

FROM SLUT TO SLAVE

by
Brian Khast

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FROM SLUT TO SLAVE

PART ONE

Elizabeth Berisford was impressed. The room into which the pertly attractive, yet deferential, maid had shown her was large and luxurious. Its owner rose to greet her with a welcoming smile.

“Mrs Craddock?”

“And you are Elizabeth Berisford. Tamara Joslyn told me to expect you. Please sit down.”

Elizabeth sat in the comfortable chair in front of the great Chippendale desk. Mrs Craddock was not at all what she had expected. She was in her late fifties or early sixties, with a comfortably rounded, motherly figure and a face which had clearly once been beautiful. Even now it combined attractiveness, tranquillity and decency in equal measures. Elizabeth had expected a hard faced woman, brash and demanding but this obviously wealthy and sophisticated lady was the antithesis of that vision.

Elizabeth Berisford was a beauty - a famous beauty. She was twenty-six years old, the daughter of a wealthy peer. Red haired, five foot eight inches in height with a figure, which was a little too full for a supermodel, but magnificent to the eye of any red blooded male. Her lovely face, with its high forehead, deliciously straight nose, wide, sensual mouth and determined but shapely chin, was framed by a thick mane of red hair. Stunning green eyes, large and almond shaped, could spit fire or soften with passion, with many variations in between according to her mood. The daughter of a life peer rates high in British Society but does not normally reach the apex of that odd and restricted body. But the particularly striking beauty which Elizabeth possessed drove her effortlessly into the upper echelons; so much so that she was able to decline the proposal of a Prince of the Blood, whom Elizabeth considered a prime wimp and a lousy lay.

For all her perfect beauty, Elizabeth knew she was flawed. It accounted for the fact that her expressions were often tinged with sullenness. She loved respect, pomp and luxury and would have

adored the life of a Princess, but she knew that while her Royal husband would have total freedom, she herself might just as well be a harem wife. The unwritten laws of the Court said that the wife of the Prince could not indulge in illicit affairs while her husband could do so as much as he wished. Given the lifestyle offered, many women - perhaps even most women - would have accepted the bargain. For Elizabeth it was impossible.

She had hardly known Tamara when they met in a night-club. Both were disillusioned with their drunken escorts who were acting outrageously with the club hostesses, who happily accepted a degree of public groping which the two Society women were not prepared to tolerate. Both Tamara and Elizabeth were themselves soaked liberally with an intake of champagne and, left to themselves, they had exchanged confidences in a way which Elizabeth now largely - though not entirely - regretted. Men, Elizabeth had said, went to brothels for satisfaction. Why should a woman not enjoy the same privilege? Men could act out their inmost fantasies - for a price. Why could a wealthy woman like Elizabeth not do the same?

And somewhere in the alcohol induced conversation Tamara had indicated that was exactly possible. She had herself done it. She knew a discreet lady who, for a fee - a pretty considerable fee, Tamara had stressed - could make even the most extreme of female fantasies come true.

The telephone number had been passed just before the disgraced male escorts returned to their table with the proposition for a six-some in an upstairs bed within the confines of the club. Tamara and Elizabeth had walked out of the club, apparently in high dudgeon, though more truthfully, anxious to pursue their conversation. They shared a taxi back to their flats. On the way Elizabeth had probed further. Was Tamara's contact really discreet as well as reliable? What sort of money was involved? Could one really discuss ones innermost needs and fantasies? Elizabeth had only gone so far in describing her needs to Tamara.

Tamara had given satisfactory responses and a fortnight later, Elizabeth found herself sitting comfortably, though somewhat tensely, in this beautiful room. Certainly the woman on the other side of the splendid desk oozed trust and reliability. Nevertheless this was a delicate matter and Elizabeth was cautious.

"Did Tamara mention my - problem?" she murmured, hoping that the other would launch into a tariff of possibilities. She was to be disappointed.

"Indeed she did," Mrs Craddock nodded. "But from experience I know I must hear direct from the client. The only thing I will say is that a lot of delightful ladies have sat in that chair and, so far, I have managed for them to achieve a high degree of - ah - satisfaction." She smiled encouragingly as she said the last few words, making it clear that the double entendre was not unintentional. "And please understand that nothing you say will surprise or shock me. I may be somewhat advanced in years but I run this as a straightforward consultancy and my own personal experience was not gained by theory. I practised what I now preach - which is a woman's right to complete sexual satisfaction."

"Well," Elizabeth said, squirming slightly on her chair and flushing. "I'm highly sexed - maybe oversexed, and the blunt truth is that I can't stop thinking about it and fantasising about it."

Mrs Craddock nodded sagely. "That's not in the least unusual."

"But I seem to take it to extremes," Elizabeth said desperately, but she began to experience a sense of relief at being able to communicate her problems to this obviously interested and caring woman.

"Tell me - tell me exactly what it is like."

"I get - you know - very wet. If a man brushes against me in a crowd my whole body seems to vibrate. And the fantasies just pile up and up ..."

"Tell me about the fantasies."

Elizabeth gulped then the words came out in a rush. "Abuse - violence - perversion - always with strangers."

"Does crude language excite you?"

Elizabeth gulped. "Yes. Very much."

"You're excited by the idea of a man telling you what he wants to do to you?"

"Oh, yes."

“Do you think you could be submissive?”

Elizabeth stared. Her mind grappled with a recent experience but she decided not to volunteer it for the moment. Her reply was probably too definite and she saw the flicker of doubt in Mrs Craddock's eyes. “Submissive - no, certainly not. The men in my life seem to think I'm something of a bitch.”

“In your present life,” Mrs Craddock corrected gently. “In summary, then, you seem to want a lot more sex, rougher sex with more demanding men who are strangers. And you want everything realistic.”

Elizabeth forced a shy smile. “It sounds awful when you put it like that. Perverted ... “

“Perversions are something that some people approve of and others don't. It's just a word that fools use. In my view the rule is that if you like it or it excites you, then do it.”

“So can you help me?” Elizabeth gulped.

“Probably. Let me see, I imagine you find sex with men in your own circle disappointing,” Mrs Craddock assumed a benign expression. “Because that is not the sort of sex you want and the men probably treat you like a Goddess - which is the last thing you want. Beauty can be something of a curse, you know. Men - and even women - worship beauty and think it should be treated like fragile china. It's often untrue. I think that you need certain coarseness, a certain dominance. To be fucked by something rampantly male and quite uncaring about your more delicate feelings. Perhaps whipped?”

Elizabeth was becoming sexually aroused. The familiar wetness in her crotch was developing and it felt as if a trickle was running down her inner thigh. There was tightness in her chest and a slight constriction in her breathing. Moreover there was some truth in what the other was saying.

“I have fantasised about whips but I don't think I could take a beating in reality. I hate pain. I'm not even certain that I'd want all my fantasies turned into reality - it could be just too much. I just don't know! I can't tell you some things I fantasise about. Probably I wouldn't like a really brutal man if it really came about but a bit of roughing up could be appropriate.” She put a hand to her flushed cheek in a gesture of embarrassment. “I suppose I sound mixed up - not knowing what I really want except that what I'm getting now is hardly leaving me happy and fulfilled. But I would like more sex - lots more sex. But I don't want a lot of involvement - just plain, raw sex.”

Again she was not being entirely frank. She had in recent months experienced crude sex with a man in unusual circumstances. Exactly the sort of man Mrs Craddock had described. Coarse, brutal and with an absolutely huge penis that seemed insatiable. That was over and she hungered for something similar. But she also realised that danger was present in such episodes. She wanted more of the same but on a controlled basis.

“What you want is quite clear to me. Nor is it unusual. Please forget that dreadful word ‘perversion’. Tell more about these things that you say that you can't tell me about.” Mrs Craddock smiled as she said it but there was certain tenseness about her body language that indicated more than an academic interest.

Elizabeth moaned as she felt the sexual excitement rising within her. She felt her defences crumbling. “I just can't. Sometimes I want dreadful things done to me. I try not to think of them but they just flood into my mind. Sometimes I can't think of anything else. Can you help me? Is there anything you can do?”

“I can. Now, please take off your clothes.”

Elizabeth's jaw dropped. “Is that - is that necessary?”

“It's essential. And you may feel freer without your clothes though that's not the main reason. The more I know about you the more I can help you. Clothes are a fine camouflage, particularly the sort of designer stuff that you are wearing. You want reality and I need to see your reality.” Mrs Craddock smiled. “I am after all an oldish lady - if you go through with what we shall plan together you will be stripping in front of a much more intimidating audience.”

A shiver ran down her spine then, slowly, Elizabeth rose and began to remove her expensive clothes, folding each item carefully and placing it on a nearby table. The pile of clothing rose until she was left wearing white panties - dampened at the crotch - and bra, self-suspending stockings and her Gucci shoes. At that point she looked appealingly at Mrs Craddock who smiled back encouragingly.

“Shoes and stockings as well, dear! I want to see even the shape of your feet.”

It was not her feet that were concerning Elizabeth but her buttocks. They were splendidly rounded but the cleft was wider spread than usual and slightly shallow. The inner skin was also darker. It was a feature which caused teasing at school in the shower rooms. She had tried to hide it even when having sex. Except with Billy, of course. She had flaunted it at him at his demand - but Billy had been different. The flaw - which was the way Elizabeth normally regarded it - meant that when stooping forward even slightly, both her sex and anus was flaunted and the dark skin, contrasting with the creamy buttocks, gave the impression that her bottom was soiled though she was always scrupulously clean.

She exhaled slightly then reached behind her and unfastened the bra. It fell away from the splendid breasts, which dipped slightly and swayed seductively. Mrs Craddock blinked as her eyes took in the splendid breasts, thick, erect nipples and the broad, pink aureoles. Elizabeth placed the garment on the table then sat on the chair, removed her shoes and stripped off the stockings. Clad only in white panties she turned to face the older woman who was watching, poker faced.

“Now the rest.”

Already embarrassed by the darkened, wet patch of her only garment, refusal hovered on the girl's lips but suddenly she capitulated. She slipped off the panties and, only half turning at the waist, flung them at the pile of discarded clothes. Her full breasts swayed and bobbed as she moved and her diaphragm dilated and contracted with the heavier breathing that the situation generated. The nipples were large and red, sharply erect with wide aureoles contrasting marvellously with the creamy skin. Redheads often had poor skin but that of Elizabeth Berisford was flawless - from the front. Mrs Craddock frowned. The way Elizabeth had stripped and tried not to expose her back was a clear indication that there was something of which Elizabeth was ashamed.

Naked, she stood defiantly in front of the older woman, though she had difficulty in keeping her hands at her side rather than use them as a final concealment. From the top of her immaculately coiffured hair to the red nailed toes of her slender feet she could hide nothing of her frontal charms. Her body curved seductively. The marvellous diaphragm tapered down to a tiny waist that then curved gently outwards to the full hips - probably a trifle over full. It was a flaw which added rather than detracted to the overall impression of unusual sensuality. The thighs were slender and the legs long and shapely. The tuft at her mound repeated the in a slightly lighter tone, the thick red hair of her head. It was neatly trimmed to accommodate a modern swimsuit but Mrs Craddock saw that if allowed to grow it would be full and curly. As it was, the tight lips of her sex were revealed through the growth and between them, protruding slightly, the inner flesh, which was as red as the taut nipples.

“Good. Now please turn around.”

Elizabeth realised that there was no point in holding back at this point. She turned with a quick, almost defiant, movement and the older woman stifled a gasp of satisfaction as she saw what Elizabeth regarded as a flaw. Fantastic!

From the rear, Elizabeth Berisford could hide nothing. She was naked in the fullest sense of the word. By clenching her buttocks tightly she might achieve a partial concealment but not for long. She had the sense not to try. The dark brown skin within the cleft emphasised the carnal organs, suggested obscenity, stripping this magnificent woman of all vestiges of her privacy.

Mrs Craddock rose and walked around the desk. She stood in front of Elizabeth who tried not to meet her eyes.

“You are a very beautiful woman and we shall work hard to help you achieve what you desire.”

Involuntarily she touched Elizabeth's left breast but the girl shied away slightly, looking worried.

“Stay naked!” Mrs Craddock again sat behind the desk. “Just one or two other questions; again, I'm afraid, a little intimate. Do you practise oral sex?”

Elizabeth flushed. She sat, then found herself having to decide whether to cross her legs or just keep her knees closed. “Sometimes - with a condom. It helps get a man erect. Some of them can't -”

“Yes, yes. I didn't just mean oral stimulation. I meant to ejaculation.”

Elizabeth reddened again. Mentally she excluded her performances with Billy. "Well, I usually avoid ejaculation in my mouth, even with a condom."

She felt further humiliated by the fact that she could smell her own excitement and knew Mrs Craddock would smell it as well. Given the fortune she spent on deodorants and perfumes she felt that she should have been spared that humiliation.

"Anal sex?" Mrs Craddock enquired.

"No." Elizabeth's face assumed an expression of distaste though inwardly her heartbeat quickened. One could not tell a new acquaintance everything. "It must be a bit - dirty - unless it's planned, of course. Unpleasant and unhygienic. Disgusting."

"Quite so. But some like their sexual behaviour dirty and smelly."

Elizabeth's mind flashed back to the episode of a few weeks before, when she had sensed that she was on the verge of being buggered - and hoped it would happen. Again she was being less than honest.

Mrs Craddock smiled that motherly, disarming smile. "I don't like the word 'disgusting' any more than I like 'perversion'. But there is more to sex than just opening your legs and laying back. I would never suggest anyone indulging in anything they would not enjoy but I suspect you are a little more adventurous than you are saying. I certainly hope so. The best advice I can give is for you to follow your instincts of the moment. Often, you will find that variety adds zest. And, of course, you should aim to please an active partner." She waited with her head cocked as if expecting an answer.

Elizabeth nodded though her face was red. She was still more than a little reticent to discuss detail but she did understand that there was no point in acting like a vestal virgin.

"Now." Mrs Craddock folded her arms and rested them on the desk. "Have you ever considered or fantasised about being a brothel girl?"

Elizabeth gaped and flushed again. "Well, yes, but - "

"You want a succession of sexual encounters with men who you do not know and who will treat you as a sexually desirable woman rather than an awe-inspiring beauty. They will certainly sometimes be rough - but in a well run brothel you will be discretely protected, so real danger will not exist, though you might well be stimulated by a sense of danger. We can adjust the flow of clients to your requirements and you will certainly get all the casual sex you can handle. Once you have had experience we can discuss other approaches but a brothel seems to be a sensible beginning."

Elizabeth gazed at her with wide eyes. "You want me to become a whore?"

"That's just a label and in fact you'll be paying for the privilege. You'll be using the clients as much as they'll be using you. You came here because you wanted a different track to satisfaction." she went on. "Just imagine, Elizabeth. You lay on a bed in a nice pink furnished room, surrounded by mirrors and sex aids. The man comes in and he fucks you - I'm not wrapping this up or using euphemisms - he fucks you. Maybe he satisfies you and maybe he doesn't but immediately he has gone another arrives. You're fucked again, any way he wants but for you it's the second time and it'll be a miracle if you don't come. After that it's a procession, man after man - just one common denominator, they all shoot their spunk into your cunt and if you're as sexed up as you have described then you'll get orgasm after orgasm."

She sat back in her chair looking at the wide eyed Elizabeth who was looking distinctly shocked at the torrent of foul language which seemed utterly out of place in this elegant room or from this motherly lady.

Mrs Craddock went on after a short pause, which allowed her words to sink in.

"I am sorry. To paraphrase a common saying, I had to be crude to be kind. You must understand that there is no 'nice' way to explain this. Whatever solution we choose for you hangs on getting a lot of male cocks into your cunt and creating sufficient lubrication and clitoral massage to bring you to serial orgasms. Of course, you may insist on the use of condoms - many whores do nowadays and we can refuse use of your anal passage - though you might rethink that after a while. It can be very thrilling. I speak from personal experience, my dear."

Elizabeth was still shocked and she found it impossible to imagine this elegant old lady raising her ample buttocks ...

She stuttered weakly. "But - I thought - maybe you knew some men who could be hired -"

"Of course I do," Mrs Craddock seemed slightly exasperated. "But that's artificial. Oh, they'll play their part all right and they'll do anything you want. But you need that tinge of danger and realism. You want to be used by real people not by bought puppets. You're a real woman who wants real men. And real experience."

Elizabeth considered. There was no doubting the fire within her and wetness between her legs. She could feel the excitement as she contemplated what the other was saying. She crossed her legs as if to repress the tell-tale sex odour.

"The brothel." She spoke in an uncertain voice. "Will it be high class?"

"It certainly won't be too high class, dear and for various reasons. Firstly you might meet men you know in a top class brothel. Secondly you're not keen on perversions and that's all high class brothels cater for. Thirdly you want a flow of men interested in fucking, not some rich man who wants a beautiful woman for a one night love affair with perversion and sex as an add on."

"God, it all sounds so sordid!"

"But does it sound like what you want?"

Elizabeth swallowed. Her throat was dry and she felt that her breathing was laboured. Quite apart from the wetness in her crotch - which she thought might stain the expensive chair in which she sat - she could feel perspiration breaking out on her body.

"Yes," she croaked. "I'll do it."

And prayed that she had made the right decision.

When Elizabeth had gone Mrs Craddock poured herself a large, neat scotch. Once committed, Elizabeth Berisford had been pathetically anxious to agree the details. Utter confidentiality with only Mrs Craddock herself to be contacted in the case of problems. Not even Tamara Joslyn, the original contact was to know about what was planned. The project was to last for a week. Elizabeth was to tell her friends that she was going to Paris for that particular period and was to purchase an air ticket accordingly - which she would hand to Mrs Craddock together with two thousand pounds in cash plus her passport the day prior to the appointed day. Mrs Craddock stressed that the airline ticket would be used and that Elizabeth would be registered as having taken the flight. Elizabeth would book in to Mrs Craddock's house at the time at which she would normally book into the airport and would then be taken to her destination.

Mrs Craddock sipped at her drink. To an observer she would no longer have appeared the elegant and motherly lady who had greeted Elizabeth on her arrival. There was now a hardness about her face, which belied her earlier claim to be a rich woman interested only in the satisfaction of her female clients.

She picked up the telephone and dialled Tamara Joslyn and spoke tersely.

"You did well with Elizabeth Berisford. It will be remembered. Dye your hair or wear a red wig and come and see me on Thursday week. You're going to Paris. You can work with Madame Melly for a few days. She can always use another whore at this time of the year. Under no circumstances are you to speak to Elizabeth so book yourself into a hotel in Birmingham or somewhere similar until I contact you again. As soon as you've made your arrangements let me know where you are. Understand?"

The woman at the other end meekly assented.

"And if you don't do exactly what I have told you, then you will have a very nasty experience. Don't spoil the good work you've done."

She replaced the telephone without waiting for a reply and dialled another number.

“Marcus. We have a fresh piece of merchandise. That one I told you about. The redhead -very lush. When are you making the next shipment?”

The harsh voice at the other end replied, “Ten days. The documentation is all done but one more won’t make much difference.”

“That’ll just about suit. I want this one away quickly. She’s well known and there might be a fuss about her disappearance. But ten days is about right.”

“How are you getting her here?”

“She’ll come with me under her own steam. I’ve convinced the silly bitch that she needs your ministrations. You’ll thank me for her. I don’t want her harmed badly - she’ll bring a fortune, I promise. But you can play with her and get her used to her future role. She’s a stunner but stupid. When I talked dirty to her she would have crapped her knickers if she’d been wearing any. You’ll enjoy her but treat her like shit - she’ll respond to that. And, frankly, once she’s got used to our ways she’ll probably enjoy herself as well. She’s three quarters nympho already. How is our aristo?”

The man laughed. “In a word - constipated. Mary is going to give her an enema then string her up and thrash her. Literally beat the shit out of her. Her husband is coming to watch. Dirty bastard.”

“Has he been there much?”

“Sir James is a constant visitor and he’s full of suggestions. He really hates the bitch, which is a pity because she is - or was - a beauty. Frankly it’s a shame to see it go to waste.”

“But not so much of a beauty now?”

“She hasn’t had a shower or even a wash since she came here. She’s beaten and violated every day. She’s had her arse branded and several of her former servants have had the run of her. Lady Helena is certainly learning how the unprivileged live!”

“And her lover?”

“Branded, buggered and beaten. He was smuggled out a month ago. By now he’ll be working naked in the quarries. He’ll never return.”

“Well, we must keep Sir James happy. Indulge any suggestions he has. He’s the major shareholder, remember.”

“I never forget it, Olga. But we could have got a pile of money for Helena de Barrie.”

“If it’s any consolation, we’ll get more for the redhead that I’m sending you. Helena is in her thirties while this one is mid twenties. She’s the best I’ve ever seen. And don’t have too much pity on Helena - she had a good deal and she cheated on her husband. She must have known the risks. But most of all she was stupid to throw it all up for such a wimp. In my book she deserves everything she gets.”

“Olga, I have to say it, you’re the most vicious, depraved, money mad woman I’ve ever come across - and in my line of work I mean that as a huge compliment.”

“And you’re just a sentimental black bastard!”

They both laughed.

Elizabeth Berisford anguished over whether she was doing the right thing. It did not take her long to realise the extent to which she was putting herself in the hands of Mrs Craddock. The fee and the cost of the flight to Paris were not significant items given her wealth but the request for her passport was worrying. She did understand that the older woman needed to protect herself but she felt that a fake air trip might be going over the top a little. She had tried to contact Tamara in spite of her agreement not to do so but the number merely rang out without reply.

Yet although she had worries, the plus side seemed more compelling. Mrs Craddock owned, or perhaps rented, a house in Grosvenor Street stuffed with antiques and valuable carpets and paintings. She was obviously wealthy - certainly she was not in need of a couple of thousand pounds. Elizabeth had telephoned and spoken to her twice on minor items such as the clothes she should wear and the

time of the flight to Paris. The arrangements seemed solid enough and she persuaded herself that a degree of discretion was necessary.

It had to be said that her suspicions were also reduced by the anticipation of the adventure ahead. That anticipation heightened her already excessive sexuality. If she caught the eye of a strange man she wondered whether in a week's time that man might be ramming into her. Mrs Craddock had told her not to wear perfumes or deodorants, saying men feared their wives detecting the perfume of another woman, adding that men also liked the natural odour of women. She had also instructed Elizabeth to purchase chain store clothing rather than overwhelm the other girls with designer wear. She also advised Elizabeth not to shave or trim her pubic hair and suggested that she might even let her underarm hair grow. Every erotic instruction stabbed at Elizabeth's sexual imagination.

"Use that lovely red hair to full advantage! And don't buy sexy underwear." Mrs Craddock had said. "The establishment will provide what is needed. But dress down. You don't want to make the other girls jealous. They can be more dangerous than a vicious customer. The customers are watched - the other girls aren't."

Six months before, Elizabeth had attended a soiree hosted by Sir James de Barrie and his wife Lady Helena. Elizabeth and Helena were friends although they were very different in nature. Helena was a natural lady, poised, immaculately dressed and organised, running a battery of splendid houses and flats all over the world and was probably the leading hostess on the London scene. Elizabeth sensed that she was not entirely happy with her life and even suspected that a lover might be in the wings but she did not pry too far. Helena de Barrie was a very private person.

Helena had a lissom, cool, blonde beauty. She inevitably attracted admirers, which she calmly and courteously rejected. She was famously diplomatic and loved by the media. She always deferred to her powerful and widely disliked (but much feared) husband.

Such women need a friend of different temperament but social equality and Elizabeth Berisford filled that need. Elizabeth was extrovert whereas Helena could be a touch introverted. Elizabeth in spite of her wealth was not in the same league as the wife of a double or treble billionaire but her friendship with the Prince made her a near equal in the class stakes. They were both famous beauties but with a near ten-year age gap between them they were not directly competitive. Both were fashionable and important to be seen with. Both sat on various charity board, though Helena was usually Chair or Vice Chair while Elizabeth was never other than a member.

That soiree, the last given by the de Barrie's before the incredible news that they were divorcing rocked the social world, had been quite low key. The Prince had been present and, as usual, had spent the evening complaining about his lot in life to the throng of sycophants who surrounded him. Several Ministers, some of Cabinet rank, had betrayed confidences as the drinks flowed and some had made lecherous moves towards the more attractive women. The social climbers gravitated towards the more important guests in rarely successful moves to ingratiate themselves with their social superiors. Several Ambassadors were present and a selection of senior Civil Servants.

It was, Elizabeth thought as she had nursed her umpteenth glass of champagne, utterly boring. She had deliberately turned up without an escort in the hope of meeting an exciting man. It had been a vain hope. Mid-way through the evening there had been a little excitement when an Arab woman had caused something of a fuss and Helena de Barrie had, unusually, been less than diplomatic in sorting the problem out. Her husband had upbraided her publicly for being discourteous to a guest. Apart from that there was the usual monotony of rich food, abundant drink, forced conversations, attempted groupings, considerable drunkenness and the initiation of a few sexual liaisons some of which would develop into scandals during the months ahead.

As usual when she drank a great deal, Elizabeth had felt her lust rising and frustration growing. She gazed around her in despair. Surely there must be a horny man around even in a sleepy hollow like

this. A few men had tried to chat her up but they were the usual 'hooray Henries' and she was in no mood to face disappointment.

The man with the tray of champagne had materialised in front of her. Languidly she raised her half-full glass to indicate that his presence was unnecessary. She rarely acknowledged servants and was infamously impolite to such people.

"You have really great tits!" he said and, astonished, her head jerked back towards him.

"I'd like to see you bare arsed," the man went on. "If your cunt hair is the same colour as your head and your body looks half as good naked as it does clothed then you'll be quite something."

Elizabeth's jaw dropped. The man was a waiter. He wore an ill fitting white jacket over a white shirt, black tie and black pants. His black shoes were scuffed. He had a long, pallid face, close cut brown hair and she doubted if he was more than twenty years old.

"How bloody dare you!" she gasped but she felt the rush of wetness between her legs.

"I may not look much," he grinned. "But I promise you that I've got the biggest cock you've ever seen and I know how to use it. I can cum seven times on a good night and five times on a bad'un. And I bet you need it. You've got that dreamy, randy look about you and you're aching for a good, hard, uncomplicated fuck."

She had glanced around her, nonplussed by his audacity, uncertain as to whether she should call for help or reward his enterprise. Dirty talk always aroused her and her already drink heightened emotions bounded a couple of degrees higher. It had been a compelling if astonishing moment. Elizabeth had been dressed in a form fitting, low cut, full-length dark green satin dress. Jewellery glittered at her neck and wrists. She looked spectacular. He was a seedy looking man but there was no denying his confidence or even a certain animal attractiveness. He was rough trade but she was in a mood for it.

They stared at each other. Automatically she put the half-full glass on his tray and selected a full one. She drank deeply, eyes fixed on his.

"I'm due to go off duty now. You can complain, of course, but they can't sack me 'cause I'm only a temp. Meet me at the back entrance in fifteen minutes. Otherwise you'll never know what you've missed." Then he was gone. Elizabeth had looked after him in astonishment.

As if in a trance she got her cloak and said goodbye to Helena de Barrie. Fifteen minutes later she waited at the back entrance, cursing her weakness of will in anything regarding sex. She had to wait a further ten minutes before he appeared. Nor did he apologise for being late.

"Knew you'd come," he said laconically. "Knew you'd wait as well. It's a question of cunt over brain! You're as hot as hell and I'm hard as a rock. Don't worry, darlin', it'll be worth it. Let's get a taxi."

The taxi took them to Earls Court and dropped them outside a row of undistinguished four storey semi detached houses. He left her to pay the taxi and hurried up the steps to the door, which he opened with a key.

"They're flats, well, bed sitting rooms actually," he explained. "Don't make too much noise until you get your clothes off. Then I'll make you scream, I promise."

"I hope you're as good as your spiel," she muttered.

It was dark and depressing inside, smelling of furniture polish, stale cooking and damp. They hurried up creaking stairs to the third floor and he used another key to enter his room.

It was a bed-sitter. Three quarter bed, old-fashioned wardrobe, small table, a couple of kitchen chairs plus an easy chair with the stuffing coming out at the arms, an old fashioned sink and a very old gas stove. The room was dusty, the bed was unmade with rumpled, and by the look of them, none too clean, sheets.

Elizabeth had looked around her with distaste. That sort of hovel was absolutely new to her, she found it incredible that anyone could live in such a place. He must have seen her expression because he had laughed.

"Once you get my cock up you, you'll think this is paradise, darling. Get stripped. I've waited long enough."

"You don't need to be quite so crude," she had snapped.

“It’s nothin’ to what I’ll have you screaming out in a few minutes,” he told her cheerfully.

She controlled her anger with an effort, realising that she had the choice of staying or leaving and her body was in no mood to leave.

“Is there a loo?” she asked feeling the effects of the champagne.

He waved at the sink. “Why not pee in that? That’s what I do.”

“I take it that there is a loo, somewhere?” she had remarked, using her most disproving cut glass accent, a tone which normally froze a male companion. It had had no effect on this man.

“End of the passage. Do you want some bog paper? You won’t find any there.”

She did not. She had tissues in her handbag. The loo had frosted glass panels in the door, no lock, a cracked basin and a seat, which she lined with tissues. When she had finished she had considered whether to stay or to end this escapade immediately and go home. It had been the usual battle between brain and sex and with the usual result.

When she returned to his room he was laying naked on the bed. Her breath had caught in her throat. He really was big! And he really was hard! His body was actually slight with little hair even around his cock. But the cock itself was just enormous. Elizabeth had always rejected the opinion that the size of a cock was unimportant. All thought of leaving vanished from her mind and she unzipped her dress and let it fall to the floor. She had bent and started to fold it when his voice had cracked out at her.

“Let your fucking clothes lay on the floor. Get over here bloody quickly or I’ll throw you out into the street!”

She had obeyed without question, breathing heavily, body already beginning to sweat and her pussy even wetter than usual.

She had stripped quickly; everything apart from her jewellery, and then gone over to the bed, opening her mouth immediately to his sloppy kiss. The sheets had been as dirty as they looked but it had not mattered a jot.

The whole experience had been a revelation. His name was Billy and he was only eighteen but he could play a woman as a maestro could play a piano. He began by fucking her missionary fashion and he took his time, positioning himself to stimulate her clit, fingering her already hard nipples and bringing her to a rapid climax that made her gasp with satisfaction. Then he rolled off her and lit a cigarette.

“That’s just for starters. Just to get you completely in the mood,” he had told her. “Now, get on your hands and knees, stick your nose into the sheets and your arse in the air. You’re going to get it doggie fashion and I want you to tell me how much you’re enjoying it.”

She had stared at him for a long moment and then obeyed. Elizabeth Berisford had usually dominated events in the bedroom, now she allowed herself to be dominated and she enjoyed the overwhelming excitement that submission gave her.

This time he treated her a lot more roughly, squeezing her tits until she yelped in pain. Part way through he yanked her hair out of its carefully dressed coiffeur so that it spilled loosely around her shoulders.

“Now, you slut. You’ve had some fun, now you can start working yourself. Tell me how marvellous I am and how much you want fucking.”

“Yes,” she moaned. “Yes, I do want fucking and you are marvellous and your cock is huge and ...”

And then she came again in a vast shuddering frenzy.

He had squatted over her.

“Now lick my arse. Get your tongue right up!”

She’d obeyed without question, without the slightest worry that his mode of living hardly indicated high standards of hygiene.

The whole night had passed as if in a dream. At one point she had shared his cigarette at his instruction even though she was normally a non-smoker, ignoring the saliva stained tip. Needing to pee again she had squatted over the sink without demur, laughing when he had insisted on cleaning her with his tongue; making a face but reciprocating when he had urinated in his turn.

He made it six times and for the first time in her life Elizabeth had been satisfied. Her inhibitions went completely and she was determined to drive him to use her again. She posed obscenely for him, flaunting that sexually obsessive bottom and laughing as he described it as being unfair on ordinary whores. She had always been excited by obscene language though she had usually choked off any man who used it in front of her. Now her language became as uninhibited as his. She had never felt so free and relaxed.

“Cocksucker.” he taunted.

“Arsehole - dirty arsehole.” she had replied and laughed.

“Good, then come and lick it again, shit-eater.”

She had obeyed. She would have obeyed any order he had given her. He was clearly extremely anal sensitive and he grunted and groaned as she worked. Her jaw became tired but she persisted until finally he rolled on his back. He had looked up at her then suddenly flipped her on her belly and crouched behind her.

“On your knees.” he grated. “Arse in the air!”

She was almost swooning at the thought of what he might do to her and she obeyed, pressing her aristocratic nose into the smelly bedclothes and raising her marvellous hindquarters into the air, fully displaying herself, knowing that he could watch his own spunk drooling down her thighs. She had felt his prick nuzzle her sex and pushed back, eager to impale herself on it. She heard his soft laugh and felt him shift position. Then she felt the intrusion into her anus and she had gasped in shock.

“No, not there, please not there!”

Again he laughed. “If I shoved forward, you whore, you’d scream in pain. You deserve it and I’d love to do it to you but you’ve never had it there, have you?”

“No. No,” but she had pushed back on the huge, blunt gristle that threatened her.

“You’d scream like a stuck pig!” he growled. “You want it, you perverted whore but you couldn’t take it - yet. You need stretching, you want that don’t you?”

“Yes,” she screamed. “But do it. So it’ll fucking hurt - so hurt me!”

But he had switched his attention to the streaming, globulous lower hole and he fucked her viciously and she howled in ecstasy as he had forced another orgasm on her.

She lay moaning and mumbling, spewing out obscenities, airing her fantasies to a man for the first time in her life. Begging him to bugger her and degrade her, even to beat her. She was near satiated and relaxed as she had never been before. At that moment she would have done absolutely anything for him.

The ecstasy had drifted slowly away as she had clung to him, her hand on his damp cock, his fingers in her leaking pussy.

“Whore.” he said as, sweat-soaked, they lay together.

“Yes,” she murmured. “Your whore. And you love my hole, don’t you?”

“Holes, dearie, holes. Shit hole, mouth hole and cunt hole.”

For her it had been a revelation of a night! She had orgasmed many times. Always when he fucked her and sometimes when his hands explored her and stimulated her; her cries had become louder and louder as the night drew on. Her passion seemed to grow with each orgasm and he encouraged, no, demanded, that she should show her enjoyment. Once someone knocked, apparently angrily, on the wall and Billy had mockingly knocked back.

Finally they were both drained. They lay, sharing a cigarette in the sweat-stained sheets. “God! I need a shower,” she had said. “I must stink of sex.”

“You do,” he grunted. “You did when I picked you up. But there’s no showers here. There’s a bath.”

“With no lock on the door. Thanks. I’ve exhibited myself to you but I don’t intend to be a general peepshow!”

“Unless I tell you to be.” he mocked. “Anyway it’s time for you to go. I need some sleep.”

She had looked at him, wondering if he was serious. She picked up her watch, which was lying on the floor where she had discarded it. "I might as well stay. It'll be difficult to get a cab at this time of night."

"Bed's too small," he grunted. "You'll get home somehow."

Submission in sex was one thing; submission in more normal circumstances was quite another. Her eyes narrowed.

"My first impression was right," she said. "You really are a nasty little prick."

"Whatever else I am, 'little's' not the word for it. You've had your fun - get out."

He had clearly meant it. Furious, she had dressed quickly, fumbled in her bag and thrown a five-pound note on to the bed.

"Thanks for your services," she had sneered and had been taken aback when he picked up the note and put it under his pillow.

"Next time it'll cost you a lot more than that, darling. Luckily I've won a bet by bedding you so I don't mind you being a cheapskate."

"And how are you going to prove your conquest?"

"Easy!" he had mocked. "The guy next door will confirm it. When he knocked on the wall it was to tell me it all sounds good. He's been recording your screams and your language all night."

Her mouth had opened in shock. "You bastard!" she had snarled. She had dressed and fled out of the room and down the stairs, arriving in the still dark street with tears of rage and humiliation in her eyes. At least she had one stroke of luck; she had quickly found a taxi.

Later she regretted having stormed out. He had been an exceptional sexual performer. She resented that he had been motivated by a bet. Though it worried her that lackeys might know that he had bedded her, she cared nothing about what the lower classes might think and he had certainly been chauvinistic, insulting and uncaring. But the episode had drastically heightened her sexual awareness of what was possible and available. She found herself lusting desperately for him and began to increase the incidence of her masturbation, always focussed on Billy, what he had done and what she wanted him to do to her. At night she woke in a cold sweat and felt compelled to finger herself to the minimal satisfaction which she could achieve. During the day that pale, sneering visage floated in front of her, dissolving into the immensity of his erect penis. Sometimes she felt the urge to go into the street and accost the first presentable male who appeared, telling him of her lusts and promising what she would do for him in the most explicit and obscene language. With difficulty she restrained herself but she felt herself continually on edge, snarling at her servants and coldly insulting even to her friends.

She had never heard or seen Billy again but the brief affair had heightened her sexual longings. Now she knew what an well-endowed male could do in bed.

But she had also been drawn face to face with the risks. Billy could have been a blackmailer. He could have robbed her of her jewellery. She had been luckier than she deserved.

She learned the lesson. She fantasised about Billy and thought about him as she masturbated but she made no attempt to contact him. When she went to parties she took a totally new interest in the waiters, seeking out whether his pale, anonymous countenance was on view. It never happened and she had no idea what she would have done if she had seen him.

During the next few months she had indulged in three affairs. All were failures in terms of what she wanted or needed. Two were single night stands largely alcohol inspired and in both cases the men were inhibited by drink. In the third case the man had brought her to an orgasm but had been incapable of further erection. She had tried to persevere, hinting at what she wanted but he seemed unable to understand or even be particularly interested. On the next occasion, as tepid as the first, he had proposed marriage and she had screamed at him and thrown him out of the hotel room, which they were sharing.

Not long after she had met Tamara Joslyn in a nightclub. A few days later still had visited Mrs Craddock where she had confessed some, but by no means all, of her sexual history and longings.

The woman was naked and filthy in the semi darkened room, which was not more than six feet square and furnished with nothing other than the dirty mattress on which she lay and a plastic bucket which stood against the far wall and stank of urine. She lay, wakening slowly to the new day, which was indicated by the light from the small grating well above her head. In her sleep she had dreamed of being back in her old and luxurious life which she had enjoyed only six months or so before. Now she faced reality and the constant gnawing hunger imposed on her by an inadequate and unpleasant supply of food.

An artificial light clicked on outside the cell door and she saw the face looking at her through the bars at the top. Hurriedly throwing off the effects of sleep, she scrambled off the mattress and knelt, hands clasped behind her head; knees stretched wide in the required position.

The door opened. Her heart sank at the sight of the man who stood in the threshold holding a small tray. He was one of the worst. A big man, probably not yet twenty years old, little more than half of her own age, with a beer belly and a bulky, heavily tattooed body. His face was round with small, piggy eyes, a squat nose and big, fleshy lips. He wore only a pair of briefs with a yellow stain in the crotch. She saw that his penis was erect under the grimy cloth and knew that she was going to be used sexually. Not that that was unusual but he was also a sadist and she did not miss the fact that a heavy leather strap was strung through the side of the briefs.

She crawled forward and kissed his feet. "Lord," she said submissively, knowing that was the address that he demanded.

"It stinks like a Persian brothel in 'ere," he growled. "I dunno what stinks worse, you or the piss bucket."

"I'm sorry, Lord."

He kicked her savagely so that she fell back into the small cell, emitting a whimper which was partly pain and partly fear.

"You're fucking disgusting! A shitheap! A bloody old cow!"

She gritted her teeth under the abuse. She had suffered like this for more than six months. It was an age ago since she had been brought to this place. When she had arrived she had been immaculately dressed, marvellously coiffured, elaborately made up, elegantly jewelled and had trailed clouds of expensive perfume. Lady Helena de Barrie, wife of Sir James de Barrie one of the richest and most powerful men in the world. She had been one of London's leading hostesses, frequently entertaining Royalty, famous politicians and the glitterati. Yachts, cars, private planes and residences in many delectable part of the globe had been freely available to her. She was beautiful, famous, renowned for her elegance and style.

Now she trembled at the feet of a brutal youngster who could treat her as he would never have dared treat the lowest whore in an Egyptian slum brothel. She was certainly a sorry sight. Only her cut glass voice retained any vestige of the splendid woman who had arrived here those few months before. Even that had a cringing, whining note which had never been in evidence before. Her once shining blonde hair was cropped, unwashed and lifeless. Her face was bruised and pallid; the once sparkling and intelligent aquamarine eyes now contained a defeated look. Her body, previously kept in top condition by riding, tennis, exercises and massage was wealed and bruised from constant beatings. Her muscle-tone was slackened by the lack of any exercise other than sexual activity. A dreadful brand on her left buttock spelt out the word 'cunt'. She had great balls of wheat coloured hair sprouting from her armpits and spiky blonde down on her legs. The lips of her vagina had been pierced without anaesthetic and heavy weights attached to drag them permanently downwards so that they now hung, splayed, open and obscene. The weights were removed only at night. Equally, her anus had been dildo widened to such a degree that a man's hand could be, and often was, easily inserted.

Helena de Barrie could, with care and attention, be restored outwardly to her former beauty. When clothed! But once stripped, the sight of her distended sex lips and asshole would allow even the most hardened whore to call her sister. It was doubtful whether even the most brilliant plastic surgeon could restore her private parts.

And everything had been done in the gloating presence of her husband.

In the last few months she had come to believe that she deserved much of the ill treatment but that was purely a matter of conditioning. No woman could have deserved what she had been put through.

Her husband was a closet homosexual. His wife was required only to be a glittering ornament completely above suspicion. She must exude fashion, elegance, and attractiveness but be sexually chaste.

Helena had accepted with few qualms. In the early years the deal had seemed splendid as far as she was concerned. She lived on a level that none but royalty could equal, with every gratification - except sex - easily available to her. But in latter years boredom had set in. There was no real challenge in her life. Her husband was away a lot. She was by no means certain that was a bad thing since the more she learned about him the less she liked him. He was a bully, using people ruthlessly and many were afraid of him. She was actually quite afraid of him herself and she came to resent that. She became involved in numerous charities, usually as Chair or vice Chair. She was a magnificent hostess and a glittering figure in Society. Yet her life was impersonal and eventually began to pall. Like any woman in such a position, she masturbated but that too became an inadequate outlet even for her low sex drive. She started to yearn for excitement. Soon she realised that a sexual liaison would probably give her the twin satisfactions of doing something slightly dangerous and spiting her husband.

Servants surrounded her and she knew that, despite their apparent sycophancy, many were totally loyal to their ultimate employer. But there were a few whose sympathies, she thought, lay with her. She had friends whom she believed she could rely on. But at first she had relied only on the discretion of herself and her lovers. She embarked on two short and eminently private affairs, neither of which was in any way satisfying. Both were dropped quickly. The third affair, a year ago, had not been particularly stimulating apart from the forbidden fruit aspect but she had believed it safe. Hugo Montford was wealthy, discreet and attractive, if not particularly exciting. Helena managed to borrow girlfriends' flats for their meetings and her personal maid covered her less explainable absences from the Bond Street townhouse in which Helena lived most of the time.

The blackmail caught her by surprise. They had videos of her with Hugo and made demands for money and 'services'. It was carefully done and she did not realise the awful truth until much later.

She was led down a humiliating alley of degradations which she accepted, frantic to avoid her husband finding out about her infidelity. Only at the end did she find out that he had engineered the whole thing. Her 'faithful' maid and her 'girlfriend' had long ago betrayed her to her husband, had in fact been deliberately placed near her in case she should embark on indiscretions. Too late she realised that throughout her marriage she had been closely watched, that she had lived in a glittering prison.

She had been forced to sign divorce papers, which left her with nothing. She knew that Hugo had also been kidnapped and maltreated. The dreadful building in North London had become a prison and torture chamber. She found it initially unbelievable that such a place could exist in a civilised metropolis. Sometimes, in her squalid cell, she had heard a male voice screaming and had guessed that it might be Hugo paying for his betrayal of Sir James's 'friendship'.

When she had been faced with the initial blackmail she had resisted but had always been forced to yield to the demand of her captors, which became ever more extreme and sexually degrading. But then, she had always thought that ultimately there would be an end to the matter. They would release her. Once her husband had revealed himself as the instigator of her woes she had been first horrified, then angry. She soon realised that she had no conception of his power or his evil. Her original suffering were nothing to what was now heaped upon her.

Now, in this disgusting cell, cringing at the feet of a man she would previously not have employed as a groom, she had only one wish - to survive. Dimly she realised that if she could survive she could strike back. It was the only chance. She had learned that if her captors wanted something from her,

then in the end they would get it. There was no point in fighting because that only gave her pain and them even more pleasure.

“I know what you want. Bit of protein, eh, bitch?”

“Yes, Lord.” She crawled up to him and raised herself, her face close to his drooping tattooed belly. She could smell him even above her own stink. Carefully she pulled down his briefs, kissing the shock of black pubic hair with reverence and cupping his balls in her hand so they should not dangle uncomfortably. She glanced quickly upwards at the ugly, grinning face then leaned further forward and took the thickening cock into her mouth. The smell of him was powerful now as the sex glands exuded their aroma. The cock tasted of urine, sweat and semen. She remembered how Hugo had demanded this of her and how she had insisted on him washing his genitals thoroughly. Even then she had refused to either suck hard or suck to ejaculation. There was no such choice now. She swallowed and licked with the skill she had developed in recent weeks. Some evil tasting fluid trickled into her mouth and she looked upwards into his sneering face but kept sucking.

“Bit of loose piss. Kept specially for you.”

She continued to suck knowing that performance was important. When she had pulled his briefs down around his hairy thighs the leather strap had slipped to the ground. If she did this well he might not use it on her. Her eyes closed and she began to move her head in a circular direction while she outstretched a finger from the hand cupping his balls and gently tested his anus, feeling it contract in pleasure.

“Yes,” he grunted.

It was important that she kept sucking while her finger now entered the tight hole, pressing gently upwards, then withdrawing a little before entering even further. From experience she knew that he liked this but it had to be done in the right way.

Suddenly he grabbed her by the hair and threw her backwards. She gazed fearfully up at him. Thirty men, the ‘minders’ of the brothel, men who acted as guards and pimps and breakers in of new flesh, had the run of her. Some were not unkindly though they were in the minority and even they had taken full advantage of her sexual availability. Others were brutal sadists of which this man - whose name was Stevie though she had to call him ‘Lord’ - was one of the worst.

He put the tray down on the floor and she glanced hungrily at it. It was weeks since she had eaten properly and they had turned her feeding into just another aspect of her humiliation. A wooden vessel, a wooden spoon and three tablespoonfuls or less of cold baked beans. One slice of bread was also on the tray together with a plastic mug of water. That would last her until this evening when she would get a lesser ration of the same food.

“Don’t look at that, cow. Food has to be worked for. Come and polish my feet with your tits.”

“Yes, Lord. Thank you, Lord.” All instructions must be answered grovellingly and affirmatively otherwise it was recorded as dumb insolence and punished severely. They might, as they had in the past, even deprive her of food, besides beating her for such an offence.

She crawled over to him. She had good breasts, not too big but shapely and now she lay prostrate on the floor and rubbed them over his bare feet, switching periodically from one to the other. Occasionally he kicked her and she grovelled for a moment before returning to her task.

“You enjoy this, don’t yer? I’m the Lord and you’re the slut. This is ‘ow yer like it, eh?”

“Yes, Lord. I’m lucky to be able to serve you. I love doing it.”

“Well now, yer can wank me into your face.”

“Thank you, Lord. Your spunk is like nectar to me.”

She raised herself back on her knees.

“Lick that shitty finger clean first. I don’t like shit all over my cock.”

She sucked at the finger which had entered his anus, which was actually quite clean if a little smelly. Then she reached up and began to gently massage his balls and cock.

“You have a marvellous cock, Lord.”

Verbal grovelling was something he demanded. It was up to her to reach the right degree of grovelling. If not sufficient then pain inevitably followed.

“Shut up and get on with it. I hate that whining voice.”

“Yes, Lord. I am sorry for being forward but you are so magnificent.”

He bent down and slapped her face hard, then backhanded her on the other cheek. Tears sprang to her eyes but she quickly recovered and resumed her attention.

Six months ago she had never masturbated a man. Handled one to erection, yes, but the idea of bringing him to ejaculation would have horrified her. She had regarded sperm as disgusting; a slimy effluence best disposed of quickly in a bin - by the man. Her view of sperm was unchanged but she was now familiar with it and how to extract it.

She worked carefully. He was uncircumcised and she moved the loose skin on the body of the cock back and forwards, gently applying changing pressure and occasionally leaning further towards him and blowing on the tip. It hardened quickly as a young man's prick should and slight glances upward at his face registered his growing excitement.

Suddenly he gasped and leaned forward, grabbing her hair and dragging her face upwards.

Her voice was loud, almost a shout.

“Marvellous, Lord! Marvellous - fuck, my face, my mouth- “

The iron hard cock lurched, then jetted a stream of jism. She opened her mouth towards it and caught part of the early force but much splattered into her eyes and nose and down her chin, dripping down onto her breasts and thighs and from there on to the floor. That was good. He liked to see her drenched in his spunk.

She hated what she was doing but she was also relieved. Now he had orgasmed some of the sadism would probably evaporate, until he recovered. As a young man that recovery would not be long but maybe he would leave her to her food. She swallowed down the spunk in her mouth, then glanced at the food and began salivating. With a jolt of terror she realised that she should have kept the spunk in her mouth and opened it for his inspection, she knew he liked that. Fearfully she cringed and tried to generate some spittle in her mouth as a substitute but suprisingly he did not notice the error. He indicated the spots on the floor.

“Lick that mess up!”

She obeyed quickly, licking the floor avidly.

“I'm grateful, Lord. You know how much I love the taste of your spunk.” Words that she would never have used a few months ago now rolled fluently off her lips.

He pulled up his pants, looked around then picked up the plastic beaker from the tray. He pushed the pants down again and dangled his still slimy cock into the water, swishing it around like a grotesque swizzle stick.

“There's a special drink for you. Ready for breakfast?”

She was ravenous and wishing that he would leave her now so that she could eat. But he was not through yet. He bent down and picked up the slice of bread, which he rubbed it over his body, under his arms, over the hairy chest, down over his prick and finally between his buttocks before throwing it on the floor, stepping on it and grinding it. Only then did he turn to go.

“Enjoy,” he growled, stepped out of the cell and slammed the door.

Helena de Barrie grabbed the bread and ate hungrily then bolted down the beans. Finally she drank the polluted water.

Her day had begun.

Sir James de Barrie was showing signs of exasperation.

“She deserves all she's getting,” he snarled. “I don't need advice from anybody on how to treat the bitch!”

They were sitting in the modern office from where the man known as Mr Marcus ran the vice empire for which he was responsible as the front man for one of Sir James' well concealed offshore companies. Marcus was a tall, thin Ethiopian, long faced, virtually hairless and blue/black in colour.

He was a hard man with a background of vicious ruthlessness. Sir James had selected him carefully several years before.

Sir James had not made his huge fortune by being scrupulous. Where the opportunity to make money existed, he was uncaring of morality. Male and female prostitutes, escorts, white slaving, a term now extended to embrace other colours, drugs, all were grist to his web of companies which included banking, weaponry, insurance, oil and construction. Analysts frequently complained that it was often impossible to tell from where the profit flows to his companies emanated, given the opaque presentation of figures. They would have been horrified if they had known the reality of what lay behind the glossy brochures presented at Sir James' famously decorous Annual General Meetings. He always owned a controlling interest in his Public Companies, again through a web of impossible to trace offshore companies, but he used publicly subscribed money as much as possible. Many of the companies in the conglomerates which he controlled were reasonably legitimate and conventionally run business, but flows from less salubrious sources were cleverly integrated into the figures by a few immensely highly paid financial executives.

Marcus - he was never known as anything but Marcus except by his inferiors who called him Mr Marcus - was not a man to be easily intimidated but even he would not stand up to Sir James. He twitched the cuff of his shirtsleeve, which was supported by huge gold links, and looked nervously at the third person present.

She was different again. She sat on one of the black leather chairs, elegantly dressed in a white silk blouse, mid calf length black skirt, black stocking and Jourdan patent leather pumps. She wore a minimal amount of small but very, expensive jewellery. She was in her mid forties and had a striking, though not beautiful, face. It was long, thin and serious. She was darkish skinned, a sort cafe au lait, but her most striking feature were a pair of tawny eyes. Zia - usually called Madam Zia - showed no sign whatsoever of being intimidated by Sir James.

"It's ridiculous," she said calmly. Her voice was low and throaty. "You will not even achieve your aim of breaking her completely. I see the signs now. She is withdrawing into herself. She is constructing a hard shell around her feelings and she will withdraw into that protection. Soon, even the pain will become less important to her - less effective."

Her voice betrayed a slight trace of her Egyptian origins. Zia had been born in the slums of Cairo and had become a prostitute at an early age in the worst area in the city where she had to work hard for very little reward.

She learned - and it has to be said that she learned willingly - every vice known to the human race and to excel in all of them. Slowly, she had fought her way upwards and gradually attracted a stream of powerful lovers impressed by her sensual looks and utter lack of inhibition. She made money; enough to open a brothel of her own and that place became famous. As the riches began to build up she opened other brothels in other cities throughout the Middle East. Her slogan was simple: 'We do everything'. Her girls were flawless, expensive and without inhibition. The client, a man - or even a woman - paid handsomely and the whore performed, often above expectation. The business was hugely successful. Finally Zia had sold out for a great deal of money.

But on achieving financial security she had found that her past life still exerted a compelling pull on her. She had commenced working as a whore, not because she had liked it but because it was the only way upward from her squalid beginnings. Her brothels had been established on the aim of achieving security. But on the way the perversely sexual lifestyle had become all-important to her, something she had not fully realised until she sold out.

She was amoral, bisexual, ruthless and efficient. Well known by aficionados of her trade, she established herself as a sort of consultant to professional vice operations and private sex establishments around the world. The work was well paid and stimulating to her corrupting and corrupted mind. Amongst her clients were the Princess of Khastan, a State on the Gulf where slavery was both legal and fully exploited, and Marcus who supplied a steady stream of young women to that state amongst other destinations, had found it expedient to employ her as well. Until recently, she had

not met Sir James de Barrie though she had known of his involvement in white slaving. Zia was never short of important information about the companies she worked for.

“I am quite capable of deciding this question on my own,” Sir James growled. “You stick to your job advising on and facilitating markets, unless you want to return to earning your money on your back.”

The threat was crudely put and Marcus, who knew that Zia was no pushover, winced. Zia smiled but the smile did not show in her eyes.

“If I did that, I’d put you out of business,” she said coldly. “Alone, I could do a better job for men than exists in this entire establishment. Your whores have a fetish about hygiene and condoms, neither of which has any place in a fuckroom.”

After a moment’s hesitation Sir James grunted. “All right. Perhaps I shouldn’t have said that. It is just that I want the bitch to suffer for her treachery.”

It was the nearest thing to an apology that Marcus had ever heard Sir James make and he glanced quickly at Zia who appeared both unmoved and unimpressed.

She spoke again; her words clear and deliberate. “And I thought that was the reason that you are meeting me. To listen to what I have to say. I do know my business. The woman is losing her attractiveness. She is ill fed and thus losing weight; filthy to the point that even the men are not keen on touching her. She is losing her muscle tone and is so compliant that she is becoming boring. Soon her mind will be beyond your reach. You can torture her body and she will hardly notice it. Anybody who has applied torture knows that one can only go so far. Beyond that point you are wasting your time - which is what you are beginning to do now. If you want her to die, well and good. If you really want her to suffer more then you must change the treatment.”

“So what would you do?”

Zia shrugged. “Me, I would restore her to something like her former beauty then sell her as a slave to a suitably demanding owner. I regard all slaves as a financial commodity and I see no reason why punishment and profit should not combine. She will certainly be unhappy as a slave if we select her owner with care.”

“I want her never to forget her disgusting behaviour. And I want her to disappear from civilised society forever. It would be an embarrassment were she ever to return.”

That was certainly true. If Helena de Barrie ever returned, she could force a huge settlement from her dissolved marriage, not to mention criminal charges. Certainly she had signed papers which left her with nothing, but no court would uphold that situation once they saw what had been done to her body.

Zia shrugged.

“I have in mind the Princess of Khastan as her new owner. You can be certain that the life will be severe and she will certainly never return. They never return from Khastan.”

Sir James’ eyes hooded. He knew all about Khastan; he made a considerable chunk of money from his investments there, not only from slave trading.

“Moreover,” Zia continued, “you know that I am an adviser to Khastan. I happen to know that Her Highness would welcome Lady Helena de Barrie as a slave. She believes that your wife slighted her on her last visit to London. Her Highness does not forgive easily.”

He licked his lips. It was an acceptable solution. He recalled the incident and guessed that the Princess would wreak a terrible revenge.

“How much would she pay for such a new slave?”

It was typical of Sir James. He was worth billions yet scrabbled for every additional penny.

Zia smiled. “You already refine and market the oil from the field which Khastan shares with Dubai. As you know, a new field has been discovered further inside Khastan. The Princess would be minded to give you the same concession on the new field.”

Sir James frowned. He was unhappy that Zia knew so much about his dealings in Khastan. He preferred that to remain confidential. Nevertheless he did not quibble at Zia’s knowledge, as clearly

she knew what she was talking about. Marcus was looking surprised but he would keep his mouth shut.

“The Prince has already promised me that concession.”

“Unfortunately the Prince is in very poor health. The Princess handles such affairs now and I do not think that any agreement has been signed.”

“So you are suggesting that my profit in this affair is merely to be given what I have already been promised?”

“Let me put it another way. Her Highness would probably be disposed to leave you with all your current concessions as well as the new ones if you grant her this small wish.”

He glowered at her, recognising the threat, but he had done his own research and knew she had great influence with the Princess. He also knew that the Prince was so ill as to be unimportant these days. “It was you who mentioned profit!”

“Indeed I did, Sir James. My profit will come from the generous fee that the Princess will pay me plus the contribution that you will undoubtedly want to make in order to maintain my good will. And I would suggest that your profits from Khastan are huge, you cannot expect such profits to continue without some occasional, incremental expenses. Maintaining an existing profit is often more financially sensible than seeking new ones. Certainly you would never have to worry about your wife’s reappearance. That seems to me to be an eminently satisfactory package.”

Sir James leaned back in his chair, deciding to bide his time. He was bested, but he marked her down for future attention. He would make her pay heavily for her insolence.

“Then I suppose we must leave the matter with you. How do you propose to proceed?”

“I shall have her cleaned up and rested and take her to Khastan myself. The Princess has indicated that she will rely on me to handle the matter.”

“The Princess already knows about this?” Sir James raised his eyebrows at her temerity.

“It has always been the logical solution. Either you will kill your wife or send her to Khastan. I spoke to Her Highness by scrambled telephone last night.” She smiled. “I assumed that you would see sense.”

“Have you any other suggestions or demands?” he asked sarcastically.

“I suggest that periodically you see her for yourself. You will not be disappointed.”

He drummed his fingers on the table. “I doubt it,” he said. “But the matter begins to bore me anyway. I want her gone for good. You understand that?”

“I understand,” Zia agreed. “And you have my guarantee.”

Marcus breathed with relief when Sir James and Zia had left his office. He felt intimidated by both of them, an unusual feeling.

After a few moments’ reflection, he pressed the buzzer on the underside of his desk to summon his secretary.

She was a brunette, moderately attractive, medium height, nicely built, nearly nineteen years old, dressed in a conservative dress of dark blue cotton. She carried a notepad and gave him a slight smile as she approached the desk.

“You wanted me, sir?”

“Sit down, Eva.”

He studied her for a few moments and she looked back at him, lips slightly parted, showing no sign of embarrassment at his scrutiny. She had been his secretary for just over eighteen months and he knew that, at the beginning, she had been doubtful about taking the job. She was a well brought up girl from a lower middle class home, reasonably well educated and rather quiet in demeanour. Marcus had not hidden from her the fact that he ran a brothel, though he did not mention some of his other activities. He knew from experience one could hide little from a secretary if she was to be any use to him. She would inevitably learn of his other interests but in the meantime he would pay her well. If

she was overwhelmed by morality she would leave and he would have to start again. Something told him that it would not be necessary. He found her methodical, discreet and loyal. After a while he had also seen an unusual degree of interest and initiative. She was certainly intelligent. It did not take her long to guess that the export documents were concerned with a product far different from that listed. On one occasion, while Marcus was away, she had spotted an error which would almost certainly have caused a customs check. On her own initiative she had stopped the consignment, in spite of outraged howls from the forwarding agent.

"I felt that the livestock would not be harmed by a short delay," she had told Marcus when he returned. He had glanced at the document, listing a consignment of farm machinery, raised her salary considerably and ceased to hide from her the fact that he was trading in slaves. From then on he would give her weights of the slaves involved in each shipment and allow her complete freedom in dealing with the documentation.

"I'm very pleased with you," Marcus said. "You clearly take an interest in my business."

"Very much so, Sir."

"I'm considering increasing the scope of your duties, and, of course, your salary. I need someone who is loyal and prepared to travel. There are times when I need someone to represent my interests, someone with a broad outlook but who understands that business is business and that the commodity is unimportant."

"That gives me no problem."

"Then let me explain."

Elizabeth Berisford was apprehensive but that familiar sexual excitement was flowing through her. The building to which Mrs Craddock had brought her was hardly salubrious but she was quickly aware of the high security at the dowdy entrance. However, once they had ascended in the rickety lift to the third floor the atmosphere changed completely. They had stepped out of the lift into a passage whose walls and ceiling was papered in red flock wallpaper, with dark red carpeting on the floor. There were ornamental gold and crystal wall lights and the air was thick with a heavy exotic perfume.

'So this is what a whorehouse smells like!' Elizabeth reflected.

She was not feeling at her best in the ready to wear store clothing, bought at Mrs Craddock's suggestion. She had hesitated over her normal underwear but decided against it. It was probably better to go the whole hog, though the cheap cotton was coarser than her usual silk, and scratched her skin. She was not wearing scent but had ignored the older woman's advice not to shave her armpits or trim her pubic hair.

Mrs Craddock led the way along the passage until they came to an open door at the far end and a change of scene. This was a functional office. It was large, the building itself had clearly been an old warehouse so that interior space was generous, and furnished in modern style with a couple of black leather sofas and some steel cabinets. A dark haired girl sat in front of a computer on an office desk. She rose courteously as they entered.

"Ah, Eva! This is Miss Berisford. She has an appointment with Mr Marcus."

Without waiting for a reply she turned back to Elizabeth. "I'm going to leave you now but I'll call in tomorrow to see how you're getting on." She smiled. "I'm sure you'll find everything more than satisfactory."

Elizabeth was taken aback. "Could you not wait a little ..."

Mrs Craddock waved a hand at the dark haired girl. "Eva is Mr Marcus' personal secretary. I am sure he won't be very long, Now, I really must go but I'll look in tomorrow. I promise."

"Please sit down," Eva invited, waving a hand towards one of the sofas. "Mr Marcus has someone with him at the moment but I'll tell him you're here."

She picked up a telephone and spoke quickly into it. "Miss Berisford has arrived, sir. Mrs Craddock has had to leave."

She replaced the receiver and looked at Elizabeth. "He won't be long, Miss Berisford."

"I hope not." Elizabeth was annoyed at the abrupt departure of Mrs Craddock and was not used to being kept waiting. For a moment her normal arrogance overwhelmed her previous apprehension. She looked around the office. "Have you no magazines?"

"I'm afraid not, Madame."

Elizabeth thought that there was a touch of asperity in the answer. She glared at the secretary who merely turned back to the computer.

After a quarter of an hour Elizabeth rose and began to pace the office. It all boiled inside her; annoyance, apprehension, sexual arousal, even a degree of fear. It suddenly occurred to her that nobody, apart from Mrs Craddock, had any idea where she was.

At that moment a door at the far end of the office opened and a tall woman walked out. She looked straight at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth saw a woman whose face was striking rather than beautiful. She wore a white silk blouse and a calf length black skirt. Elizabeth recognised both as Chanel originals. She also recognised the value of the discreet gold jewellery. The woman walked across the office, past Elizabeth and out through the door.

Who was she? Was she one of the whores? Then she dismissed the idea. If a woman could afford those sort of clothes and earned them by prostitution, then she would be more likely to live in Park Lane than this dingy part of north London.

"Please go in, Miss Berisford," said Eva. Mr Marcus is ready for you now."

When Elizabeth entered the inner office she received another surprise. The man wearing the immaculate blue suit sitting behind the large modern desk was black!

Like the outer office this one was furnished in ultra modern style, though it was considerably larger and the fittings far more luxurious. His desk was black, as were the leather chairs, a large sofa and a long table by a large window. The fitted carpet was white. Black and chrome fitted cupboards lined the walls. It was not to Elizabeth's taste but she could see that it had been expensively put together.

He did not rise but beckoned her forward with a crooked finger. She resented the gesture but controlled her anger and walked over to his desk, sitting in a black leather chair. She could smell his cologne. Expensive. That showed a degree of civilisation. Maybe this would not be that bad.

"I didn't tell you to sit down. Stand up!"

The rasp of his voice was intimidating and for a moment she was badly shaken by his attitude. She stared at him, fury rising within her. She remained seated.

"You might at least show some manners!" she snapped.

"I don't need manners for dealing with cunt," he growled. "All I want from you is to find out whether you're good enough to service my customers."

Elizabeth gritted her teeth. "Perhaps you should speak to Mrs Craddock - "

"I run this business, not Olga Craddock, OK? She sends me amateur whores like you and if they're OK I use them. You're here for an audition, to see if I think you're suitable. Now, get your arse out of that chair and take your jacket off."

Elizabeth stood up, green eyes sparking dangerously. "Thank you but I think I'll leave now."

"What you'll do now is what I tell you to do, anything I tell you to do! You decided to come here. The main thing I learned over the years is that whores are unstable, particularly amateurs. You came here to be fucked and that's what's going to happen. It's too late to change your mind. If you're good enough you can have a turn with the clients. If not, I've thirty or so young guys downstairs that look after the security and maintenance and won't care about your technique. Now stand up and get that bloody jacket off before I send for some of them to help you out!"

Elizabeth was shaking with a combination of rage and fear. She knew she was in an impossibly exposed situation, one far beyond anything in her experience and certainly beyond her control. This man had a frightening air of menace about him. She bit her lip, finding herself in a quandary.

She had come to this place on her own volition. It had been her choice. She had come for uncomplicated sex and she had no doubt that in the next few minutes that was what she was going to

get. Willingly or unwillingly. She felt perspiration break out over her body and the usual wetness between her legs, then decided that she would have to make the best of it. He might be a pig but there was something exciting about him, something animalistic.

She stood up and pulled off the jacket, throwing it down on the chair beside her.

“It’s your tits I’m interested in. Turn sideways.”

She obeyed, a high flush rising in her cheeks.

“Not bad. Do they sag?”

She refused to answer but she turned back to face him, her expression icy.

“Since you won’t answer we’ll just have to look. Strip off!”

She went scarlet. “This isn’t fair and it isn’t right. I know I agreed to come here but - “

“You didn’t just agree to come here. You paid to come here. Paid to come and be a prostitute. A decent woman wouldn’t serve as a whore even if her life were at stake. Don’t come your high horse with me, bitch. To me you’re just cheap cunt. I get no money out of this unless you fuck good. Olga Craddock keeps every penny of what you paid her. But I do like watching a slut like you having her face rubbed in the shit. You’re going to stay here for every minute you’ve paid for and you’re to work fucking hard and I’m going to earn from that. Now get your fucking clothes off!”

She hated him. She hated blacks generally. Near animals suitable only for hard manual labour. The old slave owners had got it right. Beat the shit out of them and give them hard, exhausting manual work. But most of all she hated herself for having been a fool and that old ragbag, Olga Craddock, who had made this project sound like a delightfully erotic adventure.

She realised that she was helpless. If he was going to keep her here, there was nothing she could do. He could use her however he wanted. She had little doubt that he really did have a team of young thugs at his beck and call; nor that one of their duties was raping unwilling women. She could not even complain when he finally let her go because that would open a terrible can of worms. Damn Mrs bloody Craddock!

“Look. I paid to get in, so presumably I can pay to get out. I made a mistake. How much do you want?”

“You’re not going to buy yourself out of this. I’ve plenty of money. I prefer the action. I’ve never fucked a woman who gave her cunt to a Prince. I’m going to enjoy it.”

She blustered angrily. “You’re threatening me with carnal violation!”

“I surely am, if that’s what it takes. If I send for the boys and let them bang you, you’ll walk bow legged for a week. Now do as you’re fucking told. Get stripped!”

She realised that she had no choice. Cursing her stupidity for putting herself in this position, face set in anger, she began to unbutton her blouse.

“Just drop the clothes on the floor. You won’t be needing them for a while.”

She peeled off the blouse, glared scornfully at him and dropped it on the floor.

“Your bra next. I want to see how your tits flop around as you move.”

Elizabeth reluctantly obeyed. She slipped out of the bra and he whistled softly.

“Wow, Liz. With tits like that you’ll do well here. Some clients like wanking off between tits that size. Are they real?”

“They’re real,” she muttered.

She hated being called ‘Liz’ but she was not going to give him the satisfaction of protesting. That was the least of her problems. She unfastened the side of her skirt and it dropped to the floor, bending slightly as she did so, acutely aware of the sway of her breasts.

Now she was clad only in shoes, self-suspending stockings and the cotton panties. She kicked off the shoes then, defiantly, sat on the chair to roll off her stockings, pushing the pile of discarded clothes to one side.

He was grinning. “Do you know, I can smell your sex,” he said. “I always think white women smell more than blacks. That’s why you use so much scent. Toss the knickers here, I want to see how wet they are. There’s a hell of a patch there.”

She stood up, slid the panties down and stepped out of them, revealing the trimmed but thick mass of red hair at her crotch. She tossed them towards him and stood naked, her body covered with a slight sheen of sweat.

"I hope you approve," she said sarcastically.

He put the panties to his nose and sniffed hard, then looked her up and down with such intensity that she flushed again. The fucking black was a bloody pervert.

"Not bad. A bit fleshy. You could do with a bit of exercise."

She hated him. The syncophantic Society media praised her 'perfect figure' and she was widely hailed as a supreme beauty, perfect in face and form. Now, this bloody black criticised her body. A stinking, low life, would-be rapist!

"Look," she said. "You've had your fun. As you say, my deal was with Mrs Craddock. Believe me, I'll get my own back on that crone. I was bloody stupid and you've made me pay for it. Now, please, let me go. I'll pay what you want."

"You're still wearing jewellery. Fucksluts don't wear jewellery. Get it all off. I want you buck naked."

She hesitated but only momentarily. She knew she was in trouble and it looked as if only compliance could get her out of it. With visibly trembling hands she pulled off her gold earrings, a narrow chain necklace, matching bracelet and the gold watch breathing a slight sigh of relief that it was all cheap costume jewellery.

He rose from behind his desk, slid off his jacket and unbuttoned his shirt.

She knew perfectly well what was going to happen but she took a step backwards as if in shock.

"What - what are you going to do?"

"You're getting a whore's audition," he grinned. "I feel so much for my clients that I test the goods out myself. Now, get down on your knees on the floor and stick your arse in the air. Press your nose into the carpet. I reckon a doggy fuck will remind you of your place around here."

"Please!" she wailed. "Please let me go. I really will pay you a lot of money."

He was naked but for a pair of striped underpants, Grinning, he pushed them down and her breath caught in her throat. His cock was very big, flecked pink at the damp end. It was not as big as Billy's but close enough. He was semi-erect and she could smell his excitement over-riding the heavy cologne. His blue black skin seemed to sheen brightly and the savage face glared at her with an expression that made no attempt to conceal its lust.

"Oh God! No!" The sheer animal essence of him: tall, intensely black and literally stinking of virility, was too much for her to bear.

"Ever had a black before?" he asked as he walked around the desk towards her.

She had an urge to run from him but she knew it would be hopeless. She wondered if the girl in the outer office would help her but she doubted it and guessed she would never reach the door, if he had anything to do with it.

Then he closed on her, black hands feeling her soft breasts, then running down over her belly and between her wet thighs. It was humiliating but her shock had not overcome the treacherous juices of her sex. If anything it increased the flow. There was excitement in this scene. He was going to use her, irrespective of whether she wanted him or not. She had fantasised about this and now it was going to happen. Even with Billy she had been willing. She strained backwards but he was much too strong and his mouth was coming down on hers.

"No! Damn you!" Surely he did not expect her to kiss him?

He did. His mouth was on hers, mashing her lips, tongue seeking to force its way into her mouth despite her objections. He raised a hand and nipped her right nipple viciously. She gasped in pain and his tongue entered.

She began to sweat more freely, hating the thick tongue as it abused her mouth, willing herself to bite but scared to do so. Then he stood back.

"I told you. On your knees. Arse in the air."

She choked and dropped to her knees. She found herself looking straight at the huge, now fully erect, penis.

“Oh, you want to suck first? Get it in your mouth. You’re plenty wet now, you filthy minded cow.”

“No, oh, all right, damn you!” She was horror stricken, but turned away and raised her bottom in the air, humiliatingly aware of the submission. She had no intention of taking that smelly thing in her mouth. He was going to fuck her anyway so she might as well get it over. There was no mercy here, though a tiny voice in her mind questioned whether she actually wanted mercy.

The contemptuous voice flayed down at her.

“OK. You want to suck cock later. Can’t wait to get it up your arse. Hey, that’s some asshole. Shitty by the look of it. You like it up that?”

Panic stricken, she rolled over on her side and peered beseechingly up at him. She had no dignity left and no decency either. She had come for raw sex and sensed she was going to get more than she had bargained for.

“No, please. Just, just - you know - the normal. I’ll do what you want but please be a bit kinder. And please, use a condom.”

His contempt was obvious. “Listen, shithead! You get it where and how I want it! And I never use condoms. Now get that arse in the air or I’m going to get violent!”

He leaned forward and slapped her hard across the breasts. She squealed at the pain. Grinning, he backhanded her across the face. She fell backward, tasting blood from a split lip. But she also felt the surge of excitement, realising, as she had done with Billy, that this was the sort of treatment she lusted after. Contempt, degradation, foul language, just to be used as the lowest whore.

“Get it up!”

She rolled over on to her knees and raised her bottom in the air. He bent and ran his hands over it - then slapped hard. She squealed again and straightened but he kicked her in the ribs and she slid on to her side.

“A few lessons,” he growled. “Most whores call me Mister Marcus, but you can call me ‘sir’. I want to get our relationship onto the right footing, which is, I’m the boss and you’re shit. Understand?”

“Yes.”

He kicked her again.

“Yes, sir.” she wailed.

“So what are you, bitch?”

“Shit, sir!” She spat the words out. Her feeble resistance had achieved nothing and she knew it had been a facade anyway. Her decency had fought with lust - and lost. The truth was she wanted to comply with any demands, the more obscene the better.

“What are you?”

“A whore, sir!”

“Good. Now just to show me that you’re ready to be friendly, ask to suck my cock.”

She scrambled back on her knees in front of him. She wanted to do this degrading thing and suddenly gloried in the fact that he was black. “Please, sir, may I suck your cock?”

He grinned down at her, sensing her rising lust and need for mistreatment. Olga Craddock had been right, as she usually was. This aristocratic white cow wanted it rough and rough she was going to get it.

“You’re a cowardly bitch! Now, do it!”

She raised herself a little, took a deep breath, and then took it smoothly into her mouth. She had sucked cock several times before though it was not something she enjoyed, apart from Billy. Usually she had insisted the men washed themselves thoroughly first. Now she tasted stale urine and sweat. She gagged slightly. Billy had tasted little different but she had drunk a lot of alcohol before that episode. His hand descending on the back of her neck stopped any attempt that she might have made to withdraw her mouth. She felt the already erect cock strengthening further and the horror that he might ejaculate into her mouth engulfed her. Her mind clawed at the awful reality. Black man’s spunk

spitting into that delicate and beautiful mouth which so many high born men had longed to kiss. This was a nightmare initiated by her own lust and stupidity. It was also unbelievably exciting.

He pushed her away. "On your knees. That's great. Hey, what an ass. What a shitty colour for a rich bitch. And Olga was right, that's one in a thousand. Does it show itself off?"

Then he was in her. He just rammed in and she threw her head backwards as the thick rod drove home. She heard the slushy sound of her own lubrication and felt his pelvis drive into her pussy. She exhaled loudly, feeling his thickness inside her, stretching the walls while the length tested her passage but she took it without much difficulty. He rode her casually and contemptuously, a hand on each of her big, swinging tits.

"Work at it, you stupid sow. You've got the body for it. Come on, get into motion."

Elizabeth willingly moved her ass in tandem with his thrusts. She realised he was placing himself to stimulate her clit with every thrust. He was as fine a cocksman as Billy had been. He was going to make her come. He was not going to allow her to escape the humiliation of her own pleasure. Her body and mind had both betrayed her. Dimly she knew that this man was a master at sex. The constant penis friction on her clit, the slap of his body on hers, the black hands seeking and exploring her body, sliding over her swinging tits and testing her last privacy, her anus drove her to distraction. Her body seemed like a network of stimulating electric currents. The thick smell of their combined lust was heavy in the air. He was breathing hard through his open mouth and her ass was squirming in tandem to his thrusts.

She lost control.

She began to gasp as the passion enveloped her. Even through his own excitement, Marcus detected her submission and knew triumph. His cock felt enormous to them both. He exulted in his breaking of this proud, high and mighty woman. Now he would really own her.

"Say what you want," he ordered. "Say it, you fucking slut bitch."

She sobbed, uncertain whether it was in humiliation or lust but there was no doubting her capitulation.

"Yes, don't stop! Please don't stop!"

"Beg for it. Use the words, you randy white sow. Shake your tits about."

She wanted to please him. All reserve and resistance had gone. Now, in these final seconds, she knew this was what she had wanted, had always wanted. She shook her breasts so they tumbled about, slapping together with sounds which were as loud as they were painful, but the pain no longer counted. Saliva started to drip from her mouth and her eyes stared vacantly like those of a madwoman.

"Fuck me! Oh, yes, yes, shag me like a whore, the whore I am. Fuck me, darling, fuck the arse off me!"

Viciously he drove his forefinger up her asshole and at that same moment he came. Her body arched as his sperm flooded into her and she screamed out her own pleasure. His thrusts slackened and he pushed into her, grinding his pubic area into her rear in an attempt to impregnate her with every drop of his jism. The rough grate of his wiry, pubic hair reddened her slackening buttocks and they both collapsed, he still on top of her. They lay there, breathing heavily, sweat-soaked and odorous.

It took a few minutes for them to recover. Elizabeth was first. She pulled herself up into a sitting position.

"God! That was marvellous!"

He looked up. "I told you to call me 'sir', not God. So you enjoyed a black, did you, Liz?"

She blew out her cheeks. "And how - sir."

He grunted. "Then you better finish me off."

She frowned. "Finish you off?"

"Clean me."

She looked at his oozing, slime covered cock which was still semi-hard. Then she shrugged and reached for the shoulder bag she had discarded early in the session, reaching for tissues.

"With your mouth, you silly bitch. That's one of the first things a whore learns. Clean means lick. Ass, cunt, cock, whatever - you use your tongue."

She froze. "Look, you were great. The best. But don't push it - "

"I've no intention of pushing it. But you're certainly going to lick it, so get on with it."

"No!" Her jaw set and her splendid green eyes narrowed defiantly.

He hit her. The blow, open handed, slashed across one side of her face and on its return the backhand flung her full length on the floor, head ringing. His bare foot kicked her ribs and he was suddenly standing over her. He bent and twisted her nipples until she mewled with pain.

"Do it!"

Dazed but once again obedient, she struggled to her knees, gripped his penis and slid it into her mouth, cleaning the mess as quickly as possible but shuddering at the slime and the unpleasant taste.

When she had finished he kicked her aside with casual brutality.

"I'll say one thing, Liz. You learn, and learn quickly. You're one down from a nympho and you like rough handling. We'll get a bit of weight off you and teach you a bit of humility and you'll get on just fine in your new life. Tell me, Liz. Have you been buggered?"

"No. Nor am I going to be." Then she regretted it. Throwing out a challenge to a man like this was horribly dangerous.

But he just laughed. He walked over to a black cabinet at the far side of the room, selected a flimsy white garment and tossed it to her.

"You can leave your clothes here. You've passed the audition. Not bad, but could do better. Go and sit with my secretary until you're told what to do."

She slipped on what was a short white nylon wrap, horrified at its length. Standing still, the garment barely covered her pubis and in movement it would certainly be revealed.

"I can't go out there like this. She'll know ... "

"What we've been doing. Of course. She knew you were a whore. I just hope you didn't play at being her superior, it never pays, Liz."

"It appears to, for you," Elizabeth said maliciously, though once again she regretted the words as soon as they were uttered. This was no time to try and score points.

"For me, it's different. Now get out. I've work to do."

She gritted her teeth in anger but knew that he was being deliberately crude. He had enjoyed their sex as much as she had. The black bastard was posing.

"I need a pee and a shower. I take it that you have a loo?" She was glancing at a door in the wall behind him.

"Whores don't use my lavatory. Get outside. If you want a pee ask my secretary."

"You really are an ignorant black bastard!" she spat but this time the words were calculated.

"You've had your fuck and I've done what you wanted and you don't realise your luck. There's plenty of men who would crawl for what I've done for you."

He laughed and picked up the telephone on his desk. "Eva. This slut is OK. Send for the floor Madam to collect her. A lot of guys are going to enjoy themselves."

Elizabeth was ill at ease as she sat in the secretary's office on one of the sofas. Eva had thrown her a meaningful, if controlled, glance and wrinkled her nose slightly when she came out. Elizabeth was well aware of her dishevelled hair, high colour and the sex smell which she exuded; not to mention the white wrap that was hardly very concealing. Her still erect nipples showed through the flimsy material and the hem was so short that she had to strain the garment downwards to avoid showing her pubic hair. Moreover, the normal dampness at her crotch was accentuated by the male jism. When she rose there would be an unpleasant stain on the sofa.

Nevertheless she sat defiantly, her mind a maze of contrasting feelings and emotions. He had treated her like a whore and she had responded. She had enjoyed the orgasm and she knew that his obscenities and brutality had increased her excitement. She had wanted rough trade and she had received what she wanted. If he had appeared again in his doorway and crooked his finger she would

have returned for more and done so gladly. Yes, even in the full sight of his secretary. She wondered if Mrs Craddock had known how he would treat her and guessed that the answer was yes. The older woman had hazarded a guess that Elizabeth was naturally submissive and had been roundly contradicted by her. Elizabeth was not used to analysing herself and the sudden thought that she might be a masochistic nymphomaniac suddenly terrified her. What would be the next step, how low could she be brought?

The persistent ache in her bladder began to become unbearable.

“Please,” she spoke with unnatural docility. “I really need to go to the loo.”

It was the second time that she had asked but Eva had told her to wait for the ‘Floor Madame’. That must have been ten minutes ago.

Eva spoke without turning away from the computer. “Sorry. You’ll have to wait for the Floor Madam.”

The old combativeness returned to Elizabeth’s voice. “I take it that you don’t mind me peeing on the floor then?”

Eva turned away from the computer screen, regarded Elizabeth carefully for a moment then rose. “If it’s that bad, I’ll take you.”

They left the office and walked along the outside corridor. Eva indicated one of the doors and Elizabeth entered. In spite of her need she then stopped with a jerk. It was certainly a lavatory but it was entirely mirrored and the toilet bowl itself was of transparent glass as was the washbasin. Walls, door, floor, ceiling, all were mirrored.

Elizabeth squatted over the bowl and relieved herself copiously. She washed her hands then stepped outside. Eva was waiting with a short, blonde haired woman in her late forties.

Ignoring the newcomer, Elizabeth glared at Eva. “It took a perverted mind to design that place!”

Eva shrugged. She had felt the same way the first time she had used that toilet but she had no intention of confiding that to the sullen redhead. “I hope it met your needs,” she murmured. She indicated the woman with her. “This is Madam Horta. She is the floor Madam and will be in charge of you.”

Elizabeth nodded though with ill grace. She was not keen on being told what to do by a mousy secretary but in her current flimsy garb was not disposed to argue.

“Very well.”

The woman called Madam Horta said. “You always call me Madam. Now come with me, Liz.”

Elizabeth opened her mouth to object then changed her mind. She followed the woman back down the corridor without a farewell to Eva.

PART TWO

Lala, Princess of Khastan, lolled comfortably on the wide bed and opened her thighs wider. She was naked except for heavy gold jewellery at neck, ears and forearms. The slim, blonde, virtually naked white girl crouched between her legs increased the activity of her aching mouth, trying to push her tongue even further into the gaping, odorous, wet chasm. Around them knelt four more white girls, all blonde, all naked but for a narrow oblong of gold cloth, worn at the front only, hanging from a slender gold waist chain. The other girls waited their turn to satisfy their owner, their lovely faces impassive. The cloth patch hardly covered the crotch even when a girl was still and was virtually no concealment when she moved.

Against the wall by the door stood a tall, coal black Nubian clad only in a flimsy genital slip that bulged hugely. By Western standards he was an ugly man with thick lips, shallow forehead and piggy eyes. His hair was dreadlocked and garlanded with tiny purple ribbons. His body, however, was sublime. He was tall, wide shouldered and broad chested with muscled pectorals, slender, almost girlish waist and thick, powerful thighs and legs. He was a big man, one any woman would regard

with either fear or lust and sometimes a combination of both. He was named Haroun and was chief of the bodyguard of the Princess of Khastan.

The Princess was a tall woman in her mid forties. She was not as slim as she had once been; was indeed somewhat brawny but she exuded an animal attractiveness. She was an Arab and her brown skin and raven hair contrasting sharply with the white bodies of her blonde, female attendants.

The Princess was pleased with life, not only because of the sexual waves which her body was experiencing from the hard working mouth at her sex. After so many years things were beginning to move her way.

Lala had married the mighty Prince of Khastan nearly thirty years before. Then he had been at the height of his power. Half Arab and half Indian, ruthless and cunning, he had swept from nowhere, overwhelming the rickety, half dozen families that ruled over a tiny country bordered to the north by Dubai and the south by Oman. Somehow he had persuaded the poverty stricken Nubian majority to support him against the handful of sheikhs which had then held power. Those who opposed him he eliminated, not only the leaders themselves but their families as well. He gave no mercy.

Having made himself the sole ruler of Khastan, he gave himself the style of 'Prince'. Many had laughed at the temerity of a man who ruled over a few square miles of virtually useless territory populated by lazy black Nubians who had emigrated there centuries before and a handful of Indian and Arab families of no particular distinction. The Arabs were basically Bedouin goat herders and the Indians owned small businesses, in particular the marble quarries in the south of the country.

But the Prince was a man of ideas. He discovered that the oilfields of Bahrain that bordered his northern frontier extended into his territory. For many years Bahrain had drawn from reserves which were partially the property of Khastan. Using an early association with a young British entrepreneur named James de Barrie, he had moved to obtain compensation. The Britisher had gambled large sums on a legal battle at the International Court at the Hague, sums he could not possibly have afforded to lose and in the event, did not do so. The result was a triumph for both de Barrie and the Prince. Bahrain made a huge lump sum payment of compensation for past oil extractions and future royalty payments were assured. Khastan was suddenly rich and the foundation of the de Barrie fortune was laid. James de Barrie was given exclusive rights to the marketing of Khastani oil as well as mining rights for anything that could be extracted from Khastani soil. With the connivance, and strong-arm tactics, of the Prince, he bought out the Indian owners of the quarries and replaced the labour force with slaves. The economics of extraction improved immediately and the mines became immensely profitable.

With his new riches, the Prince built himself a splendid palace. Around the palace grew up a city which was a modern and often magnificent, though given the lack of education of many of the citizens, there was also a fair degree of squalor. The leading Arab families and even more so the shrewder Indian traders, prospered under the new regime, though the latter continued to be disgruntled at losing the quarries to Sir James de Barrie.

The Prince was shrewd as well as ruthless. He subsidised cheap, basic food and housing for the Nubian majority, knowing that it was important to keep them on his side. His personal guard were Nubian, as were the commanders of the tiny army. He did not try and interfere with the commercial success of the Indian population, apart from the initial coup in regard to the quarries, but he did give the most social privileges to the Arabs. He tried to balance all the various factions and he succeeded admirably. So that nobody had to work very hard he introduced slavery as the norm. Of course, as in all of Arabia, there had always been a degree of slavery but now he institutionalised it. He decreed only that Arabs, Indians and Nubians must never be enslaved. He abolished the melange of languages previously spoken and introduced English as the official language.

For the Princess, this became a time of misery. Having taken a wife, the Prince had no desire to cherish her. For reasons known only to himself he had considered a legitimate wife necessary and had made the appropriate political choice. Once married he had regarded her as nothing but one of his decorative chattels. He made no effort to conceal his own infidelities, though he had demanded complete fidelity from her. He had no compunction about beating her when he was drunk or

distracted, sometimes in front of his guard. Often he humiliated her by ordering her to leave the Palace while he entertained a mistress. Perhaps worse from her point of view he had insisted that she should keep her marriage weight and had employed the whip when she deviated from it.

Such a rule was virtually impossible, given her heavy boned body, particularly as she advanced in age, though she tried her best. He never relented though after a while, perhaps bored with the effort, the Prince delegated the regular thrashing of his wife to the chief of his Guard, Grund, who was an old retainer of his and a man she grew to hate. Despite all her efforts, the Princess put on a certain amount of weight and suffered the consequences. Her misery became near unbearable.

Angry at the memory, the Princess kicked away the woman still working away between her legs. Quickly, another girl took the place of the rejected one but waited for a signal to continue the service. Lala flicked a meaningful glance at Haroun then raised a finger towards the waiting slave who immediately thrust her face into the wet, sexual cavern of her mistress. The rejected slave bowed her head but the distraught look on her face told of her misery and fear. She would certainly be thrashed and subjected to mass abuse by the Palace Guard. At worst she would be dispatched to the Palace cellars where anyone in Khastan would be able to use her as a common whore.

For no fault of her own.

Lala sank back on the bed, entirely unconcerned at the fate she had ordered for her slave. That the woman had been faultless was not a factor in her considerations. She considered her personal slaves extremely lucky. They were hand picked for their attractiveness. Irrespective of their natural colour they were rendered ash blonde, even their body hair. Their hair was cut straight and neck length and they were trained to please their mistress. Some of the less reverent guests called them 'zombies' but they pleased the Princess because they were utterly compliant. They would do literally anything to please her. They knew that she would do literally anything to them if they failed perform adequately.

Lala resumed contemplating the past. The Prince would never have tolerated infidelity but he was not particularly interested in sex between women, except as a tableau for his personal enjoyment, and he did not concern himself with the relationship between his wife and her female attendants. For Lala it was a lifesaver. Forbidden male sex and cowed by even the Captain of the Guard, she threw herself into mastering the only domain in which she was truly the ruler. Her female attendants. Lala, Princess of Khastan became an extreme lesbian though never renouncing the potential pleasures of heterosexuality.

Ten years previously the Prince suddenly began to fail in health. At first it was merely occasional memory loss but physical deterioration followed quickly. The best medical advice had been sought but the symptoms became worse and within five years he was little better than a vegetable.

The Princess began to acquire power. Little things at first but gradually increasing and soon she was the de facto ruler of Khastan. One red-letter day, Grund was relieved of his post of Palace Guard Commander and replaced by a Lala nominee named Baka. Sensibly, Grund fled the country. Lala formed a personal Guard dedicated to her own safety and promoted Haroun to command it. For the first time she felt safe.

The Prince was still the nominal ruler of Khastan. On State occasions he sat beside the Princess who made a pretence of consulting him on important matters. But it was the Princess who really ruled.

She began to indulge her own tastes. Her repressed libido began to assert itself. It was she who had introduced the 'Pleasurepalace' to Khastan. It was a magnificent, marble building dedicated to the erotic built next to the Royal Palace. Staffed by slaves, male and female, selected for their physical grace and beauty, there was no sexually motivated act that would not be performed there. Large and fantastically furnished suites were available to Guests who were required to pay dearly for the 'entertainment' on offer. The 'Pleasurepalace' was the preserve of the necessarily rich who were also degenerate and deviant in their requirements. The Princess did not need the money. With the revenues of Khastan at her disposal she was fabulously wealthy but she enjoyed the power over the sensual empire that she created. The woman who had been beaten unmercifully for twenty years could rule with an iron hand herself. Pity was not a virtue which she now possessed.

The normal slave trade in Khastan was useful since she could cream off the most attractive slaves for the 'Pleasurepalace'. Word of mouth made her creation desirable to the rich and perverted. The 'Pleasurepalace' had become a notable success irrespective of the large sums which she charged Guests. Men and women came to stay from all over the world. Successful politicians, entertainers, businessmen and the plain stinking rich flocked to this place where they could throw off all sexual inhibitions. Sir James de Barrie, clearly concerned that her regime would not be as co-operative as that of the Prince, stepped in to help. Agents were appointed in many countries to locate beautiful women and a limited number of suitable men, for there was a steady demand for male slaves by both sadistic or nympho women and bisexual and homosexual men. Potential slaves were kidnapped by a variety of expedients and smuggled to Khastan where they learned to forget their previous lives and adopt skills in satisfying the grossest desires of their betters.

The Princess had considerable reservations about Sir James de Barrie. She resented the huge profits that he made from Khastan and the influence that he had and had recently employed Madame Zia to provide a counter service. Naturally, Sir James had not been informed.

Lala closed her thighs gently round the head of the slavegirl working between her legs. The girl was doing well but a change was desirable. The slave raised her dripping mouth from the wet orifice of her mistress and waited as the Princess turned her large body to lay on her belly. Immediately Lala was settled, the girl gently parted her buttocks and began to lick the brown orifice. Lala was immensely anal sensitive and shivered as the small, pink tongue drove up into her body. For the slavegirl it was not as pleasant. Lala was careless of her personal hygiene.

Such an organisation as the 'Pleasurepalace' needed a structured approach. It had been built to accommodate a smaller number of slaves than it now housed. High standards were not necessary and crowding was not considered a major problem but even so the accommodation was becoming a little tight. The number of private rooms and suites necessary to accommodate the Guests needed to be continually increased due to the demand and that could only be achieved by crowding the slaves even more.

It was a nuisance, Lala thought. Although she had plenty of money she liked to run a businesslike operation. It was necessary to make some economies and naturally, the slaves had to suffer the inconvenience of crammed dormitories, insufficient bathing and toilet facilities and the cheapest possible food.

Male and female overseers had been appointed, some from within Khastan, but other nationalities had been attracted by the work. It paid little more than free accommodation and meals yet was a pleasant occupation for sadists and deviants.

The key appointments, apart from Madame Zia, were two slave mistresses. One was an Indian woman in her late thirties who claimed to have been the wife of a now deceased Indian Rajah. She was known as the Ranee. Her companion was a Serbian, a little older; a brown haired woman of brutal disposition who was wanted by United Nations Agencies for atrocities during the civil war in Yugoslavia. She was known as Mistress Yona. They were responsible for the day to day running of the 'Pleasurepalace' though they were subordinate to Madame Zia.

Under them were the overseers, all men recruited from many countries. They were paid even less than the Slave Mistresses and their accommodation was basic. They were compensated by having the run of the slaves in training and frequent use of most other trained slaves.

Zia had demanded a very large fee but she had a subtlety that the two Slave Mistresses lacked and huge contacts in the sex field. Lala knew that she would be an asset though she could be independent minded and, occasionally, intimidating. At present, Zia was in London but the Princess had spoken to her by telephone several times over the last few days. Zia had done well to stop the stupidly aggrieved Sir James de Barrie from killing by neglect, and thus wasting, his once glamorous ex wife. Moreover Lala never forget a grievance and a few months ago she had paid a rare visit to London and been invited to a de Barrie soiree. There, the haughty, beautiful blonde Helena de Barrie had insulted the Princess. Lala had sworn revenge and intended to wreak it without pity.

The Princess was, however, surprised that the cold and cunning Sir James de Barrie had been so furious about his wife's infidelities. Lala was one of the very few people who knew that Sir James was a homosexual. What else did he expect from a red blooded woman deprived of sex for years? But his reaction was also a valuable warning. Sir James was a man who would never relinquish a possession easily. In that, he resembled the Prince at the peak of his power.

Lala resented Sir James's influence just as she resented the fact that he had been a close friend of her husband. The Englishman had a finger in every pie that existed in Khastan. His power had to be curbed, even eliminated. But she had to be careful. There were many in Khastan who had lucrative business relationships with Sir James and would resist change energetically.

The waves of lust were coursing through her, stimulated by the searching tongue. She plopped over once again to lie on her back and her hand waved a signal to her slaves. Warm mouths enclosed her nipples; a fresh mouth worked at her sex. Her legs were gently raised so that access to her saliva-dampened anus could be obtained and a tongue began to lave at it. Soft hands caressed the insides of her thighs and others massaged the shoulders at the back of her neck. Gasping with desire she looked across at Haroun who knew exactly what she wanted of him.

With one motion he dropped the flimsy loin slip and revealed the huge, throbbing, erect penis. He did not, however, move towards her. He knew that this was not his time.

The room was quiet except for the gasps of the Princess, the squishy sound of the lapping tongues and the smooth sound of skin being fondled and massaged. The Princess' legs were pulled gently back over her head and were splayed wide so that her six slaves could work on all the pleasure points of the large body. It was a grossly obscene position but it also reflected both the power of the Princess and the submissiveness of her slaves.

She began to jerk about and obscenities spewed from her lips. Then her neck arched back and her whole body convulsed, shaking violently and sweating profusely in spite of the coolness of the air-conditioning. She orgasmed copiously, completely out of control and the slaves stood back respectfully, all hoping that she had been satisfied with their ministrations.

Lala lay, gasping and grunting. Her eyes opened and flicked towards Haroun who was smugly massaging his huge cock, though not in a way which would cause him to come. If the Princess had wanted to see that she would have indicated the fact to him.

She sighed and stretched her hands above her head in relaxation; a feeling of wellbeing flowed through her body. The slave girls stepped forward, bent and began to lick the sweat from her.

Having showered and feeling relaxed, a comfortable glow between her legs, clad in a richly jewelled kaftan, Lala made her way to the ostentatiously furnished conference room. As she entered the occupants rose and bowed respectfully. She sat in a heavily carved and gilded chair at the head of the highly polished table and looked around at the others. Behind her, Haroun, watchful but discreet as always, stationed himself by the door. He wore flowing white silk trousers and gold sandals. From a gold studded belt hung a short, gold hilted sword and a tasselled whip. He was a magnificent sight, given his great height and gleaming, black, wide shouldered torso. He held two distinctions; he was head of the Princess's guard and he was said to be the best hung and most effective stud in the state. It was rumoured that he even pleased the Princess though none dared speak out publicly on that matter. A Nubian fucking the Princess was almost unthinkable. The Arab and Indian women would, on occasion, pleasure themselves using white or Asiatic slaves but blacks were a no no. It was never put into words, nobody dared offend what was, after all, the majority of the population but those who ruled looked down on their black citizens.

The Princess did not miss the covert glances which the Ranee and Yona shot at Haroun. They, of course, were basically servants themselves. The traditions and practices of Khastani society did not bind them. Nevertheless they liked to ape their betters and the Ranee in particular tended to fawn over

her betters as much as she made the slaves cringe before her. But it was clear that neither woman was impervious to the vibrant masculinity of Haroun.

There was only one man present apart from Haroun. Baka was a Nubian, nearly as large as Haroun; He was Commander of the Palace Guard and effectively head of the small army. Lala believed that he was loyal to her but she knew that he and Haroun were not on the best of terms. That fact did not disturb her much since she considered that jealousies and rivalries below her tended to buttress her own position. Baka was totally bald and his clothes were similar to Haroun's except that the flowing trousers were red coloured and he also wore a richly embroidered, silk waistcoat. Of the women, the Ranees wore a brightly coloured sari which showed off her slim figure while the more heavily built Yona wore a ultra short, low cut black leather, mini dress which displayed large breasts and heavy thighs.

There was a knock on the door, answered by Haroun and three slave-girls entered, carrying trays of coffee and sweetmeats. The girls were shapely, in their late teens or early twenties and were white. They were all dark haired and naked except for a plaited black cord around their waists from which was secured an oblong of black, shiny cloth that loosely covered the pubis. Lala considered the female body at its best was a work of beauty.

However she considered that the pussy, though critical, was an artistic blemish which should be concealed until required. There were those who considered a shaven pubis was a suitable approach but the Princess disagreed. To her somewhat animalistic nature a woman could only be really naked with her hairy quim fully exposed. To shave was to refine. There was the practical problem that some guests, particularly women guests, did not appreciate being surrounded by a lot of wet and hairy pussies while, say, they were eating and drinking. The problem was worse with male slaves because, useful though a cock was, it was hardly a thing of beauty.

The Princess believed that she had hit upon a perfect solution. Clad in only an oblong of fabric, a slave was easily accessible to being groped or beaten, obviously an important consideration. Also the loose flap could be easily pushed aside if fucking was the object. Lala considered that the hint of mystery, with the brief cloth covering swaying around erotically when the slave was in motion, could be a turn on. The susceptibilities of the more delicately minded guests were thus fully protected since they could appreciate the beauty of buttocks and breasts swaying gracefully while being protected from the sight, and to some extent the smell, of pussy and cock.

The slaves, having performed their task, each dropped on her knees, kissed the floor, then withdrew silently.

"We have a consignment coming in tomorrow," Lala said briskly. "And we have some interesting specimens I understand. I have spoken to Madam Zia." She did not miss the wincing on the faces of the two women who were obviously jealous of the close relationship that the Princess had with Zia. The Princess continued. "Zia will bring Lady Helena de Barrie by private jet. It appears that Sir James has been unnecessarily barbarous in the mistreatment of his wife and she will have to be restored somewhat. She will be entirely under the supervision of Madam Zia and will be treated carefully, for the moment."

Yona frowned. "That is unusual, Highness. "

"I make rules, break rules! Do you object?"

"Indeed no, Highness. I merely queried because I thought that there might be some mistake."

Yona backed down hurriedly and the Ranees allowed a thin smile of satisfaction to cross her face at the discomfiture of her fellow slave mistress.

"I do not make mistakes. Let me make the position clear. Everybody will treat Lady Helena with respect, unless Madam Zia orders to the contrary. " A mirthless smile spread over her face. "You may be assured that the situation is purely temporary." There was a short silence and then Lala resumed speaking. "The rest of the consignment will come in by airfreight, by container as usual. There is the usual selection, which we need not discuss now, but there are some special specimens. We have Elizabeth Berisford who is, or, at least was, a very famous London beauty. We also have a female

lawyer whose speciality is helping feminists. She should be a very interesting subject.”

There were grins all around the table.

“Baka. You will meet the consignment. Usual treatment, of course. From the beginning they must understand their new situation. If you want an example concentrate on the lawyer. Bring them to the slave hall at the ‘Pleasurepalace’. I suggest you all turn up, it should be amusing.”

“Will the de Barrie woman be there, Highness?” asked Yona.

“That depends entirely upon the discretion of Madam Zia.”

After the meeting the Princess, as usual escorted by Haroun, went down to the entrance of the Palace. Her carriage was waiting, the four female slaves, totally naked apart from scarlet, plumed headresses and heavy boots, were sweating freely in the harnesses. As Lala climbed into the comfortable interior she appreciated the running portable air-conditioning unit. Even in the brief seconds of stepping from the air-conditioned Palace into the cool interior of the carriage she had felt the oppressiveness of the humidity. The five hundred-metre distance from the Palace to the ‘Pleasurepalace’ would be an unpleasant journey for the slaves. Lala wrinkled her nose at their odour but it was little worse than that of horses.

Haroun climbed onto the driving box, sweat dripping from his magnificent black body. The slave-girls roused themselves from the crouching position, which they usually adopted when resting, and heaved the carriage into the start position. It was not easy given the combined weights of carriage and Haroun and Lala. Ignoring their effort, Haroun picked the long whip from its setting and cracked it across the buttocks of the two girls nearest to him. The girls were strung in tandem, two by two and they began to trot towards the ‘Pleasurepalace’. For good measure, Haroun cracked the whip across the backs of the first two girls who yelped with pain and immediately lengthened their stride.

Lala peered forward, enjoying the rhythmic sway of the girl’s buttocks and the bouncing of their breasts. She heard the harsh sounds of their breathing. It had been Zia who had suggested that slave driven carriages should be used to take guests around the compound and even to the limited number of restaurants and night-clubs situated within Khastan City. The slaves, male as well as female, were selected for their physical strength; facial attractiveness was not hugely important. Lala decided that Helena de Barrie would be ultimately be used as a carriage slave. The thought pleased her immensely. It would be a splendid part punishment for a woman who had personified elegance to be quite literally a naked workhorse whose appearance mattered not at all.

Nakedness, apart from heavy boots, was inevitable for carriage slaves. The natural humidity of Khastan meant that those who were involved in heavy manual labour had frequently to drink water to replace the body fluids. Since the use of carriages was not predictable, the slaves had to remain in their traces for their twelve-hour shifts. Most Palace slaves were trained to relieve themselves at specified times but this was not possible with carriage slaves. They had to urinate or defecate whenever the opportunity or the need arose. The Nubian grooms, who had the control of carriage slaves, used hoses to clear up undue body mess and kept a close eye to ensure that Guests were never subject to serious embarrassment, though some Guests took a great deal of interest in the darker side of such things.

Haroun lashed the whip again across the heaving buttocks and smiled as he saw the red welt cross the previous one at almost exact right angles. He reflected that it was a pity the distance to be travelled was so short.

The Princess, meanwhile, was pondering on a piece of pleasant news given to her by the Ranee. Felix Fenton had arrived for a visit. Felix was a favourite Guest, everyone loved his company, as he was such a jolly man with a penchant for practical jokes. Short and plump, prematurely balding though only in his mid thirties, Felix was a son of one of the great American oil magnates. He was immensely wealthy and although vice president of his father’s company, he spent most of his time on holiday. His favourite place was Khastan.

In the evenings, after dinner, the Guests were usually served drinks in the main salon of the 'Pleasurepalace'. Slave-girls, naked apart from the usual strip of fabric, moved around the room with trays, pausing only to dispense drinks or to be groped. The selected slaves were always particularly attractive and trained to move like oiled clockwork. They would be patient and smiling even at the end of an exhausting evening and irrespective of what caresses, if that were the word for the most intimate and humiliating groping, bestowed upon them. Felix had produced a blowpipe in the middle of one such evening and aimed barbed darts at the slave-girls. However well trained they were, the agony of the small darts suddenly imbedding themselves in their bodies caused confusion and chaos. Glasses and bottles had crashed to the floor and some of the girls had even screamed. Once the other Guests realised what was going on everybody had been immensely amused. Naturally the slaves had been severely punished for allowing themselves to be distracted but, overall, it had been a most enlivening evening.

Felix had been active on another occasion when a girl, carefully trained by Madam Zia, had been demonstrating an ability to suck up coins through her pussy. It had been a brilliant exhibition of muscle control that had the audience applauding enthusiastically. Felix had surreptitiously heated a coin and substituted it one of the ordinary ones. The girl had gone demented with pain; screaming and writhing like a mad thing. The audience, with the exception of Zia, had loved it.

On his last visit Felix had persuaded the slave masters to pour a liquid irritant into the sex and assholes of the slave-girls who were designated to serve the after dinner drinks. Watching the usually composed girls trying desperately not to scratch their inflamed areas as they moved amongst the Guests had been a sight to remember. It had not, of course, been possible even though they obviously realised the penalties for their lack of discipline. The Guests had co-operated with glee in reporting when any girl pushed her fingers into her body in a frantic and always unsuccessful attempt to end the irritation within their bodies. No girl had been left unpunished.

Yes. Felix was a wonderful man to have around, provided you were not a slave.

Her happy recollections of Felix were disturbed as the carriage came to a halt outside the 'Pleasurepalace'. Haroun jumped down from the driving box and helped the Princess out. They moved quickly into the building ignoring the panting, sweating carriage slaves.

The inside of the 'Pleasurepalace' was air-conditioned and fountains tinkled in the large and magnificently decorated foyer. The Ranee bowed as the Princess entered. Several overseers stood behind the Slave-Mistress and they also bowed.

The Princess smiled engagingly. This was her favourite place in the entire world. Here she was a Goddess and her creatures awaited her pleasure.

"What new things have you to show me today?" she asked. "But first I need to piss. Provide me with a slave mouth."

PART THREE

The three men dragged her into the room that scared her more than any other place in the world. In this room she had many times suffered and been degraded over the past six months. It was a place of torment. To Helena de Barrie it was hell itself.

No one who had seen the tall, stunning blonde who had first entered this building a few months ago would recognise her now. Then she had been outwardly confident, immaculately dressed, perfumed, discreetly jewelled and perfectly made up. Her long, shining blonde hair had been exquisitely coiled, setting off the imperious beauty of her face. The highest standards of modern artifice had combined with unusually attractive physical attributes to display a rare perfection. Lady Helena de Barrie had looked, at thirty-five years of age, exactly what she was, the summit of British and international Society. She had also looked ten years younger than her real age.

But that had been the past and this day was wholly different. She was naked; her hair dull and dirty, rough cut by kitchen scissors wielded by a woman whose whole objective had been to degrade. Her

body was welted, bruised and even branded. She had been unbathed for months and her body was odorous and filthy, clotted with dried sweat and other, much worse, soiling.

She was mewling with terror, tears rolling down her filthy cheeks; eyes fixed on the comfortable chair just in front of the far door. There was nobody sitting in the chair but she knew for whom it was intended. The man responsible for her plight, the man who had once promised to cherish and protect her. Her husband.

It was a terrible room in a terrible place. Dark, dank and humid, stocked with instrument of torture; in the bowels of the earth in the lower basement of a large, north London building. She knew that the building was used as a brothel and that it had other, equally illegal, functions including white slave trading. She also knew her husband, who controlled the place, was one of the most respected, richest and powerful men in the world.

The room was rectangular in shape with doors facing each other at the narrow ends. The walls were of rough brick and the floor concrete. Spikes were set into the walls and from them dangled steel cuffs and other horrific looking implements. An old oak table was in the centre of the room, on it was a multitude of objects, whips of every shape and size, an electric prod, a series of branding irons, dildos, butt plugs, nipple clamps, gags, rubber hose, grotesque looking helmets ... the list was endless and she had suffered many of them. Rubber and latex clothing hung from a crude clothing rail. The heavy smell of sweat, damp and stale urine hung over the room.

On the far side of the room was one of the squat toilets, little more than a hole in the floor, so popular in the Mediterranean and beside it a dilapidated, seatless WC. The lighting was sparse, two bare bulbs suspended from the ceiling by frayed wires. There was a wash basin on one side of the room and a crude water tap, like a garden tap, set in on the opposite wall. Perhaps worst of all was the glowing brazier at the far corner. The last time Helena had been in this room she had been branded on her left buttock with the word 'cunt'. Each letter had been applied separately and she had been revived whenever she fainted. Through the agony, her heart-rending screams for mercy, she had heard her husband chortling with glee.

The three men now with her were the worst of her male captors, if she excepted her husband. There were thirty or so men who worked in this building. They handled the maintenance, watched out for trouble making customers or badly behaved whores and protected the place from possible attack by other gangs. They were mostly young and all were brutal and unprincipled. They would not have worked in this place otherwise. Helena guessed that she was not the first woman to be subjected to their cruelties but she was certain that her treatment had been worse than most. A few of the men had ultimately shown a sort of rough compassion even though they had all enjoyed the early violation and desecration of the lovely blonde. But muttered disapproval had no affect on her treatment with Sir James de Barrie at the helm.

Stevie had spent six months using her, devising new, stomach turning acts for her to perform. Yang Soo was a thirty year old Korean. He liked beating and degrading women, particularly Western women. Bert was one of the janitors, foxy faced, wiry and in his early fifties. He had a penchant for girlie magazines and for the first time in his life he could visit his fantasies on a real, live woman and loved it. The two younger men wore only jeans. She knew from experience they wore nothing underneath. The older man wore a pair of old brown, polyester trousers and a not very clean white shirt. Around his waist was buckled a broad leather belt which with which he had thrashed her on many occasions.

But the woman who was also present was more fearsome than any of the men. Miss Mary. Helena did not know what position she held here but all except Mr Marcus and, of course Sir James himself, deferred to her. She was a young woman, early twenties, plump and always ill dressed. On this occasion she wore a cotton dress printed with large flowers that emphasised her bulk. She had looked nothing to Helena de Barrie when they had first met but now it was different. Helena was terrified of her. At most sessions Miss Mary directed events. She was a born sadist and a compulsive lesbian who had enjoyed breaking the once arrogant aristocrat to her will. There were few things which one woman could do for another in sexual practice that Helena had not done for Miss Mary.

“Back fer more, yer Ladyship? Yer love it ‘ere, don’t yer? A cock a day keeps yer well and what yer gets down ‘ere would keep a dozen women well, eh?”

The familiar terror coursed through Helena.

“Yes, Miss Mary. Thank you, Miss. But please don’t hurt me ...”

It was of course a waste of breath. There was no pity here.

“Stevie says yer’s constipated. Can’t shit. All those bloody beans yer stuff down yerself. Can’t have that. We’ll make it better. Down on your knees and get your smelly arse in the air.”

The Korean was pushing an edifice not unlike a hospital drip structure towards her. She knew what they were going to do, it had happened before. An enema. That was humiliating but not painful. It was what might come after which frightened her.

She dropped to her knees and put her nose to the concrete floor, then shoved her bottom as high in the air as possible. There was no fight left.

“She’s bloody easy!” sneered Stevie. “All blah when she first came ‘ere. Look at the way she’s flashing her cunt. Don’t even have to tell her to open her legs now.”

He bent down and slapped the wealed bottom with a resounding thwack. She jerked and gasped but then recovered and elevated her bottom again. Resistance was hopeless. She had tried that at the beginning and all it brought was pain. Doing what they wanted, exactly what they wanted, still resulted in pain but not as much.

A tiny flicker in her mind told her that they got more satisfaction from resistance. Some of the men who had degraded her in the past were now showing signs of sympathy towards her. Others were bored, they thought that she was broken and were no longer particularly interested in her. But these three men and the woman, plus Sir James, were the worst. She hoped that even they must get tired of abusing her in the end. The big question, one whose potential answer frightened her, was ‘what would they do with her then?’

The nozzle of the tube was shoved carelessly and painfully into her anus and soon she felt the warm water flowing into her innards. They had done this to her several times before and she was only too well aware of the revolting nature of its aftermath. They would play various games. Bert was the worst, because he had a filthy imagination but the final act, when they had done everything else which occurred to them, was always the same. Anal sex. Even Miss Mary, who possessed a strap on dildo of excessive size, took her turn.

The enema was done. She felt her belly bulging from the intake of warm water and the first modest indications of cramp that would ultimately make her lose control of her bowels.

“Get up!”

She straightened carefully and rose to her feet, clenching her buttocks, knowing the penalty for leaking the water on to the floor.

While the enema had been administered, Miss Mary had lowered two chains from the ceiling by means of an electric hoist. At the end of the chain were two leather wristlets. Once again, Helena knew what was going to happen. It was to be another flogging.

Tears rolled down her cheeks. “Please, oh, please! Don’t beat me! Please ...”

She might as well have been speaking Greek. Stevie and the Korean each grabbed an arm and fastened her wrists to the chain. Miss Mary pressed a button and the chain began to retract, drawing Helena’s body up taut, her toes barely touching the floor.

Miss Mary went to the table and picked up a long whip, which she flourished in front of Helena’s eyes.

“This is a bullwhip. It’s made from the testicles of a bull. It cuts like a knife and it’ll take your skin off. We’re going to give you fifty lashes and by the time you’ve had ten we’ll have your shit all over the floor! And then we’ll add the ten back on because of your filthy ways ...”

“No!” The new voice echoed across the room. Everyone turned and looked towards the newcomer standing by the vacant chair, one hand on her hip. Helena had seen her in this place once before. On that occasion she had been observing the torture being meted out but taking no part in it. Now there was something commanding about her.

“Madame Zia!” Miss Mary glared at the woman. It was obvious that the interruption was not welcome but it was equally obvious that the plump girl was apprehensive about the newcomer. “What can we do fer you?”

Helena looked towards the newcomer. She saw a tall, dark haired woman who was handsome rather than beautiful and quietly elegant. She wore a well-tailored white blouse, a mid calf length dark skirt, black stockings and good shoes. Small pieces of gold jewellery glittered in the gloomy light of the room. She was smoking a long, elegant cigarette.

“It has been decided that I should take over the care of Lady Helena. Please release her.”

“Who decided that?” Miss Mary’s tone was belligerent.

“Sir James decided. But please ask Mr Marcus if you have any doubt. Now release her.”

The newcomer clearly inspired a degree of respect even in Miss Mary. She looked furious but she waved a hand towards the men. “Get her down.” She looked at Zia. “I’ll check up, yer know.”

“Of course you will.” Zia sounded totally uninterested.

Even to Helena’s dulled mind, it was clear that Miss Mary was not really prepared to query or even check the decision, at least in front of Madame Zia. A sudden hope flowed through her. Then it faded as quickly as it had flowered. If Sir James had authorised this development it would hardly be to her advantage.

The men winched Helena down and unfastened the cuffs from her wrists. She stood, swaying gently from a combination of weakness and relief, then realised that for practical reasons she could not relax. She clenched her buttocks hard and prayed that she would not lose control of her bowels.

“Are you all right?” Zia asked her. She glanced towards the toilet. “We are going upstairs. You’ve had an enema. Do you want to get rid ...?”

Helena wanted to get out of this place. So far the stomach cramps had not started seriously although the tremors were beginning to become uncomfortable. She wanted to be away from this place as quickly as possible. She shook her head.

Zia led her out of the far door, supporting her gently with one arm. The lift was not far away and they ascended to the fifth floor. Helena’s belly was feeling increasingly liquid and she had periodically to clench her buttocks. But as she stepped out of the lift Helena could have cried in relief. For six months she had been confined in dark and dirty surroundings. Now she stood in a well-lit and luxuriously carpeted passageway with oak doors on either side. The carpeting was light beige and Helena looked down at her feet that were as filthy as the rest of her with some trepidation.

Zia led her towards one of doors, fumbled with a lock and then threw it open. By most standards it was a fairly ordinary suite but to Helena it looked like paradise. There was an outer room with an oak dining table surrounded by six dining chairs, a coffee table and several easy chairs. The walls were washed in white and the carpet was a deep shade of rose pink. Beyond that room was a bedroom, furnished with pink and white floral wallpaper, an extension of the pink carpet and had several built in wardrobes. A large double bed had a pink coverlet. In both rooms, gold edged mirrors and old fashioned prints decorated the walls. It was comfortable without being particularly tasteful.

But the greatest effect on Helena lay in her first sight of the bathroom. It was spotless if a little small. Everything was white with gold fittings, bidet, toilet, washbasin, bath and shower. Above the washbasin was a large mirror that ran the full length of the wall. There were thick white towels and bottles of shampoos and bath preparations. Tears started in her eyes and she stood looking pathetically at Zia, half sensing a trick. She glanced at the door as if expecting to see Miss Mary and her companions enter. At that moment she felt a serious tremors in her bowels.

“You’ll be more comfortable if you use that.” Zia pointed at the toilet. “Don’t be shy. I’m not going to hurt you.”

There was no way that the Helena de Barrie of six months before would have excreted before another woman. But that had been a different woman and, in any case, her need was now so compelling that she had no choice. She squatted on the WC and the deluge came immediately.

She glanced at Zia who was standing by the washbasin, showing little sign of discomfort at the stench filling the small room. Her nostrils twitched once and that was all. She waited, immobile, until

Helena was finished. Then she spoke briskly. "Right. That was the end of a chapter. Now, shower and wash your hair. Take as long as you like. Then come into the sitting room." She pointed to two white towelling robes hanging behind the door. "Use one of those."

Left to herself, Helena used toilet paper for the first time for months. She had never realised how much of a luxury such things could be. She selected a bottle of shampoo and climbed into the shower. Quite deliberately she did not glance at her reflection.

The hot water streaming on to her battered body caused agony. It searched out and scoured all her cuts and abrasions. One common torture inflicted on her by Stevie had been to rub salt in her wounds, a practice which had often reduced her to screaming agony. The salt now ran afresh and caused tears to flow freely down her cheeks. Nevertheless she persisted, ignoring the pain as much as possible. The shower took her nearly half an hour to complete and only when she was finally satisfied of her cleanliness did she step from the cubicle. Then she did study her image in the mirror.

She was badly bruised and there were many abrasions, but those would heal. The brands on her buttock would not heal but, in time, they would be less obvious. The distortions to her sex lips and her anus would also be permanent though a good plastic surgeon might remedy some of the damage. She pulled a face at the wad of wheat coloured hair under her arms and the less obvious hair growth on her legs. She was too thin but a few days of decent meals would result in some weight gain. Her hair was a mess though some of its former brightness had been restored by the shampoo. It would certainly take a long time to grow back to its previous length.

It occurred to her suddenly that she was taking too optimistic a view of her circumstances. A shower was welcome but it was hardly salvation. She was still in the same building where she had suffered so much. She knew nothing of this Zia woman. She again looked in the mirror. The physical damage could be largely reversed, but the mental damage was a different thing. For months Helena de Barrie had tried to close her mind to what was happening. Her thought processes had slowed until all she ever attempted was to understand what she was being told to do and then to do it without question. It was a defence mechanism that had worked at least partially but in this possibly new situation she had to resume independent thought and that was going to be difficult.

Helena was not convinced that her troubles were over or even nearly over. Trust and optimism were things she had almost abandoned. She had no intention of jumping to conclusions yet.

She felt hugely better when she donned the white terry robe. Covering the nakedness that had been her lot for past months was a relief of enormous proportions. Nevertheless she had to pluck up considerable courage to leave the bathroom haven and walk through to the living room.

Zia was sitting at the coffee table. In front of her was a pile of sandwiches and in an ice bucket, a bottle of white wine. She nodded and a slight smile touched her lips.

"You look better and probably feel better. The sandwiches are ham." She poured wine into a crystal glass and handed it to Helena who accepted it dazedly.

"Puligny Montrachet," Zia observed. "Eat what you like but take your time. I don't want you to choke after all the trouble I've been to, extracting you from the clutches of dear Mary."

Helena sipped at the wine. It was like nectar. She remembered in a brief and discordant flash how Stevie had dangled his cock into the last bowl of water she had drunk. She picked up a sandwich and bit into it.

"Your hair is a mess. Mary cut it with kitchen scissors, I believe. We'll have a hair stylist in later on. You'll feel more human. Would you mind very much taking off the robe for a moment? You can keep on eating but I just want to see what they've done to you."

Helena had finished one sandwich and had started on another. There was nothing that she had to show that the other woman had not already seen and in her current state of mind she would not have resisted anyway. She stood up and slipped the robe off.

"Yes. Turn around. Good! You can put it on again."

Helena obeyed. She ate another sandwich and held out her half empty glass as Zia offered to replenish it.

“I’m going to leave you here for a few hours. I suggest you sleep. You look as if you need it. I’ll lock the door so you will have no interruptions. Don’t worry. Frankly, you don’t look as bad as I feared. Your body will clear a lot of the scars by itself and we can do something about the others. By tonight you’ll have your hair styled reasonably, if not exactly, as you would like it. Soon we’ll have you properly dressed and with a bit more weight on you, you’ll be near enough back to normal.”

There were a lot of questions Helena wanted to ask but she did not pursue them. Even if this was some trick, she did not disregard that possibility, she had no wish to provoke an immediate return to her former conditions. She studied Zia with real interest. Clearly the woman was foreign; there was a certain, if very slight, accent in her English and the creamy skin indicated a North African or Turkish origin. But she had power. She had backed down the terrible Miss Mary and her awful male followers.

“I’ll sleep!” she said quietly. And hoped that she was not in a dream already.

Elizabeth Berisford followed Madam Horta through a door just down the passage from Marcus’s suite of rooms. She noticed that Horta had used a key to unlock it. She found herself in another, narrower passageway which was very dimly lit. On each side were what appeared to be a line of windows. Then Elizabeth gasped in disbelief. They were two way mirrors which looked into the small rooms used by the whores and their clients. Each room was furnished in similar style: pink and red coverings on the large beds, all with mirrors suspended in the ceilings. The sheets were black. All rooms had a toilet and washbasin, wardrobe and dressing table. Some were empty, others had either one or two occupants. Where there was only one occupant it was a woman clad in the same sort of flimsy robe that Elizabeth herself was wearing. Usually they were laying full length on the bed, reading books or magazines. Where there were two people, the scene varied between a conversation and outright sexual conduct ranging from normal intercourse, by Elizabeth’s definition, to outlandish perversions, by the same definition.

“Do they know they’re being watched?” she asked Madam Horta.

“The whores do, the johns don’t. It’s protection. Our men keep an eye out to see that the john’s don’t go over the top. Remember, most men come here for kinky sex. Even wives open their legs sometimes and here their husbands want something different. Straight fucking is for the basic fee, kinks are extra. Some kinks are very extra. Some guys get so excited they’re dangerous. We can see if that happens and we get the girl out quick.”

“Who watches?” Elizabeth was horrified.

At that moment a tall, blondish man in jeans and tee shirt walked down the passage towards them. He stopped occasionally, looking through the windows. He leered briefly at Elizabeth then casually put a hand on her breast. Angrily Elizabeth stepped away. He grinned and leered again.

“He’s one,” Horta said. “We usually have two on duty. If something goes wrong an alarm bell is pressed. “ She pointed to a small button at one side of the window. “And some of our other guys get there quick. But we also cater for voyeurs. Some guys just like to watch.”

There were a lot of questions bubbling up in Elizabeth’s mind and none of them pointed to pleasant conclusions. She decided not to ask Horta. It occurred to her that the customers might want rather more than she had ever expected. This whole escapade was looking dodgier by the minute ...

“And one other thing,” Horta said. “If one of the boys wants a feel or a fuck, you cooperate. Fucking is just like shaking hands here. So just stand still for Harry. You might as well start learning now.”

With steely resolve, Elizabeth obeyed. The man grinned and flicked open her robe and cupped her breasts. She stood still as he fondled her, then ran one hand down between her wet thighs. It was embarrassing to be groped so casually in front of someone but she experienced a sparkle of excitement at this demonstration of her vulnerability. She peered over his head, keeping her face expressionless. He flicked her nipples with his fingers and the already erect bud hardened perceptibly. She flushed, knowing her body had betrayed her again.

"I could really go for you, darlin'," he muttered, put a hand up and pulled her face towards his, staring meaningfully into the dilated green eyes.

"Probably. But not now." Horta rapped. "You've got work to do and she needs to earn some money. This ain't a gift house."

The man shrugged and turned away, smelling his fingers. "Some other time, soon," he murmured.

Elizabeth looked at Horta with a pathetic attempt at hauteur. "I'm supposed to service the staff?"

"You are the staff, though that's a polite name for it. You'll get used to it," Horta shrugged. "They all know what to do with their cocks, which is more than you can say for a lot of the clients! An over-sexed tart like you will probably enjoy it. It's what you're here for isn't it?"

Once again Elizabeth cursed herself for landing herself in this mess. It was so sordid, nothing like her fantasies. What she really wanted was someone like Marcus, maybe two or three men like Marcus whom she could come to for a rough sex session without any commitment. She disliked the look of the nasty little rooms with their perverted clientele. She had to either find a way out or submit for the time she was booked and then use the experience to find something more suitable.

She followed Horta along the passage, becoming ever more disconsolate at the nastiness going on at the other side of the two-way mirrors.

Suddenly she stopped dead. The window opposite her looked into the mirrored toilet she had used a little time ago. "What ... why?" she spluttered.

"Oh, that's a favourite!" Horta laughed. "Men like seeing women pee and everything but that's not all. It's a sexy room. A lot of men and women wank in there. They look in the mirrors, see themselves squatting, and it drives some of them crazy."

"Does Eva know about that?"

Horta threw her a knowing look. "No. She's no need to. Marcus likes to watch her sometimes. Miss Goody Smarty-pants is no better than the rest of us, I promise you. She's got a nice line in finger massage, probably got calluses on her clit."

"Marcus! He's into that? Voyeurism?"

"Marcus is in to everything. He's a dirty bastard. Whatever you can think of, he's done."

'God, this is a bloody sewer,' Elizabeth thought. 'The quicker I get away the better.' The possibility of being watched as she entertained clients had not occurred to her previously. Once again Elizabeth cursed the seamless lying of the horrible old woman who had lured her here.

Yet another window brought her to an abrupt stop. A heavily built, naked man lay on plastic sheeting on the floor with his mouth wide open. Squatting over him, a wild haired, black woman was urinating into his mouth. So fierce was the flow that it splashed over his face and down around his body. His plump hands massaged it into his body.

Elizabeth's lips curled with a combination of disgust and disdain. "I suppose he's paying for that?"

Horta laughed. "Oh, no! If he was peeing in her mouth he'd pay extra. Peeing on a john is normal, you'll have to get used to it. Don't society girls do that? A lot of men love it. And she's probably peeing beer, whereas with you it would be champagne." Her grin was fiendish. "You'll leave here a lot more practised than you arrived."

Elizabeth tightened her lips. "Don't count on me doing that."

Horta laughed again but there was a hard edge to it.

They continued along the narrow passageway, passing another man who threw a lascivious look at Elizabeth but did not interfere with her. Then they came to a closed door, which Horta opened and walked through with Elizabeth following. But once she saw the scene beyond the door the redhead stopped dead.

It was a huge room, more like an aircraft hanger. Obviously this whole building had once been a warehouse but the parts that Elizabeth had seen so far had been converted into relatively small areas. The scale of the building had not been particularly obvious. Here was different. It was a vast open space, undecorated and dusty.

Along the far side of the room stretched a line of small cages. Some cages were empty but many held women. All the women were peering anxiously out at the newcomers. Elizabeth, trying to take in

the whole scene and with her mind suddenly grasping the potential seriousness of her position felt her breath catch in her throat.

She realised that she was in a trap and she turned abruptly back, only to face half a dozen men who had been standing on either side of the door. They were all dressed in the same way as the two men whom she had seen in the passageway; tee shirts, tight jeans and trainers. They all looked fairly young but there was a menacing air about them. Horta was grinning.

“Welcome to the staging post for Khastan, you arrogant bitch! They’ll teach you how to behave, amongst other things.”

“Wait a minute.” Elizabeth knew that she was in a tight spot and guessed that bluster would not get her out of it. “Look, let me talk to Mr Marcus or Mrs Craddock.”

“This is the point of no return. No one goes back from here, especially beauties like you,” Horta said. “There’s a nice empty cage for you. There, in the middle. Get in it!”

Desperation surged through the redhead. What a fool she had been! She had come here like a lamb to the slaughter, conspiring at her own misfortune. Of course. This was a white slave scam and she had fallen headlong for it. And nobody knew where she was!

She glanced at the cages again. She was conscious of her scanty garb and she fumbled at the hem, trying to pull it downwards. A quick look had revealed some women were dressed normally, some in jeans or casual gear, others in more formal clothing and one in a white cocktail dress.

Elizabeth turned and faced the men but backed a couple of steps away. “Look, this must be a mistake.”

“Only mistake is the one you made coming here.” one of the men, a thickset, bearded brute grunted. “Now get in that cell or we’ll carry you in!”

She knew that being carried would be the worst possible option. Her body would be quickly exposed and she guessed that these men would take little inflaming.

Turning with as much dignity as she could summon up, she walked into the vacant cell.

It was Spartan in the extreme. An uncovered mattress lay on the bare concrete floor and there was a bucket against the back wall. Since there were no toilet facilities, its purpose was obvious. The cell was small; perhaps two and a half yards square with the back wall of plain brick and the floor of bare concrete. Similar cells stretched away on either side of hers, partitioned off by metal bars. The vertical bars were thick and relatively close spaced. Horizontal crossbars were spaced at intervals of approximately one foot. There was no chance of escape.

She glanced quickly at the cells at either side of her. To her left was a well-dressed woman of about thirty, medium height, wearing a smart, two piece suit, classy shoes and a few items of discreet but expensive gold accessories. Her hair was fashionably styled around a face contorted with anger. Elizabeth recognised her immediately. Sally Stone, a barrister who specialised in women’s rights. They had met several times at functions although such meeting had been brief and without much interest on either side. Certainly Sally Stone seemed not to have recognised Elizabeth.

On the other side was the woman in the white cocktail dress. She was exquisite. A tall slender, girl with a light chocolate coloured skin and a lovely, full breasted, slim hipped, figure. She had a face more Slavic than Negroid with high cheekbones and slanting violet eyes. Her face was watchful but she was looking at Elizabeth with considerable interest.

Elizabeth turned back to face the still open cell door. Three of the men had entered. She could smell their lust. There were bulges at the crotches of their jeans. Self-consciously she pulled the hem of the wrap down, but in doing so caused the top to gape open. She recovered quickly but saw the look in the men’s eyes and even though she lacked neither courage nor confidence she felt a tinge of fear.

The door leading from the passageway to the big room opened and a short, plump young woman appeared. She walked towards the cages, smirking.

“My, my! What a selection. Are they all ‘ere now?”

“All except-”

“Yeah! Yeah! I know about ‘er bloody ladyship. She’s goin’ separate. You can forget about ‘er.”

“Damn you! Who are you people? Let us out of this place at once or it’ll be the worse for you. I’m a lawyer-”

It was Sally Stone. Her well-modulated voice cracked with anger and authority.

The plump woman swung towards her. “No yer not. Not any more. Yer a slave and don’t yer ever forget it!”

The woman in the cage drew back as if she had been hit. “How dare you! How bloody dare you. You ignorant little slut-”

The plump woman was equally angry. “Be careful, Missus. If I order it, these good friends of mine will drag yer out of that cage, strip the clothes off yer and teach you what yer three main holes are fer. Me name is Mary. Miss Mary to you. Now shut up!”

Sally Stone was furious but it was clear that she was also intimidated. Her face was red with anger but she did not reply.

“Well, Miss Mary. I can see that you’re a mighty determined woman but can I just say that if this is white slave business then ah’m just in the wrong place.” The voice was a very attractive contralto with an American accent. It was the black girl in the cocktail dress and, quite unaccountably to Elizabeth, she was smiling.

“No, yer just unlucky. Blacks are OK to some clients. We don’t get as much money but you look as if you’ll strip good.”

“Ah always heard we smell a bit strong for white stomachs.”

Elizabeth suspected that the black girl was laying on the southern accent deliberately. It was not totally authentic to her ears; she knew a lot of Americans from all parts of the States.

“The white man who’s been fucking you didn’t complain. ‘Till you tried to blackmail ‘im that is. Then ‘e thought yer bloody reeked!”

The black girl shrugged. “OK. I was unreasonable. Just a little disagreement between friends. Tell him I’ll behave in future.” There was still a slight nasal tone about her accent but some of the southern quality had disappeared. It confirmed Elizabeth’s suspicions. “I know when I’m beat and I’m not proud.”

“Yeah. Well be quiet ‘cause it’s too late and yer bought and paid for. Now, these boys are goin’ to ‘ave a taste of meat and I ain’t offerin’ anything downmarket like black cunt.”

“I don’t mind black meat,” the thickset thug muttered, eyes devouring the thinly covered breasts of the black girl.

“Yeah. Well, I got something better. Classier! The red-’aired bitch is Elizabeth Berisford and she’s ‘sposed to be the belle of London. She wasn’t kidnapped like the others. She paid to come ‘ere and be shagged rotten. So we’ll give her what she wants.”

Elizabeth went a bright shade of scarlet and glanced quickly towards the women either side of her. The lawyer was frowning and sudden recognition flashed into her eyes. The black girl merely raised an eyebrow, extracted a gold case from a small beaded white bag and lit a cigarette.

“No. It’s not true!” Elizabeth lied loudly but the woman called Mary ignored her.

“She paid a lot of money and Mr Marcus ‘as fucked ‘er already. ‘E says she’s OK but she needs practice. So, boys, have fun. But no arse fucking! She’s a virgin there so that’ll cost somebody a lot!”

Elizabeth opened her mouth to protest but the men rushed her. She was pushed against the front bars of her cell and her arms pulled through to the outside. Her wrists were seized and manacled then her upper arms were tied with tough cord. Another cord was fastened around her wrists and then pulled up over one of the horizontal bars, arching her body and pushing her breasts through the bars. She screamed and struggled uselessly.

The inadequate wrap had opened in the melee and her bare breasts were shoved and pulled further through the bars to be mauled by the men outside. Those inside the cell groped her roughly, even pulling tufts of the red pubic hair out of her body and making her scream in anguish. They were laughing and joking as they thrust fingers inside her sex and pulled roughly at her nipples. One man outside the cell began to crack the palm of his hand against each breast in turn and she cried out in pain and tried to move backwards to avoid the blows. Her efforts were to no avail; the rope holding

her wrists above her head was so taut that she was standing on tiptoe. She was quite a sight. Someone had pulled the wrap off her shoulders and her body was pressed hard against the cell bars with her splendidly naked breasts protruding through them.

The men were stripping off their jeans. None were wearing underpants and all had erections. Even in her desperation Elizabeth heard the slight sigh which came from the women's cells all the way down on either side.

"For fuck's sake! Help me! They're going to violate me!" Elizabeth's use of choice language had never been constrained but now her tone was desperate.

"Don't be gentle, lads. She wanted rough sex. She'll love a bit of slappin' around! But no arse fuckin', remember."

"It's a great cunt," the thickset man said loudly. "Look 'ow it sticks out. It wants a fuck-"

"An' we gotta give it what it wants," another man grunted and entered her from behind in one lunge that scorched her with friction in spite of her normal wetness.

She screamed out "Oh, please!" but was ignored.

"Damn you!" It was the well-dressed woman again. "This is abuse. You'll go to jail forever for this."

The first man came inside her. She felt the spurting, hot wetness and then he stepped back to be replaced by another. A voice whispered in her ear.

"Come on, lovie. Give'us a good go and you'll get a shag to remember."

Elizabeth screamed, part from the horror of what was happening and part from the pain of her bruised breasts that were still being slapped by the grinning man.

"Stop it, I say!" The woman in the neighbouring cell was still shouting.

"If yer don't shut up, yer'll join her, you stupid cunt. I'd like ter see you bare arsed and spread-eagled. If I 'ear yer again-"

The protests stopped abruptly. It was being clearly demonstrated that this was not a place of idle threats.

There was another gush into Elizabeth's pussy and she felt a body slip away, to be immediately replaced by another. She could feel spunk running down her thighs and someone jammed a finger up her anus. She screamed out yet again, an unintelligible jumble of protest and pleading. The heavy smell of roused bodies filled her nostrils. She could feel the thrusting cock inside her and heard the slurping sound of its movement in and out. Tears poured from her eyes. Like most women, Elizabeth Berisford had fantasised pleasurably about being violated. The reality, she found, was far different.

When the fourth man vacated her sweating body and soiled buttocks, her vagina was sore. The inadequate robe hung limply around her waist, the hem tucked into the bodice. She was effectively naked.

"Lovin' it, darlin'?" the plump girl mocked. "Gettin' what yer paid fer, dearie? Come on, boys, she's not finished yet!"

Elizabeth summoned up enough concentration to try and compromise. Shame was unimportant now. Glances to both left and right showed those women in the other cells all down the line were just peering at her and looking shocked. They were utterly useless, even the lawyer. And the fact that so many people were viewing her humiliation was unimportant compared with her suffering.

"Please! At least give me a rest. I'm sore. Please!"

The plump girl grinned and waved a hand. The man slapping Elizabeth's breasts stepped back. The man who had been about to give her a fifth fuck drew back slightly though she could feel his hard cock pressing on her rear.

"We're not unreasonable, dear. Are you goin' to come out and get your arse in the air for whatever? Show your friends what a whore will do? Maybe suck a cock or two?"

She was unable to face the pain. Her breasts were afire, her mound was horribly sore and felt even bloody.

"Just a rest - please."

“No rest, dear. We don’t ask much. Just obedience. But we’ll let yer suck a couple of cocks to get yer wind as they say,” Mary giggled.

Elizabeth was in anguish. It was hopeless. She had no chance. She glanced down at her red and bruised breasts and winced again at the pain.

“Don’t give in to them,” Sally Stone whispered hoarsely. “Don’t do what they want.”

Elizabeth’s face was pressed close to the iron bars of her cell. She resented the advice of someone who was not suffering herself.

“What bloody help are you!” she spat. Then she fixed her gaze on Miss Mary. “Yes. All right. Whatever you want. But please give me time!”

Miss Mary smiled. It was what she had always said. The haughty ones were always the easiest to break. They were spoiled rotten and had no guts.

“OK, boys. Lower ‘er and get those manacles off. She’s goin’ to crawl and ask permission to suck Stevie’s cock. Aren’t you, Liz?”

The tears welled again in Elizabeth’s eyes. Her spirited nature urged resistance but her common sense told her that if this situation got further out of control then she could be badly hurt.

“Yes,” she muttered.

They lowered her away from the bars and hustled her outside the cell.

“Get that bloody robe off ‘er. It ain’t ‘iding nothin’.”

The now useless robe was pulled off and flung back into her cell.

“Why don’t we give her a touch of discipline just so’s she knows not to change her mind?”

It was Horta’s voice. She had watched the violation of Elizabeth with a smile wreathing her podgy features.

“Good idea. Six on each side of ‘er bum and three each on ‘er tits,” said Mary. The expression was seraphic. This was what power was all about.

The words hardly registered in Elizabeth’s mind. She was indeed screwing up courage to refuse what they were trying to make her do. She was seized again and flung down on her knees. One of the men straddled her and pushed her face painfully down onto the concrete floor. She felt blood seep from a grazed nose. Something bulky but soft - she thought it might be a pouf - was thrust under her belly, keeping her bottom elevated.

“She loves showing it all,” a mocking, male voice grated. “‘Er cunt and arsehole stick out a treat.”

“It’s why she can’t wipe ‘er arse properly!” another man laughed. “Isn’t this one ‘sposed to be a rich bitch? Can’t afford bog paper, dearie?”

Elizabeth gritted her teeth in rage. She wanted to scream out insults at them but she dared not. This scum, gutter rats all; men and women alike, had her exposed and helpless. Even the other captive women watching from their cages could view her bodily secrets.

She heard the swish and suffered the impact a fraction before she felt the pain. Then she screamed. It was like a bad burn and she could feel her skin heat up and corrugate as a livid red welt appeared on her left buttock.

Crrrackk! The second blow slashed across her right buttock and she felt that her whole bottom was aflame. She could hear her own screams of pain as if they emanated from someone else. She bucked and twisted her body but she was surrounded by laughing men who mocked her efforts to avoid the blows and held her firm.

Thwack, thwack! She raised an anguished, tear stained face towards one of the men beating her; a tall, skinny youth who had a set and sadistic grin on his face. The cane in his hand was long and intensely flexible. It cut into the flesh leaving livid, red weals and causing terrible pain.

Never in her life had she felt such agony. Even the sore pussy was forgotten. Her mind was hardly human any more and there was no dignity left in the body that flailed and wobbled about in a way which was deliciously obscene and delighted her tormentors. The women in the cages looked on, terror struck and horrified. Whatever their impressions had been before, they could have no doubt that they were in the power of vicious and sadistic people. None of them dared to protest. Even lawyer Sally Stone seemed dumb struck.

Crrrackkk! Thwack! Elizabeth was in terrible pain. Words came bubbling out of her but they were an incoherent welter of pleas, threats and promises.

They took their time. Every stroke was delivered full bloodedly and soon her shrieks tapered off into a high pitched keening whine. On the tenth stroke she lost control of her bladder and her urine pooled on the floor.

“Dirty bitch,” the hated voice of Miss Mary said. “Rub her face in it.”

Elizabeth was only vaguely conscious of what was going on but felt her neck gripped and pushed down into the mess. Her mouth was open in another fruitless plea for mercy and she tasted the brackish liquid. It took her a few seconds before she realised what it was and then she tried to jerk her head upwards. The strength of the men holding her was too great and she felt her face pushed down on to the floor once more.

“Lick it,” growled a deep voice and as pain exploded once again across her bottom she obeyed. Her mind had stopped reasoning - all she wanted was to satisfy them in whatever demands they made on her in the hope that they would stop hurting her.

The last two strokes were delivered with unutterable viciousness and she emitted a final howl of anguish. Then they released her and she lay in the spreading pool of her own water, her bottom feeling as if it had been branded. Incoherent with pain and broken in spirit, her first reaction to being allowed to move freely was to turn over and cool herself on the wet floor. The spunk drooling from her mixed with the urine to form a slimy consistency and she rubbed herself in it. The movement provoked a howl of laughter from her torturers.

“She wants to be cooled down. Why don’t we pee on her?”

“Not yet, boys. It’s ‘er tits for the treatment now.”

Elizabeth sat on the floor, rubbing her bottom gratefully in the slime that was giving her some small relief. Her long, shapely legs were splayed; showing the soaked mass of red pubic hair. Her mouth was slack as she gasped for air. Her green eyes were vacant but her mind was beginning to revive.

“Please - please don’t hurt me any more. Do what you like but don’t hurt me.”

Miss Mary licked her lips. The sight of the ruined beauty and the sound of that cultured, cut glass voice begging for mercy turned her on like a drug. She hesitated and then decided that further physical punishment would yield her very little more pleasure. Humiliation was the name of the game. Force the bitch to do something she would always remember. And give the other captives a good look at what awaited them in the future - the very near future.

“Yang Soo. You ‘aven’t fucked ‘er yet. She says she’s sore so we’ll make it easy for ‘er. She’ll giver yer a good long suck. If she asks nicely and does a good job, we’ll spare ‘er the tit bashing. For now.”

She glanced towards the cages and spoke to the lawyer who was standing, gripping the bars, her face a mask of horror and disgust.

“Just watch, bitch. Yer’ll be just as willin’ when yer time comes.”

Miss Mary looked back down at Elizabeth. The redhead was recovering now but she wanted only to reach the end of this terrible episode. For that she would do whatever was necessary.

“Now, smelly cunt. Yang Soo ‘ere is Korean. ‘e likes western whores but ‘e likes ‘em willing. So yer goin’ ter ask ‘im politely -an’ so everyone can ‘ear. Madam ‘Orta will tell you what to say - and you say it exact. Or else ...”

Horta squatted down beside Elizabeth and whispered in her ear. The instruction went on for a long time and those close enough could see the horror in the redhead’s face. She moaned.

“Yer won’t remember it all but yer better remember the real words. An’ speak up. I want yer friends to hear what a dirty bitch yer are. Speak like yer beggin’ service. High. Loud voice. An’ remember she’s Madam ‘Orta, I’m Miss Mary and the gentlemen are Sir.”

Elizabeth crawled over to the Korean. There was little reasoning left in her mind but she guessed that he was less than twenty years old. She, sophisticated, twenty-six years old, University educated, reasonably fluent in several languages, bent and kissed his bare and dirty feet. She was utterly shamed but the shame was far less important than facing more pain. Out of the corner of her eye she heard the

swish of the cane and saw that Miss Mary had taken it from the skinny youth and was slashing it menacingly through the air.

“Please, Sir. Can I suck your cock?” she muttered.

“Louder, yer stupid cow. If it’s not dirty enough I’ll have your arse flayed until it’s bloody.”

The terrified Elizabeth raised her voice. “Please, Sir. Can I suck your cock? I want to taste your spunk. Roll it round my mouth and swallow all of it.”

The tears poured down her face.

Horta bent and whispered in her ear. Elizabeth looked up at her with a face that was anguished from both mental and physical abuse.

“And - and then I’ll lick your lovely arsehole.” she quavered.

“Stop yattering about it and get it done, We ain’t got all day.”

Miss Mary looked as if she was on the verge of an orgasm. She was breathing hard.

Elizabeth took the erect cock in her mouth. She gagged at the taste and tried to tell herself that it was no different from sucking off Billy or even Marcus. She knew that she was certainly going to experience a full load from the Korean. But the main difference was that she had no stomach for it on this occasion. There was no sexual excitement. She had just been thrashed into compliance.

It did not take long. Yang Soo was excited and he made no attempt to hold back. She had barely removed the taste of his stale urine before he spouted into her mouth.

“Don’t swallow or I’ll beat yer bloody, body raw. Open yer mouth. Show me, smelly-bitch.” It was Miss Mary. She never let a new humiliation go unheeded.

Elizabeth opened her mouth, displaying the disgusting mess within it. When Mary, after a long look, stepped back, Horta took her place, holding the redhead’s chin between her fingers and peering in.

“OK. Swallow.”

Elizabeth obeyed; hating the slimy ooze as it slid down her throat.

“Was she any good?” Miss Mary directed the question at the Korean, who shrugged.

“Not much.”

“OK. Then get ‘old of ‘er and we’ll teach ‘er. We’ll make those tits sing.”

“No!” A desperate Elizabeth threw herself sideways but the men quickly grabbed her. Rough hands slid over her body; not only pinioning her but also searching her most intimate parts. She squealed as the rough handling reactivated the painful weals on her bottom. She was thrust towards Miss Mary who had picked up the cane and was waving it enthusiastically. “You promised.”

“I lied.” The fat girl laughed.

The men held her up and someone was supporting the underside of her breasts. She heard the whistle of the cane and screamed in anticipation of the first blow that, in the event, was horribly painful. It struck between the outer aureole and the nipple and for a moment she thought that the nipple had been split. The second scream was unnerving even for at least one of the men. A rough voice grated out.

“She’s ‘ad enough.”

“She’s ‘ad enough when I say she’s ‘ad enough,” Miss Mary spat.

A new voice intervened.

“No. She’s had enough when I say so. And I say so now!”

Mary swung around, mouth agape.

Marcus had entered the room and stood there with a face like thunder.

“Who gave you permission for this?”

“Yer said she could be taken down a peg or two. Fucked a bit.”

“I didn’t tell you could beat the hell out of her! She’s prize meat, for God’s sake. Now look at her bloody arse!”

The ass in question was not quite bloody though in places it was close. It was obvious that the angry weals would take some time to disappear.

“She’s an arrogant bitch -”

“And so are you!” Marcus shouted. “If you were worth anything as a woman I’d be tempted to ship you with the rest.” His voice dropped into a near whisper. “Mind you, I could find a place, even for you.”

Miss Mary paled. “I’m sorry if I made a mistake. Maybe it got a bit out ‘and. I thought -”

“You’re like all women. Your cunt rules what little brain you have! Get her back in her cage and if you or anyone else touches her again I’ll have you flogged!” Then a thought obviously struck him and he touched his temple in a show of concern. “Wait. Has she been buggered?”

“No,” Miss Mary said quickly. “Yer said she should be kept virgin there.”

“You listened to fuck all of what I said!” He turned to one of the men hovering uncomfortably by him. “Get Eva here. Now!”

There was a tremendous tension in the room as they waited. It was obvious that everyone was scared of Marcus. Mary looked shrunken and Horta terrified. The men stood away from the scene on the fringes of the room, obviously hoping not to be implicated. To a slowly recovering and immediately vengeful Elizabeth, her ravagers now looked like uncertain and immature boys.

She was aware of the tension. It obviously involved her but she was no longer the centrepiece. Now Marcus filled that role as he stood glowering at Mary and Horta. The women in the cages, who had been nothing but frightened onlookers, strained against the bars of their cages as they sensed the change. A few minutes before, Miss Mary had seemed all-powerful; now she looked extremely vulnerable. There was a hope, soon to be dashed, that the worst of their ordeal might be over.

When Eva entered the room her shock was palpable. She had never been in this place before, nor even in the passage leading to it. The sight of the women in the cages plus the naked, obviously thrashed, Elizabeth shocked her. Even worse was what she had seen in the passage, particularly the two-way window in the toilet. She had used that toilet herself many times and had often fantasised in its mirrored garishness. She had masturbated there on two or three occasions. For the first time since she had commenced working for Marcus she was truly upset. The revelation that her most intimate privacy had probably been invaded was shattering.

Her eyes dwelt on the naked redhead and she gasped at the sight of the bruised and wealed body. It was difficult to recognise the cowed woman on the floor as the arrogant beauty who had sat in her office such a short time ago.

“I want to know if she’s been buggered. “ Marcus said curtly, gesturing towards the naked figure on the floor. “Look at her arsehole. See if you can see any spunk up it.”

Eva gasped and put a hand to her face. “I couldn’t possibly! That’s disgusting!”

“It’ll be more disgusting if you find anything! That bitch is bought and paid for. If she’s been arse fucked then this consignment is going to have at least two more women in it.”

He glared at Mary and Horta both of who avoided his gaze and shrank perceptibly.

“She weren’t touched there. ‘Onest to God. The boys just fucked ‘er a bit -”

“A bit! She bloody stinks of sex! I don’t trust you, you fat cow. Have a good look at her, Eva. Probe her with your fingers. If she’s not dry as a bone I’ll bloody kill these bitches - and whoever did it.”

Eva did not move. “Look. This isn’t my job. I don’t know anything about that sort of thing ... “

“Now’s the time to learn. All you do is look and see if her arsehole is distended. Then slowly stick your finger up and see if there’s any wetness in there. You may end up with a smelly finger but you won’t suffer any other fate. I can’t trust anyone else here, so you’ll have to do it.”

Elizabeth controlled her tears and stared up at the secretary. “Do it, please. Just get it over. They didn’t do it there.”

She hoped that her ordeal might be nearly over. Marcus was in a terrible rage and was clearly prepared to vent it on Mary. Once he had satisfied himself that Elizabeth was still an anal virgin it was likely that he would take revenge on the plump girl for exceeding her brief. Elizabeth wanted this episode over and she could suffer no greater humiliations than those that had already been heaped upon her. This last indignity might lead to a period of respite. She prayed that it would be so.

Eva, however was still stubborn. She ignored Elizabeth. “It just isn’t my job,” she said angrily.

Marcus clenched his fist and waved it at her. "Is everybody fucking stupid today? I offered you a new job earlier and you took it. That means you get your hands dirty sometimes. In this case, literally."

Eva bit her lip. He had certainly told her that her new tasks could involve her in the physical side of the business. The 'nasty bits' was the way he had put it. She had not taken that too seriously because it seemed a remote possibility and the new salary was extremely enticing. Nor had she expected to start paying the piper so quickly. But money meant a lot to Eva and she now came to the moment of truth.

She walked over to Elizabeth and bent over her. "Put your bottom in the air," she said with surprising coolness.

Elizabeth turned on her hands and knees and pushed her bottom upwards, giving the girl complete sight of her anus. It was another humiliation but the other woman had to be given full access. It was the very first time in her life that Elizabeth Berisford had deliberately exposed that section of her body so crudely to another woman. She put the other watchers resolutely from her mind. It was a sign of her desperation.

Eva studied the scarred buttocks, noting that there was considerable bruising around the scarlet weals. She felt a slight arousal as she saw how naturally the shallow cleft spread to reveal its secrets and her nose detected the pungent whiff of sex. She found it not unpleasant and taking a deep breath she put her fingers on each buttock cheek and pulled them wider apart. The small, pink bud of Elizabeth's anus, nestling provocatively and slightly raised, in the dark skin of the cleft, seemed to raise itself towards her. The lower, vaginal lips, wet and seeming to tremble, opened slightly and she saw the thick male sperm drooling out and slipping down the spread thighs. She felt a rush of desire encompass her. At no point in her life had Eva ever considered herself to have lesbian instincts but had they been alone she knew she would have been sorely tempted. Tentatively she placed a finger on the exposed anus and felt it dilate slightly.

For Elizabeth the moment was yet another degradation. The girl handling her so intimately was her natural inferior in age, physical beauty, class and experience. Yet it was Eva's diagnosis which everyone in the room was hanging on at that moment. She bit her lip and the tears once again started in her eyes.

"Well?" Marcus demanded.

"There's no sign of entry," Eva said. "No swelling or anything."

"OK. Get your finger up her and poke around. Tell me if there's any sign of wetness."

Having started and found the experience not unpleasant, Eva was in no particular hurry to pass on to the next stage, which was unlikely to be as acceptable. She hoped fervently that Elizabeth had excreted recently. Nevertheless she put her forefinger in the bud of the anus and pressed gently. The finger inserted easily to the first joint but then experienced some resistance.

"Relax," she whispered to the redhead. "It's no big deal."

Elizabeth would have given the whole thing a very different rating but she wanted to get it over. She strained slightly, opening up, and Eva's finger managed to penetrate to its full length to gently explore the tight passage.

It was an obscene tableau. The naked beauty, ass thrust into the air, conniving at the invasion of her most secret hole by the younger, fully clothed woman.

One of the men must have had the same thought because he emitted a strangled laugh.

Marcus glared towards him and the man subsided.

"No wetness," Eva reported, turning to Marcus and he smiled for the first time since entering the room.

"I told yer so," Miss Mary said sullenly.

"And luckily for you, you were telling the truth. But I haven't finished with you yet. Horta! Get that bitch back in her cage! You stay here with two of the boys and make certain that everything stays quiet. The full consignment is here now." He looked at Eva. "You can get your finger out of her arsehole now, unless you're beginning to enjoy it. But wash your hands before you go back to my office."

Eva flushed but did not reply. Previously he had always been correct and courteous to her but it was obvious that the new relationship was going to be different. She wondered how different ... She thought again of the money then withdrew her finger and began to clean it with a tissue from her pocket.

Elizabeth needed no urging and did not wait for Horta's intervention. She rose and stumbled into her cell, throwing herself full length on the mattress. She was exhausted and shamed. Unbidden she remembered an erotic tale told her by a male acquaintance a year or so before. They had been at a function and had, as was all too usual, drunk too much. The man, usually taciturn had told her of a stag night he had recently attended where twelve men had hired four women for a frolic. At the end of the session the men had grabbed one of the women, everyone being naked at that point, and stuffed a banana in each of her body openings. Elizabeth and the acquaintance had roared with laughter at the indelicate story. The woman apparently had been humiliated and furious.

Elizabeth, pussy sore almost as sore as her bottom and breasts and having now suffered a similar humiliation, knew that she would never again laugh at such a story.

Marcus was glaring at the fat woman.

"Right. Now, Mary, you and I can have a little chat. Oh, and bring that cane with you."

Once Marcus and most of the others had left the room it seemed abnormally quiet. Horta and the two young men remaining went to the far end of the room and talked amongst themselves in low tones. For quite a long time the women in the cells were silent, reflecting upon what they had seen. Then a few quiet conversations commenced. The inevitable subject was what was likely to happen to them.

Having seen the callous treatment of Elizabeth, none could doubt the ruthlessness of their captors. Some words uttered by Marcus were repeated with trepidation. Elizabeth had been 'bought and paid for'. And he had referred to them as a 'consignment'. The Mary woman had bluntly referred to them as 'slaves' and she had also used the term 'bought and paid for'. White slavery was the obvious conclusion yet no one wanted to face that truth, apart from the black girl in the cocktail dress who stood, elegantly puffing on a cigarette, clutching the bars of her cell and looking down at the sprawled figure of Elizabeth next door.

"They'll pay for this! They'll bloody pay!" It was Sally Stone in the cell at the other side of Elizabeth who was speaking. "Look. Are you all right? It is Elizabeth Berisford, isn't it?"

Elizabeth raised herself painfully. She felt as if she had been branded on her buttocks but the lash across her already badly bruised breasts had been the worst thing of all. She reached for the wrap and pulled it on with slow, careful movements. Some of her old spirit returned and she glared at the lawyer.

"Oh, yes. I'm fine! I've been gang fucked, whipped and exhibited to an audience, including you, which did fuck all about it! I feel great, really great!"

"I'm sorry. It was a silly thing to ask." The woman was genuinely contrite. "Look, we have met before. I'm a lawyer. My name's Sally Stone and I specialise in women's problems. I promise you that I won't rest until these people are put in jail."

"But at the moment, honey. It's us in jail. So how you goin' to reverse that little thing? You want us to carry women's lib posters?"

It was the black girl and again she was drawling out in a southern American accent. It clearly irritated Sally Stone.

"Well, clever remarks aren't going to help. We'll have to think our way out of this hole." Sally replied tersely.

"Good luck!" grunted Elizabeth. "You'll forgive me if I say that I've not much in the way of a working brain for the moment and I don't feel to have much of a working body either."

"I fully understand. That was a terrible ordeal. Dreadful!"

The black girl opened a small, beaded white evening bag and tossed Elizabeth a packet of Kleenex tissues. "You'll need those."

Elizabeth grabbed them gratefully. "Now that's practical help," she said. She glanced at the watching women then shrugged and began to swab away the mess dripping down her thighs. Privacy was hardly an option at this stage. "If anyone has a spare pair of panties?"

"Honey," the black girl said. "In my bag I've got make-up, Kleenex, money and condoms. In my business, panties don't rate high enough to have replacements on tap! And the ones Ah'm wearing -" She raised a meaningful eyebrow, " -would be no help at all to you! Believe me, with your wrap and my knickers, sexual violation would never be more than a breath away from you. Now Sally here, I'm sure she has real practical panties, which you need more than she does. 'cause if you keep flashin' what you're flashin' you're goin' to have a real busy time with all these studs around."

The lawyer frowned then shrugged and accepted the challenge. She pulled up her skirt and slid her panties down, stepping neatly out of them. They were indeed sensible and practical though of a good quality and make. She tossed them over to the redhead. Elizabeth finished cleaning herself up as best she could then slipped them on. With the wrap pulled around her she was fairly well covered though the thin material did little to hide the shape of her splendidly jutting breasts.

"I suppose that neither of you has a mouthwash, or better still a flask of liquor?" she asked without real hope. She was unsurprised at the negative response but the taste of the Korean seemed to linger interminably in her mouth.

The women in the other cages were looking towards Elizabeth and sending up quiet enquiries about her well being. Neither Sally nor the black girl passed the enquiries on to Elizabeth, each merely giving a moderate degree of reassurance to the enquirers. In fact, both were impressed with Elizabeth's recovery, though Sally Stone in particular was worried that a nervous reaction would set in later.

It was Sally Stone who assumed the leadership. She realised that the only chance of escape for the women lay in combining their efforts. She began by trying to ascertain the background and skills of all the captives and how they came to be in this place. Most important of all she sought to learn as much as possible about this building in which they were imprisoned.

There were fourteen of them altogether. Six were young girls aged between eighteen and twenty one with slender, girlish figures. Two were brunette the rest dyed blondes. They comprised a dance troop ostensibly booked for a series of venues in the Middle East. Their agent had organised a small bus to pick them up and take them to the airport. Instead the bus had brought them here where they had been immediately placed in one of the cells. They had not seen their luggage since they arrived some hours before and were clad for travelling in jeans and tee shirts. They were all in the same cell.

Two were teachers. They had responded to a small advertisement in a London paper outlining an educational trip to Egypt at what was described as a heavily subsidised price. Application forms required passport-sized photographs and basic physical details. The women, one aged thirty-two and the other twenty-eight, were neatly though inexpensively dressed and horrified to find themselves in this quandary. The taxi booked to take them to the airport had dropped them here.

Two women had no connection with each other but had separately visited London to see the sights. Although they were evasive it was soon clear that neither had been averse to sexual adventure. Helpful and free spending male companions had befriended both. The last either could remember before waking up in the cells was a visit to the same night-club and drinking a variety of cocktails. It was fairly obvious that they had been drugged. Both were early to mid twenties, pretty and dressed in inexpensive floral dresses.

The woman called Miss Mary had identified Elizabeth Berisford. Sally had actually seen her a couple of times before at various functions though she would probably not have recognised the beautifully dressed, regal beauty of those occasions in the abused and viciously mistreated woman here without that identification.

Venus described herself as an 'escort'. Sally had already decided that Venus was an out and out tart. She guessed that the American accent was assumed and she occasionally detected a Liverpool twang.

A middle-ranking call girl, streetwise and ruthless, Sally guessed. She was probably hopelessly dishonest as well but realised that such qualities might well come in useful here.

Sally herself was a barrister. She was on the verge of taking silk as a Queen's Counsel and had made herself a name by defending abused and discriminated against women in a series of well publicised cases. She had been telephoned by a woman claiming to be an American actress who had been fucked by her London agent. The actress had sent her private limousine to Sally's chambers supposedly to bring the lawyer to her hotel suite. Sally had stepped into the back seat of the limousine to find two men waiting. A hypodermic had flashed briefly and Sally had awoken in her cell.

Sally had been nearly the last to be brought here, only half an hour before the arrival of Elizabeth. Some of the women had been here for nearly two days, a fact amply attested to by the smell from some of the waste buckets. None had been allowed outside their cage, except Elizabeth. Only Elizabeth had been physically ill-treated. Sandwiches and tea had been provided periodically but the males who brought it had been uncommunicative.

It was now abundantly clear that this was a white slave operation and the realisation horrified her. She did not know the full stories regarding Elizabeth or Venus but it hardly mattered. It was obvious that in all cases the abductors had covered their tracks with care. And from what little she could ascertain the building was like a fortress.

Things did not look good. They were in cells inside a high security complex held by people who had demonstrated their utter ruthlessness.

While Sally tried in vain to find a solution the women conversed quietly, trying not to attract the attention of Horta and the two men with her. Such reticence was probably unnecessary since Horta and her companions had been cowed by Marcus. They stood against the far wall and engaged in conversation amongst themselves. There was, of course, no need for any action from them. The cells were foolproof.

Her thoughts on a method of escape had not progressed far when the door from the passageway opened and white overalled men came for them. Several of the women fought hard and the brawny youths who provided the muscle in this place enjoyed themselves in forcing submission. Each woman, no matter how hard she resisted, was held and injected until finally all lay unconscious. Then they were carried towards the goods lifts on their way to the slavery into which they had already been sold.

Marcus was sweating slightly as the last unconscious bodies were carried to the lifts, which took them down to the container bay. The women would be unconscious for at least twenty-four hours. That would be sufficient for them to reach Khastan. If the flights went to time, the container in which they would be shipped would arrive at roughly this time tomorrow. After that they were not his problem.

He turned to Eva who was standing beside him. She was clearly uncomfortable which was hardly surprising given her experiences during the last hours. She had seen slaves prior to transit for the first time and had been involved in the humiliation of the haughty Elizabeth Berisford. She had also watched Mary being given the flogging of her life. Marcus had always intended to initiate Eva into the realities of her new job but things had fallen into place even sooner and more definitely than he had expected. He decided to capitalise on it.

He regarded her appraisingly. She was actually quite pretty. Not the sort of beauty to compare with Elizabeth Berisford, whose early shipment he deeply regretted, but interesting enough. Intelligent, probably sexy, if her lavatory performances were any guide, but uncertain as to her instincts. He doubted that she was very experienced.

"They're slaves," he remarked as the last unconscious bodies were shoved into the lift. "That's what we do. We take free women and turn them into slaves You've guessed that already, of course, but now you know for sure. We send them to their destination, usually Khastan, and they are either retained as slaves or sold on. That's what you're involved in Eva. Slavery. Do you understand?"

Her eyes flickered. The incident with Elizabeth Berisford had not, ultimately, been unpleasant and she had thoroughly enjoyed watching the awful Mary stripped and thrashed. The fat woman had screamed like a stuck pig and had even lost control of her bladder. Watching that fat naked body squirm had been a real pleasure. Mary was a pig to most people and she had been extremely arrogant with Eva in the early days here. But Mary had stepped out of line and had been punished severely! It did not pass Eva's understanding that the same could happen to her if she displeased her boss.

She moistened her lips. "Yes," she said calmly. "I understand."

"Now. You're a passionate woman," he grinned. "Yes, I've watched you wanking in the loo. I wouldn't have promoted you otherwise. And I saw how you enjoyed playing with the lovely Elizabeth. In this job you can play with a slave anyway you like, with my express permission. You have to make the most of it. We seldom hold a slave for more than a week. But you only do it with my say-so. You understand?"

The pink tongue circled her lips again. She had a natural urge to deny having enjoyed what had occurred during the past few hours. Her face was flushed at his directness but it was more than that. Her knickers were soaking after the recent events and his present, leering frankness.

"I understand," she said with a commendable attempt to preserve calmness.

"You might, of course, prefer women. You were really sniffing around the lovely Elizabeth," he smiled. "And that's fine. There are plenty of lesbians here and the slaves don't have a choice anyway. If that's your bent then indulge it. But remember who's boss."

She nodded. After today's performance she was unlikely to forget.

He leered, remembering those far off days when he had been thrashed for even looking at a white woman. Now they grovelled to him. And white women could be as slutty as all women and infinitely more depraved once the shit had been kicked out of them. Elizabeth Berisford had revelled in his cock and had accepted his abuse. They usually did. He could have made her do anything! And he would like to have done so! Made that cut glass accent spill out the obscenities and beg to be humbled. If only there had been a bit more time ...

But Khastan was business and he was not his own boss. It was one of those sad things about this job that one sometimes had to pass up really great opportunities. But the compensations were also immense. He had enjoyed a really long run with Helena de Barrie. He drooled at the memory of what he had done with that bitch.

Eva was pretty enough even if she was not a stunner like Elizabeth or Helena. She was a mercenary little bitch and probably, under that cool and controlled exterior, she would be sexy enough. A woman who wanked herself off during office hours might well be an interesting lay.

"Go back to my office. Get stripped and lay on the desk with your legs open. I have a few things to do and then I'll be with you."

He was being deliberately offensive and the sneer on his lips indicated certainty that she would obey. Nor did he lower his voice. She had a new position and she would earn it. Several of the men standing around looked towards her and her flush heightened. She knew that some of those watchers had lusted after her, but had been discomfited by her outward seeming coolness.

Eva turned on her heel and walked towards the door. She was, after all, being well paid for her new job. The sights and sounds of the last few hours had undoubtedly aroused her and there was something about his power and his blackness that was exciting. Had been since her first day of employment. And she was not quite certain that lesbianism was her thing even though she had been tempted to drive her tongue into Elizabeth Berisford's gaping gash!. Her most glaring fantasies were based on men. Vicious, demanding and recently black men ...

She knew it was a moment of truth and sensed that there was still a choice. She was good at her job and doubted that he would let her go even if she denied him sex. Probably he would revert to his previous pleasantness and nothing more would happen between them, as long as she continued to do her job well. She knew well enough that she was pretty but not a beauty and that he had plenty of women at his disposal. She had seen attractive women, usually but not exclusively the house whores,

enter his office on plenty of occasions, leaving some time later slightly flushed and bearing with them the undoubted odour of sex. Like the now enslaved Elizabeth Berisford.

She turned and walked towards the exit door. In the passageway she stopped and looked into the mirrored toilet, flushing as she remembered how often she had masturbated in there. She wondered who and how many had watched her. Marcus certainly, he had made that clear, but there must have been others.

A little later, Eva lay sweating and exhausted. She had accepted what she had seen as fate and had no reason to regret it. Her previous sexual experiences were as nothing. The black God, who had so easily conquered her, sneered down at her. He was as naked as she was and she thought he was magnificent even with his cock only semi erect.

When he had entered the office she had been exactly as he had ordered. Naked, lying on his cleared desk, her legs stretched wide, the wet hole, which she had carefully stimulated, gaping invitingly. The leather of the desktop had been cool under her back and buttocks and he had been a long time before arriving. Several times she had considered changing her mind as the minutes ticked by but it had never been a serious option.

When he had finally entered, looking at the nude splayed body and the pile of neatly folded clothes on a nearby chair, he had nodded as if everything had been exactly as he had expected. He had stripped carelessly, throwing his clothes to the floor, except for his underpants. Those he had thrown onto her face.

“Sniff those. Go on, press them to your nose and smell them. When I was young I was beaten for even looking at a white woman. Now, you slut, you have those legs opened for me like the cheap whore you are!”

She rolled slightly and muttered. “Yes.” She had pressed the soiled garment to her nostrils and made a show of heavy breathing as she inhaled his odour.

He tossed four five pounds notes on the desk beside her. “Your fee.” he grunted contemptuously.

Then he had fucked her. Driving his long cock into her sex with such force that she momentarily raised her back from the table and gasped in shock. It was like a steam-hammer driving into her though it was power, not pain, which caused her reaction. Quite the reverse, the thick, black invader slid smoothly into the well lubricated hole and his practised slight inclination of the body caused it to rub her clitoris, causing a sensation utterly different from anything she had experienced before. His body rose and fell rhythmically and he stared down into her face, watching her reactions.

Her eyelids fluttered then her eyes closed. Her breathing rate increased and the soiled underpants fell away from her nose. Her mouth opened and she began to pant like an animal. The smallish but shapely breasts heaved and she pulled her knees back towards her belly in an attempt to give him even greater penetration.

He grunted as he came and she squealed with simultaneous pleasure, her legs closing around his back, instinctively unwilling to let him withdraw from him.

Recovering, he pulled away from her and looked down at the perspiring body. Not bad really. Tits a bit small, ass a bit big. Not that experienced but willing enough and passionate enough. Face OK. He could find a use for her even if she was not an Elizabeth Berisford or a Helena de Barrie. For a moment he recalled that first marvellous time when he had fucked Helena. They had promised that they would stop blackmailing her if she would fuck Marcus willingly. He could see that she hated the idea but she was terrified that her husband would find out about the affair she had been having. So she did it. She hated every moment, even when he made her come. Her eyes had been like glittering knife blades.

She had become hysterical when they had explained that they had lied to her and had surreptitiously videoed the performance so that she had even more blackmail to contend with. She was the sort of woman Marcus really enjoyed fucking: someone who hated him but was totally in his power.

And all the time her husband had been behind her torment. What a lovely game it had been. Marcus had enjoyed breaking her but had lost interest once she became totally compliant. But he would never forget that regal bearing and contemptuous demeanour in the early days.

Eva lay passive and he moved forward on his haunches so that his buttocks centred over her face.

“You know what to do.”

Eagerly her tongue licked upwards into the foetid hole exposed to it.

“And next time you do this,” he spat. “I’ll have used it!”

Her tongue briefly stopped its obeisance as she considered his meaning. The she sighed.

“Whatever you want,” she murmured and resumed using her tongue.

He hoped she was not going to be too compliant too quickly. A bit of resistance was much more fun. He was very anal sensitive and decided that she could keep licking until he was satiated. It would remind her of her place in things. In any case she would have little choice from now on because she had already compromised herself in the shipping of slaves and, even more directly, in the humiliation of Elizabeth Berisford. From now on she would do anything he desired when he desired it.

He wondered whether to fuck her again or make her suck him off when she’d finished brown nosing him.

Decisions, decisions ...

PART FOUR

The Princess of Khastan was in the banqueting chamber of the ‘Pleasurepalace’ of Khastan. She was in a happy mood.

The entertainment had been splendid and clearly enjoyed by the elegantly clad Guests. The costumes alone were striking and expensive underling the sublime wealth and power of the people in this room.

Some of those present were wearing the popular jewelled and embroidered kaftans of Khastan, while others sported formal Western style evening wear. The women were expensively jewelled and scented and the most lavish creations of the world’s couturiers covered their pampered bodies. Many wore ethnic garb from a variety of world regions. It was a gathering, which included every conceivable colour of skin. The only talisman for entry was wealth.

The meal itself had been excellent, the wines rare and the champagne, Krug. These Guests were rich enough to enjoy, though not be overly impressed, by fine food and wine alone. No, it was the entertainment, the service, or rather the servers, and the later activities which made the ‘Pleasurepalace’ of Khastan something truly exceptional.

It was a splendid room, perfectly air-conditioned, illuminated by glittering chandeliers, the dining chairs around the circular tables magnificently upholstered in scarlet and gold. The great fitted carpet was a matching shade of scarlet. Certainly it was a touch garish but that fitted the mood of the room-and of most of its guests.

Slave-girls, naked except for a narrow, scarlet oblong of material concealing the pubic area suspended from a slender gold waist chain, moved among the guests serving champagne and liquors. All the girls were smiling and stood obediently still if a Guest showed interest in touching the exposed bodies. They were very well trained. Despite the smiles the Princess was amused to see that some of the slaves occasionally shot wary glances towards Felix, who was, of course, sitting with her at the High Table together with his blonde and beautiful, if somewhat sour faced, girlfriend.

At the back of the great room, well behind the diners so as not to be too much of a distraction, were two roped off enclosures. In one stood a group of waiting female slaves and in the other, a smaller number of male slaves. All were totally naked. Palace Guards kept an eye on them and occasionally lashed out with canes at the bare bodies if they thought that whispered conversations were becoming too apparent.

The entertainment had begun with a troupe of four naked girls dancing obscenely to the sound of throbbing drums and clashing cymbals. Two of the girls were blonde with shaven pubes, the others dark haired with trimmed but thick growths of hair. In their late teens to early twenties, they had worked hard, breasts flopping and buttocks swinging; perspiration breaking out on their bodies as they gyrated their bodies to the sensual music.

The second act had been a scene where a dozen natives had set upon two white girls clad in tropical pith helmets and bush clothing. The natives, all volunteers from the Palace Guard, were picturesquely garbed in monkey tail skirts and feathered head-dresses. The 'natives' had danced threateningly around the women brandishing clubs and spears before throwing them to the ground. A single drum had thumped in the background as the girls had begged for mercy. One of the girls had promised sex in the most obscene terms while the other had played the part of a virtuous woman who would die rather than submit. The subsequent sexual abuse and vicious degradation of the second girl had left the audience awed and delighted. The Princess had noted that even the usually irrepressible Felix had been so transfixed that he stopped fondling his statuesque female companion.

The performance had been particularly interesting because the girl who had been abused had been that rare commodity, a virgin. The slave mistresses had promised that if she acted the part competently she would be spared actual violation. Naturally they had lied but it had been a wonderful spectacle. The first girl had, of course, performed all the obscenities that she had promised. The scene had taken a very long time.

Finally there had been a wrestling competition. Eight naked male slaves were oiled and made to fight in four bouts of pairs. Four were American College football players, the other four Turkish peasants. The Americans had been kidnapped during a tour of Morocco; the Turks purchased cheaply from the headman of their poverty stricken clan. The rules of the wrestling were simple. No direct blows apart from those delivered with the flat of the hand. The loser must concede. The real trick came in the penalty for losing. Those who lost would be sent to the mines or the quarries to labour every day from sunrise to sunset. They would stay there for the foreseeable future. All the contestants had been taken on a tour of the work sites so that they could see what was in store for the unfortunates who lost. Inevitably they all fought like tigers.

The fun for the audience came in the fact that the only obvious method of winning, given the oil soaked bodies, was for one fighter to lodge a grip on the other's testicles and to literally squeeze them until the other submitted.

The ladies in the audience had loved it. Some had even orgasmed as the contests reached their peak. All the men were fine looking, the Americans particularly so, their bodies were in excellent shape. As it happened the Turks had had the best of the bouts winning three of the four contests but at the end everyone in the audience had enjoyed themselves.

It was a triumphant evening and the Princess was looking forward intensely to the arrival of the new slaves on the morrow. She was delighted at the events in London. The two new slaves she had most looked forward to receiving were both due to arrive. Elizabeth Berisford and Helena de Barrie.

Zia had telephoned that afternoon with the news. It appeared that Elizabeth Berisford had received some strenuous handling but Lala was hardly worried about that. She would get a lot worse here in Khastan. As for Helena de Barrie, naturally Sir James had taken revenge; but Zia had assured her that her old looks could be easily restored. It would certainly be better if Helena could be restored to a reasonable condition before the Princess exacted her own revenge. No, all seemed to be going very well. Zia had also assured her that Elizabeth appeared to be an anal virgin, there would have to be a marvellous scene designed for her ritual deflowering. As for the great Lady Helena, Lala licked her lips, if that bitch thought she had suffered then she would soon have another think coming ...

"You seem very pleased, honey Highness."

It was Felix speaking and using the combination of endearment and honorific that only he was allowed, even the Guests usually addressed Lala as 'Highness'.

"No problems, in fact much to look forward to." Lala smiled graciously. "I think we'll have some memorable scenes in the near future."

“Hey, Why not mix the slave mistresses with the slaves for a period. Good idea?” He leaned over confidentially. “I wouldn’t mind seeing the Ranee stripped and whipped or even sent to my room for a night. I’d teach her a bit of extra courtesy. Knock that cool out of her, you know. Great!” He grinned and Lala smiled fondly. She knew that he was serious. Under the jokey exterior Felix was a rampant sadist. There were times when Lala would not have minded the Ranee taken down a peg or two but good slave mistresses were hard to find. She noted that Felix’s blonde companion assumed a disgusted expression and ostentatiously turned away from the conversation.

Lala dropped her voice. “Not the Ranee, dear Felix. She is valuable in her current position. Put that out of your mind. I like to indulge you, but there are limits. Tell me, how is your companion enjoying Khastan?”

“I reckon you can say that she’s shocked. Never expected anything like this. The bitch said she’d do ‘anything’ when she was in Vegas but here she’s acting like a maiden aunt!” His voice dropped to a whisper. “But she’ll be staying with you when I go back so she’ll soon learn her place. I hope the other three are doing OK?” Often he left the girls he brought to Khastan as companions to be enslaved.

“Your girls are always useful,” Lala whispered back. “Two of them are carriage girls and the third is presently serving as a water girl up in the mines. She stays there for another month- that’s the one who was so insulting when you told her she was staying here. She is far more docile now.”

Felix smiled, remembering the slender, dark haired girl he had brought here on the last occasion. Feisty little bitch who had thought he might marry her. Got the shock of her life when he told her she was staying in Khastan as a slave girl. She created hell and it had taken four guards to secure her. He knew all about water girls. They were sent up to the mining areas and carried heavy water bags around during the day to quench the thirst of the guards. They were also available, either on or off duty, for use by the guards and sometimes by the slaves. The climate was hot, humid and unpleasant and the guards were bored and vicious brutes, though they were gentlemen compared with the slaves who were driven at least half-mad by the labour and the intolerable conditions. It pleased him to think of what they were probably doing to her at this moment.

The Princess looked around the High Table. Here sat the pick of her special Guests. Heinz Bock, the German industrialist and his wife. Bock was in his eighties though still vigorous. He had served in the SS during Hitler’s war and no one knew how he had made his money but his riches were of the same order as those of Sir James de Barrie. His wife was a tall, fair-haired, thirty-year-old beauty who had once been a film starlet. Bock treated her merely as an appendage and used the slave girls without any concealment or consideration for her feelings. She smiled uneasily and was excessively polite; Lala sensed that Khastan appalled her.

Next to her sat the Countess Maria di Lothero who was something of an enigma. A petite, beautiful, unmarried Italian who spoke several languages fluently and was wealthy in her own right, she had first visited Khastan three years before in the company of a man friend whom Lala had not seen since. Now she came on her own and this was actually her fifth visit. It was a puzzle to Lala as to exactly why she came. She never sent for male slaves nor made sexual use of female slaves. She watched the pornographic films and read the novels freely available from the extensive library in the ‘Pleasurepalace’ but Lala was certain that she must require more than that. The Guest suites were not bugged nor were two-way mirrors used which was a matter of some regret to Lala. The risk of discovery of such eavesdropping would have been potentially disastrous to Khastan where discretion was the most important assurance given to Guests. Thus Maria was something of an enigma. Lala had had the Contessa’s bedsheets studied and knew that she masturbated most nights but that did not answer the conundrum. The Contessa never missed the evening’s entertainment and however obscene they were she watched them raptly, her splendid bosom rising and falling with excitement. An odd but fascinating woman.

By contrast the man next to her was a full-blooded Negro. Henri Birro, President of Mafri, the small Republic in central Africa. He liked blonde, white women and liked to do unspeakable things to them. This was his sixth trip to Khastan. His wife Mila, fat and middle aged, shared that liking though usually they took their pleasures separately. Mila also had a liking for young, vigorous white males.

Next to them sat Dame Edith Jones, the famous actress. Now in her late fifties officially, though many thought she was actually in her mid sixties, she was accompanied by a tall, anxious looking, dark haired young man who also claimed to be an actor. Dame Edith had always been a nymphomaniac with an equal interest in both men and women and the urges had certainly not toned down with age. Her companion, Terry, could hardly have been more than twenty years old and looked out of place in this sophisticated company. Goodness only knew why she needed a companion where hard cocks of all shapes and colours were freely available. It seemed likely that Dame Edith just liked to make an entrance with a reasonably presentable young male holding her arm. Lala doubted if he was put to any other use and he seemed disinclined to make use of the slave-girls. Maybe that was a condition of the relationship.

Lastly there was Felix's companion, a statuesque blonde in her mid twenties who looked distinctly unhappy about what she had seen on stage. Her name was Marti, a chorus girl from Las Vegas. Felix seemed amused at her obvious shock because he loved anything which discomfited others. Lala suspected that Marti's disapproval was spilling across to affect her sexual relationship with Felix. That would annoy Felix who presumably had brought her to Khastan in order to make her more susceptible to his perversions. Even the lavish use of slave-girls would not necessarily assuage his displeasure. Felix hated being crossed.

Bock stood up and looked across the room towards the slave-girls. "Well, time to relax. Let me see the wares for tonight." He nodded at the Princess and wandered across to the enclosure holding the naked female slaves. He totally ignored his wife who, after a few moments of showing embarrassment stood up; face flushed, and left the room. Several other men and a couple of women drifted towards the slave compounds from other tables. The physical part of the evening was beginning.

The Contessa also stood up, seemed about to say something, then nodded and walked towards the exit with a graceful, undulating walk. Lala watched the swinging hips with a certain fascination then she too, rose to leave. She had something tasty and very female waiting in her suite.

The men remaining at the table stood politely.

"Tomorrow!" she said to no one in particular. "We shall see what tomorrow holds."

The jet sped smoothly through the air.

Lady Helena de Barrie sipped at her champagne and contemplated, not without some suspicion, her sudden change of circumstances.

The previous evening she had eaten an excellent meal with Madam Zia. Prior to that, a woman hairdresser had arrived and had restored some sense of styling to her hair. It had been cut short and highlighted and looked far better than the straggly, discoloured ruin, with which she had lived for some months. The woman had been silent and uncommunicative but Helena had welcomed that. She too had no interest in casual chat at this time. The hairdresser had given her an electric ladyshaver to remove the tangled mat of hair under her armpits and the less obvious growth on her legs.

She had later shared the bed with Zia, simply because there was only one in the suite but that presented no problem. The sheer luxury of clean sheets and a soft pillow had driven all other considerations from her mind. Months of poor sleep bred of hunger, pain and fear for the morrow had left her exhausted. She slept like the proverbial log.

She did not query anything that Zia decided. She had woken late and breakfasted well. At midday she had, at the other's request, dressed herself in the freshly laundered suit, which she had worn when she had arrived at this place at the onset of her period of humiliation. She had lost weight so its fit was barely acceptable. The expensive, silken under-clothing she worn had disappeared so she was given cheap but serviceable cotton garments. Nevertheless there was no hint of complaint in her mind. For months, Helena de Barrie had worn nothing except, occasionally, deliberately erotic clothes. The last thing she worried about was the missing jewellery, luxury fur coat, silk underwear and even the Dior stockings, all of which had vanished. She guessed that Miss Mary had confiscated much of it but that

seemed unimportant. As a last surprise before they left, Zia gave her a small phial of Worth scent. It was not the brand she habitually used but it was heavenly to be able to use scent at all.

Leaving the premises in the chauffeur driven limousine had filled her with joy. She had watched through the rear window as the tall, grim building, which had been her prison, disappeared from sight as they turned into a main road.

They had driven to Heathrow and were admitted through the diplomatic gate straight to a waiting plane that had the words KHAUSTAN AIR emblazoned on its sides. Zia had dealt with the documentation formalities, presenting Khastan diplomatic passports, which allowed them to be waved to the plane without question. Helena had not even considered calling for assistance. Where, after all, would she go?

The plane was an executive jet that, Zia explained, would fly non-stop to Khastan City. It had a crew of only two: the pilot and a middle-aged, grey-haired man in a black uniform, who appeared to be the flight attendant. He had immediately served them champagne and the plane had taken off only a few minutes later. The plane had a cabin with adjacent toilet, the flight deck and a small galley where the grey haired man sat and from where drinks and snacks were served.

Helena sipped at her champagne and plucked up the courage to ask a question.

“Why are we going to this place - Khastan?”

“Primarily to make you safe from your husband. There are other reasons but that will suffice for the moment.”

Helena frowned. “What more can he want to do to me?”

“The mind of Sir James de Barrie is not altogether fathomable. But he is a very vicious man, particularly when his possessions are interfered with. And you were a possession.”

“Then why was I released in the first place?”

“Because I persuaded him that I could make you suffer more. Much more.”

A shiver ran down Helena’s spine at the blunt rejoinder. There was an intimidating quality about Zia which suggested that she never did or said anything without good reason.

“And is that what you intend to do? To make me suffer even more?” Her voice was unsteady.

“It is not entirely in my hands. Your status, as of now, is that you are the slave of the Princess of Khastan. That is not normally an enviable situation but in your case there can be other considerations. Her Highness has her own agenda in regard to your husband. Though it is a pity that you once, so I understand, snubbed the Princess in public.”

“It was not quite like that! My husband and I were having a soiree and I didn’t know who she was. It was all a mistake. I tried to apologise later but she wouldn’t listen.”

“The Princess makes no allowance for mistakes. Forgiveness is not something that comes easily to her. And in Khastan she is all powerful.”

Helena bit her lip. Six months previously she would have dismissed the faintest possibility that someone like herself could be physically punished for a minor social misdemeanour. But her recent experiences had taught her much.

“But you will help as much as possible?”

“I will do what I consider is best,” Zia replied, carefully avoiding any promise. “But I will advise you and if you follow that advice then you will be very sensible.”

“I couldn’t bear to go through all that again after being rescued!”

“Then learn to differentiate what is important from what is peripheral. And learn from your experiences. Frankly, you were as much the slave of Sir James as you will be to the Princess. But learn the lesson. You were not completely faithful to him and you suffered. You must be completely faithful to your new Mistress - or you will suffer even more.”

“And what will she demand of me?”

Zia filled the two champagne glasses before replying. “It is too early to speculate. You might be of service to her. That may please her but Royalty does not need to show gratitude to those who serve it. As a slave you are less than a piece of her furniture and immediate compliance to her wishes will be expected as a matter of course. Just remember that your fate is totally in her hands and when,

ultimately, you do meet her then treat her like a Goddess. Take my word for it that at her worst, she is unutterably savage.”

Lady Helena blanched at the picture of the Princess that was being conjured up but she did not ask further questions. Even after the long sleep of the night before she was still tired. She leaned back and closed her eyes. Very quickly she fell asleep and suffered no dreams.

But she awoke in Khastan.

Where the horror would begin again...

Continued in *Slavery!*