tell you something else." Silence on both ends of the line. Then, "I think she's been brainwashed. She fought us – even me. She didn't want to come. We had to put her to sleep too."

The group stood in the observation room watching Reza. "A train wreck," Ward thought again, despite his best intentions. He glanced curiously at Ayatollah Amani, standing a few feet away beside the Sheikh and then back through the glass. "I'd give anything to understand his interest."

Reza sat in the technician's chair, leaning toward the girl. Infrared goggles pointing toward each other obscured both sets of beautiful eyes, but the pair's fervent focus was evident.

Reza's honey sweet voice drifted down to them from a speaker high above the glass. He spoke in aristocratic Parisian French. "I loved you from the moment I first saw you. I am from a noble family and very rich. If you come to me I will fulfil all of your desires."

The girl's voice was a whisper. Her alluring mouth awkwardly formed the French words. "Where would we live?"

“We can live anywhere in the world that you desire.” Reza paused and removed his goggles so she could look into his eyes, even though it meant he was sunk in darkness. “I promise you, I will take care of you. I will cherish you.” He bent and managed to bring his lips almost to her cheek beneath the goggles.

Her head did not waver away from him. “I believe you,” she whispered.

His smile was radiant. “I want to love you, to make exquisite love to you.”

A small tremor passed through the observers as that image struck them. Ward turned to watch Ayatollah Amani’s face as the Sheikh explained. Nary a ripple formed on the calm surface.

“Please ...” Her voice had become a little stronger. It was Reza’s counterpart, sweet, delicate and feminine. “Put back on your goggles and take off mine.”

Reza did as she asked. His goggles fixed on her splendid, gentle eyes. “I will go with you,” she said.

Chapter Nine

The palace was cool. But through the precise pattern of windows cut in the wall to the west, Ward watched the sun drop like a flaming ball through the dazzling multicoloured sky into the Red Sea. The men, now without Reza, sat sunk in the down couches facing each other around the large low pale marble table. Servants brought glasses of sweet minted tea. At the soft slap of bare flesh on stone, they all turned their heads.

The dark servant who was her caretaker led Gina in on hands and knees on a short chain attached to the large, silver ring in her nose. Ward did not have to pretend to be startled at the sight of her. He was, briefly, captivated by the nose ring. “Hot!” he thought. He’d have to take a closer look later. His attention was quickly pulled away by the bruise, unfurling like some purple, single-celled creature across most of one side of her face, and the large bandages, one on her back and one on her left arm. He noticed Gina wince with each movement forward – when she placed her left hand on the floor and when the servant tugged on the chain. Ward could also see a large bandage peaking out from under the servant’s head covering.

He looked over at Ayatollah Amani. “What happened to her?”

The translator spoke. “She had a small accident. A piece of cave wall fell. She is not seriously injured.”

Before Ward could turn back to Gina, his eyes locked with Amani’s. The priest’s black eyes were opaque, impassive. But they were also profound – and knowing – in some manner Ward couldn’t identify. They held Ward’s gaze and his heart clenched. He was certain that the priest knew exactly what had happened.

Time seemed to stop, Ward didn’t know for how long. Amani’s expression remained fixed, utterly immutable. Yet suddenly Ward felt the man’s deep smile. Ward minutely shook his head. The smile wasn’t visible but he knew it was there ... and he knew the priest wouldn’t act on his knowledge of the rescue. Then the priest broke the gaze.

Again Ward watched Gina. When she saw the priest her face suffused with radiance. She forgot her pain and moved rapidly toward him. The priest shook his head at the servant and motioned toward Ward. The servant tried to move her toward Ward but she resisted. Weeping loudly, she pulled against the chain, straining back toward the priest, then throwing herself on the ground as close to his feet as she could get and screaming “No! No!”

The priest rose from his seat and squatted next to her. He lifted her chin so she looked into his eyes. Then, to Ward’s great surprise, he spoke in fluent English. “He is your Master. Now you will be with him. Remember.”

The servant set her at Ward’s feet. She looked up at him and then quietly lowered herself. As she did, Ward noticed that her breasts were huge with milk but she was not wearing the yellow clamps.

In a swirl of moving air, the Ayatollah rose and moved toward the doorway. The translator and several servants trailed after him. Ward hesitated for a moment, then rushed to follow. As he moved away, Gina lifted her head and said, “Daddy?”

Ward paused for just a second. “Rest. I’ll be back in a minute.”

Ward caught the priest just outside the doorway. Amani turned to face him, his black eyes glowing. This close, Ward felt the rush of the man’s power. “Please excuse me, Sir.

I am very grateful for the return of the slave, Gina.” He worked to communicate profound deference. “I would greatly appreciate the opportunity to ask a favour.”

“Do so.”

“I am moved by your great abilities. Would you teach me?”

The priest looked deep into Ward’s eyes. Ward seemed to see fire in the blackness. “The technique is the simplest of the simple. I can give it to you but that does not mean you can use it.

“It is not just a matter of doing. You must first truly know that everything is possible. Then, it requires a gift.” His gaze was penetrating, scourging. “I believe you have that gift – at least in part. But also, most acolytes begin their training as children. The ability takes many years to develop. It normally grows along with the maturity of the body.

“And it takes great devotion. Are you certain you want to make that devotion?”

Ward nodded intently. Truthfully, he didn’t know if he could do whatever was needed. He felt small doubts open like cracks deep inside him. What he knew with certainty was that he had to try ... and he knew the priest could read his thoughts in his eyes.

“Then I will give you the technique and we will see if you can make it work. Come to me tomorrow morning. Bring the girl. My servant will show you the way.”

“I have her.”

“Think you’ll have any problem getting her out?” Ward thought he heard regret in Ted’s voice.

“I swear I’ll tell you the whole story, but I think it’ll be fine.” Ward paused, considering voicing an idea. “Ted, can you hang around for another twenty four hours? Do you have a place to stay?”

“All of us?”

“I’ll let you decide.”

“Yeah. We’re keeping low to the ground – staying with a ‘friend’.” Ward could almost see Ted’s dry shrug. “You don’t want to know.”

“I was thinking it’d be a good idea for you to meet the Sheikh. By tomorrow, when things have settled down and some of the guests have departed, it’ll be easier to do it discreetly. Have you ever met him?”

“No, but I went to school with his latest wife’s older sister. The wife was a sweet little thing ... and very friendly.”

“I don’t want to know,” Ward laughed nervously. So far Ted’s judgement had been great but he didn’t know him that well. “And I sure he doesn’t either.”

That night, Ward experimented with Gina.

In the immense master bedroom, a remarkable rose arbour made a rectangular frame for the southern view. The flowers grew out of a narrow plot of dense, verdant lawn cut into the floor’s heavy slabs of stone and centred between bed and windows. Deep damask roses, of magenta so dark they were almost red and big as a large man’s fist, inclined their many petalled heads toward the sunlight. An occupant of the palatial domed and gilded bed looked directly between their thick, intertwined emerald canes to the vast expanse of desert, now filigreed by an egg-shaped golden moon.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?” Ward smiled warmly at his fuckbitch as he moved her into position under the fragrant roses, “but we know its true purpose.” He shook his head appreciatively. “Really very clever!”

With fearful excitement, Gina had watched Ward examine the rings in the arbour’s metal framework. She’d been certain he was going to tie her into the inch long thorns. Her eyes never left him as he moved around her, considering. She recognized the instant he changed his mind. Gina knew better than to be relieved.

It was strange being with Daddy in some way she couldn’t identify. Gina couldn’t completely understand or even remember what had happened to her. Now Daddy was using her as he usually did, yet she felt she was gradually climbing up into clarity out of a particularly heady dream.

She’d been returned to Ward naked, with the exception of a bandage or two. He had added the pair of black five inch heels he always carried for her in his luggage. The shoes had specially constructed ankle locks that chained under their arches.

Ward placed her standing, spiked heels spread apart. “Only moderately,” he said. “We don’t want you getting tired ... too soon.” He adjusted her legs slightly then carefully tied them into the frame’s lower rings with the white nylon cord he generally favoured. She saw his brows arch ironically. “Nasty thorns.” He wrapped each shapely wrist with a flat coil and tied it also, but straight out to the side to a shoulder high ring. Her left shoulder throbbed as he pulled the ropes taut.

A polite knock sounded on the door. “Enter.” A servant entered, lengths of black chain hanging from his joined hands. “Please set the chains here.” Ward pointed to a pile of variedly sized bundles of cord and other useful items on the stone beside the arbour. He smiled graciously. “Would you mind lighting the chandeliers?”

The suite’s ornate chandeliers were electrified. However, each bulb was also surrounded by candleholders hung with crystals and fitted with slender white tapers. As the servant traversed the room with a lit candle in a long metal wand, Ward smiled at Gina. “Candlelight is so much more romantic, don’t you think?”

Gina knew an answer was not required.

At last, the candles’ warm glow suffused the rooms. The servant returned to Ward and waited silently for additional orders. Ward lifted a scrolled gold candlestick from the bedside table and set it in the grass between Gina’s legs. He nodded at the servant. “This is the last. Thanks for your help.”

Gina eyes flitted between Daddy and the servant bending toward her naked body. Daddy watched the servant’s response curiously. Gina wondered if he was disappointed when there was none. “The servants have probably seen everything.” The thought flickered in Gina’s mind for the moment before her attention went to the rising flame.

The flame’s breath rippled across her labia. It was pleasant, at first – a dense gust of warm air. Her leg muscles tensed as the heat increased.

At first, only fear and uncertainty made her fidget. How hot would it be the next moment? How hot would Daddy let it get? The heat quickly became uncomfortable.

Her body twisted within the small confines the ropes allowed. The flame flared higher, its fervid caresses approaching then subsiding, but always growing relentlessly closer and hotter. Its heat grew unbearable. She sobbed frantically and warm tears ran down her cheeks. She was certain the dancing fire seared her labia.

Gina realized her eyes were clenched tightly closed. She opened them and stared plaintively into Daddy's tranquilly smiling face. "Please Daddy! Please! It hurts too much!" She writhed in the flame's burning centre while Daddy calmly watched her. She did not think she could bear the pain for one more second ... and Daddy took the flame away.

Ward stepped close and held her gaze locked into his cool grey eyes. She felt his warm breath on her cheek. His shirt's soft fabric caressed her distended nipples before his weight pressed the fleshy tubes sideways into her engorged breasts. With an instant's sensual thrill, she felt him reach downward and press the flat of his palm over her labia. His lips twitched as she started.

The sensation! Was it pain or pleasure? Her labia felt hot and hypersensitive. Sensation, unbearable yet exquisite sensation, exploded from their centre. It radiated into her limbs, her chest and higher, sending exhilarating bursts into her throat and then her head. Her heart pounded. Her blood raced through her veins. The torrent of sensations seemed inextinguishable. Her eyes rolled back and she sagged against the wrist ropes, only incompletely aware of the pain lacerating her shoulder and racing down her left arm.

Gina felt Daddy support her by pressing two strong fingers into her vagina. And then she felt her vagina contract and her fluids pour over Daddy's hand, down his pants legs and into the grass. She gripped the wrist ropes and hung on, panting like a trapped animal.

"Very interesting." She felt Daddy's intent observation and opened her eyes. He smiled at her. "I'd make you lick it up if the grass hadn't done it for you." He bent and patted the luxuriant surface. "Really very clever, this arbour." He unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it off, followed by his trousers and stretchy boxers. "I was planning to take them off anyway."

Gina looked at Daddy's naked body, his strong legs and shoulders. His thick penis was hard as always when he tortured her. What was it about him that moved her so, from the first moment she'd seen him in the elegant French restaurant? Her vagina tingled with arousal ... and she screamed as everything – big and little lips, hood and clitoris – were ripped through with burning agony.

"A little aftershock?" His tone was amused. "Look down and see how pretty and pink you are."

She strained her neck to see. Her labia glowed almost as deep pink as the roses. And – her eyes widened with shock – she saw her clitoris bulging between them. It was huge, swollen as thick as her little finger and flaming fuchsia.

Gina quickly looked away, afraid of Daddy's reaction. But of course he'd seen. "I'm not sure this is all from the flame." He reached a finger toward her.

Inadvertently she jerked backward. Now his voice was hard and cold. "Do not move." Her body tensed as she awaited his touch. Again he pressed his body against hers. His skin was warm, too warm after the candle flame. His hard penis struck against her inner thighs.

It was a caress, she knew it was, when Daddy pressed his fingertip to her clitoris. He expected to hurt her but was expert at making the pain erotic.

Waves of stimulation coursed into her vagina. She thought she felt the walls engorge, become thick and awkward and ugly. The sensations strangely imitated arousal. They felt

the same but weren't erotic. However, they were overwhelming. He stroked her and she screamed uncontrollably.

His abject control of her, his focused manipulations of her body, his unrelenting use of her, they, not the stimulation, caused her arousal. Gina wanted Daddy to fuck her. She told him so between screams. He stepped away from her. "You realize that none of this was part of my plan. The candle was a fortuitous distraction." He lightly touched her nose ring. "No more distractions."

The nose hook was red-pink like the roses, on a thin black cord. "I've been eager to examine your new nose ring." He fitted the hook into her nostrils, using it to pull her head back and her nostrils widely, hideously open and tied the cord tightly to the top of the frame.

"The nose hook goes so well with your purple bruise." She dizzily closed her eyes as his fingers traced the edges of the mottled bruise, drifting lightly into her silky hair. His touch was intoxicating. But she couldn't relax and certainly couldn't pass out! The hook would rip her nostrils apart.

The half of her face over which the wound crawled felt tender and vulnerable. Daddy slowly, deliberately and sensually pressed into it. The pain was deep and dark. Her body responded to it as earnestly as his fingers' penetration of her. Gina didn't understand why. An instant of sadness, at the abnormality she'd long ago recognized in herself but tried to ignore, flashed through her. Then she felt Daddy bend away from her, heard chains clank and she was distracted from her remorse.

Ward held a length of heavy iron chain in one hand. With the other, he pulled the nose hook tighter, flaring her nostrils. He manipulated the hook, opening her nostrils wider and moving them from side to side in the motion a buyer uses to examine a prize cow, so he could closely examine the hole the priest had punched through her fragile cartilage. His attention turned to the big steel ring. He pulled it, twisted it and slid it back and forth through the hole, noting at which points Gina expressed her pain.

"Let's see how much weight your new ring can hold." Gina watched him in fearful silence as he leaned toward her. With a short rope, he tied one end of the chain to the steel ring, tucking the ends neatly under the knot. He lifted the length of chain above her head. Link by heavy link he let the chain's weight drop onto her ring. Gina whimpered pitifully as weight increased on the insubstantial hole and then horribly pulled down her nose enough to slice the nose hook into the tissues above.

At first she struggled to hold her head up. When she did, more of the chain's weight fell onto the ring. When her head dropped, the hook bit into her sensitive nasal membranes. Balance was delicate and arduous. A fraction of an inch mistake brought her excruciating pain. Ultimately she was forced to hold her head totally immobile. Gina began to tremble and to panic.

The pain increased link by link until, with one more link, it became unbearable. She screamed as pain tore through her septum. Had it really torn? She strained for balance but there was none. Daddy laughed. "I guess we know the answer." He tied the chain to the frame's top at a length just short of the unbearable. That done, his attention moved to her breasts.

"What has the priest done to you? And what happened to your clamps?"

She laboured to move her mouth without moving her head. "I don't know, Daddy." She didn't. She couldn't remember.

From the pile on the floor, Daddy rescued his small hand pump. He slipped it over one long nipple and turned it on. Milk rushed into Gina's breast, blowing it up like a balloon. Gina held her head still when she felt the rush of the milk through the ducts. It wasn't very painful any more and she didn't know how but it didn't squirt out.

She saw Daddy watching her quizzically. "Very interesting! I definitely need to learn more. Perhaps the priest will tell me in the morning." He shrugged. "Well, we'll just have to make do."

He pumped the other breast so it too filled with milk. Then he pulled two small steel hose clamps from his pile. He raised them in front of her eyes. "You don't really need these but we'll use them anyway." He slid each to the base of a nipple and tightened until Gina worked to stifle one scream after another, first from the pain of the clamp's torturous constriction and after as her reactive movements tore into her nose.

She quivered with pain and passion as he stroked her bulbous breasts. She heard him move away, nearby, to the roses. The rose leaves rustled gently.

Daddy returned to her. Again he stroked a breast. "I've found a new kind of rope. Let's see if you like it."

The thorns penetrated her flesh like a hundred knife points as Daddy stretched a long, flexible young rose cane from its anchor in the arbour to the base of her breast. He worked fastidiously, positioning the cane to insure its extreme constriction before he pressed it against her flesh. When he was finished, the sharp edges of the clamps and the vicious circle of thorns bit deeply into her taut, bulging, occluded breast tissue. The blood circled her breast along the cane, running scarlet rivulets down over her ribcage but leaving her breast pristinely blue-tinged white. He moved to the other side.

Gina had stopped crying. She could no longer move. In her mind's eye, she saw herself suspended from the frame in a web of agony, its strands both living green and manmade white. The experience had become unbearable – in pain and in ecstasy – and then had moved beyond. She felt odd, indescribable excitement as if her body's speed of vibration had increased. And she needed more!

Her eyes shifted toward Daddy, who stood slightly off, observing her. She spoke recklessly around the obstructions in her nose, daring the pain to take her. "Gina needs Daddy to fuck her. Gina needs Daddy to make her hurt more."

Ward came close. She felt his warmth. He took a nipple in her mouth and sucked. The milk flooding her ducts had no where to go. Her breasts dilated against the brutal restraints. She could no longer tell pain from pleasure. Her head spun and her eyes clouded.

Then Daddy's hands pressed into her hips for leverage and he was forcing his cock into her from below. His tone was merciless, cutting through her tender sensibilities. "Tilt your hips, bitch." When she distantly heard herself cry out from the pain, he retorted, "I don't care if it hurts. You'll do what I want."

He slapped her hard across the face. She thought her head ripped apart. Did he damage her? She couldn't tell but she felt her own hot fluids even before he'd fully entered. To make his way inside he wrenched her, twisting and contorting her body. And then he was inside, flailing her with his cock, using her own weight for leverage. Finally, she did scream, as her sex contracted around him in a massive vaginal orgasm.

Gina heard him say, "Very interesting," as the endorphin flood abruptly dissolved, allowing the pain's extremity to consume her. She fainted into black oblivion.

Chapter Ten

Ward slept soundly, his fuckmeat at his side once again. He had only just fallen asleep, a few minutes before dawn stabbed red fingers through the window array to stroke the roses' heads, when the soft knock came. It was Gina who woke him. "Daddy," she said, though she hadn't opened the door to find out who waited there, "He wants us to come now."

He slipped on black trousers and a soft black shirt. Gina could remain naked. Everyone here clearly preferred her that way.

The servant led them through hallway after palace hallway. Gina winced with each movement and had trouble keeping up. Ward contemplated allowing her to walk on two legs. As if the servant read his thoughts, he lifted her – effortlessly it appeared – and laid her body over one narrow shoulder. The man glided ahead. With relish and indeed arousal, Ward watched Gina's round, engorged tits bounce against the servant's white robed back and her long dark hair sway gently almost to his knees. He really was pleased to have her back.

They passed through historical and geographical regions of décor, through gilded Louis IV, through Phillipe Starck's space age configurations, through chintzed and skirted Victoriana – no doubt the result of the Sheikh's wives' idle moments and unlimited bank accounts. Ward felt uncomfortable passing in this close proximity to the Sheikh's wives, who were kept rigorously sheltered, even hidden. But fortunately, at this hour they came across no one.

He was most surprised when they turned a corner and came upon 18th century American. An excellent scrolled cherry highboy that might have been William Savery – and if so, Ward thought, was worth more than his house – was flanked by two beautiful mahogany chairs. Ward vaguely remembered that the youngest wife, who was not much older than Mahmud, was a blond Boston Brahmin with blood of purest blue. The furniture had probably belonged to her illustrious family and become part of her dowry. As they moved out of early America and into *Architectural Digest*, Ward idly wondered if she'd converted to Muslim and, if not, how the Sheikh, who was fairly conservative, dealt with it.

The servant approached a stone stairway leading upward. He didn't ascend but put his hand against a large stone support underneath. The stone slid inward and they entered darkness. The servant paused and, balancing Gina easily, lit a torch in a sconce on the wall. Stretching downward was a stack of broken stones that Ward saw were cut or assembled into a stable and quite accommodating structure.

They descended carefully, the torch's light playing off disintegrating formations, now intermixed with nature but clearly once built by men – the buried city. Ward tried to 'see' the city as they moved through it. Fragments of walls, windows and streets still remained, broken and then seized by the desert.

It was not long before the servant stepped through what Ward saw had once been an arched doorway, now half filled with debris. Elaborate ornamentation cut into the stone glinted in and out of the torchlight. They entered into a dim chamber with a stone slab at its centre and a bright opening on the far wall. Gina had lifted her head from the servant's back and was trying to see ahead. Ward could feel her excitement as they made their way into the light.

“Beautiful,” was Ward’s first thought. “Hot!” was his second. And “Was this staged?” was his third. The priest was standing in a beam of light on one side of an irregular natural pool. He stood apart from the four naked girls surrounding him but closest to one, a slim Middle Eastern beauty with glowing black hair to her thighs.

The girls were all raised on their knees, heads lowered and joined hands extended toward him in supplication. “Or prayer?” Ward wondered. Their heavy nose chains swung between perfect breasts. Neither their bodies nor their eyes shifted away from the priest at the intrusion.

The priest turned his head. He motioned to the servant to set Gina onto the floor, then toward the dark haired girl. “Welcome. Would you like to examine the slave who will replace your milk bitch?”

Ward joined Amani at the girl’s side. She looked up at the priest with rapt adoration and he caressed her cheek. The gesture seemed to contain some special emotion. It intrigued Ward. “Love?”

He looked at the girl and had an image of her slender frame straining to support grotesque balloon breasts. “She will be magnificent!”

Amani smiled warmly, but in the girl’s direction. “Let’s begin.”

Ward looked at Gina. She seemed perfectly comfortable on a thick mat.

“We will leave her for the moment. Don’t worry. The servant will care for her.” The priest led Ward back into the cavern’s outer chamber.

As they neared the slab, Ward experienced an odd uneasiness or perhaps excitement. Again Amani seemed to read his thoughts. “This place was once a temple, a place of great power.”

The priest knelt at the slab’s side and nodded to Ward to do the same. Ward noticed the indentation in the slab. The priest followed his look. “For blood sacrifice.”

Ward peered through the gloom, curious, not frightened. He realized the priest no longer alarmed, or even worried, him. “Do you use blood?”

“Occasionally.” The priest’s smile was amused. “We will use some this morning.”

Amani began to chant. It sounded to Ward like Arabic, but somehow he knew it was a language far more ancient, perhaps as old as the beginning of time. The priest pulled a curved, jewel-handled dagger from his robe’s drapes and pressed the razor sharp point into the middle finger of his own left hand. He watched a large red bead of blood, like a cabochon ruby, form on the tip, then drop into the stone bowl. He extended the dagger to Ward.

When Ward’s hand touched the hilt he felt his body rock, then surge with energy. He quickly looked into Amani’s face. The priest’s eyes glittered with black fire.

Ward pressed the dagger’s tip into his own middle finger. He watched the red bubble form and drop slowly after Amani’s through the dark air into the bowl, then vanish as if consumed by the stone.

The priest spoke and his words vibrated in Ward’s consciousness. “The technique is nothing more than thought. It simply makes the mechanics of thought, the process everyone uses all the time, powerful by allowing the thought to go to its source. Its source is the unbounded source of all creation at the centre of everything and all of us.”

He looked into Ward’s eyes and again Ward felt a rush of power. “You simply have a thought and let the thought go to its source. Think and release. Think and release.

“Now what is it you would like to do?”

“I would like to be able to make things change – like you can.”

“And where in your body would you like that power to reside?”

Ward thought for a moment. “In my hands,” he looked at the priest and again felt the invisible smile, “but not only there. Also in my eyes.”

“Then have that desire, that thought. Think it and then give it up to go to its source.”

Ward thought and then tried to let it go. Nothing.

“Think then release.”

He tried again. Still nothing.

Five, ten, fifteen tries – endless tries – and still nothing. Ward felt overpoweringly, impotently frustrated ... and felt his anger rise. His anger was rare and even when present he always controlled it, never allowing even a ripple to disturb his smooth surface. Certainly he'd master it now.

But why couldn't he do this? With a faint blush of humiliation, an emotion totally intolerable to him, he felt the priest observing him. Suddenly a wonderful thrill of realization pulsed through him. Now he understood.

He realized he was controlling. He was always Master, not able to give up control. His heart sank. How could he possibly overcome his own nature?

Amani placed one claw-like finger on Ward's temple. Ward flinched. “Do not be afraid to give up power. Cast out your seeds and they will grow.”

Ward looked at his hands and again thought of the ability he would like them to contain. Then he released. He felt the thought become small, smaller, atomic (how could he perceive something so small? The thought appeared somewhere on his consciousness' edge.) then disappear altogether ... and then, with a burst of exhilarating power, reappear and instantaneously expand. Force shot into his fingers. He jumped.

“Very good. But know it is easier in my presence. You must practice devotedly every day.” He strode to the cave entrance and motioned. The servant brought Gina in.

Ward watched her approach on hands and knees. His brow furrowed. She seemed to change the nearer she got, seemed to grow more full, more rounded, more sensual, more female. Ward rubbed his eyes. Yes, she was magnificent!

“We will use her to practice.”

The servant helped Gina onto the stone. He lay her on her back, her long, graceful throat exposed over the indentation. She peered ardently toward the priest. Ward was not pleased at his own emotions, his jealousy of her attention to the priest, then the fear he'd lost her. But her luminous brown eyes turned toward him. He recognized the expression. Adoration, need and also her trust in Daddy shone clear and undimmed.

Relief rolled through him and, in the calm, something else. He forced his eyes to sweep her body – her strong, shapely legs, the enticing pink slash of her cunt, her flat stomach and slim waist, and the giant breasts with their freakishly thickened nipples. But his gaze was drawn, dragged, inexorably back to her white throat. He stared, mesmerized.

Somewhere deep inside he knew what was coming and tried to push it away. He could feel – almost see – his internal battle of desire against revulsion. Not quite against his will, the vision came. He felt the electrifying power of the jewelled blade in his hand. He watched his hand slip across her tender throat, sliding so effortlessly. Before his eyes, her white skin opened like a scarlet flower, a stigmata, and her life's blood filled the rock bowl.

Horror and grief surged through him. His head jerked upward. He saw the priest kneeling silently beside him, observing. In a golden haze of terror, he turned toward Gina. His head's motion was funereal, thick and laborious, like moving through sunlit water. She lay calmly looking at him. She was whole!

He heard his own gasping intake of breath and the priest's words. "It is this place. The ancients are speaking to you. They would give you great power, if you are willing to pay their price."

Ward felt his own words, rough and painful in his throat. "Can I control this? Is she – or anyone – safe with me now?"

"It is your choice to make. They can only tempt you. You can choose the other path. And you only need to know steadfastly in your own heart that you have made the choice."

Ward looked at the priest. He felt shaken to the core, devastated, and afraid. "Am I strong enough?"

"You don't need strength. You only need to be true to who you are." The priest smiled gently. "It will be much easier when you have left this place. But know," the priest placed his wizened palm over Ward's heart and Ward felt his fear subside, "your inner nature structures your reality. Your True Being has already decided. Once you realize that, you will have passed a great obstacle and made great progress on your path."

The fear was replaced with a profound sense of his own self. His own nature was as clear as if projected onto a screen in front, no inside, of him. With ethereal detachment, Ward examined it, examined himself – an interesting contradiction. He did want power but he did not want the power to kill. In fact, by using death's awful tools, he desired death's antithesis. He wanted to peel away the layers, to expose the dark truth underneath and to bring it to the surface, to life.

His eyes turned back to Gina. Still she lay watching him with the exceptional submissive's rapturous expectancy. He knew he would not damage her. He smiled. At least not permanently. He looked into the priest's black eyes. "Let's practice."

Chapter Eleven

It was interesting. Gina looked intently up at the priest. Something was different. ‘*Well,*’ she thought, ‘*he isn’t the dog.*’ But it was something else. She considered. She still felt profound tranquillity and a strange equilibrium in his presence. She still desired his – and the dog’s – use of her. Yes! That was it! It was desire, not the blinding need in which she’d swum as if under crystalline water. Her mind had cleared of a haze she hadn’t known was there.

She shifted her head’s position incrementally. And now Daddy was here again. Gina didn’t really understand how she’d forgotten him. She looked up into the deliberate grey eyes she found so enticing and a thrill of expectation rippled through her.

The eyes! As substantial as hands, they moved across her body. Each part came alive as they touched it. She closed her eyes and luxuriated in the sensation, the slow caress up her legs and across her belly, the pause at her glugged breasts. She basked in the organs’ ribald enormity, bestially capped by fat, repellent tubes of nipples. She yearned for Daddy to put his mouth to them, to suck out her milk. But then she felt his eyes move again.

Gina opened her eyes and saw something change. She would have rubbed but was too languorous to move her arms. So she lifted and lowered her heavy lids several times.

Daddy’s eyes were fixed on her throat. He seemed to be at the centre of a silent storm. His body appeared to vibrate, even spark, with some sort of looming intensity while darkness, like thunder clouds, swirled around him. His energy flowed across her throat and engulfed her body, pinning her to the stone and baring her throat.

She understood she was to be used for something extraordinary and she gave herself to it, to Daddy, with rapturous exaltation. This, she thought, was her purpose. This was her life’s most glorious experience.

Her body was alive with excitement and with bliss. She stared up into Daddy’s eyes and tried to will him to take her, to penetrate her body in whatever manner he desired. And suddenly the electric blackness disappeared.

Gina saw the priest place a hand on Daddy’s chest. Tranquillity consumed her like sinking into a warm bath. Daddy now seemed surrounded by a pale, still, golden glow. Had he grown larger? He smiled down at her. She heard his words, “Let’s practice.”

“Oh good!” she thought pleasantly.

“What is your desire?” The priest’s voice rang out musically in the cavern’s dark emptiness.

Gina saw Daddy turn his attention to the priest. She looked at the priest and then back to Daddy. Together, they were surrounded by the glow. Instead of answering, Gina heard Daddy ask interesting questions. “Did you give Gina control of her milk? And get rid of the pain when the milk flows into the ducts?”

Gina could feel the priest’s intensity of focus on Daddy. “Do you want me to return her to her original condition?”

Ward paused, eyes turned downward in introspection. “I’ll consider it.” He raised his eyes. “Now what I want is to learn how to do that and other things like it.” He looked directly into the priest’s eyes. “I want control of women – of all the women who must become slaves.”

The priest smiled. "You already have that skill." Ward stared, dumbfounded. Amani continued, "You do not yet understand the extent of your abilities."

The priest nodded matter-of-factly. "As I told you before, it is the simplest of the simple. I see what needs to change and then I think how it should be done. Sometimes I use my hands, but that is only for my own enjoyment.

"Truly, it is all thought. Think and release the thought. Your ability to solve mechanical problems is a great asset."

Ward sputtered, "You don't know me."

The priest smiled with gentle amusement. "I only see you."

Gina lay against the cool, vital stone and lazily watched the interchange. She felt the priest's attention turn toward her. "You desire that she belong to you body and soul. Is this true?"

Ward again looked slightly suspicious but said simply, "Yes."

"You would like to hold her heart in your hands, to control it utterly so that it beats at your behest. Yes?"

"Yes."

"Then you shall."

Gina felt the priest's hand press against her chest. The memory of his doing so many times before suddenly appeared on her mind's surface accompanied by both the memory and the reality of a great calm.

"See what is happening. Now you do it."

Gina turned her head toward Daddy as he reached toward her. She felt his fingers hard pressure on her ribcage and his concentration. After many moments of silence, she began to drift. Daddy's voice broke through. She heard his distress and frustration and looked toward him. "I can't."

"Come. I will guide you. Think of what you want to accomplish. Release."

Suddenly Daddy's touch felt deeply intimate. The priest's resonant voice sang softly in her consciousness. "See how to make it slow. Think. Release the thought to God."

She felt others hungrily watching. The fear grew and she tried to awake from it. But she couldn't. She was slowed, helpless. No. She smiled upward. Daddy had her cradled, protected, in his strong hands. His control seemed to stir her essence, to move her in a way she'd never known but had always unconsciously – now she could see it – desired.

Her body awoke. The priest spoke. "You are interested in sexual function." He smiled at Ward's remote expression but then the priest's expression became serious, contemplative. "She had a dissynchrony. I corrected it. Let me show you how." He stepped to the end of the slab.

Ward followed, his eyebrows lifted. "A dissynchrony?"

"Yes. Her apparatus is excellent. It was just a little," he paused, "dissynchronous," he paused again, searching for the English words, "a little out of phase. Do you understand what I mean?"

Ward nodded thoughtfully. "Yes. I think I do. The parts were at slightly different frequencies so they couldn't function efficiently together."

The priest leaned over Gina. She looked up into his black eyes. It was the white dog who looked down at her. Her eyes followed the curve of his mighty ribcage. She watched the hideous member, its colour and texture as red and raw as freshly killed meat, emerge

from the thick, wrinkled pale sheath. A creamy globule of seminal fluid oozed from its tip.

Excitement and then arousal surged through her as she felt the giant penis press against her. She opened her legs as she knew she must – and as her body needed, craved for her to do. She heard her heart beating furiously and the blood rushing into her loins from all parts of her body. The gruesome shaft slid inside her. She came. Orgasm after orgasm ripped through her as she lay gasping under his battery.

This time he was silent when his life-force barraged her cervix. His black eyes flamed into hers while the knot formed, filling her full. The orgasms had not stopped and now their intensity increased around the pressing fullness. She writhed against the stone. She heard the priest's voice inside her vision. "Now it is your turn."

It was Daddy's voice she heard next. "Amazing." He moved to the slab's end and she peered down at him, her chest still heaving. A dog, no, not a dog but a large grey wolf stood before her. His undercoat was softest brown with silver grey tips that shimmered in the low light. His eyes were knowing and dangerous and Daddy's pale steely grey. "Daddy?" The wolf smiled viciously down at her.

She had cum countless times yet her body ached at his presence. She looked across the downy grey fur on his underbelly. His thick claret penis rose rigid from a silvery shaft. The organ appeared moist with blood as if ripped unprotected from inside his body or newly skinned.

Slowly Daddy penetrated her with the horrible galled shaft. She felt the bloody organ's inexorable slide into her body, felt herself the victim of this horror, of Daddy's horror. She looked into the grey eyes through a haze of ecstatic eroticism. Daddy could give her this now! She would no longer have to forget the experience. Paroxysms of arousal convulsed her body and again she came, without cessation, without rest.

She lay limp and only half conscious on the stone and saw Ward in human form standing above her shifting his gaze between her body and his hands. "Amazing," was his only word.

Reza had asked Lila where she wanted to go – to live or to visit.

She'd looked up with her remarkable green eyes. Her eyes were pure, bright true green, even perhaps more green in contrast to the long, thick auburn lashes surrounding them. Despite all the girls who'd crossed his path, he'd never seen eyes that colour, hadn't believed the colour actually existed.

She said she wanted to see his home. He'd wept when he told her he could not take her there, had never lived there, in his ancestral home, and would be killed if he tried. He told her how he'd paid a fortune to sneak into the country and the palace once, only once, at the risk of his life.

She'd wept with him and then asked him to take her to the place he loved the most.

Now he sat beside her on his big dark bed, high up in the aerie he'd cut into the barren rock on the north face of the bowl of mountains surrounding the pristinely gleaming little town of Arosa, Switzerland. Through the wall of windows, the massive white-gold ball of the full moon hung above the forbidding peaks, filling the valley with clear, pale light.

But Reza only saw Lila. Her straight dark auburn hair swirled around her delicate flawless face, cascading off the plump down pillows onto fine white cotton sheets and a

gold silk duvet. The duvet covered her nipples but left the tops of her wondrous breasts bare. Between her breasts sat a perfect emerald, as large as a robin's egg, surrounded by white diamonds. He'd set and hung the stone in very pink gold he'd had forged to match her hair. The diamonds reflected the pink colour – like her eyelashes, he thought, looking down adoringly.

"Do you trust me?" he asked.

"Yes." She didn't question or even hesitate.

Slowly, he lowered the coverlet. "Really," he thought as his eyes moved from her face to her throat to her breasts and below, over the smooth white abundant expanse of undifferentiated flesh, "her body is as flawless as her face, truly unmarred. She is truly helpless, truly powerless." His heart leapt in his chest, filling him with bliss and with desire. "And she belongs to me, body," he looked into her plenteous eyes, "and soul."

Unselfconsciously he removed his robe. For a moment, he recognized her awareness of his body, saw that she thought he was beautiful. He ignored the knowledge, focusing only on her. Gently, he lay beside her, felt her warmth next to him. He was almost afraid to touch her. His foremost desire was to make love to her in a way that was pure and right in accord with religious proscriptions.

He rolled onto his side, still not touching with his hands, and pressed his perfect full lips to hers. She kissed him softly back, staring into his eyes, and again he felt his heart leap inside him.

With the most extreme tenderness, he lifted his body onto hers. Her flesh was warm and smooth and smelled faintly of the lilies the servants had poured into her bath. He'd never felt such finely textured skin, like ... what? He didn't know. His body sank into hers. It was like lying on a large bolster.

He was already erect, hard as the mountains around them, and yearning to enter her. But he hesitated. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes," she said again, smiling with an expression of sweet trust.

The head of his penis found its mark and he pressed into her, then stopped in surprise. "But why should I be surprised?" he mused, peering down at her with some concern. "She is so pure, so innocent."

Her vagina was so tight his thick penis could only enter with difficulty. He'd raped girls who were this tight but had never before tried not to hurt, not to injure – to bring pleasure. How? He said, "I'm afraid I will hurt you, at least the first time. I promise, I will go slowly and be gentle."

"I trust you," she said.

Suddenly remorse poured through him. Why did she trust him? He'd been so cruel in his life. He looked at her and knew she could see the promise in his eyes. He swore to himself, he would not be cruel to her.

Slowly he pushed himself inside her, centimetre by centimetre. She closed her eyes and made tiny almost inaudible bursts of sound. He knew he hurt her but he was compelled to continue ... and he needed to make it better. He pulled back and then slowly re-entered the pathway he'd already unbarred. She opened her eyes and he felt traces of her lubrication. "Thank God!" he thought. "Now it will be easier."

He was a little deeper now. She no longer seemed hurt when he pulled back and re-entered. In fact, she seemed to almost enjoy it. Suddenly his penis encountered resistance. Tentatively he pushed against it. She winced. Gently he pushed again, testing, then again,

struggling not to hurt her. But each time he did hurt her. He didn't know what to do. Then, suddenly, she cried out. He was through and there was moisture all around his penis.

She was so tight! But now his penis could move inside her. He watched her beautiful face as he carefully rode her. She looked up with surprise at the arousal he could see growing inside her.

He pulled back to look at her body. This time he cried out. Could it be? His eyes shone down at her. Yes, it was! The sheets were spotted with blood. He had taken her virginity. He was overcome. He couldn't help himself. He ejaculated inside her.

"A warning: You may be tested again."

Ward's head twisted around at the priest's words. The transcendental calm and satisfaction that had settled on him suddenly ripped apart. Fear once again filled his chest. He laid his head against the cool stone.

Ayatollah Amani again comforted him. "It will be easier in some other place." He placed two fingers on Ward's shoulder. Ward could feel the bones through the skin. He lifted his head.

The priest's eyes flashed and the fire's warmth expanded through Ward's chest. "Know this. The power is inside you. You do not need to take it from others."

Ward silently repeated the words. He knew with certainty that he must remember them. Yet they seemed slippery, elusive. His mind wanted to stray. Hitherto nagging questions poked into his consciousness and he gave into them. "May I ask you three questions?"

"I have been waiting for them." The priest's black eyes twinkled at him.

Why was he surprised? How could he possibly be surprised at anything now? "Why did you take Gina? And what are you trying to accomplish now, with Dr. Roland?"

The priest's smile seemed paternalistic and perhaps – Ward again felt warmth fill his chest – proud. "God gave me a puzzle."

Ward looked at the priest blankly. He struggled to comprehend. Slowly he said, "I don't understand."

"When I took her, I did not know why." Ward stared. "I was simply given knowledge that I must. I had a dream. I drank milk from her breasts and milk flowed from my palms, the bottoms of my feet and my finger and toenails. The Prophet interpreted this dream. It portends higher knowledge." Ward had never seen quite this expression on Amani's face. Close, perhaps, in the lab with the implanted women. The priest was awed. "It is very significant, on many levels."

Amani tapped Ward's temple. "Remember. A man who lives in accord with his destiny need only know the truth. Destiny and truth are God's will. I followed the truth and now I know its purpose."

Ward thought he understood. "You followed a flash of intuition and now you know where it's going."

"You could put it that way."

"So, where?"

The priest's eyes sparkled with lighted pinpoints of humour but his words struck Ward like a Zen slap. "It took me to you," he paused for several minutes, his eyes on Ward, "and to Dr. Roland."

Finally Ward's rushing thoughts slowed. He was a little afraid but forced himself to utter the words, "What do you want from me?"

"I am only here to help your potential manifest – to guide you."

"What do you want from Dr. Roland?"

"Together, we will create," he said a word in Arabic, "ambrosia, the elixir of life."

Ward tried to absorb the words. But it was too much – for now – and the third question pressed on him with an unbearable weight. His throat felt dry as the sands swallowing the city ... and truthfully he was afraid of the answer he knew would come. He looked into the blackness of the priest's eyes and it welcomed him, encouraged him. "Would you have given me the dagger?"

"Yes."

Chapter Twelve

"I'm exhausted! I feel like I've been on an emotional rollercoaster!" With a loud sigh, the Sheikh plopped onto the soft couch. Teresa, hooded in black as usual, turned several times, like a dog, and settled herself at his feet. Ward heard the faint tinkle of the gold hanging from her ears and labia.

Ward had previously succumbed to a similar lassitude in a large armchair. His found bitch, Gina, curled comfortably on the carpet in front of him. To amuse – and perhaps soothe – himself, he'd fully hooded her, first ordering her to darkly makeup her eyes and paint her lips deep red. He'd always found her tantalizing this way – her head unnaturally confined by a tightly cinched black leather globe, with only her garish 'sluttiness' showing through, above the expanse of naked curves. The large nose ring, ground by the skin-tight leather into the delicate flesh of her cheeks, made the spectacle even sweeter. The whole reminded him of hideous and intentional disfigurement. The sight inspired him.

He stared insensate through the windows toward the blue of the sea, a newsreel of recent events playing in his head to the accompaniment of a distant soundtrack alternating pleasure and anxiety ... and underneath, the insistent murmur of something else. He'd certainly not forgotten his agenda but the chaos had pushed it down, into his mind's depths. Now in the quiet it forced its way upward, demanding responsibility – and action.

A servant came and asked if he cared for a drink or something to eat. He desperately needed caffeine and sugar and immediately thought of coffee and chocolate. But then, in a fit of hopeless levity, he asked for a Mountain Dew. To his amazement, the servant brought it.

There he sat, the icy, sweet, poison-yellow liquid in hand, in wondrous soothing inert silence, until the Sheikh appeared some time – Ward had no idea how long – later. Even then, only two men in the room and no activity seemed strange and miraculous.

Once settled the Sheikh was, thankfully, slow to speak. When he did, he mirrored Ward's thoughts. "I simply cannot believe all that's happened in these short days! So many unimaginable outcomes." He shook his head in awe. "First the kidnapping of your remarkable bitch. That alone was more than enough! But then Reza and the deformed girl, and now Ayatollah Amani working with Dr. Roland. Not to mention all the strange sights at Dr. Roland's." He laughed woefully. "I feel as if I've lost my innocence. What else can possibly happen?"

Ward smiled sympathetically while inside small stinging tendrils of guilt poked him. "Hopefully nothing. At least, not for awhile."

The Sheikh looked at the glass in Ward's hand. "What are you drinking?"

"A soft drink called Mountain Dew. Have you ever tried it? You apparently stock it."

The Sheikh motioned to a servant. "Bring me a Mountain Dew." Ward smiled to himself at the slight awkwardness with which the very prosaic name flowed off the Sheikh's refined lips.

When the drink came, the Sheikh sipped. Ward caught his diplomatic attempt to like it. "It's pretty disgusting. Most people either love it or hate it. But it grows on you, and when you need a caffeine or sugar kick there's nothing like it."

The Sheikh took another sip. "It's very medicinal." He sipped again. "But I see what you mean. I can feel the caffeine surging into my blood."

"Hopefully it will heal us." Ward smiled. "Now you can say you've tried the favourite drink of rural America."

They sat in companionable silence until Ward's nagging inner voice became too loud to ignore. However, the Sheikh spoke before words left Ward's lips. "Ward, was the outcome satisfactory to you?"

"More than satisfactory. Remarkable! Please know, I cannot thank you enough for your assistance."

"It is I who owe you both a great debt of thanks and a great apology."

Ward wanted to be light-hearted but the enormity of his experience arose before him. His voice was more serious than he intended. "It was meant to be."

The Sheikh looked sharply into Ward's face, startled. "You had an experience of Qadar." He shook his head. "Sorry. It means Divine Preordainment." He examined Ward's face. "Yes, I can see it has changed you."

Again Ward felt himself more moved than was comfortable. "I don't know that I can adequately describe my experience," he lifted his head and, upon seeing the Sheikh's intensity of interest, said, "but I'll try." He shook his head in wonder. "Perhaps it will even help me understand."

Ward spoke of the dream that had caused Ayatollah Amani to kidnap Gina and led him blindly but inexorably, the priest believed, to Ward's spiritual instruction and an alliance with Dr. Roland. He told the Sheikh of the priest's zeal to create the elixir of life with Dr. Roland, then of his, Ward's, own experience of power and subsequent temptation by the ancients, which had almost enticed him to slit his bitch's throat. Finally, he spoke of Amani's profound admonition that Ward had the power within him and did not need to take it from others.

When Ward finished, the Sheikh was still. At last he whispered only the one word, "Qadar."

In the silence Ward's dogged inner voice clamored for attention. Against the background of the mystical, his task seemed so mundane ... or was it too preordained?

"Sheikh Mahmud," The Sheikh turned his head at the change in Ward's tone. "You have given me far more support and aid than I could ever have hoped. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"It was the least ..."

Ward raised his hand to interrupt the Sheikh's words. "I have come to value you not only as an associate but as a friend. What I tell you may destroy our relationship. I sincerely hope it doesn't. But, in the spirit of honesty and trust, I must tell you." He peered into the Sheikh's concerned face for a moment. Then he told the Sheikh about Ted's rescue of Gina – the rescue that took place under the Sheikh's own palace, right under his nose.

The Sheikh listened silently, his brow deeply furrowed. He remained silent after Ward had finished. Ward searched the Sheikh's face, not disguising his ardent goodwill or his sense of urgency.

Finally the Sheikh spoke, though his expression remained clouded. "I understand why you did not tell me." He looked into Ward's eyes. "I might have done the same things," he smiled sardonically, "all of them, in your shoes." His expression lightened. "I

need to give this more thought. However, on first glance, I think you handled things very diplomatically.”

His brow furrowed again. “My primary concern is my security team’s great lapse. We definitely need a plan for the old city.”

A thrill passed through Ward. The entrée was uncanny. It wasn’t the original equation but Ted fit so perfectly.

“I have a suggestion.” He waited for the Sheikh’s nod of approval to proceed. “I believe it would be greatly beneficial for you to meet Ted. He’s retired from SEAL Team 6’s Red Cell and is now ...” Ward named a very senior position in Homeland Security. “The Kuwaitis flew him in through a back door prior to the Gulf War to secure their palaces.”

The Sheikh nodded. “Yes, I heard something about that effort.”

Ward continued. “He’s already familiar with the vulnerable points in the old city. I know he could help you,” Ward paused meaningfully, considering how far to go at this juncture, “and he would be a tremendous contact for you in the U.S. government.”

“How do I meet him?”

“I asked him to hang around.” At the Sheikh’s surprised start, Ward quickly continued. “Not here. With ‘a friend’, he says. Whatever that means. I wanted to introduce him to you in any case. I imagine he and his associates could be here within the hour.”

At the Sheikh’s nod, he dialled his mobile. It was partly done. Now for the rest ...

Ward began to speak but again the Sheikh pre-empted him, motioning to a servant. “Teresa,” she lifted her blinded eyes, “You will return to your cage.” The Sheikh smiled self-consciously. “I’m afraid I don’t care to tempt other men with my prize.”

Both men stopped to watch the miracle of the sylphine alabaster and flame creature glide effortlessly across the richly coloured carpet. “Does another sense allow her to see?” Ward wondered avidly, “or is it simply familiarity?”

Ward inclined his head. “I am honoured that you allow her in my presence.” He hastened forward. “Sheikh Mahmud, I haven’t yet told you everything.”

The Sheikh again started. His face darkened. “Proceed.”

“I have been delegated to extend an invitation and to ask for your help in a mutually beneficial endeavour.” Ward had the Sheikh’s full attention.

“I have heard you comment that the proscription against slavery in the U.S. is ridiculous and makes things very difficult. Your diplomatic immunity helps – but only privately.

“I belong to a group – a club – dedicated to remedying this situation. Members come from the highest levels of society. We would like to invite you to join us as a member ... and we’d like the opportunity to brief you on your role as we see it. Your alliance with Ted could be a first step.

“So,” Ward paused and again searched the Sheikh’s face, “would you join us at a meeting?” He smiled. “I’m certain you’ll find it a remarkable experience.”

The Sheikh frowned thoughtfully. Ward waited. Then the darkness shattered. The Sheikh smiled radiantly and settled more deeply into the sofa. “I accept.”

Ward sighed softly and again dropped into congenial silence – a long, restful lull.

Finally the Sheikh extended a hand, then, unwilling to make the effort to move, motioned to a servant. He placed something small in the servant’s hand and waved his

fingers toward Ward. "I want to give you something – a gesture of the extraordinary growth of our friendship."

Ward opened his hand and the servant carefully and with a deferentially bent head laid the object onto his palm. It was the ruby.

The stone bewitched him, drawing his eye into fathomless, blood-red depths. He understood how strongly he'd desired it. He raised his eyes to the Sheikh, who sat serenely observing him. For a moment he thought of objecting. But he knew to return a gift given in friendship would cause extreme offense ... and he didn't want to!

"It's magnificent!" He rose to his feet and bowed, "I already cherish the stone and our friendship," as Ted, robed over desert camouflage, strode in flanked by several of the Sheikh's security force.

The two Americans who followed could not have been more contrasting. Ward first noticed the usually invisible servants' agitation before his eyes turned to the men, or rather the second, giant man. Ward guessed he was seven feet tall and probably 22 stone of solid muscle. Ward forced his eyes away from the white robed bulk to the man's face. "Calm, stolid," he thought, "like a huge milk cow or perhaps a sedated white bull."

The other man, who was lost in the big man's mass despite entering first, positively vibrated with energetic motion. He sprang forward, white robes and headdress flowing behind.

Ted led them directly to the Sheikh, leering and winking toward Gina as he passed Ward. He bowed, "Ted _____," he nodded toward the shorter man, "and this is Mick." He punched the big man on a beefy arm. "This big guy is Barry." Ted winked again. "We call him 'Barrel' for a whole slew of reasons."

At the sound of his voice, Gina lifted her head and quizzically regarded Ted. Ward stroked her hood.

The Sheikh seemed amazed. "You broached my security with only two men?" He scowled at the security men hovering behind Ted. His expression promised a jeopardy that was not lost, Ward could see, on the guards. "Leave us, but see me later."

Ted smiled. "Well, there's a third but we decided he'd better not show his face." He shrugged. "We're all well trained in Special Ops and, as I think Ward's told you, I've spent years planning and implementing some pretty complex security operations."

The Sheikh motioned the men to sit, then to a servant for refreshments. Ward watched Ted transform into the perfect diplomat businessman. "I'm very pleased to meet you. The Secretary speaks of you as a great friend to the U.S. and to him personally. I'd welcome the opportunity to assist you in any way I can."

"We will certainly discuss that," the Sheikh smiled cordially but unyieldingly shifted the proceedings to an extended Arabic agenda, "but for the moment let me entertain you and your men while we get to know each other."

Ward found, to his surprise, that he'd grown to approve of this tempo. Bemused, he pondered the thought 'Westerners are so precipitous' as unbidden it entered his mind. He heard the Sheikh ask, "What would amuse you?" and, with interest, waited for Ted's response.

"Well," Ted thought for a moment, then smiled broadly. "Ward really pissed me off."

Ward swallowed his surprise. He gave Ted an exceedingly cautious appraisal.

“My boys were planning to play with Gina and then, once again, you diplomats screwed it up.”

The Sheikh got the joke – thank heavens, Ward thought – and laughed gracefully. “I’ve learned from long experience that one can’t let diplomatic solutions prevent one’s valued soldiers from having their fun.” He turned to Ward, “Quite frankly, I’d like to see how your little bitch handles ‘The Barrel’.”

“Up, Gina.” Ward tapped Gina’s head. “Go say hello to Ted and then find out what you can do for Barry.”

The three soldiers gaped hungrily as Gina crawled toward them, her giant tits jiggling, long gross nipples almost brushing the floor beneath her, and voluptuous hips rolling and swaying. Even Ward was moved by the black, constricted head against the vulnerable curves. Her hooded head rose toward Ted and he pulled her between his legs. He didn’t seem to have a problem treating her like an animal, Ward noted.

Ted pressed her tits into his crotch. “Hmmm.” He rolled his eyes. “How wide can that mouth open under the hood?”

Ward smiled. “I guess we’ll have to find out.”

Ted pushed her toward Barry with a loud smack across her round white cheeks. “Show her what you’ve got, Barry.” Barry unzipped and pulled out a cock that, even partially erect, was as thick as a beer can.

“Make him hard, Gina.” Ward was as eager as the rest to see what she could do with the massive tool. And the opportunity to publicly demonstrate her slavery and to humiliate her, particularly in front of her old lover, was wonderfully satisfying.

Gina struggled to suck the flesh ‘barrel’ through the opening in the hood. Ward goaded her, forcing her to work harder, to strain to obey him. “Get it in there, Gina. Open your hole wide and make him hard.”

Gina slurped loudly, whimpering as her mouth painfully distended and the metal nose ring and the hood’s leather aperture bit into her lips. Ward’s own cock rapidly hardened as he watched Gina’s neck stretch backward and her eyes bulge with pain and horror as the bovine penis expanded into her mouth ... and her throat.

Barry engulfed her head in monstrous hands and pushed himself deeper. Now no sound came from Gina’s mouth. The hood hid the color of her face but Ward saw red, then purple, suffuse the tops of her breasts. He watched Barry thrust and her eyes roll back into her head, then her body convulse and go limp. Ward saw anxiety roll across Ted’s face but still he didn’t move, enjoying the moment. He was peripherally aware of nervy, frozen stillness all around him. Leisurely, pleurably, he stretched and got to his feet. “Well,” Ward smiled amiably, “I guess we should give her some air.”

He didn’t touch Gina, first speaking to Barry. “Can you pull your cock out? I wouldn’t want to hurt you when I detach her.”

Barry’s voice was deep almost below the range of human hearing. “Yeah.” His smile was sheepish and childishly sweet. “I got a little soft when she passed out.” His immense hand buried Gina’s face when he pushed her off him.

Chapter Thirteen

Gina's eyelids fluttered open while Ward was uncinching the hood. She lay on her back on the floor enveloped in lethargic, post-asphyxial warmth and stared wide-eyed up at the flesh-colored fire hose Barry held in his hand ... until she felt her head and then her body jerk painfully upward.

Pain and adrenaline instantly cleared her hazy mind as Daddy pulled her up by the hair and pushed her head between Barry's legs. She tried to lift herself to ease the pain but couldn't move quickly enough. "Daddy! Daddy! It hurts!" she whined.

His threatening tone, partially muffled by Barry's hams of thighs, cut through her brain. "Gina, do it right this time."

Gina glanced quickly toward him, enough to see his hellish amusement at the soldiers' horrified, open mouthed gawks – she knew that's what amused him. As she again confronted the giant penis, she heard his fiendish laugh and the words, "I guess the U.S. military doesn't teach you how fuckbitches should be treated."

She held the flesh tube in both hands and began to bend forward. She felt Daddy lean toward her. Her head and neck were roughly wrenched forward and back as gold mesh was tugged over her eyes. But she couldn't let it distract her. Slowly her lips touched the globular head.

Through the golden veil, Gina glimpsed Daddy's satisfaction as her mouth stretched wide and sucked in the torturous implement. Daddy's will forced her onward. She no longer had the power of choice. The penis was warm and soft, so soft. Its contours conformed to her mouth, filling every space like some high tech plastic, pushing out the air and with it every possibility of breath. She had a vision of plaster pouring into her mouth. Helpless sorrow and fear overwhelmed her. She tried to suck but couldn't find purchase on the formless mass. Her lips stretched painfully taut and she struggled not to graze him with her teeth or Daddy would certainly beat her. Her jaw ached.

And then the plaster began to harden. She was terrified her jaw would crack apart. She gasped desperately, sucking air into her mouth and lungs. Oddly, the harder penis was more manageable. It didn't engorge her mouthhole. She could move it in and out ... until Barry swallowed up her head in his hands and pushed her down. Her eyes bulged. Her throat could not possibly open that wide! It burned with excruciating pain. Would he break her? She began to lose consciousness.

Barry leaned back, closed his eyes, moaned happily and pumped out and in. Gina gasped for breath with each withdrawal and soundlessly shrieked when he tore at her throat. For interminable minutes it continued. In her awareness she became only a mouth, Daddy's orifice, able to see only the task he had set for her, brutally struggling to fulfill his will. Somehow, somewhere, far away, she felt the men's silent absorption in her effort and then, some ripples around her. She heard Ted's muffled voice. "Pardon me for saying so, but we want some!"

The Sheikh was instantly spurred to action. "Please, please forgive my rudeness. Let me get you women of your own." He motioned to a servant, who scurried from the room.

"Actually," Ted spoke again, rising, his hand going to his trouser's zipper, "if y'all don't mind, I'd just like to make use of my little friend, Gina." He glanced at Ward.

"Be my guest."

Gina barely felt Ted pull her hips off the floor, up onto her knees but not off Barry's penis. While she gasped and gagged he forced his hard cock into her tightly clenched vagina – every part of her clenched and strained – from behind. He closed his eyes. "Oh yeah! As sweet as always." He leaned his hard chest on her back and reached around for her distorted nipples. He squeezed and pulled back in surprise as milk squirted onto his hands. Then like every other man who'd had the experience, he gave a shit-eating grin. "Wow!" With inspired vigor, he pounded her against Barry's cock.

Nine hooded, naked women were herded on all fours like dogs into the room. The Sheikh motioned with his fingers and one – Natalie – was split off and brought to Ward. Ward brutishly forced her down between his legs and stuffed her mouth with his cock, not taking his eyes off the action.

Finally, thankfully, Gina felt first Barry and then Ted stiffen. Both gave loud war whoops and shot their loads into her holes. She coughed and choked as rivers of thick, white semen poured from between her lips onto the rare carpet. Fearfully, she saw Daddy start to rise. She couldn't help it! There was too much cum and it came out too fast for her to swallow. But he sank back into the chair.

"Don't worry. The servants will clean it up." The Sheikh clapped his hands. "An impressive show but I have a special challenge for Barry." Diana, on a long tether, was dragged, eyes and legs flashing dangerously, into the room by four whip-wielding grooms.

Gina, who had collapsed uncaring into a pool of gooey white scum, felt strong arms lifting her. "Hey honey, I think I like you this way."

Ted set her sideways on his lap. She looked into his clean, angular face – the face she found so wrenchingly, blood-tinglingly masculine – but he was staring at her breasts. He bent and pulled a long nipple into his mouth. She felt him suck and then the burning rush of milk. Arousal flooded her vagina, its sudden wet warmth at first astounding her.

Knowledge glittered in her vision. The mix of her 'vanilla' world into Daddy's reality might have strange and potent consequences. The experience could be profound! And thrilling! She looked over at Ward and saw his satisfied acknowledgement. Daddy always understood. She euphorically gave herself up to squalid, demeaning usage by the most gorgeous man from her former world.

Ted jerked back and a trickle of milk ran down his chin. He stared aghast at her one balloon tit. Gina waited curiously and a little apprehensively.

Ted didn't disappoint her. He laughed. "Man! I wasn't ready for that!" Again he bent and sucked. Her eyes closed as her milk flowed exhilaratingly into his mouth and his penis hardened again, under her thighs.

Inadvertently her eyes drifted toward Daddy's voice, "How does Haamseem feel about you taking his companion?"

"Abdul is riding him in the desert. If they come back before we're finished, we may have to sedate him." The Sheikh's reply flowed like radio waves into the electrifying current of the scene before her.

The grooms, joined by four others, created a human fence at the end of the room, the Amazonian woman, Diana, inside. She'd been stripped of her metal soled boots but wore sturdy black leather and steel body harness that partitioned her large, firm breasts and ran in a torturous inverted "v" above her labia. The stiff straps crushed her clitoris before separating and digging into the taut skin between her muscular thighs and haunches. An

unusually elaborate head harness locked to the body harness at the back, restricting her head's motion and, with the help of an abusive bit, preventing her vicious bites. However, she still managed to twist her neck with enough force to send her long tail of blond hair slashing as dangerously as a cat-o-nine-tails.

The woman was stunning in her physical perfection and strength. Gina felt Ted's shapely penis enter her, augmenting the thrill as she watched the woman's eyes flame with blue fire. The woman's stomps and snorts penetrated Gina in breathtaking synchrony with the strokes of Ted's cock and the bursting gush of her milk. Her lunges toward the guards rushed palpably upward through Gina's female organs. The guards drove the woman back and Gina quivered with each savage whip strike, her own skin searing from the blows.

Several female slaves – all those not chosen by the other men – knelt around the Sheik awaiting his desire. Gina idly noted that he ignored them, attending instead to his guests. She saw his smile at Barry. "Would you like to give her a try? She is superb breeding stock once you subdue her."

She felt Ted spit out her nipple. He and Mick, who was almost entirely drowned by an entangled mass of naked female body parts, hooted their encouragement. "Go for it, big guy! Let's see how she handles that beer can of yours."

Barry dropped his chin and smiled shyly. "Okay." He slowly got to his feet and very politely addressed the Sheikh. "Sir, do you mind if I take off these robes? ... and my shirt?" At the Sheikh's nod, he dropped the robes onto a chair and unbuttoned his shirt.

Gina saw Daddy's and the Sheikh's eyes widened in amazement as Barry's vast chest and massive biceps emerged from under the sand colored cloth.

Diana glared at the break that had opened in the 'fence' to let Barry through. He moved slowly toward it and was almost through when she charged full force at his chest. Barry was not ready for it. And Diana was fast, much faster than Barry.

For an instant, Gina wondered what would happen next. The thought 'an unstoppable force and an immovable object' flashed into her mind the second before Diana struck. Barry's perplexed expression was comical as Diana hit ... and then bounced off onto her hard ass. Barry, utterly unaffected, simply kept coming, in slow motion like a big armored weapons carrier.

Diana certainly would have won if she'd made Barry chase her. But that course was counter to her nature. She was aggressive as her stallion. Attack was all she knew. She leapt to her feet – her hooves – and tried again, arms, legs and head gyrating like deadly weapons. This time she didn't try to forcibly knock him down but rather to do damage.

Gina felt time seem to wrinkle, first become thick and turgid then stop altogether, when Diana again reached Barry. Diana beat against Barry and tried to kick his legs out from under him. He didn't budge. When her body was pressed against him with furious force he simply wrapped his huge, long arms around her, slowing and then stopping her motion. She fought him with every ounce of her considerable strength, even when he finally held her immobile. She snorted through flaring nostrils, hatred shooting like spears out of the blue depths of her beautiful eyes.

Gina's consciousness shifted. The scene in front of her was suddenly lit with gold. She saw the two bodies, larger than life and as perfect as Olympian beings, locked in combat. Their powerful muscles rippled and glistened in the celestial light. In her vision, they were male and female principles in an exalted alternate reality.

“Yes,” she thought, “this is the reality I was meant to experience.” She turned, beaming, toward Daddy and saw him examining her, brow furrowed.

The priest’s face appeared in front of her. “This,” he told her, his voice resonating like the poignant reeded ‘nay’ Arabic flute, “is your destiny. This is the correct order of life – of your life. It is a gift to you from man and God.”

Suddenly she became aware of activity in her body. Ted’s traditional use of her, his penetration of her vagina, was causing exquisite energy to surge up within her. The sensation grew in intensity. She felt herself powerless, helpless, against its great power as it took her. Waves of almost painful, almost unbearable ecstasy rolled over her, one after another after another. Her head flew backwards as the force billowed up her spine and rhythmic wails issued from her mouth.

It was an orgasm – a spontaneous, effortless and titanic orgasm. It was the priest’s gift to her. Somewhere, at the back of her mind, she expected Daddy to silence her. But he didn’t. She wondered if sound really came from her mouth.

Barry lifted Diana off her feet effortlessly. Almost gently he dropped her onto her back on the lush carpet and lay his full weight on top of her. Her perfect body disappeared underneath his bulk. His hand fumbled for his zipper.

Then, suddenly, his huge body lifted off the ground. For several minutes, it twisted and jerked, rising and then falling back down as he bewilderedly fought for balance. Underneath his bulk, morsels of contorting pale limbs and blond hair flashed into view, then disappeared.

Gina felt, rather than heard, absolute stillness sweep across the observers as Diana rose up onto all fours, Barry across her back. She gave a violent shake, like a wet dog, tossing his unearthly mass six feet and flipping him onto his back. Again she attacked, hurtling herself onto his abdomen, rock hard knees jerking upward.

For an instant Barry looked stunned. But no doubt thanks to his SEAL training, he recovered in time to swat her away with a single ham hock forearm. He rolled next to her, again enfolding her in his arms. She struggled furiously but he held her still. There they lay, side by side, suspended in time, each immobilized by the other’s power, staring into each other’s eyes like impassioned (or enraged) lovers.

Still. The room was still, so endlessly still.

Barry cautiously moved one arm toward his zipper. Diana slipped to the side and leapt to her feet, punching two-fisted into Barry’s kidney for leverage. Barry winced, rubbed his side and lifted himself slowly to his feet ... but Mick was there first.

Mick erupted out of the center of an amorphous pile of entangled bodies, his hard cock protruding from the remains of his clothing and a coil of rope in his hand, yelling, “Give me a break!” He circled the rope like a lasso, then released the loop. It arched elegantly over Diana’s head. With a jerk, he pulled it tight around her upper arms and breasts, throwing her to the floor. In an eye blink – before anyone in the room could react – he was on top of her, hogtying her wrists and ankles inextricably behind her back.

He pushed her head down, then sat on top so her harnessed face was buried in his crotch. He smiled irreverently at the awestruck group in front of him. “I got bored. Now who wants to fuck her?”

Before anyone answered, Mick looked down, surprised. Soft whinnies rose from between his legs. Diana rubbed her bridled mouth against his balls.

The Sheikh threw back his head and roared with laughter. “She likes you.” He applauded. “You won her subservience. Claim your prize. Quite frankly, I’d like to see you untie her first so she can mate with you. I’d bet you’ll enjoy it more, and I certainly will.”

Mick looked skeptical. “Well ... all right. I can always catch her again.” He untied her wrists and ankles then rose to his feet, his eyes never leaving Diana.

As Gina watched, the golden glow localized, forming auras around Mick and Diana – she turned her head – and around every other man in the room. Daddy’s and the Sheikh’s seemed thickest and most radiant.

Diana’s eyes stayed fixed on Mick. She was on her feet in an instant. She arched her back, throwing her breasts forward and her hips upward. She tossed her head, circling him in an enticing dance. He moved toward her cautiously and she moved to meet him, towering above him, brushing her pierced nipples across his mouth. For moments she danced around him, pressing her big body against his smaller one and then prancing teasingly away.

Mick stared at her, this perfect, primal brood mare woman. His cock was bright red and rigid – as was the cock of every other man in the room. Finally she pranced close, turned and offered him her perfectly formed rear.

“She needs you to breed her like a stallion would a mare.” The Sheikh’s voice penetrated the golden air.

Mick moved slowly closer, his hand tentatively, exploratorily, touching his cock. “Man! I don’t think I’ve ever been this hard! I already feel like I’m going to explode.” He shook his head, his eyes never leaving Diana. “I hope I don’t disappoint her.”

“Don’t doubt.” The Sheikh seemed to chant the words. “Let yourself become the animal she sees in you. Just take her.” He smiled in happy memory, lightening the mood. “It’s really an amazing experience!”

For a second Mick closed his eyes. Then, in one fluid motion, he pitched forward, grabbed Diana’s hips and rammed his penis inside her. She whinnied and arched her back, forcing him deeper into her vagina.

Diana held still for him but Gina could see the energy pulse and vibrate through and around her. Then Gina saw Diana’s vitality saturate Mick. He seemed to doubt no longer but to become synchronous with her.

Like horses, their mating was efficient – not frenetic like humans. Gina compulsively, but quickly and reluctantly, swept the room with her gaze. Everyone, from guests to servants, stared at the mating. She noticed beautiful Abdul standing transfixed just inside the doorway. They all saw little – only Mick buried inside Diana – yet they were obviously aware of the elemental dynamism embodied in the primeval coupling.

Finally, with a loud cry that itself resembled a whinny, Mick ejaculated. Diana stood as quiet and contented as a milk cow. For several minutes, the room, also including Mick, remained still, recovering. Then Abdul crept forward. “Father, Haamseem is back in his stall and calling for Diana. His groom is afraid he’ll break something or injure himself.”

The Sheikh’s head turned with a jerk. He spoke in Arabic to one of the whip bearing servants. The servant cautiously approached Diana and attached her lead. She followed him docilely. “I’ve asked for a report on Haamseem’s response to her condition.” He smiled. “I’m tempted to go myself.”

When Ward started to speak, the Sheikh waved his fingers dismissively. “No, don’t worry. I’ll stay with my guests.” He spoke in Arabic again and gold dishes of many colored foods were carried into the room and set on the marble table. “Eat and drink ... and then we will talk.”

Several slave girls led Mick to a sofa. Their long, slim fingers dropped bits of exotic foodstuffs into his open mouth like mother birds feeding their young. He stared into space.

Ted still held Gina across his thighs. She guessed he must have cum because she felt ooze dripping from her vagina but she couldn’t remember when. She leaned against his chest and he gave a breast a distracted squeeze. “Whew! Talk about being finished!” A blond slave girl brought him a plate of food and he looked her over.

“Instinct,” Gina thought.

Gina looked at Daddy. Natalie remained between his legs with his penis in her mouth. Daddy liked to be hard all the time. He smiled knowingly at Gina.

Several girls hovered around Barry, reverently touching his huge body and, with amazed expressions, pouring quantities of food into his mouth.

After an appropriate period of rest and recuperation, the Sheikh became businesslike. “I want to hire all of you.”

Chapter Fourteen

Gina watched Daddy step from the Sheikh's limo and rushed to follow. She did not manage to escape the sharp pain as he pulled her out behind him, then up the stairs – Daddy's own stairs at last – naked and on all fours. She couldn't bother about the gravel drive cutting like jagged little teeth into her pretty knees. Her nose ring was better but it still hurt when Daddy jerked it roughly.

"Welcome home, Master Ward!" Ramesh, Daddy's major domo, impeccable as usual in a pale grey suit and striped tie, stood on the broad, shaded veranda of the old Victorian mansion. Terry, Daddy's tall, virile assistant, stood, in nurse's whites, directly behind him.

She smiled up at Terry when Daddy handed him her lead – briefly, until she heard Daddy say, "Take her to the Treatment Room and insert a catheter. And for God's sake, put some high heels on her. Lock them on."

Terry asked, "Any particular colour? Do you want the tube closed off or flowing?"

"Black will do. Leave the tube long, but clamp it off for the moment. I'll be up shortly. We need to get her back on a routine." Daddy smiled down at her. "I've been thinking about some nice plans for the bitch."

As Terry turned to lead her away, Ramesh laid a restraining hand on his arm. He told Ward, "Mr. Michelson has called several times. There seems to be an urgent situation at the club." Ramesh looked meaningfully down at Gina, "Miss Jane also called. She apparently has some work for," he inclined his head downward, "your property."

Gina raised her eyes toward Ward, concerned at how he intended to react – or allow her to react. Ward's brow wrinkled. "Did you tell her when we'd arrive?"

Ramesh straightened his already perfect carriage to give his report, speaking in his most urbane, Oxfordian syllables. "I informed her that I was not certain when you would arrive and thought it might possibly be late."

Ward smiled. "Perfect. She can return the call tomorrow morning."

In the Treatment Room, Terry laid Gina on her back on the white table. He spread her hole with two fingers. When he slipped the clear plastic catheter tube inside he told her, "The little cunt has such a big peehole, we have to use an extra large catheter."

She liked the tube's subtle, stimulating abrasion as it entered her, then moved up her urethra.

Daddy arrived as Terry was locking on five inch high spike heels with open toes. "Well, we've had a lovely vacation." Gina recognized Daddy's special sadistic creativity in his tone. "But now Daddy thinks Gina's had so many interesting experiences that he's going to have to come up with some new and special activities for her. We don't want her – or Daddy – bored."

Ward handed Terry a wide-mouthed black plastic funnel. "Tape her mouth closed with this and the catheter tube inside it. Dress her in the hooded cloak. Daddy is taking her to his club. She has a job to do."

Ward pulled the Land Rover into the circular drive at the club's discreet side entrance. As he rolled to a stop under the anonymous dark awning, two uniformed figures approached the curb. A slim, handsome valet ran around the car to Ward's door. One of the club's formidable doormen stepped to the passenger door.

Ward lifted his voice to the doorman. "One moment, Mr. Ahern." He opened the Rover's rear door and directed the doorman's attention to a large brown box on the back seat. "Please see that this gets to the kitchen. I'll take care of the girl."

Ward snapped the lead onto Gina's nose ring and dragged her – slowly, Gina thought thankfully – from the car. As carefully as the time Ward allotted her allowed, she lowered a bare leg from the high seat, drawing the weightless silver grey silk cloak around her naked body.

She quickly glanced to the right, toward the continuous vehicle and foot traffic on Massachusetts Avenue twenty feet away and then to the left to any intermittent passersby of the club's side entrance. No one on Mass Ave seemed to pay attention but an elegant pedestrian on the side street, who appeared of Mediterranean descent and was no doubt en route to a nearby embassy, paused, captivated by the flash of bare skin. She wondered if he knew or had heard rumours of the very secret but very high profile club.

She tried to drop the hood lower over her face to cover Daddy's handiwork. The funnel was no more awkward than a gag, 'though really far more demeaning,' her eyes fluttered momentarily closed as her own debased image flashed in her mind and arousal buffeted her, 'with its hideous utility.' She did, however, have to take very difficult care to swallow the urine flowing through the catheter and into her mouth in irregular drops and bursts rather than allowing it to dribble down her chin and onto her breasts. She grimaced around the wide plastic hole. It was her pee but it was still horrible!

The warm breeze caught the hood and the cloak itself and tried to pull them away, making covering everything at once almost impossible. At that moment, a large stream of urine flooded her mouth. She choked and stumbled and the hood slipped a few inches backwards. The man stared. Gina could not be certain whether the cloak's upward swirl around her naked legs and hips or the hood's exposure of her blackened, doctored face held his attention.

Of course, Daddy saw the man also. He smiled congenially. Daddy gripped the cloak's edge and flashed the man her sex and then, an instant before they entered the building, threw back her hood, exposing the utilitarian accoutrements he had affixed to her face. Despite herself, she felt her body's treasonous excitement and moistened genitalia at her public defilement. She shivered lasciviously as the warm air currents whispered across her exposed skin.

Inside, Ward removed her cape and passed it to the doorman. He led her up the elegant polished and curlicued wrought iron 'back' staircase to the 'Board Room' on the second floor. Ward knocked and entered without waiting. Eight men, seated around a beautiful round mahogany table, looked toward them. The table was intricately inlaid in a pattern that Gina couldn't quite make out. Upon seeing her, several countenances turned from interested welcome to darkened scowls.

Ward bowed. "Please forgive me for bringing the fuckwhore milk bitch into this Sanctum. I simply want to give you a brief glimpse of the animal I've brought for your use." Gina watched a few faces lighten and turn toward her with interest. "Also, I need to tell you that I must leave for a few moments to take her to the Chef. Her milk is to be the basis for our meal."

Gina winced as he cruelly gripped a nipple. "She will shortly be prepared for milking – it should take me perhaps fifteen minutes. Perhaps you'd like to watch the fluid sucked

from her teats? If so, please join me in the kitchen at that time.” Ward bowed and retreated with her down the iron stair.

He led her to the first under level and into a huge, immaculate and acutely modern kitchen. The short but stately Chef Jean and his tall Sous-Chef came to greet him, bowing gracefully. The Chef spoke. “Welcome to my kitchen.” Half a dozen assistants, all dressed in traditional chef’s white, lifted heads from their choppings, stirrings and general bustlings.

Ward returned the bow. “May I have a tour so I can find an appropriate place for her?” At Chef Jean’s nod, Ward said, “Kneel, Gina, and do not move.” Gina lowered herself onto the cold white tile floor, crossed her wrists and ankles behind her and dropped her eyes. The kneeling pressure on her bladder sent urine sluicing into her mouth. She made a tiny pout and sucked it down.

From under her long lashes Gina snuck occasional peeks at the busy room and most particularly at Ward as he strolled through the kitchen. She noticed the assistants’ quick, circumspect glances in her direction. She wondered what they thought of her nakedness and of Daddy’s decoration of her face.

“Hmmm.” She minutely turned her head and saw Daddy examining three steel hooks hanging several feet apart behind a man pounding thin pieces of pale meat with a jagged edged wooden mallet. The farthest hook held a headless calf’s carcass, neatly carved of most of its meat. The others were empty. “This is perfect. Come, Gina. Like a fuckbitch.”

Gina crawled to Daddy, weaving her way past various food preparation stations, ovens and cook tops. Her firm, round hips swayed so extravagantly over the frigid floor that her pink labia spread open and her fat nipples swung like plumb weights from milk-filled breasts. Motes of yellow fluid travelled through the clear catheter tube out of her vagina up over her belly past her breasts and under the funnel. Terry had affixed the tube against her skin with strategically placed strips of medical tape as if she was a cyborg lab animal. Every few ‘steps’, her movements gave the tube a little jerk, sending the trickle of urine spraying against her palate.

She knew Daddy enjoyed the chef’s shock and disgust at her subjugation and disgrace – and certainly their erotic entrancement. “Though,” she thought, “in this establishment they’ve probably seen all of it before. Well, perhaps not the tits.”

Daddy spoke to the Chef. “Is one of those,” he pointed to a rolling steel table, “tables available?”

Chef Jean motioned to an assistant who rolled one across the kitchen.

“On your back, Gina.” Ward turned to the assistant. “Can you please help me lift her?” Ward took her feet and the assistant her arms and together they hoisted her to the steel tabletop. “Would you mind bringing me the box?” Another assistant brought it over. Ward reached inside and pulled out several bundles of clean white cord. He neatly looped a long piece around Gina’s ankles then cinched it tight with a centre rope. He did the same to her wrists. Finally he tied cord to her nose ring.

He turned to Chef Jean. “May I use your assistants to lift her onto the hooks?”

The Chef nodded, “Certainly.”

The two assistants lifted her into the air and Ward slipped first the ankle loop and then the wrist loop over the centre hook so she hung, wrists and ankles joined like a not yet butchered cow. He nodded to the assistants. “Thank you.”

Gina knew the stress on her joints could become intolerable before Daddy took her down. At the moment, though, she enjoyed hanging, swinging slightly, like a slab of meat – of fuck meat and a piece of fuck meat with an unnatural apparatus forcing her mouth grotesquely open while she swallowed her own piss. *‘It would be nice,’* she mused, *‘if someone fucked me in this condition.’*

Ward wrapped the cord from the nose ring around the last hook and pulled until Gina’s head was level with her body. Stinging pain tore through her nose. She cried out and tears streamed around the funnel and across her cheeks. With her neck stretched and mouth raised, urine ran uncontrolled into her throat causing a fit of coughing, which violently jerked the ring. The coughing, urine and tears choked her – and one brought on the other. She struggled to calm her body. Through her haze of tears, she glimpsed Daddy standing beside her, tranquilly watching her display.

Finally the fits subsided and she managed to hold her head steady against the ring’s torture. Ward smiled at Chef Jean. “We’re ready.” Again he reached into the box, this time removing a small commercial milking machine, which he placed on the now empty steel table. As he wiped Gina nipples and secured them into the suction tubes, the eight Board members imperiously wended their ways into the kitchen, to an empty niche a respectful distance from both Ward and the busy culinary stations.

Ward nodded graciously. He flicked the switch on the machine and watched the Board’s expressions as Gina’s breasts expanded to impossibly gross proportions and creamy fluid gushed into the machine’s glass bottle.

Earnest but considerably restrained applause, accompanied by scattered low cries of “Bravo”, rose from the Board members.

Ward bowed. “She will be available for your use as a urinal for the rest of the evening. I am placing her in the Members’ rather than the Board’s toilet so that more than one of you can use her simultaneously.”

In the venerable mahogany and porcelain room, Ward made Gina wedge her bottom into a large square wash bucket underneath the middle urinal. “Just in case anyone wants to piss on you,” he told her as she stared up at him like a small entranced insect in a large spider’s web. “You don’t want to make a mess.”

She knew he planned to horribly – and probably painfully also – degrade her before men who were world leaders, who she might even need to interview at some point. It wasn’t that long ago – though it seemed like forever – when she would’ve been both terrified of destroying her public persona and utterly mortified. But no longer.

He had addicted her, there was no other word for it, to ever-magnifying degrees of decadence. The decadence had grown within her, increasingly shameless and overt like a ravening beast and ... The thought that everyone she’d ever want to interview might belong to his club and eventually blithely participate in her abasement flitted across her awareness with frightening lucidity.

He jerked her legs apart, her thighs rising out of the bucket and knees bent so her high heeled feet were solidly on the floor. “The fuckwhore is squatting in a bucket, opening her cunt to anyone who wants it.”

Elegant polished copper pipes ran behind the row of urinals, above and below. Ward pulled her knees wide apart and tied them to the drain pipes under the adjoining urinals. He made certain her hips were stationed far back to allow hands to easily reach her cunt or piss directed onto her to flow into the bucket rather than onto the floor.

The bucket raised her just enough for Ward to lean her head back into the urinal, her face and the funnel pointing toward the ceiling. "Too bad there's only cold water." He smiled wryly as he pulled her arms up around the white porcelain bowl and tied her wrists to the copper water pipes, forcing her back to arch toward the wall. Gina's nipples stood upright in front of her upturned mouth like spigots or perhaps hand grips for a biotech control panel.

He taped her eyes shut with a wide piece of black duct-tape. "We don't want you embarrassing any of the Board." He fell silent and she became aware he was contemplating his work. "Hmmm. I really think a half hood would be appropriate." He wrapped black tape carefully over her face until no skin was visible, only her nose ring rising vertically through the wrappings. He continued, encircling the bowl to keep her head in position.

Daddy had taped her nostrils closed and her first impulse was panic. Her breaths were harsh, burning her throat. But to her relief, she discovered she could breathe with endurable difficulty through the mouthhole.

Her head was positioned to remain tolerable for quite some time, '*All evening,*' Daddy had said. She was reminded of leaning into a shampoo sink in her hair salon. Her long hair, which was massed in the urinal's bottom, even provided a sort of pillow.

Again she felt him stand back. Again she heard the tape rip off the roll. This time, when he came close, she recognized his precision even without seeing his actions. She knew his fingers were not directly on the nose ring yet a sequence of tugs assaulted it. The pain was sharp, intense, flooding her eyes. The tears couldn't slide across her cheeks. They adhered to the tape, swathing her eyelids in ghastly, inescapable glue. She tried to wail, "It hurts! It hurts!" but only unintelligible noises permeated the plastic funnel.

The porcelain bowl and the black tape muffled Daddy's voice but she clearly understood. "Not one sound better come from that mouthhole, no matter what the Board chooses to do to you, whorebitch."

Her head had become a grotesque mask in black face with a strange wide hole for a mouth surrounded by the white hood of the urinal's top. "Much better. Really quite alluring. I'd piss in you myself but I don't want to be impolite by taking the first turn." He paused. "I'm sure I don't need to tell you to behave yourself while I'm having dinner and attending the meeting."

Gina heard his footsteps cross the hardwood floor. The door opened and shut and she was alone in the quiet, with nothing to do but drink her own piss.

Some time later, Gina didn't know how long, two men entered the room. To this point, she'd only been aware of the incipient – and threatening – twinges in her thighs where her muscles stretched and distended against the ropes and the buckets hard edges.

She heard them step in front of her and unzip. One of them said, "My! My! So many useful devices." He laughed and she felt a quick yank on the nose ring. "I guess this means it does flush. But then we knew that. What an unusual flushing device! I'm eager to use it."

Gina was too terrified of what they might do to scream. But she knew they saw her body's anguished jerk and didn't deign to acknowledge her existence with a comment. With numb dismay, she realized Daddy had taped her nose ring to the handle at the urinal's top that flushed the bowl with water.

The man grabbed a nipple and then stepped quickly back, startled, as milk squirted upward. "My! My!" He ran his finger across the tip and Gina quivered. "Very nice." He laughed again. "The cream, or perhaps I should say milk, sauce was delicious. I can't wait to taste the crème brulee. Mr. Smith really is very creative. He's going to prove extremely useful in this little task. Don't You agree?"

The second voice was deeper and, Gina thought, older and exceedingly patrician. "I do agree." Gina felt him move closer. "Excuse me one moment. Did you notice what a nice little cock rest we have here?"

She felt his trouser's soft fabric press against her belly and ribcage. He laid his cock, which seemed partially erect to Gina, on her bulging breasts between her nipple stanchions. His zipper's teeth cruelly dug into her ribs. Her body twitched.

"If I piss in this position it would no doubt pass through the nice little silver target and strike its nose. Unfortunate that Mr. Smith taped its nostrils. Ah well. It just means we'll need to make a little more effort." He lifted his cock and flooded her mouthhole with piss.

Milk Bitch Pawn

Prologue

Three and a Half Years in the Past...

Madame Armelle shepherded the girl into one of the venerable black leather and cherry Queen Anne wing chairs positioned in front of his desk. Mr. Michelson smiled kindly as she smoothed her skirt underneath her delicate thighs and carefully positioned herself on the seat's edge so as not to sink gracelessly into the chair's indented centre, which had softened and fissured with age. He noted her quick, shy glance from under her long black lashes before she dropped her eyes to her manicured hands, folded symmetrically in her lap.

He briefly contemplated having the girl stand so he could inspect her. However, he relied on Madame to see his instructions scrupulously observed. Michelson smiled with satisfaction. He had no doubt of Madame's skills.

None-the-less, he took several moments to slowly survey her from shining, meticulously groomed hair to polished shoes. The girl would certainly not complain at the delay and Madame Armelle would stand beside her, black clad back ramrod straight, until he advised her otherwise.

The girl's long black hair had been pulled immaculately back off her high white forehead into a smooth tail. The tail was tied into a discreet bow with a pure white satin ribbon. Not one hair, either on head or tail, was out of place. With her eyes, and thus her chin, lowered, the perfect heart shape of her small face was readily apparent.

She wore a spotlessly starched and quite demure white blouse with just a touch of French Alençon lace at the throat and wrists. As he mandated, only the very top button was allowed open. Still, he was aware of the swell of her nubile breasts under the crisp cotton. The shirt was neatly tucked into a blue plaid kilt with a small red stripe running through the pattern, which was hemmed to exactly two inches above her knees. As she had been taught, when she sat she properly smoothed the skirt over her narrow, tightly closed kneecaps.

Mr. Michelson looked at the girl's feet and considered the sequence of future events. She still wore short gauzy socks, folded over at the top to frame her ankles with an edge of white lace. However as an integral part of her training, he had replaced her childish, flat black patent leather "Mary Jane's" with a more mature version with two inch heels by Manolo Blahnik. The beautifully crafted Italian shoes' ankle strap highlighted her lovely dainty ankles and long slender calves.

Almost imperceptibly, he nodded in approval. He knew her underclothes – the simple white brassiere and panties he'd chosen, each with one small pink bow – were as pristine as her outer garments. He smiled again. She would soon be ready to make the change from the socks to white stockings and garter belt ...

... and for the next steps in her education. Although Mr. Michelson might assiduously strive to change the laws he found wrong and onerous, he believed, heart and soul, in The Law and The Proper Order of Things. He would not knowingly abrogate them. He had moved the girl to England because the legal age of maturity was two years earlier than in the United States and he felt an urgent need that her training proceed effectively. In the United States, certain studies were legally forbidden to him until she became eighteen. Despite himself, he felt a little jolt of excited anticipation. He pushed the sentiment away as improper.

“Helen,” her eyes quickly raised, then just as quickly dropped to her hands when she heard his voice, “Madame tells me that you have been somewhat inattentive these past few days and, in fact, have made several mistakes both in your language studies and in your household tasks. She informed me that one of my shirts required additional laundering because you did not fold it properly. You may look at me and give me any explanations you think are appropriate.”

Helen raised large, almond shaped brown eyes to his face. Michelson was pleased to observe that she did not attempt to hold his gaze but looked toward him demurely and shyly. He found himself entranced by her full pink lips when she spoke. “I have no explanation, Sir. I can only sincerely apologize.” Her voice was sweet, soft and feminine.

“Very well. I hope you understand that periodic moodiness common to all girls gives no excuse for dereliction of duties. You realize that, for your own benefit, you must receive punishment?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Michelson turned his head toward Madame Armelle. “Madame.”

Madame Armelle placed a thin hand on Helen’s arm and coaxed her to her feet. With practiced grace and without perceptible hesitation the well-trained girl rose. Michelson followed but only to the doorway. The solid, dark wood door closed behind the woman and her charge.

Michelson stood and listened. In his mind’s eye, he saw Madame leading the girl into the small room next to his study. He saw the two approaching the room’s sole piece of furniture, a wood and leather bench he’d had specially constructed for Helen’s discipline. He found himself tensing at the image of Madame helping the girl climb onto the leather covered kneeling rail and lean over the bench top, of Madame raising the plaid skirt and lowering the white panties. Edgily, he listened for the crack of the paddle. Without realizing it, his hand descended toward his penis.

Some Months into the Future...

The tall man stepped into the quiet, white hospital room. The machines cast an eerie bluish light by which he could see the form on the bed.

He glanced out the darkened window to the adjacent buildings. Scattered rectangles across the glass and concrete face were lit with bright gold, the same colour as the full moon just visible over the rooftops in the sky above. He wasn’t concerned. Even if they tried, the building’s few late night occupants would have difficulty seeing clearly into the dark room.

The man pulled the door closed then glided soundlessly to the bedside. His first attention went to the machine monitoring her vital signs. He bent to examine its wires, then removed two and replaced them with wires running into the small box he had placed on the monitor’s top. He smiled, warmed by expectation of what was to come, and turned to the bed.

For several moments, he simply stood over her, only looking, touching nothing. Then he reached out a tremulous hand. With his long, spatulate fingertips, he slowly, carefully, so carefully, drew back the sheet covering her from feet to collar-bone. She was dressed in a hospital gown tied in the front for the hospital personnel’s – and his – easy access. The gown had fallen slightly open, exposing a strip of flawless skin. He

untied the bow and pulled the flimsy cotton tenderly off her torso until it covered only several inches of her upper arms.

He staggered and braced a hip, still lean and symmetrical despite middle age, against the bedrail. My God! She was beautiful! Exceptional! His eyes travelled from her graceful feet up her long, athletic legs to her hips. In the pale light, her skin gleamed into his eyes like mother of pearl, almost blinding him.

He couldn't bring himself to look at that special place. His eyes skirted it, not looking, travelling further upward ... to those amazing, unnatural breasts. He knew they were real – had watched them jiggle uncontrollably when she'd walked across the room in the astronomically high heels Mr. Smith made her wear. Yet he could not conceive of natural mammaries that large, except on cows waiting to be milked.

And the nipples! He wondered if she'd been born that way, with nipples as long and broad as his fingers. The thought that she might have been surgically altered flashed in his mind and he felt his dick instantly harden. He pressed it against the bedrail and closed his eyes, just for a moment, as the rigid metal bar bit into him.

Now he drew even closer, bending slightly over her. Again he reached forward. This time his hand trembled so extremely he had the impulse to press it against his body. But he didn't. He couldn't control himself. He must feel her nipples!

Gently, ever so gently, he ran one fingertip up the right nipple's side and over the top. Was he wrong? Had she quivered under his touch? He smiled. He knew she wanted him. Even in sleep. She wanted him, so he could be more aggressive. He took the nipple between his thumb and forefinger and squeezed – hard. Her body gave a small jerk and he started to back away from her, staring at his hand.

His fingers were wet! What was it? It wasn't dark like blood. He sniffed, then cautiously he touched a finger to his lips. My God! It was milk! She was lactating! His dick was so hard now it ached. The ache went deep into his balls. My God! My God! A special surprise! His sepia eyes gleamed in the dark. Again he inched forward and slowly, slowly bent over her. As his lips eased over her erect nipple, he whispered to her, his voice filled with love, "My darling. My darling."

He sucked and almost swooned with shock as her breast blew up like a balloon against his face and milk gushed into his mouth. He had the presence of mind not to let go of her nipple. But what to do? He was afraid to have milk pour from her breast, wetting everything. It would make things so unpleasant for him – for both of them. He knew his darling wanted the act to be beautiful and pristine, just as he did.

Yet he had to know what had happened. Cautiously he stopped sucking. The flow of milk stopped and he stood up. He stared. The breast he had sucked was twice the size of the other! He paused thoughtfully, wonderingly. Hmmm. Did he have time to experiment? He wasn't sure. There was so much to be done.

But could he tolerate two different sized breasts? That was the more compelling argument. Carefully, not disturbing any tubes or wires, he made his way to the other side of the bed. He bent and sucked the other breast. This time he was ready when the breast expanded and the milk flowed. He sucked, continued sucking, caressing her as he did so. Lovingly he ran his flat fingertips across the full flesh of her breasts, then down one white arm.

He lifted her hand and squeezed it tenderly as he drank her milk. Her warm milk was as sweet as ambrosia in his mouth. Her hand felt cool and tranquil in his. He knew she

waited patiently for him. Quietly he returned to the bed's other side and sucked the first nipple.

He was satisfied with his gratuitous little snack. He released the nipple and examined her breasts. Good! They were the same size now.

He glanced up into her opaline face, dramatically framed by a dark halo of hair. She was so beautiful! The white bandage on her forehead blended almost perfectly with her white skin. In his eyes, the bandage and the large, ridged plastic tube inserted into her long throat only enhanced her beauty. He traced the tube's path with his forefinger, even allowing the finger to slip between her rosy lips and into her moist mouth. Only for an instant, but again he was aware of the hardness of his dick.

He lifted the finger and ran it across her closed eyes, feeling the texture of her long, lush dark lashes on his sensitive fingertip. He pressed against the round eyeball he could feel through the lid. It was actually quite hard and resilient. Again, he was momentarily, just momentarily, tempted to experiment. But really, he had so much to do.

"It's time, my darling," he whispered. Now he would allow himself to look. His eyes ran down her flat belly to the hairless mound between her thighs. He was so glad she was hairless – untainted, virginal ... hygienic. Only for him, he knew it. He watched the yellow fluid make its way through the catheter tube, the dirtiness moving inexorably away from those pure tissues.

For a minute, he watched her belly evenly rise and fall with her breath, watched how the breath expanded her mound as well. His fingers trembled again. He wanted to look inside but knew it was wrong. His mother had told him some things should not be seen and only done in the dark. "I'm here, my darling," he whispered.

He stepped out of his highly polished black shoes. He unbuttoned his crisp white shirt and laid it carefully over a chair back, then slipped off his soft grey pants and starched blue boxer shorts. These followed the shirt, neatly folded, over the chair back. He could see his hard dick rising bluish white in the glow of the machines.

Gently, carefully he eased his long, bony body over hers. He frowned. The giant breasts were definitely a distraction. As he pressed against them, he felt a little moistness on his chest. Oh dear! He frowned again. This really would not do. But what to do about it? He glanced around the room and saw the wire he'd disconnected from the machine. Yes! That would work.

"It will be just a moment more, darling. I promise." He looked down tenderly into her face as he climbed carefully off of her. He wrapped the rubber coated wire around her right nipple and pulled it tight, then continued to the left. Perfect! Again he slipped atop her. The wire was very stimulating against his chest. He imagined a current passing through it and his balls ached at the image.

His dick didn't need to be told where to go. It slid into her warmth. So easy! So welcoming! Just for him, he knew it. The catheter tube rubbed against him as he penetrated her, a lovely enhancement of his excitement. He looked into her beautiful face and pressed his lips tenderly against the tube in her mouth. Oh my God! She was celestial! "You are so wonderful, my darling," he whispered.

Over and over he penetrated her, almost overcome by her moistness and loving, welcoming warmth. For him. His fingers trembled. He felt the trembling and tears started in his eyes, dripping onto her soft cheeks. "It's time, my darling," he wept, as his trembling fingers constricted the plastic tubing. Even in the dim light he could see her

face darken, yet the impulses on the monitor did not change, simply kept up their regular rhythm and configuration.

He felt her body writhe beneath him as it struggled for life-giving oxygen. His fingers tightened on the tube. She convulsed. He felt her convulsions around his dick. With a soft moan, he ejaculated.

Chapter One

They'd arrived in small groups in a steady, ceaseless stream, no doubt induced by the excellent wine and several varieties of Vittel water served with dinner. Under normal circumstances the gentlemen might not have quite so eagerly consumed mineral water. However, the grand old spa's bitter waters were renowned for their curative properties and, worldwide, only the club received bottled water from the more obscure, potent and vulnerable springs.

Each time the heavy door of the Members' Toilet opened, Gina's body tensed. She forced herself to relax – if she was not relaxed she would certainly choke or suffocate – and endure as long as Daddy required.

Woefully, she contemplated her condition. Threatening twinges in her outstretched thighs had become aches then moved toward anguished numbness. Deep grooves made by the square wash bucket into which Daddy had wedged her buttocks itched and burned. And her arms, stretched above her head and tied to the urinals' water pipes at her wrists, were stiff and prickly. She knew they'd be excruciating when Daddy took them down and blood rushed into her almost certainly blue hands.

The masque of black duct tape Daddy had affixed to her face around the wide mouthed black plastic funnel had become a gluey, rancid mash of bodily fluids – her tears and the Board Members' and her own piss. Piss formed a partially congealed pool between her raised breasts and a tacky dried coating on her belly and thighs. Foul aroma saturated her blocked nostrils with no escape other than through her lungs. She tried to ignore the unbelievably pervasive odour but periodically gagged uncontrollably, almost bringing up all the urine in her stomach. Then panic gripped her and she fought to hold the urine down or risk choking herself. She wanted to weep or to stomp her feet. But her tears would only add to her face's soggy, noxious mess and her high heeled feet were tied motionless to the urinal drains.

The door flew forcefully open in a rush of air and male energy – at least two sets of feet, she thought apprehensively. Her fragile mental state was assaulted by a blistering, raucous bellow. Her muscles contracted into rigid spasms and pain engulfed her from every direction. She was certain she knew that hideous laugh.

The man's voice was gruff and bestial. "Not so prissy now, are you?" His companion's cruel, aristocratic laugh followed immediately, almost obliterating the last word.

Gina sank into terror. She'd been right! It was Montie, the vile and vitriolic media mogul who was her friend, Eileen's – she could barely acknowledge the concept – Master.

What would he do to her? She didn't put it past him to seriously injure her. Panic filled her chest. She mis-swallowed the urine trickling down her throat and was overwhelmed by a fit of coughing. More pain, infinitely more pain took her as her body futilely tried beserkly to corkscrew against the restraints. Where was Ward – this moment was too starkly serious to think of him as Daddy – to protect her?

"The bitch doesn't seem to be doing too well. Let's see if we can help."

Gina felt his cloying, brutish heat come close. Too close! She was both overjoyed and petrified that she couldn't see his coarse face or coarser actions. She felt him reach across her and then his hard, stumpy fingers stroke her nose ring.

“What’s this?” He gave the ring an agonizing jerk that brought involuntary tears to her eyes. “Something new.” He paused. “Ward – Mr. Smith – is pretty ingenious, isn’t he?” He jiggled the handle at the urinal’s top, then yanked it several times left to right in quick succession.

Cold water poured over Gina’s head, freezing her to the bone and soaking the sodden masque of tape further. A shriek rose up from her lungs so forcefully that some part of it made it through the funnel. She heard the men’s grating laughs even through the rush of frigid water over her ears and her nose’s tearing pain. She strained to make out what would happen next.

“You know, I wanted her to drink my piss when he first got her and he said she wasn’t ready.” Montie laughed again and Gina shivered uncontrollably. “She sure looks ready now. Ready and able, though maybe not so willing.”

“My Gott! Look at zeez cow’s udders.” The second voice was implacably cold, aristocratic, and Germanic. For some reason Gina could not possibly understand given her panic, she was oddly struck by the voice’s just perceptibly high pitch.

“It’s zo filthy I wish I had latex gloves. But never mind. I must afterwards completely wash my hands.” Gina felt cool fingers sensually caress her nipples. Her body relaxed infinitesimally. Could one of these merciless men possibly be nice to her? Wonder – and hope – trickled into her torment.

In an instant, the sybaritic sensation turned to torture. Her wail streamed thinly through the funnel’s mouth as he crushed her nipples between steel fingers. How had she been so foolish to think a friend of Montie’s was kind?

“How nice,” the pale voice said as milk rushed through her ducts and spurted skyward, “Little fountains.” Within seconds, the vulnerable protuberances were unbearably tender and inflamed under his maniacal manipulations. Again she heard the vicious laugh. He released her.

Montie’s boorish bray immediately followed. “I like the way he’s got her tied open for us. Did you know that cunt juice makes excellent shoe polish?”

Gina didn’t have time even to flinch before Montie jammed the toe of his shoe into her vagina, spread wide by Ward’s tie. She bit back her scream, afraid he would hurt her more. Of course he did anyway. He moved the shoe tip from side to side, working to force it farther inside her. Her vagina burned as it tried to stretch around his gross foot.

Blessedly his foot withdrew. “What a whore! Look how wet my shoe is!”

She prayed he might be finished. But she heard his shoe hit the side of the bucket and, agonizingly, it was inside her again.

Gina heard a zipper and then the high, brittle voice. “If I could bear to touch the beastly mess, I would zhtuff other things in it.”

“Well, enough fun ... for the moment. Got to get back before they decide something stupid without us.” Gina breathed a huge sigh of relief, relief which quickly dissipated at Montie’s next words. “I’m going to have Ward lend her to me.”

A second zipper and, once again, her mouth hole flooded with foul tasting piss.

The Toilet had been quiet for some indeterminate time when Gina again heard the door open and close. This time there were no exuberant groups rushing enthusiastically to piss on her. She only heard one pair of feet and it stopped right inside the door. She strained but heard nothing more. Apparently he was quietly contemplating her.

Gina could imagine the revolting image she presented. She hadn't believed things could get worse. But now her drenched mane partially blocked the urinal drain. Daddy had immobilized her head under the hood of the urinal's bowl so she couldn't lift it easily. So she hovered in the cool stillness, drinking what appeared to be interminable volumes of her own piss through the catheter taped under the funnel – much more because of everyone else's piss she'd been forced to drink, she wetly snivelled to herself – and worried about the diluted urine, now several inches high around her upturned face.

And what happened if someone flushed now, filling the blocked bowl further? Drowning was far more frightening than the stinging wrench on her nose ring induced by the flush handle.

Amid her rampant self-pity, she'd forgotten the silent presence, until she again heard his footfalls on the ceramic tile. He approached and she heard his zipper, but then another pause ensued. "Very interesting. Yes, very very interesting, even if not my choice." His voice was resonant and well-educated, American with just the trace of a British accent, and older, she thought. "But I couldn't possibly use this disgusting urinal until it's thoroughly sanitized."

He stepped to the side. She heard the flow of urine into an adjacent bowl, then the flush, his zipper, water running in a sink and his footsteps in the direction of the door. The door softly opened and shut and she was alone, and so miserable, again.

"I asked you to join me this evening to discuss the situation with my ward, Helen."

The night was beautiful, balmy with a gentle, fragrant breeze. Following dinner, the Board took a pleasant stroll to the centre of the maze in the club's formal walled back garden. No matter the food or water, privet cannot grow strong in DC's clime. Thus, when the house was built in the early 1900s, the maze's complex configuration was planted in boxwood. In 100 years, the hedge had grown to a dense nine feet tall. The sides were trimmed flawlessly smooth but the top had been left to take its own irregular shape. The effect was interesting and artistic. However, the hedge top had two true purposes. The first was to encourage the minutely growing plant's upward progress. The second was to hide a state-of-the-art cloaking technology capable of disrupting both auditory and electronic eavesdropping.

The nine men carried Napoleon brandy and Cuban cigars to throne-like stone chairs around a round stone table inlaid with variegated agate, alabaster, ebony and other semi-precious stones. The boxwood's oddly enticing acrid odour mingled on their palates with the wine and cigar smoke.

Ward settled himself on a hard seat. Before he set down his heavy cut crystal Waterford snifter, he glanced at the inlay – identical in design to that on the Board Room table – and smiled. A majestic golden agate lion lay down with an alabaster lamb. The lion's giant fire opal phallus was poised to penetrate the lamb from behind. The lamb's face was raised in supplication while the lion sank long teeth into its white throat. Dark red and green bloodstone droplets fell below.

Ward sat almost directly opposite Mr. Michelson. Despite the table's round shape, he was aware he was effectively at its foot. He had once told Reza, the slave trader who was expatriate Iranian nobility intimately connected to the old Shah and one of Ward's closest

friends, that there were only three paths to the inner circle of a group with the club's resources – ungodly money or power, or indispensable skill. He did not fall into the first two categories.

His position's benefit, he mused, was the ability to unobtrusively examine the men near the table's head, and in particular Michelson. Ward had only this morning returned with Gina from several trips back and forth to Saudi. It was perhaps accumulated jetlag that gave him a new and rather strange perspective on the man. Or perhaps, he thought with a voluptuous mix of trepidation and excitement, it was his alteration in consciousness at the hands of the Saudi priest, Ayatollah Amani. In Ward's vision, one he would not dare speak aloud, Michelson bore a fantastical similarity to himself.

Ward was certain less than one handful of the world's inhabitants knew the origin or current disposition of Michelson's assets. His was one of the world's great fortunes. Yet he had buried it under uncountable layers of misdirected corporate fronts and trails, along with his own existence. In fact, very few people knew he existed at all. Michelson's father, Ward believed, had planted the fortune's seeds in the first New York Stock Exchange. Banking had nurtured and propagated it under the son's tutelage but Ward could not possibly guess the machinations that had done so.

Although Michelson's style was traditional and formal, Ward was aware they shared an identical sense of and commitment to a world order quite counter to the existing one. Ward would have made identical use of assets as large as Michelson's and was extremely gratified to be a force in this cause without them.

Physically, Michelson could have been Ward's father. Like Ward, he was of a medium height and build still trim and upright despite his fifty five or so years. Their temperaments were identically stern, thoughtful and quiet. They even shared some striking facial similarities including unobtrusive but beautiful, cool grey eyes.

But more than that, Ward felt a subtle unanimity with Michelson that seeped far below the surface. Ayatollah Amani had asked Ward what he desired. Well, here were his desires precisely personified in the personage of Michelson. Ward desired to be Michelson, to have that kind of power – power to change not only his own immediate reality but that of the world. For Ward to develop that reach at this point in his life seemed absurd. Yet the priest had told him anything was possible. He'd have to ask Amani when he next saw him. And in the meantime, Ward would use that thought every morning and evening when he practiced Amani's techniques.

Michelson's voice was soft though deep and mellifluous, effortlessly projecting unequivocal authority to whatever distance he desired. "As you know, Helen has been exhaustively trained to flawlessly and quite efficiently serve. She is capable of fulfilling every one," he paused contemplatively, "yes, every one of an executive's needs, from her thorough knowledge of computer software to," he smiled, "some rather extraordinary skills which I'm sure I don't need to delineate."

"I wish he would." Ward saw his own thought reflected in several of the faces around the table.

"Very unfortunately, no adequate specific information has been available – one of the reasons for Helen's presence inside his organization. However, inside sources informed us that his tastes run to 'helpless', that was the exact word used, women. As you know, although Helen is highly competent at service, she embodies an extreme of submission. Her submission is immediately apparent to anyone with such tastes."

Michelson's expression showed the slightest trace of dismay. He cleared his throat. "However, aside from his kind and respectful use of her as one of his personal assistants, Our Target is showing no interest in her whatsoever."

"Complicating things is the interest of his son, Peter – a very handsome, intelligent and self-assured boy. He is being extremely," Michelson smiled indulgently, "persistent. He constantly tells her that I, her Guardian, am old fashioned and she is too old to obey me. His strong and aggressive personality would confuse her," again he smiled, "if she were not so well trained. Instead she comes to me for clarification. I have instructed her to gently, helplessly rebuff him in the hope that this response to his constant harangue might have the desired effect with his father."

"That is a summary of the situation. I invite your discussion."

The head of a major Japanese electronics "family" – the creator or perhaps, if rumours were correct, the pirater of the club's cloaking device – respectfully signalled his desire to speak. He stood and bowed, "What efforts have been made to determine what the Target finds moving?"

Michelson answered. "We have taken a two pronged approach. Helen has been instructed to gather any pertinent information as well as to subtly expose various of her emotional and physical attributes to him. She has been given a schedule along with appropriate responses to any interest. Our hope was that he would react to one or several. As I said, thus far he hasn't."

During the next hour and a half, Helen's actions and the Target's responses – and lack thereof – were analyzed in depth. Ward sipped his brandy and said nothing.

Finally, when all at the table recognized the futility of this line of inquiry and voices were rapidly becoming stilled, Ward spoke. "I think it's time to invite the son to lunch."

For the next hour they hammered out details. Then Ward left to retrieve his property.

She was so disgusting, he took her to the club's utility room and hosed her down before he allowed her in his car. When the water beat against her skin, Gina collapsed onto the damp concrete floor into a frantically shuddering mass, then vomited up her poisonous yellow stomach contents. Fortunately a drain was close by.

He wrapped her in a blanket before he lifted her and set her on the Rover's leather seat, not only to control her hypothermia. She'd need Terry, his nurse assistant, to thoroughly disinfect her before he could bear to touch her hair or skin. Ward had smiled at the thought, "even if urine is a sterile fluid."

As he drove toward home, she drifted in and out of consciousness. During an almost lucid moment, he told her, "You made some excellent conquests tonight. One of the richest men in Japan has paid for your use."

Chapter Two

Tonight, as on every night he was at home, Ramesh, his meticulous, erudite Major Domo, shrouded Ward's bedroom in preparation for sleep. The only light penetrated through a two inch opening between the heavy gold damask drapes on the window closest to the bed.

As in many "grandes dames" Victorians, the room was extravagant in both size and ornamentation. It occupied the southwest corner of the third floor – actually most of the west side of the old mansion. The south and west exterior walls were almost entirely consumed by wide, massively trimmed, floor to ceiling leaded glass windows separated at the corner by a whimsical, attenuated turret. Except for a framework of heavy rafters tinged dark with age, the turret was open inside to its slightly skewed conical rooftop and windowless except for a narrow band of deeply coloured stained glass circling directly under its slate roof.

When Ward purchased the house, the turret closed with a thick oak door cut near the top with a small barred window. He assumed the space had been used to restrain unruly or even wildly mad inmates during the house's origins as a sanatorium. The bars were heavily rusted black iron, an inch in diameter. Ward thought the bars beautiful and saved them for some undefined purpose when he cut a longer window and installed their modern equivalent, crafted by his favourite lady blacksmith.

As he often told Gina, he allowed her "the great privilege" of sleeping in Daddy's cage. After the trip from Saudi and the night's gruelling use at the club, he'd allowed her to sleep on a floor mat.

Frequently though he hung her from the rafters in a carefully and artfully engineered rope harness. It was a wonderful view. As he lay in bed, the faint outside light passed through the drapes and struck Gina's gently swaying form, naked except for high heels, illuminating her like a Christian martyr. His only regret was her inability to conveniently service his hard cock. Fucking her while she hung was enjoyable but a lot of work. So he was forced, the concept amused Ward, to fuck her first.

Despite her exhaustion, tonight would be no exception. Ward always looked forward to new opportunities to test Gina's capabilities when she was thoroughly, as he put it, "trashed". His expression – and his cock – hardened with his reverie. Gina needed to have no doubt that her job was to service him no matter what.

Also, he'd been inspired by Mr. Michelson's immutable doctrinaire of service. Michelson's rules immersed Helen in the relentless adhesive of his authority. A few unbreakable rituals might give Gina another potentially confusing and certainly difficult layer of control. Ward smiled in congenial contemplation. Her first rule should definitely be to keep his cock hard every moment possible. He already made her do so informally. What would he enjoy prior to sleep? Something profoundly humiliating.

His musings were interrupted by an irregular knock, well, really a series of thumps. "Come in." The heavy door did not swing open.

"Sir, could you please give me a hand?" Terry carried Gina, asleep and limp as a rag Barbie doll in his muscular arms, across the threshold and laid her on Ward's massive Jacobean bed. Without waking, she rolled onto her side and curled into a tight ball, her long wet hair covering her face.

Terry had dropped her into a hot bath and scrubbed her rosy. Ward felt her skin's pink warmth as he leaned over her. With deliberate fingers, he brushed aside her hair and turned her face upward. She murmured her displeasure and tried to curl tighter. Ward held her face steady so he could look at it. She still slept, though he would wake her very soon, he thought grimly.

He lifted the steel ring to better admire the red welts left from the tape's abrasion when he'd ripped it off and from the plastic funnel's merciless pressure. "Good little fuckbitch."

He pried her mouth open and jammed the head of his cock inside. Still she didn't wake, but now she struggled just a little as if, even in sleep, she knew she must obey. Tears trickled from under her closed lids. "Time to wake up."

Gina's eyelid fluttered. He forced his cock deeper into her mouth. Her eyelids fluttered again but remained closed. She moaned around his cock and then sucked, involuntarily, he thought. She still didn't appear awake. He gripped her hair for leverage. She made helpless whining noises and her eyes shot open. Slowly he pumped, pressing and holding against her throat with each stroke. She looked pitifully up at him, eyes pleading for deliverance.

Suddenly her gaze turned inward and she gagged frothily. Ward briefly stopped his inward stroke, even pulled back off her throat. His voice was merciless. "You'll be very sorry if you puke in my bed."

He was nice and hard though. He decided to shift his cock somewhere else. Without releasing his grip on her hair he forced her face into the duvet. Her wailing "It hurts, Daddy!" was cut off as the spongy down engulfed her nose and mouth.

"Flat on your belly, bitch. Press that face down or I'll do it for you."

She struggled to find a position that didn't suffocate her. Ward climbed across her thighs, feeling the reddened remains of the bucket's deep marks pass roughly across his skin. He used his cock's fat head to break open her delicately ridged asshole. He heard her muffled cry and he was inside, deep inside the tight, warm, malleable orifice.

Ward rode her like the brood bitch she was, using her hair for reins. Her back arched underneath him and she lifted, gasping for breath, partially off her giant breasts. Now, though, her pained cries turned to aroused moans. He pumped relentlessly and she screamed, "More Daddy! Harder Daddy! Rape Gina, Daddy! Daddy, hurt Gina!" until her screams became incomprehensible, uncontrolled howls. A series of anal tremors concussed his cock, repeatedly gripping and releasing, to the accompaniment of her waves of sounds – an exceptional massage.

"Good fuckbitch." Ward wasn't certain she heard, as he shot what seemed like masses of hot white slime into her anus.

He lay on top of her, floating in and out of sleep. The thought, "Yes, I approve of this ritual," slid across his mind as he passed into sleep, his cock still penetrating her rectum.

Ward waited as Jane's big silver Mercedes pulled into the landscaped circle at the house's front and rolled to a frictionless stop near his feet. He strode around the car's sleek fender to her door and opened it, offering her his hand.

She looked up at him with minimally disguised suspicion as he helped her from the deep, low leather seat. None-the-less, she greeted him graciously. "Hello Ward. Welcome back."

Ward smiled devilishly down into her lovely oval face so charmingly framed by beautifully cut, fluffy, asymmetrical blond hair. "Jane, you look wonderful."

"Thank you." Her words didn't contradict him, but he recognized the small, self-deprecatory grimace of a woman who spent her life battling her weight and, despite hard won but in her opinion inadequate triumphs, still saw herself as fat.

Ward hadn't merely flattered. His eyes moved purposefully – and obviously – down her soft curves skilfully enhanced by a perfectly tailored summer weight jacket and narrow but ladylike skirt. He found Jane extremely attractive and didn't care that she was a little plump. Aside from a gorgeous face, she was thoroughly feminine with an underlying innocence and inexperience that, to his taste, contrasted enticingly with her intelligence and skill as a top literary agent and crack negotiator.

And she fought him. Ward camouflaged his self-satisfaction within the wicked smile at Jane. He enjoyed matching wits with her, particularly because he knew the ultimate result would be the corruption of her innocence – his most fundamental *raison d'être*.

So when he beamed down at her he made certain his lust was obvious ... and he watched her respond, watched her hide a tremor of shyness and uncertainty at his attention.

That Ward had ulterior motives was crystal clear to Jane. Ward knew that. He also saw she didn't yet know what his motives were. He enjoyed, and indeed planned to cultivate, her suspicions. No that was incorrect. He intended – and in a few minutes – to make them reality. As far as he was concerned, theirs was a little contest he'd certainly win.

"How was your trip?"

"Remarkable and productive. I know Gina would agree."

"Where is Gina?"

His smile broadened. "Oh, you'll see her quite soon." He took her elbow and nudged her up the front steps and across the veranda.

Inside the grand foyer she hesitated. Ward prodded her toward the sweeping staircase. She moved, but slowly, reluctantly.

Ward faced her and smiled. "Gina's upstairs. Let's go see her." Now he did not nudge. Still smiling, he ran his fingers into her hair. Jane stared at him with only partial surprise, as if she expected something like this. With a quick jab, he gripped hard, using her hair to pull her head backwards, arching her spine so that her breasts pressed skyward against the soft plaid of her chic jacket.

Jane yelped, twisted in his grip, and yelped again. "Ward! What are you doing? Let me go! Right now!"

Ward bent forbiddingly over her, moving slowly for maximum effect. She stared up at him, helpless and shocked but not, he thought, truly afraid. He brushed his lips across hers. As he pushed her up the staircase, he again smiled down at her, shaking his head no. "You wanted to see what's upstairs and now you will. Gina's waiting for us." A pause. "You've heard the expression 'curiosity killed the cat'?"

Ward pushed her through a door far down the long second floor hall. Jane froze and Ward let her, at least for the moment.

Bursts of sound exploded from Gina's open mouth, "Oooohhh! Uuuuhhh! Aaaahhh!" in time to her body's spasms. She was across the large room, naked except for high black heels chained and locked under her arch to Ward's breeding stall's barred sides. She faced the wall of Western windows, chained splayed on hands and knees on the stall's raised platform. Terry had not locked her into the massive wooden disk that held her head in position for the breeders, only chained her rigid leather collar to the stall's sides. Her supine form was thus bathed in the afternoon's golden sunlight and framed by lush green and copper of the willow trees' lace and the Potomac River's choppy burnished expanse.

The light surrounded Gina in a vibrant halo, dimming the room's recesses. Each vibrating orb of her buttocks and her spine's graceful, symmetrical curve were illuminated in its high relief. It glinted off the metal and glass milking machine suspended above her, lighting the milk pumping from her massive pendant breasts to a pure, pearly radiance.

"Good girl. Let's see if you can do it again." Terry, naked, stood behind her, gripping her hips for support and peering down at her, intent and serious. His hard arm, buttock and thigh muscles rippled in continuous rhythmic motion. After each thrust, his cock drew far enough out of her vagina to show its freakish size.

From behind, Ward wrapped an arm around Jane's tender throat and pulled her backwards so the length of her back pressed against him and his mouth was in her hair. His cock was bulging against his trouser's fabric and he guessed she knew it.

"Ward!" Jane gurgled anxiously, stunned gaze still locked on the scene before her. She repeatedly tried to break away and with each attempt he allowed her an inch or so of freedom before he pulled her back tight against him.

When he'd tired of the game, Ward drove her into the room toward Gina's head. As they passed Terry, she tried to turn her head. Ward let her. He could then see her one eye, wide and startlingly blue as a terrorized cat, goggling at Terry's spectacular naked body and his awesome penis.

Gina looked up with glassy eyed chagrin. She laboured to focus but was obviously distracted by Terry's use of her. Her words squeezed out disjointedly, between gasps. "So now you know the truth. Don't worry, Jane. Really. I know it's strange but it's really good. I promise." She moaned at a particularly powerful thrust of Terry's.

Terry paused. "Would you like me to stop and continue later?"

Ward answered. "No. Continue. We need to make sure she remembers what she learned in Saudi." Jane started in surprise.

Gina gave an involuntary cry as Terry thrust into her.

Jane's eyes flicked to Terry. He caught the glance and smiled warmly back. She blushed, gulped and burst into a fit of coughing. At last, she rasped out the words, "Gina, what the hell is that ring?" She paused pensively then tried to give a stunned head shake. Ward's resistance, which she unaccountably seemed to have forgotten, startled her and she glanced quickly back. She tried again. "Gina, I need to speak with you."

"About this?"

"Well, yes, I need to know you're really alright. And also ..." Jane was silent, obviously unable even to choke out the words. The only sounds were Terry's vigorous fucking and Gina's involuntary noises.

Finally Gina broke the silence. "You can say anything in front of Ward."

Jane jerked her head over her shoulder into Ward's juxtaposed face. "I wish I believed that." She laughed harshly. "God! This is awkward – among other things."

Gina looked beseechingly at Ward. "Daddy, would you please release Jane so she feels more comfortable."

Ward had been enjoying Jane's discomfort – and he wasn't ready to see it end. He breathed the words into Jane's neck. "All right." But instead of releasing her, he turned her toward him and pulled her hips against his cock. He crushed her lips with his, forcing them apart with his tongue. She fought but could not escape him. He held her with one arm, fixing her gaze with his, while he sensually stroked her back with the other. Her open eyes blazed but he could feel her body begin to yield to him, begin to soften and warm, surely against her will.

Ward had restrained himself. He didn't want to annul Jane's gloriously intractable will. Yet he couldn't resist a little amusing experimentation. Against her pubis over her skirt's fine wool he placed his flattened palm, picking up a thought and releasing. Moist heat radiated from her vagina and into his waiting hand. She gasped. Her eyes, replete with intensely warring emotions, opened saucer wide and locked on his. He smiled back. The technique was getting so easy! Only then did he release her.

Jane ran her fingers through her hair and straightened her skirt, glaring, but now irresolutely, at Ward all the while. She turned back to Gina, peeking at Terry on the way, and gave a giant sigh. "I have two articles for you. I need to discuss them in detail and simply cannot do it in this place while you're being," Jane bitterly cleared her throat and shook her head wonderingly, "milked."

Gina glanced at Ward before focusing on Jane. Her voice was childlike. "I'll be finished soon. Can we talk over drinks? Or tea?" She smiled toward Ward. "Ramesh makes a wonderful tea."

Jane shook her head, again glaring at Ward. "I need to get out of here. We can talk tomorrow. I'll just tell you that one is about our former environmentalist Vice-President and his new, rather revolutionary telecom company and the second is about the Hapsburg head of Germany's and the world's largest media conglomerate. The Austrian will be a great contact for you."

It was Ward's turn to be surprised but he took great care to hide it from Jane. His eyebrows lifted slightly and he immediately began to contemplate how he could use this turn of events. Life definitely created interesting structures. Was this path too preordained?

Jane turned to leave. "Give them a little thought before we talk."

Ward turned with her. "I'll walk you to your car."

Jane glowered. "Don't bother."

Ward's smile was broad and a bit mocking as he took her arm. "No bother."

Chapter Three

This morning Daddy gave Gina a present.

Almost every morning, he leaned up against the bars so she could make him hard before he let her out of the turret cage. Normally he didn't care about her position as long as she accomplished her task. This morning though he told her to kneel, sitting on her heels, knees tight together and ankles crossed. "Lean forward, bitch, so I can see those cow tits hanging down. Hands on knees, eyes down."

Daddy stood silently looking at her for several minutes before he gave her his penis. She thought maybe he was trying to decide something. He didn't allow her to shift position, only to stretch her neck forward. His penis was already hard when he put it through the bars, though that wasn't unusual. "Eyes down," he commanded, when he'd had enough.

The blacksmith had made a large old fashioned ringed key. Daddy kept it in the small drawer in a strange bedside table heavily carved to resemble a mythical beast – a troll perhaps, or a dryad – with his select collection of oft used items. The lock made a single loud clank when it turned. Every morning, except those when he'd wanted her beside him in bed, Gina waited for the sound.

She wasn't looking – Daddy hadn't let her yet – but she heard the lock's noise. The door swung open. "Crawl to my bed."

Gina glanced at Daddy from under her long lashes as she did what he said. He circled her, watching intently. "Stand."

Next came a series of commands moving her from one position to another. "Bend. Hands on knees." Then "Feet apart." Gina tried to comfortably position the high heels. "Wider. Hands clasped straight up above head." Daddy walked around her, still not touching though she began to yearn for him to do so. "Arch your back. Stick that ass and those tits out. Head down." Through her draped hair, she glimpsed his tiny, satisfied nod.

"On the bed. On your back, knees spread."

She lay on his bed feeling her voluptuous curves, her milk filled breasts and her cunt, which was rapidly going from damp to dripping as she stared up at him. Her eyes followed his every action as he moved around her on the bed's cushioned surface, examining this, touching that. He bent to within a few inches of her clit, pulled back the hood with one hand, took the pink bulge between his thumb and index fingers with the other and turned it side to side. She moaned and tried to raise her hips for more stimulation. He roughly pushed her down against the coverlet. He pulled apart her labia and peered inside, then spread her vaginal walls with one hand and ran a finger across her cervix with the other. An involuntary contraction gripped her. "Uuuhhh!"

"Relax, whore, so I can decide what to do with you." He again reached into his drawer, this time pulling out a squat square speculum, which he slid inside her. "Yes, this will work." He ratcheted it open until she shrieked in pain, then a few rending turns more. "Don't move, cunt."

She lay still, waiting for him, feeling her cervix and vaginal walls become as engorged with fluid as her breasts. She felt open and vulnerable and so aroused she wanted to scream at Daddy to use her. Please!

From a massive glass-fronted bookcase he removed a small box. He returned to the bed and she felt him again manipulate her cervix. A contraction started to build and she

struggled to hold it back. “Don’t cum,” he ordered. He looked into her face and smiled. “We’ll see how you feel about it in a minute.” And then there was horrible pain, deep inside, as he sucked her cervix into a glass tube. He sucked, endlessly it seemed to her, and with each suck a high pitched wail disgorged from her open mouth. He smiled again, “Enough for now,” and his fingers went to her clit.

He fitted another glass tube over her clit and again plied the suction device. Her attention riveted on the sensation. It was strange and oddly, intensely stimulating – not as painful as her cervix. The impulse to cum built, strong, overwhelming. “Daddy!” She gasped the words out between moans.

“What Gina?”

The image of the two glass tubes attached to her body, stretching and pulling her parts, was clear in her mind. “Gina needs to cum but is afraid of the glass tubes.”

Ward set aside the suction gun and smiled down at the pink tissue expanding bizarrely inside the glass. His tone was matter-of-fact, indisputable, “Gina is going to cum for Daddy. More than once. Daddy doesn’t care if the tubes hurt. They’re for his pleasure not hers.”

Gina cried in horrible expectation as he tilted her hips upward and the tubes further distended her tender tissues. He lifted her behind’s creamy twin globes, one in each broad palm, over the head of his penis then allowed their weight to drop, viciously popping himself inside. Inassimilable sensations took her. She screamed ecstatically as her back arched above his knees and the image of her distorted, engorged body flowed through her mind with the sensations. Daddy’s penis dug deep into her rectum and she came uncontrollably. Then he sat up, pressing his torso against hers, digging the glass tubes’ edges into her flesh, adding to the sensation, and drank her milk.

After he filled her with his semen, she collapsed onto the bed, her nerve pathways still twitching and convulsing. Daddy did not remove the suction tubes. He picked up the phone. “Terry, come and clean her up. We have a very important breeder coming.”

Then Daddy showed her the present. The box was beautiful – flat, like a box for a necklace, black velvet tied with a red satin bow. He untied the box and ran the ribbon across the glass tubes before dropping it on the bed, causing little aftershocks through Gina’s vagina. She heard the rustle of tissue paper. Ward extracted a small, empty white silk bag with braided tasselled white silk cord at the opening. He smiled at her. “Something special.”

He told Terry. “Remove the tubes to clean her but then replace them. We’re going to give the breeder a few extra appendages.” Ward handed Terry the box. “He wants her naked but her feet must not touch the floor after she’s cleaned. Cover her feet with these.” Ward thought for a moment. “To be on the safe side you better carry her to the breeding room. I’ll meet you there.”

Instead of readying her in the breeding stall, Ward locked her wrists and ankles into one pair of the shackles fixed into the wall in an orderly row. Then he left her alone.

The shackles held her feet wide apart. She wriggled her toes sensuously against the smooth white silk encasing her feet. Her hands were fixed together full length above her head in the painful, unyielding bands. The bands cut into her wrists when she tried to turn them. She drooped against the restraints, hanging her head, dropping her breasts and hips, to try to relax. She had an image of the perilous exposure of her lewdly altered form

straining against the metal and a thrill of arousal shot through her, accompanied by a strange sense of déjà vu. The position seemed somehow familiar.

Motion outside caught her eye. She saw Daddy walking in the garden with a man several inches shorter wearing a dark suit and a gleaming cap of true black hair. They strolled toward the river's edge, pausing alongside sculpted mounds of variegated summer flowers scattered in careful disarray across the sloping green lawn then resuming their congenial progress. As she watched, they stooped beside one of the smaller willow trees. Blinding sunlight rose in circumscribed flares between them – or Gina thought it did.

Several minutes later, the breeding room's door latch clicked and Daddy ushered the man into the room. Gina's brow furrowed. She stared in puzzlement, then gave a gasp she immediately tried to stifle. It was the Japanese man who examined, then bought the young girl shackled next to her in Reza's slave warehouse.

And now her position was identical to that of her horrible memory. Gina tried to read Daddy's face. She wondered if he'd purposely arranged things this way. Even when he turned and smiled at her she couldn't tell.

The Japanese man glided gracefully forward with Daddy at his heels. Gina gaped at his short, delicate fingers reaching toward her face. He inserted several into her mouth and somehow, without his apparent effort, Gina found her mouth had opened.

She heard Daddy's voice. "Sir, she is prepared according to your instructions. May I suggest we move her to the table in our Treatment Room? The room's kept meticulously hygienic by my nurse assistant. I think you will find it more suitable for your needs."

The man silently bowed his assent. Ward unshackled Gina and lifted her in his arms. She snuggled against his warm, strong chest.

"This is my assistant, Terry. He is a registered nurse and can provide any assistance you require." Terry, dressed in a white uniform so immaculate it beamed like a tall floor lamp in the dazzling light that bounced off every spotless white surface, helped Ward stretch Gina full length onto her back on the long white Treatment Room table. As Ward tilted her hips upward, the glass tubes clicked against each other and Gina quivered.

"Would you like her restrained?" The man nodded. "With rope or cuffs?"

The man's voice was soft, genteel and lightly accented. "Rope."

Ward opened a drawer filled with bright, unsullied white rope coils and proffered several. "Would you care to tie her or would you like me to do so?"

The man lifted one of Gina's graceful hands. He turned it, meticulously examining the wrist, the palm, the strong fingers and finally the long, red manicured nails. His fingertips felt cool and smooth against her skin.

The man accepted a coil with a bow. With great care, he laid turns of rope one precisely on top of the other, until he'd formed a perfectly constructed, intricate cuff, which he tied by its long ends to a steel ring set in the table's side.

For almost ninety minutes, he created beautiful, exacting, symmetrical rope work – wrist cuffs, neck collar, and finally an elaborate cinch of thighs to calves. Gina closed her eyes, enjoying the ropes' sensuous caress of her limbs and then the exposure as her knees were tied upright and apart. The few times she glanced up, Daddy watched with the wondrous appreciation due great art.

"Excellent." The man surveyed his work, his small hands clasped before him. "Now it is time to truly begin." He turned to Terry. "May I have a chair?" He positioned the

chair between Gina's knees. From a small case he placed close-by on the table top, he retrieved rolls of narrow white cloth strips and the polished, white silk cord that tied the bags encasing Gina's feet.

Placidly he lifted one foot. He removed the silk bag and examined the foot even more meticulously than he had Gina's hands, lingering contemplatively on heel and arch, manipulating each toe. Then he began.

Gina could not crane her restrained neck to see. She only felt the narrow cloth wrap her foot like a bandage, layer upon layer, first around her heel, then her toes, heel then toes.

At first the pressure was pleasant. But with each wrap, her toes constricted more tightly against each other and then, horribly, back toward her heel. Her arch throbbed almost to spasms as it was forced upward by the once yielding fabric, the many layers now as rigid as cement. Her foot tingled, then prickled tormentingly. As he started on the second, the first foot grew gruellingly fiery hot. She moaned and tried to twist her body to find relief but was restrained from extreme motion by the exquisitely placed ropes. By the time the second foot was satisfactorily bound, the first seemed dissociated – severed – from her body and she lay sobbing miserably.

Gently, the man set the second deformed foot onto the white table. He turned his attention to the suction tube inside her vagina. He pulled a small box from the case and removed a steel device with a double hand grip ending in a quartered, horizontal shaft. Onto a notch at shaft's end, he fitted a thin, black rubber ring. When he compressed the hand grips, the silver quarters spread apart, stretching the ring. With one efficient motion, he broke the seal to remove the suction tube and slid the rubber ring to the base of her inflated cervix. A quick flick of his hand and the stretched ring slipped from the shaft and constricted, trapping the blood the suction device had forced into the tissues.

Gina screamed in shock and then in agony. Through a red haze, she felt Daddy's hands pressing her shoulders against the table. First the pain was so acute it overpowered all other sensation. Before her tissues numbed, she seemed to feel thin, smooth strands wrapping and compressing her distended cervix.

The man touched the glass tube engorging her clitoris. Gina screamed again and struggled terrified against Daddy's grasp. "Please Daddy, no! Please Sir, no!" she shrieked.

For once, Daddy said nothing. She recognized his absorption in the second before the tube's vacuum released and a rubber ring snapped tight around the base of her clit. With one agonized howl, her eyes rolled back in her head and she was no longer in her body but rather experiencing it from afar and through a blissful veil.

She looked up into Daddy's face and knew he was evaluating her condition. She smiled – or thought she did – but he didn't smile back.

Her eyes travelled between the mountainous peaks of her breasts and down her body to the shining black hair still suspended over her. Rising below was a textured shaft, gleaming silvery white in the brilliant light. Remotely she watched the man's lips lower over the shaft and her centre, or it seemed like her centre, burst into overpowering, convulsive sensation.

She was untied and her legs extended as she thrashed on the table. The man's voice drifted up to her. "We will walk in the garden." He stretched short, heavily embroidered cloth shoes over her bound feet. Daddy helped her stand. Her feet felt strange underneath

her. She couldn't balance on them. Were they sore? She looked toward them and wondered at a small, white erect spar rising below her breasts. And was something thick inside her?

Daddy helped the man slip her arms into an exceptional antique Taisho courtesan's kimono, black with lower panels in cream and celadon green depicting cranes flying over a garden teahouse and bridge beside a swollen stream. The man did not tie the kimono but left the silk to slip softly apart, framing and dramatizing Gina's prodigious carnality. He strolled a few paces in front as Daddy and Terry supported her tiny, tentative steps down the long hall.

At the grand staircase, the man stopped. "She must walk down the stairs alone."

Gina was confused when Daddy released her arm and placed her hand firmly on the carved banister. He peered intently into her eyes. "Do you understand, Gina? You must walk down the stairs by yourself." He shook her and her mental haze rippled. "Pay attention and be careful." Gina saw Daddy motion to Terry to stay close behind her as he joined the Japanese man at the stair's bottom.

Gina blithely moved forward with one hand on the rail. She lost her balance, stumbled and almost fell. Before Terry grabbed her, both hands instinctively fixed on the banister and she'd caught herself. Her feet felt so awkward and strange ... and painful? She didn't know. Her head swirled. She struggled to clear it and to focus on her task.

Step by tiny step she moved forward and downward, desperately relying on her hold on the staircase. With each step, she felt the kimono seductively stroke her skin. The odd thickness inside her vagina stretched and stimulated her cervix, adding to her uncontrolled surfeit of sensation. Startling shocks pulsed through her clitoris from, she thought quizzically, the perplexing white shaft rising from her loins and swinging obscenely before her with each movement.

It seemed an eternity before she stood on the last stair. "Very good," the man said to Daddy, not to her, as Daddy helped her into the foyer then through the house to the rear door.

The sun painted Gina's skin, undulating wantonly between the kimono's silken panels, in pink and gold as the outlandish party stepped off the porch and made their protracted way across the thick grass. On her path through the house, she'd begun to find balance but now the lawn's uneven surface hindered her once again. Repeatedly her unwieldy breasts, with the unnatural pout of genetically altered turkeys', overbalanced her truncated feet. She tottered and almost fell, saved only by Terry's pressure on her arm.

Even through her befuddled mind, she could see Daddy enjoying each grotesque detail of her predicament. The Japanese man deliberately inspected each of her moving parts, always returning his attention to her constricted feet.

Down to the Potomac's shore and back up to the house. At the riverbank, the man delicately positioned her to face and expose her disfigurement to the river traffic – sailboats of all sizes, a few speedboats and some larger industrial vessels. Gina meekly obeyed. She felt stunned almost to incomprehensibility yet her sense of vulnerability shone through. Did anyone notice her – her nakedness and the strange protuberances? She couldn't see clearly enough to know. A loud boom from one of the nearby Naval Research Lab's many tests startled her as the man turned her back to the house. She almost fell but Terry caught her.

Gina's mind slowly cleared as she laboured up the hill and with it came the pain in her feet. Each step became agony as they again led her to the breeding room. She thankfully collapsed onto hands and knees on the platform under the pressure of Daddy's hand.

Daddy stood at her side. She felt the embroidered shoes removed from her upraised feet. Smooth, cool fingers caressed each arch, left bare between the cloth prison. She couldn't see the man behind her but she saw Daddy extend his hand. In it was a thin green branch stripped free of leaves. Willow, she thought. Was that what they did at the tree? The man took it. Again he caressed her arches. She heard the tell-tale whistle but didn't have time to be afraid. For a moment, the blow only stung and then fire exploded into her foot. Another whistle and her other foot burned as viciously as the first.

She screamed as he beat her supple arches. Then his penis was inside her, forcing itself against her bound cervix as he reached around and manipulated the shaft over her clitoris. She screamed again but now it was overpowering orgasm that ripped through her.

Jane refused to come to the house "ever again". Though Gina doubted the intention's durability, she came to Jane.

She was actually grateful for the respite from Ward's relentless use since their return from Saudi. He seemed somehow invigorated, inspired or perhaps now simply at home with his terms of ownership's. Whatever the motivation, he'd refined his system – exhaustively, she thought with a sigh – to an inexorable exactitude of method and timing. It was exhilarating and sexually sensational but also frequently used her totally up, turning her into a "slithering mass of girlflesh" – Ward's description.

And Gina loved Jane's building. Jane had bought two apartments in the condominium sitting on Georgetown Park Mall's rooftop – *the* address in DC when it was built in 1981 and with fickle bouts of cache since.

The Mall was a four level indoor fantasy, a faux Victorian folly in the very heart of Georgetown's haughty tree-lined and cobblestoned streets. It's intricately tiled walkways meandered around a central courtyard past ornate wrought iron and bronze latticework staircases, balustrades and gates, potted palms and topiary trees, huge Art Nouveau chandeliers fringed with living greenery, a plethora of fountains and one hundred high end specialty shops. Its skylights poked their geometric, cut glass domes into the winding indoor gardens of the condomium above. At night, their muted light gently combined with the twinkling lights in the garden's trees, turning the apartment complex into a fragrant fairyland.

Jane's first condo, a wonderful, bright duplex with something approximating a view of the Potomac River, had been purchased at a market high by the president of a major charitable organization that provided relief to the world's poor and debilitated. He then poured hundreds of thousands of dollars of organization resources into its decoration. The frivolous expenditure somehow leaked to the Washington Post, much to the organization's embarrassment. First they dumped him then they hurriedly, and at a tremendous loss, dumped the apartment. With her usual acumen, Jane was right there to snap up the space and much of its décor.

Her second was on the garden level, close to the glassed doorway to the ornate attended lobby – a spectacular 2500 square foot one bedroom with a private terrace

separated from the communal garden by a low wall and lush plantings. This was her office and this was where Gina found her, sunk in one of the extravagantly rolled-armed couches jumbled in her reception area, reading the Sunday New York Times Book Review and sipping a doppio macchiato.

Gina stood in the doorway disconsolately contemplating Jane's intractable persona and wondering how to begin. Was this what she could expect? Would none of the people she loved most understand?

Jane looked up and motioned to the intricate old brass espresso machine sitting on the counter that opened to the kitchen. As usual, she took charge. "Gina, I can't tell you how worried I am about you."

Gina started production on a giant iced "Americano" – four shots of espresso over a tall glass of ice that she planned to top with heavy cream, shooting worried peeks back over her shoulder toward Jane. "I know it must look strange ..."

Jane huffed sarcastically. "Strange!"

"... but I need what Ward does to me. He can understand my deepest desires – I know you've seen how perceptive he is – and he gives them to me. And you know I'm an extremist. I need to test life's limits." Gina waved the hand holding the glass through the stony silence, trying to formulate her feelings. "He helps me explore my own inner darkness. And often the most profound experiences happen when he pushes me beyond what I thought were my limits. He seems to know where they are better than I do." She turned from the machine to Jane's scowling visage. "You can't imagine the remarkable experiences I've had with him." The machine hissed in exclamation. Her voice was plaintive. "I thought you understood."

Gina paused, searching for some ingress through Jane's belligerent surface. "You know no one has ever taken care of me. Ward does. I need his responsibility for me, and his control. I've never been so fulfilled ... and tranquil." A trace of tears sounded in her voice. "Jane, you are my dear friend. I need you to understand."

Jane was far too maternal to stay upset in the face of an emotional plea. Her expression softened. "I just worry about you, Gina. And the milking was really a shock." She became pensive. "Strangely, I do understand." She raised her eyes and smiled ruefully. "Against my will, so much against my will, I find him compelling also. I feel like I'm doomed."

Jane smiled, clearly much more light-hearted. "Now let's talk about Terry."

Chapter Four

Through exhaustive and exceedingly non-traditional research methods, Ward had managed to reconstruct much of the story. The rest was based on his excellent intuition spurred by numerous small, adventitious clues inadvertently – or purposefully? sometimes Ward wondered – provided by Michelson.

Historically, Michelson's family had never been prolific. After years of miscarried conception attempts, Michelson's own beloved wife and infant son had died in childbirth. That was twenty years ago. Although he had since had one mistress and many more slaves, he had never been able to bear the thought of remarriage.

Eleven years later, his last relatives, cousins, brought their ten year old daughter for a visit. She was a small, sweet, beautiful child with palest skin and enormous, trusting brown eyes. He immediately recognized the extent of her submissiveness.

The little girl was asleep in his guest room when her parents lost control of their car on a dark, winding, wet road and died. When Ward pushed his fine probe deeper, he discovered a few elusive wisps of doubt about tampered brake lines that rapidly evaporated when the beam of his attention hit them.

Thus, Michelson had been pleased to assume responsibility for the exquisite girl. He resolved to provide her with everything, both material and developmental, she needed.

Under his guidance, Helen had grown into the embodiment of fragile feminine grace. She was neither tall nor short – in fact, of a height he considered perfect for a woman. Her delicate bone structure – the tiny waist and feet, the slender elegant fingers – and her perfect silken pallor would have marked her an exceptional beauty in Victorian England. As Michelson knew in exacting detail, she also had a rounded derriere and full, shapely breasts.

Since her sixteenth birthday Helen had been his only hostess. So today, when he hosted a luncheon for her first suitor at a renowned Washington DC restaurant, she attended on Mr. Michelson, her Guardian's, arm. In actuality, Michelson had not decided whether he would allow Helen to wed. If he did, the match must meet his very rigorous specifications. It was, however, quite possible he would marry her himself.

They had arrived thirty minutes early to make certain all was prepared properly – an unnecessary caution in this fanatical environment but a requisite part of Helen's training. This piece of information he had volunteered to Ward when they'd planned the luncheon. Now Mr. Michelson sat with Helen on his left at a round, excellently but discreetly situated linen draped table awaiting the other members of their party.

"Ward!" Phillipe's elegant lean form cut through the crowded restaurant like the prow of a ship through the waves on the Chesapeake Bay. In mid-motion, he signalled his intention to attend to these guests to his despotic Maitre D', Monsieur Paul, who stood optimally situated to survey his domain.

Phillipe shook Ward's hand vigorously, then cautiously and hesitantly eyed Gina, his gaze lodging momentarily on her giant tits just teasingly visible under her richly sculpted business suit. Gina's expression was equally ambivalent.

Ward smiled in amusement. He spoke close to Gina's ear but loudly enough for Phillipe to hear in the subdued and august din. "Gina, kiss Phillipe hello and then thank him for drugging you and helping me kidnap you. You may also thank him for putting his cock in your holes to help you produce milk."

Ward watched paternalistically as Gina's ambivalence lightened and she rather happily complied. "Don't worry, Phillipe. She's very pleased by your assistance. She's always enjoyed fucking you and it gave her what she desired, didn't it bitch?"

"Yes, Daddy."

Phillipe wordlessly raised Gallic eyebrows. He glanced toward their table. "Mr. Michelson and his ward arrived some time ago." He had become the gracious host. "This way, please." Phillipe led them across the arcane dining room.

In this restaurant discretion reigned. It's hallowed interstices were considered neutral territory by the DC establishment. The conduction of business was forbidden and diners wore impermeable cloaks of illusory anonymity.

Ward's lips curled. Still, the relentlessly enforced credo did not prevent discrete observation and whispered speculations. As they crossed the crowded room, Ward thoroughly enjoyed the camouflaged furore Gina's unnaturally voluptuous presence on his arm created. He noted, and filed away, several particularly interesting focal points. To what exactly were the diners responding? A short list of possibilities passed through his mind. He looked forward to Peter's response.

The Board's (or rather Ward's) plan was to create an opportunity to determine who the young man really was and what, if anything, he had to offer to their objectives. A wee, wary probe had uncovered interesting hints of impropriety floating like veiled chimeras through the political ether.

So in addition, at Ward's surreptitious nudging, they decided to offer Peter a powerful distraction of a more flamboyant nature – Gina – and observe how he reacted. Aside from being, in Ward's opinion, an excellent idea, the suggestion gave him the opportunity to be there and manipulate the situation, if necessary.

Mr. Michelson rose to his feet at Ward's approach and genteelly shook his hand. "Good afternoon, Mr. Smith." He gestured courteously toward the chair beside Helen, who sat unmoving, eyes downcast. "Please have a seat." He did not introduce Helen and ignored Gina, who peered at him curiously, as if trying to remember something. Mr. Michelson believed that slaves should be rarely seen and never, unless specifically permitted to speak, heard.

Although Ward generally allowed Gina to act like a real, though significantly moderated, human being in "vanilla" environments, he had mandated behaviour more suitable to traditional slaves while with Mr. Michelson. In other words, if he did not notice her desire to speak or to act in some way other than simply eating and exuding sexuality – her sole function at this luncheon – she was to touch his leg under the table. He would then evaluate whether her desired behaviour would be permitted.

Much thought had been given to seating arrangements. Finally, Mr. Michelson's vast experience using etiquette as a strategy had prevailed. His solution was to place Peter on his right hand, separating him from Helen and instead flanking him on one side by incontestable authority, Mr. Michelson, and on the other by irresistible depravity, Gina. Helen, to Michelson's left, would have her Guardian on one side and Ward on the other, symbolizing the extremity of her defences.

Ward had to agree. The solution was inspired.

Peter arrived precisely at the appointed time of 12:30 pm. He looked startlingly like his father, with old American money good looks, a tall, fit frame, and his father's characteristic thick black helmet of perfectly groomed hair. Ward had always thought his

father weak, despite his worldly success, and Peter certainly was not. Although Peter did not seem to have his grandfather's aristocratic arrogance, Ward was pleased to observe that the old tyrant's unyielding determination had apparently skipped a generation.

Neither Mr. Michelson nor Ward rose to greet him. Mr. Michelson regally indicated the sole vacant seat – which Peter eyed with dismay, darting a quick glance toward Helen. When Peter was seated, Michelson gestured toward Ward who smiled congenially. “This is my associate, Mr. Smith.”

In an exhaustively considered departure from his norm, he continued, “And this is his chattel, Gina.” It was Peter's first test.

Peter's gaze dropped to Gina, who smiled ingenuously up at him. His eyes widened. However, Ward was convinced his response was to her aberrant cleavage, which Peter couldn't help but look directly into, rather than to the old-fashioned word “chattel”, which Ward was not certain he understood.

Nor was it to the nose ring. After not too extensive research, Ward had discovered that a septum piercing was hidden with a “retainer”, a small, U-shaped piece of surgical steel that could be pushed invisibly into the nose. He'd felt the ring was an unnecessary distraction to the luncheon's agenda. So he'd allowed Gina to temporarily replace it with a retainer that he'd found in an elegantly decorated Dupont Circle piercing and tattoo shop patronized by the neighbourhood's hip matrons, beautiful gay men and college students of all persuasions from Goth to sorority. Ward's black monochrome had fit in perfectly.

The first course of Foie Gras Au Cerises, a seasonal specialty of seared duck liver nestled on top of the restaurant's spectacular Bing cherry conserve, arrived along with Monsieur Paul. The Sommelier followed close on his heels cradling a decanted bottle of a Joseph Phelps Insignia cabernet in cloth covered arms. Paul lifted the bottle like rare and exceptionally fragile crystal and poured an inch into Michelson's glass. Ward wondered if he detected a faint whiff of well-camouflaged disdain that the wine, though magnificent and expensive, was from Napa Valley not Alsace or Burgundy. Ward knew stocking American wines was Phillippe's not Paul's decision.

Michelson swirled the wine toward the light, sniffed and took a sip. “Excellent, thank you.”

Paul filled his glass, then handed the bottle to the steward to pour for the others. He seemed utterly unconcerned that two of the party might be too young to drink, even with the District's Police Commissioner sitting at a nearby table. Monsieur Paul was French, after all, and far more important, His Restaurant was Hallowed Ground.

The Commissioner, a large, striking black man, could have been an aging actor or a retired basketball player who'd broadened a little. His childhood in the dangerous though verdant ghettos of East D.C. had given him the hard, street smart edges needed to manage law enforcement in one of the highest crime, most politically ruptured and ridiculous U.S. cities. Ward had noted and filed away for future use his avid interest in Gina's voluptuous tits, legs and ass as they passed. The Commish was now just as avidly consuming the restaurant's famous Canard Frits a L'Orange, a duck soaked in orange brine and gently lowered into a deep cauldron of not quite boiling oil until deliciously, calorically crispy on the outside and tender on the inside, then served with classic orange glaze. He would be extremely upset if something as unpleasant as police activity disturbed his lunch.

"Please let me know if I can assist in any way." Monsieur Paul bowed, then gracefully disappeared.

Peter, and in fact, everyone else at the table, had not said a word, though Gina had spent the few distracted minutes bathing him in potent pheromonal sexuality, as instructed. Ward noted Peter's eyes minute but regular strays in her direction, when they were not fixed discretely but longingly on Helen.

"To evolution." Ward watched Peter curiously evaluate Michelson's toast. Michelson allowed everyone to drink before he turned his formidable beam of attention full onto the boy. "Peter, what do you think of the wine?"

"I think it's excellent, Sir, and perfect with the Fois Gras and cherries. A wonderfully complimentary and complex layering of flavours."

Michelson studied Peter with guarded approval. He'd explained to Ward that he taught Helen how to choose wine "but only," he'd said with a disapproving frown, "because young men these days are so inadequately educated." In Michelson's opinion, all young men should have educated palates. "Please tell us about yourself. You are in college, I believe?"

"I'm beginning my second year at MIT with a joint major of Computer and Political Sciences."

Mr. Michelson appeared thoughtful. "Aren't you a bit old to be beginning college? Did you do something immediately after preparatory school?"

With interest, Ward caught the tiny thundercloud whipping across Peter's eyes. Peter cleared his throat. "Recovering from ... what?" Ward wondered.

"I spent time in the Peace Corps in Africa." Peter smiled with charming confidentiality. "My father's idea."

Mr. Michelson nodded attentively. "Are you planning to join your father's corporation when you graduate?"

Peter sent a beam of charm around the table, flicking onto Helen's downcast face, lighting briefly on Ward and fixing finally on Mr. Michelson. Ward observed Peter's demeanour shift to boyish chagrin and pondered what the torrent of charm was covering up.

"My father and I have somewhat different philosophies on," Peter paused and smiled sheepishly, "well, just about everything. My plan is to get an MBA before I join any corporation."

Michelson frowned pensively. "What *do* you plan to do with your education?"

Peter smiled again – or still, Ward thought. "I need to learn a great deal more before I decide ..." His expression became humble.

Ward hid his amused smile. The kid was already a politician.

"... but at this point I'm leaning toward international trade."

Michelson nodded his acknowledgement. "Do you share your father's environmental views?"

"I definitely recognize the brilliant model for my father's company. It was created by one of the Democratic Party's most talented strategists," Peter discretely dipped his head to the left over Mr. Michelson's shoulder but in Ward's immediate line of vision, "not by my father."

Ward followed the motion and found himself looking directly into the sky blue, bird-like eyes of perhaps DC's most high-profile political hired gun, who shared a prime

banquette with a major Dem fundraiser. The hard, skeletal lines of the man's face were set in overbearing judgment and challenge, stances also reflected in his Ichabod Crane-like body's rigid posture. "But," Ward thought, "he always looks rigid."

Ward was certain Peter's father would get an earful. He was also fairly certain Dad would do nothing, partly due to ineffectualness and partly because Michelson certainly passed muster – unlike Ward. At the first opportunity, Ward would have to discuss his own possible damage to Michelson's reputation and anonymity. He wondered what the strategist knew. Ward shrugged internally and gave the man his most pleasant and unassuming smile.

He turned back to Peter, who was finishing his statement. Peter instantly had Ward's full attention. "My father is an excellent front man."

The statement was made without inflection but the hint of disapproval was clear to Ward and also, Ward could see, to Michelson. "Ah, callow youth," Ward thought benevolently as he became aware of activity in Gina's direction.

Gina was coiled to spring. Ward could see her journalist's senses, and in fact her entire body, vibrate like a jaguar scenting fresh blood. Peter's statement was simply too enticing, with too much promise of a back-story oozing juice. Ward placed a hand above her knee and dug his fingers into the sensitive pressure points. Gina flinched. Her face shot around toward him. His eyes projected an unmistakable warning signal and her mouth clamped closed.

"Sir, do you support environmental issues?" Peter's question was directed to Michelson.

Michelson's sternness seemed ironclad. "I have only one agenda. I apply moral judgements to nothing else. Rather I evaluate each instance, and in fact each instant, according to that agenda and to current needs."

"What is that agenda?"

Michelson smiled for the first time since Peter's appearance. "Perhaps we'll discuss it fully at some other time. Let's just say it involves a return to more traditional values."

Philippe appeared at Mr. Michelson's shoulder, sweeping the table with a custodial smile. "Is everything to your satisfaction, Mr. Michelson?"

This too was scripted. During the distraction, Gina looked directly into Peter's face and smiled warmly. Peter could not, of course, help but notice and respond to her. Ward was pleased to observe the upsurge of self-assured masculinity she evoked in the boy.

Peter met Gina's eyes with only a discreet, fleeting glance lower. "Do you work?"

Gina placed a hand lightly on his arm and leaned forward. Her lavish cleavage billowed between her suit jacket's lapels. "I'm a journalist." She glanced at Ward, as if for approval. Ward inclined his head slightly but obviously enough for Peter to notice. "But I belong to Ward and obey his instructions."

Peter's expression moved from surprise through analysis to whetted interest. His dark head bent, hanging above her like a predator over a rabbit hole ... for the few heartbeats before he realised his exposure. He straightened and swivelled, straining for discretion and grace, toward Ward.

"Perfect," Ward thought as Philippe left the table and Mr. Michelson again focused on Peter. Ward made his smile inviting, sympathetic and conspiratorial. He also showed Peter the knife edge of his appraisal.

“So, young man.” Peter turned quickly toward Mr. Michelson. “What is your interest in my ward?”

Peter stopped still, nonplussed. He was saved by Monsieur Paul in whose wake a flurry of waiters trotted carrying the main course, Jambon Braise Morvandelle, ham braised in wine with cream and mushroom sauce. “Really,” Ward thought, “The timing is impeccable.”

The ham was spectacular. It was brought whole to the table in a deep silver platter, surrounded by new potatoes, carrots and pearl onions. A second waiter followed behind the first carrying a small chafing dish filled with the thick white sauce. Monsieur Paul served with grand flourishes, carving and placing a generous slab of the tender pink meat on one of the restaurant’s gold-crowned lion embossed plates and artistically surrounding it with a selection of vegetables, before smothering it with cream sauce.

Michelson was relentless. Peter had taken only a few bites before he repeated his question. “My ward, young man. What is your interest in my ward?”

“Sir, I would be very grateful if you would allow her to date me. I would very much appreciate the opportunity to know her better.” Peter smiled toward Helen, who did not raise her eyes. “She is the most remarkable woman,” he looked at Michelson abashed, “well, girl, I have ever met.”

“That is all very well. However, if you are to ‘date’,” Michelson pronounced the word as if it were alien, “my ward you must be quite clear on several things.” He paused, thunderclouds hanging over his visage.

Peter toiled under the onslaught but did not drop Michelson’s gaze. “Yes Sir.”

“I am an old-fashioned man with old fashioned principles. I have trained Helen to respect those principles and to unconditionally respect and obey me, her Guardian. I can guarantee you that she will obey my wishes. I can also assure you that she will – and has done so already – inform me of any of your interactions with her that run counter to her upbringing.”

Pink rose into Peter’s cheeks but his gaze remained steady. “Yes Sir.”

“If you are to date her, your activities will be in accord with my principles and subject to my approval. If you attempt to indulge your prurient desires before such time as I consider it appropriate ...” Michelson’s use of the word “appropriate”, with its many possible and startling meanings, struck Ward as brilliant. “... I will forbid her to see you again. And as I said, she will certainly obey me. Do you understand?”

“Yes Sir.”

“And are we agreed?”

“Yes Sir.”

Michelson gave his second smile of the protracted lunch. “Then I will allow her to date you.”

As if on cue – Ward smiled to himself. It was on cue. – Helen raised her lovely eyes and tendered Peter a heartbreakingly sweet, innocent, feminine and utterly enticing smile.

Ward was shunted to Reza’s mobile’s voicemail for the third time. He felt the twinge of annoyance escalate. “Reza, would you take a break!” Reza had run off with his new love, a girl with no arms or legs, and disappeared.

“I need you to do a little research on our young friend, Peter’s, stint in the Peace Corps in Africa. Find out anything you can and call me. Please! ASAP!” Ward squelched

burgeoning frustration. For this task, he needed Reza's "unofficial" and frequently unpleasant information sources.

Chapter Five

“You performed your role exceptionally well this afternoon, my dear.” Michelson sat on a slatted wooden bench in the middle of the large, glassed shower chamber. His broad, bare back was perfectly upright, even in the warm, fragrant steam.

Helen, naked also, stood behind him, gently lathering his hair with castile shampoo from Kiehl’s Pharmacy, the same shampoo his nanny had used in his nursery. “Thank you, Sir. Sir, please lean your head back.” She placed her small, smooth hand on his forehead to shield his eyes and used the sprayer on one of the three shower heads to wash the soap from his hair with the other hand.

She replaced the sprayer in its holder, then walked around and knelt before him. He looked proprietarily, tenderly and, yes, erotically down at her. He could never prevent himself from examining her. She was his perfect creation – he frowned slightly, glad she hadn’t seen and misinterpreted – and, he must admit honestly to himself, his obsession.

From his vantage above her he could not see the entire, magnificent form of her soft, teardrop shaped breasts, only the alabaster tops and the splendid round nipples of pale pink-tinted brown with the few wisps of damp dark hair trailing across them. His fingers itched to caress the stippled surfaces just as did the strands of her hair. “Later,” he thought. “Let her perform her duties.”

His gaze moved lower across her flat belly, its young muscles rippling slightly as she worked, to the soft mound of curly brown hair below. He enjoyed pubic hair, indeed thought it proper and ladylike. Not like the shaven harlots so prevalent these days.

But not in excess! He ordered the fine hair on her legs and inner thighs up to the edges of the labia majora themselves and even including her anus waxed away. In fact, he took great pleasure in watching this procedure – her stalwart stillness despite her obvious pain as the hair was ripped from its roots, and then the perfect wax-moistened smoothness of her skin. As he contemplated his fingertips’ sensation as it ran around her anus’ rim to “test” his orders’ meticulous fulfilment, he felt his penis harden. No matter. She would not object or even dare notice.

Helen held his foot like a sacramental object, carefully lathering it with aloe vera and coriander soap – again from Kiehl’s – and then vigorously scrubbing it with pumice stone. After attending to each foot, she trimmed and filed the toenails, applied avocado and shea butter moisturizing cream, then wrapped the foot in a small hot towel.

Michelson waited expectantly, eyes now closed, enjoying the multiplicity of sensations. When the second foot was ensconced in its towel wrap, he spoke words he knew she expected. “You may now worship my penis.”

He smiled to himself as her delicate fingers touched the shaft. His intention was always to begin flaccid so she would have experience dealing with foreskin. His old-fashioned – with approval he acknowledged their bias – parents had repudiated the fashionable rush to hospital circumcision for “health” reasons during the era of Michelson’s infancy. They left him his amazingly thick, abundant sheath of penile skin, which hung down well below his penis’ tip when he was limp. A rare gift, he always thought.

Somehow though, he never managed it. Her beauty, her submission to him and, of course, her touch on his body invariably aroused him. Still, generally enough of the voluminous foreskin remained for her to practice its careful – and sensual – retraction. He

taught her to move and then hold it back over the shaft and to gently, meticulously wash it so no effluvia (if any was there in the first place) remained underneath. He also taught her various techniques for manipulating the penis with hands and mouth, either sheathed or with the sheath held retracted as she did when she washed it, and for effectively stroking and palpating the testicles and perineum.

Michelson felt the thrill deep in his loins as she retracted the tissue and washed his member with the fragrant soap. He waited ... waited as she retrieved the sprayer and rinsed. The hot water rushed across him and he felt himself become rock hard.

She was required first to manipulate his penis and testicles manually until he was extremely engorged – always an easy task – and then to place the organ between her breasts against her heart. Silent and with eyes closed, he could sometimes feel the beat of her heart against his hardness. He would, of course, not admit it to her but at such moments he almost wept with his joy of her.

Often at this point he remembered the first time he had brought her to the shower, in England on her sixteenth birthday. He had done his best to prepare her in advance of the event. The capable Madame Armelle had included the most esteemed examples of eroticism and domination and submission among the great works of literature in which Helen had been exhaustively educated. Madame was also responsible for Helen's catechism into the physiologically of human sexuality, both female and male. And he himself saw to her protection from unwanted pregnancy, having her examined by his discreet physician and prescribed excellent new low dose contraceptive pills.

She was now only three years older, yet he remembered how young and how intoxicatingly fragile she seemed that first time. He remembered her youthful body, only just beginning to display the promise of the womanly fullness to come – her budding breasts, her slim hips and the incipient curve of her waist, the soft tufts of silken pubic and underarm hair that he had not yet let her remove.

Imperceptibly he shook his head. No, he would not give her up, not to anyone, not ever. At that moment, her lips touched his penis' tip. He gasped, startled from his reverie, though it was just as he'd instructed her. Before she took his penis from between her breasts, she was to bend her neck and place her lips on the sensitive head. Then she must hold the lingam – he appreciated the Hindu image of the Shiva lingam, the male principle represented by the phallic monolith – between her soft hands and respectfully kiss first the crown, then the crown's underside at the point where it split in half, the base of the shaft and each testicle.

Again he closed his eyes and waited, his penis rigid in anticipation. Her soft lips wrapped around him, drowning him in her wet warmth. She sucked him in, precisely as he had taught her. She was an apt student and followed his instructions to perfection. She took him completely into her small mouth and then released him, running the tip of her tongue around the crown with every withdrawal.

He placed a hand on her head. "Come and sit on my lap, my dear." He always enjoyed the phrase. It too reminded him of the first time, when she was his young girl. He remembered how she'd glanced timidly up at him through her long, lowered lashes when she heard the words, then come to him trembling slightly. For a moment he'd taken her hands and allowed her to stand in front of him as he tenderly looked down upon her dainty female features. Even her frail fingers had fluttered perceptibly.

She'd balanced tentatively on his knee and he'd allowed her to do so for many minutes while he gently touched her body. He ran the flat of his palm over the tips of her nipples and she lifted her eyes in surprise as she felt them harden. He had been pleased at her responsiveness. Slowly but so eagerly he'd moved his hand lower, caressing her belly's supple skin, grown rosy with the shower's heat. His large hand had cupped her small mound and remained. He remembered that time had seemed to stop still, as still as her small form. Then, at last, he carefully spread her labia majora with his index and middle fingers and found her clitoris.

She had come quickly and soundlessly – he'd come to cherish her ability to be silent – to her first orgasm, quivering against his bare chest. He'd placed a hand under each blossoming bottom and lifted her. Her virginal vagina had been so tight his penis could not enter while she was upright. They had rinsed off and he had laid her on a towel on her back on his bed. She stared up wide-eyed at him while he penetrated her but, as always, had not made a sound ...

... until he caressed her clitoris to make it easier for her. Then she'd again quickly shuddered in climax and he was inside her, surrounded by her warm juices and her blood. The blood had run scarlet along her perfect white cleft and formed a startlingly bright pool on the white towel underneath. He thought it might be too much but he couldn't resist having her lick the residue off his penis. He was sure she found it unpleasant but she was so flawlessly submissive she made not even a whimper of complaint.

Now Helen stood. She turned slowly and lowered her sublime alabaster moons onto his outstretched palms. He helped her sink her vagina onto his penis. Her body's weight felt insubstantial. The only true pressure was against his penis. He extracted his hands from underneath those sublime rondelles and reached around her narrow back, using his handhold on her breasts to pull her against his chest. While he kissed her neck, he ran his palms over her nipples, just as he had the first time. And just as then, her nipples hardened. Her breasts felt soft as silk under his fingers.

Now, however, Helen was thoroughly educated. Both his hands moved around her tiny waist, his fingertips almost meeting. He bounced her insignificant weight on his lap as he would a child. He crooned to her, "Come to Daddy. Be Daddy's little darling," as her behind's tender flesh jiggled and compressed against his naked thighs and her vagina gripped and released his penis. "Tell Daddy you love him and that you will always be with him."

Her sweet voice echoed in the enclosed space. "I love you, Daddy. I will never leave you." He heard the words catch in her throat, thick with emotion. She did love him, and needed him desperately, he had no doubt of it.

She was delightful, heavenly, he thought ecstatically, almost overcome but holding himself back – for her. Her training must continue. His voice became stern. "Now show me what you have learned, young lady."

She rode him with the skill of the most experienced courtesan, caressing, fondling and milking his penis with her vernal vagina. As he'd instructed, her nubile body taunted him until he could bear it no longer and ejaculated inside her.

When afterwards her gossamer form curled on his lap, she whispered, sweet lips pressed against his chest, "Daddy?"

"Yes, Helen."

"Daddy, must I spend time with Peter York?"

Michelson was touched. Truly, she only belonged to him. He lifted her chin and looked into her large, trusting brown eyes. "My precious treasure," he quelled his emotion, "throughout history liaisons have been made for political and other reasons that have never – or only for the sake of lineage – been consummated. I promise you, if some sort of liaison with Peter is necessary, I will control it. I will not give you up and we will still have our dear time together. That is the promise I make to you."

Michelson relaxed in a deep leather armchair. He had dressed in his customary evening attire when at home, an old-fashioned burgundy velvet smoking jacket over charcoal grey slacks. On his feet he wore burgundy leather slippers. A leather bound first edition lay open in his lap.

Helen, dressed in a simple dark skirt and white blouse, her legs primly crossed at the ankles, sat in a ladylike embroidered Victorian tub chair with wonderfully carved rosewood cabriole legs on the opposite side of the cold library hearth. She too held a book in her lap.

Mrs. Bentley, Michelson's pleasant but efficient cook housekeeper, knocked and entered the library. "Excuse me, Mr. Michelson."

"Yes, Mrs. Bentley?" Michelson invariably addressed his small staff with utmost respect.

"Mr. Peter York is on the phone for Miss Helen."

"Thank you, Mrs. Bentley. Miss Helen will take the call here." He motioned Helen toward a phone on a side table.

Helen stood, gracefully smoothed her skirt and walked to the table. Michelson enjoyed the swell of her slim calves created by her high heeled Italian pumps. She lifted the receiver and said in a small, tentative voice, "Hello?"

Michelson listened attentively to her side of the conversation. "I'm well, thank you. I hope you are also?" A pause. "I'm pleased that you enjoyed lunch," Michelson smiled ironically to himself, "and I'll certainly relay your message to Mr. Michelson." Another pause. "Could you hold on a moment while I check."

The well-trained girl depressed the hold button and turned to her guardian. "Peter asked if he could take me to dinner at _____ (she named the current hot DC restaurant) on Friday." She looked worriedly toward him. "I don't want to leave you ..."

Michelson shook his finger at her. "Tell him that you will be happy to go with him."

Chapter Six

Ward told Gina that Alfred York, a former Democratic Vice-President and now the CEO of an innovative international telecom company, was a higher priority than the head of the German media company. Ward also ordered her to do her best to seduce York.

The company's luxurious offices were in the office building attached to the majestic old Willard Hotel, a bastion of Washington society since Henry and Edwin Willard bought the original hostelry in 1850. The office building was lovingly constructed to match the hotel's current structure, completed in 1904, a regally adorned example of the Second French Empire's Beaux-Arts style arrayed in an extravagantly cupolaed roof and an entrance fronted by a row of massive three-story columns.

Before she'd ascended to her meeting, Gina indulged herself in the immense, bounteous Chanel boutique on the lower level of the terraced outdoor Fountain Court between offices and hotel. Without regret – or fear – she charged well into four digits on Ward's credit card. She bought an extremely short black lace dress covered with an almost equally short satin trimmed black crepe coat.

Then, as an afterthought, she added a little sleeveless white knit dress trimmed at neck, armholes and pocket tops with thick bands of mini pearl embroidery and tailored with exquisitely deceptive simplicity. She was actually quite surprised to find a white dress, and sleeveless as well, in Chanel's fall collection. Coco Chanel would most likely not have approved. But then she wouldn't have approved of many of Lagerfeld's designs – his leather and chain biker chic of a few years back, for example. Admiringly, she regarded the dress in her hands. Fortunately, the DC fall was warm this year. She unzipped the back and slid her long legs through the opening.

The white dress would have been sweet and ladylike if not for Gina's mammoth breasts. The French saleslady vacillated between discreet dissuasion and awed appreciation. Gina wondered what she'd have thought of the freakish nipples, now covered by a heavy lace brassiere. Finally the French woman gave a Gallic shrug, similar to one of Philippe's, and succumbed to Gina's unique sense of her own social invulnerability. The woman was then most pleased to help her find matching shoes.

Gina had the black suit, which comprised eighty percent of the purchase's cost, shipped to Ward's house in Maryland to save DC's onerous sales tax. The saleslady was astonished when she decided to wear the white dress rather than the light taupe suit in which she'd arrived.

Because historically no building has been allowed to rise higher than the U.S. Capitol, there are no true skyscrapers in the District itself. Thus, the Willard Office Building has only twelve stories. York's company occupied the eleventh.

When Gina stepped out of the building's dark, bronze scrolled elevator, a sea of glass confronted her. A glass wall formed the office's entry. A second was positioned behind the reception area and enclosed a huge conference room. And beyond were square windows looking out into sunlit blue southern sky, bisected by the white point of the Washington Monument obelisk.

A glass panel slid soundlessly aside as she approached. Gina stepped toward the pretty blond receptionist – one of the hoards of young American beauties, many from wealthy, influential families, who support the Washington political elite – seated behind a long, sleek barrier of burgundy stained mahogany. The girl scanned Gina's dress, shoes

and briefcase, trying in the process to appraise the huge breasts without appearing to do so, before smiling up at her. “May I help you?”

Gina’s credentials cleared, the girl ushered her through another sliding glass panel into the striking conference room. “The Vice President will be with you in a moment.” Gina was not in the least surprised by the appellation. In the United States, Presidents and Vice Presidents, and sometimes Senators and Congressmen, retain their titles unofficially until they die, often along with their Secret Service escorts. She surveyed the spectacular view – the Mall with its disparately shaped museums and pools ending in the Lincoln Memorial’s many columns, the domed Jefferson Memorial, and the elegant old bridges across the Potomac River leading to Virginia beyond.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?”

She heard York’s bland though well-educated voice behind her. “God, the man is boring,” she thought as she turned and smiled. She rebuked herself. “No journalistic judgments!” Still, she controlled a shiver. Her skin crawled at the thought of his passionless hands on her body. None-the-less, she looked into his eyes and smiled coyly. Daddy had told her she had to seduce him.

With a journalist’s eye, she evaluated his reaction. His eyes flitted downward but immediately fixed on her face. He extended an urbane hand and flashed perfect white teeth. “Please. Have a seat.” His eyes again moved downward. “I hope you don’t mind me saying so ...” She waited with bemused expectation. “... but that is a very attractive dress.”

Gina was surprised. She’d definitely not expected that comment.

“Women don’t seem to wear a lot of white these days. I think it’s my favourite colour.” He smiled minimally, oddly, Gina thought, as if at some secret joke. “Now what can I tell you?”

Gina set a small recorder on the long black slab of the minimalist conference table. “Do you mind if I tape? All right. Why don’t we start with an overview of your company.” She opened a notepad on her white lap. York’s eyes followed the motion. Gina had a curious sense of ... what? Again something odd but illusive.

The Vice President assumed his normal speechmaking mien and launched into the pedantic tones Gina found so annoying. At least she had a modicum of relief. He didn’t whine, like his running mate.

“The company was founded seven years ago during the period when venture capital was pouring into the telecom industry. Most of the founders had been senior government officials and all shared a belief in the need to preserve the world’s natural resources. We saw an opportunity to provide much needed telecom and internet services to third world countries but to do so in an environmentally responsible manner and at the same time, give them an education,” he smiled complacently, “by example of course, in ‘sustainable’ practices. Are you familiar with the term?”

At Gina’s nod, he continued. “We bring experts into the country and help build state-of-the art, environmentally responsible infrastructure. Then we assist in the development and training of corporate leadership. Our ultimate objective is to become a silent partner, who also provides an international organization.” He was clearly pleased with his no doubt oft repeated recitation. “You could say we’re the glue that holds all the independent parts together.”

Again the complacent smile. “We consider ourselves at the pinnacle of the movement toward socially responsible business. We practice what we preach.”

Gina asked offhandedly, her head bent toward her pad. “How many countries are you now in?”

York hesitated. He cleared his throat and Gina looked at him with interest. “More countries than he wants to – and no doubt will – admit to,” she thought.

“Well, it’s a little hard to give you an exact number. We have single projects that cross several boundaries and,” he gave his best politician’s smile, “I haven’t counted.”

“Ha!” Gina thought.

“Off the top of my head, I’d guess between twenty and thirty.”

Gina smiled back benignly. She wasn’t ready to strike. “Are all your founders still involved in the company?”

“Well ... yes.” Another hesitation.

“Someone’s got to have coached him better than this!” Gina was surprised at his answers’ lack of fluidity. He must have been asked these question before.

“Some of our founders were never actually involved. They were investors. Some very prominent Democrats fall into that category. They saw investment in the company as both a good social and business decision.”

“Can you give me a list of your founders?”

York looked replete with regret. “I’m terribly sorry but I can’t do that. We’re still a privately held company and, for the moment at least, until we have an IPO, that information is confidential.”

Gina smiled warmly, leaning toward him confidentially. “Certainly you can give me the names of the prominent members of your team who’ve participated in your more high profile projects – your current project in West Africa, for example, or Thailand.” She paused meaningfully, directly and seriously meeting his eyes. “I can pull the names out of our archives.” She smiled again. “You’ll just save me a little time.”

Again he cleared his throat. “Well, yes, I suppose I can do that.” He gave her three names, the first an attorney who routinely raised many millions for presidential and senate races. The others were former Presidential Cabinet officers, one who’d left a recent administration under a small but very dark cloud. Gina noted several names – one in particular – that were conspicuously omitted.

Her expression became innocent and so feminine. “What about China?” She furrowed her brow. So silly! So befuddledly female! “Didn’t I hear something about a project in China?”

Gina watched York squelch his surprise ... and annoyance? For a fleeting second he almost seemed forbidding, so fleeting she wouldn’t have recognized the change if she hadn’t had experience with Daddy. The blandness reappeared, once again completely subsuming his persona. Had Gina only imagined there’d been anything else?

York laughed paternalistically. “China’s a big prize. Everyone sends feelers in that direction.”

Gina changed tacks. No point in probing further. She had other far more reliable information sources. She leaned her voluminous chest forward and smiled, still utterly guileless. “The contacts y’all made while in government must be very helpful with foreign governments.”

He appeared dismayed but not provoked, as he had previously. He opened his mouth to speak.

In a burst of clarity Gina saw it. It was so obvious. Anyone could see it – if they were looking. She interrupted, peering up at him wide-eyed in a desperate attempt to maintain her innocent appearance amid her excitement. “I bet they think they’re still dealing with the U.S. government.”

Someone had clearly prepared York for the question or something like it. “Because they’ve had satisfactory dealings with us in the past, they trust us and are comfortable with us. So of course it’s easier for us to get in.” He smiled gently, patronizing this poor, sweet, simple girl. “Really, it’s not much different than dealing with a lobbyist.”

“Except lobbyists are not sitting legislators – which I bet the founders are,” she silently mused. “I bet the foreign governments think they’re paying kickbacks.” Her excitement surged. “And they are.” She made a cryptic note on her pad. “Dist”, meaning check how profits are distributed ... and to whom.

The Vice President had launched into an elaborate explanation of their close workings with the governments to make sure technologies are both state of the art and sustainable, complete with examples from their projects. She let him ramble. The tape would pick it up and it would provide good filler for her article.

Suddenly she became aware he was enthusiastically talking about hospitals for workers. “Excuse me, Mr. Vice President,” he paused and focused on her, “aren’t hospitals a little outside the company’s environmental agenda?”

“They are and they aren’t. As I told you, we strive to create sustainable and healthy solutions.” He smiled sheepishly. “And along with the environment, hospitals are a special interest of mine.” His pliable face shifted to sadness. “My mother spent many of her last days in a hospital, as did one of my dearest friends. I’d like to give everyone access to adequate medical care.”

Again she saw that odd – and chilling – flicker. “Have you ever spent time in a hospital, Gina?”

Congenially, she played along, grateful for an opportunity to smooth over any rough spots and exceedingly curious about the underlying something that kept pricking her awareness. “Only once.” His expression encouraged her to proceed. “I was bitten by a spider. I was horribly sick but thought it was the flu and delayed going to the hospital for several days. They told me if I’d waited any longer I’d have been in a coma.”

She’d piqued his interest. He leaned intently toward her. “A coma? You poor dear.”

Helen slipped through an almost invisible door in the smooth mahogany wall surface with soundless grace. The delicate pattern of her slim, pale mauve and cream tweed suit accentuated her fragile frame and perfect alabaster skin. “Please excuse me, Mr. Vice-President. Your 3 o’clock conference call is waiting.”

York’s gaze moved between the two women. Gina watched worried recognition build. “You know each other, don’t you?”

Gina’s tone was unruffled. “Helen’s guardian and the man I live with are friendly, but Helen and I haven’t spoken two words to each other.”

York rose to leave and Gina rose with him. He patted her arm. “I’m terribly sorry but this call can’t wait.”

Gina took a step closer. In her four inch heels, she was only slightly shorter than his 6 feet. She laid a hand cordially on his arm. "May I digest what you've told me and call with any other questions? Perhaps you'll let me take you to lunch?"

For a moment he placed his hand over hers and peered deep into her eyes. Then he rapidly left the room. She restrained a shudder.

Gina gave Daddy a synopsis of the meeting the moment she returned.

His first comment was, "Take off the bra."

He watched lasciviously as she stretched her hands behind her head, her big tits distending the white dress' fine fabric, and struggled with the zipper.

She wriggled the zipper downward, then shrugged the dress to her hips.

Ward appreciatively ogled her breasts, bulging like lace encased footballs above her slim waist and hard abdomen.

Again she reached behind, this time across her back, to unhook the brassiere. Defiantly she held Ward's eyes while she dropped the shred of lace to the floor like a stripper. She slipped her firm arms through the pearled armholes and wriggled the zipper closed, then stood pretentiously in front of him, her eyes meekly lowered like a trained slave instead of his fuckbitch.

Gina's fleshy nipples pressed like thick, horizontally held fingers, perfectly visible against the thin white textured knit. "Much better. Since the dress was so useful and looks so good on you, I'm not going to make you whore for it. Now get down on your knees and make me hard."

As Gina's wet mouth engulfed his penis, he asked, "Was that all you bought?"

"No Daddy," she mumbled.

While Gina sucked, Ward called Michelson. "Gina has excellent instincts. She thinks there's something strange pertaining to the colour white and hospitals – and maybe to comas. We need to look into his mother's death and the deaths of anyone else close to him. I also think we need to get a list of investors and the financial statements."

"And Mr. Michelson, why don't you try having Helen wear something white?"

Reza finally called. He was ebullient. "Ward! Sorry it's taken me so long to get back to you."

He laughed happily. "You'll never guess." Before Ward could say a word, Reza burst out. "Lila's pregnant! I'm going to be a father!"

Ward heard his tone sober, just a little. "I'm going to have to decide whether to marry her. As you can imagine, my family may not approve." Reza might love the girl but his devotion to his family and need to uphold his family's values were resolutely indoctrinated since birth.

"Congratulations." Ward was glad Reza couldn't see his judgmental grimace. It wasn't disapproval. He was concerned about negative consequences for both Reza and the very vulnerable girl. Truly he didn't want to see either disastrously damaged.

"Thank you," Reza burbled. "But enough about my good fortune. About young Peter. You're going to love this. When he was in the Peace Corps he apparently became a little too interested in female genital mutilation, as you institutionally virtuous Westerners say." The words bubbled from Reza's lips. "He liked fucking young black girls sewn shut with no clits." He chortled again. "I can just imagine what his father thought of that!"

Ward was knocked dumb. This was way more potent than even he, who'd seen pretty much every bizarre, hideous obsession, could have imagined.

Reza was too absorbed in his own thoughts to notice Ward's silence. "So ... we're going to need at least two girls. No better make it half a dozen to be on the safe side. We won't have a problem with the tribal leaders. Food's difficult to get in Africa and there're more hungry girls than they need for breeding purposes. They'll be overjoyed to sell us as many as we'll take. And because women have no status, the girls are naturally submissive."

As usual, Ward's surprise was short lived. Almost immediately, his mind's innate, fiendish mechanisms raced off autonomously and unobtrusively like an exceptionally well-programmed computer, analyzing all angles and making calculations. How best to use this?

"The big problem is finding girls who are healthy. The mutilation," Reza used the word without the slightest demure, "which, by the way, you Westerners call 'infibulation', meaning cutting off the clitoris and inner labia and sewing up the outer labia – anyway, it's done so crudely, girls end up maimed or with lots of other medical problems. Worse, the practice is done on all the tribe's same age girls at once using the same knife and under very unsanitary conditions. One of the reasons, AIDS is so rampant in Africa. The girls will have to be tested, ideally for a year, though I've heard that if a test is negative because the disease was recently contracted, the virus is weak enough to be difficult to transmit. So given our time constraints, we'd probably be safe with a current test."

Ward stirred thoughtfully. Reza immediately shifted course, obviously assuming Ward wondered how he'd gained all this knowledge. "Because of my business I have to know these things. I don't want to sell any unclean girls. My clients trust the quality of my merchandise."

Ward chuckled softly but, though he could almost hear Reza's back straighten defensively and his expression become even more sincere, it was not at Reza's ubiquitous salesmanship. The possibilities were simply so stupendous!

Reza pressed on, his thoughts again consuming him. "Also, there's the question of how big an opening in the labia is optimal. Do we want the girls to be cut apart to be fucked, as many are now? Or should we leave an opening that's tight but able to be stretched by a cock?"

"My God!" Ward opened his mouth to respond but was prevented by Reza's exclamation. "What a fabulous idea! I can set up mobile hospitals, even perhaps build some in more heavily populated tribal areas. Procedures can be done properly and cleanly by physicians to our specifications. The doctors can be trained to recognize what we want and cull out the best specimens. We'll pay commissions for particularly fine girls."

"I haven't sold many black girls but some are spectacular. Africans, much more than American blacks, have the most impossibly smooth, dark skin. You've probably seen some Africans who've become top fashion models. Unnaturally tall and slim with the most remarkable grace – probably from carrying heavy jugs on their heads or maybe it's genetic." Excitement rippled through Reza's voice. "It'll be a new business for me and you know I'm always looking to diversify."

Ward heard the warmth rise in Reza's voice. "We can provide the tribes people with other medical care as well." He chortled again. "They'll love us."

A highly amusing irony struck Ward. He interrupted Reza's enthusiastically flowing verbiage. "Actually, Amnesty International should applaud. They're naive if they think they can get the tribes to stop. We can eliminate the more horrible aspects of the practice and go far to slow the AIDS epidemic. This may be the only viable solution to the problem. We're actually heroes!"

Reza laughed joyfully. "You know what would be fun! We can bury the program's origins in a religious charity." A contemplative pause. "Maybe I'll throw in a few American blonds. Nobody does blonds like you Americans! I know several rich Africans who would pay exorbitantly for a mutilated blond."

Chapter Seven

Helen glanced nervously at the one red light on her desk phone. She got quickly to her feet and almost ran across the capacious room to the heavy grey steel filing cabinet behind Mimi's desk.

Despite the dauntingly icy décor mandated by the company's Board in the rest of the space, York had chosen the traditional ambience of his old office in the White House's West Wing. Even the assistants' workstations in his dark panelled antechamber were superb 18th century mahogany partners' desks. The rows of wooden cupboards and filing cabinets scattered along the walls were custom crafted to match the desks exactly. Early Victorian, bronze leaf-carved chandeliers with milk glass globes were suspended from satin covered chains above each desk and York's conference table. Simple lengths of aubergine velvet draped to the floor from heavy bronze curtain rods. He'd even ordered replicas of the American eagle embossed white on blue Vice Presidential seal hung above his desk in the inner office and prominently placed in the antechamber next to an American flag draped from floor to ceiling on an antique bronze pole.

The ugly, leaden group of stacked drawers with the large white dials of combination locks in the faces of the highest, were out of place in the elegant antechamber. The procedures and in fact the containers used to secure the company's sensitive documents came directly from the military's classification system. Each time the cabinets were opened or closed a signed notation of the time was made on log sheets attached to a clipboard that undeviatingly remained on the cabinets' tops. Security – all former secret service agents – checked the logs and cabinets, pulling the handles and spinning the locks, each morning before the office opened and several times each night after its close. Woe to the person who left a cabinet open. Security clearances were lost for less.

But Mimi was never remiss. As with most senior Washington support staff, she had been with York since his political career's early days, his second Congressional term in 1980, when she was just barely an adult. At fifty one, she was slim and elegant with the current, more casual version of the favoured blond "Washington wings". Actually, she looked a bit like a blond, longer haired version of Laura Bush. Mimi was also utterly efficient and so experienced with classified documents she could follow the procedures in her sleep.

The cabinet was locked even when she went to lunch. Helen's sole opportunity was the few moments when Mimi was in the Lady's Room. This was her third attempt. The first two had allowed her to locate the documents. Now she hoped to liberate and photograph them with the small digital camera she held concealed in her palm.

Her hand stretched toward the drawer. "Helen, what are you doing?" The voice was thin and hard and scared her out of her wits. She jumped straight upright and turned toward him. It was Carter LaVeau, a powerful political consultant and the most frightening man who passed through the office. She had not heard him enter. The man was silent as a cat.

"Mr. LaVeau!" Reflexively, Helen, who spoke fluent French, used the soft, short traditional pronunciation rather than the more extravagant sounds of his Creole origins. His gaunt frame loomed above her and she was sure lightening bolts shot from his bright blue eyes. She was paralyzed, incapable of movement except for her racing heart. But her

rigorous training took over and she smiled meekly up at him. Inside her head she heard her own frantic screams, “What can I do? What can I do?”

Somehow, out of nowhere, a solution – a good one, she hoped – came to her. She turned back to the cabinet and lifted the voluminous ivy plant off the top, “You scared me! I was just about to give this poor creature a little water.”

He looked her over suspiciously. His azure eyes domineeringly and coldly – without the least impropriety, rather like Madame or even Mr. Michelson when they judged her adequacy – swept her body from Ferragamo shoes to ladylike dark Valentino skirt and white sweater with the lovely lace detail that accentuated her breasts so pleasingly but demurely.

Her own eyes dropped to the floor under his scrutiny. A frisson of arousal ran through her chest and into her limbs. Her knees felt weak. She instantly became profoundly, wonderfully submissive. She stood before him feeling – truly wishing she was – naked as she felt his eyes travel across her delicate curves. No man but Mr. Michelson had ever affected her this way.

Like a small dog, she shook herself free of his aura and walked gracefully, as Mr. Michelson had taught her, away from him to the wet bar in one of the cupboards. With every step, she was aware of his eyes on her. As she poured water on the plant, she said, her back toward him so he couldn’t see her discomfiture, “I’m sorry but the Vice President is on the phone. Would you like to wait or shall I buzz him?”

The door opened and Mimi entered. She called across the room, her voice hushed by all the wood. “Helen, you don’t have to water. The service will do it.” Out of the corner of her eye, Helen saw her turn to LaVeau, who did not remove his eyes from Helen’s back. “She’s such a dear – so thoughtful and helpful.”

Helen felt him soften and she turned, relaxing just a bit. She returned the plant to its place on the cabinet, the camera still hidden in her palm. As she made her way back to her desk, she sighed discreetly. She’d have to try again. Next time, though, she’d do so when everyone was in a meeting.

Just as on every weeknight, his driver dropped Helen at the door of Mr. Michelson’s modest house in a quiet, wooded cul-de-sac off Old Dominion Road in the wealthy suburb of McLean, Virginia. As instructed, she went immediately to his office to report on the day’s events. As she’d done at least once a day since she was a child, she sat primly on the edge of the old black leather chair with eyes lowered, waiting for his command to speak.

She heard his word, “Begin,” and recited the tale of the latest failed attempt to photograph the financial statements.

When she finished, she glanced quickly up at him through lowered eyelashes. His expression was stern but kind. But she couldn’t wait for him to speak. She needed to tell him one more thing. “Sir?”

He looked at her curiously. “Yes, Helen?”

“The experience today was very strange.” His silence encouraged her to continue. “Mr. LaVeau affected me, “ she paused, searching for the words, “similarly to the way you do.” She tried to interpret his expression as she told him about her feelings of submission and arousal. She’d never, in her years with him, seen him respond in quite that manner.

He was silent for several minutes. Finally he seemed to come to himself. "Helen, I hope you understand that I appreciate how efficiently you extricated yourself from your predicament."

She did not raise her eyes. Small fingers of dread crept into her chest. "Thank you, Sir."

"However I cannot ignore the fact that you have not yet successfully carried out my critical and highly time sensitive instructions."

Traces of tears formed in her lowered eyes and painful chagrin coursed through her. Her greatest desire was to please him. "Yes Sir."

"Although I expect you to take your usual care, I require you to complete this task immediately."

"Yes Sir."

She was almost relieved by Mr. Michelson's next words. She ardently needed to redeem herself.

"Helen, I'm afraid I must punish you for your lapse." He rose to his feet. "Please follow me." She followed several paces behind, eyes lowered, fragile fingers clasped on her abdomen.

Michelson led Helen into a small room adjoining his study, once a large storage closet. The room had been emptied, cleaned and given fifteen gleaming coats of rose lacquer. The special leather covered bench he had transported from England sat alone in the room's centre. Helen did not require instruction to climb up on the bench's kneeling rail and lean over its top.

"Please lift your skirt."

"Yes, Sir." From Helen's sixteenth birthday, Michelson had required her to wear only a garter belt and stockings under her skirts – no panties. She wriggled the fine cloth upward, exposing her round, downy behind to his gaze and to his will. Then she buried her face in the leather just as she had since she was a girl and timorously waited. The smell of saddle soap rose familiarly, even comfortingly into her nostrils.

As she had for so many years, she heard the paddle lift from its peg on the bench's end. Her gluteal muscles tensed slightly in anticipation. But he stood silently for a moment, then slowly ran his smooth, dry palm across her skin, squeezing slightly as if he was feeling for imperfections in the supple surface. Despite her dreadful anticipation, arousal flooded her belly and her vagina.

Crack. The heavy wood stung bitterly. Tears filled her eyes but she made no sound. Crack. Crack. Three times. Five times. Seven times. Her poor bottom burned unbearably. Her tears drenched the brittle leather but still she was silent. Crack. Crack. Crack.

She heard him hang the paddle on its peg and felt his warmth behind her. Again he pressed a hand to her behind. She couldn't restrain the tiniest whimper ... but not only at the pain burning through her flesh and flaring red hot at his touch. She was almost overcome, almost fainting with arousal. She wanted to scream, to beg, "Please Sir! Please, please, Sir!" but knew she must remain silent, utterly immobile. Her heart leapt into her throat as she heard his zipper.

His fingers ringed the small circle of her waist and he entered her, his hard pelvic bones pressing into her blazing behind. Her breath rushed from her open mouth in a luxurious exclamation as he took control of her, without warning, without permission.

Deep within the furore at her being's centre, an anxious tremor rippled at her presumptuous thought of the word "permission" in relationship to his actions.

The instant his penis' crown penetrated her, she was an eye blink away from orgasm. She felt her vaginal walls engorge, clenching his organ in her primordial warmth, and struggled to draw back from the edge, terrified of the consequences if she relaxed her vigilance on the swelling tide inside her ... for any reason or from any distraction. Yet she must speak. She gasped out the words, her throat hoarse with strain. "Please Sir! Please may I cum?"

"Helen, you know I cannot allow you to do so." His voice was deep, resonant and inexorably dominant, just as she so desperately needed him to be. With each thrust of his proprietary penis her mind became clearer, calmer, its turbulence subsiding like waves disappearing from a pond to leave the surface still as a mirror. It was not her job to think. Only to do Mr. Michelson's bidding and be wholly available for his use, down to her being's last, tiniest morsel.

The Board met via an encrypted satellite transmission. Mr. Michelson brought the meeting to order. "Welcome, Gentlemen." He paused to give the Members time to focus their attention. "Thanks in great part to the efforts of Mr. Smith, we have made considerable progress in relation to Our Target. I've called you together to give you a report and to reach unanimity on our course from this point."

"First of all, purely fortuitously, Mr. Smith's property was commissioned to interview Our Target. Using the clues she gathered, Mr. Smith was able to point us toward information validating the wisdom of our choice."

Ward's expression maintained its customary neutrality for the camera's eye. He made a point of never demonstrating ego to anyone outside of his closest friends and his fuckbitch with whom he, of course, did as he liked – certainly never to his staff, who he treated with the utmost consideration, respect and generosity. However, to his friends he would admit being quite pleased by accolades given before a selection of the world's most influential men, if for no other than business reasons.

He sat sipping a cup of Italian roast coffee, black as night, in the centre of the U-shaped velvet couches set on the thick Aubusson carpets covering half of his second floor Viewing Room. The Board's proceedings were displayed on a huge plasma screen, capable of projecting almost infinite configurations of multiple images simultaneously, buried in a promontory of the wall opposite. The Viewing Room was so named not for its high tech audio-visual system but rather for the vantage the opulent couches provided to the bare concrete floor fitted with drains, eyebolts and an array of metal and wood frames, posts, benches and other devices sitting opposite.

And out of camera view, on top of a large, centrally located drain, sat Gina. She was naked, her head poking through a constricted opening in a small metal cage, her legs spread wide and her high heels' ankle straps locked to the cage bars. He'd pulled her breasts straight forward, relentlessly tight in front of her, nipples clamped and stretched almost four inches long and tied to the cage bars. Her head was stretched upward and held open mouthed and immobile in a complex rubber sling suspended from a ceiling hook. Thick red liquid travelled through a clear plastic tube from her vagina upwards into one nostril.

Dr. Roland had asked Ward to collect his bitch's menstrual fluids to test potential benefits of their consumption on her milk. However Ward had decided to add efficiency by eliminating the intermediary step. He had his nurse assistant, Terry, dilate her cervix and insert a blood collection tube.

Ward had thoroughly enjoyed watching the procedure – the bitch's distension with a cold steel speculum, then the slow and painful expansion of her cervix with steel dilators. He'd instructed Terry to take his time, in fact to fuck her uterus with each larger size bar once it successfully passed through her cervix. As he told her, she was now a five hole whore. Nine if her ears and nostrils were included.

He'd stood behind and watched Terry choose a slightly S-curved steel rod from amidst its thinner and thicker companions in the autoclave, watched it gleam in the bright Treatment Room light as he slowly forced the end into the notched peak of the tiny mountain of Gina's cervix. Her hysterical scream bounced almost unbearably off the white tiled walls and floor as the steel shaft entered her, then continued, rising and falling like a fire klaxon, as Terry repeatedly violated her, his fingers clenched tight around the steel. With each new and more voluminous rod's insertion, her torment increased. The thicker rods came out of her hole covered in her blood. The process was so enjoyable – for Terry also, Ward observed, as his massive tool rose ramrod straight and thick under his trouser's white cloth – that Ward ordered Terry to open the hole much larger than was needed to insert the tube.

Suddenly though, during a particularly strenuous reaming out, her shrieks turned to cries of arousal. "What a disgusting whorebitch," he'd said when her body contorted on the table, "Time for the tube." Terry removed the rod and slid the clear plastic deep inside her. Immediately, its walls were covered with blood.

Terry clamped off the tube while they moved her to the Viewing Room and positioned her in the cage. Ward didn't really need her mouth open. He simply liked its helpless, humiliating look ... and it allowed him to watch the tube when Terry threaded it through her nose, into her oesophagus and downward into her stomach while the bitch whined and gagged, her eyes almost popping from her face. He had waited eagerly for the red fluid to continue its inexorable path.

Now she was silent, of course, so she didn't disturb his conference call.

"At Mr. Smith's urging and my instruction, my ward removed and duplicated a list of the company's investors along with its financial statements, including the allocation of profits."

"At my instruction," was the operant phrase, Ward mused interestedly. Michelson could acknowledge that a slave did as told but he could allow no initiative. One thing was certain, however. Few people could learn more from a financial statement.

Ward expected no surprises. Their course grew in a straight line – well, an almost straight line – from the information they'd unearthed. But, as someone said, "The devil is in the details." The issues were how much and when. He was curious to hear the Board Members comments.

"The information, which I have sent in an encrypted email to each of you, gives us resources with which to fulfil our agenda. In short, the company is a brilliantly conceived scheme for funnelling kickbacks from foreign governments to senators and congressmen."

Low, excited murmurs made their way through the audio system. Ward's lips curled infinitesimally.

Michelson continued. "That, by the way, is not to say that the company is not well executed. It has an excellent business model that facilitates both its profitability and the fulfilment of its mission statement. Really very impressive! Even without providing an ingenious means of shunting funds to Democratic campaigns with the appearance – the erroneous appearance – of legality."

His smile was ice-cold. "I don't think there's any doubt as to who is the mastermind here." Michelson named the political strategist who had locked eyes with Ward in the restaurant.

The thought "What if he was on our side?" suddenly flashed like a hot brand through Ward's mind. He picked it up again and then released it. It sank to nothing in his consciousness and burst with power. "I'm getting better at this." The thought drifted tranquilly through his mind. He'd also learned to wait patiently for results.

Michelson shook his head. "In any case, as you can see, we have material for pressure here. How ample remains to be seen, in and of itself – though I imagine a leak of the information to the press would be quite destructive, at least to the individual participants. Perhaps at some point our Members from the media sector would comment?"

He smiled wryly. "The morality of politicians who take kickbacks might be somewhat," an emphatic pause, "pliable in any case."

"Also we have potentially useful information on Our Target himself," for several seconds he hesitated and Ward wondered why, "and on his son, Peter."

"Certain aberrant behaviours caused us to check into the Target's past relationship with hospitals and comas, including his mother's death. The results proved highly illuminating."

"Some of you may remember that his mother was very beautiful, tall and statuesque with lush dark hair, similar, in fact, to his. She was a healthy, vibrant woman with a dynamic personality. She was also an avid fox hunter. He was twelve years old when she had a serious accident during a hunt in the Hamptons. She never regained consciousness. After several years his formidable father," he smiled, "who I believe several of you have met, wanted to, as they say, pull the plug, but young Alfred was so distraught his father relented – highly unusual for the patriarch. The boy spent every available moment at her bedside. Two years later she died without removal from life-support and somewhat inexplicably."

"Coincidentally," Mr. Michelson peered meaningfully into the link, "his high school girlfriend was in a car accident. Alfred was playing golf. She suffered from serious internal injuries, requiring surgery. After the surgery, she remained unconscious but seemed to be improving. Two weeks later her heart suddenly and for no discernable reason failed."

"We've attempted to find other suspicious deaths with which he's been connected. There are, of course, regularly inexplicable deaths of coma patients but we've only found a few distant, inconclusive links to him."

"He has, however, shown an unusual interest in Mr. Smith's property, another tall, strong, statuesque female with thick dark hair. The trigger seemed to be a white dress – hospital white. Mr. Smith suggested I test him by having my ward wear white. Note that

she is shorter and slimmer than his mother or Mr. Smith's property. None-the-less, although still a gentleman, that day he did demonstrate unusual preoccupation with her. And he did mention her white dress."

"We do not believe our information is conclusive. However, we feel we have enough to provide an irresistible temptation and observe the results. Mr. Smith has volunteered his property."

"Now, as to his son, Peter ..." Michelson summarized Peter's foibles in Africa. Then, "I open the meeting to discussion."

A haughty, decadent Aryan visage filled the screen. "Excuse me, Mr. Shmith. I do not know your property."

Ward looked directly into the ice blue eyes through the link. "We must remedy that situation."

The Austrian gave a formal bow and a glacial smile, "Thank you. She is press, yes? Will zis create a problem?"

"I have never interfered with her journalistic integrity. However, she was commissioned to write about an exceptional socially responsible business model not to break a story ... and she'll follow my orders."

After considerable additional discussion leading, as Ward had surmised, to the inevitable conclusions, the meeting was adjourned. Ward lifted the remote to terminate the link. His finger was on the Power button when Michelson's face appeared on the screen. "Mr. Smith – Ward – may I ask your advice?"

"I'll help in anyway I can." Ward evaluated Michelson's expression. Michelson had never before used his given name. Something was clearly disturbing the man's imperturbable self-possession.

True to his standard operating procedures, Michelson did not sugar coat the medicine. "Carter LaVeau has captivated Helen."

Ward started. LaVeau? The malevolent political strategist who tried to stare Ward down in Philippe's restaurant, who Michelson was convinced had masterminded the brilliant scheme underlying York's company? Ward's mind spun away. What the hell should they do with this?

Michelson summarized Helen's interaction with LaVeau. Ward watched dark clouds billow in his eyes as he spoke. "As you might imagine, I am having some difficulty remaining objective in this situation. We have no evidence that he returns her interest. However if he does or can be induced to do so, we have a remarkably fortuitous and potent weapon."

"Yet I am reluctant to mention this to the Board." He smiled with awkward diffidence, then unconsciously pressed a palm to his cheek, sighed and dropped it. "This is a first for me." For the first time in the conversation, he focused full attention on Ward. "I know you will understand. I have been her entire world since she was a child. With Peter York I remain in control. An unacceptable – to me, in any case – degree of uncertainty enters with LaVeau."

Ward's mind raced but he smiled sympathetically. "Someone once said, 'When in doubt, wait.' Nothing may come of this aside from a passing girlish crush. I think you need to help her work through it and see where it goes before you take any definitive action. Don't forget the excellent training you've given her. She's completely dependant on you."

“And, for the moment at least, we have ample alternative ammunition.” Ward allowed his disquiet to make it onto his face. He frowned. “But we definitely need to give some thought to LaVeau.”

When they broke the link, Ward poured himself another cup of Italian roast and sank into the soft velvet covered down, cradling the hot cup in his hands for comfort. He’d have to postpone further abuse of his bitch. He needed to clarify the LaVeau piece of the puzzle and felt very far from doing so. He opened his laptop and made a query. In several minutes he had an answer.

On the screen was information about LaVeau’s childhood, high school basketball triumphs, degrees from Louisiana State University and his few years practicing law before jumping into the political milieu. From there, the source spit out a voluminous list of domestic and foreign political figures to whom he’d consulted, followed by insider accounts of each instance. Ward selected several names at random and carefully read the details, then scanned the rest. No red lights flashed. What nagged at him was LaVeau’s extraordinarily easy success in every situation.

Included was a link to LaVeau’s website, which Ward followed. The website was devoid of any of the usual biographical information. Rather it was LaVeau’s brazen statement of his own greatness and invulnerability. His “biography” began with the first of the string of political successes LaVeau attributed to himself. Ward scanned the list for any glaring dissimilarities from his other information but found none. He wondered how in the man’s short adulthood, he’d had time for it all. Ward scrolled back to make certain of his memory. Yes. LaVeau was 39 years old.

The information ended with a small appendix on LaVeau’s family history. The LaVeau family had lived in New Orleans since the 18th century. Carter was descended from a wealthy white plantation owner named Charles LaVeau, who had passed his startlingly sky blue eyes into the present. Charles’ illegitimate daughter, Marie, sired on a mulatto slave girl with Indian blood, inherited those eyes. Marie’s blue eyes shone like irresistible exotic jewels from amid her dark, magnetic beauty.

Carter had, of course, sprung from LaVeau’s legitimate, white French Creole line. But Marie was a distant blood aunt. She also ruled as the infamous Voodoo Queen of New Orleans through most of the 19th century. Among other skills, she was renowned for gaining innocent verdicts for criminals. Even today she is reported to walk the streets of the French Quarter.

Ward mused on Carter’s ungodly success. He suddenly knew how to deal with the man.

With a sigh of relief, he picked up the phone. “Terry, please come and help me reposition the whore.” He stood, stretched and rammed his hard cock into the bitch’s open mouth.

Chapter Eight

Ward sat with Reza at a table hidden in the corner of the Occidental Grill. Ward cradled his usual glass of Maker's Mark bourbon between his two hands while Reza sipped a Jack Nicklaus made with the Occidental's fresh lemonade.

They watched Peter York, seated at the magnificent dark wood and etched glass bar, its walls, like every wall in the restaurant, covered with black framed, white matted photos of the many presidents, politicians, moguls and celebrities who'd passed through its doors since the Willard's opened the restaurant in 1906. Peter was not old enough to legally drink – 21 years in the US – but either the bartender thought he was or, more probably, he had one of the many readily available fake IDs. "Even more unlikely," Reza commented with a wink, "the pale liquid in the tall glass could be a soft drink."

As they watched, a man, possibly a few years older with ink black skin and the smooth, rounded features unique to West Africa, hoisted himself onto the wood barstool next to Peter. The young men chatted cordially, clinking glasses when the black man's drink was served.

Ward and Reza watched as first their talk became more animated, then their heads dipped closer together. Whatever they were discussing was clearly extremely interesting.

The taxi crept through the crush of midday traffic moving down Broadway. Gina craned her neck upward, futilely attempting to see the asymmetrical point of the notoriously costly building's clear glass and steel rooftop atrium and tower as they moved toward it.

She hated passing through Times Square, even on foot – a mode of transportation that rendered the rest of New York City wonderfully exhilarating. But this part of the City was abusive, not vibrant. Its flashing, morphing, fluorescent billboards, stacked from street-level high into the sky, achingly pounded her senses even in the day's bright sunlight. With the addition of impermeable pedestrian traffic – rushing, self-important brokers and media people in expensive grey suits, the innumerable downtrodden secretarial, cleaning and restaurant workers who support the City, mothers of all nationalities with their children, all dangerously intermixed with hawkers and flamboyant night people, pimps, hookers, exotic dancers, and street beggars, continually spewing on top of each other from the trains and subways of Penn Station, the suburban buses of the newly modernized multi-storey Port Authority and every uptown, downtown and cross-town bus within ten blocks – the streets became unbearable. Times Square was reminiscent of a Tokyo devoid of hygiene or some grim and garish science fiction future.

Gina shrugged. The price of dealing with the media. She'd live. At least her interviewee was visiting the U.S. Actually, she was excited at the prospect of meeting the chairman of the world's largest media conglomerate – she pulled her mirror from her sleek Gucci briefcase and, making sure to follow Daddy's instructions, repainted her red lips – not only because of the man's powerful position. He was reputed to be exceedingly attractive.

After passing through lobby security she rose in a special, secured elevator to the 42nd floor. A stocky, efficient, middle-aged woman with short, lead grey hair and an equally square and leaden suit, a Germanic caricature Gina thought, met her at the elevator door. She ushered Gina into a stunningly massive glass office sitting in an

angled steel framework in a blue sky penetrated by spires of the dozen or so higher Manhattan skyscrapers and roamed by cottony clouds.

Behind a wide cold desk – brushed aluminium? – sat a tall, lean man with champagne coloured hair, a long, thin face with a squared jaw and narrow lips, and eyes so icy blue Gina caught their frosty glint from across the room. Her brow furrowed slightly. Though nothing specific struck her, something about him was familiar. Oh well. She'd probably seen his picture somewhere.

He smiled. His demeanour was clearly aristocratic but also charming ... and obviously very sexily masculine. "Yes," Gina thought, "I'm going to enjoy this."

"Good afternoon." Now she was certain. She'd heard that patrician, slightly high pitched voice before. But where? "Please have a seat." He waved to one of two sharp-edged blond chairs facing his desk.

Gina caught a quick downward stroke of his eyes as she smoothed her stretchy black skirt under her thighs then crossed one long, stiletto-clad leg over the other. Though her lips twitched slightly upward, she unassumingly – not overdoing it – held his eyes while she straightened her jacket and in so doing pulled its V-front deeper.

His phone rang. He lifted the receiver, still peering pleasantly into her face. Then to her surprise, he extended the receiver towards her. She stood and leaned over his desk, very aware of the view she afforded him of her breasts' full curves. "Hello?"

To her great astonishment it was Daddy's voice. "I've given you to Herr Gunter for the day. He is my honoured associate and you will obey him as you would me. Do you understand?"

Her eyes flew to Gunter's face. He smiled cordially and, when she answered, "Yes, Daddy," lifted the phone from her hand. Horrid realization flooded her awareness. This was the Board member, Montie's friend, who had devastated her nipples in the club's Members' Toilet. Her worst fears were now realized. She was required to do business with a powerful man who'd used and humiliated her.

He pressed a button, "Frau Gertrude, komm hier bitte." The stocky woman entered the room and stood waiting for instruction. "Please take the girl's clothes."

As the woman moved slowly forward, like a compact but relentless tank, Gunter turned his sanguine attention to Gina. Now, though, she heard a trace of steel in his tone. "You may remove your clothes or she will do it for you."

Stupefied, she blurted out, "But what about my story?"

He smiled dryly. "I will give you a superb story ... once I am finished with you." A tiny, haughty hand gesture and again cold steel. "Now begin." He held her gaze for the instant it took her to comply with his command, then watched each minute step of her undress. Her skin burned as his crystalline eyes swept her. His manner was so unyielding, so dominant, she almost swooned with the eroticism – or perhaps it was her anxiety. "You may leave the garter and stockings ... and those lovely shoes."

Apprehensively, Gina tracked Gertrude's departure, the woman's thick arms filled with her beautiful, comforting suit. She turned back to Gunter, naked, vulnerable and chilled to the bone by fear. He had not touched her, had not moved from his desk, yet had already managed to terrify and humiliate her.

He smiled, his thin lips drawing up to tight points, and pushed back his chair, pointing to the blond wood floor at his feet. "Come here." His desk seemed infinitely large and freezing cold as she hesitantly followed its perimeter. By the time she'd arrived

between his legs gooseflesh covered her. "You may sit here while I work." He pointed into the knee well of his desk.

She lowered her body, trying to do so without supporting herself against the desk or touching him, and slid backwards into the small space beside his long legs. Her own legs at first extended straight in front of her outside of the space's perimeter ... until he gave the limbs a brief, frigid and forbidding glance. Quickly she pulled her knees against her chest and wriggled in tighter.

At first she was afraid he would hurt her – she remembered those vicious fingers – then she became afraid he wouldn't. Ward filled Gina's life with attention and activity. Even her writing was a bustle of interviews and research culminating in tremendous mental concentration. She knew Ward understood, for her temperament, inactivity and inattention were the greatest agony.

Gunter ignored her. Not one word. Not even one brush of his pants leg. For hours it seemed.

His executives and employees came and went. At first she jumped every time someone entered the room, wondering if the person could see her bare skin in the narrow space below his desk front. But after some time she no longer cared ... only about time, dragging interminably, mind-numbingly, spirit-killingly onward.

She began to be grateful for the ache growing in her legs and then her back, and for the cold. At least the sensation let her know she was alive. She began to shiver uncontrollably, so violently she felt the click of her teeth against each other and heard its echo against her hollow metal cage – or thought she did.

Then, along with her anguish, her need to urinate grew. The unpleasant tickle slowly, inexorably magnified. "Well, at least it gives me something to think about." Perhaps he was aware of her rueful smile, she didn't know, was afraid to look up at him. Her bladder bulged and burned. Even her teeth ached with her fullness.

Finally she could stand it no longer. But he was involved in a lengthy discussion in German with someone on his desk's other side. When would the other man leave? She squeezed her legs together. Actually, she discovered, the isometric motion warmed her a little and relieved some of her muscles' ache. At long last, she heard the man stand, heard his heels' infinitesimal taps across the polished floor – perceptible only because of her senses inflammation and distortion by confinement – and the steel door's solid closing click.

Now how to get his attention? Should she touch his leg? No. Better to speak than to be so aggressive as to touch him. She raised her chin, then her voice, quietly toward him, "Please Sir."

He pushed his chair slightly back and looked haughtily down on her. "Yes?"

"Please, Sir, may I pee?"

To her initial surprise and relief, he nodded. Looking up at him, though, she realized his okay was, in itself, an act of his disdain. He would not take the trouble to deny her.

Gunter stood and waited for her to do likewise. Still not touching her, he ushered her to a small but glisteningly modern toilet hidden behind an unobtrusive door. He stood in the doorway and watched while she seated herself. She was full to bursting but her urine would not flow under his cruel, remote observation.

She was terrified he would make her get up before she could evacuate her bursting bladder. But still the urine would not come. He observed her like a bug under the

microscope, stripping her of the shredded remains of her now so feeble pride. Under his cold, almost white eyes, she pressed her belly with her hands. At first she only felt her bladder's painful roundness, like a hard balloon. Then, with profound relief, the pee squirted out. She pushed until she was empty.

Still, he bleakly observed. His courtly voice, which she had first found enticing, cut her to the bone. "Clean yourself." Clumsily, her hand shaking, she pulled off a large wad of toilet paper and wiped her cleft, lips and anus, straining to make certain she missed no errant drops.

Her voice was small and timorous in her ears. "May I stand?"

He nodded once and turned, clearly expecting her to follow. She sighed and quickly, quietly stretched her spine, prepared for a return under his desk. He stood, though, next to his shining oval conference table. The thick glass sheet, edged with deep bevelled cuts and supported by twin rectangular glass prisms, seemed old fashioned against the room's pure modernity. The beloved image of her grandmother's glass dining table standing next to glass doors leading into the old woman's fairytale garden, that so entranced her as a little girl, rose comfortingly into her mind.

"Lie on your back, legs spread."

His comportment was glacial but she responded eagerly. Thank God! Something – anything – different! She climbed up, daring to stretch, to taunt him, like a big cat. She lay on her back and looked up at him, feeling the swell of her nakedness against the cool, smooth glass. No response from the gelid eyes. No discernable interest. Whatever. At least she was no longer under the desk.

A strong knock sounded on his door. He looked at his watch. "Gut."

Gina heard him greet two men, heard them walk toward her. Not until they bent forward to sit did she see their faces – style less, uncared for, bureaucratic faces struggling to maintain composure while they stared at her nakedness, stared directly into her vagina from their position at the table's foot.

Gunter stood at her head. She glanced up and saw his thin smile's edge. "My company strives to cooperate with the FCC. I'm sure we can work out this small problem."

"The FCC!" Gina was appalled. These were auditors from the Federal Communications Commission, the agency regulating the media, the agency controlling her life as a journalist? "Oh my God!" The risk chilled her. "What if I run into them in some official capacity?" She wanted to sink through the glass and was glad she was lying down, her head spun so badly.

A glimmer of clarity defensively – or perhaps in rationalization – asserted itself. Certainly the men were not looking at her face ... and the FCC was far more concerned with media mergers and internet abuses than with a single insignificant journalist, particularly one as non-controversial, her lips curled ironically, as she.

Gunter's voice sounded unusually warm. "I'll leave the room so you can discuss it."

The glass underneath Gina chilled to her panic as the door closed to silence. Gunter was leaving her alone with these unknown men? What if they did something stupid with her? What if they damaged her in some way?

Then a slightly Southern accent. "You think he's bribing us?"

The second was thickly Northern, urban – New Jersey Italian, Gina thought. "Looks like it." The man whistled. "Wow! What a babe! I vote to take the bribe." He bent over

her and she tried not to attract his attention to her face, to her humanity. He could fuck her like a whore, like a semen receptacle, but she so didn't want to talk to him – particularly given his credentials.

Fortunately he was distracted by her nipples. “Did you see these things?” He gripped one, then jerked away as milk squirted onto his hand. He turned his head toward his partner, “Milk!” She felt him looking down her body. “She doesn't look like she had a baby.” His voice became ingratiating. “Oh come on! Gunter won't tell. We were going to settle with him anyway.” He unzipped his pants. “Come on baby.” He rolled her onto her side to the table's edge and stuffed his penis into her mouth.

His partner made no response while the Italian forced the hard pole down to the thick, black curly matt at its base. After several minutes, she felt a rough hand on her behind and a soft voice over the Italian's guttural grunts. “Got a condom?”

“Huh, huh. Sorry I don't.”

Now she really heard the Southern drawl. “Well then, ah guess ah'll just have to wait mah turn.”

Her mouth, throat, the lower half of her face, her breasts and the glass tabletop were smeared with their cum and she lay abandoned on her side in a foetal position when they finally zipped up. The Northerner stuck his head out the door. “We're ready to discuss a settlement with Mr. Gunter.”

This time Gunter sat at her head. He continued to ignore her presence. For an hour she lay fouled between them while they discussed the “small problem”.

She was glad she could curl away from them, only exposing the curve of her body's backside. Directly under their eyes she hid from them, burrowing against the smooth glass, succoured by her own heat's reflection. Her anger burned inside her – strangely though, not directed at Gunter. He understood her and treated her with domination and skill. It was the two crass, venal men for whom she was nothing more than a piece of warm meat. She hated them for their grossness and stupidity. For the hour, she simmered on the glass surface like a pot on a high tech stove top.

When the men left, they passed Frau Gertrude entering with Gina's suit. For the first time Gunter smiled. “You may clean yourself up and I will give you your interview.” She wanted to fret, even to scream. She looked into his arrogant eyes and knew he saw and relished her agitation.

She swallowed her petulance and, after she'd cleaned and dressed herself, began the interview. To the end, he did not lay a hand on her. She left the shining office in the sky feeling utterly degraded and soiled ... but he'd told her the truth. The interview was astounding!

Chapter Nine

The raised office overlooking the floor of the warehouse Reza was using this week had proven quite useful. Reza preferred walking among his clients on the selling floor. But from his vantage up above, Ward could see the entire warehouse while remaining hidden. He adjusted a small pair of high powered binoculars and Reza's features jumped into sharp focus. Ward could also hear every word, thanks to the wire Reza wore.

Reza stood, deep in discussion with a short, round man with thick glasses, alongside the row of naked girls shackled to the warehouse wall, legs spread wide and hands stretched above their heads in taut inverted Vs. Dark men, some wearing white robes, rolled dollies holding cubical wood crates up to and away from the wall. Ward, who'd heard Reza's spiel many times before, gave more attention to the harmonic clanking of metal wheels on concrete, which wended its way in musical accompaniment through his thoughts, than to the two men's voices.

His deliberation was pleasantly broken by the shrieks of a tall girl with spiky black hair when the short man ran his hand up the inside of her long leg and viciously squeezed her tender inner thigh between implacable fingers. Ward watched the girl thrash, enjoying her screams until Reza resoundingly slapped her face with a cupped palm. The man pitilessly manipulated her labia and nipples, then compressed her jaw while he stared hypnotically into her eyes.

Three tall, slim, straight-backed men passing under the warehouse's giant industrial door caught Ward's attention. Two of the men had skin that glistened like black pearls under the thin bluish fluorescent light. The third was white. The oldest man, wearing black and gold tribal robes, strode unhesitantly toward Reza. The other two, in dark business suits, white shirts and glossy silk ties, trailed behind, peering in all directions in a frenzy of interest.

As the men drew closer, Ward focused on the robed man's face. It was the African leader, rich from rare earth mineral and oil revenues, who regularly bred his bitch, Gina. Ward hadn't realized his country had played Peter York's host.

Reza turned toward the approaching visitors. "Maaouya!" He spoke several words of greeting in Maaouya's dialect. The two men hugged fraternally. "It's always wonderful to see you but," Reza's features flowed into an expression of concern, "would you mind giving me ten minutes?" He waved his arm down the line of girls. "Please feel free to examine the merchandise." Reza gave a perfect salesman's smile. "But don't get too attached. I have something special for you." The older man shepherded the two younger ones along the line of girls, passing some of the livestock but stopping to examine and touch others.

Ward followed them with the binoculars. A sudden raucous rattle behind him broke his concentration. He considered checking on the girl. But what trouble could she get into? They'd had to strap her to the bed frame to prevent her clawing at herself. "And," he mused, a subtext of merciless expectancy wandering undemandingly through his awareness, "we'll visit her again soon enough." He turned his attention back to the scene below.

After several minutes, the short man shook Reza's hand. He lifted a briefcase from the concrete floor. Reza motioned to two attendants. One took the briefcase. The second walked over to the girl, who whimpered wide-eyed, trying hopeless to back into the wall.

The attendant held a syringe in front of her, squirting out any air bubbles while she tried to writhe away, her face contorted with fear. Indifferently he stuck the long needle into a pulsing blue vein on the translucent underside of her upper arm. She slumped in the shackles. Her limp form was taken down and lifted into a crate, legs folded against her chest. The crate was hammered shut and rolled away for shipping.

Reza found Maaouya and the boys in front of an athletic blond American belle with gloriously heavy, egg-shaped breasts that, even from Ward's vantage point, looked as healthy and firm as she was. As Reza approached Ward heard the son beg in a mimic of his father's urbane, rounded tones, which contained influences of both French and English colonialism, "Please Father, may I purchase her?" Ward swung his field of vision onto the boy's face.

Maaouya faced Reza. "This impetuous youth is my son, Remmy," his graceful hand flowed toward the boy's white companion, "and this is his friend, Peter." Reza respectfully shook both boys' hands. Ward heard the older man's voice again. "Why does the girl look so dull?"

Ward didn't have to see Reza's conspiratorial smile to know it was there. "This one is special. She's a wild one, a fighter, and as strong as an oxen. I thought her new owner might enjoy breaking her himself, so I left her untrained and simply drug her while she's exhibited." His voice was redolent with sincerity and helpfulness. "I can of course break her for you if you'd like."

"Do you think she's suitable for a first slave?" Maaouya asked.

"Well, she'd present a challenge. Remmy would need to be vigilant and consistent ... and brutal." Reza's tone was serious. "It would be hard work but also excellent experience." A pause. "Do you think you're up for it, Remmy?"

Petulance was stamped across Remmy's smooth features. None the less, he sounded a little hesitant. "I really like her."

"We'll discuss her later," his father said with paternalistic finality, his expression stern. "I don't want you to buy her then find her too much work and lose interest so I have to take care of her." Ward smiled. Maaouya sounded like a parent refusing a dog to his young child. "Now what was it you wanted to show me?"

Reza led Maaouya and the boys down the line. "I truly appreciate you coming. If I could prevail on you for some advice regarding my new product, I'd be greatly in your debt. And I think it will interest you. Come. Let me show you."

The six girls were locked in the sets of shackles at the line's end, closest to the office for Ward's easy observation. Perfectly formed skulls that seemed slightly more dainty than the usual, perhaps as a result of their closely shaven woolly naps, were graced with beautifully symmetrical rounded features. Lustrous skin the colour and consistency of finest molten bittersweet chocolate flowed up long, strong, youthful limbs, across rounded, fecund hips to full brown pendant breasts with nipples the pink colour of their palms.

Although they were just eighteen, the girls' bodies were fully developed, Ward noted. He wondered if girls matured more quickly in Africa to accommodate their imperative to bear children immediately after puberty.

No trace of fear or distress showed in the girls' eyes, only complete acquiescence. Not even the approach of the African men prodded the girls to react. They remained still and silent, as if they sat serenely on their own village's common rather than being hung

by their wrists, naked, in a foreign slave market. Only two girls briefly lifted downcast eyes to peer at Maaouya with incremental curiosity.

“Beautiful, aren’t they?” Reza stroked an unresponsive cheek. “Correct me if I’m wrong but I assume their compliance comes from understanding their duty to their families and the inevitability of their fate.” He shook his head disconsolately. “I can’t imagine that anything that happens to them here would be worse than their previous living conditions. Quite frankly though I don’t find it much fun to torture them.”

“Now let me show you the piece de resistance.” Reza reached downward and spread the closest girl’s almost hairless outer labia. She flinched slightly and he looked into her face, pleased. Her inner labia, clitoral hood and clitoris were gone, the remaining tissues grown, with human assistance, together over the vaginal cleft.

With his other hand, he slipped two fingers through a small hole at the cleft’s base. When he spread the fingers, opening the dark orifice to the men’s view, the girl looked away, far into the distance. One large tear slid alongside her sculpted nose and dripped onto her sensual upper lip.

Ward heard a muffled gasp and squinted hard at the group below. The others had turned toward Peter who lowered his head and blushed. “Excuse me.”

Reza oozed concern. “Does it upset you?” Before Peter could answer, Reza addressed Maaouya. Like all skilled salesmen, Reza was a consummate actor and master of the negative sell. “Perhaps you shouldn’t have brought him.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean ...” Peter struggled for the right words.

Maaouya smiled encouragingly. “It’s all right. Here we are all men of the world with our own unique tastes.” To Reza. “Peter appreciates my country’s customs.”

Reza’s furrowed brow morphed into a pleased and welcoming smile. “I’m so pleased. I’ve been anxious to know if Westerners would find this product to their liking. I have an idea for a new venture that I believe will be of great benefit to everyone.” He described the plan.

Maaouya’s head had bobbed enthusiastically from the first sentence. “An excellent idea. I will give you a piece of land between three of my country’s tribes for a hospital.”

“Thank you.” Reza beamed. “Shall I call you at the consulate for the details?” At Maaouya’s acquiescence, Reza continued, “So let me ask you,” He swirled around, “Peter, do you think there’s a market for these girls in the U.S.?”

Peter started. The red rose higher into his cheeks. “Well,” he stammered a little, “there’re many white men that like black girls. About the,” he stammered again, searching for the words, and waved an arm toward the girl’s vagina, “alterations,” he stared straight ahead, obviously profoundly uncomfortable. Finally he seemed to decide and raised his eyes, “I don’t really know.”

“Maaouya, what’s your opinion? Also, do you think rich Africans might consider our carefully selected and prepared girls a status symbol and buy them themselves?”

Maaouya was silent for a moment. “Yes,” he said pensively, “I think they might. As to the West, you can probably answer that question better than I.”

Ward heard Peter’s voice and swung the binoculars back to his face. The boy looked a little sheepish but determined. “Excellent,” Ward thought. The boy had tremendous potential.

“How much would you sell one of them for?”

“Well, finding high quality girls of this kind is extremely labour intensive. On the other hand, I can’t guarantee they’re disease free. They’ve had one AIDS test and a variety of tests for other diseases but I’d only give a guarantee if they were isolated and tested over the course of one year. If you buy one I’d recommend bringing her back to be retested every two months. And of course if she does test positive in the future, you can bring her back for a refund.” So,” Reza quoted a price akin to a Mercedes E-class sedan.

“Oh.” Ward kept the glass glued to Peter’s face. The boy seemed only slightly disconcerted. Rather, he looked like a buyer making the internal calculations necessary to make a large purchase a reality.

Reza responded as if Peter had found the price out of his grasp. Ward once again admired Reza’s skill at manipulation. Ward watched him place a hand on Peter’s arm.

“Listen. How’d you like to have use of the girls for free? I need help testing the product.”

Peter looked interestedly at Reza, his back straightening. Ward could feel the boy’s usual self-confidence re-emerge. He wondered what was going through Peter’s mind at this moment – what he thought he’d stepped into. “I’m happy to help.”

Maaouya was frowning at the girls. “Was this the ‘something special’ you have for me?” His tone was disapproving, as if he thought his time might be wasted.

“Not at all,” buoyantly he clapped Maaouya on the back. “Let’s go upstairs.”

Ward sat with a phone to his ear when the group came through the office door. He raised one finger, listened, then set the phone on its cradle, stood and extended his hand, watching Peter out of the corner of his eye. “Maaouya, it’s always wonderful to see you. When are you going to visit us again? I always appreciate you stretching my bitch’s holes.”

“Do you have room in her breeding schedule this week?”

Ward smiled cordially, “I’m sure I can find you some time. I’ll call you when I get to my desk.”

He focused on Peter. Peter was admirably controlling his expression, working to keep it neutral and assured, but Ward could sense the tension underneath. “Peter, I didn’t expect to see you here.”

Like a small, electric jolt, Ward felt the boy’s tension magnify. He didn’t need to be psychic to read Peter’s mind. Peter did not want his antisocial proclivities to get back to Mr. Michelson and destroy his chances with Helen. “Little does he know, he has no chances,” the trickle of vicious irony gurgled upward but Ward rebuked himself. Things were considerably more complicated.

Ward put a conciliatory hand on Peter’s shoulder. “You may find this hard to believe but I know Mr. Michelson would be pleased at your interests.” As he made the statement, the image of himself as a Victorian toff lulling a young innocent into a gambling hell popped into his mind. “Accurate,” he thought cynically, “but irrelevant.” Peter would make an exceptional ally and truly it was the right course. Ward gave the barest grimace. But, in the end, how deep would be Peter’s regrets?

He turned to Maaouya. “Perhaps Remmy and Peter would like to help you use my bitch?”

Peter was clearly not yet soothed but Remmy eagerly raised his head. “May we, Father?”

“I don’t see why not.”

Reza broke in. "Let's go see my little project." He led the group through a door at the back of the office.

The girl was a flawless American beauty – like a young Grace Kelly – with unmarred skin the colour of fresh cream and hair the pale flaxen blond of fine white Burgundy. Wide leather straps, like those used a century ago to immobilize dangerous patients, crisscrossed her sinuous body, fixing her fast to a hospital bed. They bit into her resilient flesh across ribcage and arms, and pelvis. A single strap held each ankle to a bedrail, spreading wide her legs, which were both crossed by another single strap above the knees. Her ductile breasts blossomed over the crude restraints like gossamer white old roses with baby pink stamen.

She stared in horror at the men, her clear aquamarine eyes ringed flaming fuchsia. When they approached, she began to weep, bitterly, hopelessly, every inch of her body vibrating against the rigid leather.

Reza bent over her and pressed his soft lips to hers. His luminous dark eyes bored relentlessly into her gemstone blues. When she turned her head he gripped her chin between his fingers and returned it, once again locking her eyes with his. His voice was velvet encased steel. "I really don't want to make you suffer anymore than you have already, my dear. But if you are not quiet, I'm afraid I will have to." She was instantly silent, her eyes still held in his terrifying possession.

Again he pressed his lips to hers. "Take heart, dear. Now you are special, unique. Men will want you as they have never before. Now you will be a king's prize." He stroked her cheek, then stood. "I promise. You'll get used to your new life," his smile was touched with ironic sadness, "and perhaps even enjoy it."

"So, Maaouya," Reza was once again all business, "what do you think of her?"

"She's perfect, I'll certainly not deny it," Maaouya stepped around his son, who hovered behind Reza, his mouth open in a mawkish gawk. Maaouya's rounded tones were as tranquil as usual, "but how is she special?"

"Come and see." Reza gently ran his fingers through the girl's downy blond tuft of pubic hair. A tearful moan escaped her lips and a shudder passed across her thighs. Reza's voice was soft. "What did I say to you, my dear?" With great delicacy, he placed his index fingertip on the crease of her inner thigh. He smiled into her eyes ... and, with that elegant fingertip, he pressed. A bestial scream ripped from her throat, then all was silent.

Gently Reza's fingers moved lower. They caressed the pencil thin ridged line in the pink tissue where the minute remains of her labia minora had been stitched over her vagina. None of the usual folds and ridges, no tiny penile replicas impeded his progress. Only a trace of scar tissue marred the smooth progression from pubis to perineum, along with a small hole.

He raised his eyes to his visitors and smiled that remarkable, angelic smile. "I can see why you find this appealing." Ward saw that he was speaking to Peter, who watched entranced, and awed. Ward wondered if the hideous deformity that so moved Reza could possibly underlie Peter's desire. At first he discarded the idea. Peter appeared so normal, so socially well constructed. But as Ward mulled it over, he realized some element of that aberrance had to be there. Once again he shrugged mentally. Why not?

Ward had been watching the faces – Peter's, Maaouya' and the girl's. He wasn't really interested in Remmy. He saw the girl battle to control herself as Reza spread the

tissues apart. "It will be another month before she's healed enough to be tested. Would you like to do the honours, Maaouya? And if she's to your taste, perhaps you'd like to buy her?"

"One thing though, do you think Africans will be satisfied with the hole I've left? Do they need the girl to be cut open when she's used?" Reza sighed. "I just hate detracting from high quality merchandise's value," this time he, not Ward, shrugged, "but perhaps that's what they want?" His salesman persona re-emerged, projecting utmost sincerity and good will. "I strive to give the market what it wants."

Maaouya's answer was uninflected, without judgement and perfectly diplomatic. "Some do, some don't. It depends on their degree of conservatism. I think you'll have to discuss the issue with each tribal leader." His formidable demeanour lightened. He smiled, "I might very well be interested in her. And I'll certainly be pleased to assist you with your 'testing'."

The door from the outer office opened and Sheikh Mahmud stepped through, white robes swirling around his elegant dark business suit, with the towering, skeletal form of Ayatollah Amani close behind. "Ward! Reza! My dear friends!" The Sheikh had seen neither Ward nor Reza since their fateful trip to Saudi to recover Gina. The group around the bed turned and he strode eagerly toward them, embracing his friends in turn. Amani glided like a silent white-draped wraith in the Sheikh's ebullient wake.

Ward felt himself pulled toward Amani like iron filings to a magnet. The fire in the priest's black eyes drew him inward, warming, enticing. He couldn't remember how he got there, but he found himself within inches of the man's tall, scraggy silhouette. He and the priest seemed enveloped in a honeyed bubble of power outside of time and space. Like moving forward through golden water, Ward reached his right hand toward the priest, palm open, fingers upright. When Amani's long, claw like fingers pressed against his, power pulsed through him, electrifying his head and warming his limbs as it gushed into them.

The Sheikh's voice penetrated the livened haze. "I hear congratulations are in order."

Amani broke his contact and turned toward the others, subliminally pulling Ward with him.

Reza nodded happily at the Sheikh. He bowed to the priest. "Ayatollah, how is your alliance with Dr. Roland going? Are you finding something interesting from your experiments?"

Ward knew Amani apportioned a part of his own golden glow to Ward. The experience was hallucinogenic, like some sort of vibrant double vision. Every cell in Ward's body seemed energized, a subtle tingling that rose into physical exhilaration in his throat. His body thrilled to the sensations yet he was separate from them and from every event around him. He witnessed reality.

Ward saw the priest's quavering tonalities reverberate through the dusty air. "My boy acolytes have had excellent results from the implanted girls' milk. We have begun a breeding program, examining the results of Dr. Roland's programs beginning in the womb. We will watch the children for many years."

Amani flooded Reza with attention. "Dr. Roland would like you to return his special girl to him. She and your child would be excellent additions to the program. The child would benefit greatly. We expect increases in health, longevity, intelligence," the priest smiled a death's head grin, "and also the more subtle abilities."

Reza returned a beatific smile. "It seems like a good idea." He shook his head, trying to clear it. "May I think about it?"

A thought rose in Ward's consciousness. Perhaps it's time for Michael to breed his wife, Karen. He'd have to give Michael a call.

Sheikh Mahmud's gaze strayed to the group by the bed, who were listening, rapt but clearly somewhat confused. Reza was again the perfect host. "You and Maaouya must certainly have met."

The Sheikh bowed and smiled cordially. "I've seen you at various functions but we've never been formally introduced."

"This is my son, Remmy." Maaouya gracefully gestured with one long arm. "And this is his friend, Peter York."

"I'm pleased to meet you both." The Sheikh turned his attention to Peter. "I know your father. The resemblance is remarkable," his expression became slightly puzzled, "though I can't imagine finding your father here."

"My father and I have different viewpoints on many things."

Although the priest had not said a word, Ward heard his exhortation to watch and listen – a lesson. Every word, every action, every nuance was now fully transparent. Ward was struck by Peter's self-assurance, just as when they'd first met, before Mr. Michelson took hold of him. He perceived Peter's thought processes. The boy had looked around and discovered he was in the midst of a fraternity he could – and yearned to – join. The Sheikh's arrival had been the final cause.

Here again, the timing was perfect, as if directed by a greater force. The sense of that grace flowed through Ward like a physical presence.

He heard the Sheikh's voice as if in an echo chamber. "This is my spiritual advisor, Ayatollah Amani. He is working with the doctor who produced Ward's milk bitch." The priest bowed.

Remmy returned the bow and turned back to the restrained girl but Peter intently, though with a modicum of politess, fixed on the priest. Maaouya's attention also lingered, moving curiously between Amani and Ward. "So clear!" Ward thought. "It was so clear! Maaouya could perceive power." And why not? In his country, the shaman's dark power was real.

The Sheikh peered at the bed. "I saw your black girls downstairs. They are certainly beautiful." He shook his head sombrely. "But personally I find them too placid. I like my slaves to have some dynamism," he smiled, "some breakable dynamism." He was thoughtful. "I think it requires a special temperament to desire this kind of slave. They are little more than beasts of burden."

Peter's head jerked toward the Sheikh. His eyes were wide, his features frozen. He whispered but the words flowed audibly toward Ward, "Yes, that's it."

"Now this one, on the other hand," the Sheikh appreciatively examined the restrained girl, "I would buy this one just to have one of your creations in my harem."

Reza glanced at Maaouya, then said disconsolately to the Sheikh, "I'm afraid I've offered her to Maaouya. Also, she is a prototype. If you'll wait another month to allow us to complete her testing, I'll make you another based on our findings. You can choose the girl from my inventory or I'll find you something special."

The Sheikh reached into his pocket. He opened his palm, his eyes twinkling mischievously at Maaouya. "Would you like to play for her?" Twin emeralds, cut into

fifteen carat cubes and carved with the marks of dice, caught the room's few rays of light and refracted them through the stark, dreary space into dancing rainbows.

"And what if you lose?" Maaouya's tranquillity was undisturbed.

"I have many possessions and much power. What would you like?"

"The dice."

The Sheikh didn't flinch despite the emeralds exorbitant worth. Ward thought of the ruby Mahmud had given him as a gesture of friendship. "Done." He handed the jewels to Maaouya, who rolled them in his hand, captivated by their sparkling life force. "Shall we make it simple – highest or lowest – or would you like to roll until one of us attains a specific number?"

"Personally I've always been partial to the eyes of the snake." The two regal men squatted like peasants on the bare office floor. Everyone else stood around them, transfixed by the action, as men have been for centuries. With a flick of his wrist, Maaouya rolled the vital cubes across the floor. One snake eye flipped upward. The audience gasped. But the other die halted on two.

The Sheikh rolled a seven. He shrugged. "Where's a seven when you need it?"

The men cast out the dice in glittering paths five, ten, a dozen times. A one emerged only in a variety of unwanted combinations. Ward stifled a yawn. He was tempted to try to manipulate the outcome – for the hell of it, he didn't really care who won – but Amani restrained him with a touch. The others did not appear in the least bored.

Sheikh Mahmud winked. "It seems we're not very good at this."

"Yes, I agree." Maaouya closed his eyes and pressed the dice to his heart. "I think we've been focusing on the wrong woman. Our Mistress is jealous." He threw out the dice in a long arch. They bounced against the wall and returned, almost to his knees. "The snake's eyes." He smiled broadly, showing two even rows of perfect white teeth.

"Power," Ward thought.

The Sheikh laughed uproariously and clapped Maaouya on the back. "She and the stones are yours, my brother."

Reza clapped loudly and the boys aped him. "Don't worry, my friend, I'll make you another just as perfect."

Ward was most interested in Peter. The boy looked like he'd died and gone to heaven.

Maaouya glanced at his watch – a diamond faced platinum Rolex. "Time to leave, boys. Ward, please let me know when we can come down."

"Why don't you come and visit me also." The Sheikh warmly addressed the boys, "I have a horse farm in Middleburg. My two oldest sons are around your ages. I know they'd love to meet you and," again he winked at Maaouya, "there are many things to do."

Ward watched the threads intermingled. "So many patterns," he mused. How would LaVeau react to this one?

Reza stepped through the doorway into the outer office. His words drifted back over his shoulder. "I'll bring the new merchandise to Ward's when you visit, if that meets with your approval."

When the door closed, the Sheikh spoke. "Mr. LaVeau visited me at the farm yesterday. I explained my difficulty using my slaves in this country and asked for his

help.” Sheik Mahmud frowned. “He was remarkably autocratic. I felt his spirit hovering over me like a domineering black cloud.”

“He certainly would like to expand his influence to include me. Yet he’s reluctant to take the job.” The Sheikh smiled, “He feels so secure in his power that he has no fears about being brutally honest. He said he feels promoting slavery would damage him publicly and with his other clients. Clearly he cares more about his public image than his clients – or any moral ideas. He must believe his clients are totally under his sway. In any case, he said he’d get back to me.”

The Sheikh glanced toward the priest. “And from what Ayatollah says, we should hope he refuses the job.”

Reza came through the door, closing it gently behind him.

Ward looked quizzically at the priest. Amani was even more sombre than usual. “You were correct. The voices of the dead are all around him, and most not willingly. With the help of a great black power he forces them to do his bidding. They are angry and very dangerous.”

“So you have a dilemma. You have begun to move in his territory. He now has his attention on you. It would be preferable not to antagonize him. And yet it will no doubt be very unfortunate to align yourself – ourselves – with his powers.”

Ward’s heart clenched, shattering his golden equanimity. It had been such an excellent, such a gratifyingly intricate yet efficient plan. Yet now its consequences could be far worse than failure. He raised his eyes and saw the priest observing him. “You told me that if I was true to myself the ancients would have no hold on me. Is that true here?”

“The ancients could ultimately destroy anyone who succumbs to their temptations by becoming greedy. But they are not innately evil. Evil has no rationality, no rules. It simply lashes out. And ultimately it is not controllable.” Amani’s black eyes sparked. “LaVeau will eventually learn that, even if it is after death. We can protect ourselves but we would best avoid his path.”

Ward’s mind battled to sort the puzzle pieces. He spoke out loud but more to himself than the others. “Should we pull back from York? Or what about the senators and congressmen who get kickbacks from his company?”

The priest answered. “We must consider if he will know even if no one tells him.” He was still, then, “There is always the other,” his smile was both horrible and playful, “less provocative alternative.” He paused for his double meaning to take effect. “To use friends, not enemies.”

Chapter Ten

It was imperative that the information be brought to the Board immediately.

Mr. Michelson convened the meeting in the Board Room prior to the club's quarterly slave auction. The auctions were black tie events that, along with Members' munificent contributions, funded the club's agenda. Their primary purpose, however, was generally acknowledged to be the Members' amusement. The funds raised were simply a drop in a bottomless bucket.

The auctions' only rules were 1) the slave was purchased for twelve hours, either daylight or night, and 2) the slave could not be permanently altered without its Master's prior permission. Certain slaves went for inordinate sums, once or twice even seven figures during a lively bidding war. "After all," Ward mused, "what *would* one pay to degrade the single female officer in the President's Cabinet or a high profile (and profoundly annoying) Democratic Senator or even the Queen of a smaller European country?"

Members generally arrived an hour or two early to view the sale items, which were exhibited along the walls of the stately old club lounge. Items were required to be displayed naked in original historical torture and restraint devices, or their reproductions. Many of the Members utilized different devices at each auction, much to the delight and fascination of their associates. These included a multiplicity of stocks, both fixed and portable, shrew's fiddles and harnesses.

One Member, whose family had owned private mental hospitals for 150 years and in fact had once owned Ward's house, brought antique apparati used to punish, subdue and cure mental patients. His demonstration on his own slave, a famous and quite fragile – from self-induced emaciation – fashion magazine editor, of the "hollow wheel" or the "spinning bed", which were once thought to cure by vigorous rotation, or other weird and fiendish contraptions, brought enthusiastic approbation.

A geeky biotech multimillionaire invariably contributed Ward's personal preference. The geek's compact cheerleaderesque wife – a multimillionaire entrepreneur in her own right – was presented sideways. Her bare feet were positioned on either side of a short thick post, its sharp point just penetrating her vagina like the base of a Judas cradle. On one side, her perfectly rounded, muscular behind was exposed to the crowd. On the other the six rings piercing her labia were tightly chained to the post's perimeter.

Unfortunately Ward's amusement was marred by his pending task.

It was Gina's first time on the block. Ward placed her on a tabletop next to the coffee and tea service, locked into his wooden reproduction of a metal torture device used in India called a "Scavenger's Daughter" after its creator, a sadistic British officer. Ward called the wooden version a "cravat" but Gina said it looked like a big nutcracker. The rounded jaws locked around her neck and one wrist and ankle was bracketed to each "handle", constricting her spine, pulling her elbows up and her knees apart, and exposing her girl parts to the world. Ward had required her to wear a colossal nose ring, which capaciously ringed her "whore red" painted lips. Terry, resplendent in black tie, stood beside her, dispensing milk into the guests' porcelain cups.

She stared around the gathering, eyes as big as the teacups. Ward had explained the rules to her and also his expectations of her. He could see she was terrified and he understood why. He himself had pushed her to extremity few slaves would suffer. And

some of these viciously sadistic men had already used her. But – with one recent exception – not without some degree of his or Terry’s attendance and not in their own environments. She was almost overwhelmingly terrorized by the uncertainty.

He caressed her cheek and she raised her eyes to his. “Daddy needs to go to a meeting.” Fright vibrated through her body and soared into her eyes. “Daddy will be back before the auction begins. In the meantime, Terry will take care of you.” He turned and, with a ripple of his own anxiety, disappeared into the crowd.

When all were seated, Mr. Michelson spoke, “I am sorry to disturb your enjoyment of the evening. However, Mr. Smith tells me his information is urgent.” He inclined his head toward Ward.

Ward had given tremendous thought as to how to present the very esoteric dangers to the Board. He’d finally decided there was no way around telling the tale straight and unsanitized. “I researched Carter LaVeau’s background and was puzzled by his uncanny string of successes – far more and far more consistent than seems reasonable even under optimal conditions.” His gaze swept the table. “How many of us have a 100% track record?” He paused to allow the idea’s germination. “I discovered that his distant aunt was Marie LaVeau, known as the Voodoo Queen of New Orleans and considered one of the greatest practitioners of voodoo in U.S. history.”

Ward felt tension spill into the room. His gaze flicked from face to face, observing, analyzing and as it did he glimpsed the triumphant lion sneering up at him from the table’s top.. Frowns were rising like a rolling wave. Well, he shrugged mentally, if they dislike this they were going to like the rest far less. “So I asked someone I know and respect, a renowned priest who is known to have psychic abilities,” the frowns were deepening, “to meet LaVeau and give his opinion. He said – these are his words – ‘the voices of the dead are all around him’. He believes LaVeau is involved with – again his words – ‘a great black power’ and that it would be very dangerous for us to either cross him or align ourselves with him.”

“As I’m sure you’re aware, staying out of LaVeau’s path would mean abandoning plans with any of his associates.” Now the room’s very air was dark. Yet Ward felt impelled onward by his own sense of urgency and responsibility. “That means York and all the company’s Congressional investors who are taking kickbacks. And LaVeau himself, who would have provided a powerful lever. I do not include Peter York, who is naturally one of us.”

He made one final stab. “Much of this was my plan and now I am telling you that, in my best judgement, we should find another.” The words left his lips and realization of the tenuousness of his relationship with the Board surfaced with them. Would he once again sink into anonymity?

Michelson presented the very picture of genteel and superbly efficient fury. He surveyed the group and cleared his throat. “May I have some sense of the Board? Please, may I have a show of hands. Who believes we should act on Mr. Smith’s information?”

With a sinking heart, Ward regarded the two half-raised hands. It was virtually exactly as he’d expected. His only surprise was that it was the Austrian who smiled supportively toward him. Well, why not? Ward remembered Hitler’s forays into the black arts. The second hand belonged to the Japanese electronics baron. Not remarkable since the man practiced Shinto and believed in natural spirits.

“Mr. Smith,” Michelson’s countenance was formidable, “You have contributed greatly to the construction and implementation of our plans. I, for one, would appreciate your continued assistance.” His gaze swept the nodding heads around the table. “But if you can not do so we will proceed without you.” The question to Ward was clear.

Ward strove to communicate his ardent appreciation and respect. “Sirs, I have greatly valued this seat among you. Those of you who have had dealings with me know I carefully consider all my actions. I would not have brought you this information if I did not truly believe it was critical and that we are in danger if we pursue this course.”

“Therefore I must give your very gracious proposal some thought. I will let you know within the next several days.” With that he bowed and returned to his fuckbitch.

The auctions themselves took place in the Amphitheatre, a grand old Paramount Theatre from the heyday of the silver screen, scheduled for destruction in a soulless moment by the city of Oakland, California. A whimsical and nostalgic Member salvaged the gilded early Art Deco stage, trim and light fixtures, including two ceiling-high hooded and robed women with brilliant gilt eyes who’d decorated the stage’s thresholds, and reassembled them in the second, and very effectively soundproofed, subbasement of the club. The luxurious purple velvet seating was reproduced.

One by one naked slaves shuffled onto the stage in forged iron shackles that connected ringed necks, wrists and ankles with minimal lengths of black chain – really the only truly satisfying style of slave locomotion in Ward’s opinion. The poor girls looked so helpless and degraded, and the chains clanked so pleasantly. As each stepped forward, the tuxedoed auctioneer read her assigned number so Members could check her description in the program and began the bidding.

Ward waited expectantly for Gina’s turn on stage. He had not yet found a slave sufficiently enticing to bid on himself, though Gina’s friend, Eileen, an elite publisher and the beastly Montie’s slave, with her delicate understated refinement, tempted him briefly. Maybe next auction, when he wasn’t so preoccupied.

But he found the auctioneer’s cogent comments on each piece of livestock highly entertaining. He’d particularly enjoyed the man’s feigned dismay at the Senator’s diminutive breasts then even greater appreciation of the target area provided by her ample haunches. As expected, she brought in well into six-figures – to the Duke’s gloomy representative. Ward was a bit surprised by the atypical choice. What madness had now risen in the Duke’s febrile mind? At last Ward decided it must be the prominent ass. He smiled with satisfaction. The shrill cow would no doubt come to rue her fate.

Finally Gina was goaded edgily onto the stage like a skittish purebred brood mare. Her big brown eyes looked blanched and hyper under the white spot as she peered fearfully into the crowd. Ward was not surprised when the auctioneer’s attention went right to her mammoth mammaries. The man grabbed a distended nipple and mimed shock when milk squirted onto his hand and the stage floor. He beamed as if at a particularly wonderful revelation. “Well, this is something different! I wouldn’t mind having one of these in my barn. Does anyone know her cream content?” Loud laughter rose from the purple seats.

His attention rose to the nose ring, which he jerked viciously. As instructed, Gina did not make a sound but Ward could see the glitter of tears. The auctioneer pulled the ring from side to side in a figure eight pattern. She struggled to keep up, her bare feet clinging to the wood stage floor, slowing her movements. “See! She’s ready to spearhead the

herd.” He pulled her down onto all fours, released the ring, which fell back in place around her lips, and grabbed her hair instead, holding her head up while he arched his back and pressed his pelvis into her face. He winked at the appreciative audience. “The perfect height. Her Owner tells me she’s expert at sucking cocks through that ring.”

Another roar from the audience and the auctioneer’s attention was drawn by something else. Theatrically, he bent. “Jeez! Those ridiculous nipples do touch the ground! Hmmm.” He turned her to present her smoothly curved behind to the audience and lewdly spread her cheeks. “Now this is an attribute I shouldn’t forget.” He gave her bottom a ferocious – and certainly painful, Ward reflected pleasurably – slap but made no attempt to shift her exposed anus away from hundreds of appraising and debasing eyes. “So who will give me \$50,000 for this prize milk cow?”

Ward noted his own nervousness about Gina’s ability to command the prices of the famous slaves. But he thoroughly savoured the auctioneer’s humiliating treatment of his bitch. He was now hard as the iron ring around her neck and had almost forgotten – at least for the moment – his earlier distress. And the auctioneer had chosen a good starting bid. A ten second lull made Ward’s tension rise again. Then, suddenly, lively, good humoured bidding began, seemingly from all over the room.

At \$80,000 the bidders were down to two. At \$90,000 only one remained – a satisfactory price for a first time participant. Ward searched the rows of seats but was not sure who had bought her. He made his way to the holding pens in the walkway running along the theatre’s outer wall, where buyers came after paying for their prizes.

Gina stood wedged into a pen’s corner, apart from other not yet retrieved slaves, still shackled, head down, hair hanging over her face. This was sub-space, Ward knew, but not the exhilarating out-of-body “flying” experience. This was the sub-space of destruction in which the sub’s ego had been ground to nothingness, to hopeless torpor. Out of this state comes the submissive’s most profound experiences of self-realization. Ward had discovered that overwhelming fear took Gina there – and he saw she was still deeply submerged.

But pulling her upward required hard, focused effort – sometimes hours of coaxing her out of inertia or, fortunately, more often simply taking control and forcing her violently back from the edge. Ward invariably found himself awestruck by the submissive’s phenomenal need to be ruthlessly wrenched from one reality into another ... and by the subtle effectiveness of a brutal beating.

His gaze was drawn into the crowd, toward a tall, dark man moving purposely toward them. Gina’d have to wait. Right now he needed to deal with her buyer.

As the man came into clear view, Ward saw he was around forty and handsome, though definitely not a frivolous pretty boy. But then no club member fit that description. Ward sensed something stern and unyielding under his charming exterior. He also had an unusual cast in his left eye, which seemed somehow appropriate.

Ward extended a hand, “Thank you for purchasing my bitch. I’m Ward.”

“I’m pleased to meet you. Corbin.” He glanced at Gina.

“This was her first auction. She was very afraid and hasn’t recovered yet.” Ward called across the pen’s bars. “Come Gina.” Gina backed more tightly into the corner, body quivering, limp hair still obscuring her face. Ward walked around the pen’s periphery. He reached over the bars, roughly grabbing Gina’s hair and pulling her after him as he returned to Corbin. She whined and resisted but he ignored her and dragged.

“Gina, say hello to Master Corbin. He bought you.”

Something grabbed Ward’s attention. He kept his gaze neutral while he evaluated the man. What was it about him? Ward had an odd sense of a double image.

Corbin looked Gina over appraisingly. “Please release her.” He moved her hair from her eyes and lifted her chin. “Gina look at me.”

Ward watched her hesitate, glance at Daddy to see if she must, then obey. He also saw signs of her revival when she looked at Corbin. The bitch liked his dominance and was attracted to him. Ward spoke carefully. He did not yet understand this man but sensed his handling required respect and restraint. “As you can see, she recognizes your control. She responds well to strong Dominants. Despite her own strength, she is innately submissive and will try her best to fulfil your wishes.”

He looked quizzically at Corbin, who still focused commandingly on Gina. Gina peered contentedly up at him, though Ward suspected she might not be so complaisant once he got her alone. “I’m sure you saw in the program that she’s an animal who hasn’t been trained in etiquette. Do you have any questions about that or anything else? And where and when would you like me to deliver her?”

Chapter Eleven

Corbin had told Ward to bring Gina in whatever clothes he'd care to take her home in. He said his slaves would prepare and dress her appropriately after she arrived. He'd given Ward an address in Old Town Alexandria, almost directly across the Potomac from Ward's own house.

So Daddy told Gina to wear what she liked, plus high heels and red lipstick. She did not know what her condition would be when Master Corbin finished with her so she chose comfortable clothes that slipped on easily – fine black cotton knit pull-on pants and a hooded, zip-front shirt of the same material.

Gina was always afraid when Daddy gave her to someone new. The uncertainty was invariably traumatic and could be horrible, emotionally and physically. But despite her distress at the auction, she remembered her attraction to Master Corbin and looked forward to seeing him with a thrilling combination of titillation and dread. She watched eagerly and interestedly as Daddy drove her past the row of pristine, red brick 18th and 19th century Federal row houses on the most charming part of Royal Street.

Corbin's house stood right in the middle, unusually wide, with a lovely black door and a wide, ornamented black balustrade curving over black trimmed rounded windows. A small cast-iron fenced garden with a flickering gas light at its centre sat next to the front door.

Gina watched Ward's hand move toward the door's dark bronze knocker. She moved closer for a better look. The bronze was a strange, unmanageable shape that extended outward into a pointed beak. Ward gripped it awkwardly and hammered several times on the heavy door.

After a protracted moment, the door swung inward. Two identically dressed women stood in the doorway. Gina's first image was of their spectacular beaked masks, the elongated black faces veined with sapphire and surrounded by high masses of gleaming black feathers interspersed with touches of deep, variegated blues. Behind the masks, their black hair was piled in elaborate, antiquated rolls.

Gina's vision was compelled downward. The women wore black crushed velvet corsets over long shining sapphire blue satin skirts. Their breasts were covered by diminutive black lace camisoles that exposed pink nipples and bared white shoulders and upper arms in dramatic contrast to the dark, vibrant colours. Belted around each corset's waists was a thick gold chain from which draped lengths of matching chain running to gold wrist shackles tightly fitted over full-length black satin gloves.

Neither woman spoke yet Gina was struck by the coquettish invitation they somehow conveyed to Ward, who eyed them with salacious interest. They stepped apart, showing flashes of gold at their ankles, and lionizingly ushered him between them. Then each firmly gripped one of Gina's arms and pushed her along behind.

The hall, which was papered with a deep blue silk damask mottled and faded by watering, made its classically tall, narrow progress past a handsome, straight and steep dark wood staircase. Gina felt the women's sensuous warmth as they pressed against her sides to navigate the circumscribed space. The women indicated double doors, their dark, polished grain perfectly matched. Gina was able to watch Daddy just begin to turn the knob before they once again unyieldingly propelled her down the hall and up a bare back staircase.

Two long, steep flights and they emerged into a large dormered attic room with half a dozen narrow beds in two dormitory rows. "Dormitory?" Gina suddenly wondered if the word had something to do with being confined up under the dormers.

The women left her in the room's centre. Each stepped to a bed. They removed their masks and laboriously pulled their gloves from under their metal cuffs. They approached Gina from each side, lovely sybaritic smiles on their exotic twin faces. In perfect harmony, they kissed Gina's cheeks, then unzipped and removed her shirt, their parallel gazes lingering on her breasts and nipples, and helped her step out of her pants and shoes.

A simple wooden door at the room's end opened to an austere bathroom and toilet papered with faded pink cabbage roses. The young women led Gina to a large claw foot tub standing away from one wall and guided her over the high side. They turned on the taps, testing the temperature with long fingers. While the water flowed over Gina's feet, the women filled large Staffordshire pitchers and carefully poured water through Gina's hair. Together they soaped her head, gently massaging her scalp. Together they poured more water to rinse. They eased her into the warm, rising water and together soaped along the length of her body. Gina apprehension had not stilled but she luxuriated in the warmth and their attentions.

One of the women opened the drain. As the water level lowered, they poured from the jugs, over Gina's face, her breasts, belly, pubis and down her legs. Again, they opened the taps, this time adding a lavender flower concoction. As the tub filled, they parted Gina's long hair, each drying a side with a plush towel, and twisted it into thick coils that they pinned to her head with old fashioned hair pins.

Gina settled blissfully into the warm water. The women exchanged meaningful looks. As one, they leaned down and sucked in the long nipples. Gina might have worried at this taking of her milk – unsanctioned, she suspected – but Master Corbin had told Daddy he didn't want it. And Gina always seemed to have milk available, even soon after Daddy pumped her empty. She felt the rush into her ducts and out into the soft mouths. She heard the girls' unanimous murmurs and then felt their fingers touch her vagina.

Remarkably, Gina'd only had one previous experience with girl sex. A lesbian had played with her during a middle school car trip. Gina'd been so young she hadn't known what to do and so passive the lesbian had finally given up. She didn't object to sex with women. There'd just been so many men.

Now, as the warm, lavender scented water swirled over her and the women stuck their fingers inside her vagina and manipulated her clitoris, she felt illicitly wonderful. She lay passively in the fragrant warmth and the girls quickly and efficiently brought a violent orgasm rippling through her belly. When her moans and gasps had settled, they raised up, smiled, erotically kissed her cheeks once again and helped her from the tub and back into the dormitory. As she walked, small beads of scented water rolled along her skin, over her breasts, between her legs and downward.

In unison, they towelled her dry. One twin retrieved a soft package from a bed – heavy, deep blue silk. They fitted her with short black boots with unusually long pointed toes. Together they undraped the blue cloth to the sparkle of bright gold. Each lifted out a thick gold cuff, a small gold lock fitted open through its clasp, and secured it over a boot, snapping the lock shut with a precise click. Together they lifted out more gold – the weighty chain they both wore, bundled with more cuffs and open locks – which they locked around her waist, the cuffs draped in short loops at her sides.

They led her to a wood framed free-standing mirror on an antique stand at the room's end and showed her reflection. Though they still did not speak, their eyes and manner clearly exhorted her to observe her own voluptuous beauty. Gina's eye was caught and held, not by her fine gold imprisonments, but by the thick, archaic coils of her black hair. She smiled at the enticing women. They three made a pretty picture.

Holding Gina's eyes in the glass, one woman slipped her arm around Gina's waist and pulled her against her side. Gina thrilled to the woman's entrancing erotic energy. She waited expectantly for the next move. The other stepped away, returning almost immediately with a long black triangular tube of leather. The first twin released her and slid her fingers lightly along Gina's bare arms, finally stretching her hands tautly behind her back. Together the twins pulled the leather sleeve up over her hands and arms and held it locked around Gina's throat into a thick leather collar.

One lifted the pooled blue fabric. It was a hooded cape. They wrapped it around her, approvingly watching their actions in the long mirror. They left her to arduously restore their gloves, pushing them under the cuffs with darkly manicured fingernails then pulling them to their upper arms, and to replace their masks. With a toss of their fine heads, they led her away, retracing their steps down the back stairs to the magnificent double doors.

Gina heard the deep voice from within. "Enter." The ladies each opened a door and, this time, ushered her through with similar flourish to that given to Ward. Gina's first thought was to look for Daddy. He was nowhere to be seen.

Instead the man, Master Corbin, stood at an easel away from the heat of the glowing logs in the ceramic hearth. He wore dove grey riding breeches with high black boots and a soft black shirt open to expose a line of fine dark hair running down a hard chest. His smile was dark and magnetic, sternly proprietary rather than welcoming. Gina could make out the strange darkness in his left eye. He motioned her, or rather the twins, to a small, exquisite carpet, the room's only obvious trace of red, several feet in front of his easel.

The twins turned her to face him, removed her cape and stepped away, nearer the fireplace. Their masks' black feathers undulated in the warm air, glistening with dark rainbows.

Gina stood silently, eyes lowered as Daddy had told her, surreptitiously examining what seemed to her a magical room. Even to her untrained eye, the space had sublimely classical proportions that profoundly soothed her senses, as did its colour. Blue. Almost everything was blue. The ceiling and walls were lacquered a colour she thought was indigo, flickering as it did from dark blue to the deep blue-green of the sea bottom in the fire and candle light. In fact, the transient light moved against the surfaces like an undulating underwater landscape.

The dental mantel appeared creamy white, as smooth and shining as glass over the blue-green hearth, as did the room's other bits of trim. And above the fireplace was a striking portrait. With eyes downcast, she was only able to catch glimpses but her eyes were drawn back to it over and over again. She yearned for a closer look but didn't dare raise her head.

He slowly walked completely around her, stopping in front and lifting her chin in his fingers. "Look at me, Gina." Gina remembered his words from the auction. She raised her eyes to his with tremulous anticipation and was startled by an immediate sense of malaise. What was the problem? She wasn't yet certain.

Corbin stared domineeringly into her eyes. “You will obey me exactly. You will never speak unless I specifically tell you to do so. Then you will address me as ‘Sir’. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir.” In an instant Gina found her attraction to Master Corbin evaporate. She was overcome by a suffocating sense of his intolerance and rigidity.

Daddy’s voice was loud and irrefutable in her head. “I don’t care if you don’t like him. You are my property and I will do with you as *I* like. This is for my amusement, not yours. I want you to be hurt, revolted and, yes, bored. I want you to have every experience. When another man does things to you remember it is Daddy who is doing it *and you will take it.*”

It was only twelve hours (less now, after her enjoyable bath) and she would obey Daddy’s instruction. But with dismay she felt her resentment and ever-secretive rebelliousness raise their ugly heads. Even the room with its perfect furniture and decoration now seemed stuffy instead of beautiful.

Corbin motioned to the twins, his eyes remaining on Gina. “Kneel.” The twins helped her to her knees, then, before she realized what occurred, a leather hood flashed in front of her and was pulled over her head. In the brief instant before her eyes were covered she saw firelight glint softly off black feathers. The hood was strange, not at all like Daddy’s. It was heavy in front and extended far out over her nose thankfully giving her lots of air.

She knelt on the soft rug in the quiet room, seeing nothing and, also, hearing nothing. Her senses were muted under the heavy leather. No one spoke and even the fire’s robust crackle disappeared to nothingness. She wondered what was happening. Was anyone in the room with her?

After some time, she didn’t know how long, the silence, far more than the darkness, became ponderous. Her ears strained for something to occupy them. Her shoulders and knees began to stiffen. Even their persistent complaints seemed muted amidst her overwhelming, excruciating ennui. She felt as if her life drained from her body even as her resentment rose. She was not happy here and did not like Master Corbin.

Time dragged on and on. Her limbs ached and then became numb. The fire’s warmth stole comfortingly over her. Her mind drifted back to the warm bath. Suddenly her body jerked. Fear shot through her. Had she fallen asleep? Was she still in the position Master Corbin had ordered? Relieved, she realized she was. But how much longer would this agony of inactivity continue?

Several times more she caught herself drifting into sleep. Then someone was shaking her and she heard her name through the hood. She realized she was lying on her side on the rug. At first she was afraid but her petulance overtook her and she didn’t care. At least something different would happen now.

The hood was removed to Master Corbin standing thunder-faced before her, a thin whip woven blue and black coiled in his hand, and she was lifted to her feet. Behind her, the twins’ quivering vibrated against her skin. Master Corbin motioned with his fingers.

The twins gripped Gina’s arms and moved her to face the fire. They locked chain – Gina did not see if it was gold – around her leather bound wrists. Gina watched one twin take a long, black, crook necked pole from beside the fireplace. She felt the wrist chains lift, accompanied by a barrage of clanking, into the air behind her. A twin returned the pole to the fireplace. Again the chains clattered and her arms were pulled up behind her,

higher, higher until she bent angularly at the waist and her head approached the floor. She heard a lock click, then the whip's crack.

Her thought as the whip's tip sliced a bloody gash across her straining thighs was, "Thank God!" Soon thereafter, she battled back her screams.

Ward lived with the situation for twenty four hours. He'd kept Gina in his bed but had slept fitfully even with the comfort of her abuse. Virtually nothing else had been on his mind since he awoke, even as he prepared Gina for her buyer and even as he drove through the red and gold landscape, crossing the bridge to Alexandria as the sun's golden ball dropped below the pink horizon. Master Corbin's twin slaves managed to distract him briefly, as did the remarkable portrait in the blue room.

Ward sighed. The puzzle had recurred the instant he'd manoeuvred the big black car back into the night blackened countryside.

Once seated against the moulded back of his high-tech office desk chair watching the twinkling lights of the city from which he'd just come and the few moving lights on the river, he phoned Ayatollah Amani at Dr. Roland's research facility. "What should I do?"

As was frequently the case, the priest answered with another question, "Can you see an alternative path?"

In his abstruse style, the priest was suggesting an alternative might exist. Ward tried to see it but his mind was blank. He gave himself a mental instruction to keep looking subconsciously. "Not at the moment."

"Then you must help them. You are the only protection they have." Ward heard humour rising in Amani's voice, "Tell them in a few days so they can remember how much they need you."

Gina was dressed and waiting, kneeling and still hooded, when Ward retrieved her the following morning. Through the leather's muting, she'd heard Daddy courteously probe, informing Master Corbin that he sincerely hoped the Master was pleased with his purchase. To Gina, the man's tone seemed noncommittal.

When the hood came off she'd remarked his polite smile and then was distracted by the object in a twin's hand. She peered with interest, thinking of the long space over her nose. The black leather shape looked like a bird's head crowned with a cascade of gleaming black feathers identical to the twins' masks but surrounded by a gold circlet. Yes, she mused as Master Corbin shook Daddy's hand, that must have been what she'd worn. He ushered Ward to the door while his slaves gripped Gina's arms and drove her along behind, close on their Master's heels.

In the car, Gina breathed a sigh of relief. Ward looked quickly toward her. When he asked her what happened she responded, "Nothing," with a hint of the sullenness she still felt but hoped he didn't notice. Not until he reached over and tore at her hair with his implacable fingers did she speak – or rather whimper – further. "Nothing happened. The girls gave me a bath and then he made me kneel hooded for hours. It was so boring," she knew Daddy caught her guilty glance, "I fell asleep." Before he could express the consternation that massed on his face like black clouds, Gina rushed on. "So he whipped me bloody."

Ward seemed somewhat appeased. "After all," Gina thought sulkily, "Daddy had clearly indicated on the auction program that I'm an animal. I'm not responsible if Master Corbin tried to use me in a manner for which I'm not trained or suitable."

Ward smiled coldly and released her hair. "We'll make sure you're not bored today." A chill swept through her. Surely she understood his message.

Gina was already in the breeding room when Reza's handlers hauled in and reassembled the cage from his externally nondescript but internally opulent hotel-office-transport eighteen wheeler. Daddy had told Gina she needed a reminder that he ruled over the luxury of her bodily functions. Since she'd been so tired last night, he'd allowed her to sleep – but standing upright held by wrists tied together to a metal ring in the breeding room ceiling. When the men entered with the cage, she'd somehow fallen asleep, her naked body slumped against the ropes and swaying gently on five inch heels.

Gina peeped out from under closed lids when Ward and Reza herded the six black girls into the room and the cage. They crawled – squeezed – into the broad, low, metal-barred cube, contorting graceful long-limbed bodies to sit virtually on top of each other. The top bars almost grazed the cropped scalps of the two tallest girls.

Daddy beamed fraternally. "I like the image of Peter walking in on them crowded into a large but not quite large enough cage. It satisfies my dramatic sense." Daddy actually rubbed his hands together. "I'm eager to finish Gina's lesson. Corbin really didn't give her what she deserved ..." Gina began to worry, "... and I want to give her the opportunity I've promised her for so long," she heard his dulcet enthusiasm and fear surged into her chest, "for you to breed the bitch."

Ramesh called to warn that the guests had arrived. Ward lifted a woven single-tailed whip from its place on the wall. Despite her foreboding at what she knew was to come, she could not help but appreciate the softly gleaming chestnut brown coil's beauty.

Daddy stepped close to Gina and ran the hard ball end across her cheek. "I promised I would make sure you weren't bored." Gina's eyes flew open. "Even if your performance last night didn't satisfy Master Corbin, I'll make certain it satisfies me." The whip's sharp, diminutive sonic boom echoed through the room. When the guests entered, he'd already drawn first blood on her writhing body.

Out of the midst of her agony, she saw Maaouya stroll tranquilly across the threshold followed by Remmy and Peter. The two handsome young men – boys, she'd heard the men call them with affectionate but patronizing superintendence – stopped right across the threshold at the vision of Ward wielding the whip while Reza stood on an antique wooden library stepladder in front of Gina, jamming his cock into her mouth.

Gina had never recovered from the terror of her first meeting with Reza during which he'd shackled her to his warehouse wall and almost sold her to Sheikh Mahmud. When Reza exposed his true nature, he invariably had that effect on women. His cruelty was quick and deep and very painful. He only had to look into a woman's eyes – into Gina's eyes as he had a few moments previously – to fill her with cold, bottomless, nauseating fear.

She'd almost fainted from relief when he'd broken his gaze and filled her mouth with his beautiful brutish penis. Now, each time the whip's tail made its slashing contact and Gina's body jerked, Reza's expression became blissful, idyllic.

The whip cracked and fire sliced through Gina's calves to the accompaniment of Daddy's welcoming tones. "Come in. Come in. The bitch needed a little lesson. Would anyone else like to stick his cock in her mouth?"

Reza cheerfully removed his penis. He smiled paternalistically down on her and stroked her face with the hard, velvet-skinned implement, then thumped it against her cheeks. Icy tremors rippled across her bare back, until the whip again left its hot trail.

She closed her eyes against the fear and pain and when she opened them again Maaouya's fingers were moving toward her mouth. Of course Maaouya would take Reza's place, she brooded hopelessly. Maaouya enjoyed her mouth. He enjoyed stopping her breath with his soft, thick fingers' gentle caress almost, but not quite, to the point of her unconsciousness, bringing her there again and again while she silently quailed with panic and he looked peacefully down on her.

Maaouya never told her to look into his eyes, as some dominants did. Her eyes just went to his, like a small, wide-eyed mammal hypnotized by a swooping eagle. She peered pathetically up at him. The whip cracked and tears squeezed from her eyes. Even before her oxygen was gone she felt upheaval chasing away consciousness. Blackness curled in on her from her mind's edges and then his fat penis filled her mouth and the whip burned across her back.

When she'd made him hard, he stepped back and gave the boys a turn. Remmy went first. He was initially tentative, making unexpectedly nervous eye contact with her as if seeking her approval and clearly put off by the bloody whipping. After a minute or two, she watched him realize that in this place he could treat her anyway he liked, that she was only an animal and also helpless. From that point, he ignored her and used her as Daddy's receptacle.

When Peter stepped up for his turn, Ward stopped him. "Peter," he swirled the woven coil over his head in an ear-splitting crack before extending it to the boy, "would you like to give the single-tail a try?" Gina's entire body tensed, half expecting to feel her flesh slice open at the furious blow but even more concerned about Peter. An amateur could do serious damage with a whip.

"You might want to step back." Ward addressed the men. Maaouya and Remmy stepped several feet farther away but not Reza.

Reza came close and beamed down on Gina, his smile as bright and sparkling as sunlight on ice crystals. He took her chin between his terrifying, elegant fingers and held her gaze – though she wouldn't have dared look away even without his hold on her. "I promise you, if you bite me you'll sincerely regret it." He ascended the library ladder while she stared helplessly up at him, her jaw slightly agape. He pried her mouth wide open and forced in his penis.

"You 'throw' the whip like this," Ward demonstrated, "standing far back from your target. Then, very slowly, move forward until the 'cracker,' the strip of leather at the end, touches the skin. Too far away and you won't make contact, too close and you can make a deep cut." Gina couldn't see Daddy's smile but she knew it was there behind her. "Of course that may be your objective."

Peter hefted the supple leather in his right hand and ran his fingers down the tail's length. He cracked the whip several times, each time gaining confidence. Gina trembled at his words. "Okay, I'm ready to try."

An eternity after the whip's report, she felt the excruciating pain and warm blood stream down her lash mottled back. Ward's words were barely audible over her scream, carefully open-mouthed around Reza's penis. "Oops! Too close!" Gina held her head meticulously, achingly immobile while she wept and thrashed and stamped her feet, striving desperately to expel the suffering from her consciousness.

"Yes!" She heard Reza's orgiastic tones and saw his blissful smile as he reached down, gripped her nipples in adamant fingers and pulled. "A lovely ride," Reza's voice was eerily calm, "but if it doesn't stop I may damage these." One small harrowing squeeze and Gina's knees buckled beneath her. She would have fallen if she wasn't tied upright. She fought back the scream she so wanted to disgorge.

Peter quickly passed back the whip, dismay deforming his handsome face. "I'm sorry."

Ward smiled paternally. "Don't worry about it." He threw twice more, each time adding another trickling carmine trail to his gory crisscrossed creation while Gina held miserably still and Reza invaded her mouth.

Gina apprehensively watched Ward hang the whip on the wall and pick up a bottle filled with clear liquid. Now Reza too withdrew. As Daddy came close, she screamed "No Daddy! No!" He smiled and stroked her cheek, then sprayed. The liquid seemed to flay the skin from her back. Strident screeches deafened her. "No! No! No!" She realized the sounds came from her own mouth.

Ward wiped the blood off her back with a disposable towelette and untied her wrists. "Alcohol." He smiled at Peter. "Would you like to fuck her while she's milked or shall we leave that to Maaouya and Remmy while you deal with the girls?"

Gina looked into Peter's face as Daddy pulled her by the wrists to the breeding platform. She watched the boy's eyes lasciviously sweep her body and felt her vagina grow almost as hot as her back. Would the handsome boy fuck her?

"Up bitch." Daddy locked her neck into the big wooden disk that filled the breeding platform from barred side to barred side like a small, impenetrable, inflexible wall, holding her head exactly fixed for the breeders' use. He walked to the platform's other end, out of her sight. She felt his strong hands spread her thighs and strap them to the bars, opening and exposing her vagina to warm and titillating air currents. Her response was Pavlovian, utterly outside her will. Her body prepared itself to breed.

He slid the long plastic shells hanging from the overhead milking machine's tubing onto Gina's nipples. "Who wants to fuck her when I turn on the machine?"

"May I, Father?" She recognized Remmy's voice, replete with boyish eagerness.

The cage was far enough forward to be in Gina's line of sight. While Maaouya once again abused her mouth and Remmy entered her vagina from behind, Peter walked into Gina's vision, his eyes on the black girls. Squired by the milking machine's whirr and clatter, Ward and Reza joined him.

The milk rushed through her – into her ducts and out through the pump to the bottle above. Although her milk's expulsion was no longer agonizing, the feeling, particularly at first gush when her breasts exploded into obscene balloons, was intense and sometimes overwhelming. The addition of a big penis in her vagina sent sensation coursing through her from every direction. Yet despite the use of her body, even Maaouya's stupefying ministrations, Gina's attention could not help but drift toward the cage.

In truth, Maaouya seemed as distracted as she was. After only a few minutes he apparently tired of obstructing her breathing, replacing his fingers with his plentiful organ and letting her suck at her own pace while he turned his observations to Peter.

Only Remmy was oblivious to everything but his own gratification, pounding her vagina with a penis as voluminous as his father's. The stall's restraint held her steady against his onslaught but her body did, disturbingly, respond. He butted deep inside her. Even distracted, a violent orgasm took her. She howled around Maaouya's penis and hot juice poured from her cunt. She felt Remmy jerk away from her mess. Maaouya smiled down and patted her head ... and Remmy entered her again.

Reza spoke to the girls in a dialect alien to Gina. They looked up at him, their round, quiescent countenances thoroughly incomprehensible, then compliantly opened their legs and pressed their tailored orifices to the bars. Gina could see the faint line of stitched tissue bulge between the black metal lines. "Which one would you like first?" Reza asked Peter.

Peter circled the cage, bending to examine each mutilated vagina. "This one."

The girl was far back in the cage. Reza raised the cage's end and again spoke in dialect. The end girls started to climb out to allow their companion to pass. Reza shook his head. This time Gina clearly heard the cruelty when he spoke. Despite her own subjugation, the poor, disenfranchised girls' misery overwhelmed her with sorrow.

The girls tried to shrink against the cage sides to make enough space to climb over. Progress was clearly awkward, with torsos squeezed and limbs entangled harshly against each other and the pitiless metal. And Reza did not allow the girl adequate time. He issued short commands, his soft, chill voice prodding her quickly forward.

The girl finally knelt, eyes fixed downward, at Reza's feet. He extended a hand to her long, slender throat and lifted her to her feet like a soon to be slaughtered fowl. Neither she nor her sisters made a sound. He turned to Peter and Ward – Gina caught his eyes' wry twinkle – and pushed the naked girl back onto the cage top. "Ward, would you tie her down? We wouldn't want to inconvenience Peter by her movements."

Ward walked out of Gina's view then returned a moment later with a handful of white rope coils. He jerked the girl's hips sadistically forward, close to the cage's front end. First he bent her long legs and tightly bound ankles to thighs, spreading them inhumanely apart and downward to fix them immobile to the bars. Next he bound her wrists together and bent her arms into a triangle above her head. Her hands protruded over the cage back so he wrenched them downward, ruthlessly twisting her shoulder joints and arching her spine. Finally he cinched her upper arms at the edge of the nerve clusters above her elbows. The ropes cut deep pallid grooves into her chocolate flesh. He smiled at Peter. "How about a neck rope?"

Peter was silent, his expression discomfited. Ward, Reza, Maaouya and Gina watched him with interest. Peter shrugged. Ward smiled. He constructed a long hangman's noose, slipped it over the girl's neck, narrowed the circle to gently caress her skin and secured it to the bars. "She should be nice and comfortable ... if she holds still." He stepped back and waved a hand to Peter. "Your turn."

Gina could see Peter's nervousness – no doubt at having to perform in front of all these imposing men. Daddy must have sensed it too. He placed a soothing hand on Peter's shoulder and nudged him forward.

Peter bent. He ran his fingers down the faint seam until several disappeared into the small hole at the base of the girl's stitched gash. Gina could just make out his lips' upward twitch. Relaxation, or perhaps enjoyment, seemed to spread across his shoulders. His fingering grew vigorous, both in and sideways. When he roughly jimmied the hole open, the girl gave her first indication of life – the smallest ripple of movement. The girls so close underneath shifted nervously. Even with that small motion, Gina saw the noose narrow.

Gina heard the zipper of Peter's soft khaki trousers. She saw the thrust of his muscular buttocks. The girl screamed – the first vocalization Gina'd heard from any of them – shrill and unearthly, an animal cry from the veldt. Soft, distressed murmurs rose from underneath.

Chapter Twelve

Mr. Michelson sat behind his desk and watched the action recorded by the surveillance camera pointed at the house's front walk. Helen sat beside Peter in his open midnight blue Porsche Carrera 4S. Michelson smiled at the image. With her slim, straight back, lovely large brown eyes and dark hair tied 1950's style in a pastel Hermes scarf, Helen mirrored a young Natalie Wood.

Peter's face was turned directly into the camera. Michelson touched a control panel and the camera zoomed in. For a moment Michelson wished he could read lips, but he really didn't need to. He knew what was being said.

Peter fervently expostulated. Helen looked demurely and reluctantly into her lap.

Finally Peter stopped speaking and peered into Helen's face. After several silent minutes, he tenderly drew her towards him. She didn't help but didn't resist either. Michelson could clearly see the ardour in his eyes as he lifted her small chin and pressed his lips against hers. Though she offered no encouragement, did not kiss back, she allowed him to do so.

Peter withdrew from her, looking chagrined. Helen's eyes again dropped to her lap. Michelson saw her lips move and guessed she was telling Peter she needed to go inside. Peter opened his door, pushed himself up from the low car, and came around to Helen's door. He opened it for her and extended his hand. She laid her dainty fingers in his and gracefully swung her slim, shapely legs, which she held firmly closed together with flawless ladylike delicatessen, out to the curb. Michelson smiled again as Peter assisted her from the car. She was really so well trained.

He widened the camera's focus and watched Peter retain his grip on Helen's hand as he walked her up the garden path. As always, Michelson found himself lost in the beauty and refinement of Helen's movements. He'd chosen her pale pink silk dinner suit, reminiscent of Jackie Kennedy or Princess Di, to enticingly accentuate her priceless elegance, femininity and innocence. The suit's very decorum heightened her intrinsic sexuality. It flowed through him like an electric current and obviously also captured Peter in its thrall.

On the small front porch, Peter faced Helen and again spoke ardently, passionately. He then wrapped his long arms around her and pulled her to him. Mr. Michelson rose and strode to the door.

When he pulled the door open to face the couple, Peter was once again pressing his lips to Helen's, who stood meekly with eyes lowered. Peter quickly released her but did not step away ... too far. He turned to face Mr. Michelson. "Sir ..."

Michelson stopped him with an autocratic look. "Helen, you may go to bed."

Helen's voice was soft and sweet. "Yes Sir." Peter gazed longingly after her as she disappeared into the dark house.

"Come with me, young man." Michelson did not bother to see if Peter followed. He returned to his desk and only acknowledged Peter to motion him into the old black leather chair.

"Sir ..."

Again Michelson silenced Peter. "Well, young man, I give you some credit. How many dates," Michelson invariably pronounced the word as if it was distasteful or foreign, "has it been? Five?" He didn't wait for a response. "Did I not tell you that if you

pressed yourself on her without my approval I would forbid you to see her and she would certainly obey me?”

“I will give you the benefit of the doubt that it was only a kiss – well, two kisses.” Michelson was silent, his stern, appraising gaze locked on Peter, who fidgeted very slightly but did not drop his eyes. ““I think it is time for you to understand Helen’s reality.” He paused significantly. Grave concern grew on Peter’s visage. Michelson could see hideous possibilities – probably health related and certainly incorrect – whirl through Peter’s mind. “She is my slave.”

Michelson graphically told him Helen’s tale. He told Peter how the girl had come to him. He told of her comprehensive training in service, of her discipline with the paddle, first by Madame and then by himself. Finally, Michelson described in exhaustive, graphic detail his expropriation of her virginity – his shower, the exhilarating tightness of her virgin vagina, the trickle of blood against her white skin – and then his continued training of her in the perfection of her sexuality both in and out of the shower.

While he spoke, Michelson examined Peter’s face. He was quite aware of the boy’s initial attempts to restrain what Michelson was certain was his horror and disgust at Helen’s defilement at the hands of a man he must think very old. With satisfaction, Michelson noted the points at which Peter’s demeanour changed – from shock, to appreciation and, at last, to arousal.

When he finished, Michelson halted and held Peter’s gaze in an extended silence. Then, “Do you still want her?”

Michelson again observed. He saw Peter’s impulse to speak. But instead the boy hesitated. His focus turned inward. Michelson waited and watched and saw Peter’s countenance clear. As usual – a trait Michelson habitually appreciated – Peter looked directly into the older man’s eyes when he answered. “Yes, I do. She is exquisite ... exceptional.”

“Then you shall have her,” Michelson was again pleased, this time at Peter’s shocked surprise followed by his delight. He paused, “under my rules.”

His face became stern. “I hope you understand that my first priority is Helen’s well-being and safety. Although I do applaud your tastes in subjugation, you must see that I cannot allow you to have sexual intercourse with her while you do so with African women, with all their possibility for life-threatening disease.” Peter’s elation disappeared. “However, I will allow you to marry her.” Again, the shocked surprise but now followed by confused appraisal. Michelson found himself enjoying jerking Peter up, over and down the track of his emotional rollercoaster.

“I don’t understand.” Truthfully, Peter did appear a little ill.

“I will soon enlighten you.” Now Michelson smiled paternalistically. “As I know I do not have to tell you, Helen will be a superb wife. She is trained to run an irreproachable household and to be a splendid hostess. I can promise you that her presence will elevate your status and advance your goals.”

“She will also make no objection to any sexual activities you care to pursue outside the home,” without appearing to do so, Michelson carefully observed Peter’s response, “particularly in that she will never – at least not until I consider the time appropriate – have sexual relations with you.” Peter seemed too stunned to respond. Michelson continued. “Rather she will continue to spend several hours each day with me performing her daily rituals.”

“In other words, I will have sex with her and you will not, until such time as I give her to you totally.”

In contrast to Michelson’s tranquillity, Peter appeared utterly befuddled. “Sir?”

“Yes, Peter?”

“Why would you do this?” Peter tendered a small, tentative smile. “And why would I accept?”

Here, Michelson thought, was additional support for his decision. From their first meeting, Mr. Michelson had been impressed with the boy’s honesty, acumen and strong social grace. He bathed Peter in a warm glow of satisfaction. “Peter, I am really quite pleased with you.” The boy humbly and gratifiedly dipped his head, for a moment, then again faced Michelson.

“I do this for several reasons. And I think you will soon see why my plan will benefit you. First is to fulfil my primary agenda, the legalization of female slavery in this country. I believe you will not be surprised to learn that clandestine slavery is prevalent, even – or perhaps especially – in our nation’s capitol.” Michelson summarized the club’s structure and achievements. “I will, by the way, put you up for membership to the club whether you accept my proposal or not. In any case, as your wife, Helen will quietly and gently extend our reach into arenas we would otherwise not easily penetrate.”

“However, that is only one reason. I do not have an heir and, as I’m sure you can see, Helen is not suitable. I suspect you would make an admirable successor and I am prepared to give you the opportunity to prove so.”

Inadvertently, Peter’s eyes fleetingly swept the modest room. Michelson smiled benignly. “Why is it, do you suppose, that I am Chairman of the Board of a club whose membership includes some of the world’s richest and most powerful men?” He opened a drawer and removed one sheet of thick, rough edged vanilla vellum, placing it on his softly gleaming brown leather blotter. Lifting a fat gold and ebony Mont Blanc fountain pen from an ornate gold holder, he inscribed six lines.

Michelson extended the heavy sheet toward Peter. “I have worked assiduously to camouflage my assets. These are the names of my holding companies. I think you’ll find them interesting.”

Impatiently he looked at his watch. 1:30 pm. He really shouldn’t have waited for her for this long. Why had he? he wondered.

The lunch crowd was starting to thin. He sipped his ice tea. His stomach was churning with hunger as the smells of the Latin American spices swirled in the air around him. The Latino waiter approached for the fifth time. This time he didn’t bother to ask if he could bring anything. He set an artistically presented platter of shredded duck confit empanadas. “Please Mr. Vice President. The Chef would like you to have these.”

The waiter hesitated. York looked up at him. “May I call someone for you?”

“No thank you. I’ve already tried. Just bring me the bill for the drinks.”

The waiter smiled. “Please accept them with our compliments.”

York looked around the sleek restaurant as he bit into one of the small, hot, sweet and savory pastries. His eyes fixed on the large, brightly coloured mosaic mural of the ceiba, the restaurant’s mystic tree namesake, above a vertical sage green banquette. This restaurant was really too contemporary for his tastes with its flat planes of muted earth tones ... and truth to tell, though he’d never admit it to any of his clients, he preferred

simple American or British meat and potatoes to any of the more exotic dishes indigenous to Latin America or any of his clients' other countries.

But he was hungry, and annoyed. He ate several more empanadas, then slipped as surreptitiously as possible from the restaurant. He strode back down 14th Street to his office, rippling with thinly veiled, impotent frustration and also disappointment, and admitting neither to himself.

Mimi came toward him as he entered his outer office, her face doleful. Anxiety instantly twisted in his half empty belly. He hesitated, afraid to ask the problem. Mimi took the choice away. "I just this minute found out. Your lunch appointment, Gina, had a car accident. She's at George Washington Medical Centre. She's apparently unconscious but they expect her to be all right."

Jane was hysterical. Ward stood outside Gina's hospital room peering into her eyes and calmly striving to comfort her. "Yes, Jane, she's in a coma. But the doctors say she was very fortunate. She only has a relatively minor head injury. They think the odds are excellent she'll wake up in the next day or two and won't have any lasting damage." He put his arm around her shaking shoulders and for once she didn't try to pull away. "Jane, I promise. She'll be fine."

She pressed her face into his chest and sobbed. Then, abruptly, her sobbing ceased. She jerked away and stared irately up at him. "How can you be so calm?! Don't you care about her at all?!"

Ward barely stifled his laugh. God, she was contrary! He gripped both her arms and gently held her still. "Jane, of course I care." He smiled comfortingly. "I just know she'll wake up very soon."

Jane's frenzy halted. She looked him over appraisingly, seemed about to say something but for some reason, which he observed without quite understanding, restrained herself. In one small mental compartment, Ward wondered if he should be concerned about Jane's highly intelligent surmises.

However, he was otherwise occupied. Out of the corner of his eye, Ward kept tabs on the darkened face hiding behind the stairwell window.

Chapter Thirteen

He lay spent atop her soft, round body, crushing the breathing tube and riding her last, convulsive waves of life.

“Good evening, Mr. Vice-President.”

The dark hospital room was suddenly filled with light. Ward actually found the speed with which the man climbed off Gina’s gurgling, intubated body unexpected and a little startling given his thoroughly effete persona. York stood, as awkwardly naked as a newborn gorilla, next to the bed, his cock still partially erect though fast deflating.

Mr. Michelson had loaned Ward his driver, Manuel Estevados, a former Ranger. Now Manuel stood beside him holding a 9 millimetre Glock pointed precisely at York’s chest. Terry, in nurse’s whites, strode past him and began swabbing Gina’s vagina.

Ward pointed to a small closet. “We have everything on tape.” He lifted the neatly folded clothes from the chair back, smiling congenially as he extended them toward York. “Please get dressed Sir.”

Manuel’s gun did not waver as York carefully, self-consciously dressed. Once he’d stepped into his shoes, Manuel came close and buried the gun in York’s side under his shirt sleeve.

“Sir, please come with us.” Ward’s voice remained pleasant and genteel as they escorted York to the elevator and downward to Michelson’s car, one of DC’s innumerable black Lincoln Town Cars, waiting in the garage’s lower level. Once hidden behind the car’s darkly tinted windows, Ward pulled an opaque black cloth hood over York’s head.

The hood did not come off until they were in the club’s cavernous catacombs in the third sub-basement. They placed him, standing, between the arms of the room’s U-shaped stone table. Michelson sat on a high-backed stone chair in the centre facing York, with the rest of the Board to his right and left. Behind Michelson, half hidden in shadow, stood a tall, slim, hooded male form dressed entirely in black.

The walls were unfinished two hundred year old foundation stones. The room was wired for electricity but lit only by candlelight from human female sconces held evenly spaced against the walls in ornate, strangely shaped wrought iron cages resembling topiary trees. Their arms had been slipped into wrapped iron sleeves bent into various configurations, some straight up overhead, some curved outward and upward like tree branches, some held in front like supplicants. Large candles sat in their immobilized outstretched hands and on the tops of their heads in holders resembling small black thorn crowns. The hot melting wax poured down, covering palms, fingers and faces.

Upon the hood’s removal, York gasped. “Yyyou’re Helen’s guardian.” His gaze swept the table, eyes widening in shock at the so-familiar faces.

“Mr. York,” Michelson began. Ward smiled to himself. Michelson was unimpressed by vice-presidents, and no doubt by presidents as well.

York interrupted. “Will you take me to the police?”

Mr. Michelson gave an ironic chuckle. “Mr. York, we don’t need the police.” The flickering, muted light reflected ominously off Michelson’s steely hair and eyes and the hard planes of his face. “If we cared to, we could make you disappear without a trace.” His smile was cold. “But we would not remove such a valuable resource.”

Despite York's obvious distress, his slack jawed gaze flashed from point to silent, voluptuous point in the dim room. It lighted briefly on the figure behind Michelson before anxiously flitting away.

"As I'm sure you understand, we have a great deal of very unsavoury information on your activities, on video and in samples of your DNA." Ward had been waiting for Michelson's signal. He lifted a sheaf of photos from the tabletop and moved toward York. Michelson continued, "You may also be interested in some of our other information."

The hooded figure stirred slightly as Ward tendered the photos to York, who hesitantly took them with a shaking hand. He bent his head to look and gasped again, dropping several sheets to the damp stone floor.

Ward agreeably stooped to retrieve them and helped York wrap them in palsied fingers. As he did, Ward glanced at the top photo, a dramatic shot of Peter bending over one of the mutilated black girls and forcing his fingers into her vaginal remains. He smiled, remembering the other vivid photos of Peter's enjoyment of the girls. His favourite had been taken from close behind the boy, showing not only Peter's ample penis forcing its way into the small virgin hole but the girl's contorted face as she screamed in pain.

York's expression was wholly devastated. He raised lost eyes to the Board. "Wwwhat do you want from me?"

Michelson smiled congenially. "My dear Mr. York. We only want your assistance."

The Board had little confidence in York's intelligence or even competence. They had thus decided to make his instructions as simple as possible, choosing only one of the company's most important Congressional "investors" as his initial coercive confederate.

Michelson explained the situation to York. York stood meekly before them and helplessly acquiesced to their immediate demands as well as to their vision of his future.

"You are to do everything in your power to stay out of Carter LaVeau's line of sight," was their final instruction to him. Michelson smiled with unmistakable menace and assured him that if LaVeau became aware of his actions, York would certainly suffer. The Board had considered whether this instruction would be counterproductive, causing him to stumble right into LaVeau's path. They finally decided the risk was essential.

When they had finished their explanation and York appeared ready to melt into an ignoble puddle on the stone floor, Michelson spoke again, his voice imposing, "Because you have been so cooperative you will be allowed continued use of Mr. Smith's property ... with supervision. You may not kill her but you may choke her to unconsciousness while you have sex with her. If you tire of her, we will find you others."

Bewilderment and astonishment were momentarily visible on York's face before Ward again engulfed it with the cloth hood. He and Manuel were on their way to the elevator when Mr. Michelson said, "Mr. Smith, would you please remain? I'd like to speak with you. I'm sure Mr. Estevados can safely return Mr. York to his home." Manuel emphasized the point by jabbing the gun's muzzle into York's side.

"Mr. Smith, please have a seat." Ward glanced around. The Board had exited but the scones and the lone hooded figure remained. Ward re-seated himself on one of the stone chairs and waited expectantly. Michelson smiled, "I have been very impressed with your integrity, your perceptiveness and your fortitude."

Given his recent disagreement with the Board, Ward was surprised. “Thank you, Sir.”

Michelson waved away the thanks. “I would like to offer you the position of my corporate Chief of Staff.” Now Ward was stunned. Before any response could occur to him, Michelson continued. “I realize that in some ways this will create a hardship for you, so I am prepared to make it worth your while. Aside from your salary,” Michelson named an astronomical figure, “at the end of the year if we both decide things are working out, I will sign over to you 5% of my companies’ assets.”

Ward stammered, “Of all your companies’ assets?” The information he’d gathered on Michelson’s financial situation flared neon in his mind. Ward would become a billionaire.

Michelson graciously inclined his head. “Really, it’s an insignificant portion of my wealth. More importantly, I want to pass my moneys on to someone who I know will use them to carry on my purpose. And, quite frankly, I could use your assistance.”

Here it was – the fulfilment of Ward’s desire, of his daily thought using Amani’s technique. In some abysmal place, deep inside his consciousness, he knew this outcome was the technique’s result. His heart soared ... and then it plummeted. Ward did not know if he wanted to accept Michelson’s offer. He liked his life, his freedom to structure his own convoluted path. This would give him constant ongoing responsibilities he did not know if he wanted.

Michelson waved over the hooded man. When the hood came off and Ward saw Peter’s mortified visage, he placed a consoling hand on the boy’s arm. “I’m sorry. Just keep in mind that we all have weaknesses.”

Peter looked as if he might respond but then was incapable. He turned, speechless, to Michelson.

“I have arranged with Peter to marry Helen.” Ward showed no surprise – in fact, felt none. The marriage had always been one possibility.

Michelson continued, “As Helen’s husband, he will also become my heir. So if you decide to take the position, I would like you to take him under your wing.” He smiled kindly at the boy but spoke to Ward. “I’m certain you’ll find him an apt pupil.”

“I would be happy to do so. Mr. Michelson, I cannot tell you how honoured and grateful I am for your offer. Believe me when I tell you, the position would be the fulfilment of one of my deepest desires.” Ward’s brow furrowed. “And yet, as I’m sure you can understand, I don’t know if I can accept it. May I have time to think about it?”

“Certainly. I only want you to accept the position if you can make an unshakeable commitment to it. So please, take as long as you need. In the meantime, we have a wedding to plan.”

Chapter Fourteen

Helen had never felt a lack of friends or family. Mr. Michelson was her family. Service to him and her studies had given her everything she needed and wanted. But she'd worried about the wedding. Who would be her bridesmaids? And what family could they invite? In fact, with Mr. Michelson's insistence on anonymity what other guests would they invite? He wouldn't invite any of his closest corporate officers and all of the club's prominent members would be on the Vice-President's guest list.

She considered her reflection in the long, old fashioned mirror and smiled contentedly. Mr. Michelson had taken care of those problems as he had everything else in her life. The thought of his consideration filled her with warmth. He had invited those of his poor dear wife's family with whom he'd maintained contact. One of his wife's niece, a pretty girl around Helen's age, would be her Maid of Honour. He'd told her to ask Peter's two older sisters to be her bridesmaids.

She placed the headdress Ms. Wang had created to go with the dress over her hair. It wasn't a veil. More like a heavy satin mantilla – identical fabric to the dress – with an ornately flourished edge that draped around her face in flattering contrast to the classically simple dress. Again, she examined her reflection. The narrow, sculpted bodice was extremely proper despite being strapless and tightly fitted over her bust down to her hips.

She turned to the side and felt the soft folds of the voluminous ball gown skirt swirl around her legs. From that angle, she could just make out the two simple lavender bows seated one above the other on the long line of tiny buttons running down the dress' back. She ran her hands across her waist and hips then flounced out the short train's heavy drapes. Though she realized his choice had been purposeful, she frowned slightly. The big dress made her look very fragile.

A few minor adjustments to her makeup and she was ready. Mr. Michelson had explained that she would continue to perform her daily rituals for him. However, this night, the night before her wedding, was special. She would spend the night with him in his bed. She left her room and made her way down the hall, as upright and regal as she'd be tomorrow when she walked through the National Cathedral on his arm.

Mr. Michelson opened the door to her in a dark silk dressing gown. "My dear! You look beautiful! Like a princess!" He stepped out to her and lifted her in his arms. She looked adoringly up at him as he carried her across the threshold.

He set her on the thick rug next to the bed and looked down on her, with uncharacteristic impatience, she thought. "Kneel." She carefully lifted her skirts and knelt before him, her stockinged knees sinking into the rug's soft pile. "You may worship my penis."

Tenderly, she untied his dressing gown and gripped his cherished manhood in her two small hands, skilfully sliding back the thick foreskin and caressing it to total erection. The single, straight piece of fabric over her breasts disallowed its placement between but she pressed the shaft over her heart against the rich white satin and, as instructed, bent her head and placed her mouth over the head. As she did, she felt his grey eyes upon her. His warm regard washed over her and she felt her vagina grow moist.

With her mouth engulfing him, she tentatively – not knowing if he would allow it but impelled by her desire – elevated her eyes to his. His expression was serious as he placed his hands on her bare shoulders and raised her to her feet.

Once again he lifted her, this time placing her on her back on his bed. He raised her skirt with the layers of petticoat underneath and arranged them like an angelic corona around her head and torso. She felt his warm hands on the flesh of her inner thighs, exposed above her white silk stockings' tops ... and then he was inside her and she was overcome, without will or control. She writhed against her white silk bonds as he penetrated her, crushing her exquisite dress with his bare chest.

The realization burst upon her, as it had many times before. He owned her body and soul. She had no other reality than as his vessel, his property, to use as he desired. "Please, Sir, may I cum?" She heard the words but did not remember speaking them.

"I will let you cum tonight, Helen, because it is a special occasion. But not quite yet." He withdrew his organ from her pulsing vagina. His voice was stern. "Hands and knees."

It was difficult to turn over amid her dress' volumes of fabric. Finally she accomplished it, her skirts swathing her hips with the remnants gathered on the bed below her waist. She felt him lift her skirts onto her back. Then his hands were on her hips, spreading the twin roundnesses apart and caressing her between them – or spreading something on the tissues?

When the fat bulge of his penis forced its way into her anus, she cried out involuntarily. He had only once before used her this way. Then she had tried to silently withstand the pain but had not been able to and he had soon withdrawn.

Though she couldn't see his face now, she felt his determination. She understood that he would have her this way no matter her agony. And it was agony. The pain of his entry radiated through all her nerve pathways, even into her belly. A wave of nausea caused her limbs to feel weak and wobbly. Blackness rose into her vision and she tried desperately to hold herself up.

He must have understood since he held her satiny hips in strong hands and stopped his motion – for a moment, before he began his excruciating, inexorable progress inside her dark spaces once again. To her horror, he began to rhythmically, though slowly, stroke in and out, deeper with each piercing thrust. Oddly, her silk skirts' whispered and murmured vividly in her ears with each small movement. She'd far surpassed the point at which she could scream. The searing pain was everywhere, consuming her, and she was no longer able.

For the brief instant she'd acknowledge the query, she wondered why he chose this night to hurt her so. But she knew he had his reason and it was paramount – not for her to question. She must only endure and learn from his lessons.

She tried to surrender to the pain, to him, and he did something else strange and new. While his penis penetrated her rectum he slid something smooth and curved into her vagina. He pressed it deep inside her and her body responded so quickly she didn't have time to exert control – perhaps couldn't over the pain. A huge involuntary contraction gripped her and before she knew it a massive orgasm had overtaken her.

Her body trembled uncontrollably but he continued his usage. The sensations were so overpowering unconsciousness again threatened to overtake her. Still he held her. Still he pierced her milky flesh with his rigid organ. Then, with one searing thrust, he also

came. She felt his penis pulse inside her and his semen's soothing heat as it flowed over her torn tissues. He thrust a few more times but his penis was softening and the pain was not as great.

At last she felt him slide carefully out of her. It was over at last! She realized she'd been holding herself tensed, breathless, and she forced her body to relax.

Thankfully, she heard his words. "You may clean yourself first and then return to clean me." He helped her remove her dress, with care so as not to soil it. It seemed an eternity to her before the innumerable buttons were undone and he could lift the masses of white satin over her head.

"May I use your bathroom?" He leaned comfortably back on his pillows and watched her. At his nod, she slipped quietly away.

In the shower, she soaped her battered anus. She reached for the shower sprayer and noticed her hands, red with her own blood. When hot water rushed over her throbbing behind, equally hot tears streamed down her cheeks. Why had he done this now? She was certain she would still feel the ache in her rectum tomorrow when she walked down the aisle.

That was it! She thought she understood. He had deflowered her, deflowered her on her wedding night. He'd also made certain she would remember her true allegiance as she made her way to the altar.

She towelled herself off, noting that, thankfully, the bleeding seemed to have ceased. With a small towel soaked in hot soapy water and wrung out, she returned to clean him. She laid the cloth over his now flaccid penis and gently wiped every surface, first retracting his foreskin and carefully cleaning underneath, then wrapping and rubbing the broad head before repositioning the foreskin and continuing over the sheath to his testicles and inner thighs. He lay back indolently and watched her.

When she'd finished, she discarded the towel and attended to her dress and the mantilla, lying where it had fallen on his bed. She shook the dress out in front of her and examined front and back. Remarkably it still looked wonderful, needing, perhaps, only a small steaming. She arranged the dress on a hanger. As she bent to the lower buttons, with a blush of shame she saw one pale brownish stain spreading across the front hem.

She sensed a flush rising into her cheeks and glanced up at him. He lay unmoving, calmly appraising her, but she knew he read her emotions. He was always unyielding. Tonight, though, something about him was unusually relentless, unusually hard and unforgiving.

"Come here, Helen." She left the dress and walked toward the bed, strangely, shyly aware of her insubstantial nakedness. When she stood beside him, he opened the bedside table drawer and removed something silver and black. She tried to understand it. It looked like a slim silver and black belt, with chains hanging from embedded rings at the back and a narrow piece of silver metal with strainer-like holes at the bottom attached in a T-shape at the front.

"I want you to wear this tonight so we can fit it properly." He had her step between the chains, then pulled the belt up around her waist locking it in front. The belt lay flat against her skin, the front piece perfectly bisecting her belly and the chains rising in a smooth V across her behind, as if it had been constructed specifically for her body – "which it probably had," she guessed. Though she could feel the edges – some sort of rubber – in her cleft and the chains rubbing slightly over her anus, the device was

somewhat unwieldy but not uncomfortable, at least, not yet. She could just see that the strainer fit over her vagina. Abruptly, she understood the belt's purpose.

Mr. Michelson smiled tenderly. "Please understand, my dear, I trust you completely. However, I am not as certain about Peter's ability to resist his impulses despite the consequences." He shifted the belt's position slightly. "There should be no reason for you to remove this. However, if there is some urgent need – a health problem, for example – Mr. Estevados, who will accompany you as bodyguard and driver, will have a key."

She again felt herself blush with shame at his next words. "You may ask him for it."

York walked down the dim arcade behind the National Cathedral's splendid Gothic entrance under the vigilant supervision of innumerable Secret Service agents with their curly earpieces. Their familiar stony expressions washed protectively over him just like "the old days", comforting him. At the tower's edge, his gaze cycled with dismay down Wisconsin Avenue and across the expanse of the Cathedral's southern elevation, past the lush Bishop's Garden, now only winter green instead of the vibrant floral melange of spring and summer, to the maze of city streets beyond. Expensive sedans, SUVs and limousines streamed from every direction. Parked limousines already lined the extensive private roadways of the Cathedral's Close.

He knew he should be overjoyed at the wedding of his youngest child and only son – a wedding attended by Washington and the world's elite, including every living US president. But instead he only felt his muscles and organs tense with anxiety.

Where had the girl come from? She'd suddenly appeared in his office and he couldn't remember who'd put her there. Though her family had not seemed prominent like most mandated hires – he sighed at that awful mistake – she'd certainly seemed eminently suitable.

She'd caught his attention for a reason he'd not understood. Her beauty was remarkable, soft and feminine in the way Washington really favoured despite frequent protestations to the contrary, and she was well-educated with impeccable dress and manners. He'd initially been pleased at Peter's interest ... until she'd spent many hours under his unavoidable observation in the office. Despite her extraordinary, almost unnatural demureness, there was something worldly, something provocative about her. He couldn't see it or understand it but he could feel it and it made him nervous.

Then came the disaster ... and now she would inextricably tie him to his oppressors. He felt utterly helpless. What the hell could he do? He wanted, needed to turn to Carter LaVeau. LaVeau could always save him, had always done so in the past. Would they kill him if he told Carter? He shook his head. He just couldn't take the risk.

And Peter, what was he going to do about Peter's – he made a sour grimace as he remembered those distasteful, damaging photos – behaviour? His hand unconsciously went to his forehead. He couldn't imagine what to do. Oh! How he needed Carter!

Unhappily, he walked back toward the nave entrance, out of the solitude toward the crowds of dignitaries streaming through. He ducked his head but he knew it was to no avail. Every one smiled felicitously at him. Every one wanted to congratulate him, to force him to act like the proud parent.

As he did every time he entered the Cathedral, he looked up at the giant disk of the Creation Rose stained glass window, with its intricate pattern of his favourite blue and red colours, when he passed under it into the nave. His wife was already seated at the

front. He wondered if she was looking for him. He raised his head toward the High Altar with its golden wall of statuary and the many abundant, cascading white and pink floral arrangements brought in for the ceremony. As he did so, something caused him to glance to the left. His heart leapt into his throat. There sat Smith and that woman in the nave's last row.

York couldn't help himself. He turned his head toward them. Of course Smith, with his uncanny prescience, was smiling that hideous knowing smile up at him. But, shocked, he realized that the girl – Gina, he remembered – was looking up at him also.

She peered sweetly up at him out of absurdly innocent, wide brown eyes – welcoming eyes, he was certain. And she was wearing a dress in palest cream, almost white, though he knew white was forbidden for all but the bride at weddings. For him, he just knew it.

In a quick burst of vivid memory, he felt himself inside her as his fingers crushed her breathing tube and her voluptuous body convulsed between him. He looked down at her and eagerness overtook him. They were going to let him do it again! Anytime he wanted! That was almost worth his subjugation.

He wondered what it would be like to do it with others' sanction. His excitement grew. And what would it be like to do it to a girl who was looking at him, who was awake? He was ready. He needed it very soon. He quickly cut off the image as his dick started to harden. Not here!

Someone patted his back and he was jolted back to the present. He smiled vaguely into the crowd. The girl was still looking at him and so was Smith. His dick instantly detumesced. He knew Smith could read his thoughts.

York strode quickly up the aisle – or as quickly as the too solicitous crowd allowed – black helplessness once again encompassing him. What had he done? He heard his own cry and hoped it only reverberated through his own head and heart.

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