

**SLAVE NICKY: PONY GIRL**  
**IAN SMITH**

**CHAPTER ONE**

Nicky was poring over statistics from last season in her office when the phone went. Without taking her eyes off the sheet she was studying, she picked up the phone and said “hello?” in her naturally lovely soft voice.

“Mr. Drago wants you.” It was the voice of the man’s personal assistant.

Nicky’s mind immediately left the statistics and she became alert. “I’m on my way,” she said briefly and put the phone down. Moments later she was hurrying along the corridor, almost running. It would not do to keep her owner waiting. She reached the door to his sumptuous office and knocked, slightly timidly.

“Come in,” said the voice she knew well.

Nicky entered. Zoltan Drago was studying some papers. Without looking up, he gestured her to a chair in front of his desk. Nicky sat down. If he had gestured to the floor, she would have knelt down there instead. For her, his word was law, absolute and unchallengeable.

He owned her.

Under international law, of course, that was not possible. But by the rather discreet and somewhat bizarre variation of Chilean law that applied in the closed city of Corvalle and surrounding districts, Nicky was property. As there was no way she could leave Corvalle, or make contact with the outside world, it was only the local laws that were really relevant.

Nicky had been a slave in Corvalle for eight years; Zoltan Drago, who had bought her a year ago, was her third owner, not counting the slavers who had first captured her on the other side of the world. She had not come here by choice but, after eight years, Nicky fully accepted her slavery. It wasn’t a question of what she wanted, or anything like that: it was just simply a fact. Any slightest hint of objection had long since become nonsense as well as having extremely painful consequences.

Zoltan Drago continued to study the documents before him, uncaring of her presence. Why should he bother? She would remain, sitting there, waiting until he had finished and was ready to turn his attention to her. Nicky sat quietly. A slave learns to be patient. It is one of many lessons a slave learns.

Nicky was wearing a simple, strapless summer dress. The skirt was short, but not shockingly so; the cut exposed her cleavage, but not too much. She looked almost demure. She certainly looked good: her figure was trim, lithe and athletic, her limbs evenly tanned – an all-over tan, with no pale shoulder strap lines or anything similar. Her dark red curly hair framed a very pretty face: no false glamour or careful make-up, but genuine girl-next-door loveliness and sensuality. At the age of twenty-six, she was at the peak of loveliness. If eight years of slavery had at times been hard and painful, it did not show in her features: almost the reverse, in fact. Slaves suffer from many things, but the naggings of everyday stress are not amongst them.

Nicky certainly had endured quite a lot. A strong and determined karate champion, she had been earmarked for the Corvalle arena from the day she had arrived here. The mid-table team she had been sold to soon moved her on to a much more ambitious side, Sutton’s Slags, for a then record transfer fee. Any doubts about the size of the fee had been dispelled when Nicky had helped lead the Slags to three consecutive league titles before being allowed to retire from the awful arena. A couple of years later, however, her then owner, John Sutton, had sold her to Zoltan Drago, who had put her in charge of his own brand new arena team, a squad of five freshly captured girl athletes. Nicky, though, still herself a slave, had trained them and made them into a team who had finished in fourth place in the league last season; but in the second half of the season, Drago had ordered her out of retirement and back into the dreadful arena herself.

Mercifully, Drago seemed to be satisfied with their final placing; and even more mercifully, they were now in the closed season. The new season was still over a month away. Long, lazy days on the beautiful Corvalle beach had healed the team's physical wounds and most of the mental ones. But soon the torment would begin anew.

Still Drago ignored her, absorbed in his papers. Nicky looked at him and tried to assess her own feelings. She hated John Sutton passionately for selling her, far more for that than for all the other things he had made her do over those years. In selling her, he had discarded her. Such was his right, but she still hated him for doing it. But whereas John Sutton had been handsome, intelligent and witty, Zoltan Drago had a face that always reminded her of a rat, a body far less well preserved than Sutton and none of the style or wit that her previous owner possessed, much less Sutton's considerable sexual prowess. Nevertheless, Drago was her owner. Nicky had to obey him and she would be hugely unwise if she did anything other than fully commit herself to him, but there was a little more to it than that. She felt herself wanting to be loyal to him. It was the mark of a good slave and Nicky still had her pride: if she was going to be a slave, she was going to be a good slave, not least to show John Sutton, if ever she could, what he had lost by selling her. On the occasions when Drago summoned her to his bed, she strained every muscle of her superbly fit body to give him as much pleasure as she possibly could. Oddly, despite his weasel features, unprepossessing body and an absence of any particular sexual skill, she always climaxed when she went with him. When John Sutton used to fuck her, he used his prowess to give her substantial orgasms, not usually because he wanted to pleasure her but as a way of establishing his mastery over her. Zoltan Drago did not bother, only being interested in his own pleasure, and of course she was expected to be equally focused on his pleasure rather than her own. Nevertheless, she always came when she was with him.

Many young female slaves, having sex so often, become nymphomaniacs. A few, surprisingly few in fact, come to hate sex, as something that had been forced on them. Nicky, like the majority, was somewhere in the middle. Having been a virgin when she was kidnapped and enslaved, she had never really fully known the concept of choosing when to have sex with a man; sometimes she was able, with her owner's permission, to offer herself to a man, but most times she simply obeyed orders. However, sometimes obeying orders turned out well.

She didn't love Zoltan Drago, not at all. But she was his. She accepted that without any reservation.

He put his signature to a paper, tossed it into an 'out' tray and looked up at her. His eyes roved casually over her lovely body, something she was well used to. At least she was dressed on this occasion. Meanwhile, he pushed a button on his desk to summon the maid.

Within thirty seconds, a young Spanish girl appeared. She was a vivacious, big-busted nineteen year-old, around three months out of the dreaded slave training centre. Her name was Francesca. She was naked except for a small white apron which just about covered her pubes. Ignoring Nicky, she thrust her not inconsiderable assets towards Drago and said in a sexy voice, "yes, master?"

"Get me a coffee," he said curtly, ignoring the outthrust breasts.

"Yes, master," she said, and hurried out. Her eyes did not meet Nicky's. The two girls did not like each other. Having been enslaved and having learnt in the slave training centre that full compliance and obedience were required, the girl had been trying for weeks to seduce Drag, and saw Nicky as a rival. Nicky, with her greater experience, knew that masters who owned many slaves rarely allowed one to really dominate the pack. Nonetheless, she did not like the thought of Francesca becoming Drago's favourite slave, though she didn't think it was likely to happen.

Drago settled back in his chair and placed his fingers together. "Tell me what our prospects will be for the coming season," he ordered Nicky.

Nicky shifted slightly uncomfortably in her chair. "Now that the Royal Harem team have got the hang of arena matches, they'll be very difficult to beat. Tibbets' Tits have bought a couple of good girls and made their squad stronger, and their manager has all the experience in the world, so they'll be contenders as well. Sutton's Slags and one or two other teams have strengthened." She

nerved herself: if he didn't like what she had to say, she could be whipped, but anything other than frankness was even less advisable. "With luck, we might just snatch fourth place again, but I think we'll do well to finish that high, and I don't see us challenging the top three."

"As we haven't strengthened our squad like you recommended, eh?"

Nicky struggled for a diplomatic reply. She settled on: "You're the boss, master." Her squad consisted of the sisters Tit and Tat, the small but enthusiastic (and also nymphomaniac) Little Pussy, the excellent Legs, the toughest and bravest on their team, Heifer, who had been bought on her recommendation during the mid-season transfer window and was physically very strong and reasonably able to withstand pain, and herself. She had once been the best player in the whole league, but that had been years ago: although still comparatively young, she could not these days come up with the same endurance of pain. The league was like that. It was why her three consecutive titles with the Slags was still a league record. Returning to that level of determination, however hard she tried, was just impossible.

She had recommended (in confidence, of course) selling Tit and Tat, who were good but not exceptional, and buying one, possibly two, of several good girls from the mid-table teams. If they bought two, Nicky herself would not start the season, as the rules allowed only five players in the squad for the first half and a sixth addition during the mid-season transfer window. She was very unsure she could last a whole season. She had given names to Zoltan Drago, but he had not acted. Prices, admittedly, were fairly high, but he could have afforded them if he really wanted.

Drago was about to reply when there was a knock on the door. Francesca came in with a cup of steaming coffee on a silver tray, which she placed on Drago's desk, getting her mammaries as close to him as she dared. Francesca had not offered to get Nicky anything, making the unspoken point that Nicky, too, was only a slave. Still, Nicky had the advantage of being dressed at this moment. Not that she could crow about it: one word from Drago and she would have to strip herself naked in seconds.

Drago sipped his coffee. "Didn't you bring Nicky a cup as well?" he asked casually.

The smug look left the Spanish girl's face for a moment, then returned. Perhaps she was being given a chance to get a dig at her rival. "She's only a slave; I didn't think you'd want me wasting coffee on her, master," she replied archly.

"Some slaves are useful for their ability to think, but it's not required in drones like you," Drago said casually but devastatingly. "Get her a cup as well."

Francesca went red. "Yes, master, sorry, master," she said and withdrew.

Nicky actually preferred tea to coffee, but it didn't matter. "Thank you, master," she said quietly after the door closed behind the Spanish girl.

"She's got a nice pair of tits, don't you think?" Drago countered.

"If you say so, master," Nicky replied politely.

"She's a very enjoyable slave to own," he prodded.

"She's worth a lot less to you than I am, master," Nicky rejoined.

"She certainly cost me a lot less," he replied mildly.

"You get what you pay for, master," Nicky pointed out, slightly cheekily.

"Which brings us back to the team and the league," Drago said smoothly. "Ah, here's Francesca with your coffee."

Francesca had returned in double quick time and passed a cup of coffee to Nicky with a look that indicated she would rather have poured it over the English girl. Nicky thanked her politely and kept any other expression out of her face. Francesca began to withdraw, but Zoltan Drago clicked his fingers at her and she immediately stopped.

"You made a mistake in not serving Nicky with coffee," he said mildly.

Francesca's face went pale. "Yes, master, sorry, master," she said hoarsely. It was a damaging admission to make, but any protestation would have been both pointless and extremely ill-advised.

"Of course Nicky's a slave, but she's also my arena squad manager," Drago pointed out, his voice still mild and silky.

"Yes, master, sorry, master," Francesca repeated.

"Well, you're still learning. I think six with the knout will be enough, don't you?"

Francesca carefully controlled her lovely features, but could not hide the look of dismay. Not that she had expected to get away with it: from the moment he had used the word 'mistake', it was only a question of how bad the punishment would be. The knout stung like Hell and the marks would last for about a week and would throb unbearably for the first few days; but it could have been a lot more than six. "Yes, master, thank you master," she said tightly.

"Find the major domo and get him to administer them."

"Yes, master, thank you master," Francesca repeated. As she turned to go, Nicky silently mouthed the word 'sorry' to her. Hopefully, Francesca would know that it wasn't Nicky's idea. It was just the sort of thing Drago did.

The moment the beautiful, near-naked Spanish girl had gone, Drago seemed to forget all about her, despite the merciless punishment he had just sentenced her to. Instead, he regarded Nicky, who felt slightly uncomfortable, knowing that she could be subjected to similar treatment at his whim. But instead, he said, "I've had a very good offer for Legs."

Nicky was immediately alarmed: this was not good news, to say the least. Of course, there was always transfer market speculation in the local press, and there had been rumours of bids being made for Legs, but for the team's owner to acknowledge it suggested he was seriously considering it. Still, she said nothing. Drago went on to tell her the price the potential buyers had offered, and named them. It was Sutton's Slags, Nicky's old team. "What's your opinion?" he prompted.

With what had just happened to Francesca, Nicky wanted to be careful. On the other hand, she knew he required an honest answer. She would just have to be as diplomatic as she could. "Legs is our best player by some distance," she said. "If we lose her, we've got no chance of finishing in the top three or even four next season."

"What about those reinforcements you suggested?"

"Neither of them is as good as her."

"That's what I thought; and the price John Sutton has offered me is considerably higher than the figures that were being suggested for either of them."

Nicky nodded. "The Slags have strengthened, but they're still a player short of a real title challenge. Legs would be just what they need. With her, it would be a very close three-horse race between them, Tibbets' Tits and the Royal Harem team. Nobody else would come near."

"Including us?"

"Not if we sold Legs, even if we used the money to buy both of those other girls."

Drago nodded. Nicky was fairly sure he knew all this already and was just using her to confirm things. She was also a little irked that John Sutton had made an offer for Legs, but not for her. Not that she wanted to be sold back to him!

The Royal Harem team," he went on, "didn't have their own arena last year, as their participation was experimental. But now they're staying for at least one more year, they're looking for a long term lease on an arena of their own."

"I heard they were looking to build a stadium of their own," Nicky said.

"They were at one stage, but now they're negotiating to lease ours instead."

This was news to Nicky, and not good news. Home advantage in matches meant that, after the five compulsory sections, the home team could choose the other four, and their arena would be equipped for the things they were best at enduring. There were also usually slight variations in the five compulsory sections dictated by the exact type of equipment at the home arena. Sharing an arena with another team lost some of that. Had the Harem team been inherently weaker than Nicky's side, that wouldn't matter, but they were not. The Harem squad were tough, brave girls, and now they had a year's experience and with a home arena of their own, they would be very difficult to beat indeed.

Difficult, and very painful.

"The thing is," Drago went on reflectively, "commercially, our team hasn't quite caught on the way I would have liked. With the Harem team joining the league at the same time, which I

hadn't anticipated, any potential new support was split between the two. In business terms, there are now too many League teams for a new team to do really well. So, I'm disbanding our team."

Nicky was taken aback. Her first thought was that she would not have to go into the arena again. It was a wonderful thought. The arena was a terrible place, where naked girls sweated and suffered horribly for the benefit of the cruel crowd. To win, a team had to endure awful pain; and yet, the punishment for the losing team was truly dreadful. Either way, when you walked into the arena as an arena slave, you knew you were in for a very bad time.

But Nicky's initial euphoria was quickly swept away by apprehension. Zoltan Drago had bought her to manage his team. If that was no longer needed, what would he do with her? He could well sell her to a mid-table team, or even one of the bottom of the table teams. Teams at the bottom lost more often, and each defeat meant devastating punishment. Nicky felt fear creep up her spine. He could do whatever he wanted. She had no rights.

"So that leaves me with quite a few surplus slaves on my hands," Drago said, easily reading what Nicky was thinking.

"Yes, master," Nicky said apprehensively in little more than a whisper.

"I'm going to conclude the sale of Legs this morning, and sign the lease deal on the stadium. The stadium deal is fine; it comfortably covers the costs I incurred in building it. I'll turn a very good profit on Legs, and Little Pussy is being sold to an admirer of hers as a pleasure slave. That leaves Tit and Tat, Heifer, and you."

Nicky waited, on tenterhooks.

"Now, when I first considered this option a couple of weeks ago, I was also thinking of another business venture. In Xanxta, they have loads of pony slaves, but that's never taken off here. I don't see any reason why it shouldn't, do you?"

Nicky shook her head. The streets of Xanxta, a desert oasis town in the Middle East were full of pony carts, but there were none in Corvalle. The terrain here was almost as flat until you reached the largely uninhabited foothills, and the sea air would help the pony girls cope with their workload. The climate here was very warm, but not as hot as Xanxta.

"So," he went on, "I'm going to start a little taxi service. I've had some carts made, which have coin slots. When there's a person's weight in the cart, the wheels automatically lock. You drop a coin in and the wheels unlock for a certain distance. You can pull a cart, can't you?"

"Yes, master," Nicky said slightly absent-mindedly, still somewhat stunned by the turn of events.

"I thought so. You and Heifer should be able to each manage a cart on your own, and I'm going to pair Tit and Tat: being sisters might make them a curiosity item, don't you think?"

Nicky's answer was prevented by a knock on the door. In response to Zoltan Drago's call, it opened and Francesca came in. Her earlier brash sexiness had gone, her movement was noticeably stiffer than before, her face was paler and her eyes looked watery.

"Ah, Francesca, have you had the knout?" Drago asked casually.

"Yes, master," the Spanish beauty said quietly, clearly struggling to keep her voice even.

"Let me see."

Wordlessly the girl turned around to show her exposed bottom. Six raised ridges decorated the shapely flesh of her cheeks, each one a darker, more purple shade than her deeply tanned and otherwise flawless skin.

"That will do fine," Drago said in the same casual tone. "Off you go, then."

"Yes, master, thank you master," said Francesca as she left the room. Nicky knew that she would hurry back to her quarters and apply ointment to the welts. The ointment would sting like crazy, but in a few hours it would numb the welts a little and the healing process would begin.

Drago had already forgotten her. "I'm making an announcement to the Corvalle press about the deal later today; it should be on the evening news tonight. You might like to tell the girls yourself before they hear it on the news. Legs and Little Pussy will be sent to their new owners tomorrow. You and Heifer are pony trained, so you can show Tit and Tat the ropes over the next few days. Adverts are going out for the new taxi service; it should start in a week's time. Off you

go.” He turned from her and picked up a file, then remembered something. “Oh, by the way, I’ve booked you to appear on ‘Fuck That Slave’ tomorrow night. You need to be at the theatre for seven o’clock, show starts at eight.”

“Yes, master,” Nicky said. He hadn’t consulted her, of course, but then her social calendar was entirely as he dictated: anything she herself arranged was completely subject to his whims.

Nicky left him and hurried away. Whatever else she might be feeling; there was always an intense sense of relief when she left her somewhat unpredictable owner’s presence, because he hadn’t taken his whip to her.

Elsewhere in the large mansion, a quietly sobbing Francesca nerved herself and applied a generous dose of stinging ointment to her welted bottom.

Zoltan Drago turned back to his paperwork, though it took a bit of effort. He’d been tempted to make Nicky strip and give her a good fucking, but he had work to do. That was the trouble with owning slaves, it could easily become such a distraction that you never got anything done. Nicky never realised just how attractive she was, either: sluts like Francesca were alright, but once you got past the boobs and the pout there was no substance there. On top of his pile of papers was the deeds to Little Pussy, along with the cheque from the man who had bought her. Zoltan decided he would have her and Legs together in his bed tonight as a threesome, after which the two would be sent to their new owners. He forced himself to concentrate on checking that all was in order with the documentation on their sales.

## CHAPTER TWO

Nicky returned to her room and sat down for a moment to reflect on the unexpected turn of events. She needed to go down to the beach and break the news to her squad, but there was no desperate hurry: there was seven hours before the evening news went on air on the local TV station, and no other news media that would leak the story first.

So she was free of the dreaded spectre of the arena. Of course, she had been allowed to retire once before, only to be dragged back in by her new owner, but now it seemed a more permanent escape. She could almost feel the weight lift from her shoulders: an arena match was a terrible experience, so bad that it could not be comprehended by anybody who had not experienced it firsthand.

But on the other hand, the sheer awfulness of it also created a tremendous camaraderie amongst the girls forced into it. Winning matches, and even more, winning the league itself, was such an achievement that it was something to be very proud of. Pride, Nicky had long since learnt, is important for a slave, at least one like her: you were humiliated so much of the time, so publicly and so extremely, that you had to have something to be proud of, to maintain some feeling of self-worth. Nicky was proud of her achievements as an arena slave and rightly so: her old team, with her as a leading member, had won the league for three consecutive years, something no other arena team had ever done, and she was the only member of all three winning teams.

Nicky's eyes fell on her three championship belts mounted side by side on the wall. Each of them, in a telling commentary, had a crotch strap from which a large dildo protruded. On an impulse, Nicky slipped her sandals, summer dress and brief underwear off and unhooked one of the belts from the wall. She stepped her shapely legs into it and began to pull it up until the head of the dildo pushed against her crotch. After taking a moment to lubricate it from a nearby bottle, she opened her sex lips and guided the plastic phallus deep into her body, the only way the belt could be worn. She brought the belt up to her waist, which meant that she was now fully impaled, and clicked the press stud that locked the belt around her slim waist with the crotch strap. She could feel the intruder deep within her. She had chosen the belt commemorating the second championships she had won: each of the three phalluses was different and she could always tell which of the three belts she was wearing from the feel of the thing inside her.

For long moments, Nicky relived the triumph of the presentation, after they had won their last match of the season to ensure the title for the second year running. But then she also remembered the uncountable torments she had suffered, naked in front of hundreds of slaving cruel men in the stadium and thousands more on the local television network, all of whom enjoyed her often unbearable suffering. Nicky undid the belt, feeling the plastic prick slide out of her. She pulled some kitchen tissues off a roll and wiped the phallus clean of the lubricant and her juices before hanging it back on the wall. She was proud of what she had done, but she was also immensely glad to be free of the arena. Not that her new fate would be a bed of roses: she had slaved before briefly as a pony slave, and it was hard, relentless, humiliating and painful.

But not as painful as the arena.

She pulled herself free of her reverie. The rest of her team were at the beach, so that was where Nicky needed to go, to give them the news. But she was a slave. She couldn't just leave the mansion. She needed to report to the major domo first. That, unfortunately, was never a pleasant experience.

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Alfred Parkes was in his late fifties. He was a seedy little man who knew that women instinctively disliked him, which was unfortunate as he was very keen on them and rather more unfortunate for those who came within his power. As the man Zoltan Drago referred to as his "major domo" – personal assistant and accountant was a more accurate title – he was fortunate

enough to have some power over Drago's slaves, though not as much as he would have liked. Still, he was lucky enough, having left Britain under something of a financial cloud, to have gained this position here. He was good with the books, when he was not falsifying them and he was far too smart to ever do that here. He was onto far too much of a good thing.

The knock on his office door irritated him until he saw Nicky come in. He quite liked this girl: she showed proper respect for him and followed orders properly rather than paying lip service to them. Of course, she still only did so because she had no choice, but even so ...

"Master, Mr. Drago has told me about his plans for breaking up the arena squad," she said, realising that he would know all about it. "I'm to go to tell the girls. They went down to the beach this morning."

"Of course, no problem," he smiled effusively at her. "Had you thought what you might wear?"

"I thought this dress would be all right," said Nicky hopefully, but not very hopefully.

"Oh dear me no, not for the beach," he said. He liked to play the part of the crusty old professor, though it wasn't convincing. "Swimwear for the beach, definitely. What about that nice little polka dot number? Pop and put that on."

"Yes, sir," Nicky said and withdrew. A couple of minutes later she returned in a very brief bikini. It was very brief indeed: the bottoms were a thong, though at least the triangle at the front was of – comparatively – reasonable size. Like most of Nicky's clothes, the costume had been chosen by Parkes or one of the other male staff and any preference the girl might have for covering up was not taken into consideration. The bra was not substantial, around half of each of Nicky's fine young breasts could clearly be seen, but even so Alfred said, "I think we can dispose of the top, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," Nicky said, hiding any disappointment she might feel, though in truth she had pretty much expected this. She took the top off and made no attempt to shield her firm boobs from his eager view. Alfred looked her up and down admiringly. He liked the lithe, trim figure, the well proportioned but not too large breasts, the trim stomach, the excellently sculpted legs. The face was very pretty too, framed by those curly dark red locks of hair and she retained a friendly, pleasant look, although he knew well that she could be a tough, determined competitor in the arena. A silver ring through each of her nipples sat comfortably on them, a clear badge of her status as an arena slave.

Nicky stood there patiently and said nothing. She knew she was being ogled and she just had to accept it, as he was well aware. Still, he hadn't got all day.

"Well, I suppose we'd better get you nice and secure," he smiled at her, opening a draw in his desk and taking out a small, square golden padlock, a couple of inches wide.

Without needing to be asked, Nicky came within easy reach of him and pushed the thong down until it was just above her knees. The triangle of pubic hair, the same dark red colour as the hair on her head, was neatly but only slightly trimmed and fairly thick and visible. In each match in the league, one of the girls on the losing team had her snatch publicly shaved and therefore a full pubic head of hair was something of a matter of pride to arena girls. Two more silver rings, one hanging from each labia, could just about be seen through the curls of hair.

It would only be a moment's work to attach the lock to the two labial rings, effectively preventing penetration of the girl, but Alfred saw no reason to hurry. Instead, he ran his fingers through her pubic hair and then slipped one just inside her sex lips. "Have you been had today?" he asked conversationally.

"No, master," Nicky said quietly, ignoring with what he could see was a slight effort the invasive finger.

"Yesterday?"

"No, master. The day before, though." Evidently she felt that she might as well volunteer the information. That was what he liked about her: some of the other slaves would have held the embarrassing information back for as long as they could. Of course, it wouldn't have helped them, but it was understandably instinctive.



“Ah, and who was that?”

Nicky flushed ever so slightly, whether from the finger or the intrusive question he wasn't sure. “I didn't get his name, master. He was here for a business meeting with Mr Drago in the morning. After the meeting was over, I was instructed to... look after him.”

Alfred smiled. At the age of twenty-six, after eight years of slavery and an uncountable number of men enjoying the fruits of her lovely body, Nicky still sought some slight comfort in euphemisms. Business meetings in Corvalle usually concluded with the host ensuring the guest was ‘looked after’, as Nicky had put it.

He now had two fingers in her tight cunt, one going a little deeper whilst the other rubbed her clitoris. He could tell from the stiff way she stood that he was having an effect on her, but that it was not something she welcomed. However, she was far too well trained to resist.

“Master? If you wanted to, perhaps I could ask Mr Drago if he would let me entertain you tonight,” she said, her voice slightly more breathy now but sounding more submissive than eager.

He stopped his ministrations. Drago might say yes and he might not: he could be unpredictable. He regularly gave one of his slave girls to Alfred for the evening – Alfred had sampled all of them from time to time, Nicky included – but Drago liked to be the one to initiate it rather than being asked. And although Alfred had some rights over Nicky, sex with her without Drago's permission was not one of them. He suspected she had made this ‘offer’ quite deliberately to get away from him, taking the calculated risk that he wouldn't take her up on it and risk irritating his employer. She was a bright girl. Reluctantly he removed his fingers and wiped them on a tissue. “That's not a bad idea,” he said with forced geniality. “Not tonight, though, I have other plans. I'll let you know when I might be free.”

“Yes, master,” Nicky said simply. They both knew it was a face-saver for him and he knew she knew. It didn't bother him: one of the days he would engineer an excuse to give her a disciplinary spanking, something he was within his explicit rights to do to her without consultation and that would even the score. And she would accept it, because she knew she had to.

He'd enjoyed giving Francesca the knout an hour ago.

He picked up the little padlock and opened the clasp with a small key from a bunch on his desk. Carefully he threaded it through her two labial rings, brushing her pubic hair out of the way, and clipped it shut. Her sex lips stretched slightly as he not too gently let it go and they took the small but for them significant weight of it. She would feel them return to their normal length when she pulled up the thong. The triangle of polka dot material covered the padlock and supported the weight, but the clear imprint of the lock showed through the tight lycra. Nicky could now not have sex until the padlock was removed. Only two men held a key, the same one which opened all the similar locks in this household: himself and Zoltan Drago. That gave Alfred a delicious feeling of power and made him inclined to be generous. “I don't think we will need you until later this evening, so once you've got the message to the girls you can spend the day on the beach with them,” he said.

She brightened a little and favoured him with a smile. He always liked how she bore no grudges for things like his groping of her a few moments ago. “Thank you, master, see you later,” she said, and turned and departed.

Alfred watched her almost totally uncovered and exceptionally shapely bottom as she walked away and only after she had gone did he make the considerable effort to get his mind back on his work.

## CHAPTER THREE

Nicky stepped out of the mansion door into the mid-morning sun, which felt lovely and warm on her almost bare body. She wore just the thong, which was as good as nothing at the rear, sandals, and the padlock hidden under it but with its outline clearly visible against the taut material. She didn't like walking almost completely undressed in public, but she was not unused to it.

Actually, there was hardly anybody around. Most people would be either at work, at the shops or on the beach. The mansion was about ten minutes walk from the beach using the shortest route, but that took you through the shopping area, which Nicky had no desire to go through in her current state of undress, so she took a longer route which would keep her away from the busier areas until she was very close to the sea front.

As Nicky turned a corner into another street, she saw a pretty young girl walking rather gingerly in the other direction towards her. The girl had long brown hair and a good figure, which was very evident because she was stark naked, not even wearing any footwear. Her pubic mound was mostly shaven, just leaving a slim landing strip of hair and Nicky's sharp eyes noted the lack of nipple or labial rings, so the girl was not an arena girl, though she obviously was a slave. She was sobbing, her eyes red, and Nicky's experienced eyes noted the slightly stiff gait. The two beauties passed on the street, Nicky nodding a casual greeting and what slight encouragement she could offer but getting no response from the other girl, who didn't look out of her teens. After they had passed each other, Nicky turned and looked at the girl's retreating form, confirming what she had expected. The girl's cute derriere was covered with a series of red weals. They looked very fresh, probably less than an hour old; the purple bruising would not fully show until later, and at the moment Nicky knew they would be throbbing terribly. A cane, she guessed, or maybe a riding crop. As she watched, the girl's hands went to her bottom, probably not for the first time, in the vain hope that the pain could be massaged out, but within a couple of moments the hands dropped away again, as the girl doubtless found the weals too tender to touch.

Nicky wondered what the girl had done to merit the chastisement. Of course, it was possible that she had done nothing at all, but usually there was some slight misdemeanour involved. The girl didn't look more than eighteen or nineteen and so was probably very inexperienced, perhaps even a new slave. It was only natural for a young girl new to all this to balk at some of the things she would be ordered to do: walking the streets naked was in itself very daunting, although that might have been an extra punishment. Perhaps the girl had, even for just a brief moment, denied her owner what were euphemistically called his ownership rights – i.e. full sexual access and in fact apparently willing co-operation. That was something else that was hard for a new girl to get used to. Not all slaves were taken through the Slave Training Centre process, either: many masters liked to train their own. Nicky, thankfully, had never been there: she had been thrown straight into the arena, which had been bad enough, but by all accounts there was nothing as bad as the STC.

Nicky turned back on her way. A wry smile crossed her lovely features: she had been pitying the girl for having to walk the streets naked, almost as if she herself was fully dressed; but in fact here Nicky was, her boobs fully on view, dressed only in a minuscule thong, the rest of her body entirely exposed and on show. Even her padlock's outline was easy to see under the tiny and skin-tight triangle of cloth which was her sole source of modesty. This, for Nicky, counted as "dressed". If that girl was indeed eighteen, she would be the same age that Nicky was when she was captured and enslaved. Just suppose, Nicky pondered, I at that age, before I was kidnapped and brought here, could see me now, walking down the street dressed like this. What would I have thought?

She turned a corner into another street which was almost but not quite deserted. A man was strolling in the other direction, towards her. He didn't look in a hurry, which was often not good news for a slave. Nicky wondered for a moment if she dare cross to the other side of the street to avoid him, but decided it wasn't wise. Slaves were not supposed to do such things and it would also call her to his attention. So she just had to cross her fingers that he wouldn't stop her.

But that obviously wasn't going to happen. She could see his eyes feasting on her as they neared each other, first looking her up and down and then settling unwaveringly on her firm breasts. Nicky pretended not to notice the very obvious leer, but when she was about to pass him he held out his hand and snapped his fingers in a very clear gesture for her to stop.

Nicky stood; hands at her sides. His eyes leisurely travelled down her shapely body again, then all the way up to her face, then settled once more on her breasts. She was quite used to being ogled like this, which was not to say that it was pleasant. She knew her body was good, which was a very small comfort. He, on the other hand, was in his fifties, dumpy and ugly and with a considerable beer belly.

But he was a free man, and she was a slave.

"Turn around," he said brusquely. Nicky obeyed and felt the eyes wander steadily down her back to her entirely exposed bottom, then down her legs and again back up. He repeated the command and she turned to face him once more, her hands still by her side. Many years ago she would have been blushing furiously and hopping with embarrassment from one leg to the other by now, but these days it just caused a slight flush in her cheeks.

A pudgy hand reached out. Nicky held herself still and felt his clammy paw fix on her boob. The other hand went for the other boob. She felt him run his fingers appreciatively over her smooth flesh, then knead it a little. His index fingers then played with her nipple rings.

"Arena slave?" he asked.

"Yes, master," Nicky said, not unhappy that she hadn't been recognised. At one time, during and after the third year her team won the league, her face and body were extremely well known in Corvalle, but fame is fleeting, which suited her. "Well, actually, ex-arena slave now," she corrected.

"I don't follow it really," he said. "I watch a bit on telly occasionally, but it doesn't really interest me. I'm a boob man myself."

I think I can tell that, thought Nicky to herself as he started to knead her boobs roughly once more, but she answered simply, "yes, master."

"And of course nothing beats a good old fashioned fucking," he went on. "But is that a padlock I see under your knickers?"

"Yes, master," said Nicky apologetically, though secretly she was very relieved. He was most assuredly not a man she fancied, though many worse had had their way with her over the years. Had it not been for her being locked, he would almost certainly have pulled her into some nearby bushes or a quiet corner and had sex with her. Maybe even right in the middle of the street if he had the self-confidence to do it publicly. She, of course, had no right to resist. The standard convention was that if an owner sent a slave out undressed – anything less than a full bikini – then they were normally considered available for use; but the padlock sent an emphatic opposite message. It did not, however, do anything to prevent the sort of groping she was getting at this moment. She could only wait until he had finished.

He mauled her tits for a minute or so longer, then sent her on her way with a sharp smack on her bare bottom but without any further comment. Nicky took the cue to leave gratefully, but she didn't really relax until she was around the next corner.

This was just outside the shopping area, and part way down there was a music shop. As Nicky was in no real hurry, she wandered inside. There was only one person in the shop, a pimply, lanky youth who looked up bored from his magazine as she entered, gathered himself a good eyeful of her nearly nude body, but said nothing. A current pop tune, a favourite of Nicky's, blared out from speakers by his desk.

Idly, Nicky flicked through the shelves of CDs and DVDs. Zoltan Drago very occasionally allowed her the purchase of an album, but there was nothing here she really wanted. She was aware that the pimply youth was ogling her, but it was pleasantly cool in the shop compared to the hot day outside, so she put up with it and carried on browsing. She moved on to the posters and began to flick through them. There was the usual mix of pop stars, movie stars, footballers and cartoons, but there were also some of arena girls. And then she found one of herself.

She was standing naked in the arena, her body marked and battered by the ordeals she had already undergone and gleaming with sweat. Despite the massed audience – it was clearly a sell-out match – which meant that there were probably several hundred spectators, 90% of them male, she was clearly oblivious to her nudity and not just because of the pain that would be coursing through her weal-covered, exhausted body. Nicky was “in the zone”, as sports players put it. You could see it in her eyes: they burned with a fierce, animal determination not just to get through this match but to win it. Nicky had seen this poster before: it was a major match, a title decider in the third year that her team, Sutton’s Slags, had won the title and it was against their biggest rivals of those days, Tibbets’ Tits. The cameraman had caught her perfectly and the picture was incredibly sexy. Despite everything, she was standing on the balls of her bare feet, every inch the athlete, waiting for the next dread ordeal grimly but without flinching. It was a great photo, though Nicky would rather not dwell on the fact that it probably adorned the bedroom walls of a fair few adolescent male fans who had masturbated to it many times. Even less did she enjoy the thought that some of those fans would have been present on the rare occasions her team tasted defeat and some would have taken the opportunity to actually fuck her in person during the obligatory gangbang of the pain-maddened losing team after the match.

Nicky moved on from the photo and tried to recapture her previous comparatively light mood. She managed it after a short while. One small advantage to being a slave was that you learnt to accept whatever happened to you, however unpleasant it often was. You endured it and moved on.

She finished looking around and began to move towards the door, but the pimply youth said “hello there” as she moved past him and gestured for her to stop.

“Hello, master,” she replied politely. Every man in Corvalle, save only for the few male slaves, was her master. She wanted to leave now, but his gesture, though casual, had been clear. He couldn’t be more than nineteen, an obvious geek, with an ugly face and a weedy body. It didn’t matter: he was a free man.

“What’s your name?” he asked in a friendly voice.

“Slave Nicky Nipples, master.” Nicky was the name she had been christened with, the rest had been given to her when she first arrived here.

His eyes slid languidly down to her chest. “They’re nice nipples, that’s for sure,” he said almost dreamily. “Let’s have a feel.”

Nicky moved over to him and, for the second time in ten minutes, stood placidly whilst a man pawed and groped her breasts.

“You know, you and me could make some beautiful music together,” he sighed as he pawed her.

“Yes, master,” Nicky said evenly. He smelt of stale sweat and cigarette smoke. Before her enslavement, she wouldn’t have gone near him. But that was a long time ago.

“How about if we go into the back of the shop and I’ll give you a quick fuck?” he asked.

Of course she had no say in the matter, but she had an ace in the hole. “Sorry master, but I can’t,” she said, trying to inject a note of regret in her voice that she certainly didn’t feel. “I’m locked.”

“Huh? Oh, fuck it! Show me.”

Nicky’s hands went immediately to the thong and pushed it down, exposing her curly red pubic hair. The little golden padlock swung free, her sex lips stretched slightly once more by its weight.

“Sod it, what does your owner want to go and do a thing like that for?” the geek asked in clear frustration.

“He’s my owner, so he does whatever he likes,” answered Nicky, trying to sound apologetic rather than relieved. She pulled her thong back up, feeling her labias return to their normal shape as the thong took the weight of the lock. She reached inside the thong and adjusted how the lock lay, to keep it as comfortable as possible. With a pair of tight knickers or swimsuit bottoms like these, she could often forget the lock was there. Of course, that same tightness that kept the weight of the

lock off her sex lips also clearly showed the outline of the lock and therefore its presence to everyone else around her.

“No consideration for other people, that’s what I reckon,” the geek grouched. Nicky would have liked to observe that a successful businessman who has built up wealth and power can do these things, whilst a lazy shop assistant kid could not, but of course she did not dare even hint at that.

“Sorry, master,” Nicky repeated. “Can I go now? I have an errand to run.” Well, it was sort of true, though not anywhere near as urgent as she made it sound.

He looked thoughtful. “You’re not gagged, though, and I bet you know how to use that mouth. You could give me a blow job.”

Nicky’s lovely face showed a trace of alarm, not just at the prospect of sucking this ugly little toe-rag. “Master, I’m locked,” she pointed out. Corvalle convention was that a locked slave should not be used for any sort of sexual congress. Pawing over and even a mild spanking were unfortunately still considered reasonable things to do. The conventions of Corvalle regarding slaves were quite powerful: Zoltan Drago could complain quite forcefully to the store owner if he found out about this, possibly even get the geek the sack. More to the point from Nicky’s perspective, if Drago even slightly suspected that she herself was trying to get around her chastity lock in any way, she could get a severe whipping.

“Doesn’t stop you using your mouth, though, does it?” the youth pointed out. “Tell you what: come under the counter here, where nobody will see you.”

It was the best she was going to get. The counter was almost chest high, so it would obscure what was happening. Nicky crawled into the tight space under the counter and he stood up behind it, crushing her into that space but making it impossible for anybody coming into the shop and even up to the counter to see what was going on. When her face only a few inches from his crotch, she unzipped his fly and pulled his manhood out. It wasn’t an impressive specimen and it wasn’t particularly clean either, but slaves cannot be choosers. She only had to lean forwards slightly to bring it to her lips. Gently, she kissed it, then her slim fingers began to stroke it, showing it an apparent reverence which was far from what she felt. However, Nicky was skilled in keeping her feelings to herself, just as she was both skilled and experienced in the ways of pleasing men. Even so, this one took some work. Long minutes passed in the hot, cramped space below the desk as Nicky worked away. Bringing him semi-erect was not difficult, but going further proved less easy. Nicky brought all her skills into play, his rod now fully in her soft mouth, her tongue lapping at the underside of his dick whilst the fingers of her one hand gently stroked his balls and her other hand cupped them delicately.

Then, just as she was beginning to make real progress, Nicky heard somebody enter the shop. She stiffened, but she immediately knew that she could not afford to stop, because it had taken a lot of doing to get him up this far and she might not be able to bring him back even to this stage if she had to start again from the beginning. He leant forwards, crushing her even more tightly into the tiny space under the desk but at least preventing the customer from having any slightest possibility of seeing what was happening. Slightly breathless, he greeted whoever it was – Mrs somebody or other – and avoided saying anything else while they had a quick look around before leaving the shop. The minute Nicky heard the door close behind the woman on her way out, the slave redoubled her efforts. Now he was close to coming, closer, closer ...

He exploded into her mouth. Braced for this, Nicky immediately began to swallow the hot salty cum. For somebody who had been so hard to bring off, he was quite a heavy creamer: what seemed like gallons of the stuff poured from him. Nicky gulped it all down, then when he had finished, she dutifully and gently licked him clean. When she finally, carefully, tucked his manhood back inside his trousers and did up his fly, there was only a slight dampness on his crotch from her own tongue. In fact, she ruefully reflected, his dick was probably cleaner now than when he had started.

Another customer had come in while she was finishing cleaning him off and she had to wait for this customer to make a purchase and leave before the young geek could let her out. She emerged hot and sweating from the airless cubby.

“Not bad,” he grinned. “You’re not just a pretty face and a good pair of tits.”

“Thank you, master,” Nicky said politely. It wasn’t exactly a welcome compliment, but it was what she was used to. “May I leave now?”

“Sure.” His appetite slaked, he had lost interest.

“May I please have a glass of water first?”

He grinned. “Salty taste in the mouth? Sure, there’s a kitchen out the back.

A couple of minutes later, Nicky was on her way. Hopefully there would be no more ‘diversions’ on her journey.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Nobody else stopped her, thankfully. As Nicky came closer to the beach and consequently more crowded streets, she was aware of a few appreciative male stares at her bare breasts and lithe body and once felt a grasping male hand on her almost equally bare bottom, but nothing more. It was the sort of exposure and attention she was used to, though she had never quite grown comfortable with it. But, as ever, she had no choice.

Once she stepped on the beach, she felt a little better. Around a quarter of the women here were topless, free women as well as slaves. She walked down the beach, looking for her team and found them sunning themselves. All five, like her, were topless. Little Pussy, however, was fully nude and had no lock on. She wasn't shy about it, either: she lay face up with legs wide apart, giving a full view of her excellent body. The others were all locked: the imprint of the padlocks showed clearly through their tight bikini bottoms or thongs.

Tat, the younger of the two sisters, saw her first. "Hey Nicky!" she chirruped cheerfully as she sat up. The others also sat up and added their greetings.

Nicky replied with equal friendliness, but then glared at Little Pussy. "Pussy, what do you think you're doing?" she asked firmly. She only ever used their slave names, trying to help them accept their slave status. Most of them now did the same, sometimes even the sisters to each other. In their case, and perhaps some others, Nicky suspected they were trying to divorce themselves now from their old, pre-slave selves. Her slave name, perhaps unfortunately, was of course her real name, with the addition of the surname 'Nipples'.

"I'm getting a nice all-over tan," Little Pussy said evenly, ignoring Nicky's glare. "You were the one who said we can use good tans."

Nicky ignored this. "Why aren't you locked?" she asked.

"Because I've got a date later."

'Date' was a euphemism: Little Pussy meant Zoltan Drago was lending her out to some man for the evening and she would be expected to serve him sexually. All of them had to do this sometimes. Mostly they endured it, apart from Little Pussy who generally enjoyed it. Well, sometimes it didn't turn out too bad. Other times ...

Of course, it could be that she had met a boy and had gained permission to go on an actual date with him; but in that case, Nicky doubted that Drago would unlock her. He was very possessive of his girls like that.

"So do you think it's a good idea to go around starkers on the beach?" she asked.

"Why not?" Pussy retorted.

Nicky sighed. "Pussy, we're slaves. If any man wants us, he can have us. The only thing which stops him is the chastity lock. Sure, it's a restriction on us, but actually it protects us as well. You go around parading yourself like that without a lock and showing everybody you're not locked and you'll be abused pretty soon."

"You said it wasn't abuse, it was our owner or others making use of his property," Little Pussy pointed out.

"So do you want to be used right now?"

Little Pussy shrugged. "I'm going to be used tonight, so why not now as well?" she asked.

"Fine if it's some handsome young guy, but what if it's some old lecher?"

Again Little Pussy shrugged. "It'll probably be some old lecher tonight, so I'll take my chance now."

"Anybody fancy going for a swim?" Tit asked, clearly trying to defuse the tension.

Nicky was grateful for the intervention, because really she had no answer to Little Pussy's last statement and insufficient authority to make the girl cover up. "Before you do, I've got some news," she said. They all settled down around her. "Our owner's going to withdraw the team from the league."

As expected, they were taken aback. Nicky explained the business reasons, as they had been explained to her.

"So what happens to us?" Legs asked soberly.

Nicky looked her in the eye. "Legs, you're being sold to Sutton's Slags. Well, have been sold, actually."

"Just like that?" Tit asked. "No say in the matter at all?"

Nicky shook her head. "We're slaves. We're property. If our owner feels like selling us, or gets a good offer, that's up to him. We have no say in it, like you said." She turned to Little Pussy. "You're being sold to somebody as his pleasure slave. Apparently you've got an admirer."

Little Pussy tried to preen, but nervousness prevailed. "Do you know who?" she asked.

"Sorry, I wasn't told," Nicky said as gently as she could.

"You could have asked."

"That would probably have earned me a whipping and it'll get you one too if you ask," Nicky replied. Little Pussy nodded her agreement, their antagonism of a few moments ago gone now.

"What about us?" Tat asked anxiously, glancing at her sister.

Nicky realised immediately that the two feared being separated and cursed herself for not allaying their fears sooner. "The rest of us aren't being sold. Mr. Drago is setting up a pony carting taxi firm. We'll be the ponies. Heifer, you and I will each be pulling a cart. Tit and Tat, you're going to be a double team."

"You mean pulling a pony cart through the streets like we sometimes have to do in the arena?" Tit asked, horrified.

Nicky nodded. "And probably just as undressed," she added grimly.

The sisters absorbed the news and asked other questions, most of which Nicky didn't know the answers to, though she could tell them a bit about pony carting. Oddly, they seemed more daunted about appearing naked in harness on the streets than in the arena, though Nicky could empathise with this. Heifer, who had come from Xanxta and so was used to ponies and had been sold at least once before, said nothing.

Then, just as the questions died down, they heard a cheerful male voice say "hello, girls."

They turned to see a bronzed and handsome young man in his late teens or early twenties beaming at them, though his eyes were more on their six pairs of well-formed and fully on view boobs.

"Hello," they chorused back, warily for the most part, though Little Pussy was notably less reticent and, to a lesser extent, Tat as well.

As they had now turned to face him, he had an even better view of their tits. "Arena slaves?" he asked.

Given that they all had pierced nipples, it wasn't a difficult deduction. "Yes, master," Nicky said on behalf of the group.

"Mmm, very nice," he said, his eyes running up and down each of them quickly in turn. "Let's have a look at the full view."

His meaning was clear. Immediately, all of them except the already nude Little Pussy pushed their thongs or bikini bottoms down and stepped out of them. Nicky felt the familiar slight flush of being fully nude in front of a man, a feeling she had never managed to lose completely despite her years of slavery. She also felt the equally familiar weight of the padlock as it swung free and the slight stretch of her sex lips.

He turned to Little Pussy. "How come you're not locked?" he asked, repeating Nicky's earlier question.

"I've got a date tonight, master," Little Pussy almost purred, clearly being seductive.

He mulled this over. "A date, huh? Anybody you know?"

"No, master," Little Pussy replied, clearly admitting what the situation was. "But I'm sure I'll have fun." She couldn't quite meet his eyes, but it was a good recovery nevertheless.

His eyes remained on her. "Pity," he said.



“I’m sure some practice beforehand wouldn’t be a bad thing,” Little Pussy said hurriedly, though the lowered eyelids and coquettish stance gave the hasty come-on line better support.

His eyes at last left her and scanned the lengthy beach. “I reckon those dunes over there will be pretty quiet,” he said speculatively.

Little Pussy stood up, making no slightest effort to hide her nudity, and slipped her hand brazenly (for a slave) into his. “Let’s go and find out, master,” she said. “See you later, girls.”

They walked off together, Little Pussy not even bothering to take her bikini bottoms with her. Legs sighed. “You have to admit, she does manage to pick them,” she observed.

Tit reached with relief for her own bikini bottoms. “Good luck to her,” she said slightly archly. “Anybody for that swim now?”

## CHAPTER FIVE

At twenty to seven the following evening, Nicky was again walking along the street.

At least this time she was fully dressed, having received no instructions to the contrary. White blouse with just the top couple of buttons open, grey mini skirt of respectable length and sandals made up her outfit. She didn't look like a slave, which hopefully and probably meant she wouldn't be stopped and abused.

Slaves were not actually forbidden from using public transport, assuming they could pay for it, which was unlikely, but in any case Nicky liked to walk, especially on a beautiful night like this. It was warm, as always here, but the sea breeze prevented any stuffiness. The streets were also nicely quiet. What commuter traffic there was in Corvalle tended to be gone by six at the latest and it was now well later than that.

Nicky didn't know exactly what the evening held in store for her. She could have made some fairly reliable guesses, but it was best not to dwell on it. She had appeared on this programme once before and watched it a few times; the format varied quite a bit, but it was never nice.

She turned the corner to bring the theatre in sight. The business entrance was to the side and she sought this out, noting a small crowd gathering for the show. The programme had a live audience but was also filmed for broadcast a few days later on the local channel.

Nicky came to a desk, behind which sat a young woman similar to her own age in a smart suit. A name badge proclaimed her to be Sandra. She looked up and smiled at Nicky, who smiled politely back. "I'm Slave Nicky Nipples," Nicky introduced herself. "I'm expected at seven." She was a few minutes early, which was never a bad thing.

Sandra looked down at a list on the computer screen in front of her. "Oh yes," she said. "Do you have a consent form?"

Nicky handed over a folded piece of paper. It was signed by Zoltan Drago on his headed notepaper and confirmed that he gave permission for Nicky to have sex 'as and when required' tonight. Sandra put it into a file while Nicky kept her face studiously blank. "You're not locked?" she asked.

"No," Nicky replied quietly. The major domo had clearly known where she was being sent.

"Right," said Sandra, "you need to go and get changed – changing rooms down that corridor – and then report to the backstage holding area, which is signposted further down."

Nicky nodded. "What do I get changed into?"

"Just skin. You're an arena slave, aren't you?"

"Yes – well, a former one now."

"So you're ringed?"

"Yes."

"That's fine. You'll find lockers you can put your things in." Sandra smiled, genuinely. "Good luck."

"Thanks, mistress." Nicky smiled back and moved off. She didn't feel particularly like smiling, but Sandra had been pleasant and friendly, unlike many free women who could be very bitchy to female slaves.

She walked down the corridor as directed until she saw three changing rooms, marked men, women and slaves. There were no separate male and female slave facilities. This was standard in the city, except a few places where female slaves were expected to use the free men's changing rooms for the men's entertainment. Public toilets were similar. Privacy for a slave was a contradiction in terms.

There was nobody in the room. Nicky began to take her clothes off, storing them in one of the lockers, noting that several other lockers already contained clothes. There were no locks, but crime was rare in Corvalle. Any slave committing a crime risked severe punishment, whilst free people risked either banishment or worse being enslaved themselves. Also, of course, slaves were highly unlikely to have anything valuable with them.

At the point where she was down to bra and panties, the door opened and a young man walked in, maybe nineteen or twenty years old, handsome and muscular and smartly dressed in a tuxedo, though the outfit included a slave collar. His eyes lit up as he eyed Nicky. "Hi," he said breezily.

"Hi," Nicky said, politely but less enthusiastically.

"I'm Slave Adam," he introduced himself, admiring her scantily clad body.

"Slave Nicky," she returned briefly, conscious of the saucer-wide eyes roving over her. For all his muscularity, he looked rather young and gauche.

"I ... just wanted to check that my bow-tie was straight," he explained, and made a point of adjusting it in a wall mirror. Nicky sighed quietly, and continued removing her clothing. He could see her in the mirror and when she was naked he turned around and ogled her some more. "Wow," he almost whispered. "That's a fantastic body."

"Thank you," Nicky said very shortly.

There was a long moment's silence as he continued to gaze at her. Then, he guiltily said, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't be staring."

Now that was a refreshing change, something Nicky could appreciate. "No, everybody else is able to, so you might just as well join the crowd," she said without rancour. As he accepted the invitation, she asked, "Any idea what the plan is for tonight?"

"Sorry, not a clue," he replied, not taking his eyes from her naked form. "I haven't seen the auditorium. My job is just to check tickets on the door."

"You'll probably be having a better night than me, then," Nicky observed.

"Hey, I don't make the rules," he protested. Nicky shrugged, conceding the point. "How did you become a slave?" he asked.

"I was abducted and sold into slavery," she replied.

"Lifer, then," he deduced. "I'm sorry."

Nicky didn't really want his sympathy. "How about you?" she asked to change the subject.

"My parents' business got into difficulties. They lent money from some dodgy characters who went to great lengths to get all their money back. That included a two year deal on me. They were really bad-ass types, so my parents had no choice. Sorry, I suppose that means I've got a better deal than you there, too."

Nicky shrugged again. She had long since come to terms with her life sentence. "I'm guessing you've not been here long," she observed, noting that he was still staring at her.

"Er, no, just a month ago," he said. "Still getting used to the place. Some things are not so pleasant, but ... sorry," he said once more. "I guess it must be a lot worse for you."

"I'm used to it," Nicky said, though even these days that wasn't entirely true. She eyed the massive bulge in his crotch. "Be careful," she advised him. "If that goes off and you stain those trousers, you'll probably get a cane across that muscular behind of yours. And don't say 'sorry' again," she added.

She was actually amused to see her blush at the clearly substantial erection straining at his zip. "Er, perhaps I'd better go," he said reluctantly.

"Go out there with that bulge and I guarantee that some cruel free woman will hit it with her handbag, hard," Nicky pointed out. She sighed, coming to a decision. "We'll have to do something about it. Stand still and drop your trousers and shorts."

"What? Why? ... oh, I see," he stammered as she knelt down in front of him. He really was quite inexperienced, she observed, but the swollen manhood he revealed as he pushed his shorts down was not small.

"This will have to be fairly quick," she cautioned, and then could say no more as she closed her soft lips over his rigid member. He gasped in immediate ecstasy as she ran her tongue over his throbbing shaft. It reached right to the back of her mouth, but Nicky was very experienced in dealing with such things and avoiding gagging.

He didn't try to hold back. His hands reached down to caress her breasts and Nicky encouraged it, knowing it would help send him over the edge faster. Her hands ran down his hairy legs, gently creating sensations that would make his progress to orgasm unstoppable.

“Ah! Ah!” he gasped, and suddenly came.

Nicky felt the salty come jetting into her mouth. He was another heavy creamer. She could not risk any of it spilling onto his pristine suit, so her Adam’s apple worked convulsively as she swallowed the stuff down. Once he was spent, she also made sure she carefully licked his penis clean before it left her mouth. She had always been trained to do that anyway. Trained slaves don’t do sex quite the same way that free people do, she knew.

“Thank you,” he said breathily as he pulled his trousers up.

Nicky had gone over to a sink where a bottle of mouthwash stood. She poured a liberal dose into a paper cup and swirled it around her mouth before expelling it down the sink. “Don’t mention it,” she said dismissively. “Slaves should stick together. Besides, I’ll probably have to do a lot worse before tonight is out.”

“I really wish I could save you from that and take your place for it,” he said.

Nicky smiled. “You’re not quite equipped for the job,” she observed wryly. “Don’t worry, I’ve done a lot worse. You’d better get back to your post.”

He nodded. “Will I see you again?”

“We’re slaves in the same town, so it’s possible. No more than that. Go!”

He left with a smile and a last glance at her naked form. Nicky sighed. She had sucked him on a whim. But why not? He was good-looking and friendly and even considerate, and she had probably made his day. Such little victories were important to her in coping with her life.

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She joined a group of five other female slaves, all young, pretty and naked, sat in a group in a waiting room. Three of them were arena slaves and, like herself, had silver rings through their nipples and labia. All came from mid-table teams or below; she knew them vaguely, but no more than that. The other two girls were not arena slaves and Nicky didn’t know either of them, which was not surprising: the female slave population of Corvalle had been estimated at around two thousand in total. Both of the non-arena slaves looked quite young, maybe nineteen or even eighteen. They looked more nervous; the arena girls had all endured unbelievably in the arena and, although none of them looked enthusiastic, all knew this would not be as bad as that. Nobody spoke.

A woman appeared with a clipboard and an earpiece, clearly in touch with the studio director. “Right, girls,” she said breezily. “There are three parts to the show tonight. The first one involves all six of you. Which one of you is Susanne?” One of the arena girls raised a hand. “Your owner is our first man on the spot tonight. His challenge is to identify you by touch and feel out of the six girls.” She turned to the two non-arena girls. “Obviously he’ll be able to eliminate you two because you don’t have rings, but perhaps he might not be in too much of a hurry to do that. It’s all part of the show.” She turned back to the whole group. “Don’t give him any hints, any of you. No speaking at any time. Follow me, as quietly as you can.”

She led them to a side entrance to the main stage. The curtain was down and the opening theme tune was being played to audience applause on the other side of the curtain.

Set up on the stage were two wooden walls in a vee shape. At the front of each were three painted life-size figures, similar to the joke caricatures you see on seaside piers, where there is a hole for someone’s face so that photographs can be taken. Here, however, the faces were drawn in – again with caricature faces – and nude bodies with extreme proportions were also drawn. However, for each character there were two holes, one where the breasts were and one at the crotch.

The girls were led behind the boards and the woman gestured for each girl to stand behind one of the caricatures so that her boobs and pussy showed clearly through the holes. There was a specific berth for each girl with platforms of different heights to stand on so that they all appeared to be the same height. Following instructions, Nicky pressed herself against the boards so that her breasts jutted out of the higher hole and her hairy pussy showed clearly through the lower hole. As it happened, she was at the end of the one line facing the audience, though there were cameras around so that the other girls’ expressions could also be caught. There were no hiding places.

All six girls were in place by the time the show's female host walked on stage, introduced as Mary Williams. Nicky couldn't see her, as the curtain separated them. At the moment, she also couldn't see the audience, which of course worked both ways, but Nicky knew that would not last for long. With her most intimate areas not only on view but highlighted by the set-up, Nicky was feeling quite embarrassed. Straightforward nudity would have actually been easier.

After welcoming the studio and television audience and cracking a couple of jokes, the host got down to business. Nicky could hear the amplified voice quite clearly.

"Now, our first challenge on 'Fuck That Slave' tonight focuses on the question, how well do you know your slaves? Let's meet our guest slave owner, Mr David Appleby!"

There was applause from the audience as (Nicky presumed) the man in question came on. Mary chatted with him for a while, eliciting the fact that he owned a team of six arena slaves plus a couple of domestics. She asked how well he thought he knew his slaves' bodies. Pretty well, Appleby thought: after all, he said to laughter from the crowd, he went to bed with two of them most nights!

Mary laughed too. Easy for you to laugh, Nicky thought despondently: for slaves, it was often a reality.

"Well, let's put it to the test," Mary said. "Open the curtains!"

The curtains drew back to reveal six young pussies and six pairs of firm young breasts framed by the bizarre painted characters. There was more laughter from the audience, then applause. Nicky felt her face go red. Her tits and crotch were now fully displayed, as were those of the other girls. Some of the audience could see her side on, but Appleby had been carefully positioned so that he could only see the tits and pussies.

"So," invited Mary, "can you spot your girl? Obviously you'll need to inspect each one carefully!"

More laughter from the crowd. Appleby – Nicky assumed correctly – went into the vee shape and looked around, feigning bewilderment. Then he started to look more closely at the girl two places away from Nicky. From her side of the board Nicky could see the girl keeping her face as expressionless as she could and realised that Appleby was, as they say, copping a good feel.

"What do you think?" Mary prompted. "Is that Susanne?"

"Maybe," Appleby's voice came back. "Nice firm pair and Susie's are nice and firm. I think Susie's are a bit bigger, though."

"How about the next girl?"

Nicky heard Appleby take a couple of steps to the girl next to herself. The girl, a willowy blonde, pressed herself to the board with a look of misery. She could not have been more than nineteen years old and Nicky suspected she wasn't that experienced as a slave, but this wouldn't be nice for any nineteen year-old. The girl was one of the two non-arena slaves, so Appleby would know immediately by the absence of rings, but of course he wasn't going to let on just yet. That was the joke and the studio audience clearly shared and appreciated it.

After a long examination and much groping, he stood back. "So," asked Mary, "is that your slave?"

"Hmm," Appleby pretended to ponder. "Let me check a bit more." This time the studio audience laughed aloud at the prolonged joke. The blonde teenager's face was red as she stood and was groped. "No, perhaps not," Appleby said at length.

Nicky was next. She pressed herself into the board and waited. She sensed his presence just the other side of the wood, felt his eyes boring into her female assets and then felt the inevitable hands grasp her bosoms, one on each. He kneaded them roughly and at length. Then he let go.

Moments later she felt his hands again, this time in her even more intimate area. He stroked her sex lips, then playfully inserted a finger. Nicky went tense. She was not unused to this sort of treatment, but the circumstances and the audience made it worse than usual.

Eventually, his hands went away. Nicky heard Mary ask him his opinion again.

"She's got nice tits too, just like Susie," Appleby said. "Nice pussy as well. But I think Susie's pussy hair is a bit straighter and thinner." Nicky's pussy hair was quite curly and thick.

“So that’s not her, do you think?”

“I don’t think so.”

He moved on, to Nicky’s relief, though she had to remain with her boobs and pussy on view to the audience. Appleby went down the other line, eliminating the other non-ringed girl but very unsure between the other two.

“Well, let’s move on to stage two,” Mary said cheerfully. Maybe stage two is where you get your own tits and pussy out and let him play with them in front of everybody, Nicky thought acidly, but of course she said nothing. “All right, slaves,” Mary announced, “turn around, bend over and make yourselves available.”

There are many euphemisms which slaves need to understand and that is a common one. Nicky turned around, bent over and pushed her bottom into the lower hold so that her cheeks jutted out slightly the other side and the entrance to her sex was both visible and accessible. She had noted earlier that the lower hole was slightly larger than needed just to exhibit her pussy and now she knew why. In front of her as she now stood was a bar at around waist level and as she leaned forwards she was able to grip it to help her stay in place, which was clearly what it was there for. The other two girls beside her had done likewise and presumably so had the three on the other side of the vee.

There was a slight gasp from the girl at the far end of her side as Appleby entered her from the rear. Moments later he was rutting away. The wooden boards swayed slightly with the vibration.

Nicky could only wait for her turn, staring ahead of her. However, she became aware of a shivering beside her and looked around to see the young girl next to her silently crying. She must be very new to slavery, Nicky reflected, although this wasn’t a pleasant experience for any of them. Nicky let go of the bar with her right hand and placed her hand on the young girl’s forearm in a gesture of comfort and support. It wasn’t much, but it was all that she could do. However, the other girl, after looking forlornly at Nicky, stopped crying.

“Well, what do you think?” Mary’s voice drifted across from the other side of the boards. “Is that your slave?”

“Not sure,” gasped Appleby as he continued to enjoy the unresisting girl. “Could be.” He extracted himself and Nicky felt the blonde tense, knowing she was next, unless of course he passed her by, as he already knew for sure she was not his girl.

No chance. The blonde gasped loudly as he entered her, then she began to jerk backwards and forwards as he thrust energetically. She gripped the bar with clenched hands as she struggled to cope with both the physical and the emotional assaults on her.

After a long and, in terms of the official objective of the exercise, quite unnecessary rogering, he withdrew. Nicky took her hand off the blonde’s forearm and gripped the bar in front of her with both hands, forcing her body to relax.

She felt him enter her without ceremony and begin to pump. Nicky stayed relaxed, trying to ride the thrusting, focusing on the bar ahead of her and the dark recesses of the stage behind the boards. It was funny, she reflected, what went through her mind at times like this. On this occasion she was recalling a school play her friends had tried to get her to audition for when she was about seventeen. Shy and retiring, she hadn’t wanted to be on the stage and had declined to audition for even the smallest part. She wondered what her old school friends would say if they saw her on this stage now. It was not a particularly nice thought, but it was marginally better than focusing on what was happening to her.

The fucking went on for a minute or so, then she felt him pull out. Nicky breathed a sigh of relief.

“Is that the one?” she heard Mary ask.

“Don’t think so,” said Appleby.

“Well, three more left,” Mary said brightly.

“You’re working me hard,” Appleby said in mock complaint and the audience laughed.

One by one, Appleby went through the other three girls. All six were then ordered to return to their original position, with tits and pussies once more on show. Mary and Appleby then discussed

which one was his girl. The two non-ringed girls were easily eliminated, plus Nicky because of her curly pubic hair and one other whose breasts, he said, were slightly differently shaped to his slave. That left two girls, both from the other side of the vee from Nicky, and Appleby admitted he was far from sure which was the right one. After deliberating for a while, he announced that he thought it was slave number four.

"Well, let's see," Mary said. "Slave number four, come out!" Nicky heard a girl emerge from behind the screen. "Is this your property?"

"It is indeed," Appleby replied.

"You've found your girl," Mary said triumphantly, "so you win the challenge!"

There was thunderous applause from the crowd. Mary ordered the other girls out from behind the screens and Nicky and the other four girls came out, blinking in the bright stage lights and seeing the audience for the first time. There were about fifty people, a few women but mostly men. The cameras, however, were beaming the whole show out to a wider audience which probably numbered ten times as many. The blonde next to Nicky put as brave a face as she could on it. Nicky herself had been naked on television many times but still disliked it.

"So," Mary said as the applause – all for Appleby, Nicky knew – died down, "you've won the challenge and earned the right to 'Fuck That Slave'. But the question is, which slave will you choose to fuck? Not your own, presumably, as you can have her any time you like?"

"Quite right," said Appleby.

"So which one?"

Five girls waited, outwardly impassively but none wanting to be chosen.

"Well, Mary, it's an easy choice. As an arena team owner, I've long been a fan of one of these slaves, but no team of mine has ever beaten her team, so I've never been able to sample her delights before, so I'm not going to miss the chance now. I'm going to choose Slave Nicky Nipples!"

Nicky cursed silently. At the height of her fame, when she became the first arena slave to win three league titles, she was recognisable by well over half of the city of Corvalle's considerable population. After John Sutton had allowed her to retire, however, that fame had soon begun to ebb as new pretty faces and lovely bodies had come to the public attention. Even when her new owner had made her return to the arena last year, it had created only a limited amount of interest, particularly since her new team was already out of the running for the league title and the Royal Harem team were commanding much of the headlines. Now only a few recognised her. It was just her luck that this guy not only recognised her, but was a fan.

"What do you say to that, Slave Nicky Nipples?" asked Mary and thrust her microphone towards Nicky.

"It will be my privilege, mistress," Nicky answered, feigning enthusiasm.

Two stage hands were bringing a mattress out and laid it down in the centre of the stage. Appleby was already taking his clothes off; Nicky of course was already naked. Mary arranged the other five girls so that they stood around the mattress almost as a guard of honour; but more to the point, any spectator not particularly interested in watching this middle aged and indifferently endowed man shagging Nicky would be able to ogle the other nude girls instead.

Nicky lay on her back with her long slim legs wide and they started in the missionary position. Nicky was sure that somewhere along the way, either from the studio director or her owner Zoltan Drago when she got home, she would get a caning if she didn't put on a good show, so she faked becoming aroused, although in reality the humiliation and his indifferent skills kept her from any real enjoyment. Part way through, he made her change into doggy position and this was even more humiliating, but she endured it. As always, she had no choice.

He didn't take long. To cheers from the audience, he pulled out of her at the last second and spewed his come all over her bottom and back. Mary congratulated him once more and the stage curtain came down, the TV show cutting to an advert break.

The girls were dismissed back to the changing room to clean up. Appleby didn't even bother to speak to Nicky, who was quite grateful to be away from him.

The second part of the show only involved the two non-arena girls. Nicky and the others were told to stay in the changing room, so she didn't know what outrages were carried out on their bodies, though when they returned to the changing room both were looked pale faced and the blonde had obviously shed a few more tears. The third, final and briefest part of the show focused on two of the other arena girls – clearly the director's intention was to rotate the girls at the centre of attention. This involved a somewhat painful game of poker, where instead of betting with money, each man had a girl allocated to him and clothes pegs were put on her body to represent each bet. At one stage the girls had nearly a hundred pegs on their bodies between them, including the most sensitive areas such as nipples, labia, inner thighs and even clitorises. Nicky and the other girls were thankfully not directly involved; they just had to stand around the stage as naked window dressing.

At the end of the show, the girls were dismissed. Wearily, Nicky went back to the changing room and dressed. The young male slave she had met earlier was busy assisting people as they left. She slipped out of the same side entrance where she had entered and began the walk home. It had not been a nice night, but a slave expects nothing else. At least it was a nice, gently warm night. On impulse, Nicky changed course and took a walk down by the beach. She could in theory get a whipping for not going directly back home, but Zoltan Drago was usually relaxed about such things and the major domo didn't have the authority to give her more than a light spanking and besides he wasn't there most evenings. In addition, as she was fully dressed, it was highly unlikely that she would be molested even if somebody recognised her as a slave, thanks to Corvalle conventions which stated that an owner who sent his slave out dressed was giving a message that he did not want his property interfered with.

Nicky gazed out across the Pacific Ocean, listened to the soothing sound of the waves breaking onto the beach and felt her inner harmony recover. Tomorrow would be another day. A hard day, perhaps, but she would get through it, as always.



## CHAPTER SIX

Jack Frampton liked to make a good entrance, so he almost flung open the door to the gym and swept in imperiously, carelessly swishing a cane from side to side.

Sadly, it was somewhat wasted on the four girls. Each was on a running machine facing the far wall and, although the wall had a full-length mirror on it, each of them was focusing on their work.

They were a fine sight. Apart from trainers and ankle socks, each of the four girls wore only skimpy bra and panties, but they were working very hard and sweating profusely and each looked as if she had just had a bucket of water thrown over her. Their underwear was completely soaked and therefore fully see-through, and clung to their lithe bodies beautifully. Jack let his eyes slowly wander down the line. First there was the elder of the two sisters, Tit: tall and willowy, she moved with the grace of a gazelle. Then there was the younger sister, Tat, only a year younger but quite a bit shorter, but she made up for that with some delicious curves. Despite Jack's coaching, he noted that she still ran slightly less smoothly than the other three, but she was improving. Next in line was Nicky Nipples. She was a natural athlete, with a body honed by many years training to near perfection. Finally there was Heifer: she was much bigger than the other girls, weighing in at around 80 kilos compared to Nicky and Tit at 60 and Tat slightly less, but that was OK: Heifer was a tall girl, wide-shouldered and well proportioned. Her bare arms were muscular without losing her femininity and her bottom was generous but certainly not fat.

Jack sauntered behind Tat and gave her the slightest of touches with the cane on her thigh. The young girl quivered with trepidation but did not break her stride. He smiled. She had been taught to ignore everything but her running. He examined the readouts on the screens on each treadmill, enjoying the girls' musky scents and the close-up views of their lovely bodies as he did so. The numbers were satisfactory. All four girls were fifteen minutes into a twenty-minute run. It was the fourth run of the session so far, all at a fast pace. After each run finished, the girls were allowed to rest, though only standing and remaining on the treadmills, for a time which varied between five and ten minutes; then the treadmills would start up again and off they would go once more. The time of each run also varied; so far today they had done a twenty minutes, then a thirty minute one, then ten and now twenty again. After this run they were due a half hour break and then the next run, though they didn't know it, would be thirty once more. Naturally, the settings on the treadmills were locked so that the girls had no control over them and if they stepped off the treadmills the absence of their weight would trigger an alarm, so they just had to keep going. Tit, Tat and Heifer were breathing heavily, struggling to hold the pace. Nicky was pouring out sweat, but breathing more evenly.

The air conditioning in the gym was switched off. Two open fire doors provided some breeze but it was a pretty warm day outside. Jack had deliberately kept the air con off because the girls needed to acclimatise to the hot weather outside.

By profession, Jack was a personal fitness coach. He didn't have much money and wages in Corvalle were not high, but men accepted that because the fringe benefits were out of this world. There were three classes of people in Corvalle: the rich people, the people like Jack without money and the slaves. Because of the slaves, Jack considered himself richer than most men outside Corvalle were.

He came to Zoltan Drago's mansion three times a week to do personal fitness sessions for the man, but instead of being paid in money he was instead given the task of training these four beauties for their forthcoming pony work. Jack was more than happy with the trade-off: not only did he have whip rights over the girls; he could also fuck any of them whenever he liked.

Jack was not wealthy enough to own a slave himself. He did have a timeshare deal on one girl, who was shared between seven men, one night a week for each and weekend daytimes by rotation. She was all right, but she was candidly rather plain and even slightly spotty. These four

were all really class; they were in a different league. Still, he enjoyed his Wednesday nights with Slave Claire.

He watched the last few minutes of the run. Tat and Heifer were looking a bit ragged and tired. He strolled over to Heifer and gave her a sharp tap on the back of her thigh with the cane, not enough to make a welt but enough to sting slightly. She dug into her reserves and straightened her stride. He moved over to Tat; she had heard the slap of willow wood on Heifer's bare thigh and had increased her own work rate, but he gave her a sharp tap as well. She didn't complain, of course.

The twenty minutes came to an end; the treadmills slowed and stopped. All four girls, even Nicky, bent over and fought for breath, then reached for their water bottles. There was no talking: breath was too precious and anyway, they had nothing to say.

"Not bad, not bad," Jack told them. He was eyeing Heifer, who was bent over once more. The tiny panties had ridden right up the crack of her bum, giving him a pretty intimate view. "Turn round, all of you."

The four of them turned to face him. Four pairs of nipples poked out of sodden, thin bras. All four girls were no longer ringed: Zoltan Drago had ordered their rings removed. The holes, of course, remained, which was useful insofar as their labial rings could quickly be put back in and they could be locked easily.

Jack looked each girl up and down. He was going to fuck one of them and was trying to make his mind up as to which one to have. All four knew this: they were getting used to his routine. He had been working with them each day for two weeks now, so he had already tasted each girl at least three times. There were only a couple of days left before their pony debuts, so his time was running out. Jack looked up and down the line, frowning. Tit, the elder sister, was unenthusiastic and sometimes that worked well, as he enjoyed forcing himself on her – well, not exactly forcing as she was not silly enough to actually resist, but having her when it was obviously not what she wanted. The younger sister, Tat, was rather the opposite. Heifer was obedient but taciturn, almost aloof even when climaxing. Each one was fine when the mood took him, but he felt otherwise today.

"Come on Nicky, let's go somewhere quiet," he said brightly. "You can leave your things here."

Her expression neutral, Nicky peeled off the clinging wet bra and eased the sodden panties down her sweat-gleaming thighs. She hung both garments on the arms of the treadmill and stepped off it as he typed a code into a wall keyboard which deactivated the treadmill alarm. Taking off her trainers and socks, she paddled obediently along behind him. The other girls watched silently. Jack reflected that Tit would be glad not to have been chosen, Heifer probably too, whilst Tat, usually reasonably keen, would prefer to rest and get her breath back.

He led Nicky into a side room whose only feature was a mattress on the floor and some toiletries. The room, he knew, was designed solely for situations like this. Without preamble, he took his clothes off. At thirty years of age, he possessed a very well toned body with plenty of muscles and a big cock he was particularly proud of. He lay on his back on the mattress, the big cock jutting up, already semi-erect. He didn't need to say anything.

Nicky picked up a bottle of lubricant, poured a generous dose onto her slim fingers and gently began to smear it onto his stiff manhood. For good measure she kissed it several times. She put the bottle to one side, positioned herself over the stiffening cock and lowered herself down onto it. She began to move herself gently up and down on it. Her legs, Jack reflected, must be pretty tired from the running but she hid it well.

He sighed contentedly and idly watched her firm chest undulate slowly as she moved. Nicky was a good screw. Having been forced long ago to accept her slavery, pride had made her become a good slave and she genuinely tried to carry off her duties to the best of her considerable ability. Once she started copulating, she was also uninhibited and could be thoroughly roused.

He let her move herself up and down on him for a while, enjoying the feel of her tight channel and her smooth skin beneath his questing fingers. Then he pulled her over, moved on top and began to thrust more forcefully into her. Nicky moaned; her arousal very obvious. Jack buried his face in her firm chest, enjoying the mix of fresh perspiration and natural feminine musk. He moved his

face slightly to one side and his tongue felt a swollen, hard nipple and began to suck on it. Nicky moaned again and Jack felt himself nearing eruption. He made himself hold back, wanting to prolong the moment, but the feel of her body was just too much. Jack came, feeling the hot come jet from his cock deep into her vagina. For long, delicious moments he ejaculated into her, then when the last drop was gone and he felt himself subsiding, he pulled free of her with a gentle plop and returned to lying on his back, feeling very contented.

Without needing to be told, Nicky raised herself up. Her soft lips closed very gently around his now flaccid organ and her tongue carefully began to clean him. Careful not to cause him the least discomfort, she licked all the remaining sperm from him and swallowed it down. She was very well trained, though after some eight years of slavery he would expect no less.

Once she had finished, she snuggled up beside him. Jack wasn't entirely surprised: although Nicky was a brave, tough, determined girl, she still had emotions and sometimes he knew she needed a cuddle. It was, after all, a hard life for her being a slave, so far away from her family and childhood friends. Also, he had established a good relationship with her: he worked her hard, but fairly and she liked that. Besides, he certainly wasn't objecting to having that nubile, athletic body close to his.

"It's funny," Nicky mused softly. "When I was at school I had this teacher who used to spend hours telling the girls that we were not sex objects and we shouldn't accept being labelled that way. Then when I was captured and brought here I had to learn exactly the opposite."

"I bet that teacher was female and totally unattractive," Jack ventured. "Those are the ones who shout loudest about women not being sex objects. Anyway, there's nothing wrong with being a sex object, if you have the looks and the body for it, and you certainly have."

She craned her head to look into his eyes. "Was I satisfactory just now?"

"I'd have caned you if you were merely satisfactory," Jack pointed out quite truthfully. He reached down and ran his fingers through her pubic hair, causing a slight shiver to run through her. "Did you come yourself?"

"Yes master, thank you," Nicky replied politely. "And you were right about that teacher." She suppressed a giggle. "If they had put her nude on the auction block, men would have paid just to get her covered up."

Jack smiled. "Well, we'd better get you back onto the treadmill."

Nicky sighed. "Yes, master."

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Both Legs and Little Pussy had been taken away, with tearful goodbyes all round. Nicky had swapped her job as Arena squad trainer for that of pony girl trainer, teaching the sisters how to pull a cart with balance and care. Heifer already had experience. Jack handled the fitness training, Nicky included. Being a real human taxi was not a question of posing: it was hard work.

Tonight, with the news of the new Drago initiative out, he was holding a reception for local press and business people. There would be articles on local TV and radio the next day and the girls would be out on the streets the day after, a Saturday. That would be mostly novelty rides. After that, they would be on a rota, two days on and one day off so that there were always two taxis out of the three available. That was a tough rota: in Xanxta the girls were generally worked one day in two, not two in three. Nicky had made that point to her owner as forcefully as she dared, but he simply shrugged and said it would have to be that way, at least until the scheme proved to be a big success and he could consider investing in another girl. Then he gave Nicky a hand spanking for arguing. She hadn't really argued, only made a single point as politely as she could, but she had known all along that a spanking would be the minimum she could expect no matter how diffidently she had made her case. As they were the only pony girls in Corvalle, Zoltan Drago expected they would get plenty of use; if the idea took off and demand was high, he would purchase more girls. There were several undergoing – enduring was a better word – basic training at the dreaded Slave Centre who he had lined up if need be and he already had spare carts. He had negotiated a deal with the city authorities for sole licence for pony taxis. As usual, part of the payment had been with the girls' bodies.

Nicky, for once, was dressed. In fact, she was very well dressed. She wore a mid-length, elegant evening gown in beautiful purple velvet, beautifully cut at the top to tastefully show a cleavage enhanced by a push-up bra, the skirt coming to just below her knees and then sheer dark stockings down to her high heels. Her dark red hair was beautifully coiffeured and carefully curled, she wore expensive perfume and her make-up was subtle and perfect. Drago had brought in a high class beautician to help Nicky, who had no experience of this sort of thing, and in fact he had spared no expense. As a result, the normally very pretty girl looked and felt like a million dollars, though she had needed plenty of practice in the high heels in order to be able to walk in a dignified fashion. Nicky was enjoying the way she looked and felt. She didn't know what was planned for the evening and in all likelihood it wouldn't be pleasant, but she had long since learnt to enjoy good moments while she could and not worry about what was to come.

Slave girls in highly revealing maid outfits scurried around offering drinks and their bodies to the guests, but Nicky had been given no such role and was able to just chat sociably to people. She did so very politely, of course, for she knew she must not forget her place in this society, but she was able to circulate elegantly.

She was watching Francesca with wry amusement as the Spanish slave offered her pneumatic and almost bare chest to a man when a voice behind her said, "you scrub up well." She turned and saw the local newspaper reporter who covered the arena scene. "I didn't recognise you with your clothes on," he added lightly.

Nicky managed to suppress a blush and risked sticking her tongue out at him. She could be whipped for such insolence, but she rightly judged he would take it in good spirit. He smiled back and then took a photograph of her. Dressed as she was, she actually enjoyed having her picture taken for once.

"Can I do a quick interview with you?" he asked.

"Of course," Nicky replied affably and then, remembering herself, she added, "that is, if it's all right with my owner."

"Why do you think he invited me to this bash? He wants the publicity."

This was true, of course. They made their way to a couple of seats in a quiet corner. Nicky remembered to smooth her skirt as she sat down: she was so unused to being dressed like this. She spent much of her time barely dressed at all.

He produced a Dictaphone. "So, are you looking forward to being a pony girl?" he asked.

Nicky sought for an acceptable reply. "I'm looking forward to the challenge," she answered.

"You've been a pony before? Apart from the odd race in the arena, that is?"

She nodded. "I served a stint in Xanxta. Pony girls are big business over there."

"Do you think it will catch on here?"

Nicky considered the question. "I don't see why not. The terrain is flat enough."

"Do you prefer being a pony to being in the arena?"

"Yes, absolutely," she said without hesitation.

"Why?"

"You've never been in the arena. It's incredibly painful, every match, even if your team wins and a whole lot worse when you lose."

"So being a pony girl is a doddle?"

A faint, rueful smile crossed Nicky's lovely face. "I didn't say that," she pointed out, though she suspected he would still put something along those lines in print.

He was about to ask another question when they were interrupted by an announcement. "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Zoltan Drago!"

Drago sauntered onto the stage and took the microphone. He welcomed everybody and made a speech about his intention to bring pony girls to Corvalle. Nicky watched and listened. Then he unveiled a pony cart and explained how the system worked. As long as nobody was sitting in the cart, it would run freely, but as soon as somebody sat down their weight would trigger a locking mechanism which froze the wheels. Putting a coin in a slot unlocked them again – there was also a facility for credit cards – and the cart would go a certain distance before another coin was needed. It was a simple system. Nicky had not seen the new carts before – she had trained Tit and Tat on arena carts – and was relieved to see that they were very light.

"And now," Drago continued, "all that is needed is the pony. Leading my fledgling fleet is a Corvalle superstar, without doubt the best possible choice for a pony, Slave Nicky Nipples!"

There was applause. Nicky was ushered up onto the stage and a few cameras flashed. She smiled; a slightly watery and nervous smile. Two young men, employees of Drago, appeared on the stage, one standing to each side of her. Each was smartly dressed in riding stables livery.

Suddenly she felt a hand on her back and then the zip of her dress being pulled down. The elegant outfit was pulled over her shoulders and down her body to fall around her ankles. Nicky stepped out of it and one of the men cleared it away. She was now dressed in just the push-up bra, lacy panties, stockings and suspenders and it was obvious what was going to happen to her. Again the cameras flashed. Then she felt the clasp of the push-up bra being undone and moments later her breasts were free of their constraint. Being firm, they didn't move very much. Now the knickers were being pulled down to reveal her hairy bush. Following Drago's instructions the other day, she had trimmed her bush into a precise triangle of dense curly hair. Finally, the suspender belt was removed and the elegant stockings rolled down her legs until they too could be removed and she stood naked in front of the audience.

Nicky had endured some unpleasant strippings in her time, most notably her first forced undressing when she was sold by the slave traders to her first owner and again just over a week later in the arena for her first ever match. This wasn't as bad as those times but, because she had been wearing such elegant clothes the transformation to public nudity was not nice. She was very experienced at being nude in public but this was the most humiliating stripping she had endured in a long time. At least, she told herself grimly, being a pony slave was not as painful as being in the arena. Not that it would be a bed of roses, though.

The cameras were flashing again, one or two of the mostly male audience murmuring appreciatively to each other. Nicky knew the sort of things they would be saying: male locker room comments about various parts of her exposed body. Now the two men in livery uniforms produced

a harness and began putting it on her. Horizontal leather straps ran just under her breasts and just above her hips, connected by a vertical strap down the centre of her stomach with another running down her back. From the strap below her breasts they lifted two pairs of straps which made two triangles framing but not obscuring her breasts; the straps from the apex of each triangle ran over her shoulders and was connected to the horizontal strap high on her back. The straps fitted tightly but not uncomfortably. From the lower horizontal strap just above her hips, a vertical strap hung down. One of the 'stable lads' took it and fed it between her legs, bringing it up behind her back and securing it again to the rear of the horizontal strap. Nicky endured the indignity stoically. Now the headpiece was produced. Nicky opened her mouth obediently and the bit was inserted. Her even white teeth clamped down on it. One strap ran under her chin, the other over her head to keep it in place. As she could no longer quite close her mouth, Nicky concentrated on sucking in saliva to avoid the humiliation of drooling. Speaking would no longer now be possible. Then she saw the tail. It was about eighteen inches long, black horse hair and ending in a butt plug shaped like a miniature Christmas tree. A hand on her bare shoulder pushed her forward and Nicky reluctantly bent over. The one stable lad grasped her firm young buttocks and prised them apart and then she felt the other lad gently push the butt plug into her anus. Knowing she had no choice, Nicky tried to relax as much as possible and closed her eyes in shame as she felt the plug slip in. Once it was in up to the stem of the 'tree', her anus closed around it. She knew immediately that it would not come out without somebody physically pulling her cheeks apart to get it out.

She straightened again, her face red with humiliation. The cameras were clicking constantly and she knew that some of the pictures would find their way into the city newspaper tomorrow.

She heard the cart being brought forward behind her until the twin poles were by her sides. The two stable hands now fitted leather wrist bands to each of her slim wrists. Worked into the wrist bands were eyelets and moments later her wrists were chained to the poles which she had obediently reached down and grasped, lifting them a few inches. Now they clipped reins to the sides of the straps around her head. The reins ran back into the cart.

The transformation was complete. Gone was the elegantly dressed, attractive young woman of a few minutes ago. In her place stood a naked, tethered animal harnessed like a work horse to a cart. Nicky felt incredibly humiliated. She had been a pony before in Xanxta, but it had never felt like this. Perhaps it was because over there she had been one of many working ponies, but here she stood out as something unique, a new experienced for these jaded vultures. Nicky had experienced worse moments, particularly in her early days in the arena, but she had been an eighteen year-old girl then. Now she was a twenty-six year-old woman. New humiliations were a little hard to take. She felt as if she had been stripped of all her humanity, turned into just a beast of burden, and yet at the same time remained a sex object, her tits – or udders, perhaps – and pussy on show.

Drago said something about the rest of his "fleet" and a double door opened. The sisters Tit and Tat emerged, both harnessed to a single cart. Cameras clicked again and Nicky gratefully felt the attention shift away from her. Her harness prevented her from being able to fully turn her head, but she could move it far enough to see the girls clearly. Their harnesses were similar to hers, leaving their supposedly private parts on display and with bits in their mouths. She noticed that the younger sister, Tat, who these days was normally pretty relaxed about being naked in public, was clearly daunted and glanced sideways from time to time to her elder sister for comfort, but Tit could only stare rigidly ahead as she endured her own shame. A few moments later, Heifer was also presented to the audience, trailing her own cart. Of the four girls, Heifer was by some distance the most well endowed and Nicky saw that the big girl's harness featured breast straps that gave her some extra support, though they also pushed her breasts out embarrassingly.

For over an hour, Nicky and the other three just stood there. Drago showed how the coin and credit card system worked, described the pleasures of driving a pony girl and how he expected his new venture to be a great success. After he had finished, some of the audience milled around the girls and Nicky felt hands groping her. One or two would lift her tail to see how the plug fitted into her anus. Groping hands were not a new phenomenon to her, but being in harness made it worse. Eventually the crowd thinned, then disappeared. The stable boys unharnessed the girls. Nicky was

bent over a table and felt young male hands prising her buttock cheeks apart, then the relief as the butt plug was eased out. It was a painless but embarrassing ritual which the other three girls also had to undergo. Then they were dismissed at last for the evening.

Tomorrow they would be on the streets.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Nicky remembered a childhood holiday at Weston-Super-Mare where she had ridden the ponies on the beach. She would have been nine or ten years old. Never in her wildest dreams – or nightmares – did she imagine in those innocent days that she would one day be a pony herself.

Corvalle was blessed with a long stretch of beautiful sandy beach, of which most was fine dry sand, but a small part was more densely packed and solid, something to do with drainage or something like that. This part was sufficiently firm to allow wheeled vehicles onto it and Nicky was taking people up and down the long stretch just like the ponies she remembered from childhood.

It was a hot day and sweat poured from her tanned, lithe body. The stable boy – Zoltan Drago had hired three young men to look after his fledgling fleet – had attached little bells to her nipple rings, which chimed softly as she moved. The small crowd of men and women who were taking turns having a ride were laughing and joking, all at her expense. She caught some of the comments and blushed. It was to be expected from the men, but Nicky had long since learnt that women who she felt should be more sympathetic of her plight were just as cruel.

She had discovered that the reins which led from her head harness back to the cart were not just for show. Tugging on the one side of the reins was the way a passenger steered, and pulling on both reins was an indication to her to stop, but also letting the reins go loose and then sending a wave along them caused them to flick her bare upper back quite sharply, a clear message to her when needed to increase her pace. Fortunately her current passenger was too busy with his ice cream to wield the reins. Nicky, who was steaming as she laboured under the hot sun, would have considered an ice cream a luxury from heaven. Every so often, between rides, the stable boy would hold a bucket of luke-warm water up to her so that she could bury her face in it and slurp some of the water in between the bit in her mouth. He always made her wiggle her bare bottom in gratitude, which made her tail swish about to the further amusement of the audience.

Nicky glanced up at the deep blue, cloudless sky, feeling the heat of the powerful sun on her bare body. She estimated it was around noon. She had been hauling the cart up and down the beach for a couple of hours and wondered how much longer she would be made to do it. Until late afternoon was her guess. She had noted that the stable boy had also brought a bucket of what looked like cold porridge or something similar which she assumed she would be fed for lunch. At least it would boost her energy levels. She expected that her bit would be removed for that but she didn't kid herself that her hands would be freed for it, so that would be another little humiliation.

They were almost back at the starting point. Nicky carefully brought the cart to a halt and stood there, staring fixedly ahead. Her bare chest rose and fell as she drank the fresh sea air into her lungs. She felt the sweat trickling down between her breasts and running off her forehead. Behind her, she sensed, though she could not see, her passenger step out of the cart, felt it go lighter, then heavier again as somebody else got in. She heard the click of a coin going into the slot and felt the sudden sting of the reins on her shoulders. Grasping the poles with her hands, she forced her tired legs to move once more.

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It was nine o'clock the following morning, which was Sunday.

If there is no rest for the wicked, Nicky thought, she must have been pretty bad in some previous life. Her beach duties had gone on well into yesterday evening. At the end of it she had to return to Zoltan Drago's town house, some half a mile inland from the sea. To add insult to injury, the stable boy climbed into the cart – he had a master card to keep it from locking – and she had to ferry him back home. There she was at last released from the cart and allowed to shower and eat. One of the stable boys was an experienced masseuse and she had a long massage to get the knots out of her muscles and relax her. Naturally his hands went many places where they should not, but Nicky was sadly very used to that. But he was good at his job and eased her tension. Naturally, she



was required to do the same for him; again, something Nicky expected. As always, her blow job was very thorough: she did not want to be whipped for poor performance.

Now, just twelve hours later, she stood harnessed once more, tail dangling between her bare legs, at Drago's "taxi rank" in the centre of the town, waiting for her first customer of the day. Heifer, who was also on duty, was at another rank on the other side of the town. Thankfully, Corvalle tended to sleep late on Sunday mornings and there was nobody about. At least, nobody as far as Nicky knew, because she could not see behind her, and could not turn her head to look round.

"Well, well, well! What do we have here?"

Nicky's blood ran cold at the sound of that familiar voice. The owner of the voice, John Sutton, sauntered into view from behind her. Nicky's face went bright red. Humiliation in front of the general public was bad enough; but humiliation in front of John Sutton was a whole lot worse.

John Sutton had owned her for some six years, three-quarters of her slave life. He had bought her for his arena team for a then record transfer fee. Unlike in British football, here a team's owner really did own the players. With Nicky in the team, Sutton's Slags had won three consecutive league titles. Nicky was the first arena slave ever to be in the league winning team three times. Only an arena slave can understand what that took: three years of regular agony and dreadful torment. And yet, for all that she had been forced into it, Nicky was proud of the achievement, her competitive nature kicking in. When John Sutton allowed her to retire from the arena, she did so proudly and she accepted her status as his slave almost with pride, and actually loved him despite everything he had put her through.

Then he had sold her to Zoltan Drago.

Feeling spurned, Nicky's love turned to blazing hatred. When her new team had come up against Sutton's Slags in the league, she pushed them hard and they very nearly won; in the return match in the second half of the season, with Nicky herself now forced out of retirement and into the team, she endured unbelievable torment and led her team to win the match and had stared defiantly at Sutton, unheeding of her nudity or the many welts that criss-crossed her lovely body, as if to taunt him with what he had lost by selling her.

And now, the first time she had seen him since, she was like this.

He strolled around her, examining her naked figure and the harness. Nicky could do nothing except stare ahead of her and bite down in frustration on the wooden bit in her mouth.

"Hmm," he said, looking at her flat stomach, "I think you've got a bit flabby since I sold you." It was completely untrue, as Nicky knew: she was still in the peak of physical condition. But there was nothing she could say. Even if she could speak coherently with the bit in her mouth, it was strictly forbidden. And John Sutton was not one to turn a blind eye to her breaking the rules.

He moved behind her and sat in the cart. Nicky felt his weight push the cart down. He was a big man, not fat but solid and muscular. She began taking deep breaths, oxygenating her lungs ready for the huge effort she would shortly need to make. She knew he would be a demanding driver. She could not breathe quietly: her breath rasped as it passed the bit, sounding far more like a horse snorting than she would have preferred. She heard him put a credit card into the slot, then sensed him pick up the whip and she tensed.

"Let's go for a ride inland," Sutton told her and swung the whip.

Nicky felt a stinging pain in her back as the lash made contact with her bare skin. She dug her booted heels into the tarmac, leaned her body forward and pulled with her hands. Slowly, the cart began to move. The two tiny bells hanging from her nipple rings chimed softly. Nicky kept the cart even and settled into a steady walk.

Slash!

A second line of pain stung her bare back. "Trot," John Sutton ordered casually but firmly.

Nicky took a breath and smoothly upped her pace into a trot. They moved out of the shade into the strong sunlight and she felt the beginnings of sweat on her skin. A couple of pedestrians turned to look as the bizarre pony and cart passed. Nicky felt the humiliation deep inside her. It was shameful for a young woman to have to work like this, even without her passenger being who

he was. If anybody recognised the two of them and knew of her feelings towards her former master – which were not unknown in gossip circles – it would be even worse.

But she was soon preoccupied with the need to focus her concentration on the physical effort required of her. A lengthy trot towing a cart and passenger was no joke. Also, she had to concentrate on the road. Unlike Xanxta, where almost everybody travelled by pony cart and motor vehicles were almost unknown, here there was some motor traffic, not too much but enough to need attention. Nicky had to stop at traffic lights, which gave her a few moments to catch her breath but that meant fresh effort to start up again. And, now going through the busiest part of the city, which was just beginning to wake up, there were lots of people around who were stopping to stare.

At last they were out in the quieter suburbs, with only the occasional vehicle and far fewer pedestrians. She could now trot continually, although the effort was beginning to tell on her. Nicky's calves burned with the exertion, her chest heaved, her naked breasts rising and falling. Her heavy breathing whistled past the bit and the bells on her tits rang continually. Sweat ran down her flanks. Her harness included a headband which ran across her forehead just above her eyebrows and stopped the sweat running down into her eyes and blinding her. As her hips moved as she trotted, the horse's tail which emerged from her bottom swayed from side to side.

She felt a tug on the left rein leading from her head, a signal to turn left at this junction, and obeyed. Now they were out of the built-up area altogether. "Slow to a walk," John Sutton instructed and Nicky gratefully came out of the trot. Walking still needed effort, but at least she could get her breath back: it had been a long, merciless trot.

The road ran between fields. Most of the fields were of swaying corn or similar crops, a couple of them were grassland in which cattle grazed. One field was rather different: in it were around twenty naked people, mostly lying on the grass in the sun, a few chatting quietly. The vast majority were female but there were three or four males. Most would be in their forties or thereabouts, a few late thirties, some maybe into their fifties. One pair was having sex, the man on top enthusiastically pumping into the female below.

Nicky had seen this field before and knew what was going on. All of the naked people in there were slaves, the women all past the retirement age for sex slaves – not a specific age, just the point where their owners considered they had lost their youth sufficiently to not be of further interest.

Once slaves reached that sort of age, most of them were sold into domestic use, as factory workers, cleaners and other basic roles. It was not so bad: although they still had no rights, there were rules which ensured they were not worked too hard and they had medical rights and so on. Male and female slaves could even cohabit, if given permission by their owners, and even have children, though those children would be themselves slaves and were made domestic workers themselves, or used as sex slaves once they turned eighteen.

A few masters, however, considered it amusing to simply put their slaves out to grass for a while, leaving them naked in this field or one or two others like it elsewhere on the plain. Male slaves could then physically force themselves on the female slaves, who had long since found it best not to resist. Some owners stopped their female slaves' contraception so that the fields became breeding grounds for new slaves.

A very few owners looked after their slaves in retirement much more thoughtfully, especially slaves who had given exemplary service. Nicky once thought that was what John Sutton was doing with her.

"There's some nice shade over there," John Sutton said. "Pull over into it and stop."

Nicky gratefully brought the cart to a stop underneath a large tree. Her heart was thumping from the exertion and her legs trembled with tiredness. Steam was actually rising from her bare shoulders. Sweat poured like rivers from her armpits down her flanks and also plastered her brow. Her mouth was bone dry. Back in the city, Zoltan Drago had arranged a few places where he had put water butts with a bucket next to them, so that his ponies could have a bucket of cold water thrown over them to cool them, or have the bucket held in front of their heads so that they could lower their faces into it and slurp up some liquid. Out here, though, there was nothing.

There was however a similar water butt in the field for the grazing slaves. Sutton took a water bottle from a bag he carried, went over to the field and filled it, then brought it back and, tipping Nicky's chin back, poured it into her mouth. Water splashed around the bit and some of it dribbled out, but Nicky savoured the lukewarm liquid as she swallowed it down.

"Better?" he asked as she finished it off.

Nicky nodded, her reins bouncing up and down as she did so. For a moment in her gratitude, she almost forgot her enmity of him – to say nothing of the fact that it was his driving of her that had made her so hot and bothered. Then she remembered and tried to make a poker face, though the bit ruined the effect.

He got back into the seat and idly flicked the reins. Nicky forced her aching legs to move. Slowly at first, then picking up speed, the cart began to move.

He drove her out further towards the mountains, though thankfully still on the flat plain. Those mountains, which were quite impenetrable, ensured that no slave ever escaped from Corvalle. At one time, Nicky had resented them for that, but she had long since ceased giving it any thought: she was a slave and would always be a slave and had accepted that fact years ago. Right now, of course, she could think of nothing but the effort she was making. He steered her north of the city, then onto the coast road, where the breeze from the Pacific Ocean at least cooled her overheating body and got a bit more oxygen into her lungs. Even so, she was wilting badly. John Sutton, however, was not a man to accept anything less than what he wanted. The whip landed painfully on her bare back whenever she slowed from her trot. Nicky's mind began to close down, so that she focused on nothing except keeping going, letting the pain of the whip drive her along, gasping for breath. The sun blazed down and steam fizzed off her superheated, naked body.

Houses began to appear as they moved into the outskirts of the city. The occasional pedestrian turned to watch as they went by. Nicky was aware of their eyes on her, but it was unimportant. All that mattered was to keep moving, keep the trot going somehow.

She felt the reins pull back on her head harness, and gratefully slowed to a walk, albeit more of a stagger. The left rein tugged a bit harder and she was steered to the side of the road, then both reins pulled back again.

"Whoa," he commanded, and she came to a stop underneath a palm tree, a welcome respite from the power of the sun.

John Sutton stepped from the cart. Nicky could only stand there, shaking. "Hhllafff, hlgghhh," she gasped, trying to suck in air from around the bit, saliva running down her cheek because the bit prevented her from closing her mouth.

He moved behind her and she felt his hand picking up her tail. "I see you've grown a new appendage since I last saw you," he observed wryly. She felt him lift the tail up to examine how the butt plug fitted into her bottom and closed her eyes in shame. Her legs trembled from exhaustion. He stepped back between the bars of the cart, and then she heard the unmistakeable and not unfamiliar sounds of a belt being unbuckled and trousers being lowered.

He was going to fuck her!

She felt his strong hands on her sweaty thighs, pushing them apart and then the slight upward movement of the butt plug in her bottom as he raised her tail out of the way. Nicky could only stare ahead of her, still gasping for breath.

"Hhhgggllllffff!"

She could only gasp unintelligibly as he rammed into her. Thankfully her whole body was so covered in perspiration that she needed no lubrication. Her muscles, too, were so tired that it was as if she was completely relaxed. He immediately settled into long, powerful strokes.

Nicky's humiliation was total. To be harnessed like a naked animal, to be driven for miles like a beast of burden and then to be mounted from behind just in the same way that horses do it, in public, with a few pedestrians watching idly from the other side of the road ... and most of all, to be having this done to her by this man.

For all her quiet, seemingly logical demeanour, Nicky was a girl of passion. In her childhood and youth, she had channelled that passion into her karate. Then she had been enslaved and, after

she had got over the shock and awfulness of her new life, she had committed herself totally to the advancement of her arena team, not just because she was forced to do so to avoid even more dreadful consequences, but also because she always needed a goal, a target. And she had totally surrendered herself to this man, John Sutton, and had come to think of herself as his absolute slave, putting herself through unbelievable Hell in the arena in the cause of his team, seeing herself as only existing to do his will and coming, in the strangest of ways to love him despite what he put her through. She was his slave, body and soul, completely devoted to him. And yes, she loved him, like a puppy loves its owner.

And then he had sold her and she had realised that she was just a slave, property to be bought and sold. She hated him for selling her.

Nicky had tried to dedicate herself to her new owner, Zoltan Drago, but it was not the same. John Sutton actually had not been her first owner; he had bought her from the man the traders sold her to after just a few weeks in the arena, seeing her potential, so it was not the shock of being sold, although of course he had owned her for a lot longer than her first owner. It was simply that Zoltan Drago was not a man she could feel the same way about. She had been loyal to him, been a good slave for him, done everything he had wanted her to (which of course she would anyway, because otherwise he would whip her severely, as all owners here would, but she had done it wholeheartedly, without even the slightest reserve), but it was not the same. She obeyed Zoltan Drago, but she did not love him. He did not seem in the least bit bothered: he used her for what he wanted and that was that.

Nicky jerked backwards and forwards as John Sutton's large cock rammed into her and then slid back out again with long, masterful strokes. Zoltan Drago had fucked her from time to time, but when she had been John Sutton's, he had mastered her every time he had taken her. Now she remembered what it was like and how he had completely conquered her every time he had fucked her.

And she realised that he was doing it again. Her nipples were hard, her pulse racing as much as when she had been pulling the cart, her juices were flowing in her pussy and mixing with the sweat already there.

Desperately she tried to force herself not to be dominated by this man. I am a slave, she told herself, it's my role to be fucked for men's pleasure, this is just another man having his way with me, let him do it and then move on.

But it was no good. She could feel herself crumbling. It wasn't just that she was being aroused. Since becoming a slave she had been had by hundreds of men, maybe over a thousand by now and many of them had aroused her. Once over the shock of being forced into it and the loss of her virginity, she had learnt, like all slaves do, that it was best to surrender to the sex, to take pleasure from it whenever she could. It was a defining moment in any female slave's development, because it marked the point where she came to accept their right to have sex with her and just tried to get what she could when she could from it. Thereafter, again like most slaves, she had gained some pleasure from perhaps a quarter or a third of her many couplings. Some men enjoyed making her come since they felt it showed their mastery of her. Others equally wanted her not to enjoy it, to confirm their mastery by making her do something which she gained nothing from. It varied from man to man. But for a master like John Sutton, it was so natural for a man like him to overwhelm any female he took. When he had owned her, she knew that all of his other girl slaves had similar experiences, but for a girl like herself, with her positive and determined character trying to make the best of her situation, and with that streak of passion and loyalty, she fell hard, completely swept away by his mastery.

And then he had sold her. She would have volunteered to be flogged to within an inch of her life rather than that, but of course he had not given her the chance. He had not even told her face to face that he was selling her. A lowly slave did not merit such courtesy.

Nicky shook her head, her red hair wet with sweat, trying to resist the effect his manhood was having on her. It was no use. He had applied the cart's brake, her harness kept her in place and his hands gripped her hips, the fingers digging deep into her flesh to keep a grip on her sweat-slippery

skin and his cock pumped ruthlessly, relentlessly into her. Nicky felt her mental defences crumbling, her mind every bit as conquered as her body. Each time he plunged all the way in, she felt as if she was being speared, right to the very depths of her soul.

“Hhhhlssshh, hhhllssshh ...”

She heard the heavy breathing, the noise a sibilant hiss as the breath whistled past the bit, and realised dimly that it was her own heavy breathing.

“Hhhhlssshh, hhhllssssshhhhhh ...”

A couple of well-to-do free women walked by, eyeing her in cold superiority as they passed. She could see from their eyes that they knew. They also recognised her. Nicky’s humiliation reached a zenith almost at the same moment that John Sutton finally exploded into her and her own body erupted in a total orgasm as powerful as any she had experienced in a very long time.

After long moments of tidal passion, her body gradually returned to the mortal plane. She felt, physically and mentally, as if she had been trampled on by a herd of elephants.

She felt him wipe his cock on her bottom and then heard him doing up his trousers. She felt the cart lower as he settled back into it, and heard him release the break. Then came the familiar flick of the reins on her bare shoulders.

“Take me back to my mansion,” he ordered. “Walking pace.”

Nicky could no more have managed a trot than jump over the moon, but she wasn’t sure she could even walk, let alone pull the cart. Her legs felt like jelly. Somehow, mostly by leaning forward and taking most of the cart strain on her upper body through the harness, she began to move. Every step was an effort. And as people occasionally turned their heads to look as she passed, she felt that they all understood what had happened here. A stupid girl, a feeble slave, had been fucked and conquered by a man she claimed to hate. A stupid slave, for thinking she could defy a master like John Sutton.

On automatic pilot, she staggered back to the road outside his mansion and came to a halt. He got out, pulled his credit card from the slot on the cart, gave her a brief pat on her sweaty rump and was gone without a word.

Nicky stumbled off. One of the water butts was nearby. Perhaps a kind stranger would pour a bucket of water over her body and revive her a little. Somehow, she had to last for the rest of the day.

## CHAPTER NINE

By the end of the day, Nicky was absolutely exhausted. During the final couple of hours, her last few passengers had to use the whip quite a bit.

There was a clock in the square where her taxi rank was and as soon as it chimed seven in the evening she was allowed to head back home. She trudged back, pulling the cart behind her, on legs which felt they no longer had a single bone in them. In the stable yard, she stood almost like a zombie as her harness was removed by one of the stable boys. She was hosed down in a corner and then allowed to stagger into the building. A meal was waiting for her which she barely had the energy to eat, then she was able to take a long bath with lots of muscle relaxant bath salts. Zoltan Drago had engaged a male masseur as one of the “stable boys” and he then gave her a massage which eased her aches a little. He finished by fucking her. He told her it would help her to unwind, which she doubted, but she had no say in the matter anyway. Actually he was quite fit and handsome, but she was too tired to do anything other than lie there and acquiesce. A second soak in the bath followed, after which she just managed to crawl into bed before falling asleep.

She was roused from a deep sleep by a strident alarm call early the next morning. Extremely stiff, she showered and reported naked for breakfast and then to the stables to be harnessed up once more. Nicky was still terribly tired and seriously doubted if she could last a second consecutive day on duty – the third counting the day on the beach. But of course she was not given the choice. Soon she was standing at the taxi rank, staring numbly into space and waiting for her first passenger, knowing that there was a whip in the cart and that they would use it on her.

Around four in the afternoon, after many trips, she was standing at the taxi rank once more when John Sutton appeared. Nicky quickly oxygenated her lungs as he settled himself comfortably into the cart’s chair and she heard the click of his credit card as he inserted it into the slot. Then she tensed as she sensed him pick up the whip. There was a sudden sting in her back as he lashed her with it, not too hard but a firm indication for her to get moving. As she pulled out of the taxi rank, she felt a tug on the left of her reins and turned left onto the main street. A couple more tugs at road junctions and he had steered her into a deserted side street. He had not said a word. He got up from the cart seat, but stayed within the twin poles. Nicky knew what was coming even before she felt him lift up her tail.

Once again he completely mastered her. As his cock went deep inside her, Nicky felt herself penetrated once again to the very centre of her being. She had steeled herself, telling herself over and over again that this meant nothing, that he was just another man using her like so many did, that being had by him was just in effect serving the wishes of her owner, Zoltan Drago; but from almost the moment his cock entered her, the sensations washed everything else away like a big wave might swamp a sandcastle built on the beach. His rampant thrusts overwhelmed her, electrifying every nerve end. The bells on her nipple rings jangled but she could not hear them for the roaring in her ears. Her nipples were so hard they ached, her pussy was soaking wet and her pulse was racing. The tormented passions within her built even as she sensed him coming to orgasm and when he exploded into her she too was lost to orgasm.

When he extracted himself from her, he wiped his cock on her bottom once more and walked away, still wordless. He left her shattered, miserable and totally submissive. Summoning the reserves of her energy, Nicky slowly made her way back to the taxi rank and stood there, staring ahead, her mind in turmoil and blank at the same time. All she could do was wait for her next passenger.

At the end of the day Nicky staggered home once more to the same routine of meal, bath, massage, fucking from masseur, another bath and then exhausted sleep. She was quite incapable of doing another day, but fortunately the next day was a rest day.

She could hardly move the next morning. She staggered stiffly into the dining room for some breakfast, then went back to bed and just lay there. With nothing else to think about, her mind turned to John Sutton. His fuckings of her had been dreadfully humiliating. To be fucked in public

whilst in pony harness was awful, but to be had by him was much worse. And worst of all, he had swept past her mental defences and – there was no other word for it – conquered her.

Staring up at the ceiling in the darkened room with the curtains drawn, Nicky tried to analyse it all. All she could think of was that six years of being owned by him had left her unable to resist him. It wasn't her fault, she told herself. Then she tried looking at it another way: perhaps, by surrendering to him emotionally the way she had, she was showing what a good slave she was, and how stupid he had been to sell her. No, that didn't work either.

Another thought came to her. She was back on duty again tomorrow. Surely he wouldn't come and ravish her again then? Three times in four days was more attention than she used to get when she belonged to him. After all, he owned other slaves, including a whole arena team, all of them attractive and trained into submission. But then, with the first matches of the new league season only days away now, perhaps he was keeping them without sex to get them wound up for the opening day. She was a convenient substitute. That was a bitter thought, but she realised that it again didn't quite fit the facts, because he had access to plenty of other lovely female slaves.

No, she told herself, it was a one-off; just his way of cruelly proving some point to her, perhaps that she was just a common or garden slave girl, available to all. He surely wouldn't come out of his way to fuck her again tomorrow. Hopefully not, anyway. At least, that was what she told herself she was hoping. But it didn't sound too convincing.

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The next day was really hot, with less of the refreshing sea breeze than usual. At around mid-afternoon, Nicky was standing waiting at her taxi rank. Her body was soaked in sweat, as wet as if she had just climbed out of the sea. Her muscles, particularly her legs, throbbed with exhaustion. And she had another day like this tomorrow, she thought grimly. One of her passengers had whipped her pretty hard and her back stung: there were probably a couple of red marks there, she expected.

There had been no sign of John Sutton. Give thanks for tiny mercies, she told herself. This was all enough to cope with without having to endure the humiliation of him visiting further indignities on her. She hadn't been fucked all day, thankfully.

And just as she was thinking that, he came into view in front of her. Nicky's heart sank.

He sauntered up to her and looked her squarely in the face. "Hello, my little pony girl," he said teasingly. "How are you today?"

With the bit in her mouth, Nicky was not capable of making an intelligible reply even if she had wanted to. Instead she just stared at him with as much defiance as she could muster.

He tried again. "Been waiting for me all day long? Missed me yesterday?"

Nicky shook her head in an emphatic 'no'. Her dark red hair danced and the bells hanging from her nipple rings trilled gently. Zoltan Drago had put her nipple rings back on so that she could be belled. The labial rings were still out. It felt strange without them.

"Oh, I'm sure you have," he went on easily. "Anyway, as a gentleman, allow me to offer you the option of a little privacy. Shall we take a short ride to the quiet side streets again?"

Nicky glared at him defiantly and shrugged her bare shoulders. The bells on her nipples trilled.

"Or are you happy to be fucked here?" he asked mildly.

Nicky's eyes widened in alarm. The taxi rank was, not unreasonably, in a busy part of town and there were plenty of people around. She had been fucked in public before, when on the losing team in arena matches, but not outside the arena. And not in pony harness. And most certainly not, particularly since he had sold her, in front of a large audience by John Sutton.

But she was not going to back down. She glared at him and shrugged her shoulders again, trying to convey the idea that she didn't care less what he did. Once more the bells trilled, completely ruining any slight dignity her defiance may have had.

In any case, John Sutton was adept at puncturing any lofty ideas Nicky might have. "It seems you've become a bit of an exhibitionist," he observed wryly. Despite already being nude and ritually humiliated, Nicky went red. It was also starting to dawn on her that he was not bluffing about having her in public, but it was too late now. He was already climbing between the poles of the cart, standing behind her. She heard the sounds of him undoing his belt and lowering his trousers, then the now familiar feel of her tail being pulled to one side. There being absolutely nothing else she could do, Nicky leaned forwards as far as her harness would allow and braced herself, her bare legs tensed.

She felt the tip of his John Thomas nosing around her sex lips, and then it pushed its way inside her. As before, she was already wet. Nicky told herself it was the sweat from her exertions, but deeper down she knew there were no sweat glands in a vagina. So she told herself it was natural slave reactions – a female slave learns quickly to work herself into lubrication when a fucking is imminent. But here too she knew she was lying to herself. She wanted this; and only he could give it to her.

She felt him slip inside her and the familiar but still electric sensations coursed through her body. He began to move in and out, and the sensations grew until they became a tidal wave of pleasure. At the same time, humiliation washed over her body. She had made this man a figure of hatred for selling her. That was her own stupid pride for still thinking of herself as something other than property.

Through misty eyes, Nicky looked around her. A small crowd was forming, men watching, leering at her and making lewd comments, women watching, quieter and more thoughtful, perhaps wondering what it would be like to be in her place: a harnessed, naked woman being fucked like an animal.

And suddenly, as that random thought coincided with another peak of electric, mind-distracting pulses of pure pleasure ripping through her body and head, Nicky, perhaps for the first time ever, was able to let go. Completely abandoning all shreds of humanity, she was able to see herself for the first time purely as an animal, rutting away, quite mindless, lost to absolutely everything except the incredible feelings running through her naked, lovely body.

An orgasm as intense as any she had ever known crashed through her. She felt like a piece of straw in a hurricane of beautiful emotion. For long moments she was buffeted by it, as wave upon wave staggered her.

Gradually sight returned to her eyes. She became aware that he was still pumping, for he had not yet reached his own crescendo. She didn't mind. It felt good, so good. Nicky felt herself building again, so soon after the last one that she could not believe it. But it was happening. He was thrusting with steady, purposeful rhythm, aware but heedless of the effect on her, milking every pleasure for himself. His pure mastery of her was overwhelming. Even if he no longer legally owned her, Nicky knew at that moment that she would always be his slave.

And that realisation pushed her over the edge into her second orgasm, just as he went into his own. She felt jet after jet of his jism squirting deep inside her, reaching her very core, and she shuddered with unbridled lust as he conquered her.

Ever so slowly, the mists before her eyes cleared and reality reappeared. There was applause from the crowd around her, applause for him, acknowledging the way he had mastered her. Nicky was completely unimportant next to him, a piece of beautiful but common female flesh and yet she felt part of the object of that applause. She was a slave; and never had she felt it more glorious to be a slave. It was more than her status, more than her destiny, more even than her nature or good fortune. It was everything. She was a slave. It was heaven.

She felt him extract himself from her body and, as usual, felt him wipe his prick on her out-thrust bottom. It was a mark of his mastery of her and she was pleased to have it. It was like a proclamation, announcing 'John Sutton was here'. Veni, vidi, vichi: he had come, he had seen and he had conquered. She was completely sated, exhausted and yet at the same time filled with energy.

Having replaced his trousers, he sat in the cart and she heard him slip his credit card in the slot. "Home," he said simply. Nicky almost melted with delight. What she needed, right now, was



to pull the cart, to be his pony. She pulled her shoulders back, thrusting her bare breasts out proudly – proudly as a slave, that is – and, just slightly unsteadily on wobbly legs, pushed forward. The cart began to move and they pulled away from their audience and out into the road.

## CHAPTER TEN

Nicky stood once again in front of Zoltan Drago's desk, waiting for him to raise his head from his paperwork and acknowledge her.

It was her day off. That is, her day off from being a pony. She was still a slave, of course, even on a rest day.

She was stark naked. She was always stark naked now. She hadn't worn a stitch of clothing since her pony girl duties started three weeks ago. It was just something you got used to. There was a big change from her earlier period of slavery with Zoltan Drago. Now she was, in effect, just an animal. She had been moved from her fairly comfortable room to a room which was little more than a cell, her bed replaced by a straw cot – which, to her surprise, was actually quite comfortable. Her clothes had been taken from her, and she was also no longer allowed cutlery. Her food was served up in dog bowls which she had to kneel in front of and eat without using her hands. Again, it was something to get used to, and it wasn't as difficult to eat that way as one might suppose. Meat – her diet contained plenty of protein and carbohydrates – was cut into small chunks which it was easy to get into her mouth. In fairness, the quality of food remained good. Perhaps they acknowledged that the huge physical efforts demanded of her were only humanly possible if she was well fed.

Her former owner, John Sutton, fucked her often when she was on duty. Whenever he did, he made her come with unbelievable intensity. Each time, he renewed his mastery of her, and each time she welcomed it. A fucking from John Sutton helped her get through her day.

But even so, the workload was getting to her. Nicky was growing daily more exhausted. In Xanxta, the pony girls were worked three days out of seven, so never two days in a row and with at least one period of two full days rest each week. Drago had her relentlessly working two days out of every three: two days on, one day off.

Rest days usually followed a predictable routine. Exhausted, she would sleep until late morning and wake up very stiff. Bowls of cold breakfast would be waiting for her, then she would take a long soak in a bath with Radox or similar muscle relaxants. A little better, she would have lunch. The young male masseur would arrive at 2 pm and give her a lengthy massage. Some of his ministrations were not strictly necessary – or to put it another way, he would use the opportunity to grope her a bit. Sometimes he would fuck her, too, to “ease her tension and relax her”. Nicky had no choice, of course, but she didn't really mind too much; and his massages were very effective. Afterwards, sometimes she felt up to going down to the beach and sunbathing, even though it meant going naked on the streets; but recently she had felt too tired to make the effort and had just gone back to bed for the rest of the day. Occasionally she would be summoned to “give service” to a visitor to her owner's home, which was usually not very pleasant; but as with everything, the choice was not hers. But invariably she was asleep on her cot by mid-evening. The following morning, she would be roused at six and then, washed and breakfasted, would report at seven to be harnessed and sent out for another two days as a pony.

This summons was the first break in that routine. The masseur, Rob, had told her she was required once he had finished her massage. He hadn't fucked her.

Nicky had been standing for five minutes, waiting for Drago to look up from his paperwork. Still extremely tired, she was desperate to sit down, but he showed no signs of being ready to turn his attention to her. Nicky's mind turned over her options. Asking him if she could sit would be an obvious error, but he could easily have her standing there for half an hour, and she couldn't face that in her current condition. Then she saw a slim chance. It was very risky, but her legs already felt shaky.

“Please, master, may I kneel?” Kneeling was at least symbolically better than sitting.

“No,” he said simply without looking up. Nicky's heart sank. The next bit was inevitable. “See the major domo afterwards. Three strokes of the crop should do,” he said it as if reading out a grocery list.

"Yes master, thank you master, sorry master," Nicky said quietly. The room fell silent once more. She was actually embarrassed: she was a very experienced slave, so much so that punishment for misbehaviour should not happen to her. The punishment itself was not insignificant, either. But she had needed to try. She found herself wondering how John Sutton would have dealt with the situation. He might have been just as demanding, or even more so, perhaps instructing her to stand on tiptoes with arms raised or something like that, but he would have been deliberately cruel, with a reason, or else actually solicitous. He would not have been thoughtlessly cruel. Nicky dismissed the thought with a touch of inner anger. She was Zoltan Drago's slave now, not John Sutton's, and had been so for a year now. Thinking about her former owner was almost like whatever the slave equivalent of adultery was. Being fucked by him, of course, was not adulterous: Drago had made her available and Sutton had simply made use of what was on offer. At least she'd had a few days' respite from him. She had heard through the rumour mill that he was away on business. At least, she told herself it was respite, but she knew she was lying to herself.

Drago finished reading the document in front of him, signed it and tossed it into an out tray, then sat back and looked up at her. Idly, his eyes ran over her naked body. Nicky stood and endured his gaze. It was something she was very used to, which did not make it any more pleasant.

"So," he eventually said, "how are you finding being a pony?"

"I'm pleased to be of service, master," Nicky replied diplomatically.

"Don't give me the formula crap, girl," Drago said mildly. Nicky cursed herself for her stupidity and waited to be given a sentence of further strokes, but it didn't come. Drago could be maddeningly inconsistent, but she was thankful for the small mercy.

"It's very hard physically, master," she answered more honestly. "The three day schedule is very tough. It's catching up on me." She decided not to go any further unless he invited her to elaborate: complaining about her lot was a sure-fire way to earn a substantial caning.

He ignored the point. "Do you think the taxi system is a success?"

"I'm certainly being used a lot, master," Nicky said with feeling. It was true: most passengers paid by card, but even so, the coin box had to be emptied twice a day because of the weight it was adding, even though it only took high denomination coins. And she was on the go almost constantly, which added to her exhaustion. By late afternoon of the second day of her two-day stints, she was invariably dead on her feet. Only the whip kept her going after that and she knew that sooner or later even that would not be enough.

He nodded. "The revenue streams are certainly satisfactory," he observed, airily dismissing what she and the other girls had to go through to generate that revenue. "How are the other girls doing?"

"I don't see much of them, master," Nicky answered honestly. "I know that Tit found it emotionally very hard at first, being treated as an animal. Tat coped a little better, but not much. Heifer ... well, nothing seems to faze her much. Mentally, I think we're all coping now. But physically, we're all on the point of collapse. It's only a matter of time before one of us passes out on duty."

She waited anxiously to see if her comment earned her more of the cane, but the opportunity had been there and she had to take it. She had delivered it as matter-of-factly as she could, as a reasoned response to his question, but no argument would help her if he decided to punish her for her honesty. Fortunately, if humiliatingly, he seemed more amused by her comment. "Which one of you will collapse first, do you think?" he asked with idle curiosity.

Nicky considered the point seriously, relieved to avoid punishment and glad of the opportunity to keep the topic going. "I honestly don't know, master. Heifer is stronger than me, but I'm fitter. The sisters, well, there's two of them pulling the cart and they do support each other and they're both fit athletic girls, that's why you bought them, but I think Heifer and I are mentally tougher, we have more slave years under our belts." If we wore belts, she thought sadly. "It could be any of us, but I think it will be one of the sisters. And I don't think I can last more than a few more days, so I would say one of them could fall down any time." That was a risky last comment

and Nicky regretted it the moment it left her mouth, but she was still standing and it was getting to her. She steeled herself for the sentence of punishment.

But once again he seemed merely amused. "Well, perhaps not," he said wryly. "I did say that if the scheme took off I would invest in a fourth girl. I needed to see if the novelty wore off, but receipts are rising steadily and also a novice slave has arrived in Corvalle who I think would fit the bill perfectly, someone who is for sale at an acceptable price, so I've bagged her."

Relief washed over Nicky. This would mean going to a one day on, one day off rota. It would still be back-breakingly hard, but she felt she could just about cope with that, for a while at least. "Permission to kiss you, master?" she asked girlishly.

A smile flitted over his rat-like features. It occurred to her that she hadn't been required to give herself to him or share his bed for over a week. In addition, with John Sutton away and nobody else having screwed her whilst she was in harness for the last two days and the masseur not using her during their session today, she hadn't been fucked for – she counted back – four days. She certainly wasn't complaining, but it was unusual, quite a long time for her.

"Perhaps I'll send for you tonight," he said, eyeing her lithe body. "You look nice and toned at the moment." That certainly was one of the few advantages of being a pony slave: Nicky knew she was at the peak of physical fitness right now, even if exhaustion muted the feel of it. Being used tonight was not good news, though: quite apart from the fact that he was not particularly pleasant or good in bed, it would mean her getting less sleep than she needed for tomorrow. But there was nothing she could do about it. Meanwhile, he became more business-like.

"This girl is being held in the Slave Training Centre. She hasn't been processed or even spoken to yet. Colin Matthews is going to do the preliminary interview and paperwork in an hour's time. Your job is to be there and persuade her to submit without going through the slave training process, then I can have her brought straight back here, give her a day's preparation and have her in harness the day after tomorrow. Off you go."

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Half an hour later, Nicky walked naked along the city street.

Her bottom throbbed from the three angry red lines which ran horizontally across it. The major domo had been thorough, as was to be expected, and it had hurt. Nicky got the carriage whip pretty much every day as a pony, but the crop was always a step up the pain ladder. The marks would also probably remain visible for several days.

She walked with a consciously smooth gait, trying to reduce the swinging of the little golden padlock that hung from the rings in her labia as much as possible. Panties or thongs would support the weight and so give relief, but she hadn't been in the least bit surprised to be sent out without any. Nicky wondered when the next time she would be allowed any clothing would be. There seemed to be no occasion on the horizon for that as far as she could see.

As usual, the occasional male hand was left out for her to brush past, but she was grateful that there was nothing else today, for whatever reason. She arrived at the Slave Centre largely unmolested. Nicky studied the grim building with slight trepidation, but not as much as many slave girls because she had never been incarcerated there. Those slaves who had been given initiation training there rarely spoke of their experiences, but Nicky knew they were not pleasant. She would be doing this new girl a big favour if she could persuade her to submit without needing that training. She would of course be doing herself a big favour as well, partly because they would get the new girl into harness much sooner, and partly because she would surely get a severe caning if she failed in her mission.

Shortly afterwards Nicky was ushered into Master Colin Matthews' presence. He was the man who had 'processed' her into slavery years ago, though he didn't recognise her. No reason why he should, she reflected slightly bitterly, given the hundreds of girls he must have dealt with over the years. He was middle-aged, considerably fatter and greyer than when he had inducted her and completely lacking in any trace of good looks. He was business-like with her, though as he spoke

his hand was fondling her bare breast. Such behaviour, of course, was well within business practice in Corvalle.

“Kneel in the corner,” he instructed her. “I will have her brought in and will explain her situation to her, then leave her with you.”

Nicky obeyed and watched moments later as two burly guards brought in a large, handcuffed blonde. She was tied to a chair, hands behind her back and the guards departed. Nicky looked her over: tall, broad-shouldered but well proportioned, pretty enough, good figure, maybe around twenty or twenty-one years old. Her clothes were crumpled and she had clearly been wearing them for some days. She looked around in obvious anxiety and her eyebrows shot up when she saw Nicky kneeling naked in the corner, then her gaze transferred to Matthews. “I demand to speak to somebody in authority,” she said with icy self-control masking her fears and a fairly upper class accent.

“That would be me,” Matthews replied calmly. “That’s why you have been brought here.”

“And who the Hell are you?”

“I am the head of the immigration and induction service for acquired persons in this city.”

“Acquired persons? What the fuck does that mean?”

“Please keep your language moderate.”

“Moderate?? After the way I’ve been treated? I’ve been kidnapped; transported God knows how many hundred miles and then handed over to your men who, instead of releasing me, locked me up in a cell. I’m not a criminal! What am I supposed to have done against any local law?”

“Nothing, as far as I am aware.”

“Well then get these fucking cuffs off me!”

“Again I must ask you to moderate your language. The cuffs will remain, at least for now.”

“What? Now look...”

“If you will quieten down, I will explain what is happening, what your legal situation is and what is required of you.” The blonde opened her mouth for another tirade, then thought better of it. “There is no British consulate in this city or surrounding area, nor would one be allowed. This city is strictly closed to authorised persons only. The authorities in Chile allow it to be run on rather separate lines.”

“Chile? I was back-packing in Bolivia. Am I in Chile now?”

“This is where you were brought, yes. This city, Corvalle, has some rather unusual customs, which are kept from the world at large. The main one of these is the institution of slavery. You have been brought here to become a slave.”

The blonde stared at him. “That’s crazy! You’re mad!”

Matthews shrugged. “It is the way things are here. You surely saw things from the window of the van which transported you from the airfield to here.”

Clearly shaken, the blonde nodded. “But ...” she began.

“This young wench here,” Matthews went on, indicating Nicky, “is a slave. She will talk to you shortly. Now, as to your status: you have been designated as an acquired person.”

“Wh-what does that mean?”

Matthews consulted a file. “You are Miss Samantha Browne?”

“Yes,” the blonde confirmed warily.

“You have been designated an acquired person. This means that all the rights normally enjoyed by free persons have been removed from you. Under Corvalle law, you are now the property of the state. However, a certain Mr. Zoltan Drago has already purchased the rights to you, effective immediately when you leave here, when your legal status will formally change to that of a slave.”

“You’re mad! I’m certainly not going to agree to any of that!”

Matthews shrugged. “You have two options. The first is to submit to your new position immediately. The alternative is to initially refuse, in which case you will be taken to properly equipped rooms here and, shall we say, persuaded to accept your status and trained to obey.”

His words stopped Samantha in her tracks. “What?” she asked in a small voice.

"I see no reason to repeat myself. I will leave you with your fellow slave for a while. When I come back, you will either submit or be taken for training." He left the room.

Samantha stared after him. "He's bonkers," she stated.

"Don't say that," Nicky said quietly.

"I suppose you're going to agree with him. Dressed like that, you're clearly going along with this shit."

"I've never had any choice, just like you. I've been where you are, faced pretty much the same situation. He's telling you the truth."

"But it's ridiculous!"

Nicky shrugged a bare shoulder. "The city and the plain are surrounded by impenetrable mountains. The only way out are via the airport or seaport and of course both are carefully guarded. Communications out of here are also guarded. There are over a hundred thousand people in this city and maybe three thousand slaves. Not one has ever got away."

"Does the government in Chile know what's going on here? Surely they could stop it!"

Nicky smiled ruefully. "Where do you think all the top people in that government go for their holidays? A wide choice of good female bodies is a pretty good bribe. And this country is about as corrupt as they come."

"But this can't be going on!"

"It's been going on for thirty years at least. Near as I can make out, it was some British and Americans who set it up, which is why English is the main language here and most of the authorities are ex-pats. And there's no reason why it won't go on forever. There's loads of money and power involved. Lots of wealthy businessmen from all over are allowed to visit here, or have homes here, and in return they sign loads of good trade and business deals. That generates massive amounts of money." Nicky smiled sardonically. "You and I are part of the ... attraction for those men."

Samantha chewed all this over. "Who is this Zoltan Drago?" she asked.

"He's my owner, which is why I was sent here. And he owns you too now."

"Does he Hell!"

"He does and he's backed up by the law here," Nicky persisted. "You have a choice of two: you either accept that he owns you and submit to him, or they will take you to the Slave Training Centre and... teach you there."

"You mean brainwash me."

"Maybe 'break you in' is a better term."

The blonde snorted. "That's what I do with wild horses back home."

Nicky had suspected that Samantha's accent suggested an upper class background. The horse analogy was perhaps unfortunate, given what Samantha's fate was going to be, but now was not the time to bring that up. "That's what will be done to you," she confirmed. "And it won't be pleasant."

"What happens if they can't ... break me in?" But she sounded less sure of herself now.

"They will," said Nicky simply. "They always do in the end. It's only a question of how long. Of course, the longer it takes; the worse for you. Trust me; the Training Centre is not a place you want to go to."

Samantha looked distinctly uncomfortable now. "So what are you suggesting? That I play along with them until I get the chance to escape?"

"There is no escape from here," Nicky answered in a matter-of-fact tone.

"So?" Samantha asked, clearly dreading the answer.

"The choice is surrender now, or surrender later after a lot of pain. I'd advise you to surrender now."

"You mean do anything they want me to?"

"Yes." Nicky let the answer hang for a moment, then got up from her knees and came to stand, naked, in front of Samantha, then pulled up a chair and sat down so that they were face to face. She locked her eyes with the blonde's. "I could give you the best piece of advice you'll ever get right now. I don't know if you'll take it, though."

Samantha looked at her for a long moment, then said quietly, "I'm listening."

"When Master Matthews comes back, ask him for permission to strip yourself naked and suck his cock."

Samantha flinched, but her eyes held Nicky's. "You're joking," she said, but then added almost to herself, "no, you're not, are you?"

Nicky said nothing.

"Is that what you did?" Samantha asked.

"Slightly different situation, but yes, I capitulated immediately."

"And when you look back on that now?"

"I did the right thing," Nicky answered firmly and truthfully. "It wasn't easy, to put it mildly, but it would have been even worse otherwise." Her eyes met Samantha's. "Are you a virgin?"

"No."

"I was. And shy, too. It was very tough."

The room fell quiet. Nicky could see Samantha thinking everything over. She herself had no more to say: it was up to the blonde now. She couldn't expect Samantha to accept that her slavery was permanent yet; but a temporary surrender would gradually grow into a full one.

At that point, the door opened and Matthews came back in. He put a sheaf of papers down on a table in the corner and then eyed Samantha, who was still tied to the chair. "Right," he said in a business-like tone to Samantha, "I have some papers for you to sign. First of all you will need to revoke your British citizenship and apply for Chilean citizenship. This is a technicality to ensure the British government has no legal sway, in the unlikely event that they should ever locate you. Your application for Chilean citizenship will be accepted and then immediately all of your rights will be withdrawn and you will be re-designated as a slave, and hence as property." He smiled condescendingly. "You do not need to sign that, of course, because from that point on your signature will have no value or meaning. Property cannot sign. You will then be shown a document confirming Zoltan Drago's ownership of you, again not requiring any consent from you but so that you know who your primary obedience should be to." He eyed the blonde sternly. "That is of course all assuming that you have decided to co-operate straight away, or will you need to be sent to be persuaded first?"

This was the crunch moment. Nicky, like Matthews, looked at Samantha. The blonde had gone white despite her tan, her eyes wide as saucers and the wooden chair she was tied to creaked as she shifted her weight on it uncomfortably. When she spoke, her voice was little more than a hesitant whisper.

"Please, I ... I ... of course I'll sign everything and do whatever you want me to." The blonde's shoulders sagged in defeat as she spoke, whilst Nicky's bare shoulders sagged in relief. Samantha licked dry lips, tried to meet Matthews' eyes and failed. "But ... I was wondering if I could..."

"If you could what, girl?" Matthews asked impatiently, clearly expecting a request for mercy or something that he would refuse.

"If I could..." Samantha took a deep breath, "if I could strip naked for you? And... and then perhaps, could I... could I give you a blowjob?"

Matthews grunted in slight surprise and his eyes flicked momentarily towards Nicky, who had returned to her kneeling position, legs suitably parted. Then he turned his attention back to the trembling Samantha. Nicky knew straight away that he was not going to make it easy for her, but that was probably best for the girl. "Well, you will have to strip shortly anyway," he informed her. "Your new owner has bought you not your clothes. Your clothes and effects will be sent to a local charity shop. As for sucking my cock" – he leered – "it would be amusing for that to be the last action you take as a free person, before you sign the documents, don't you think, girl?"

"Y-yes," Samantha managed.

"You answer 'yes master' from now on," Matthews informed her sharply.

Samantha took a deep breath. "Yes, master," she said quietly, defeated.

Matthews produced a bin liner. "Get those clothes off and put them in here," he told her.

Slowly and miserably, Samantha stripped, her eyes lowered with embarrassment. Once she was down to bra and panties, Nicky could check out her body. Strong, muscular legs, the product of much horse riding, would serve her well as a pony girl. Her upper body looked strong too, though also very feminine. After a few moments hesitation, Samantha removed her bra to expose firm, large breasts. Then the knickers came down to reveal a shaven pubis. One by one, she had put all the items into the bin liner and now stood naked, shifting from bare foot to bare foot in deep humiliation.

Matthews sat down in the chair Samantha had earlier been tied to. He eyed the blonde and said simply, "I'm waiting, girl."

Nicky could see the battle going on inside Samantha's head. At length, the girl knelt down in front of Matthews and brushed back her long blonde hair. With trembling fingers she undid Matthews zip and carefully extracted his largely flaccid penis. She lowered her head between his legs and after something between taking a deep breath and a sob, she took it into her mouth.

If Nicky was a black belt first dan in karate, she must have been around a fourth dan in cock sucking. Long years of practice and occasional tutelage had made her an expert, as most slaves of her length of service were. She watched Samantha critically. The girl had plenty to learn, but she was performing just about adequately. It took a while, but Matthews began to swell and his breathing became louder and quiet murmurs of satisfaction escaped his lips. Eventually he grasped Samantha's blonde mane of hair and turned her face towards his. "When I go off," he said raspily, "you swallow it. All of it, you understand?" Her blue eyes wide and afraid, Samantha nodded. A minute later, he did finally come. Nicky saw Samantha's cheeks bulge both with his member and his jism and her Adam's apple worked convulsively as she swallowed again and again.

Once he had subsided, Samantha relaxed and let his cock out of her mouth, but he stopped her. "Lick it clean," he ordered. Samantha shuddered, but obeyed. At last he took his prick back and replaced it in his trousers. Samantha remained on her knees, staring disconsolately at the floor.

Business-like once more, Matthews picked up the sheaf of papers and presented several for Samantha to sign. Head bowed, she did so. He showed her another document which Nicky recognised as a slave ownership certificate and informed her that she now belonged to Zoltan Drago. Then he addressed Nicky.

"Take this slut back to your owner," he ordered. "And on the way, explain to her that if he has to return her here for training, she will regret it."

"Yes, master," Nicky answered dutifully, but then went on, "permission to ask a question, master?" Matthews nodded in disinterested fashion. "Are you going to lock her before she goes?"

"No," Matthews replied firmly. "Mr. Drago's orders were simple and specific."

"Yes, master, thank you, master," Nicky acknowledged fawningly.

Matthews ignored her, got up and left.

There was a long moment's silence, then Samantha said with self-disgust, "well, I did what you told me to do."

"You did," Nicky agreed as positively as she could. "Well done. Honestly, you would have soon regretted it if you hadn't."

"I'm regretting it now," Samantha retorted shortly. She grimaced. "I've still got the taste in my mouth."

"There's a water fountain in the corridor," Nicky said. "We can stop off at it on the way. We are allowed to use things like that."

"Where are we going?" Samantha asked.

"To your new home."

Realisation dawned on Samantha. She looked down at her nude body. "Like this?" she asked incredulously.

"You saw naked slaves on the streets when you were brought in," Nicky observed.

"Yes, but ..."

"Come on," Nicky said firmly. "The sooner we start, the less time you'll have to anticipate it."



Miserably and anxiously, Samantha followed her out of the room. There was nobody about. They stopped at the water fountain and Samantha washed the taste of Matthews' cum out of her mouth. She looked anxiously around as Nicky led them to the exit of the building, but apart from a couple of female secretaries who ignored them, they didn't encounter anybody.

Nicky opened the door. In front of them was a short path to the street. The centre was located quite close to the centre of the town and there were a fair few people about. Samantha peered over Nicky's shoulder, took in the number of male passers-by and said, "I can't go out there like this."

"No choice," Nicky said simply.

"We could ..." Samantha began.

"No we can't," Nicky interrupted. "Runaway slaves always get caught and the punishment is unbearable." She sensed Samantha's body slump in defeat behind her. "There's something else you need to know," she added. "If some guy has a feel of you as you walk by, don't react. Above all, don't resist."

"But ..."

Nicky turned to face the blonde and locked eyes with her. "No matter how far he goes," she added clearly.

Samantha looked at her. "What are you saying, exactly?" she asked.

"There's a standard convention here. If an owner sends his slaves out onto the street dressed vulnerably, then free men are entitled to take advantage of that. I'd say we're both dressed pretty vulnerably, wouldn't you?"

Samantha swallowed. "How far ... can they take that?"

"As far as they like."

The blonde's blue eyes opened wide. "You mean we could be used?"

"I mean we could be fucked."

"But ... aren't there any policemen around?"

"If a free man is trying to have his way with you and you resist and the police are called, their job will be to hold you down so the man can do what he wants. And afterwards, you'll probably get a public flogging."

"Oh my God," said Samantha softly.

Nicky felt it best not to delay any longer. Taking Samantha's hand firmly in her own, she said, "come on, let's go."

She half dragged Samantha out of the door and down the path onto the street. The sun felt warm on her body and she felt the heat of the pavement beneath her bare feet. Samantha pulled her hand free, but did not run off. Instead, she used her one hand to cover her crotch and her other to vainly try to cover her breasts. Her face was very red. Nicky was too used to this to try covering her own assets.

"Oh my God," repeated Samantha quietly. "This is awful. I feel like ... like an animal at the zoo."

"You get used to it," Nicky replied equally quietly. "Eventually," she added bleakly. "Sort of," she added further.

"The men ... they stare so openly."

"No point in hiding their interest. And no point in them being polite to us."

They moved on. Nicky was trying to set the right pace, fast enough to get the journey over with quickly but not so fast as to draw extra attention to themselves – as if being naked in public was not drawing attention anyway. Still, they did occasionally pass other naked or near naked slave girls. Nicky was also keeping to the busier streets. There might be more eyes on them, but there was less chance of them being seriously sexually assaulted on busy thoroughfares.

Then, round a corner came Tit and Tat, harnessed naked to a pony cart.

Samantha came to a halt, astonished. "Oh my God," she whispered.

The sisters were sweating profusely and moving at a fast pace, their blonde hair flowing in the wind. A fat man sat back in the cart. As Samantha and Nicky watched, he languidly reached for the whip and lashed it across the bare backs of both girls in one casual sweep. Both flinched and

increased their pace. Their eyes were fixed ahead of them, apart from keeping aware of the vehicle traffic around them. They didn't see Nicky as they jogged past. Samantha watched them go, transfixed in horror. Then, with some almost supernatural intuition, she said quietly, "that's what I'm going to be doing, isn't it?"

There was no way she could know and yet she did. At least Nicky wouldn't have to break the news to her now. "Yes," Nicky replied quietly.

"God," Samantha whispered, appalled.

"Trust me," said Nicky earnestly, thinking of the arena, "there are worse fates around here."

"I can't imagine," Samantha replied fearfully.

"No," agreed Nicky grimly. "You probably can't."

Again they moved on. Even the revelation of what was in store for her could not drive Samantha's current predicament out of her mind. For a little while there was silence, then Samantha said quietly: "Nicky, I think there are three men following us."

Nicky nodded. She had spotted the trio, all looking like manual or low paid workers, in their mid-twenties. They were not the ugliest men she had ever seen, but not particularly handsome or fit either. They were definitely following the two girls, their eyes on the lithe female forms and making probably lewd comments to each other. And Nicky knew they were moving away from the busy streets now and into the quieter ones. "Just keep walking," she said.

A couple more streets later and the pedestrians around them had almost all disappeared, the three men included. "I think we lost them," Samantha said. Then they turned a corner and almost ran straight into the three men. Nicky realised immediately that the men had taken a parallel street and run to overtake them. Now they were blocking the pavement. Samantha started to step out into the road to go round them, but Nicky took hold of her arm and prevented her. There was no sense in provoking the men.

"Hello, ladies," one of them leered.

"Pretty ladies," observed the second.

"Not ladies, slaves," corrected the third.

"Can't be slaves," the first argued. "The blonde one's covering herself. Slaves don't do that."

"She's just bashful," said the third.

"Still shouldn't do that," said the first. "Show us what you got, blondie."

Nicky's hand was still on Samantha's arm. She squeezed the young girl's bicep meaningfully, but Samantha had already got the picture. Reluctantly she lowered her arms, displaying her firm boobs and shaven cunt.

"Ooh la la," the second man commented.

"Yeah, not bad," observed the first.

"The other one's pretty hot too," commented the third man.

"I know who she is," the first man replied. He eyed Nicky. "You're Nicky Nipples, aren't you?"

"Yes, master," Nicky answered respectfully.

"Used to follow you when you were in Sutton's Slags," the first man said. "Man, the team didn't lose very often when you were in it. More's the pity. Still, you lost once when I was in the crowd, so I had you."

"Yes, master." There was no way Nicky could remember all the men who had had sex with her. When her team lost – which hadn't been very often when she was with Sutton's Slags – the whole team was made available to the audience for gang rape. By the time the twentieth man in the queue for you got his turn, you were usually pretty much out of it. Besides, it was an awful lot of faces to remember.

"There's a park just round the corner," another of the men stated. "Shall we go there and see if we can find some quiet bushes?"

"Of course, masters," Nicky replied, more brightly than she felt. She sensed Samantha look at her with alarm, but the blonde trudged along with her as they were escorted to the park. You are

about to get your first proper welcome to Corvalle, Nicky thought sadly. She could only hope that Samantha wouldn't make a fuss.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

Having been summoned once more into Zoltan Drago's office, Nicky stood waiting for him. He was on the phone, ignoring her.

She was naked. That was now par for the course. In fact, she had not been allowed to wear clothes for three months now. The last time had been the night of the presentation to the press, when she had been beautifully attired. Ever since then, it had been her harness when on pony duty, or nothing. She had grown used to it; perhaps she was still not fully comfortable, even after all this time, but she accepted it. In fact, she was beginning to forget what it was like to be clothed, to feel the material next to her skin, to have her female charms covered up.

In fairness, she had never felt better about her body than she did now. She was certainly in tremendous shape: long hours between the shafts as a pony had improved the curves of her already superb legs and toned her lithe form to perfection. Her breasts were firm; her stomach was flat, her bottom pert and her legs perfectly sculpted. Her all-over tan was excellent after days spent in the sun and they had varied the harnesses to avoid her getting the pony girl equivalent of a ghost bikini. Finally, three months of perpetual nudity had made her, if not comfortable with nudity, at least completely used to it. Even after many years of slavery, she had never been completely at ease naked. She wasn't exactly at ease with it now, but it did feel usual. Nicky felt more like a slave, or an animal, now than she had ever done before. For a while, the humiliation of being a public pony girl, and one of only a few such (it was different in Xanxta because it was commonplace there), had been hard to take, but now she took it in her stride. Oddly enough, now that all vestiges of dignity and pride had been stripped from her, Nicky felt all right. She did not have low self esteem: she was what she was, and she accepted that.

The long hours between the shafts were hard, but Nicky did not mind them. She had always loved physical exercise and challenge and this love got her through each day spent as a pony. She was well used to being driven by a whip and accepted this as a fact of life. Even the monotony allowed her mind to drift pleasantly, sometimes even when she was being driven.

John Sutton appeared around twice a week on average when she was in harness and fucked her. Nicky now admitted to herself that she enjoyed what he did to her. Nobody had ever mastered her like he did – like he always did. Standing between the shafts of her cart, waiting for customers, or lying on her cot on recovery days, Nicky had had plenty of time to analyse her feelings. She did not love John Sutton, but her heart and soul belonged to him. It was as simple as that. Anything she could do to serve him, she would do. She could do nothing else. If he did not own her in law, he owned her spirit. She was still sad that he had sold her, but she did not resent it, because it was his right to be able to sell her.

Life was OK, Nicky decided. Tough sometimes, but OK.

Zoltan Drago finished his call, made a note on it and then leaned back in his chair and looked at Nicky. She was well used to male eyes roving over her naked female form. In fact, she was starting to forget what it was like to be clothed, to have any once-private part of her body shielded from view. She waited for him to speak, but it was an unusually long wait. At long last, he spoke quietly.

"I have had an offer for you."

The news came as a shock to Nicky. She wondered who had made the offer, but she was not stupid enough to ask. Instead, she wondered what lay in her immediate future, just when she had become settled mentally.

"My immediate response," Drago went on, "was that I need you for the pony operation. However, this man agreed that you should stay as a pony. He suggested that he purchases you but then leases you back three days a week for your pony girl duties, so they would continue as at present. A sort of time-share deal, I suppose you could call it. As I don't have any particular use for you on the days when you are not on pony duty, I agreed."

Nicky licked suddenly dry lips. "Yes, master," she acknowledged in a whisper.

“You will live at his mansion and simply report here on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for duty as before.”

“Yes, master,” Nicky repeated. She really badly wanted to know who had bought her, but still she felt it best not to ask.

Drago looked her up and down. “You have provided good service,” he said simply.

Nicky felt a warm glow deep inside her. It was odd how such a compliment could please her. “Thank you, master,” she said sincerely.

A slight smile of acknowledgement touched his rat-like features. “You’re welcome,” he said wryly.

Nicky waited for him to say more. She was dying to know who had bought her. She was even starting to wonder whether it was worth the inevitable whipping she would get if she asked. She risked looking imploringly at her owner.

He smiled again. “You don’t need to ask who has bought you,” he told her, reading her obvious look. “You know full well. It’s John Sutton.”

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An hour later, Nicky was walking through the town to her new home, her mind in such turmoil that she barely noticed the fact that she was naked. She was locked, however, with the little golden padlock swinging slightly from side to side as it hung from the small silver rings in her sex lips, which were stretched slightly by the light weight of it. Being locked prevented her from having sex, or from anybody having sex with her, though she was still vulnerable to being groped and other indignities. Right now, however, her mind was elsewhere.

She was once more the property of John Sutton.

Excluding the slavers who had originally “acquired” her, he had been her second owner and now also her fourth. She asked herself how she felt about that, especially after she had hated him so much for selling her. She found that the answer was that she was happy, almost ecstatic. But she could not say why.

The cardboard box she carried contained all of her worldly possessions. The main items, in addition to a few karate medals won since her enslavement and a file of photos of moments from the arena, were her three championship belts, one for each of the three years her team had won the Arena league title for John Sutton. Each of the belts included a crotch strap with a plastic penis and the only way the belt could be worn was with the penis inside her. Sometimes, on her day off, she would wear one of the belts, completely voluntarily, and bring herself off. It was a privilege that John Sutton had always allowed her. Zoltan Drago didn’t bother one way or the other.

It was not far from Zoltan Drago’s mansion to John Sutton’s and she got there without being molested. She had not known what sort of reception she would get, but the door was open by a young male slave who took her direct to her new quarters. This was an outhouse at the back of the building and consisted of just two rooms. The main room contained little more than a bed, with the second room being a bathroom. Apart from being well stocked with beauty aids, it was all as basic as it could be, considerably down market from her room at Zoltan Drago’s place before she became a pony girl and more basic even than the room she had been moved into after that. It was certainly a far cry from the flat John Sutton had favoured her with after he had retired her from the arena.

But of course Nicky couldn’t complain. That would only get her a whipping. Besides, she was determined to accept whatever her lot was.

There were no locks on the doors. Apart from the beauty aids, there was nothing to steal and at the same time no privacy for her. There was a canteen for meals, but Nicky’s meals were brought to her by the slave boy. She saw nothing of John Sutton. The next day, she was fed and watered early on and then sent to walk to Zoltan Drago’s to be harnessed. She was naked but locked and it immediately became apparent to her that there was a key to the lock at both locations. Given that it was very early in the morning, however, she didn’t meet anybody anyway.

Life quickly settled into a new rhythm which wasn't really much different to the old one. Her duty days as a pony slave were no different at all apart from the naked walk there and back at the start and end of each duty day. Sometimes on her day off she was sent to 'entertain' some friend of John Sutton, and on a couple of evenings she was used at parties he held, along with other girls including his current squad. She was just another naked slave at such events. Sutton was there, but made no acknowledgement of her and she was not stupid enough to approach him. The whipping for doing that would have been very severe. Occasionally he would appear when she was on the streets in her pony harness and either fuck her there or drive her out to the more secluded areas outside town and have her there, but he said nothing out of the usual. With the bit in her mouth, she could not say anything intelligible even had she dared. It was as if she didn't exist.

So why had he bought her?

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It was a lovely, crisp morning, already quite warm even though the sun was barely up. It was always warm in Corvalle, but this was the summer and, looking up at the clear blue sky, Nicky suspected that it was going to be a hot day. She would be sweating a lot today.

As always, she was wearing nothing apart from her pony boots and the little golden lock which hung from her sex lips, keeping the two silver rings together and effectively preventing sexual intercourse. There was nobody about, since it was barely dawn. Nicky liked this time of day.

She arrived at the stable at the rear of Zoltan Drago's mansion just as Samantha emerged. The pretty blonde was naked and harnessed to her cart, her blue eyes fixed firmly ahead of her. She had adjusted to slavery well, Nicky reflected. Inevitably there had been moments of rebellion, but some firm use of the cane had soon cured that. Now Samantha treated each day of pony duty as fitness training and tried to forget her humiliation as she did it. As for her other duties, Nicky didn't know but suspected she was co-operating, since her luscious bottom was not showing any signs of the cane.

Nicky stepped into the stables, right on time. By arrangement, she always arrived just as Samantha left, so that the stable boy could harness them one at a time. She stepped into the middle of the stable and stood, legs spread. He flashed a key and opened the little golden padlock and she felt the weight of it ease as he removed it. Then he began to put her body harness on as she stood silently, arms raised to shoulder level. He always had a good feel of her breasts when he put the harness on. It was not something she enjoyed, but she was used to it. She opened her mouth for the bit and her teeth fastened onto it as he adjusted the straps. Now she moved backwards until she stood in front of the cart, ready to be connected to it, but at that moment somebody came into the stable.

It was John Sutton.

"Leave us," he said to the stable boy, who hurriedly withdrew. Then he walked idly round Nicky as she stood to attention. She could feel his eyes on her almost naked body, inspecting her. Inspecting his property. Even if he was always going to ignore her, Nicky knew that if somebody was going to own her, she wanted it to be him. She felt herself begin to go wet between her legs, and wondered whether she was going to get fucked. She knew she wanted him to fuck her.

"You look in good condition," he observed casually. "No flab that I can see." He could, of course, see just about everything. It was true, though: the long hours of pony toil had made her fitter and more athletic and lithe than ever. As it was months since she had been allowed any clothing, this was something everybody could see.

He pulled up a wooden chair and sat down, his eyes on her. "I suppose your little slave brain has been wondering why I bought you again," he said. Nicky could not speak because of the bit, but she could move her head and so she nodded, somewhat fearfully.

He went quiet again, regarding her thoughtfully. "You were always a favourite slave of mine," he said reflectively. "In the arena you were superb, a legend," he remembered. Nicky

remembered matches of incredible agony and torment, torture almost beyond endurance. And yet... she felt herself going even more wet between her thighs.

"Perhaps I was wrong to retire you from the arena when I did, but I wanted you to go out at the top," he said pensively. "I think I was right to do that. And I still enjoyed owning you after that. You are a delicious slave." Again he fell quiet and thoughtful. She was dying to ask him why, therefore, he had sold her, but the bit prevented her from speaking and also she was afraid. He had not given her permission to speak.

"But it went wrong," he continued. "Do you understand why? Can your slave brain comprehend?"

Nicky shook her head, as far as the harness allowed her to move it.

"Don't you remember? I gave you your own flat, your own clothes. Naturally you were still available to be used, but it was almost as if you were free. I indulged you." Nicky remembered. "It was wrong," he repeated, "completely inappropriate. You are a slave and I was treating you more like a girl friend. Next thing, you would have been demanding a new TV for the flat or saying you had a headache when I wanted to use your body. Or I would have been turning up with an engagement ring. Completely unacceptable, but ... I found myself in love with you."

Nicky stared at him. She became aware that tears were running down her face.

"You are a slave. That is all you should be, now and forever more."

She could barely see him through the tears.

"So I did the only thing I could do. I sold you. I needed you to be a slave again. I was hoping that eventually I could buy you back when things had returned to normal, when both our heads were sorted, but I made myself promise to wait at least a year before I did. Then when Zoltan had his pony girl idea, I thought it best to wait a while longer, let you get really into the mentality of it. There's nothing like being a pony to teach a slave girl her place."

"Master, permission to speak?" Nicky found herself saying, or trying to say, because the bit mangled her words, which came out something like, "masstash, ffermissio shoo ssffeak". However, it was intelligible enough that he understood. He got up and came over to her and undid the bit, removing it carefully from her mouth. Nicky licked dry lips. She knew she wanted to say something, but she did not know what it was she wanted to say. And then, suddenly, she knew, and the wetness between her legs turned into a torrent.

"Master," she said firmly, "I only want to be your slave. Now and for the rest of my life, all I want to do is serve you. Nothing else." Never, ever in her life had she said something she believed so fervently. In a flash of revelation, she understood everything: the world, slavery, and above all herself. Perhaps at the age of eighteen, when she had been abducted and enslaved, she had not been a natural slave; but she was now. She loved her owner and master with every fibre of her lovely body, but she loved him as his slave.

"And I love my master," she added quietly.

He smiled and she felt her heart melt.

"Turn around and bend over. Put your hands on your knees," he said firmly. Nicky obeyed, instantly. He strolled past her and took a short multi-bladed whip from where it hung on the wall, then came back and regarded her, strolling leisurely around her. Nicky's firm breasts would not dangle in this bent-over position, but her harness kept them firmly in place anyway. Her legs were slightly open, so that her vulva was on display. Her long, shapely legs and lithe, flawless bottom were shown off perfectly by this stance. He came to a halt in front of her and cupped her chin in his hand, lifting her face up towards his.

"You haven't displeased me," he explained softly. "I just feel like whipping a slave."

"Yes, master," Nicky whispered.

He moved behind her, out of her line of sight. Nicky tensed, controlling her breathing.

Thwack!

The whip impacted on her bare bottom. It stung. Nicky held her position.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

Nicky gasped. He was laying it on hard. But she did not find herself minding.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

Her bottom, thighs, backs of her legs and her back all took their share.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

Little gasps of pain escaped her, but Nicky held her position.

He came round to the front of her again. "What do you want me to do right now?" he asked her.

"Whatever pleases you, master," Nicky breathed immediately. She knew she was inviting more whipping, but she didn't care. In fact, she realised suddenly, she actually wanted to be whipped more, because she wanted to demonstrate her total submission to him. And as their eyes locked, she knew that he knew that, and that he understood her. And she loved him for that. Nicky felt herself going hot and wet between her legs.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

Her gasps started to turn into soft moans.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

The sensation between her legs was turning into a fire and her soft, crooning moaning was now constant. Nicky realised that, for the first time in her eight-year slave life, she was being whipped into an orgasm. She had had orgasms before under the whip, but always from some other stimulus such as a dildo, never as far as she could recall purely from the whip alone.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

Her eyes were clouded and sightless. Her mind had to be focused purely on holding her position, allowing the sensations inside her body to run unchecked by any mental control. She was now moaning loudly and it was totally obvious to anybody what was happening.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

Nicky's body exploded in a fierce, intense orgasm. Although she shuddered and squealed, she stayed heroically in position, as the whip continued to lash her juddering body.

As she came down from the peak, the whip stopped. She heard him toss it to one side, heard it landing on the stone floor. Her back, bottom and thighs all throbbed with pain, but she did not care. That had been an incredible orgasm.

"Lie on your back and open your legs."

Nicky obeyed, the cold stone floor bringing a welcome numbness to her smarting back and bottom. She watched him take his trousers and shorts off and realised she wanted him badly, even though that orgasm had washed her out. In fact, she wanted him more than anything in the world. Missionary position: it was a long time since he had taken her that way, not since he had sold her in fact. When he fucked her when she was on pony duty, it was always from behind, doggie style – or horse style, more accurately.

He was already erect, his member bulging. Clearly, whipping her had done that to him. She found herself pleased to have been of service to him.

He thrust in, brutally. Nicky was absolutely soaked down there and completely lubricated. Again and again he pushed hard into her and she responded with pelvic thrusts of her own, meeting his violence with her own. She was already starting to build, incredibly soon after such an intense orgasm as the one she had just experienced.

The fucking went on and on. His self control had always been fantastic, but never more so than now. Nicky had to work at holding her own tidal wave back, but she knew she was not allowed to come before he did. John Sutton always liked simultaneous orgasms. Nicky applied the same iron will that had served her so well in the arena to keeping herself in check. But the intensity kept on building. She was hanging on by her fingertips. However, he too was coming close to explosion.

And then he came, jetting deep into her with the same brutal force as his thrusts and Nicky let herself go and was swamped by a second orgasm even more overwhelming than the first.

They lay there intertwined for some time, Nicky staying underneath him so that she and not he had the cold stone floor. Eventually he extracted himself from her and brought her now flaccid manhood up to her face. Without being told, Nicky took it gently in her hand and very softly licked



it clean, swallowing the salty remnants of come on it. Most of his load was up her love channel, a thought which she treasured even though she knew she would not conceive from it.

When she had reluctantly finished her task, he got up, put his clothes back on, went to the stable door and called for the stable boy, Kevin, to return.

Kevin came back in. It was obvious at a glance what had been happening. Nicky found herself surprised that she was slightly embarrassed, but also very pleased with herself. She felt she had given her master good service.

John Sutton looked down at her whilst he spoke to Kevin. "Sorry to keep you waiting," he said amiably. Unlike Zoltan Drago, John Sutton always treated the staff with civility. "I think she'll need hosing down, then hitch her up to the cart and send her off to work, please."

"Yes, Mr Sutton," Kevin said politely.

"Fuck her first, though, if you like," John Sutton said casually.

Kevin's face lit up. "Yes, sir, thank you, sir," he said happily.

"My pleasure," Sutton replied genially. He looked down at Nicky, who was still sat, legs apart with her sex fully on view, looking up at him. He cupped her chin again in his hand, brushing aside her dark red curly hair from her pretty face. "I enjoy owning you, slave," he said simply, and her heart raced.

"Thank you, master," Nicky said. "Permission to speak?"

"Granted."

"I love being owned by you, master," Nicky breathed sensually and meant every word with every fibre of her body.

Her owner smiled, melting her heart again and then straightened up and left without a backward glance. She stared longingly after him as he disappeared through the door.

"Well now," Kevin said mildly.

Nicky transferred her attention to him. He was young, around nineteen or twenty, reasonably handsome and in good physical shape. That was all a bonus, but what really mattered is that her owner had given him permission to use her. It was therefore up to Nicky to make sure he had a really good time. Struggling up onto her knees, she pulled his trousers down and without being told took his half-erect prick into her mouth to begin to rouse him. She would transfer it to her battered and bruised vagina in a while.

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Some forty minutes later, her bit once more in place, Nicky walked naked through the streets, feeling the familiar pull of the cart behind her. Her body was wet and bedraggled from the hosing down but she felt clean and ready to go. Her back, bottom and the backs of her thighs were all red from the whip, but that was beginning to fade. No doubt before long there would be fresh marks on her from the long carriage whip in the cart.

Nicky didn't care. In fact, she welcomed the day ahead of her. Her shoulders back, her firm plump breasts thrust out, three orgasms already behind her today; she stepped forwards briskly to meet the rest of the day's challenges.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

Bob rather self-consciously checked himself in the car mirror before walking towards the offices of the company he was visiting. Not for the first time, he wondered if the stories about this company's secretary were true. He had been assured they were, but...

He walked into the reception area. A girl looked up from her desk and smiled at him. She was pretty, with a cute face and peroxide blonde hair, obviously dyed but still looking good, curly but functional. Her outfit was professional, with skirt and blouse, but there were enough buttons undone at the top to show some cleavage. Her figure looked excellent. The smile was warm and friendly.

"Mr Travers?" she asked. Her voice was professional and yet sexy at the same time.

"Indeed," he replied with a pomposity beyond his thirty years. "And you are?"

"I'm Mandy, personal assistant to Mr Gallagher. Please take a seat."

Bob sat down on the settee that she had indicated. Mandy, yes, that was the name he had been told. Still, he needed to play this cautiously. If the stories were untrue and he ploughed in...

She came out from round the desk. The skirt was shorter than he had thought, and the stockinged legs were very shapely. She sat down beside him and favoured him with the smile again.

"I'm afraid that Mr Gallagher is running a little late," she said politely. "He's asked me to entertain you until he is ready."

That was the routine Bob had been told. Gallagher never saw his clients straight away: this sex bomb gave them a good time first. A very good time. And if the negotiations with Gallagher were successful...

But he was still careful. "And how are you going to entertain me?" he asked, keeping his voice light and playful, though his throat felt a bit tight.

Again she smiled, and her smile sent delicious shivers through him. "I think you probably know," she purred, "but just to be clear, I'm very well trained in pleasure and obedience." She was very close to him, and he could smell her light, sensuous perfume.

"Trained?" he asked, trying to keep his voice steady. Up close, she was really lovely: not the model type, but a real, cute, pretty girl, the sort you imagined as a perfect girl-next-door type. Her green eyes were soft and inviting, and very close to him.

"Trained," she repeated in little more than a sexy whisper, "in pleasure and obedience."

He glanced towards the door. "What if anybody comes in?"

She stood up, went to the entrance and dropped the latch. The only other door in the room was that to Gallagher's office, which remained firmly shut. "This isn't the sort of company which gets unexpected visitors, but they can't get in now anyway," she said tantalisingly as she sat down beside him again. It was true: Gallagher dealt in imports and exports, contracts for transport and stuff like that. Clients would mostly communicate by email or phone. Visits were by appointment only. Bob was beginning to understand why the company was doing pretty well.

"So we won't be disturbed," Mandy added as she slid adroitly onto his lap and put her arms around him.

Her face was very close to his, so he kissed her. She kissed back, her tongue delving in, her hands now caressing him, stroking him. Bob used his own hands to caress her for a few moments and then went for the remaining buttons on her blouse. Her soft, creamy breasts, partially encased in a frilly, black lace bra, came into view. Mandy pushed her chest up towards him and he obligingly buried his face into it. The sensual perfume filled his nostrils and her soft, flawless skin was a delight on her face.

Mandy eased them both down on the settee so they were lying on it, with her above him and her chest still in his face. His hands moved under the short skirt and felt her bottom. She was wearing only a tiny thong.

As her hands moved deliciously over his body, Bob undressed her. Before long she was down to just the stockings, which he decided to leave on. Her tanned body was lovely, every bit as good

as he had imagined, and she was extremely skilled. For long minutes Bob surrendered to the ecstasy of her touch, holding himself in check only by considerable willpower. Then he felt her undoing the zip of his trousers and taking out his engorged member. She lowered her face to it and he felt her soft lips gently take it in. My God, he realised, she's going to give me a blow job. She lay above him in a sixty-nine position so that he could grope and sample her fantastic body whilst her lips, mouth and tongue did incredible things to his manhood. For long minutes she worked him, keeping him from coming too soon, but then he could hold back his passion no longer. As he ejaculated, Bob was concerned for a moment about staining the settee or his suit, but then realised that she was swallowing it all down.

And as he lay there afterwards, totally spent, she cleaned him off, licking his penis until every last drop of semen was gone and eventually putting his prick gently away and zipping him up once more as if nothing had happened, except that she was still wearing only her stockings.

"That was unbelievable," he breathed as he sat stunned on the settee.

From beside him, she favoured him with the smile again. "I told you I was well trained," she reminded him in that lovely voice.

"In pleasure and obedience," he said, repeating her earlier statement.

She got to her feet and walked over to her desk. Bob admired the shapely bottom as she padded barefoot across the deep carpet. She returned with a briefcase and opened it towards him. Bob's mouth fell open. Inside, neatly packed, were whips, canes, a riding crop, nipple clamps, restraints, gags and all sorts of things.

"Is that for..." he breathed.

"Not here," she said softly. "My apartment, tonight. There's other equipment as well there. And of course this time you'll get, shall we say, full access to the main package. But only if you and we come to agreement." The smile robbed the conditional statement of any unpleasantness; there was only promise. "I hope you don't have to be anywhere too early tomorrow morning," she added sweetly.

He sat up, feeling rather dazed. "I'll bet every client you get comes to agreement with you," he managed and then worried for a moment that he had said the wrong thing.

Her smile did not waver. "We've sealed a lot of deals in the last six months since I arrived," she admitted, her voice still light and feathery. "But we're not offering rubbish. We can do things just as well as our competitors and our prices are comparable." The smile deepened almost impishly. "It's just that we seem to have quite a good line in fringe benefits. Well, if you're ready, shall we go in to Mr Gallagher now?"

His eyes ran up and down her naked body. "Aren't you going to get dressed first?" he asked.

She pouted. "Do you want me to?"

Bob tried to impose himself on the situation. "I think you'll be a bit distracting like that," he said with a touch of his old pomposity. "But I think I can cope with it," he added.

The meeting went well. Gallagher showed not the least surprise in seeing his secretary stripped down to just her stockings, nor did her presence there seem to affect him. Occasionally, even, he would run his hand absentmindedly down her flank or stockinged leg whilst he considered a point. Bob found focusing more difficult. He was actually quite grateful when she went out for a few minutes to make some tea, then to type out and print off some details. Also, he found that she was not just a dumb secretary. She knew the business, participated in the discussions and made useful suggestions. Gallagher was clearly mentoring her and she was bright and keen. The deal was good and Bob found he could agree the terms in all good conscience even without the incentive on offer. Well, almost. There were probably slightly better deals around, but this was still pretty good.

With commendable skill, Mandy had drawn up the contracts and all had been signed and copied. Bob said goodbye to Gallagher and went back to reception. Mandy was now dressed normally and Bob wondered for a moment if the invitation for tonight was purely fiction.

"So where am I staying tonight?" he asked. The original arrangement had been that she would book a room for him at a local hotel.

The smile came again and she handed him a card with an address and directions. "My flat, of course," she said easily. "Shall we say seven o'clock? There's a nice restaurant nearby and then... well..."

"Pleasure and obedience?" he asked.

"Pleasure and obedience," she replied, the smile still there.

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Around midnight, Bob sat up in the apartment's double bed, resting. Mandy sat next to him, naked, her breasts firm with nipples jutting out with the perkiness of her youth – she was twenty-one, he had found out, which was about the only thing he had found out. The apartment was sumptuously furnished, clearly funded by Gallagher.

Bob sighed. The sex had been fantastic. She had now drained him twice that day. He was wondering if he would be able to summon up enough energy for a third go in a while.

"So how did you get into all this?" he asked, trying to be careful.

A slight frown crossed Mandy's pretty features, the first he had seen on her. "You were going to say 'into this game', weren't you?" she asked, her voice still soft but slightly more vulnerable now. "I'm not a prostitute," she declared.

"I didn't say you were," he said gently, walking on eggshells.

She snuggled up close to him, as if to apologise for the near-outburst. "There's a story behind it all. Eighteen months ago, me, my sister and my mum were, well, incarcerated in a mansion in Scotland and used as sex slaves for a year."

"What?"

"It's a bit complicated," she said gently. "We sort of agreed to it, but we also had no real choice. We'd certainly never done anything even slightly like it before, or thought about doing anything like it. Charlie, that's my sister, she was even a virgin."

"Younger or older than you?"

"A year younger. I wasn't a virgin but I hadn't done much, either. Anyway, we had to do it, so we did it. It was a very tough year." She seemed to lose herself in thought.

"Trained in pleasure and discipline," Bob quoted once again.

She roused herself from her thoughts. "Very thoroughly trained," she said quietly. "It was very tough," she repeated. The green eyes flickered towards me and a slight impishness returned. "Was I trained to a satisfactory standard?"

"Very high standard," he affirmed. He'd never tried BDSM before, but he'd given her a light spanking and tried out those nipple clamps. She took both without demur. Memo to self, he thought: do a bit of research on the internet and then try out some more. He wasn't stupid enough to think he was going to get very regular trysts with Mandy, but he could send a couple more very lucrative contracts their way, enough to earn at least another night or two like this.

"I was an absolute novice at the start of that year. Like I said, Charlie was a complete virgin. By the end of it... well, I suppose we had changed quite a bit. Charlie actually stayed on for a second year; she's still there now. As for me... it was almost like being at school, I got some careers advice. They fixed me up with this job, like an apprenticeship. I'm learning how it all works."

Bob nodded. "You're pretty good," he agreed, then clarified, "at the trade, I mean. You put some good points together with that contract."

"Thanks. By the end of the year Mr Gallagher will be setting me up in my own branch office as a junior partner." Her head lowered slightly. "There are strings, of course. For the period of my apprenticeship, which is a year, Mr Gallagher has certain... rights over me. You know what I mean. Then he decided that customers should also have rights as well."

"And you agreed?"

"I didn't have any choice. Besides, when you've been a slave... you learn to surrender."

“Well, I hope you’ll be surrendering to me sometime soon again. I’ve got some more work I can put your way.”

“That’s great, but after next week I’m away for three months. Mr Gallagher is sending me to work at a similar company based in Chile. I’m being seconded to a friend of his. It will be good experience – the work, I mean.”

“Is Mr Gallagher also passing his ‘rights’ over you to his friend?”

“Yes,” she replied quietly. “I’ve already had... a couple of what you could call ‘break the ice’ sessions.” She rolled over on top of me and gave me the smile once more. “Talking of rights, isn’t it time you exercised yours again?”

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Ten days later, Mandy nervously fingered the black leather collar she was wearing as the plane came down to land at Corvalle’s airfield.

It was so obvious that it was a slave collar. Even the silver ring worked into the front of it was a dead giveaway. Mandy had considered buttoning up her blouse to hide at least some of it, but had decided that would look even odder.

She was very aware that this was no ordinary posting. Corvalle was a closed city: all communication in and out was strictly monitored and this final leg of her journey had involved a small plane which only flew once a week from a single airport over the mountains to Corvalle, no end of paperwork and visas and was one of only two ways to reach the city, the other being by sea and just as heavily guarded.

The post would be excellent experience, but she also knew that her duties in Corvalle would not be dissimilar to those back home. However, Mr Gallagher had told her that such things were much more open here. Fully open, in fact, he had said. You will actually have the status of slave for the duration of your visit, he had said. Mandy had decided that, after enduring a year locked up in the mansion in Scotland, she could tough out a further three months. Charlie, after all, was still slaving away in Scotland and if little sister could do it, so could she. Besides, she really was doing well in this job. Mr Gallagher had seen fit to raise her basic salary twice already and her commission on contracts secured was going through the roof, hard-earned though it might be. She was not naïve enough to believe that her ‘additional duties’ would cease entirely at the end of her apprenticeship, but they would reduce considerably, maybe eventually down to a trickle. She could live with that.

She looked across at Paul Hemmingway, her new boss – supposedly, according to Mr Gallagher, technically her ‘owner’ during her stay in Corvalle. He was okay. Around thirty years of age, which made him well over a decade younger than Mr Gallagher, he was smart, intelligent and energetic. Unlike Mr Gallagher, who had to hide his use of Mandy from a rather grumpy and ill-tempered wife, Hemmingway was free and open. He took his role as a mentor seriously, giving her opportunities and explaining things well. He was strict, though: she had already felt his hand come down hard on her bare bottom twice when she had not come up to scratch. But he was fair with it, explaining her errors. Mandy could deal with that. And in bed, well, she’d had a lot worse.

The plane came to a halt. A couple of minutes later they were descending the steps. Delightful summer air greeted them. Mandy had been told that the weather here was wonderful, always very warm but with the sea breeze keeping it from being oppressive. She could more than live with that. They walked into what was called the terminal, but was little more than a cabin. There were only half a dozen people on the flight and she was the only female. Inside the building, the six people lined up in front of a desk where an official was checking visas and passports. It might be a small airfield, but security was not lax. Mandy stepped into the queue behind Hemmingway, but he shook his head.

“You need to go over the other desk,” he said.

Slightly puzzled, Mandy moved over to the other desk. A large sign over the first desk had said, "all free arrivals", which seemed to mean everybody. Then she saw the sign above the second desk. It said simply, "slaves".

It would appear that Mr Gallagher had not been exaggerating, Mandy thought to herself. She noticed, too, a riding crop hung unobtrusively from the wall next to the desk. A riding crop, she knew from unfortunate experience, could sting like Hell. Mandy's bottom twitched in unpleasant memory.

The desk was unmanned at that time, but moments later a young woman in her late thirties, who had been helping at the other desk, came over and sat behind it. She eyed Mandy frostily and said, "papers?"

Mandy handed over her visa and passport. The woman studied the visa, stamped it and put it into a file. Then she looked at Mandy's passport. "You are not allowed to keep this during your stay in Corvalle," she informed Mandy officiously. "It must be kept by your owner. Is he here?"

So this owner thing really was official. Incredible! "Yes, he's in the queue for the other desk," Mandy replied politely.

"He should know to come and collect you from here once he gets through," the woman harrumphed. "Very well," she went on, "get your clothes off."

Mandy's green eyes opened wide in surprise. "I'm sorry?" she asked, confused.

"Get your clothes off," the woman repeated. "All of them," she clarified.

Evidently there was some uniform for Mandy to change into or something like that. She looked round. "Where should I change – and what into?" she asked.

The woman rolled her eyes in exasperation. "I didn't say to change into anything," she said irritably. "I just told you to strip. And you do it here."

"What, here?" Mandy asked in surprise. "But I ..."

"Mr Carlton," the woman called, ignoring her.

An older man came over, clearly a senior official. "Is there a problem, Mrs Mason?" he asked.

"Slave here refuses to strip," the woman said simply.

It was dawning on Mandy that she had put her foot in it. "No, I wasn't refusing," she protested, "I just didn't quite understand."

The woman snorted. "What bit of 'get your clothes off' did you not understand?" she asked sharply.

Mandy didn't want to dig herself further into a hole. "I'm sorry, it was my fault," she said. Her hands went to the top button of her blouse and unbuttoned it. Neither the man nor the woman said anything. Mandy undid all the buttons, then slipped the blouse off, undid her skirt and stepped out of that too. After slipping her sandals off, she was down to bra and panties only. Hemmingway had now cleared the other customs desk and had joined the other two, watching her. Mandy reached behind her back, unfastened her bra and let it fall away from her, then slipped her panties off. She stood facing them, keeping her hands away from her body, feeling her face go red. Hemmingway, of course, had seen her nude before, and this Mr Carlton was just another man, but it was unsettling to be naked in public. One or two of the other male passengers glanced at her as they went by on their way out of the cabin.

"Well, that all seems in order now, Mrs Mason," Carlton said, as if nothing unusual was happening. "I would suggest that six will suffice."

"Yes, Mr Carlton, thank you," the woman said as he departed. She turned back to Mandy. "All right, you, bend over the table."

Mandy realised with a shock what Carlton's last words had meant. She glanced towards Hemmingway, but there was clearly no help to be had there. Further hesitation would only drop her even more in the mire, so Mandy obeyed and leaned over the table, her bottom now vulnerably jutting into the air. She saw Mrs Mason take the riding crop from the wall and steeled herself. This wasn't fair, of course, but she was sufficiently experienced to know that fairness didn't come into it.

Thhwapp!

“Aaaggh!”

Mandy gasped as the crop bit into her bottom for the first stroke. Damn it, that hurt! She fought the massive temptation to jump up and snatch the crop from this woman.

Thhwapp!

“Aaahh!”

Mandy cursed herself silently. She was NOT going to give the woman the satisfaction of seeing her break down. She gritted her teeth.

Thhwapp!

This time she was able to stay silent, though it took an effort.

Thhwapp!

Oh, that hurt! Two more to go!

Thhwapp!

“Ooohh!”

She couldn't help the slight exclamation, that one really stung. One more... probably the woman would make it the hardest. Mandy steeled herself.

Thhwapp!

Oh God, that was a low one, right at the junction of lowest point of bottom and the tops of her thighs. Mandy twitched in pain but again managed to stay silent. Thank God it was over. But how many more times was she going to get it during the next three months? Mandy stood up and turned with watery eyes to face the woman, who regarded her with an evil smile for a moment before turning to Paul Hemmingway.

“Is this your slave, sir?” she asked him politely, hanging up the crop to Mandy's relief.

“Yes,” said Hemmingway briefly, his eyes on Mandy's naked body.

“Very well, sir, she's all yours. I hope you enjoy your stay in Corvalle.”

“I'm sure I will,” Hemmingway said drily. “Can you tell me how I can arrange for our luggage to be taken to my hotel?”

The woman smiled ingratiatingly, her attitude totally different to that she had shown Mandy. “I can arrange that, sir, if you give me the address.” He named the hotel and she nodded. “Oh yes, I know it. Do you want me to put the slave's clothes into a bag and send them there too?”

“That would be most helpful, thank you,” replied Hemmingway urbanely. Mandy gaped at him. What was she supposed to wear? Surely she wasn't expected... she swallowed hard and watched as Mrs Mason produced a bin liner and casually tossed Mandy's clothes and shoes into it, treating them far less carefully than she would have undoubtedly treated Hemmingway's things.

“My colleagues have arranged a special taxi to take me to the office,” Hemmingway said to Mrs Mason, ignoring Mandy's resentful stare. “Do you know where it will be?”

“Out of the main door and turn left, I expect,” Mrs Mason told him, pointing towards an exit on the far side from where they had entered. “Enjoy your stay in Corvalle,” she repeated.

“I'm sure I will. Come along, Mandy.”

Mandy followed him towards the entrance, glad to get away from that woman but feeling very self-conscious of her nude state. “Does this mean I'm going to have to go to the office naked?” she asked him.

He smiled. “Nothing wrong with your body; might as well show it off a bit. It'll help your tan, too. You know, I think I'm going to like it here.”

“I'm sure it's going to be a lot nicer for you than for me,” Mandy replied grimly, her hands gingerly feeling the six welts now developing on her bum.

“You'll survive,” he told her cheerfully as they went through the door and into the very warm sunlight. “Now, where... oh, there it is.”

“Oh, my God,” Mandy breathed in fresh shock, her nakedness forgotten for a moment. Waiting patiently in a taxi rank was a naked young woman, very pretty, with a cute face framed by curly, very dark red hair, and a superbly athletic body attached by a harness to a lightweight single-seater pony cart, not unlike a rickshaw. The harness consisted of black leather straps above and below the girl's firm breasts, which held them in place and pushed them out slightly, another strap

just above her hips and two more, one around the top of each thigh. All of these straps were held in place by twin straps going down her sides and from several points thicker straps led back to the cart. Her wrists were encased by leather bracelets which were chained to the side straps, forcing her hands to remain at her sides. There were further straps around her head, over the top of it, around the sides behind her ears and down to a strap under her chin. From the side straps was secured a wooden bit which her mouth clamped around, so that she could not close her full lips. Two reins led back from the head harness into the cart. Without moving her head, the girl glanced at Hemmingway before taking a long but not unfriendly look at Mandy and then also turning her eyes back ahead of her.

Mandy, who had been reflecting ruefully on the prospect of having to walk naked through the streets and then meet her new office colleagues still in the nude, and grimacing about the tone of future relationships that would set, was blown away by the sight of this poor woman harnessed and made to work like an animal. She could see the perspiration running down the girl's lithe flanks and wondered, given that it was now early afternoon, how long she had been slaving like this. She also noticed a carriage whip in the cart and noted some red marks on the girl's bare back and bottom. Her own situation was far from pleasant but at least she was not being treated like a pony. She could see one or two other girls on the streets in various stages of undress, so at least she wasn't alone.

"Do we both get in the cart?" she asked Hemmingway. There didn't look to be room for two and, although this girl looked extremely fit, she surely couldn't pull the cart with both of them in it.

"Certainly not," he replied as he removed a large note sellotaped to the cart stating that it was reserved for Paul Hemmingway. "You can run along behind."

Mandy swallowed hard. Running naked would be worse than walking naked, she was fairly fit but not outstandingly so. She tried not to think about how her boobs would bounce. At least the pony girl had her breasts supported by the harness. Even so, Mandy did not envy the poor woman. Corvalle, she was realising rapidly, was not a nice place for a slave!

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Nicky looked at the man and then naked girl as they emerged from the airport building. He was probably the one she had been booked for, which he confirmed when he took the 'reserved' note off the cart before getting into it.

She had a longer look at the girl. She was a few years younger than Nicky herself, fairly pretty, decent figure, peroxide blonde hair; clearly a new slave to Corvalle, because she was untanned and also obviously not used to public nudity. Nicky noted the slight stiffness in her posture from embarrassment, saw the twitchy hands which showed the girl was having to remind herself not to cover herself up, though Nicky suspected the girl wasn't a complete newcomer to slavery, judging by her obedience. She noted the six fresh red weals on the girl's derriere and the corner of her lip moved slightly in sympathy.

Another young woman joins the ranks of slavery in Corvalle, Nicky reflected philosophically. She could only hope that this pretty young thing could eventually find the deep satisfaction, security and contentment that Nicky now felt from being owned by a master she loved.

She switched her mind back to her task, set her eyes ahead of her, briefly planned the best route to the office address she had been given, and began breathing deeply, oxygenating her lungs ready for the exertion ahead, and waited for a flick of the reins on her bare shoulders or if she was unlucky the sharp sting of the carriage whip on her back or bum that would signal her to start moving.

THE END