

THE NEW ISLAND FOR SLAVES

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Chapter One - Xanxta

To some extent, Tom Jefferson mused, my slave Ellie, well, she didn't exactly start this but she did indicate the mood.

A few weeks ago, there had been a gathering of the dozen wealthiest men in Xanxta, of which he was one. The overt theme had been for them to bring and share their slave girls. Xanxta being a place where there were many captive slave girls. All of the men owned at least one slave, all of them young, lovely and compliant, so the "bring and share" theme was reasonable enough, but Tom knew there was a hidden agenda. Men were being discreetly sounded out by the two instigators of the party, Matthew Johnson and Bruce Hancock. They had steered conversation quite deliberately towards how the men treated their slaves. Ellie had, with permission to speak but unplanned by him, voiced her view that she loved and worshipped her master. Leah, his other slave, had then said the same.

Johnson and Hancock had been carefully ascertaining which among the men there had developed their slaves to the point where the slaves showed similar loyalty. It turned out that quite a few had. Some, like the rather obnoxious Tyler Mason, certainly had not. Tom was not sorry to see that Mason had not been invited to this second meeting. Others had also not been invited, for similar reasons, but a few extra men had been invited in their place, to make it back up to about a dozen men in total. All had again brought their slaves, but the slaves were excluded from the meeting itself. They had been taken to a second room and allowed to chat amongst themselves. In fact, however, a slave girl called Lucy who, although this was not generally known, was a volunteer slave, something unique in Xanxta, had been tasked with ascertaining the slaves' feelings towards their owners. Ellie and Leah, who knew Lucy slightly and had nailed their colours very firmly to the mast at the previous meeting, had been enlisted to help Lucy with this. The other girls, of course, were unaware of what Lucy and her helpers were doing, and none of the three girls had been given any slightest inclination as to why this information was being sought.

Johnson opened the meeting.

"Gentlemen, thank you all for coming. To get straight to business: we are all slave owners, but we are all men who treat our slaves well and our slaves are, more or less, settled and even happy in their positions in life. However, many other masters in Xanxta are less enlightened. The Xanxta situation also leads to difficulty when slaves grow old and are no longer suitable for the uses to which we put them. These slaves cannot be released and so often end up as domestic or worker slaves in conditions which perhaps we ourselves would not like to see girls who have given us good service end up in.

"As you may be aware, there are two other settlements in the world that we know of where slavery is openly practiced. The first is Corvalle, in Chile, which is run on very similar lines to Xanxta. The other is the place known as the Island, off the coast of Florida, which goes somewhat to the other extreme, as all of the girls there are entirely volunteers. We feel that it would be useful to have something in between, where slaves may not exactly be volunteers as such but are not held completely against their will, so that security is less of an issue and the girls can, at some point when their sexual attraction has declined through age, be released back into the wild."

"Most of them would need quite a bit of rehabilitation and support to adjust back to free life," somebody pointed out.

Johnson nodded. "Yes, that is accepted, but not impossible to do. The additional point about needing lighter security is that those of us who carry on various forms of legitimate business could do so more easily there. Internet connections to the rest of the world could be more open and visitors could be accommodated with less difficulty. The hospitality we could then offer such visitors could be, shall we say, a good sales enticement."

"Are you suggesting setting up a completely new settlement?" somebody asked.

"Yes," Johnson confirmed.

"Any ideas as to location?"

"We have better than that. As you may be aware, a few years ago the Island's activities became known to the world. The exposure was intended to stop them, but it had the opposite effect. Not only did they turn out to be entirely able to do what they do, the publicity led to a flock of applications from young ladies wanting to go there, and men as well, of course. The Island's owner, not wanting to crowd out his rather idyllic island, purchased a second, at the time uninhabited, island, also in the gulf of Mexico and in

fact the nearest island to his own, to develop a sister colony. However, the tsunami of applications did not last and he shelved the idea. Now he is open to the idea of selling the island to us. The infrastructure on the island is all there, it would only take a couple of months to adapt and bring up to our specifications. The full organisational and financial proposals are in the folders under your chairs.”

Tom and the others picked up the folders and looked through them. As a businessman, he was able to assess the project quickly, as were most of his colleagues in the room. The structure was sound and well thought through. A corporation would own the island, with each of the men being shareholders; the wealthier of the men could invest more heavily, with consequently greater returns and policy influence. He would need to go through the supporting documentation more thoroughly later, but at first glance it looked solid. A variety of ways of sourcing new girls were identified, none of which went as far as abduction. Tom wondered if he was growing soft: both of his slave girls, Ellie and Leah, had been acquired via abduction, indeed had been identified by him as targets and then kidnapped to order, although both were now contented slaves.

That set him thinking about his household. Bill and Ben, his two servants, would happily come with him, and they were both trusted lieutenants not only in the day-to-day handling of the girls but with his business affairs as well. His cook would also come: the slimeball would never get any other girls any other way, and it always amused Tom to watch Ellie, who found the cook vile (though she was quite happy with his excellent cooking) have to tend to his physical needs. Ellie and Leah, of course, were his slaves and had no say in the matter, both would go wherever he went. At least, Leah said that, but if it meant giving up the boy friend, Adrian, that Tom allowed her to have, that would test her resolve. If it came to it, would he consider selling her to Adrian? He had become quite fond of Adrian in a fatherly way and the young man would be heartbroken to lose his contact with Leah. Tom would still have Ellie, who was wonderful, but he had grown accustomed to having two beautiful young slave girls at his beck and call rather than one. He could always buy a replacement for Leah, but she was one Hell of a slave and would be very, very difficult to replace. Or maybe Adrian would consider coming too? He was coming to the end of his college course, which was business-oriented, and Tom could easily find a role for him in the business.

Life had been easier, Tom reflected with mild ruefulness, in the old days when he was ruthless.

The meeting having finished, Tom and the other men emerged into the other room where the slave girls were chatting. Immediately, all of the girls stopped their conversations and hurried to present themselves to their owners, Ellie and Leah included. He surveyed his two naked young beauties and discretely asked, “have you finished your task?”

“Yes, master,” said Ellie. “We just have to compare notes with Lucy, and then she can report back to her master with the information.”

That would be a key part of the project information, Tom mused, but his girls did not need to know that. “Very well,” he said. “Taxis have been arranged for us, so I will leave you two to do that and then make your own way home.”

“Yes, master,” both girls said in unison. They would have to make their way across town, stark naked, to the other side of the town where the house was. They would be fair game for any man who encountered them, for anything up to but not including full sexual intercourse, and both girls knew it, but they both accepted it, not that they had any choice.

Taking his folder with him, Tom exited the meeting building. Sure enough, a group of taxi carts awaited, each one with a naked girl harnessed to the front of it. He selected one, pretty much at random. The pony girl was a buxom, solidly built girl with long blonde hair tied back from her face. Her harness, like all pony harnesses, left the essential parts of her body bare and vulnerable. The cart was a rickshaw type, with two long handles which she grasped with her hands and which her wrists were locked to. She saw him approach her and immediately knelt down so that the handles were lowered and he could easily step over them and into the cart. As soon as he had done so – she could not turn round to see, but she would be able to feel the weight in the cart – she stood up once more, waiting for instruction. Tom settled into the cart, gave her his address and ordered a walking pace, in fact told her to take a “scenic route”. He was in no hurry, and had much to ponder. Taking up the reins, he flicked them so that they impacted on

the back of her bare shoulders. It would not hurt her, but it was a message to her to move off. She could not speak, both because of the bit in her mouth and because it was not allowed.

The girl pulled the cart smoothly into motion. Idly, Tom looked at her. Her bottom was quite large, round and deeply tanned, and showed several whip marks. Her back also showed marks, longer lines this time, and it also gleamed with perspiration. The long blonde hair would normally have reached almost to her waist, but was tied off to the side to leave her back open to the whip which was currently holstered by Tom's side.

She walked steadily for five minutes, whilst he reviewed the meeting in his mind and decided on various courses of action, subject to a more detailed study of the folder. The sweat was pouring from her now. It was time he got home, Tom reflected, as he would have things to do. He took the whip from the holster and lashed it across her bare back, not full strength but enough to sting, and his stroke was rewarded by a gasp from her.

"Trot," he ordered.

Immediately the girl moved into a trot, steadily accelerating until she reached the required speed. All ponies, of course, are well trained, so that the rider has a comfortable journey. Tom didn't need to have lashed her, the order enough would have been sufficient, but ponies need the lash. He had noted from the briefing that the main settlement on the island was flat, on the plain not far above the primary beach, and therefore pony girls could be operated there. However, the rest of the island was more hilly, which would be more problematic. There were some nice-looking dwellings on the hillside, which no pony could possibly pull a cart up, and the island's hinterland was hilly, with some nice walks but again not where a pony could go, but the island did look beautiful and inviting.

Chapter Two – Xanxta (by Tom Jefferson)

We turned into the rather select street where my house, or mansion as some call it, is. The pony did not know which house to stop outside, so I pulled on the reins as she came close to it and she slowed to walking pace, and then I pulled again as she drew level with the front entrance. Steam was visibly coming off her sweating body now. She knelt down to lower the handles so that I could get out, and then stood once more. “Stay,” I ordered her, and rang the gateway bell. It should have taken Bill or Ben a minute or so to emerge, but Bill was there almost immediately. How the two of them do it, I don’t know: I swear, I wonder sometimes if they have placed a tracker on me.

“Good evening, sir,” Bill said politely.

People get the wrong idea about my two employees, often intentionally on our part. Both of them are big men, muscular and from Middle Eastern backgrounds. I don’t actually even remember their actual names: I called them Bill and Ben almost as a joke when we first met, and they were amused once they found the cultural reference and were more than happy to keep the names. They can sometimes look like sinister thugs and that is an appearance they sometimes cultivate on purpose: for a new slave, being broken in, it is a definite advantage for us, and in business, well, they have been able to convince the occasional debtor to pay up just by their appearance. But both are intelligent and well educated and have absolutely perfect English. Their main role is actually to assist with my business work, and they are good at it.

“Evening, Bill,” I said affably. “Can you see to the pony, please, and then could you and Ben come out here for a chat?” I settled into one of the garden chairs, underneath a pleasant sun shade.

“Of course, sir.” Bill was already filling a bucket from a cold water tap in the garden. When it was full, he took it to the pony girl. She gratefully dipped her face into it and there were loud slurping noises as she sucked water in, drinking as best she could with the bit in her mouth. Bill then tossed the rest of the contents of the bucket over her steaming body. More steam came off her. He refilled the bucket and tossed a further bucket-load of cold water over her. Her body temperature would now be returning to normal. He filled the bucket one final time, allowed her to drink some more, and then the rest of the water was tossed over her once more. Leah has told me that for an overheating pony girl, having a bucket of cold water tossed over you is a shock, but a wonderful one. Bill gave the girl a none-too-gentle slap on her bottom and the girl moved off. Her standing instructions would be to return to the main pony taxi rank in the town centre, unless somebody else flagged her down on the way.

Ben joined Bill and I motioned them to sit around the garden table. We were far enough from the road that we would not be heard, and there were no neighbours near enough either. I explained the project and showed them the folder. Both asked key questions, some of which I could answer from the briefing I had been given, some of which the folder could answer and some of which we had no answer to at this time. Bill made a list of those and undertook to contact Messrs Johnson and Hancock to ascertain the answers, whilst Ben would make some independent and discreet checks into things. Both fully understood that this was to remain confidential for now, although Hancock had said that the Xanxta authorities had been told of the idea and this was not a conspiracy. The response of the Xanxta rulers had not been negative: there was no shortage of people with money wanting to settle in Xanxta, and a ready enough supply of female slaves. Indeed, both the Xanxta Council and the government of the country in which it lay, which secretly supported it, had been feeling for a while that the original intention of the place, which was to reward key members of the government and their friends, as well as enslaving daughters of prominent political opponents as punishment, hostages and potential dishonouring of their families, and all this was being lost as the place gained more and more Western residents and slaves. So, there was goodwill on both sides, which would be very useful. Nevertheless, it was best to keep things reasonably quiet and discrete for now.

I remained in the garden, considering things, and was still there when Ellie and Leah arrived home.

It occurs to me that I haven’t yet described my two slaves to you, so here goes. Both of them are nineteen, Leah only just having celebrated her birthday and Ellie a couple of months older. Ellie is small and slender, weighing just 50 kilos, with soft, straight, glossy dark hair which comes to just touch her shoulders. It used to be longer, but I’ve taken the decision recently to have her, or rather a hairdresser, cut it to the new length, and of course it is entirely my decision. She has a good figure, hour glass without being brash, with nice boobs, round and firm, a slim waist and a very cute bottom, which she considers,

and I agree, to be her best feature. It has to be said, though, that she has a very pretty face too, with big wide hazel-brown eyes which give her an innocent look. Her pubic hair, for some reason, naturally grows in just a tuft above her sex, giving rise to one of my two nicknames for her, “Tufty”, the other being “Bubble Butt”. These days, though, I mainly call her just Slave Ellie. As most men in Xanxta do, I keep my two slaves permanently naked. Around the household of myself, Bill, Ben, the cook (who she finds vile and slimy), and our regular visitor Adrian, Ellie has pretty much fully adjusted to her nudity, but she still to this day remains more self-conscious when out in public naked, so her walk back from town would not have been entirely comfortable to her, quite apart from the risks that their vulnerability entails. She has been a slave, my slave, for nearly a year now, so that self-consciousness is evidently not going to go away. I’m quite happy with that.

Leah is a bit bigger than Ellie, but not a large girl either, weighing about 57 or 58 kilos. She has light brown hair, swept back into a pony tail which naturally reaches just slightly lower than Ellie’s – again, my choice in the way she wears it. Although the light brown is her natural colour, her pubic hair is a little darker and more coarse. Leah also has a pretty face, but whereas Ellie has those big eyes and a cute little nose, Leah’s sky-blue eyes look full of challenge and mischief and there is always a hint of a smile around her mouth. Body-wise, every inch of Leah’s perfectly toned, lithe frame screams “athlete”. Her legs and arms have just the right balance between musculature and femininity, her tummy is perfectly flat, her bottom beautifully sculpted, and when she walks, it is like watching a tiger move, sinuous and naturally sexy. Her boobs, like Ellie’s, are very firm, not too large but nicely shaped with nipples that tend to jut out a little as if she is challenging you. But then, there is always that sense that Leah is challenging, even though she is as fully domesticated a slave as Ellie. Leah has come to terms more than Ellie with perpetual nudity, even though Ellie has been a slave for longer, but Leah has told me that sometimes it still gets to her too. Again, that suits me fine.

Both girls were identified by me during my trips to England as girls I wanted to ‘acquire’. Both girls were subsequently kidnapped to order and brought to Xanxta. In those days, and it was not so long ago, I used to enjoy taming girls and breaking them in, and then selling them and moving on to pastures new. I tamed Ellie easily enough; Leah was tougher, but she fully capitulated in the end. All girls do, sooner or later: the mounting pain will get worse and worse until they give in, and it is when they realise that that they usually also realise there is no alternative to surrender. More often than not, and this was the case with both of these two, they tell themselves it is only a temporary submission until they can find an escape route, but gradually they come to realise that there is no escape route, and by then it is too late: they are tamed and just can’t go back to the pain of resistance.

I maintain that girls have to be first tamed and then trained. They become ‘tamed’ when they will do as they are told, without hesitation (mostly, at least) and no matter if it is something unpleasant. Then the further stage of being “trained” is when they reach the point that they will do, without being told, whatever it takes to please their master, not for fear of punishment but just because it is what they should do.

I first tamed and then trained both of them, but then something else happened. Of their own volition, first Ellie and then Leah went to another level: they came to completely and whole-heartedly accept that they were owned by me, and that they were my slaves down to the very core of their beings. Ellie, quite simply, fell in love with me, not as an equal but as a slave loving her owner. With Leah, it was slightly more complex: she met a young man, Adrian, just a year or so older than herself, and they fell immediately in lust. Given that she was stark naked when they met, and that he is a handsome and muscular hunk, it is perhaps not surprising, but it actually quickly went deeper than that. He loves her, no question about that; I’m not entirely sure if she actually loves him, but she is certainly very, very fond of him. She expected me, when I found out about their relationship, to put a stop to it. I didn’t, and instead welcomed Adrian into the ‘family’. She was so taken aback by that act of kindness on my part that it finally pushed her to the same level of feeling about me as Ellie. I like Adrian a lot: he is polite, good company, considerate. I never had a son, but if I had, I would have been very happy if he had turned out like Adrian, so yes, I suppose I’m making him a substitute son; given that I’m in my early fifties, he would be the right age. But Adrian is honest and genuine and likewise genuinely likes me, so it’s a win-win situation all round. And Leah is adamant that I always come first.

I love both of my slave girls.

“Good evening, master,” Ellie trilled as she came into the garden, and proceeded to kiss me on the cheek.

Kissing on the cheek is not how slaves should greet a master. I spun her round and gave her a resounding smack on her bare behind. It must have stung quite a bit, but Ellie just trilled, “thank you, master.” Only now did she kneel in front of me. She is a little minx.

Now Leah came up to me and kissed me on the other cheek, and then immediately turned round and stuck her bottom out for similar treatment. I gave her a stinger too, which Leah also acknowledged with a “thank you master” before also kneeling in front of me.

I glowered at both, but inwardly it was a different matter. Both girls right now would be feeling the sting in their bottoms, and both would have known what they would get by kissing me without permission, and both did it anyway. It was their way of showing their love and submission. Nevertheless, one has to maintain discipline.

“Did you get molested on your way back?” I asked evilly.

Leah actually gave me a wouldn’t-you-like-to-know look, but Ellie answered. “No, master. We took the detours and quiet streets.”

“I see,” I said.

Ellie quailed a bit. “You didn’t say we shouldn’t, master,” she added.

“No, I didn’t,” I said. “However, tomorrow – no, tomorrow is Sunday, let’s make it Monday – you will both take a walk into town and ensure that you are molested, repeatedly.”

Both girls flinched slightly, but both said, “yes, master” without hesitation. And I knew that despite this, neither of them regretted the kiss gesture that they had made. Is it any wonder I love both of them?

“Now,” I went on, “what did you learn from the other slave girls?”

“None of them love their owners as much as Leah and I do, master,” said Ellie, pointedly I thought, “but they do all love their owners and accept their position in life.” Leah confirmed this, and the two of them both gave a little more detail.

“Very well,” I said. I glanced at my watch: it was just coming to seven o’clock. “Go and help the cook get evening meal together. Ellie, I will see you at ten o’clock tonight in my room.” She would be spending the night with me. Leah was due to entertain Ben. Normally, Adrian would come on a Saturday or Sunday evening, then again Tuesday and Thursday evening, and stay the night with Leah, with my permission and blessing, but he had college exams all next week, so she was not due to see him until Friday night after they had all finished. No doubt they would be making up for lost time then!

I was in my study when a knock came on the door. I glanced at my watch, which said just coming up to nine o’clock. I had dined and made a rather positive phone call, so I had planned to finish up a couple of things, watch a little television and then retire to my quarters for ten, where Ellie would make my night a delight.

I invited my visitor to come in. Somewhat unexpectedly, it was Leah. Immediately she came and knelt in front of my swivel chair, I having turned from my desk to face my visitor. She placed her hands behind her neck, her shoulders back so that her breasts were thrust out at me, her back arched, her knees spread wide to leave her sex open. This was slave posture, but pushed right to the limit.

“Permission to speak, master?”

I was intrigued. “Granted,” I replied.

Leah took a breath. “Master, I know about the island project.”

I was surprised, but I’m a businessman, so I can do a poker face. “Do you indeed?” I said. “And how do you know about that?”

Leah flinched, although she would have known the question would come. “Master, can I beg not to have to tell you how I found out? I don’t want to get the person into trouble.”

“Hmm,” I said. “How about thirty with the cane on your bum and ten with the pussy whip in return for not having to tell me?”

“Yes, master, thank you, master.”

She actually meant it, even though she knew it would be very painful. Leah can be exceptionally brave – Ellie can take her whacks, but Leah can take a lot more – and she is fiercely loyal, something else I love about her. However, I said, “no, I think you will tell me how you know.”

Leah did not protest. She understood the rule: she could beg for something once, but if it was refused, that was that. And an order was an order. “Slave Lucy told me this afternoon, master.”

“I see. How did she know?”

“She belongs to Master Bruce Hancock, master. She did the copying and binding of the folders.”

“I see,” I said again. “So who else knows?”

“Nobody, master. We had a few moments together, Ellie was talking to one of the other girls, and I asked Lucy what it was all about. I think she told me before she realised she shouldn’t. Please, master, don’t get Lucy in trouble!”

“I will speak to Bruce and suggest that he has a quiet word with her not to spread the story around,” I said. “Whether he accompanies that quiet word with something else will be up to him.”

It was the best Leah could hope for. “Thank you, master,” she said.

“So you haven’t told Ellie?”

“No, master.”

“Well, then, don’t tell her. Or Adrian either.” I actually knew she hadn’t told Adrian, and further that she couldn’t actually do so. She could only use the phone with permission, and besides, he was meant to be not being distracted by her right now.

“I won’t, master,” Leah promised.

“If you do, I’ll make it fifty with the cane and fifty with the pussy whip.” That would be quite a severe punishment, very severe in fact, even for Leah. It would hurt a lot.

Leah almost flared. “Master, you just gave me an order, and I always obey your orders,” she said. She didn’t actually say she didn’t need to be threatened, but the implication was there. She prided herself on her obedience. To be fair, she would have taken that punishment rather than disobey my order.

I reached out and stroked her proffered boob. “I know that, little slave,” I said, “but if they later find out that you knew and ask you why you didn’t tell them, you can tell them what you were threatened with.” It wasn’t my intention when I had made the threat, but I was not going to offend her pride in her obedience. It is careful handling that has resulted in my slaves worshipping me.

She brightened. “I hadn’t thought of that, master. Thank you, master, and sorry, master.”

I moved on. “So, what did you want to speak to me about?”

“Master, might we be moving to that island?”

“Very possibly, if the project takes off, which I think it will. They have planned it very thoroughly and it looks a sound idea. So?”

She chewed her lip for a moment, and then took the plunge. “Master, is there any possibility that Adrian could come with us?”

It had been completely obvious that this was the question she would ask. I stopped stroking her tit and leaned back in my chair, regarding her. “What makes you think he will want to?” I asked.

“He might, master,” she said almost coquettishly.

“Hmm. Do you think you are that good in bed?”

She pondered how to reply for a moment, and then said with lowered eyes, “my owner hasn’t punished me for not being pleasing enough in bed.”

It was a smart answer. “Not recently, anyway,” I answered. She had been punished a few times during her early days of taming, but not since. “Suppose he doesn’t want to come, or a good job offer comes up here? He has family here, as well.”

Leah raised her eyes to meet mine. “Then that would be up to him, master. He’s a free man.” She was pointedly saying that she was not free, and that her relationship with Adrian was not one of equals.

“What if I considered selling you to him, if he isn’t able to come?”

Leah lowered her eyes again. “I’m not asking for that, master.”

“I know that. But if he isn’t able to come, or decides not to, would it be what you wanted if you had the choice?”

Leah kept her eyes lowered. “No, master,” she said quietly.

“Explain,” I persisted. A slave, I had taught her, must have no secrets from her owner. If he required it, she must bare her innermost soul to him.

Leah raised her eyes once more and this time met my eyes and held them. "I belong to you, master. You know I always put you first. Always," she added, almost challenging me to say when she had not. In fairness, I couldn't give a single example. "But ... does Adrian have to know that I don't want you to sell me to him?"

"You've told him this yourself before," I pointed out.

"Yes, master, but there wasn't the possibility then of moving away and never seeing him again," she said quietly. "And I do love him. But ... my master comes first." It was quite an admission.

"I see," I said. I left her on tenterhooks for a few moments. Then I added, "I see no reason why he needs to know."

Her relief was clear. "Thank you, master," she breathed.

"And, to answer your previous question, yes, he will have the option of coming to the island with us."

This time a very big smile broke out on her face. "Thank you, master," she said with feeling. "May a slave show how grateful she is?" When Leah talks of herself in the third person, she is at her most slavish.

"No," I said firmly. "I have Ellie coming to share my bed tonight."

"Well," she almost purred, "the next time I am scheduled to entertain you, then." She eyed me, and that little smile was there. "You know I don't forget, master."

"You're still assuming he will choose to and be able to come with us," I pointed out. "And you won't know his answer until after next week." I was pointing out to her that she was not allowed to speak to him until then.

"I know, master, but I can hope."

"A week of not knowing should play on your nerves a bit," I taunted her.

"It will, master," she admitted, and then repeated, "but I can hope."

I regarded her for a long moment, and then came to a decision. "Well, I will save you the worry. I spoke to Adrian on the phone tonight. I am offering him a junior partnership in my business which, if he accepts, would require him to move to the island with us." I looked down at her pretty face. "As near as I could time it, it took him about one millionth of a second to consider it before he said yes."

Leah looked at me for a long, long moment, taking this all in. Then she said, slowly but with incredible feeling, "I love my master."

"Well, then, you can have the chance to prove it. Go and tell Ellie to attend to Ben tonight, and that she will be sharing my bed tomorrow night when, incidentally, I will tell her about the project. And then report to my bedroom at ten o'clock. Off you go."

"Yes, master, thank you master." She stood up, but I noticed she kept her legs apart and her shoulders back so that her tits stood out. "Permission to speak one last time, master?"

"Very well."

She again locked her eyes on mine. "I am really going to enjoy tonight," she said with sincerity and determination. "But I am going to make sure my master enjoys it even more."

When Leah says things like that, she absolutely means it. As she left the room, I wondered whether I would be able to walk by Sunday morning.

Chapter Three - Xanxta, Monday afternoon

Just after lunch on Monday afternoon, Ellie and Leah were dismissed and told they could go into town.

They went up to Ellie's room, where she produced the two pairs of placards she had made the previous day, with their owner's approval. Each pair of placards consisted of the two placards connected by a piece of string from the top corner on either side to the other placard. Ellie put her head through the gap between the two pieces of string so that one placard sat high on her chest, just above her breasts so that they were not obscured, and the other slightly lower down her back. Leah took the other pair of placards and put them on.

Each of the four placards said in large block letters, "please grope". In much smaller letters at the foot of each placard, it said "no full sex". The placards had been Ellie's idea, to ensure they were both molested plenty of times during their walk. Both girls had been determined, from the moment their owner had decreed what they were to do, to make absolutely sure that his wishes were fully carried out, even though neither of them was in the least bit looking forward to it. In approving the placards, he had decided to change the word from "molest" to "grobe". Xanxta convention on wording made the "no full sex" phrase clear: no vaginal or anal sex, but oral sex was allowed. Everybody in the town would understand. Both girls expected to have to suck several cocks before the afternoon was out.

Ellie picked up a marker pen. Leah stood before her fellow slave and jutted her chest out. Ellie carefully wrote the word "squeeze" on one of Leah's breasts and "here" on the other. Now Leah turned around and bent over a little, and felt the marker pen being applied to her bottom. When Ellie had finished, Leah looked at her rear in the full-length mirror and saw the words "spank me" very clearly outlined on the cheeks of her bottom.

Now Ellie handed the pen to Leah, who wrote an identical "squeeze me" on Ellie's boobs and "grab here" on her bottom. If the placards had been Ellie's idea, the writing on their bodies was Leah's. It is very important to understand that neither girl felt the slightest resentment towards their owner for their forthcoming humiliation: If Tom Jefferson wanted them to do it, then they wanted to do it, even if it would not be at all pleasant, and they prided themselves on always going a little bit further than the bare requirements of his order. They had both taken the quiet detour route home on Saturday night without really thinking it through. Now they realised that it had been a mistake. Today they would put that right.

They checked each other over and then did a little fist bump. It was one of their little private messages, this one being a commitment to suffer together and support each other. It had been Leah's idea to have "spank me" on her bottom rather than "grab me", in the hope that she would attract more of the spankers, as she had a much higher pain threshold than Ellie. Besides, she would as soon be spanked as squeezed like an over-ripe piece of fruit on a market stall, whereas Ellie would rather the other way, not that either of them actually themselves desired either form of treatment.

They went downstairs and knocked on their owner's study door. On entering, they went and stood in front of him, hands at their sides, their female charms fully on view. He looked at the placards and the writing on their chests, and then signalled for them to turn around so that he could look at the writing on their bums. He had approved all of the wording in advance. When they were facing him once more, he asked, "where do you plan on going?"

Ellie answered. "We thought we would go around the town centre shops, and then out to the park, master."

Tom nodded approval. The shopping centre would be fairly busy on a Monday afternoon and the girls would get lots of hands on them in the crowded streets and shops, as well as those who overtly made them stop and felt them over. It would also be an endurance for Ellie, who still to this day was not fully comfortable being naked in front of larger numbers of men. The choice of the park was significant too: there would be lots of more casual men around there with little to do, ensuring the girls got plenty of attention and making it very likely that they would be required to suck a few cocks. "How long are you planning on being out?" he asked.

Ellie answered again. "We thought until all of the marker pen has been rubbed off, master."

Tom nodded again. That would take quite some time, he thought, but that was fine by him. He was pleased that his girls were going the extra mile on this, as he had trained them to do. They were good girls.

Several hours later, Ellie and Leah walked into the park.

Apart from their placards, which covered nothing of note, they were of course both stark naked, and feeling very vulnerable.

The marker pen on their bums had soon worn off. They had been groped aplenty, but spanked a lot more. Despite the wording on Ellie's bum, she had been spanked just as much as Leah: one man had observed that they both had what he called "spanker's bottoms", and he and lots of other men had indulged themselves accordingly. Both girls' bottoms were now red, although not too sore, but their boobs were more sore, being more sensitive. It had taken longer for the marker pen there to wear off, during which time their bums had got lots more attention. Male hands had intruded into lots of other places as well. Leah and Ellie had tried to ignore them, focusing on looking at the shops and clothes and things for sale. Of course, being slaves, they couldn't actually buy anything, and buying clothes was particularly pointless for them anyway, but like most teenage girls they liked to window-shop. Unfortunately, the constant male hands all over their nubile bodies did not make that easy. In crowds, they would be walking along and then suddenly feel a male hand somewhere on their bodies, often somewhere quite intimate, even between their legs. Their natural instincts to turn round and slap the man in question had long since been fully suppressed, but even pulling away was not an option: when they felt a hand on them, they would stop and stand silently until the man had felt his fill. They were holding hands, so when one suddenly stopped, the other one knew that her friend was being felt up, and just waited until the first one started walking again, which meant that the groping had, for now, finished.

Another frequent occurrence was that they would be walking along and without warning one of them would feel a stinging slap on her bottom or even the backs of her legs. Again, when that happened, they would stop, but not turn around. Most times, one smack would turn into half a dozen, and sometimes, more often than not in fact, the man in question would then transfer his attentions to the other of the two of them. Sometimes a man would tell them to bend over, in which case they would lean forward and put their hands on their knees and brace for the impact that was undoubtedly coming. Sometimes, too, a man would sit down – there were a number of public benches and chairs in the centre of the town – and either tell them to go over his lap, or pull them over it, and spank them very publicly. The embarrassment was worse than the sting, but few men were gentle with them, so the sting was not negligible.

Their boobs got plenty of attention. Leah wondered what it was about a girl's breasts that made a lot of men want to squeeze and maul them like an old suspicious housewife testing the firmness of fruit and vegetables at a dubious market stall before buying. Some men were more gentle, and some also amused themselves by gently rubbing the girls nipples until their nubs stood up to attention. It wasn't that it aroused the girls, but the friction, added to their tension and embarrassment, just led to an automatic body response which further added to their humiliation.

Still, all of the squeezing and fondling of their boobs gradually rubbed off the marker pen, even whilst their bottoms, from which the penned letters had long since disappeared, got further unwelcome attention, along with sundry other parts of their bare and vulnerable bodies. At last they could both honestly say that the last traces of the pen had gone and they could move to the last stage of the unpleasanties. So, now for the park, and perhaps the worst part.

The park was a large, grassy area, sun-drenched and pleasant. The grass felt soft under their bare feet after the hard surfaces of the city centre. It was quiet, but here and there were groups of people, lazing in the sun. Ellie and Leah both looked around, and then Ellie pointed and said, "there! That's what we want."

Leah followed her slave sister's gaze and saw a group of six young men, lying on the grass, chatting. There were no girls with them. "Not what we want, maybe, but what we need," she said soberly.

They were both immediately agreed, but it took them a few moments to build up their courage. Ellie started walking towards the group first, pulling Leah with her, but then Ellie began uncertainly, "Leah ..."

Leah knew her friend well. "Sure," she said. "I'll do the talking."

They went and stood by where the lads, who all looked around their own age, were lounging. "Hi, masters," Leah said, trying to keep her voice even. As opening lines went, it was scarcely original, but given that she and Ellie were both naked, it wasn't hard to get their attention: two naked and very

attractive teenage girls will quickly get the attention of teenage boys. All six of them looked up and then drank in the sight of the girls. Ellie could have hidden behind Leah at least a little, but Leah noted that her sister slave had forced herself to stand alongside her. It made it a little easier for Leah, though not too much. Addressing a group of acne-covered, unintelligent and not good-looking yobs of her own age as 'masters' was none too nice a thing to have to do, either.

Eventually one of the male teenage brains clicked enough into gear to send a message to his mouth to say, "hey, girls."

"Please grope?" another one said, reading from the placards.

"An invitation from our owner," Leah said quietly but clearly. "He sent us into town to get groped and," she took a breath, "suck cock."

She watched the faces of the six apes – no, baboons, they were not muscular enough for apes – as they processed her words and she saw comprehension slowly dawn. Surely, she thought, given that they lived in Xanxta, it was not a hard concept to grasp, but it took them a while. But they got it in the end. One of them drawled, "well, I think we can help you with that."

"How many cocks you gotta suck?" another one asked.

"Three each would be just right," Leah said quietly. "That would be six in total," she added for those of them unable to cope with the advanced mathematics involved.

"So, come and lie down with us," another said. They shuffled round slightly, creating two spaces.

Leah had hoped they could get right down to business, but it had always been unlikely. She and Ellie both carefully took off their placards and lay down, so that each of them was now surrounded by three of the youths. Leah reflected for a moment that these guys were able to divide six by two, then, but then she pushed the feeling of superiority of intellect down. They might not be very bright, but she and Ellie were the slaves, not them.

She immediately felt male hands all over her. It was not pleasant. Trying to put them out of her mind, she sought a jean-clad crotch and began to unzip it. The sooner she and Ellie could suck these six guys off, the sooner they could get away from them.

"I like your little tuft of pubic hair," she heard one of the other boys say to Ellie. "You shave it that way?"

"No, master," an embarrassed Ellie replied, "it just grows that way."

"How about you?" one of the men groping Leah asked her. "You ever think of shaving your pussy hair?" His fingers were running through Leah's thatch as he spoke.

"It's not my decision, master," she replied. "It's up to my owner." She had undone one of the men's jeans now and pulled his cock out. It was large and semi-erect. She slipped it into her mouth, which gave her an excuse not to have to talk any more. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw that Ellie also now had a cock in her mouth. Trying to ignore the hands roving over her body, Leah set to work. It didn't take too much doing to get him hard, but, like a lot of teenage boys, his self-control was limited. That suited Leah, who just wanted all of this over with as soon as possible. She steeled herself for what was to come, and as he reached orgasm, she felt her mouth fill with his hot sperm and she swallowed it down. Slave etiquette was clear on the point: always swallow, never spit out. Another rule was to always lick the man clean afterwards. Contentedly, he was now lying back on the grass, sated. She licked the last drops off his now flaccid cock, gave it a couple of extra kicks to clean it further, and then went for the next lad, who already had his cock out. Again from the corner of her eye, she saw Ellie's first target climaxing, and saw Ellie's Adam's Apple bob up and down as her slave sister swallowed his load down. Then Leah's view was obscured by a large male body and she focused on her own task and got to work.

It took her a while to get through three of them, although it could have been longer. Adrian, Leah reflected with a touch of pride, could have held himself in check for as long as these three put together; he was only a year or two older than them, but he was a man whilst they were boys. But then, they were free and she was not, so they were still well above her on the social scale.

Ellie finished her last boy, and with the boys now all slaked and disinterested, the girls were allowed to leave. Picking up their placards and putting them round their necks, they hurried off. They could now go home. Without either of them communicating with the other, they took the busiest route home. They had both learnt their lesson. They got groped a few more times on the way, and spanked once by an elderly fat man who had them each in turn over his knee for a good five minutes, but eventually the tired and humiliated girls arrived home.

Their ordeal was not quite over yet, however. A short while later, they were both on their knees in slave posture before their owner, and at his request, or more accurately his order, they were telling him the story of their excursion, faces red as they gave full details. Tom Jefferson did not doubt that they would leave nothing out, and in any case he knew most of it because he had access to the substantial number of CCTV cameras which covered the town centre. There were only a few cameras covering the park, but they were high resolution and he had been able to zoom in satisfactorily. No sound, of course, but that wasn't essential.

In the end, he told them their behaviour had been satisfactory – both of them noticeably perked up at that – and dismissed them. Doubtless they would both head off to the sumptuous baths to try to clean off the feel of all those male hands from their bodies. Meanwhile, Tom made a mental note that he needed to balance his generosity towards them with firm discipline and the occasional unpleasant task to keep them always aware that they were slaves. It would be important if they did indeed move to this new island. And Tom knew that, although they might be loath to admit it, the girls knew it was important as well.

Chapter Four - A Family Home In The Czech Republic

The atmosphere in the lounge was decidedly tense.

The middle-aged woman whose home it was served tea to the two male guests in a decidedly frosty way. The one man politely accepted the drink whilst completely ignoring the woman's unfriendly look. He was, in fairness, only an aide and interpreter, it was his boss, the second man, who led the way. The second man tried a little charm on the woman, which was rebuffed, but then he played his ace.

"How is Hannah doing after her operation?" he asked, although he already knew the answer.

The woman fought a battle with herself for a moment, then gave in. "It is incredible," she said. "She has improved so much. It is a miracle."

They all spoke in English, the only language common to them all. The woman's husband was a businessman, not extremely wealthy but comfortable, and they did a lot of export work, so both were reasonably fluent. The two visitors were not Czech; their nationality was not stated, but their darker and more swarthy complexions indicated that they came from a warmer climate.

"Hannah has worked very hard at her rehabilitation," her husband added.

The visitor acknowledged the comment. "She is an extremely determined and brave young lady," he agreed.

The husband fixed him with a stare. "I know you have given me assurances," he said, "but I want you to say again that she or her sister Svetlana, whichever it ends up being, will be safe in your care."

The visitor was unperturbed. "I have already supplied you with much evidence to that point," he said. "But I am happy to say it again, as many times as you require. Whichever one it is, she will be returned safe and unharmed at the end of the period."

The woman muttered something in Czech. The interpreter leaned forward and said to his employer, "she says the girl will be shop-soiled."

"Well," the visitor addressed the woman directly, "the English have a saying about omelettes. I cannot deny that whichever daughter goes will come back more ... experienced in life. But we have had these discussions before. I can only repeat my assurance that she will be safe. And now, perhaps, since Hannah asked for this meeting, perhaps we could see her and her sister. Alone."

"Perhaps I should stay," the husband began, but the visitor shook his head.

"That was not the agreement," he said politely but firmly.

He and the husband locked stares for a moment, but it was the husband who gave way. He knew he had no leverage. The essence of the deal was agreed long ago. It had been Svetlana who had set it up. Researching her younger sister's spinal problem - Hannah had been born with a curvature of the spine that kept her permanently bent over and able to walk only with difficulty - Svetlana had discovered that an operation to cure it, and cure it fully, was possible. However, the only surgeon who could do it worked privately and his clinic was far beyond what their family could ever possibly afford. So now the determined Svetlana looked for a way to solve that problem. Somehow, she found somebody who would donate the money needed. But there was a price, a price Svetlana kept from her family until it was too late and the operation had been carried out.

In order to get this cure for her sister, Svetlana had agreed to become a slave for two years in a remote location closed off from the rest of the world. Specifically, a sex slave.

Hannah had been operated on at the age of sixteen and had then gone to an English boarding school to do A levels, whilst also undergoing physiotherapy and other rehabilitation. It was a lot to cope with, but Hannah was as determined as her sister and her recovery had been nothing short of spectacular. Eighteen months later, it was now as if she had never had the slightest problem at all. Even her surgeon had been astonished. Her parents were over the moon, the only cloud on their horizon being what Svetlana was going to have to do to pay for this. Hannah was still unaware of this: her parents had agreed with Svetlana's suggestion that it was best that she did not know. It had been agreed by the donor, whose representative was now sipping tea in their lounge, that Svetlana would begin her repayment at the start of this coming August, having just finished her degree at university.

Then Hannah somehow found out.

Hannah was normally very placid and easy-going, but on this occasion she was furious. For all that the operation had transformed her life, she declared that she would rather not have had it if it meant Svetlana paying this price. Svetlana shrugged her shoulders and said it was a price worth paying. Hannah

could not remain angry with her older sister, but she insisted on a meeting with this “donor”. Reluctantly, Svetlana agreed.

So now the man, who called himself Rashid, was here. The girls’ parents had met him at their door and taken him into their lounge. For the moment, Svetlana and Hannah were upstairs; their father had hoped that he might be able to offer Rashid some other payment instead of one of his daughters, but he had been firmly turned down. It had in any case been a vain hope, because although they were a comfortably well off middle-class family, they did not have and could never hope to have the sort of money that had been spent on Hannah’s operation.

So now the parents left the lounge and called upstairs for Hannah and Svetlana to come downstairs. Hannah led the way, looking very nervous but also very determined. She might only just have turned eighteen, but she could be as strong and forceful as her twenty-one year-old sister.

“He won’t budge,” the father said in Czech. “And he won’t let us stay when you two talk to him.”

“As expected,” Svetlana said. “But thank you for trying.”

“Go out to the coffee house,” Hannah said curtly, referring to a place a short distance away. “Don’t come back for an hour.” As a dutiful daughter, she had never before spoken so firmly to her parents.

Svetlana felt that she had to support her sister. “Go,” she said. Both girls hugged their parents and then ushered them out of the house. Then Svetlana hugged her younger sister.

“Remember,” Hannah said quietly, “I’m leading the conversation.”

“I wish you would let me do it, but OK, it’s your shout,” Svetlana said. “Just remember, he’s not a monster, but he is a businessman.”

They hugged again, took a deep breath, and went into the lounge.

Rashid and the other man both stood up politely when the girls came in. “Miss Svetlana, how delightful to see you again,” Rashid said. Svetlana replied in similar vein, with no rancour. “And Miss Hannah, I am delighted to meet you at last.” He shook hands delicately with both girls. “This is my associate, Hammed.” The second man also shook hands, and then the four of them sat down. Each pair were clearly assessing the other. Hannah noted that Rashid and Hammed were well groomed and expensively but not flashily dressed, and their greetings had been friendly but business-like. Both were middle aged, perhaps somewhere in the second half of their forties; Rashid was a little heavy around the waist, Hammed rather slimmer. Rashid had an aura of power, but not menace, about him; Hammed was clearly a flunkey. Rashid, in turn, saw two very attractive and shapely girls, neither of them thin but both very nicely proportioned. Svetlana, who he had met in person before, was light blonde and the more poised and sophisticated of the two, which was to be expected given her age and university education. Hannah, a darker blonde, was more fresh-faced and innocent, but not naïve or unworldly. Both girls dressed conservatively, with skirts to knee length and blouses with only a respectable couple of buttons undone at the top, but Svetlana again looked the more adult dresser. He addressed Hannah. “May I say, Miss Hannah, how delighted I have been to hear of your progress. The physiotherapist has kept me up to date. She is in awe of your efforts.”

“Thank you,” Hannah said soberly. Both girls had switched to speaking in English, in which they were completely fluent, both having studied it since they were young and then spent several years each at boarding school in England. “I’m aware that you have invested” – she used the word carefully – “considerably more than you promised, in terms of post-operational care. I am very grateful for that.”

Rashid made a deprecating gesture. “It was our pleasure. The organisation which I represent was delighted to be of assistance. Please understand that any additional funding was our gift and does not require further recompense. We felt that it was best to go the extra mile to give you the very best chance of a full recovery, especially when it was reported to us that you were putting such efforts into your rehabilitation work. It would seem that you have made a full recovery.”

Hannah nodded. “Absolutely. I now play sports a lot and my health and physical fitness have improved beyond measure. I have lost a lot of weight as well.” She tried to keep excessive pride out of her voice.

“I can see that, looking at you now compared to the pictures I saw of you before the operation,” Rashid replied.

Hannah fought back a blush, but kept her poise. "So," she said, moving away from that topic, "we acknowledge that you have more than fully kept your side of the bargain, and we move on to discussing us keeping our side."

"Ah, yes," Rashid said, and waited, leaving the floor to her.

Hannah paused to marshal her thoughts and arrange her approach. Clearly she had practiced this interview for some time and was clever enough not to rush it. "Firstly, please understand that Svetlana stands fully prepared to keep her side of the deal."

She looked at Svetlana for confirmation, and the other girl said firmly, "yes I am."

"However," Hannah went on, cutting off any possibility of her sister saying more, "whilst words cannot express my gratitude to my sister for being prepared to make such a sacrifice for me, it is totally unfair. I am the one who has received the benefit, therefore I should be making the payment." She fixed Rashid's eyes with her own clear brown eyes. "So, I am making you something which is half request, half offer. If you will release Svetlana from her side of the deal, I will take her place. Further, as I realise that she is far more beautiful than I am, I will undertake to serve for as many more years than the two she would have done in order to redress the balance."

"Hannah, you -----!" Svetlana said, using a Czech insult that roughly translated as 'addled dolt'. "I told you not to say that." She turned to Rashid. "Please forgive my sister, she has no business brain at all. In fact, no brain of any sort. It's a good job she is going to study law and not business at university: as a business person she would be bankrupt in five minutes. What she meant to say is that she offers herself for the two years that I would have served, as a straight swap."

"Shut up, Sveta," Hannah said, firmly but not unkindly. To Rashid: "I am aware that it is not good business practice, but I am offering you an open-ended deal because the absolute priority for me is that you take me rather than her. I can only hope that you will be fair, but it is essential that I am the one to pay the price, not her."

"Your sister is a young woman of great courage, just as you are," Rashid said to Svetlana to mollify her.

"My sister is an idiot," Svetlana grunted. "She has all the intelligence of a rocking horse."

Rashid smiled, a genuine smile of amusement. "I do not believe that is so," he said, fully aware that Hannah was a top student at her school, and turning to Hannah went on, "and I must also take issue with you with regards to your assessment of your attractiveness. Although I can clearly see the family resemblance, you and your sister differ somewhat in the way you look, but both of you are equally lovely."

"Told you so," Svetlana put in to her sister in acidic triumph.

"No we're not," Hannah told Rashid shortly. "Sveta is gorgeous and I'm average at best. However ..." she hesitated, then went doggedly on, "I do have something to offer which she doesn't." She hesitated again, then got it out. "I'm still a virgin. And if you choose to take me rather than her, I will undertake to remain ... intact ... until I go. Which, incidentally, would be in August, the same as was arranged for Sveta, so that my A levels are finished. I have a place at Prague university, but I have already confirmed with them that they would leave it open for me to go in several years time. As I said, it's the same start date as it would have been for Svetlana, so I can't see that it would cause a problem."

Svetlana looked daggers at Hannah, who mouthed back 'sorry'. Svetlana tried to carry on looking annoyed, but couldn't maintain it and gave up.

"No indeed, that would be fine," Rashid said. "As to the other matter, I appreciate your openness, and yes, I will take it on board as a factor. I have to say that in this day and age it is almost a refreshing change."

Hannah shrugged. "When you walk around looking like the Hunchback of Notre Dame," she said, for she was well read, "you don't generate much interest among the boys."

"But that was then, not now," he replied. "You should really have more confidence in yourself."

"Whatever," Hannah replied, lapsing into the vernacular. Like her sister, her English was perfect, right down to colloquialisms. "Anyway, the full offer is on the table now. You can have Sveta for two years, or me with my ... innocence for as long as you want. Which is it to be?"

He grew very sombre, and fixed her with a hard stare. "Are you sure, absolutely sure, that you want to make this offer? It is easy to talk about becoming a slave, but are you certain that you could face the reality?"

Hannah had asked herself the same question more than once, but she met his gaze evenly. "I'm sure," she said with quiet firmness.

"Very well. Then I have a difficult choice to make. In order to make that choice, I need the full information." He sat back in his armchair. "Please will both of you young ladies come and stand in front of me."

Hannah had a sudden, horrible premonition as to what was about to happen, but her fine words of a moment ago meant that she had no choice but to see this through. Even so, she was still driven more than anything by the need to do the right thing for her sister. She made herself stand up and come in front of him as instructed, just a metre away from the chair. Svetlana came and stood by her side.

"Please both of you undress down to your underwear."

Do not hesitate, Hannah told herself, and she forced her trembling fingers to begin undoing the buttons of her blouse, sensing more than seeing her sister do the same thing beside her. She finished unbuttoning it and, pulling the ends out of the waistband of her skirt, slipped it off and tossed it on the ground behind her. She stepped out her sandals. Don't pause, she told herself, keep the momentum going. She unhooked and unzipped her skirt and stepped out of it to face the two men, forcing her arms to stay loosely by her sides.

Never in her life before had Hannah been seen by a man, never mind two at once, dressed only in her bra and panties. She told herself it was no different to being on a beach in a bikini, but then she usually wore one-piece costumes, in fact always did, and besides, there was most definitely a big difference between being dressed that way with men around and standing virtually at attention in front of them while they openly looked at her. She became aware of the fact that her sister was standing beside her, equally undressed but seemingly slightly less embarrassed. But then, Sveta had a sensational figure, she did not, at least in her view.

"Thank you," said Rashid politely. "Please dress yourselves again."

Hannah put her clothes back on with relief. She had been worried that they might ask her to undress fully. In fairness, the two men had studied them politely and without ogling. The two men exchanged a few words in another language as the girls dressed. Despite both girls being linguists with basic knowledge or better of half a dozen European languages, neither of them recognised or could understand the language. They sat back down and looked anxiously at Rashid. He studied them for a moment, and then spoke, quietly but with authority.

"You are both lovely young ladies. Equally important, you are women of spirit, courage and integrity. These attributes are vital in order for you to get through what you have both volunteered for. Hannah, you would be a perfectly adequate substitute for your sister ..."

"That's settled, then," Hannah broke in. "Me for two years, or more if you require it. Do you have anything you need me to sign?"

Rashid held his hand up. "I have an alternative suggestion. We could take you both, for a year each, at the same time. You would probably not be ... domiciled together, but you would see each other frequently and be able to support each other."

"No," said Hannah firmly. "The whole idea is that Sveta should not have to pay for this at all."

"I accept," Svetlana said. "Shut up, Hannah. He's right, it will be easier for us both if we both go."

Hannah looked furious, but in the end she agreed. She knew that Sveta was right: she was absolutely petrified about doing this, but it would be easier if Sveta was there too. "Just one condition, then," she said. "If there's something ... particularly unpleasant that one of us has to do, let it be me, not my sister. That's only fair."

Rashid smiled. "It doesn't work quite that way, I'm afraid," he said. "And there will be lots of rather unpleasant things, unfortunately. However, I do have one other change to the original plan. There is a new colony being planned with a similar, shall we say, requirement for suitable young ladies. As I am arranging ... acquisitions for there now, it is now my intention to take you there instead. The conditions of your service at this new destination will certainly be no worse and may be less so."

"You mean there is more than one place like this?" Sveta asked incredulously.

Rashid smiled again. "Oh yes," he said.

Hannah, feeling the need to wrap this up before she lost her nerve, brushed this aside. "You have contracts?" she asked. "Where do we sign?"

Chapter Five - England

Sophie Summers had everything she wanted.

She was young, just turned eighteen, and extremely pretty in a very cute way. Her fine blonde hair, which always seemed a bit too out of control for her liking, framed an innocent face. Her trim body was in the peak of condition, lithe and athletic. It was not difficult to see that she was into all sorts of sports, which kept her fit and enhanced her shape.

She was naturally intelligent, and was expected to get top grades in the 'A' level exams she had just completed at her select private girls' school. After a gap year which she hadn't yet planned, three years at university beckoned, a time which would be eased by the generous allowance her wealthy father gave her. Money had not spoiled Sophie, though: she was friendly and polite, well mannered, loyal and considerate, and socially articulate if slightly reserved. She had a determined streak inherited, like her intelligence, from her father, but also her mother's conservative hesitation. She longed for adventure, but didn't know how to find it. Right now, as she knocked on her father's study door and entered, the nearest thing to adventure was to borrow her father's car to go for a drive in the delightful July weather.

"Oh, I'm sorry, dad," she exclaimed as she realised her father was not alone. A rather unpleasant Latin type in an elegant business suit was in conference with her father, who looked extremely worried. As Sophie began to withdraw, the stranger looked around and spoke to her.

"Well now, what do we have here? You didn't tell me you had such a delightful daughter, Charles. What is your name, my dear?"

"You leave her out of this!" Charles Summers exclaimed angrily.

Sophie hesitated, puzzled. There was a tense atmosphere in the room. Her father owned and ran a successful telecommunications company, and what his business might be with this rather shady character she could not imagine. He clearly wanted her to leave right now, but she couldn't just ignore the other man's question. "Sophie, sir," she replied politely with trained social ease, and then to her father: "I'll come back later, dad, it's not important."

"Oh, don't go on my account," the stranger said, and offered her a chair. Unable to withdraw tactfully, Sophie sat down. "I believe that your arrival may be most fortuitous. Tell me about yourself."

Sophie's potted history didn't take too long, mainly concentrating on her studies and sports and her rather vague career plans. To the inevitable questions about boyfriends - why do middle aged men always ask that, she wondered - she replied honestly that she didn't have one. Her boarding schools had always been single sex and their large country home had no near neighbours apart from her one close school friend, Cara. Her only real contact with boys were her two younger brothers who lived here with her and her father. Her mother had died some years ago, and her father had then concentrated on his business.

"Are you going to university straight away?" the man, who had introduced himself as Luigi Vittori, asked. "It seems the vogue these days to take a year out first, and do something different."

"I want to take a year out, but I can't really think of anything to do."

"Well, perhaps I may have an idea," the man began.

"Now look," interrupted Sophie's father, "this is all nothing to do with her."

"Oh hush, Charles," the man said politely and yet firmly. Sophie wondered why her father shut up so quickly: it was unlike him. "I'm only going to make a suggestion, and then withdraw while the two of you consider it. Look, my dear," he said, turning to Sophie once more, "I have a large house myself and as part of my business, and my pleasure, I often entertain. I could use a hostess, especially one with beauty and social graces such as yours. If you would like the post for twelve months, I would be delighted to have you. You would find the work ... demanding, but challenging." He turned to Sophie's father once more. "In the meantime, Charles, you would have the extra time to sort out your situation, and I could be most generous with the conditions in your lovely daughter was a success in her post. I shall take a walk for half an hour while the two of you confer. It is a lovely day. I'll show myself out."

The moment he had left the room, Sophie turned to her father. "Who is he? What is he talking about?" she asked.

Her father removed his glasses and rubbed tired eyes. Sophie had never seen him so stressed. "You don't want to know anything about him, you forget about his suggestion, and I don't want you here when he gets back," he said. "Let me guess, you wanted to borrow the car. The keys are on the desk top. Go!"

Sophie didn't even glance towards them; instead, she looked steadily at her father. "Tell me what's going on," she said levelly and firmly. "I'm not stupid, I know what he was implying." She was in fact still a little naïve, but it had been impossible to miss the point, especially given the way the man had been looking at her. Sophie shivered: he was, or at least looked, quite vile.

For a moment their eyes locked in a battle of wills, but Charles gave way first. He was as strong-willed as her, but she had been a tower of strength to him since his wife died and he had often confided in her. He had kept this situation from her over the last few days and it had been a considerable strain.

"You remember that I told you we had a cash flow problem?" he asked quietly.

Sophie nodded. "Yes, but you said it was only short term."

"It is, until we get the money from the Levington contract, but that's still some months away. I had to take out a short term loan, and since the company is already mortgaged up to the hilt, I could only get the loan from a rather dodgy company. I didn't realise how dodgy. A couple of other contracts got delayed and now I can't repay the loan, I find the loan company is owned by some very serious and ruthless men connected to the Mafia. The man you just met came to convince me to pay up. He said that if I don't, one of my children will meet with an accident. The technical term, he informed me, is knee-capping."

"Oh come on, dad! This is England, not Sicily or New York."

"That's what I told him. He then showed me some newspaper articles about gangland attacks in London and a few other places in this country over the past five years which he intimated his organisation was involved in." Charles looked soberly at his daughter. "I think he was telling the truth."

"Can't you go to the police?"

"With what evidence?"

Sophie considered all this. "So what exactly was he suggesting about me?"

"I asked him to reschedule the repayments. Once the Levington contract is finished and we get paid for it, we can pay everything off without a problem. He said no, then you came in. If you were to do as he asks, he'd reschedule."

"Then maybe I should." Sophie spoke quietly.

"Hold on a minute. He can get hostesses quite cheaply. What he's suggesting is a lot more earthy."

"I'm not daft, dad! I got that message loud and clear." She sat down, stunned. "So what are our alternatives?"

Her dad looked defeated, the first time she had ever seen him like this. "I don't know, but using you to pay him off is certainly not one of them."

"I'm certainly not keen, that's for sure, but if we don't have anything else, then we don't have anything else." She saw her father open his mouth to object once more, and cut him off. "Let's stall for now. Probably best if I'm not here when he comes back, but I'll take off only on condition that you promise me you'll tell him we are seriously considering it. That buys us time while we see what other options we have. If we can find another route, fine. If not ... find out his exact proposal. It'll be interesting to see how much I'm worth." Her tone turned more than a little acidic. It was not her father's fault, but it had all come as a shock. "Forget the car, I'm going for a walk. I saw which way he went, so I'm going the other way." She eyed her father sternly. "You promise me?"

"I ... yes, all right. But only to stall while we come up with another plan."

"Sure," she said. But as she walked out of the room, Sophie knew that her father, although she could usually face him down, was a resourceful and clever man. If there was another way out of this, she knew that he would already have found it.

There was only one place Sophie was going to go, one person that she could always turn to. A short while later, she and her closest, inseparable friend Cara Lewis were sat on a log in the woods.

"So that's it," Sophie said, concluding the story. "Turns out all of our money is tied up and we haven't got any spare cash, and the only thing we have to sell is me," She shivered. "God, that man is vile," she said with feeling, remembering the greasy little Italian with his piggy eyes. "Of all the men to lose my ... you know, too, and it has to be somebody like that." The word she did not speak was 'virginity', but Cara knew that she was a virgin, just as she knew that Cara was.

“Wow,” said Cara quietly. She blinked behind her round glasses.

Sophie was only a couple of inches taller than Cara, but their body shapes were quite different. Cara was short and curvy, although like Sophie she was a fit, athletic girl, and just as attractive in her own way. Sophie was certainly intelligent, and Cara was more so, but certainly without the same family wealth. She had been to the same rather posh school as Sophie, but that had only been possible because of a full scholarship. Not that Sophie was in the least stuck up about it: the two girls were such close friends that any advantages one or the other had just evened out.

“I’ll see if my dad can loan you the money,” said Cara drily. It was a joke: her parents just about managed to get by, no more than that, and Cara was fully aware that even with the scholarship they had stretched themselves to the limit to keep her in the school. She fully intended to see them right, and as an only child, she knew the responsibility to look after them in later years would fall solely to her, and she was determined not to be found wanting.

The joke eased the tension in Sophie, and she hugged her friend. “Thanks, but I know there’s no escaping this. I’m going to become the plaything of this horrible little creep, and all of his friends too, I expect. I suppose it was about time I started paying my way in life.” That was her return joke.

“Maybe there is another way,” Cara said thoughtfully.

“I’m all ears,” said Sophie, but without much hope.

Cara sat for a long minute, staring ahead, clearly in deep thought. “It’s something I read,” she said at length. “Actually, it’s sort of the same thing, but maybe with a less nasty man, or men. Or maybe they would be worse. Maybe the whole thing is not even real, but they insisted that it was. I just don’t know.”

“Tell me,” said Sophie quietly.

“Well, I was reading about this island ...”

Chapter Six – Miami (by Tom Jefferson)

This particular incident probably started, I thought, one evening. I was reading the newspaper in my lounge. That much was ordinary. Less ordinary, although not really unusual on this island, were two other things. Firstly, my trousers and shorts were around my ankles, and secondly, my two naked slave girls, Ellie and Leah, were taking turns sucking my cock and stroking my balls. Leah also has a habit of running her fingers down my legs which makes me shudder with pleasure. They were both very skilled at cock sucking, although I feel that Ellie just has the edge in that department.

We were now in our new home, on the place now referred to as New Island, to distinguish it from The Island. The project had taken off really well, and quickly. There had been plenty of applications of masters from Xanxta who agreed with the ethos of the project, plus some from The Island and even from Corvalle. None of those places minded, as they all had plenty more men wanting to go there to fill any vacancies. Each master had been carefully vetted by interview and references. The slaves had also needed to be vetted: although New Island was secure, the intent was that there would be more contact with the outside world than in Xanxta, so a slave seriously looking to escape, or get word to the outside world, would be an issue. The process was ongoing, as more continued to arrive, but in my view it was proceeding satisfactorily.

The girls swapped, and Leah took my cock into her mouth. Ellie ran her fingers up my stomach under my shirt and said softly, "Master, what do you want for your birthday?"

My birthday was about a month away. I wasn't aware that the girls knew when it was, but Bill and Ben both knew, so Ellie (probably) had evidently wheedled the information out of one of them. Well, it was no big secret. However, when you are as rich as I am, and on top of that have two drop-dead gorgeous girls as your slaves who are not only compelled to obey your every whim but more than eager to do so, it is hard to think of what else you might want.

"I'm actually not going to be here on my birthday," I replied. "I have a four-day trip to Miami for business. So, things will have to wait until I get back. Surprise me."

"Yes, master," both girls said softly, and then their mouths went back to what they were doing before. Leah's mouth took my cock in once more, whilst Ellie's tongue did nice things to my balls.

I didn't give it any more thought. Their slave status, of course, made buying me anything out of the question. Not only did they have no money, but even if they found some from somewhere, slaves on the island were prohibited from purchasing anything other than at the direct order of their owner: the few shops here worked on account systems rather than cash anyway. I expected they would probably put on a party or something like that.

The trip to Miami, which wasn't that far away from the island, would be a pleasant one anyway: a four-star hotel, a nice restaurant or two, maybe a trip to the theatre. Island life is wonderful but it doesn't have quite the variety that a big city would have. I prefer the island, any red-blooded man would, but it would be nice to spend a few days in the city.

The girls didn't mention my birthday on the day of my departure, so I assumed that anything they did have planned would be for when I returned, which was fair enough. Ellie saw me off, apologising for Leah's absence, though slightly unclear as to where my other slave actually was. There was a small airfield on the island, not often used apart from for supplies and mail. I had my briefcase with my laptop and business documents, a travel case of clothes and things, and annoyingly a largish and heavy trunk. It was a good four feet long and three feet deep and Bill and Ben had to lift it together onto the plane. Somebody – I wasn't clear who – had approached Bill and asked if I could take it with me as a favour and it would be collected from my hotel. I don't mind doing people favours, though I prefer to travel light. Still, it was no issue. The plane was a private chartered one, so no issues with luggage, and from Miami airport Bill had arranged for a taxi to take it and me to my hotel. Fortunately, although American airports are generally an extreme pain for visitors in terms of security, the two slave islands both have discrete agreements which allow us to be whisked through without needing anything more than a quick glance at our passports. I believe a few high-ups in the airport's management get to visit the other slave island from time to time, which seems to smooth reciprocal relations. That suits me, particularly on this occasion because I didn't have a key to the trunk and so couldn't open it if they wanted to check it.

My hotel room was excellent. Two porters had delivered the trunk and put it out of the way in a corner. The plane trip had been fairly short in terms of distance, but the plane was a propeller one and so

not the fastest, so I indulged myself in the bath for a while, and was just drying myself off when the hotel phone rang. The receptionist apologised for disturbing me but said there was somebody in the lobby who was asking if I could come down and talk to them. I wasn't expecting anybody, but possibly it would be one of the business contacts seeking a meeting ahead of the planned schedule.

I dressed and went down to the lobby desk. The receptionist told me that the person had popped out, but had said they would be back in a minute and perhaps I could take a seat and wait. I went over to a couple of plush and unoccupied chairs that gave a good view of the bustling city outside and sat down to wait.

"Hello, master," said a soft female voice from behind me.

I spun round and my jaw dropped in complete shock. Leah was standing there. She was dressed – a rarity in itself – in a little black summer dress and sandals, and she was smiling at me.

I normally have a pretty good poker face, as I have already mentioned, but this blew it away. This was a potential calamity. Yes, Leah and Ellie say that they are my willing slaves, but nevertheless they are kept securely on the island, no communication with the outside world let alone access to it. Now here was Leah, in the lobby of a four star hotel right in the centre of Miami. She could walk away from slavery at any moment she chose, and moreover call the cops and have me arrested for kidnap, imprisonment, rape, assault and all sorts of things. Possible ways of keeping her from opening her mouth flashed through my stunned brain, none of them in any way practical.

She must have seen the consternation on my face. "Please don't worry, master," she said. "May I sit down? Of course, I'll kneel before you if you prefer, but it might attract a bit of attention."

Still trying to gather my wits, I gestured to the other chair and she thanked me and sat down. The dress was quite short and I saw a flash of white panties; the upper half displayed bare shoulders and she didn't seem to be wearing a bra, not that Leah needs one. It was of course exceptionally unusual for me to see Leah clothed at all.

"I've got lots of apologising to do, master," she said, "so perhaps I should start by apologising for being dressed without permission. But, as with the kneeling, I thought it might be better to avoid attention."

"Indeed," I said, trying to regain my usual calm composure. It wasn't easy. "You might like to do a bit of explaining as well." I was still trying to find a way to subdue her, perhaps get her back to my room and figure out how I could get her back to the island. Nothing presented itself. I recalled that when she was first abducted, a specialist three-man team had taken several injuries in subduing her, and that was without witnesses and with the element of surprise.

"Master, you're still looking worried," she said gently. "Please don't be. I'm not going to run to the authorities, and I'm not going to run away. I am your slave. I will do exactly what you want me to do, and I will come back to the island with you entirely willingly. That's the whole point of this escapade. It's easy for me to surrender to you on the island, where I have no choice. I wanted to surrender to you here, where I do have a choice, to show you that I am yours, body and soul. And you know full well that if it was Ellie here right now instead of me, she would do exactly the same."

Relief washed over me, and then was accompanied and even replaced by a deep feeling of love for these two wonderful girls that I own. I looked at the lovely teenager before me, not knowing what to say.

Leah was looking out of the window. "It's so strange being back in a busy city," she mused. "A bit later on, master, if you give permission, perhaps we could go out for a walk together. I have an ambition: I want to walk up to a policeman, ask him the time or directions to somewhere, and then walk back to you. I want to show you that I would never run away, even if the chance presented itself."

"You've already shown that," I pointed out.

Leah shrugged. "It would just emphasise the point," she said. "It would be symbolic."

"All right," I said, "so we've pretty much established the 'why' of this. I assume this is my surprise birthday present?"

Leah smiled at me, and it was such a warm smile, and her eyes held mine. "How does it feel to own two teenage girls who absolutely belong to you, not just are your captives but your complete and willing slaves, master?"

"Very, very nice," I replied, and my eyes met hers. "And you know that I love my two slaves."

"Yes, master," she said softly. "Even so, I know and accept that I'm going to get the punishment of my life when I get home for pulling this stunt."

"I have to admit that I was counting up the number of slave rules you must have broken to do this," I said. "I ..."

At that point, my mobile phone trilled in my pocket. I pulled it out and saw that it was my house number from the island. "Hello?"

"Mr Jefferson, this is Ben." Normally, Ben is unflappable and urbane, but there was an underlying tone of concern and nervousness in his voice. "We have a problem here."

"Oh?" I asked, knowing what he was going to say.

"Slave Leah seems to have disappeared. We can't find her anywhere."

"Indeed?" I looked at Leah, sitting calmly in front of me. She couldn't hear the voice on the other end, but she could guess what the call was about. "Have you informed the island authorities?"

"No, sir. Bill suggested we make a thorough search for her first and then contact you before doing anything else."

"Quite right," I told him. "You can cancel the alarm, though there will be questions later. She is sitting here with me now."

There was stunned silence on the other end of the phone. "I'm sorry, sir, I hadn't realised that you had taken her with you," Ben eventually replied, confusion clear in his voice.

"I didn't take her with me. She made her own way here."

Another stunned silence. "But how ...?"

"That's what I was about to ask her," I said. "Anyway, it looks as if she will be accompanying me on this trip and then returning with me afterwards." Leah nodded confirmation on the latter point. "We will keep this to ourselves, for now at least."

"Of course, sir." The urbane smoothness returned. "Please let me know if you require any assistance."

I assured him that I did not. We finished the call, and I regarded Leah once more. "So how did you do it?" I asked.

"The trunk, of course," she replied. "I was able to obtain it and modify it so that it can be opened from the inside. I also made some air holes which you can't see from the outside because the wood carving obscures them. I also got this dress, and the knickers and shoes. I set up the story about you bringing the trunk here as a favour for somebody and had the trunk delivered with a few slabs of concrete for weight. I got rid of the concrete and got in myself this morning after breakfast. There's a spyhole as well on either side, so I was able to watch you go into the shower, then I could climb out, quietly leave the room, come down here and ask reception to send the message up to you, and here we are."

I was counting up the things out of that story that, as a slave, she could not have done without help from a free person or persons, but for now I simply observed, "it must have been a tight fit in there."

She grimaced at the memory. "I had to make myself into a tiny little ball, and then stay like that for, I don't know, about six or seven hours?" She looked round and read a clock on the wall. "Seven," she confirmed. "Good job I'm supple and not claustrophobic, but when I got out I was cramping like mad. I managed to make it out of the room and then had to stretch and walk it off for a while before coming down to reception."

"And you've had nothing to eat or drink all day?"

"Nothing, to eat, master, but I'll have to own up to taking a couple of bottles of water from the kitchen stock back home. I thought you wouldn't want me dehydrated."

"Probably the least of the slave rules you've broken," I observed mildly.

"Probably, master," she agreed. "As I said, I know I'm really for it when we get home. I accept that, totally."

"And you couldn't have done this on your own, being a slave," I prompted.

She looked at me soberly. "Ellie covered for me, of course, master. I can't deny that. She knows you'll work that out, and she knows she's going to get a severe thrashing when you get home. She wants that to be her birthday present to you. We both know that she doesn't have my pain threshold, so she wants to show you she's going to be brave and take it. Her condition for helping me was that I would be fully honest with you about her role. She knows I would take her punishment along with my own and she doesn't want that. What I do beg you is that you won't be angry with her. She couldn't have stopped me from doing it anyway."

"She could, if she had told me what you were planning," I pointed out.

“Would you want a sneak for a slave, master?” Leah asked gently.

Now you see, many of you will feel that a slave should be punished for such impudence and certainly not allowed to speak to her owner in such a way. But that is not the way to deal with Leah. Give Leah an inch and she will take that inch and absolutely no more, and give you a yard of her own back. “Perhaps not,” I conceded. “Nevertheless, both she and you will indeed need to be punished for this escapade.”

“Yes, master,” Leah said soberly. “We both accept that fully.”

“And the two of you couldn’t have done this on your own. As slaves, you have obvious limitations. You must have had help from somebody free.”

Leah became a little more tense. “Master, I swear on my life that Adrian knows nothing about this. He doesn’t know where I am.”

“I didn’t say it was Adrian, but somebody helped you.”

Leah looked imploringly at me. “Master, whatever punishment you give me, couldn’t you double it and let me keep that secret?”

“You have no idea how severely I’m thinking of punishing you,” I pointed out darkly.

“You think I’m not brave enough when the chips are down, master?”

“I’m thinking of a rolling programme of fourteen days of continuous and severe torment,” I said. I hadn’t been, but a few ideas were popping into my mind as I spoke and I have to admit my John Thomas was stirring at the thought of it.

She didn’t flinch. “So can we say twenty-eight days and no more asked or said about how I got here, master?” she asked.

I sighed. She was emphatically not winning this: her silence was going to cost her a lot, and she knew it and accepted it. And I loved her for pulling this stunt, but it was vital for our relationship that she should not get away with it without considerable consequences. And she knew that just as much as I did, and she knew that I knew it, and so on. What she didn’t know was that I could guess who her secret helper was. It was most certainly not Adrian, who would never do something like that behind my back, and besides, she had specifically said he was not involved and Leah would not tell me a direct lie. Ben plays things strictly by the book. So it was Bill. He would have done it with the very best intentions, and not without being as sure as he could be that it would all turn out fine in the end. He had also delayed Ben, who was the senior of the two of them in my household structure, from alerting the authorities and prompted Ben to ring me first. I would be having a quiet chat with him when we got back home, though I would make it clear that Leah had not betrayed him.

“Very well, twenty-eight days it is,” I said. “It won’t be easy for you.”

“I know, master,” she said soberly. “But I want you to know that, for what it’s worth, if it’s worth anything at all, in my opinion you’re being very fair with me. I know I broke lots of rules. And also, may I say something else?” I nodded. Her eyes sought and met mine for tacit permission before she continued. “I also want to be absolutely clear that, yes, I broke the rules of slavery, quite deliberately, for this stunt, but I will absolutely not be breaking them again, not at any time and not in the slightest.” She said this very firmly and with complete conviction.

“I accept that declaration,” I replied. I felt she needed to know that she was believed. And I did believe her, and later hindsight proved that I was quite right to do so.

“Thank you, master. It means a lot to me that you accept that.”

“But has it occurred to you that following slave rules will cause you difficulties in a free society like this?”

It obviously had, because she had her answer ready. “I’m hoping you’ll let me sleep in a corner of your suite, if you don’t want me in your bed with you. If not, I’m sure I can find an alleyway somewhere around. I’m also hoping you’ll let me use your shower and bathroom, unless you want me to get smelly and dirty, but if you do want that, well, that’s your right of course. I’m hoping too that you’ll let me get water from the tap in the bathroom. As for food, maybe I can scrounge some scraps from the kitchen here; if not, I’ll go hungry. It’s only four days.”

There was a determined look in her eyes that I knew well and dearly loved. I smiled, and she saw that I approved of her attitude, and it made her happy. For such a tough, determined girl, Leah could be such a softie at times. It was one of the many qualities that made her outstanding.

There being a couple of hours before my evening meal, we went for a walk around Miami's bustling city centre. I bought a few items. The first of these was a length of corded rope, and a pair of secateurs so that I could cut it to the length I would need. The second was a table tennis bat. I didn't want a whip lying around the hotel room for room service to see, but a table tennis bat is innocuous but still highly effective. Watching the couple of quick practice swings I took with it, Leah was left in no doubt that it would soon be making contact with her bottom.

Then we went in search of a not-too-busy police officer, and soon found one. I have to admit that my heart was in my mouth when Leah left my side, sauntered up to him and sweetly asked for directions to somewhere we had in fact already been to, but she did it just as she had said she would: after he had given her the directions, she thanked him and returned to me. There was a twinkle in her eye as she looked at me, partly a tease, partly a "see, I told you so" message. The table tennis bat, back in the hotel room, would deal with the tease part, and she knew it, but we were both fully aware of the enormity of what she had just done. She had her opportunity at gaining her freedom, and she had turned it down.

Back at the hotel, I informed reception that my young wife had joined me and confirmed the booking of a table for dinner an hour later. The bed was already a king-size double, so there was no issue there. Leah naturally did not quibble about being described as my wife, despite the 30-year age gap between us: as with all things, she viewed it as my prerogative. I think she was even a little proud: after all, it was a considerable promotion from being my slave, even if it was just a cover story. We went back to the room and I gave her the opportunity for a shower. When she emerged, lovely and damp and naked and sweet-smelling, she saw me sat on the edge of the bed, table tennis bat in hand. She didn't need to be told what to do: Leah put herself over my lap, arranging herself so that her beautifully pert bottom was fully presented to me, and I set to work, first with my hand, then the bat. It being a high-quality hotel, the walls were thick and no sound would escape. Even so, Leah carefully kept her responses down to just gasps as the hardest smacks landed, the louder noise being the sound of the bat on her firm, responsive flesh.

When I had finished, I told her, "that wasn't for you doing anything wrong, it was just for my enjoyment."

"Yes, master, thank you master," she said softly, with no slightest resentment in her voice. She knows I enjoy spanking and she accepts it as part of her role and her duties. Her bottom was bright red and no doubt stinging. I made her stand nude before me and I made a loop of the cord to go round her waist, then took the long end from the front and passed it between her legs, ensuring it went right between her sex lips, to the waist cord at the back, round that for an anchor, pulling it very tight and eliciting a nice little gasp from Leah, then back between her legs and through her sex again until it came back to the waist cord at the front. I pulled it as tight as I could make it go – another breathy gasp from her – and tied it off.

"Put your dress on, you can leave the knickers off, and let's go to dinner," I said.

She had to walk very gingerly – I let her go ahead so that I could watch – to the lift and down to the dining room, and across to the table. An immaculate waiter immediately appeared and gave us wine lists and menus. After he had gone, Leah said quietly, "Master, I didn't expect to be dining with you."

"Why not?" I asked.

She looked round at the lush, grand, beautifully appointed and clearly very expensive restaurant. "I'm only a slave, master," she said.

I smiled at the quite genuine self-effacing temerity. "Well, when we get back up to the room, you'll be a slave again. Until then, the slave can dine like a queen, since she looks like a beauty queen."

She looked at me for a moment, and said with soft intensity, "I love my master." It was a mantra I never tire of hearing.

We actually had a very convivial meal and conversation. She discretely addressed me as 'Master' at all times, and was deferential and yet at the same time very good company, intelligent and with a dry wit. And I wasn't over-stating it by commenting about her looking like a beauty queen. Naked, she has a sensational body, but when dressed she has the knack of making even a simple black dress look elegant. Her brown hair had a natural shape and framed a very, very pretty face. Her nose, her mouth, her chin, her cheekbones were in perfect harmony, but most of all, below eyebrows which were slightly darker than her hair colouring and so drew attention to them, those sparkling green eyes gave her such character. And then, when the sparkle in them became one of amusement and touched the corners of her lovely mouth, the effect was considerable, and something she herself was clearly unaware of. She wore no make-up, as

she had none to wear, but she didn't need it: her complexion was wonderfully smooth and her skin, tanned by long months in the sun of first Xanxta and now our island, was just the right shade.

From time to time, she would just self-consciously tug at the hem of her dress. It was a short dress, which hadn't seem to bother her before, but then, she had been wearing knickers then.

"How's your crotch rope?" I asked her at one point.

Leah grimaced. "Very tight, Master," she replied.

"How about your steak?"

She cut another piece off. "Delicious, master, thank you," she said. "Very tender," and then added without any slightest resentment, "just like my bottom feels at the moment."

"Yes, a table tennis bat is quite effective, isn't it?" I observed conversationally.

"Yes, Master," she agreed without complaint.

The excellent main course was followed by a sumptuous dessert and then coffee. As we sipped the coffee, her eyes sought mine and she said quietly, "Master, thank you for this meal tonight. I really appreciate it."

"Better than the scraps from the kitchen slop bucket that you were expecting?"

"To be honest," she said soberly, "I thought the most likely case was that I would be going hungry. This was far more than a slave should expect."

"Well, true, but I do pamper my slaves occasionally, especially when I value them."

The green eyes held mine. "I love my master," she said again, quietly and softly but with the same strong and firm sincerity. Whenever she says it, it sends a lovely tingle through my body.

We went out for another little walk in the warm evening, and then back to the room. As soon as the door to the room was closed, I made the slightest of gestures and she immediately removed her dress and shoes to stand naked apart from the crotch rope. I inspected the rope: it had worked its way deeply in and must have been very uncomfortable for her, but she had made no slightest complaint. Even her reply in the restaurant had been purely factual. I removed it, and she winced just slightly as it came free of her sex lips. There was a red mark where it had been, including around her slim waist, but she paid it no heed. Instead, she eyed the king-size bed.

"Permission to pleasure my master in bed tonight?" she asked softly.

"Of course," I said.

Several hours later, we lay in bed together, drained. She was snuggled up to me, her head on my chest, her fingers gently running through the hairs on my chest. It had been a sensational sex session and I was trying not to show that I was exhausted. Even Leah, despite her youthful vigour and impressive fitness, was fully sated.

"Permission to speak, master?" she asked dreamily. I murmured assent. She snuggled up a little closer. "The next time you allow me to go with Adrian, he's going to have a lot to live up to," she purred.

Now, Leah doesn't say things like that lightly. My hand, which was around her bare shoulder and stroking her firm but gentle flesh, stroked a little more. "I'll take that as a compliment," I said, pleased.

"You were awesome, master," she whispered in confirmation.

"Better than your boy-friend?"

"Hmm," she said playfully, "I just remembered that I hadn't quite finished licking your cock clean. Excuse me, master!" The pretty head dived under the rumpled bedclothes and moments later I felt her tongue gently caressing my gentleman's equipment. She had already cleaned me with her tongue after sex – both she and Ellie were trained to do that automatically – but now she was doing some nice extra stuff. I gave a little shiver of pleasure. There was no way, after what we had just done, that she was going to get me back to attention for another go, and she knew that, and she herself had been more than enough orgasms for one night, but it was just nice. She was dodging the question that I had asked, of course, and was actually teasing me about it, so I decided that I might return to the topic tomorrow with the aid of the table tennis bat on her still-red bottom, but that could wait until tomorrow. Right now, I closed my eyes and relaxed.

Chapter Seven - Miami

Another hour or so later, Leah lay in the bed, staring pensively up at the ornate ceiling. Her owner's head was on her chest, his face nuzzled comfortably into her young breasts as he slept, and she was careful not to disturb him, but she was comfortable enough in the sumptuous bed.

'My God, girl,' she thought to herself, 'you got yourself well and truly porked tonight.'

It had been, even in her now not inconsiderable experience, a stunning session. She had come three times, which was pretty good in itself but by no means unheard of, but the force and intensity of those orgasms had flattened her. Her third and final orgasm, coming simultaneously with his, had wiped her out. Her owner had been, there was no other word for it, magnificent. The compliment she had paid him afterwards was quite accurate.

Leah sighed. He had asked her a question in return, and she had dodged it. Not good, even if she was trying to tease him a bit. It would be the table tennis bat for her in the morning, in all probability, and quite rightly so: slaves should not keep secrets from their owners. But then after that, or before it or whenever, she needed to answer the question, openly and honestly as a slave should. At one time, the answer would have been easy: for all her owner's skill, Adrian's youthful virility had the edge. But now, and not just after tonight, she realised that it wasn't quite that straightforward. Comparing Adrian and her owner in bed was like comparing that delicious steak she had had tonight with the lavish dessert afterwards: they were chalk and cheese. Adrian was caring, compassionate, thoughtful: he made love to her. Her owner was forceful, dominant and powerful: he fucked her, he swept her away like a straw in a hurricane, helpless to resist. Submitting to her owner's sexual use of her was her duty, and yet ... she needed to be honest and say that she enjoyed it, particularly when he was on such form as he was tonight. She could not say no to him, because he was her owner; she could not say no to him, because he dominated her so much; and she could not say no to him, because she did not want to.

She was, she accepted, in awe of him. Hero-worship was not something that Leah liked, but she had to admit she felt more than admiration, more than respect for him. Awe was the only word for it. There were many reasons for it, she reflected. She could start with the fact that he was around fifty years of age – she knew it was his birthday today but hadn't been able to find out his exact age, but it was around that – and not only was he in good physical shape, his virility was, well, spectacular. She also admired the fact that, from what she had been able to find out from Ben, he had started with a small amount of capital, made his first million (in pounds) by age 25 and was worth well over thirty million by age 40, and she equally admired him for then deciding to enjoy his money rather than just chase after more and more for the rest of his days, although she gathered that he was still quietly increasing his fortune, but at a slower rate as he focused on pleasure rather than greed.

But above all else, she had to admire the way he had turned her and Ellie into his slaves.

Leah absolutely did not have a submissive side to her character, and yet this man had made her his chattel. Ellie didn't have a submissive side either: she might be less determined and iron-willed than Leah, but she was her own person, and yet he had done it to her too. And he had done it, she gratefully acknowledged, without crushing their spirits. She knew, too, that they were not the first he had broken in: before leaving Xanxta, she had met another slave who her master had previously owned and introduced, if that was the word, into slavery, and she knew there were others. This girl now had another owner but had been firmly and completely trained by Tom Jefferson, and his training still remained her benchmark.

Leah also admired her owner because he knew what he wanted, and when he wanted something, he didn't just shrug his shoulders and daydream, he went out and got the thing he wanted. That, of course, included her. He had seen her, decided he wanted her, and took her. She had been powerless to resist either her capture or her subsequent training. Such a man could only be regarded as a master.

When she had first been captured, she rued the fact that it was her that he had seen and chosen. If only he had gone to another athletics meet, somewhere else where she wasn't present, she would have been spared all this. Why her? There must have been (she thought) other, prettier, more shapely girls there to choose from. It had been her bad luck that he had chosen her. Later, her mind-set gradually changed, until these days she regarded herself as very fortunate that she had been there that day and had caught his eye.

Her mind shifted to today's tumultuous events. She had done it. She had escaped captivity, so that she could show her master that she was his slave and march willingly back into that captivity. She

actually had gone up to a policeman, asked him directions as an excuse for speaking to him, and gone back to her owner, when she could have sought refuge with the policemen and escaped her slavery. She had made the choice – it was never a doubt in her mind from the moment this caper had first occurred to her – that she was a slave, her master's property, for now and forever. She was his, to do with as he chose. It had been a defining point in her life, accepting and demonstrating to her master that she was owned, subjugated, enslaved in mind as well as body, the property of a masterful man.

Her master, she thought in pleasant harmony as she drifted off to sleep.

Late the following morning, Leah was walking around Miami, sight-seeing, alone.

She was stunned that her owner had left her go off on her own whilst he went to the first of his meetings. She had expected him to keep her close to him, as near to being under guard as he could manage, and she would have considered that fair enough. Instead, he had simply told her to be back by lunchtime. The fact that he was showing so much trust in her, even after her demonstration last night, was something she had not expected and it gave her a deliciously warm feeling inside. She felt like a canary, let out of its cage and allowed to fly around for a while before returning to captivity. And return to captivity she absolutely would.

She felt slightly vulnerable, in that under her rather short black dress she wore no panties. That had been his order, so that was that. To somebody used to walking the often crowded streets of Xanxta and the quieter ones of New Island stark naked, it should not have been an issue, but she felt very aware of it nevertheless, probably because her slavery was secret here. On the other hand, her master had said, "no sex or similar without my permission" before leaving her to go off to his meeting. He might have said it in a casual, relaxed way, but his slightest word was law to her. Actually, though, that gave her security, because it meant she was able to (well, obliged to) turn down any advances that any local man might make towards her. Partly for that reason and partly because she was technically an illegal alien here, having no visa or entry papers, she kept her head well down and kept herself to herself.

The city was an interesting contrast. As she assumed most of America to be, Miami was all about money. Hustlers were trying to sell, to make money, whilst the tourists clearly split into those who had lots of it and those who had very little of it and were on a tight budget. Leah, of course, had none at all. More precisely, as a slave she was not allowed to even handle money, unless on the explicit order of her owner. As far as she was concerned, the rules regarding slavery applied to her wherever she was, and, having broken numerous of them to get here, she was now determined to obey them to the letter, as she had said to her owner. Also, she could not by those same laws own anything, so any souvenir she might have bought would be something she could not keep. But none of it mattered, because she wanted to see, not spend.

She returned to the hotel as per his orders at lunchtime. He arrived back from his meeting and took her out to a delightful little sea-food restaurant for lunch. Once again, Leah felt she was being treated too grandly for a slave, and politely said so.

He regarded her, amused. "Would you rather be kneeling at my feet than sitting across the table from me?" he asked mildly.

"Kneeling at your feet is where I belong, master," Leah replied, She kept her voice low enough that nobody else could hear the word 'master', but only just.

He smiled. "Best not to draw attention to ourselves, since you should not officially be here," he said easily.

It was a good point. "Yes, master," Leah agreed.

He had another business meeting that afternoon, and Leah was surprised when he told her that she could come to this one. Or, it could have been that her presence was required: it was hard to tell when his every slightest suggestion was absolute law to her. They stopped off on their way back to the hotel and he bought her a more suitable outfit for attending a meeting, a smart but still attractive blouse, mid-length skirt and jacket, some lacy underwear and even stockings and suspenders. Back in their hotel room, Leah did her hair smartly and then looked at herself in the full-length mirror: she felt she looked the part of an efficient personal assistant, even though she knew she was really a slave.

He master had booked a small meeting room at the hotel, and they were joined there by the other party, whose name was Nathaniel Hogarty. Around sixty, he was slight, balding, fussily dressed, with round glasses giving him an owl-like and bookish look. He was friendly enough and polite to the point of appearing unsure of himself, but his demeanour changed as he and Tom began their discussions: in his field, he clearly knew what he was about and what he needed. Leah was quite bright, but most of the discussion was too technical, and it was not her role to be involved anyway; she busied herself making them cups of coffee and finding documents for her master. In the end, it seemed as if things were being gradually resolved and it came down to some polite but determined haggling over price.

And then, as she was at the far end of the room dealing with more refreshments, she saw her owner whisper in Mr Hogarty's ear and both men looked towards her. With a flash of feminine intuition, Leah realised that the use of her body was being bartered as part of the deal.

It was, of course, entirely her owner's right to do this. Back on New Island and before that in Xanxta, there had quite frequently been visitors to their home and she and Ellie had been required to serve them in every respect. She was used to that, but she found it a bit different with a man who did not realise that she was a slave. Nor could he find out: her owner had given her explicit instructions prior to the meeting to be discreet about her relationship with him.

She felt herself blushing slightly, and was annoyed with herself: she was an experienced slave, not a novice. Trying to will herself to be cool, she came back to the table and served the coffee and biscuits to the men.

"I was just saying to Nathaniel how keen you were to see this deal go through smoothly," Tom Jefferson said to her conversationally.

Leah fixed her eyes on Hogarty. "Absolutely," she said softly but with clear determination. "I'm happy to do anything I can to help." She put an unmistakeable emphasis on the word 'anything' and her lovely green eyes held his as she spoke.

She was pleased to see Hogarty flush. "I, er," he began.

"Anything," she repeated in a breathy tone that had unmistakeable meaning. Leah was wondering how to play this. Back home, it was easy: her master clicked his fingers and she would kneel at a guest's feet, thighs spread apart, or clamber onto his lap, or even unzip his fly there and then, get his cock out and put it in her mouth. She would also be naked back home. But she had the feeling that this wasn't quite the way to do it here and now. If she was wrong, she would no doubt feel the table tennis bat on her bottom later, but more to the point, she wanted to do this right, to please her owner and help him seal the deal.

"When Leah says 'anything', she means 'anything'," Tom Jefferson confirmed mildly. "I think you said you were staying at your hotel tonight and flying home tomorrow?"

Hogarty clearly wanted to loosen his collar, but was trying – and failing – to appear unruffled. "Yes, that's right," he managed.

"Perhaps I could join you there later," Leah said in a voice which left no doubt about her intentions. "Say nine o'clock, after you've had dinner?"

"I, yes, that would be fine," Hogarty almost spluttered. Leah had noticed the lack of a wedding ring on his fingers and wondered if, despite his age, he was a virgin. It was possible, she decided.

"There is, as you know, a two-week cooling off period on the deal, just in case you think she won't show after you've signed," Tom Jefferson put in smoothly. "Or if you're not, shall we say, fully satisfied with Leah's endeavours?"

"Not going to happen," Leah said in a sweet but suggestive voice.

Hogarty signed the deal with almost indecent haste and, after leaving details of his hotel and room number, left soon after. Tom Jefferson sat back in his chair and eyed Leah. "Well done," he said with a smile. "You handled that just right."

"Thank you, master," Leah said, pleased. "He will of course be fully satisfied later." She deliberately made no reference to his right to sell her body: it was his right, and she wanted him to know she fully accepted it.

"Oh, I know that," Jefferson said drily. "I'm fully familiar with your skills."

At a few minutes before nine o'clock, Leah walked into the lobby of Hogarty's hotel. It was a plush hotel, just like the one her master and she were staying in. She knew his room number, so she discretely made her way to the lift. A single young woman on her own asking at reception for his room number would have been far too suggestive of her purpose. Not that she was entitled to any relief from embarrassment, but he was. For the same reason, her owner had instructed her to wear the business-like outfit she had been wearing that afternoon of jacket, blouse and prim skirt rather than the little black dress.

She guessed correctly that, as at most large hotels, the first digit of the room number indicated the floor that the room was on. She quickly located the room and stood outside, composing herself. I must remember not to call him 'master', she told herself: Thomas Jefferson had been explicit in his instructions to her that Hogarty was not to know her real status. She took a breath and knocked on the door. He opened it and let her in. He had changed into smart, casual attire. She decided that her earlier estimate of his age at being around sixty was maybe slightly low. Sixty-five, maybe. In the meeting he had been assured and confident for the most part, but not now.

Leah smiled at him, but tried not to act too sure of herself in case she intimidated him. It was not entirely an act: she was experienced in sex but that was as a slave, starting almost invariably naked and with the man understanding that he could do with her whatever he wanted, subject only to her owner's consent, not hers. Even when she had met Adrian, she had been fully naked; in fact, it was several months after they met before he first saw her clothed, when her owner took them and Ellie to Corvalle. For that matter, that had been the first and only time.

"Can I offer you a drink?" he asked politely.

"Er, no thank you, m ..., I mean, no thank you, sir," Leah stuttered. "But if you want one, that's fine," she said, trying to recover and hide her near-mistake.

"No, I'm fine as well," he said.

Conversation immediately lapsed. Leah wished she was back on New Island or in Xanxta with this man, where she would already be naked and things would go more smoothly. She realised that she needed to find a way to progress this.

"You know why I'm here?" she asked directly, her eyes trying to meet and hold his.

He evaded eye contact. "Er, yes," he stumbled, "or at least, I know what Tom said when you weren't around."

Leah gave him a sweet smile. "You can take it that what he said was correct."

"You don't know what he said," he pointed out.

"True, but I think I can guess," she replied. She decided to be direct and looked directly at him again, this time catching his eyes and holding them with her own. "I assume he said that you can have total and unlimited access to my body for the next few hours, and that I will do anything I can to please you, and to be absolutely clear, that very much includes sex."

He swallowed, and she saw his Adam's Apple move down and up. "Is that more or less what he said?" she asked sweetly.

"He ... yes, that was the jist of what he said," Hogarty managed. He was sweating.

Leah gave him another smile. "Then what he said was correct," she said with a purr in her voice. She was surprising herself that she was handling this fairly well.

"Are you ... I have to ask, is he blackmailing you in some way? Are you here against your will?" He looked concerned.

Leah's tone became more sober. "Thank you for asking," she said seriously. "No he isn't, and no, I'm not here against my will." She realised that she needed to move things on before he started asking what her motivations were. She slipped her jacket and shoes off and felt the plush carpet under her stockinged feet. She moved closer to him. "Would you like to take my blouse off?" she asked softly.

She pushed her chest forward and he began to fumble with the buttons on her blouse. One by one they came undone, the blouse parting to reveal her breasts nestled in the bra, her tanned skin gently and neatly contrasting with the black lace of the undergarment. Because she spent most of her time on the sun-drenched island naked, it was a perfect all-over tan, which she knew would shortly become evident. The last button came undone and he slipped the blouse off her smooth shoulders. As it dropped to the floor, he admired her toned body.

“You’re not going to stop there, are you?” she asked, teasingly, and again pushed her chest towards him. The bra had a front fastener and his fingers only fumbled for a moment with it before it was released and her breasts became free. He slipped the straps over her shoulders and she straightened her arms so that they slid silently down and joined the blouse on the floor.

Now he did stop and stepped back, his eyes completely focused on her bare chest. Leah stood before him, her shoulders back so that her breasts stood out. Her boobs were not massive but they were large enough and very firm thanks to her substantial fitness regime.

“God, you’re beautiful,” he said thickly.

Leah was actually pleased by the compliment. “How do you know?” she asked teasingly. “I’ve still got my skirt on.”

He reached out again, and after a further short fumble she felt the skirt fall away, and then his hands in the waistband of her panties, pushing them down, until they tumbled down to around her ankles and she stepped out of them, naked now apart from the hold-up stockings. She took a step back and allowed him to enjoy the view, posing a little, then doing a slow turn. It was quite different to normal, when she would be naked from the start, and in a way she was enjoying it. Now she moved forward, gently took him by the shoulders, and steered him slowly backwards, whilst his hands, after a moment’s hesitation, reached out to her breasts and gently caressed them. She moved him slowly backwards through the open doorway into the bedroom, back until his legs were against the large double bed. Still gently, she lowered him down onto the bed, and then slid snake-like on top of him, his hands now round her back, feeling her supple skin. Slowly, whilst he continued to explore her lithe young body, Leah began to ease his clothes off, a little at a time, often shifting so that he could reach different parts of her body. He enjoyed slowly taking her stockings off. By now she had him down to just his boxer shorts. She slid these off and touched her lips to his semi-erect penis, and then slipped it inside her mouth. Immediately it began to stiffen. Not too much, she told herself, not yet, and after a short while took it out of her mouth and instead gently caressed it with her fingers.

As his confidence grew, his groping of her was becoming more authoritative and dominant. As often happened when she had sex with anybody other than Adrian, sometimes even with her owner, Leah experienced moments of humiliation as reality intruded, but as always she was able to move on by focusing on her task of pleasing the man she was with. After a good while of petting, she took his cock into her mouth again for a while and then slipped it between her legs and into her pussy. His self-control was quite good and the humping went on for a long time, with several changes of position and occasional further use of her mouth. When he finally came, it was in her mouth. Leah swallowed it down dutifully and then licked him clean.

They lay in bed together a little while later, his hands still exploring her body but his dick only slightly up despite her gentle ministrations. She sensed that he wanted to say something, and she waited patiently. Finally he spoke up.

“You know ... at the start, when you said you were up for anything? He asked tentatively.

“Yes, anything,” Leah said, trying to be encouraging.

“Well ... I’ve always had a desire to spank a young lady ... it would only be gently.”

Did nearly all men have these fantasies, Leah wondered? “That’s fine,” she said, “but it doesn’t have to be gentle. I can take it hard.” She wasn’t being proud or boastful, but she needed to make sure he got what he wanted. And she had taken much worse than anything he could possibly dish out, and would have to again in the future.

“I ...” he began hesitantly.

Leah had no desire to get a hard spanking, but she knew it was what he wanted, and she had to ensure his pleasure. What she might want or not want was totally irrelevant. She realised that she had to be firm here to allow him to get past his hesitation. “I’ll take it if you promise not to be gentle,” she said.

He murmured acceptance of that, so moments later the naked teenage girl was laying herself across his equally naked lap, feeling his now slightly stiffer cock under her silky thighs. Despite their discussion, the first two slaps on her bottom were so slight that she barely felt them, and she told him so. The third slap was significantly harder. “Better,” she teased him, “but I can take much more than that.”

The fourth slap stung. He hesitated after it, and she knew she had to reassure him. “Ow,” she said, “that’s more like it.” She felt his cock twitch when she said “ow”, and knew that he enjoyed that.

“How many more can I do like that?” he asked.

“As many as you want,” Leah replied sweetly, and mentally prepared herself.

The smacks started coming. He would smack her, then feel her bottom or her thighs or between her legs, then smack her again. Leah made little gasps of pain and shock, not entirely artificially, and kept saying silently to herself, “slave, slave, slave!” She needed to keep reminding herself that she was a slave, that he had every right to do this. As she wriggled on his lap, she could feel his erection growing underneath her thighs. Her bottom would be bright red by now, she knew, and it was certainly smarting.

Eventually his cock was really hard, and in due course he stopped spanking her and started fucking her instead. He was far more assertive this time. She was on her back now, her legs wrapped around him as he pounded into her, her sore bottom aggravated by the bed as they bounced up and down to the rhythm of his thrusts. At long last he came inside her, and she tightened her legs around him to hold him in her as his sperm jetted deep inside her.

Later still, they lay together once more. He was totally spent now: nothing, she knew, could get anything further from him. His hands still felt her body, but more tenderly, affectionately.

“You are incredible,” he breathed.

Leah appreciated the compliment. “You weren’t so bad yourself,” she replied, and was being truthful. She had done her duty, but truthfully she hadn’t not enjoyed it, the spanking aside. However, he had come twice, which wasn’t bad going at his age. “Happy you signed that contract now?”

“Best decision I ever took in my life,” he said. “I wish I had some more deals I could do with Tom.”

“Maybe some time in the future,” she said. It would of course be her owner’s decision as to whether she would be offered as part of the deal, but he would probably do so. No reason not to, really.

She looked at the clock on the wall. It was gone two a.m. in the morning. “I’d better go,” she said.

As she dressed, he called reception from the bedside phone, and asked for a taxi to be arranged for her, to be charged to his account. Leah said that she could walk, but he replied, “not in Miami at this time of night” and she saw the sense in that. She kissed him goodbye and let herself out of his room. Quietly evading reception, she went outside to where the taxi was waiting, got in and told the driver which hotel to go to.

She saw him look her up and down in the driver’s mirror, and realised with a shock of humiliation that he thought she was a prostitute. She knew she smelt of sex and Hogarty’s male musk. She wanted to shout at him that she was a slave doing her duty, much more honourable than being a prozzie, but of course she wasn’t allowed to. Well, she was used enough to humiliation, she would have to endure a bit more.

“Do you want to be picked up from that hotel as well later on?” he asked casually.

He was just touting for business, nothing more, but the words stung her. “I’m not leaving that hotel, that’s where I’m staying,” she said sharply.

“It’s a swanky hotel,” he said, slightly impressed. “Job pays well, huh?”

“I don’t have a job,” Leah returned frostily, and writhed internally as she imagined what he was thinking. She wanted to tell him her status, but her master had not given permission. She knew that her master would much rather she be humiliated anyway. When they arrived at the hotel, she left the cab without a word, resisting the temptation to slam the taxi door – that would be unslavelike – and went in. Evading the attention of reception, she took the lift up to her floor and let herself into the room.

Her master was fast asleep in the double bed. Leah hesitated. She needed and wanted a shower, to wash away the traces of Hogarty from her body, but if the shower woke her master, that would be bad. She would get the table tennis bat across her already sore posterior for sure, and rightly so. Still ... if he awoke the following morning and wanted her services, and she was smelling of another man ... she tiptoed into the bathroom, shut the door and showered as quietly as she could, trusting to the solid hotel walls to keep the sound of the water in. When she emerged afterwards, she saw to her relief that her owner had not stirred. Again she hesitated. She had not been ordered into his bed, and getting in with him again risked walking him. There were some spare pillows and a spare duvet in one of the cupboards. She settled down, symbolically at the foot of his bed but where he could see her if he awoke, made herself comfortable on the lush carpet, pulled the duvet over her naked body and went quickly to sleep.

Chapter Eight - Miami, The Next Day

Leah was a light sleeper, which she had found to be useful since her enslavement, but even so when she awoke the following morning, she found her master dressed and about. Apologetically, she pulled off the duvet and knelt naked in slave posture, awaiting orders. She didn't verbally apologise, because she had not been given permission to speak. Whenever he spoke to her, she could respond, but under normal circumstances it was inappropriate for her to speak first.

"Good morning, sleepy head," he said cheerfully.

"Good morning, master," Leah replied dutifully. "Sorry, I didn't wake earlier."

He waved this away. "No problem, I imagine it was quite late when you got back," he said generously. "Was our friend Mr Hogarty duly happy?"

"Of course, master," Leah replied with just a touch of pride. "Those were your instructions. He said that he would like to make more deals with you at some point in the future."

"Hmm, not sure that he has a lot else to offer, but I'll keep that in mind," Jefferson said.

If he was going to say anything else, it was interrupted by a knock on the door. Gesturing to Leah, who was still kneeling in slave posture, to stand up, he went to the door and opened it. Leah heard a young male voice. "Document delivery for Mr Jefferson?"

"Yes, come in," Tom Jefferson said.

A spotty young man, a year or two younger than the nineteen year-old Leah, came into the room. He was wearing the livery of a courier company. "Thanks you, sir. You just have to provide evidence of ID and then sign for the package. Here is the ... Oh! I'm sorry, miss!" The last words came as he caught sight of Leah, standing naked by the bed.

"That's quite all right, young man, Leah won't mind," Jefferson said as he produced his passport for ID.

Whether Leah minded or not was irrelevant, of course. She did feel her face going a little red. Since her enslavement, uncountable men had seen her naked, but she was finding it more embarrassing to be nude in front of a man who did not realise her status. Still, her master had spoken, so she made no attempt to hide her private charms and just smiled, slightly weakly, at the youth. She saw him, with an obvious effort, avert his eyes.

His identity confirmed, Tom Jefferson signed the delivery note and took the envelope of papers. "Leah," he said, "I don't have any money on me, could you give this young gentleman something for his trouble?"

Leah was a bright girl and knew her owner's codes well. As a slave, she neither had any money nor was allowed to have any, so the only thing she could give was her body. The only question was how far he intended her to go, which was unclear. "Of course," she said, carefully preventing herself from addressing her owner as 'master' in public, and moved closer to the young man. "Could I interest you in having a little feel of me?" she purred.

The poor youth didn't know what to do or say. He just stood there, mouth open, looking at Leah. She eased herself closer still to him. At that point, Jefferson said, "Leah, I have to go and study these papers. I'll be about twenty minutes. Young man, I might then have signed copies for you to return if you wouldn't mind waiting." He went into the office adjoining the main room and closed the door.

Well, that answered Leah's query. Twenty minutes should be enough with ease. She moved to the door to the outside and closed it firmly, then turned to the young man. "I think we can go a lot further than just a feel," she said in a sexy voice. "What's your name?"

"Rory," he said in something of a squeak, and glanced at the closed door to the office.

"He won't mind," said Leah, reading the glance. "In fact, he would be mortified if you didn't leave here with compensation for your time and trouble." She came right up to him and put her arms gently around him. "And then I would get into trouble." She didn't mention it would be the table tennis bat on her behind, and wondered if her bottom was still red from Hogarty last night.

Rory didn't take any more persuading. In a little while, she had got his clothes off and he was pumping enthusiastically into her on the thick carpet. He was thin, but wiry with a few muscles starting to develop, and his youthful ardour didn't need much more stimulation than her naked and clearly available body. He came within ten minutes, and did so strongly enough that Leah came as well, which wasn't a problem: unless ordered otherwise, standing rules from Tom Jefferson were that she could always come

during sex. There were a further few minutes in the bathroom shower, where she assiduously washed his cock clean: she thought that might arouse fewer suspicions than her licking him clean, as well as being more effective. He was dressed in his livery once more – Leah was still naked – when Tom Jefferson emerged from the office. Leah glanced at the clock: almost exactly twenty minutes, although she knew there was a spyhole from the office to the main room and wondered if her owner had been watching proceedings for his own entertainment. If so, of course, that was his right. He produced a sealed envelope with signed copies of the documents for return to sender, and fished out a banknote for payment for delivery and a tip on top. So much, Leah thought without any slightest rancour, for him not having had any money on him before. The young man, who could not hide the look on his face which was like the cat that had got the cream, departed.

“It is useful having you around, slave,” mused Jefferson.

“Yes master,” said Leah. “I’m pleased to be of service.” The incident had been another humiliation, but the sex had not been unpleasant. Either way, though, it was being of service that was important.

“Whilst you were busy, I had an email from Hogarty.”

“Yes, master?” Leah wanted to know what he had said, but she knew better than to ask.

“Yes. He says he’s exhausted but happy.”

Leah smiled and allowed herself a touch of pride. “My master knows he can always rely on me,” she said.

“Indeed,” he replied, and Leah felt a little wave of pleasure that was worth the humiliation and other things she had endured. “Get some clothes on and let’s go down to breakfast.”

There was a short and fairly uneventful meeting that morning. Leah was in attendance but had little to do apart from taking a few notes and getting teas and coffee. Still, it seemed to go well and everything was agreed. After a working lunch with the same people, she returned to their hotel with her master before going off to another meeting. To her slight surprise, she was ordered to change from her more business-like outfit into the little black dress for another meeting that afternoon. Unlike the previous meetings, all held in plush hotel suites, this was held at a rather less refined club away from the smarter areas of the city.

The minute they walked in, Leah got the vibe. Whereas all the previous meetings had been with smart, polite businessmen, these five men were more like rednecks. She felt their eyes immediately on her, leering, assessing her, undressing her in their minds. She knew immediately that before this afternoon was over, all five of them would have fucked her, and that it would be brutal. Back on New Island, or Xanxta before that, she was not unused to being taken to parties for the express purpose of being had by every man present, and would invariably be naked throughout, but although those men were not averse to giving her a spanking or two, these men had an air of aggression which daunted her. Well, she told herself, you’re a slave, so you get what you’re given, and you’ve taken some considerable beatings in your time, so you can take this. But she wasn’t convincing herself.

The business part of the meeting didn’t last long. For what Leah had been able to glean, her master ran some sort of franchise organisation, acting as intermediary between manufacturers who had things to sell and retail operations which could sell them. The items in question tended to be more off-the-wall things that were not so easy to buy or sell through normal channels, though nothing illegal or immoral, and the manufacturers and retail chains he dealt with were small enough not to have their own departments for procurement and outlet but large enough for the deals to be lucrative. He also had contacts with logistics companies who could transport the merchandise. Whereas his other dealings on this trip had been with sophisticated city organisations, these five men were from what was still almost frontier country in states like Montana and Wyoming, each representing small chains of stores. Tom Jefferson, she realised, had a knack of dealing with all types, and was helped today by having Leah, who was clearly being used as a little extra incentive for them to sign up. It wasn’t long before all five were signing the contracts offered to them. Leah also gathered, perhaps not without a little touch of pride, that Tom Jefferson also had a reputation for honesty, meaning that the people he dealt with were spared the cost of lawyers checking every detail, a not inconsiderable cost in a country like America.

Immediately after the contracts were signed, there was the cracking open of a six-pack of beer cans, something else which would have been completely out of place in the other meetings Leah had attended. And then she felt eyes turn to her.

"You did promise us a little fun if we signed up, Tom," one of them drawled, his eyes on Leah.

"Yes I did," Tom Jefferson replied easily. "Do you think we can provide our friends with a little fun, Leah?"

"Yes, sir," Leah said, trying to keep her voice firm and loud enough and just about managing it. She didn't quite see where 'we' came into it, it would just be her, but never mind.

"No need to be coy with these gentlemen, Leah, you can use my proper title," Tom informed her.

"Yes, master," Leah said immediately. Well, that was something: it was undoubtedly easier for her to have her slave status out in the open. On the other hand, she doubted that these men would need much encouragement anyway.

"Feel free to take centre stage," he said. His voice was as languid and genial as ever, but any such comment from him was always an order to be obeyed without question. A little hesitantly, Leah moved into the centre of the room. She felt the eyes of the five men on her, clearly undressing her in their imaginations. She didn't understand why that embarrassed her when she had appeared naked in front of so many men before, indeed was used to perpetual nudity back home, but it did embarrass her.

"She's very pretty," one man observed. He pronounced it 'purty'.

"Reckon she'd be prettier still without that dress," another said, and there was a murmur of laughter around the room which made Leah's face blush more. She waited for the instruction from her owner to take the dress off, but he had settled back into his chair and adopted the mien of a mildly interested spectator. She was of course too well trained to act without orders. However, none of the men seemed inclined to take the lead, so she would have to take the initiative.

"Would you like me to take my dress off, masters?" she asked quietly.

A ripple of anticipation went around the room. "Yeah," drawled the man who had spoken last, "reckon that would be a good idea."

Leah reached down to grasp the hem of her short black dress and with one movement pulled it over her head and off her, letting it fall to the floor. She was now dressed in white bra and panties and flat shoes.

"Keep going," another man, who had not spoken previously, said tersely.

Leah stepped out of her shoes. Finding herself not wanting to look at the men, she stared at the wall as she reached behind her back for the bra clasp. Slipping the straps over her shoulders, she let the cups fall away and flutter down to the ground to join her shoes and dress. The murmur that went round this time was one of appreciation. Leah was happy with her breasts: they were not too large, but not unduly small either, with small aureoles surrounding teats which stood out almost proudly. Partly because she was still nineteen, and more because she kept herself, or was kept, extremely fit, her boobs were firm and perky, with only a slight wobble when she moved, just enough to proclaim them as real and not artificial. She knew that Adrian liked them, which pleased her, and that her owner did too, which also pleased her these days, even if it hadn't done so when she had first been enslaved. She was used to them being on permanent show back home, and yet right now her face was red.

And she had one more item to go. Leah slipped her thumbs into the elastic waistband of her panties and eased them down, stepping out of them and dropping them with the rest of her clothes.

"Boy, that's a nice arse," one man said.

"View from the front's pretty good too," said another.

"Put yuh hands on yuh head and turn around, slowly, so we can all get the full view," the one who had spoken second ordered her.

Leah obeyed, her face red. As she slowly turned, more coarse comments reached her ears. She wondered why she was embarrassed about being naked in front of these men. In Xanxta, she had been permanently naked, walking the streets nude at times, being a pony girl nude but for her harness – which invariably kept her intimate areas on display. In Corvalle, she had competed naked in the arena in front of several hundreds of men, plus a local but substantial TV audience. She'd been taken nude to parties and been fucked by just about every man there, so why be bothered now? Maybe it was just the crudeness of these men.

Leah had light brown hair. Prior to her enslavement, she had worn it fairly long, and would tie it back when she was competing in athletics. After her enslavement, of course, such decisions were no longer hers, and her owner had after a while decreed that she should wear it shorter, so that it just touched her shoulders. Leah had to admit that she didn't mind it that way. Similarly, pre-enslavement she hadn't bothered much about her pubic hair, just keeping it in a trimmed triangle so that she could wear swimming costumes and so on. At first, her owner had instructed her to keep it that way: with the light brown covering, it didn't stand out much even if it was fairly thick. Recently, however, he had made her cut it shorter and thin it out somewhat, so that it now provided just a gauzy covering for her sex lips. Leah had of course accepted his decision, but she did feel a little bit more exposed, and certainly felt that way now. Her master had told her that at some point he would have her pussy shaved completely. Although it was not uncommon for slaves on the island to have shaved pussies, Leah was not looking forward to walking around in public like that; but again, his word was law to her.

Back in the present, the man who had spoken second, and who now seemed to be emerging as the leader, beckoned her towards him. Her hands still on her head, she approached with trepidation. He slapped her breasts, hard. Leah flinched but did not retreat.

"You a whore, girl?" he asked harshly, slapping her boobs again.

"I'm a slave, master," Leah said calmly.

"Put yuh hands behind your back."

Leah obeyed. A moment later, he slapped her face, again hard. The force of the blow turned her head to the side, but she turned back to face him.

"Try not to leave bruises where they will show, I have to take her back to the hotel with me," Tom Jefferson said, his voice still genial and relaxed.

The man grunted an acknowledgement. He sat down and pulled Leah over his lap. Leah did not resist. Moments later a series of stinging slaps rained down on her bottom.

After that, it was open season. The men took it in turns to spank her, each spanking being long and hard. Their rough, often calloused hands felt as unyielding as the table tennis bat was, and they were not gentle. Leah gasped in pain, but did not resist. Her iron will-power was focused on remaining obedient, mainly because she would not let her master down but also because she would not give these men the satisfaction of showing weakness.

Then they had her on hands and knees on the carpet, back arched downwards so that her bottom jutted up, and legs wide. Some carried on slapping her bottom, others groped or slapped her breasts, between her legs, her thighs. Hands simply went everywhere. Fingers were inserted into her pussy or her mouth. A cock was thrust into her face: dutifully, she took it into her mouth and sucked it whilst all five men continued to grope and slap her.

At length they all backed off. The leader pulled her to her feet and bent her over a table, tapping her legs on the inside of her ankles in an unspoken order to her to spread her legs. Leah obeyed and waited. All five men now had their cocks out. They were all large cocks. She grunted as the first man rammed himself into her, brutally. The others backed off slightly and formed an audience, making all sorts of crude comments and suggestions. He pounded into her, bruisingly. His fucking of her went on for some time. One of the other men got bored watching and came round in front of her, thrusting his cock into her face. Leah opened her mouth and took him in, her sucking of him made difficult by the constant, forceful pounding she was getting from behind her. Eventually she felt the man fucking her come to orgasm and felt his hot warm seed jetting into her. The moment he withdrew, another man took his place and began fucking her with equal violence.

Eventually it was all over. Although she had sucked several cocks, each man had held off until he could penetrate her and come in her vagina. None of them had been gentle. Her owner had not joined in: from time to time she had seen him out of the corner of her eye, going over the contracts and occasionally casting an almost disinterested eye over the proceedings.

Leah lay, battered and exhausted, on the floor as they all began to dress. Summoning her determination, she pulled herself up onto her knees, adopting slave kneeling position, her thighs properly apart, hands placed in the small of her back. It was her way of silently saying, 'you can batter my body

but you will not break my spirit.’ However, none of them really noticed, although a couple gave her a last grope of her boobs. They said their goodbyes to Tom Jefferson, shook his hand and left, ignoring her.

At a gesture from Tom Jefferson, she was allowed to dress herself once more and straighten her hair. The little black dress being rather low cut, some of the bruising on her breasts stood out despite his earlier admonishment to the men, but nothing too obvious. Her face was unbruised, the couple of slaps she had taken there apparently not enough to leave marks. She smelt of the men’s come, but with no shower here there was nothing she could do about that. At his command, she straightened the chairs and tables a little, but it looked fairly obvious to Leah what had taken place here.

Her owner decided that they would take a walk back, rather than a taxi. Leah was pleased: in the confines of a cab, the driver would surely smell the sex on her, to her considerably further embarrassment. Also, the walk would allow the fresh air to get to her and maybe reduce the smell a bit before they reached the hotel.

“Well, that was another successful meeting,” he observed, patting the document case containing the contracts.

“Yes, master,” Leah said dutifully. Just about every part of her body was aching from the rough treatment she had received, in particular her bottom and between her legs.

“I should bring you on trips more often,” he observed.

“I’m pleased I could help, master.”

If Leah had expected any stronger expression of plaudits or gratitude, it wasn’t forthcoming. She chewed on this for a minute or two, and then it occurred to her that his attitude was a compliment of sorts: he expected that level of submission and commitment from her, demanded it without any hesitation. To solicitously enquire after her welfare would be to cheapen her slavery.

Back at the hotel, she was allowed a long and luxurious hot soak in the bath. At the end of it, she surveyed her naked body in the steam-covered mirror and noted with relief and satisfaction that the only part showing significant bruising was her bottom, with just a little around her lower curves of her breasts. Could have been a lot worse, she told herself. She knew that her master was intending to take the two of them to a posh restaurant for their last night here and wondered whether she would be instructed to wear the business outfit or the little black dress.

It turned out to be neither. When she emerged from the bathroom, she found a lovely off-the-shoulder evening dress laid out on the bed, together with elegant shoes.

“It’s a hired outfit,” her master said off-handedly, looking up from his laptop. “No sense in buying you a dress when you’ll be back to permanent nudity as soon as we get home.”

“It’s lovely, master, thank you,” Leah breathed. Once before she had worn an outfit like this, at the presentation function at Corvallis after the arena international match.

“Well, if I’m going to sitting across the table from you for half the night, I want something very pretty to gaze at,” he said. “If you put the other black dress on for now and go down to reception, they’ll direct you to a beauty salon nearby where you’ve got a session booked in” – he glanced at his watch – “fifteen minutes time to get your hair and make-up done. Meanwhile, if there’s any hot water left, I want a bath.”

A few hours later, Tom Jefferson sat opposite Leah in an extremely nice restaurant. Their table for two was well away from other diners, so she was able to address him as ‘master’ without anybody being close enough to hear. She avoided it only when the unctuous waiter took their orders.

God, Tom thought, she’s a beautiful young woman. Normally he spent so much time admiring her lithe, athletic body, usually fully on display to him, that he forgot that she also had a very pretty face. Apart from the features all being just right, what stood out were the green eyes which shone with her sparkly character. It was the same with Ellie, he reflected: she too had a very pretty face, with big doe eyes which gave her a wonderfully innocent look, but her elfin body usually took more of his attention.

Leah was positively glowing. She was clearly enjoying herself: she chatted happily, giving her impressions of Miami and her trip, and yet still at all times her air remained properly submissive. He gazed at her, happily drinking in her lovely features. She became aware that he was looking at her and her

eyes dropped in genuine humility. That was one of the nice things about her: despite all her experiences, she was still modest.

“A penny for your thoughts,” he offered.

She smiled, the even white teeth showing. “My master knows that a slave can’t possess money,” she pointed out, “so I can’t accept the penny. I’ve got enough punishment waiting for me back home already for breaking slave rules without adding to it. But I was just thinking how lucky I am to have such a kind owner.”

“Flatterer,” he said without heat.

She looked directly at him. “I’m serious, master,” she said earnestly. “Ellie feels exactly the same.”

“Well, to be honest, I consider myself very lucky to own two such lovely slaves.”

Leah shook her head, the beautifully coiffeured light brown hair almost dancing. “But with you, it’s not luck, master,” she observed. “With me, you came to England looking for a new slave, saw what you wanted and took it. No luck involved for you. You want something, you take it.”

“But I could have gone to an athletics meeting in a different part of the country, or on a different day, and missed you.”

“You’d have found another girl, master.”

“But then you wouldn’t be a slave now.”

She reflected. “No, master, that’s true. I suppose I was just lucky.”

This was another departure for her, he thought. It was one thing for her to accept her slavery, but a further step to consider herself actually lucky to have been ensnared in the trap. “I don’t think you viewed it that way when you were first abducted.”

She smiled at the thought. “No, master, that’s very true.”

“It’s quite remarkable how your thinking processes have changed.”

She nodded, marshalling her thoughts. “At first, I felt shock and fear. This couldn’t be happening to me, and why me, and how dare you, and so on. Then it became anger and defiance. I resisted and resisted, and it just led to more and more pain. You were brilliant, master: you were always calm and restrained. If you had shown temper, I might have thought I was getting somewhere, goading you, but no, you just kept it all so calm, so ...”- she searched for the right word – “so logical. It made me feel that resistance was illogical, because it just led to more pain. And yet, at the same time, I knew that as soon as I surrendered a little bit, it would be the thin end of the wedge, so I was stuck.

“The humiliation started to get to me as well. Being stripped naked in front of you, Bill and Ben, well, it made me feel weak and defenceless. But then, when you marched me naked down the street in public, with that heavy wooden yoke around my neck, that took it to another level. And I had to work so hard just to stay on my feet: that thing was incredibly heavy, and because all the weight was so high, I was top-heavy and had to concentrate so hard just to keep my balance.”

Tom nodded. “I actually didn’t believe you would be able to lift it,” he said. “Bill and Ben assured me that you would.”

Leah smiled. “I’ve always been physically very strong, ever since I was a young girl. But again, it sent me a message: it was like, it doesn’t matter how strong you are, we’ll just put heavier bonds on you. And people were passing by and none of them would help me, or even seemed surprised by what was happening to me ... and then you left me at the police station to get registered as a slave, and I protested to them, and instead of helping me, they gave me a thrashing for protesting ...”

“I thought they would,” Tom said drily.

“And then I come out of there, and Ellie told me that you would give me another thrashing for behaving badly enough for the police to thrash me, and the thought of another beating on the weals the police had left on me was the straw that broke the camel’s back.”

“So you gave in,” he supplied, clearly interested in what she was telling him. She hadn’t really opened up about all this before.

Leah nodded. “But I only saw it as a temporary, tactical retreat. Just co-operate whilst I find a way to escape. A day or two, and then a few days, and then a week, and then that turns into a month ... meanwhile, every day there’s a little extra bit of surrender that I have to accept. The first time I allow myself to be tied up for a beating, the first time I bend over and hold myself voluntarily for a beating, the first time I allow myself to be groped without being tied up, the first time you had sex with me, and then having to have sex with you and please you ... little steps, one by one, and I knew exactly what was

happening but there was nothing I could do about it. The only alternative I had was to rebel, which would mean severe punishment until I carried on surrendering just the same as before, and the only difference would be the fresh weals on my body.”

“As I recall,” Tom said mildly, “you did make a point of not co-operating on one of those little steps.”

Leah nodded again. “The first time we had sex,” she confirmed. “Ellie had told me I had to be nice and make sure you had a good time, or get a beating. So I took the beating. I knew I’d have to be nice afterwards, but I just wanted to take that stand, just at that particular significant point, to show I hadn’t turned into a complete wimp.”

“Did it make a difference?”

“In terms of my descent into submission, no. I knew it wouldn’t. I just wanted to do it, to make a gesture. It did make me feel a bit better about that particular surrender, but in terms of the direction of what was happening to me, no, it didn’t make a difference, and that in itself was a lesson.”

“And with each day that passed,” he offered, “it became more and more clear that escape is impossible.”

“It’s a very gradual process,” Leah agreed. “First, you’re constantly on the lookout for an escape route. The more you get to find out about Xanxta, the clearer it becomes that there isn’t one. So, you start to sit back and wait for something, some opportunity, to appear. That itself is a surrender, because you’ve stopped being pro-active. Then you begin to realise that nothing is going to appear, so you gradually stop thinking about it. Instead of having strategies to get through every day, your strategies become ways of adjusting to your new life permanently. After that, escape becomes irrelevant, because you’ve simply moved on. At that point, you are a slave, and that’s that.”

“And to give you a challenge in your new life, because a girl like you needs challenges, I got you into pony carting,” he said.

“Yes master,” Leah agreed again. “Unless you’ve been there, you cannot imagine how humiliating it is to be a pony girl. Not only are you naked in public, but you’re harnessed up and being treated like a mindless animal, steered by the reins and driven by the whip. But physically it is demanding and challenging. Pony racing is even more humiliating, because the crowd are all watching you, but as a challenge it’s even greater. So, you surrender again to the humiliation, but the challenge of pulling the cart, whether as a taxi pony or in a race, gives you a way to be proud of yourself. It’s very strange, an absolute contrast.”

“And then,” he observed, watching her closely, “along came Adrian.”

He didn’t miss the little smile that touched the corners of her lovely mouth as her boy friend’s name came into the conversation. “Yes, master. But I think ... the way I met him is significant. I met him as a slave, totally naked, with nothing to hide. It was just ... here I am, this is my body, if you want it, you can have it. Not even my decision, really. Within half an hour we had sex. It was very ... direct. But that was OK. No conventions, no worrying about if he really liked me, no reputation of being ‘easy’. If he stayed around after he’d had me, then it was because if he wanted to. It was, I suppose you would say, a very open relationship from the start. And I realised that even as a slave, I could have a friend.

“And then I got home and you knew all about it. I never found out how you knew – “

No, thought Tom, you never realised that there was a microphone hidden in your slave collar, and you still don’t now, and for all that I completely trust you these days I do still listen in from time to time, which gives me great insights into how to handle you and Ellie, so I’m not going to tell you, now or ever. I haven’t listened in recently, otherwise I would have known of your plan to come here.

“ – and my world came crashing down. I knew you could easily stop me from ever seeing Adrian again, and it was my fault for trying to be something more than just a slave girl, and I should focus just on serving my master. And then you told me I could carry on seeing him. And suddenly my world sprang up again, back to so much higher than it was before, and I realised I had a master who was kind and considerate” - she looked at him steadily - “and who I should worship and adore. And from that day onwards, right up to today, those feelings have just grown steadily stronger.” Her voice grew quiet but laced with passion. “I will do anything, anything, for my master. And whatever he asks of me will be my privilege, my delight, my honour to do for him.” She looked around the room. “At the merest nod from my master, I will strip myself naked here and now, in front of everybody here, I will suck my master’s

cock until he ejaculates in my face and remain naked on my knees before him until he walks me home naked through the streets with his cum still all over my face.”

Tom glanced around the room with amusement. She very clearly meant every word. “Perhaps not,” he said lightly. “I think too many men in here are on the elderly and sheltered side. I’m not sure the city’s hospitals could cope with that many heart attacks all in one go.” His eyes returned to her and held her own in a tight visual grip. “But I acknowledge your statement of obedience. You are an excellent slave.” He chose his words carefully: no expression of thanks, much less any being taken aback by what she had said. That would not be masterful. However, that slight verbal indication of appreciation could be shown. Much more importantly, she had needed to know that he took her statement seriously.

For a moment, nothing was said. Then Leah carried on. “May I say just one more thing, master?” He gestured for her to continue. “I want to tell you that your other slave Ellie loves you every bit as much as I do. Every bit,” she emphasised.

“And ...” she hesitated, then ploughed on. “May I ask a question, master?” He gestured consent. “Master, have you made a will?”

“I’m a businessman with a substantial fortune,” he replied. “It would be remiss of me not to, and I update it regularly. Why do you ask?”

“Well, under Xanxta law, Ellie and I are both your property, so ...”

“Yes you are,” he confirmed. “Actually, the law is quite precise and humane on the issue. I am not allowed, for example, to follow the old Indian practice and have you both burnt as part of my funeral pyre.” He said it matter-of-factly, though he was of course actually teasing her.

Leah saw through it. “That’s a relief, master. It wouldn’t be good for the environment.” Her tone was as deadpan as his had been.

Not to be outdone, he went on in the same dry lecturing vein. “Under Xanxta law, there are generally two expected alternatives. One is that the slave or slaves are sold at public auction and the proceeds added to the value of the estate, to be split as the deceased person has directed in their will. The other is that a slave can be made a specific gift to a named master. For example, Ellie could be gifted to Bill, and you to Ben, in recognition of their long service to me.” He paused to watch her reaction.

Leah waited to see if he was going to volunteer any more information, and then said simply, “I see, master. Thank you for explaining it.”

“New Island, however,” he then went on, having established the point that he was telling her because he chose to and not because she had asked, “has developed its own legal code. Both politically and legally, it has been rather tricky. Xanxta is too far away to maintain effective jurisdiction, and they also don’t want the publicity if anything became front page news. Technically New Island is owned by the same man who owns The Island, the self-styled King of The Island, but all sides agreed that his legal structure does not suit our situation. On the other hand, not only does he own the island but his powerful foreign allies protect us from American interference and ensure that whatever legal code we adopt is backed up with some teeth. So, it was agreed that we would base our legal structure on that of Xanxta but make changes which suit our situation, and it would be recognised as a devolved part of Island law. The most significant such change is that as a slave owner I do have power, subject to judicial review to ensure discretion will be maintained, to set a slave of mine free.”

Leah said nothing.

“As you may know,” he continued in lecture tone, “I have no close family, and no interest in seeing my wealth pass to distant relatives that I hardly know. Bill and Ben have served me loyally and will get generous bequests. I have, as you also know, become fond of Adrian and he will get a substantial bequest, which will include ownership of you. Bill and Ben will be tasked with finding a suitable new owner for Ellie, at a low price and prohibiting her new owner from selling her on, unless it is to somebody that they deem suitable. Or Adrian may take her too.”

“Yes, master,” Leah said. “Thank you for telling me. Hopefully it will never have to happen.”

“However,” he went on, “the legal title to both you and Ellie will be time limited. When you reach your thirty-fifth birthdays, you will be set free. You will also at that time receive a large portion of my estate, enough to make both of you millionaires many times over.”

He was watching her carefully as he said it. She was clearly stunned. “What do you think of that?” he prompted her.

He watched her as she slowly arranged her thoughts. When she spoke, she was careful and precise.

“I love my master. I thank him for his generosity. However, I hope I will still be serving as his slave when I am thirty-five, and when I am forty-five and even fifty-five.” She smiled. “Of course, master might not want me running around the house naked when I get to that age, so maybe I’ll be consigned to the kitchen out of sight, but I will still want to serve my master. And master knows that Ellie feels exactly the same.”

“So I don’t have to worry about you poisoning me in order to get your inheritance?” he asked wryly.

For a moment he thought she was going to issue an outraged denial, but she thought better of it, gave him a look of pure coyness and sexuality – God, he thought, she’s lovely – and then said sweetly, “does master’s wine taste all right?”

It took him a long moment to realise that she was teasing him: Leah wasn’t usually much of a one for jokes. “I think I’ll survive long enough to deal with you when we get back to the hotel.”

Leah’s eyes shone. “I’m glad to hear it, master,” she said in a way which made his spine tingle.

The following morning, Leah had packed Tom’s clothes ready for their return to New Island. Between them, they had pulled out the trunk from where they had stored it in the office room and it now lay open and ready, a space made for her to squeeze herself into. She had just completed a long series of stretches and loosening up, which would hopefully avoid her getting too much cramp on the return journey. Two bottles of water were already in the trunk, where she could easily reach them, so that she would not dehydrate. She was naked. The evening dress from last night had been returned to the hirers; her other two outfits had been packed, although of course back home she would not be allowed any clothing once more.

Now knowing that Leah would be in the trunk, Tom had arranged that it would barely leave his sight on the trip to the airport, and that it would be in the plane cabin with him rather than in the luggage hold, so that he could keep an eye on it. However, he had explained to Leah that it would not be good for the crew of the plane to find that she was there, as American immigration and visa control was very strict and the crew were American rather than from the island.

“That’s all right, master. It will still be a shorter trip back than the one here.”

He nodded. “As soon as we are back at New Island airfield and the crew are out of sight, we can get you out.”

Leah accepted that and got into the trunk, tucking herself into a tight ball and ensuring her mouth was close to the airholes and that the water bottles were within her reach. There was just enough other cloth in the trunk to pad it for her. Although she was quite flexible and not that big, he still marvelled that she could fit in. Without doubt, though, she would be suffering quite a bit from cramp long before they arrived at the airport, but she was uncomplaining. The last thing she said before he closed the lid was, “thank you for a wonderful adventure, master.” Then, for her, the light went out apart from the tiniest pin-prick of the airholes, and she made herself as comfortable as she could, or more accurately tried to minimise her discomfort, for the trip home.

Chapter Nine - Back On New Island

“Home, home again; I like to be here when I can.”

Leah’s master, when the mood took him, sometimes had music playing softly in the background when she or Ellie was required to service him in bed, and the famous album from which this lyric came was a favourite of his. Lush, atmospheric, deep and resonant, the music had almost a hypnotic quality; the flowing, poetic lyrics did not so much draw pictures as evoke almost subconscious feelings, in this case the return to the warm, protective comfort of home. And for Leah and Ellie, ‘home’ was New Island. Their original homes back in England were a distant, vague memory now.

Leah was home.

The trunk was opened and she emerged, naked, to find herself in a reception area at the small airfield which served New Island. Bill and Ben were there, organising the transfer of her master’s luggage, and the trunk now that she had been released from it, back to the house. Bill looked a little sheepish and she was sorry for that; she knew, without having been told, that he was going to be given a quiet talk by her owner later and it was her fault. Ben looked at her in a slightly frosty way and she could tell he was not going to make her life easy for the next few days. Not that it was going to be a bed of roses anyway, she reminded herself, although she had no details at this point. Nor, however, did she have any regrets. The episode had, overall, pleased her master. That was what mattered above all else.

She was allowed time to stretch and ease out the cramps in her body from the trip, and a trip to the nearest toilet to relieve herself. Ben then put a collar on her, from which extended a lead to a hand-grip which he gave to her owner. It was of the type commonly used by dog walkers, where at the press of a button the lead could be played out or drawn in, lengthened or shortened. Leah gathered that her master had elected to walk home, which from here meant going through the centre of the town and then out along the short but picturesque cliff road to the suburb where their house was. It was maybe a couple of miles and a very pleasant walk, except of course for the fact that she would be naked and vulnerable. Not that Leah was unused to that, but that didn’t always make it too much easier.

They met nobody on the short walk from the airfield to the edge of town, but it was a different story as soon as they went into the town itself. New Island’s population was considerably smaller than Xanxta’s, which was itself smaller than Corvalle, but New Island was growing quickly. Rich and powerful men were being attracted, although there were character tests to pass, and slave girls were being sourced in a number of ways. New buildings were springing up, in fact a whole new estate was being constructed. This had led to the importation of a significant number of construction workers, as well as technicians and supervisors, plus the ongoing workers of all types needed to look after rich men who had no desire to do such menial tasks themselves. All of these workers were known as drones, and could be identified by the t-shirts that they wore, which were colour-coded: gold for the construction workers, red for the supervisors and technicians, and blue for the service workers and general types.

At the top of the social scale were the citizens. Not all of them were rich: Tom Jefferson had arranged for both Bill and Ben to become citizens, and there were other similar ones. The cook, however, had joined the drone class, which he seemed quite happy with. Not all citizens were male, either: there were a few female citizens, either wives of male citizens or independent and usually rich people themselves. Some had male slaves, some had female ones. Leah dreaded having to service a female citizen, as she had no slightest lesbian tendencies; she had pleaded with her owner not to lend her out to a woman. He had spanked her hard for having the effrontery to ask, but to date at least she hadn’t been made to serve a woman. If her owner had taken notice of her plea, it was worth that hard spanking.

Below the citizens came the drones. At least, it was sort of below, but in fact the drones had several privileges to keep them happy, some of which the citizens themselves did not have. If Leah was sent out on the streets alone, for example, a citizen could stop her, ogle her, grope her and spank her, but a drone could go further and have full sex with her. An owner could prevent that, should he wish to – Leah’s own wishes were of course irrelevant – by locking his slave into a chastity belt. Although Tom Jefferson did possess such a device, neither Leah nor Ellie had yet been afforded the protection of wearing it. Another way was to attach a small red bauble to a slave’s collar, if the slave wore a collar – not all masters liked them, some preferred the slave to be simply nude.

Slaves, who of course were below drones on the social scale, and so right at the bottom of it, were required to address drones as ‘sir’ and citizens as ‘master’ or ‘mistress’ as appropriate.

Another arrangement to keep the drones happy was “Drone Appreciation Day”. This was every Saturday, when half of the slave girls by rotation were required to be sent to the civic hall to be made available to the drones. This was a new initiative and had started only this last weekend. Leah had of course been in Miami, her first turn would come this next coming weekend. She was not looking forward to it. Ellie would be on duty as well.

The town itself was really as yet little more than a village high street, with something like a town square at the centre of it, but nothing like as populous as Xanxta. There were still a few people around, however. After a few days in Miami, Leah immediately felt things were back to normal: the men stared at her as she passed, not in any surprise that she was naked, or on a lead come to that, but simply stares of appraisal of her body. Leah felt the usual slight reddening in her face: she had never quite got fully used to public nudity. It was for her a little easier when she was harnessed to a pony cart: she could think of herself more of an animal then, and nudity was natural for an animal, but when walking there was always that slight embarrassment when the men looked her over.

They had not got far when they encountered a friend of her owner. The two men stopped to chat, whilst Leah stood dutifully behind her owner, the lead from her collar slack. The talk was mostly of her owner’s trip to Miami, but the fact that Leah was also there was not mentioned: she had been instructed that it was not to be publicised.

The man then peered behind Tom. “Is that your slave?” he asked conversationally.

“One of them,” Tom replied mildly. The slightest tug on her lead signalled Leah to step out from behind him. She did so, keeping her hands carefully away from her body so that her breasts and pussy remained on view, her legs slightly parted. The man made a slight circling gesture with his finger and she slowly turned round, showing him her toned ass, and then completed the turn to face him again, her face now a deeper shade of red.

“Very nice,” the man said to Tom. “You always have a sharp eye for a good bit of slave flesh, Tom. She looks very fit, too.” Then he studied Leah’s face a little more closely, and said directly to her, “I’ve had you, haven’t I?”

Leah’s cheeks coloured a little more. “Yes, master,” she confirmed. “It was at Master Jack Harris’s party.”

“Yes, I remember now,” he said, ignoring Leah once more and speaking to Tom. “You brought both of your girls along and I couldn’t make up my mind which one to have. In the end, I went for this one.”

“I trust she was satisfactory,” Tom said mildly.

The other man thought for a moment. “Well, to tell the truth, I can’t remember that much about it. You know how it is, we get to sample so many of these girls. Obviously she must have been at least reasonable, of course, otherwise I’d have had a quite word with you, because I know you’re properly strict with your girls.”

Standing there, stark naked and with her hands kept away to keep her most intimate areas in view, Leah felt humiliation course through her. A slave can really take pride in only three things: her obedience, her body and her sexual prowess. She had a good memory and she remembered this encounter well enough to recall that he had ejaculated prematurely. It wasn’t her fault, but of course she couldn’t say that. When her owner next spoke, Leah could hear a slight undertone of irritation in his voice, an undertone that she could only detect because she knew him so well. He did not like to have his slaves considered anything less than exceptional.

“Well, I tell you what,” he said genially. “There’s bookshop around the corner, I’ll wander in there and have a browse, while Leah jogs your memory. Say about fifteen minutes?”

Leah managed to keep a poker face. Having sex on the street in the centre of town was not nice. But of course, her view was not being sought.

“Sure,” the other man said casually.

“All right, I’ll leave the two of you to it,” Tom said with equal casualness. “And slave, this time make him remember you.”

He said it lightly, but Leah knew there would be unpleasant consequences for her if this did not go well, even if in reality it was in no way her fault. But that was how it was in her life. “Yes, master,” she acknowledged dutifully. Her owner unhooked her lead from her collar and strolled off. Across the street from them was a small area of grass and a park bench, so she asked the man if he would mind going over to that. Once there, she knelt before him, ignoring the occasional passer-by, and lowered his trousers. His

not too impressive cock was barely semi-erect and she wondered nervously for a moment if he would be too self-conscious to perform on a public street. Well, girl, she told herself, it's up to you to get him there. She took his cock in her hands, gently caressing it for a few moments before bringing her mouth into play. As her hands stroked his hairy, rather fat legs, her tongue played on the underside of his cock and her lips slid up and down it. Gradually she felt him begin to stiffen in her mouth. She had no way of telling the time, to know how much of the fifteen minutes had passed; slaves do not wear watches, and besides she had not been able to note the time when her master had left them. She would have to estimate as best she could. She worked on, feeling the baked-dry grassland beneath her knees and the sun on her bare back. He was getting hard now, but not yet ready to come. She debated transferring his cock to her vagina and decided against it: the loss of momentum could derail things and she might struggle to get him back up again. He was growing stiffer still, but she knew that she had time yet, so she let his cock slide largely out of her mouth just for long enough to stop him going off; then, as she felt him go a little flaccid, she got to work again. It took a while to bring him all the way back up, and she decided not to risk a second easing off, so this time she worked and worked until she felt him go off in her mouth. She swallowed his come in two gulps. Now he was growing limp. She slid his now soft member from her mouth, taking it gently in her hand and very softly licked it clean, very much aware that he would now be sensitive and that she needed to be careful with him. When she had finished, she gently tucked it back into his boxer shorts and pulled his trousers up. Still kneeling in front of him, she looked up, putting on her little doe-faced look, and said coyly, "I hope master was satisfied."

He muttered something about it being 'adequate', but just at that moment Leah's owner reappeared and with bonhomie said that he trusted his friend would remember his slave this time. Leah was once again completely ignored. Clearly wanting to be polite to his friend, the man said that she was very good and moved the subject on. The two men chatted for a couple of minutes longer before making their goodbyes and the man walked away, without a further word to or glance at Leah.

Leah was still kneeling on the grass. Her master clipped her lead back on and gestured to her to get back onto her feet, and they resumed their walk home. "I trust you gave him a good time," he said conversationally, but there was the edge to his voice which always made clear that he was her master. "I prefer it for my slaves to be remembered when they service somebody."

Leah reddened a little. "Yes, master," she said. "He said I was all right." Given that he was around fifty, in average condition at best and not in any way good looking, and she was nineteen, in very good condition and very attractive, it was the least he could have said, but again Leah was used to such treatment. She searched for the right thing to say, and came up with, "Of course I always try to make my master pleased with me." She wanted to say, 'proud of me', but decided it sounded a little too presumptuous.

He smiled. "He lasted more than five minutes today?"

Leah was surprised. "How did you know, master?"

"Oh, word gets around," he said casually. "I thought you'd be able to keep him going for longer this time, being forewarned."

Leah returned the smile. "Yes, master, At the party, it was just that ... well, I'm so used to serving my master, who has iron will and lasts for as long as he chooses."

"Flatterer," he said, but she knew he was pleased. She pressed the point.

"Nobody I've encountered has more staying power than my master," she said with pride.

"Hmm, what about Adrian?" he asked, teasing her.

She risked a tease back. "Master, I said nobody has *more* staying power than my master. There might just possibly be somebody else with as much staying power. But not more," she concluded firmly.

He seemed content with the comment. Sometimes Leah overstepped the boundaries of verbal conversation with her owner, but it was in her character to sometimes be impish or even flippant. Occasionally it cost her a whipping, but that was an occupational hazard. Ellie was always much more obsequious, but Leah couldn't be like that. Besides, she didn't think her master wanted her to be. As with many things, he liked the differences in his two girls.

Getting to the edge of the small town, they walked past a building site. Several burly men, stripped to the waist in the heat, their gold drone t-shirts nowhere in sight, wolf-whistled her and called out some very graphic suggestions of what they might do to her. Leah reddened again but affected not to hear and walked on. She had heard stories that, decades ago in England, a young girl walking past such a building

site could expect some wolf-whistles, especially if she was wearing a short skirt. Leah, of course, was stark naked, and New Island was very different to England, even the England of years ago before her time. At least, being on her master's lead, she couldn't stop.

Or so she thought. Two of the men stepped out from the site onto the pavement in front of them. "Hello girlie," one of them said.

"Hello, sirs," Leah said politely. Her owner had stopped walking, so she had to do the same. The two men came closer, and Leah steeled herself. Sure enough, one of them reached out and grasped her boob, squeezing it. She suppressed a gasp as the other man ran his fingers through her pussy hair and found and stroked her clitoris.

"Boy, you're a nice piece of flesh," the man who was mauling her tit said. "What's your number?"

"I'm slave number twelve, sir," Leah said politely. All slaves on New Island had reference numbers. Leah had a touch of pride that her number was in the top twenty – Ellie was number eleven – which indicated they were amongst the founder slaves of the island. She didn't know how many slave girls were now on the island, but she had heard a girl saying she was slave thirty recently, and the numbers were continuing to grow. She had a more full name: her official nomenclature was Slave Leah, 012, Property of Thomas Jefferson, and she was proud of the last bit, but he had asked only for her number. A slave learns to carefully answer the question she is asked, not a variation on it. The number was enough: these men, when they got back to their accommodation tonight, could look her number up on the New Island intranet and download a lot of very explicit nude photos of her, plus any other information they might want.

"When are you next on duty on Drone Appreciation Day?" the man who was stroking her clit asked.

"This next Saturday, sir," Leah replied politely. They would have been able to find that out from the intranet as well.

"See you then," one of them said with a leer, and gave Leah a none-too gentle slap on her bare bottom; in fact, a stinger. Both of the men went back onto the site and Leah's owner resumed their walk home.

However, she could tell that he was not too happy. "Master, did I do something wrong?" she asked, concerned. "I thought that I was supposed to ..."

"No, no, you followed the rules," he said irritably. "I'm just starting to think that we might need to review those rules a little. They didn't so much as make a polite request to me before they felt you up."

They hadn't sought Leah's permission either, but of course that was how it was. Leah said nothing, feeling that nothing she might say had any real worth. Eventually he went on: "the idea is fine, we just need to tweak it a little. I suppose it's to be expected with a new place like this."

"Yes, master," Leah said dutifully.

They reached their home without further incident, and by that time his mood had recovered. Bill and Ben had already arrived with the luggage. Clearly Ellie had been watching out for them from one of the windows, because she ran out before they could come off the pavement. She hesitated for a moment, clearly wanting to fling herself into her owner's arms, then her natural caution took over and she knelt down before him, thighs suggestively and properly spread, and with eyes lowered said in a polite but excited voice, "welcome home, master!"

She was of course naked apart from her collar, just as Leah was apart from her collar and lead. Leah could not help feeling once again that it was good to be home. It was good to see her elfin sister slave, too.

"Thank you, slave," Tom Jefferson said, his good mood restored. "You may stand and greet me more informally."

Ellie needed no second invitation. She got up from her knees and flung herself into her owner's arms, covering him with passionate kisses and between them saying how much she had missed him and how much she loved her master.

Eventually, because Ellie showed no sign of stopping, he put a finger on her lips and gently disengaged himself. "You two can both consider yourselves off duty until seven o'clock this evening, when you will both report to my study and we will deal with your actions in this little stunt," he instructed them. As ever, his tone was mild, the tone of a man who knew he would be obeyed immediately and completely.

"Master, may I speak?" Leah asked quietly. He nodded. "Master, I've said before, I take full responsibility for everything and ..."

"Master, my slave sister is a lying cow," Ellie interrupted firmly. Leah was actually taken aback by the firmness with which Ellie spoke, although her use of the term 'slave sister', which both girls used to emphasise how close they were, countered the 'lying cow' phrase and robbed it of any vindictiveness. However, Ellie's tone remained very robust. "I take full responsibility for my actions and I am happy to take the consequences."

"I was under the impression," Tom Jefferson said, again mildly and before Leah could reply to Ellie's statement, "that it was up to me to decide on any punishment or anything else for both of you."

That shut both of them up. Pretty faces went red and there were muted "yes, master, sorry master" replies.

"Good, I'm glad my impression was correct," he said airily. He unconnected the lead from Leah's collar and started off towards the house. "See you later."

For a moment, Leah and Ellie looked at each other, as if they were about to continue the argument, and then the moment passed and they flung themselves together and hugged an overdue greeting.

Neither of the two naked girls had eaten lunch, so they went to the dining room where the cook gave them a meal, and then went to Ellie's room where they cuddled up together on the sofa. Neither girl had any slightest lesbian tendencies but their relationship was closer than that of most sisters and quite tactile. Ellie wanted to hear all about the trip to Miami and Leah gave her a full account, including all of the couplings. Neither girl ever hid their numerous sexual experiences from the other.

"When you went up to that policeman and asked them time, were you tempted to jump ship and get his protection? Just a little?" Ellie asked.

"Not in the slightest," Leah answered, reflecting on the incident. "I thought before that there might just be a tiny voice inside me telling me to escape, but there was nothing. And it really wasn't even because of how it would impact on you and Bill and everybody else."

Aha, thought Tom Jefferson, who was listening in to the hidden microphones in their collars. So Bill was involved; not that he had ever thought otherwise, but confirmation was good. He was already planning on having a quiet chat with Bill this afternoon: nothing stern or formal, but just a quiet reminder about security and not doing anything like this again. He knew Bill had acted with the very best of intentions.

"I just didn't want to," Leah continued. "I guess that confirms my future." She eyed Ellie. "Do you think you would have been tempted?"

"Absolutely not," said Ellie firmly. "I belong here. But then, I don't think I would have even dared pulled this stunt myself to begin with."

Leah nodded. "The biggest thing that scared me was the possibility of being caught on the way out. It would have looked like an escape attempt." She looked Ellie in the eye, searchingly. "Ellie, about the punishment for all this ..."

"Don't you dare," Ellie said vehemently, "don't you dare try to take my punishment for me."

"Why not?" Leah asked. "I was the one who got the adventure, and it was all my idea. I got all the benefit, so why shouldn't I be the one to pay the piper? And we both know that I can take a beating better than you can."

"Precisely," Ellie said. "You're the brave, tough one, and I'm soft little fluffy Ellie. That's why he loves you more than he loves me. Well, just for once I want to show Master that I'll happily take a whipping for him, and a severe one."

"El ..." Leah began, but she was interrupted.

"Lee, I've been nerving myself for this ever since you both went off for Miami. This is my moment to be brave. I'm dreading it, but I want it to happen, and I want it to be terrible. Please don't make me lose my nerve."

"El, he doesn't love me more than you," Leah said quietly.

"Of course he does. You're stronger, more determined and you'll do things that I would never dare to do. I don't blame him for loving you more and I'll settle for being second best, but I want to remind him that I'll still do anything for him."

"Ellie, Master really loves us both equally. We're different, but he likes that. I'm sassy and brassy and you're super-obedient and he likes both of those, just as he likes your slim and willowy body just as much as my more athletic one. And you've only ever got eyes for him, whilst I've got Adrian as well. *Vive le difference*, he said."

Ellie searched her slave sister's face. "Did he actually say that?"

Leah nodded. "We had several intimate meals together, and Master told me quite a few things we don't normally get to hear. But he was very precise on that point. He said there was no point in having two slaves who are just the same, but also that it worked out just perfectly. He said that as our owner he was quite entitled to have a favourite, but actually he didn't. And I'm absolutely sure he was being totally, completely honest with me."

I was indeed, thought Tom. I love both of these girls equally, and I love them a lot. Oh God, I've grown into an old softie.

"And also," Leah went on earnestly, "he doesn't just love our bodies. Master loves *us*, and he loves us intensely. Both of us, equally."

"I ... that's good to know," Ellie said in a choked voice. Tom could not see the single tear trickling down her cheek, but Leah could. Leah reached out and gently wiped the tear away.

"Ellie, I want you to know that I would never try to change that. I've known for ages that Master loves us both equally, and I'm happy with that. Anyway, I couldn't change it even if I wanted to."

Ellie reached out and hugged her fellow naked slave. "Same goes for me," she said. "All that matters is making Master happy. But Leah, I think he's going to make you carry out my punishment."

"What makes you think that?" Leah asked.

"Just something Ben said this morning. I think it's going to be a whipping and a caning, and Master is going to make you apply the strokes. So, I want you to promise me to show no mercy, and go full force. I want you to be absolutely brutal."

"Ellie ..."

"Promise me," the elfin slave insisted.

Leah sighed. She could not deny her friend her wish. "I promise," she said quietly.

"And if I go weak when it happens and beg for mercy, you won't show me any," Ellie added.

"Ellie ..."

"Promise me," the elfin slave repeated.

Leah sighed again. "I promise."

"Thank you," Ellie said with feeling. They hugged again, a long hug. Then Ellie asked more questions about Miami. Tom listened for a little while longer, and then switched off.

At precisely seven o'clock, the two girls knocked on the study door and were admitted. They had learnt punctuality: both of their rooms had clocks and easily set alarms, and they had been trained to be very precise on timing. They stood in front of his desk at attention, ignored whilst he studied some emails. Both were naked apart from their collars and freshly showered. They could actually remove their collars themselves, and were allowed to for showering or when in bed, either their master's bed or their own. Now, both collars were back on.

Tom wanted to finish off a couple of things. As slaves, they were expected to wait until he was ready, of course. Besides, there was no harm in having them stew a little. He could tell that both of them were nervous. At length, he shut his laptop down and swivelled in his comfortable chair to face them. Before speaking, he allowed himself – why not? – the luxury of studying both of their bodies. Damn, they were hot girls, still (just) both teenagers and with perfect complexion and skin tone. Ellie was small but superbly shaped, her boobs firm and jutting out, that little idiosyncratic tuft of pubic hair which was all that ever grew almost bristling, her slim waist perfection, her face that of a little pixie but with those large brown eyes which gave her a look of delightfully fresh innocence that belied her considerable actual experience as a slave. She was frightened, and with good reason, but she was putting a brave face on it.

Leah was slightly more composed, but still uneasy. That body of hers, larger than Ellie's but still fairly small, was mouth-wateringly toned, her muscles taut under the smooth skin like those of a panther, beautifully sculpted but still very feminine. The perfectly trimmed triangle of pubic hair, the same light brown colour as the hair that framed her pretty face, lay below an impressively flat stomach and a six-pack which was just right for a girl, not making her look hard but still very attractive. Not that Ellie's tummy was anything other than flat either, of course. Leah's breasts were actually almost the same size as Ellie's, despite Leah's larger body in general, but equally firm and perky. Her face and features were as pretty as Ellie's, but in a different way: whilst Ellie was soft and loving, Leah was slightly more sprite-like and showed her determined character even when she was smiling. Tom had been quite honest when he told Leah that he loved them equally, and it was a point he needed to emphasise now, without giving them any suspicion that he was able to listen in to their conversation. He picked his words carefully.

"It must be clearly understood," he said, slightly pompously, "that I fully enjoyed and appreciated the little birthday surprise that the two of you arranged for me." He did not and would not mention Bill's involvement; he had now had time to have that quiet chat to Bill, and they had agreed that, whilst again he appreciated what had been done, and future repetition would not be appropriate or advisable. "I do not under-estimate the risks you both took and I entirely understand that your motives were good. To be honest, you both did well, very well."

"Yes, master, thank you master," the two girls said almost in unison, and then they waited for the 'however'.

"I consider myself very fortunate to own two such lovely and spirited slaves," he went on, pressing the point home. "I will be open with you for a moment and say that if you split my heart into two equal halves, the one would be completely full of love for you, Slave Ellie, and the other for you, Slave Leah," It sounded either poetic or soppy depending on your viewpoint, Tom thought, but it gave him the chance to make the point on equality. He was watching Ellie very closely as he spoke and she brightened visibly, and Leah was also pleased. Both of them were still waiting for the 'however', but perhaps now they were prepared for it better.

"However, what you did does create issues, on two levels. The first level is that I will need to make a full disclosure of this to the New Island governor. New Island is not Xanxta, as you know, but neither is it a place where slaves may come and go as they please. I have already made an appointment to see the governor tomorrow and it will be a rather uncomfortable meeting for me, as there is an implication in all this that I cannot control my slaves. Fortunately the incident is not one that the general public on New Island are aware of and it needs to stay that way. We will also need to review our security arrangements at the island's exit points.

"On the second level, I cannot have a situation where my slaves chose which of my rules, and which of the island's rules, they keep to and which rules they break, even with the best of intentions. Slave rules are there for slaves to obey, without question or demur and without being selective."

He let this all sink in. Both girls looked a little deflated. Ellie then drew herself up and asked for permission to speak. He was slightly surprised, having expected Leah to be the one to make the speech. He gestured for her to proceed.

"Master," she said soberly, "we are very sorry for any difficulty our actions have caused you. We also thank you for your comments about us, which mean the world to both of us. We also know we have broken rules. We know that we are to be punished severely and we both fully accept that and that we should both be punished with equal severity. We love our master and we both want to take our punishment to show how much we love our master." She hesitated for a moment, clearly marshalling her courage, and then added quietly, "we ask you not to show us any mercy."

A very nice little speech, Tom thought with considerable pleasure. That last sentence in particular would have taken some courage, since Ellie knew all too well how firm Tom could be. He noted that Leah did not argue with the 'equal' bit. He looked towards Leah and invited her to speak.

"Slave Ellie speaks for both of us, master," Leah said simply.

"Very well," said Tom. Since Ellie had continued the 'equal' theme, he felt able to cement his point. "You will indeed be punished with equal severity but, just as I love you both equally for your different attributes, you will be punished equally but in different ways. Slave Leah, you will report to Ben at eight o'clock tomorrow morning to begin 28 days of continual punishment."

"Yes, master, thank you, master," acknowledged Leah firmly.

“Meanwhile, you will take Slave Ellie to the dungeon and secure her to the hoist, with her feet on the stool.” He turned to Ellie. “Slave Ellie, you will then have fifteen minutes to contemplate your fate. You will then receive twenty strokes of the full body whip, followed by twenty strokes of the cane on your bottom. Slave Leah will administer the strokes.”

Ellie looked pale but put on a brave face. “Yes, master, thank you, master,” she said as steadily as she could.

He debated making a final comment but decided it had all been said. “Dismissed, both of you.”

The two girls went to the dungeon without speaking. Tom knew that, because he was listening in. Once they were in the dungeon, he was also able to turn on one of the cameras in there. They knew there were cameras and a microphone in the dungeon, but clearly neither of them gave it a thought right now. Understandably, both were pre-occupied. Ellie stood on the footstool and Leah secured her wrists to the hoist, then pressed the button to raise it so that Ellie’s arms were above her head. Just before the whipping started, the stool would be removed so that she would be suspended with her feet off the floor and her weight all taken on her arms. The wrist cuffs were padded and Ellie was also able to grasp the two handles with her hands, both measures would prevent her wrists from being chafed by the manacles and also prevent any circulation issues in her hands, but hanging from her arms for the duration of the punishment would cause considerable pain in her arms and shoulders.

Once Ellie was secured, she said quietly but firmly, “Leah, no mercy. You promised.”

Leah looked very dubious. “Ellie, forty strokes with that whip and the cane is a lot.”

“You promised. Don’t double-cross me.”

Leah tried again. “El, it’s as severe as any punishment I’ve ever taken from him.”

“Good. Equality. Don’t double-cross me.”

“You heard what Master said,” Leah pointed out. “He loves us both equally.”

Ellie looked at her friend. “And you think I’m going to wimp out after he said that?”

“I think you could allow me to ease off a bit.”

“Well, I won’t. I trust you. Don’t double-cross me.”

Leah gave up with a sigh. “I won’t. I promise. I love you.” She kissed her slave sister tenderly on the cheek.

“Remember,” Ellie said, “if I go weak and babble for mercy, ignore me. You promised.”

Leah nodded, kissed Ellie again, said “good luck” and left the dungeon.

Tom was about to turn off, but then something else happened. Ellie carefully stepped off the stool, taking the weight gradually on her arms with a suppressed gasp. Then she put her bare foot under the stool and flicked it away so that she couldn’t step back onto it. She hung there, her face already showing the discomfort from her position but her jaw set firmly.

Already impressed, Tom felt his heart surge even more. He was pretty certain Ellie wasn’t playing to the camera: she might know it was there, but he had the feeling she had forgotten it and in any case she had no reason to assume he was watching. He noted the time, intending to give her exactly the fifteen minutes and not a second longer, and then sat back, watching Ellie’s taut body as she hung there.

Fifteen minutes to the second after Leah had left the dungeon, Tom Jefferson returned, followed by Bill, Ben and Leah. Tom had decided that the whole household should witness Ellie’s courage. Leah gasped when she saw her fellow slave hanging and the overturned stool some feet away.

“Master, I didn’t leave her like that!” Leah protested.

“I know you didn’t,” Tom Jefferson replied calmly. “The moment you left the dungeon, she did it herself.” He wanted Ellie to know that he had seen her voluntary act. “Proceed with the whipping.” He made himself comfortable on a chair, as did Bill and Ben, following his lead.

Her face set, Leah went to the wall and unhooked the bullwhip. It was not an instrument Tom used very often, and when he did it was usually with a very light touch. As Leah walked past Ellie to take up

position behind her, Ellie whispered to Leah, “no mercy”. She did not intend anybody else to hear it, but Tom had very good hearing. Leah nodded briefly in reply to Ellie, her face still set firmly.

Ellie hung from her bonds, staring ahead of herself. Then, she said loudly, “I love my master.” It was, without question, a statement not designed to lessen what was to come to her, but purely a declaration from the heart.

Not that long ago, Leah had watched Tom practice with the bullwhip on a tailor’s dummy, and she had a knack of picking skills up from watching other people. She carefully measured her distance, swung the whip in front of her and then round her head, and then sent it flying into Ellie’s back.

Ellie shrieked with pain.

Her body jack-knifed and she writhed in mid-air. At a nod from Tom Jefferson, Ben caught her flailing heels and held them for long moments until she stopped thrashing around. An angry red mark was already appearing across her back. Leah had struck hard, not with her full strength – a bullwhip does not need that - but with more than sufficient to do the job.

When Ellie stopped thrashing, Ben let them go and she hung once more. Ellie stared out into the distance once more and repeated, in a slightly quavering voice, “I love my master.”

Leah swung the whip again. Ellie shrieked once more as it landed and once more thrashed around in the air. A second red line could already be seen on her bare back. Once again, as soon as she had herself under control, she repeated her mantra.

“I love my master.”

Tom Jefferson gave an instruction to Ben. He found a length of cord rope and bound Ellie’s ankles together, then secured the end of the cord to an iron ring set into the concrete floor beneath her dangling feet. Then he tightened the knot until both it and her elfin body were taut.

Tom nodded to Leah, who delivered the third stroke. Now Ellie could only quiver like a bowstring. There was another shriek and another almost defiant shout of “I love my master!”

Again and again the sequence was repeated. Ellie screamed at each stroke, but each time got her statement in before the next stroke, albeit in a voice growing less and less steady. After ten strokes, Tom called a temporary halt. Ellie hung, her body wracked with sobs. Tom studied Leah’s face: his other slave was trying to hold a poker face, but there were silent tears running down from her eyes. There was no slightest doubt in Tom’s mind that Leah would take Ellie’s place in a heartbeat if it was allowed. However, not once did she ease off on the force of the lashes.

On the resumption, Ellie’s voice had grown slightly more steady after her rest as she made her declaration of love for her master each time, but it quickly degenerated once more. By the fifteenth stroke, it was so punctuated by sobbing that it was not easy to make the words out. By the eighteenth, it was virtually unintelligible. But she managed, even on the twentieth stroke, to say it, in a voice now hoarse from screaming.

Tom stood up and walked slowly around Ellie as she hung quivering in her bonds. Her upper back was covered in long, angry red welts, and likewise her lovely pert bottom. Leah had wisely avoided striking Ellie’s lower back, apart from the odd stray stroke; but then, Leah knew from personal experience about whipping.

The original sentence had been twenty lashes of the whip and twenty cane strokes, but Tom had seen enough. “I think that will suffice,” he announced. “Let her down.”

“Master,” Ellie gasped, “I can take the cane strokes.”

This was too much. The girl was in absolute agony and still prepared to take more. “I will decide your punishment, not you, slave,” he said roughly, trying to hide the overwhelming love he felt for her.

Even then. Ellie would not back down. “Please, master,” she persisted.

Tom studied the beautiful, suffering teenager as she hung before him, her slim body quivering in her bonds. At the sides of her body could be seen several red marks where the end of the whip had curled around her and the tip impacted on her front. She was perspiring: her breasts and armpits were shiny with moisture. The little tuft of pubic hair which was all that ever grew on her mons almost bristled. Tears were still running down her cheeks from those big, saucer-like eyes, but there was a look of determination in those eyes as well.

“Slave Leah!” he snapped.

“Yes, master?”

“Give Slave Ellie six strikes of the cane. No more, no less. Ensure that she will remember them.”

"Yes, master," said Leah in a carefully controlled voice. She put the whip back on its hook on the wall and went to the cane rack. The canes were arrayed from lightest to heaviest. She passed over the lightest three, designed to give a quick sting but no more. The fifth and last was too heavy and inflexible: it was best used for repeated tapping. She picked out the fourth cane. It was by far the one which would produce the most pain, especially when swung with venom. Leah knew, because her own bottom had felt all five before now. She looked at Tom, seeking approval for her choice of instrument and he nodded tersely. Then she took up position, measured her swing for maximum affect, which included placing it against Ellie's bottom.

Ellie stared at Tom. "I love my master," she said quietly.

Leah pulled the cane back, steadied herself and swung it with substantial force.

Swish! Thhwackk!

Ellie screamed. For a moment, her body thrashed about, although she was too tightly secured to move far. "I love my master," she gasped.

Swish! Thhwackk!

Ellie screamed again, her body jack-knifed once more. Leah waited until, punctuated by sobs, Ellie declared her love for her master once more.

Swish! Thhwackk!

Another scream, followed by another sob-punctuated declaration.

Swish! Thhwackk!

The screams were growing more hoarse, and the declarations more distorted by Ellie's now uncontrolled sobbing and crying.

Swish! Thhwackk!

Ellie's declaration this time was almost unintelligible.

Swish! Thhwackk!

"I, sob, snuffle, love, snuffle, my mas-snuffle, my master!"

"Release her," Tom ordered.

Leah put the cane down and pressed the button on the hoist. Ellie's body was lowered until her toes, then all of her feet, touched the ground once more. Leah hurriedly undid the rope from her slave sister's ankles, then pressed the button again and the hoist lowered again, allowing Ellie's arms to lower until they were level with her boobs. It was the work of only moments for Leah to undo the manacles. Ellie swayed unsteadily on her feet for a moment and would then have collapsed if Leah had not taken her firmly in her arms. Ellie cried out involuntarily as Leah's strong arms grabbed her and made accidental contact with the weals on her back. For a moment, the thrashed girl leant on Leah, regaining a little strength, then she pulled free of her friend's arms, staggered forward and sunk to her knees in front of Tom Jefferson. She cried out in pain as her weal-covered bottom rested on her heels, but knelt nevertheless, legs wide, head bowed in the clearest possible message of submission. For just a brief moment she raised her head, leaned forward and planted the most delicate of kisses on the very evident bulge in the crotch of Tom Jefferson's trousers, then sank back on her heels again with a very pronounced wince and lowered her head once more.

Tom Jefferson studied the girl for a moment, then grabbed her hair with both hands and pulled her head so that she was looking directly at his crotch. Letting go of Ellie for a moment, he pulled his trousers and shorts down with one motion. His engorged cock sprung out. Dutifully, Ellie took hold of it in her hand, opened her mouth and took it into her mouth. He in turn grabbed her hair once again and held her head close to him, her face buried in his crotch, her nose almost submerged in his pubic hair. As she did her best to please him, he fucked her mouth with an uncharacteristic speed and abandon. Within less than a minute, he came in her mouth. Ellie's Adam's Apple bobbed furiously as she swallowed his sperm down. A little leaked out from the corners of her mouth. He withdrew, and she gently licked him clean, but she was barely finished when he took his now more flaccid cock away and replaced it in his boxer shorts, pulling his trousers back up.

Leah, watching, had been slightly surprised. Their owner did not usually fuck either of the girls in public, preferring the privacy of his bedroom. Still, she reflected, it was of course his right if he so chose.

"Slave Leah!" Her master's voice imperiously interrupted her thoughts.

"Yes, master?"

“Take Slave Ellie back to her room, bathe her wounds, give her some painkillers and put her to bed. She is excused slave duties for the rest of today and tonight.”

“Yes, master.”

“You will then report to my quarters as my night’s ... no, belay that last order,” he said, eyeing Bill and Ben. “I notice that both of my employees seem to have a shuttlecock wedged down their trousers.” Bill and Ben were indeed both exhibiting large bulges in their groins. “After putting Ellie to bed, deal with the gentlemen and then report to my quarters” – he glanced at his watch, which showed the time at around eight o’clock – “for nine-thirty.”

“Yes, master.” Leah helped Ellie to her feet, but the other girl could barely stand. Leah could actually just about have picked her up and carried her, but that would mean holding her by her whip-welted back, plus there were doors and stairs to negotiate. Instead, she got Ellie to put her arm around Leah’s shoulders and, with her own arm holding firmly around Ellie’s pencil-slim waist – the least welted part of the girl’s body – she supported and half carried the girl out of the dungeon.

Leah and Ellie both had very nice rooms, with gorgeous sea views and each with a double bed. There was a certain lack of privacy: neither room had a lock on the door, and indeed Bill, Ben and their owner would never knock before entering, but that was the way it was. They had a connecting door between the two rooms which, unless they were entertaining a man, both tended to leave open.

Leah laid Ellie gently on her bed, face down, and went to get the welt ointment from the bathroom cabinet. She also returned with a bowl of warm water with some analgesic liquid squirted in. “This is going to hurt, El,” she said gently.

“Uuhhh,” Ellie murmured, but she kept quiet as Leah, as gently as she could, started to sponge the warm soothing liquid into the weals. Then Ellie said softly, “Lee ... thank you.”

“What for?” Leah asked.

“For keeping your promise.”

Leah looked down at the angry red weals which ran diagonally along Ellie’s otherwise soft back and the six deep indented cane marks on her sister slave’s pert bottom, and said nothing.

“Do you think Master was satisfied with how I took it?” Ellie asked, stopping twice to grit her teeth as Leah sponged particularly bad spots.

“Satisfied? Did you see how hard his cock was when he got it out? And you know he doesn’t usually have us in front of Bill and Ben,” Leah observed.

“Mmm, it was a mouthful,” Ellie agreed with almost a contented sigh.

“El, what you took was as severe as any beating I’ve ever had, and you took it every bit as well as I could have, if not better,” Leah said.

“Just as long as Master was satisfied,” Ellie murmured.

“I think that’s a given,” Leah said. She finished the bathing and then began to apply the ointment. She was as gentle as she could be, but Ellie was frequently clutching the sheet of the bed underneath her and clenching her teeth. Eventually Leah finished. “That’s about as much as I can do without sending you through the roof,” she said. “I’ll get you some painkillers now.”

“No,” Ellie said softly. “No pain killers.”

“Ellie ...”

“No pain killers,” Ellie said again, firmly. “That’s cheating the punishment.”

“Master himself said ...”

“... that once you had finished with me, you were to service Bill and Ben, then serve him. You’re going to be late. Go!”

Leah sighed, but in one sense Ellie was right, time was going on. She hurried off to find Bill and Ben, who were in their own communal lounge area, watching television.

“You’re late,” Bill grumbled.

“Sorry, masters,” Leah apologised profusely. “Slave Ellie’s back and bottom needed a lot of tending to.”

Ben glanced at the clock. “We don’t really have enough time for you to serve us both sequentially,” he said. “Spit roast, I think.”

“Yes, master,” Leah said. She got down onto her hands and knees in the middle of the lounge and arched her back so that her bottom jutted out. With her knees well apart, she was very conscious that her vulva was very visible, but of course both men had seen every inch of her many times before.

Ben switched off the television. “Which end do you want, Bill?”

“I don’t really mind, Ben.”

“I’ll take the rear, then.”

Both men undressed. They were well endowed, even if they had cooled off for a while after watching Ellie’s beating, but as they thought back to it they both began to stiffen. Leah felt Ben kneel down behind her and grab her hips firmly, but her attention was taken by Bill as he knelt in front of her and her vision was suddenly filled with his cock. She dutifully opened her mouth and he pushed it inside. Leah began to run her tongue along it and pulled her head back a little so it partially came out of her mouth, then slid it all the way in again, carefully controlling her gag reflex. At that point, she felt Ben’s cock slide into her vagina from behind. This was the “spit roast”, where two men took her at the same time, one from each end.

Ben started thrusting hard. Leah flexed her muscles to control her position: the last thing she wanted was to bang into Bill in front of her and possibly hurt him. It would mean a whipping for sure: Bill might be slightly more relaxed in general than Ben was, but he would not hesitate to put the leather across her behind. Leah would have preferred to have had the two men the other way round, with Bill fucking her from behind, because he didn’t thrust as forcefully as Ben tended to do in that position, but of course it was not her decision. Her views were totally irrelevant.

When they wanted to, both Bill and Ben had considerable stamina and could go for a long time, but right now they didn’t have time and it was all about just letting off steam for them after witnessing poor Ellie’s thrashing. Ben’s thrusts quickly became frenzied and Leah had to use all of her muscle power to hold her position and avoid banging into Bill, all the while continuing to use her mouth to pleasure him. Bill came first, and Leah had to battle to keep his cock in her mouth so that she could swallow all of his sperm down and avoid any spilling onto the carpet – another whipping offence if she failed. She managed, just about, and was licking his cock clean when Ben came inside her.

After quickly licking Ben clean as well, she was dismissed. Hurrying back to her room, she showered, used mouthwash and put some perfume on and just about managed to report to her owner on time. He was already in bed, reading a book. Soon she was in bed beside him, beginning to caress him. Unlike with Bill and Ben, this would be a longer job, not so much because he had so recently come in Ellie’s mouth but more because he expected a good deal of pleasure before he came and had no constraint on time.

She was not long into her ministrations when there was a knock on the door. Tom Jefferson frowned, and Leah was puzzled: both Bill and Ben knew better than to disturb their employer at these times. He called “come in” with a little irritation.

The door opened and Ellie came into the room, walking extremely stiffly and looking rather pale and unsteady.

“Please, master,” she said in a voice which was far from even, “may a slave be permitted to do her slave duty?”

Leah heard her owner say, “you can barely stand”. He was, she reflected, quite right. Ellie looked as if she could collapse at any moment.

“I don’t have to be standing to do my slave duty, master,” Ellie replied quietly.

Their owner grunted. Leah found herself praying that he would do the right thing and not send Ellie away. She debated trying to give him a message under the sheets, but decided that it would not be a good idea.

But she need not have worried. “Very well,” he said gruffly. “You can both serve me.”

Ellie stiffly made her way to the bed and climbed in, wincing as the sheet came over her, on the other side of her master from Leah. Both girls got to work. Their owner did not have a threesome with them both very often, but he did occasionally and they knew how to work as a team. When he did have both of them together, his preference was to lie back and let them work from on top of him, which was fortunate for Ellie in her present condition. The two girls started using their hands, bodies and tongues, slowly and patiently.

After a long while, he came in Ellie, which pleased Leah, who felt her slave sister deserved the privilege of directly receiving their owner's seed. Once they had both carefully and thoroughly licked him clean, he rang the bell to summon Bill or Ben, whichever was on duty according to the rota they worked out between the two of them; or, if they were together, watching television, whichever's turn it was.

In fact it was Ben who arrived. He naturally made no comment on finding the two naked teenagers both in his employer's bed with him. Such goings-on were not unusual in this house. Tom ordered Ellie to get out of the bed and go over to Ben, and she obeyed, not hiding her nudity or the fact that she had just been fucked in any way.

"Ben," said Tom firmly, "take Slave Ellie, put some more ointment on her welts, put her to bed – her own bed, please – and ensure she takes pain-killers. Force them down her throat if you have to."

"Yes, Mr Jefferson," Ben replied unctuously.

"Slave Ellie!" This time Tom's voice was sharp.

"Yes, master?" asked Ellie, her head bowed, her eyes lowered.

"Look at me, girl." Reluctantly Ellie raised her eyes until they met his. He held them firmly with his own. "Get this into your very pretty but apparently empty head. You may be property but you are also loved, perhaps like a favourite armchair. You are loved, and always have been loved, every ... bit ... as ... much ..." – he said each word slowly and with pause for emphasis – "as this strumpet here." He cuffed Leah round the ear, not too hard, but not gently either. She didn't mind. She didn't have the choice but she didn't mind anyway. "Furthermore, you have performed exceptionally tonight in the way you have taken extreme punishment, punishment which may have been necessary but which it cannot be said you deserved, any more than Slave Leah deserves what is coming her way starting tomorrow." Leah felt a chill of fear, but she was resolved to take whatever came without any slightest complaint even in her own mind.

"Thank you, master," Ellie said quietly, but her eyes glowed with pleasure.

"You have already shown incredible bravery. There is no need to prolong your torment. You will take the painkillers Ben gives you, and any follow-ups overnight or tomorrow. You will rest for the remainder of the night. From tomorrow, Slave Leah is going to be otherwise engaged, so you will be needed for household duties and all serving of myself and my employees. I want you as recovered as you can be for that. Do you understand?"

"Yes master, thank you, master," Ellie said, again quietly but the glow in her eyes was now almost blinding. Leah could see her shrugging off the intense pain she must be feeling in her welted back and bottom. Written all over the elfin girl's face was the single thought that all the agony she had suffered had been worth it, every last bit.

"Sometimes," Tom went on with slight irritation, "I will choose Slave Leah for my pleasure and sometimes you. I do not expect to have to justify myself and I do not expect you to read anything into it. When I sit in my armchair, I do not expect the settee to take offence."

"Yes, master," Ellie said carefully.

"All that matters is my pleasure."

"Yes, master!" Ellie acknowledged with firmness.

He fixed his eyes on her for a moment, and Leah saw her slave sister almost melt with love and gratitude. "Go," he said with a touch of tenderness.

"Yes, master, thank you, master," Ellie said. Ben led her from the room and closed the door. Leah's last glimpse was of the long, vivid red lines on Ellie's back and the six deep cane weals on her pert bottom.

Leah snuggled up closer to her owner. "Thank you, master," she said softly.

"What for?" he asked gruffly.

"For handling Slave Ellie like that. It was just what she needed."

He grunted. "Do you think I care?" he asked with deliberate indifference.

Leah wasn't having that. "Yes, master, you do," she said firmly. He could punish her for contradicting him if he chose: it was up to him. "My slave sister needed some TLC of her mind, and you did it brilliantly, as always."

"Slave girls have minds?" he asked innocently. "I didn't know that."

Leah's fingers traced the hairs on his chest. "Slave girls have minds so that we can love our masters and work out how to use our bodies to please them," she said softly.

“Are you trying to match wits with me, girl?” he asked, not too harshly.

“Never, master. I know my place,” Leah said submissively. Her fingers continued to trace little lines on the hairs on his chest. She was clearly wondering if he had any more in the tank after coming twice tonight.

He was wondering the same thing. Well, they would see.

Chapter Ten - New Island, Monday morning

It was eight o'clock the following morning, a magical time to be about. It was warm, but not yet hot, though it would clearly become so within a few hours. Leah walked along the cliff path towards the main town, as it was fast becoming, listening to the waves below as they crashed against the beach and rocks, detecting the slightly salty tang of the crisp, pure sea air in her nostrils and feeling the gentle breeze against her cheek and on all parts of her body, for she was naked, as usual. There was, it had to be said, she reflected, something very sensual about feeling the warm breeze everywhere on her skin.

For once, though, she was not barefoot: she had been instructed to wear trainers and ankle socks. They were the same trainers that she had been wearing when she was abducted: they had been preserved, when the rest of her clothes had been destroyed, but this was the first time she had been permitted, or more accurately instructed, to wear them in quite a while. No reason had been given. She was on a lead, following Ben, not knowing where they were going. She was carrying a holdall, the contents of which were unknown to her, but a couple of things inside it clinked.

Leah's bottom throbbed. Before she and Ben had set out, her owner had given her six, hard, precise strokes of the cane. Leah had as instructed got onto her hands and feet and pushed her bottom high into the air for them, and held position, and kept her response down to gasps, although the strokes had hurt a good deal, and the welts were very much hurting now. The purpose of the caning eluded her: it didn't seem to be a punishment in itself, though it certainly had hurt. She knew, without needing to look, that the six welts were very visible on her bottom. She certainly wasn't going to forget that they were there in a hurry, but there was more to this than just a six-stroke caning. She just didn't know what it was.

Leah was used to walking naked in public, and she tried to be relaxed about showing her body off – she knew, without any slightest arrogance, that it was a very good body – but she never quite managed it. Neither she nor Ellie were ever entirely comfortable with being naked in public. Leah had thought – well, hoped, actually – that when she came to fully accept her slavery, she would become completely at ease with being naked when out and about, but it hadn't happened. She fully accepted that it was right that she be kept naked, but she still felt embarrassed by it. It was all right in the house, because she was very used to being nude around her owner, Bill and Ben and the cook and of course Adrian, but out in public it wasn't quite the same, even after all the pony carting she had done in Xanxta. Ellie was the same, she knew, in fact slightly more so. Well, it was something else to be endured.

Ben was taking her on a route which was precisely the same, in reverse, to the one her master had taken her on back from the airfield yesterday. That meant going past the building site again, so Leah was mentally steeling herself for the wolf whistles, crude shouted comments and in all possibility being stopped and groped by the drone workers. It hadn't been nice yesterday and it wouldn't be nice today.

And then, as the building site came into view and she saw the drone foreman waiting on the street for them, Leah realised with a flash of inspiration and a sudden sinking feeling that the building site was their destination.

"Sam Colley?" Ben asked as the two men met.

"That's me," said the foreman gruffly. He looked tough and crude.

"Just checking," Ben said affably. "Wouldn't want to deliver her to the wrong place."

The foreman grunted and led them inside the site. The men, seeing Leah arrive, were gathering around. She counted seven, including the foreman: all big, strong and almost Neanderthal, ages varying from mid-twenties to maybe around fifty. None of them were handsome, most of them were unshaven and they wore vests and t-shirts that hadn't been cleaned for some time. A couple were bare-chested.

Ben took the holdall from Leah, unzipped it, took out a pair of heavy gloves and handed them to Leah. "We don't want your pretty little hands getting rough, do we?"

"No, master," Leah said submissively as she put them on. Now she understood the trainers.

Ben unclipped her lead and pocketed it, leaving her in just her collar, trainers and gloves. He took a martinet out of the holdall, a multi-tailed, short whip with eight or nine leather fronds and handed it to the foreman. "She's had her bottom tenderised this morning," Ben said, "so this should be nice and effective on her bottom." Now Leah understood the caning as well. She'd experienced that martinet before and it hurt, though her owner had far worse instruments, not least the two used on Ellie last night, but on her welted bottom this would sting like crazy. "What time should I collect her?"

"We work until six, so say eight? Or eight-thirty?"

Ben nodded. "Eight-thirty is fine, I'll see you then. Her lunch and plenty of bottles of water are in the holdall." He departed without a word to Leah.

Sam Colley eyed his men. "Right, you apes, listen up," he said forcefully. "You're paid to work, not enjoy yourselves with this strumpet. A quick feel as you go by is OK, but apart from that, get on with your jobs. You heard the man, when we knock off for the day, you can have your fun then. Now get going. You, girl, come with me."

Leah followed him, not liking the sound of what would happen at six tonight. They came to a very large heap of cement sand which had evidently been dumped there by a dumper truck or similar. Next to it was a wheelbarrow and a spade. "That pile needs transporting up that ramp to the first floor," he said. "Don't overfill the barrow, or else you won't be able to get it up the slope. Get working."

This was going to be hard, physical work, which in itself Leah didn't mind. "Yes, sir," she said dutifully, and took up the spade and began to load the sand into the wheelbarrow. He was distracted for a minute by another of the men coming to ask him something. When he turned her attention to her again, she had the wheelbarrow about two thirds full, and was just about to pick up the handles and start wheeling it up the ramp. He took one look at the wheelbarrow and gave an expression of disgust. "You stupid bint, I told you not to overfill it!"

"Sir, I can manage ..." Leah began.

"Stand still," he snapped. Leah obeyed and watched with dismay as he unhooked the martinet from his waist belt. He swung it so that the leather fronds buried themselves in her bottom. Leah gasped in pain, God, that stung! On her welts, it was just murder.

"Now take out what you won't be able to manage up that slope and get on with it," he said sharply.

Without removing any sand, Leah took the wheelbarrow handles, lifted them, and wheeled the barrow steadily up the slope onto the floor of the building. She emptied it where he had said, then wheeled the now empty barrow back down the slope and to the pile of sand. Her defence, if she was allowed it, would be that she had precisely obeyed his instructions. But he might just whip her anyway.

He glowered at her, and she could see he was trying not to show he was impressed. "You're stronger than you look," he said grudgingly.

"Yes, sir," Leah said simply. She was determined not to show the slightest resentment for that lash of the martinet, even though it had stung like mad. She wondered fleetingly if he understood how bad it was on top of an already caned bottom. Probably not, she decided. Since he said nothing further, she started shovelling more sand into the wheelbarrow, until she had the same amount in as before, then started wheeling it up the ramp once more. He watched her for a minute, and then to her relief he wandered off.

Leah set to work. She didn't mind hard physical labour, treating it as almost a fitness training session, but even so it was tough. Sweat was soon pouring out of her and she could almost see steam coming off her. She finished the task much sooner than he had expected, that was obvious, but he immediately gave her another similar job to do, and then another. Leah was determined to keep her work pace up. She was grateful for the bottle of water, which she knew was not for her comfort but to stop the real possibility of dehydration, and once she had finished it he got her another one.

Every so often, one of the other men would "happen to" walk by and she got felt up. Some told her that they were looking forward to six o'clock, others were more graphic about their sexual prowess. Leah just answered "yes, sir" each time and got on with her work. The sun was now much higher in the sky and she was often working in the sun rather than the shade, but her skin was used to the climate these days and she knew she wouldn't burn. She reckoned she would lose at least a kilo in weight by the end of the day, though, even though the water replenished some of her body fluids.

Hours went by. The foreman would give her tasks, generally involving simply transporting raw materials from one place to another, and then appear as she was nearing the end of one task to give her the next one. She worked constantly, without any rest: Leah put complete effort in, but it didn't save her from getting a couple of stinging swipes from the martinet and a couple of hand spansks for 'encouragement'. On her welted rear, each one stung like half a dozen bee stings. Eventually Leah heard a whistle from somewhere on the site. The foreman appeared again. "That's the whistle for lunchtime," he informed her off-handedly. "Come and join us for lunch."

Leah didn't really want the company, but she did need a rest. Besides, it was an order. Also, she was ravenously hungry and she seemed to recall Ben saying something about having put lunch in the holdall for her.

The men were gathered in a group, eating sandwiches from lunch boxes. Leah sat away from them, leaning back against a wall. It was good to rest. She knew that their eyes were all on her naked body, but covering herself would have been unwise. She took a drink from her water bottle.

The foreman rummaged in the holdall. He produced a dish and handed it to Leah. Then he took out a can and a can opener. A ripple of amusement went around the men. Leah had good eyesight and saw the label on the can. It was dog food. He opened the can and emptied the contents into the dish, then he took it from her and put it in the corner of the room they were sitting in. "There you go," he said, as if doing her a favour.

Leah turned her back on the men and knelt down in front of the dish. There was only one way she could do this, and she understood immediately what it entailed. She got down onto all fours and lowered her head until she could start to eat the food. It actually didn't taste too bad: it was beef, probably the sort of cuts that would not normally be served to humans, in a tasteless stew of sorts. It had been cooked to the point where it was fairly easy to chew, and in any case it had been minced into small chunks. Her only real problem in eating it like an animal was keeping her nose from getting submerged in it. Her greater awareness was the fact that, with her bottom in the air and facing the men, her vulva was clearly presented to them. It was extremely humiliating, but Leah had plenty of experience in being humiliated. Anyway, she was very hungry after her exertions, and knew she needed the sustenance before further work in the afternoon. Besides, she had in effect been given an order. The clear implication of Ben having packed the can and dish was that she was to eat the contents of the can. She even licked the dish clean: she doubted that anybody would wash it before it went back home and Ben would not be happy if she left loads around the plate.

She went to reach for her water bottle, but the foreman had already picked it up and now he poured some of it into the dish and placed it on the floor again. Suppressing a sigh, Leah knelt down in front of it once more. Because of where he had placed it, this time she was facing the men, so they could all watch her doing it. She tried lapping the water up with her tongue, but she just couldn't get enough in that way. How do cats manage it, she wondered? The only alternative was to lower her lips into it and suck, which made a very unfeminine slurping sound, but it could not be helped. She sucked up nearly all the water, then licked the bowl dry, knowing the men were watching her with amusement. She expected the foreman to refill the dish, but evidently the men had seen enough and she was just handed the bottle. Gratefully, she drank deep from it, to rehydrate herself and to wash away the taste of the dog food. She was grateful for the small mercy of not being made to kneel, because having her ankles in contact with her welted bottom would have hurt more than a little. Instead, she sat on her hip with her feet out, a comfortable enough position as long as she kept her bottom off the floor.

There was a period of silence. She could feel the men's eyes on her body. Eventually, one of them spoke.

"What's your name, girl?"

"Slave Leah, 012, property of Tom Jefferson, sir." She wondered when, in her own head, she had started thinking of herself as 'Slave Leah' instead of 'Leah'. It was something new. Perhaps when she had spoken to that Miami cop and passed up the chance to ask him for help? Or perhaps when she returned, in effect voluntarily, to the island? Or maybe it has just been coming anyway. She wasn't sure.

Others now started asking questions. "How old are you?" asked one.

"Nineteen, sir, nearly twenty." She was not so automated in her responses to forget that drones should be addressed as 'sir' and not 'master'. She had no doubt that they would use an error like that as an excuse to beat her.

"How long have you been a slave?"

She had to think about that for a moment and work it out. "About eighteen months now, sir."

"That man who dropped you off this morning, is he your owner?"

"No sir, he works for my owner."

"Bet you have to satisfy him sometimes, though?" one of them leered.

If they wanted to embarrass her, they would have to try harder than that. "Yes sir, when my master orders it," she said easily.

"Looking forward to six o'clock tonight?"

That was an easy one to deal with. "I'm always happy to obey my master's wishes, sir."

"You like big cocks? We've got those," another leered.

“Give it a rest, Paul,” one of the men who had not spoken yet said. “Leave her alone.”

“Just asking, Grant,” Paul argued.

“Deliberately taunting her, more like,” Grant replied.

“Maybe you’re going to be nice to her and not have your turn with her tonight,” Paul went on.

The foreman stepped in before Grant could reply. “Time to get back to work, guys,” he said, as much to avoid a row as to get them working again.

Leah was grateful that the lunch meeting had come to an end, although she found herself to be stiff from the morning’s work as she stood up. She stretched as best she could as she followed the foreman to her next task.

The afternoon, like the morning, was physically hard; if anything, more so now that Leah was growing more tired, despite her considerable fitness. She was being pushed hard, but she was determined to take it all without complaint. Sweat was soon pouring from her once more.

At one point, she was being required to shovel sand into a large cement mixer whilst Grant added just the right amount of water to get the texture right and stirred it all up. Nobody else was around.

“Sir, thank you for speaking up for me back there,” she said quietly.

He seemed genuinely surprised. “It was nothing.”

“A slave learns to appreciate and value the smallest kindnesses, sir,” she said quietly.

“Yeah, I bet,” he said with some sympathy.

“Sir ... you are going to have your turn tonight, aren’t you?”

He stopped to look at her, and it was not to ogle her. “I was thinking of giving it a miss,” he said.

Leah returned the look. He was probably mid-thirties, or perhaps forty, muscular like they all were but nothing special to look at. “Aren’t I good enough, sir?” she asked.

“Of course you are. But you’ll have six men without me, and none of them are going to be gentle.”

“I can take it,” Leah said softly but firmly.

“It won’t be very nice for you.”

“No it won’t,” she admitted, “but I’ve had worse.”

“Yeah, I’ll bet. Why do you want me as well?”

“I don’t. That is,” she added hastily to cover her mistake, “you shouldn’t have to miss out because you’ve been kind. It’s not fair on you.”

“That’s a very thoughtful point of view,” he said, either ignoring or missing her mistake.

“Like I said, as a slave you appreciate small kindnesses,” Leah said, and went quiet because she could see the foreman approaching to move her onto her next task.

The whistle went again, this time for the end of the day, or at least the end of the working shift. Leah guessed it was six o’clock. Now would come an even less nice period for her.

She was taken to where three of the men, including the foreman, were waiting. He explained to the other men there that he had suggested to the rest of the crew that rather than just waiting around, they might as well get on with some more building work until it was their turn. As the team were on a bonus for early completion, they had agreed.

The first man on the list for her stood up, came over to her, took her by the hand and firmly led her into another room. Like all of the rooms, it was far from finished, with no door, the floor being only bare wooden boards and one wall completely out where a sliding door to a balcony would go – they were on the first floor. The sole preparation for what was now to come was a fairly dirty dust sheet spread out on a small part of the floor.

Knowing that she was expected to be pro-active, Leah knelt down on the dust sheet in front of the man and began to unbutton his trousers. A large, thick-veined cock sprang out, already stiff. Leah stifled a gasp of surprise: God, he was big! Adrian was not small and nor was her owner, but this man was both thicker and longer in the cock than either of them. Putting that out of her mind, she took the jutting organ into her mouth. It filled her, and she had to focus on suppressing a gag reflex as he pushed it further and

further in. Her tongue got to work as best it could in the confined space of that part of her mouth not filled with cock. Meanwhile, she pulled his jeans down and her hands began to gently stroke and stimulate his muscular and very hairy legs.

He soon moved on. Pulling his jeans the rest of the way off, he lay down on his back on the dust sheet. Leah straddled him and carefully lowered herself down onto the upright cock, gasping as it entered her and filled her. Now she began to move up and down, down until his member seemed to press right against the deepest depths of her vagina, then up until only the top remained inside her. Up, down, up, down ... she was very tired from her day's labours and muscles in her legs were soon burning, but it had to be done. Eventually he pulled her off him, made her kneel on the dust sheet with her face lowered right into the sheet and her bottom high in the air, legs spread invitingly, and he entered her from behind, roughly. Leah could not prevent a gasp of pain. Brutally now, he thrust in and out again and again, whilst she fought just to hold her position. The powerful, bruising, battering thrusts went on for ages. In time he swapped positions again a few times, but eventually returned to that position, and after a further age she was relieved to feel his hot come jetting deep inside her.

As he withdrew and dressed, Leah lay on the dust sheet, exhausted. She was trained to lick a man clean after sex, but she could barely move. Hopefully he wouldn't miss it. With nothing more than a grunt in her direction, he left. Less than a minute later, the next man came in.

If Leah's counting was accurate, Grant was number five. By that stage, her exhaustion had reached new depths, but she put on a brave face for him. Like all of the others, he was well endowed, but much more gentle and he allowed her to direct things. She got all of his clothes off, laid him down on the dust sheet and got to work all over his body with her hands and mouth. She could taste the earthy sweat on his body from his day's work, but her tongue laboured on regardless. Soon his cock was in her mouth. She was tempted to bring him off there, but she was determined he was not going to lose out because of his comparative kindness. Every other man tonight had finished off inside her love channel and she was not going to have him miss out. At least, even then, he was fairly gentle.

The foreman was number six and perhaps the roughest of all. Number seven wasn't gentle either, although by now he was dealing with what was for the most part a limp doll. When he had finished, he hauled Leah back onto her feet and on rubbery legs she was led down to the open front area where the site met the pavement. Ben and the foreman were both there, chatting casually. Leah wondered if they were talking about her and dreaded the thought that the foreman might give her a bad report. There was no reason why he should, other than sheer cruelty. She had no idea what time it was and whether it was well past the eight-thirty time that Ben had arranged to collect her. If so, it was scarcely her fault, but she could still get a beating for it. She was ravenously hungry and thirsty. She saw the last bottle of water that she had been using, picked it up and drank greedily, finishing it off. She might get a beating for doing that without permission, but she would have to risk it.

"I'll leave the holdall on the site," the foreman said. "It should be safe enough, and I've put it out of sight." So, Leah was going to be doing this again tomorrow. She wasn't surprised: she'd picked up a few comments which had indicated that.

Ben nodded. "There's enough tins for her lunch for the whole week," he said. So it would be all week. Leah wondered how long she could last before complete physical collapse: even with her superb fitness and strength, it was inevitable before Friday.

"She'll need some more bottles of water," the foreman said. "She drinks like a fish. Unless you want me to restrict her intake?"

Ben smiled. "No, that's fine. We'll bring another six-pack tomorrow." He produced the lead and clipped it to Leah's collar. "See you same time tomorrow."

The two men shook hands, ignoring Leah, and Ben walked away. As he held her lead, Leah had to follow. She trudged through the streets, exhausted, barely aware of her surroundings or where they were going, just blindly following Ben. If she got groped by passers-by along the way, she didn't notice.

On reaching their house, Leah was not led into the house but into the substantial gardens behind. They had an outdoor swimming pool – the weather on New Island was warm enough for it to be usable

all year long – and a tiled area by the side, including a tiled wall. Leah was ordered to stand against the wall. Ben picked up a hosepipe and turned it on.

Leah gasped in shock as a jet of cold water struck her body. Ben played it all up and down her front, head and face included, then made her turn around and did the same with her back. Turning the hosepipe off, he picked up a bottle of body shampoo and squirted a generous dose on both her front and back, then took a broom used for sweeping the tiles down and began to roughly wash her body with it, adding a little more water from the hosepipe to lather it up. Leah was grateful that it was not too stiff a broom, but even so she winced as her still-sore welted bottom was washed. She lifted her arms so that her armpits could be done, and even parted her legs so that she could be cleaned there, using her fingers to push the cleaning agent into her vagina to remove the traces of various men's semen from there. He squirted some different shampoo into her now soaked hair and she used her fingers to massage her scalp before another prolonged jet of cold water cleaned her off.

She was not offered a towel to dry herself, nor allowed back inside the house, though she was given a battered old brush with which to brush her hair. Dripping wet, she was led back to the lawn at the front of the house, where Ben indicated two bowls which had been placed on the grass.

"Evening meal," he said simply.

It looked as if – and indeed this was the case – the remnants of the household evening meal had been all tossed into one bowl and just chopped up and mixed together. Lasagne, potatoes, carrots and peas were missed with a dessert of a flan and pineapple chunks with a dose of cream. It was all intermixed and looked – and was – cold. The other bowl contained water, though a straw had thankfully been provided. More concerning, as had been the case at the building site, if Leah knelt down and lowered her head to eat, then her backside would be high in the air and, well, everything would be on show, facing the nearby street where any passer-by would see. For a moment, Leah debated kneeling down to the side and leaning over the water bowl so that she would not be thrusting her hindquarters up towards the street, then abandoned the idea. She had vowed to take her punishment and that was that. She would not evade anything. She knelt down, deliberately keeping her legs apart and flushing as she imagined the sight she was presenting, lowered her face to the uninviting mixture of food and began to eat, trying without a great deal of success to pick out the main course first and leave the dessert until after.

Watching the video from one of the many hidden cameras dotted around the property, Tom noted Leah's deliberate non-avoidance of her humiliation and smiled. Leah had evidently also not realised that he could access the security cameras on the building site, which he had deliberately asked be pointed in the right directions for him. He hadn't watched her all day, but he had kept tabs from time to time and enjoyed it.

Ben left Leah while she ate, and returned a while later. Leah had been very hungry and had eaten all the food, despite the way it had been mixed up, and drunk all the water in the second bowl. Ben brought with him a toothbrush and toothpaste and Leah was able to clean her teeth, using more water that Ben put in the bowl. A crude outside toilet had been set up for her, with zero privacy, but she needed it. Ben then attached a chain to her collar, the other end being fixed to a stake in the ground, tossed a single rather moth-eaten blanket to her, and left her. For the first time in her life, Leah would be sleeping under the stars tonight. The temperature here was always mild to warm, even at night, so although she was still damp from her hosing it was not a problem, although very different to her more than comfortable room. Leah made herself as comfortable as she could on the grass, pulled the grotty blanket over herself and, very tired after her exertions that day, quickly went to sleep.

Leah was abruptly awoken the next morning by a bucket of cold water thrown over her. Still stiff and sore from her physical work yesterday, she struggled to her feet. She was taken to the swimming pool area to be hosed down again. On return to her patch of grass at the front of the house she found her food bowl was full of a porridge or mush of sorts and she was required to adopt the same embarrassing position as last night to wolf it hungrily down. The water bowl had also been filled and she drank deeply from that as well. She was allowed to clean her teeth, then she was taken back to the front of the garden. The grass area that she had slept on was open to the road, but to the side of it was a low wall reaching up to the level of her mid-thighs.

“Bend over the wall, push your bottom out,” Ben ordered, his voice very matter-of-fact. She did so, feeling the skin of her bottom stretch, the welts from the cane yesterday still quite sore. She felt his one hand on the small of her back. “Grit your teeth,” he advised, again matter-of-factly.

A moment later, Leah was glad of the heads-up. Whatever it was he began rubbing into her bottom stung like fury and she held her position only with a little difficulty. For a moment, she assumed it was healing cream for her welts, but it stung much more than the cream usually did and she also began to detect a rougher texture. She then realised that it was quite the opposite: he was literally rubbing salt into her wounds!

Thankfully, it didn't take him long to apply the salt, then he washed his hands, clipped a lead to her collar and led her off, naked, down the street. He had given her two further six-packs of water to carry. Leah gathered that she would spend all of this week on the building site, then there were separate plans for the weekend, then all of next week on another “activity”, and so on for the four weeks. She was still tired and stiff from yesterday and her bottom throbbed from the aggravating salt. She wondered how she could possibly get through another day's hard labour. She knew that if or when she collapsed, the whip would be used to make her get back to her feet and carry on, and it would work, but only for so long. She knew she could not manage five days solid of this: even in pony carting, it was accepted that a pony girl needed a day on and then a day's rest. This work was probably no harder than being a pony, but it needed different muscles, muscles she was less used to using.

Well, she told herself, she had no choice but to soldier on for as long as she could.

She somehow got through the day, driven by both her steely determination and the not infrequent use of the foreman's whip to her once more tender posterior. Once again, after the whistle went for the end of the day's work, the seven men on the site again queued up to have their turn with her. Grant was among their number again, this time third in line: he again offered to waive his turn, but she told him she would take it as a personal insult to her body and sexual skills if he did, although lying on the grass that night she did wonder philosophically if a slave can actually be insulted. Anyway, he accepted the comment and had his turn with her. In sexual terms he was no better than the others, a good body, hard and muscular but then they were all like that, he was more gentle which she appreciated but otherwise just another man.

She trudged home even more exhausted and aching than the previous evening, something she hadn't thought was really possible, but now she knew it was. She knew she could not get through another full day, but she kept that to herself. It would do her no good to tell them, and she wasn't going to wimp about it anyway.

The procedure when she got back home that evening followed the same pattern as that of the previous night. She wondered if she was going to spend the entire 28 days without going into the house. She missed Ellie, she missed Adrian and she missed her master. But that, she reflected as she drifted off to sleep, was part of her punishment.

As she trudged towards the building site again on Wednesday, her body a single mass of pain, bottom throbbing from the freshly applied salt, she heard words of salvation from Ben.

“You will only be working until lunchtime today,” he informed her. “Then you will be collected by me for reassignment to other duties. “The workman will miss their evening treat tonight, but I'm sure it will help recharge their batteries for tomorrow night.”

“Yes, Master Ben,” Leah acknowledged, her voice dulled by exhaustion. Ben was ‘sir’ when her master was present, or when they were in the house, but ‘Master Ben’ otherwise, just as the other one was “Master Bill”. She was relieved, although it would depend on what these ‘other duties’ would be. If it was anything very physical, she knew she could not last. She didn't ask: she knew that it was unwise to do so, and would only result in a couple of hard slaps from his powerful hand on her already battered bare bottom: if he wanted her to know, he would have told her. But she was also slightly surprised that she wasn't that curious: what would be would be. She guessed that it was the exhaustion that was making her feel that way.

Leah laboured through the morning, again sweating buckets. It was increasing difficult to keep going, and the foreman began keeping a closer eye on her and using the whip to spur her on more frequently. Leah accepted the whip without resentment: she knew she was faltering, despite every mental and physical effort. She sat silently in a corner at lunchtime whilst another tin of dog food was opened and put in a bowl for her, and ate it in her usual embarrassing position without a thought in her head. She drank loads of water, but fortunately there was a workmen's toilet on site which she was allowed to use.

When Ben arrived to collect her, it was an effort just to stand up for him. Several of the workmen made crude comments about her not being available for them tonight, and Leah apologised dutifully if dully in advance for her absence, her face red from their graphic remarks.

Ben led her in towards the centre of the town. It was nothing like as large as Xanxta but it was growing and there were a few people around. Normally Leah would be a little conscious of her nudity, but right now her exhaustion wiped that entirely from her mind.

There was a central square which she was led to. There were a few currently vacant “entertainment points” there, such as stocks and a whipping post, but the one she was led to was a wooden- topped flat platform about three feet off the ground, about six feet square. Any doubt about the purpose of the contraption was removed by the sign by the side of it which said, “free fuck” in large letters and beneath that in smaller ones added “please clean after use with squirter provided”. On a plinth by the side of the platform was a squeezey bottle full of some sort of cleaning agent and a thin pipe at the top which could be inserted into a girl’s sex channel for efficient hosing down.

Leah climbed up onto the platform and lay on her back, spreading her arms and legs wide. There was a canopy over the top which would shield her from the hot sun. There were manacles and chains at each corner of the platform and Ben used these to secure her wrists and ankles. She could no longer move, much less close her legs, which felt vulnerably wide. She had noticed a camera set up, which would capture the view of her. She assumed, correctly, that they were for her owner’s entertainment, should he care to watch at some point. He might, for all she knew, be watching now: there was nothing to indicate whether the camera was recording. Or perhaps it recorded everything, and he could later play through it as a fast forward and just stop and watch when he chose.

Ben now produced a leather helmet which Leah had not seen before. “With this on, you won’t be able to hear or see anything,” he told her. “Adrian has been told you are here, so he may be one of those who come along to enjoy you, but unfortunately you won’t know it’s him. Still, never mind!”

He put the helmet on her. The material was slightly stretchy and fitted almost like a second skin. When it went over her eyes, everything went completely black; the pads at the front were very thick and fitted without any gap, allowing no light in at all. As the helmet slipped over her ears, the world went silent for her, more silent than Leah had ever experienced before. It was eerie and unnerving. She felt Ben make final adjustments, and then ... nothing.

It wasn’t total sensory deprivation. Leah could feel the warmth of the day on her bare body, feel the occasional wisps of breeze on her skin, feel the wooden platform, itself warm from the sun but not uncomfortable under her body, and she could feel the ankle and wrist restraints which held her in place. But sight and hearing were gone, totally, far more completely than if she had just closed her eyes and covered her ears herself. She felt very vulnerable and quite helpless. But she was also still very tired, and fortuitously lying down, so she quickly fell asleep.

She was in such a deep sleep that she was only awoken by the first man – at least she assumed it was the first – actually penetrating her as he took advantage of the free gift on offer. As with each of the half dozen or so others who used her that afternoon and early evening, she wondered if it was Adrian. It didn’t feel like him in any of the cases, but it was sometimes hard to tell ...

Chapter Eleven - Drone Appreciation Day

Saturday came around. Leah had spent four full days and a half day on Wednesday labouring on the building site. Her body felt tired, but she also felt fitter and more energised. Somehow, having been completely exhausted by Wednesday lunchtime, at some point on Thursday afternoon she had “broken through the wall” and had been able to carry on.

Every night had been spent sleeping on the grass, chained to the post. She gathered that next week she would be on a different punishment duty; she didn’t know any details, but she felt almost incurious. What would be, would be, she thought. It would surely be tough. It also seemed the case that she wouldn’t be allowed back in the house during the 28 days of her ordeal. She missed the luxury of her wonderful room and things, but the message was not lost on her: all those things were allowed her by her master’s whim and could be taken away any time he chose.

Leah had been reflecting on her punishment, trying to make sense of it. She had reached the stage in her relationship with her owner where she not only fully accepted his right to do as he pleased with her, but also she felt that his actions made perfect sense, even if she couldn’t currently understand them herself. Her current working hypothesis was that he was showing her how easily he could reduce her to a mindless animal, labouring away without thought, responding only to the lash. She wasn’t sure yet if she had it completely right, but it seemed possible. She knew that he wasn’t actually angry with her for what she had done, or with Ellie for her complicity, but he was making a point. It was up to her to work out what that point was. Or maybe she was over-complicating it, and he was just reinforcing that she should not break slave rules, even for his benefit.

The start of the day followed the now usual routine, beginning with the bucket of cold water to wake her up. Leah had never been an early riser in her pre-slave days and the exhaustion of her labours this week meant that every single day from Tuesday onwards she had been asleep until awoken by the shock of that water. Fortunately, the warmth of the day meant that the mangy blanket, which was soaked from the water, was always dry by the following evening, especially as she took care to leave it where the sun would get at it. There was the usual bowl of cold porridge and another of water for her to consume in the usual dog-like manner, and then the hosing down and application of the broom to wash her thoroughly. Today, however, she was then allowed to make herself look more presentable, being given a brush for her hair, a mirror and a few basic cosmetics as well as her toothbrush. Leah and Ellie were both blessed with very good complexions and rarely needed much in the way of make-up, but after she had thoroughly brushed her hair and cleansed her face, Leah studied herself in the mirror and felt she looked OK under the circumstances. She was selling herself short: Adrian, and for that matter any other man, would have said she looked great.

She knew that both she and Ellie were on duty today for Drone Appreciation Day, although as this was her first time she only had a vague idea of what was involved. Still not allowed in the house, she was instructed to wait for Ellie to appear and they would then go to the centre together. When Ellie did appear, the two girls flew into each other’s arms like guided missiles: they were closer than best friends, and they had not seen each other since Leah began her 28-day sentence, which was Monday morning, and it was now Saturday.

They walked in towards the fledgling town together. Both were naked apart from their collars, but this was quite usual and they were so engrossed with their conversation that they were only partially conscious of it, though both were also aware that they could be stopped and molested at the same time. Ellie wanted to hear all about what Leah had been doing this week and made appropriate noises of sympathy. Then Leah asked how things had been at home.

“Pretty much as usual,” Ellie replied matter-of-factly, but quite happily. “I’ve had double housework, of course, with you not around, but no great problem; double entertaining of Master, and Bill and Ben and the cook, but no visitors this week, so just the four of them.”

Leah brought up the subject that she didn’t really want to bring up. “How were you after your thrashing?” she asked solicitously.

“I’ve still got the marks!” Ellie said proudly. She turned to show her fabulous bubble butt to her slave sister. Sure enough, fading red lines were still visible, though only just. “Master said he was pleased with the way I took it,” she added with even greater pride.

“He should be,” Leah said. “You were incredibly brave.”

Ellie sensed that Leah was going to say something else, and pre-empted her by saying, “don’t you dare try to apologise. I’ll scratch your eyes out!”

Leah had indeed been about to apologise for being the one who applied the whip and cane to Ellie, but instead she hugged her slave sister once again and lied, “I was just going to say how proud I was of you as well.” The sentiment was certainly true, though. She changed the subject. “Has Adrian been around?” Adrian had his own flat elsewhere on the island, but he spent much time at the house, partly because of his relationship with Leah but also because he and Tom Jefferson were in business partnership together.

“He’s been over on several days,” Ellie said simply. “He’s missing you, for sure, but he accepts the situation.”

“Have you ...” Leah began.

Ellie almost snorted. “Master told me to offer myself, and so of course I did, but he always said he was too busy or he had a headache or whatever,” she said. “You didn’t expect anything else, did you? He only has eyes for you, you know that.” She sniffed. “I think he only likes fat girls,” she said coquettishly.

Leah was about eight kilos heavier than Ellie, but it was pure muscle and width across the shoulders, plus a slight difference in height. There was barely a trace of fat on her body. “Yes, he doesn’t like waifs,” she teased back, but then became more sombre. “Still, I wish ... look, it’s going to be four full weeks, and I don’t want him missing out. You know the score. If you can ... well, do it if you can. I don’t mind.”

Ellie didn’t debate the point. Instead, she observed, “he wasn’t around on Wednesday afternoon.” That was when Leah had been pegged out in the town square, but the helmet she had been made to wear had prevented her from having any clue as to the identity of the several men who had taken advantage of her.

“He might have been one of them,” Leah conceded. “I don’t think so, but I couldn’t really tell.” She changed subject again. “What do you know about what will happen today?”

“I was talking to Slave Jenny the other day.” Slave Jenny was the slave of their next door neighbour; she was in her mid-twenties, so a good deal older than Ellie and Leah, and they didn’t see that much of her, but they got on well enough with her. “She was on duty last Saturday. There will be a dozen or so of us girls and there’s about twenty of the drones if they all come, as they probably will. The main hall there is the same one they are going to use for slave auctions, and there’s a stage. We each go up on the stage in turn, give our names and ages and a sentence on why they should pick us. They each have a card on which they nominate their five first choices in order of preference. It all gets worked out and we each get paired off with a drone and there’s a room for each pair. At the end of the morning the girls get lunch, and then in the afternoon we get paired with a second drone so that they’ve all had a go. Some of them will get seconds, but whether that was a random selection or what, Jenny didn’t know. She did say that any girl who doesn’t get put in at least one drone’s five first choices will get caned before she goes home, so we all have to make a good effort to sell ourselves.” Ellie’s tone indicated that she was not keen on being naked on stage and centre of attention in front of twenty slaving men, but she made no actual comment on it. She was a slave, and it was going to happen: end of.

Leah nodded. “Straightforward enough,” she said. There were more than a few aspects of this that didn’t appeal to her either, but she also was a slave and so accepted what came to her. A lot depended on the men in question. She assumed that some of the drones from the building site would be there, but thought it likely that they wouldn’t make her one of their first choices: after a week of her, they would probably want a change. How nice, she thought with just a hint of acidity, to have the choice!

They arrived at the venue. Like most buildings on the island, it was fairly new, and was built with dual purposes in mind. One purpose was as a music club, hence the stage and an auditorium that could take a hundred seated people comfortably, but the rooms at the rear were accommodation, an inexpensive guest house for the drones. The only other accommodation in town was the much more plush hotel, whose intended clientele were the richer men that were just beginning to visit New Island.

Leah and Ellie’s names were ticked off on a register and they were directed to a side room. Here they found half a dozen other equally naked slave girls, and more arrived soon after. They knew several of the girls and joined in the general gossip and chat. Like them, the other girls were all content with their lives in general, and if they were not looking forward to today, then they were putting a brave face on it. Slave Lucy was there, however, and she was evidently very much looking forward to it. Leah smiled

indulgently. Slave Lucy was undoubtedly the biggest slut Leah had ever met, and proud of it, and Leah saw no reason to disapprove. Anyway, Lucy was nice, friendly, caring, disarmingly honest and genuine, so Leah liked her and got on with her well.

They waited for a while. Chatting helped keep minds off the day to come. Presumably, Leah thought, they were waiting for the men to all arrive. Eventually a man came in and ordered them to line up in their slave number order. Lucy had been fortunate enough to get the number 001, because her owner, Bruce Hancock, was one of the two founders of New Island. Another girl, Faith, was one of the three owned by Matthew Johnson, the other founder, and her number was 003. She was a dark-haired, sultry American girl, but friendly enough. Another girl, Christine, a stunning blonde beauty, was 008, and then Ellie, 011, and Leah herself, 012, and then another seven girls.

They were then led in that line order though a side door directly to the wings of the stage. They could not see, and therefore could not be seen by, the audience, but from Leah's vantage point she could see the whole stage, although the girls behind her in the line probably couldn't. But they would be able to later, once the first few girls had gone out and the rest of the line came forward.

The man looked at the girls. "Each girl comes out on my signal, introduce yourself by your full name and say in one sentence why the men should pick you, show yourself off and on my next signal move to the far side of the stage and wait there for further instructions. You may, for the duration of the day, address the drones as 'masters'. Make sure plenty of them want to pick you!"

Without further ado, he walked out onto the stage and faced the audience. There was a microphone on a stand which he addressed. "Good morning, gentleman," he said smoothly, "and welcome to Drone Appreciation Day. I think most of you will know the procedure by now. Each of you has a card with the name and reference number of all of the girls in the order we will present them to you in. Please write your first five choices on the card, one being your first choice. The cards will then be collected and processed. We obviously can't guarantee that you will get your first or even second choice, but we are sure you will be pleased with whichever girl you get." He looked pointedly into the wing where the girls were. "If not, do please let us know and we will take appropriate action." Leah felt a little shiver of fear, and sensed the same in some of the girls around her, not least Ellie who was standing right in front of her. Of course she would do her best, and she could consider herself pretty experienced these days, but it was a reminder that she had better make sure that her best was good enough. It was not just the pain of a beating which daunted her, but the shame of being considered not good enough. A report would without doubt be sent to her owner, which would mean another beating on top of the first for her, as well as her knowing that she had let him down and dented his reputation, which if anything would hurt her even more.

"And now," the MC said, "here are the girls!" He put the microphone back on the stand, stepped away from the centre of the stage and beckoned the first girl, Lucy, forward.

Leah watched as Lucy stepped out from the wings and saw the girl's trim, nude body illuminated by the stage lights. To Leah's surprise, Lucy then got down onto hands and knees and crawled across the stage to the centre. She moved with a sensual, pantherish style, her bottom unashamedly up in the air, looking at the audience of men in a way which just oozed suggestiveness. Even Leah, who was absolutely one hundred per cent heterosexual, felt a thrill go through her own body. Reaching the microphone stand, which was right at the front of the stage, Lucy gave the impression of going up on hind legs to grasp the microphone and detach it from the stand. Back on all fours again, she purred, "hello, masters, do I have your permission to stand up and show myself to you?" Her voice was just so infused with sexuality that it was untrue. There was a roar of approval from the audience and Lucy somehow slid to her feet as if her body was made of oil and defied gravity. "I am Slave Lucy 001, property of Bruce Hancock," she purred. "He has ordered me to pleasure whichever men choose me today." Her smile suggested that any man who didn't choose her was going to lose out. "I will be pleased to obey my owner." Then she replaced the microphone on its stand and did a slow turn, showing her lovely body to the audience from every angle. Facing them once more, shoulders back so that her nicely shaped but not overlarge tits jutted out, she posed and favoured them with that smile again. The MC allowed the men to have a good look, and then waved her to the side and beckoned the next girl forward.

Faith was a likeable if brash American. She sauntered out on stage with a naturally sexy walk, introduced herself as "Slave Faith 003, property of Matthew Johnson" and proceeded to assert with considerable confidence that any man who went with her today would be keen to choose her again next

time. She looked at the audience, challenging them to take her up on this, as she showed off her buxom body until the MC waved her to the side and beckoned the next girl forward.

Leah was starting to wonder if every girl here apart from herself and Ellie was completely comfortable being naked in front of so many men, but she was slightly, just slightly, reassured by the next girl. Christine walked out without hiding her body, but without the brazen self-confidence of Lucy or Faith. Leah noticed that the girl identified herself as “Slave Christine, 008, out of Lara by Richard, property of Robert Goldsmith” and wondered what the extra bit in the girl’s name meant. The girl did the obligatory posing – Leah had to admit that she was very attractive in quite an elegant way, but with a reassuring if slight shyness, and then moved to the side at the signal from the MC.

Ellie was next. Leah could see the elfin body just in front of her. Ellie was quietly shaking with nerves. Across on the other side of the stage, she saw the man beckon to Ellie. For a moment, Ellie’s hand slipped back and sought Leah’s own; their fingers interlocked in a squeeze of mutual support. Then Ellie released her grip and stepped out onto the stage, her small body suddenly lit up by the spotlights.

Ellie went to the front of the stage, and after a brief moment’s hesitation she raised her arms and did a slow turn. There was a murmur of appreciation from the male crowd at the sight of her bubble butt, although the rest of her superb body was well received as well. Then Ellie went to the microphone and said hesitantly, “hello masters, I am Slave Ellie 011, property of Tom Jefferson. I ... hope you like my body. If you select me today, I promise I will use every bit of it to bring you pleasure.” Leah reflected that Ellie, like herself, wasn’t particularly good at seductive talk, but her genuineness and almost innocent tone would hopefully go down well. Ellie stepped back in front of the microphone and did another slow turn, her arms raised above her head so that they did not obscure the view, and then obeyed the MC’s signal to move to the side of the stage with clear relief. Her face was bright red with embarrassment.

Shit, thought Leah: my turn.

She was not as self-conscious as Ellie was about being nude, but it was still something of a shock to emerge from the wings and see all those male faces looking on her. She was used to being naked as a pony girl on the streets of Xanxta, but that was somehow different: being in harness and being treated like an animal somehow made it easier, and she was not usually the centre of attention. She was more the centre of attention during the pony races, but at such times she was focused on the physical effort and the carriage whip, and everything else went completely out of her mind. The same had been true of her own experience in the Corvalle arena, when sheer terror had also helped keep her mind off her nudity there. Still, she wasn’t a novice, and she could cope with her face being red.

As Ellie had done, Leah went to the front of the stage and did a slow turn. She was also a little bit more confident in her body than Ellie was, which helped slightly. Then she went back to the microphone.

“Hello masters, I am Slave Leah 012, property of Tom Jefferson,” she announced. “As you can see” – she felt her face colour a little more as she said this – “I am very fit with lots of stamina. If I am selected by you today, you can lie back and relax and I will work very hard to please you.” She felt her face burn a little more as she said the words, but she had to sell herself. Not being picked would be a worse humiliation, to say nothing of the caning, and without doubt that would be followed up by more punishment when she got home. Tom Jefferson would consider it a personal affront if one of his girls was not picked. Leah had not received any further roughing up of her bottom since Wednesday, other than the occasional swipe from the building site overseer’s whip, and had no desire to attract any more today; she surmised that she would get enough next week, the second week of her four-week punishment, although she had no idea what was in store for her.

The MC beckoned her over, and she joined Ellie and the other naked slaves on the right side of the stage, whilst the next slave stepped up and into the spotlight. Leah was relieved that her moment in the spotlight was over, but she knew there was much more unpleasantness to come for her today.

When all the slaves had paraded individually, they were made to line up on the stage once more, hands behind their heads so that they were full frontal to the sea of men in the seats, just so the men could review and complete their selections. Then they were marched off the stage and to the individual rooms elsewhere in the building. Leah was left in her room and instructed to wait for her morning drone to arrive. The room was simple and functional, a double bed being the main feature and a toilet and shower in a side room. There were a number of punishment implements which she hoped he would not feel like using.

The first drone arrived. He was probably around thirty, hard and muscular from physical work, neither attractive nor ugly. He said very little, but he saw, he groped, he fucked and he came. Leah worked hard to please him and he seemed satisfied enough, and after he had rested a little he had a second go and came again. Leah found herself curiously uninvolved: he didn't arouse her, as Adrian and her master both always did, and Bill and Ben and sometimes others did as well. But then, she reflected, she had had a lot of cocks up her this week.

Following instructions she had been given earlier, Leah showered and then made her way to a café area. The other girls were already all there, sitting at tables and eating lunches off trays, including Ellie who was talking to one of the other slaves. There was an oldish, matronly woman, fully dressed, serving up the meals from a counter. Slightly hesitantly, Leah approached the counter. There were three choices of meal, and the woman waited expectantly for Leah to choose.

"I'm Slave Leah," she said politely. "Were there ... any specific instructions about my food?"

"Were you expecting a special banquet, dearie?" the woman asked.

Leah went red. "No ... it's just that, I'm being punished by my owner this week, so I thought he might have ... made some arrangements to humiliate me."

The women favoured her with a sympathetic smile. "Nothing been said to me, dearie, so take the advice of an old slave and thank your lucky stars and don't go looking for what isn't there."

Leah smiled gratefully. She hadn't realised that the woman was a slave. She made her choice of both main course and desert, plus a drink, and put them all on the tray. It was all pre-paid for, of course: slaves cannot have money. Leah took her tray over to Ellie's table. She noticed that Ellie's bum was a vivid shade of red, and that the elfin girl was sitting slightly gingerly: she'd been spanked, long and hard by the look of it, probably plus something like a paddle. No doubt that she had been fucked too, but all the girls had showered, so there was no outward evidence of that.

"Hi, Slave Ellie, are you OK?" she asked solicitously.

Ellie obviously realised that Leah could see that she had been spanked. "I'm fine," she said in a voice which clearly stated 'don't fuss', but in fairness she looked cheerful enough. "Slave Leah, this is Slave Christine. She was on stage just before us."

"I remember," Leah said, and she and Christine exchanged pleasantries. Christine was friendly and bright and breezy. Leah hesitated, and then asked, "Slave Christine, can I ask you a personal question?"

"Sure," said Christine, sweeping a lock of her blonde hair back behind her ear. She was drop-dead gorgeous, with a superb body and long legs. Her light covering of pubic hair was the same colour as the hair on her head, so she was a natural blonde.

"When you introduced yourself on stage, there was part of your name that I didn't understand," Leah said. "Out of somebody by somebody, it was."

"Out of Lara by Richard," Ellie supplied. "I was wondering about that too, but I'm too polite to ask."

"Sorry," said Leah, accepting Ellie's mild rebuke. "You don't have to answer, of course. I'm just a nosy cow."

"No, it's fine," said Christine easily. "It indicates that, unlike you two, I was born a slave."

"Oh wow," Ellie said. "I'm sorry to hear that." Leah made similar noises.

"Why sorry?" Christine asked directly, though she did not sound offended.

"Well," Ellie said, squirming slightly, "at least Leah and I got to experience some freedom."

"How old were you both when you were enslaved?" Christine asked.

"Eighteen," Ellie said, and Leah added, "same".

"My childhood probably wasn't that much different to yours, then," Christina said. "For reasons I don't really know, my mother's owner decided to have her made pregnant. He took her off birth control and hired a male slave from another owner to impregnate her. The result was me. I think the male slave was chosen for his looks, as was my mother, so I suppose I could call myself genetically engineered. Anyway, I was treated more or less as a normal person, in some ways even as one of my mother's owner's family, until my eighteenth birthday. My mother and father hadn't chosen each other, and he had a different owner, but nearby, and he was allowed to visit quite often. In fact my mother and father got on quite well together. They even had sex sometimes, when it was allowed, and we could occasionally go out together, just within Xanxta of course.

"I was unmolested, I went to school, OK, I had jobs to do around the house at home, but from what I'm told that's not that unusual with free children either. There were a few other slaves at school, but we

were treated all right by the other kids. We had a few extra lessons, like deportment, dancing and sex education” – she smiled – “but only practicing on bananas and things like that, and keeping hymens intact. That was the one strict rule. I was even allowed to flirt with the boys, as long as it didn’t get too serious. And both the boys and I knew there was no long term future in it. It was clearly stated and understood that I would become a full slave on my eighteenth birthday. But I had years to come to terms with that and accept that it was going to happen.” She shrugged. “The last month or two was actually probably the worst, waiting for it to happen, wanting to get it over with, really. On my eighteenth birthday, I was formally stripped, the first time I had been naked in public and, well, my service began.”

“Wow,” said Leah, loading her fork with food. It was so nice to eat with a knife and fork again, though she suspected it would be only a temporary luxury. “Talking of service, we’d better get on with eating our lunch. We’ve got more service to give this afternoon.” It was not a pleasant prospect, but they were slaves, so that was that.

Chapter Twelve - The Next Week

It was Tuesday evening, around half past five. Leah could see the clock on the civic hall in the town square clearly from her vantage point.

Not good, she thought, if yesterday was anything to go by. There wasn't much of a rush hour on New Island: those who were working, rather than idle rich, often worked from home; for the most part, only slaves and drones were around right now. But a lot of people tended to come out for an evening meal, so the numbers passing by would soon be growing. Only the very richest of the inhabitants, who had their own household cooks and servants, tended to dine at home, and even some of them frequently chose instead to come out to one of the several good quality restaurants, for social reasons or just to flaunt their slaves. Most of the workers and the drones came out for evening meal: there were inexpensive places to eat as well as the plush ones. Hospitality was a booming trade here. It remained light until around nine, after which the street lights made it quite picturesque, and the fierce heat of the daytime had faded to the pleasant warmth of the evening, so dining out was very common.

Leah was by nature a social girl rather than a loner but, in her current situation, having nobody around was a relief, albeit one which would probably not last for long.

She was on the edge of the town centre square, facing towards the centre but with space behind her as well. She was secured in a modern day version of the sort of stocks they used to put people in during the Middle Ages. The central piece of heavy wood had three holes, one for her head and one on each side for her hands. The holes were sufficiently tight that, with the upper section lowered and locked in place, she could not free herself. They were padded, so that she did not chafe her wrists and neck, but otherwise there was no concession to her comfort. The contraption was on two secure poles and at a height where Leah had to bend over, so that her shapely bottom was forced to jut out, and her ankles were secured wide apart by a spreader bar so that she presented a very intimate view of herself from the rear.

The public's entertainment, and her suffering, came from four things.

The first was that she was in a perfect position to be fucked from the rear. So far today, about half a dozen men had taken that opportunity. It had been more yesterday, but fewer on Sunday, when there had been far fewer people around. Leah had lost count of the exact number. To her relief, anal sex was not popular on the island and also to have anal sex with a slave required the explicit permission of the slave's owner. Either by oversight or design, her owner had not given that permission here. Leah was grateful: she wasn't keen on anal sex and, as she'd had it so rarely, her sphincter muscles were still tight and so it hurt with any man of more than below average cock size. Maybe that was why her master had not given permission: he wanted her ass to remain tight, for his occasional use only.

The second, still from the rear, was that her bottom, because of her bent over position, was perfectly positioned for a whacking. On Sunday, no implement had been provided and therefore passers-by that been invited to simply use their hand. On Monday, a flogger had been provided. Today, it was a multi-tailed whip. When swung with gusto, which was most of the time, it stung like blazes and her bottom, she knew, would be very red by now. Although nobody had used it in the last half hour or so, her cheeks still burned and stung.

The third was that her mouth was likewise available for use and she'd had several cocks in there today. Some went so far there and then transferred to her vagina to finish themselves off, some reached the point of orgasm and then withdrew to spray her face with come, and some came in her mouth. Leah had of course been trained to swallow, not spit, and more than one dose of ejaculate was now in her stomach.

The fourth torment was the most medieval of all. Nearby were two boxes, one of heavily over-ripe tomatoes, soft and squelchy, and the other of eggs. Passers-by were invited to test their aim. To make it more of a test, there was a line which they had to stand behind before taking aim, but it was not too far from Leah, so that most of the missiles hit their target, which was of course her face. Much of the time, her pretty face was covered in the mixture of the two and her light brown hair, tied back in a bun, was plastered as well.

Two video cameras, one covering the view from the rear and one from the front, pointed towards her. Presumably her owner would be able to review excerpts from her suffering later.

Her torment was being overseen by a man called Zaki. Leah had not met him before: she assumed, correctly, that he was a low-level employee of New Island's authorities. He was maybe of Greek, or

South-Western European, or possibly Russian origin. More to the point, he was an odious, ugly, almost gnome-like, unpleasant little slimeball. Leah's slave sister Ellie had a thing about the cook back at the mansion where they and their owner lived, and certainly the cook was a vile little creature both in body and nature, but Zaki trumped him by a mile. Zaki's job was to ensure order, and to make sure that nobody lobbed an egg or squishy tomato at Leah whilst she was being fucked from behind, otherwise a slightly off-target missile could hit the wrong target with unfortunate repercussions. Zaki would also stick a hose pipe up Leah's sex channel after she had been fucked to clean her out, and also occasionally clean her face off with the hose pipe, although he would sometimes instead fill a bucket with water and just throw that over her. He only did it when somebody wanted to fuck her face, otherwise he left the vile concoction there, including when some of it was come from a man who had decided to spray his load over her pretty features. Zaki of course also took the opportunity to fuck her himself from time to time, either in her mouth or from the rear as the mood took him. His male organ was not the cleanest, so taking him in her mouth was not nice, not that she had any choice. At least, of course, he was free of disease: all men on New Island, just as in Xanxta, were regularly and strictly tested and checked. Also, all slave girls like Leah were not only subject to the equivalent checks but also on rigorous birth control measures. Fortunately one thing that Zaki did to was to regularly give her drinks of water to keep her hydrated, which was necessary because it was a hot day and she wasn't in the shade. The water also washed away the taste of come from her mouth. She had also been spoon-fed lunch – yet another tin of dog food – and he had also released her a couple of times each day so that she could go to the nearby public toilets and relieve herself.

Leah's owner had wandered by earlier today. He had acknowledged her polite "hello, master" greeting, but no more than that. Leah of course knew far better than to institute any sort of conversation with him unbidden. She was also determined to show that she was completely accepting her punishment, not defiantly but with the attitude of "you want me to suffer, so I am suffering, and I am happy to suffer because it is your will". She wondered if he would take the opportunity to fuck her himself, but he hadn't. Then again, he had Ellie available at home.

Ben had told her that this would be the last of three days of this particular torment. Tomorrow, and for the two days after that, it would be something else. She had no idea what that would be but she was pretty sure it would be no more pleasant. The following week would be another very physical torment, and the same the week after to complete her 28 days of penance, although there would be the occasional other one-day ordeal. Nine days now done, so nineteen left. She could make it. She would make it.

She saw a couple of young men strolling into the square. They glanced at her as they walked, and one said something to the other. Would they leave her alone and pass by? No, they were already altering their direction to come over to where she was. Still, they might just have a look and then go on their way. She saw them exchange a few words with Zaki; still she could hope they would just move on. But no, that wasn't going to happen. She watched them move over to the box of rotten tomatoes and pick one each out. Leah closed her eyes and waited for the soft pulpy fruit to splatter her face and wondered almost abstractly if they would fuck her after that.

The next day, Leah was in the town square again, but this time for a different and significantly worse torment.

She was tightly secured to a padded bench, which was itself locked to bolts in the ground so that no amount of writhing or heaving would move it. The bench consisted of two parts, each of which raised up to meet in the middle, so that Leah was lying with her bottom raised into the air. In addition to having her wrists and ankles cuffed to the bench, there was a tight strap which ran across her lower back and another strap around each of her thighs. The upshot of all this was that she could not move her bottom more than an inch or so.

On a hinged arm above her bottom was a heavy, polished wooden paddle. It was an automated device: Zaki pressed a button on an iPad to operate it.

Nearby, where she could clearly see it, was a dartboard. Passersby were invited to make a small donation of three dollars, which would go to charity, and were given three darts to throw at the dartboard. Hit the bulls-eye with any dart, or get a total score for the three darts of above sixty, and Leah would

receive three strokes from the automated paddle. Get a total score of a hundred or more, and she got five. A score of 120 or more meant seven, 140 meant ten, and get the maximum of 180 and she would get twenty and would be required to spend tonight in the bed of the thrower, or the first available night after that if somebody else had already scored the maximum. Thankfully nobody yet had, but there had been plenty of the other scores. Leah's bottom felt on absolute fire, constantly. She had long since lost track of how many strokes of the paddle she had received, but it was certainly well past the hundred mark. It was now mid-afternoon and she had been here since first thing this morning. The two video cameras were again in position and switched on.

She wondered idly if she would get a say in which charity the money would go to. There must be getting on for a hundred dollars in the pot by now. Fortunately, many of the men were poor shots.

A new man, something of a young geek, stepped up to the ochre. Leah watched anxiously. She could only hope that he was rubbish with darts. A lot of the punters could barely hit the dart board, but some had been good.

She watched the dart fly through the air, and her face dropped as it landed in the treble twenty.

Oh God, she thought, sixty in one dart! Unless he missed the board completely with his other two darts, which was highly unlikely, that was already three strokes!

He grinned, glanced at her, and then focused on his second shot.

Another treble twenty!

Seven strokes now, and the maximum in sight!

He was youngish, probably no more than her own age, maybe even slightly younger, though he had to be at least eighteen to come to the island so he couldn't be much more than a year and a half younger than her. He was slim and rather weedy-looking, in fact she couldn't see a muscle on him, and his cheap clothes indicated a menial worker. During her slave career to date, Leah had been required to warm the beds of men a lot worse than him. But that wasn't the point. The paddle is a wicked implement at the best of times, and Leah's bottom was so bruised and sensitive now that seven strokes would be awful. Twenty was almost unimaginable.

The dart flew through the air. Leah held her breath.

It landed in the single twenty, and inch above the treble.

Ten strokes! But twenty would have been far worse.

However, he was already fishing in his pocket for more cash, which he handed Zaki, who had already taken the darts out of the board and now gave them back to him.

Leah held her breath again, trying to will him to miss, but she realised that he clearly knew what he was doing.

The first dart landed in the treble five, right next door to the treble twenty. Leah breathed a sigh of relief. No maximum possible now, or even 140; but he could still get to 120.

He grunted with irritation, and took aim again.

Treble twenty again!

Leah did the mental arithmetic, something she had always been good at. He had 75 now, so that was another three strokes for her at least, depending on what he scored with the last dart. But the second had gone in at a slight angle, and it was masking the treble twenty slot. She could see him thinking for a second. Treble eighteen or treble nineteen would still take him to over 120. Clearly he was an experienced darts player and knew that. She saw him take aim, although she couldn't tell which part of the board he was aiming at.

The dart landed in the bulls-eye.

Leah calculated again. That was fifty, making a total of 125 for the three darts. Seven more strokes! She closed her eyes for a moment in despair.

"Another go?" she heard Zaki ask. Her eyes opened again in fearful apprehension.

"Nah," the young man said. "I'd do better with my own darts."

"We're here until half six tonight, plenty of time for you to go home and get them. Or, we're here again tomorrow." Leah silently cursed the vile little attendant.

"Yeah, I'll swing by tomorrow with my own darts," the man said.

"OK," Zaki said pleasantly. "Meantime, I make that ..." he brow furrowed as he tried to work it out. He gave up. "How many strokes, Leah?"

Leah forced herself to keep her voice even. "Seventeen in total, master," she said. "Ten for the first go and seven for the second."

"That's what I made it, too," the young man confirmed.

"That's what I thought," Zaki said, rather unconvincingly. He fished out the iPad which controlled the paddle device, typed in the number and pressed return. Leah, who could hear him hit the keys, knew that her fate was now sealed. That was one of the horrible things about this automated device: once he pressed return, nothing could save her. Also, the paddle strokes were invariably at the same high intensity, so there was never any mercy. She closed her eyes and braced herself.

"There's always a bit of delay built into the system before the first stroke," she heard Zaki telling the young man. "It allows the girl to stew a bit."

He was right: the waiting was awful. The machine invariably delivered the strokes hard. Seventeen strokes of the paddle was bad at any time, but her bottom was already so battered and bruised that this was going to be agony. Leah told herself to be strong, to be brave, to not disgrace herself and more to the point to not disgrace her owner. But her bottom was already hurting so much ...

Thwackk!

Leah just about kept silent, but the pain was incredible.

Another wait. It would not be so long as before the first stroke, she knew, but it still didn't help.

Thwackk!

This time she couldn't suppress a little whimper. And this was only the second stroke.

Another wait.

Thwackk!

Leah whimpered again, her eyes screwed tightly shut. Oh God, it hurt! And she knew that it would get worse.

Thwackk!

Another whimper. Another wait.

Thwackk!

The whimper was now a low moan. Leah could not believe how her bottom felt. It was as if she was sitting in a frying pan on a very high temperature.

Thwackk!

Thwackk!

Just occasionally, the computer would deliver two strokes in quick succession, programmed that way just to keep her off balance and in constant dread. Leah cried out, though nothing intelligible.

Another wait.

Thwackk!

She cried out again. She tried to think how many she had received, but she had lost count. Sometimes pain made counting impossible.

Thwackk!

Another wait.

Thwackk!

Thwackk!

Oh God, another two in a row! Leah squealed in pain.

Thwackk!

Leah squealed again. She just couldn't help it. Please God, she thought, let it be over soon!

Thwackk!

Each stroke, because of the state of her ass, was now significantly worse than the last.

Thwackk!

Leah's squeals were now becoming shrieks. Dimly, in the recesses of her now foggy mind, she fought to avoid the temptation of pleading for mercy. She was helped by the knowledge that it would do no good. Zaki could not stop the programme even if he wanted to, and he showed no sign of wanting to.

Thwackk!

Surely, surely, that was the last one? The pain was quite unbearable now.

Thwackk!

Leah was now shrieking very loudly. How many more?

Another wait.

Thwackk!

Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!

Another wait.

And then the wait went on a bit longer.

And longer.

Was that it? Oh please, let that be the last one!

Yes ... that was long enough. It was over. For now. Leah's bottom felt as if it needed a fire extinguisher. She would have happily sucked the cock of every man on the island in return for some ice to be placed on it. But she knew that wasn't going to happen.

"How was that, slave?" the young man asked.

Leah knew that a reply was required. "It was agony, master," she said in a husky voice. "You're a good shot with the darts." She didn't feel like being conversational, but complimenting him might help.

"Your bum looks red," he observed, and reached out a hand. Oh please, Leah thought, don't touch it, don't touch it! But he did, just lightly, but even that was enough to make her whimper with the added pain.

"It's a bit tender, I guess?" he asked, his fingers still touching her bright red flesh.

"Yessss ... master," she confirmed. The battered remnants of her pride and determination stopped her from asking him not to touch her there. Besides, he would be unlikely to abide by any such request; if anything, he would probably touch her more firmly. His fingers were only lightly resting on her bottom, but even that was really bad with the state it was in at the moment.

"I'll come back tomorrow with my own darts. Better chance of getting the one-eighty with them," he said.

"Yes, master." There was nothing else she could say.

His fingers left her bottom, to Leah's immense relief, and he strode off. Zaki said nothing, but he brought her bottle of water to in front of her face and held the straw so that she could take it into her mouth. She drank gratefully. When she had finished, he put the water bottle away, sat back in his deckchair and went back to his paperback. Leah's bottom was now hurting significantly more than it had before her latest torment. The next time, it would start much worse than at the start of this set. Even three would be terrible. But there would be a next time, and more times after that. Leah could only wait.

By the time Ben came to pick her up, there had indeed been a few more winners on the dart board and, with each set of strokes, Leah's pain had markedly increased. Fortunately, nobody today had hit the maximum; that one youngster who had had two goes had come closest. Ben and Zaki freed her from her bonds, but the movement of getting off the bench caused her even more pain.

"See you tomorrow, honeybunch," Zaki said as he packed the iPad, video cameras and dart board away.

"Yes, master," Leah acknowledged dutifully, and then hurried to follow Ben as he strode off. Walking was even more painful.

"Master Ben!" she called. He turned round to face her. "Could we please walk more slowly?" she asked. She estimated that she had a fifty-fifty chance of him agreeing. Bill would have agreed; she would never have asked her owner, no matter what.

Ben reflected for a moment, then relented. "You can walk in front of me, so we go at your pace. You can take your time, it's a nice evening and I'll enjoy the view."

As Leah stepped in front of him and began to walk at a very slow pace, each step causing fresh pain in her bottom, she reflected that he was being deliberately ambiguous. They would shortly be out on the coastal path, with a gorgeous view of the deep blue sea and the white waves crashing onto the beach below, which coupled with the perfectly blue sky did indeed make a marvellous sight. On the other hand, she was now walking with him immediately behind her and she was naked, nineteen years old with a lithe and shapely body and a bottom now blue and purple from the paddle, something she knew he liked to see. But it was a small price to pay for being able to go slowly, which reduced the pain just a little.

Ben wasn't too bad, she reflected. He was strict with her and Ellie, which was fair enough, but not unnecessarily cruel, although she knew he did like to see her enduring some heavy stuff and she knew

that the current state of her bottom was giving him a hard-on. He could of course at any moment stop her and make her relieve that hard-on, unless her owner had decreed otherwise. A blow-job might not be too painful for her, but full sex, in any position, would be bad. However, it would be his choice, subject to her owner's instructions, if it happened at all. She could only wait and see. If her owner had placed her off-limits, he would doubtlessly allow both Ben and Bill access to Ellie instead. She was in all probability having to work overtime at the moment to satisfy all three of the men.

Leah could only conclude, and was happy to do so, that her owner and master was monitoring her suffering, because after she had been washed and fed and then chained up on the grass for the night, Ben appeared with a mini-freezer on an extension cable, which he wordlessly left within her reach before departing. Leah opened the freezer door to find several ice packs, Gingerly and gratefully, she took one out and, as gently as she could, applied it to her still incredibly sore bottom. After a little while, it reduced the pain to just about bearable, and when the pack had warmed to the point of being less effective, she put it back in the freezer and applied a second one. That too eventually became warm and she exchanged it for the third one. The first one, now back in the freezer, was growing cold again but would not be fully cold by the time the third had warmed. However, the tired girl fell asleep, on her front and with the ice pack still on her bottom cheeks, before then.

The following morning, her bottom was still very sore, and the pain woke her early. Twisting round as best she could to look at her abused bum, she saw that it was mostly covered in dark blue and purple bruising. Partly due to the pain and partly due to not having been physically worked to exhaustion yesterday, she had awoken considerably before the time Ben usually came and threw the bucket of cold water over her to wake her, which also meant that she was able to apply the ice packs, now frozen once more, to her battered cheeks for a while. They helped, but by the time Ben was leading her down towards the town square once more, she was still in considerable discomfort. It wasn't nearly as bad as it had been on the way home yesterday, but it still hurt and walking didn't help. Nor did Ben allow her to set the pace this time, and she was on a lead, so that was that. Still, she didn't feel that it was bad enough for her to plead with him to slow down.

Of greater concern to her was how she was going to manage a second day of this. Leah knew that the key thing was allowing herself to be strapped down. Once she was secured, she would be helpless and unable to do anything silly like refuse a stroke. She could plead for mercy, of course, but she knew that it would do her no good to do so and would just be embarrassing. When they got to the town square, she kept her mind blank, trying to completely distract herself from any thought relating to this situation. It worked, just about: by the time she could no longer prevent her mind from thinking about the consequences of being tied down, it was too late. She was tightly and completely secured. A couple of instinctive tugs on the wrist bands confirmed that there was absolutely no way for her to free herself, and the other, equally tight and unyielding bonds also ensured that she could not significantly move. She saw the one video camera, trained on her face, and that made her remember the other camera, which was trained on her whole body from the rear. She wondered if it was already running and if her master was watching. If so, he would have seen her get onto the bench and allow herself to be strapped down without any hesitation or complaint, even after her dreadful experience yesterday. That made her feel a little better, although she was very frightened about what was to come today on her already very battered and sensitive bottom.

The ever-present creep Zaki was setting up the dart board and the sign inviting passers-by to have a go. It was only now that Leah saw that the price had been raised from three dollars to five. It was still only a minimal price even for the workers on the island, and less than nothing to any of the many rich men here, but it might have a minor effect on reducing the number of men having a go today, which in turn would reduce the amount she would suffer a little. She wondered who had taken that decision, given her that little kindness. It could have been Ben, but it was more likely her owner. Leah felt a warm glow of gratitude towards him. She was pleased now that she had taken her place without any fuss. Ben was still present, talking something over with Zaki; she was tempted to ask him whose decision it was, but thought better of it. A slave learns not to ask too many questions. He could even reverse the decision if her asking irritated him.

Whether because of the price rise or because there were just fewer people around compared to the previous day, Leah found herself being beaten less this day, although she really knew it whenever the paddle did land, given the tender state of her bottom from yesterday. Still, there were periods of quiet, with nobody around and Zaki's hook nose buried in the lurid paperback he was reading – as if the reality around him wasn't lurid enough. The sun was very warm and felt quite pleasant on her bare skin. The hot climate of Xanxta had tanned her body and ensured that she did not burn; the sun on New Island was if anything slightly more powerful still, but the sea breeze prevented the temperature from being stifling and the air had the same pleasant moistness that you get on a beach. In fact, at the times when nobody was around, she felt in some ways just as if she was tanning herself on the beach. Because she was kept pretty much permanently naked, there was no slightest suggestion of a ghost bikini or any tan lines, and no part of her body was in need of any protection from the sun any more. Her bonds prevented her from moving, much less turning over, of course, but that wasn't too bad. Zaki kept her hydrated with drinks from the water bottles from time to time. Except for when some passing man was having a go with the darts and she was watching anxiously to see what score he got, or worse when he got a high enough score and the polished wooden paddle descended on her bottom with stinging pain, it was quite pleasant. She was naked, of course, but Leah was used to that. In fact, she reflected that if there was some earth-shattering change in her life and she became a free person again, she reckoned that when she went onto a beach she would go at least topless, and probably nude if the beach rules allowed. It was still sometimes a little uncomfortable and embarrassing, but it felt somehow right.

Leah had not been fucked yesterday, nor so far today. At present that was not a problem, but she knew that eventually it would become so. Another day and she would begin to feel an itch between her legs, not an actual physical itch but something psychological which had similar symptoms. The day after that, it would be a nagging, constant feeling. A day or two beyond that without sex and she would feel absolutely on fire between her legs, the desperate need for a cock up her, or preferably several in succession. She knew the signs. Leah was aware that she was now addicted to sex, as indeed were many if not most of the girls on New Island. That included Ellie in Leah's opinion, although her slave sister refused to acknowledge it. That was the one thing they disagreed on. Leah recognised her own addiction because, as a sports competitor all her life, she had a similar craving for physical exercise and knew the signs. It didn't worry her: it was what it was. She felt a little sorry for Adrian, her boy friend, because even if she had been allowed to be physically faithful to him alone, Leah knew she could not do it, virile though he was. Her only saving grace, in her own opinion, was that she was always honest with him. His remarkable patience with her and her situation was perhaps the single biggest reason that she loved him.

Ellie, Leah realised, refused to acknowledge her own addiction to sex because she felt it would cheapen her love for their owner. Leah didn't see it that way: as long as her owner came first, and as long as she always obeyed him, nothing else mattered. Leah also knew that her own sex addiction was stronger than that of her slave sister. If her owner had really, genuinely wanted to punish Leah, he would have had her locked in a chastity belt for the 28 days. As it was, the trials she was being put through were not punishment, as she was becoming increasingly aware. They were a test of her courage and devotion, as well as a way of re-establishing her submission after her recent stunt. As she always did, Leah accepted the challenge full on, and she also totally accepted the need to re-establish her servility.

Leah wondered if Zaki had been given fuck rights over her. She certainly didn't fancy the odious little slimeball, but a cock was a cock. If she and Zaki had been marooned together shipwrecked on a desert island, she reckoned that she would be pleading with him to fuck her after maybe five days at most – less if she hadn't been fucked for a day or so beforehand. He hadn't had her, which led her to think that he had been instructed to keep hands off. Naturally, if he had gone for her, she would have co-operated fully: it wasn't her place to question whether or not any man had the right to have sex with her.

Morning drifted into afternoon. There were still not too many punters, but when the occasional one scored high enough, the pain for Leah was incredible, because her bottom was by now so bruised and battered. She wasn't released for lunch: instead, he opened the usual tin of dog food and spooned it into her mouth, giving her more drink afterwards and wiping her face when she was finished, just as he had on the previous day. The pain in her bottom was ever-present: it would rise to intolerable whenever somebody got a score high enough for her to receive a volley of paddle strokes, and then settled to a new, slightly higher level of constant pain than before.

It was late afternoon when the weedy young darts player came by, and the first thing Leah noticed was that he did indeed have his own set of darts with him. A shiver of pure, undiluted fear went through her.

The darts weed got into an argument with Zaki about the price rise. Zaki argued that it was not his decision, the weed argued that if he had known, he would have come back last night, Zaki countered that he didn't know last night, he had received the instruction only this morning.

In the end, they agreed a compromise. The young man had brought fifteen dollars with him, enough for five goes at yesterday's price. Zaki proposed, and he accepted, that he would get five goes, but only the best two scores would count. Leah listened with absolute dread. Two best scores of 120 or more would earn her fourteen strokes. With her bottom as battered and bruised as it was and already in such pain, that would be absolutely terrible; but he was clearly a good darts player and with his own darts that was the very least she could expect. Two scores of 140 plus were quite possible, and that would mean twenty strokes. A single maximum of 180, which was clearly his aim, would be twenty strokes alone. Spending tonight in his bed with him was a very minor consequence for her by comparison. If she had been given the choice, she would have without hesitation offered herself for a week at least to avoid the risk of more paddle on her abused posterior, but she did not have that choice. Her sexual favours were not hers to offer, they were her master's to give as he wished.

Leah fought down the urge to plead for mercy. It was only the knowledge that there was no slightest chance of such mercy which allowed her to overcome that urge. The way her bottom felt, she would have disgraced herself just for a small reduction. But it was all inexorably heading for an unavoidable end. She could only watch the dart board anxiously.

His first dart landed in the "twenty", maybe an inch above the treble. The second dart landed almost level with it. He lowered his aim and the third dart went in the twenty section again, but just below the treble.

Leah realised that she had been holding her breath and released it. Total score for the first set of darts was exactly sixty. The minimum score to earn her strokes of the paddle was in excess of sixty, so she was safe this time. Maybe he wasn't as good as yesterday had suggested. But she knew she was kidding herself: none of his three darts had been that far from the treble.

He collected his darts and readied himself for his second go. He didn't seem too bothered with his first score being low, and Leah realised that he had simply been setting his sights.

The first of his next three darts landed in the treble twenty.

To Leah's horror, so did the next one, just slightly to the side of the first.

The third dart flew in. For a moment Leah thought it was also in the treble twenty, then realised it was actually in the treble five. That made a score of 135.

"Damn," he said softly.

Leah fought back tears. A score of 120 or more meant seven strokes for her, seven strokes of a heavy, unyielding wooden paddle, not nice at the best of times but almost imaginable on a bottom which she could currently hardly bear to have touched. But she knew that worse was yet to come.

Once more, all attention was on the dart board.

The first dart flew straight into the treble twenty. Leah looked at it in horror.

The next dart was well above, hitting the centre of the twenty.

And the last one went into the treble twenty again.

A score of 140 meant another ten strokes for Leah. That meant seventeen minimum altogether, with two more sets of darts to go. Leah didn't think there was any way she could bear seventeen, let alone any more.

His next set was wayward, two twenties and a one. Total 41, no increase in her suffering. But now she saw him seriously compose himself. He had one more chance.

He took his time getting ready, and the tension was terrible for Leah. And yet, somehow she knew what was going to happen.

The first dart went into the treble twenty.

So did the second.

He again took time, composing himself. But Leah already knew what was going to happen. She watched in mute horror.

The third dart joined the other two in the treble twenty.

The young man whooped with delight and punched the air with his fist. Leah closed her eyes and tried not to cry. Thirty strokes!

"Nice shooting," said Zaki when the young man had calmed down.

"Thanks," the weed replied smugly. "So I get her for the evening?"

Zaki nodded. "We finish here at six. If you want to collect her direct from here at that time? Then just deliver her back home by nine thirty, she knows the way. To save anybody from the house coming out at that time, there's a chain in the garden with a snap lock, you can just attach it to her collar and leave her there. That OK?"

"Fine," said the weed. Leah could see that his eyes were ablaze with lust, but that was the least of her problems right now. The imminent attention of the paddle was a much greater issue.

"And right now," Zaki went on, "she's got thirty strokes for your two best scores." The last bit felt like a nail being driven into Leah's heart.

"Nah, just give her the twenty for my maximum," the kid said casually.

Leah's heart leapt. Twenty would still be agony, but better than thirty by a long way. "Thank you, master," she said softly. Oh, you're going to get the fuck of your life tonight, she thought to herself. She would do anything and everything to express her gratitude.

"Well, I don't know," Zaki replied. "Rules are rules. Not sure we should let her off anything."

Leah's heart sank again. She could still get the thirty!

"What do you think, slave?" Zaki asked her directly.

Leah's mind raced as to the best answer. "They say the customer is always right, master," she tried. She couldn't just feign indifference, she had to try to get the twenty rather than thirty.

"Hmm," Zaki said. "But what do you think yourself?"

"A slave's opinions are worthless, master," Leah replied. "But, if it is permitted, this slave begs for a little mercy." She didn't usually speak of herself in the third person, but it seemed right here, or maybe it was to disassociate herself from her last sentence which humiliated herself deeply. Still, she had to do it, with her bottom in the state it was right now. Thirty strokes was unthinkable, although really so was twenty. But there was no way she was going to get away with less than twenty.

Zaki settled on twenty, set the number on his iPad and pressed 'enter'. Leah waited in dread for the first stroke. When it came, she screamed in agony, and screamed again as each successive stroke compounded the pain. By the twentieth she was hoarse from screaming and was sobbing uncontrollably. She didn't even notice the young man leaving: she was aware of nothing but the pain.

Ben came by a while later, maybe an hour or so. Thankfully only a few punters had tried their luck with the darts, and most of them had been poor shots, so Leah had received only three more strokes. Agonising though they had been, the number was as few as she could expect.

She heard Zaki explaining to Ben that somebody has scored the maximum 180 and that he had arranged for her to be collected directly by the young man when her time was up. As always, the men talked as if she wasn't there. Ben affably approved the arrangements and kindly (to Zaki) offered to 'hold the fort' whilst Zaki went for a coffee, which Zaki gratefully accepted.

After Zaki had departed, Ben studied Leah's much marked bottom. "Looks like your bum's taken some more battering," he observed conversationally.

"Yes, master," said Leah. Her arse was in constant, searing pain, but she wasn't going to mention that.

"I should imagine it's quite painful."

"Yes, master." That was the understatement of the year!

She sensed him come closer, studying her bare behind thoughtfully. There was nobody else within earshot when he said, "perhaps you now regret not staying in Miami?"

Leah bristled. "Certainly not, master," she said with asperity.

"Really?" His fingers reached out and touched her inflamed bottom. Even though it was only a gentle touch, Leah could not suppress both a flinch and a whimper. But her determination was fired up once more. Her reputation was important, because in many ways it was all she had.

“Not for a second, master,” she insisted firmly. It was quite true: her suffering had been intense, today in particular, but even in the deepest moments of anguish she had never, not even for a moment, had any second thoughts.

“You’re quite an impressive slave,” he said mildly.

Leah felt herself flush with pride. It was about the biggest compliment the taciturn Ben had ever paid her. She was also very pleased he had called her an impressive slave rather than an impressive girl or woman. Suddenly the continual pain seemed much more bearable.

“Thank you, master,” she said with feeling. She felt an overwhelming urge to ask a question, and it was one she didn’t think she could get into trouble for asking. “Is ... is my owner happy with the way I’m taking my penance?”

Ben’s finger had, to her relief, left her bottom and now idly stroked her thigh. “It’s not really a penance, slave, you know that,” he said. “It was a necessary response to your actions, but also a challenge for you. You know full well that he is not angry with you. As to being satisfied with the way you have submitted, I believe he is.”

Leah felt another flush of positivity. “Thank you, master,” she breathed.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw him idly regarding the dart board. “I’ve never really played darts,” he ruminated. “I wonder how hard it is.”

If he thought she was going to beg for mercy after the things he had just said, she considered he was quite deluded. “Five dollars a go, master,” she reminded him, and wished that it didn’t sound quite so much like an invitation. It was also a bit cheeky, she realised, as it was not for her to decide if he should be charged.

Without saying anything, he fished a five dollar note out of his pocket and made sure she saw him putting it in Zaki’s cash tin. Leah went tense: the last she wanted was any more strokes, but of course it was and always had been completely out of her control. Fortunately his darts went almost randomly into the board, well below any qualifying score. She didn’t say anything: she didn’t want to risk him having a second go and scoring high enough.

“Hmm, it’s harder than it looks,” was all he said.

Zaki returned just a few minutes later. “All good?” he asked.

“Yes, fine,” said Ben. Casually, he took the darts and threw them one by one into the dart board. To Leah’s amazement and moreover horror, they landed respectively in the twenty, the triple twenty and again in the twenty.

“Does that count?” Zaki asked.

Ben shook his head. “I hadn’t paid,” he said. “I paid and had a go, but didn’t score anything. I suppose this was just a lucky throw. See you tomorrow morning. We’ll set her up differently tomorrow, so that her boobs and pussy are the target.”

Leah watched him go in stunned silence, her mouth open. No way had that been a lucky go. He had deliberately missed earlier, and arranged it so that this proper shot didn’t count.

The next time she was called upon to pleasure him, she promised herself that she would strain every muscle to give him a wonderful time.

It wasn’t much longer when the geek kid turned up again. That was the signal for Zaki to pack up for the day, much to Leah’s immense relief. She was released from her bonds and allowed to stretch her stiff body, although any movement which involved her bottom was added to the continual pain there. Zaki told the kid to deliver her back to her home that evening and “supervise” her as she put herself into her chains for the night, and then left.

Leah’s lead had been reattached to her collar, so he took her by the lead. “Now, where shall we go?” he asked. “Can’t go back to my digs, really. How about the beach?”

“Wherever master likes,” Leah said dutifully. “The beach would be fine. Also, we have as long as you like tonight.” Ben had informed her of this, as long as the geek kid took her home when he had finished with her.

He took her lead and led the way. To her slight surprise, he was dawdling more than a little. That suited her, because walking quickly caused more pain in her ravaged arse, but she wondered why. He

didn't look rich enough or even old enough to own a slave, and he certainly wouldn't attract free women even if there were many on the island, which led her to surmise that he didn't get much sex, so she had been expecting him to be in a hurry. Leah pondered this, and then realised that he was actually quite nervous. He might, she found herself thinking, even be a virgin, despite the plethora of available slave girls on the island. Maybe he was new here: she certainly hadn't seen him before yesterday. He wasn't in drone uniform, but there were a few menial workers here who were not drones, for various odd reasons. Well, she could settle his nerves once they got started. There were three reasons why she was determined that he would have a fantastic time. The first was that she had not forgotten that he had saved her ten strokes of the paddle. Of course, he had caused her twenty, plus a load more yesterday, but she didn't see it like that. His act of mercy would be repaid in full. The second reason was that she was determined to do her duty, not just to have sex with him but to give him an incredible time. That was slave pride, something Leah had been big on since she had come to accept her slavery, but she was noticing that this penance, or whatever it was, was actually increasing her determination to slave to the very best of her ability. The third reason was her aforementioned addiction to sex. It was now 48 hours since she was last fucked and she could feel the need starting to burn between her legs.

He definitely wasn't much to look at. Leah weighed around 55 kg and she reckoned that he couldn't be more than 5 kg more than her. He was skinny and gangly and his bare arms had no muscle to speak of. He wore shorts, but his legs were barely even hairy and certainly lacked any muscle tone. He had a face that only his mother could love and the wispy attempts at a beard were pretty feeble. His clothes were shabby and cheap. He didn't have any of her owner's or Adrian's poise or self-confidence, in fact he looked so unsure of himself that he almost came across as furtive. He had no need to be, of course: having a naked girl following along behind a man, on a lead, was not an unusual sight on the island in the least.

It was a gorgeous evening. The fierce heat of daytime had subsided into a still very warm but more pleasant heat. The sunlight was still bright but not dazzling. The soft, smooth tarmac of the path was warm under Leah's bare feet. Paths and roadways here were all made of this gentle material, because the slaves went mostly barefoot: Leah gathered that the island had been developed this way when the other island had been planning on having it as an extension of their own slave world, and the new occupiers had continued in the same light. It was a thoughtful touch, although also no owner wanted his girls' feet cut to ribbons on a rough surface. Not all the paths were paved, but the others tended to be either cinder tracks or similar, still okay for bare feet.

She felt the warm breeze slipping around her bare skin. In her younger, pre-slave years, on holiday in warm climes, she had walked around in a bikini, but it was not the same as being nude. The breeze got to her other, most intimate places, sliding between her legs and over her nipples. The sun's rays were also still more than powerful enough to warm her body.

Xanxta had been equally hot, but more arid. The sea breeze here was nicer, gave a little more oxygen and moisture into the air. Leah would notice it when she was in pony harness, pulling a cart. She hadn't been put into harness yet since her arrival here, but she knew it was going to happen. She would still end up sweating like a pig, but breathing would be a little easier, which just meant that they could push her a little harder still.

They came to the steps which led in a gentle slope down to the beach. The panorama before Leah was lovely. The sand was golden, the sea a deep blue flecked with the white foam of the substantial breakers from the Atlantic Ocean, and the sky an even deeper blue without a cloud in sight. It did rain on the island, which kept it lush and green, but generally she understood it was seasonal, and she hadn't been here long enough yet to experience a rainy season. Sometimes there was also a thunderstorm at night, which if anything freshened the air for the following morning.

In terms of its climate and ecology, Leah reflected, New Island was a paradise. For the men here, of course, the availability of helpless, naked slave girls like herself made it even more wonderful. For the slave girls like herself ... well, she had made her choice, because of what she had been made into and because of the man who had made her into it, and the wonderful charms of the island itself certainly did make slavery easier to bear, even now when her bottom still throbbed like mad from the paddlings of the last two days.

But if that ongoing pain served to remind her of what she had endured today, it also was a relief that the worst of the torment was now over, at least until tomorrow. Not just relief, the reminder was also a little source of pride for her, in that she had taken it and endured it without disgracing herself. It was not

just internal: the black and blue state of her bare bottom was obvious to anybody who looked: they could see what she had gone through, and could also see that she was still quietly obeying orders.

Leah surveyed the beach. There were about a dozen people scattered about. Two men were near the foot of the steps; elsewhere, there were four or five couples, that is, a master and his slave, and elsewhere there were a couple of individual slave girls, evidently having been allowed a few hours off from their duties. All of the girls, like herself, were naked. One girl was sucking on the cock of her master, another was being fucked by hers. Such sights were not unusual anywhere on the island, of course: there were no restrictions on nudity or public sex acts anywhere on the island.

They reached the foot of the steps and stepped onto the beach itself. The sand was even warmer than the tarmac and felt delightful under Leah's feet and between her toes. She looked around. Being fucked in public was not something she enjoyed, but more to the point she felt that the geek kid might struggle to perform if he thought people were watching him. The far side of the beach, only a couple of minutes' walk, was pretty much deserted. She pointed in that direction and said to the kid, "how about over there, master?"

He nodded and set off, with Leah following on the end of her lead. As she passed by the two men who were sunning themselves, she saw them look the front of her body up and down. Leah was used to such candid ogling; she didn't like it much but it was part and parcel of her station. She walked by with her hands carefully at her sides, so that nothing was shielded from their view. As she passed, she felt their heads turn to follow her, and she heard the one say something to the other when they saw the state of her ass, though she couldn't make out the actual words.

'Yes, masters, I've been beaten,' she felt like saying, but of course it was not her place to speak. She felt their eyes on her heavily bruised bottom until she and the geek had moved well away from them.

They reached the far side of the beach and stopped. Now the kid hesitated, and Leah knew that she needed to take the initiative. She faced him, but with her eyes lowered to avoid him feeling the slightest challenge, and said quietly, "may I pleasure you, master?"

He half grunted, half choked an affirmative reply. Leah gently sat him down, then lay him down on the warm sand. She asked his permission to unclip her lead from her collar, since it might otherwise get in her way, and he nodded. She knew that her first task was to get him naked, get him to lose any self-consciousness about his cock and his body, but she also knew better than to rush it. She began by kissing him, his mouth, his face, his bare arms, whilst her soft hands ran over his frame, gently caressing him. Then, as he lay on his back, she moved her body over him, thankful that being on top prevented her having to put any weight on her ravaged bottom. She felt his hands begin to explore her body, not something enjoyable for her – it would be different if it was Adrian! – but a good sign of progress. She moved into a sort of sixty-nine position, allowing him to feel up the lower half of her body whilst she gently, almost playfully removed his shoes and socks. Now she turned around and worked her lips up his body, over the top of his clothes but lingering for long moments with her face in his crotch, then on up until they were face to face once more, and then she moved up still further to bring her breasts into his face. Many men liked that, she knew, and she felt his hot breath on her tits and then his tongue and mouth exploring them. Her hands continued to work, and were now stealthily undoing the buttons of his shirt until they were fully undone. Now came a bit that she knew would be painful for her. She couldn't get his shirt or shorts off while he was underneath her. She held him tight and rolled them both over so that she was now on her back, and suppressed as best she could a wince as her thrashed bottom came into contact with the sand. Her hands slipped his shirt off him whilst her lips kissed his now bare and skinny chest.

She worked from there for a little while, ignoring the chafing of her heavily bruised bum as they moved about, and then her hands were at the waistband of his shorts, undoing the zip, then lowering both his shorts and boxers in one go. With them off, she rolled the two of them over again so that she was back on top, which was less painful for her bottom but also allowed her to move better. Her hands found his cock and began to gently massage it, whilst her lips kissed his chest and licked his nipples. She kept her body within reach of his hands, which were now starting to feel her everywhere.

As she felt his cock begin to stiffen, she lowered her face into his crotch and took his manhood into her mouth. It wasn't a large cock, compared to either her owner or Adrian, and certainly not compared to the well-built Bill and Ben, and she reckoned that even when he reached full erection she would be able to take it fully in her mouth without any slightest gagging. She worked for some time and his cock

gradually swelled to full erection, but she was careful to keep things under control. Giving him a good time meant giving him a long, good time.

Also, she needed in due course to get his cock into her pussy. It had nothing to do with her pleasure: it was already evident that this coupling was not going to do anything much to satisfy her own carnal needs. Rather, it was expected of her. If Ben later found out that she had satisfied this boy purely with her mouth, and not led him to sample her more intimate treasure, she could get a thrashing, just for that little misdemeanour. But quite apart from the fact that any further punishment on her bottom right now was terrifying, her pride pushed her to not do anything less than her absolute everything. And then there was her need to repay him for his earlier act of mercy. It was now clear that he was new to all of this, almost certainly was still a virgin, and she needed to give him the experience that would help him to perhaps demand what he wanted next time he had a slave.

She worked him with her mouth for a while longer, slow and unhurried, but then it was time to move things on. Position was a problem: neither his erection or his cock itself looked strong enough for her to straddle him, but if she went underneath him the pain in her bottom would be intense and might distract her. She compromised and went side-on. She slipped his cock into her love channel and he began to thrust, amateurishly. She matched his thrusts with her own and guided him along, without ever saying anything.

He was getting near now. Leah did what she could to hold the moment off, to prolong his pleasure as much as she could, but he had reached his limits. As he grunted and groaned and his hands clutched her tight to him, she felt his hot jism spurt into her vagina.

After he had subsided, he stayed inside her for a little while, then extracted himself and lay back on the sand. "Wow," he said quietly.

Leah lay on her side, still avoiding going onto her bottom. "Was master satisfied?" she asked politely.

"Yeah, he sure was," he breathed.

Leah's curiosity got the better of her, although she was careful. "Was I your first slave conquest, master? I think you're new to the island?" She used the word 'conquest' deliberately, although it had been far from that.

"Yeah," he drawled again, and then added hastily, "not my first girl, of course, I've had lots."

Leah knew he was lying, but of course did not say so. She was sure he had been a virgin when they came to the beach. "So are you new to the island, master?" she asked, to steer the conversation to safer ground.

"Yeah, I arrived just a few days ago. What a place! I mean, the job's pretty crappy and the pay's worse, but you slave girls! I just can't believe it! I mean, there was me before I come out here, thinking I was just signing up for sun and sand, and then they tell me about the full set-up, and make me sign all sorts of things so that I can't ever tell anybody or else I'll get sued to bankruptcy and beyond, to say nuthin' about some nasty guys who'll find me and bust my kneecaps, and I'm thinkin', yeah yeah, this is all some big spoof, but I'll go along with it. And then I find there are naked girls walking the streets and you can goose 'em and have a feel and more and they can't complain, or don't complain, or whatever ... and then I come across that little stall with you in the town square ... I mean, I only packed my arrows because I thought there just might be a bar here with a dart board, and instead they win me a go with you!"

That was by far the biggest and longest utterance he had made. Leah understood that it was a release of tension after what had just happened.

"Arrows?" she asked.

"My darts," he clarified. He looked out to sea, where the surf was still lively. "Say, do you fancy a quick swim before I have to take you back?"

Leah said yes out of obedience, but in actual fact she did like the idea. The water was just nicely warm, it soothed her bruised bottom and cleansed her. She had been in the sea several times since coming here and swimming naked, once you got over the initial odd sensation, was actually quite pleasant. He, on the other hand, kept his boxers on. They swam for a while, then got back out. Leah pondered whether she should try to get him up for a second cumming, but she had drained him pretty thoroughly first time and doubted he was virile enough for a second go. A failure could sour his evening and knock his new confidence, so she decided against it. He rubbed himself dry with his t-shirt, and dressed. Leah had

nothing to dry herself with, but as she was not going to be dressed it didn't matter, and besides the warm evening air would soon dry her. He reattached her lead, and she led him back to her home. He watched as she, with his permission, took off her lead and instead attached the chain to her collar. She snapped the little padlock on and he took the liberty of testing it to make sure it was locked.

"Thank you for giving me the privilege of pleasuring you this evening, master," she said rather formally.

He grinned, his male ego fluffed up, as she had intended. "Thank you for an actual fuckin' good time," he replied. "Is your little stall in the square again tomorrow?"

"I believe so, master. It's not my decision."

"Well then, I'll make sure I come by when I knock off work and have my arrows with me," he said. "I'm sure I can win another night with you."

And get me another load of painful whacks on whatever part of my anatomy will be the target this time, Leah thought, but she just said, "thank you, master, that would be great. Good night!"

She watched him go, and then turned her attention to the tin of dog food and can opener that Ben had thoughtfully left within reach. Her water bowl, she noted, was full to the brim. She would rather the kid – she still didn't know his name, although 'master' was as much as the likes of her needed – did not see her eating her evening meal like a dog.

She ate her food, drank from the water bowl, applied the ice packs Ben had left to her bottom, and then curled up in a ball on the grass to go to sleep.

It was mid-afternoon the next day when the kid came into the town square. Leah noted that he had his darts in their little carry-case with him.

She had been strapped today to a St. Andrew's cross, arms spread above her head, legs also spread, each limb fully secure. Instead of one whipping machine, today there were two. The one was armed with a thin leather frond which, when activated, would swing horizontally at chest height and impact on her boobs. The other was a broader but thankfully very pliable strap which swung vertically and would hit her sex lips. When somebody got a high enough score with the darts and the system was activated, it randomised the strokes between the two targets, with (she had become aware) about 80% of the strokes going to her boobs, but not knowing which was going to get it was a torment in itself. The instruments of pain themselves were far less heavy than the paddle, but of course the target zones of her body were far more sensitive. Her boobs were by now well covered in thin red lines and her pussy lips were more than a little puffy and swollen. Both areas hurt. However, she was thankful beyond words for the respite for her bottom which still ached considerably.

She watched as he paid for his first round and began to line up his opening shot. He had winked at her and she had politely smiled back, though she didn't feel quite so positive. The thought of another night being fucked by him on the beach didn't bother her, but the number of strokes on her boobs and pussy that his scores would cause her were less appealing. Maybe he wouldn't have enough money for several goes, since he was being charged full price today. Or maybe he would get the maximum first time, and she would only get the twenty strokes. That was bad enough, but she wasn't likely to get away with much less.

She watched anxiously as the first dart flew into the board.

Chapter Thirteen - Two Weeks Later

On a deserted, small jetty in a rocky cove on the American coast, on the Florida peninsula some distance south of Miami, five people waited, four of them attractive young women and the fifth a nondescript male driver. They were all keeping their eyes out for the little boat that was due to arrive any time now. It was early afternoon and the sun was hot, though not unpleasant. Sunlight twinkled on the sea, sparkling like flies on a god. The blue sky was clear and the sea air pleasant. The sky and the sea contrasted with the rather dull, swampy landscape around them.

Cara Lewis alternated between looking out for the boat and studying the people around her. People always interested her, indeed everything in life interested her: she had a natural curiosity about anything and everything. The journey she and her inseparable friend Sophie Summers had experienced was fascinating enough, especially since neither of the British girls had ever been to America before. On arrival at Miami airport, the two of them, plus the other two girls, who were from the Czech Republic and had arrived shortly before them, had been met by a slightly seedy little man who ran a small airport transfer business. He had driven them down the highway towards Key Largo and then had turned off down the long dirt track that had led to this private and evidently rarely used little landing bay. They were not quite on the Atlantic coastline as such, because she could see the northern end of Key Largo some way across the water. She assumed that the protection from the ocean that the lagoon gave was one reason why this area was rocky rather than sandy beaches. She was also aware that the route the boat would take, once it picked them up, was something of a zig-zag, firstly needing to go north to get around Key Largo and then dodging islands large and small on their way to their destination.

Their destination was not something she wanted to think about too much right now, and she could tell that Sophie and the other two girls had similar feelings. To take her mind off that, she again studied them.

Sophie, of course, she knew very well. Like herself, Sophie was very sporty and had an athletic body but, whereas Cara was rather short and slightly stocky, Sophie was taller and almost willowy. Cara's hair was brown, whilst Sophie's was blonde, and Sophie's skin showed a few freckles, whilst Cara's complexion was completely clear. Sophie's light blue eyes gave her an innocent look, whilst Cara's green eyes made her look slightly more studious, her round face making her almost owlish. In Cara's own, not entirely flattering view, they were like the two girls in the Scooby Doo cartoons, Sophie being the glamorous one and she herself being the more boring and dowdy one. Cara perhaps looked a little bit more sophisticated and mature than Sophie, though actually she was only a few months older, both girls being eighteen and having just recently finished their A levels. The reality, though, was that both girls were innocent. They were not completely oblivious to the ways of the world and of men, they just hadn't had much personal experience of either.

Not yet, anyway. That was likely to change soon.

The two Czech girls were sisters, Hannah and Svetlana, though Hannah used the abbreviation Sveta when she introduced her sister. Hannah was eighteen and Sveta just coming up to twenty-two; Hannah, like Sophie and Cara, had just finished A levels and her sister had just completed her degree course. Sveta was light blonde and Hannah darker blonde, but they were similar height and both had very good figures. They were both very pretty, just like Sophie and, well, Cara couldn't see it herself but she had been told often enough that she was 'cute'. Of the two of them, Sophie had attracted more interest among boys on the rare occasions when they actually encountered them, as their school was girls only, but both had been focused far too much on their school work and their sports to really do anything more than a bit of light socialising with the opposite gender.

Hannah and Sveta's English was completely fluent, both having been to private school in England, and only the slightest sharpening of some of their pronunciation betrayed their Eastern European origins. Cara suspected that the two Czechs had a better command of the English language in many ways than either her or Sophie. Still, they were friendly enough. They hadn't said anything about where they were going, but then neither had Cara or Sophie. Beyond the fact that they were all going to the same place, it seemed a taboo topic, perhaps understandably.

A little exclamation from Hannah roused her from her thoughts. Hannah pointed out to the sea and to the north and they all followed her direction. The man peered and then confirmed with a grunt in a broad American accent that it was the boat they were waiting for, not that there seemed to be anything else on the water. As Cara understood it, this route in was a dead end, so it wasn't surprising.

As the boat grew nearer, she could see that it wasn't a big boat. She could make out a cabin at the rear, with two men crewing the boat, and a young woman sat in a section at the front where there were a couple of benches. Initially Cara thought, or perhaps more accurately assumed, that the young woman was wearing a bikini or something similar, but only when the boat got quite near did she realise that in fact the girl woman was actually stark naked.

The boat reached the small jetty and one of the men got out and tied it securely. The naked young woman, apparently oblivious to her nudity, stepped out and, followed by the man, came down the jetty to meet them. Studying her, Cara saw a very pretty face, the big eyes making her look cute and innocent. Her figure was petite but well shaped, her breasts not small but perfect size for her frame and very firm but clearly natural. Her body was toned and athletic and Cara did not miss the fact that her tan was all-over. Between her flat tummy and her mons, a little tuft of pubic hair grew, not really enough to hide her sex lips. The hair on her head was dark blonde, as was the pubic hair; it was in two pigtails, which added to the look of innocence. When the girl turned to speak to the man for a moment, Cara saw with envy that she had the most superb bubble butt. Cara's own rear, shaped by her sporting activities, was pretty good but this girl was something else. In fact, she was pretty sensational all round. The only thing that could qualify as clothing was a little black collar that she wore. On it was the single word "slave". Other than a single, small ring fashioned into the collar at the front, it was featureless and evidently quite comfortable. Her bare feet padded down the wooden jetty until she reached the group of five people.

"Hello, ladies," she said simply with a warm smile.

"You're English?" Cara asked. The accent was unmistakable.

"That's where I came from originally, yes," the girl replied easily. "My name is Slave Ellie. Can I ask each of you please to give me your letter of acceptance and your passport?"

Forewarned that this would be asked, the four girls had them ready and each handed them over. Ellie and the man checked each name on the acceptance letter with the passport and checked the photo in turn, and also against a list she had. Cara felt the man was less interested in her face and was more focused on looking her body up and down, and those of the other girls. The summer shorts and t-shirt that she wore were fine, but she felt the man undressing her and the others with his eyes, and not being too discreet about it either. It was very unsettling. Satisfied, Ellie handed the letters and passports back.

"All right girls, please listen carefully," she said in a voice which remained pleasant but was also clear and deliberate. "In a few moments time, you are going to be asked, or invited, to step onto the boat so that we can go to New Island. I know the situation was made clear to you when you were invited to come to the island and accepted those invitations, but I have been instructed to repeat it to you here and now.

"New Island, legally, is a dependency of The Island, and its laws in effect are authorised by The Island, which in turn is legally recognised, albeit reluctantly" – she allowed herself a little smile – "by the United Nations and other bodies. You might remember a political stand-off a few years ago where it turned out that The Island was protected, shall we say, by China and Russia by treaty. The point of all this is that once you set foot on New Island, you are fully subject to the laws there and are not protected by British, Czech, American or any other law.

"Furthermore, as I assume you are fully aware, your status on New Island will be that of slaves. Standard human rights will not apply to you. The treatment and privileges you have grown up to expect will not apply. You will be considered property in the same way as that boat is property and you will in many ways be treated in much the same way. You will not be allowed to leave New Island until the end of your prescribed period, which in all four cases is exactly one year from today's date. Communication home will be very limited and monitored and will only really be to reassure your parents and families that you are safe. You will be expected to obey without hesitation or limitation all orders given to you. To be clear, those orders will undoubtedly include your participation in sexual acts and you will be subject to and will frequently receive corporal punishment. Your owners may administer corporal punishment to you whenever they chose, you will have no right whatsoever of appeal and indeed they may chose to punish you not because you have done wrong but purely for their own entertainment and pleasure. Do you all understand all of this?"

She looked round. All four girls nodded soberly.

“Get used to one thing now,” Ellie went on, firmly but not unkindly. “When asked a question, do not just nod or shake your head. Speak, and speak clearly. Let me ask you again, so you all understand all of this?”

One by one, she looked at each of the four girls, who licked dry lips and answered “yes”. On impulse, Cara answered, “yes, Slave Ellie.” Ellie did not react either way to that.

“The authorities of New Island make just three undertakings to you,” Ellie went on. “I am obviously not in a position myself to be able to guarantee you that they will keep these promises, but I know these people and I can assure you that they do keep their promises. The first guarantee is that, at the end of today, if you are on New Island the full sum of the money they have agreed to pay will be transferred to your accounts. To this will later be added fifty per cent of the sums that are paid for you at auction. Hannah and Svetlana, I believe the money has already been paid to you.”

“Yes it has,” Hannah confirmed clearly. “In full,” she added. This was the money that had paid for her operation and rehabilitation. “In fact, they paid more than they had agreed. They were very generous.”

Ellie nodded. “That sounds in character for them. But remember, they are going to want complete control of you in return. They will look for their reward.”

“They’ll get it,” Svetlana stated firmly. Hannah added a similar comment, and then slightly to Cara’s surprise, Sophie spoke up as well, so Cara added her own confirmation.

“Good for you, all of you,” Ellie said. “Now, the second undertaking they make is that you will not suffer any lasting physical damage. You’ll certainly get marks from time to time, but absolutely nothing that will last. Obviously, those of you who are currently virgins will not be virgins by the end of your time, but that was made clear to begin with. At least, I hope it was.”

“It was,” Hannah confirmed quietly. The others nodded agreement, Sophie and Cara rather self-consciously.

“The third and final undertaking is that, when you come to the end of your terms, one year to the day from today, you will be allowed to return home, if that’s what you want to do by then.”

“But, between now and then, you have no rights, no rights at all. Forget all the ways in which you expect to be treated back home. It won’t be like that on New Island, not for you.” She let that sink in. “If you can’t accept that, the courier will take you back to Miami airport right now and will assist you in booking a flight home, at your own expense of course.” She eyeballed each girl in turn, and then spoke again, slowly and very clearly. “If you think this is going to be fun, forget it. This is not going to be a doddle. This is going to be tough, very tough, easily the toughest thing any of you have ever done or probably will ever do in your lives.”

None of them spoke. Silence fell.

At length, Svetlana said, “shall we get in the boat now?”

Hannah said, “Yes, let’s get on with it.”

Sophie said with quiet determination, “we’re not going home.”

Cara added, “no, we’re not.”

Ellie looked a little relieved. “Good,” she said. “At the back of the benches you will find four sealable document cases, one for each of you. You need to put your passports in there, your letters of acceptance, also your mobile phones, switched off first please, wristwatches, and any and all items of jewellery or body piercings that you have, without exception. Girls on the island do not wear those things. There will also be a label for your luggage. I’m pleased to see that you all obeyed the instruction to travel light.”

“Just the clothes we’re in, toiletries, one change of underwear and one best outfit, as instructed,” Cara confirmed, feeling that she should speak up more.

The four girls got into the boat, but Ellie didn’t. “Aren’t you coming with us?” Svetlana asked. Given Ellie’s nudity, Cara could not see how Ellie could be going anywhere else.

“I have to give the courier his bonus,” Ellie said quietly. “I’ll be about thirty minutes. Put your things into those document cases and wait for me. Oh, and you need to memorise your reference numbers.” She went to the seedy little courier man and the two of them walked off the jetty and into the sand dunes beyond the gravel turning circle where his car was parked. They were now out of sight.

The girls turned their attention to the document pouches. Cara noticed that hers had just her first name and the reference number L014. Sophie’s was L013 and Svetlana and Hannah L011 and L012 respectively. She followed Ellie’s instructions. She only had little ear studs and no other jewellery or

piercings – Sophie was the same – and she obediently took them out and put them in the case, in a little bank bag clearly put there for that purpose. Strangely, she felt a little less dressed without them. The girls sat down, Sophie next to Cara and the other two opposite them. Cara could feel the fear in Sophie and, although she didn't feel much better herself, put her arm around her life-long friend's shoulder. There was no conversation: other than introductions, there hadn't been any on the trip from the airport either. There was no rift between the two pairs of girls, it was just that nobody felt like chatting.

They waited. Without their watches or phones, it was hard to keep track of time. Eventually, Sophie asked, "what's taking them so long?"

"If you don't know what they're doing," Svetlana observed, "you're going to have quite a steep learning curve over the next few weeks."

Sophie bristled, which was unusual for her as she was normally quite easy-going. "I didn't say I didn't know what they're doing," she said with asperity. "I just wish they'd get it finished off so we can get on."

"I'm not sure I'd be in such a hurry to get where we're going," Svetlana replied soberly.

"We're going there anyway, so we might as well get it over with," Sophie retorted.

"A fair point," Svetlana conceded. Cara reflected that, had Svetlana been English, she would probably have said 'fair point' instead, but she had to admit that she was impressed by the fluency of the Czech girls, given that neither she nor Sophie could manage more than a few words of French and nothing in any other language. She realised that she was focusing on minor trivia to keep her mind off their immediate future.

Conversation died. The four girls sat on the benches, feeling the very slight up and down as the boat moved with the ebb and flow of the water. The two men, having previously looked the girls up and down, now ignored them as they fiddled in the driver's cabin.

At length, they saw Ellie walking back along to the jetty to the boat, Cara heard a car engine and saw the cab that had brought them here going back up the track. She realised with a little shock that they had crossed the Rubicon, although Ellie had in fairness been quite clear earlier as to the point when they had reached no return. Trying to distract herself from that thought, she studied Ellie as the girl climbed into the boat. Ellie seemed totally unperturbed, although she must have known that the eyes of all four girls (and perhaps the two men as well) were on her and that everybody had been speculating, no, had known what she had been doing.

Cara heard the engine rev and felt the boat begin to pull away from the jetty. Yet another point of no return had been passed. Her only way to avoid this fate now was to jump over the side and swim back to shore, leaving herself wet though and penniless in a foreign land, miles from anywhere. Soon, the boat would be sufficiently far from the shore that even that option would be gone. Cara forced herself to remain calm. This was going to happen. She had agreed to it, volunteered in fact to come with Sophie. She could not let her friend down now. It was just that the theory was one thing, reality was another. She looked around and wondered if the other girls all felt the same, and concluded that they did. Svetlana had put on a poker face, but fear showed in her eyes. Sophie and Hannah looked terrified. In one sense, Cara felt reassured that it was not just her feeling this way, but in another sense, it justified and therefore deepened her anxiety.

Again Cara tried to distract herself, listening to the soft phut-phuting of the engine, feeling the warmth of the sun, the soft sea breeze on her face and detecting the sway of the boat, which was slightly increasing as they moved further away from the shore. She never suffered from sea-sickness and knew that Sophie didn't either, and could only hope that the two Czech girls were the same. The churning she felt in the pit of her stomach was fear, not motion-induced.

She turned her attention to Ellie. The four new girls were sat together, almost huddled, right in the stern of the boat, perhaps instinctively as far away from the two men as they could get. Ellie was sat right at the other end, not aloof but not involved with them either. But, as she watched, Ellie got up and came and sat next to them, and called for their attention.

"I have a little information which might help ease your transition to slavery," Ellie said, though she sounded doubtful that it would. "The first thing you must understand is that your owner, whoever he may be, has total control over you. He decides what you do, where you go, what if any clothes you may wear, how your hair is cut – the hair on your head or your pubic hair – and who you have sex with. Every decision is his."

"Is that why your pubic hair is in that little tuft?" Svetlana asked, almost challengingly.

"No," Ellie replied, unfazed by the question. "It actually grows that way. But my owner could order it completely shaved if he wanted to, or for that matter shave it himself. It's his decision. My natural hair colour is darker, but my owner recently decided that I should dye it into this blonde style." Her fingers absent-mindedly ran down a curl. "I have to admit that I quite like it this way, but that doesn't matter: my point is that it is his decision. If he ordered me to shave my head completely, then that's what I would have to do."

She let that sink in. Cara found herself wondering what Sveta's pubic hair was like. Her own was in a neatly trimmed triangle, and thinned and cut back. She didn't know about Sophie's.

"You address your owner as 'master', unless of course he instructs you differently," Ellie went on. "Every other male citizen is also to be addressed as 'master' whilst the drones are 'sir'." She briefly explained what the drones were and how they were recognised. "There are a very small number of female citizens on the island, and they are addressed as 'mistress'. But there are only a couple of them. You address your fellow slaves as 'slave' at all times." She looked at Hannah and Svetlana. "Even if it is your sister," she added pointedly. Hannah and Svetlana accepted the point without demur.

"My full name, officially," Ellie went on, "is Slave Ellie 011, Property of Tom Jefferson. That's quite a mouthful, so Slave Ellie or just Slave will do. If my owner were to sell me to another man, the last part of my name would obviously change to that of my new owner." She looked at Sophie. "What's your reference number, Slave?"

"L013," Sophie responded quietly.

"So for now, your full name is Slave Sophie L013, State Property. Once you are sold, you'll be 'Property of' and whatever your owner's name is. Repeat your full name back to me."

"Slave Sophie L013, State Property," Sophie said, slowly and uncertainly. One by one, Ellie looked at the other girls.

"Slave Cara L014, State Property," Cara said, a slight tremor of fear in her voice.

"Slave Hannah L011, State Property," Hannah said, also hesitantly.

"Slave Svetlana L012, State Property," the oldest girl said, with just slightly more firmness in her voice, but not much.

"Good," Ellie said. "Try to not just use those names but think of yourselves by them."

Hannah asked, "how do we tell the female citizens from the slaves? And are there any male slaves?"

"The answer to the second question is no. There are male slaves in the place we originally came from, but none of them were brought to New Island when we moved here – or, more precisely in the case of the slaves like myself, when we were brought here. The Island, the other island to ours, has a strict rule that all women there are slaves and all men are masters. New Island mostly followed that line, but a couple of female citizens exist, either administrators or wives. They actually can't own slaves themselves by the laws here, but they do have the other rights that male citizens have." She didn't elaborate. "As to differentiation, most slaves wear collars like mine, but not all. However, although it isn't actually a law, just about every female slave on New Island is kept naked."

"So ... that will apply to us? Naked?" asked Sophie, very nervously.

"Yes," said Ellie shortly. "You get used to it. Well, some girls do. I've never quite fully adapted to it, even now, but I'm not given any choice."

They mulled that over, none of them looking very happy about it. Cara found herself reflecting on the fact that Ellie wasn't comfortable but still did it, and was open with them about that.

"It won't happen straight away," Ellie went on after she had allowed them time to digest it. "When we get to New Island, you will stay dressed, but be put in a cuffle chain so that your status is clear. Everybody on the island understands the rules about that, so you won't be ... pestered. I'll give you a little tour of the island, then take you to the civic centre for tonight, to a holding place there. Tomorrow ..." she looked around them, one by one, but she had their full attention already. "There's no easy way to tell you this. Tomorrow morning, you'll be required to put on your best outfits. You'll be led up onto the stage in the civic hall. There will be at least fifty men there, maybe a lot more. One by one, you will be required to come to the front of the stage, slowly strip naked and be auctioned, nude."

There was stunned silence. Even Svetlana had nothing to say. Cara saw that Sophie was fighting back tears, and she wasn't feeling too good herself.

"I'm sorry," said Ellie quietly. "I can't sugar-coat it for you. I could pretend it won't be as bad as it sounds, but I'd be lying. It will be the most traumatic and worst thing each of you has ever done in your lives, to date anyway. But what I must say, and you've got to listen to this, is that you absolutely have to do it, when and as you're told. If one of you baulks, trust me, you'll regret it. You'll be punished, severely, publicly, and then still made to do it. There's no evading it, and that's true of everything in your lives for the next year. There are no options. There is no 'oh, can't I do something else instead?' or 'oh, I'll do anything else but not that'. They order, you obey, no matter what it is. It's that simple. The only alternative is, they order, you refuse, they punish you severely, and then you obey, and trust me, you'll wish by then that you had obeyed in the first place." She looked round the group. "I did warn you before you got on the boat."

Her last sentence almost sounded like pleading for forgiveness. Cara actually felt sorry for her, even whilst she was still trying to process her own terrible fate. "You did warn us, no worries," she confirmed quietly. She couldn't bring herself to say anything else. Clearly none of the others wanted to speak, Ellie included.

Eventually, Svetlana asked, "did you have to do this when you started?"

"No," Ellie admitted. "I was brought into slavery by a different route, and I've never been sold on stage. But I would argue that my journey was equally traumatic in its own way, if over a longer period. It was also certainly a lot more painful, or at least if you do what you're told it will be less painful for you." She seemed to have got going again. "I also have to say, please don't think that the auction will be the last unpleasant thing you have to do. In some ways, it will only be the beginning. But it will be a watershed moment, one that you won't forget."

"I think that's for sure," said Svetlana grimly.

"I'm ... not sure I could do it," Sophie said in a small voice.

"Oh, you'll do it," Ellie replied, not without a little gentleness. "The only question is whether they have to thrash you into doing it or whether you manage to do it without that." She went on, "maybe some of you thought that you could just kneel down in front of a man, flick a switch in your head and become a slave. I'm afraid it doesn't work that way. You have to be ... broken in. It's as brutal as it sounds, but it is necessary. Every slave girl on New Island has been broken in, by one method or another. Looking back now, I accept that it had to be done to me, and I think most if not all other slave girls would agree. But it wasn't nice for me, and it won't be nice for you."

"Another thing, and perhaps the last thing because I think you've got more than enough to chew on for now," she continued. "It's not just your clothes that have to be stripped from you. Slaves are not allowed to have secrets. OK, if you have to please an ugly, fat old man, you don't let on what you think. But when you're asked something intimate, like if you fancy a particular man or you enjoy something that's happened to you, or if you're asked about your sexual history, then you don't hold back. You answer honestly and fully. It's required, but it's also actually best for you, though you might not think so at the time, just like you won't think that way when you're on the stage."

Everything went quiet. None of the four girls spoke, each wrapped up in their own dread of the forthcoming nightmare. They had all been under no illusion about what they had signed up for, but the reality was still very difficult to come to terms with. Ellie didn't seem to want to say any more, or had nothing else to say. After a while in strained silence, she got up and went and sat at the other end of the long bench. It was far enough away that the other girls could converse without her hearing, but none of them felt like speaking. Each of them felt alone with her own thoughts.

After a long, strained while, Cara got up and went and sat with Ellie. She thought the other girls might follow her, but they didn't. However, that was fine with her. She saw that Ellie had a slightly defensive, almost apologetic air. She felt that she needed to dispel that.

"Thank you for explaining things to us," she said. "I ... we ... appreciate you being candid. As you said, there's no point in sugar-coating things. We needed to know what's going to happen. And none of us blames you for it."

"I don't think the group of you have spoken since I left you to yourselves," Ellie pointed out gently.

Cara conceded the point. "All right, I'm just speaking for myself. But I've known Sophie since we were little kids and I can read her, and I'll bet you anything she feels the same way. And I didn't pick any bad vibes up from the other two."

Ellie smiled. "As a slave, I don't possess anything I can bet with," she said. "But thanks, anyway. You're right, I did feel bad having to give you the news." She regarded Cara. "So why did you sign up for this?"

"Sophie's dad got into heavy debt, and didn't realise that the people he owed money to were a front for organised crime, and a very nasty bunch at that. She needed to raise a lot of money quickly, and this was the only way to do it. And she couldn't raise enough by herself, so I said I'd come along as well to make up the difference and to support her."

Ellie was regarding her thoughtfully. "That's quite a sacrifice to make," she observed. "It's one thing for the other two girls, they're sisters. But for you ..."

Now it was Cara who felt defensive. "Sophie's been my best friend since we learnt to walk," she said. "No way would I not stand by her when she needs me."

Ellie didn't reply, but her big eyes continued to study Cara. Cara almost physically squirmed. She glanced towards the other three girls and seemed reassured that none of them were watching; they were all staring out to sea, lost in their own thoughts. For a moment, she seemed about to say something, then seemed to think better of it and stayed quiet.

"Slaves are not allowed secrets," Ellie prompted gently.

"Even from other slaves?" Cara shot back.

"It's best to be in the habit of being open," Ellie advised.

Cara capitulated. "All right. What I told you was absolutely true, and Sophie does need the extra money, her sacrifice alone wasn't going to be enough, and she is my best friend and I wouldn't let her down. But ... I'll admit that a little bit of me felt excited at the idea of all this. And it's one heck of a way to lose your cherry. Of course, that was back home. Now we're here, I've definitely changed my mind, oh God I've changed my mind, but I know it's too late." She eyed Ellie, pleadingly. "Please don't tell Sophie."

"You tell her," Ellie replied. "Maybe not tonight or tomorrow, you've both got enough on your plates right now. But sometime in the next few weeks."

"I might not even see her after tomorrow, if we get ... bought by different men," Cara said, stumbling over the word 'bought'.

"Oh you will, it's not that big an island, and the masters all allow their slaves out, even give them a little time off, though they're still slaves even then, of course. You'll even be allowed to meet up with her, at least once a week."

"Tomorrow," Cara ruminated. "I can't work out whether it's best to keep thinking about it and try to steel myself. Or try to forget and let it just happen."

"So long as you obey when the moment comes, it doesn't matter which," Ellie replied. "Probably best not to keep fixating on it, you'll have trouble enough sleeping tonight as it is. My advice would be not to think about it, but just keep running one word through your mind, again and again."

"What word?"

"Obey," Ellie said quietly.

Chapter Fourteen - Arrival

The American mainland gradually receded behind them, until it became tiny, then a speck, then hard to see at all, and then was gone, having dropped below the horizon. From time to time they saw glimpses of other, smaller land masses, but clearly not in the direction they were headed. They too came and went. The sea was calm, the waves just gently moved the boat up and down. Ellie said there were sea-sickness pills available if anybody wanted them, but nobody did. The sick feeling in the pits of their stomachs came from fear, not the motion of the water, and they knew the pills would not help. Other than the offer of the pills, Ellie had nothing else to say and none of the girls seemed to want to ask any more questions. They felt they already knew far more than they wanted to know.

And then, quite clearly ahead of them, another speck was glimpsed, and gradually grew. Hannah spotted it first, and pointed it out to them all, but nobody needed to ask the question of Ellie or the boatmen. They knew, somehow. This was their destination. The queasy feeling in their stomachs grew steadily greater. Cara felt like she wanted to throw up, and knew that she could do so over the side of the boat, but she didn't.

They began to make out gentle, low-level rolling hills, surprisingly green. They were to find later that the weather here was gorgeously sunny for most of the year, but there was a short rainy season which made the grass plush and healthy, and the occasional downpour at other times. Most of the coastline was rocky, but they could make out a couple of beaches and just about see figures there, although they were too far away to make out any detail. At least, too far away for Cara, who was slightly short-sighted. She didn't feel like asking Sophie or the others what extra they could see; didn't feel like speaking at all, in fact. The boat altered course slightly, skirting around to the right. Now villas could be seen, standing out proudly on the hills, some of them clear indications of a lot of wealth. Behind the beach, there was a denser collection of buildings, signifying the main settlement, the town. The boat changed course again and headed in towards the shore. Cara could make out, not exactly a harbour, but a couple of jetties, one small, the other larger. They came in to the smaller one; the larger one presumably accommodated supply ships. Cara presumed that most of the food and materials were imported. As were girls like herself.

The two men brought the boat into the jetty next to a set of steps and made it secure. They first helped Ellie go from the boat to the steps. One of the men had jumped across onto the step and took her hand, the other stayed in the boat and, without the slightest circumspection, "helped" her up by placing his hands on her naked bottom and partially lifting her up. If the naked girl was not happy about where he placed his hands, she gave no sign of it. Cara felt that she didn't want them helping her off the boat as well, but she remembered Ellie's words and told herself not to make a fuss. As the one man took her hand, quite gentlemanly, she felt the other place his hand on her bottom to help her up. She did her best to ignore it, but Sophie, who was next in line, said frostily to him, "I can manage, thank you."

The man looked at her and then gave an evil smile. "You're up for auction tomorrow, aren't you?" her asked.

Sophie didn't know what to say. Eventually, she managed, "I ... yes, I am."

"Well, we'll be coming along," her replied, his eyes holding hers. "We can't afford to buy you, or any of the girls, but we'll be there for the show. It's going to be a great show. Tell you what, when it's your turn on stage, why don't you dedicate your striptease to us? I'm Jack and he's Harry." He nodded towards the other man. "Say to everybody, 'I'd like to dedicate my striptease to Jack and Harry, I hope they enjoy it'. Think you can do that?"

"I ... I don't know," Sophie replied in confusion.

"I think you can, and I think you ought to," he said mildly, but there was an underlying tone in his voice that none of the girls missed.

"What's your name, girl?" the other man asked.

"Sophie. I ... that is ... Slave Sophie."

"Your full name?" he persisted.

Sophie took a breath. "Slave Sophie L013, State Property," she said, slowly and ashamedly.

"L013," he repeated, committing the reference number to memory. "Well, Slave Sophie L013, we'll hopefully see you at your first Drone Appreciation Day."

"I ... don't know what that is," Sophie said.

"Oh, you'll find out," he said casually, and offered her his hand once more to help her onto the steps. The other man pointedly did not put his hands on her bottom to help her up, but he did so with both Svetlana and Hannah. Svetlana tried, not entirely successfully, to look haughty and ignore it, Hannah shivered a little, but neither objected. There was a feeling in each of the girls that Sophie had made a mistake. It was dawning on Sophie herself as well, but there was nothing she could do about it now.

The five girls climbed the steps to the top of the jetty. There didn't seem to be anybody much around, and the two men remained in the boat, detached the mooring, and the boat departed. Cara felt the departure as another door closing behind them.

Ellie rounded on Sophie. "That wasn't very clever," she admonished.

"What was I supposed to do? I didn't need his help, he was just after a feel of my bum!"

"So?" The single word from Ellie completely stopped Sophie in her tracks.

"Should I just let him?" Sophie clearly meant this to sound defiant, but it came out too uncertain for that.

"Of course. And don't forget to say what he told you to say tomorrow when you're on the stage."

Sophie's jaw dropped. "I have to actually say that?" she asked incredulously.

"It would be strongly advisable," Ellie replied. "He has your reference number. He'll be able to look you up on the island computer system, find out where you live, who owns you and so on. I'm guessing they'll use it to find out when you're on duty on Drone Appreciation Day."

"Should I have refused to give him my number?" Sophie asked.

"Absolutely not. He's entitled to it. The best rule of thumb is to obey an order. The drones and workers know the limits of their entitlement and they are careful not to exceed them, because no way do they want to get kicked off the island. And if one of the rich men exceeds what they should do, well, there might be a bit of a barney between them and the slave's owner, maybe a quiet gift as an apology, and that's the end of it. And that's all between the masters, of course, nothing to do with the slave herself."

"And what the slave wants or doesn't want is irrelevant?" asked Hannah, a rare question from her.

"Totally and utterly irrelevant," Ellie confirmed. "You're standing on a plank of wood. Have you considered what the wood wants, or its feelings? We're not women, we're not citizens. We're property."

"What is Drone Appreciation Day?" Cara asked quietly, even though she had a strong feeling that she would be better off not knowing.

"As part of their reward system, and because they can't own slaves themselves, the drones are invited to the town hall every Saturday," Ellie said. "The island's slave girl owners send their girls there, half each Saturday by rotation, to entertain the drones. Those two are citizens, not drones, they live on the island permanently, but they're what we call citizen workers, not the sort who could afford to own slaves themselves, so they're included in the invitation." She looked around the four girls. "Do any of you want me to explain exactly what 'entertainment' means?"

None of them needed that. Sophie said, with the last embers of her hope and defiance, "maybe my owner will choose not to send me."

"He won't have a choice, it's mandatory," Ellie said. "It's sort of part of the taxation system here, or public service, or whatever you want to call it. "I think that, since you're new slaves, your owners probably won't have to for the first month or so, but they certainly will after that."

"And you have to do it as well?" Svetlana asked.

"Of course," Ellie said. "I was on duty last Saturday, so my next time is the Saturday after next." She led them off the jetty. "Now, let's see ... ah, here we are." There was a park seat, facing the sea, on which was some sort of leather and steel contraption and what looked like a couple of cardboard signs. "One good thing you get used to here is that there is no crime on New Island. The citizens don't want to risk being expelled from the island and the slaves don't dare do anything illegal. I left this stuff here before we set out and it's still here now. Nobody steals anything here. Can you all please line up, one in front of another."

Warily, the girls complied. As it happened, Cara found herself at the front. Ellie shook out the contraption, which appeared to be four leather dog collars connect to each other by lengths of chain, each length perhaps a metre long at most. She took the first collar and reached towards Cara's neck with it. Cara moved back instinctively. Ellie caught her eye and raised an eyebrow, and Cara reluctantly moved back within reach again. She felt Ellie wrap the collar around her neck and fasten it with a little snap lock. Then she moved behind Cara to Sophie, who was next in line, and put a collar on her, then Svetlana and

finally Hannah. The four girls were now chained together; Cara vaguely remembered from a history lesson about the old slave trade that this was called a coffle. She found her collar to be intimidating and worrying, but not uncomfortable. Ellie picked up the first of the placards and held it so that Cara and the girls behind her could read it. In large, neat marker pen, it said, “for sale” and then in slightly smaller letters “town hall, 11 am tomorrow” and below that, “please do not molest until after sale”.

There were two eyelets in the placard from which a length of string had been attached. Ellie passed this over Cara’s head so that the placard was hung from her neck, facing outwards. The second placard, which had the same wording, was hung from Hannah’s neck, but so that it rested on her back, facing behind her.

Cara did not like the message on the placard at all; even the bit about molesting made her nervous because of the last three words. But she told herself she had to keep remembering that she had no choice.

“Right,” said Ellie cheerfully, “let’s go. Remember, if you meet a master, or any man, show proper respect and submissiveness.” That was something else Cara didn’t like the sound of.

Ellie led them up a smooth road. The lush greenery, the clear blue sky and the deep blue sea all looked gorgeous, and the warm sun was delicious. Cara had to admit that the island was lovely. Had it not been for their status, it would be a paradise.

The road was obviously used to transport incoming goods and supplies to the settlement. Nobody was around, but then they turned a corner and saw a man on another of those park benches. He was reading a newspaper, but he was evidently aware of them because he neatly folded it away and watched them approach. Cara saw and sensed Ellie stiffen a little, and that made Cara herself nervous. As they drew level with the man, he made a casual gesture for them to stop. Ellie stopped immediately, and signalled for the line of girls to do the same. Cara decided straight away that she didn’t like the look of this man. He was middle-aged, nondescript in terms of looks and body, but well dressed and with an air of getting what he wanted.

“Hello, slave,” he drawled, addressing Ellie.

“Hello, master,” Ellie replied politely. Cara made a mental note, if called upon to speak, to remind herself to address him as ‘master’. It would be the first time she had used the term.

“What do we have here?” he asked Ellie lazily.

“Four new slaves, master, just arrived,” Ellie answered. “They’re being auctioned at the town hall tomorrow morning.”

“Yes, I saw the news of their arrival on the intranet. I’ll be there.” Cara realised with a sick feeling in her stomach that this meant he would see her strip herself naked. Her stomach took a further lurch with the thought that he might be the one to buy her. “Mostly virgins, aren’t they?” he asked.

“Yes, master, all but the third in the line,” Ellie replied. Cara felt her face go red as her privacy was casually tossed aside. She imagined that Sophie and Hannah were blushing too, but she didn’t dare turn around to look. She wondered fleetingly if Svetlana would be more, or less, embarrassed by being outed as not a virgin. She didn’t know.

“No touching the merchandise before the sale, eh?” he asked.

“If you don’t mind, master, those are my orders,” Ellie said carefully.

“Well, at least you’re available,” he said casually.

Cara, watching Ellie carefully, saw her adopt a poker face. “Yes, master,” she said evenly.

Still sat on the bench, he beckoned her towards her. Ellie approached without hesitation. He gestured for her to go over his lap. Ellie obeyed, her face as it happened being towards the four girls, the poker face still there.

He placed his one hand on her bare back to keep her in place and his other hand stroked her bottom, thighs and legs. Ellie made no slightest attempt to stop him. In fact, when his hand slipped between her thighs, Cara saw her open her legs a little to allow him access. Cara shivered. No man had ever come close to touching her there, but this time tomorrow she could be in the same position Ellie was in right now.

“Shall we show the girls how a good slave girl takes her medicine?” the man asked Ellie.

“Yes, master,” Ellie replied, as politely as if she was being offered a cucumber sandwich at an afternoon tea party.

The man lifted his big hand and brought it down hard on Ellie’s bare, upthrust bottom.

Cara almost jumped, and sensed Sophie flinch behind her. That was not a light, playful tap, it was a hard slap. It must have stung, but Ellie gave no reaction other than the slightest of twitches.

Another hard slap came, then another, and then the man settled into a rhythm. The four girls watched, stunned by the severity of this. It was clearly hurting Ellie, but she was restricting herself to little gasps and slight flinches. Cara was impressed by this show of fortitude and wondered if she would be able to cope if she were in Ellie's shoes, and then reflected with a little shock that she would doubtless find out within the next few days. It was yet another frightening thought.

The man slowed his spanking to the occasional slap, and then gave Ellie half a dozen hard and very fast slaps. Ellie wriggled and writhed a little but still did not resist. He did it again, six or eight slaps in very quick succession, definitely an even number because he would hit first one cheek and then the other. Again Ellie wriggled but offered no resistance.

Eventually he stopped. They could all see that Ellie's bottom was bright red; Cara imagined that it must be really stinging, but Ellie gave no sign. She was allowed to regain her feet and then said quietly, "thank you, master". Cara was amazed that she could be so polite after such treatment. She also noticed that there was a tell-tale bulge in the crotch of the man's trousers.

The man leaned back on the park bench so that the bulge became even more obvious. "Shall we show the new girls another aspect of slave girl duty?" he asked Ellie casually.

"Yes, master," said Ellie, and knelt down in front of him. Almost hypnotised, Cara watched Ellie unzip the man's flies and pull out his cock. It was the first one she herself had ever seen in the flesh.

My God, Cara thought, the girl's going to put it in her mouth. She watched, horrified, as Ellie first brought the thing up to her lips and kissed it reverently, then began to lick it, and then opened her soft lips and slipped it inside her mouth and began to suck avidly.

Cara had led a fairly sheltered life. She had heard of oral sex, but had more or less dismissed it as an urban myth. Apart from sounding rather unhygienic, why would a woman do something that was not only that demeaning, but also brought pleasure only to the man? Unless, of course, the woman was in the invidious position that Ellie was in, of having no choice in the matter. Once again Cara knew that one day before long she would be called upon to do the same vile act. She had no idea how to go about it, so it seemed advisable to watch Ellie to try to learn. At least one conundrum which had always puzzled her was now resolved: she had heard this thing described as a "blowjob", but Ellie was definitely sucking, not blowing.

Cara was of course unable to gauge how good Ellie was at this, but it was certainly having a pleasing effect on the man, who had leaned back onto the park bench with a glazed look of pleasure on his face. She also understood that it was desirous – from the man's point of view – to make the thing last as long as possible, so Ellie was clearly proceeding steadily, building him up gradually.

Eventually, the man said in a slightly strained voice, "that will do. Straddle me now."

Ellie obediently let his cock slide from her mouth. It emerged, glistening with her saliva. Cara was surprised to see how much larger it had grown: the perfunctory sex education she and Sophie had received at their all-girls school had included the idea of the male erection, but to actually see the change from a flaccid to an erect penis was a different thing. Ellie stood and placed her legs outside the man, who obligingly brought his thighs together, his rigid cock sticking up, and then she lowered herself down, reaching behind herself to guide the thing into her vagina. It disappeared as she lowered herself fully onto him. Then she began to rock backwards and forwards a little, and then began to lift herself up a little and then lower down once more, so that the root of his organ became sometimes momentarily visible. Cara watched with morbid fascination, and glanced beside her at one point to see Sophie, red-faced, doing the same. Further down the line of girls, she saw Svetlana watching with a carefully controlled expression and Hannah, mouth agape, looking stunned.

Cara watched the man bring his hands around Ellie's bare back. At first she thought he was caressing her, but then realised that he was gently pulling her closer to him so that he could bury his face in Ellie's firm young teenage breasts. Cara knew that many men had a thing about girls' boobs. Her own, which remained (for now) thankfully under cover, were a little larger and more spherical than Ellie's. Would she have to suffer the indignity in due course of a man burying his face in them? Yes, of course she would. Despite the warmth of the sun, Cara felt cold with fear.

The man's breathing was becoming louder and heavier. Ellie too was starting to breathe more audibly. Was she becoming aroused? Or was she faking it? Cara remembered Ellie lecturing them not to

fake things, but surely she was not becoming affected by this? The man was middle-aged, with a paunch, no looks to speak of and noticeably not doing anything for her pleasure, and she was teenage, very attractive and vivacious. Surely not? Or did it just happen, whether the female wanted it to or not? Cara wished she knew more about sex, though she had a sinking feeling she was going to find out a lot in the days and weeks ahead.

Then she saw the man say something to Ellie, who proceeded to disengage herself from him, kneel at his feet again and take his cock back into her mouth. He was breathing very heavily and clearly about to orgasm. With a sudden sick feeling, Cara realised that he was going to ejaculate in Ellie's mouth. Even as she realised that, she saw that it was happening, and there was a bulge in Ellie's cheek, and her Adam's Apple was going up and down. She was swallowing the vile stuff!

And then, as if her mind was not blown enough already, Cara watched as the man returned to calmness, and his penis came out of Ellie's mouth, the tip spattered with white goo that she correctly assumed to be semen, and she watched aghast as Ellie gently took the male member in her hand and began to softly, carefully lick it. She was cleaning him with her tongue! She worked slowly, methodically, until not a trace of white remained on his manhood.

At last, with a grunt, he stood up and put his cock away, zipping up his trousers. "You're quite a good little cocksucker," he told her, acting as if it was a compliment.

"Thank you, master," Ellie replied politely.

The man looked at the four ashen-faced girls who had watched the entire scene, seemed about to say something, then changed his mind and without any further comment, picked up his newspaper and walked away.

There was a water fountain nearby. Ellie went over to it and drank deeply. The four girls watched her, silently. "They actually treat us slaves quite well on New Island," she said conversationally. "We're allowed to use facilities like the water fountains just the same as citizens. It wasn't always like that back in ... back in the place where I was first enslaved."

None of the four girls replied. Cara noted that Ellie had not previously been conversational, except when she had a specific point to make or information to impart. She suspected that Ellie was talking now to hide her embarrassment, or perhaps to take the girls' minds off what they had just seen. Whichever it was, it wasn't working. Ellie realised this, and then said in a calm voice, "all right, you have questions, so ask them. Ask whatever you want: slaves shouldn't have secrets, least of all from other slaves."

"Did you have an orgasm when he was ... up you?" It was Svetlana who spoke, bluntly and directly.

"No," replied Ellie evenly, "but I was heading there. A piece of advice, girls: you're going to have a lot of sex here, so don't hold back from enjoying it when you can. Some men like to make a slave girl come, it makes them feel powerful and masculine. Others don't care one way or the other, they're just interested in their own pleasure. That master was of the second type: when he decided to swap back to my mouth, that's what he did, even though he knew I was close to the brink." She shrugged. "It's his prerogative, of course, and you'll find you don't worry about missing an orgasm, because another will come fairly soon. If I had come, he wouldn't have minded, as long as I remained committed to his pleasure first and foremost. Some masters will order you not to come until they do, so it becomes a simultaneous climax." She smiled slightly. "You have to really focus then, to make sure you don't slip and also to keep concentrating on pleasuring the man." She looked around, inviting the next question.

Hannah obliged. "Why did you lick him clean afterwards?"

"It's what slave girls are expected to do. It's been trained into me since I first became a slave. It's instinctive now. My slave sister, Leah, has a boy friend which our owner allows her, and when she makes love to him, she still licks him clean afterwards too. Like I said, it's instinctive now. But it's required of us anyway."

Svetlana looked as if she was going to make a comment, then decided against it. Instead, Sophie asked, "did the spanking hurt? It looked as if it did."

"Yes it did, and my bum's still singing to me now. You get used to enduring it. Some girls have higher pain thresholds than others: Leah can really take a beating, I struggle more to cope with it. But you learn to get by."

"Does this sort of thing happen often?" This came from Hannah.

"Pretty often, yes," Ellie replied with resignation. "If your owner sends you out naked for a few hours, it's more likely than not that you'll get molested somewhere along the way. They can in theory

give you a 'do not touch' note, which you show to any man who tries it on and it gets you off the hook, or they clip a little red bauble to your collar which is understood to have the same message, but they very rarely do." She smiled weakly. "It's considered unsporting," she explained. "A lot of owners do it with new girls, usually because they want to keep the new slave to themselves for a while, but nobody does it with experienced slaves. But sometimes all you get is a wandering hand or two or a couple of smacks. That was a more intense one. Actually," she added thoughtfully, "it's quite possible that my owner arranged this, letting that man know I'd be coming by, in order to give a demonstration to you."

"Isn't that very underhand of him?" Sophie asked.

"Not really," Ellie said. "He could just have easily ordered me to go to the man's house and invite him to do what he did. It's his right."

"What would have happened if you hadn't ... been co-operative?" Cara asked, choosing her words carefully.

"It would depend on the severity of my offence," replied Ellie candidly. "If I had actually refused a command, given that I am considered an experienced slave, it would probably be a public whipping. If I had just been less than completely committed to the task, then he would report me to my owner who would give me a thrashing. But more to the point, it would mean that I had let my master down and humiliated him in public. Knowing that would hurt me as much as the thrashing, although don't go thinking the thrashing would be gentle. My master loves me, but he won't hesitate to be firm if he needs to be."

"Wouldn't he listen to your side of the story first?"

"There wouldn't be any 'my side of the story'. If a citizen says I was unsatisfactory, that's the end of the matter. No slave would dare contradict a free person. But also, there's sort of an unspoken rule here. A man won't complain about a slave without reason. In some other places, cruel men can complain about a slave just because they want to see the slave take a beating, but not here."

"Other places?" Hannah asked. "Are there other places like this?"

"Well, there's the other island nearby for a start, and there are two other settlements in different parts of the world that I know about and have actually been to," Ellie said. "They're all much bigger than here in terms of population. There's probably smaller places that I don't know about as well."

"I didn't think this sort of thing was so widespread," Hannah said.

"People don't realise," Ellie agreed.

They moved on. The path they had taken was a sort of common, with a gorgeous view of the sea, and it eventually led to a road which had sporadic, expensive looking houses on it, each with commanding views. One of those, Ellie pointed out, was her own home, her master's house. He clearly was not short of a bob or two, Cara reflected. They turned around and followed the road back towards the main settlement. It was clearly expanding, as new properties were being built along the road. At present, although the settlement was described as the "town", it was barely large enough as yet to warrant the name.

Just before where the new houses were being built. Ellie diverted them to another path which led to a hillock. At the top of that was a sight that shocked the four new girls.

The device itself, Cara later discovered, was called a capstan. It consisted of a single large vertical spindle, made of heavy wood and set into the ground so that it could rotate. From it came three horizontal bars, again wooden beams. Pushing one or all of the bars caused the spindle to rotate which, thanks to a dynamo underneath the ground, generated a small amount of electricity, as Ellie explained. None of this itself was shocking: what stunned the girls was that there was a naked young woman chained to one of the three bars, pushing it, which was what was causing the contraption to turn.

She was in fact chained to the bar, which kept her arms at shoulder height, her palms on the bar so that she could push. She wore trainers, presumably to avoid blisters as she trudged round and round. She had a superb figure, lithe and athletic, her muscles not large but looking superbly toned and flexing as she moved in a way that reminded Cara of a panther or tiger. Her breasts, like Ellie's, were not overlarge but were firm, though clearly natural. Her skin gleamed, because she was covered in perspiration which dripped from her at every angle and ran down her flanks as well. Cara noted that there was a large water bottle strapped to the beam, from which a plastic straw led down to just beside her mouth, so that she

could drink from the bottle and avoid dehydration. A sports player herself, Cara noted that the people who ran the island might be cruel to the slave girls in their control, but they also took care of them. The trainers also supported that idea.

The girl was quite unaware of their presence, because the upper part of her head and face were covered with a batman-style mask that, whilst leaving her mouth and nose free, covered her eyes and ears. Her slightly longer than shoulder length hair, light brown in colour, protruded from a hole at the back of the cowl.

“The mask is absolutely impossible to see or hear through,” Ellie said, reading their thoughts. “All she is aware of, by feel, is the bar in front of her that she needs to keep pushing. This is Slave Leah, my slave sister. She’s on punishment duty.”

The word ‘punishment’ percolated through to Cara as she watched the girl trudge round, pushing the bar, which was evidently hard work. “What did she do wrong?” she asked.

“Arguably nothing,” Ellie replied. “It was our master’s birthday a few weeks ago and she arranged a little surprise for him. Well, quite a big surprise, actually, and a nice surprise for him, though I’m not allowed to go into the details. But she had to break quite a few slave rules to do it, so she had to be punished.”

“For doing something nice for her owner?” Hannah asked incredulously.

“For breaking slave rules to do it,” Ellie replied firmly. “I helped her do it, and I had to take my punishment for breaking the rules as well. We knew the score when we did it, and neither of us regrets doing it. Leah had the bulk of the punishment because she was the instigator and the main slave involved. It’s her last day of punishment today.” She changed the subject. “Now, have a look at that notice over there.”

The girls shuffled over to the notice, below which was hung a wooden stick from which a multitude of leather thongs came. They read the notice, It said: “To all persons who visit here, please give the slave three lashes each, on either her back or bottom, full strength.”

Ellie unhooked the thing. “This is a flogger,” she told them, fixing them with her eyes. “It’s designed to be used with a person’s full strength. It stings, but even at full strength it’s not as bad as a cane or a riding crop. You’ll see that the notice says ‘persons’, not ‘citizens’. We aren’t citizens but we are persons, so we have to do as the notice says.”

Her eyes bore into theirs. “I’ve received specific instructions on this, including bringing you here in the first place as part of your tour. I’m going to give Leah the three strokes from me, then I have to watch carefully as each of you takes her turn. If I think one of you has held back in the slightest, I am ordered to give Leah another three strokes myself and then make you start your strokes again. So, the kindest thing you can do for Leah is to hit her with every bit of strength you have, each time. You can have a couple of practice swings against that post first, to get the hang of it.”

She eyed the girls again. “I want you to understand that Leah and I love each other very dearly, at least as much as real sisters do and probably more so than most real sisters do,” she said earnestly. “However, I’m going to give her my three strokes full force. She would do the same for me, in fact she has done. We are slaves: obedience is massively important to us.”

“Why?” It was Sophie who asked the question.

“I said to you that the masters play fair with us,” replied Ellie. “If a master uses me, for example, as I said before, he won’t report back to my owner that I performed badly, unless I actually did. In many ways, my owner is very caring and considerate towards me, and other owners here on New Island are the same, more or less.” A slight smile flickered over her pretty face. “Of course, my owner is the best of all of them. I seriously mean that. Leah and I both have beautiful rooms, lovely beds, lots of nice things. We don’t get fed slops, we get the same really good food that master has. We’re allowed time off from our duties: we’re still slaves, of course, but we can go to the beach, or the gym, or for walks or whatever. Leah is even allowed a boy-friend, and she’s allowed to fuck him without having to ask Master’s permission every time. If I wanted, my master would allow me a boy friend as well.”

“He uses and abuses you,” Svetlana pointed out.

“He does,” Ellie agreed affably. “He took my freedom from me, and my body. I couldn’t stop him. But he could also have made my life a complete misery. Instead, life is sometimes hard for me but in many ways it’s a good life. I’m certainly not unhappy in my life, not at all. He didn’t have to show me that kindness, but he did. Same with Leah. So in return, Leah and I have both promised ourselves that we

will be good slaves. We honour him and we obey him. We don't just obey him when he's watching, we obey him at all times. We don't just obey the letter of his orders, we obey the spirit of them. He has shown trust in us, and we repay that by being trustworthy. I would much rather take a beating than disobey him in the slightest, and so would Leah."

"That's sort of noble," observed Cara. "Or crazy," she added, trying not to sound rude.

"Crazy? Probably," agreed Ellie affably. "Slavery, and I mean the complete full immersion job that Leah and I were dropped into, well, it changes your perspective. Things that are important to you four, or were before you came here and I suppose will be again when you leave, they just don't matter to Leah or me. But one thing that matters to all of us is self-esteem. Now, as a slave I am regularly embarrassed, humiliated or shamed. I'm not even allowed to cover my body, or choose whether or not to have sex with a man. What you would regard as fundamental rights are things I don't have. But I still need self-esteem. The only way I can get that is to be a good slave. I want my owner to always be proud of his property. I never want to let him down."

She fixed her gaze on them, almost defiantly. "And I love my master," she said quietly but with intense feeling.

Terminating the discussion at that point, Ellie turned back towards Leah who, completely oblivious to their presence, continued to trudge around her little circle, her muscles rippling smoothly beneath her sweat-gleaming skin as she pushed the bar. Cara watched a bead of sweat as it ran down from the side of Leah's bare torso, over her hip and down her shapely leg. Cara was an athlete herself and had seen many a shapely female athlete, but Leah's body was superb. Ellie let the flogger dangle, shaking it to straighten out the fronds, and then as Leah moved unknowingly past her, she swung it with all her might. It landed squarely on Leah's bare back with a "thwapp" sound. Leah grunted in surprise and pain, but carried on walking. Cara reflected that Leah had been pushing the thing for possibly hours, knowing that at some point the flogger would be used on her, but never knowing when until the moment it landed. Cruel anticipation, she reflected.

Ellie waited for Leah to come full circle, then swung the flogger again into Leah's back. As Leah walked past her, Cara saw that the girl's back was now red. The next time Leah passed Ellie, Ellie swung the flogger horizontally, whipping into Leah's beautifully toned bottom. That too showed red moments later.

And then Ellie turned and handed the flogger to Cara. "Slaves have to learn not to have to be told anything twice," she said meaningfully.

Cara nodded, taking the point on board. She took the flogger and shook it out as she had seen Ellie do. Now she turned to the side which, because of the chain which connected her to the other three girls, forced the others to follow her a little. She tried a couple of practice swings, getting used to the weight and feel of it, then positioned herself near to where Leah was moving around. At a gesture from Ellie, she moved back slightly to give herself room for the swing. Leah had no idea she was there, but there was a nervous tension evident in the girl's body. Leah was aware, as Cara (correctly) understood it, that she would get three slashes per passer-by, but she didn't know if Ellie was alone or had company – or for that matter if the person or persons around her were female or male.

Cara steeled herself, waited until Leah had passed her by and then swung the flogger with all her might.

Thwapp!

Cara's first feeling was one of relief, because the fronds landed just where they were intended to, squarely on Leah's bare back. She had been worried that she would miss, maybe even catch Leah in the face, but in fact the flogger was easy to use. Then her feelings turned to guilt as the red blotches on Leah's bronzed back turned a shade redder and the girl gasped again. Now Leah would know that there were at least two people present and therefore she would get at least two more strokes. The girl carried on pushing the bar, regardless. Cara noticed that Leah's tan was completely even, with no hint of strap or bikini lines; but then, if she was perpetually naked, there wouldn't be, Cara supposed.

Cara looked at Ellie, who nodded approval. Cara had faintly hoped that Ellie might tell her that she had hit Leah too hard, that she should tone it down, but she knew it has always been a forlorn hope. And Cara had absolutely no illusion that Ellie had meant every word of what she had said. Cara had already grown to like and respect Ellie: she appreciated the experienced slave's straight talking and very clear compassion towards their situation, and at the same time she admired Ellie's very clear determination and

courage. It made total sense to Cara that they should be guided by Ellie and do everything she advised, no matter what it was.

She just hoped Leah would see it the same way.

Leah was trudging round, coming to the point where Cara could take her second swing. Cara wondered if Leah knew when she had done a complete circle or not. Steeling herself, she did so, and landed another blow on Leah's back. The redness on the naked girl's skin deepened still further and there was another gasp, perhaps more controlled this time. One more, thought Cara. When Leah came round again, she swung once more, this time aiming for Leah's toned bottom to try to spread the load. Her aim was good, and Leah gasped once more, but continued walking and pushing the bar in front of her.

Wordlessly, Cara handed the flogger to Sophie. Not entirely without difficulty because of the chains which linked them together, she moved around so that Sophie now had a clear view of and swing at Leah.

Sophie was generally a little more reserved than Cara, but she was no less astute. She understood the score, just as Cara did. Sophie went for Leah's bottom and scythed the flogger into it three times, full force.

Sophie passed the flogger on to Svetlana and they shuffled round again to bring the older Czech sister to the fore. She lashed Leah's back three times, again with her full strength. Aside from little gasps, Leah did not react, nor complain or plead for mercy. She just kept on walking and pushing.

It was Hannah who let them down. Her first stroke, to Leah's back, was so timid that Leah would have barely felt it, had her back not been red and sore by now. Ellie, with a gesture of irritation, snatched the flogger from Hannah and lashed it three times with venom into Leah's bottom. Then she handed the flogger back to Hannah and said curtly, "please don't make me do that again."

Hannah got the message. Leah received another three on her back with pretty much Hannah's full strength.

The naked unfortunate carried on trudging round, pushing the bar before her. Her bare back and bottom were now vividly red, plus a few marks where stray fronds had caught her thighs. Her expression of determination had not changed, and apart from her gasps when the flogger hit, she had just carried on regardless.

Ellie took the flogger from Hannah and hooked it back onto the post. "Tomorrow is the last day of her punishment," she told the four girls. "It's just a half day, too. She comes home tomorrow afternoon."

Cara was tempted to ask more about it, but decided she was probably better off not knowing. The other girls evidently felt the same.

Leaving Leah trudging round her capstan, Ellie led the girls back down and headed towards the town centre.

Until now, they hadn't seen anybody about, apart from that one man earlier who had treated Ellie so badly, but now they did start to see people about, and they were shocked.

The first two people were a man and a naked slave girl. She was actually on a dog lead from a collar to a device in his hand; by pressing a button he could extend or shorten the lease, exactly as you would do with a dog. The girl was blonde, tanned and very attractive, and walking a few steps behind him in a very submissive way. As they watched, the man encountered another man who he clearly knew, and stopped to chat to him. At the slightest gesture from the man holding the lead, the girl moved close to the second man, who casually reached out a hand and fondled her chest, whilst all the time chatting to his friend. The girl accepted it passively. The two men concluded their brief chat and the first man walked away, the girl following him. As she walked past the second man, he gave her a meaty smack on her bare bottom. The girl jumped, but otherwise did not react.

Another man walked by, again accompanied by a naked slave girl, though not on a lead this time. This girl was black, again well shaped and pretty. Whilst the first girl had sported a thin Brazilian line of pubic hair, the black girl was fully shaven. As Ellie showed them around the small town, indicating where key things like shops were, they saw other girls from time to time, some accompanying men, others on their own. All were young, naked, shapely and attractive. A Japanese girl, as elfin as Ellie, hurried by. Her crotch was also shaven.

"It's a funny thing with Japanese girls," Ellie said conversationally. "Very few of them shave their pubic hair. They trim it, but nothing more than that, and of course they all have black hair so the pubic hair stands out. My master says that they do it to keep their sex lips hidden: they're usually naturally shy about their bodies, but for some cultural reason particularly shy about down there. When that girl, Keiko, was first enslaved, her master took her to the public plaza in Xanxta and shaved her in public. Apparently she nearly died of shame and embarrassment. Even now, every so often he lets her pubic hair grow and then shaves her in the town square. She copes with it a bit better now. We all do cope with things, after a while, but it's hard at first. You can't actually die of shame and embarrassment, but it feels like it at the time."

"Is that a message for us about tomorrow?" Cara asked.

"Yes," said Ellie shortly. She changed the subject. "It's actually better, when you're out on the streets, to have your master with you. You tend to get molested a bit less that way."

"It didn't help the blonde back there," Svetlana pointed out.

"I said 'a bit less', I didn't say 'not at all'," Ellie pointed out. "She's Swedish. I think, I don't know her other than by sight, but I heard her speaking and she has the accent, though her English is fine. Most of the girls here are Caucasian and native English speakers, in fact there's more British girls here than any other nationality, but there's a few other types. The masters do like variety."

"Why so many British?" Sophie asked.

"Let's just say that the supply lines there are stronger," Ellie replied. "They quite like American, Canadian and Australian too. It's an anti-colonial thing back in Xanxta, the authorities like to lord it over those they see as their former empire overlords, or rather their granddaughters and great-granddaughters."

"Xanxta?"

"It's one of the other slave places I mentioned earlier," Ellie said, suddenly a little more guarded. "It's where we all came from. I was enslaved and trained there, so was Leah and most of the other girls, and then a group of masters there decided they would start a new colony here. Fortunately," she added, "it was a group of the best, fairest masters. But don't ever fall into the trap of thinking they're soft, just because they can be kind when they choose to. Don't ever fall into that trap."

A few hours later, the five girls were sat around an alfresco dining table at an outdoor restaurant with lovely views of the sea, finishing off a very nice meal, but each girl was very quiet. They were all wrapped up in their own thoughts and anxieties and nobody wanted to talk. Ellie, wisely, had recognised this and was not trying to make conversation.

They had finished their tour of the little town and surrounding areas. As the town hall where they would be staying the night had only very limited catering, and as they were all very hungry after the day's travelling, Ellie had told them that New Island's authorities had given her permission to take them to one of the several very nice eateries, with the council picking up the tab. She pointed out that this was an example of how generous the authorities were, but it was left clearly implied that they would in due course extract their pound of flesh, and more, in recompense. Cara didn't doubt it.

The food was both plentiful and tasty and had been served by two almost naked slave girls who, according to Ellie, were owned by the restaurant owner. The girls wore little hats with the restaurant logo on them, tiny white aprons which didn't actually cover their pubes, and nothing else. Ellie pointed out that this would be the last time in a long while that the girls would be waited on, so they should make the most of it. They were placed at a separate table to the free men and citizens, and as a mild gesture to the apartheid system here, their table was bare of table clothes and accessories, but that didn't matter. At first, none of them thought they had much of an appetite, but when the food came they discovered how hungry they all were.

One little incident which had made Cara a little uneasy was right at the start of the meal, when Ellie had handed each of them a little pill to take with the meal. Hannah had looked at her dubiously and asked what it was. Svetlana had called her younger sister something in Czech which Cara later found out meant "naïve child" or words to that effect, and had then followed up with, "it's a contraceptive, dummy."

"It will be effective within twelve to fifteen hours, which should be more than enough," said Ellie, confirming Svetlana's statement. "You'll be given a permanent supply once you are at your new homes,

with instructions on when to take them and so on. Naturally they are high quality, the masters don't stint on such things."

Cara had taken her pill, but had found the incident slightly disturbing. It emphasised that she was now a woman, not a girl, but at the same time also reinforced the message that some things would happen to them which they had no control over. She had always known this, of course. One of the requirements of each of the girls before they had been accepted to come to the island was that they had been required to send letters from their doctors confirming they were free of sexually transmitted diseases, as well as, in Cara's case and presumably also Sophie's and Hannah's, confirming their virginity. Even though Cara's doctor was female, that had been a rather embarrassing appointment.

Now she watched the two slaves scurrying between tables, observing the men grope them from time to time and noting their lack of reaction to it. She was trying to come to terms with little facts such as the fact that this would be her last night dressed for a full year. It just wouldn't sink in. To have to go around naked all the time, in front of however many men happened to be around - and that, of course, after the dreadful auction. No man had ever seen her naked, or even skimpily dressed, up to now.

Then there was the sex. By tomorrow night, very possibly, even probably, she might no longer be a virgin. Cara hadn't been saving herself or anything like that, she just hadn't had any sort of relationship with a boy which came anywhere near that level of intimacy. Now it would all be out of her hands. She could only hope that whoever bought her and, presumably, used her, would understand that she had no idea of what to do, other than a strictly mechanical and more than slightly vague understanding of the procedure. It would be nice, in theory, to take pride in her lack of knowledge, but actually it felt a little embarrassing.

She would also, from tomorrow, be subject to corporal punishment at her new owner's whim. Cara knew that some men liked to spank girls, and she had witnessed Ellie's treatment at the hand of that man when they first arrived. Would she have to submit herself to things like that? Well, yes, without a doubt. Cara had never been physically chastised in her life but she was no softie and was sure she could take the pain. Whether she could take the embarrassment would be another question. But then, she wouldn't have the choice.

She continued to watch the two slave girl waitresses. That was the sort of role she expected to end up in. Sophie, with her blonde hair and cute face with just a few freckles and that superb body, was a stunning looker even if she never seemed to realise it. Svetlana was also lovely, and Hannah was very good-looking too, although Sophie was the pick of the three, something Cara sort of took pride in. But Cara herself, in her view, was nothing to write home about. She was too short; OK, she was about the same height as Ellie, but she lacked Ellie's elfin figure. She was a little stockier, and if plenty of sport had prevented her from being actually chubby, she certainly felt herself to be without a decent shape. Facially, she thought she resembled an owl, which was not a great look. Her humiliation at having to strip herself naked in public would be compounded by her fetching by far the lowest price and ending up working as a skivvy like these two girls (though both of them were quite good-looking in her view, but not in the league of Ellie or Sophie). Not that it would save her from things, she reflected as she watched a male customer run his hand over the one girl's fully exposed bottom. And no doubt the girls also had to satisfy the owner's own lust, as well as any customers who might fancy them.

Well, Cara vowed she would do it. Not that she had any choice, she had burned that boat when she set out from England, but she would not resist. It was going to be very hard, she knew, but she would get through it somehow. Sophie, she knew, had the same attitude. She could tell that her friend was as scared as she was, and Hannah and Svetlana were the same. Somehow it didn't make Cara feel any easier.

It was clear that Ellie did not find slave life easy, and yet she seemed settled in it. Cara had been thinking about this, and in the end asked the question directly to Ellie. "If you could leave slavery tomorrow, and go back to being a free person, would you?"

The other girls looked at Ellie, expecting her to say that she would. Only Cara was unsurprised when Ellie quietly replied, "no, I wouldn't."

"Why not?" Cara followed up.

Ellie marshalled her thoughts. "Firstly, I think I'm institutionalised now. I've been a slave for so long that I'm not sure I could transition back to freedom. You get used to things.

"Secondly, being made into a slave has made me a much better person. I used to be quite a wuss, and lazy and a bit self-centred as well. All of those things are gone now, and I feel so much better as a result. I

don't have anything like the pain threshold of my slave sister, Leah, but I can take a beating. I took quite a severe one a few weeks ago, and I'm proud of that. And it's like ... some things are a challenge, sometimes an unpleasant challenge, but I get through it and it makes me feel a bit better about myself. Like walking around naked: it doesn't bother a few girls at all, some get used to it, but for me it's still hard. But I manage it, and I'm sort of proud of that too. Of course, you can say that I don't have any choice, and you'd be right, but even so ... and just generally, I feel a better person. Leah says that before she was enslaved she was an absolute bitch, and she's certainly nothing like that now. Mind, I didn't know her before that, so maybe she over-states what she used to be like, but she was bitchy when she was first ... acquired, although that sort of does have an effect on you. Anyway, she's really nice now, and other girls do say similar things.

"But both of those are side issues. The most important thing of all is, I love my owner. I absolutely adore him. Serving him makes me feel so good inside. When he says he's pleased with me, it's like I'm floating on water. When he takes me to his bed, it's just wonderful. You'll find out that orgasms are great things, or at least I hope you will, but when he makes me come it's on a different level to when anybody else has me. But it's not just the sex. Look, this sounds soppy, but he took ownership of my body, whether I wanted that or not, and at the time I didn't, but I learnt differently; but I gave him my heart."

"Do you think he loves you?" Svetlana asked.

"I'm his sex slave, not his girl friend. The whole thing is different. It's all about Master's pleasure. If he takes Leah to his bed one night rather than me, then it doesn't matter as long as he is happy. It doesn't mean I wouldn't rather he pick me, but the important thing is him. So him owning two of us means he gets variety, and that adds to his pleasure. Plus, it keeps us on our toes."

She reflected. "He does love me, in his way. He loves *owning* me, which is slightly different. I know that because if he didn't, he'd sell me. He did sell me, once, and then decided he had made the wrong decision and bought me back again. The feeling I had when he re-purchased me was indescribable. Anyway, he does love owning me. But he also loves me, too, in his way."

She almost glared at the other four girls. "Talk about Stockholm Syndrome if you like," she said, slightly frostily. "I've actually looked into that and I don't think it's the situation here. Or just call me crazy, in which case call Leah crazy as well and I think quite a few other slave girls here. I don't care," she added defiantly.

There was a moment's quiet. It was Hannah who broke the awkward silence.

"I don't think you're crazy, Ellie," she said. "Slave Ellie, she corrected herself."

"Same here," agreed Sophie. "I don't really understand it, but it's your decision."

"You have nothing but my respect, Slave Ellie," said Svetlana quietly.

Cara didn't say anything. She just reached over and gave Ellie a hug. She hoped that got her message over, but she wasn't quite sure what her message was.

Chapter Fifteen - The Next Morning

The four girls sat in a small side room. Up a set of steps to the one side was the open entrance to the stage and the theatre hall. They could not actually see the audience, but they could hear the hubbub as the men were coming in and taking their seats. They did not know how many men there were, but there were a lot. They had come into this room by a door on the other side, but Cara had glanced out at the stage and seating when they arrived, before the audience started to file in. At a brief glance, there were well over a hundred seats.

They were all very scared. They had been waiting here for a little while, which certainly had not helped. There was nothing to do but sit and fret.

There was another girl in the room with them, an established slave who Cara heard one of the men calling Slave Lucy. Lucy was naked and sat apart from them, not standoffish but lost in her own thoughts. She was very attractive, with an equally nice body and shaved mons.

Trying to take her mind off what was to come, Cara had been running through everything they had seen and heard since they came to New Island. She now deeply regretted her rash, impulsive decision to accompany Sophie on this unique gap year. Whether it had been mock heroism or stupid romanticism, it didn't matter. On the other hand, Sophie looked if anything more petrified than she herself did, but there was nothing that Cara could do to save Sophie from what was about to happen, nor indeed to save herself. She felt just a little bit good about herself for supporting her best friend, and she remembered Ellie's words last night about slavery making a better person of you. Even so, she wished fervently right now that she had wished Sophie good luck with all this but had stayed well clear herself.

They had been given no breakfast, just some water and fruit juice to drink. Cara now realised how wise this had been: if she had eaten anything earlier, she would be throwing it up right now due to her nerves.

Sophie was sat right next to her, if anything looking even more nervous. Sophie leaned over and whispered, "Cas, I don't think I can do this."

"We don't have any choice," Cara replied, also in a whisper. "If we don't, they'll whip us and then we'll still have to."

"You really think they would whip us?" Sophie's voice betrayed her fear.

"Look around you, Soph. This isn't a fly-by-night operation. These people are serious and organised. That crowd of men out there is not going to accept missing out on what they've come to see." She suppressed a shudder at that thought. "And why wouldn't they whip us? We even signed to consent to physical punishment, remember?"

"Significant physical chastisement," Sophie said quietly, recalling the wording on the contract. "But surely no court would enforce ..."

"The court on The Island would, and we come under their jurisdiction. We were told all that before we signed up, too, and remember that we checked it out on the internet and it was all just as they said. Anyway, it doesn't matter. We're here right now, not in a courtroom. Ellie told me what they'd do. They would get guys from the audience, as many as needed, to hold us down, take our shoes and socks off and cane us on the soles of our feet. Ellie says that's very painful and it would hurt to walk for a week. And then we'd still have to do the strip show."

Sophie said nothing.

"And if we still refused, they'd start on other parts of our bodies."

Still Sophie said nothing.

"I don't think it would be a good idea to start our slave careers with a beating for disobedience, do you?" Cara added. Sophie shook her head slowly. "I don't like it any more than you," Cara went on. "But we've got to do it."

Sophie nodded, and they both lapsed into silence, tormented by their thoughts of what was shortly to come. Both also knew that their imminent ordeal was only the start of what was to come.

"Let's have you up on the stage now, slaves. Not you for the moment, Slave Lucy."

Cara almost jumped. A man had poked his head round the doorway leading to the stage, and had spoken to them. It was time! This was going to happen! Now! She exchanged a look of fear and shock with Sophie. Reluctantly, the two girls got to their feet, as did Svetlana and Hannah nearby. Lucy remained sat, staring wordlessly at the floor. The man lined the four of them up, Hannah first, then Cara,

then Sophie, and Svetlana bringing up the rear. Cara could see that Svetlana had wanted to go first, ahead of her younger sister, but it hadn't worked out that way. It brought home to her how helpless the four of them were.

The man gestured for them to precede him. The unhappy quartet shuffled through the door, up three stairs and out onto the stage. Bright lights assailed their eyes for a moment until their pupils adjusted. The spotlights were from high up, so they didn't prevent the girls from seeing the audience. Cara looked out on a sea of eager male faces. She went very red, feeling them already undressing her with their eyes. The thought that they knew what she would soon be required to do was extremely embarrassing.

Cara stared out miserably at all the men about to enjoy her abject humiliation and shame. There were so many of them! She couldn't focus to count but she thought it must be close on a hundred. All men, of course. No, wait: she saw Slave Ellie sitting on an aisle, naked, next to the end of a row. She was on a lead, held casually by the man sitting on the chair at the end of the aisle. That must, Cara realised, be her owner, the man she had spoken about last night. He was not bad looking; not good looking either, but in decent shape and very sure of himself. From what Ellie had told her, Ellie's owner already had two slaves, Ellie herself and Leah, and didn't want any more, so presumably he was just here to enjoy the show. There would be, she realised, quite a few other men here for that reason alone, but there would be others who would soon be bidding on her and the other girls. Well, the other girls, anyway. Cara did not expect many to be bidding for her. There would be loads of them bidding for her gorgeous friend Sophie, and plenty for Svetlana and Hannah too. Cara did not think she herself was pretty, or that she had a good shape. She expected to be bought as a slave for menial duties, or as a waitress, or even to clean out the slops. The men would bid good money for the lovely Sophie. She would be the personal sex slave of some rich man. Cara might just get bought by a man of modest means who couldn't afford better; but more likely she would be a drudgery slave, though she would still be naked, and used by the workers and drones as well as whoever owned her. Not a very nice fate, but she would try to be brave and accept it. Right now, however, she did not feel very brave.

Cara was wearing a neat business style outfit: a navy blue jacket, white blouse and, which was very rare for her, a skirt. Normally she wore leggings or jeans: she didn't feel she had the legs for skirts, either in terms of length of leg or shape, but she owned very few decent outfits at home and none of her trousers would go with this outfit. Also, when choosing it as the smart outfit she had been asked to bring, she had felt it would make her look less tomboyish and more feminine. She wished she had gone with something else now: she was very conscious of her legs on display, even though the skirt came down to almost her knees. She was in bare legs, as she owned no stockings and had decided against thick black leggings. Again she regretted it now. White socks and sensible but smart flat shoes completed the picture. The top button of her jacket she had left undone, aware that it wouldn't reveal anything. But soon, more buttons would have to come undone ...

The man who has ushered them up onto the stage now went to a microphone on a stand to the left of them as they faced the crowd. He took the microphone from the stand and switched it on. The girls watched him nervously.

"Willkommen, bien venue, welcome," he said drily. Cara, who liked musicals, understood the reference, but she did not feel like smiling. "I am your host, the master of ceremonies for today's little pageant." His hand directed the audience's attention to the line of girls. "Well, gentlemen, I hope you like our offering today ... four very pretty girls to be sold into slavery for a year. Yours to do whatever you like with. And most of them innocent and unsullied, because three of the four are virgins!"

Cara felt her face go bright red. It was not that being a virgin was anything to be ashamed of, it was the revealing of the intimate fact to so many men that made her embarrassed. She glanced around and saw the other girls react the same way.

The MC walked across the stage in front of them, chatting casually to the audience via the microphone. "So," he said, "we're going to have a little fun quiz to start the proceedings. Sorry, no prizes! The quiz is called, 'Spot The Slut!' Can you guess which of these four lovelies is the slut who sleeps around?" He looked meaningfully at the four cringing girls. "Now girls, no giving them any clues, even after they've voted!"

He stopped next to a mortified Hannah. "This is Slave Hannah. Hands up if you think she is the slut!"

A few hands went into the air, perhaps around a tenth of the men. The MC was right next to a cringing Hannah, speaking into the microphone but looking at her. "Hmm ... not many think you're the slut!"

He pointedly looked at Hannah, and she realised that an answer was required.

"N-no, master, not many."

He moved on to Cara, who just wanted the ground to open up and swallow her.

"This is Slave Cara. Hands up if you think she is the slut!"

Despite her embarrassment, Cara was actually curious to see how many thought it was her. She looked around the audience. A few hands were up, different to those who voted for Hannah, and a little more numerous.

"Hmm," said the MC directly to her, holding the microphone so it would pick up her reply. "A few more than the first girl, do you think?"

Cara couldn't believe it ... she had never been with a boy, never even had a proper boy friend ... and yet some of these men thought she slept around! But then ... possibly by tonight, or if not then soon after, her virginity would be gone!

And her clothes would be gone sooner still!

She knew he expected, no, required a response from her. She spoke hesitantly into the mike.

"Y-yes, master ... a few more than Hannah ... than Slave Hannah."

It was a slip of the tongue, but fortunately he either didn't notice or didn't bother about it. She breathed a huge sigh of relief as he moved on to Sophie. *Slave* Sophie, she corrected herself.

"How about this little corker then? This is Slave Sophie. Who votes for her?"

Quite a lot of hands were raised. Sophie had even less experience of boys than Cara. This wasn't fair at all, Cara thought ... but fairness had nothing to do with it.

He thrust the microphone into an embarrassed Sophie's face. "How many votes do you think you got, Slave?"

"M-m-more than the other two, master ..."

He smiled, acting for the audience. "Yes, I reckon so. You're in the lead!"

"Yes, master," Sophie agreed miserably.

The MC moved on to Svetlana, the last of the four. "Well then, how about Slave Svetlana here, the last of the four? Guess if you didn't vote for the others, she's the one you'll vote for!"

Quite a lot of hands raised, though notably less than for Sophie. "What do you think, Slave Svetlana?" he asked.

"Not – not as many as for Slave Sophie. Master." Svetlana's voice was no steadier than that of the younger girls.

The MC moved back to the side of the girls. "Well gentlemen, now to see who was right. Drum roll, please!"

A few of the audience entered the spirit of it by banging the arm rests of their chairs with their hands. Cara just wanted this to all be over with.

"Will the actual slut please take two steps forward!"

Cara watched Svetlana nerve herself as much as she could, and then take the required two steps forward. The MC spoke again. "Gentlemen, our slut is revealed. Well done all those of you who guessed it was Slave Svetlana!" There was a smattering of applause from part of the audience, aimed not at Svetlana but at those in the crowd who had got the quiz right.

The MC came close to Svetlana, again holding the microphone so that the audience can hear his conversation with her. "So, Slave Svetlana, our slut is revealed, and it's you!"

Svetlana went red, but there was nothing she could say except, "yes, master."

"So how many men have you had? Dozens?"

Cara could see Svetlana cringing. : "Only ... three, master."

"So each boy thought he was the only one while you were screwing two others at the same time?"

Svetlana's face was growing redder and redder. "No, master, it wasn't like that ... the first was a relationship for quite some time ... the other two were one-offs after the relationship ended ..."

The MC turned to face the audience. "So what do we think, gentlemen? Is she a nice girl, or is she a slut?"

Cara was taken aback by the avalanche of calls of “slut” and other crude comments that came from the male audience. She saw Svetlana wilting under them and sympathised. At least she herself did not have a sexual history to be exposed.

The MC spoke to Svetlana again. “Looks like the gentlemen have got you sized up!”

“Y-yes ... yes, master,” Svetlana managed, clearly deeply embarrassed. It was far from a promiscuous story, but having it brought out into public view must have been excruciating, Cara felt. Svetlana had been by some distance the most poised and self-confident of the four of them, and the ease with which she had been humiliated concerned Cara.

The MC addressed the audience again. “Well gentleman, before you get the chance to bid to own this slut, we have a little entertainment for you.” He turned towards the entrance to the waiting room from which the girls had emerged. “Slave Lucy, come on out!”

The naked slave girl who had been with them in the waiting room came out onto the stage. Lucy was in her mid-twenties, Cara guessed. She was very attractive, with light brown hair, a good body and a completely shaved pussy. Being shaved made it look more vulnerable and exposed. Lucy looked a little reluctant, or at least hesitant, but Cara noted that she made no slightest attempt to hide her nude charms from the male audience. As she moved into centre stage, the MC quietly indicated to Svetlana to step back into line and then for the group of four girls to move back close to the backdrop at the rear of the stage. Cara was grateful to be allowed to move out of the limelight, although she knew it was only temporary.

The MC positioned Lucy so that she was facing the audience. Cara noted that Lucy kept her shoulders back so that her breasts were thrust out. They were not particularly large breasts, but they were firm and well-shaped. Cara had noted as Lucy came past her that her nipples were hard. She now looked at the audience and saw with a shudder that they were all ogling Lucy. She knew that before long they would be ogling her, unless her body failed to interest them, which would be even worse.

The MC spoke. “So, Slave Lucy, you are here to be whipped. Tell the gentlemen what your crime is!”

“Having sex without my owner’s permission, master.”

Lucy’s voice was calm, clear and submissive. Cara reflected how bizarre this place was, that what should have been entirely Lucy’s prerogative was in fact an offence here. Various oohs and aahs and crude comments came from the audience, showing their disapproval of Lucy’s crime.

At a signal from the MC, two male assistants came onto the stage. One operated a remote control which caused a chain to descend from the ceiling. The other fixed leather bracelets to Lucy’s wrists, the girl holding her arms out without demur so that this could be done. The bracelets were then linked together, and then to the lower end of the chain. Now the man with the remote pressed another button, so that the chain began to rise. Slowly, Lucy’s arms were forced to rise until they were above her head. Then she was pulled up onto tiptoes, and then the chain rose still higher so that she was pulled completely off the floor. The bracelets were padded, which would prevent them cutting into the nude girl’s wrists, but even so it looked very uncomfortable. Lucy hung there, gently swinging slightly from side to side. The two male assistants stood, one in front of and one behind the hanging Lucy. Both of them now held long, snaking whips. Cara watched, horrified and terrified, scarcely able to breathe.

And then it began.

The man behind Lucy swung the whip. The long thin strand impacted on Lucy’s back with a little slapping sound that was immediately drowned out by Lucy’s squeal. She thrashed around, a long red line now evident from her right shoulder to her left hip. Then the other man lashed her front. Lucy squealed again, and she had barely assimilated this second stroke when the man behind her hit her again.

On and on it went. Sometimes, one man would hit her and then they would both pause whilst she wriggled and squealed, and only when her movement subsided would the next man swing his whip and give her the next stroke. Sometimes she was still writhing from one stroke when the next one came. Occasionally they would even strike simultaneously, causing the loudest shrieks from Lucy. Angry red lines were now covering her body, front and back. As she twisted and turned and writhed, she often turned round, so that Cara could see both front and back. Lucy’s eyes were wide, her cries continual, and yet never once did she ask for mercy. Her squeals were unintelligible, without actual meaning.

At long last, the two men desisted. Lucy hung from her bonds, sobbing and twitching. Cara felt herself go hot and cold. She glanced at the other three girls, who looked as shocked as she was. The

message they had been given was crystal clear, and was just as Ellie had said last night: these people were not to be messed with, not to be defied.

In maybe five or ten or fifteen minutes time, Cara knew that she would be called to the front of the stage and ordered to strip herself naked in front of this audience of over a hundred men. She would do it, plus whatever else they ordered her to do. She would not dare to not do so. She looked at Sophie and saw exactly the same thing in Sophie's eyes. They had absolutely no choice but to obey.

Lucy was lowered back down to the ground, still twitching and shuddering, her lovely nude body covered in long red lines. Tears could be seen rolling down her face. One of the assistants unchained her, but the two men had to hold her up to stop her from falling into a heap.

The MC addressed the audience. "Gentlemen, Lucy's owner, Mr Bruce Hancock, has kindly decided to make her available to you to fuck her in the foyer after the show!" There was applause and cheering. To Lucy, the MC said, "isn't that generous of your owner? You'll get all the sex you want, all in one go!"

"Yes, master," Lucy said in little more than a confused mumble. The two men half led, half carried her away.

And as Lucy left the auditorium, Cara felt the attention of the crowd turn back to her and the other three girls. "Here we go," she thought, terrified.

The MC stepped in again. "Well, now it's time for the main event, gentlemen, and we're starting with our slut, Svetlana. Come on, Svetlana, come right to the front of the stage with me where the gentlemen can take a good look!"

On legs that Cara could see were far from steady, Svetlana stepped forward. She was wearing a navy blue business suit, not severe, jacket and matching skirt to knee length, below which she had stockings and neat shoes. Under the jacket was a white blouse with the top button undone.

The MC made her walk up and down the front of the stage a few times, then remove the jacket and do the same again. Then he ordered her to take off the blouse, Svetlana had no choice but to obey, revealing a black lace bra. This time the walk up and down the front of the stage was not so easy for her. Next she was told to remove the skirt. When she did so, a matching black lace pair of panties emerged, and it turned out that the stockings were hold-ups. Another walk up and down the stage, several times, ensued, before she was ordered to remove the stockings and shoes. Now that she was down to just her bra and panties, she was ordered to speak into the microphone and tell the audience about herself.

"My name is Svetlana," she said in a voice which was slightly husky and not quite steady. "I am from the Czech Republic. I am here with my younger sister Hannah for a year. I am twenty-one and have just finished my degree in political science at university." She hesitated, and was prompted by the MC, who said something the microphone did not pick up. "You ... already know my sexual history," Svetlana said, her voice noticeably less steady now. "I ... have a little experience in pleasing men ... not too much but I can learn. I ..." her voice nearly cracked. "I look forward to serving whichever man buys me."

"May we have the first bids?" invited the MC.

A few bids came in. The currency was U.S dollars. The MC instructed Svetlana to walk up and down the front of the stage in her underwear, and more bids came in. Then he made her stand facing the audience and take her bra off. Cara, watching from behind her, could not see Svetlana's face, but she could see the tension in the young woman's body. Svetlana had to parade up and down a few more times as more bids came in. The price was now up to ten thousand dollars, Then Svetlana was ordered to take her panties off. She hesitated for a moment, then did it. Following instructions, she put her hands on her head, facing the audience. Her price grew to fifteen thousand dollars, and rose still further as she was ordered to slowly turn around so that her back – and more relevantly, her bottom – was towards the audience. As she turned to face the other girls, Cara saw the expression of misery on her face.

"Spread your legs," she heard the MC order Svetlana. "Wider," he added as she shuffled her feet slightly apart. She obeyed, her feet now about shoulder width apart. "Bend over and touch your toes," the MC ordered. "Keep your knees straight."

Cara's jaw dropped. That was about as embarrassing a position as was possible for a woman to adopt. She saw Svetlana hesitate again, then obey, her bottom now high in the air and, although Cara could not see from her position, she knew that Svetlana's vulva would be fully on show. There was a cheer from the audience. Cara could not imagine how Sveta felt right now. The bids rose again, passing the twenty thousand mark. The price has reached twenty-four thousand when the poor girl was allowed to straighten up and face the crowd once more, her face now beetroot red.

One of the other men now brought a simple wooden chair and placed it at the front of the stage, Svetlana was ordered to sit on it, and did so. The price had stalled at twenty-four thousand and Cara thought that was it. Then she heard the MC speak to Svetlana again.

“Open your legs, wide.”

The gasp of shock came from Sophie, who was stood next to Cara, watching with the same mute horror as Cara herself. Svetlana reluctantly spread her knees apart, but the MC ordered her to go wider, and then wider again. Now Svetlana was giving a complete view of her pussy. Cara reflected in dismay that she had been wrong: there was a more embarrassing position than the bent over one. She could only imagine how Svetlana was feeling right now.

The bidding perked up again. It reached twenty-eight thousand, and then crept up to twenty-nine thousand. The MC pleaded for thirty thousand, but it did not come.

“Sold for twenty-nine thousand pounds!” cried the MC.

There was applause from the audience, not, Cara realised, for Svetlana but for the man who had bought her. When that died down, she was allowed, now naked and barefoot, to rejoin the line of girls. She avoided eye contact with any of them, including her sister.

“And now,” the MC declared into the mike, “can we have Slave Sophie to the front of the stage!”

“Don’t forget what they did to Lucy,” Cara whispered to her best friend. Sophie gave the barest of nods to show that she had heard as she stepped forward, her face fixed in a determined if unhappy look. She was dressed, as Sophie was always dressed except at school, in sporting mode, with trainers, a pair of tight-fitting jogging bottoms which accentuated her lithe figure, and a sweatshirt that hugged her top and again showed off her athletic build, particularly her slim waist and neat hips. If Sophie possessed any non-sporty outfits, Cara had never seen her in them. That said, the outfit showed her figure off perfectly, albeit without any intention by Sophie herself. She was as always quite unconscious of how good she looked.

The ritual for Sophie followed the same pattern as that for Svetlana, and Cara correctly assumed, with considerable trepidation, that all four of them would go through the same process. Sophie was made to remove her trainers and socks and parade up and down the front of the stage barefoot. Then she was summoned to centre front of the stage and ordered to remove her top. She did so, revealing a smart but not particularly frilly or fancy bra. Now she had to parade again, and then remove the leggings. The shape of her superb legs and bum were already evident anyway, and the panties she wore were not too revealing. This, of course, did not prevent her from already being acutely self-conscious. The MC gestured for her to speak into the microphone. Her voice, to Cara who knew her well, indicated that she was fighting a battle between determination and shame, and the former was just about, but only just about, staying on top.

“My name is Slave Sophie,” she said carefully into the microphone. “I’m just turned eighteen and I’m also here for a year. My best friend has come here to undergo this with me and I can never, never thank her enough for that.” Cara, taken aback, felt the warmth of her friend’s affection, although she was still dreading her own turn. Sophie pressed on. “I ... I’ve never had a real boy friend, so I don’t have any experience of sex at all, and I ... I’m a virgin. But ... I’ll do my best to please.” She paused, gathering her mental strength. “I’ve been asked to ... to dedicate my stripping to Jack and Harry. They brought us in to the island yesterday. I ... I’m not certain if they are here?”

“Yes we are!” came a shout from near the back of the audience.

Cara could see Sophie wilt as she heard the call. She tried to look for the two men, but couldn’t see them among a sea of faces. Meanwhile Sophie somehow summoned the last dregs of her dignity. “Well,” she struggled, and then got the words out, “I hope you ... enjoy the show.” Without waiting to be told by the MC, she stepped to the side of the microphone so that it did not obscure the view, slowly did a 360 degree turn, and then began to parade slowly backwards and forwards across the stage.”

The MC belatedly called for bids, and there was a frenzy of them. The price quickly rose to twenty thousand, which was double what Svetlana had attracted by that stage. The MC called her back to the centre and made her take her bra off and then parade again, now very red-faced, and the bids continued. Then she was made to take the panties off as well and parade once more. Her price was now up to the middle of the thirty thousands. When the MC stopped her the next time, she didn’t need to be told. Sophie turned her back to the crowd, spread her legs and bent over, The chair was brought out and, again without

needing to be told, she sat on it and spread her legs once more, Cara saw glimpses of Sophie's face and saw the deepness of the blushes. The bidding finally closed out at thirty-six thousand.

Sophie was allowed to get up from the chair. Cara saw her friend look longingly towards her clothes, but they had been gathered up and put into a bag; clearly she was not going to be getting them back in a hurry. Dismissed, she walked back to the line of girls, but rather than stand in line next to Cara, she hugged her best friend, seeking solace.

Cara had little that she could say or do. "Was it bad?" she asked sympathetically.

"God, it was awful," Sophie said with feeling. "The chair ... it was all terrible, but the chair was the worst." She tried to pull herself together a little as it occurred to her that Cara would be next. "Just do what they tell you," she advised. "Don't try to spare yourself anything. You won't be allowed to anyway."

"At least the bidding won't be long on me," Cara said. "I'll be lucky to reach five hundred."

Sophie opened her mouth to disagree, but the voice of the MC cut in. "Slave Cara!" he called.

Cara gave Sophie one last hurried hug and then walked on very unsteady legs to the front of the stage. Her head was spinning and she felt as if she was about to faint.

She stopped at the front of the stage. The sea of leering male faces was so much closer now, and she knew she was very much the centre of attention. She was already acutely aware of every imperfection of her body and looks, real or imagined. She wished she was taller! Or maybe elfin like Ellie. Most of all, she wished she wasn't here right now. She stared, like a rabbit caught in headlights, at the sea of men, feeling all of their eyes on her. Those looking up at her from the front row were less than two metres away from her. Something caught her eye and she realised it was the fact that a couple of them had bulges in the crotch of their trousers. That would be from Sophie's performance. In fact, one man had his hand down the front of his trousers and was openly playing with himself. Cara was horrified, but nobody else seemed even remotely bothered.

Remember Lucy, she told herself, and do what they tell you, no matter how bad it is. Oh God, it's going to be very bad. It was already very bad, and she was still fully clothed.

"All right, girl," said the MC, loudly enough that the mike would pick it up. "Let's have those shoes and socks off."

In something of a daze, Cara used her fight toot to lever off her left shoe, then reversed the operation. Lifting her left foot up, she slipped her left sock off, then again repeated it with the right sock. Her nerves made her nearly lose balance, but she righted herself in time. Now she stood trembling. There was no great issue in exposing her feet to the gaze of the audience, but the fact that she had started on the process of stripping was another nail in the inevitability of her coffin.

"Walkies," ordered the MC drily.

Cara was already at the front of the stage. Now she turned to her right and walked along the front of the stage, trying to move in as elegant a way as she could. It was not easy; she could feel the male eyes on her. Reaching the end of the stage, she turned and walked back to the centre and across to the far side, then turned and came back to the centre again.

The MC stopped her. "Jacket off," he ordered.

Cara slipped the jacket off and it joined her shoes and socks on the floor. At a gesture from the MC, she resumed her walk. She was still quite properly dressed, although she knew they could see her figure and the outline of her boobs better without the jacket. Another circuit, to the right end of the stage, then across to the left end, then back to the centre. And this time, as the MC stopped her again, she knew she was about to be ordered to take something significant off.

"Next item off," the MC said, ensuring that the mike picked his words up. "You choose."

Oh God, that was cruel, making her choose. Cara's mind raced. She didn't think her legs were very good, they were shapely but just not long enough; on the other hand, she knew the blouse was quite long, so taking the skirt off meant the blouse would still cover quite a bit. Taking the blouse off would completely expose her bra-clad boobs. Cara hesitated, then unzipped the skirt and let it fall to the ground. It was only a temporary reprieve, of course, because the blouse would be coming off soon as sure as night follows day, but right now any short-term postponement of the inevitable was a blessing.

The MC gestured for her to do the walk again. Already red-faced, Cara set off. To the left (as viewed from the audience) end of the stage, then turn and walk the whole length of the stage to the right wing, then back to the centre. As she came back to the centre, dread clutched Cara's heart.

“Blouse off,” said the MC.

Cara tried not to hesitate, but her fingers fumbled with the buttons. One by one, they came undone. She was facing the audience, and knew that the men in the more central seats would be able to see her bra and cleavage now. The last button came undone. With a mental effort, Cara slipped the blouses off her shoulders and allowed it to fall off her. The sleeves were wide, so it did so easily. She stood facing the crowd of men in just her bra and panties. The intimacy of it was just awful, and she knew she had not yet reached the nadir.

“So,” said the MC, thrusting the microphone into her face, “tell us about yourself.”

After this had happened to Svetlana, Cara had quickly rehearsed a speech, but it was hard to speak. “I’m Slave Cara,” she managed. “I’m eighteen. Slave Sophie is my best friend and always will be.” She had decided, after Sophie’s comment about her, that she needed to acknowledge her friend. “She’s the beauty and I’m just a toad, but I promise to do whatever I can to please whoever ...” she struggled with the phrase “... buys me. I ... I’m also a virgin with no experience, but ... I will try my hardest to learn quickly how to please.” Her voice cracked on the last bit with embarrassment, but it was done now.

“Opening bids, please, gentlemen,” said the MC, removing the microphone from Cara’s face. She nerved herself for the utter humiliation of the bidding topping out at less than a thousand, after Svetlana’s twenty-eight thousand - was it? – and Sophie’s thirty-six thousand.

“Five hundred,” came a voice from the crowd. At least she had attracted a bid! It would have been even worse to be standing there and have no man bidding for her.

“Six hundred.”

“Seven.”

“Eight hundred.”

“One thousand!”

“Twelve hundred.”

“Fifteen hundred.”

“Two thousand!”

The humiliation of hearing men bid on her was awful, but it was better than not being bid on. The bids seemed to be coming from all over. Cara listened, red-faced, as they went up and up, levelling off at eight thousand.

“Walkies,” said the MC again.

Trying to walk in an elegant, feminine way, but acutely aware of all the male eyes on her underwear-clad form, Cara did the circuit again. The bidding rose to nine thousand. It was dreadful, but as she approached the centre at the end of it, the feelings of dread intensified. She was about to be ordered to take one of her two remaining garments off.

But instead, the MC asked her a question. “So, Slave, what do you think is the best part of your body?” He put the microphone to her mouth again.

Cara hesitated. “I ... I don’t know, sir. Master,” she corrected herself. Was she supposed to call him sir or master? Right now, she couldn’t think.

There was a sharp crack of a sound, which made her jump, and a sudden sting in her behind. Belatedly, Cara realised that he had slapped her on her near-bare bottom, very hard. The sting intensified, and her face blazed red. She fought down the natural instinct to slap him, and managed to stay still.

“When asked a question,” he said silkily, “a slave is expected to answer. Try again.” The microphone came into her face again.

“My ... my breasts, master.” It was an easy decision, but not so easy to say. Certainly not in front of so many men!

“Breasts are a selection of turkey or chicken meat,” he said. “Use a proper word.”

Cara did not want to be publicly slapped again. “My tits, master,” she said, and knew with sickening certainty what he would say next.

“Let’s see them, then.”

This was it. Cara reached behind her back and undid the clasp of her bra. Holding the cups to her chest with one hand, she slid the one shoulder strap down her arm and eased herself out of it, then swapped the hand holding the cups and repeated the operation with the other strap. Now she stood, miserably staring out at the sea of eager male faces, holding the cups to her boobs.

She couldn’t do it!

She HAD to do it!

No choice. None at all.

Cara closed her eyes and prepared to do it.

“Open your eyes, girl!” The MC snapped. “Look at the men who are bidding on you!”

In total misery, Cara opened her eyes and stared out at the crowd of men. She took a deep breath, and let the cups fall away. As they fell to the ground, she forced herself to keep her arms by her sides.

There was an appreciative murmur from the crowd, which made her face go even more red.

“Shoulders back! Stick those tits out!”

Totally lost to shame now, Cara obeyed.

“Ten thousand!”

“Eleven thousand!”

“Twelve thousand!”

“Fifteen thousand!”

Cara felt as if she was a piece of meat in a butcher’s shop. She knew that her boobs were her best asset: they were round and firm, definitely larger than Sophie’s, or Svetlana’s come to that. Hard to judge about Hannah, who was still dressed. Right now, though, Cara wished she was flat-chested.

“Walkies!” ordered the MC.

In abject humiliation, Cara set off. Somehow she kept her shoulders back, her hands at her sides, exposing herself still further. As she did her circuit, the price rose to twenty-three thousand. She was aware that there were now just two bidders going against each other.

She returned to the centre. She had just one piece of clothing remaining, one small vestige of privacy.

The MC simply clicked his fingers. The message was unmistakeable.

Get them off.

Cerys pushed her thumbs into the waistband of her panties, hesitated for a moment as she built up her courage, and then firmly pushed them down. She leaned forwards slightly to reach further down, her firm, spherical boobs barely moving, until her knickers were below her knees, from where they dropped to around her ankles. She stood straight again, stepped out of them, and face the sea of men once more, her face blazing even redder.

She always kept her pussy hair thinned out and neatly trimmed into a little triangle. That very neatness was now embarrassing.

The one bidder came back with a new bid of twenty-four thousand, and the other countered with twenty-five thousand. There were no further bids.

“Walkies,” ordered the MC.

Like this? It was inconceivable! But it had to be done. Somehow Cara managed to put one foot in front of the other, and then again, until she somehow walked to the one end of the stage, then turned and walked – naked! She could not believe it – across to the other side, and then back to the middle.

There was nothing else for her to take off, but there were two more dread things she was going to have to do.

“Turn round, spread legs, bend over.”

It was monstrous, a complete invasion of the tattered remnants of her modesty. But it was an order. She knew of course that it was designed to humiliate and shame more than anything else. Cara turned and spread her legs to just further than the width of her shoulders and then, locking her knees straight, took the plunge and bent over.

She tried not to think about what they could all see, but she couldn’t help it.

No more bids came.

The MC left her there for long moments, then ordered her to straighten up and turn round. Facing the men after the way she had just exposed herself was a fresh torment. Cara’s face blazed red.

And then, leaving her alone to face the horde of men, the MC went to the side of the stage and returned with the simple wooden chair. He placed it, right at the front and centre of the stage.

“Take a seat,” he invited.

Moving almost like an automaton now, Cara obeyed, inwardly shuddering at the imminent final humiliation. She sat down, her knees together, and waited for the command.

“Spread your legs.”

Cara opened her legs, then spread them wide. Her virginal entrance was totally exposed. Without needing to be told, she put her hands on her head, keeping her elbows and shoulders back to thrust her boobs out. Nothing, ever in her life, had ever come even remotely close to the humiliation of this moment.

“Twenty-six thousand”, came a slightly reluctant call.

“Twenty-seven thousand,” came the reply after a few moments.

“Thirty thousand,” came a new, authoritative voice.

By pure co-incidence, Cara’s eyes, desperately flitting around to avoid making eye contact with any of the men whilst still obeying the injunction to look at the audience, had happened to be on Ellie and her owner at that moment, and she saw him raise his hand and heard his bid. Ellie, she saw, looked at him in shock and stunned surprise.

There was silence from the other two bidders.

“Any more bids?” asked the MC. Cara realised that she was on the verge of being sold. Her nakedness, her terribly exposed pose which was on the verge of obscenity, and this realisation that somebody was about to *buy* her, all combined in a tsunami of shame. She just wanted this to be over now, more than anything.

“Any more bids?” repeated the MC. There were none, so he added, “sold for thirty thousand.”

There was some muted applause from the audience, as there had been with Svetlana and Sophie. Cara knew that it was not applause for her but for the man who had bought her. The MC gestured for her to stand up, and she did so unsteadily, standing facing the audience, naked, shamed, embarrassed and humiliated beyond anything she could ever have imagined. In a daze, she turned, showing her bare bum to the crowd of men, and walked slowly back to join the equally naked Svetlana and Sophie and the trembling Hannah.

“A bit more than five hundred,” Sophie whispered softly to her.

Only now did it occur to Cara that she had sold for thirty thousand, and that was two thousand more than the quite lovely Svetlana. But she couldn’t process it, couldn’t process any of it. She just burned with shame. Her clothes, meanwhile, had been scooped up and put into a bag. She was naked, and had nothing to wear.

“Slave Hannah!”

Hannah stepped forwards, and was put through the same process as the other three girls. Cara couldn’t focus on it, couldn’t focus on anything. Her mind was just reliving the awful memory of her own sale. Had she been paying attention, she would have seen that Hannah tried to be proud, to show herself off, but couldn’t quite manage it and was openly crying long before the end. She sold for thirty thousand, the same price as Cara. As a fourth naked, sold slave, she joined the other three stunned girls at the rear of the stage.

Chapter Sixteen - A Sold Slave

The girls were ushered off the stage, back into the waiting room. Cara felt an immense relief to be away from all the male eyes, but it was short-lived as they were led out of that room and into a foyer. Many of the former audience were now coming into the foyer, milling around. The naked girls huddled self-consciously together but were mindful of the earlier instruction not to actually cover themselves up. Or at least, they were once Sophie had been reminded by a stinging slap to her bare behind from one of the men guarding or guiding them (depending on your point of view).

In one section of the foyer, Lucy was bent over a waist-high bench, her knuckles white as her hands clasped the bar low down the other side of the bench. Her cane-marked bottom was thrust into the air, but was largely obscured by a man with his trousers around his ankles who was brutally fucking her. Lucy was gasping and grunting and having to work hard to hold her position, and no doubt the forceful thrusting of the man was aggravating her cane weals. To the side of them was a queue of about five men awaiting their turn, some already with their dicks out, massaging them. Cara reflected that such displays would be thoroughly illegal back home, but not here.

The four girls were marshalled by two male officials into a corner, all of them very conscious of their nudity and shying away from the men who were now so close to them. A man approached the officials; Cara recognised him as the man who had bought Svetlana. The officials also knew this, and obviously knew who he was. One of them stepped forward and handed him a large manila envelope.

"Mr Harris, your invoice is inside, along with the ownership documents," he said.

"Thank you," the man called Harris replied politely. To Svetlana, he said sharply, "come here, girl." Svetlana shuffled apprehensively forward. The man reached out and took her chin in one hand, turning her head thoughtfully, then he looked casually down her unclad figure.

"I'm sure she will turn out to be a satisfactory purchase," one of the officials said unctuously.

"I'm sure she will," replied the man absent-mindedly. "What did you say your name was, girl?"

"Svet ... Slave Svetlana, master," she said, correcting herself just in time.

"Hmm. I think Slutlana would be a better name, don't you?"

Svetlana reddened. "Yes, master," she whispered.

"Do you want us to change to that name on the records?" the official asked.

Harris pondered. "Yes, I think so," he replied. He handed them a business card. "Please send everything to this address." Then to Svetlana: "Slave Slutlana, I will give you a moment or two to say goodbye to your sister and your fellow slaves."

"Thank you, master," the girl now known as Slave Slutlana managed. She nodded to Sophie and Cara and then hugged her equally naked younger sister very tightly. "Slave Hannah, be good and do what you're told," she said, clearly the best and only advice she could give.

"I will, Slave Slutlana," Hannah replied carefully, aware that it would be a punishable offence to now call her sister Svetlana any longer. "You too," she added. They finished their embrace and Hannah watched in clear dismay as her sister was led away by her new owner.

Moments later, another man came and collected Hannah, who left, looking very frightened. Sophie and Cara huddled together. Then Ellie's owner appeared, with the naked Ellie behind him on her lead. Ellie looked shocked and unhappy, and Cara guessed that it had nothing to do with her being naked in public.

"Ah, Mister Jefferson," the senior of the two officials said. "I have your documents here." He handed the man another manila envelope. Cara realised that the envelope contained the confirmation that she was now owned by this man, and the documents of ownership of her. It was a very sobering thought.

"Thank you," Jefferson replied. His voice was friendly, towards the officials at least, but it was a voice of quiet authority. "Do you have a spare collar and lead?"

"One moment, I'm sure we can find one," said the official. He nodded to the other official who hurried off. "Nice tits on the girl you bought, if I may say so," he said conversationally, to pass the time while they waited.

Cara blushed furiously. To be so casually assessed! She desperately wanted to cover her boobs up, but fought the impulse, knowing it would get her into trouble. She felt like a common tart, though, leaving them on show.

"Indeed," said Jefferson, but his eyes were on Sophie's nude figure. His undisguised appraisal of her made her squirm with embarrassment, but she too didn't dare shield herself. "Is this your friend, Slave Cara?" asked Jefferson.

"Yes, master," Cara said, almost in a croak from nerves. It was the first time he had spoken to her, and the first time she had spoken in reply.

"She has a good body," Jefferson commented, apparently unaware of the huge embarrassment his words were causing Sophie. "Good bum too as I recall. Turn round, girl." Miserably, Sophie obeyed, displaying her shapely, taut rear. "Yes, very good," Jefferson confirmed. "You're both sporty girls?"

"Yes, master," Cara said, and Sophie managed the same as she turned round to face him once more.

"Are you ogling my property, Tom Jefferson, you old lecher?"

The voice came from a man who had just joined them. Cara looked at him. He was younger than Jefferson, quite good looking in a rakish way, whereas Jefferson was more distinguished looking, but both men shared an aura of power and confidence.

"I certainly am, Kelvin," replied Jefferson easily. "I thought I saw you bidding for her. You've got a good eye for female flesh." Sophie's blush went even deeper.

"You too," the man called Kelvin replied, looking at Cara and causing her too to go even redder. "Yours has some very nice curves." Cara was almost pleased by the left-handed compliment. Truthfully, she still couldn't believe she had gone for such a high price. Sophie had sold for more, obviously, and rightly too in Cara's view, but she was almost ... she struggled in her head for the right word ... pleased with her own price. But being casually looked over in the nude like this was still extremely humiliating.

At that point, the second official returned with a collar and lead. Cara stood still whilst the collar was put around her neck. It felt strange, though light and not uncomfortable, but very symbolic, especially when the lead was clipped on and the other end handed to her new owner.

"They're close friends, so I suggest that we keep in touch and allow them some contact," Tom Jefferson said to the other man. Cara was heartened but the kindness, slight though it might be.

"Fine with me," Kelvin replied.

"Well, we must be going," Jefferson said, and then turned to Cara. "You can say goodbye to your friend."

"Thank you, master," Cara managed, and hugged Sophie tightly. Sophie responded likewise. Cara could feel the fear in her best friend and didn't doubt that Sophie could feel her own tension. "Good luck, Soph," she said quietly. "Do what they tell you."

"You too," Sophie replied. "I'll see you soon." Cara couldn't help but wonder how they would have changed by the next time they met. Tears in her eyes, she separated from her best friend.

With a nod to the officials and the man called Kelvin. Tom Jefferson turned and walked away, still holding Cara's lead, as well as Ellie's. It was not too short a lead, but Cara hurried to follow him before the lead went taut. She didn't want to have to be pulled along.

The Civic Centre and Theatre was close to the centre of the little town. Tom Jefferson led them out towards the common they had been shown around yesterday. Cara couldn't get her head around the fact that she was walking through the town stark naked. Men passed her by and looked at her, without making the slightest attempt to disguise their interest. It was embarrassing, but also disconcerting. It wasn't just that she was nude: back home, she would occasionally be aware of a man eyeing her, but they were always discreet, furtive even. Here, they were openly ogling her.

There were other girls around, some on leads like herself or dutifully following a men, some solo. All were as naked as she herself was, and equally leered at by the men as they passed. Yesterday she had seen naked girls like this and had been shocked. Today, she was one of them.

Ellie got appraised as well, but Cara was sure that this was not the cause of her building tension. The elfin girl was struggling to contain herself. Jefferson led them to the common, from which there was a lovely view of the sea, as Cara had noted yesterday, but right now she didn't notice it. There was another of the park benches, and he went and sat on it, wrapping the two leads around the arm rest. There was enough slack in the leads that the two girls could stand straight by the side of the bench. Clearly sitting was out of the question. Jefferson ignored them, admiring the sea view.

Ellie could contain herself no longer. "Master, may I ask a question?" she said.

"No, I don't think so," Jefferson replied with studied casualness.

"Master, please!" burst from Ellie.

Still with that same air of studied indifference, Jefferson raised an eyebrow and looked at her. Ellie quailed under his gaze, even though he was so relaxed.

"Correct me if I'm wrong," he said easily, "but I thought I had answered that question once."

Ellie almost shrivelled. "Sorry, master," she said in little more than a whisper. "You are correct."

Jefferson unwrapped Ellie's lead from the bench. "There is a set of correction tools for public use over by the fence," he said to her. "Go and find a suitable one."

"Yes, master," Ellie said, quietly and submissively. She hurried off. The fence was some way away.

Jefferson turned to Cara. "Do you know the question she wanted to ask?"

"I think so, master," said Cara. She was finding that just speaking to this man, who now 'owned' her, was nerve-wracking.

"Well?"

"She's frightened that you intend to sell her, now that you've bought me."

"Well done," he said, and his voice did not have a hint of condescension in it. "Quite correct. And tell me, do you think that is my intention?"

Cara reflected. She was already getting the firm impression that Jefferson wanted honest, well thought out answers to his questions, not the first thing that came into her mind or anything said just to please him, and certainly not a simple 'don't know' if it could be avoided. Still, her reply was careful. "I don't know, master, because I don't know you, but I don't think so."

"Why don't you think so?"

"Firstly, master, because Ellie is gorgeous, far more attractive than I am. Secondly, because she absolutely adores and worships you, as I'm sure you know, and that must be nice for a man. And thirdly because buying me doesn't mean you have to get rid of her." She wondered for a moment if she had spoken too freely: she told herself she needed to remember that this man could have her whipped at the drop of a hat. But he seemed unruffled.

"A good answer," he replied easily, and then regarded her thoughtfully, looking up and down her bare body. Cara kept her arms by her sides only with an effort. "That said, with reference to your first point, you yourself are far from unattractive."

Cara blushed, something she had been doing a lot of in the past few hours. To be naked and openly ogled like this was hard to get used to. And yet, the compliment he had just paid her was appreciated, though it didn't make standing nude for him much easier.

At this point, Ellie returned, holding a riding crop. Jefferson held his hand out for it and she handed it to him. "Turn around, bend over and grab your ankles," he instructed. Without hesitation, she turned her back to him, spread her legs slightly for balance, locked her knees straight, and bent over, her hands seeking a grasping her ankles. Her bubble butt now thrust out into the air, and the spread of her legs and doubled over position meant that her vulva was fully revealed. She waited, and Cara could see a slight trembling in her shapely legs. A couple of passers-by paused to watch.

Tom Jefferson carefully measured his stroke. "Count and thank me," he instructed. Then he brought the crop scything into the proffered bottom.

Thhwwapp!

There was a sharp intake of breath from Ellie.

"One, thank you, master," she said in a fragile voice.

Thhwwapp!

Another little intake of breath, but she did not move. "Two, thank you, master."

"There will be six," he informed her.

"Yes master, thank you master," she said politely.

Thhwwapp!

The gasp was louder this time, but still she did not break position. "Three, thank you, master."

Thhwwapp!

Another gasp. "Four, thank you, master." Her voice quavered just slightly. Cara could see two or three deep red lines starting to appear from the earlier strokes/

Thhwwapp!

“F-five, thank you, master.”

Thhwwapp!

“Ahhh! Six, thank you, master.”

Jefferson lowered the crop, but left Ellie in that same bent-over position. Cara could see five deep red lines on the girl’s superb little bottom. As she watched, the sixth began to appear and deepen in hue, to match the other five. They looked very painful, as indeed they were.

“Stand up and turn round,” Jefferson ordered.

Ellie did so. Her eyes were red and a couple of tears were rolling down her pretty face, but she remained composed.

“That was half for asking twice, and half for asking in the first place,” Jefferson told her. “You should know full well that I have no intention of selling you. I bought this little strumpet” – he gestured towards Cara – “because I thought it would be interesting and amusing to develop her from novice to slave. It has no bearing on you. Do you think you have a right to decide how many slaves I own?”

“No, master, of course not,” said Ellie hurriedly, and she then added, “sorry, master.”

“I’ve half a mind to give you another six just for being such a silly little bint.”

Cara saw Ellie steel herself, ready for the instruction to bend over again. Her “yes, master” somehow indicated that she totally accepted that she would deserve it. But instead, he handed the crop back to her. “Go and put this back where you found it.”

“Yes, master, thank you, master.” Ellie took the crop and hurried off, six very vivid red lines clear on her bare bottom.

“Something you should know,” Jefferson said to Cara. Cara tore her eyes away from the freshly wealed bottom to give him her full attention. “There are sets of implements dotted around the island, for citizens to use when needed,” he told her. “The list of implements in each one is standard and I know exactly what is there. The riding crop, when wielded with vigour, is just about the most painful of them. Properly handled, it can be worse than a cane. All of those instruments would hurt, but the crop is the worst. Ellie knew that before she picked it. She was also under no pressure from me to pick a painful implement, and she knew that too. And those weals will last several days, and Ellie hates appearing in public with a wealed bottom, because it implies she has not been a good and dutiful slave. And unlike Slave Lucy, who probably actually enjoyed that whipping she got on the stage today, Ellie does not like pain.”

“Yes, master. Thank you for explaining, master.” Humility, Cara felt, was the order of the day. The question burning in the forefront of her mind was whether she herself would have to take something like that at some time. But she decided it would also be a stupid question to ask. It was inevitable that sooner or later her bottom would be under the lash. If she worked on being really obedient and even enthusiastic, she might delay that day, but not avoid it. She shivered despite the heat of the day on her bare body.

But when Ellie returned, for all that her eyes were rheumy and she walked with a slight stiffness which hadn’t been there before, Cara could see that the tension in her body had gone. She might now be in pain from her bottom, but she was clearly happier than she had been. Ellie’s question had been answered, and with the answer that she obviously, desperately wanted.

On their tour yesterday, Ellie had shown the girls where she lived, so Cara recognised where they were going. The house, which commanded a lovely view of the sea, was large, built in classical style and yet still looking modern.

As they approached, a large man came out to greet them. He was clearly of Arab extraction, but dressed in Western style and both handsome and muscular. Cara reckoned he was around thirty years old, maybe a bit less. His eyes flickered over her and registered just the slightest surprise, presumably not be her nakedness but by the fact that she was clearly a new acquisition. However, he made no comment. Instead, he said urbanely, “good afternoon, Mr Jefferson. I trust you enjoyed your trip to the slave sales?”

“I did indeed, thank you Ben,” Jefferson replied, “and as you can see, I brought something back with me.”

Before Ben could reply, there was a cry from behind him which Cara eventually realised was the single word “mmaassterrrr!” and a naked form surged past Ben and almost bowled Jefferson over,

throwing her arms around him and covering him in kisses for long moments. Then she slid slowly, almost snake-like down his body, still kissing first his torso, then his crotch and finally his legs and even his feet. Then she knelt at his feet, back arched, boobs thrust out, her knees suggestively wide, and placed her hands on her thighs, palms upward. "Hello, master," she said almost impishly.

"Twenty-eight days," Jefferson said in clearly mock frustration, to nobody in particular and his entire audience in general. "Twenty-eight days of punishment, and still this little slut doesn't know how to greet her owner properly."

Leah – Cara now recognised her – looked unabashed. "As you say, twenty-eight days, master. I've missed my master so much." Her knees were already apart, but she widened them still slightly further in unequivocal suggestion. "I love my master," she added simply and happily.

Jefferson ignored that, though Cara was sure it pleased him. "Well, it's time for you to meet the latest addition to my harem. Slave Leah, this is Slave Cara. I bought her at the slave sales just now."

Cara nerved herself for a look of hatred and what-do-you-think-you're-doing-coming-here, but she didn't get it. Leah just smiled at her and said, "hello, Slave Cara" without the slightest adverse tone in her voice.

"Hello, Slave Leah," she replied carefully. This island, her status on it, and many other things were all so bizarre.

"Before you ask, Slave Leah," Jefferson added, "I have not bought her so that I can sell you to Adrian. I just thought it would be amusing to have a third strumpet around for a while."

Clearly Cara was expected to take such verbal abuse without demur. However, she was right now more focused on Leah. "I'm very pleased to hear that, master. I'm sure she'll bring you many hours of pleasure." Cara went red at the comment. "And of course," Leah added in a purring voice, "if permitted, I want to bring you many hours of pleasure too." Her eyes looked up at Jefferson, promising and challenging.

"There will be," Jefferson announced formally, and ignoring Leah's comment, "A family get-together tonight. Meanwhile, I have work to do." He strode off, followed by Ben. Apparently the slave girls did not require constant supervision.

Leah got up from her knees and she and Ellie warmly embraced each other. Cara felt a little bit of a stranger, but then when the embrace was over, Leah turned to her and hugged her too. "Welcome to the slave harem," she said brightly.

"Er, thank you," said Cara uncertainly.

They led her upstairs to their rooms. Cara had wondered what her accommodation would be like and had had vague visions of dungeons, but Leah and Ellie had bright, spacious, adjoining rooms with gorgeous views and modern furniture and appliances. The only thing missing was a complete absence of clothes, even an underwear drawer, although that absence did actually create quite a bit more space.

"I spoke to Bill," Ellie said; she had popped out for a minute on the way up. "He was as much caught on the hop as everybody when our master bought you. There is another room that will be allocated to you eventually, but it will take a few days to get ready. Meanwhile, he'll find a mattress and you can share my room. Better mine than Leah's because she often entertains" – she grinned at her slave sister as she carefully enunciated the word – "Adrian in her room, and you wouldn't want to be a gooseberry when she does. My entertaining is generally done in other men's rooms."

"Thanks," said Cara, trying to keep her thoughts off the implications of the word 'entertaining'. A question had been nagging at her, so she asked it. "Why did he choose me, do you think? He could have had Hannah or Svetlana for the same money. Why me?"

"Money is irrelevant to him. He's very wealthy and his wealth is still growing. He could have afforded any out of the four of you easily. If he picked you, it was because you were the one he wanted."

"Can't see why," Cara said.

"Maybe the fact that you can't see why is exactly why," Ellie said.

Things settled down. She was taken to the dining room and met the cook, who produced a very nice meal. He himself was not so nice: short, oily and unattractive, with crooked teeth and a pot-belly, he leered at Cara's boobs, but kept his hands off her, presumably on instruction from Jefferson or one of his two assistants. Cara found it disconcerting to eat lunch in the nude, but she supposed she would have to get used to it, like a lot of other things. Then Leah went off to do other things, while she and Ellie carried a mattress upstairs between them, and also bed linen to go with it. They moved the furniture of the room

around slightly to fit things in, but it was a spacious room so it wasn't a problem. Ellie obtained a toothbrush, mug and things for Cara and made it clear that Cara could freely use all of Ellie's make-up and other aids. "They don't stint on beauty aids," she said, "although we're only expected to make ourselves up lightly. That's the way master prefers us."

Cara nodded. She never wore make-up anyway. "This supposed family get-together tonight," she asked hesitantly, "what will it involve?"

"We never quite know in advance," Ellie replied. "The 'family' consists of the master, plus Bill and Ben, probably Adrian, and now the three of us slave girls."

"Adrian is Leah's boy friend?"

"Sort of, but as Leah is a slave, it's a bit more complex than that. Our owner allows Adrian and Leah to get together quite a lot, which, well, Ade and Leah are both very happy with that."

"How about the cook?"

"He's strictly below stairs. Leah and I have to entertain him from time to time, and you'll probably be on that rota eventually, but he doesn't get invited to things like this." Ellie clearly did not like 'entertaining' the cook, but she made no further comment on that. "As to what will happen tonight, the men will have their fun. It's pretty much a given that all three of us will get our asses whacked, maybe a few other 'games', and definitely some sex."

"Bye bye virginity for me, then," Cara observed. She didn't show any enthusiasm at the prospect, but her voice did not carry any self-pity either.

"Maybe, maybe not. It's Leah's first night back here for four weeks and the master will have the hots for her for sure. He might well save you for another day. He didn't have either me or Leah the first day he could have."

Cara wasn't sure if that was good news or not. She had no enthusiasm for losing her cherry, particularly to a man over fifty years of age, but she did wonder if it would be better to get it over with. But it evidently would not be her choice. Very few things from now on would be.

A few hours later, at the appointed time, the three girls went down to the lounge and lined up.

Cara was still trying to adjust to being naked all the time, and after a few hours of being around just Ellie and Leah, suddenly having to be bare in front of four men was a fresh humiliation. She forced herself to keep her arms by her sides, not covering herself, and to stand with her shoulders back so that her boobs were thrust out. Having Leah and Ellie as naked as she was helped a little, but not enough to stop her face from going very red once more.

Happily, none of the four men were paying much attention. She studied them. Her 'owner' – how strange to think of him like that – she had already met. The man with him was much younger, maybe twenty or twenty-one: tall, athletically built and very handsome, this must be Leah's boy friend (or whatever his official situation was), Adrian. The other two were slightly shorter than him but very solidly built, with muscles all over. They were swarthy, clearly of Arabic or similar heritage, although she had already found out that they were completely fluent in English. One, Ben, she had already met, and the other must be Bill – evidently not their real names. Employees of Tom Jefferson, they were standing whilst he and Adrian were sat talking easily. Ellie had told her that Bill and Ben had been Jefferson's henchmen, to help subdue Ellie in her early days of slavery, before she, as she put it, 'learned to behave', and the same with Leah. Cara could see how these men could easily be very intimidating.

For a while, the three girls just stood there, waiting, butterflies growing in Cara's tummy. Then Jefferson finished whatever he and Adrian had been talking about and looked at the three girls, making Cara's face go redder still. The other three men followed his lead, but she noticed that Adrian only had eyes for Leah.

"Well, my girls are reunited, and we have a third additional one now, so I think we can now officially call them a harem. What do you think of my latest acquisition, Adrian?"

Adrian took his eyes off Leah with an effort and focused on Cara, to her further discomfort. "Very good, sir," he said politely. "She has a nice body."

Jefferson looked pleased. "Turn around, girl, and show him your bum," he ordered Cara. Cara obeyed, going a little redder still. "I do like good bums on my girls. Ellie and Leah, turn around as well."

The two experienced slaves obeyed. After a few moments of drinking in the view, Jefferson ordered the three of them to face front again. That meant Cara's bottom was no longer on view, but her tits and pussy were, so on the whole, it was worse than turning her back.

"Right then, let's start the festivities," said Jefferson. He was clearly in charge, and had the easy authority of a man who knows he is the boss. "First order of the evening is a demonstration to our new girl of obedience from our two experienced girls. Slave Leah!"

"Yes, master?" Leah's voice was firm but very deferential.

"Bend over that armchair."

"Yes, master." Without any slightest hesitation, Leah did as ordered. The arm of the chair was close to her waist height, so she ended with legs straight, toes on the ground. Her legs were slightly parted, so a glimpse of her vulva was possible.

"Bill," said Jefferson casually, "give her six strokes, please. Medium cane."

"Of course, Mr Jefferson," said the muscular hulk urbanely. There were a selection of canes in an umbrella stand nearby. He selected one and looked at Jefferson enquiringly, who nodded his approval of the choice. Bill positioned himself and placed the cane so it just touched Leah's bare, vulnerable bottom. Then he raised it and sent it whizzing into the girl's firm cheeks.

Thhwapp!

There was the slightest of gasps from Leah, followed by a carefully modulated "one, thank you, master." Cara could also barely stifle a gasp of shock. An angry red line was already beginning to appear across Leah's bottom.

Thhwapp!

Another gasp from Leah, followed by "two, thank you, master."

Thhwapp!

"Three, thank you, master."

Cara hesitated, feeling she should really say something.

Thhwapp!

"Four, thank you, master." The gasp was louder this time. Cara felt she could no longer remain silent.

"P-permission to speak, master?"

The room went very quiet. Cara felt all eyes on her and wondered if she had made a bad mistake. She felt clammy and frightened, but the dye was cast now. Bill halted his assault and looked to Jefferson for guidance. Jefferson regarded Cara, his face poker-calm, and he said quietly, "you may speak."

Cara took a breath. "M-master, you said this was a demonstration for me. I do get it, and I promise you I will be very obedient, no matter " - her voice faltered momentarily - "no matter what you order me to do."

Again the room went very quiet and still. Cara wished she had not spoken, but ... poor Leah!

"Would you like to take her place?" Jefferson asked, his voice a silky purr.

Cara went hot and cold, but she could not back down now. "I ... yes, master, I'm prepared to do that."

Again Jefferson studied her, his poker face giving nothing away. "Do you have experience of being caned?" her asked softly.

"I ... no master, but I don't want to see Leah suffer on my account."

"Do you have experience of even being spanked?" he asked.

Cara reminded herself that slaves have to be honest. "No, master, I've never experienced nothing like it at all, but I'm not a wuss. I'll take it."

Again the poker face, again the calm thoughtfulness. "Is it your decision, do you think?" he asked gently.

Cara swallowed. "No, master," she whispered.

"I see," he said, his voice still soft. "Slave Leah!"

"Yes, master?" came Leah's calm voice.

"Do you think four strokes is enough of a demonstration for my new slave?"

"I don't know, master, it's your decision," said Leah deferentially. "But you said six originally."

"Then we will leave it at six," Jefferson announced. "However ... Slave Ellie!"

"Yes, master?" said Ellie.

"Take the cane from Bill and give Leah her last two strokes."

“Yes, master.”

If Cara had thought that Ellie would go easier on Leah, she was completely mistaken. Ellie scythed the cane into Leah’s naked rump with every bit as much force as Bill had done. Six vivid red lines now decorated Leah’s shapely posterior. She had gasped loudly at the last two, but still maintained her careful count.

Jefferson ordered Ellie to take Leah’s place. Like Leah, Ellie spread her legs slightly to give her stability, heedless (apparently) of the view that gave of her most intimate parts. Bill measured his first stroke, but Jefferson spoke.

“Slave Ellie!”

“Yes, master?”

“Slave Cara has offered to take your strokes for you. I assume your offer remains on the table, Slave Cara?”

Cara managed to keep her voice steady. “Yes, master, it does,” she said firmly.

“What do you think, Slave Ellie?”

“I thank Slave Cara for volunteering, but please give me my six strokes, master.”

“What if I were to offer you the chance to escape without them, and with Cara not getting them either?”

“Please give me my six strokes, master.”

Jefferson nodded to Bill, who measured his stroke again, and then brought the cane down into Ellie’s offered bottom.

Thhwapp!

It was obvious from the start that Ellie was not able to take the pain as well as Leah. Her first gasp was noticeably louder than Leah’s, her voice as she counted each stroke and thanked him for it a little less steady. Still, she remained in position between each stroke. After the fourth stroke, by which time she was giving a little cry of pain each time, Bill handed the cane to Leah. Leah gave Ellie no more mercy than Ellie had given her. When Ellie was allowed to resume a standing position after the sixth stroke, she had six vivid lines across her pert bottom, just as vivid as those on Leah’s athletic rump. A tear was running down her cheek, but she made no complaint about her treatment.

“Slave Cara!”

His sharp voice made her jump. “Yes, master?” she managed.

“Come here.”

Butterflies in her tummy, trying to hide how reluctant she felt, Cara walked over and stood in front of him. Lounging on a settee, his head was about level with her crotch, which made her feel even more uncomfortable. She made herself stand close enough that he could reach out and touch her if he wanted, but he remained laid back.

“So that you understand,” he said to her languidly, and yet with a voice which still oozed control of the situation, “Slaves Leah and Ellie did not receive those cane strokes because they had done anything wrong. They were caned purely for my pleasure, because I enjoy demonstrating my complete mastery over them. Do you understand?”

“Yes, master,” Cara said, her voice shaky. It was not difficult to deduce he was about to demonstrate, in some way, a similar mastery over her.

“Talking of my pleasure,” he ruminated, “it is quite a while since I last had the opportunity to spank a naked teenage virgin.”

“Yes, master.” Cara couldn’t think of anything else to say.

“And you, if I understand correctly, have never been spanked before in your young life?”

“No, master.” Cara had never experienced any sort of physical punishment in her eighteen years. She knew that was about to change.

“Get yourself over my lap.”

Cara moved around to the side of the settee, leaned over him and lowered herself down. It was an extremely embarrassing position. Beneath her, she thought she could feel ... yes, she could feel a lump in his trousers. A partial erection. Then she also felt a hand in the small of her back, and then, more intimately his other hand on her bare bottom. Cara tried, not entirely successfully, to suppress a shudder. No man, in fact no one at all, had ever touched her there, and certainly not when she was unclothed. She felt the hand cup the cheeks of her bottom, and then stroke her smooth skin. She tried not to tense up or

resist. The hand moved to her thigh, down her leg, then back up to her bottom again. Cara had her legs pressed instinctively together, hoping that his hand would not get too intimate and yet knowing how this night, or another before long, would end.

The position she was in was embarrassing. Quite apart from having her raised bottom on view, it was like being a naughty schoolgirl in some corny old farce.

Smack!

The first stroke caught her completely off guard. And it stung! Cara gasped, but held herself still.

Smack!

The embarrassment of her position was nothing compared to the humiliation of actually being smacked.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

Ow, ow, ow, thought Cara, but she managed to keep quiet.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

Now her bottom was really smarting. Cara focused on taking it, trying to internalise the pain, and holding still. He began to vary the timings. Sometimes he would smack her once, then feel her bottom some more, then another smack. Sometimes he would hit her with a volley of four or five smacks one after another. At such times she couldn't help but wriggle a bit. Occasionally, a stroke would really catch her and she would gasp. But she was determined not to struggle, not to defend herself. I have to take it, she told herself. This, from now on, is my life: I am not going to disgrace myself on the first time.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

An age seemed to go by. Cara's bottom was really throbbing now. She was surprised that she wasn't crying, but she was OK. She was a determined girl, and although she had never felt anything like this before, she was going to take it.

Finally, finally, he stopped, and told her to return to the line of girls. Cara scrambled off his lap, in a rather undignified manner, and resumed her place. Her bottom felt very hot, as if she'd been sitting on a cooker hot plate, and she wondered how red it was, but she resisted glancing behind her. She tried to think about what to say when he spoke to her, some guff about hoping he had enjoyed himself, no, that would sound bitter, perhaps something like being pleased she could be of service, but in fact he didn't ask her. Clearly her opinion was not of value. She needed to remember that: a lifetime of cultural conditioning to speak her mind needed to be overturned.

She saw Jefferson regard her thoughtfully for a moment, and then he beckoned Bill – or was it Ben? – over to him and said something. The man disappeared and returned a minute later with two large towels which he spread on the floor in front of where Jefferson was sitting. Jefferson now beckoned Cara forwards again and she warily stepped out of the line and, following his gesture, stood with her feet in the carpet. Once again her crotch was about level with his face.

"Variety," he mused, and again his tone was relaxed but at the same time was not to be disagreed with, "is very pleasant. You will observe that Leah is required to maintain her pubic hair, whilst Ellie's naturally grows in that little tuft which always amuses me. I have decided that you will have a shaved pussy."

Cara went hot and cold. "Yes, master," she managed to mumble in reply.

The henchman returned once more to the room, this time with a mug of foam and a shaving razor. "Stand with your feet apart, stand up straight, out your hands on your head," Jefferson ordered. "I suggest you hold yourself still." Cara tried to stop her trembling.

He dipped a hogshead shaving brush in the foam and daubed some onto her crotch. It felt cool and strange. He put some more on; a little dripped onto the towels. Then, taking the razor, he began to carefully scrape the foam away.

Cara had never fully shaven her pubic hair before. Because she sometimes went swimming, she kept her hair to a neat triangle, and because she did a lot of sport, she often thinned it out and kept it cut short, although even so it remained soft rather than stubbly. Before coming here, she had wondered what to do about it and in the end simply didn't take a decision at all. Now it looked as if the decision would be taken for her.

She glanced down and saw her soft pubic hair coming away with the foam. This was extremely embarrassing, but she held herself still. She felt him apply the brush once more, this time more between

her legs, and then the razor again. Eventually he was finished. Cara looked down and saw her now hairless pussy, her sex lips now very visible. She felt even more exposed than before. He gestured to the second towel and she used it to wipe away the remnants of the foam. Her crotch was now completely bald.

"Now, he continued in the same easy tone, as if he were discussing the weather, "just so that we are clear, when I bought you, that included the right to be the first person to invade that little teenage virgin pussy of yours. Are you clear on that point?"

More humiliation. "Yes, master," Leah replied, trying and not entirely succeeding in keeping her voice steady.

"To be even more clear, I intend taking your little cherry myself, though not tonight."

"Yes, master," Cara said, her face blazing red, and added, "thank you master." She was far from sure what she was thanking him for, but she knew she needed to be polite and submissive.

"Naturally I expect you to reserve yourself for me as far as you can, but on this island young ladies are not always able to control such circumstances, so ..."

The henchman now produced a strange looking contraption and handed it to him. It was made of stainless steel, and for a moment Cara did not understand what it was. Then she realised.

It in effect consisted of one circle and one semi-circle, both open and hinged. He placed the circle around her waist, closed it at the hinge and adjusted it somehow for the circumference of her waist. A little eyelet now protruded from the one end of the band through a hole in the other end, basically a hasp lock. He produced a small padlock and locked the two ends of the band together. It was not uncomfortable, but given the size of her waist and hip bones, Cara knew she would not be able to remove it. Now the second, semi-circular band was behind her. He pulled it through between her legs until it came up in front of her. Another hasp and padlock secured it to the front of the waistband.

Cara was now wearing a completely effective chastity belt.

The part at the front was a sort of open grille, with a series of thin metal poles going across. There was not sufficient space between them to insert a slim finger, never mind anything larger. It was possible to see her pussy, but not to so much as touch it. The metal felt smooth and cool on her skin, but in no way uncomfortable. Going to the toilet would be out of the question, and she was glad that Ellie had advised her to go before the evening started, not because (she realised) Ellie had seen this coming, but simply because it was always best to be prepared.

"Just for clarification, there are two pairs of keys; Bill will have the one pair, and Ben the other," Jefferson told her. "I entirely trust both of them."

"Yes, master," Cara acknowledged. There was nothing else she could say, certainly nothing else that she wanted to say. It was yet more humiliation heaped upon her. The gift of her body was no longer hers to confer; it was his, when he felt like taking it. On the one hand, it was a relief to find he did not intend to have her tonight, but on the other perhaps it would have been better to get it over with. There was no slightest possibility that it was not going to happen, when and as he decided.

His attention turned back to Leah, and Cara felt relieved to be out of the spotlight. "Slave Leah!"

"Yes, master?" The response was immediate and completely deferential.

"Are you pleased to be back home?"

"Yes, master, very pleased." Leah sounded very certain, sincere and positive. Studying her, Cara realised that it was not in any slightest way an act.

"Would you like to celebrate your return by servicing your owner?"

"Yes, master, it would be an honour and a privilege and a pleasure." Again, Leah's response was immediate and very positive. Watching her closely, Cara was totally convinced that she meant every word. She did note that Leah didn't look at Adrian.

Jefferson turned to his companion. "Adrian, would you like Ellie?"

"Thanks," replied the other man easily, "but I'm fine."

"Very well," said Jefferson, equally easily. "Slave Ellie!"

"Yes, master?"

"I think Bill and Ben would both appreciate your services. As we won't want to wait for you to deal with them sequentially, I suggest a spit roast. You may both begin."

"Yes, master," they said, almost in unison.

As Cara watched, Ellie went to a space and knelt down on hands and knees on the carpet, her legs well apart, her back dipped so that her vulva was in full view. Meanwhile, the two hulking men had both removed their trousers and shorts to reveal large, semi-erect cocks. To Cara, who had never seen a male organ in the flesh until the man they had encountered, and Ellie had sucked, on that public bench shortly after their arrival, they seemed frightening. One of the two men positioned himself behind Ellie and the other by her face. She took the cock of the man in front of her and slid it into her mouth and began to lick. Meanwhile the men behind her guided his weapon into her open vagina and began to thrust.

At the same time, Jefferson had reclined on the sofa. Leah had moved over to the sofa, knelt before it and slithered, snake-like, onto it and onto him. Her hands had begun to caress him whilst she kissed him seductively, meanwhile his hands explored her naked teenage body. Leah made sure she kept herself well with his reach as she continued her ministrations. Her hands went to the zipper of his trousers and undid it, taking out his manhood. She put her mouth to work on it whilst her hands gently undressed him.

Cara's attention flitted to Adrian, who was watching Ellie and the two big men, studiously ignoring Leah. Ellie was being pounded now, her body rocking to the beat of the thrusts from man behind her, whilst her mouth worked hard on the other man. She was being roughly treated, Cara could see. Leah now also had her owner's manhood inside her and was sitting astride him, riding him. Jefferson seemed in total control of the situation, dominating Leah, doing exactly what he wanted, his thrusts were calm, unhurried and very evidently deep and effective.

The whole thing seemed to go on for ages. Eventually the man taking Ellie from behind unleashed himself into her, which seemed to prompt his partner, who spewed his load into her mouth. Cara could see Ellie's throat working as she swallowed it all down. Then, to Cara's disgust, Ellie began licking the man who had come in her mouth clean. She then repeated the action with the other man. The first man pulled his trousers up and disappeared from the room. Jefferson was still going with Leah, but even as Cara watched, he finally reached orgasm and discharged himself into her. Once he had descended from the heights, he withdrew, and Leah performed the same ritual that Ellie had, gently licking the man's penis clean. She then gave it a gentle kiss for good measure before ticking it carefully back into his shorts and almost dressing him.

Leah and Ellie had both returned to the line when the second big man – Cara was fairly sure it was Ben – returned with the cook. Jefferson, who had completely recovered his calm composure, if indeed he had ever lost it, said easily, "we can't have our valued cook missing out, now, can we? Leah and Ellie, who would like to volunteer?"

Leah opened her mouth to speak, but Ellie got in first. "I'd like to volunteer to entertain him, master," she said firmly.

Cara was surprised. She had already picked up that Ellie found the cook an unpleasant person to serve, particularly intimately. It was not hard to see why: his little rat-like face was already leering at Ellie and his pudgy little body was in marked contrast to the musculature of Bill and Ben or Jefferson's well-maintained (for his age) body. Jefferson also seemed momentarily non-plussed, but he immediately recovered and gestured for Ellie to go to the cook. Then, to Cara's dismay, Jefferson beckoned her to him.

Cara approached him reluctantly. When she was within range he grabbed her arm and pulled her onto his lap. At least she wasn't bent over it this time. She made herself as comfortable as she could and then felt his hands start to caress and explore her youthful body. Trying to take her mind off that, she watched Ellie. If the girl hated going with the cook, she gave little indication of it, although Cara, who was no expert on sex but did have a female's understanding, thought she detected a slight tension in Ellie's elfin body. She knew her own body was tense as she felt Jefferson's hands sliding over it, particularly as he felt her boobs and her thighs. Thankfully her most intimate region was protected by the chastity belt, but that still left plenty of private areas within his reach.

The cook, to add to his other failings, did not have much self-control. Ellie had not been ministering to him for long before he came. Cara suspected that Ellie would not resent that. However, she again had to clean him with her tongue before he pulled his trousers back up and left the room.

"Well, this has been a most convivial evening," Jefferson observed. Cara felt that this was not quite the way she would have described it, but of course she did not offer an opinion. His hand was still on her inner thigh, disturbingly high up. "There's a film I want to watch, and then an early night for me. Bill and Ben, I assume you have places to be, things to do. Adrian, you are of course welcome to stay for the night. Slaves, you are dismissed for the evening."

Ellie and Leah thanked him politely, and so Cara copied them and joined in. She was allowed off his lap and followed the other two naked girls out of the room and back upstairs. Adrian has stopped to say good evening to Jefferson, but by the time the girls had reached the adjoining rooms of Leah and Ellie, he had caught them up. He and Leah immediately fell into a passionate embrace.

“Fortunately,” Ellie observed drily to Cara, “the wall separating our two rooms and the door that links them don’t carry much sound, otherwise I think we would have been kept awake much of the night tonight.”

Leah came apart from Adrian long enough to stick her tongue out saucily at Ellie. Adrian was already moving her towards the adjoining door which led to her room, but she halted for a moment. “Just a second, Ade, I need to have a word with the new girl,” she told her impatient lover. Then she fixed her eyes on a nervous Cara. “Slave Cara, when you offered to take the cane for me and Slave Ellie ... it might not have been the wisest thing to do, but it was a brave gesture. Thanks you for that. We’re going to get on well.” Cara mumbled a thank-you, but Leah was already disappearing into her room, virtually pulled into it by Adrian. He closed the door behind them.

“In fairness, they’ve not seen each other for four weeks,” Ellie observed. “Now, let’s see what we can do about that bruised bum of yours from the spanking. Lie on your mattress, face down.” She went to a wall cupboard and returned with a bottle of clear liquid and a cloth. “This is witch-hazel,” she said, soaking the cloth in it. “It’ll sting a bit, but it will bring out the bruises. It doesn’t look too bad.”

Cara nodded and steeled herself for the application of the cloth. It did sting a little, but not too bad. “Explain to me why I did the wrong thing,” she requested. “I need to learn fast.”

“Well, for one thing, the cane stings like crazy, when administered hard,” Ellie said. “You might have found it too much for now. Master eased you in gently with the hand spanking.”

Cara bristled. “I said I’d take it and I would have done,” she said frostily. “I’ll accept that I don’t know how bad it would be, but if I say I’m going to do something, I’ll do it.”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to suggest otherwise,” Ellie said gently. “It’s just, be wary about taking on too much too soon. But that was the least of the three reasons. The most important thing is, if Master takes a decision, we all have to accept it. There’s no bargaining to be done.”

“You volunteered to have the cook,” Cara pointed out.

“Master gave both Slave Leah and me the chance to volunteer,” Ellie replied. “He invited a volunteer.”

“So why did you volunteer? From what I’ve heard, you hate going with the cook, while Leah doesn’t mind so much.”

“She’s not exactly keen on servicing him either, but you’re right, she finds it much less bad than I do. However, Adrian was present. It’s not nice for him to have to watch her go with other men. She’d have done it, of course, and he’d have watched, but neither of them would have liked it.”

“Given how much you dislike it, I’d say you’re a true friend, to do that for her,” Cara said.

“We’re closer than sisters. She would do the same for me, but we only do such things if and when Master allows us the opportunity to.”

“Neither of you held back from caning the other,” Cara observed.

“It was Master’s will. That brings me onto the other reason. Master decided we should both get six strokes of the cane. Because that is what he wanted, it’s what we want, no matter how much it hurts. Pleasing him is more important than anything else to both of us. From the moment he decided we should be caned, neither of us wanted to avoid it. I have to admit that Slave Leah can take pain far better than I can, but I won’t shirk from it.”

Cara considered that. “How does Adrian feel about watching Leah get caned?” she asked.

“Master Adrian and Slave Leah,” Ellie gently corrected. “He’s not keen, but he respects her acceptance of it.” She put the bottle of witch-hazel away. “That should sort your bum out. Can you do the same for me now? There’s a tube of ointment on my bedside table. It’s better for cane weals than the witch-hazel.”

Cara had to admit that after the initial sting, her bottom felt better now. Ellie lay face down on her bed and Cara gently eased the ointment into the six vivid weals. Ellie’s bottom was superb, a beautiful derriere. As she worked, Cara glanced at the door to Leah’s room. “So are they an item? I mean, is it an official relationship?”

“The official status is always a bit unclear,” said Ellie. “He absolutely loves her, no doubt about it. And she adores him as well. But she belongs to our owner, and she’s very loyal to him. Even if she loves Master Adrian more, she puts her owner first.”

“Crazy,” Cara suggested.

“I love my owner as well, just as much, and I put him first as well,” Ellie said with a touch of asperity.

“Looks like I’m the only sane one here. No offence,” Cara added.

Ellie turned round and smiled, clearly unoffended. “You’re the novice,” she pointed out. “You’ll learn. And I hope you can sleep on your front easily enough. It’s kind of something we slaves often have to do.”

Chapter Seventeen - A New Life

Cara and Sophie lazed on the secluded beach, feeling the heat of the sun on their bare bodies and relaxing. They were both developing good tans, very much all-over ones apart from a little portion of their necks where their slave collars were. Nobody else was around, which in view of their nudity and vulnerability was a very good thing. Leah had told Cara about this little cove, and the fact that there was rarely anybody here. There were quite a few beaches and coves on the island, so the ones further away from the town were often unused. It was perfect; the sea was a deep blue, flecked with the white of the surf from the considerable Atlantic waves, the sky was a flawless blue and the sun was powerful but the sea breeze prevented it from being oppressive. Cara could almost lie back and pretend that she and her best friend were on holiday here. Almost.

They had been here two weeks now, and this was the first opportunity they had had to meet up. Communication wasn't straightforward: neither of them were allowed to use the phone system, so Cara had had to get Bill to contact Sophie's owner – there was nobody else in that household – to co-ordinate a day off. Fortunately, both girls' owners had been happy to be flexible. Owners here were considerate in that way, if not in others. Actually, that wasn't fair: they were considerate in many ways, just demanding in others.

By arrangement, Sophie had come to Cara's house, because it was on the way to where they were going. Cara was watching out for her from a first floor window and saw her rather stealthily arrive – Sophie was naked, after all. Her intention had been to meet her best friend outside, to spare Sophie the possibility of meeting one of the household men, but it wasn't going to work out quite that way.

She opened the door to Sophie and the two girls fell into each other's arms. After they had embraced, Cara said, "come in, Slave Sophie, my owner wants to meet you."

Sophie looked less than enthused at the prospect, but she knew she had no say in the matter. She followed Cara in. Cara knocked on the door of her owner's study and, having received a shout to enter, went in, then stood to one side. Sophie shuffled reluctantly into the centre of the room.

Tom Jefferson was at his desk, which faced the door. He looked up and studied Sophie. "Put your arms down by your sides, girl," he said, not unkindly.

Sophie had, without thinking, covered up her crotch and boobs with her hands. Instantly she moved them out of the way. She knew that she could get a whipping for such a mistake. "Sorry, master," she said contritely. Her face was inevitably red.

"Turn around, let's see the rear view," Jefferson said, again not unkindly. Sophie turned her back on him. Cara knew her best friend had a superb bottom; she had seen it at the auction.

Jefferson ordered Sophie to face him once more. "What's your name, girl?" he asked.

"Slave Sophie L013, Property of Kelvin Hope, master," Sophie replied promptly.

Jefferson nodded. "When you get home tonight, tell your owner that I would be interested in a slave swop for an evening. He could have whichever of my three girls he wanted, or two of them if he felt inclined, and I would have you."

Sophie went even redder. "Yes, master," she managed.

"Well, enjoy your day off," he said pleasantly. "Off you both go."

"Yes, master," they said in unison, and hurried from the room.

The cook had prepared a picnic hamper for them, with cold drinks in an ice box. Cara had found him to be quite thoughtful that way. He was physically rather repulsive, and he had wandering hands, which she knew she had to tolerate, but she had been polite and respectful towards him and had found him reasonable in return. Of course, she had not yet been required to sleep with him, and was not looking forward to it, but she leaned slightly more towards Leah, who had no particular difficulty with him, than Ellie, who really didn't feel comfortable with him at all.

She and Sophie set off, acutely aware that they were both naked but in good spirits, nevertheless. Cara followed the route Leah had outlined for them and happily they didn't encounter anybody on their way. The beach was also deserted: they spread their towels out and, after a little nervous looking around, finally convinced themselves that nobody was about, and so laid down on their backs, spreading themselves out a little, and at last relaxed.

A while later they sat up, to get themselves a nice cold drink. Cara eyed her best friend thoughtfully. Sophie seemed outwardly OK, but Cara could see she was bottling it all up inside her and needed to talk,

but didn't want to do so. Cara herself also felt the need to share things a bit. On the way to the beach, Sophie had been monosyllabic, and Cara knew she had to get her to open up.

"When did you lose your virginity?" she asked directly, deliberately avoiding any question of *if* Sophie had lost it. Two weeks after they had both been sold, it was a pretty safe bet.

She saw Sophie hesitate, and for a second she thought her friend was going to duck the question, but then the defences came down.

"The first day," Sophie replied quietly. "In fact, just about as soon as he got me home," she added, and then looked directly at Cara. "How about you?"

"Not for four days," Cara said openly. She knew she had to open up herself to get Sophie to unburden, and besides, she needed to get things off her own chest. Like many of the things Ellie had advised them on when they arrived, she now saw the sense in not keeping secrets. "I'm one of three girls of his, and he got Slave Leah back home that day after four weeks, so he used her first. Besides, I think he enjoyed the build-up, and maybe having a virgin around naked was a kick in itself for him. And I had to wear a metal device, a chastity belt, so that nobody else could have me before he did." She felt her face going red, but ploughed on. "He's made up for lost time since, though. How about yours?"

"Virtually every night," Sophie said.

She didn't add to that, so Cara prompted. "How have you found it?"

Sophie shrugged. "It's part of what we have to do."

Cara persisted. "Does he make you come?"

Sophie chewed her lip and looked at the sand. "Sometimes," she admitted reluctantly.

"Sometimes?" Cara enquired.

Again Sophie squirmed. "All right, most times," she conceded. "But he's twice my age!" She glared at her friend. "How about you?"

"My master is nearly three times my age," Cara replied calmly, "and he makes me come every time. There's nothing I can do about it, he just takes complete control." She didn't say if she actually wanted to do anything about it. She was beginning to admit to herself that the answer to that was no, she didn't.

Sophie changed tack, to get away from that topic. "He has a dungeon, and he takes me there most nights," she said in an accusing tone. "He ties me up, torments me, whips me a bit."

"Badly?" Cara asked, concerned.

Sophie almost deflated a bit. It was as if she was saying how bad it was, and then having to admit it wasn't quite that bad. "Nothing I can't take," she admitted. "But I think he's slowly building it in intensity."

Cara nodded. "Yes, we've got a dungeon too and I've spent time in there as well, and same thing, my master is gradually cranking it up. I got the paddle for the first time the night before last, and that really stung. But I got through it." She didn't add that the sex afterwards had been the most intense yet: she wanted to, but couldn't find the right way to say it without revealing more than she wanted to, at least not yet. "I'll bet every house on this island has a dungeon," she added, trying to be light-hearted. It was, however, probably true.

"Have you had clamps on your nipples?" Sophie asked directly.

"No, but he has got them. I've seen them, but didn't know what they were for until you just mentioned it. My nips are very sensitive, so that's not something to look forward to."

"I'm sure there's plenty of things coming our way which are not to look forward to," Sophie said dejectedly.

Cara eyed her friend. "Sorry you signed up?"

Sophie reflected for a few moments, and then said in a measured voice, "no, I knew what I was getting into. I needed the money for my family, and this was the only way to do it. Don't worry, I'll do my time and I'll do it properly. We haven't got any choice now anyway, we're here for the duration."

She was quietly fingering a little red disc that was attached to her slave collar. Cara had a similar disc, around an inch in diameter and fixed in such a way that neither girl could remove it. It gave a clear message according to the island's code: any man who encountered them could touch them, grope them, even spank them, but not have sex with them. Their respective owners reserved that right solely for themselves for now. Both of them knew, however, that the day would come when those discs were removed.

“Has your owner given you to ... I mean, have you been made to ... do it with anybody else other than him?” Sophie asked, not without a little embarrassment.

“Not yet, but I think it will happen soon,” Cara said quietly. “Probably it will be the two employees he has who get given first rights. He treats them well like that.”

“Wow, I saw those two when I came to pick you up,” Sophie said in concern. “They’re big men. I mean, if they’re the same size downstairs ...”

“They are,” Cara said shortly. She had seen Bill and Ben’s cocks on more than one occasion, had been made to watch them having Ellie and Leah. They were considerably bigger than her owner, although his was quite enough itself and he very much knew how to use it.

“It’s being naked all the time that I find so hard,” Sophie said.

“We’ll get used to it eventually, I suppose,” Cara replied, but her thoughts were different. She had always been a little self-conscious because she was short but stocky. Dumpy and fat, she had considered herself at times, although that was quite inaccurate. Yes, she was about ten kilograms heavier than Ellie, who was the same height as her, but it wasn’t fat. As a sports athlete, her flesh was all firm. She was curvy, with a bigger chest than Ellie (or Leah come to that), and if her tummy was not as flat as theirs and lacked their six-packs, then at least nothing wobbled when she moved. But whilst in the past she had sometimes looked at herself naked in her full-length wardrobe mirror at home and told herself she wasn’t too bad, to be naked in front of men and see them actually taking interest in her was revelatory. And more than that, it was ...

The day before yesterday, her master had taken a stroll into town and taken her with him, naked and on a lead. It was humiliating and incredibly embarrassing, and yet ... she had seen the men look at her as she passed by, and the lust was clear in their eyes. Some of them had a thoughtful, sometimes dreamy look, and she realised with a shock that they were imagining themselves fucking her. It was dreadfully embarrassing, and yet she felt herself going wet between the legs. By the time they had reached the town, she was soaking down there. It dawned on her with a further shock that if her owner suddenly allowed one of these men to take her, even out on the street in public, she actually wouldn’t mind. She wouldn’t have any say in the matter, she knew that, but she actually wouldn’t mind. By the time they returned home, she was feeling incredibly aroused. He knew. He had taken her straight upstairs, made her lie down on his bed, legs apart, and he had fucked her. It had been one of their most intense couplings to date, and that was saying something. His staying power was impressive, and he had totally conquered her, as he always did. She had come three times, the last one simultaneous with him exploding into her. When, unable to restrain herself, she had called out his name, it was the single word “master” that she used, not because of any legal niceties on the island but because that was the only way she could think of him.

She knew, though, that in three or four months time at the latest, he would sell her on to another man on the island. He had told her so. He already had the impressive charms of Leah and Ellie at his disposal, and two girls was enough for him. She knew he was enjoying breaking her in, but the point would come where he would have had his fill. She could only hope that her new owner would be as good, but there were upsides. As one of three slave girls in the household, she was currently his novelty but that would wear off. She actually envied Sophie, who had a master all to herself. Being sold to a new owner would be traumatic, but it would be OK. She wondered how it could be both. She also wondered how it would be done. Maybe a potential buyer would be invited to the house to try her out, and purchase her if she pleased him. Or would she have to go on the auction stage again? That was not a nice thought. Or maybe it wouldn’t be so bad second time around. But she could not believe that she could think that.

It was all very, very confusing, not least the one thought which occasionally flitted into her mind, which was that at the end of her twelve months here, she might not actually want to go home. She might, just possibly might, ask if she could stay.

Cara gave up and decided she was mad. The conversation had dried up, and she had achieved what she needed both for Sophie and herself, so Cara laid back, closed her eyes and enjoyed the sun on her body and the peaceful sounds of the sea. Slavery or not, the island was a paradise.

Sophie took one last anxious look round to convince herself there were no men around, then also laid back, spread herself and relaxed. She was soon asleep.

Chapter Eighteen – Going For A Ride (by Sam Osborne)

Sam Osborne, the new owner of Slave Lucy, sat on a garden chair outside his house, waiting.

Sam was a patient man, and besides, he was a couple of minutes ahead of the time he had booked. In no hurry, he was idly watching the world go by. Several of those passing by, of course, were slave girls. Some were on leads, following their owners, or just following their owners without a lead. Some were unaccompanied, and he observed that generally those fell into two types: some were nervous and watchful, trying to avoid being stopped and groped or spanked by male passers-by, whilst others were more matter-of-fact about it and accepted what came. One or two wore chastity belts, but that would not stop the fondling, particularly of exposed breasts, and a girl wearing a chastity belt could still be spanked. It was a lovely, warm day, but not the blazing, arid heat of Xanxta. The sea breeze permeated everywhere on the island and made it a delightful climate. He missed certain things about Xanxta, not least the common sight there of a pony girl trotting by, pulling a cart whilst the man in the cart enjoyed watching the girl sweat and toil in the heat. In Xanxta, pony girls were very common. Here on New Island, to date, they had not been a feature, because the terrain was much less flat than Xanxta and even the strongest and most determined of girls would struggle to pull a cart. However, a simple solution had been proposed and was on trial this week, and he had been able to book one of the slots.

He knew that his own slave, Lucy, was out there somewhere on the island. He had recently bought her from Bruce Hancock, who had purchased a new slave – in fact, had specially selected one from Xanxta and arranged for her transfer here. Lucy was wonderful, but her insatiable sex appetite could wear a man out. Sam coped by not always having her around. He had given her the afternoon off and she had gone out, but of course she was still naked. He smiled inwardly: she would be neither nervous or matter-of-fact about being stopped in the street, groped, maybe spanked and maybe even fucked. She would be eager for it. The girl was both incorrigible and indefatigable; by her own cheerful admission, she was a complete slut. Although it was not common knowledge, she had been pretty much unique in Xanxta in being a completely voluntary slave. When he decided to move to this new colony on New Island, it had required a psychological profile of other slaves before they were allowed to leave Xanxta, or more precisely before an export licence would be issued for them, but for Lucy it had been a pure formality.

He wondered idly where Lucy had gone for the day. Most girls on their day off sought secluded places where they could escape the eyes, hands and cocks of the men on the island: day off or not, they were still slaves and still vulnerable to the desires of any man who encountered them, unless their owner had put a “hands off” or “Grope but don’t fuck” message disc on their collars, and most masters didn’t do that, not after they had owned the slave for a month or two anyway. The island was not heavily populated and there were plenty of places a girl could go to chill out and escape her slavery, if she was lucky, for a few hours. But Lucy would not do that, he thought with wry amusement. She would have gone into town, or to the main beach, or somewhere like that, where there would be plenty of men around. She would invite attention, not seek to evade it. By the time she returned tonight, she would almost certainly have been fucked several times and probably spanked into the bargain, and she would have loved every second of it. And she would still have more than enough juice left in her to give him a good time, should he require it. What a girl, he thought fondly.

Ah, this was them. Sam looked down the road and saw them approaching. At first they were trotting, then they slowed to walking pace as they studied the house numbers, obviously searching for his. He raised his hand and they saw the gesture and correctly interpreted it. They came to a stop right in front of him.

The council of men who ran the island had come up with the simplest of solutions to the problem of hilly landscape. The cart was pulled by not one but two girls, labouring side by side. One was an experienced pony slave, Leah, and the other was one of four recent arrivals, Hannah.

Sam leaned back in his chair and studied the girls. Pony girl harnesses vary considerably, according to the whim of the owner: some involve loads of leather or rubber if the owner is that way inclined, other owners prefer a minimalist approach that leaves the girl as exposed as possible. It was clear that whichever council member had been in charge of this was of the second type, and Sam fully approved. The girls wore ankle boots that were closer to trainers, and then each wore a harness consisting of a set of thin but sturdy leather bands that went around their waists and just above their breasts, from which straps led back to the cart frame. It was by pulling on these that they pulled the cart. Other small straps went

down their sides from the upper bands to the lower ones, and from the lower ones to another strap around each thigh, to which their wrists were secured via wrist bands on each wrist. The arrangement neatly kept the harnesses in place, but none of the straps in any way obscured their feminine charms. Head harnesses kept in check the waves of otherwise unruly light brown curls of hair on Hannah's head, whilst Leah's slightly darker, less voluminous and shorter hair just needed a hair band behind her neck. However, she also had a head harness to secure the bit in her mouth and from which reins lead back, as with Hannah's, to the cart. Other than that, both girls were naked. Hannah's skin was naturally rather pale, although now bronzed a little by the sun. She was fairly tall and sturdily built, with wide shoulders and a solid frame, but not stocky or voluptuous, just solid and with nice curves; a perfect body for a pony girl, strong but still very feminine. Her breasts were firm, as he had noticed when she had been trotting down the road; no need of any support there. Her crotch was shaven bare, slightly against the general fashion for slave girls here and in Xanxta, but it made her sex lips stand out and gave her an even greater aura of exposure and vulnerability. Leah had a sensational, athletic body, bronzed by well over a year of nude exposure to the sun now, first in Xanxta and then here, he recalled from her file. She was a bit smaller and lighter than Hannah, but Sam knew from stories about her that she had phenomenal physical strength for her size and was probably both stronger and fitter than Hannah, for all that Hannah looked in very good shape herself. Leah had a small triangle of curly pubic hair at the apex of her thighs. Her bare breasts were very firm but slightly smaller than Hannah's. Both girls had pretty faces, even if they were currently slightly distorted by the bits in their mouths.

Hannah saw him studying her and went red with clear embarrassment, and yet she also pulled her shoulders back a little to emphasise her bare breasts. It was a slightly contradictory approach, but this girl was, from what he had heard, slightly unusual. Well, time to explore that later. Leah, undoubtedly much more used to being seen naked, just simply stared ahead of her, her own shoulders already naturally back. Both girls were breathing hard but steadily, their chests rising and falling as they took air in, and both bodies were gleaming with sweat.

Leisurely, he got out of his chair and climbed into the cart seat. The girls, having come to a halt, had moved back slightly so that the straps to the cart had lost tension and lowered, so that getting in was easy. Like most carts, it was a lightweight contraption, but comfortable, with a padded seat. A carriage whip was holstered on the one side and the reins from the girls' head harnesses loosely tethered on the other side. Sam read the note taped securely to the side panel, which gave a number to call if anybody wanted to hire the girls for either pony or other purposes; he had seen the number elsewhere and had rung it to arrange their services this afternoon. They, of course, would have had no say in the matter, they would just be told when and where to be.

Sam took the reins. He studied the two bare backs in front of him, noting the numerous red lines from the carriage whip, most of them diagonal, some from left shoulder to right hip, others the other way, criss-crossing in the middle; the pert bottoms were also red from the whip; skilled men could use the carriage whip so that just the tip impacted on a girl's derriere, causing a wasp-like sting and leaving a little red mark, and there were a fair few of those on Hannah's shapely rear and on Leah's pert bottom. He noted with approval that the marks were evenly spread between the two girls: they were a team, and if one slackened, they should both be dealt with. Besides, if one was not pulling her weight, he suspected the cart would tend to skew a little towards the one pulling harder. In fact, in several cases a red line went from Hannah's hip, across her back, rising steadily, and then disappeared, but if you looked across it then appeared again on Leah's back and rose to her shoulder. Or, in some cases, vice versa. More than one person had swung the carriage whip so that it lashed both pony girls at once. That took a bit of skill with the whip, but plenty of men on the island could do it, himself included. After all, they had lots of opportunities to practice.

There were plenty of beads of sweat too, as he had seen on their foreheads and elsewhere on those delightful bodies. They had clearly been worked hard. Sam was not a cruel man, but again he approved.

"A leisurely trot across town and out to the woods, to the Horn Wood picnic area," he instructed. It would be leisurely for him, not them: it was a fair way to go at a trot, though not excessive, and only a slight slope in places. The light brown curls danced once as Hannah nodded to show she had heard and understood, whilst there was just a tiny acknowledgement of the head from Leah, but neither of them moved. He was about to flick the reins across their shoulders to get her going, when he saw another note taped firmly to the other side of the cart, just above a red button underneath which there was a little box

with a battery, from which led two wires. The wires ran along the lower straps to the girls bodies, and then round the inside of the waist straps to in front of them, after which he couldn't see where they went. The note said simply, 'please press button to start'.

Intrigued, Sam got out of the cart and walked around to the front of the two girls, The one wire went down from Hannah's waist strap to the thigh one and then, held in place by a couple of strips of zinc oxide tape, ran across the front of her thigh where her leg joined her body then disappeared into her vagina, held in place by a small clip on her sex lip. The other did the same with Leah. The clips didn't look tight enough or sharp enough to be really painful, but after a few hours he knew that they would not be pleasant when they came to be taken off. They were tight enough that neither girl would be able to remove hers, not that either girl would dare to do so even if they could. He wondered what sort of voltage the electrodes carried. Inside the girls' sensitive pussies, it wouldn't need much to be very effective.

He studied the two young faces for a moment. Leah stared directly ahead, neither meeting nor avoiding his eyes, her pretty face expressionless as far as he could tell, since the bit distorted things a bit. Out of the corner of his eye he could see that Hannah, on the other hand, had her eyes on him, but the moment he turned towards her, she looked down at the floor, unwilling to meet his gaze. He couldn't blame her: she was just eighteen, a virgin until a few weeks ago, It was to be expected that being naked, her charms fully on display, and harnessed like an animal would be extremely embarrassing for her.

Leisurely, he moved back around and climbed once more into the cart, took the reins in one hand, and with the other hand pressed the 'start' button. There was an immediate squeal from both Leah and Hannah, muffled a little by their bits. He knew that Leah was a tough cookie, so the voltage coming from those electrodes must be pretty high! Both girls also jerked with the shock, but then they began to move, leaning forward, muscles corded underneath their unblemished (apart from whip marks) skin. The cart began to move, slowly at first and then picked up speed. He picked up the whip and lashed Leah's back with it, not hard, but you don't have to do it hard, a flick will sting plenty. Leah gasped in pain and increased her efforts. So did Hannah, but he felt he needed to be even and he gave her a stroke with it as well. She squealed, louder than Leah had, but again both girls increased their efforts. They had been clearly well instructed in the need to work as a pair: if one pulled too much more than the other, the cart would veer to the side of the slacker. He was impressed that Hannah was keeping up with Leah, who had a significant reputation of being physically very fit and strong despite not being that large. They didn't have to put in equal efforts, Leah could and doubtless would shoulder a bit more of the burden, but there was a limit. Hannah was clearly both fit and determined. Sam sat back and enjoyed watching the girls labouring, their bare backs gleaming with sweat, the muscles rippling nicely beneath their taut skin.

There were several picnic areas and parks around the island, but the one he had selected lay on the other side of town, so that their route took them through the centre of town, as he had deliberately intended. Sam wasn't particularly vain, but he reckoned it looked good with him in the cart, reins and carriage whip in hand, pulled by two naked beauties. It also gave passers-by something to see: pony carts were common in Xanxta, where most of New Island's population had come from, but this pair were the first cart on New Island.

"Hey, Sam!"

He saw his friend Simon, on the pavement just ahead of him, wave a greeting. On impulse, Sam pulled back on the reins. The girls got the clear message and brought the cart to a smooth halt, right at the point where Simon stood. Sam reckoned they would be glad of the rest, even if it meant another shock from those awful electrodes when they set off once more. He noted the rise and fall of their shoulders as they took steady but deep breaths.

Sam and Simon exchanged greetings and chatted for a minute or two. They were friends going back some years. After the usual pleasantries Simon, who had not taken his eyes off the two steaming pony girls, observed, "that's a slice of luck for you, getting a booking of these two girls so soon."

"Luck had nothing to do with it," Sam replied with slight asperity. "I got my booking in early, as I always do." The two of them had occasionally mildly disagreed over Simon's more casual, late-minute approach to things.

"Isn't that Slave Leah on the right side?" Simon asked, to evade the implied criticism.

"Yes it is," confirmed Sam. He had spoken a little more sharply than he had intended and was equally happy for the conversation to move on. Leah herself had not replied: whilst in pony harness, she was not allowed to speak, and besides, the bit made it near impossible to speak clearly.

"I saw her at the Xanxta Races a year ago," Simon recollected. "Boy, she was hot then." He wandered around to the front of the two girls and openly looked Leah up and down. "Still is, for that matter," he added. He transferred his gaze to Hannah. "The other one's not bad, either." Turning his gaze back to Leah, he went on, "I've got a video of her winning one of her races. I wank off to it occasionally."

Simon smiled; he doubted that that was something the nineteen year-old girl really wanted to hear. It didn't bother him in the least, of course. There was no shortage of available pussy on New Island, but some men still liked to occasionally go solo. Simon did not actually own a slave girl himself, but had no shortage of other opportunities, including often borrowing other men's slave girls for a night in return for other favours. Sam had sent Lucy to him more than once, but always got more than adequate recompense in other ways, not that he felt any need to keep count. Simon did more than enough other favours for him, and besides, Lucy was always still up for more when she returned, not that the choice was hers.

"Have you ever had her?" he asked casually. He wondered if Leah herself knew the answer to that question. Most slave girls inevitably lose track after a while.

Simon had to think about it as well. "Just once," he said, "in the rape racks at the races. She was nice and tight."

Sam was in no hurry, and besides, he thought this might be entertaining in terms of Leah's and also Hannah's reactions, so he said casually, "Care to renew your acquaintance with her now?"

Simon brightened. He had no problem with performing in public. "Sure," he said. "Thanks!"

Sam pulled slightly on the reins and the two girls, getting the message, backed up slightly so that the straps leading from their harnesses to the cart slackened, allowing him to step out of the cart. He moved around to the front to observe. Leah's face, as far as could be ascertained with the bit in place, was expressionless. Her consent for this had naturally not been required, but she must be used to that: he knew she had been a slave for well over a year. Simon stepped in behind her and in one motion dropped both his trousers and boxers so that they fell around his ankles. He placed his hand between Leah's shoulder blades and pushed so that she bent over. The little clip holding the electrode into her pussy was undone – Sam saw Leah flinch with pain as it was removed, the jaws having worked themselves deep into her tender flesh. The electrode and wire was draped over the central shaft of the cart. Then, without further ado, Simon's hands grasped her hips to hold her still and he pushed his already erect cock unceremoniously into her.

"Ggnnnnggg!" gasped Leah as she was brutally entered. Further gasps came, distorted by the bit, as he began to thrust hard into her. Simon was taking no prisoners: this was going to be a fast and furious fucking. Still bent over, Leah was staring at the tarmac, her firm breasts not drooping at all, but her body bouncing slightly as he thrust in and out whilst holding her firmly by her hips.

Sam transferred his gaze to Hannah. She was staring ahead, trying to keep a poker face but clearly a little shocked. Sam smiled to himself. He had been present at the civic centre on the day she had first been made to strip herself naked to be sold, some six weeks ago now. He recalled that she had been a virgin at that time. It would seem a long time ago to her now, and without doubt she would be much more experienced in the ways of men now, but it was nice to see she could still be shocked. He expected there would still be many more shocks to come. Right now, she would be thinking that, had Simon's whim been different, it would be her being fucked right now. He wondered if she had experienced sex in public yet. He could feel his own cock rising with the thought.

He took a decision. He had not intended to do this, but he was sure his sap would return by the time they reached the picnic ground, and even if not, the ministrations of an experienced and skilled slave such as Leah would soon restore him. He took his shorts and boxers off, slipping them easily over his shoes, and went round to stand behind Hannah. "Shift your fat butt, Simon, and make room for an expert," he said with a smile to his friend, and then said to Hannah, "bend forward, girl." Hannah obeyed immediately. She knew what was coming, had known from the moment she saw him take his clothes off, but even if she had been allowed to speak, there was nothing she could say about this.

As Simon had with Leah, Sam grasped Hannah by the hips, feeling the warm, sweaty skin of the girl beneath his fingers. It was, as it pretty much always was on New Island, a very warm day, and Hannah's exertions in pulling the cart, encouraged by the carriage whip, had caused plenty of perspiration to flow. He didn't mind that, quite the opposite in fact. Now she was about to get some exercise of a different type. He wondered if she felt horrified or resigned at the prospect? Humiliated, certainly, at the very least.

He tapped the inside of first her left and then her right thigh very gently with his hand. She got the message and spread her legs a little. Her vulva was now fully on view, the sex lips closed, as is usually the case with a girl relatively new to sexual intercourse. He imagined her face would be scarlet with shame and embarrassment right now. As with Leah, her bent over position meant that all she could see would be the road underneath her. The little electrode disappeared between her lips and into her, the wire trailing out. Releasing her hips, Sam took the clip and pressed the ends to release it. Hannah squealed with pain and Sam saw the skin only reluctantly come away from the clip. He massaged the indented lip for a few moments, causing Hannah to writhe with the further discomfort of returning circulation in such a sensitive place. Then he moistened his cock with saliva and slid himself into her, more gently than Simon had done, though for his own preference rather than any consideration for the girl. He felt the girl's love channel swallow his dick up and heard the slightest of exhalations from her, the sound made slightly more rasping as the air from her lungs slid around the bit in her mouth.

He began to push in and out, still gently, unlike Simon who was thrusting rampantly. Sam preferred to take his time and enjoy things. Still, he didn't want to be still going long after Simon had finished, so he began to accelerate. Little gasps came from Hannah, mixed with those from Leah. Sam increased his tempo still further, and Hannah's gasps grew in volume.

"How's your pony?" Simon said, slightly breathlessly.

"Pretty good," Sam replied. "Yours?"

"Still as tight as last time," Simon reported.

The two men exchanged a look, and an unspoken agreement arose between them. They would go for a simultaneous orgasm. Simon slowed a bit, to let Sam catch up, then resumed his brutal thrusts into Leah. Sam was by now thrusting vigorously into Hannah. His pressure was building, but he was determined not to go off ahead of his friend. To his relief, he read Simon's lips as the other man wordlessly mouthed, "on the count of five?" Sam nodded, knowing that it would be all he could do to hold out that long. Simon silently and slowly mouthed, five, four, three, two, one, go!

The two men shot their loads simultaneously. There were gasps from both girls as they felt jets of hot come go deep inside them. The aftershocks followed up, then the gradual subsidence. Eventually both men extracted their cocks from the girls. Normally, a slave girl knows to clean a man's cock with her mouth and tongue after he has fucked her, but the bits in their mouths rendered this impossible. Sam instead wiped his cock on the back of Hannah's shapely if sweaty thigh, and Simon latched onto the idea and did the same with Leah.

Sam went back to in front of the girls to retrieve and re-don his shorts and boxers, whilst Simon pulled up his trousers and fixed them back in place. "I owe you one," the latter said, slightly thickly.

Sam carefully watched the faces of the girls, who had been allowed to straighten back up, as he spoke. "No problem, buy me a drink next time we're at the pub," he said casually. Leah didn't react, but he saw Hannah wince slightly at the indication that the use of her body could be bartered so cheaply.

"Will do," said Simon, and then after exchanging goodbyes, wandered off.

Sam reattached the electrodes and clips, as an act of kindness placing them elsewhere on the puffy sex lips than before. Then he went back to the cart, settled himself into it and took up the reins. The two girls moved forward slightly so that the straps connecting them to the cart were taut, and waited tensely. Sam pressed the starter button, and saw both of them jerk with the electric shock. "Walk," he commanded. "Take the next turn left."

They obeyed. The next turn left was into a long suburban avenue of wealthy homes with beautifully manicured lawns. Sam soon saw what he was looking for: a man was casually watering his perfect lawn with a hosepipe. Sam brought the two girls to a halt, alighted from the cart and went to have a word with the man. Moments later, the man agreed and shortly afterwards the hose pipe was playing over the two girls. The cool water probably refreshed them more than anything, although Leah winced and Hannah positively squeaked when the hose pipe was switched off, pushed into their sex lips and then switched on again, to clean their insides. Still, they probably felt better for it, Sam thought piously. In Xanxta, there were numerous posts where the pony girls could be hosed down and also watered, but there was no similar infrastructure here as yet. The man had a spare plant pot, and Sam filled it with water and allowed Leah to drink from it, although with the bit preventing her lips from closing, even with her head back as much of it dribbled down her jaw as she could get into her mouth. He did the same with Hannah, who was slightly more self-conscious but equally thirsty. Sam returned the pot and thanked the other man, settled

back into the cart seat, pressed the starter button once more and the girls both jerked to attention as the voltage agonised their wet pussies.

“Trot to the picnic ground,” he ordered, and to emphasise the order flick both of them in turn with the carriage whip. The two well fucked girls moved off, pantherish muscles almost oozing beneath their firm young skin. He doubted that Hannah would be able to trot all the way, although Leah probably could. He would encourage Hannah with the carriage whip until there was no more effort to be wrung from her, and then allow them to walk from there. He had already planned the picnic: he would uncouple the girls from the cart, which was allowed, whilst keeping their harnesses on and bits in. They would serve him the picnic and then use their hands to stimulate him, then he would fuck them, although he hadn’t yet decided which one to ejaculate into. Maybe he would manage a dose into both, although after having just come into Hannah, he wasn’t sure if he could manage two more goes. But he would see. Either way, we would have a very pleasant day indeed.

As the cart had pulled away from the kerb after Simon and Sam had fucked the girls, the girl now known as Slutlana stepped out from behind the corner where she had been hiding. She had not wanted her little sister Hannah to see her. Now she would be behind Hannah, and she knew that the head harness would prevent Hannah from turning her head around and seeing her.

One reason she had not wanted to let her younger sister see her was because she did not want to embarrass Hannah by having the younger girl know that her elder sister had been watching her being fucked. Slutlana had to admit it was something of a shock to her to see her little baby sister, now all grown up, having sex, even though she knew it was happening. She knew too that Hannah had volunteered, or at least made it clear, that she wanted to be a pony girl. Slutlana understood Hannah’s need for physical work after so many years as a crippled hunchback, but the public humiliation of being a pony must be quite something to have to endure.

The other reason was that she, Slutlana, was predictably naked, apart from her collar, and therefore completely unable to hide the numerous and deep red welts that decorated her young arse. Last night her master, not for the first time, had thrashed her, tied face down on the bed. And, again not for the first time, Slutlana had come to a powerful orgasm, just as the painful cane strokes were reaching their peak. Now, and for the next couple of days, her bottom told the clear story of her beating, though fortunately not her arousal. Then her master had turned her over onto her back, painful on its own due to the state of her bottom, and tied her down once more and proceeded to lay into her breasts with his leather strap, so that they too now bore angry red lines which, due to her nudity, were entirely visible. And, as the pain had reached a crescendo, she had come again, just as powerfully. Then, with her still tied, he had ravaged her, fucking her deeply and harshly, and she had come yet again, once more with incredible intensity. Slutlana had not expected this when she came to New Island. She had enjoyed a couple of rough nights with her former boy friend, but this was on another level altogether. She needed to come to terms with it, to try to understand it, before Hannah found out, as she inevitably would. Her master already knew, of course. Slutlana now understood completely with Slave Ellie had meant when she said that slaves can have no secrets, either from each other or from their masters.

And she was now Slutlana, completely and totally, even in her own thoughts. Svetlana belonged to another time, another girl. Even the diminutive version of her old name, Sveta, was now Sluta. And she was, without doubt and perhaps without even shame, a slut.

Slutlana moved off. She had an errand to perform for her master, taking a small package to his friend elsewhere on New Island. She wondered if that friend of her master would fuck her before sending her back home. Probably, she reckoned. Svetlana would not have been looking forward to that. Slutlana was a different story.

EPILOGUE ONE

Sophie and Cara were spread out on the beach, naked, sunbathing.

They were not on the secluded beach they had used to go to on their joint day off. This was the main beach, and there were men around, and sometimes they would get ogled, or worse. Sophie was still adjusting to that, but she was getting there, slowly. She would still herself have preferred the secluded beach, but she knew it was not what Cara wanted, so she had acquiesced to her friend's request. Cara now actually enjoyed being seen naked by men. Sophie thought her friend was nuts, but she was still her best friend. Cara's first owner had now sold her to another man, making her the first of the four girls to be sold on – Sophie wondered if that would eventually happen to her too, and decided that it might. Cara had been sold privately, and Sophie suspected that her best friend would actually have preferred to go up on the auction stage again. Sophie smiled despite herself. Cara was nuts. The change of ownership had meant a change of Cara's name, too: she was now Slave Cara, L014, property of Robert Allen, as she proudly announced herself. She even took the trouble to point out that, grammatically, it was a small "p" for property. Cara was nuts. She was now in the same situation as Sophie, in that her owner only had the one slave, whereas before she was one of three slaves owned by the rather inappropriately named Tom Jefferson. Cara was now focused entirely on pleasing her owner at all times, whereas Sophie just tried to keep herself out of trouble and accepted whatever came her way. Cara was even, Sophie knew, seriously considering staying on New Island as a slave when her year's service came to an end, whereas Sophie, although she had come to terms with it, was counting down the days. It was just coming up to three months, so a long time to go yet.

A shadow fell over them. Sophie looked up to see two young men, maybe a few years older than herself and Cara, staring down at them. She was uncomfortably aware that she was naked but forced her hands to stop from covering herself up. She looked at the men nervously. This might just be a passing social thing, or they could get groped, or it could go a lot further. The little red baubles they had once had attached to their collars were long gone: they were fair game.

Cara stirred from a light sleep, probably alerted by the shadow robbing them of the sun's rays on their bodies. Instead of thinking about covering herself, she adjusted herself slightly to expose her curvy teenage body a little more. "Hello, masters," she almost purred.

That, Sophie reckoned, would settle it. The men were entitled to have them anyway, but Cara's encouragement would seal it. She wondered which one would have her. Maybe Cara would like to have both, one after the other or even simultaneously, but Sophie knew it didn't usually happen that way.

Cara, she reflected, was nuts. But Sophie loved her best friend dearly.

EPILOGUE TWO

Adrian was lying on the big bed on Leah's room, idly looking through a magazine, when Leah arrived. He looked up at her. She was, of course, naked. He wondered if he would ever get tired of seeing that fabulous, athletic, tigerish, lithe and superbly fit body, and decided that he never would. No man could.

She saw his eyes devouring her body. It didn't bother her, quite the reverse in fact. "Sorry I'm late," she said. "I was entertaining Master."

"So I see," he said. "Turn round, let's see the full view."

Leah turned round, giving him the full view of her sensational rear. It was covered with angry red blotches.

"Paddle?" he asked.

"Yep," she affirmed, unbothered.

"That must be stinging like Hell. Would you like some ointment?"

"Nah, it's fine." She looked at him impishly over her shoulder. "You could kiss it better if you like."

He got to his feet and went over to her, sat on the edge of the bed and gently kissed her firm, vibrant bottom cheeks. He could feel the heat in them. Despite her dismissal of it, the paddle must have hurt like crazy when it had been applied to her, and her rear must still be throbbing now. He kissed her cheeks again, sensuously, enjoying the feel of her body. "Is that better?" he asked.

"Loads," she said. She pushed him back onto the bed and slid on top of him, her firm breasts almost in his face. "Maybe you could take my mind off it," she said suggestively.

A while later, they lay there, sated. He noted that she was still face down, avoiding her bottom coming into contact with the bed, although during their love-making she had frequently gone under him in the heat of the moment, or more accurately many moments. He knew she would have done nothing to deserve the paddle, that it would have purely been for Tom Jefferson's pleasure, but equally Adrian knew that Leah was more than keen to take it, and a lot worse, if it pleased her owner.

As they gently cuddled each other, he wondered fleetingly about raising the subject of buying her again, but decided against it. She undoubtedly wanted to be his girl, but she equally undoubtedly wanted to be Tom Jefferson's slave.

Adrian sighed, and kissed her pretty, happy face once more.

Leah, Adrian reflected, was nuts. But he loved her dearly.

THE END