

THE FOUR SLAVELANDS CHALLENGE

Ian Smith and Storm Robinson

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Note to the reader: this book follows on from the events in the books “Two Wildcats And A Bubble Butt” and then “The New Island For Slaves”. The reader is advised to read those two books first, in that order, otherwise the narrative here may only make limited sense.

Introduction by Ian Smith

This book marks a new departure for me, in that it is the first I have written in collaboration with somebody else.

If you are not familiar with the Renderotica site, which features computer-generated pictures, then I commend it to you (www.renderotica.com will find it). The site features artwork for a wide variety of tastes, but everybody will find something they like. There are two artists there who I am a particular fan of and who I have corresponded with for some time. One of those is Thomas Tergel, whose Slave Auction series and follow-up Obedience School series is wonderful and influenced, among other things, my description of the auction of Sophie and the others in my last book. The other is Bumper2, who not only does pictures but also some prose to go with them. It turned out that Bumper is a great fan of my stories, particularly the Leah series and, encouraged by me, he began to produce some short stories featuring some of the characters from Leah's world. One thing led to another and those pieces have now been developed and added to this book. The bulk of the writing is mine, but his additions have added an interlaced sub-plot or two which we hope you will enjoy. (And by the way, the combination of our work makes this a long book, so great value for money!) At the same time, he is working on a comic book featuring Leah's first introduction to slavery, which I described in "Two Wildcats and a Bubble Butt". His versions of Leah and Ellie, as well as other characters from that book and this, are outstanding, and he has worked very hard to keep them true to my descriptions and visions of them.

He also appears in my book as Storm Robinson. The chapters in this book which are written by him I have noted as "Written by Storm Robinson". We both sometimes write as a character in the first person singular, so those chapters are opened as "by Fred Smith" or whoever the character we are writing as may be. I hope that's clear. You'll see that his style and interests are both a little different to mine, and he is American whilst I am British, so our spellings and colloquialisms differ at times; we hope that keeps the book fresh for you, but also in my opinion he is a great writer, so I hope you enjoy his writing as much as you do mine.

Introduction by Storm Robinson

I've been writing stories for ages, little things just for fun and to keep my mind sharp. Originally I'd find a picture that sparked my interest and write a story to go with that. Then I began to make my own pictures and post them to the Renderotica site, frequently adding text to them. After several years of learning how to create better artwork and tell better stories I received a message from Ian Smith. Evidently, he was a fan of my work, and my 'The Squad' series. We became friendly, and then actual friends.

Reading over his books inspired me in several ways. First, recreating several of his characters in my artwork based on particularly favorite scenes. Then, one of his minor characters, Fiona Furness, sparked my interest. I wondered what her story would be like after the events of 'Two Wildcats and a Bubble Butt'. One night I started writing a story about her future in Xanxta, how she'd changed and what life would look like for a free woman in a sex-slave town. The words spilled from my pen (or more accurately, my finger on my phone's writing program) easily, and before a day had passed I'd finished the story. When I told Ian about it he insisted on reading it, and then insisted on putting it in this book! I was personally touched that he found it worthy. As time went on I wrote several more stories which he helped with, giving comments and suggestions along the way. This is now to be my first published book and I couldn't think of a better person to write it with.

As Ian would say: I hope you enjoy this story one-handed!

Prologue One

The young woman once known as Svetlana and now known as Slutlana stopped outside the heavy oak door and hesitated.

Her heart was already beating fast with terror. Inside the room, she knew only too well, was a variety of devices and instruments which all had just one purpose: to bring pain to her. Every Wednesday evening at this time, she was required by her master to come to the room to receive her “treatment”. On Wednesday mornings, she would wake up, realise what day it was, and trepidation would immediately set in. As the day wore on, that dread anticipation would steadily grow. And now, as the time came, she was physically shaking, as if she was freezing cold, except that the warmth of the evening and the faint sheen of fear-induced sweat on her naked body said otherwise.

And yet ...

But it didn't matter. She had her orders. Report to the dungeon at seven o'clock in the evening. And it was that time now. Timorously, she knocked on the door, and heard his voice telling her to enter.

She went in, closing the door behind her. The subdued lighting in the room was certainly atmospheric, adding to her fear. He was sat on the throne which oversaw the entire room. She hurried to it and knelt in the required manner, shoulders back, breasts thrust out, legs apart.

Slutlana indeed, she reflected. But it was a position which was required of her and in which she had been trained.

When he bought her, her owner had immediately changed her name from Svetlana to Slutlana. Her official designation was Slave Slutlana, L012, property of Michael Harris. She had quickly and painfully learnt that it was best to think of herself by that name, to avoid making mistakes by accidentally using her old name. Besides, she told herself, it fitted what she now was. Since he had bought her, he had loaned her out to nearly a dozen of his friends, as well as making copious use of her himself. And she had to be honest with herself and admit that not once had she not come, and on most occasions had come more than once. And she knew she would come tonight, many times, often when the pain hit a peak.

He reached down and casually fondled her breast. It began the stirrings deep inside her.

“Well, slave, are you ready for your weekly treatment?”

Oh God, this would hurt!

“Yes, master.”

“We will start, I think, with number three cane.”

“Yes, master.”

Staying on her knees, she crawled over to the rack of canes. They were numbered one to five: one was light and whippy, it stung like blazes but left only a red mark, whilst five was heavy and almost cut her in two. Number three would give the worst of all worlds. Slutlana carefully turned her head and took the cane in her mouth. If she dropped it, she would be in dire trouble, but equally if she left teeth marks on the cane she would be for it to, so she had to judge it just right. She was, of course, not allowed to use her hands. Carefully, she unhooked it and carried it back to her tormentor. He took it from her, examined it for teeth marks and made no comment, to her intense relief.

“Present.”

She had been trained in what this single command required of her. Slutlana shuffled around so that her bottom faced him. She spread her knees wider apart, and then dipped her back as far as her spine would allow. Now her bottom thrust up. And with her legs wide, her sex was displayed to a degree of intimacy that made her blush. She waited in fear. It would be six: it was always six.

Slasshhh!

Whhapp!

She cried out as her bottom exploded in pain.

Slasshhh!

Whhapp!

“Oh! Oh my God! Oh, God, oh God!” She was not really religious, but the trappings of her childhood had never fully left her.

Slasshhh!

Whhappp!

“Aaiieeee! Oh God!”

Slasshhh!

Whhappp!

“Oh God, please! Please! Pleassee!” But she did not know what she was pleading for. Fire was raging through her, but it was not just the fire of pain.

Slasshhh!

Whhappp!

She screamed, but nothing intelligible. She was no longer capable of coherent speech. The crescendo rose in her body, completely beyond her control, overwhelming her.

Slasshhh!

Whhappp!

Her body exploded in a massive orgasm. She collapsed to the ground, her body jerking in convulsions, feeling as if it was short-circuiting, as if a million volts was coursing through her. She twitched and jerked as the aftershocks, themselves far more intense than anything else she had ever known before she came to New Island, washed over her, twisting her body helplessly. At long last they subsided and she lay there, quivering and shuddering. She was trying to remember if she had taken all six. If she had broken position before the sixth, she would be in even greater trouble. But these thoughts were only on a vague, primitive level. Her mind was still reliving the orgasm, still feeling the incredible high.

He tossed the cane on the floor beside her. Dimly it percolated through her mind that it must indeed have been six. She picked it up with her mouth and, remaining on her hands and knees, shuffled back to the rack and, not without difficulty as she could not use her hands, managed to get it back into the rack.

“Crop.”

Just for a moment, Slutlana closed her eyes in dismay. She already had enough experience to know that, in the hands of an expert, and he was most certainly an expert, the riding crop could be worse than a cane. She made herself shuffle over to where it hung, unhooked it, again with her mouth, and then carried it in her mouth back to him, again careful not to leave any slightest impression from her teeth on it.

“Kneel.”

It was to be on her thighs or boobs, then. Both were sensitive targets. It would be agony. Boobs would be the worst, but thighs would still be very bad. She knelt before him, thighs spread, hands palm down on them, back arched so that her tits thrust forwards towards him.

“High.”

Oh God, it was to be her boobs, then. She raised her hands and placed them behind the back of her head, her slim fingers interlaced. The position, especially with her back still arched, made her boobs jut out forwards even more. She had been well trained in each of what he called the basic postures. She pulled her elbows back as far as she could, so that her boobs stuck out vulnerably.

“Count.”

“Yes, master.” He was not indicating how many, but it would probably be six. The significance of the count was that, each time she counted, she was acknowledging that she was ready for the next stroke. She waited, almost physically shaking.

Thwappp!

“Aaiieeee!”

The pain was indescribable, and yet she had her orders. Slutlana fought to compose herself, to get her breathing under control. She was not expected to snivel when she spoke, she knew. He required better than that of her.

“One, thank you master,” she managed. “May I have another, please?” Wirth her own words, she condemned herself to more anguish, and yet it was required, so she had no choice.

Thwappp!

“Aaiieeee!”

More struggling for breath and composure. Eventually, she managed to speak again.

“Two, thank you master. May I have another, please?”

He lined up his next shot, but at that moment his mobile phone rang. With a little annoyance, he answered it. It was a business call, one he had clearly been expecting, otherwise he would not have brought the phone into the “treatment room”. Ignoring her, he began to talk business in detail.

Slutlana waited. When he had finished the call, she knew he would continue to beat her breasts, and possibly after that other parts of her young body. She was dreading it. And yet, the fires in her bottom and her tits were not the only ones raging in her body. Between her legs, she was throbbing too, but it was a different blaze, one of desire, a more intense desire than she had ever known before coming to this island. Once he had finished whipping her, he would fuck her almost senseless, and orgasm after orgasm would wash over her like a tidal wave until she lay limp and exhausted on the floor. Wednesday nights were agony, but also ecstasy.

Somewhere else on this Caribbean island was her younger sister Hannah. Like herself, Hannah was a sex slave. The sisters had signed away their freedom for a year, because it was the only way to pay for the medical treatments that had cured Hannah’s condition and allowed her to live a normal life, or at least normal once this year was over. Neither of them had any regrets: they would endure this year and then return home and pick up their lives. Not that they would ever be quite the same again. And ‘endure’, yes, but it wasn’t all bad by any means.

Not even Wednesday nights ...

Prologue Two

New Island Council

*Slave Registration Department
Council House, New Island.*

To: Storm Robinson, 3, Orange Grove, New Island.

Date: as email date

Dear Storm

Congratulations on your purchase of the property known as Slave Cara. Her full name is now Slave Cara, L014, Property of Storm Robinson. We confirm that all of the documentation relating to the sale of this item to you has been completed by the vendor, Thomas Jefferson.

You are respectfully reminded that ownership of this property is on a leasehold basis and the ownership will terminate on the date on the attached certificate of ownership. The property may be sold on to another owner during this time if you so choose, but the leasehold surrender date must be made known to the buyer before a price is agreed, as it will clearly affect that price.

On the date of termination, arrangements will be made to return the property to her country of origin and release her back into the wild. These arrangements are the responsibility of New Island Council and you do not have to do anything other than surrender the property to the authorities at the appropriate time. Details of when and where to deliver the property will be sent to you closer to the date.

You are also respectfully reminded that you are required under New Island bye-laws to keep the property in good condition with no lasting or long-term damage. Regular physical and mental health checks are obligatory. The Council's medical department will contact you periodically to arrange check-ups. At the same time, the Council and all departments are available to assist you in any way, should the need arise.

We trust that the slave will bring you many hours of pleasure and enjoyment. Thank you for your continuing support of New Island.

Regards,

*Stephen Phelps.
Slave Registrar.*

Chapter One - New Island

Sophie Summers sat naked but for her slave collar on a chair outside the room she dreaded, waiting nervously.

No, she told herself, she was not Sophie Summers anymore. She was Slave Sophie L013, property of Kelvin Hope. Sophie Summers would not be naked. Sophie Summers would not be wearing a slave collar. Sophie Summers would not be waiting in dread for the inevitable, she would be running away, or fighting to defend herself.

And Sophie Summers would still be a virgin.

She was just eighteen and very pretty, with longish dark blonde hair tied back and currently platted into a single braid. Her body shape was fabulous, lithe and athletic, the product of a life filled with sport and physical activity. Even now, she got up early every morning to go running, when there was nobody about, because she was not allowed any clothes to go running in, only trainers. She also often went running at other times with her best friend, Cara, who had come to New Island to be enslaved for a year at the same time she had, and the other two slaves in Cara's household, Ellie and Leah. Cara had recently been sold to a new owner, however, and Sophie had yet to see her since then, although it had been less than a week. Kelvin Hope also had a small gym room with rowers, treadmills, cross-trainers and bikes, and she used those, though sitting naked on the bike saddle was not the nicest. He was around thirty and also in good shape, and he played some sports with her: table tennis in the house and tennis down the local courts were his favourites. Although she was competitive anyway, he had his ways of encouraging her: she would get the table tennis bat sharp on her behind if she lost at either, though on the other hand she would get a treat if she won, such as an ice cream sundae. Naturally, she always had to play in the nude, though she was again allowed trainers for tennis. Fortunately, the courts were on the edge of the small town and rarely was there anybody else about. The forfeits did spur her on, because that table tennis bat stung, but the treats were nice too. It was hot on the island, and they would finish a game of tennis with his t-shirt soaked with sweat, if he hadn't removed it anyway, whilst her whole body would gleam with perspiration. An ice cream sundae, bought for her by him from the kiosk on the corner (she had no money and was not allowed any, by the law of the island), was bliss. The table tennis bat ... well, next time she would try harder.

Advised by Ellie and Leah, she also spent time doing breast exercises to make her already firm breasts even firmer. As none of the girls were allowed to wear bras on New Island, they all did the exercises, though Sophie probably needed them less than most but did them more than most. When running, she was allowed a rope bra – a piece of cord wrapped several times around her chest and tied fairly tightly – but was not great, because when she was breathing really hard, as her chest expanded, her flesh squeezed out between the strands of cord and, as it deflated again, that flesh would then get pinched between the strands. Needless to say, as well, that the rope bra hid nothing at all of her feminine charms. She had been trying to use the rope bra less and less often, and was now not using it at all. None of her three colleagues used one either. They were all fit, athletic girls, but Sophie could outpace Ellie or Cara on a long run. Leah was a different matter. That girl's fitness was on another level, and Sophie could barely keep up with her. Leah was strong, too: she and Sophie had once had an arm-wrestle, and Sophie had been wiped out with ease, though she was no weakling. But they were allowed to use Kelvin's gym regularly (though still naked), where they would go on rowers, side by side, and here Sophie came into her own and – just – had the edge. She had been in a rowing club before coming here, and her technique just edged it over Leah's raw power.

Her sports, as has been said, gave her an excellent body shape, which she was secretly proud of, although she still struggled with being naked in public. Leah's body was better, without doubt, but she was still happy enough with herself. She had also raised the highest price of the four girls at auction, something else that, though she wouldn't admit it openly, had pleased her, for all that the auction itself, the first time she had stripped completely in public (and the last time she had worn any clothing, for that matter) had been a terrible ordeal. Sophie didn't realise that she was also facially the best-looking of the four girls, all of whom were very pretty. She had a natural unawareness of her own charms: it had quite surprised her when her auction price had ended at thirty-six thousand, a full six thousand ahead of any of the other three girls, all of whom (not that she had any tendencies that way) were very hot. That included

her best friend Cara: although Cara was a little short and stocky and thought of herself as a toad, she was in fact very sexy in a cute, unconscious way and Sophie had been pleased, after a fashion, that her best friend had fetched the joint second-highest price at thirty thousand.

Sophie's own price was made even more significant because, although her owner was not short of a bob or two, he was by no means one of the richer men on the island. The house where the two of them lived was certainly not a hovel, but it didn't compare to some of the palaces around the island. It did not have the magnificent sea views that Cara's former owner's mansion had. Kelvin Hope had, she suspected, gone to his limit to buy her, and she was only his for a year, after which she was free to return home. Perhaps by then his funds would have recovered and he could buy another girl. His income, as far as she could tell, came from a generous trust fund from his parents, well invested.

Kelvin Hope: her owner, she mused. It was still a very strange concept to get her head around. Even though she had now been his for just over two months – it was the end of the tenth week this weekend, which was something she kept careful track of – she still couldn't work out what she thought of him. He was strict with her, for sure: she had a couple of hours of housework to do every day, including getting his meals, and she would get the strap if there was any slightest sloppiness in her work. But Sophie had never shirked housework, having looked after her father's house from a young age after her mother died young. Besides, she was conscious of the price he had paid for her and determined, at least in the domestic stakes, to give him full value for his money. But that, of course, was the least of her slavery.

On that first day when she had been sold to him, he took her home and barely got her through the front door before he bent her over a settee and fucked her, long and hard and brutally. Sophie, a virgin whose only experience was the occasional wet dream back home when she thought about one or two nice boys at school, boys she otherwise had never had any contact with, had never felt anything remotely like it. After the brief pain of the tearing of her hymen, she had been swept along in a tidal wave of sensations the like of which she had never imagined. Completely helpless, both physically and mentally, she had orgasmed again and again, though barely knowing what an orgasm was and certainly never having had one before. When it was all over, she lay on the floor, completely shattered. He left her lying there for a couple of hours and then came back and did it again. She was like a rag doll in a hurricane.

Since then, he'd taken her more times that she could remember. Sometimes he would just decide to have her, and that would be that. When he beat her at tennis, he'd often have her there and then – in public! The first time, she had been mortified beyond measure. After that, well, it was always embarrassing, although of course everybody knew that she was his slave and what that meant. Fortunately there was not often many people, if any at all, around the tennis courts at that time of day. It had also taken her a while to come to terms with the fact that sex in public on the island was not illegal, quite the opposite in fact. But most times, it would be like now. She was waiting outside his "fun room", which was more like a torture chamber. He would torment her, but at the same time make her come, again and again. Then, finally, he would fuck her, and even more orgasms would be wrenched out of her helpless body.

Sophie and Cara had both signed up to come to New Island and be slaves for a year. Sophie's dad had desperately needed money to pay off some very nasty loan sharks over a business deal. He had been totally against her coming, even though he had no other way of raising the money, but she had always been able to have the last word – a very different situation from that she found herself in now. Cara had insisted on coming with her as well: Sophie's own self-sacrifice would not quite raise all the money needed, but with Cara as well, their combined money more than covered it. Sophie's dad would make the money when the contract he had been working on came to fruition, and Cara would get all of the money due her then – her family was a lot less well-off and could really use it – but Sophie felt that she could never repay her best friend's loyalty in accompanying her here. Happily, Cara seemed to have adjusted to the bizarre life here, better than Sophie in some ways.

Sophie heard footsteps. He was coming down the steps from the first floor of the house to the "fun room", which was on the ground floor. He turned the corner and saw her. Sophie slipped off the wooden chair and knelt, her knees apart, hands on her open thighs, palms up, back arched but head down, not looking at him. It was all required behaviour: sit on the chair until he arrived and then kneel.

Kelvin Hope was a man of few words, at least to her. He opened the door to the room and gestured for her to go inside. Sophie brought her hands forward so that she was on hands and knees, back still

arched, legs apart, which meant her vulva was fully on view. She preceded him inside, still on hands and knees, which meant he had a good view. It would shortly be, she knew, the least of her worries.

Chapter Two - New Island, later that same evening

Sophie had been left to stew for a while, and she was certainly stewing.

She couldn't move much. Her wrists and ankles both had leather manacles on them. The wrist ones were attached to two thick leather straps which descended from the ceiling, leaving her arms immobile, her hands above her head. Her ankles, meanwhile, were attached to a spreader bar which was secured to the concrete floor, meaning she could neither close nor move her legs. When you are a naked young woman, not being able to close your legs leaves you feeling very vulnerable.

And her bottom was sizzling. After securing her and before leaving her to fret, he had applied the strap a dozen times to her rear. She was slowly getting used to the strap, but it still hurt. Also, the fire in her bottom had started another fire, this time in her groin. Had her hands been free, and had she been alone, she would have been masturbating. As it was, she was jumpy and frustrated.

Then he came back.

He went behind her, and his hands reached round and cupped her breasts, then began to maul them. Agitated as she already was, Sophie's boobs were hyper-sensitive, and she writhed under the squeezing and squashing. Occasionally he slapped a boob or two, and once or twice broke off to slap her already sore bottom. At other times, he nibbled her ear, and she could feel his hot breath on her neck. Her agitation grew. The room was only mildly warm, but she was sweating. She knew better than to protest at the groping, and besides, she couldn't articulate any words. Her arms twisted and writhed in her bonds, her hands flexing and unflexing, and sometimes gripping the straps that led up to the ceiling. He came round in front of her, and began to nibble her right teat, his teeth brushing the now hard nipple. Sophie gasped and moaned. She knew she was close. The nibbling went on, then she felt a hand between her legs, stroking her sex lips. It was all too much. She came, the orgasm rushing over her like waves over a flimsy sandcastle on the beach.

As she was coming down from her high, he moved round to in front of her and his eyes met hers. He was smirking, and Sophie realised that he knew full well that she had just come. She felt the loss of privacy like a smack in the face. She was beginning to understand that a slave has no hiding place.

Having made his point, he moved behind her again, his hands kneading her tender tit-flesh again, taking liberties she could not imagine anybody taking over her just ten weeks ago. Once or twice he would stop to give her a sharp slap on her bottom. She would gasp in shock, but no words would come. He came round in front and his teeth got to work on her nipples once more. They were still hard and engorged, and she writhed again under his touch. Her inner fire was already building again. The occasional slap on her bottom just served to reinforce how much she was at his mercy.

The tit-mauling went on for some time, then his hands roved elsewhere: her tummy, her legs, even her armpits, dewy with perspiration though they were. All areas were sensitive, every touch increased her inner temperature. Her eyes closed, her body writhing, Sophie came a second time, helpless to stop herself. And again, as she descended from the peak, she again knew that he knew.

Now behind her once again, he took her sore nipples between his fingers and thumbs and began to rub them. Sophie began to writhe once more. But then he let go of her altogether, and moved away for a moment. When he came back into her view, she saw to her dismay that he was holding a flogger. He began to use it on her breasts, not hard strokes but still painful on her engorged, sensitive nipples. From time to time he would move the flogger behind her and lash her bottom, much harder than her breasts and on skin already tenderised by the strap. Sophie gasped, moaned and cried out. Coherent words would not come. She was a whipped, beaten, humiliated, defeated slave. He had totally mastered her. She was putty in his hands. The fires between her legs were building again.

He held the flogger up to her lips. Sophie obediently opened her mouth and he placed the handle inside her mouth, sideways. She held it, knowing she had to use her gums, not her teeth, to keep hold of it: if he later found teeth marks, she would get a further beating. His hands mauled her tits once more, then he took the flogger from her mouth and stood before her. Completely defeated, Sophie squared up, pulling her arms back to leave her boobs totally open to the flogger. She could do nothing else: her brain only registered the sensations and the imperative to obey his every whim.

He lashed her breasts again with the flogger, a bit harder now, though still less than the strokes he had laid across her bottom. Sophie was nearing yet another orgasm, as surely and remorselessly as night

follows day. Each lash of the flogger across her so-sensitive boobs caused her to gasp, moan and cry out, but she was totally incapable of calling for mercy. He switched targets, and the tips of the flogger impacted on her throbbing pussy. The shock of that was too much for her, and she went into that orgasm. As she came, the flogger landed again and again in her mons, prolonging and intensifying the orgasm even though it hurt.

As she came down again, he left the room. Sophie was slumped in her bonds, her legs partially collapsed, her bound arms supporting her weight. Slowly she managed to regain the use of her legs and stood upright once more. All she could do was wait. She didn't understand what was making her orgasm. Before coming to New Island, Sophie had only a basic rudimentary knowledge of sex, and certainly nothing in practical terms. She knew what an orgasm was, of course, but the first time she experienced one on New Island she didn't recognise it for what it was at first, and only later did she put two and two together. She'd experienced something a couple of times at home when indulging in some idle fantasy, had even played with herself and had one a couple of times, but the ones she had experienced here were in a completely different league, so much more intense. They just wiped her out. Sophie realised that she was avoiding coming to any conclusion as to whether they were welcome. That was not a conversation she wanted to have with herself.

She got herself back onto her feet and waited, staring ahead of herself without looking at anything. She knew that there was more yet to come, and that he always saved the most intense and painful punishment to the end. Or almost the end: the end would be when he took her for his pleasure.

The waiting played on her nerves, as it always did, and when the door suddenly opened once more she jumped and her heart skipped a beat. He untied her, and re-secured her over a padded footstool. Sophie did not resist: there was no point, and besides, she had agreed to all of this when she came to New Island, even if she hadn't really appreciated what it would all be like. Would she take a different decision if she had her time again? There were certainly moments when she thought so, but she would not disgrace herself now by not co-operating.

She was secured firmly, her thighs apart so that she knew she was giving the most awful and intimate display of herself from behind. The footstool was screwed into the floor, so it was going nowhere and therefore neither was she. Her bottom jutted out, and she knew what that would eventually mean.

She felt him put four cool pads of plastic-coated material onto her bottom. They had a mild adhesive, so they stuck there. Turning around as far as she could in her bonds, Sophie saw that there was a wire leading from each pad, all four wires leading to a small box which he sat with. He flicked a switch on the box and there was the faintest of hums. Then he reached for a dial and turned it, slowly. Sophie became aware of a tingling in her bottom from where the pads made contact. He turned the dial a little further and the tingling became sharper, and turned it again and it became sharper still, actually painful now, though bearable. Sophie started to writhe, as far as the ropes holding her in place allowed her to. She realised that the pads were sending electricity into her helpless body.

"There are two settings," he said, almost conversationally. "The one is a constant level of current. The other ..." he flicked another switch and instantly the tingling reduced back to a lower level, almost pleasurable; and then she gasped as a really painful shock went through her.

"So the other setting," her went on, "keeps the current most of the time at a low level and then ..." he waited, and a moment later Sophie gasped again as another heavy shock went through her. "And then, every so often, you get a real, more intense dose. Now, as I'm so kind and generous, I'll let you choose today: do you want the constant level or the low level with occasional high-level shock?"

Neither were nice, but the occasional shocks were really bad. "The constant level, please master," she said. He flicked the switch, thankfully before a third high level shock was due, and the sensation went back to the unpleasant but bearable level. Again Sophie began to writhe, unable to stop herself. She saw him pick up the short- multi-tailed whip, and he began to hit her with it, not hard but enough to sting a little. Sophie alternated involuntarily between the writhing from the current and the flinching when the whip struck home; he mostly went for her bottom or her back, sometimes her thighs and calves, and occasionally he would cruelly and deliberately catch her between the legs, where she could feel herself growing wet again. The sensations inside her body steadily mounted again, and she knew she was nearing another orgasm, and then he caught her again between the legs with the whip, the tips of the leather fronds impacting right on her sex lips, and Sophie helplessly boiled over into yet another climax.

As she came down, she saw him turn the dial down and she felt the electricity subside. To her relief, she saw him switch the device off and moments later felt him remove the pads from her bottom. "Another orgasm," he mused. "Aren't I kind to you?"

There was no point in denying what had happened and besides, annoying him was not a good idea on these sessions. "Yes, master," she said. "Thank you, master."

"So now, something new for you," he said. Sophie tried to steady her nerves: he always left the last, worst part to the end. He produced something and held it in front of her face for her to see. It was a well polished, solid-looking wooden implement: a paddle. It looked heavy and unyielding. Sophie had already experienced some unpleasant devices here, but not this, not until now, anyway. He moved behind her, and she steeled herself. This would not be easy.

Whack!

"Owww!"

Oh God, that hurt! The whips she had experienced to date were trivial in comparison, though Sophie knew he had whips he had not yet used, and feared them, and him.

Whack!

"Owwwwww!"

It was like ... Sophie didn't have anything she could compare it to. Being flat and broad, it impacted on a large surface area. All of her bottom now felt burning and red hot.

Whack!

"Gnnnggh!"

Forewarned now, she tried to prevent herself crying out, and almost managed it, her even white teeth grinding together.

"Well now," he said casually, "shall we go for a set to finish you off for this session?"

Finish her off, so this would be the last torment for today, though she knew one more thing would inevitably follow. "Yes master, thank you master," she said, her bottom still throbbing.

"Shall we say, let's see, twelve?"

Sophie's heart sank. She had hoped for six: there was no chance of getting away with any less than that. But once he had announced a number, that was it. The tattered remnants of her pride would not allow her to plead for a smaller number, and besides, it would do no good if she did. He might even increase the number through some perverse argument.

"Yes master, thank you master," she said bowing to the inevitable.

"Would you like to count and thank me each time?"

She wouldn't, really, but again she was not in fact being given a choice. "Yes, master" she replied as she tried to marshal her courage. She saw and sensed him going behind her, measuring the first stroke. Sophie's small hands clenched into fists.

Whack!

"Owww! One, thank you, master."

He waited for a few moments. It allowed her to regain a little equilibrium, but it also dragged the whole thing out.

Whack!

"Aahhh! Two, thank you, master."

She couldn't take twelve: it was impossible. She didn't think she could take six.

Whack!

"Oww! Oh God! Three, thank you, master."

Whack!

"Ow, ow, ow! Four, thank you, master."

Whack!

"Arghh!" It took her a moment to bring her voice under control. "Five, thank you, master."

Whack!

Sophie squealed. She had to take several breaths before she could manage to give the required count. "Six, thank you, master."

He paused, and she felt his fingers on her burning bottom. His touch was only gentle but it still hurt. She felt as if she was sitting on a hot plate on the cooker. She was sure that if she sat in a bowl of water, it

would actually bubble and hiss with the heat. She took deep breaths, trying to compose herself. In a fantasy world, she imagined him saying, "I think six will do," but she knew it was only make-believe.

Whack!

"Owww! Seven, thank you, master."

Whack!

"Owwwww!" She had to pause again, to catch her breath. "Eight, thank you, master."

Whack!

"Nine, thank you, master. Oh God!"

Whack!

She squealed again, she just couldn't help it. But the end was in sight. She would endure, and she would not break down in tears. "Ten, thank you, master," she managed after a few moments.

Whack!

"Gnngh! Eleven, thank you, master." Just one more to go!

Whack!

"Owww! Twelve, thank you, master!" Sophie's bottom felt as if a blowtorch was being held to it, but at least it was all over. She knew, though, what would happen next. Behind her, she could hear the clink of his belt buckle as he undid his trousers and the soft hiss as they slid down his legs. There was another moment of waiting, as she imagined him step out of them and then lower and step out of his boxers.

"Gnngh!"

She gasped as she felt him ram into her. Her channel was slick and wet from her orgasms, and he slid in easily, if brutally. She felt him begin to thrust, hard and unyielding. It hurt as he made contact with her sore bottom, but all that was blown away as she felt her body begin to respond. He settled into strong, powerful thrusts and she felt her emotions rise. She gasped with the force of his thrusts, then began to moan. She was completely helpless, as she was every time he fucked her.

Sophie felt as if she was on a roller-coaster and going up a steep slope, but instead of slowing down everything was speeding up, as if she was going downhill. She felt the roaring in her ears as she came again, completely helpless and out of control, but even as she came down from the peak there was no letting up in his relentless assault on her. Soon she was going up again, up, up ...

He finally came, and she felt the hot jets of his come going deep into her body, and it was all too much and she came again as he jetted into her again and again ...

She hadn't blacked out, but she felt as if she had. Time had gone by, long seconds when she had lost awareness. She felt him withdraw from her body, heard his guttural grunts of satisfaction, and shortly afterwards she felt him pulling at the knots of the ropes which bound her in place. As the last restraints were removed, she slid off the footstool and collapsed into a heap on the floor, completely unable to stand. She sensed rather than heard him stand up, slipping his socks off, and then he turned and left, taking off his t-shirt and discarding it as he went. It would be her job, once she had recovered enough to regain her feet, to collect his discarded clothes and put them away, socks and boxers in the laundry basket (which she would have to wash, skivvying being one of her tasks) and the t-shirt and trousers hung up in his wardrobe. But she would have to wait for a couple of minutes before she regained enough energy to stand up. He would be going off to the shower now. Once he had finished, she too would need the shower. Perhaps the water would cool the throbbing heat in her bottom ...

Chapter Three - New Island, later still that evening

“All alone at the end of the evening, when the bright lights have faded to blue.”

Sophie liked the song and the lyric was one she often thought of when she found herself alone in the evening. Not that it was actually that late tonight by any means, but the sun had sunk lower in the sky and the very bright light of day had been replaced by, if not blue, at least gentler shades. Yes, partly due to the evening and partly the fact that this path was not well used anyway, she was certainly alone, nobody was around; but she had selected that path for that reason anyway. She was fortunate that her master's house was on the edge of the town, and she could get from there to the path without encountering anybody if she was quick and picked her moment. She fingered the little red disc that was permanently – at least to date – attached to her collar at her owner's whim. It meant, by New Island's code, that she could be groped and molested, but not sexually used without her owner's explicit consent. It gave her some comfort and protection, but she could still be groped if she met a man. And she was, after all, naked. Under those circumstances, having no men around was to be very much welcomed.

She walked on legs that felt like jelly. This afternoon's session in his mis-named (in her opinion) “Fun Room” had wiped her out despite her considerable fitness. She'd had, as best she could count, six orgasms. When he had finally come, brutally, inside her and then withdrawn and released her from her bonds, she could do little except crawl into a corner and lie there. He had later informed her that he would be going out to the pub with his friends. That meant, under the rules he had long since laid down for her, that her services would no longer be required that day. Her next duty would be to prepare his breakfast the next morning, and he was not an early riser. She would rise early, go for a run (she knew she would be recovered by then) and then have her own breakfast and after that serve him with his.

He hadn't made any mention of what he had just done to her, and she was far too embarrassed to bring it up. Besides, it was her role to respond and obey, not initiate anything, even talk.

There were, she knew, naked “serving wenches” at the pub – in reality, slaves like herself, owned by the pub. Possibly, if he had recharged his batteries by then, he might end up taking one of them. Sophie didn't mind if he did: the more steam was taken out of him, the less he would use her tomorrow, perhaps. Though it rarely seemed to work out that way. She didn't get summoned to the Fun Room every day, but it was certainly more often than not. Sophie's hands touched her sore bottom ruefully. Every session in there was a bit more severe than the last: he had this knack of knowing what her limits were and pushing her just beyond them. In this way, he was extending those limits all the time. A session like today's just after he had first taken ownership of her would have had her screaming and crying hysterically. She wondered, not without trepidation, just how far her limits could be stretched. She suspected she would find out in the weeks and months to come.

The path led down to a small beach and cove. Sophie looked out over the gorgeous azure sea. It had to be admitted that New Island was, in terms of climate and countryside, as near to a paradise as it was possible to get. Although fair-skinned, she was gradually developing a tan, like all the other girls here, and again like all the other girls it was a complete, all-over tan. All the girls were kept naked: if it wasn't actually a rule of New Island, it was certainly standard practice. After ten weeks, she was still quite uncomfortable with it. Ellie, who had been a slave for over a year, said that some girls never fully acclimatised to it, and indeed Ellie herself was a case in point, though only slightly. Sophie wondered, when she was eventually released from the island and went back home, if she was on holiday somewhere, and it was a topless beach, and there was nobody there she knew, would she consider going topless? At the moment, the answer was still definitely “no”, but she had only been here for ten weeks. She had another forty-two weeks to go. Also, apart from the nightmare of her auction, she spent most of her time being seen nude only by her owner.

The path emerged onto the beach. Now Sophie saw something she could not see on the way down: there was another girl already there, lying on the soft sand, bathing in the still warm sun, her eyes closed. By either chance or design, the girl had picked a spot which could not be seen from the path. She was as naked as Sophie, again except for a collar. Sophie recognised her: it was Leah, Ellie's “slave sister”, that is, another girl owned by the same man who owned Ellie and, until this last week, had also owned Sophie's best friend, Cara. Sophie marvelled that she had so quickly got used to the concept of men

“owning” girls like herself. But it was not just prevalent across the island, it was also taken as very much the norm. Perhaps that was why it had become normal, more or less, to her.

Sophie tip-toed a little closer, having no desire to wake Leah if she was asleep, but as she did, Leah opened her eyes, smiled and said, “hello, Slave Sophie.”

“Hello, Slave Leah,” Sophie replied. She wondered why Leah chose to call her “Slave” Sophie out here, with no men anywhere around but, as she had done so, Sophie felt it best to reply in the same mode. It was adding to a theory that had been growing in her mind that both Leah and Ellie actually thought of themselves as slaves, not just some of the time but all of the time. In fact, she thought, they actually took a pride in being slaves. It was ... odd. Or maybe not. She didn’t know any other girls on New Island well, apart from Cara, but what she had seen had indicated to her that, at the very least, the girls here were actually content with their status. Sophie found that astonishing and, for reasons that she couldn’t quite put her finger on, disturbing. It wasn’t as if a girl like Leah was a softie: anything but, in fact.

“Am I disturbing you?” she went on, politely.

Leah favoured her with a smile. “Not at all,” she said easily. “Your master not requiring your services tonight?”

Sophie sat down on the warm sand and Leah brought herself up onto her elbows so that they could chat. “He’s gone to the pub for the evening,” she said, and then added with some hesitancy, “but before he went, he ... well, he ... made use of me then.” She still found this all quite embarrassing; she wondered why she had volunteered that last piece of information.

Leah smiled at the euphemism. She obviously noted that Sophie had sat down rather gingerly, because she observed, “he made use of your bum too, I think?”

Sophie bristled. “I didn’t do anything wrong!” she protested.

“I didn’t say you did,” Leah replied mildly. “Most men on New Island enjoy smacking a girl’s bottom. Nearly all of them, come to think of it,” she added. “Let’s have a look.”

Sophie hesitated, then turned round to show her bottom, which was covered in red marks and blotches. She wondered fleetingly why she was mollified by Leah’s acceptance that she had not misbehaved, rather than being outraged that she had received such treatment at all. She understood why she had protested her innocence: Leah had given her much advice on how to behave as a slave, and getting punished for doing something wrong would suggest she was not listening to that advice. At least, that was what she told herself, but there was a niggling thought at the back of her mind that she simply didn’t want to be seen as disobedient, for reasons she was not sure she understood.

“Mmm,” Leah said. “Was that a paddle?”

“Yes,” Sophie said tersely, turning back round and making herself as comfortable as she could on the sand, which involved not sitting on her battered rear. “He ... gets himself into the mood by doing that, and then he ... well, you know. But he always goes just a bit further than the time before.” She had, she knew, left plenty out of her account of her session in the “fun room”. She didn’t really want to talk about that. “It really hurt,” she added.

“So he’s gradually extending what you can cope with,” Leah surmised. “And after he’d done that, he fucked you?”

“Yes,” said Sophie after a moment’s hesitation due to embarrassment.

“Mmm-hmm,” said Leah, and then skewered Sophie with her eyes. “So, from the point when you went into the fun room until he dismissed you, how many times did you come?”

Sophie went bright red. “I ... don’t know,” she prevaricated.

Leah declined to let her off the hook. “Give me an approximate number,” she persisted. “You can be one or two out either way.”

Sophie surrendered to the inevitable. “Six times,” she admitted in a very quiet voice, and then added more forcefully, “but my bum still hurts!”

Having got the confession out of Sophie, Leah eased off. “It will for a while, I’m afraid. Tell you what, let’s go for a swim.”

“I ...” Sophie hesitated.

“Come on, you’ll feel better and it will soothe your bum a bit,” Leah persisted.

Sophie actually relaxed into a slight smile. “No, I’d love to,” she said. “I was about to say that I haven’t got a swimming costume, but that’s not a problem, is it?”

Some time later, the two girls lay on the rocks. They had no towels, but the evening sun was still more than warm enough to dry them. Both were good swimmers as well as very fit, and there had exerted themselves considerably. Leah had been right, Sophie reflected: the swim had soothed her bottom. But then, she had plenty of respect for Leah's experience, so she wasn't surprised. It was also the first time she had ever swum in the nude: it was just a little different, with the water flowing freely over her normally private areas, unprotected by a bikini.

Leah, for her part, was reflecting that Sophie was, in many ways, a kindred spirit, particularly in her sporting outlook. Of course, Sophie was nearly two years younger and very inexperienced in slavery, but that would come. More importantly, she was friendly and clearly determined, and not prepared to let the awful things she had to submit to get her down. Sophie was also super-fit, quite possibly nearly as fit as Leah herself, which was saying something. Leah, Ellie and Sophie, and Cara too before she had been sold on, went for runs together, early morning, four days a week. On two of those runs, a point would come when Leah would hit the after-burners and really go for it. Ellie and Cara were pretty fit, but they knew they were outmatched and would fall back and take a shorter route back home. Sophie, however, invariably kept pace with Leah. She wasn't as physically strong as Leah, who was for some genetic or other reason exceptionally strong for her size and her weight. Leah could pull a pony cart on her own, even win races, something no other slave in Xanxta at her weight could do, or at least not for long. She doubted that Sophie could do that; it hadn't been put to the test, and also Leah doubted that Sophie could handle the unspeakable humiliation of being a pony girl, treated as an almost mindless beast of burden and of course physically exposed to all onlookers: pony girl harnesses invariably left a girl's supposedly private areas completely on show. But Sophie's fitness and her enthusiasm for physical exercise had struck a chord with Leah, who herself liked nothing more than working up a good sweat.

"Slave Leah," Sophie began hesitantly, as both girls gazed up at the now darker blue sky, "can I ask you something?"

"Sure," Leah replied easily.

"My master has mentioned that, on Saturday, he and I are coming over to your house for some sort of party. Any idea what that's all about?"

"Party is a bit of an overstatement. There will be you and your owner, Cara and her new owner, me and Slave Ellie, and our master and Adrian," Leah said.

"Four men seeing me nude, then," Sophie said rather dejectedly. Sounding as if she wasn't sure she wanted to know, she asked, "what sort of things will happen?"

"Well, for a start," Leah said as gentle as she could, "I think you can be pretty certain that we'll all get our asses leathered."

"Even if we haven't done anything wrong?"

Leah gestured towards Sophie's still red bottom. "Did you do anything wrong to get that?" she asked pointedly.

"Well, no," Sophie admitted. "I suppose it's like you say, men here just like whacking girls' bums."

"There's a bit more to it than that in these situations," Leah said. "When masters get together, they like to show off about how obedient and dedicated to them their slaves are. My master will probably want me and Ellie to take some torment to show how much we love him. And, of course, we will. Your master might want to do the same."

Sophie said nothing. It occurred to her much later that Leah was perhaps inviting her to make a similar declaration of dedication to her owner. The thought didn't cross her mind at the time.

Because Sophie said nothing, Leah went on. "There will probably be a few games set up, the sort of games which the masters will enjoy but we girls will have to grit our teeth and endure them. But they'll just be warm-ups for the main event."

Sophie seemed to come alert. "What's the main event?" she asked tremulously.

Leah looked at her. "Haven't you figured that out yourself?"

Sophie returned the look. "Tell me," she said quietly.

Leah sighed. "My owner has the hots for you. He's set this up as a one-night trade. He gets you, and in return your owner will have me. Cara's owner gets Ellie, and Ade has Cara in return." She grimaced for a moment. "I'm going to have to have a little chat with Ade," she said, more to herself than to Sophie.

"Oh," said Sophie quietly.

Leah eyed Sophie. "Any problem with that?" She asked out of kindness: if Sophie had any issues, best to work them out now, rather than on the night.

"No," Sophie said uncertainly, and then, seeing Leah's eyes firmly on her, added, "it's just that, well, I've only ever been with my master before."

Leah was quite surprised. "Really? How long have you been a slave now?"

"Just coming up to ten weeks," Sophie answered soberly. "But ... he doesn't have visitors, and when he goes out it's usually to the pub and he doesn't take me. I don't mind!" she added hurriedly to that statement. "In fact, the only times I get out of the house and grounds are when he and I go playing tennis, or when we go for our runs early morning, or later in the evening like tonight. And when that happens ..." she fingered the little red disc attached to her collar, which indicated that she was off limits for sex. "Like I said, I don't mind, I don't mind at all, but ... well, I suppose I'll be very inexperienced."

Leah agreed. "What about the Drone Appreciation Days every other Saturday?"

"I've never been required to go," Sophie replied. "I mean ... I've never been instructed to go. I'm sorry, I feel I'm not pulling my weight at those ..."

Leah dismissed that. "One more slave girl wouldn't make much difference either way," she said. "I'm just surprised. I thought it was obligatory for all masters to send their slaves by rotation, and that's once a fortnight. I'll see if I can ask my owner why your master doesn't have to send you."

"I ..." Sophie began, then stopped.

"Don't worry," Leah reassured her, "I won't drop you in it. If your master isn't sending you, there has to be a legitimate arrangement. The New Island authorities would have picked it up, otherwise. As for being very inexperienced, don't worry about that either, my master will take charge, as long as you show lots of willingness you'll be all right."

"I ... I will," Sophie promised, though not without some reluctance.

"And I assume you know how to suck cock."

Sophie went very bright red. "Do girls really do that? I mean ... I know I saw Ellie do it when we first arrived on the island, but I thought maybe it was something really revolting just done to shock us into submission."

"Your owner doesn't make you do it?" Leah asked as gently as she could, but unable to keep the surprise out of her voice.

"I ... no, he just ... well, he just ... well, he just dives in."

"It's not, shall we say, a two-way process?" Leah asked gently.

"I ... no," Sophie managed. "I lie there, or bend over if he orders me to, and he ... he has his fun." The poor girl looked as if she wanted the earth to open up and swallow her. Leah felt sympathetic.

"Well, my owner will expect you to be rather more involved with the process," Leah said, not unkindly. "And using your mouth as a preliminary is definitely required."

"I ... I just don't know how," Sophie admitted.

"Not your fault," Leah said gently. "Tell you what: if my owner gives permission, and yours does as well, we'll meet up down here another night and I'll show you some stuff. I'll bring a couple of cucumbers and bananas for you to practice on."

"I ... thank you," managed Sophie, still hideously embarrassed. She looked far from keen at the prospect, but she had to admit it was a wise move.

"Don't worry," said Leah as gently as she could. "I'm a good teacher. And I'll wash the fruit before I bring it," she added drily.

Sophie nodded. "It's just ..." she shrugged. "Another degradation on the road to the bottom of the pit."

"No," said Leah firmly, "it's a slave girl learning essential skills. Cara learnt plenty before Master sold her on."

"Is she OK?" Sophie asked, relieved to change the subject. "I've not heard from her since this second time she was ... sold." The word was still a strange one for her to apply to a human being, much less her best friend. Cara had not been running with them since her re-sale.

"Ellie bumped into her in town yesterday, doing the shopping. "Cara said she's fine, just been very busy." Leah smiled. "What that means is that her new owner is in the first flush of ownership of her and she's spending most of her time flat on her back. Actually, I think she's learning to like it."

Sophie didn't reply, but she was clearly struggling with something. In the end, she brought it out. "Before ... before your owner sold Cara on, the last time I saw her, she ... well, she just hinted that she was thinking of staying on here after her year is up."

"Wouldn't surprise me," Leah replied mildly.

Sophie shook her head in puzzlement. "I just can't understand it," she confessed. "I mean, we're surviving, just about, but it's still awful. To do this of your own free will ... I mean, we both came here because we desperately needed the money, or more accurately I did, but now ... we were told that it was only the year that would earn us big money; anything after that would be little more than board and lodgings. So why ..." She caught herself. "I'm sorry: open mouth and put my foot in it, as usual. I know you're here voluntarily."

Leah smiled to show that she was completely unoffended, and then considered the point. "I wouldn't say 'voluntarily' exactly," she mused. "I was enslaved, and it certainly wasn't voluntary at the time. But once I was broken in ... I don't think I could go back to the girl I was, now. For that matter, I don't like the girl I was, and I like the girl I am now. But ... I do love my master. He made me love him, *worship* him even. Once he enslaves you, you remain enslaved. And of course he enslaved Cara. You might feel differently if he had enslaved you, rather than your own master."

Sophie found herself bristling. "There's nothing wrong with my master!" she snapped fiercely, and then gaped, astonished that she had said such a thing. "I mean ..." she began, clearly not knowing what she was going to say.

"Oh, shut up," said Leah, though her tone was kind. "You've said it now and it's out there. I knew you'd get it out sooner or later. I could tell it was there." Completely baffled, and more than a little embarrassed for making such an admission, Sophie said nothing. Leah went on: "I want nothing more than to please my master, whenever I get the opportunity to. Plus, of course, he allows me Adrian, so I get two men for the price of one." She looked more piercingly at Sophie. "Slavery is not easy. At times, it can be hard, brutal, painful, humiliating." A watery smile crossed her pretty face. "Never boring, though, I have to admit that." The serious face returned. "I suppose I do relish the challenges, or at least I like to think I meet them head on. I don't think of it as voluntary as such, but it's a life I accept, and I'm happy in my life." She shrugged. "It's starting to get dark. We'd better be getting back."

Chapter Four - by Tom Jefferson, still the same evening

I tend to retire to bed early most evenings. It's always been my habit, more or less, but when you own two gorgeous slave girls and one or other of them shares your bed most nights, well, let's say that's an incentive to at least the first part of "early to bed, early to rise." In fact, depending on the meaning you attach to 'rise', it can be an incentive to both. Actually, for the last two months and a bit, I owned three lovely girls, but I only ever intended to keep one of them short term and I have now sold her on.

However, as it happened, tonight I was alone. I had given one of my slaves, Leah, the night off, even though Adrian was not around tonight: he was working late on a business deal we had put together, and he wanted to finish it himself. I had planned for my other slave, Ellie, to be my concubine for the night, but she wasn't well, which in fairness was a rarity for either girl. Actually, it suited me tonight. It was Monday, and this coming Saturday we would have a little get-together when I wanted to be, shall we say, fully charged. Five nights of abstinence was probably overdoing it, but I'm not getting any younger. So, I was lying in bed with a book for once. Still, when there was a knock on the door, I wasn't particularly bothered. The book was, to be honest, not engrossing. I called for the visitor to come in.

Leah came in and stood by my bedside. She was of course entirely naked, head to toes. For a few moments, she said nothing: she knows that when she enters my presence, I always want to take a few moments to admire that taut, lithe body. She kept her hands by her sides, keeping everything on view. It is one of many little rituals that I have established, and she naturally obeys all of them completely. She would be thrashed if she didn't. Whether she enjoys being inspected like this, I don't honestly know, but of course that is irrelevant.

"Hello, slave," I said at last. It was the signal that we could move on from the inspection of her nude form.

"Hello, master," she replied politely. "I gather that Slave Ellie is not very well tonight."

"Nothing major, but I've excused her for the night," I replied.

Leah adopted a kittenish look. "Permission to take her place, master?"

"I gave you the night off," I pointed out.

"Master knows where I would always prefer to be," she replied coyly.

I sighed. That body, that face, and her attentive enthusiasm were always tempting. Ellie is equally tempting, of course, but she had looked decidedly unwell tonight and I had dismissed her despite her protestations that she could and wanted to carry out her slave duty. Well, four days abstinence would be more than enough. Wordlessly, I pulled the sheet and duvet back. With a little squeal of enthusiasm, Leah climbed in and immediately began her ministrations.

An hour or so later, I lay there, sated and satisfied as ever. I had, shall we say, discharged myself most enjoyably into Leah's tight little love channel. Now she was completely beneath the bedclothes, and I could feel her tongue's gentle lapping as she softly cleaned my cock of semen. Leah knew when to use that required action to stimulate me towards a second climax, and when just to clean me and leave me feeling good, and this was the second of those situations. In due course, her pretty face popped up from under the bedclothes. She reached for a pack of mints on the bedside table and popped one into her mouth. This was another little rule: I've no problem leaving her with the taste of my cum in her mouth overnight, but I see no reason why I should have to endure cum on her breath. She snuggled up beside me. I could of course dismiss her for the night, now that she had done her duty, but I very rarely do so with either her or Ellie. She knew, within seconds, that she would not be spending the rest of the night in her own bed. And without doubt, neither girl usually wanted to return to their own beds after coupling with me. Apologies if that sounds egotistical, but it is true. Of course, I do carefully train my girls into thinking that way.

But I knew something was coming: I can always tell with Leah. So I wasn't surprised when she said quietly, "master, can I ask you a question?"

"Ah, so this is why you came to me tonight?" I asked.

Leah bristled. "Certainly not, master," she said with asperity, before realising that I was teasing her. I knew full well that she would have come to me tonight whether she had a question or not, once she found

that Ellie was indisposed. And she wasn't trying to get one up on Ellie, either: the girls were far too close to each other for that. She just, genuinely, wanted to make sure I was entertained.

"Go on, then," I said. Leah tensed ever so slightly. Again, she knows the rules. If her question bored me, she would get a sharp hand-spanking at least. If I found it impertinent, or self-serving, she would get a beating tomorrow morning.

"It's about Slave Sophie, master," Leah ventured. "I was with her down by the beach tonight."

She was very close to me. I could tell she had showered just before coming to me, but underneath there was the slight tang of the sea in her hair. I guessed that she, or both of them, had been swimming in the sea. Nothing wrong with that, of course. The little microphone hidden in her slave collar was quite waterproof, and she didn't know it was there anyway. I hadn't been monitoring her with it: I don't often listen in these days. The collar was currently discarded and on the bedside table: I find it gets in the way during sex, so I normally order her to remove it when she is in bed with me.

"Mmm-hmm," I said.

"She mentioned that she isn't required for the Drone Appreciation Days," Leah said. "I thought all slave girls on the island had to do them."

"More accurately, all masters on New Island have to loan their slaves for the Days," I said.

"Yes, master, that's what I meant." He lips kissed my neck, gently. "You always put it much better than I do."

"Well, generally we do. However, Kelvin was really keen to keep the girl for himself alone for a while, and he paid a premium on her sale price to do so. The New Island Council doesn't mind agreeing to such things occasionally, as long as it's only short term." He looked at her. "Are you protesting that you have to do Slave Sophie's share of the looking after the drones?"

"No master, of course not," Leah replied. "Master knows that I'm always happy to do whatever master orders me to do. Besides ... Sophie would find it very hard to do that right now. I don't mind taking her share at all. Of course, it's not my decision, I just do what I'm told."

I was tempted to blow a little raspberry here. Leah can be very manipulative, though she is indeed obedient. But instead, I asked, "Is she still, shall we say, a one man girl?"

"Yes, master."

"That's as we expected. To be honest, one of the reasons for the get-together this weekend is to begin her integration into full New Island slavery, so to speak."

Leah pouted. "And there was me thinking that her owner had signed up because he fancied a go with me," she lamented.

"You're not wrong," I replied. "He was given the choice of a swap for the night with any of the council members' slaves. He chose you. That suited me fine, because I would like a go at that girl of his." He actually felt a little shiver of pleasure from the girl snuggled up to him.

"I'm pleased that my owner is pleased, master," Leah said.

"I am," I confirmed, and felt that little shiver of pleasure from her again. Her lovely body was so close to me that I could feel every reaction. "And it gave me an excuse to invite Slave Cara and her new owner as well, so that I can find out how he's getting on with her," I added. "I trust she is remembering the training I gave her."

"I'm sure she is," Leah said. "Nobody can train a slave girl like you can, master." I smiled at the compliment, which was undoubtedly genuine. She couldn't see the smile, but she could feel me, just as I could feel her. "Master," she went on, "that's actually what I wanted to ask. About Slave Sophie, I mean. I gather from her that her owner is, well, let's say pretty straightforward in the way he uses her. She doesn't have much experience or skill. She's never even sucked cock."

"Hmm. Doesn't surprise me. So?"

"Well, I thought ... I wouldn't want her to be less than satisfactory for you on Saturday night. So I just wondered if you would like me to give her a few tips. If it's all right with her owner as well, of course. I could maybe get together with her somewhere quiet one night for an hour or two, perhaps on the beach again?"

I nodded. It was a sound enough suggestion. "I'll speak to her owner," he said. "And, of course, I will expect you to entertain him well yourself on Saturday night."

Leah actually looked up at me, twisting slightly in the bed so that her face met mine. “He will barely be able to move on Sunday morning,” she promised with evident sincerity. I would, of course, punish her severely if she failed to satisfy him, but I didn’t think there was any slightest chance of that. And right at this moment, I felt her slender hand moving down my body, finding and stroking my cock.

I sighed, and surrendered to the inevitable.

Chapter Five - New Island, the following night

The following night, after another intensive bout of sex, Leah was lying in bed, her own bed this time, with Adrian. It was a double bed, as was Ellie's. Both lay there whilst he recovered, both knowing that a second round would soon be starting.

"Ade ..." she began. "Saturday night ..."

Adrian had suspected this was coming, but he just restricted himself to a murmur in response.

"You know the plan. It's a full swingers night. Sophie's master gets me, my master gets Sophie, Cara's new owner has Ellie and you have Cara."

"I know. So?"

Leah looked at him. "You are going to *have* Cara, aren't you?"

Adrian affected an air of innocence. "I thought I'd just do some nice cuddling and hugging."

"You know full well that's not the plan," she returned, a frosty note in her voice.

"It's *my* plan," he said, adopting a childish air that was entirely fictitious, and then proceeded to add in a two-way conversation with himself. "Do you think it's a good plan, Adrian? Yes Adrian, sounds like a great plan to me. Let's do that, then, Adrian," he concluded.

"You need a slap," she said shortly.

"From a slave?" he asked gently. "Maybe a new pre-sex activity for us?"

She sighed, knowing she was being wound up but correctly suspecting that he was also dodging the central issue. "Look, Ade, you know she's a new slave and still a bit insecure. If you don't give her the full works, she's going to think you don't fancy her."

"But she knows I fancy you," he pointed out.

"That won't stop her thinking she's not good enough for you. On the other hand, if you give her a good, solid going-over, it will boost her self-esteem loads."

"I suppose I could close my eyes and think of you," he said, still teasing her.

"If you don't promise me you'll fuck here every which way to Sunday, I'm going to refuse to have sex with you for a month," she declared.

"You can't refuse to have sex with me, you're a slave," he pointed out. At one time he would have been very diplomatic with her over her status, but these days that wasn't needed.

"You're not my owner," she pointed out. "You'd have to go to Master and get his permission."

"You think he wouldn't give it?"

"That's up to him, but you'd have to go and ask him."

"And what if he didn't give me permission?"

"Then no sex for you for a month unless you go with another slave."

"I could manage a month off, just about."

Leah rolled over to straddle on top of him. Her lovely features, her excellent young breasts close up, her scent coupled with her natural musk, her legs that he felt pressing on his, and her hands as she supported herself by them, leaning on his chest, his chest hair between her slim fingers, all of this almost overwhelmed his senses. The fire in her blue eyes topped it all off. He loved her fierce spirit.

"We've talked about this God knows how many times," she said firmly. "I know you love me, and you don't have to abstain from every other slave girl on the island to prove it. You know I love you too, but you also know I can't be faithful to you. And where Master is concerned, I don't even want to be. There, I've said it, but you knew that anyway. I don't WANT you restricting yourself to just me." She rolled back over again and stared up at the ceiling, and added quietly and with considerable feeling, "stop making me feel guilty."

Adrian immediately became serious. Her last point had just never occurred to him, but in any case he knew her well enough to know when to stop the teasing and be sober. And she needed a concession from him. He loved her far too much not to give it. He pulled her back on top of him. Again she sat up, her hands on his chest, but closer to him than she was before. He could see tears welling in her eyes.

"On Saturday night," he said, his voice soft and warm, but measured and decisive, "Slave Cara is going to get pounded silly. She's a good-looking girl with a nice body and I will enjoy it, but when I come, I will be thinking of you, because no matter how cute she is, I can only come by thinking of you. And from now on, from time to time, when I see a really attractive slave girl who is available, I will fuck

her, but I'll still be thinking of you when I come, because nobody compares to you for me." He glared at her. "And right now, whether I have your permission or not, you are also going to get fucked silly."

She lifted her body slightly off him, reached between her legs and found his hard cock, guided it into her vagina and settled herself down on him again. "You don't need my permission, master, because I'm only a slave," she said softly.

He had never heard her plead so much, however indirectly, to be had. Adrian grasped her hips with his hands and made a first, brutal thrust. Leah gasped in blown-away delight.

Chapter Six - Xanxta, some months before

Flashback One - Fiona

Fiona Furness lay on the warm grass. She could not move: the ropes that tied her wrists and ankles to the four posts on the ground were tight and secure. She was particularly conscious that her legs were wide apart and she could not close them, a very distressing position for a naked woman. Beside her, the man who had just taken advantage of her – the fifth so far, and she knew there were plenty more to come – stood up and pulled up his shorts. She didn't want to dwell on what he had just done to her. She could feel a slight trickle of semen which had escaped her pussy lips and was sliding down towards the ground.

The next man came from the front of the queue. She had a shock: it was her young cameraman, Jimmy. He was naked from the waist down, with an already rampant erection. And he had his camera. He knelt down and focused the camera right on her wide-open crotch.

"What do you think you're doing?" she demanded, though her voice came out as more of a croak than she would like.

"This will make a great picture," he said enthusiastically as he lined up his slot. The camera was pointed right at her gaping pussy.

"No, you can't!" She exclaimed. "You've already got shots of me naked; you can use those." She had been required to undress and pose before being staked out here.

"We can use those as well," he replied cheerfully. "I think there will be a lot of photos in the newspaper this week."

"Not of me like this," she protested, but she knew she had little chance.

"That was part of the deal," he pointed out. "A picture of you staked out in the racks."

She didn't need reminding. "Please," she begged, but he ignored her. She gave up, not that it made any difference, he was clicking away already. "All right, take what pics you have to," she said, seeking pity which was not forthcoming. "And then take that thing of yours and give it to that slave girl good, after what she's done to me." A couple of yards away, Slave Leah was writhing under a fat male form as she was fucked solidly by her latest user.

"Nah, this is for you," Jimmy said happily.

Fiona was horrified. "You can't! Absolutely not!"

"Certainly can," Jimmy replied happily. "You know the rules. Women in the rape racks don't get to choose."

She knew that, but she had to try. "Please, Jimmy, I've been good to you, I ..."

"Good to me? You've treated me like dirt ever since I joined the paper," Jimmy pointed out with feeling.

Fiona cringed. She knew he was right. She had lorded it over him and used him like a skivvy. "Please Jimmy, I'm sorry," she said pitifully.

He was carefully packing the camera away now. "Now, when I'm finished with you, do you want me to go and get a quote from Thomas Jefferson about how he enjoyed you? He was first or second in the line, wasn't he? Obviously you're not in a position to go and interview him yourself right now."

Completely defeated, Fiona crumpled. "Yes ... I suppose so," she said. "Ask him ... ask him if he could be kind and say something not too bad."

Jimmy finished packing the camera and knelt down between her legs. "I'll give a quote from me afterwards as well. I'm sure I'm going to enjoy this. That's a very nice body you've got."

"Jimmy, please," she pleaded, "go easy on me. I've had five already, and I think there's lots more to come."

He leaned back to look around the corner; she could not see the queue herself. "Yep, looks like a fair few on the waiting list," he said cheerfully. "I'll try not to be too rough."

"Thank you, Jimmy," was all she could say, pathetically. "And ... I'll try to treat you better in future."

He smiled. "You know we'll always have this memory between us," he pointed out, as he guided his cock to her gateway.

Fiona stifled a sob. Everybody she knew would see the pictures of her. Of the five men who had just enjoyed her body, one of them was somebody she knew well and doubtless there would be others in the queue. She would have to face them all in the weeks and months to come. She could not leave Xanxta: she had a house here with a mortgage, she was unlikely to get a job elsewhere (her actual qualifications were not as good as she pretended) and her visa was only for here. She would have to endure not only today but the hideous embarrassment to come.

And Fiona realised in a flash of insight that it was all her own fault. Even as she gasped as Jimmy thrust himself into her, she vowed to herself that she would treat him better in future, and those around her too. But first, an afternoon of suffering and intense humiliation lay ahead of her.

Flashback Two - Fiona

It was two days later.

Fiona Furness, still walking quite stiffly, made her way slowly down the street towards the town centre. She could have flagged a pony girl down, but somehow she preferred to walk.

It had not been pleasant in the office today or yesterday. The photographs were already in circulation within the office, as the editor planned the weekly edition of the newspaper. Doubtless he would retain copies for himself. He had also been in the queue for her on Sunday, and had had her, eighth or ninth or thereabouts. The two female receptionists had given her looks of apparent sympathy, but she wondered if underneath that they were smiling at her misfortune. Jimmy had not mentioned the day, but he had been more chatty than usual. Fiona was trying to take it all on the chin and also to treat everybody better.

Sally's owner had decreed that she would be in the stocks today in the town centre from ten in the morning until six in the evening. It had been part of the original deal and, even though Fiona had said she would gladly waive it, he had insisted. "A deal", he had said, "is a deal."

It was Fiona's lunch break, just after one in the afternoon, and she was going to go down to the town centre to give Sally what moral support she could. There was little else she could do to help. Appealing to those men who wanted to take advantage of Sally not to be too unkind would have little effect. Still, she could try. She did not want to think too much about the pieces she had written over the last couple of years in which she had shown the slaves of Xanxta little sympathy.

The stocks were a traditional heavy wooden affair, with a circular hole for the unfortunate victim to place her head and a smaller hole to each side for her wrists. Once the hinged upper part was fixed down, the victim could not free themselves; the simple clip could be undone, but the person in the stocks themselves would not be able to reach. The whole contraption was bolted firmly into the ground. Sally stood in the stocks, bent over somewhat by the height of them. Behind her, a middle-aged man was humping her. She gasped and moaned as his cock drove deep into her. Firm though they were, her large breasts dangled slightly and Fiona could see the two very red cane weals across them. She could not imagine how much they had hurt when they were inflicted, and they would doubtless still be very sore now. Moving around towards the rear – the man fucking Sally completely ignored her – she could see the numerous carriage whip marks on Sally's back from the race.

"Ahh, ahhh, ahhhhhh," gasped the man as he neared his climax.

"Ooh, oohhhh, oooooohh," Sally moaned, affected but not coming herself, Fiona thought.

He came, noisily, and his seed jetted into her. For long moments afterwards he enjoyed the after-tremors, then extracted himself, wiped his dripping cock on her bottom and pulled his trousers up. As a conscientious citizen of Xanxta, he picked up the hosepipe nearby, pressed the button and a powerful jet sprayed over Sally's sex, washing her clean for the next man. Satisfied, and with a polite nod to Fiona as if nothing had happened, he went on his way.

Fiona moved around to stand in front of Sally. "Hello, Slave Sally," she said gently.

"Hello, mistress", the big girl replied politely.

Fiona picked up a bottle with a straw in it and held it up to Sally. The slave wrapped her lips around the straw and drank greedily. "How are you doing?"

"Not too bad, mistress. Thank you for the drink." There was no resentment in Sally's voice, only quiet resignation.

"Have you had ... much attention?" Fiona asked as delicately as she could. A permanent notice nearby invited the public to fuck the victim in the stocks, spank her, use a provided flogger or pelt her with rotten fruit, also provided. It did ask people not to pelt her while others were using her, though obviously not for Sally's benefit.

"Quite a bit, mistress. It was busy early on, but a bit quieter now."

"Perhaps if I'm here talking to you, they won't bother you so much."

"Why would you want that, mistress?" asked Sally, genuinely baffled.

Fiona squirmed. "I feel guilty about what you've had to suffer," she admitted.

"Not your fault, mistress," Sally argued. "It was me who lost the race."

"Slave Leah must be very strong," Fiona observed.

"Very, and also incredibly determined," Sally confirmed. "Still, I'm sure I could take her in a rematch, though it's hardly a fair contest. Won't help me now, of course."

For a moment, Fiona found herself considering the newsworthy aspect of a rematch, then pushed the thought away. She had come down to offer Sally support and sympathy, not to create another commercial opportunity which would doubtless involve further suffering for both girls.

She hung around for a while, hoping that chatting to Sally would keep other men away. It didn't work. A couple appeared, waited patiently for a while and then pointedly asked her when she would be finished so that they could "have their turn". All that Fiona could do, as her break was nearly over and she needed to return to the office, was to wish Sally the best of luck and withdraw.

Half an hour later, Tom Jefferson appeared at the stocks. Dutifully trailing behind him, on a lead, was Leah, naked and barefoot as usual. Leah was herself sporting a vivid single red line across her boobs where they had been caned, and her back and bottom still showed plenty of evidence of the carriage whip from Sunday.

Another man was enjoying himself wielding the flogger on Sally, after which he dropped his shorts and gave her a brief but brutal fucking. When he had finished and left, there were no more men for the moment. Tom Jefferson unclipped Leah from her lead and the smaller girl hurried over to Sally, took the bottle and gave her a drink. The bottle was now empty, so she took it to a water fountain a few yards away and refilled it, then allowed Sally to drink some more.

When Sally had finished, Leah asked solicitously, "how are you feeling?"

"Not too bad," Sally said. "You ran a fantastic race on Sunday."

"Thanks. I'm sorry one of us had to lose. You'd beat me if we ran again."

"I'm a lot bigger than you," Sally pointed out. "Anyway, doesn't matter. You got one stripe on your tits, I got two. You're first and I'm second. And you've got my total respect."

"Thanks," said Leah, touched. "You've got mine, too. My master allowed me to come down this afternoon and give you a bit of support. But also ... be back in a minute."

She hurried back to her owner, who had made himself comfortable on a public bench, and spoke to him. Sally could not hear what was said. Leah then came back to Sally and asked, "Sally, what's your owner's name?" Having got that, she went back to her master again and spoke to him once more. He then pulled out his mobile phone, did a quick search for a number and then made a call. As he terminated the call, he nodded to Leah and she came back to Sally, and to the latter's surprise unclipped the stocks and lifted the top half up.

"Come on, out you come," she said brightly.

"What?" asked Sally. "Why?"

"My master has just spoken to your master. Your master has agreed to let me spell you for a little while, to give you a breather. Say two hours? Lock me in."

Sally had, bemused, raised herself from the stocks. Leah now placed her neck in the main hole and her wrists in the two smaller ones. Stunned, Sally lowered the top half of the stocks and applied the clip. Leah was now helpless.

"Slave Leah, I ... thank you." Sally wasn't sure what else she could say.

“My master will put you on his lead. That way, nobody else will try to have you. Of course, he might take a turn himself, but that’s his right,” said Leah. “Only one in two hours would be a good result for you, I’d guess. Besides, he’s pretty good.” She winked at Sally.

“I ... yes, only one would be a good result. And of course he can have his rights. Let’s make it ninety minutes. And thank you again.”

“Ninety minutes sounds good to me”, Leah said. She was truthfully not looking forward to this, but as ever, she was determined. The idea of offering herself as a temporary substitute had been a spur of the moment one, but she stood by it. As was often the case, Leah had no regrets.

Tom Jefferson sauntered over, and Sally stood passively whilst he attached the lead to her collar which had until recently been on Leah’s collar. “Master, permission to speak?” Sally asked him politely. He nodded, and she said simply, “Master, you have an amazing slave.”

Tom smiled, and patted Leah’s now bent over bare bottom affectionately. “She’s not bad,” he agreed mildly. “Come on, let’s go for a walk. If you’re good, I’ll buy you an ice cream.”

He wandered off, Sally in tow. Left alone, Leah was already feeling nervous and very exposed, although her owner’s comment of her being “not bad” was warming her heart. She could see a couple of men a short distance off, evidently debating whether to come over and enjoy her. To her chagrin, they then started to walk towards her. If she was lucky, very lucky, she would just be pelted by rotten fruit, but if not ...

Flashback Three - Xanxta

Written by Storm Robinson

The sun was just rising over the horizon, spilling light onto the curvy body underneath the thin cotton sheet, when the alarm clock went off. An annoyed hand shot out to slap at the noisy machine but it had done its job properly. Fiona Furness rubbed her eyes and sat up in bed. Automatically, she reached for her glasses and put them on. They were a part of her as much as a slave’s collar was to them. Subconsciously, she ran her hands down the silk negligee she’d worn to bed to make sure it was there. She used to sleep naked, but all that changed six months ago. Then she stood up and walked to the shower, only removing the negligee once the door was fully shut.

The water ran down her naked body and felt wonderful. Cleansing. She knew she was an attractive woman, with delicious curves, full breasts with wide areolas, and ample hips. Several of her former lovers had mentioned how much they liked her thighs, sturdy and toned. She hadn’t taken a lover since the race. She finished washing her auburn hair and wrapped a towel around her body.

After drying off she put on black lingerie and modest floral wrap dress and spent a half hour on her makeup. There were two reasons for her modesty: the first was to differentiate herself from slave girls as much as possible. The second was to shield her body as much as possible from the looks of the men in town.

Six months ago Fiona had lost a wager with Tom Jefferson, a well known and respected Master in town. She’d bet a pony slave named Sally could beat Jefferson’s slave, Leah, in a cart race. It had been a safe bet, or so she’d thought. Sally was twenty kilos of pure muscle heavier than Leah, and a frequent victor at the races. She hadn’t won. Somehow the smaller girl, through sheer will and determination, had instead. Fiona had to pay up, in a big way.

Stripping off all her clothing in front of everyone, she’d been tied spread eagle on the ground, in the rape racks. Any man that wanted had the right to fuck her in plain view, and by the time it was over almost forty had. Then the worst humiliation happened. Fiona worked as a reporter for the local paper. The front page headline on the next issue was about the race, which she herself had to write. It was accompanied with a full page picture of her naked body. The following pages were filled with more pictures of various men taking their pleasure of her.

Fiona thought about it as she ate breakfast. She used to go to the diner down the street instead, but had been making her own breakfast since the owner of the restaurant came through the line. At least he hadn’t finished inside her, squirting on her belly and bush instead, while mashing her tits. He must’ve regretted it though. She’d gone in the next day for a meal, head held high, and he asked if he could have another go. She hadn’t been back.

The walk to work was mostly uneventful. The streets weren't very busy yet. Just a couple of taxis, pulled by strong, naked pony slaves who were covered in sweat from the heat and the effort. Most men walking along took little notice of the clothed woman they weren't allowed to grope in favor of the naked slaves they could. The first month though - that was rough.

Fiona reached the newspaper office, a three story building with the printing presses on the first floor, looked up, and sighed. There she was, in all her glory, on a two story billboard. It was the picture they used for the front page. She was standing naked, legs spread wide, hands behind her head, tan lines prominent, heaving chest and bushy red twat on full display. At the bottom in big block letters read "Slavelands News: With Fiona Furness reporting!" She'd tried to get them to take it down but marketing said no. At least she was able to nix them selling posters, as she argued the picture was too widespread on the local intranet.

She steeled herself, as she did every day, and walked in with her head high. There'd been plenty of whoops and catcalls the first week after the rape racks, but now it was back to another day at the office. She was their star reporter, after all. One exception though: eight of her fellows had fucked her that day, including her editor Mike. Three of them had forced an orgasm through her ravaged body. All had the photographic evidence sitting on a frame on their desks. Well almost all. James didn't.

Her status at the paper afforded Fiona a private office at the back of the bullpen. There were windows to the outside, looking over the busy street below, but a solid wall in the front to give her some privacy. She was walking towards it when she heard a gruff voice on the other side. She looked over to see Mike, bald and fat with an unkempt beard. He was grumpy at the best of times. From his tone Fiona could tell this was not the best of times.

"Furness! My office! Now!"

She turned and sauntered towards him at her own pace. Fiona had pride, both in herself and in her work. She would not rush to this little man. It wasn't easy for a free woman to rise to her position in this town, but the redhead was good at what she did. They both knew it. She frequently responded to his little power plays with her own; not being a slave, he could do nothing about it. As Fiona closed the door he thrust a meaty fist filled with a stack of papers towards her.

"Do you know what these are?" His voice practically shook with anger. He didn't wait for her to finish. "Complaint letters. About you. More importantly, about how you've been writing about slaves."

"And?" Fiona replied evenly. She'd always gotten complaint letters. The very fact that she was a free woman angered some men in the community. And she couldn't deny that she'd been less harsh on the girls since her ordeal. She'd never call for freeing them, the town's economy ran on it and was part of their culture, plus something like that would land her with her own collar. Fiona wasn't stupid. But she did feel for the girls more than she had.

"This is different. Readership is down. They don't respect you ever since... the incident." He smiled as he said the last words, sitting at his desk. His hand nudged his framed picture, clearly showing the moment he shot his load into her spread body as she cringed. Fiona knew he didn't respect any woman, free or not. She was pretty sure he came so fast that day less from his brutal assault on her pussy and more from just that fact that he could. She didn't take the bait, instead sitting casually into the chair opposite him, refusing to give him the upper hand. Clearly irked, he spoke again.

"What are you working on now?"

Fiona smiled at him. "An expose on latest crop of slaves. There's a feeling around town that the slavers are going for less quality product and more quantity."

"Shelve it for next week." Mike bit back, "We need a feel good story. Something to make the town realize you're still on their side and feel better about themselves. I want you to interview a slave who's delighted in this life. And not Jefferson's bitches, you need to distance public memory of yourself with him."

Mike motioned to the door. Clearly dismissed, and clearly unhappy with her new assignment, she left. This time she was stopped right before her office door. James, her cameraman, stood by his desk right outside her office. In his hand he held two cups of coffee. He held one out to Fiona.

"Rough morning already?" He spoke jovially. She smiled naturally at him, and accepted it. Of all her altered relationships this was the most surprising. He'd walked up to her on the racks without pants, camera in hand. Her first co-worker. She'd pleaded with him to no avail not to fuck her. Said she'd always

been kind to him. He'd corrected her on that account as he took a close up of her cum-drenched cunt. Fiona acknowledge the truth of his words and had made a vow right then to be kinder to people. It was a vow she kept religiously, especially with him. He'd been far friendlier in response and a true friendship had blossomed between them.

"Definitely. We're going to have to reshoot next week's new slave crop. I have to do a 'feel good' story instead." Fiona sipped at her coffee.

"Damn, that was some of my best work." He looked down for a moment in irritation. His eyes settled on her large breasts, mostly subconsciously. After a few moments he must've realized he was staring and quickly averted his glance. Fiona didn't take it personally, just laughed lightly and pointed to the wall. There hung the framed front page cover of her. He'd won an award for the picture, no small feat for a relatively new photographer against the veterans of Xanxta.

"You've done better." She smiled wryly, trading it as an inside joke. James returned the smile warmly.

"Only because I had excellent content to shoot."

It wasn't said maliciously. If anything it felt like he was trying to lessen her embarrassment. Fiona felt slightly grateful. His eyes looked down again, but this time all the way to the floor. Then he looked directly at the curly redhead.

"Hey, I was wondering..." He started to stammer, "I'm going out for lunch today at a new place downtown. You're welcome to come... I mean, eat with me." James looked away quickly again, the same way he had before. Fiona flashed back to the racks. She'd asked him to be gentle and he had. More than that. He'd taken her almost softly, kissing her breasts and cheek, moving her hips so she'd enjoy it more. She'd watched a sweet smile on his face grow when her grunts had become moans instead. He was one of the three that had given her an orgasm, the only one in the course of the day that she'd fully enjoyed, and he finished right after. Fiona, at thirty years old, had orgasms before with older men, but James was four years younger. That made it all the more remarkable that he didn't keep his picture on his desk. She knew he had one, he wasn't the only cameraman there that day.

She looked at him and sipped her coffee again, thinking deep, before replying. "Maybe another time. This story sounds like the hardest one I've ever done. I'll probably be working through lunch." She opened her door and took a step inside, before turning back towards him. Fiona caught him looking at her round ass. James looked away sheepishly. She almost laughed at his embarrassment. "Thank you for the offer."

"My pleasure." he replied. "What's the story, by the way?"

"I have to interview a slave that's truly happy in their position."

James looked stunned. He knew as well as she that most slaves accepted their position, but almost all would gladly have their freedom instead. The Masters knew it as well.

"Ouch." He blurted out, genuinely shocked. "How're you going to find one of those?"

Fiona shook her curly locks and looked at him.

"I honestly don't know."

Fiona spent the next five hours calling half of the town's Masters. Not one of them had a slave that they'd vouch for. Several laughed at the very idea. The office had become very hot and she was sweating. She was also hungry and in a foul mood. By now she'd come to believe that fat Mike had given her an unwritable story on purpose so he could justifiably fire her. Mike also knew if she defaulted on her mortgage she'd be sold into slavery to pay off her debts. Slamming her phone down after another worthless call, she'd had enough. Maybe some food with James would calm her down. She stood up, grabbing her purse and notepad out of habit. A few of her co-workers were eating at their desks but 'Jimmy', as they liked to tease him, had already left. She made a few inquiries and found out where the new restaurant was. Apparently the waitresses were all naked slaves, and would either blow you or sit on your lap for a fucking while you ate. The food was supposed to be very good. The gimmick, though, was that all the slaves were in their forties. They'd told Jimmy about the cuisine but not about the service. They'd wanted to surprise him as a prank. Many of them liked to tease 'the shy kid'.

Fiona was annoyed. James was warm and sweet once you got to know him. He'd probably enjoy himself once his food came, but he didn't deserve to be the butt of another joke. Maybe she could catch up

and convince him to change the venue instead. She went downstairs at a brisk pace, then out onto the busy street. A pony taxi was empty and passing by but Fiona couldn't bring herself to flag it down, despite her rush. The sweaty, naked slave in the harness walked further down the path, only to be flagged down by a big man who immediately grabbed the whip. Pushing up her glasses, Fiona hurried down the street as far as she could. The road became more and more crowded as she went along though. There were delivery vans out about, pony taxis trotting down the lane, Masters leading slaves by leashes through the town, and several times she saw a slave being fucked on the sidewalks. A normal day in Xanxta, nothing she hadn't seen before.

Fiona was getting frustrated. She was only a few blocks from the restaurant and knew this area of town well. Up ahead was an alley that would work as a shortcut. She turned down it, practically jogging down the alley. Fiona's lacy bra was ill equipped to handle this and her large breasts were bouncing almost to her face. She turned a corner sharply, without looking where she was going, and ran straight into someone coming the opposite direction. Fiona tumbled backwards, her glasses falling to the ground in the process. A baritone voice spoke earnestly.

"My deepest apologies, Mistress. I didn't know you were there."

Fiona replaced her glasses on her face and looked up. A naked man stood there with his hand extended, a sack of grain on his shoulder and a collar around his neck. A slave.

She was stunned. Fiona knew there were a handful or two of male slaves in town, but had never run into one before, figuratively or literally. Most Mistresses and Masters rarely let them out. It made people in town uncomfortable to know men could be slaves as well. Fiona didn't realize she'd put out her own hand until after his strong arm had helped her to her feet. Then he set down the bag and knelt on the ground before her, proper requirement for his transgression. Fiona had a fleeting thought about how she might have acted six months ago.

"Stand up please." She ordered instead.

He stood, hands at his sides, a worried expression on his face as Fiona studied him. He was in his mid twenties and several inches taller than her, muscles rippling throughout his body. His face, framed by short blonde hair, was objectively beautiful. He looked like a Greek statue. His cock, though limp, was on the larger side, and importantly was not in a chastity cage. That meant anyone could use him, just as they could a female slave. Seeing a naked dick right in front of her made Fiona feel something in her loins, something she hadn't felt in months. She ignored them and spoke again, her inquisitive mind curious about this rare opportunity. Maybe she could convince Mike to take another story instead.

"Master or Mistress?" Fiona asked, pulling out her notebook. Female slaves were allowed to be used by women, though it seldom happened, but males had to be asked about who owned them. Both types of owners were finicky about the opposite gender touching their property.

"Mistress, Mistress. Allowed to be used by women but not men." His voice flowed, not seeking the least bit bothered from the statement.

"Where are you going?"

"My Mistress wants our cook to bake bread." His smooth baritone spoke. "She's very particular about the grains used, as in all things, and the shipment just came in."

She continued her inquiry. "Name?"

"Slave Derek, number 1326." His voice had no hint of shyness. In fact, he said it with a hint of pride.

"Slave Derek, huh? A little on the nose, isn't it?" Fiona pestered, disbelievingly. A surfer boy name for his surfer boy looks.

He merely smiled. "Permission for this slave to speak freely, Mistress?" She nodded and he continued. "It was not my original name. My Mistress renamed me to separate me from my past. She once told me it was a little joke of hers. A little too 'on the nose'." He smiled again, as if he enjoyed the joke as well.

It was a common practice in Xanxta, a way for owners to take everything, even identity away from their property. Fiona was a good reporter though, and always checked her sources. Slaves could lie like anyone else.

"And your Mistress would confirm all of this? Knowing you knocked me down may earn you a whipping, or worse. Otherwise this could all be our little secret." Fiona needed.

Slave Derek shook his head, a hint of fear touching his eyes. "I would not lie to my Mistress, not even by omission. I will gladly take any punishment she requires as long as she is pleased." There was an earnestness in his voice. A need to please his owner, not through fear but through desire. Was it...?

"What is her name and phone number?"

Without hesitation he told her. Mistress Patricia. Fiona already had her phone out and was dialing. After a few rings a woman picked up. Fiona identified herself and asked who she was speaking to.

"This is Mistress Patricia Applewood. May I ask why you've called?"

There were times in journalism to play coy. Fiona instantly decided this was not one of those times. "I'm doing a public interest story on willing slaves. Slaves who would reject their freedom papers if given them. Would your slave be one of those?" Fiona's heart sank a bit as she heard laughter on the other side once again, then jumped at the next words.

"But of course he is!" Applewood's melodic voice rang out. Fiona couldn't believe her ears! She ran a hand down her floral dress and spoke excitedly.

"I think I may be with your slave now. I would like to interview him. Can you confirm his name and number?" The other woman easily did, before asking how they'd come to meet.

Fiona hesitated a second, looking at Slave Derek who was listening in. He merely nodded. It was an odd thing, to take approval from a slave, but took it Fiona did.

"I went around a corner and we bumped into each other. I fell to the ground and began asking questions."

"I see." Patricia's voice had turned steely. "I will grant the interview on two conditions. First, you will escort him to my home and interview me as well. And second, put me on speaker for a moment." Fiona hesitated again, but did as asked. The woman's icy voice rang out. "Slave, you will be punished for this. You will answer all questions honestly, no matter the shame it will make you feel. Any mistruths will earn you a week in the coffin. Ms Furness please take me off speaker."

Fiona held the phone back against her ear. "We have a deal? Everything he's said, or will say, as well as yourself, will be on the record?"

The voice on the other end had returned to her carefree nature. "But of course. My apologies, he must be dealt with a firm hand. Take all the time you need. His past brings him no end of personal torment. He will suffer by telling you the story, but he will be truthful. Also, I encourage you to take him. He does not like to lay with anyone but me, no matter how young or beautiful. He is very good though, and I promise you will enjoy it. Just put him on a leash afterwards, will you?"

With that she hung up. Fiona looked at her phone thinking about this turn of events, and then at Derek. There was already pain in his eyes, and his cock was still soft. There were no chairs in the dusty alley but there were some old crates. Fiona motioned for him to sit down. Then she pulled out her voice recorder and began her questions.

He answered them all. His original name was William and he'd grown up rich. His charmed life had been filled with private schools, fast cars, and everything he wanted. However, he always wanted more. Then he found drugs, cocaine to be exact. The perfect thing to want more of. He spiralled quickly, soon becoming violent and out of control. When he refused to go to rehab his parents had cut him off, eventually completely disowning him. He'd been homeless for over a year, stealing and selling anything he could for more cocaine. He didn't remember much of that year. William eventually robbed the wrong person, hurting them badly, and got caught. In the holding cell he'd had a visitor, an old friend of his mother's who'd disappeared for several years, Patricia. She told him she could make all of his problems go away, but he'd have to do it her way. Knowing her wealth, William quickly agreed. A guard jabbed him with a needle and he passed out.

He awoke in Xanxta, strapped to a steel table, naked with a collar around his throat. Mistress Patricia minced no words about what he was now and set in immediately to break him of everything. Derek was on that table for weeks, going through withdrawals while slowly having his mind reconditioned. When Mistress took him for the first time it felt like the ecstasy of a new drug, one of servitude. Several months later he'd been broken entirely, several after that and he'd wanted to stay. By his words, his Mistress had saved Derek's life by completely killing William. He didn't want his freedom, that would only lead him back towards his dead life. He only wanted to please his Mistress, the woman he loved.

The sun has shifted in the hour and a half Fiona had spent questioning and listening. She looked at him as they both stood. His words had stirred something within her. She felt an aching in her belly, in her crotch. Derek's demeanor was gentle but firm and she wondered if his body was the same. She could feel her hard nipples pushing against the fabric covering them. Her face flushed, matching the color of her hair. Derek looked at her for a moment, hands passively at his sides, and opened his mouth.

"May this slave ask a question?" His baritone voice, though a whisper, seemed to fill the air. She only nodded, not trusting herself to speak for once. "Did my Mistress offer me to you?" There was no pleasure, no yearning in his voice. Once again she nodded. "Do you wish to take this slave?" Trembling, she nodded once again, surprised at her answer. Now he nodded and closed his eyes. He lay on the ground in the empty alley. Fiona watched as his member slowly grew erect. It was indeed large, and she stepped towards him while looking up and down the alleyway. She straddled his body with her thick thighs, lifting her dress to right above her knees and placing them in the dirt. Her hand touched her panties, already damp, and she pulled the cloth covering her pussy to the side. Placing her hands on his chest, Fiona lowered herself until her pubic hair tickled his tip, until her lower lips touched the head of his beautiful cock. Somehow she found her voice.

"Please don't come in me." She whispered.

He nodded, brushing a curly red strand from her eye. "I could not anyway. Mistress forbids it."

That was all she needed to hear. Slowly, very slowly, Fiona sunk down onto Derek's dick until her labia touched his skin. The sensation was overwhelming! After so long, the horrors of the rape rack flew entirely from her mind. She gasped and began to move her hips, sliding her pussy up and down his shaft. His hands moved to her wide hips, squeezing them in his strong hands. Derek began to thrust, not roughly but not gently, focusing on her pleasure. She moved her hands to his face with a moan and allowed him to take the lead.

Fiona didn't know how much time passed, it could've been minutes or hours, as she rode him. Derek never changed his speed, unless she did first, even as his hand expertly explored her clothed body. They gripped her thighs, caressed her plump ass, trickled and drew across her belly and back, stimulated her breasts and nipples through the fabric of her dress. Fiona felt the heat of her flushed face, heard her moans becoming louder. Finally her body began to quiver. Her legs began to twitch. She could hold back no more.

In a rush the orgasm flowed through Fiona's body as she soaked his cock with her juices. Derek placed one hand on her hip to hold her steady while the other cupped her face. He held her like that while wave after wave of pleasure made her curvy body shake. Finally she rested her hands on his chest again, gasping for breath. She opened her eyes and saw him staring at her intently.

"Would Mistress like another?" His baritone voice asked gently. Fiona smiled. She'd just had one world shattering orgasm and he was offering a second. She inhaled the heady smell of sex that permeated the air. Yes, she did, but she didn't want to take advantage of Patricia's hospitality. She shook her head and slid her pussy off of him. Her dress was soaked with sweat, and she realized he'd seen no more of her skin than her dirty knees. Then she stood on wobbly legs. He'd kept his promise, he hadn't finished at all.

"Derek, thank you. I needed that." Fiona spoke sincerely. Now it was his turn to shake his head, even as she watched his dick go limp again, the shaft shiny from her sex.

"My Mistress's pleasure is my pleasure. Thank you for helping carry out her will." He smiled at her warmly.

Without another word, she adjusted her glasses, tied a string around the ring on his collar as he picked up his bag of grain, and Fiona led Derek out of the alleyway.

Chapter Seven - New Island: Leah's day

Leah's owner had very kindly given her a little wristwatch alarm, which buzzed at seven-twenty on Wednesday morning. As was its purpose, it woke her without disturbing Adrian, who was asleep beside her in her bed.

Leah carefully got out of the bed without disturbing him, and glanced down fondly at him. He had got the message last night, even if she had had to spell it out to him, and once he had it, he was as ever solicitous towards her. He would, she was now sure, deal with Cara properly on Saturday night: he had promised her, and he always kept his promises. She had been quite truthful that this was what she wanted. It wasn't right that he saved himself for her alone, when she couldn't do the same thing back. Besides, she knew how he felt about her. She didn't need him to be monogamous to prove it.

Leah put on ankle socks and trainers. Going running was the only time when she was allowed to wear anything, if you could call these wearing anything. She also had her slave collar on, of course, but it was light and fitted so neatly that most of the time she forgot she was wearing it. She quietly left the room, closing the door softly, went downstairs and out of the front door. She saw from the clock in the hall that it was just coming up to seven-thirty.

Sophie and Ellie were outside, Ellie loosening up and stretching before the run. Like Leah, they were naked apart from trainers, ankle socks and their slave collars. Leah waved a greeting: it was best not to talk too much, in case they awoke anybody in the house. That would be punishable. She began to jog around a little herself, to begin to warm up. Sophie, having already jogged here, was already warm and ready.

"Cara's coming with us this morning," Sophie said, softly again to avoid waking anybody in the house. In this climate, most people slept with open windows, and some bedrooms did face the street. "She got a message to me last night." Slaves were not allowed to use the telephone, or any other electronic devices, so Cara would have had to either drop a note through the door of Sophie's home, or get her master to send a message.

Instead of a verbal reply, Leah gestured up the road, as she could see Cara approaching. The girl, as naked as the rest of them, was jogging smoothly towards them. It was the first time any of them had seen her since she had been sold to a new owner. Leah looked at her as she approached, and saw that Cara's pussy was now completely shaven. That would undoubtedly be her new owner's decision: in Leah's experience, slave girls who are kept mostly naked, which in Xanxta meant most of them and on New Island all of them, preferred if allowed to keep at least some pubic hair, which offered just the slightest protection against the eyes of men: not much, but just a little, and anything was better than nothing. Cara's sex lips were now completely exposed. She had been allowed, or more accurately instructed, to keep her bush whilst she was owned by Tom Jefferson. Ellie's pubic hair naturally grew in just a little tuft just above the top of her slit, and nowhere else, for some odd genetic reason. Leah thought it best not to mention it when Cara joined them.

Something was going to be done to Leah's own bush of pubic hair this morning. She didn't know what, only that Ben, surely on the instructions of her owner, had made an appointment for her at the male barber's shop in town at noon. There was a female hairdresser in town where Leah was usually sent to have the hair on her head trimmed or styled, so if she was being sent to the male barber it was a safe bet that it was for her pubic hair. Ben would have conveyed precise instructions to the barber as to what he was to do, and Leah was not privy to these. It was not her decision. She could only hope that she was not going to be completely "scalped", that is, have her pubic hair completely removed as Cara's had been done. She'd never previously been required by her owner to have that done and very much hoped that would continue to be the case. Those slave girls who were entirely devoid of pubic hair looked even more vulnerable and exposed as a result, Cara at this moment very much included. Leah's pubic hair was actually somewhat straggly and unkempt: whereas the hair on her head obeyed what was done with brush and comb, and she was always able to tie it neatly behind her or even plat it, the hairs on her mound just grew at random. She was allowed, normally, to keep them trimmed into a triangle, but it never seemed to be a neat triangle.

Cara arrived, and hugged each of them in turn. "Talk at the break," Ellie suggested quietly, and the others nodded. She and Leah were now warmed up and loosened, and the other two were already fully

ready, so the four of them took off. By convention, Ellie took the lead. Leah, acting casually, dropped back for a moment so that she was behind Cara as they set off, and cast a look at the young slave's bottom. There was no obvious evidence of welts or weals, which only meant Cara hadn't been thoroughly beaten for a few days, but it was something. If Cara noticed the manoeuvre, she gave no sign. She probably hadn't noticed. Sophie's cute derriere now showed no sign of the paddle, or indeed anything else, unlike on Monday evening some 36 hours ago.

They jogged smoothly and quietly, taking the direction which led away from the town. Soon they were on the cliff path, which was a soft tarmac path and good to run on. It looked like another very nice day in prospect. The sky was an uninterrupted deep blue, the sun just starting out on its journey across the sky. It was mildly warm, not yet hot, and a pleasant breeze helped make it ideal for running. There was nobody about, there very rarely was at this time of day, to the relief of all four of the girls. Generally people did not start appearing until around nine. New Island life, for the men anyway, was quite relaxed.

Ellie picked up the pace and the other three responded, Cara and Sophie level behind Ellie, Leah bringing up the rear. They reached a narrower section of the path and dropped into single file, then it opened out again soon after and Sophie, Cara and Leah came into line, with Ellie still in the lead as designated pacemaker. All four of them were fit girls and ran easily. The path began to gently descend, following the line of the hill, until it was not far from sea level, then began to climb once more, giving them more of a physical challenge. Ellie's pace didn't waver, and nor did that of any of the others, but their breathing was becoming louder. They reached the top of the incline and, as always, Ellie now sharply increased the pace, not quite a sprint but not far short. Again all the others kept up, Cara blowing slightly more as she hadn't been running in over a week, but not much.

They covered quite some distance at the fast pace, and then the path opened out onto a common. They slackened off and came to a halt. There was a water fountain here, and one by one they slaked their thirst and got their breath back, Leah and Sophie recovering just that little bit quicker than the other two. They had covered around two miles.

"So come on, Cara," said Ellie, just slightly out of breath. "What's your new owner like? Spill it!"

Cara went a little red. "He's all right," she said cagily.

"Big cock? Strong arm with the whip?" Leah asked. Ellie giggled.

"He likes spanking," Cara conceded, and evidently didn't want to say any more.

"Do you love him?" Ellie asked directly.

Cara took refuge in officialdom. "I serve him, like I've been taught to do."

"Do you have to serve him ... *often*?" Ellie persisted with a coy smile.

"Whenever he requires me to," Cara said, trying to end the conversation.

Ellie sighed. "Any tips for me for Saturday night?" she asked, trying to get at it another way.

"You're far more experienced than I am, I'm sure you'll know what to do," Cara replied.

"Miaoww," Leah observed, and mimicked a cat making a clawing motion.

"I didn't mean it like that," Cara protested hastily. "Sorry, Ellie."

"It's fine," Ellie said, and she was being quite truthful. "But come on, give us the info! What's the point in us all being sex slaves if we can't share juicy gossip?"

Cara sighed in defeat. "His name is Storm Robinson, but he makes me call him Sir Storm. I don't think that's his real name, but of course I do what I'm told. My name is now legally Slave Cara, L014, property of Storm Robinson."

She stopped, so Ellie prodded her on. "So what's he like? Young? Old? Handsome? Big ... thing?"

"Youngish, I suppose. He's actually thirty-nine, I know because it was his birthday the other day. He... tied me up like his personal birthday present. He's ... not bad looking. And he used to work in construction, so he's in very good shape."

"Big cock?" Leah persisted with her earlier line of enquiry.

Cara squirmed. "Big enough," she conceded. "Maybe not quite as big as Bill or Ben, but quite big," she added, to stave off another prompt from Ellie.

"Did Bill or Ben ever have you when you were with us?" Leah asked, gently.

Cara went a little red. "No," she replied. "But I've seen their ... maleness, both of them."

"So what sort of stuff does he do to you?" Ellie probed.

Cara's blush intensified. "He .. likes spanking. He does it fairly hard, but not so bad that I can't take it." Under Ellie's basilisk stare, she added, "and he likes hot wax."

"Hot wax?" repeated Sophie, concerned.

"Yeah," said Cara. "He ties me down, lights a special candle and drips it on me. It's not that bad," she hastily reassured her best friend with a slight, if rueful, smile. "I mean it hurts a bit, but not terrible. He ... a friend of his bought him some special birthday candles to use that way. Thing is, you never know exactly where it's going to fall, which kind of racks up the tension. And he has a strict rule that it has to be whipped off afterwards, so you know that's going to follow, but the whip he uses stings a bit but not too bad. And ... sometimes he suspends me, by my arms."

Leah and Ellie had both experienced this. It induced its own form of helplessness. Rather than pursuing this, however, Ellie pushed her interrogation on another front. "So what's the sex like?" she asked bluntly.

Cara prevaricated. "Shouldn't we get going? I don't want to be returning home too late, when people are starting to be about."

"Me neither," added Sophie, trying to help her friend out but also conscious of her undressed state.

"We'll get going as soon as you tell us," Ellie said firmly to Cara, her big brown eyes fixing Cara's own.

"He's very ... demanding," Cara said evasively, and went a deeper shade of red. "Please can we leave it at that?"

Ellie relented. "All right. Just answer this one question: are you okay?"

"Yes," said Cara decisively. "I'm fine. Of course, I miss you and Leah. But Sir says it's fine for me to coming out running whenever, now."

"Good to have you back," Ellie replied, and at that she moved them all off again. They covered another mile, and then came to a fork in the track. Ellie and Cara took the right fork, which led back to the house; Sophie and Leah veered off to the left.

Leah now took the lead, and set a fast pace, but Sophie kept up without any problem. Feeling slightly challenged, as she often did when running with Sophie, Leah stepped up the pace a little more, but Sophie still matched her without difficulty. Two firm pairs of youthful breasts bounced lightly as they ran, their smooth running gait minimising the bounce. On and on they went. Eventually the path turned inland and almost back on itself; there was not much more coastline on the whole island, and going too far meant they would be the other side of town and would have to come back through the town itself, not a good idea because by now there would be men about in the town centre. The path eventually rejoined the path they had covered as a foursome, with them now heading back towards the house. Cara and Ellie would be back there already, with Cara now setting off back to her new home. They stopped at the common once more to partake from the drinking fountain, and then followed the route back to Leah's home.

They came to a halt outside the house. Both were sweating and breathing very heavily: they had covered around five or six miles in total, at a fast pace. Wordlessly they faced each other and high-fived. The camaraderie was growing between them, and they enjoyed running together, pushing each other. That said, Leah, who always took the lead, wasn't sure that Sophie didn't still have more in her tank. Apart from anything else, Sophie now had to run the rest of the way to her home, perhaps another half mile, and the naked girl would not want to take too long over it in case more men started to appear on the streets.

"See you tonight down in the cove at seven for your lesson?" Leah reminded Sophie.

Sophie looked slightly dubious. "My master says that when I come home, I've got to show him what I've learned," she said uncertainly.

"That's OK," said Leah easily, "It will be all good stuff, and practice makes perfect."

Sophie still looked dubious, but she nodded, and they high-fived again, and then Sophie took off, running the rest of the way home at a pace which confirmed Leah's theory. Sighing, Leah moved into the garden. There was an area almost invisible from the road, and she moved into it and started stretching.

Going back into the house, Leah could see the cook preparing breakfast and an already showered Ellie helping him. By agreement, Leah avoided this task because of her longer runs and did other things instead. She appreciated Ellie's help on this, because her slave sister found the cook repulsive and both of

them knew he never kept his hands off the elfin slave. The rest of the house was beginning to stir. It was now close to nine o'clock.

She went back up to her room. Adrian was still in her bed, taking his ease, semi-dozing. She went up to him, leaned over the bed and kissed him gently on the forehead. "Good morning, sleepy head," she said softly. She knew that he quite liked to inhale her musk when she was sweating from a run. It didn't bother her: as a sometime pony girl, she was not unused to sweating in public. There were worse things, much worse things.

"Is it morning yet?" he murmured playfully.

"The day's half over," she said airily. She kissed him on the forehead again and went off to the shower, knowing he was watching her as she took her trainers and socks off and padded naked into the bathroom. Lots of men frequently saw her naked, which she could do nothing about, but she was actually quite happy for Adrian to ogle her.

The shower was wonderfully reinvigorating. When she emerged from the bathroom, towelling herself down, Adrian had gone, presumably to his own room to shower. She dried and combed her hair and then, the rest of her body still slightly damp from the shower, went downstairs. She was fully naked other than her collar. She would be fully naked for the rest of the day, indeed for most of the foreseeable future. For the most part, she was used to that now, though it was still at the back of her mind when in public, just lurking there, always making her that little, tiny bit embarrassed. She knew that Ellie felt the same, slightly stronger in fact, whilst Cara and Sophie were as yet far from acclimatised to it. But they were, all four of them, slaves: the choice was not theirs.

She went into the dining room and was met by scrumptious smells. Her owner was at a table, eating, whilst at another table the two big, muscular men, who everybody called Bill and Ben, were eating and talking to each other. They were of Arabic extraction, although their English was fluent. Leah knew very well that the big muscles of their arms were matched by sizeable manhoods. Adrian was not yet there, presumably still finishing his shower and dressing. Ellie, having done her work, was sat at another table, eating. The cook was fussing around, replenishing some things.

Leah went over to her owner and stood in front of him, hands by her sides, her lovely body totally on view to him. "Good morning, master," she said politely.

"Good morning, slave," he replied. His eyes ran down her body. Leah remained in her open posture, so that he could see everything he wanted to, which was just about everything. She didn't quite get the same buzz from him seeing her naked as she did from Adrian seeing her, but she did feel something, and more to the point it was his right to ogle her. She believed that every bit as much as she believed that the Earth was round. At the merest gesture from him, she would have turned around to present the rear view, and then bent over with legs apart to show the most private view, or present herself in whatever other intimately revealing way he wanted. However, the gesture did not come. Instead, he said mildly, "did you have a good run?"

"Yes, master, thank you," she replied. "Slave Cara is back with us. She looked well, though I'm sure she's missing you." It was always a debate as to whether she should say anything other than in answer to a direct question, but on the other hand he liked to know these things.

He nodded. "And did you have a good night with Adrian last night?" he asked, still mildly.

Only the very slightest redness came to Leah's face. She was well used to her sex life being very public. "Yes, master, thank you," she replied evenly. "As always, I'm grateful for your generosity in allowing me these things." It was not a required statement: she was quite genuine in this. Above her bed, taped to the wall, was a note she had typed and printed herself, all of her own volition. It said, "Slave Leah, always remember how kind and generous your owner is to you." He knew the note was there, had seen it several times. It pleased him, though she had done it purely to remind herself. In fact, it pleased him precisely because she had intended it as a message for herself, not him. "Can I get you anything, master? More tea?"

"No, I'm fine. Go and get your breakfast."

"Yes, master, thank you master." She turned, knowing he was now able to admire the view of her bum, and went to the sideboard, where the smell of bacon, sausage, eggs and the like was making her salivate. She piled a plate high and went to join the equally naked Ellie, who as usual was polishing off a somewhat less gargantuan feast. Leah followed it up soon after with toast and fruit.

“Slave Cara looks settled,” Leah observed.

Ellie smiled. “She’s being porked silly and she’s loving it,” she stated firmly. “We both know the signs.”

Leah smiled back. “Agreed,” she said. “Let’s hope he can keep it up.”

“When he needs a break, he can just loan her out to somebody. Or maybe Master will lend him Bill or Ben as a stud.”

Leah nodded. “No welts on her bum,” she reported. Both knew that it didn’t mean a lot: most marks on a healthy young female posterior healed within three or four days. Still, it was something.

“She said he was a spanker, though.”

“Let’s face it, every master on the island is going to be into something along those lines,” Leah commented. “But I don’t think Master would have sold her to a cruel owner. The hot wax doesn’t sound too painful.”

“Agreed,” said Ellie. If anything, she worshipped their owner even more than Leah did, which was saying something. They both kept their voices low, not because they were being secretive but from a sense that slaves should be seen and not heard. They were afforded the privilege of eating breakfast at the same time as the free men of the household, and to sit at a table – they knew girls who had to eat their breakfast from a dog bowl, kneeling on the floor – and they were both at pains not to abuse the privilege. Neither of them realised that the hidden microphones in their slave collars meant that their owner could listen in at any time. And, as it happened, he was listening in today. Knowing that they had seen Cara for the first time since her sale, he thought it would be interesting to check out their impressions. Leah had noticed the ear bud in his ear, which he had put in just after she had been dismissed from his table, and had assumed he was listening to some music. Instead, it was quietly relaying their conversation to him.

“Do you think Slave Cara will stay on after her year is up?” Leah asked her slave sister.

Ellie considered. “She has hinted, and I think Master is working towards that end,” she said thoughtfully. “And let’s face it, if he plans it, he’ll make it happen, if anybody can. I would guess he sold her to that particular master quite deliberately.” She thought again. “I’d say better than fifty-fifty. What about Slave Sophie?”

Leah smiled. “Hundred per cent certain,” she said. “She doesn’t know it yet, hasn’t got a clue in fact, but she will. And I think Master is working on that one as well, behind the scenes.”

At another table, Tom Jefferson smiled. His girls were smart cookies, both of them. Intelligent girls always made the best slaves in his opinion. He had once enslaved a young woman with a PhD to her name: now the girl happily sucked cock and spread her legs at the click of her owner’s fingers back in Xanxta. Leah and Ellie’s only blemish to their sharp wits was that neither of them had ever tumbled to the microphones. But then, he had always been very careful. The girls moved on to inconsequential chit-chat and, feeling he had learnt all of interest that he was going to, Tom took the earpiece out and put it away in his pocket. He felt vindicated in his choice of Storm as a master to sell Cara to. And Storm would work with him towards the same end. Tom made a mental note to offer the services of Bill or Ben as studs, as Ellie had inadvertently suggested. Bill would probably be the better: he was a little more friendly towards the slaves than Ben, firm when needed certainly, but slightly less reserved.

Meanwhile, Leah and Ellie quietly chatted on. They were seemingly oblivious to the fact that they were both nude apart from their collars; within the confines of the mansion (it was too large to be called a house), they were more or less accustomed to it, though it was not quite the same when they ventured outside. After they had finished eating, they both went to their respective chores. For Ellie, it was laundry day. There were seven people living in the house: the Master, Adrian, Bill, Ben, the cook and the two girls, though the girls by their circumstances did not generate any laundry except bed linen and towels. Even so, laundry and bed-making would take up much of Ellie’s morning.

Leah’s first task was to help the cook clear away the breakfast things and wash up, once the men had all departed. The girls were left to apportion the housework between them, as long as everything was done to a very high standard, and whenever she could, Leah took on all jobs that she could involving the cook. He was slimy and odorous; his personal hygiene was not in question, being a cook, but somehow he always had an unpleasant odour about him. Leah suspected he deliberately cultivated it. He never missed an opportunity to feel the girls up, and of course he didn’t need to be surreptitious about it, he could quite openly fondle them and they would be punished if they complained, or even tried to evade him. Ellie was

repulsed by him and his touch, and again Leah suspected he deliberately made himself unpleasant. Leah herself wasn't keen on it, but she could endure it better than her slave sister. It was one of the many ways in which the two girls supported each other.

Once that task was done, the next job on Leah's list was polishing and dusting in the lounge.. She worked hard and continuously. Both Bill and Ben had whip rights over the two girls, and if either happened to come in and found her slacking, or later noticed the slightest polishable object that was not gleaming, or the slightest trace of dust in a nook or cranny, she would be for it. Those whip rights were limited to tawse and strap, it was true, but both of those stung like crazy and Leah had no desire to feel either on her bare skin. What was more, Bill or Ben need only speak to their owner for the punishment to be considerably upgraded; Leah and Ellie would have no right to even speak in their own defence. Admittedly, both girls took genuine pride in their work and the state of the house, but the threat of punishment kept them right on their toes. That, Leah knew, was the point. Working hard from pride was all well and good, but knowing they could and would be punished for any slightest sloppiness prevented any laziness.

Leah kept her eye on the clock. Since neither girl was allowed a watch, the alarm watch master had given her being for overnight use only, there were clocks in most rooms so that they knew when to move on to where they needed to be next. Similarly, there were plenty dotted around the town. It was coming up to half past eleven, and Leah had an appointment in town for noon. It was only a ten minute walk at most, but slave learnt to allow time, when you could be stopped in the street by any man.

She needed permission to leave the house and grounds. She had standing permission for her early morning runs, but at any other time, except obviously when accompanying the master or another male member of the household, she had to get permission. It was not appropriate to disturb Master, so she needed Bill or Ben. She had noted that morning that Bill was going to be working in the garden, so she went to see him there.

"Sir, I need permission to leave the house," she asked him. Within the house, Bill and Ben were "sir", since Tom Jefferson reserved "master" for himself alone. When out and about, every man was "master". Leah was allowed to call Adrian by his first name, but only when the two of them were alone, otherwise he too was "sir" in the house or "master" outside it.

Bill looked up from his work. He was a skilled gardener and the flowers looked very good. The girls, naturally, provided labour for more routine tasks. "Where are you going?" he asked. It wasn't conversational: he needed to know before giving authority.

"The barber shop in town, sir," Leah replied, colouring slightly. This was not where she would go for a standard haircut, as there was a slave hairdresser elsewhere in town. "I have an appointment at noon." Ben had made the appointment on Tom Jefferson's instruction; needless to say, Leah had no say in it.

Bill nodded. He was more easy-going than the stiffer Ben, who was the senior of the two, but he was still miles above her and she took care to remember it. He would not hesitate to take the strap to her if he felt it was needed. But when she had wanted to set up an elaborate birthday surprise for her master a couple of months ago, it was Bill that she went to for help, and he had given that help. If she did get strapped by him, she would be upset because she would know that she thoroughly deserved it. "Come straight back, of course," he said.

"Yes sir, thank you sir." It was not entirely unknown for her to be allowed to go off for a walk alone, but clearly not today. But then, going for a walk had potential disadvantages.

She did not need anything from the house, so she went directly from there to the front gate. As always when being sent into town, she experienced a moment of trepidation and hesitation. *You are stark naked*, a little voice inside her head always said; *you cannot walk into town wearing nothing but a collar*. But of course she could, and more to the point she had to.

Leah opened the little garden gate, stepped out into the road, closed the gate again and started walking into the town. It was, as usual, a very warm day, and the sun felt frankly good on her bare skin. She could also feel the warmth of the tarmac under her bare feet. The tarmac they used here was quite soft and didn't trouble her feet, which were in any case hardened because she was kept barefoot most of the time, apart from on the runs where her legs and ankles needed the protection of soft-impact trainers.

So far, so good: nobody was around. Well, almost nobody: she recognised one male figure, sat on a wooden roadside bench seat. It could have been a lot worse, and indeed almost certainly would be worse by the time she got into town itself.

“Good morning, Mr Beckett, sir,” she said politely as she drew level with him.

“Good morning, Miss Leah,” he replied pleasantly, leaning on his walking stick and regarding her.

Leah made sure her arms were well to her sides, not covering up her naked body. It was required of her, but with Mr Beckett she sort of didn't really mind. He was a throwback, and anachronism, a man from a bygone age who had probably been out of date even when he had been young. He had been their next-door neighbour in Xanxta and had migrated here when New Island was first opened up, just as their owner had transported his households, themselves included, to the island. Leah and Ellie reckoned that Mr Beckett was in his eighties, though he could be even older. Invariably, in public, he was smartly dressed, in jacket, collar and tie no matter what the weather, and the tie never undone, much less his top button. He always addressed them as “Miss Leah” and “Miss Ellie”, despite them pointing out to him that they were slaves and not entitled to such courtesy. Equally, he refused to allow them to call him “master”, as they were supposed to do to all men on the island. They could be officially thrashed for such a misdemeanour but, as he pointed out, it could scarcely be their fault if a free man had instructed them to do so. There was no doubt he would come forward to state that, if the need arose: he was clearly a man of honour, a man who years ago Leah supposed would have been termed a gentleman. Somehow, although his eyes roved down her exposed body, as any man's would (even Adrian), he did not leer or ogle; he showed simply polite admiration.

He had not owned a slave in Xanxta, nor as far as Leah knew did he have one now. It was clearly a choice on his part, because although he didn't flash money around, he was clearly very well off. Ellie had once asked him why, and he had said something about not wanting to cage a songbird. Ellie was actually quite fond of him, and Leah had to admit she liked him too. In Xanxta, he had employed a maid part-time, but there was nobody similar available here, so Ellie, with her owner's permission, called round one day a week to clean his house, do his washing and so on. Naturally, her duties including sharing his bed. On one occasion, Ellie had been unavailable and Leah had taken her place. She too of course had ended up in his bed with him, and he had been gentle and courteous with her. He had not failed to rise to the occasion, so to speak, so he was virile despite his age, but it was one of those times when Leah felt she was being made love to rather than being fucked. As with everything else with him, it made her really not mind his attentions at all.

“Are you off into town?” he asked, more politely than out of curiosity.

“Yes, Mr Beckett, sir,” she replied. She always added the “sir” bit herself, just to show her submissiveness, and he had mildly conceded and stopped suggesting she should just call him Mr Beckett.

“It's a lovely day for a walk,” he said, not prying into her destination. Leah agreed, and he wished her a good day, and she did likewise, and off she went. It was sort of bizarre, as if they were characters in some Jane Austin novel, and yet she was stark naked apart from her slave collar. But she liked passing the time of day with Mr Beckett, and the next time Ellie was unavailable on the day she was due to clean for him and serve him in bed, Leah would not mind covering for her slave sister.

As she walked further into town, Mr Beckett faded from her thoughts. There were now a few men about, and most of them had a good look at her as she passed. Naked slave girls on the streets of New Island were far from uncommon, but the men always seemed to like a good look. Leah endured the stares stoically: it was their right to see her nude, whether she liked it (which she didn't, really) or not. One man stood in her way on the pavement. She stopped in front of him – sidestepping him would have been punishable, since he had clearly positioned himself there deliberately. His hands reached out to grasp her breasts and he kneaded them like a baker with some dough. Leah pulled her shoulders back and stood passively. Again, it was his right to do this.

“Nice tits,” he said approvingly to her.

“Thank you, master,” Leah said. She did not enjoy the compliment, much less the mauling of her boobs, but it had to be endured. However, after a minute or so, he let her go and stood aside for her to pass. As she moved past him, he gave her a stinging smack on her bare bottom. Leah bit back a gasp – fortunately she had been expecting it – and just said “thank you, master” again, albeit in a slightly more husky voice. It was better, she had long since found, to show acceptance of her treatment and react as

little as possible to it. That said, it has certainly stung and she suspected (correctly) that she now had a very visible red handprint on her bare bottom.

On she walked. She was now in the small town itself, and there were plenty of men about now, and a few other slave girls, as naked as she herself was, too. Most of the men gave her a once-over with their eyes as she passed. Men on New Island, as in Xanxta, did not look surreptitiously, pretending not to look whilst glancing as much as they dared: men here ogled openly and unashamedly. In a way, it was refreshing in its honesty, even if more embarrassing for the girl in question; but Leah, after some consideration, had come to the conclusion that she preferred the honest approach. The stares still had to be endured, though, and of course any slightest attempt to cover her intimate regions was forbidden and unwise. She could be reported for such an action, even a slight one, and that would mean a town square beating. For Leah, it would also mean letting down her owner, which was as bad to her as the beating would be.

Another girl came towards her, walking in the opposite direction to Leah. Like Leah, she was naked except for her collar, and also like Leah, her hands were kept well away from her charms. Leah had seen her around, but didn't know her name. She was older than Leah, late twenties maybe, attractive and with big boobs. Even at that age, she was a slave girl, not a slave woman. The two slaves exchanged slightly watery smiles as they passed each other. Something in the other girl's gait gave a signal to Leah, and she turned around after the girl had passed and looked at her. As she had suspected, the girl had a good dozen or so cane marks across her bare ass. They looked fresh and painful, which was why she was walking slightly stiffly, and Leah, who had been there herself on several occasions, had unconsciously picked up that stiffness of walk. Leah resumed her walk. She was close to the barber's now.

She almost made it. She had one more street to turn into, then a few yards down the street to her destination, when a man stopped her with a gesture. He was around thirty, casually if cheaply dressed but somewhat unkempt, slim but not good-looking, his features almost mole-like. She hadn't seen him before, but there were plenty of men on the island that she had not met.

"Hello, slave," he said cheerfully.

"Hello, master," Leah replied politely. It was considered correct that she would not speak until he did.

He looked her up and down. She stood there, hands by her sides, enduring the inspection. Then he said casually, "you got time for a quick one?"

"Of course, master." He could have stopped her just to take a look, or cop a feel, but she had suspected somehow that this was his intention. Although he had asked rather than ordered, that was just a figure of speech: Leah had no option but to say yes to him. Turning him down was most certainly punishable, not that he would accept her saying no anyway. If it made her late, it made her late: most men accepted that a slave could be late due to being 'unexpectedly detained' en route, and although she could still be punished for that, it would most likely be no more than a hand spanking. If a master really wanted a slave to get somewhere on time, he put a red disc on her collar, or put her in a chastity belt, or other things to prevent molestation. And this was also why Leah had set out early. She had allowed plenty of time and, judging by the bulge already visible in the man's Bermuda shorts, this wouldn't take long.

"Shall we go somewhere quiet and discrete, master?" she asked, more in hope than expectation.

He shook his head. "Nah, here is fine," he said, and laid down on the pavement.

Leah would have much preferred somewhere more private, but it was not her choice. He was already pulling down his shorts to reveal a largely erect, rampant cock. It was quite large; Leah had had larger, but it was big, nevertheless. At least, with luck, this wouldn't take long, as he was already quite up for it, so to speak.

Leah knelt astride him and lowered herself down onto him, using her hands to guide his cock into her vagina. Now she began to work her hips up and down. She was having to do all the work, but at least she could thereby control the pace and hopefully get this over with quickly. A couple of men walked by, glancing with interest but, to her relief, not stopping. However, the next man to walk by, moments later, did stop, and began to watch. So did the one after that, and he had a naked slave girl with him, on a lead. The girl's face was carefully impassive: she knew that at any moment she could be ordered to do the same as Leah was having to do.

Leah was increasing the speed of her up and down movements now. Her superb fitness meant that she could go on like this for quite some time. What she could not do, as always, was remain impassive herself. Her temperature was beginning to rise, her breathing was becoming louder and heavier. The feeling of his cock inside her was adding to shame of what she was doing in public and stripping away her self-control. She knew it, but could do nothing about it. As every moment passed, she was becoming more slave-like, less the intelligent young woman and more the rutting animal. It was similar, in a way, to the submergence of her humanity whenever she polled a pony cart. Her eyes were becoming glazed, her pulse was up, sweat was starting to appear on her bare body.

“Urr, urr, urr,” was the noise she was making. Beneath her, the man was also grunting and groaning, clearly enjoying his moment, nearing his peak. Leah knew what was going to happen, it so often did. When he finally exploded and she felt jets of come spurting deep into her channel, the culmination of all the sensations pushed her too over the edge. Leah came, publicly and obviously, her hips still driving up and down as she milked him.

Leah descended from the peak and became aware once more of her surroundings. Her face went red as she realised what an exhibition she had made of herself. The two male bystanders were still watching, would have watched the whole thing, the one still with his own slave girl on a lead, the girl’s face still carefully expressionless.

Leah slipped herself off the man’s diminishing cock. She had one more duty, and she could no more not do it than she could fly. She had to lick his cock clean after sex. She lowered her face down and carefully, very gently began to lap at his male member with her tongue, aware that he might well be a little tender now. She tasted her own juices and his cum. She licked some more, still careful to be extremely gentle. She did this with every man she had sex with, even Adrian; he had not wanted her to at first, but she had persisted. In fairness, with him she didn’t really mind, nor with her owner. With other men, well, it was a duty to be performed, and that was that.

She finished off. It was not as effective for him as a shower might be, but it was the best she could do. He grunted and dressed, saying absolutely nothing to her, and then walked off.

Leah picked herself up and resumed her walk.

She stepped into the barber shop and glanced at the clock. It was a couple of minutes to noon. Allowing herself that extra time had been wise.

There was a standard barber’s chair, in which sat a man having his hair cut by the barber, a portly man with a rather pretentious, neatly trimmed beard. Next to that was a similar chair, but with stirrups. She eyed the latter with distaste. There was one man waiting, and a couple more chairs for further men to wait, but of course they were not for the likes of Leah. She knelt down in a corner, knees apart, facing the room.

The barber turned round. “Slave Leah?” he asked directly.

“Yes, master.”

He nodded and went back to cutting his customer’s hair. Leah waited; a slave learns how to wait. She was not next but one in the queue: if another man came in, he would automatically go before her. Only when there were no more men to be served would the barber turn to her.

Just as she was thinking that, another man came in and sat next to the waiting man. He glanced at Leah, but nothing more. The four men talked male small talk, ignoring her despite her exposed charms. It could, she reflected, be worse. Much worse.

The barber finished the man in the chair, who got up and paid by debit card. Leah would have nothing to pay with, as slaves were not allowed to carry money – and she had nowhere to carry it anyway – but her owner, or more accurately Bill or Ben, would have prepaid when he booked her in. The man said goodbye to the other men, glanced at Leah, and left the shop.

Then the man who was next in line turned to Leah and said, “you here for a pussy hair trim, girl?”

Leah went red. “Yes, master,” she managed.

He smiled. “Well then, you can go ahead of me.”

He was not being gentlemanly, she knew: he wanted to watch. The man next in line didn’t seem to mind either. Leah would much rather have waited until there was nobody left in the shop except her and

the barber, but she had no choice. After saying “thank you, master” as sweetly as she could, she stood up, went to the second chair and sat in it, then lifted her legs and placed her ankles and shins in the stirrups. Her legs were now wide apart, affording a very clear and intimate view of her most private region. Worse, as there was a large mirror in front of the chair, the men behind her could see it perfectly clearly. She tried to keep her face calm, not really successfully.

The barber looked at her exposed crotch, and then hesitated. “Have you just been fucked, girl?” he asked directly.

Leah reddened again. “Yes, master,” she said quietly.

“Was that in the street?” the man who had invited her to go ahead of him asked.

“Yes, master.”

“We should call you the Street Shagger,” the other man suggested.

“Yes, master.” There was nothing else she could say. She could feel her cheeks burning with shame.

“Did he give you a good going over?” the first man asked.

“Yes, master.”

“Well, I’m not going to trim you in that state,” the barber said. “There’s a washroom in the back, go and clean yourself up.”

“Yes, master, thank you master,” Leah said, and hurried from the room, grateful to be away from the three men. She found the washroom and hurriedly washed her crotch with soap and water and dried herself with a couple of paper towels, knowing it would not be wise to keep the barber waiting. She was hoping that one of the two men would have gone first when she emerged, but they were all waiting for her. Unhappily she got back into the chair once more and lifted her feet into the stirrups, feeling her face go red once more as she spread her legs and completely exposed herself.

“Your owner’s given me a specific request,” the barber said.

“Yes, master,” Leah said. “He ... he hasn’t told me what it is. He just told me not to trim myself for the last few weeks.”

“It does look like a jungle in there,” the one waiting customer observed.

“You should be called the Shaggy Street Shagger,” the other one said, and laughed.

“Yes, master,” Leah said, embarrassed, but not replying to a comment aimed directly at her was not wise. “It ... it grows quite fast down there.” Normally, she kept her public hair trimmed in a neat triangle. Bikini lines were no longer relevant to her, because she was permanently naked, but she had kept her hair within what would normally be bikini lines. However, as with everything else, it was subject to her owner’s whim, and about three to four weeks ago the instruction had come to stop trimming. It wasn’t too bad, really: it had grown out maybe half a centimetre wider on both sides, and at the top as well.

The barber operated the mechanism at the back of the chair to raise it, exposing Leah even more to the eyes of the men, and then came in front of her with a stool. He sat down on the stool, his face now level with and very close to her pussy. There was a grunt of irritation from one of the men behind her, and Leah realised that the barber was now obscuring their view in the mirror. However, both men simply got up and moved their chairs so they could watch directly. The barber had a spray of fine misty water which he used to dampen Leah’s pubic hair; it felt cool as it hit her. She looked up and fixed her gaze on the ceiling, not wanting to watch him working, not wanting to see the other two men as they watched avidly. This was very embarrassing, even for an experienced slave like her. Leah had found that she went through phases as a slave: sometimes she was almost blasé about being naked in public, as well as all the other things she had to do, and at other times she found herself mortified. But it was her life, so she had to get on with it. Humiliation, shame and embarrassment had to be faced and endured.

The barber worked for about five minutes, firstly with a very small pair of delicate scissors and then with an electric razor, using a beard trimmer. Leah would sometimes twitch ever so slightly when she felt the steel of the scissors or the plastic of the shaver, or his hand, on her most intimate areas, although she held herself as still as she could.

She had no idea what he was going to do, other than that he was trimming her pubic bush into a specific shape or letter. Her master had not told her what it would be, and that, along with the decision as to what it would be, was entirely his prerogative. She had of course wondered. Back in Xanxta there was a man named McDonald or Mason or something like that, and he owned three slave girls and had their pubic bushes all trimmed into the letter M. She couldn’t see Thomas Jefferson having her pussy hair

shaved into a J, she didn't think that could work. Perhaps a T, but that seemed informal and she could feel that the barber was not shaving that much off, so it wasn't that. Of course, he only had Leah's bush to work on: Ellie's pubic hair simply did not grow, for whatever odd genetic reason, apart from a little tuft immediately above the top of her slit. This was why he occasionally called her "Tufty".

"Finished," announced the barber, and got up and moved his stool away.

Leah lowered her eyes to look in the mirror. Her bush had been sculpted into a neat and very clear heart shape. The outward curvature at the two sides and the two semi-circles at the top were the only parts of the new hair that he had retained; if she were to wear a bikini bottom with a generous front, the hair would be fully covered, whilst in a skimpy bikini it would not be; but, as has been observed, that was not an issue for her.

Her first thought, instead, was that the heart motif was not really appropriate: she was a sex slave, not a love slave. Her second thought was that, irrespective of that, the shape would be eye-catching, and therefore would draw men's attention to her pussy more than she would like. But again, it was not her choice. He had thinned and trimmed her pubis hair in general, so that it was not dense now, although it remained sufficiently thick and her pubic hair was sufficiently dark so as to make the heart visible. The shape was, in its way, quite elegant, she supposed. But, at the end of the day, it wasn't her decision as to how her bush was cut.

"Very inviting," said the one waiting customer. Leah wondered what her chances were of getting out of the shop without being fucked by the men. She reckoned it would either be none of them or all of them. At a guess, she thought the odds were fifty-fifty. She did not want to have sex with these men, but again it was not her choice.

"Now that we have the outline, you should be able to get somebody to trim it at home," the barber told her. "You just need a pair of really small scissors or a men's electric razor with a beard attachment. You'll find it will have to be somebody else, though, not yourself: you just won't be able to get the angle to see properly, even with a mirror."

"Yes, master," Leah acknowledged. She didn't think it was something her owner would want to do himself. If given the freedom of choice herself, of course, she would get Ellie to do it.

"Well, off you go," said the barber. "I've got other customers to shear."

"Yes, master, thank you master," Leah said, and hurried from the shop before the other two men could really arrange anything else. Outside and naked, she became very conscious of her newly shaped bush, and wondered how long her master would keep it like this. A couple of months was her guess. That was something else to endure.

She didn't get far before some more men were ogling her. She saw their eyes go to her crotch and again realised how eye-catching the heart was. However, there was nothing she could do about it. Indeed, she was required to keep her legs open, to ensure they had a clear view.

"You! Slave!"

The call came from a man some yards away. Leah turned to face him as he walked over. Right now, there was nobody else around. "Yes, master?" she asked politely. It was quite possible that she was about to be fucked again.

The man came closer and looked her up and down. Leah obediently kept her hands away from her body, allowing him a clear view. It was required.

"Turn round." He didn't comment on her heart bush. Instead, as she turned her back to him, she could feel his eyes on her bottom. Leah was grateful at times like this that she had a very good body. Maybe if she was plain she would get less male attention, but it would be humiliating if she had physical defects or puppy fat on view. As it was, she was in pretty good shape. Her runs and other exercise were not just about keeping fit for the sake of it.

He made her turn around again to face him. Again she stood there passively whilst her eyes roved over her charms. At last, he said, "what's your name, slave?"

"Slave Leah, 012, Property of Thomas Jefferson, master," Leah replied politely. It seemed so long ago that she had been Leah Brownstone. That was a very different girl, a very different life.

"Do you have anywhere pressing that you need to be, slave?"

“No, master.” She had been instructed to return directly home from the barber’s, but it was part of her standing orders that, if somebody wanted her for something else, she was to comply. She wondered if this man intended to fuck her, but somehow her instincts said not: so far, he hadn’t touched her, although he was quite within his rights to do so. He was, she guessed, around her owner’s age, about fifty, though not as well preserved as her owner, nor as handsome. Actually, maybe he was a bit older, closer to sixty. Like her owner, however, she sensed he was a man of power, a man used to getting his way. As all men on the island did, he looked at her naked body openly, not bothering to disguise his stare.

“How old are you, slave?”

“I’ll be twenty next month, master.” Fleetinglly, she wondered whether she would get anything for her birthday. Ellie had just recently had her twentieth birthday; their owner had given her a DVD player and a dozen films that she could watch when she was off duty. She’d offered to share the films with Leah, of course, the two girls being closer than sisters, but Ellie’s taste was for soppy romances, whereas Leah, a little more of a tomboy, preferred adventure films. Ellie had also been allowed to share her owner’s bed for three consecutive nights, which made her even happier. Leah wondered if she would get something similar, although she knew their owner did not like to repeat himself. And, of course, there was Adrian in her equation as well, though a night or nights in the bed of her owner was more than agreeable to her. His thoughtfulness in such matters as birthdays and Christmas was one of the things that made slavery bearable and sometimes rather more than bearable for both her and Ellie. However, that was not to say that some of the ordeals they had to go through were not difficult.

“No, your slave age,” the man said.

“Oh, sorry, master. I’m nearly two years old.” Some men measured a girl’s age by her time as a slave. She had been only a couple of months past her eighteenth birthday when she had been kidnapped and enslaved.

“Plenty of experience, then,” her observed.

“Yes, master,” she confirmed. She had certainly had that!

“Hundreds of men?”

“I ... don’t know, master, I lost count a long time ago,” Leah admitted. “Probably, master.” It was a shameful thing to have to admit. Still, the number of men, and he clearly meant those who had had sex with her, was almost certainly into three figures by now.

“Good, you’ll do nicely. Come with me.”

“Yes, master.” Dutifully, Leah followed him. They went out of the town and along the path which led down to the jetty where the boat came to. Leah knew it was arriving today, because Ellie was on duty, going out to collect a new girl. However, Leah didn’t think she was being involved with that, because this man, whoever he was, was not one of the island’s council who arranged these things. She knew all the council members – come to think of it, she knew almost all of them intimately.

His voice drifted back to her, confirming her theory. “My nephew is arriving on the boat today,” he informed her in clipped tones. “He is just turned eighteen, in fact his birthday was yesterday. My sister and brother-in law are sending him here for a month to further his education. You are to take him off somewhere quiet and ensure that he fucks you.”

“Yes, master,” Leah said dutifully. She was far from unused to being ordered to go with a man who was a complete stranger to her.

“We suspect, although we do not know for certain, that he is a virgin. He may need to be guided somewhat.”

“Yes, master,” Leah said again. She could do that, although, thinking about it, she didn’t think she had ever been had by a virgin before. It wasn’t something a girl could particularly look forward to: he would probably be fumbling and uncertain, and far from accomplished. But such things were not her choice. No, wait: she’d had that virgin dart thrower. She had been with so many men by now that it was hard to remember them all.

“You will also ensure that he gives you a long and hard spanking.”

“Yes, master.” Leah accepted that, as she accepted everything else. There was no choice in such things for her.

“His parents and I believe that he has at least an interest in spanking, and certainly an interest in sex. However, whilst he has been instructed in New Island protocols and the nature and status of the girls here,

he will undoubtedly be hesitant. You are to ensure that he loses that hesitation: loses his inhibitions, so to speak.”

“Yes, master.”

He stopped abruptly and turned to look at her. Leah stopped too, and made sure her hands were away from her bare front. His eyes, however, were for once on hers. “Can you do all that?” he asked directly. “Does your tiny slave brain understand?”

Leah met his gaze, not always the right thing to do with a master, but appropriate at times, and this was such a time. “Of course, master, no problem,” she said firmly. “Master will be fully satisfied with me.” The insult about her brain did not really bother her: if he wanted to insult her, that was his right as a free man. But her owner, however demanding and at times brutal he might be, never insulted her. She loved her owner, and was glad that this man did not own her.

His eyes continued to hold hers. She waited for the threat: something along the lines of, *if I’m not satisfied, I will report you to your owner, and you can expect a caning*, or words like that. He was of course fully entitled to do that, and he was quite right in that a caning was the least she could expect for a bad report. However much her owner loved her, he was very strict with her, and she respected him for that. But the threat did not come, at least not overtly, though Leah still felt it hanging unspoken in the air. Instead, he just said, “you will precede me. We are, as you now know, going to the jetty.”

Leah walked ahead of him, assuming (correctly) that he wanted to admire the view of her from behind. Such was again, of course, his right. Leah was very pleased that he had not threatened her: she wanted to be trusted to do her slave duty without the need for threats. And, being trusted, she would carry out his orders to the letter. Not that she had any choice.

She wondered what his nephew would be like. At eighteen and a day, he was almost two years younger than she was. She felt no superiority: he was a master, and she was a slave. She supposed she should feel old, but she didn’t. Maybe he would be good-looking and virile, commanding and knowing what he was about. Or he could be a dweeb. She suspected the latter. It didn’t matter, really: she had her orders.

The boat was just pulling into the jetty when they arrived. She could see the two crew in the front, and three figures in the rear: Ellie, naked as usual, a very pretty-looking blonde girl, and a young man, the latter two both dressed in jeans and t-shirts. Supplies to the island mostly came by air, but there were a few boxes and crates in the middle of the boat, which the crew would deal with once the passengers had disembarked.

Ellie got off first, presumably ordered to do so by the crew so that the young man would catch an extra eyeful. She saw Leah and registered mild surprise, not having expected to see her here; then her eyes caught sight of Leah’s freshly heart-shaped pubic bush, and she registered slightly more surprise. *Stands out a mile, I suppose*, Leah thought resignedly. The young man got out next, his eyes on Ellie until he saw Leah, and then he began to gape at her. Leah carefully, as always, and as Ellie did, kept her hands away, not covering herself in the slightest. If the number of men who have had sex with me is now into three figures, she reflected, the number of men who have seen me naked is surely into four figures. It was not a nice thought, but there was nothing she could do about it. She studied him, without appearing to do so. Dweeb was indeed closer to the mark: he looked gawky, uncertain of himself, slim to the point of weedy and nondescript in terms of looks. But again, it did not matter. If beggars cannot be choosers, they still have far more choice than slaves do.

Whilst the young man greeted his uncle, somewhat stiffly on both sides, Leah noted, the new girl got out. She was really very pretty indeed, her features and complexion suggesting a Scandinavian background, and she had a good figure, slightly taller than Leah or Ellie but well proportioned, slim but with good breasts, their shape showing through her t-shirt. Her longish hair was in a neat ponytail behind her. Her eyebrows were virtually the same corn-yellow hue as her hair, so Leah suspected that the girl’s pubic bush, if she had one, would be the same colour. If she was shaved down there, her new owner might decide to let her hair grow, or he might not. The girl looked nervous, as well she might, and the nudity of Leah and Ellie clearly unsettled her, since she would know that she would soon be likewise.

The older man finished greeting his nephew and transferred his attention to the new girl. "Are you a new slave?" he asked. It was a fair bet: there were only a few free women on New Island, no more than five or six as far as Leah knew, and none of them were young.

"Answer him, slave," Ellie prompted. Leah was surprised to detect a slight sharpness in her slave sister's usually placid voice.

"Yes, master," said the girl, making herself speak.

"Name?"

"Slave Esme, L019, State Property, master," the girl said. Her voice had a definite Scandinavian accent to it, although her English was flawless.

"How is she being sold?" the man asked Ellie. "Seems pointless to convene an auction just for one girl."

"She will be displayed in the town square for the next two days, master. Sealed bids will be invited. I am told it will be on the news tonight." There was a closed social media group whereby local news and information was disseminated to the masters. Naturally, slaves were not allowed to access it, unless to find information for their owners.

"Hmm," mused the man, and openly studied Esme. Aware of his gaze, she quivered for a moment and then held herself together, almost posing.

"If I may, master?" Ellie asked, and after a nod from him, she spoke directly to Esme. "Slave, my instructions are that your clothing is to be confiscated as soon as you are on the island." She produced a shopping bag. "Please remove everything and put it in the bag. It will be kept safe during your time here."

Esme did not flinch. She removed sandals and ankle socks, then her t-shirt and leggings to leave herself in bra and panties, seemingly unconcerned about the two men who were watching her intently. Only now did she hesitate. She looked at Ellie, as if to question if she had to go all the way, but when Ellie gave an almost imperceptible nod, she reached behind her back, unhooked the bra clip and let it slip off her, then dug her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and pushed them down until they fluttered down to her ankles. Her pale face went red, not helped by the two men's very obvious stares, the younger man gawking, the older man coolly appraising.

"Keep your hands by your sides, slave," said Ellie firmly, and with a clear effort Esme put her hands down by her hips, her fists clenched, and endured the men's gazes.

"She's Swedish," Ellie would explain to Leah later that day when they were back home. "She said she was quite used to wandering about in her bra and knickers with the boys around at her sports club, she never bothered going back to the changing rooms after training. She thought she'd be OK with taking off the last bit of clothing, but I suspected it would be more of a jump than she expected." Esme's clear expectation that nudity in public would be easy had irked Ellie, who was normally very easy-going.

Ellie produced a collar and with some trepidation Esme allowed her to put it on. There was a red disc on it, the same as on Sophie's collar. "Whilst you have the disc on," Ellie explained, "men can molest you but not have sex with you." Esme made no comment, but Leah could see the Swede's eyes flash to Ellie's collar and then Leah's own. Neither had a red disc.

For a few moments, the tableau froze. Then the older man nodded to Leah. Here we go, she thought.

"Young master, would you come with me, please?" she asked, politely and sweetly, putting more than a hint of seduction into her voice.

"Go ahead, James," the older man said. "There's a common at the top of the hill, I'll wait for you there. No hurry, I'll have these two strumpets to keep me occupied," he said, referring to Ellie and Esme, but Leah knew the comment was meant for her. He was telling her to take her time and do a good job.

With an effort, James tore his eyes away from Esme's nudity, though they then settled on Leah's equally naked form. Leah had slightly smaller boobs than Esme, firm and well-shaped though they were, but Leah felt her lithe body shape was a match for anyone. She considered going ahead, allowing the young man to drink in the sight of her bottom, her very best feature, but decided instead to boldly take his hand in hers and almost drag him away from the other two naked girls. It was almost predatory. His hand was sweaty and he was clearly a little nervous. Without a backward glance at the others, she led him up the path from the jetty. As they climbed, to both sides there were trees, not dense enough to be impenetrable but enough to be private. Privacy for her was a rare luxury, but she reckoned that for him it was essential, at least for today. She led him in, her bare feet picking their way carefully, until they could

not be seen from the path. They came to a little clearing, which she thought would do nicely. She turned to him and managed to get him to sit down on the carpet of leaves and little sticks. Now she moved in close, knowing he could now smell her subtle but effective perfume and natural body musk. Her hands went to his shoulders, caressing them.

"May I pleasure you, master?" she asked softly. It would take the pressure off him, let him see that she was doing the running here. He grunted assent. She moved in closer still and began kissing him, her hands already stroking his shoulders, arms and back. He did not respond at first, then began kissing back, clumsily and uncertainly. He was certainly a virgin kisser, she decided, whether or not he was a full virgin; but that was OK, she could lead. She slipped her hands under the back of his t-shirt, caressing his back, then deftly pulled the t-shirt out of his trousers and slipped it over his head. Now she applied her lips to his nipples, kissing and licking them. She guided him down until he was lying down, with her slightly on top. His hands, hesitant at first, were beginning to explore her bare body. That was fine, or at least it was what she needed to have happen. She kept this going for a couple of minutes, building his confidence until she could perform the more invasive task of getting his trousers off. When it came to that manoeuvre, she had got him to a state where he didn't mind. His cock was bulging through his boxer shorts. She slipped it out and immediately put it into her mouth, beginning to work him with her tongue.

"Ahhh," he gasped breathily. His hands were now all over her.

She worked him until he was hard, then straddled him and guided his cock into her love channel. Now she started to move up and down, impaled on him. His was by no means the largest cock she had ever taken, but he was not over-small either. She worked and worked, grateful for her superb fitness and well-toned muscles. When she sensed he was near to coming, she whispered, "hold it in, master" into his ear, but when that had little effect, she slipped him out of her and pressed very gently on the precise point on his cock which would rein his eruption in. She needed to be careful: too much and he might not be able to get it back up again, and then she would be in trouble. She slipped him back into her mouth, building him again, then back into her vagina again once he was hard once more. She decided that a second similar manoeuvre would be too risky, so she again urged him to hold it in as long as he could, to savour the moment. It worked for a few seconds, and then she felt him jetting into her, hot gushes of come going deep into her channel. She milked him, and then disengaged herself.

He lay back, panting. "That was wonderful," he breathed.

Leah dipped her head into his crotch and her tongue began to gently clean his cock. "Master was pleased?" she asked softly between careful licks.

"Yes," he said, "but I'm not going to be able to get it up again, so no point trying."

"But master needs his cock to be clean before he puts it back in his shorts," she said, carrying on licking. He said nothing and lay back, enjoying her ministrations, but it seemed he was correct: his manhood was pretty limp. Well, maybe her next task would have an effect.

"Would master spank me, please?" she asked, almost coyly.

"What? Why?" he asked, surprised, and yet she thought she detected a slight twitch of arousal, though more in his body than in his dick.

"Slaves need to be kept under firm discipline," she murmured softly. Without waiting for an answer, she pulled him up a little so he was sat with his back to a tree trunk, and then draped herself over his legs. "I can take it very hard, master," she said seductively.

He recovered his composure and she felt his hands caressing her upthrust bottom. Then he brought it down on her cheeks, but far too gently.

She looked up at him. "Master can do it a lot harder than that," she almost challenged him.

He brought his hand down again, harder this time but still not very hard. She looked at him again. "Master is a lot stronger than that," she purred.

He spanked her again, harder still, but she challenged him again. "Master is not going to make my bottom really red like that."

Another spank, this time much harder, enough to sting. She wriggled ever so slightly, not in reaction but to stir him. "That's more like it, master. Lots like that, please. Maybe even harder if you can."

This time, the slap did sting, a lot. Leah internalised an ouch and instead let out a breathy "ahhh". She followed up with, "that's good, master. Lots like that."

She got her wish, not what she actually wanted but what she needed to happen. The slaps started to rain down, hard and fast, hard enough to really sting and throb. He was not muscular, but he had a natural way of cupping his hand which made his stroke very effective. Soon Leah was wriggling less to arouse him and more from the sting. He kept at her, again and again, until her bottom was sore, and then still further. It would be turning red by now, she knew. She was determined not to ask him to stop, which would have destroyed the effect. But she could feel his cock stiffening underneath her thighs. She let it grow and grow and then slid off him and applied her mouth once more. He was close to coming a second time now. Should she transfer him to her vagina, or get him to come in her mouth? She decided to stay with her mouth, partly to avoid any momentary easing which might allow him to go off the boil, and partly because he needed to learn that slave girls here were available in the mouth as well as the pussy.

He came, a significantly less torrential outpouring this time. She swallowed it down dutifully, and then licked his cock clean again. The salty taste of cum in her mouth was not one she enjoyed: on the common there was a water fountain, where she would be able to swill the remnants down into her gullet.

After a few moments recovery for both of them, she began to gently replace his clothing. His trousers were still around his ankles. As she pulled them up, Leah asked, "master enjoyed himself?"

"Yes," he said, more confident now. "You were superb." He looked at her. "Did Uncle Herman tell you it was my first time? It wasn't, you know."

Leah suspected he was lying, but naturally she couldn't say that. "Was it your first time with a slave, master?" she asked lightly.

He reflected. "Yes, I suppose it was."

"There will be a lot more of that for you on New Island, master," she promised truthfully.

They were back on their feet now, and began making their way back to the path. "Will there be anybody else as good as you?" he asked with chivalry.

"All slave girls on New Island are skilled, master," she replied. "Perhaps the new ones have more to learn." She felt it best to move away from that point. "But all are available, unless they have that red disk on their collar."

"So no Esme, eh?" he said.

"Not yet, master," said Leah. "Unless of course you buy her. But even if you don't, she'll be available soon. And there are plenty of other girls."

They came to the common, and straight away she spotted the older man, sitting on a bench with Esme and Ellie both in attendance. Sizing the situation up in a glance, Leah suspected that the older man had fucked Ellie: the clue was Esme, who was trying to hold a poker face but looking more than a little shocked. Ellie, of course, was her usual docile, quiet self.

The older man looked up. "All finished?" he asked in his usual peremptory manner.

"Yes, master," Leah replied. She turned to face the younger man. "Master James is a stallion," she announced, looking him in the eye. It was a substantial exaggeration, but a necessary one to build the young man's confidence. However, her real purpose was to give herself an excuse to turn her back on the older man and show him her very red bottom. The little gasp from Esme confirmed to her that it was very red indeed. It was certainly still throbbing. Over the next few weeks, she suspected that quite a few girls on the island would get red bottoms from him. Well, it came with the territory.

"Good," said the older man shortly. If Leah expected any pat on the back from him for what she had just done, she didn't get it. In a way, it pleased her that she didn't: she liked to be expected to do her duty, without pleases or thank yous. It was a sort of compliment to her slave obedience that such things were just demanded of her, and that she was expected to just get on with it.

The group broke up. The older man led his nephew away, dismissing the girls. Ellie took Esme off on a tour of the island. Leah was left, her bottom still throbbing, to make her way home. She wondered if she would get intercepted by any more men this early afternoon. She hoped not – even a mild spanking on her abused bottom would hurt like blazes, and she had already been fucked three times in total today. She hadn't even had lunch yet, unless you counted the dose of semen now in her stomach. But she would not take a quiet route home, avoiding busier routes. There was no rule, however, about crossing her fingers and hoping.

In fact, she did get home without further incident. Her first task on arrival was to report to her owner. She knocked on his study door and entered on his command.

He swung round on his swivel chair and his eyes went straight to her crotch. With the incident at the jetty, Leah had for now forgotten that her pubic hair had been shaven into a heart shape. Now she was reminded of it once more, and the highly embarrassing way it had been done, too.

After a few moments, he said, "that looks fine. You will of course keep it shaven into that shape."

"Yes, master."

"We'll send you back to the barber to get it tidied up in a month or two."

"Yes, master." Not something to look forward to!

He eyed her. "Anything happen on the way back? You were quite late returning."

"Sorry, master. I was engaged by a master whose young nephew was arriving on the boat. I was required to go with him to give the young man a first taste of ... island hospitality." She would of course give full details if required, holding nothing back. But if he didn't ask, he wasn't interested.

"So I heard," he replied conversationally. "I had a phone call from Herman a few minutes ago."

"Oh." Leah's heart sank. The old bastard had reported her for poor performance, even though she had done everything asked of her and done it very well. He had reported her out of sheer sadism, knowing her master was strict and would give her a painful whipping. She was of course not entitled to give any defence of herself. Well, she would take her thrashing without the slightest complaint or resistance. But she hated the thought that her owner might think she had let him down. She hoped he knew her better than to think that, even though it would not stop him giving her a painful beating. She looked at her master, who maintained a poker face, and it occurred to her that she should have said, "oh, master," not just "oh". Even a slave as well trained and experienced as Leah made the occasional slip. Sometimes she got away with it, her master either didn't notice or allowed her the error. But, either way, it was too late now.

"He said you were excellent," her owner said quietly.

"What?" she exclaimed, "I mean, what, master?" she hastily corrected herself.

"Do I need to repeat myself? Were you not paying attention to me?"

"Er, no, sorry master, thank you master." She had not expected this. She had half expected the older man to report her no matter what she did. Evidently she had misjudged him. Leah felt a wave of shame come over her. She told herself she should respect the masters more. And then something occurred to her.

"Master, may I ask a question?" she ventured. He nodded casually. "Was this set up, master?" Her voice contained no accusation, but it was all a bit too co-incidental.

"Not set up exactly, but I knew Herman was in need of a good slave to initiate young James, so I told him where you would be and when."

And got Ben to set up the barber's appointment for the right time so that her exit coincided with the boat's arrival, thought Leah, but she said nothing. He had just, by implication, referred to her as a "good" slave. Such things made her day. However, a response was called for.

"Thank you for having confidence in me, master," she said, quite sincerely.

"Well, after all, I trained you myself," he pointed out with a slight smile.

Leah smiled herself, a broad smile. "Everybody knows that Master is the best slave trainer in the business," she declared, again with sincerity.

He actually looked modest. "Well, I don't know about that," he demurred.

"The best slave trainer in the business," Leah repeated with conviction. Then she dropped back into submissiveness. "Would master care to test his slave's technique?" Right now, the way this conversation had gone, she was feeling quite desperate to be fucked by him, to have him assert his mastery of her.

Tom Jefferson let out a mock sigh. He knew all about Leah's technique, and besides, he had listened in on her dealing with young James, thanks to the invaluable microphone hidden in her slave collar which she had never realised was there. Ellie, too, had never realised that she was also wired for sound.

"I suppose," he said with a resignation that he certainly did not feel, "that I can give you twenty minutes or so."

Shortly before seven o'clock that evening, Leah was making her way towards the cove, carrying a small shopping bag with some things they were going to need.

It had been quite a day: three men had fucked her, plus oral sex with one of them as well, and the humiliation of being shaved in the barber's shop. Sex with her master was always something, but today it had been one of the more intense times. It had not been amongst their most physical couplings, but it had expressed so strongly his *ownership* of her. Leah found herself rejoicing in that ownership, not for the first time but intensely, nevertheless.

She had had little to do for the rest of the afternoon, and as she had sunbathed, she had been pondering a question, a "what if" that occasionally came to her. What if she had met both her master and Adrian before she had been enslaved? Previously, where Adrian was concerned, her response had been that she was too arrogant, bitchy and self-obsessed in those days, she would have pushed him away and then regretted it. But what if those character faults had been somehow corrected and yet she was still free, in mind and body, when she had met both? Take Adrian first. The day she had met him, she was naked and just after a pony race, so the adrenalin from physical exertion was flowing through her and the humiliation of pony racing had turned it into sexual adrenalin. They were having sex within an hour of meeting each other. For that matter, he had watched her in the race and (he later admitted) sought her out afterwards. Suppose she had instead met him at an athletics meet, when she was dressed and, if still coursing with adrenalin after a race, not coursing with sexual adrenalin? Would he have sought her out? Would they have clicked the way they actually did? Would they have had sex in that first hour? The answer to the first two questions, she felt, was probably not, and to the third, certainly not. But in any case, they would never have met because they would have remained thousands of miles from each other. Her enslavement had caused her to meet Adrian. And she did love him. Yes, sex played a large role in their relationship, and yes, he gave her a sense of self-value and he cared for her, and such things are priceless for a slave, but take them away and she still loved him.

She was more puzzled, at first, about how she would have reacted to her master, had she met him before he enslaved her. He being so much older than her, she could not see how any relationship could have formed between them. Had he tried anything on, sexually, in fact, she might well have slapped him, a thought which made her go hot and cold, and yet how else would a teenage girl have responded to advances from a man more than twice, nearly three times her age? Before he had conquered her, it was what she would surely have done.

And then she realised the answer to the conundrum. He would not have allowed them to meet as equals. He would have, as he in fact did, simply engineered it that they did not meet until she was securely tied to a whipping post and he had a whip in his hands and nothing and no-one to stop him from using it on her. For her to meet him as an equal, as two free people, was simply never going to happen because he would not permit it. He saw her, decided that he wanted her, and that was that. She was doomed, if that was the word, to slavery from that point onwards.

Her puzzle thus solved, Leah had moved on to another puzzle, that of Sophie. Clearly the girl had much slave potential. Why then had her owner not bought her when she came up for sale, to ensure she was conquered and made into a full slave, just as he had done with Cara, and before that Ellie and herself? She understood that it was not wise for him to buy up all the best new slaves that came on the market here, but why miss out on this particularly tempting morsel? And then Leah realised that her owner was developing Sophie by proxy, pulling the strings without actually owning her. Leah smiled. Sophie was doomed, again if that was the word, to permanent slavery. The girl had about as much control of her destiny as a leaf in a hurricane. And her master controlled the winds.

She took the path down to the cove. There was nobody about. It was still more than pleasantly warm, and the sea air was invigorating, the slight tang of salt in the air adding to the smell of freshness from the sea breeze. The soft noise of the waves lapping on the cove beach was relaxing, at least to her. Sophie almost jumped nervously when Leah came upon her. Well, fair enough, Leah thought, given that the girl was naked as usual. The little red disc that as usual dangled from Sophie's slave collar gave her some protection, but it was limited.

"It's only me," Leah said soothingly.

“Sorry,” said Sophie, still peering about in case anybody else was around. Nobody was. Only very rarely did Leah see a master around here. They tended to prefer the main beach, surrounded by naked girls more often for their pleasures!

“How have you been?” Leah asked solicitously.

“I ... OK, I suppose,” Sophie replied, clearly putting a brave face on things. “How about you?”

“I’m fine,” Leah said. She sat down next to Sophie, putting the shopping bag to one side. She felt that it wasn’t time to show Sophie the contents yet. However, the younger girl’s eyes were already on it.

“Is that your bag of mixed fruit?” Sophie asked with an attempt at gallows humour which didn’t really come off. “Cucumbers and bananas and things?”

Leah bowed to the inevitable. “No, actually I was able to get something closer to the reality,” she replied. She reached into the bag and pulled out two plastic full-size models of male members, complete with balls. She handed one to Sophie, who took it very reluctantly. “Don’t worry,” she tried to reassure her young friend, “they’ve been sterilised since they were last used.”

Sophie said nothing, as she stared at the dildo.

“This is the thing you are on New Island to serve,” Leah said. “You serve men’s cocks. You are naked so that the sight of you stimulates them. At your owner’s whim, any man can stick his dick inside you, just as your owner does. First part of the lesson: kiss it, to show your respect for it. Like this.” She held up her own dildo and gently kissed it, her lips just brushing it.

Sophie didn’t move. “Do I have to?” she asked plaintively.

Leah paused to marshal her thoughts, her bare toes feeling the warm sand between them as they dug idle little divots in the soft beach, her ears subconsciously registering the crash of the waves and the sound of the gulls, her skin enjoying the still strong rays of the early evening sun. Then she spoke, quietly. “Yes, for four reasons. Firstly, if you don’t entertain my master well on Saturday, you’ll get a beating, guaranteed. He has high standards and he doesn’t tolerate anything less than quality. I know he’s not your owner, but I’m pretty sure he will have arranged whip rights over you, and even if not, he’ll complain to your owner in such a way that your owner will agree to you getting a thrashing.”

“Isn’t that vindictive, just because he doesn’t get a good time?” Sophie asked defensively.

“No. It’s setting and expecting and demanding high standards. That’s what he does, and Ellie and I have come to respect that. Cara, too: don’t forget he owned her at first and trained her. Secondly, he knows I’m training you for Saturday, so if you don’t do well it will reflect on me. That will probably earn me a whipping. If that happens, I’ve failed and I will deserve it. But I will ask that you be present to watch.”

“That’s emotional blackmail,” Sophie pointed out.

“Absolutely,” Leah agreed. “But it’s also what will happen. I’m pretty sure he would agree to my request, and in fact, he might well come up with the same idea himself.”

“All right,” sighed Sophie, “I’ll do it.” She made to raise the dildo to her lips, but Leah held up a hand to stop her.

“Two more reasons first,” Leah went on. “The third reason is that we’ve got to make you a better slave, with the ability to really please your master rather than just rely on that killer body of yours.”

“I just want to get through the rest of my time on this island and go home,” Sophie said morosely.

“No you don’t,” Leah insisted. “You’re better than acting like a sulky brat. You do something, anything, you want to do it well. I know you well enough already to know that, even though I haven’t known you for long.” Sophie didn’t argue the point, which Leah felt meant that she accepted it. “Fourthly and above all else, you are entertaining my master on Saturday and it’s my job and your job to ensure he has the best time we can give him. So stop being a wuss and kiss the thing and do it like you mean it.”

Sophie sighed, raised the dildo to her lips and placed a gentle kiss on it.

“That’s more like it,” Leah said like a firm headmistress. “Now the balls, they love a tongue on the balls. Like this.” She placed her own lips again to her plastic phallus, her tongue gently licking the balls. Sophie followed suit.

“Now run your tongue along the bottom of the cock, from the base up to the tip.” Again Leah went first. Sophie copied her, still slightly reluctantly. Leah showed how to use her tongue in different ways, and Sophie followed, gradually overcoming her reluctance.

“Now you take the tip of the knob into your mouth, apply a little gentle suction, then let it go again.” She demonstrated, and Sophie again followed suit.

Leah frowned at her. “You look like you’re sucking a lemon,” she said sharply. “For a slave, sucking a man’s cock is a privilege. Do it again.”

Sophie repeated the action. Leah made her do it several times until she was satisfied, then moved on. For an hour, she taught Sophie the skills of a good blow job. Occasionally she had to tell the younger girl off for reluctance, but less often as time went on. Sophie, as Leah had observed, did not like doing things badly: if she was going to do something, she wanted to do it well, even something like this. Sophie did not care for being told off. When she did well, Leah praised her, and could see her rise up with the praise, though sometimes it would then occur to Sophie just what she was doing and a frown would cross her pretty face again for a moment. But she got over it. By the end of the hour, she got Sophie to demonstrate what she had learnt and was satisfied with the technique. It would improve over time and with experience, of course, but it was not bad.

They put the dildos aside and sat staring out at the deep blue sea. The hues of evening were just starting to darken and the shadows to lengthen, although it was still light enough to see well. The white crests of the breakers as they crashed into the shore seemed to purify the world.

“Thank you for tonight,” Sophie said quietly. “You’ve given me a bumper set of tricks. I’m not sure if I can actually manage this on Saturday, but I appreciate you trying to help me.”

“Go home and practice on your owner,” Leah advised. “Only, don’t let him know that you’re practicing on him ready for the big night.”

Sophie smiled. “I’m not that daft,” she said lightly. “Besides,” she added in an impish tone, “it’s my master whose enjoyment is the most important to me. I’m going to use your master on Saturday night as a learning tool so that I can be better for *my* master, isn’t that right?”

Leah smiled back. “We serve all men, but most of all, each of us our own master,” she said. “That’s a quote written on a wall in Xanxta, at a place called Slaves’ Corner. There are lots of quotes there. Slaves are supposed to go there every so often, read the quotes and absorb the wisdom.”

“Is Xanxta as bad a place as New Island?” Sophie asked.

“Much worse,” Leah said quietly. “You slaves here don’t know you’re born.”

“You sound like my grandmother,” Sophie teased her.

Leah stood up, dusted the sand off her bare bottom, and put the dildos back into the bag. “Your grandmother is going to race you down to the sea and beat you by a mile, and is then going to swim rings around you for ten minutes or so, and then we’re going to go home to our respective masters and serve them as they need.”

Sophie stood up and also dusted the sand off her shapely legs. “Eat my dust, grannie,” she said, and made a dash for the water.

Chapter Eight - New Island, Saturday evening

With considerable hesitation and circumnavigation, Sophie was making her way across town towards Tom Jefferson's place.

She was alone, which she knew made her vulnerable, and she was, as always, stark naked, which she felt made her more vulnerable still. Before she set out, her owner had clipped the red disk onto her collar, which would prevent any man taking complete advantage of her, but she could still be stopped and groped, and of course also looked at. Sophie was far from keen on either of those, so she was taking the empty streets, peering anxiously around each corner before emerging, and stopping and back-tracking if she saw any man in her planned path.

And then she saw Cara, as nude as herself, being led on a lead by a man. This, Sophie immediately realised, must be Cara's new owner. Sophie studied him with interest. He was not unhandsome, with brown hair brushed back from his forehead, a beard that was not really much more than designed stubble and black-rimmed glasses. He looked physically fit: he was casually dressed in jeans and a t-shirt which showed off decent biceps and certainly looked as if he had at least a trim stomach, maybe a six-pack. Sophie tried to gauge his character from his appearance, but apart from the fact that he moved with an air of authority and his face gave the impression of thoughtful intellect, she couldn't be sure.

Cara herself appeared less bothered by her nakedness than previously. She was also on a lead, which she did not seem to mind. Sophie had, it was true, come to understand that being on a lead was a form of protection, in that passing men were less likely to molest a girl if she was on a lead. Even so, it seemed very demeaning, but evidently Cara did not think so – or if she did, she hid it well.

As Sophie was looking, Cara saw her and waved brightly. Any thought that Sophie had about fading back into the shadows evaporated: it was too late now. Cara and her owner were already close enough that Sophie could hear Cara turn to the man and say, "Sir Storm, can I please say hello to my slave friend?" Sophie was a bit bemused to hear herself described as a "slave friend" rather than just a friend, but perhaps Cara's owner was the pedantic sort, and in any case the girls had both been advised by Ellie and Leah to be precise in such things.

The man nodded wordlessly, and as Cara moved away from him Sophie saw him press a button on the dog lead holder so that the lead played out enough for Cara to come over and give Sophie a quick hug. The girls exchanged very quick "hello"s and then Cara took Sophie's hand and led her to the man. "Sir Storm," Cara said to him with deference, "this is my best friend in the world, Slave Sophie."

"Hello, master," said Sophie politely. She saw his eyes rove down her body and made sure her hands were by her sides, although she could not prevent herself blushing. She wondered fleetingly if she should call him Sir Storm as Cara had done, but 'master' was surely safer, and he did not react, so she was surely safe enough.

"Full name?" he asked, not taking his eyes off her.

"Slave Sophie L013, property of Kelvin Hope, master," Sophie intoned politely.

"So you are the fourth slave girl at our party tonight?" he asked.

"Yes, master," Sophie said, again politely. She had always been brought up to address adults politely, which was proving a useful attribute. She had not, on the other hand, been brought up to show her boobs and pussy off like this, but she knew it had to be done.

"Is your owner not with you?"

"No, master. He said he was arranging to bring something over from our house, I don't know what. I was ordered to come on my own."

"Very well. You can walk with us. Precede us, I assume you know the way?"

"Yes, master, thank you master." That's so you can check out my bum, she thought, but it was an order so that was that. She started walking, trying to ignore the eyes she could feel on her bare bottom.

It was not far, and they arrived without incident, Sophie still in the lead, then the man, then Cara dutifully following him on her lead. Outside the large house, Sophie turned to get instruction from Cara's owner, who gestured for her to ring the bell, which she did.

Both Leah and Ellie opened the door. Sophie saw immediately that both girls had wooden clothes pegs jutting out from their nipples. A moment later, she also noticed that both of them also had two – no, four each – similar pegs in their sex lips, two on each side. Meanwhile, Ellie, completely ignoring Sophie

and Cara, addressed Storm Robinson. "Hello, master, and welcome," she trilled. "The other masters are in the lounge if you would like to join them. We'll take care of the slaves."

Storm Robinson nodded absently, studying Ellie. "You're the one he calls Bubble Butt, aren't you?"

"Yes, master," said Ellie, apparently unperturbed.

"Show me."

Without hesitation, Ellie turned around and leaned slightly forward, displaying her very pert posterior. He studied it for a moment, then his hand reached out and grasped her left bottom cheek and squeezed. Then he gave her a not-too-gentle slap on it. "A very spankable bottom," he observed.

"Thank you, master," Ellie said evenly. Sophie recalled Cara saying that her new owner was a spanker.

Storm's hand slipped between Ellie's parted legs. The girl twitched ever so slightly but held her position. When he withdrew his hand, he turned his attention to Leah, giving her a good look up and down the front of her body, and then making a circular gesture with his finger for her to turn around. Leah did so, and he studied her lithe bottom too for a few moments. Then he turned back to Ellie and said, "take me to my colleagues, then."

"Yes, master, please follow me," Ellie said politely, and led him away. Leah turned back around and gave Cara and Sophie a hug in turn, though side-on, a hug of the shoulders, to avoid either girl making contact with the clothes pegs which stood out at right angles from her chest.

"Ready to suffer to serve?" Leah asked.

"I suppose so," Sophie said dubiously.

"Yes," said Cara shortly.

Sophie took a deep breath. "Yes," she corrected. She looked pointedly at the wooden pegs jutting out from Leah's chest, and the four between the young woman's legs. "Do those hurt?" she asked directly.

"Yes," Leah replied candidly. "They're tight ones. I'm going a bit numb there now, but that's not entirely a good thing: it means they'll hurt a lot more when they come off. It's worse for Ellie, though: her labia are particularly sensitive. Not that mine aren't pretty sensitive as well. It could be worse, though: a peg on your clit is something else."

"I guess the pegs were master's idea?" asked Cara. Sophie noted that her friend still referred to her previous owner by that title.

"Of course. But we're happy to wear them as a gesture of our love and devotion to him. No, I'm not just saying that: I mean it. If he wants us to have pegs, then we're happy to have pegs, both of us."

Ellie returned from the lounge. "They're ready for us," she announced simply.

Leah nodded, and eyed Sophie and Cara. "Come on, then. Chins up, shoulders back, stick your boobs out, legs always a little apart. Let's go."

They filed into the lounge. Glancing round, Sophie saw that it was a large room. The four masters sat around on armchairs; Tom Jefferson's two large Arabic henchmen, who went by the names Bill and Ben, were also seated, though apart from the other four men, making the social distinction clear. The room was easily big enough to accommodate all six, plus the girls, without any semblance of crowding. Sophie was aware that Jefferson was very wealthy and this was a big house, more in the nature of a mansion really. There was a clear area as well, in which the four girls lined up, Ellie to her right, then herself, Cara and finally Leah. Sophie remembered Leah's last piece of advice (or instruction, depending on viewpoint) and pulled her shoulders back so that her firm young breasts stuck out. She was probably the least well endowed of the four, but it was still embarrassing. Cara had equally firm but almost spherical boobs; Ellie's were around the same as Cara's despite her elfin frame, and Leah's were maybe slightly larger than Sophie's but smaller than Cara's. With the four girls in a line, Sophie was conscious that such things could be compared and contrasted. She also noted that Ellie and Leah had pulled their shoulders back to stick their boobs out despite the action increasing the discomfort caused by the pegs. She knew it wasn't ego or one-upmanship, it was simply standing orders.

Sophie still found it an ordeal to be naked in front of men, even one or two, and certainly in front of a group of six. It wasn't that long ago, she reminded herself with a slight shudder, that she had been required to strip naked on stage for around a hundred men at the auction. Somehow she had filed that

away in her mind as if it had never happened, so standing here nude now on display in front of six men was an ordeal in itself.

To take her mind off that, she studied the men. She had briefly met Ellie and Leah's owner before: around fifty years of age, but well preserved and quite handsome in a debonair sort of way, he exuded power and calm authority. Nearby was her own owner, Kelvin Hope: he was about thirty or so, also reasonably good-looking, she had to admit, and in decent condition. Then there was Cara's new owner, the man called Storm Robinson. His age was somewhere between the other two men, she thought. He looked relaxed and was openly eyeing the girls, as indeed all the men were. Next to him was a much younger man, around twenty years of age: this was Adrian, Leah's lover. He was tall but not short of muscles, a lean frame and the ease of an athlete. Sophie was no connoisseur of men but she had to admit he was fit in every modern sense of the word: she could see why Leah had fallen for him. His eyes were mostly on Leah, but he did look at the others as well, herself included. Men here just didn't hide their ogling: Sophie wasn't sure if that was refreshingly honest or not, but it was off-putting.

Then there were Tom Jefferson's two aides, or henchmen, who went solely by the nicknames of Bill and Ben. Both were well built, maybe in their early thirties, middle Eastern in appearance, and she could see how they could be intimidating to a freshly arrived girl. Ben, the senior of the two, was slightly more thick at the waist, but still not short of muscles, and also more fierce in his gaze, though both looked stern. Whereas the other four men wore smart, casual clothes suited to the warm climate, Bill and Ben both wore simple t-shirts and shorts. Both pairs of shorts displayed a significant bulge at the crotch. Cara had told her that both men were very well hung, which added to their air of menace.

But it was Tom Jefferson who was clearly in charge of the show. After all six men had spent a minute or so eyeing the girls, he began proceedings. "So, as you can see, two of our young ladies are not entirely undressed yet. Storm, would you like to do the honours with Leah?"

"Of course," the man called Storm replied easily. "Come here, girl." His voice was commanding and Leah immediately stepped forwards until she was standing right in front of him. He remained sitting easily in his chair.

"Put your hands on your head," he ordered. Sophie could see Leah's face clearly from her angle and saw her wince slightly as she obeyed, as the action caused her breasts to rise slightly and pull the two pegs on her nipples up a bit. He reached up with his left hand and took her right boob in his grip, then his right hand took hold of the peg and, pressing the ends to open the jaws, pulled it off. It had become deeply embedded in her sensitive flesh.

"Uuhhhh," Leah acknowledged the pain, her face a careful mask. "Ahhh," she added as he made matters worse for her by rubbing her nipple to restore the circulation and take the clear imprint of the peg out of her teat. It was clearly hurting quite a bit. He repeated the actions with her left boob, again eliciting gasps of pain from Leah. Sophie wondered fleetingly if it was worse with the second peg, since Leah had felt how bad it had been with the first and knew what was coming, or whether the relief trumped that.

Now his attention turned to the four pegs on her sex lips. One by one he removed them, getting a gasp from Leah each time. When all four were off, his fingers rubbed her there, as if the intimacy of it was of no consequence, as indeed to a man like him it probably wasn't, and Leah was doubtlessly preoccupied with the pain.

But when he had finished, Leah said quietly, "thank you, master." He nodded acknowledgement. Tom Jefferson ordered Leah to return to the line and directed Ellie to go and stand in front of Sophie's owner, who proceeded to remove her pegs. Ellie whimpered a little, but held her position, and was then returned to the line. As she moved past Sophie, Sophie could see the clear indentations where the pegs had been on Ellie's nipples and her labia. The girl's face was carefully controlled.

"Right then, gentlemen," Tom Jefferson said. "Time for a few games." He nodded to Bill and Ben, who had clearly been briefed. The girls were ushered back out of the way and four chairs were placed in a line, alternating forwards and backwards and spread a little, in the large space. "If you would please take a seat, gentlemen," Jefferson invited, and they did so. Bill went to stand a little distance from the one end of the line of chairs and Ben the same at the other end. The chairs were placed a metre or so apart and with a couple of metres at each end made about an eight metre line.

"This is a nice, simple game of musical chairs to get us going," he told the men, and then addressed the girls. "Slaves, you will walk around the line of chairs, all in this direction" – he indicated which way

to go – until the music stops. When it stops, continue to the nearest man and put yourself over his lap.” He addressed the men again. “Ben has the remote to the music player, I am sure he will be random and unbiased when choosing when to stop the music.”

The music began – a chirpy pop song – and the girls began walking. Sophie walked past the first man, whose head was around her crotch level, so she knew where his eyes were going. Round and round they went, slowly and (at least in her case) nervously. This went on for a minute or two.

Then the music suddenly stopped.

Sophie was almost, but not quite, level with the next man, which as it happened was Storm Robinson. Dutifully, she stood by the side of him and reached over until her hands, having rested on his legs for a moment, reached the floor behind him. She lowered herself down onto his lap, very conscious that her trim bottom was high in the air, and waited, pressing her thighs together.

Slapp!

She gasped. He was not gentle.

Slapp!

Another stinging slap, another gasp from her.

Slapp! Slapp! Slapp! Slapp! Slapp!

Sophie was able to reduce her reaction to just flinches, but it was stinging.

Slapp! Slapp! Slapp! Slapp! Slapp!

Slapp! Slapp! Slapp! Slapp! Slapp!

At last the music started up again. Sophie got herself to her feet and started walking again. Her bottom was smarting.

Round and round they went, then the music stopped again.

This time the next man was Adrian, Leah’s boyfriend. Sophie draped herself over his lap.

Slapp! Slapp! Slapp! Slapp! Slapp!

He was a little gentler than Storm Robinson had been, but not much.

Slapp! Slapp! Slapp! Slapp! Slapp! Slapp! Slapp! Slapp! Slapp!

The music started up again and she got back to her feet and carried on. The next girl ahead of her was Cara: Sophie could see vivid red handprints on her friend’s bum and knew her own almost certainly looked the same.

As it happened, the next time the music stopped, the next man was Tom Jefferson himself. He gave her another vigorous going-over. As the music started and she got back to her feet, her bottom was throbbing.

But now Tom Jefferson picked his chair up and removed both it and himself from the line. Now there were only three men for the four girls. Of course, being out would mean not having to go over another man’s lap for more abuse of her already sore bottom, but Sophie suspected it would be no better to be eliminated.

When the music stopped, the next man to Sophie was Adrian, so that was who she went to. She was expecting him to possibly go easier, but he didn’t. Well, maybe a little easier, but not much. Her bottom was soon smarting even more.

When the music started once more and she was able to clamber off Adrian’s lap, she saw that it was Leah who had been eliminated – it was after all more or less a game of random chance – and she was bent over Tom Jefferson’s lap and being subjected to an almost constant, if slightly less urgent, spanking. So, she had been right: there was no advantage to being knocked out early.

Adrian removed himself and his chair. Now there were just two men, Sophie’s owner and Cara’s, and three girls. Sophie walked round, watching Cara’s reddened bottom ahead of her and knowing that her own was a similar shade.

She was lucky, if luck was the word. The music stopped just after Cara had passed Storm Robinson. Before her friend could possibly sneak back, Sophie put herself over the man’s lap. Another shower of stinging slaps landed on her bottom.

When the music started again and she was able to get back to her feet, her bottom felt really hot and throbbing. She’d had worse in her slave career to date, but it stung just the same. Now her owner removed himself and his chair, so it was just Storm Robinson left, which meant a third smacking from him if she won, and a going-over from her owner if she didn’t.

Ellie and she walked round. They had unconsciously adopted the usual musical chairs tactics: go as slow as possible until they passed him, then speed up round Ben, back down the “back straight” and round Bill, then slow down again until she passed Storm once more. Sophie also noticed that Ben had his eyes shut, so it truly was random.

The music stopped just as she turned onto the back straight. Ellie was not far in front of her and there was no rule against overtaking that she was aware of, so Sophie broke into a run, trying to get past the elfin slave, but Ellie saw the move coming and also broke into a run, and was far enough ahead that she got to the chair first. The moment she was over it, Storm began to wallop her bubble butt. Sophie hurried over to her own owner, but in fact Leah and Cara had both been allowed to resume a standing position and she wasn't required to bend over. It was just Ellie who was getting spanked, with all four men watching and applauding. Ellie didn't seem to mind too much: clearly the cost to her of winning the game was not too great, although her already red posterior was getting yet another pounding. At length, Tom Jefferson indicated to Storm to cease, and Ellie was allowed to get back to her feet. There was applause from the other men, whether for Ellie winning the game or Storm Robinson for his spanking of her, Sophie wasn't quite sure. She suspected the latter. Her bottom was throbbing and sore.

Bill and Ben stepped in and took the chairs away. Four stools were brought out, all with narrow seats. Sophie looked at them in shock: each one had a large, plastic male penis firmly secured to the centre of the seat. Two of these dildoes were short and thick and the other two not quite so thick but longer. To make matters even clearer, the two assistants produced two tubes of gelatinous lubricant and put a very thick coat on each of the things.

Tom Jefferson took charge of proceedings once more. “Now, I think we should be good hosts and allow the visiting slaves their choice of thick or long dildo. Slave Cara, which would you prefer?”

Clearly Cara would have preferred neither, but that was obviously not an option. “Thick, please, master,” she managed, hideously embarrassed.

“Go and impale yourself, then, facing us.”

Cara hesitatingly went to one of the two stools with a thick dildo and stood astride it, facing the men as ordered. Steadily, she slowly lowered herself down. The thick dildo disappeared up her love channel. Down, down she went, until she was sat on the stool, fully impaled. Her face was red.

“Slave Sophie?”

God, what a choice. But Sophie didn't think she could manage a thick one, it would surely split her in two. “Long please, master,” she managed, her voice far from steady. He gestured, and she walked on unsteady feet to the row of stools. As the men looked at the row, the left-hand two stools had thick dildos and the right two were long. Sophie went to the more central of the two, so right next to Cara, turned to face the men and stood astride the horrid thing. Now she had to lower herself down. In public! Just do it, she told herself. She reached between her legs and guided the thing into her vagina and slowly lowered herself down until her haunches settled on the stool. God, it went deep! This was incredibly embarrassing, and her face was bright red.

Ellie, a lot less red-faced than Cara or Sophie but not without a bit of blushing, chose the other long dildo, leaving the final thick one for Leah. Sophie therefore had Ellie to her left and Cara to her right, with Leah further to the right. The four girls sat on the stools, feeling the plastic invaders inside them. Sophie looked vaguely in the direction of the four men, but did not want to meet the eyes of any of them.

“Now then,” Tom Jefferson said to the four girls, “you can raise yourself up until just the tip is inside you, and then go fully down again. Obviously for Slaves Sophie and Ellie this means going a little higher than Leah and Cara. Do not let the tip come fully out under any circumstances. Raise yourselves up and then lower again now, slowly.”

Sophie pushed herself up using her leg muscles. She felt the thing gradually slip from her vagina, but stopped as ordered with the knob still just inside her, thighs trembling. Then she steadily lowered herself down and felt it go inside her once more, feeling speared to her very core. The other girls had done the same.

“Very good,” Tom Jefferson said. He had taken the music centre remote from Ben. “Now, we have some music. There are four tracks, each of which will be looped so that it repeats. You will need to be

familiar with all four. Here is the first.” He pressed a button and a familiar romantic ballad began to play. “When this sone is playing, you will continually, but very slowly, lift yourselves up and lower back down as you have just done, never letting the tip of your ... entertainer, shall we say, out. Do you understand?”

“Yes, master,” the girls chorused.

He pressed a button, and the music changed to a fast rap track. “When this plays, you do the same, but much more rapidly. Let’s say twice as fast. Then when this plays” – another button pressed and the sound changed to a classical piece – “you will stop and lower yourselves fully down. This will give your legs a brief rest.” The sound now changed to a raucous rock track. “And finally, when you hear this, you go as fast as you can. During this track, and this track only, you are allowed to come. At all other times you must fully control your lascivious carnal instincts. Am I clear?”

“Yes, master,” all four replied in unison. On the one hand, Sophie could not imagine herself coming in front of these men anyway, but on the other, the plastic thing inside her was already having an effect, and when she had lifted up and gone down again, there was a little nodule which just caught her in the right place (or wrong place?) and was very ... stimulating. To control herself when she was going up and down at speed might not be easy.

“I think,” Jefferson said casually, “that this might be quite a lot of work for your leg muscles, but you all go running each day so you are all in good shape. However, if you turn your heads, you will observe Bill and Ben behind you, and they are armed with riding crops. These will be used if you fail to carry out these instructions precisely. If you haven’t felt a riding crop before, it can be very ... powerful in its effect. You may wish to keep this in mind.

“So, let’s get started.”

He pressed a button on the remote and the romantic ballad started. Obediently, Sophie slowly pushed herself up, feeling the plastic intruder slipping out of her body. Up, up she went until her knees were not far from being straight and, as ordered, only the knob of the phallus was inside her. She had shuddered as the little nodule had caught her on the way up. Now she slowly lowered herself down again and once more felt the nodule as her vagina accepted the artificial cock. The moment her thighs settled onto the stool, she started to push herself up once more, repeating the cycle.

After four ups and downs, she was perspiring, and she knew it was not from the effort required of her legs, although that was not insubstantial. Suddenly the music changed to the rap track. Sophie immediately increased her pace up and down. The nodule was catching her every time and sending waves of heat through her. Her legs were starting to feel like jelly. How long ...

The music changed back to the romantic ballad. Thankfully, Sophie reduced her speed back to slow. It was still hard work on her legs, but more importantly even the slow speed was building the volcano inside her.

Rap track again: Sophie increased speed once more, almost bouncing up and down, that infernal nodule working its devilish effect on her. Up and down she went, her thighs burning with the effort, her eyes now unfocused, everything a blur in front of her.

The romantic ballad took over once more. Sophie slowed down.

“Eyowww!” The squeal came from Ellie, on her left. Ben had swiped her with the riding crop.

“Control yourself, Tufty,” Tom Jefferson said mildly, using one of her two slave nicknames.

“S-s-sorry, master,” Ellie gasped. Sophie correctly surmised that the elfin slave had not slowed down, probably lost in heat.

Up and down, slowly, leg muscles really burning now. Sophie could handle a five-mile run without difficulty, but this was more difficult, as her legs were working at different angles to running, slightly different muscles in play. It was a good job that all four girls were fit.

Rap track! Sophie started going up and down quickly, having no wish to feel the riding crop on her bare bum. On and on it went. Sophie’s pulse was racing, her heart thumping. Oh God, she was close to orgasm! Hold it in, hold it in!

The music changed to the classical track. For a moment Sophie couldn’t think what that meant for her to do, then remembered and lowered herself all the way down, feeling the phallus go deep, deep within her. Her thighs almost seemed to thank her for the rest, and her pulse slowed a little as she came back from the brink. A few more seconds and she would have lost it. Even so, the effect of the thing so fully within her meant that she was only going a little way down.

The romantic ballad started up again. Sophie forced her aching legs to push her up. To her right, Cara yelped as Bill's riding crop slashed into her bottom because, as Sophie could vaguely see from the corner of her misty eye, her friend had been a little too slow starting up again.

On and on this all went, the music switching from romantic ballad to rap track and back again, with a very occasional classical interlude. There was no sign of the rock track that would allow them to release themselves. All four girls were breathing stentoriously, often moaning and groaning as they battled to hold themselves in check. Sophie was vaguely aware that all of them were going close, although her main focus was on herself. Her eyes were now completely glazed, her concentration solely on going up and down at the required speed whilst controlling her carnal emotions. Again and again she came close to eruption, just managing to keep herself from going over the edge or with the music changing at what felt like the very last moment. Tom Jefferson played the helpless four girls like a master conductor would his orchestra. Sophie's legs shouted for rest, just as her inner being shouted for release.

And then, after a long period of the rap music pushed all four of them right to the very edge of the precipice, she heard the music change to the rock track.

Wildly, her exhaustion forgotten, Sophie bounced up and down on her phallus, now welcoming the nodule as it inflamed her, with no thought in her head but to drive herself into orgasm. It came, washing over her like a tsunami, one of the most intense she had yet experienced. Her tired legs somehow took on new energy as she pushed herself up and down, screaming with the blessed release and hearing the other girls' screams of passion in her ears along with the roar of a dozen ocean waves crashing down on the shore.

The moment faded at last. Totally spent, Sophie sat down on the stool, feeling the phallus go deep inside her once more, but for the moment at least without effect, so drained was she. Cara was already down, and Leah sat down moment later. Ellie was still going up and down, in the throes of a very long climax, but at length she too came down from the peak and almost slumped down, her own phallus fully inside her once more.

The four girls sat there, physically, sexually and mentally drained, each of them impaled upon their plastic cock, sweat running down their naked bodies. Sophie felt hideously embarrassed at what she had just done in front of the group of men, but she had not been able to control herself: the lust had just taken over.

"Very good," Tom Jefferson said, the controlling host once more. "That was quite a display you girls gave. I think we should see it again." He nodded towards the large plasma screen television. Ben was operating a remote. The screen came on, then cleared to show the four girls going up and down on the dildos to the rap music. All four were clearly highly aroused. Then the music changed to the rock track and all four began to frantically hump the dildos. Sophie watched horrified as she and the others bounced up and down, eyes clearly glazed over, mouths open, bare breasts bouncing despite their firmness; and then, one by one, they very obviously climaxed. The video only ended when all four had finished coming and were sat, as they now were, on the dildos.

"Naturally," Tom Jefferson said urbanely, addressing only the other men, "I will send you the video." Sophie's face went redder still. She had realised some little time ago that, even when she left New Island and returned to her former life, Not only would the experience never leave her, but there would be many pictures and videos here of her being made to do all sorts of vile things, and of course of her naked body.

"So, moving on" he said, "our next game is a challenge of our young ladies' movement and teamwork skills. Slaves, stand in a circle, back to back, close up, in the centre of our little clearing."

Warily, the girls obeyed, Sophie finding herself with Leah on her right and Cara on her left. As instructed, they backed up until they formed a very small circle, shoulder to shoulder, facing outwards. Sophie's left hand sought Cara's and they interlocked fingers, drawing what little strength they could from each other. Then she felt Leah's hand seeking her other hand and they too held hands. Sophie couldn't see it, but all four girls were holding hands now.

The four men moved in, and Sophie saw that they were all holding short, very light chains, each of which had a clamp on the end of it. Storm Robinson, facing her, took her left breast in one hand, and the other hand opened the clip and firmly planted it on her left nipple.

"Owww," Sophie gasped, and then forced herself to go quiet. It really pinched. She expected him to put the other one on her right nipple and steeled herself for that, but instead he passed the other end to

Adrian, who was standing in front of Cara. Moments later Sophie heard an “oww” from Cara and realised that the other end of the light chain was now clamped to Cara’s right boob. Not that Sophie’s right nipple was going to escape. She saw her own master, Kelvin Hope, having clamped Leah’s left breast, pass the other end of that chain to Storm Robinson. Sophie gritted her teeth and was able to keep her reaction down to a small gasp as her right nipple was clamped.

The four girls were now connected to each other, each having a nipple clamp on each tit and the chain leading round to the clamps on the adjoining girls’ mammaries.

Then she saw Storm Robinson with another chain and pair of clamps. For a moment, Sophie thought that the clamps would be fixed to elsewhere on her boobs, then realised the reality.

“Oh no,” she thought silently to herself, “please, not down there.”

But down there was indeed where it was going. Storm knelt down in front of her and she felt a little shock as his one hand took her left labia between his finger and thumb. A moment later, the indignity of being touched there, and having the man’s face virtually in her bare pussy, became very secondary to the sharp biting pain of the clamp as it sunk into her extremely sensitive flesh. Sophie was able to restrict herself to a sharp intake of breath, repeated when the chain from Leah’s left labia was brought around and the clamp went on her right sex lip.

She was now connected, by chains from the clamps on her left nipple and labia to the same places on Cara’s right, and from her right nipple and labia to Leah’s left. The chains between their breasts were fairly taut, but those on her sex lips were a little tighter still and opened the lips embarrassingly. All four girls held themselves very still, knowing that any movement would make matters worse.

Which, of course, was entirely the point. Tom Jefferson addressed them. “You will see four large cards placed strategically around, with the letters N, W, S and E on them. Of course, these are the points of the compass: north, west, south and east. We will announce one at random and you girls are required to make your way over to it. At the same time, we will announce either clockwise or anti-clockwise. You are required to move around in that rotational direction continuously until and after you reach your target. No talking: your teamwork should be instinctive. As soon as you reach a target, we will announce a new compass point to move to. From time to time we will announce a change in rotation. To be clear, the rotation is as if you are looking down from the ceiling, so clockwise means to your right and anti-clockwise to your left.” He smiled. “I don’t think you would want to be pulling in opposite directions.”

That’s for damn sure, Sophie thought. As it was, this was not going to be very pleasant. Her nipples and sex lips already hurt.

“I also feel,” he went on, as calmly as if he was describing a cricket match, “that you should make reasonable progress at all times, as they say on driving tests. Should you not do so, well ... I have the four clothes pegs that recently adorned Ellie and Leah’s boobs. That would be one peg for each girl’s clitoris.”

Sophie went hot and cold. To have a peg put on her there! It was ... she didn’t even want to think about it. She felt Cara’s grip as her friend squeezed her left hand, almost in shock herself. Leah’s grip on her right hand also tightened.

“Those of you who are or have been owned by me will know that I am a fair man,” he went on, apparently unaware of the consternation his idle threat had caused, “and that I will judge your progress reasonably. Is that not so, Slave Cara?”

“Yes, Master,” Cara said in a croaky voice, clearly still affected by the thought of a peg *there*.

“Good. So, let us begin. Rotating clockwise, go north.”

All four girls started to move, and almost immediately there was a cacophony of squeals of pain. Sophie had begun to move to her right, which was clockwise as per his definition, but Cara, probably still thinking about the awfulness of a peg on her clit, had moved to her left instead. The two chains connecting her to Cara went taut and pulled sharply on her left nipple and left labia. Sophie shrieked in pain and stopped moving, but Leah was still moving and so the next moment the two chains connecting Sophie to Leah also went taut and there was equal pain in her other nipple and labia, and an accompanying cry of pain from Leah as her left nipple and labia were also sharply pulled. Leah also stopped, so she and Ellie then gasped in pain as well.

Right, right! Ow, ow! Sophie thought, remembering only at the last micro-second the ban on speaking. Instead she pulled Cara by their clasped hands. Realising her mistake, Cara started moving to

her right, causing another squeal from both her and Ellie, who had stopped. Ellie now restarted moving right, as did Leah, but not before the chains between them also went taut, causing both to gasp.

After a few moments they were all circling in the same direction, but still gasping on pain until they were able to not only co-ordinate their movement but also find a uniform speed. But all four were now aware that they not only had to circle, but to move towards the chair marked “north”, which meant moving in a sort of confusing spiral. More gasps of pain were elicited: Sophie found it not as bad as that first agonising jerk, but still pretty bad. At last they began to get the hang of it and moved in a strange, spinning way towards that chair, still gasping in shock from time to time as somebody moved not quite in sync with the others. At last they reached the chair.

“First port of call achieved, albeit rather slowly,” Tom Jefferson announced, his words sending a shiver of fear down each girl’s bare back. “Now go east.”

There were more squeals of pain as they tried to harmonise their movement in a new direction, then those quietened down to gasps as they became able to organise themselves. They reached the “east” chair slightly more easily this time, although not without the occasional painful tug on each girls’ sensitive flesh. Obeying his next command, they started to move towards the “west” chair.

“Change rotation to anti-clockwise.”

Sophie stopped turning to her right and started going left, and immediately felt another painful tug on her right nipple and labia as Leah changed direction more slowly. She shrieked in pain once more. It really, really hurt! But then the other girls harmonised, and the tugs became fewer. They reached the east chair.

“South, and rotate clockwise.”

It was impossible to both change direction and rotation without the chains tugging once more, and all four girls gasped in pain. But they managed it, though occasional little tugs were still inevitable.

The strange carnival went on for several minutes. At last, Tom Jefferson directed them back to the centre and ordered them to stop rotating. Once again, there were gasps of pain as the girls slowed and stopped at different rates. But, having finally stopped, all four were very relieved, until he spoke again.

“So, the question now is, did you make sufficient progress? What do we think, gentlemen? Kelvin?”

Sophie went hot and cold again. She found it difficult to imagine how bad a peg on her clit would be. Her nipples and sex lips already throbbed in pain, and her clit was far more sensitive than either. She felt both Cara and Leah squeeze her hands in tension as the girls waited to learn their fate.

Sophie was facing away from her owner. She couldn’t even plead with her eyes, try to send a message that she would be very, very grateful if he showed mercy. And she wasn’t sure what his response would be.

“Hmm,” Kelvin reflected. “I think, on the whole, they did quite well.”

An intense wave of relief and something else washed over Sophie. Oh, thank you, thank you, master, she said to herself. I will not forget this, I will repay you for your mercy, she thought, and then realised that the something else was gratitude bordering on love.

“Storm?”

Tom Jefferson’s single word of enquiry brought Sophie back to the realisation that they were not out of the woods yet. Storm was right in front of her. Sophie looked at him, her eyes begging. He stroked his light brown stubble beard thoughtfully. At last he spoke.

“I’m inclined to agree with Kelvin.”

Once more relief and gratitude washed over Sophie. She looked at this man who now owned her best friend. If I get the chance, she found herself telling herself, I will use every bit of my body to thank you. It was a shocking thought, and more so because she knew she absolutely meant it, and even more so as it occurred to her that she could not do it without her owner’s permission.

“Adrian?”

Sophie was pretty sure they were on safe ground here: Adrian would not be cruel, not when Leah would be one of those to suffer as a result, and not anyway from what she had heard of him.

“I thought they did very well,” Adrian said firmly.

“There’s a surprise,” Tom teased him gently, but Sophie realised from the tone that there was no malice in the comment and she caught Adrian’s smile in response which told her that he was quite comfortable with the tease. She had already come to understand that there was quite a bond between these

two men. "Still, final decision has to be mine alone, as I'm sure you gentlemen will all agree." They did indeed nod and murmur acceptance, Adrian included. He got up and walked around the four girls, evidently pondering, and stopped in front of Sophie.

You are going to fuck me later on tonight, I know, Sophie tried to tell him with her eyes. If you spare us, I will strain every muscle and do every disgusting thing that Leah has taught me to give you the best time I possibly can. She was taken aback by her own thoughts.

He looked at her directly. "What do you think Slave Sophie? Did you make sufficient progress as a team? Should I spare you?"

Oh God! What to say? Sophie wanted to plead, but a voice inside herself told herself that it was not the right response. "It's ... up to you, Master," she stuttered. But she couldn't leave it at that. Perhaps if she disgraced herself? "But Master, I am due to share your bed and please you later tonight. If you spare us, I will make every effort that I can and do anything, anything at all to please you."

His reply was gentle but devastating. "Won't you be doing that anyway?"

A wave of alarm and fear washed over Sophie. Had she just put her foot in it? Would they all get pegs on their most intimate and sensitive flesh because of her mistake? She struggled to find the words.

"Master, please forgive this stupid, inexperienced slave," she said, the words tumbling out. "Yes, of course I will. I just meant ... no, I was just being very stupid. Forgive me, master." She fell silent, afraid of digging herself into an even worse hole than she was already in.

He produced one of the pegs and opened and closed it thoughtfully. Sophie felt herself go into a hot flush just watching him do that. Wisely, she said nothing. He then looked up and said, "does the thought of this on your little nub frighten you that much?"

Honesty, thought Sophie. "Yes, master," she admitted. "My little nub is very, very sensitive. Any girl's would be. But also ... I don't want my friends to suffer because of me." It was quite true, but the moment the words were out, she realised how glib they sounded. He looked at her and she clearly saw that he was thinking the same thing. And she suddenly realised that his opinion of her mattered to her, and she did not want him to think of her as glib.

Sophie took a breath. "Master, permission to propose a plea bargain?"

His eyebrows raised; he clearly wasn't expecting this. But his sang froid immediately dropped back into place. "That sounds intriguing," he said mildly. "What do you have in mind?"

She actually didn't know; her mind raced, and came up with a plan. It was a dangerous plan, but she was not going to have him think of her as glib. She took a deep breath.

"Master, I don't know if you are going to punish us or not. But if you are, could I ask that you just punish me? Say, however long you were planning to put the pegs on our clits, you just put one on mine for twice as long?"

"Surely, if you are taking the other girls' punishments for them, it should be four times as long?"

The thought nearly made her pass out, but she was committed now. "Yes, master, four times as long," she affirmed. The mere thought made her feel sick.

"Hmm. What do you think, Slave Cara? Should I allow Slave Sophie to take on all of your punishments on herself?"

Cara took a deep breath of her own. "No, master. If we all failed, we failed together and we should be punished equally."

"Slave Ellie?"

"Slave Cara is right, master," came the immediate reply from behind her.

"Slave Leah?"

"It's up to you, of course, master, but if you actually want a slave's opinion, I also agree with Slave Cara."

"Well, there you go," he said mildly. "Looks like you are outvoted, Slave Sophie," he said.

"Yes, master," Sophie said. "But of course it's all up to you. Slaves' votes don't count."

He smiled. "Indeed. But free men's votes do count, and my friends all took the view that you did indeed make sufficient progress as a team. I concur. You had a slow start, but in the end you made satisfactory progress."

The relief amongst the four girls was palpable. There were quiet "thank you, master" comments from each of them.

His eyes caught Sophie's and held them. "You have a lot to learn, slave," he said, his voice again mild, almost silken. "Of course, in slave terms, you are only a baby: only a few weeks old."

"Yes, master," said Sophie.

"But the building blocks are there. Good body, nice tits, pretty face ..." his hand reached between her legs, her sex lips kept open by the two chains. His fingers went inside. Sophie's face went red and her breathing became laboured.

"Yes ... haah ... master," she managed.

"However, the character of a slave is more important than mere looks. And the actions of a slave are more important than her words."

His fingers were actually on her clit now, and it was pushing out in response. "Hhaaahhhh ... yesss ... yessss master," she breathed. It was incredibly humiliating, but she was being turned on.

"Intelligence can be a useful asset. Courage, too."

"Yesss ... ooohhhh ... master." Sophie felt like putty in his hands.

"Responsiveness to stimuli is also good."

"Oooohhh ... yes, master," Sophie gasped. She suddenly realised that she was on the edge of orgasm. The relief, the humiliation, her nudity in front of these men and his skilful touch were all combining into a maelstrom. And in a moment of partial clarity, her befogged brain knew what she had to do, one more ritual self-abasement.

"Massster ... may I come?"

"A little louder, for everybody to hear, please."

"Oooohhh ... master ... may I come?" she almost shouted it. Almost all self-control was gone: she was hanging on by her fingertips."

"You may." The two words brought a tidal wave or relief.

"OOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

She jerked and spasmed, causing both Cara and Leah to wince as the chains from her tits and labia to theirs went taut and pulled on their abused privates. Sophie tried to keep her movement to a minimum, but she could not hold still.

"OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

She came, oblivious to everything except the overwhelming tidal wave of pure pleasure. Her nipples hurt from the jerking, but she paid them no heed. She just managed, more instinctively than anything else, to keep still for her friends' sake.

She came down from the peak, breathing hard, feeling hot and sweaty. And she had to say the right thing, her final embarrassment, at least for this episode.

"Th-thank you, master."

"My pleasure," he said airily. "Now then gentlemen, shall we take these clamps off the girls and move on to our last game before the demonstration events?"

Chapter Nine - Saturday evening continued

"I always liked 'Pass the Parcel' and 'Spin the Bottle' as a child," Storm Robinson observed. He had, for the moment, taken the mantle of running the evening from Tom Jefferson, with the host's blessing, as this 'game' was evidently his idea. The three slave owners, Bill and Ben were sat in a circle. On the floor in the space between them was a bottle, and Ben held a parcel of newspaper wrapping. "So this game encompasses both of these. Adrian has kindly volunteered to sit this one out and operate the music. When it stops, the master who it stops with will unwrap the parcel. Inside it there will be a card with a sexual act written on it. One of you young ladies will then volunteer to carry out that sexual act. We will then spin the bottle to see on which man the act is conducted. This part is necessary to avoid a girl knowing which man when she volunteers, otherwise each girl would volunteer for her own owner, and we can't have that." He smiled. "Each man will withdraw once he has had his turn, so that each man gets a go. However, those of you with advanced mathematical skills will have noted that we have four girls and five men, so one girl will have to volunteer twice. I trust," he said with a slight hint of menace, "that we will never be short of a volunteer." The smile returned. "If I may advise you, girls, do not wait until something you like comes up. You might pass on some not very nice things, only to find yourself left with something much worse."

The girls nodded. They could all see the point of that, although it was not a nice thought.

Adrian started the music. He had his back to the circle of men, so he could not see who had the parcel when he pressed the pause. As it turned out, it was Ben, and when he unwrapped the layer he found a card. He read it out loud.

"Titty fucking."

The girls looked at each other. Sophie wasn't even sure what this meant. She suspected, quite rightly, that Leah and Ellie would step in to take the worst acts, to spare the younger and newer girls, and since neither of them were forthcoming, she suspected that this was one of the ... not the better options, but the less worse ones. But then, none of them knew what the other cards were.

"I'll do that."

It was Cara who spoke. Sophie had a little suspicion about what this was, and since Cara possessed the roundest, largest boobs of the four of them, she was the logical one. If, that is, Sophie's suspicion was correct.

Storm Robinson reached down and spun the bottle. After an age, it ceased spinning, and the neck was pointed towards Bill.

Sophie watched as the large, brutish man called Bill sat back in his chair and dropped his trousers and shorts. A large, semi-erect male organ sprang up. Sophie felt a slight blush on her cheeks: she found it embarrassing to be in the presence of an uncovered cock. Previously, she had only known Kelvin Hope's manhood. Cara, looking understandably rather more embarrassed, knelt in front of him and leaned up towards him. Then she put his manhood between her teenage bosoms and started to squeeze them together with her hands, so that her buxom young flesh was giving him a gentle massage of his cock. Sophie had been right in her suspicion as to what this activity was. Cara was the most endowed of the four of the girls, but Sophie also could not help but notice that her best friend seemed to know what she was doing. Bill's manhood soon began to grow under Cara's soft ministrations. Sophie also saw Cara's lips move and realised that her friend was saying something, whispering something to help Bill come to fruition ...

It happened all at once. Bill's cock seemed to explode and jet after jet of thick white semen spurted directly into Cara's face. To Sophie's surprise, her friend did not shy away, but took the outpouring on her pretty features.

Then, once he had stopped spurting, Sophie watched horrified as her friend brought her cum-splattered face closer to the man's cock, and Cara's tongue came out, and she started cleaning the man.

Sophie fought down a wave of nausea. She knew that this was something slaves often had to do. She'd seen Ellie do it, when they first arrived on New Island, but it was something Kelvin Hope had not required of her. To now see her best friend doing it ...

And something else occurred to Sophie. Leah had told her earlier in the week that this was a standard thing, and that Tom Jefferson required it of both Leah and Ellie. But tonight she, Sophie, was going to

have to entertain Tom Jefferson. She already knew that she would have to give him a blowjob. Now she had to confront for the first time the knowledge that she would have to clean him up afterwards with her mouth and tongue. She wanted to be sick.

And she was a long way from that point, with other indignities yet to be suffered. And she was going to have to 'volunteer' for one of these five activities.

When Cara had finished, she was not allowed to clean her face. Congealed smears and lumps of his goo still on her face, even on her lips, she was ordered to take her place back in the line of girls. She didn't look at Sophie, or the others, as she did so.

And then the music started up again.

Sophie was still processing the last incident in her mind when the music stopped. Her own owner, Kelvin Hope, was the one unwrapping the paper. But of course, she reminded herself that it did not mean he would be the recipient of whatever vile action was announced this time.

"Anal sex."

Sophie felt another shock. She knew what anal sex was, but had certainly never tried it nor wanted to. There was a deathly quiet amongst the girls.

"I'll take that one."

It was Leah who spoke. Her voice was unenthusiastic but even. Sophie hypothesised – she later found out correctly – that Leah had been made to do this before and was sparing the others by volunteering. But, as the bottle spun, she saw that Leah was watching it anxiously. Instinctively, Sophie understood why. To be taken in the ass by a large cock would be quite painful, and Ben was amongst the four men left and he, according to what both Leah and Ellie had told her some time ago, was very well endowed. Sophie prayed, for Leah's sake, that the bottle would not come to rest facing him.

In fact, it came to rest facing Sophie's owner, Kelvin Hope.

Sophie watched as Leah knelt down on the carpet, her knees wide, her bottom towards Kelvin Hope, who was removing his trousers. He knelt behind the unfortunate girl and thrust himself in. Sophie was at Leah's head end and so could not actually see where he entered the girl, but from Leah's anguished gasp, she could make an educated guess. He began pumping, and Leah's gasps continued for some time until he finally came inside her.

Once he had finished, he replaced his clothing and sauntered back to his armchair, a smug look on his face. Leah, her face carefully impassive, stood up and rejoined the line of naked girls.

Two down, thought Sophie. I need to volunteer soon, in case the last one is too awful to bear. The thought filled her with dread.

The music started and the parcel went round once more. When it stopped, it was in Kelvin's hands. The girls waited nervously.

"Hand job whilst being spanked," he read from the card.

It could be worse. Hastily, Sophie jumped in. "Please ... I'll take that."

There were no congratulatory trumpets, or even reactions from the men. Ellie, standing next to Sophie, very discreetly patted her bare bottom in a 'well done' message. Sophie felt sick to the pit of her stomach.

The bottle was spun between the three remaining men, Storm Robinson, Tom Jefferson and Ben. It came to a halt pointing towards Ben. Sophie felt neither relieved nor disappointed: it didn't really matter which man it was.

"The only thing is," Storm Robinson pondered aloud, looking at the card, "it doesn't say if the man getting the hand job is the same one doing the spanking. That's the assumption, but it might not be easy to reach. What do you think, Ben?"

"I agree," Ben said easily. "And I think I'd rather concentrate on what she is doing to me. I'm sure I will have other opportunities to spank her."

"I'll make sure you do," put in Kelvin Hope, leaving Sophie with a sinking feeling.

"So, who is gong to have the honour of doing the spanking?" Tom asked. "Kelvin, you're her owner, I think it should be your call." Sophie reflected that her views were not likely to be sought. That said, she didn't really have any. Whoever it was, it was likely to hurt. The other men nodded agreement with Tom's statement.

"Well," Kelvin said, "Storm, you have a reputation as a spanker, so I'll leave her in your hands."

Things were quickly arranged. Storm sat on a chair, and Sophie reluctantly draped herself over his lap. Ahead of her, Ben sat on another chair, at right angles to Storm and facing Sophie. He had removed his trousers and shorts to reveal his large, semi-erect cock. No wonder Leah had been anxious about anal sex with that. Sophie found herself reflecting. It was almost in her face, certainly easy enough for her to touch and caress it. And that was what she was going to have to do. She had never done this before, and could only hope that her vague, half-formed ideas were correct and sufficient.

The signal for her to begin was a stinging slap on her upthrust bottom from Storm. She gasped: he was not going to be gentle. Her slim hands reached out and touched Ben's large male organ. She began to stroke it. She didn't really know how to do this but there were a couple of tips from Leah's blow job tuition that she could apply.

She jerked as another stinging slap landed. A third slap landed, and she jerked again, and then realised that the jerks were causing Ben pleasure, possibly not the jerks themselves but his knowing why she was jerking, and indeed he could see it.

Sophie focused on her task. Her ministrations seemed to be working: he was large to begin with, but getting larger and stiffer now. There was a temptation for her to rush, but she tried to resist that: if she got it wrong and he subsided, it might take longer to get him back up, and also look bad on her. Besides – ouch, that was a sharp one! – the aim, she realised, was supposed to be to give him a good time, not get him off as fast as possible. So, trying to ignore the growing burn in her bottom and the constant barrage of stinging slaps, she worked him steadily. She could see his manhood growing, and hear his breathing growing louder and deeper.

“When he comes,” put in Tom Jefferson casually, “make sure you catch it on your face. We don't want it staining the carpet.”

Oh god! “Yesss ... master,” she managed, the first word turning into a hiss as another hard slap landed on her bare teenage posterior. He was indeed nearly there. She leaned forward, putting her face right in front of him, closing her eyes at the last second. She therefore felt rather than saw the spurts from his cock. It was a good job she had closed her eyes, because the first landed right on her eyelid, the next on her cheek, and then splatters all over. It was vile to feel it on her face, one spatter even on her lips.

She only opened her eyes when she felt no more splatters on her face. He was indeed subsiding. The rain of spanks on her bottom had ceased as well. Thank god it was over. But it wasn't, not quite.

“Don't forget to clean him.” Tom Jefferson's comment was very mildly spoken, but his words hit Sophie like a whip.

Oh god! She knew this was something Ellie and Leah were made to do – she'd seen Ellie do it on her very first day here – and that he had trained Cara in it as well, though whether her new owner, who had just been spanking Sophie so firmly, made Cara do it or not, Sophie didn't know. But now she had to. No choice, as with almost everything around here. Sophie leaned right in close to Ben's cock, close enough that she could smell the musk of him, and hesitantly put her tongue out. The taste of the semen was salty, slightly bitter and slightly bland at the same time. She forced herself to lick, like a puppy, albeit a most unenthusiastic one. But some tiny remnant of pride insisted that she would not do a sloppy job, and self-preservation backed that up, because she would not be asked twice, she would be punished if she only did a half job. So Sophie licked and licked and licked, until she couldn't see any more semen on him.

She was directed to get to her feet and rejoin the line of girls. There was no opportunity to wipe the disgusting goo from her face, nor did she have anything to wipe it off with. In fact, she suspected that wiping it off without explicit permission, maybe using her arm or something, would be seen as almost insulting to him. So she stood there, feeling the mess congealing on her face. A glance at Cara, whose face was also jizz-splattered, gave her a pretty good idea of how she looked.

There were no comments from the men about how she had done, not even the slightest compliment about how she had stepped forward and endured it. The girls, of course, were silent, and Sophie did not meet their eyes. Apart from her embarrassment, some of the semen that had splashed onto her closed eyelid was now finding its way into her eye, and she had to blink continuously to wash it away. At least that was one bit of face cleaning she could do without censure.

The pass the parcel routine resumed, and Sophie focused on it rather than dwell on what she had just done, although her burning bottom did remind her more that slightly. This time the card read simply, “blow job”. Just Storm and Tom were left, and the spinning bottle came to a halt pointing at Storm. Ellie

was the only girl who had not been out yet, so Sophie and the others watched Ellie do a blow job on the man whose bed she was later to share tonight. Sophie had seen Ellie suck a man before, but now that she was more experienced herself she watched more clinically, reminding herself of the lessons Leah had taught her and seeing much of the same technique in action. As on that fateful first day, Ellie swallowed the stuff, of which there seemed to be quite a bit. Sophie found that revolting, but at least Ellie did not have a goo-splattered face like herself and Cara.

“Well now,” Tom Jefferson said to the other men. “No need to spin the bottle this time, it’s just me left.” In his hand was the now much slimmer parcel, which they all knew contained one last card. And one slave would have to volunteer. A horrible, horrible idea was beginning to percolate in Sophie’s mind. She tried to push it away, but it would not go.

“And one girl to volunteer for a second time,” observed Storm Robinson.

Sophie decided impulsively to take the plunge before her courage deserted her. “Please, master, I volunteer.”

Quiet descended. Sophie was already regretting opening her mouth. Tom Jefferson regarded her thoughtfully, looking her up and down. Sophie wished she wasn’t stark naked.

“You don’t know what the task is yet,” he pointed out suavely.

“Probably best if I volunteer before I find out, master,” Sophie said, with an attempt at flippancy which fell flat in her own ears.

“Perhaps so,” he replied. He handed the slimmed-down parcel to Kelvin Hope. “I think we can dispense with the musical part this time.”

Kelvin unwrapped the card and read it. “Any of the previous four activities, to be chosen by the master in question,” he read.

“Somebody couldn’t think of a fifth activity,” Adrian observed wryly.

“Quite true,” Tom Jefferson conceded with an easy smile. “So, Slave Sophie, the choices are tit-fucking, anal sex, a hand job or a blow job.”

All sounded horrible. “Yes, master,” Sophie admitted quietly.

“Would I be right in assuming that none of these fills you with boundless enthusiasm?”

Sophie shuddered. “No, master. I mean, yes master, you would be right.”

“Too late to back out now, though, eh?”

“Yes, master.” Sophie straightened herself up slightly, feeling her tits jut out a little. “But I don’t regret volunteering.” Actually, she did regret it, totally, but she wasn’t going to admit that. She wondered why she had volunteered: Leah and Ellie had clearly been gearing up that one of them would take the last task: unenviable as it would still be, it would be a little easier for them than having a new, inexperienced slave do it.

“Actions speak louder than words, eh?” he quoted from earlier.

“Yes, master,” Sophie said. She did feel that she had made a fool of herself earlier and wanted to make amends. Why that was important to her she had no idea. What was more, she knew somehow that it was him, Tom Jefferson, that she wanted to make amends in front of; not the girls, not the other men, not even her own master. There was something about him ... Storm Robinson had something of it too, but Tom Jefferson was the man. She became aware that he was speaking again.

“So, out of the four, which is the one you would want the least?”

The question took her slightly by surprise, but the answer was easy. “Anal sex, master.” The moment she said it, she wondered if it was a bad move to admit it. Would he now select that one simply because it was the one she dreaded the most? But slaves were supposed to be honest and not lie.

But instead, he replied lightly, “well, to be truthful, I’m with you on that one. It’s never been a favourite of mine, though some like it.” He glanced at Storm for a second before continuing. “Each to his own, of course. Are you an anal virgin, Slave Sophie?”

“Yes, master,” said Sophie, embarrassed by the intimacy of the question.

“On the other hand, I do like a good blow job. Now, my Slave Leah has been giving you some instruction in that field, hasn’t she?”

Sophie’s blush deepened. Was she to have no slightest privacy at all? But she knew the answer to that one. “Yes, master,” she managed.

“And are you still an oral virgin?”

Another layer of personal privacy stripped away. "Yes, master." She had intended, or more accurately been instructed by Leah, to practice those skills on her own master before tonight, but he hadn't shown any interest and had just continued to fuck her in his normal way.

"Well then, I think a little public demonstration of what you have learnt from Leah is in order, don't you?"

Oh god! In public for her first time, in front of six men, and Cara, and Leah and Ellie! But, as ever, there was no way out. "Yes, master," she replied quietly.

She studied her pretty features, still covered in Ben's now congealed jism. "All due respect to my loyal servant Ben, I don't want to be looking down at his spunk on your face. Slave Leah, take her to your bathroom and get her face wiped off, then come back here. Be quick about it."

"Yes, master. This way, slave." Leah left the room at a pace, and Sophie hurried to keep up with her. It was a relief to be out of the room, but she knew it was only temporary. They went up a set of stairs and into Leah's room. It was a very nice, spacious and well appointed room, with a gorgeous view of the sea. Sophie also noted the double bed, but she didn't have time to see anything else as Leah ushered her into the equally classily decorated bathroom. She grabbed a flannel, ran it under the tap, and then began to wipe the cum off Sophie's face.

"You didn't have to volunteer," she said. "Ellie or I would have covered it."

"I know," said Sophie shortly. "But it's done now."

Leah didn't press the point. She rinsed out the flannel and wiped again. Fortunately Sophie was not wearing any make-up: she was young enough and with a good enough complexion not to need any, and had never used it before coming to New Island, and her owner had not required her to since then, or indeed provided any. "Remember the things I taught you," Leah said, having to talk quickly. "Just keep it going until he comes. He'll come in your mouth, it's what he always does. Make sure you swallow every drop, otherwise you're likely to get a thrashing. Don't puke it up. And remember to lick him clean afterwards."

"I will," said Sophie, though each sentence had made her feel more sick in the pit of her stomach.

Leah took a towel from the heated towel rail and patted Sophie's face down. Then her eyes locked onto Sophie's own. "What's the single most important thing?"

She had drilled this into Sophie during that night on the beach. "That he enjoys himself and has a good time," Sophie responded promptly.

"Right," Leah confirmed. "When you believe that, heart and soul, you'll make a very good slave. For now, just keep repeating it to yourself. Come on, let's go."

They returned to the lounge. Sophie saw that five of the men were sitting in armchairs in a fairly close circle. In the centre of the circle stood Tom Jefferson. He was now fully naked. Sophie noted that for a man or around fifty years of age, he was in very good shape, but that was no real help to her. Cara and Ellie were stood to attention just outside the circle. Leah gave Sophie the slightest of touches in her lower back as a gesture of support, and then went and stood to attention with the other girls.

"When you are ready, slave," Tom Jefferson said brusquely.

"Yes, master," said Sophie submissively, and she hurried to the centre of the circle. She had to come close to two of the armchairs as she did, and felt a male hand on her bottom, but other things were more on her mind. Even her nudity, right now, was not a major issue. She knelt down in front of Tom Jefferson, her face level with his crotch and no more than a foot away.

No more time, she realised: I have to do this, and do it now.

Steeling herself, she tentatively reached out her left hand and touched his manhood. Before tonight, she had never actually touched one: Kelvin Hope always just bent her over, or made her lie on her back with legs spread, and just got on with it. Her nose was very close to it and she could smell the male musk. Steeling herself, she touched her lips to it in the gentlest of kisses. There was the faintest twitch of it as she did so.

Steeling herself some more, she opened her mouth and her tongue just touched his knob. Taking the thing carefully in her hand, she began to run her tongue over it as Leah had shown her. She tasted a very slight tang of talcum powder. Don't neglect the balls, she remembered Leah saying, and her free hand cupped them and stroked them gently. Now for the worst moment. She opened her lips slightly wider and slid them over his cock so that it was now in her mouth.

Trying not to think about what she was doing or who was watching, Sophie slid her tongue along the underside of his cock. It was already expanding. She withdrew her mouth until only the tip of it was inside, then slid her lips over it again. She began to repeat this, her free hand still lightly caressing his balls. He steadily grew as her ministrations continued over long minutes. She began to take him fully into her mouth, feeling the tip of his cock right at the back of her throat, carefully following Leah's instructions to avoid gagging. Thank goodness it was not one of his two middle-eastern henchmen with their much larger manhoods that she was attending to. He was now fully erect, and she was working him constantly, but she could feel that he was in control, that he would release himself when he chose to. She reminded herself with a shudder that she would have to swallow it all down.

And then she sensed himself letting go, building to his climax, heard his low, deep breath. The moment was fast approaching.

And then she felt the first jet of cum going right to the back of her throat. Frantically, she swallowed, taking it down to her stomach. More jets followed. It was a bit like bread sauce in its consistency, but saltier. Don't think, just swallow it down, she told herself. Leah had pointed out that the stuff wasn't unhealthy, and Sophie clung to that. Swallow, swallow, until no more jets came, until the last dribbles were coming out. Swallow that too.

He had subsided completely. Now for the last, revolting task. Taking the now limp organ out of her mouth, Sophie held it gently in one hand and began to softly lick it with the other, cleaning off the remaining cum, taking it into her mouth on her tongue and letting her saliva wash it off, swallowing again, then tongue out once more to clean him further. She licked and licked until he had had enough. He disengaged himself and tucked his now flaccid organ away.

Only now did Sophie become aware once more of the audience, the five men and three girls who had watched the whole thing. She went bright red, her eyes lowered, unable to meet the eyes of any of them. Did Cara do this? Often? She supposed so: Cara had been bought originally by Tom Jefferson, the man Sophie had just ... she stumbled over the words, even in the privacy of her mind. Yes, Cara would have done it, and probably had to do it for the man who now controlled her, Storm Robinson. Leah and Ellie obviously did it – she had seen Ellie in action, and Leah had taught Sophie herself from a position of clear experience. So now Sophie herself had sunk into the same gutter.

But it was worse than that. She didn't only have to do it, she was expected to make a good job of it. Had she done so? She couldn't tell. If she hadn't, her bottom would soon feel the strap, and so too, quite unfairly, would Leah's. She wanted to ask, but she didn't dare, and nor could she overcome the humiliation to put the question into words.

"Slave Leah!" Tom Jefferson's voice was imperious.

"Yes, Master?" Leah responded, her tone carefully neutral, her own anxiety almost but not quite masked.

"You did a good job in teaching this slave slut."

"Thank you, Master." The relief in Leah's voice was the same as that Sophie herself felt. Her tension eased, her muscles relaxed. But she noted the description of her as a slave slut. It was a description she could not argue with. Sophie stared dejectedly at the lush carpet under her bare knees.

"Time, I think," she heard Tom Jefferson say, "that we moved onto the demonstrations."

What vile humiliation would she have to put herself through next?

Chapter Ten - Saturday evening continued

Written jointly by Ian Smith and Storm Robinson

Storm Robinson again took over the lead. He seemed as comfortable as Tom Jefferson in charge. Kelvin Hope, Sophie's owner, seemed content to follow, but he was perhaps a decade younger than Storm Robinson (and two decades younger than Jefferson) and less of a natural leader. Adrian, around 21 or 22 years old, evidently had no desire to take the lead and the other two men, Bill and Ben, were Tom Jefferson's employees and so naturally deferential. Although sometimes included in the activities, their primary purpose was clearly to assist.

"I'm going to have to ask you all to move to Tom's excellently outfitted dungeon for Cara's demonstration," he said. Clearly it was only the men who were being politely asked: for the girls, it was an order.

Ellie led the way, with the other girls behind her and the men behind them, ogling the naked female bodies. Sophie could feel male eyes on her bare bottom as they walked. The dungeon was actually below ground, down stone steps, and was quite ... Sophie was going to say atmospheric, but in fact it was functional as well. The whips and straps on the walls were not framed decoration, they could be unhooked and used. The restraints on the walls were cemented in and without doubt would be fully effective. The cell in the corner had a lock and would be impossible to get out of. The lighting was subdued and the stone floor felt cold under her bare feet.

Two straps hung from the ceiling, ending in leather wrist manacles. Storm made Cara stand under them and secured her wrists firmly in the straps. Now he produced another device, a steel pole between two and three feet long with another strap bracelet at each end. At first, Cara clearly didn't understand what it was for, but then he fixed the one bracelet to her right ankle and, after making her adopt a wide-legged stand, fixed the other bracelet to her left ankle. Now comprehension clearly dawned on Cara. Her legs were well apart and it was impossible for her to close them. The device, Sophie knew, was called a leg spreader: Kelvin had one and used it on her occasionally, to her embarrassment. Cara's crotch was now well open and it was impossible for her to do anything about it. Sophie grimaced at the vulnerability of it. Cara didn't look too keen either. Her entire body was now open and defenceless.

Storm stood behind her, and his hands reached out and around her and grabbed her fulsome tits. He began to first stroke them, and then squeeze them like dumplings, pushing them out of shape. Cara writhed under his groping. His hands went lower, down her flanks and between her legs and she writhed some more, her fists clenching and unclenching, sometimes her hands grasping the straps which led from her leather wrist manacles to the ceiling, then letting go. He slapped her breasts a couple of times, and then bent his head forwards and chewed one of her nipples, a spare hand slapping her bottom at the same time. Cara moaned. Sophie couldn't quite see why for a moment, he didn't appear to be hurting her much. And then she understood. Cara was becoming aroused.

The mauling, groping and occasional slapping went on and on. Cara's head was clearly all over the place, her eyes sometimes looking up at the ceiling, sometimes closed. It was now obvious to everybody, Sophie realised, that her best friend was consumed with lust. Cara's face was completely out of control, her mouth opening and closing like a goldfish. She would gasp at the occasional sharp slap on her boobs or bottom, but if anything they seemed to only intensify her arousal. She was sweating profusely, totally oblivious to everything except the hands and mouth that were stimulating her. She was as helpless as a baby. Sophie had never seen anything like it. Her best friend was completely enslaved, both to the man who was stimulating her and to her own uncontrollable lust.

Cara came, moaning and writhing, and yet even that was no escape. Within moments she was lost in carnality once more. Again and again she came. Even when he unhooked a flogger from the wall and started using it on her, it only intensified her lust. He used it lightly on her breasts, which Sophie realised would be very tender now, and between her legs. Even the occasional sharp stroke to her bottom only seemed to raise her sexual temperature.

When he finished, Cara just slumped in her bonds, quite exhausted, her body gleaming with sweat. She must have had at least half a dozen orgasms. Sophie could only gape. The dignity and self-control of her best friend had been stripped away as completely as her clothes had been weeks ago, and a sexual animal exposed for all to see under the former veneer of a young woman. It had been an incredible

display of mastery from Storm Robinson, forcing nothing less than total submission from Cara. Cara was sobbing quietly, not with pain or humiliation, but just with lust.

Storm undid her bonds. Ben had to step in to hold Cara up, because she would otherwise have collapsed on the floor. She was half walked, half carried back to the line of girls and allowed to crumple into a heap on the floor. Looking around the men, Sophie realised that they had been entranced by what they had watched. She was not surprised: it had been very intense.

“Over to you, Kelvin,” Storm said, with just a hint of smug satisfaction in his voice. Sophie’s heart skipped a beat as she realised that she was next.

Kelvin Hope almost shuffled out into the centre of the dungeon, He’s even more nervous than I am, thought Sophie, and I’m stark naked and about to be ritually humiliated and shamed in some dreadful way that I can’t even imagine. He had none of the mastery that Tom Jefferson or Storm Robinson had, she realised, and wondered how she felt about that. She would obey him, because she had to – or was it that she would obey him to support him? Sophie didn’t know.

“If you could all please come over to this corner,” Kelvin said hesitantly. They followed him. Around the side of the cell, between there and a stone wall, was a small alcove area, perhaps a yard wide. An object, less than waist high, was there, covered over by a sheet. “Bill kindly set this up for me this afternoon,” Kelvin said, and pulled the sheet away.

Sophie suppressed a gasp. The object was a small stool, a little less than waist high, narrow enough that somebody could stand with a leg either side of it and bolted to the floor. However, the thing that caught her attention was a plastic penis, a large one, jutting up from the centre of the seat, attached to a long pole that connected to a machine on the ground. It was glistening, and she saw that it had been lubricated. A horrible idea of what was about to happen was entering her mind, try though she might to push it away.

“Slave Sophie, go and stand astride the stool, facing us.”

As if in a dream – nightmare would be a better term – Sophie obeyed, straddling the stool. She could not make herself look down at the thing now between her young legs. But the view in front of her was not much better. Six men, the four masters and Tom Jefferson’s two thugs, were all looking at her, drinking in her nudity. To the side, her three friends, Ellie, Leah and best friend Cara, stood in a line, also watching her, the sympathy clearly showing in their eyes of no real help to her. Cara had managed to get back to her feet, though she still looked done in.

“If you look down,” Kelvin said to the other men, “you’ll see that the base of this is the base from a sybian, and it vibrates.” He flicked a switch on the wall, and there was a very quiet hum. Sophie glanced down and saw that the base of the thing was indeed gently vibrating. Holding up a remote, he continued. “The stick will move it up and down at different rates. There are four rates. Slow, fast, hard in, and hard out.” He handed her the remote “Now, Slave Sophie,” he said, and so she turned her attention to him, “press the slow setting. Press it again when the donger is fully inside you. Go all the way in.”

“Yes, master,” Sophie acknowledged unsteadily. It began to raise, until she felt the tip of the horrible thing nudging at her sex lips. Her fingers moved to open her lips and she felt it push up further, feeling it go inside her. Up, up it went, feeling it go further in. There were a couple of small nodules on it, and she shuddered as she felt them brush against the walls of her channel. Still further up it went, until she felt it reach the maximum height. She gasped as her sensitive flesh came into contact with the vibrating plastic base.

“As you gentlemen have no doubt heard, Slave Sophie is very loud when she orgasms. Let’s see just how loud she can get.” He turned towards her and held up a decibel meter. “It’s only on a low setting at the moment,” he told her. “When we begin, I will turn it to full for you. Now, you will have four commands, so it will be nice and simple. When I say ‘slow’, you will press the first button. You may have to move down so the tip stays within you. You will not, I repeat not, let that come out altogether. My friend Bill will be watching closely and will use a crop on you if you fail to obey this or any other instruction.” Out of the corner of her eye, Sophie saw the big man called Bill move around until he was by the side of her, and in his ham of a hand he held a wicked-looking riding crop. Lashed across her bare bottom, she knew that it would be very painful.

“Once it reaches the bottom, you will immediately raise yourself up at the same pace, until it is mostly out, and then back down and so on. Do you understand?”

“Yes, master.” Sophie tried, without too much success, to keep her voice steady.

“If you hear the command ‘Fast’ you will press the second button, and move much more quickly, and again will continue until the next command. The third and fourth buttons are ‘hard in’ and ‘hard out’. If you hear ‘hard in’, you will press the third button, which will thrust it up quickly, and ‘hard out’ which will pull out quickly. Again, not allowing the knob to escape from you. Any failures to obey fully and precisely will of course be dealt with immediately by Bill using the crop.

“Finally, you will not, repeat not, cum without permission. You may ask for permission, which may or may not be given, as I see fit. Do you understand?”

“Yes, master,” Sophie said, again trying to keep her voice level. It was all vile, but simple enough. She had already done something similar as part of the group games earlier, but to do it on her own, with everybody watching, was worse. Also, that vibrator might cause ... issues.

Adrian and Ben had moved off, and now returned carrying a large mirror which they placed in front of Sophie. She could now see her nude body, impaled on the thing. It was not nice. The men, except for Bill who remained standing threateningly by her side, sat on provided chairs, making themselves comfortable.

“You may find all of this a strain on your leg muscles,” Kelvin observed, “but with all the running you do, I am sure you will cope. Let us begin. Slow.”

Sophie pressed the button, feeling the nodules as she did. Down, down it went, and she was slick, until, as ordered, just the tip remained inside her, her bare legs not quite straight. Now she started up again, feeling the nodules once more. When it was fully inside her standing form, she gasped in shock. He had indeed turned the vibrator up, and it had an immediate effect. She was distracted by it, but fortunately her instinctive reaction was to push herself down, so she did not stop and thus break his rules. Maybe she had gone down that first inch a bit quickly, but she seemed to have got away with it. Up to the top, and then slowly up again, feeling the nodules each time. She was better prepared when it reached the top this time, at a quick push inside her, and managed to keep her pace correct. But, as it lowered herself, she heard a single word from him.

“Hard in.”

Immediately she pushed the button and it changed direction, taking it all the way in, feeling the thing fill her. She gasped again as she felt the vibrating base, but made herself hold position, quivering and shivering at the effect of it all.

“Fast.”

Flexing her thigh muscles, she lowered herself down, careful to stop before the thing came completely out of her, then up fast, feeling those nodules again, the vibrator only having a limited effect because she came off it almost as soon as she was on it. Up and down, cursing those nodules, then down and up, and down, and up ...

“Hard out.”

Thankfully, Sophie paused at the top of the cycle, breathing hard from the exertion, her leg muscles trembling. She felt as if she had already run a mile, and she knew she was barely started.

“Slow.”

Sophie obeyed and pressed the button. She was breathing heavily now, and suddenly realised that it was not from the exertion. He kept her on this for some time, and her breathing became steadily more ragged. She could feel her control of her body slipping away and knew that she was helpless to stop it.

“Fast.”

Sophie obeyed again. She was sweating profusely despite the cool air of the dungeon, and between her legs she felt the growing heat of arousal.

“Uhhh ... Ughhhh ...”

She realised with a shock that it was her making those noises, but she couldn’t stop. She caught sight of herself in the mirror, her firm breasts bouncing, her mouth open, drooling. To be doing this in front of everyone was hideously humiliating, but even that did not cool her raging emotions. She knew what she was going to have to do ...

“Please ... uhhh ... please master ... may I come?” To have to ask, in public!

“No.”

Oh god! She couldn't hold it back, just couldn't – but she knew he would punish her severely if she disobeyed him. She HAD to hold it back! Somehow Sophie just managed to keep from going over the brink, but still she teetered right on the edge.

“Hard in.”

Thankfully, she almost fully straightened up, her leg muscles desperate for the relief, but the moment she was up, the vibrator plunged up hard and slowly pulled out, and she realised that she had gone from the frying pan straight into the fire.

“Ugghhh ... oh god, please master, may I come?”

“You come before I allow it, girl, and you'll get thirty with the cane.”

Sophie winced in fear. She had never had more than six to date. Thirty was impossible. Keep it in, hold it back, she told herself.

“Please ... please master ... I'll do anything ...” She absolutely meant that.

“Hard out.”

She flexed tired leg muscles and pushed herself down as it tore out, barely keeping the tip inside her. At least she was off the vibrator, for now. She squatted, trembling, the tip of the thing just inside her, her leg muscles screaming for rest.

“Fast, and you can come when ready.”

Sophie immediately bounced, frantically, nothing in her head now except the need for release. She again caught sight of herself in the mirror, saw something more animal than human, rutting like a pig on the plastic intruder, all pose and privacy gone. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered except for that sweet moment.

“Ahhh ... oooh ... OOOOHHHHHHH!”

She came, frantically pumping up and down on the donger, the most intense orgasm of her life. The world did not exist, only that plastic cock inside her, the nodules inflaming her already burning vagina walls, every nerve in her body screaming.

“OOOOHHHHHHH!”

The peak passed, slowly. Sophie became aware that she was still bouncing up and down, extracting every last milli-second of pleasure. Finally, exhausted, it was all over, and yet a tiny voice warned her that he had not told her to stop.

“Hard in.”

Sophie gratefully slumped on the dildo, only for the vibrator to begin its evil work again. Surely he would not make her do any more, and surely she had nothing left inside her, no possibility of her coming again?

“She gets quite noisy when she climaxes, doesn't she?” Storm Robinson observed drily. Sophie blushed hotly, reminded of the exhibition she had just made of herself; and yet she could already feel her pulse rising once more. It was slow, steady, but she knew it was coming.

“Ninety-three on the decibel meter, louder than most of your power tools.” Kelvin Hope said cockily, then to Sophie: “So what do you say to me for letting you have some fun, girl?”

The last thing Sophie wanted to do was to have to thank him for the exhibition she had just had to make of herself, but of course she had no choice. “Th-thank you, master,” she said, breathlessly.

“Shall we do it again?”

She wanted to scream ‘no’ but knew she would be punished later if she did. No choice, no choice at all. “Yessss ... yes please, master,” she gasped. Already that damned vibrator was having an effect as it plunged inside...

He did indeed make her do it all again, and the second climax was almost as devastating as the first. At the end the decibel meter hit ninety-six. When he eventually allowed her to climb off the plastic cock and join the line of girls once more, she could not look at anybody. She felt like the world's greatest slut, and she felt as if every last vestige of privacy had been torn away from her. And her legs were like jelly. Staying standing up whilst Leah and Ellie's demonstration took place was going to need a superhuman effort.

But once again she had no choice.

But when they all returned to the lounge, now under Tom Jefferson's direction once more, Sophie and Cara were directed to a sturdy coffee table and ordered to get onto it and adopt kneeling slave position. With a mixture of relief that her immediate ordeal was over and trepidation of the position she was being required to adopt, Sophie climbed up onto the table and knelt, knees wide apart, facing the group of men. She clasped her hands behind the back of her neck and pulled her elbows and shoulders back so that her young breasts jutted embarrassingly out. After a moment's hesitation, she pushed her knees wider apart so that her crotch was fully accessible. She blushed anew at the wanton display she was giving of her teenage body, a blush that added to the huge embarrassment she felt at the erotic pantomime she had just engaged in. The large lounge in which they were in was beautifully air-conditioned, but Sophie was covered in sweat after her ... exertions and the beads of sweat felt cold on her skin. Cara, beside her, also adopted the lewd position.

There was a ripple of applause from the men around the room. For a moment, Sophie thought that it was for her, which was embarrassing enough, but then realised that it was for her owner, the man who had directed her lewd display like an orchestra conductor. He smiled, acknowledging the applause, and then sat back down in his seat.

Almost in self-punishment, Sophie's eyes roved around the room, taking in the six men who had watched her disgusting, self-disgracing display, humiliating herself. It was actually the three other girls who she most did not want to look at. And yet, she reminded herself, Cara's involuntary display had been just as bad. And it was now the turn of Ellie and Leah. It was highly unlikely that their display would be any less entertaining for the men.

Their owner, Thomas Jefferson, got leisurely to his feet and addressed the men. "Well, first of all, another fine display, so well done Kelvin, and Storm before that," he said amiably. Sophie's owner and Cara's owner both politely nodded their thanks. "So now it's my turn," Jefferson went on. "My girls, as was the case with your girls" – he nodded to Sophie and Cara's masters – "have no idea of what is in store for them. It's always better that way, don't you think?" There was a murmur of agreement from the men; the girls' own views, of course, were not being invited. Sophie noticed that Adrian, Leah's boyfriend or whatever he was, looked faintly nervous. She wondered if he knew what was being planned. Leah and Ellie also looked anxious.

Jefferson went to a bureau and returned with six items that he laid out before him. Two were twin-tailed leather straps, two more were heavy paddles and the third pair were wicked looking whippy canes. The two girls looked at the instruments of pain with trepidation but resolve.

"In a few moments," he told Ellie and Leah casually, "you will be required to turn around and bend over. You will then receive five strokes of the strap each. That is your obligatory display. Nothing more is required of you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master," Ellie and Leah said in unison.

"If, however, you choose to remain in position, you will receive further strokes, up to a maximum of twenty each with each implement. To be clear, that would make sixty each, counting the five mandatory strokes, as there is one set of implements here for each of you. Not that I am in any way suggesting you take sixty or anywhere near that number." Jefferson fixed them both with his gaze. "I must stress that this will be entirely voluntary. There will be no adverse consequences for you whatsoever if you stop at five with the strap. They will hurt significantly as it is. You will hold yourselves in place for the five: that is the demonstration of obedience that you are making. If you choose to take a few extra, that is up to you. You will not disappoint me if you do not. Is this absolutely clear?"

"Yes, Master," Ellie said firmly.

"Yes, Master," Leah said, equally firmly.

"Turn around and place your forearms on the table. Spread your legs."

Both girls obeyed immediately. Their bottoms were now facing the audience, the vulva of each girl visible between her legs. Bill and Ben had taken up position, Bill to the left of Ellie and Ben to the right of Leah, who in turn was to the right of Ellie. Each man had picked up one of the twin-tailed straps.

"Ben will keep count," Jefferson stated. "You will remain in position for the five strokes. After that, you may rejoin your fellow slaves. If you remain in place, you will have the opportunity to rejoin your fellow slaves after each additional stroke. Am I clear?"

“Yes, Master,” came the voices of the two girls from behind the proffered bottoms.

Jefferson took a seat and made himself comfortable. The other men, apart from Bill and Ben, were already seated; Cara and Sophie had not been invited to sit and so remained kneeling at attention on the coffee table, backs arched, elbows back, boobs thrust out. Sophie could see Leah and Ellie steeling themselves for the first stroke.

Jefferson nodded to Ben. He and Bill simultaneously drew back the straps and sent them scything into the two bottoms.

Slapppp!

Both girls flinched slightly but made no sound. Sophie suppressed a gasp. Her own owner had occasionally taken a strap to her for his entertainment but, although he had been steadily increasing what she could or had to take, he had not hit her this hard.

“One,” announced Ben emotionlessly. Taking his time, he drew his strap back, Bill ensuring that he did so at exactly the same time, and both delivered the second stroke. There was another sound of leather hitting bare female flesh, another flinch from the two girls, but once again no sound from them.

“Two,” announced Ben.

They delivered the third stroke, and Ben counted it again. Once again there was no verbal response from either Leah or Ellie. However, broad red marks were now appearing on both of their bottoms.

The fourth stroke was administered. Did Sophie hear a slight gasp from one or other girl? She wasn't sure: it might have been just the sound of leather hitting vulnerable female flesh. The fifth stroke came and was announced. Sophie was pretty sure she didn't hear anything from either girl this time.

There was a longer pause as Ben gave both girls the opportunity to stand up and rejoin the others. Neither girl moved. Sophie was not surprised. She would have made a bet with anybody that both of them would take a voluntary extra stroke or two, to make a point. Leah, she thought, might go up to a total of ten, including the five already taken.

The two big men swung their straps again. Both girls twitched as the leather landed on their reddened skin, but did not move. Ben announced six, waited for either or both girls to stand up, and when they didn't, he and Bill applied the seventh stroke.

And then the eighth, and then the ninth, and then the tenth.

Both girls now gasped as each stroke landed, but neither moved, other than twitching or flinching. Both bare bottoms were now very, very red.

And on it went.

Sophie revised her expectation to fifteen, but the fifteenth stroke came and went and the girls remained in their bent over position. Occasionally, when the stroke landed, Ellie would half raise her head and shoulders, but she immediately bent over again. Leah flinched as each stroke hit and she gasped almost as much as Ellie did, but she remained in position.

They reached twenty. Still neither girl stood up. After giving them a long opportunity to do so, Ben and Bill put the straps aside and picked up the paddles.

Ellie had told Sophie that the strap hurts, but the paddle is much worse. “It just impacts so hard and across such a large area,” she had said. “And it just doesn't have any give in it. It can be twice as bad as the strap, when it's swung hard.”

Ben and Bill swung their paddles hard.

The sound of the wood hitting female flesh was different to the strap: it was duller, less sharp, more of a thud, a “thwupp” rather than a “thwapp”. But the paddle was undoubtedly effective. Both Leah and Ellie whimpered.

But neither broke position.

The paddle strokes continued. The two bottoms, bright red at the end of the strapping, were now turning a darker shade of red, even purple in places. Whereas the strap had covered all of their bottoms, the paddle only covered the more central area, but in that area it was clear that it was even more painful. By the time the count reached ten, Ellie was audibly sobbing, and Leah whimpering quite loudly. By fifteen, Leah too was sobbing, perhaps more quietly than Ellie but sobbing, nevertheless. Sophie was in awe of both girls. She glanced at Tom Jefferson, and was surprised to see him looking quite unhappy, but her main focus was the two naked bottoms thrust up for their punishment. She knew now that both girls would take all twenty with the paddle. What would happen next was anybody's guess.

They reached twenty. Both girls were sobbing loudly, but still neither moved. Bill and Ben both laid their paddles aside and looked to their employer for guidance.

"I think," Tom Jefferson said, slightly shakily, "that will be enough."

Adrian, who was close to Leah, took her by the arm and straightened her up.

And Leah shrugged him off, pulled her arm free of him and bent over the table once more.

Ellie had not moved.

"I said," Tom Jefferson said, "that is enough."

Neither girl moved. Tom Jefferson glared at the two proffered and battered posteriors for a long moment, and then nodded to Bill and Ben. Both picked up their canes.

Ellie squealed on the third stroke, and again on the fifth, and thereafter each time. Leah squealed on the eighth, and again each time after that. Occasionally Ellie's shoulders and head would rise up momentarily after a stroke, but each time she quickly resumed position. Leah never rose up, but Sophie could just see Leah's hand as she grasped the side of the table, and saw that she was gripping it with all her strength, the knuckles white. Deep red lines started to appear on the bottoms of both girls. Only once did Leah half rise up, when a vicious cut landed right on top of another one at the juncture of her bottom and thighs, a particularly sensitive place. Her squeal that time was very loud. But, like Ellie, she bent back over immediately.

Everybody knew now that both girls were going to take the maximum: twenty with the strap, twenty with the paddle and twenty with the cane, and all delivered with substantial force. Bill and Ben's faces were both set in poker style, but neither of them eased off.

The twentieth pair of cuts of the cane landed, Ben announced the number, and he and Bill both put their canes aside. The two girls remained bent over the table, sobbing. Their shapely bottoms were now covered with an undercoat of bright red, with an overcoat of dark red and purple bruising, and then overlaid with numerous angry red welts.

The room went very still, the silence only punctuated by the restrained, quiet sobbing of Leah and Ellie. Nobody seemed to want to break the silence. Eventually, Tom Jefferson got to his feet. He seemed to take time to compose himself before he spoke.

"Slaves Ellie and Leah, stand up and face the audience."

Both girls obeyed. It was clearly very painful for them just to move. Tears were streaming down Ellie's pretty face. There were fewer on Leah's equally pretty visage, but they were there, nevertheless. Both girls had red eyes from crying, and their lips quivered as they held back further tears. And yet, there was a tangible pride there as well. Both pulled their shoulders back, sticking their breasts out. It was the expected standing-at-attention pose, and yet they seemed to be doing it pointedly. They looked ahead, tear-filled eyes out of focus.

"Slaves Cara and Sophie!"

Both girls jumped at their names. Sophie arched her back just a little more, spread her legs just a little wider, pushed her exposed breasts out just that fraction more. She was in terror, and knew that Cara was the same.

Jefferson marshalled his thoughts, and then spoke in measured tones. He did not speak loudly, but everybody in the room was completely focused on him.

"You both did very well in your demonstrations tonight. You are though no doubt reflecting that what you put yourselves through, or what you were put through, is nothing compared to what Slaves Leah and Ellie have just endured. You would be correct. However, that does not alter the fact that you did what was required of you and did it well. You might now be thinking that what you have just seen these other two slaves put themselves through is the standard that will eventually be expected of you." It was true, it was exactly what Sophie was fearfully thinking. She was a brave girl, but what she had just seen was frightening, very frightening.

"You would be wrong," Tom Jefferson said, and his voice grew forceful. "The two thrashed slaves you see before you are not normal slaves. They are not even exceptional slaves. They are absolutely outstanding slaves in every sense: outstanding in their devotion, their obedience, their courage, their determination, their beauty and their incredible character. They are, in my opinion, the two most

outstanding slaves of their generation.” Ellie and Leah were staring at him, mouths open, the tears running down their cheeks and the red-hot fires in their bottoms consuming them and at the same time completely forgotten. “I know all of the slaves on New Island and none of them can compare to either of these two, and neither can any slave that I know of in Xanxta. I have, at times, received substantial offers for each of them. No sum on earth would persuade me to sell either of them. They are, in my experience, unique.” For the first time, he addressed Leah and Ellie directly. “You will both go with Bill and Ben into the kitchen, where they will apply cream to your welts. You will then return here to carry out the rest of your duties for the evening.”

“Yes, Master,” Leah and Ellie said together, and then Ellie stepped up to stand in front of him, knelt down, and softly kissed his foot. Leah, seeing her slave sister’s action, did the same for his other foot. Both girls raised their battered bottoms high into the air – an action surely painful in itself right now – and Sophie suppressed a gasp as she saw just how deep the welts were, and how purple and black the skin around them was from the paddle. There was not an inch of unbeaten flesh on either bottom. Both girls then got to their feet, turned, and followed the two big men from the room.

It would be cruel to expect them to have sex with their rears like that, and yet they were not being excused from it. Sophie wanted to offer to take two men to let one of Ellie and Leah off, or even three to let both of them off, and she knew that Cara would do the same in an instant, so one extra each to let both girls off, but she knew in a flash of understanding that it would be the worst thing in the world to even offer. Leah and Ellie would be completely insulted if they were let off their nocturnal duties tonight. And besides, Tom Jefferson would be having her, Sophie, for the whole night. He terrified her, and yet a little tiny part of her was actually keen to do this.

She was mad, in a room of mad people, she decided.

Chapter Eleven - Saturday evening continued

Written by Storm Robinson

Ellie shivered involuntarily as the clasp of the lead clicked around the ring in her collar. The man in front of her, Sir Storm, now had full rights to do as he wished. That always made Ellie slightly nervous. She'd been loaned out before, many times, but each Master was different and she didn't know what to expect. On the other side of the room her true Master was leading Sophie out the door without a second glance. Adrian had already gone with Cara; Leah was walking through the door right now. All the girls had felt their fair share of the hand and the paddle but she and Leah had gotten the worst of it by far, just to show that they could. Master's hand touched her inflamed cheeks and she let out a gasp. That was all right though, she'd wanted it.

She had little clue what this man wanted, what he'd do. Master trusted him enough to leave her in his care though. It was enough. Though not tall, he towered over her petite frame, naked as she was but not a slave. A Master. His short dirty blonde ponytail reached to his shoulders. His scruffy red beard, set below his glasses, moved as he smiled.

"Slave Ellie. I've been waiting all week to enjoy your company." His smile was genuine and slightly alleviated her nervousness. "Your Master has told me great things about you, particularly how you react. You're going to spend the night in my care. Do you want that?"

Ellie chose her words carefully. As a slave she had to answer honestly, but didn't want to bring punishment on herself. "If you wish to have me and my Master has agreed then I am yours for whatever you wish."

He nodded with another smile, the lead in his hand.

"Follow me."

Ellie followed before the short leather lead went taut. Master wanted this man to enjoy her for the night and she would not let him down. They went to one of the guest rooms of the mansion and he opened the door.

"Enter."

Ellie could feel his eyes on her body, especially on her reddened, welted and already excruciatingly sore butt, that his hand had helped redden. Her big eyes, however, widened further as they scanned the room. She'd been banned from this room for the last few days as workmen brought in and took out furniture and items. Gone were the comfortable couches and chairs. There was still the four poster bed made of mahogany, the desk, and the full length mirror, but now there was a new addition. A large, heavy rack lay in the center of the room. And candles, so many candles. Many were lit, providing light and a faint rosewood scent to encompass the area, but over a dozen of various colors sat idle on the desk next to several strips of roughshod cloth. Cara had told her about this, but only a bit.

She felt the weight of his hand on her shoulder, his thumb firmly massaging the knot in her neck. Master Storm's other hand trailed through her black ponytail until it reached the hair tie, lightly pulling at it.

"Come now. You sucked my cum down your throat twenty minutes ago. Are you shy now?" He said playfully.

Ellie forced up her courage. "No Master." She took a half step forward before his hand tightened in her hair, stopping her in her tracks.

"You will refer to me as 'Sir'. Nothing more, nothing less." His voice behind Ellie was firm and left no room for argument.

"Yes Sir."

His hand left her shoulder, a finger trailing down her back and to Ellie's bubble butt. His finger stung as it went over the cane marks Bill left and she winced. He was gentle though as his finger reached the bottom of the curve and cupped her left cheek.

"You are a slave, yes?" He whispered in Ellie's ear.

"Yes Mas... Sir." She quickly corrected herself.

"You have no choice, correct?" He whispered again, gently squeezing her inflamed ass.

Ellie stood slightly arched, the hand on her hair bind and the other on her ass slightly pulling her that way.

"Yes Sir."

His lips brushed her ear. Despite everything Ellie's nipples hardened more and she moaned. His firm voice spoke again.

"I am allowing you a choice. More spankings on your butt, or something different." He gave a slight squeeze, making the short girl gasp in pain. Quickly she blurted out, "Something different, Sir."

Sir Storm released his grip on her hair and her ass, giving a lick up her ear. A shiver went up her body.

"Lay down on your back on the rack. Attach the cuffs to your ankles, then wrists."

Ellie walked into the room and laid down on the coarse wood. It caused a fresh pain in her sore rear. She looked at him as she put on the ankle cuffs then laid on her back to affix the wrist restraints. He walked to the wheel.

"Tell me when it's tight. Honestly tight."

The man spun the wheel. She heard the clicks of the ratchet. It slowly pulled her limbs wide apart then began to stretch them. Ellie gave a slight gasp. He stopped.

"I can do more, Sir." She meekly spoke, even as her limbs were pulled taut. She looked at him with pleading eyes as the slight pain set in.

"I think not. More is not always better."

The man released a band, relaxing her body the slightest bit. His voice rang out in the still night air.

"I'm going to ask you some questions. You will respond honestly, right Slave Ellie?"

Ellie was required to always answer honestly, and he knew that. "Yes Sir."

He smiled at her again through his beard. His right index finger languidly moved to her left nipple, running around the areola in circles.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" His voice was casual, as if he was asking what she wanted for dinner. The circles went wider and wider, covering her small breast. Ellie thought for a moment even as the gentle motions made her nipple harder.

"Slave Cara has mentioned it a bit. Not too much, just a bit." She didn't want her friend to be punished for loose lips.

His finger trailed down to her ribcage, running over her soft torso. Sir Storm looked at her through his glasses. "Are you afraid?"

Ellie instinctively nodded, the only limb she could move. He laughed. Not a cruel laugh, more like general amusement. Carefree.

"Not an hour ago my cock was in your mouth as you sucked me dry." His American accent sounded odd but comforting. "My hand has helped turn your ass purple. And that was before the cane. You're afraid of a little old wax?"

Ellie gulped and looked up at the wooden ceiling. "I... I just don't know it, Sir..." She was scared to look at him while admitting her fears. "Will it burn? Will it scar? How does it feel?" She was surprised at her own honesty. Sir Storm's presence made her feel at ease, like he wouldn't be offended by what she said. His fingers trailed down to her belly, then lower to run up the line where Ellie's leg connected to her hip. She shuddered at the pleasurable feeling, the softness of the sensation. It was making her start to tingle. He spoke again.

"Have you seen any scars on my slave? Do you think your Master would let me permanently injure you? Or that I'd want to?"

She gasped again as his finger ran over her inner thigh. "No, Sir. To all questions." Now Ellie looked at the ceiling because her body was starting to become desperate for release. She felt the ruthless painful sensation of her extremely abused bottom as she wiggled but even that was adding to the feeling.

"It will burn a bit. Then it will feel cool." His finger trailed over her pubic mound, running through the little tuft of her lower hair. Ellie's elfin body shuddered, her limbs writhing as best they could on the wooden rack. "Do you like my finger on your body?"

She wasn't used to so much conversation usually when sex was about to happen. It was hard to focus her thoughts, even harder when he ran a calloused finger over her lower lips. Up one side and down the other. "It... it pleases this... ah... this slave if you... oooh... you are pleased... Sir..."

"Do you like your sheets at home?" His voice took on a firm edge.

Ellie was confused for a moment trying to connect the words. "...yes?... Sir?"

His finger touched her clit. It stopped its stroking, remaining still. She knew just the smallest rub would send her over the edge. Sir Storm must've known it too. He refused. Ellie writhed on the rack but could not get what she needed to send her over the edge. After several minutes his hand moved away as he laughed. She plunged into a desperate need, wiggling and squirming. She was almost there! Ellie felt the buildup slowly receding. It didn't go away. It sat waiting below the surface. After another few minutes she realized she was pouting and looked up at the man, ashamed.

Sir Storm was holding up a strip of cloth, smiling. He laid the broken cloth over her body in strips. First over her hips to cover her desperate sex, then her legs, then chest - which teased her erect nipples - and finally her belly. Sir Storm held the last cloth up to her nose.

"You are under a sheet now. Your body is hidden. Do you smell this cloth?"

Ellie felt the weight of the fabric on her bare body. She was no longer used to the feeling of being covered. It was uncomfortable. She sniffed the cloth. It smelled of sweat and sex. Sir Storm put his thumb on her chin and pushed it open, putting the cloth in her mouth as a gag.

"I did this last week to your friend Cara. Afterwards I used this rag to soak up her juices. You're tasting my slave right now. Do not let it out of your mouth."

Ellie could taste it. She nodded, eyes wide and unblinking in fear. It only intensified when he lit a white candle.

"I'm going to decorate your body now." His firm voice spoke as he looked her in the eyes through his glasses. "It will hurt a bit, but like my finger it will feel good. I'm a benevolent master though, I'll give you a choice. Your last one. Would you rather I spanked you instead?" He held up the white candle. Ellie could see the melted wax welling up inside it. She knew he wanted it. Furthermore, she wanted to try as well. She was curious, and the warmth in her groin needed to please him.

Ellie shook her head slightly and gulped, swallowing some spit mixed with Cara's moistness. That in itself was new. Comforting and terrifying at the same time. He slowly pulled the rough muslin from her waist, exposing her skin from ribcage to belly. Sir brought the candle over her flesh about six inches high and began to tip it. He paused and looked at her again, his other hand stroking Ellie's worried face as she looked at the wax.

"You know, the fun part is not knowing exactly where it'll hit." He smiled at her. It was full of lust but also kindness. His handsome face ran a finger down her cheek. "Let yourself enjoy the pain. Watch."

Ellie's nodded and turned her head back to the candle. He moved it between her belly button and her pubic hair, tilting it a bit more. Ellie watched a single drop start to fall with both terror and need.

It hit right at the bottom crest of her belly, slightly below and to the left of her belly button. Ellie gasped at the hot sensation, her head moving back and her hands and feet spasming. Her sore bottom bounced against the table bringing a fresh wave of pain. It felt different than a whip, and not sharp but languid. Like Sir. It was hot and fluid, joining her flesh. The heat lasted only a few seconds and then cooled and solidified to become one with her body.

Ellie breathed hard for a moment, gasping through the juice encrusted gag, then looked at the dried wax. It looked bumpy on her body. Looking up at Sir Storm she saw his face held a slight smirk through his red beard and a single eyebrow arched.

"See?" his baritone American voice intoned, "That wasn't so bad, was it?" Without waiting for a response he tipped the candle over again.

Drop after drop fell on her exposed belly and torso. It hit a rib and she yelped, the crest of her belly and she moaned. For minutes he trickled it over her waist, letting the hot wax drip down her sides to cool and solidify. For her part, Ellie couldn't concentrate on the current drop as the next would burn into her skin randomly. Sometimes her body arched, her limbs squirming as best they could. Sometimes she bent her back, stretching her bound joints as her neck craned to see where they'd fall. The hot wax hit different areas of her stomach, each little sensation eliciting a response as it cooled on her flesh. Finally, after many minutes the candle burned low. Sir Storm paused his assault on her body and set the candle on the desk. Ellie was panting, her eyes wide, her hands clenching and releasing. The gag was still in her mouth. Despite the ordeal she'd made sure it stayed put. Cara's fluid mixed over her tastebuds, as if she was licking straight from the source. She never been paired with a woman despite several Mistresses in Xanxta asking but she'd smelled female wetness before many times, usually Leah. The taste was sweet and full. Ellie realized in this half moment how good it tasted, understood why some Masters would go

down on her for hours. She thought about how Cara would taste in the moment. After a minute she caught her breath and looked up at the ponytailed man.

"Was that so bad?"

Ellie stared at him and thought. It hadn't been terrible. In fact, the feelings in her crotch told her it was almost enjoyable. Slowly she shook her head no, almost ashamed at her contrary feelings. He smiled, that smile that consumed his face. She knew why Cara was falling for him now.

He lit a black candle.

"Let's move on then, shall we?"

His hand grabbed the cloth covering her legs. Slowly he pulled it away as a mixture of terror and anticipation filled Ellie. Then the black candle went to work.

This one melted quicker. Instead of drops, this one gave streams of hot wax. It hit her inner right thigh and trailed down as Sir methodically went lower and lower. Within five minutes, no matter how much Ellie squirmed, he'd encased her entire leg in now dried wax to her foot. Then he went to work on her left leg. He started from the bottom and worked his way up. Ellie's pussy was on fire, wanting - NEEDING - more as it reached higher. She truly wanted to feel the wax on her pussy. As the stream of hot wax hit her inner thigh she swallowed hard. This had something else in the taste. Not only Cara's sweetness but also Sir Storm's saltiness. His dried cum. Ellie was taken aback for a half second, then relished the taste as the wax poured down, gulping greedily, enjoying the flavor. Her thigh twitched in delight to the warming-cooling sensation dripping down it.

The candle wasn't done yet but he grabbed the hempen fabric covering her chest. He pulled slowly, rubbing the rough cloth over her very sensitive nipples, letting her feel it as she wiggled with no release, grinding her reddened rear on the rack. When it was off he brought the candle to the top of her shoulder.

"This might sting a bit, but you'll enjoy it."

Slowly, methodically, he trailed a line from her collarbone down to the top of Ellie's breast. Then, against her expectations, he made a full line around it. When Sir Storm got to the underside his other hand pinched her nipple hard, manoeuvring her tit up to encircle it. Ellie's pussy sang, the heat matching the wax, her moans becoming constant and her hips rocking back and forth. When it was fully surrounded he repeated it on the right side exactly. Midway through Ellie caught his eye. He was smiling even as her large brown eyes pleaded for more. Her mouth, filled with the gag and the taste of him and Cara, mumbled incoherent words of need. He merely finished the outline and trailed the wax to her right collar. Sir Storm set the candle on her chest as she panted. His hands cupped her breasts and gave them a slight squeeze. The different sensation of his rough hands made her groan with desperate pleasure.

He picked up the black candle and hovered it over her nipple. Slowly, tortuously slowly, Ellie watched as he began to tip it. She realized she was holding her breath. Sir Storm let a single drop fall on her sensitive flesh. She gave a little scream at the intense heat as her entire body bucked. Her abused bottom felt the slamming onto the bare sheets that Ellie disregarded. He let another drop fall to the same result, then another and another. Eventually the entirety of her nipple and areola was covered in hardened wax. Then the candle went to her other breast. The first drip that hit her tender nub was both better and worse for Ellie as she knew what to expect. Drop after drop rained down agonizingly slowly as her body shivered and strained against her bonds. The heat between her legs matched the burn of the wax.

When both nipples were covered he turned back to the desk. A flame shot up as he lit the red candle. It was thick and wide. Ellie knew it could hold a lot of wax. He brought the black candle under her nose.

"Blow it out and make a wish."

The hard tone in his voice gave no choice. Ellie took in as much air as possible and gave a hard snort, extinguishing the flame. In the back of her head she heard a wish.

'I need to cum.'

Sir Storm took the red candle, with a full caldera of melted liquid, and upended it over her right tit. The wax hit like a truck, drenching the rest of her breast. It covered the full flesh as Ellie screamed in pain and desire through the gag. He placed the candle next to her head. She watched as the wax built up a large amount again. It filled with melted wax as she cooked with both terror and desire. When he picked it up she already knew what was to come.

In slow motion she watched as Sir Storm poured it over her left breast. Ellie's hips bucked at the pain over and over, slamming her abused, welt-covered butt against the table, as the wax pooled over her tit

only to stop at the black wax ring and harden into a shell. Her breath was ragged and she looked up at the ceiling. The wood there was almost a part of her. Sir got onto the table between her stretched legs. She could feel his erection against her lower lips. They were screaming for him.

He let her sit for a moment, catching her breath. Ellie's previous almost orgasm was boiling at the top. Her ass stung against the wood, her limbs were stretched taut, her breathing ragged, and her black hair drenched in sweat. None of that mattered. Ellie felt Sir's dick at her entrance and her fingers clawed at the air in hope of release. She looked at him as he lit five candles of various colors.

"Now you only get to feel."

His calloused hand went to her mouth, pulling out the gag. Ellie licked at it as it passed her lips, swallowed again, tasting him and Cara as her hips bucked. He stretched out the cloth and wrapped it around her wide eyes, blinding her. She could only sense touch. She felt it fully as he pulled the hempen cloth covering her pussy. Her hips shook. Then again as she felt the tip of his cock against her sex, pushing in and sliding fully inside her sopping crotch. She accepted him, craving him, needing just a bit more. Sir Storm thrust once, then again. Ellie could only feel the sensations, blind and in need, unable to control anything, as the man slid in and out of her desperate cunt for several minutes. Her hips moved over and over. Her agonized ass screamed at her as it rolled on the wood. Her stretched joints yelled at her even as they tried to wrap around him. She was so close... so close...

A whisper came in her ear.

"Cum for me. I'm going to cum in you. Keep it all inside."

That pushed Ellie over the edge. She screamed as the orgasm ripped through her small frame. She felt him throbbing inside her and clenched hard, not wanting to spill a drop. All of a sudden Sir Storm pulled out and a hot cascade of wax poured over her clit and lips to harden after burning her pussy. It locked her shut better than a chastity belt. Somewhere in the back of her mind she realized that she didn't know what color it was. Her hips bucked wildly in both pain and pleasure. It took five minutes for Ellie to calm down, the orgasm racking her slender frame, the aftershocks coursing through her body. She heard a click and the chains on her limbs loosened. She lay there as she felt the cuffs come off. Then, in a shock of brilliant light the blindfold was removed.

Sir Storm let her recalibrate for a few minutes. Ellie was no longer tied down, but she might as well have been for the amount she could move. She felt herself panting, felt the wax on her petite frame, felt his seed inside her sealed pussy. Every inch of her body that wasn't covered in wax was covered in sweat instead. Her round, abused butt throbbed against the cool wood. In spite of all this, Ellie smiled.

"When you are ready," Sir Storm's voice sounded to the side of her, "stand up and come look in the mirror." Ellie lifted herself from the table and wandered over on still quivering legs. He stood behind her, his hand on her ass, and whispered in the short girl's ear.

"I've given you clothes. Do you like your new lingerie?"

Ellie gazed at herself covered in wax. It DID look like lingerie. The white torso leading up to the black and red cups on her breasts gave the appearance of a fitted lace corset, the black wax on her legs resembled stockings, and in her crotch she now saw bright red panties. It was masterfully done and she liked it. Sir Storm pulled out a camera.

"I'm sure your Master doesn't want to be interrupted in his time with Sophie. I'm sure he'd like a picture or two though. Strike a pose."

Ellie did. Several, as he took many pictures. When he decided he had enough he put the camera down. Then picked up the rag he'd used to gag her. She realized he was still erect.

"Now, I'm going to undress you again." There was a mischievous smile on his face. "There is still a lot of night left and I'd be remiss if I didn't enjoy your company at least twice more. On the bed, I think. And..." He held up the muslin cloth, "next time Cara will know what you taste like. She will also be ordered to discuss the flavor with you and report back to me. Now tell me, did you like the wax?"

Ellie immediately thought about when she'd told Leah that wax didn't sound too bad, and smiled.

"Very much, Sir." She replied quite honestly. He smiled as well, peeling the wax from over her pussy and catching Ellie's juices on the rag. Then he slowly peeled the solid wax from her chest. It felt freeing and clean. Ellie gasped as it pulled off of her nipples.

"Touch your tits." It was an order, but one she already wanted to do. Her breasts were soft, very soft. Smooth and cleansed. They felt brand new. She liked the sensation. Ellie knew her Master would love it too and she couldn't wait for him to touch her. Would this be the same over the rest of her body?

"Now for the rest." His baritone softly spoke, "Then I'm going to lie down and you will ride me. No more words for now, only moans."

Moan she did as his nimble fingers went to work. When Sir finished, his rough hands peeling every bit of wax from her body and taking extra care to remove the flecks from her small tuft of pubic hair, her body brimmed with desire again. He led her to the bed and laid down. His cock stood erect and she straddled him. She paused as her lower lips touched his tip though. Ellie couldn't help herself, even as well trained as she was. "Please Sir, can this slave ask for a favor?"

He looked at her questioningly, his hands clenching her hips, and nodded.

"May... may I taste myself? I never have before and it will help in my conversation with Cara."

Sir Storm smiled again and picked up the rag. Ellie willingly opened her mouth wide as he bundled it inside. She tasted sweet on her tongue, slightly like rosewater and perfect sex. She looked at him and clamped her lips shut, manoeuvring his dick to her entrance. Then with a smile, and the knowledge that it wouldn't be the last time tonight, she plunged herself down.

Chapter Twelve - Saturday evening, Sunday morning

Kelvin Hope lay back, idly contemplating the ceiling, though with one eye on the gorgeous, naked girl beside him. Leah was lying on her front, an allowed concession to her welted bottom. Her bottom cheeks and the surrounding flesh were covered in purple and blue bruising, with a series of angry red welts lying across them. They could not be anything other than extremely painful, although she had disregarded them during their lovemaking, other than the occasional wince. He had chivalrously allowed her to go on top.

He reached out and touched her battered derriere. Leah flinched, but did not pull away or protest. Not for the first time, he was impressed with how well she had been trained.

"Sore?" he asked.

"Yes master, very."

"Regretting volunteering for the extra strokes?"

Leah bristled. "No, master, of course not!"

"Why? Why put yourself through all that pain when your owner had made it crystal clear that you didn't have to?"

"Because we love him. Because we worship him. And we will never, either of us, miss an opportunity to demonstrate to him and everybody else just how much we love and honour him."

"He told you to stop after the paddle strokes; ordered you to. And you didn't. That's almost insane."

"At that moment," Leah said ruefully, "both of us were pretty insane with agony."

Kelvin's fingers very gently touched the raised, hardened edges of one of Leah's welts. Even though he was very gentle, she still flinched again. But also again, she did not protest or move her bottom out of reach. "He seemed almost annoyed with you both for doing it." He observed.

Leah smiled. "He does react that way occasionally, when we go right over the top."

"Why?"

Leah hesitated. Kelvin realised that he was asking her to comment on her master's behaviour, which she saw as being not her place, but at the same time he had asked her a question, so a full and honest reply was required. A slave was not permitted to do anything else. He touched the welt again, sending a little signal. Again she flinched, and got the message.

"He gets almost embarrassed when we really go to extremes for him. I think he doesn't quite know how to react. It would be out of place for him to go lovey-dovey when we're taking really tough treatment. And, I think he's right. When we're in that moment, brutality is actually what we need, what we want even. Of course, the compliment he paid us was wonderful, made us go weak at the knees, almost made us orgasm on the spot, both of us, but he has to stay masterful." She smiled, a wonderful, peaceful, happy smile. "He'll go lovey-dovey sometime later. A delayed reward for both of us."

"And will that make it all worth while?"

Leah smiled again. "No, master. It was all worth while the moment we had finished taking the punishment. The compliment afterwards was a bonus, a really powerful one. The lovey-dovey bit, whenever it comes, will be a double bonus."

Tom Jefferson, at that moment, was fully occupied with Sophie's excellent young body. He had, therefore, arranged to have this conversation recorded, and listened to it with interest later. Naturally he had let Kelvin know, and equally naturally Leah had no idea the hidden microphone was in her collar. It was the one thing he had never told Adrian, though he squared that with himself by never listening in on their love chats. He knew that his heart soared when his girls really took it on the chin for him, and yet he always reacted strictly in the moment. Leah's comment, when he heard it later, made him understand himself. He also wanted to be sure that he was not setting the bar too high for them, and this reassured him. He had never expected them to go right to the maximum tonight, or anywhere near it: he thought Ellie would only be able to take so much, and Leah, despite her higher pain tolerance, would stop when Ellie stopped to avoid outshining her slave sister. His mistake: not for the first time, he had underestimated Ellie's determination, and that thrashing was no joke even for a girl as tough and brave as Leah. If a similar scenario came in the future, he would set a much lower maximum. He would listen to Ellie's conversation with Storm later – again, Storm had agreed, and Tom also relied on Storm to ask the right

questions. Tom felt a little less able to rely on Kelvin, and hadn't prepped him, but it had worked out well enough.

"Do you think you might get some sort of reward?" Kelvin was asking.

"We don't want any reward, master," Leah answered promptly. "All we want is to serve our Master. In any case, he's already very generous with us." She gestured around her well-appointed, spacious room. There were lots of nice things there, including a big plasma screen TV and high quality music centre, and Kelvin knew that the view from the large window, in the daytime when the curtains were drawn back, was a spectacular one of the ocean, fit for a millionaire, and yet the room of a slave. "Some slaves we know live in hard bunks in cold cells. Master is very kind to us."

"So there's nothing that you want at all?"

"Only our Master's love and approval, and to please him."

"Not even your freedom?"

Leah shook her head. "At one time, just after I was enslaved, that was what I wanted above all else. Ellie, too. But that was a long time ago. We're slaves now, and that's what we want to be. We belong to our Master. In fact, if he told us he was going to free us, we would both beg him not to."

"No other ambitions?"

Leah pondered. "I'd like to run a marathon, maybe. A few things like that. But I don't think it would be practical."

"What if your owner made you run a marathon naked?"

Leah almost giggled. "Oh God, that would be so embarrassing!"

"Why? You're naked all the time."

"Yes, but being naked in front of people who don't know you're a slave, don't know why you're naked, would be difficult. Besides, I'm never completely comfortable naked in public, and neither is Ellie. Neither of us ever completely lost our shyness. Some girls do, but we haven't."

"So would you do it? Run a marathon naked, if your owner asked? Say if it was something like tonight, something you were allowed to have the choice to do or not do?"

"Of course I would," Leah said firmly, almost indignantly. "I'd like to think that I proved tonight that I will do anything my Master asks me to do, even if he doesn't order it."

"You did indeed," Kelvin said, thinking back to the incredible scene he had witnessed earlier.

Leah sensed something. "Is master getting horny again?" she asked coquettishly. Her hand reached down and did indeed find that his cock was starting to stiffen. "Would master like me to serve him again?"

"Yes, why not?" he said, almost lazily.

"Does master fuck his own slave this much?"

Kelvin's frown could be heard as he replied slightly frostily, "that's my business."

"Of course, master," Leah said hastily. She moved sensuously on top of him. "I just wanted to observe that Slave Sophie is a lucky girl," she said seductively.

Listening to the recording later, Tom Jefferson noted Kelvin's avoidance of the subject with slight concern. He was pleased that Leah had asked the question, even if Kelvin had been slightly nettled by it. He knew that Leah had her own concerns that Sophie wasn't being enslaved as she had herself been, and he too had been exploring those issues. The girl was far too good a slave prospect for him not to.

But this was later. At that time, Tom was lying in bed, staring thoughtfully up at the ceiling. Beside him, the lovely, naked teenager Sophie was also staring up at the ceiling, lost in her own thoughts. The sheets were down around their waists, so that her firm, not too large breasts were completely exposed. She seemed not to notice, even though there was a large mirror in the ceiling which allowed him to admire her loveliness.

He turned to her and his hand gently cupped and stroked her breast. Now she did seem to become aware of her nudity, but she did not pull away, although she stiffened just slightly. Was she resisting pulling away out of fear, he wondered? Both she and Cara had been visibly frightened by watching Leah and Ellie's beating.

"You will tell me what you are thinking," he ordered her, gently but firmly. "Hold nothing back, not even the deepest thoughts. Slaves are not permitted privacy, even of their own minds."

"Yes, Master," Sophie said dutifully. "It was lots of things, really: a jumble of thoughts. I was trying to sort it all out, make sense of it. I'm not even sure where to start."

"Start with tonight," he suggested.

"Yes, Master." She hesitated, trying to get her thoughts in order, then spoke softly. "I don't think I had ever had an orgasm before I came to New Island. I mean, it's public knowledge that I was a virgin, but I'd never even had a boyfriend. I was too busy with my sports and my schoolwork, but I also think I was scared of being rejected. I'd had the occasional sort of nice dream" – he saw her blush in the dim early morning light – "nothing specific or pornographic, and I didn't even really recognise it for what it was, well I suppose I did deep down but not consciously. Anyway. So I came here and I had to stand up on stage and strip off in front of a hundred men and be sold in the nude. That was ... quite an ordeal. I know Cara was scared silly as much because she didn't think anybody would bid for her as anything else. I think I was the same, even though I know I've got a decent figure."

"That's something of an understatement," he said mildly.

She took a moment before she replied. "Thank you for the compliment, master," she said. "It's a bit daunting, though, when I think about it and realise that you've seen me nude and can make that assessment, and so have loads of other men. It makes me feel very vulnerable." He felt her shiver a little, but she ploughed on. "Anyway, so I was sold, and my new owner ... took my virginity. And then he had me again and again, and I found out what orgasms are actually like. But tonight was off the scale. That demonstration that he made me do ... and then you. That was so intense." Tom smothered a smug expression: she had come several times under his skilful ministrations, very powerfully each time. And noisily too. He was glad that the house was very solid, with thick walls, and also that his bedroom did not adjoin any of the others. With luck, nobody else had heard, not that it really mattered. Everybody knew who was screwing who tonight.

"So, you actually enjoyed tonight?" he probed.

"I wouldn't say that, master," Sophie replied immediately. "Some of the things we were made to do were pretty bad. Of course, the punishment that Leah and Ellie took put it all in perspective ..."

"Let's come back to that in a minute," he said firmly. "So did you enjoy the orgasms or not?"

"Well, yes, but ..."

"But?"

Sophie took a moment to put it into words. "It was like ... when I had an orgasm, or rather when I was made to have an orgasm, it was like surrendering. I was helpless. I was ... they were slave orgasms, every one of them."

"Does that bother you? You are a slave, after all."

"For the next however many months there are left."

"Free women do have orgasms," he pointed out.

"I ... wouldn't know, as I said."

"Well, they do. But maybe slave orgasms are more intense. It's the loss of control, as you said."

Sophie said nothing. Tom decided that he had planted enough of a seed there, and moved on. "So let's go on to the beating that my girls took. Did you find that frightening?"

"Yes," Sophie admitted.

"Does your owner spank and beat you?"

"Yes, he does. He's gradually increasing the level, so I'm ... learning to take more. I don't know if 'learning' is the right word, though."

"He's gradually increasing your limits," Tom suggested.

"Yes," Sophie said reflectively. "That's a better way to put it."

"I suppose you would rather he didn't."

Sophie pondered. "I don't know, actually. I mean ... I know it's part and parcel of what I have to endure here. Maybe it's a good thing that I'm being toughened up. I don't know."

Tom ventured a guess, but he was fairly sure he was on safe ground, and anyway, this was an important piece of information that he needed. "Is it a bit of a challenge, in some ways? I know you were

a competitive sports player before coming here. Is the challenge of holding yourself in position for a hand spanking the same as the challenge of keeping running when you are really tired and every muscle is aching?"

"I hadn't thought of it like that," Sophie said pensively. "But yes, maybe, in some ways. But it doesn't quite feel the same. I can't put it into words."

I can, Tom thought, and so could you, but you don't realise it yet. Punishment is turning you on, in a way that the sports effort does not. You're not a heavy pain slut, but the surrender is doing things to you, or for you. He didn't say anything, because Sophie needed to discover that herself, in her own way, in her own time. If he presented the theory to her, she could deny it to herself and then it would be longer before she came to see and accept it. Besides, he had the information he needed. So, there was just one more area he needed to explore now.

"You said that some of the things you were made to do tonight were, I think your words were, 'pretty bad'. Explain."

"Some of the sexual things ... to have to do that in front of people ..." Sophie said, and he was lying close enough to her to feel her shudder.

"But you are a sex slave," he pointed out.

"Not by choice," she replied.

"You came to New Island of your own free will, knowing what was in store."

"I came because my family desperately needed money and it was only by selling both of us for a year that we could raise it. I certainly didn't want any of this, but it was either this for me or my brothers getting knee-capped. Now I'm just counting down the days until I can go home."

Tom smiled to himself. Let her think that for now. Time to bring the conversation to an end, he felt; he was sufficiently rested now and had extracted all the information he wanted, plus put some key thoughts into her mind. The only thing was, he had so successfully lulled her into a relaxed, open state that she had repeatedly forgotten to call him 'master'. Whilst that might be a tribute to his skill in handling and manipulating her, it could not be tolerated: the girl had to learn. A hand spanking, not too prolonged but sharp and stinging, should do the trick. If he played it right, she would understand that it was a necessary part of her learning programme.

But time for that later. He reached out to stroke her bare thigh. She stiffened, but did not pull away. That was her training, probably, though his ego liked to think it wasn't entirely that. He rolled over to come closer to her, and his hands pulled her young body to him.

The next evening, Adrian and Leah lay in bed together. They had just made gentle love together, gentle because Leah's bottom was still quite painful and Adrian was being very considerate. Now she lay face down, the bed sheet pulled back. Adrian had, as gently as he could, rubbed some more soothing cream into her bottom and she now lay with an ice pack on top of that which would both numb her bum and bring out any residual bruising. She was getting that treatment quite a few times each day, and would be for the next few days until the worst had passed. Overnight last night, purple and deep blue blotches had emerged on her bottom as the bruising emerged. That was the paddle, mainly. The weals from the cane overlaid that. It was very painful still, but she had absolutely no regrets. Nor, she knew, did Ellie. Ellie was on duty with their owner tonight, although Leah was sure their Master would be kind to her, though still demanding. She would want nothing else, neither of them would.

Adrian had performed with her, but she could tell that he was somewhat drained from last night. She idly reached down and very softly stroked his cock and balls. His cock remained flaccid, but that was fine, her intention was not to try to get him up again. She was herself fairly tired, and the unhurried, relaxed coupling they had both just enjoyed was sufficient for both of them.

She was under firm instructions from Ellie, however, to get some information.

"So come on, lover, spill the beans about last night," she said softly.

"I can't do that," he replied teasingly. "A gentleman never kisses and tells."

"You're not a gentleman, you're a master. And Cara's a slave, so it doesn't count," Leah countered.

"Even so," he said evasively.

Leah's grip on his cock and balls intensified ever so slightly. "I wonder," she mused aloud, "If I took a tight enough grip and twisted really hard, whether I could actually detach these from you?"

"But what would I entertain you with then?" he asked.

"Stories of your past conquests," she replied. "Cara, for instance."

He sighed. "Do you ever take no for an answer?" he asked lightly.

"I'm a slave," she countered. "I have to accept whatever answer a free man gives me." Her little finger did something which made him shiver with pleasure, flaccid or not. "Especially if they give me the right answer," she added softly.

"You're a temptress, not a slave," he said lightly.

"Yes, master," Leah said in a voice which would have made him shiver even without what her hand was doing. She rarely called him master when they were alone together, but she did occasionally. He had to admit that the word, coming from her lips, was enough to stir any man.

"So, Cara," she prompted silkily.

He bowed to the inevitable, but he was not going to let have it all her own way. "She made a nice change," he teased her.

"Did you have her again and again until she could barely walk?" Leah persisted, though her tone was light.

"You saw her the following morning," he countered. "How did she look?"

Leah considered this. "Pretty worn out," she admitted. "Though I think all of us girls were the same."

"How was she walking?" he asked, again teasing her. Just to make his point, he ran his dick up and down her thigh.

"You want me to say she was walking bow-legged. All right, she was a bit." Her fingers reached down to and stroked the proffered dick.

"So you have your answer," he told her smugly. "It's not my place to say if she enjoyed it. Although," he added, again teasing her with smugness, "she did have quite a few orgasms."

"She might have been faking them," Leah teased back. His cock was still rubbing her smooth thigh and her fingers were gently working it in response. It was consequently no longer flaccid.

"Isn't that a thrashing offence?" he asked, and then wondered if he had gone too far.

"Only if you get found out," Leah said sweetly, deliberately making implications, though he was sure she was just winding him up.

"I thought a true slave obeys because she should, and doesn't try to cheat."

"Cara's not a true slave, not yet anyway," Leah countered.

"But you are," he pointed out.

Leah snuggled up closer. "I never have to fake orgasms," she purred.

He hugged her close. "So, just hypothetically speaking," he said cautiously, "If I said that I'd had a really good time with her, you wouldn't be jealous?"

"No," she said emphatically. "I would be pleased. I want you to have a good time with other girls." She added impishly, "you need the practice so that you can do a better job on me. Of course" - now her voice became coquettish - "I might be a bit less pleased if you said you enjoyed her as much as you enjoy me."

"No chance of that," he said, with such decisiveness that Leah's heart skipped a beat. Her slim fingers carried on their work, and there was no more talking.

Chapter Thirteen - New Island, Monday morning

Dawn comes early on New Island, but even so it was not long after dawn. Sophie was jogging along the road towards Tom Jefferson's house – a place she now had very vivid and in parts awful memories of from just two and a half days ago – to join up with Cara, Leah and Ellie for their early morning run.

She was, as usual, completely naked apart from trainers and ankle socks. In a way, though, she was more naked than usual, because her owner had removed the little red disc from her collar. That disc warned any other man on the island off doing more than a quick grope. Now it had been removed and she was feeling even more vulnerable than before. He had not explained why, and she did not dare ask. She was however determined to get her run over as early as possible and get back home before people started being about. Right now, there was thankfully nobody to be seen.

The sun was barely over the horizon and it was still quite cool, if pleasantly so. Sophie felt the breeze on her bare teenage body, on her exposed young breasts, her hips and between her legs. An accomplished runner, she was running smoothly, her breathing easy, her body warming up with the exertion but not overheating. Only on the last part of the run, when she and Leah had parted from the others, would they really step up and challenge their bodies, and each other. Leah was a good runner and physically considerably stronger than Sophie, but Sophie was the better runner. However, they were close enough that each could drive the other on, and in running there was just a little competitive edge between them. That edge did not, however, affect what was becoming a strong friendship. Sophie saw herself very much as the junior of the two, though: not only was Leah two years older, but that two years had been spent in slavery and that gave her bags of experience to help Sophie through her continuing ordeal.

She arrived outside the house to find the other three girls waiting. All three were as naked as she was, just trainers and ankle socks. Leah and Ellie were just finishing off pre-run stretching routines; Cara, having run from her owner's home (Sophie marvelled at times at how bizarre words like 'owner' and 'master' had just become commonplace and accepted by her), had done her warm-up and stretches before starting out.

Not having seen Leah and Ellie since fleetingly on Sunday morning before she and her owner (there it was again, that word) and left Tom Jefferson's hospitality – which had been very much double-edged for Sophie – to return to their own home, Sophie was taken aback to see that both girls' bottoms were entirely blue and purple, apart from some very visible weal lines that had now turned a much darker red. Both bottoms had a sheen that Sophie correctly assumed to be a fresh application of healing cream on them. They looked very painful.

"Can you run with your bums like that?" she asked directly.

"Sure," Leah said, although she was stretching just slightly gingerly.

"We've just put on a fresh dose of healing cream on each other," Ellie said, confirming Sophie's observation. "It has a strong analgesic. I wouldn't say it makes out bums numb, but it does help. Besides," she added airily, "you can't spend a week in bed very time you get a smacked bot." Sophie smiled: Ellie was clearly determined to portray herself as being just as able to take pain as Leah was.

"Anyway, we shouldn't be talking about us two, we should be talking about you and Cara," Leah said. "You both did really well on Saturday night."

"I don't want to talk about it," said Sophie hurriedly and frostily.

"Why not?" challenged Leah.

"Not after the disgusting things we did, the way we disgraced ourselves like sluts in public," Sophie said with feeling.

"You didn't behave like sluts, you behaved like slaves," Ellie countered firmly. "Good slaves," she added.

"Very good slaves," Leah agreed. "Master was more than satisfied with you, Sophie. And Adrian with you, Cara."

"Too much information, Lee," Ellie said drily, observing that Sophie was furiously blushing. Sophie could not help noticing, however, that Cara was not blushing so much.

"No, it needs to be out in the open," Leah said firmly. "Look, Sophie, all four of us had sex on Saturday night, each with a man we've not been with before. We all know we did, so there's no hiding it. Now, Master hasn't said much about his night with you, but he has indicated that he was very satisfied.

So you need to know you did well, because as time goes on, higher standards are expected of you. Keep working on your technique, but you're on the right track."

Sophie was instantly contrite. Both Leah and Ellie had only ever shown her patience, understanding and friendship, and Leah's 'tuition' of her the week before the party, whilst excruciatingly embarrassing, had turned out to be very necessary and helpful. "Sorry, Slave Leah; you too, Slave Ellie," she said, deliberately using their full titles. "I shouldn't have snapped."

"We do appreciate all the help you've given us," Cara added, and Sophie nodded in agreement.

Leah and Ellie both finished their stretching and both favoured the younger girls with warm smiles. "Our pupils are doing well," Ellie said lightly, and Leah nodded. "Come on, let's get going."

The four naked girls set off on their run.

Chapter Fourteen - Xanxta

Written by Storm Robinson

"But I simply MUST know!" Fiona laughed easily. It was easy to laugh with Patricia, who kept finding ways to surprise her.

"Definitely not!" The older woman chuckled, "Everyone but a slave must have a secret!"

Fiona couldn't resist one more try. "The Masters of all four Slavelands will exalt your name..."

Patricia wrapped her olive skinned hand around Derek's dick, standing at attention beside her, upside down and began to stroke. The man stayed limp. She gave a devious smile.

"If the Masters of this world want to find out how to get hard, remain soft, or extend their stamina until they can control when they cum I could be enticed to teach them. They'd no longer be Masters though; they'd end up my property. Isn't that right, Slave Derek?" She did not look at him, holding eye contact with Fiona, even as she continued to stroke him. Derek's eyes bulged and sweat dripped down his face. His muscular body had gone tense. Still he remained soft, though with a slight smile.

"Yes, Mistress." His baritone voice called out haltingly, "The way is... very fierce and painful. This slave had to be broken of the habit multiple times. It was not, and still is not, enjoyable."

The woman was a mystery to Fiona. In her den, with a wall covered in pinned up panties, she'd repeated the story he'd told Fiona. From a different perspective but still the mostly the same. Barely five feet tall, this Sicilian woman in her mid fifties was lithe and beautiful. Her black hair was pulled in a taunt bun on her head. She relaxed in the comfort of her large den in a bright blue silk robe, her teardrop breasts perky under the cloth. Nothing else. Every once in a while she shifted her body and some flesh was exposed before being covered. The reporter had watched Derek the last few times as it happened. His cock quivered a bit but remained soft.

Derek, for his part, had remained stationary the last two hours. She'd told him he could move his head, but not his body. That had obviously been even more of a torture, as the simplest movement from her sent his head rolling. However, every time he looked at his Mistress a natural smile appeared, full of love and longing. He now stared straight ahead, looking at nothing, trying to keep his composure. She never stopped stroking his cock.

Fiona felt herself staring and composed herself.

"I feel most Masters wouldn't like that - at least not willingly at first."

The woman smiled again, with a hint of a challenge. She spread her legs wide to the sides as Fiona watched. Then she parted her robe, exposing herself. The well manicured black, hairy tuft above her pussy sat open. Fiona could see her erect clit pushing out. She removed her hand from her slave's dick and spoke one word.

"Pleasure."

Instantly Derek went down between her legs. The licking sounds penetrated the room. Patricia continued.

"He loves it. He wants it. He desires it. Yet even now his dick is soft."

Fiona noted all this, just as she noted her flushing face. Patricia continued, even as his tongue brought her up.

"Ask me any question you may. Perhaps it's my time for the light of Xanxta."

Fiona asked many questions, long into the evening. Who was she, what was she, and most importantly why. She answered in between orgasms. Finally Patricia ended the interview.

"It's late," her melodic voice intoned, but there was a firmness in it, a dominant tone, "I wish for the full pleasure of my slave. Have you gotten all you need? From him, as well as myself?"

The curvy reporter, damp again at the show she was watching, knew what the implied question actually was.

"He was the best sex I've had in six months."

The older woman smiled. She could, of course, gather what Fiona actually meant.

"I need a photo op of you two. This is front page material." Fiona knew firsthand what that entailed.

"Tomorrow, perhaps?" The older woman stood, finally breaking the connection between her slave and her most sensitive skin. "I require something else for now. Harden." Fiona watched with relish as Derek's cock became erect. She knew what it could do.

"Tomorrow. Four in the afternoon?" The sultry redhead asked. Even she knew she didn't have the power here. Force looked at force, and unexpectedly Patricia nodded.

"Four it is. Now I require needs to be met." The melodic voice had turned hard. Raising her well manicured fingers, Patricia snapped. Derek went behind her, gently grabbing the collar of the silk robe and dropping it from his Mistress's form. Then his hands went to her naked waist, his lips kissing her neck. She stared at Fiona, stark naked with not a hint of shame. The reporter inexplicitly dropped her pen to the floor under the gaze, watching as Patricia's eyes roved methodically over her form. Her thick curves, her wide hips, her firm breasts, until they reached her face, studying intently.

"Derek's going to fuck me now. Hard and lovingly, as only he can do. You may watch, but I would appreciate a donation."

The raw power in her voice persuaded Fiona. Standing, she lifted the dark floral wrap dress up to her hips and hooked her thumbs at the sides of her panties, pulling them over her curves and dropping them to the floor. Then she stepped out of them and picked them up, holding them forward. Patricia smiled and reached forward, as Derek's hands roved over her slim body. His hands cupped her right breast as the older woman smelled the undergarment, her head moving back in pure ecstasy. A wide smile spread over her face as she said one word.

"Fuck."

Fiona arrived back at the office, well after dark. She'd spent the walk pondering what she just witnessed. The cool desert night air felt good on her skin, and a light breeze blew under her skirt to brush against Fiona's still damp mound. She'd spent the last hour watching Derek entwined with Patricia, in every way she desired. The raven haired woman had orgasmed three more times, each time making eye contact with Fiona. The last time, she'd said 'cum' and with an exhilarated moan, Derek finally had. With a stifled gasp, Fiona had as well. The erotic voyeurism of it all, the intensity, the raw emotional release, had made her thighs shake and her head spin. She hadn't even touched herself. There was something about the sex that was vastly different than the way he had fucked her, something about his face. But something seemed very familiar as well. She couldn't put her finger on it.

Afterwards, Patricia had kept Fiona's panties. She made Derek pin them to the wall, along with the others.

As she walked into the office she saw a single light shining. Taking a second to register, she realized it was James's desk. With Jimmy still at it. The younger man had passed out over a bunch of papers. She took a moment to examine his younger physique, toned but defined in a white t-shirt and jeans, wondering why he was still here. Fiona looked over at the clippings, which as a photographer he wouldn't need. The headlines read roughly: "Willing to die for their Master", "Subservience suits them well", "Power players in Xanxta". She touched his shoulder and lightly shook him awake.

"Fiona!" James came to with a smile on his face. His hand touched hers on his shoulder. "I'm sorry, I must've fallen asleep."

She smiled ruefully. "Too much fun at the restaurant?"

"Oh, I didn't go." James spoke excitedly. "I thought I might be able to help in your search. I started calling numbers before thinking there might be some records at the slave auction, so I went there instead."

Fiona was genuinely surprised. "Oh?"

"Yeah!" He exuded happily.

"Find anything of interest?" She wondered.

James nodded. "It took some digging, they keep paper files, but I did! Apparently there's a slave named Lucy, number 1353. She volunteered to come here on a three month stint. You know how most girls think it'll be fun before realizing how slavery actually is and running home with their tail between their legs? Not Lucy. After a month and a half she came BACK for a year long ride! And not to a specific Master, but wanting to be sold at the auction!"

Fiona had to take a step back at this rambling story. "Oh my! That's really something."

"It gets better!" Jimmy's excitement was endearing. "I called her first Master. Apparently she loved every minute. Everything! I checked her current owner, he lives in New Island now, and got him to agree to a phone interview tomorrow at nine!" He beamed at her.

"Umm..." Fiona swallowed hard. "I'm sorry. I found another slave."

James looked crestfallen. Fiona couldn't bear his hurt face and thought fast. "You know what? One is good, but two would be better. That'll wipe the smirk off of grumpy Mike's face. Might even win an award. For your work I'll give you credit for your research." She smiled as the grin returned to his face. "Come, this calls for a celebration."

Fiona walked into her office. A bureau on the side wall held a nice bottle of whiskey, the kind she'd been partial to back home, and two crystal rocks glasses. She cracked open the bottle and poured two tall glasses. Turning around with one out, she saw him standing in the doorway. The younger man looked hesitant, running his hand through his short brown hair. Fiona was surprised to feel a pang of hurt.

"Don't you want to come in?" She asked hesitantly. Hopefully.

Without a word he stepped inside and closed the door. He took the glass and they clinked the crystal together before taking a long sip each in silence. Fiona sat on the corner of her desk.

"Why did you do all that work?" She asked.

James took another sip and looked at her. "We're... friends. I knew it would be hard and I didn't want to see you fail." He looked at her, truly looked. "You know, you're wearing the same dress you wore... that day."

Something clicked in Fiona's head. Derek had screwed her well, yes, but he'd made love to Patricia. It was the caring that had been absent. Then something else clicked, why it'd been so familiar. On the rape racks, despite his anger, James had cared as he fucked her. He had cared.

She downed her glass in a quick gulp and set it on the desk, then stood up.

"Do you want to fuck me again?"

Jason's eyes quickly rolled over her body before finally matching her gaze. She saw the bulge in his blue jeans. He finished his whiskey before speaking.

"Yes. And no. I want to take you to dinner as well."

Fiona looked at him. This twenty six year old with the brown hair and quick smile. This shy and gentle but determined man. James. Jimmy. Without a word, she undid the tie at the front of her dress and let it fall to the ground. She realized she was also wearing the same bra as on that day. Her panties, of course, were mounted on Patricia's wall.

He stared at her body like it was Christmas morning. "No panties?"

"It's a funny story. You can read about it in next week's paper." She chuckled. Then Fiona turned her head away, embarrassed. "I've been fucked already once today." She adjusted her glasses and ran a hand through her auburn hair awkwardly. Jimmy approached, a hand gently landing on her hip, and turned her face to his.

"That would make four less times than the first time we were together." He turned her head towards his and kissed her. Softly and long. She wanted the intimate caress as much as he. When it ended she took a step back. The redhead spread her legs and placed her hands behind her head, knowingly recreating her now famous picture. She looked at him with desire.

"This time why don't you remove my bra?" Fiona spoke, with a devious smile at her handsome suitor, "If you're not too tired, I'd like an orgasm. One is good, but two would be better."

She held her pose until his hands touched her skin.

Chapter Fifteen - A New Island Pub

Written by Storm Robinson

Kelvin Hope got to the pub close to the agreed upon time. His dick, though wet with Slave Sophie's juices, was cleaned of semen. It had been an odd sensation these last few weeks. Kelvin had always been a 'stick it in, walk away' person. However, the next time he'd taken her in his Fun Room after the party she'd called after him as he was walking out. 'Master,' she'd pleaded, as a crumpled husk on the floor, 'please let me clean your cock.' Sophie had found a way to crawl to him and lick his dick clean, just as all slaves on New Island were trained to do. It was as uncomfortable for him as it was for her. She wasn't enthusiastic in doing it by any means, just felt that it should be part of her job. One of the things he enjoyed about his slave was that she never shirked her duty. This was expected of her - she did it. Kelvin realized it was also the first time her tongue had touched his manhood. Sophie was supposed to suck his dick the night she'd trained with Leah, but the blonde girl with the constantly obsessively manicured hair had seemed so repulsed, though willing, that he'd taken her pussy instead. He'd realized some time ago that the fucking was his least favourite part with her. Kelvin Hope enjoyed inflicting pain on her. Everything else, from actual sex to slave ownership, was tertiary. Ever since he'd bought her, Sophie had pleased him to the best of her ability. Kelvin knew his paddling of her butt was the best part for him, the fucking a distant second. He was a visual person. He liked to see what he wrought. Many times lately he'd fucked her at the end of a session only because he felt he had to. At least the redness of her ass showed clear gains.

Sitting on the patio of the restaurant was Tom Jefferson. Underneath the table Kelvin could clearly see a slave girl sucking him off. That was normal here on New Island. The pub rotated shifts between the waitresses, with half on server duties and the other half on pleasure duties. The next day they would switch places. Of course, if a customer required the services of the waitress they would oblige. Most men didn't out of respect for the other Masters though. They all knew that meant other Masters would be served slower. Tom Jefferson stared at him, seemingly oblivious to the girl slowly milking his cock. "You're six minutes late." He observed in way of greeting.

"I'm sorry, Mr Jefferson." Kelvin looked glumly at the glass tabletop. Underneath he could clearly see the blonde slave gently taking the man in her mouth. Restaurant slaves were of a different sort on New Island. They were all contract girls on one or two year stints and trained to administer slow sucking that would last through the course of the meal if desired.

"I think we know each other enough for you to call me Tom." He chuckled. Then his voice turned more serious. "I do appreciate promptness though."

Kelvin merely nodded. "It took me a bit longer than expected to finish up with my slave today." He'd used a cane on her for the first time today, six strokes. She'd screamed loudly in agony. It had been music to his ears. She'd cum twice as well as he took her from behind. The sex wasn't bad, far from it. His slave was sexy as hell, with a small but perky chest and a nice, toned ass. Everything about her athletic body was toned. She had a tight little pussy that he loved watching his cum drip out of. She was never enthusiastic about sex though. At first he didn't care, but as the months went on it had started to bother him. Having Tom's slave the night of the party really threw it into perspective. Leah had worshipped him, blowing his mind with her body.

"That's almost understandable, but a Master should always be on time." Tom chided him. "Now, what did you want to talk about?"

Kelvin wasn't shocked that he jumped right into it. Tom Jefferson was not the kind of man for small talk. "How did you do it?" He asked.

"Do what?" Tom asked back. Kelvin was sure he knew but Jefferson was also the kind of man who liked to hear it.

"How did you make them love you? Make them so happy to have you?"

Tom sighed. "You haven't been a Master for long, have you?" It was a statement, not a question. Kelvin shook his head. Jefferson continued. "Being a Master is much more than just buying a slave. You have to command, in body and spirit."

At that moment a ginger Irish girl walked up. To say she was wearing a skirt would have been an insult to skirts. The three inch blue linen fabric was low cut beneath her belly, showing fully her iliac line,

and didn't pass her hips. The restaurant used it to differentiate between the waitresses and the pleasure girls each night. Her puffy labia with the well-trimmed ginger bush above it was well on display. Her ass wasn't much to speak of, but her breasts were very large.

"Hello Masters. May this slave fetch ya a drink?" She asked pleasantly and submissively, with an Irish lilt. Without looking at her Jefferson placed a hand on her small rump.

"I've been here for ten minutes." His fingers moved to her pussy and slid inside. The surprised girl moaned softly as he slowly stroked her. "The first drink will be on the house. You won't get it for us. Your time will be spent using those fat tits on my colleague's cock. He's going to come on those breasts of yours. Then you'll ride him when we're finished. Is that clear, slave?" To reinforce his point, Tom pinched her clit. Kelvin knew this display of Mastery was for him as much as for her. The Irish slave whimpered and squirmed but nodded. She looked ashamed, but not from what she was about to do.

"I'm truly sorry, Master." She turned around and bent over, letting her heavy tits hang low. "Please use your hand to reinforce my lesson, Master." Her voice sounded truly apologetic at disappointing him. Jefferson motioned to Kelvin instead and she draped herself across Kelvin's lap. He gave her a dozen quick, heavy slaps before releasing the lass. Smiling, she motioned to another slave for service and got down on her knees. Pulling out Kelvin's dick, she placed her large, round breasts around it and started squeezing them up and down. The new girl, Latina and pleasantly curvy, took the drink order as Kelvin hardened. They had their drinks less than a minute later.

"Command. That's what makes a Master." Tom spoke firmly, "So tell me, what's the daily routine with Slave Sophie?"

Kelvin Hope groaned in pleasure as the soft, full breasts of the ginger pressed around his cock. He organized his words as best he could. "Slave Sophie wakes up early to go on a run with your girls. She makes me breakfast and washes the dishes. She does several other house chores during the day, washing clothes and cleaning the house. Most nights I bring her to my Fun Room where I spank her in steadily increasing pain. She's very loud and usually cums several times. Then I fuck her. She cums at least twice again before I finish. Since the party she's learned to clean my dick afterwards. Then I leave and she picks up my clothes to wash. I usually come here after for a drink." He was getting close between the slave's tits. Looking through the glass he saw her pale pink and erect nipples as she massaged his cock.

"See," Tom spoke, his own dick still being slowly sucked by the blonde under the table, "there's the problem. Everything you said was about her. True Masters speak about Themselves. Slaves are secondary. It's something you learn in time and experience, though it's also innate. What do you do in that day?"

"I... I look at my portfolio." Kelvin was finding it hard to concentrate. The ginger waitress was bringing him close, her tongue licking at his exposed tip hungrily. Kelvin Hope realised he didn't actually do much besides tennis and looking at his stocks. His days were comprised of next to nothing.

"When do you actually train her?" Tom's voice rang through. Kelvin looked over at him with a surprised thought on his face.

"I have rules set down; she does as asked with the knowledge that she'll be punished otherwise." Kelvin replied, maybe a tad defensively.

If Tom noticed, he only acknowledged it in passing. "Yes, you've tamed her, but you haven't trained her. Or even begun to. There is a vast difference. Tamed slaves do it out of fear. Trained ones do it because they want to."

A moment passed as Kelvin thought that over. The soft press around his dick was bringing him close and in a rush he came easily all over the large breasts of the ginger slave. She kept rubbing her large tits around his cock, salty semen on both them and her jaw, and placed her mouth over Kelvin's tip to finish off the last bit. Then her wide tongue took up long strokes up and down his member, cleaning his cock. Her face smiled up at him as she did. For a moment he forgot Jefferson was there, as her long tongue happily lapped up every last drop. Everything he wanted Sophie to do, Cassie did with full desire. When his eyes opened again and made contact he saw her green eyes pleading desperately, her tongue lustily stroking the last lick up his shaft, expertly cleaning his dick. Her body moved to slave position as she proudly displayed her cum soaked breasts, waiting. It took an arched eyebrow from Tom for Kelvin to remember what to do.

"Dismissed, Slave." She stood, hands comfortably by her sides with all her goods on full display.

"Thank ya Master. I look forward to pleasuring ya when you're finished Master." She turned and walked to the back to clean herself before going back to work. He watched her hand-reddened ass, small and soft, sway for a moment before turning back to Tom.

"I'm not a very good Master, am I?"

Jefferson patted the blonde on the head, still on her knees between his legs. It was a subtle way of him saying for her to finish up. She began to suck with gusto. "I wouldn't say that. Inexperienced, yes. But you have the makings of a fine Master. Perhaps not a trainer, though." He paused a moment as he unloaded into the slave's mouth. She drank him all down and cleaned his cock gently. Before she could begin to assume slave position he spoke again. "Dismissed. Off you go, slave." As she walked to the next table he gave her a sharp slap on her wide rump. She hurried away.

"How do I get better at that? Training?" Kelvin asked.

"Practice and attention." Tom replied simply. "Masterhood is not just slapping bottoms and fucking slaves. Every slave will do as you ask. For them to want to do what you ask you must gain their admiration. Not everything has to be in punishment and when it is you must teach them that they earned it. Fair and firm. Also, talking with them will help, not stand-offishness. Praise when they do well. How often do you talk to Sophie, besides to give her orders?" Kelvin's silence was deafening as he sipped his drink. "You paid quite a lot for her; do you feel you're getting your money's worth?"

Kelvin looked at him a long moment before shaking his head. "No. And I'm not sure I ever will."

"Time is moving on. Sophie has much potential. I saw glimmers of it during her demonstration, a fierce determination to not let her Master, specifically you, down. I believe she could be developed to the point where she might stay on after her contract ends. However..."

"However, not by me." Kelvin Hope broke in.

Tom stared at the man for a moment before shaking his own head. "No, not by you. You're too inexperienced and have lost too much time." Kelvin let that sink in. "I have an idea. It would require you to leave Sophie in my care for several months. Maybe longer. I would, of course, supply you with a new slave for that time. One already trained, for your ease. And a fresh start might be just what you need to develop as a Master."

Kelvin Hope smiled wryly. "I'm listening."

The two men talked for nearly an hour. By the end Kelvin was convinced it was the best possible outcome and they hashed out a plan. Terms, as well. They both had several drinks throughout, the ginger slave paying quick attention to their needs, and now Tom Jefferson finished his and motioned towards the waitress. The redhead's heavy breasts bounced as she walked over briskly. "As I recall, you haven't had Ellie yet. Why don't you take her tomorrow night and I take Sophie? And remember, a true Master seizes control." With a pat on Kelvin's shoulder, he got up and left.

"Hello Master," the ginger spoke with her Irish lilt. "Would ya care for another beer?"

A true Master seizes control, Kelvin thought. "No. I'm finished for the night. Now you will accept your final punishment from earlier." The curly redhead wondered for a second, then realizing gave a slight smile and immediately draped her leg over him. Her hands unzipped his pants as the blue 'skirt' rode up even higher. Kelvin's erection sprung out and she stared at it lustily. Her hands went to his shoulders as she straddled him, expertly guiding her lips to his tip.

"Master is very thick and Master's shoulders are very strong. May this slave speak freely?" He nodded his assent. "May I enjoy myself, Master? I want ta enjoy myself with ya."

"I'm a giving Master," Kelvin replied, "so yes. But you may only cum when I give you permission."

She nodded, the smile growing wider on her face at her obvious desire. "Thank ya Master." She pushed her hips down, impaling herself on Kelvin's cock at a medium pace. When she was fully down a shiver coursed through her frame and a breathy gasp escaped her lips. The girl kissed him on his neck as she began to ride him. Not slowly but not fast. She kept a medium pace to extend both of their pleasure, and did so with enthusiasm. Each time she sunk down the Irish lass shivered and cooed. Kelvin's hands roamed her body, using her heavy but soft breasts to pull her close to him. He unbuttoned his shirt so her nipples and flesh would rub against his own. Her pussy was not as tight as Sophie's, but she knew how to squeeze it well.

Up and down she went, hitting all the right spots for both of them. Within ten minutes her entire form was trembling. "Please Master, may I cum?" She pleaded. Kelvin Hope was lost in pleasure but kept his

wits. He shook his head no. The slave girl instantly accepted that but did not change her pace. If anything, she slightly increased her speed. The entire body riding him trembled but she kept the orgasm in, not giving in as ordered. Her body felt so full against his, Kelvin felt her dewy moisture around him. He'd already cum twice today so it was taking a while. He was close though. The ginger's back bent forward as she impaled herself on his cock. She was lost in the pleasure, squeezing her eyes shut to hold off her orgasm, mouth open as she gasped and continued fucking him. Kelvin inhaled her scent. A slave wanted him. Him.

"Cum, slave."

She did instantly. Her hips never stopped, or even slowed, in their movements. However, the Irish woman's upper body squeezed against his, full breasts pressed against his body. She made little 'yip yip yip' sounds as she came. Kelvin didn't know how long he could hold on. When she finished her green eyes looked into his, gasping and wanting more. Her scent was intoxicating. He wanted more. She continued her plunging and he was close. As both their bodies trembled he spoke again.

"You can cum again when I do."

Her ginger locks bounced with newfound enthusiasm. She plunged over and over. Soon he couldn't hold back anymore and what was left of his seed pumped deep inside her ravaged canal. The red-faced woman barked like a dog and spilled her juices over his cock. When he finished, the throbs inside her subduing, she lay against his chest for several minutes, recovering. Then she bent over and expertly cleaned his dick. The slave took her time until there was nothing but her saliva left before standing in precise slave position.

"What is your name and age? As well as your slave age." Kelvin Hope questioned easily. The woman didn't hesitate.

"Slave Cassie, number R023, owned by Master Benson for King's Cock pub on a two-year contract. Me age is twenty-two years, and me slave age is eight months." Her legs quivered in the aftershocks even as she remained standing.

The answers confused Kelvin a bit. "You are an excellent slave. How did you come to work in the pub?"

"I... I was not a virgin." The ginger spoke softly, "Not even close. I've been with boys for several years. It was decided after I signed the contract that I would have restaurant status." She seemed ashamed.

He spoke almost gently. Practice and attention. "And you'd rather be a house slave?"

"What a slave wants is worthless, Master." She spoke quickly, but added softly, "I think I'd make a good house slave, though. I would try me best to please my Master in every way. Not that I don't here, it would just be more... personal. And there's never enough full sex here. It's mostly just blowjobs. Which I don't mind, a course. I've swallowed gallons of cum before coming here. But I do like actual sex. My pussy aches a lot. Most patrons won't take me because I'm on shift. This was a pleasant surprise! So unless Master Benson or the cooks take us I barely have sex at all. Plus there's a lot of us here, so there's more tit than tat to go around. You're the first full sex I've had in four days, since drone appreciation day..." The girl caught herself rambling, and a look of fear crossed her face. "I'm sorry Master, I didn't mean to overshare... I've been reprimanded before for me gift of the gab..."

Kelvin held up a finger to stop her talking and stared at this slave. She instinctively quieted down at the motion, even as she trembled with joy. The ginger was very attractive and had a nice body, as all the girls on New Island did, and her heavy tits and curly hair were alluring. But he appreciated her personality more. She was bubbly and chatty, two things he struggled with, and seemed to have a lot of enthusiasm. He made a spinning motion with his finger. The pretty redhead complied immediately, putting her bum on display. It wasn't large by any means, but it was nice. Small, soft, and perky, much like the girl herself. Despite the spanking he'd given her earlier, his handprints were beginning to fade already. She was evidently a fast healer. Kelvin motioned for her to turn back around.

"I think you must be reprimanded again." He spoke firmly. Seize control. "But not right now. I find myself without my personal slave tomorrow night, though I am set to have a different one. However, I think I'll cancel her and ask Master Benson for your services instead so I may do it properly. I think a good long spanking is in order before six strokes with the strap and a hard fucking. Then you can play at house slave for the rest of the day. What do you think, Slave Cassie?"

She nearly gushed with excitement, the words spilling out in her Irish brogue. "I'd like that very much Master!" Then she caught herself. "I apologize Master, a slave's thoughts are worthless."

"Yes, they are. So that will be another six with the cane as well. Probably on those large tits you have." Kelvin intoned while standing up, lustily staring at the sight. Then he brought his eyes up to stare into her green ones. Holding for a moment, he spoke with a smile. "Make sure to bring that chatty voice with you. For tonight, you will keep my spunk trailing down your leg as a reminder, unless your Master deems otherwise. Now, back to work, slave." He sent Cassie on her way with a firm slap on the rear and headed home. Slave Cassie went to her next table, grinning, with a bounce in her step.

Tom Jefferson watched the entire scene play out from a distance. Not for any voyeuristic reason, merely to check on if his plan had panned out. Jack Benson was a friend, even if Tom didn't often go to the pub, and he'd called up earlier to ask there was a trained and talkative slutty girl he wouldn't mind selling. The words had barely been out of his mouth when Jack replied with 'Cassie'. Apparently, the Irish girl couldn't keep her mouth shut, and Benson preferred his slaves to be seen and not heard. Together, they'd arranged to have Kelvin and Tom seated in her section. There'd been a bit of worry on his part when he'd seen her; her body type was vastly different from Sophie's but still very nice, that Kelvin wouldn't take a fancy. His worries went away at seeing her glee during the tit fuck. Now, after watching the spirited sex he'd had with her, plus listening to his conversation through the microphone Jack had placed under the table, he had no doubts at all. The other man had taken his advice well. Maybe he'd become an actual Master instead of just an owner someday. Plus, he thought with a smile, Jack Benson was willing to rent Cassie for cheap, to get her away. When Kelvin decided to buy her it would be at a bargain. All in all, it had been a good night.

Chapter Sixteen - New Island

It was early on Saturday evening.

Sophie was hesitantly making her way towards Tom Jefferson's house. Hesitantly, because she was naked, as was always the case, and any man who encountered her to stop her, grope her, even give her a hand spanking. And something more: the little red disc once attached to her slave collar, which had ensured that no man had the right to go further, was no longer there. She could therefore now be ... fully taken advantage of, which was a scary thought. Other than their early morning runs, where nobody was about, and one or two trips out with her owner, where she was on a lead and therefore, it seemed, out of bounds, this was her first time out since the red disc had been removed. Sophie had therefore taken a circuitous route, avoiding any passers-by, turning off down a different street every time she saw a man coming in the other direction. Fortunately, it was fairly quiet at this time of the evening. The island's eateries were doing a good trade, and only later would the masters emerge from those back onto the street. Most of the eateries on New Island used slave waitresses, so the masters were rarely in a hurry to leave after their meals.

Sophie reached the house, thankfully without incident. She knew, however, why she was being sent to his house tonight. As she nervously rang the doorbell, she wished that she was not naked, and she wished that she was not here tonight.

No, she admitted, that was not entirely true. Seven days ago tonight, on that awful party night, she had been required to go with Tom Jefferson overnight. Sexually, she had been blown away by the experience. A little part of her, she might as well admit it, was excited about tonight, hoping that it would be as good as last week.

As for being naked, she didn't like it, but she knew candidly that she looked fairly good. A lifetime of healthy sports had honed her body into a very good shape. She just didn't like being the centre of attention, especially like this.

She was relieved when it was Leah who answered the door. Leah was as naked as she herself was. The two girls hugged, and Leah led her inside. Sophie noted that Leah's bottom still bore some marks from seven days ago, though they were now healing quickly. They had faded further since the girls' group run yesterday morning. A few more days and Leah's bottom would no longer carry any signs of that awful beating.

Slightly to her surprise, Leah led her not to the lounge but to her bedroom on the first floor, and indicated a comfortable armchair for Sophie to sit in. Leah settled into the other armchair facing her. Sophie noticed that Leah no longer had to sit gingerly. The room was spacious and sumptuous, with wonderful views and a king-size bed. Sophie's own room back home was OK, but nothing compared to this. She remembered what Leah had gone through a week ago and told herself that Leah had earned such privileges the hard way. Still, she could not help wondering, fleetingly, what it would be like to be owned by a man like Tom Jefferson, rather than her own owner.

Talking of which, she felt compelled to clarify. "Uh..., it's not a social call, Leah. I've been ordered to come here to serve Master Jefferson."

"I know," Leah said with a smile. "Ellie was going to go to your master as a straight swap for the evening, but I gather that your master has opted for a pub waitress slave instead, so Ellie has to cover for her, serving for the night." She smiled. "Given that it's not so much service with a smile but more service with an available pussy at the pub, I'm not sure how wildly enthused Ellie will be with the whole thing, but such is a slave's life. We cope." Her faintly amused tone indicated it wasn't too bad.

"It wasn't my idea," Sophie said hastily.

Leah smiled again. "Of course not. We're slaves, we just do what we're told."

"Do you think ... is this going to be a regular thing?"

"Possibly. Master enjoyed last Saturday night with you."

Sophie blushed bright red. To cover herself, she said, "shouldn't we go to him?" Then she wished she hadn't said it, as it made her seem keen.

Leah shook her head. "He's on a zoom conference. He'll call for you when he's ready."

Sophie blushed again. Leah was being quite candid and open about why Sophie was here tonight, and what she would soon be being used for. She said nothing.

Leah changed subject. "Were you at the Drone Appreciation Day today?"

"Er, no," Sophie replied. "I wasn't sent."

"Probably next weekend, then," Leah surmised. "That's when Ellie and I are due next."

Sophie again said nothing, but at that point the door open and Tom Jefferson walked in.

Leah immediately slid out of her armchair and onto her knees, spreading her thighs wide, arching her back so that her boobs stuck out and enhancing that by placing her hands behind her neck with her elbows wide and pulled back, shoulders also back. Sophie followed suit. Fortunately Kelvin Hope had taught her the position. It was an embarrassing one, as if she was offering herself, which of course was exactly what was intended.

"Hello, Master," Leah said politely, and Sophie repeated the greeting.

"Good evening, slaves," Tom Jefferson said casually as he sat down in the armchair Leah had vacated. The two girls rotated slightly so that both faced him. He eyed Sophie. "Do you have a message for me, Slave Sophie?"

"Yes, master," Sophie said. She took a breath. "My owner invites you to make full use of me tonight with his compliments. Whip rights are included." It was the precise message that she had been given. She managed to say it without stammering, though her nervousness was obvious.

"We will get to that in a while. In the meantime, I have something to discuss with both of you. I have just been in a meeting with representatives from the Four Slavelands." Seeing a lack of comprehension on Sophie's face, he explained. "There are, to our knowledge, four places where sexual slavery is openly part of a closed local society. One is here, of course, and another is The Island, which as you may know is an island neighbouring ours. The third is Xanxta, where my household, including Leah here, all come from, and the fourth is Corvalle, which is on the coast of Chile.

"Corvalle," he went on, addressing Sophie alone, "has something called the Arena League, which is a rather brutal competition between teams of slaves. Leah was part of a Xanxta team that did a challenge match there against a selected Corvalle team, and won. You remember, Leah?"

"Yes, Master," Leah said soberly.

"It was, you would no doubt agree, somewhat extreme and painful?"

"Yes, Master," Leah said again. Sophie was surprised to detect a note of almost fear in Leah's voice.

Tom Jefferson smiled; he had evidently also detected the tone. "Don't worry, Slave Leah, this is not a repeat of that." Leah bristled, and he added, "though I know you would do it again if so ordered. However, a competition of a different sort between the four slave-owning settlements is being arranged. It is being called the Four Slavelands Challenge and will be held at Xanxta. It will be primarily a test of fitness and endurance, though no doubt some of the rounds will be uncomfortable or more, as well as being possibly or even probably embarrassing for the girls. Each of the four communities will be represented by a pair of slaves. New Island Council has agreed that I will be the selector of our team and the team manager. One of our two slaves will be Leah, which was an easy choice. What is your view on that, Leah?"

"I would be honoured to take part and to represent you and New Island, Master," said Leah without hesitation. There was no mistaking her immediate and unreserved determination. Sophie noted that he had just called her "Leah" rather than "Slave Leah" and correctly took that to be his coded prompt that she could speak frankly.

Jefferson had clearly expected that reply. "I thought so. Therefore, the question becomes the selection of the second slave. We need somebody fit, strong, determined and up for a challenge. Any thoughts, Slave Leah?" This time, Sophie noted, he called her "Slave Leah", so a different sort of honesty was expected.

Though she tried to control them, Leah's eyes flickered instinctively towards Sophie for a moment. She brought them back to her owner. "I'm a slave, master, my thoughts are worthless," she tried.

"Do you want a thrashing, girl?" Tom Jefferson asked very mildly, but Sophie knew he was not joking.

Leah bowed to the inevitable. She knew, and Sophie also knew, that the conversation would go the way her Master wanted. Leah could not protect Sophie. She would happily take a thrashing to shield her young friend, but that would not be the case here. And she would embarrass her owner by being less than

fully a slave. "Slave Sophie comes to mind, Master," she said. "But she's very inexperienced as a slave." It was as far as she dared to go.

"Experience would be preferable, but is not the most important thing," he said, as if Sophie herself was not there. "Is there a fitter girl on New Island, yourself excluded?"

"Not to my knowledge, Master," Leah admitted.

"Is she exceptionally determined and brave?"

"Yes, Master, though so is Slave Ellie."

"I had considered her, but I believe that Slave Sophie is fitter and, in an athletic sense, more determined." He regarded Sophie thoughtfully, which reminded her that she was stark naked and that her pulled back shoulders and arched back was pushing her breasts out. "Would you describe yourself as fit and determined, slave?" he asked casually.

Sophie was not sure about what she was getting herself into, but she was not going to duck. "Yes, master, I would," she said firmly.

"Good," he replied. "Then I think we have found our team, if one small issue can be resolved."

"What does my owner say, master?" Sophie asked, assuming that was the issue he was referring to. She was beginning to come to terms with the fact the Kelvin Hope ruled her life, at least for her remaining time on New Island. Only moments later did she reflect that she had spoken without first being spoken to or asked a direct question.

However, Tom Jefferson let it go. "He is agreeable. However, he will not be coming with us. You will be under my control and jurisdiction."

Sophie felt a little shiver of fear. And yet, also she felt something else. Excitement? Leah and Ellie were clearly of the view that Tom Jefferson was a wonderful owner. However, their view of what that entailed might not be the same as hers. She said nothing.

"There will be two weeks of training here and then three weeks in Xanxta," Tom Jefferson informed them. "During the training period, Slave Sophie, you will be domiciled here. No doubt you are concerned about leaving your master without access to slave girl flesh for that time." Actually, Sophie hadn't considered that. She reflected that it would have been a concern for Leah or Ellie. Did that make her selfish? Surely not. "That will not be the case. We are in the process of arranging a suitable slave girl for your owner's pleasure during that period as your replacement."

Sophie tried to absorb all this. It was a lot to take in. However, he was speaking again.

"So we come to the small issue which I mentioned needs resolving. As you will know, Slave Sophie, you are on a one-year slave contract. Whilst you have no rights or options within that contract, it does specify New Island as the place of your slavery. Taking you to Xanxta is outside the terms of that contract." He frowned. "This was not something we had anticipated when we put the contracts in place."

Sophie's mind was whirling, but some things were starting to dawn on her. Tom Jefferson for a master instead of Kelvin Hope? Scary, but yes, exciting. And the physical challenge of the competition was exciting too. The one thing she had missed on New Island – apart from clothes and personal freedom – was sports competitions.

She ventured to speak. "Master, can't I sign an amended contract?"

He smiled. "You are forgetting that you are a slave. Your signature is worthless. You do not have the legal right to enter into a contract. The original contract was signed by you as a free person, which you are not now. If we got a cow to put a hoof-print on a contract paper, it would have the same validity as your signature." Sophie felt crushed. Tom Jefferson went on. "However, there is another option. Under the contract, as you can no longer represent yourself, there is an appointed person on New Island who acts as the observer that the contract terms are adhered to. He is your guardian, of sorts. We refer to him as the Adjudicator." Sophie had forgotten that clause in the contract, but then she knew that the Adjudicator would not intervene to prevent the things that had been done to her since she came here, so it had never seemed important.

He went on. "I will leave the two of you alone so that Leah can fill you in on Xanxta in general. I will tell you categorically that if you do go there, you will be safe: you will be legally designated as property of a New Island citizen, and as such immune from any harm or indignities other than those I chose to allow as the representative of your owner, which may be substantial but are essentially no different to what you may be required to endure here. If, on Monday morning, you are willing to waive that clause of

the contract, Leah will take you to the Adjudicator. He will establish that you are not being put under any pressure and if satisfied on that point he will make the necessary changes to the contract, signing it in his capacity. Leah will see to his fee.” He glanced at the clock, which showed twenty past eight. “You will report to my bedroom at nine o’clock to be my entertainment for the rest of the evening. I trust you remember where it is.” With that, he left.

Once he had closed the door behind him, Leah rose from her knees and returned to her armchair. Sophie followed her lead.

“Hmm,” said Leah. “I had a feeling something was in the wind. He’s had several online meetings in the last few days.”

“So what’s Xanxta like?” Sophie asked soberly.

“Hot climate, same as here; if anything, slightly hotter, because it’s inland so doesn’t have the sea breeze. None of us girls actually know where it is, but it’s somewhere isolated, we think Persian Gulf or maybe a bit further east. Adrian knows, but he won’t tell me and I respect our relationship by not asking. The main difference is simply size. New Island’s population is measured in a few hundreds, but Xanxta is more like ten thousand. Corvalle is even larger.” She smiled ironically. “That’s the free population, of course. Slaves don’t count. Oh, and the masters are nicer here. That was a major factor in the setting up of New Island. The slaves here are actually content, even willing, because they have good masters. There is security here to stop girls leaving the island, but not so much. The girl that he’s talking about as your replacement will be carefully screened to ensure that she won’t try to run away.”

“My replacement,” Sophie pondered aloud. “Leah, do you think they could be planning to make this permanent? That this girl will remain as my master’s slave and I will be moved to here?”

“You mean, my owner will buy you from your owner, using this girl as part exchange? Yes, it’s possible. Or maybe arrange for you to be sold to somebody else who will develop you better as a slave.” She smiled. “The only thing we know for sure is that you won’t have any say in the matter.”

“I’m not ... I’m not trying to take him from you and Ellie,” Sophie said quietly.

“He’s the boss, it’s up to him. But he’s not going to sell either Ellie or me, that’s for certain. Maybe he’s going to add you as a third slave. He can certainly afford it, and he is keen on you.” A little smile crossed her lovely features. “Many masters own several slave girls because they feel that competition between their slaves is healthy: each girl will strain herself to the limit to please her master. But in our household it’s different: Ellie and I work as a team, with Master’s pleasure as our only aim. If you end up joining us, we’ll both expect you to work as part of that team.”

“I will,” Sophie said, surprising herself by the firmness of her tone. It was almost eagerness. To cover herself, she added, “if it happens.”

“Slaves learn to be a bit philosophical about the future, because it’s outside our control,” Leah said. “We just do what we can. Now come on, we’ve not got long before you have to go and share Master’s bed for the night. I’ve got a couple of extra tricks to show you, things that he likes ...”

Sophie blushed again, but she listened carefully.

It was exactly five minutes to ten on Monday morning when two naked girls walked into the council offices on New Island. Ellie and Leah had both drummed it into Sophie and Cara that slaves needed to learn to be punctual.

Leah walked up to the desk. “Excuse me, master,” she said politely. “We have an appointment with the Adjudicator for ten o’clock.”

The young man on the desk looked up at her, and then his eyes steadily went down her naked body, openly ogling her. Leah made no attempt to cover herself: to do so have been most unwise. Sophie hid behind Leah, but he gestured for her to move to the side so that he could see her too. Resignedly, Sophie did so, and endured the same unhurried observation of her nude body. She kept her hands at her sides with a conscious effort.

Without taking his eyes off them, the young man – he would be about my age, Sophie guessed, making him just eighteen or so – gestured to a corridor and said peremptorily, “room five down there.”

“Thank you, master,” Leah said politely, and turned away and walked down the indicated corridor. Sophie saw the young man’s eyes on Leah’s bare bottom and could feel them on her own as she turned

and followed her comrade. They had walked naked through the town to get here, and there had been quite a few men around. Sophie had not enjoyed it. Fortunately nobody had stopped or molested them.

Leah knocked on the door marked “five” and an authoritative voice called for them to come in. They entered, Sophie again very much hiding behind her friend. A smartly groomed and dressed, bespectacled man in early middle age sat behind a desk. Everything about him suggested “lawyer”. There were two chairs in front of the desk, but Leah instead knelt down, adopting the slave posture with her shoulders back, her back arched and her thighs apart. Sophie reluctantly followed suit.

“Hello, master,” Leah said again, and Sophie repeated the greeting. “We have an appointment to see you.”

He nodded. Sophie was disturbed to see that, despite his professional appearance, he was eyeing them just as openly as the younger man had done. And when men on New Island eyed you up, they did so very openly, without any fear of censure. “You can use the chairs,” he said, his voice educated and calm, clearly a man used to being in control.

“Thank you, master,” Leah said, and stood up and sat in one of the chairs. Sophie did the same in the other. To her relief, the desk was high enough that he could not see up between her legs. At least, she didn’t think he could.

“Your names?” he asked.

“Slave Leah, 012, Property of Thomas Jefferson, master,” Leah replied.

“Slave Sophie, L013, Property of Kelvin Hope,” Sophie added, embarrassed by the name she was required to use.

He looked at three slim manilla folders on his desk and picked out one marked simply L013. Fleeting, Sophie reflected to herself that she had now been reduced to just being a reference number, but she felt worse when he opened the file and the first thing she saw was a full frontal naked photo of herself. Kelvin Hope had taken a set of pictures of her on her first day as his slave, much to her dismay at the time, but she hadn’t realised they would be shared, otherwise she would have been even more reluctant.

He turned to Leah. “Slave Leah, I am not sure why you are here yourself? As a permanent slave, you are not covered by my duties.”

“I’m just here as an escort, master, plus as payment for your services,” Leah replied politely.

“Ah, I see,” he said, and glanced down Leah’s bare body. Then he turned to Sophie once more. “Stand up, girl,” he said, in a tone not sharp but expecting obedience. Timorously, Sophie did so. “Turn around, slowly, through 360 degrees.” She did so, feeling his eyes all over her bare body. She hated being naked in front of men. Once she had completed the turn, he told her to sit down once more. He regarded her for a moment, and then said, “I see no signs of significant punishment on your body.”

“No, master,” Sophie replied. What else could she say?

“Have you been punished this week?”

Sophie hesitated, but Leah had drummed into her the need to be fully honest. “Just a couple of hand spankings, master,” she volunteered, “But they were ...” She checked herself.

“They were what?” he prompted.

“They were ... they were not punishment, they were merely for my owner’s entertainment,” she managed to say. How embarrassing!

“From the absence of bruising, I would surmise that they were fairly mild. Would that be accurate?”

“I ... yes, master. They stung a bit, but ... nothing too bad.” She wondered whether it was her place to make such a judgement, but he seemed to accept it.

“In terms of punishment, has this been an average week for you?”

“Yes, master.”

“Would you describe your owner as brutal towards you?”

The question surprised her, but her answer was both prompt and firm. “No, master.”

“Good. So, let me explain. As you should be aware, you have no human rights here. You are considered property.” The words hit home hard, but Sophie said nothing. “However, unlike Slave Leah here, your situation is not permanent and is time limited, hence the ‘L’ for ‘limited period’ in your name. It is covered by a contract you signed before you became property, whereby New Island guarantees that you will be released back into the wild at the end of a fixed term and that, other than the loss of your

virginity, there will be no lasting change or effects to your body.” Sophie blushed at the mention of her lost virginity, but again said nothing. “Of course, once you became property, you lost any rights you would once have had, either to enforce that contract or to modify that. However, the contract itself remains valid and in force under our law. It is therefore my role on New Island, for you and for all other time-limited slaves, to act on your behalf, to ensure the New Island authorities keep to their side of the contract. Although employed by New Island, I am fully independent of them and even a man with such influence as Tom Jefferson cannot unduly influence me. Indeed, he was one of those who set my position up in such a way as to ensure just that. There is of course no need to ensure that you keep to your side of the contract, as your compliance will, if necessary, be enforced physically. Do you understand?”

“Yes, master,” Sophie said, and could not hold herself back from adding, “I have fully co-operated with everything required of me.” She hoped that she would not be required to go into details.

“I am aware of that,” he said, not unkindly. “Now, as part of their side, New Island guarantees that you will be safe and will be released at the appropriate time. Therefore, there is a clause in the contract to say that you will not be taken away from New Island, as that would place you outside their jurisdiction and therefore render them potentially unable to guarantee their side of the contract. These contracts are of a standard type, every limited period slave on New Island is under a similar contract.

“Now, Tom Jefferson and your owner Kelvin Hope have jointly made an application to vary that clause by allowing you to be taken to Xanxta for a period of a few weeks. It is my role to consider whether or not to agree to that variation, as you are not legally capable of doing so yourself, as I explained. Strictly speaking, you do not have a say in the matter – as a slave, by definition you cannot have any such say – but I will note your view and include it in my considerations.

He took off and polished his glasses, then replaced them. “The fact that you would be going to Xanxta does help matters. Xanxta recognises our legal code, as we do theirs. Indeed, our code came from theirs and is broadly the same. Under their law, they recognise Kelvin Hope’s legal ownership of you and his abrogation of his ownership rights to Tom Jefferson for the duration of the proposed visit. Also, should you seriously break Xanxta law whilst there, you would be returned here for punishment, which, whilst possibly severe should it be merited, would not fall beyond the terms of the contract. I see no reason from your record why you might seriously fall foul of Xanxta law. Minor indiscretions, of course, are dealt with on the spot in the same way they are here, by physical chastisement. In other words, I am sure that there will be no impediment to your being returned here when Tom returns, other than force majeure, which covers such things as plane crashes. Do you understand?”

“Yes, master,” Sophie said soberly.

“From my questions at the start of this interview, it is my opinion that you have not been brutalised or traumatised and are able to form a coherent judgement.” He looked at her for confirmation.

Sophie had been through a lot since coming to New Island, but she was sure of the truthful answer to that question. “No master, no master, and yes master,” she answered, being careful to be precise.

“So what is your opinion of this trip?”

“I’m nervous, master, but I want to go,” Sophie said firmly.

“Good.” He made a note in the file. “It is my judgement that the contract restriction of location can be safely waived for the period of this trip. I will draw up and sign the necessary codicil.”

“Thank you, master,” Sophie said, feeling that she should say something.

He closed the file. “That concludes the interview. Slave Sophie, you may wait outside in reception whilst Slave Leah pays for my services.”

Sophie could not look at Leah. “Yes, master, thank you master,” she said, and rose and left.

It was not nice in reception. The young male receptionist, who seemed to have nothing to do, ogled her, and then eventually beckoned her over and ran his hands down her smooth flanks before grabbing her tits and mauling them. It was around ten minutes before Leah arrived and Sophie was at last able to escape.

The warmth of the sun was a relief, as was the fact that the streets were quiet. The offices were fortunately on the edge of the town, on the same side as where Sophie and her owner lived. The two girls were able to walk without being caught.

Sophie hesitated, then spoke. “I’m sorry you had to do that, Leah,” she said.

“No problem,” Leah said casually.

"Did you have to ... I mean ..."

"Blow job", said Leah, still casually. "Less chance of making any mess on the carpet."

"Oh," said Sophie quietly.

"You looked like you were having fun with that young receptionist when I came out," Leah said with a wicked grin.

"I was NOT having fun," Sophie said primly. "He was ... copping quite a feel," she added, not happily, but despite herself she felt a tingle of something inside her.

Leah smiled. "Occupational hazard for a slave," she observed.

"So I've discovered," Sophie replied glumly.

"You'll get a lot of it in Xanxta. More men there to do it."

"Don't remind me."

Two days later, Sophie moved, as per orders, to Tom Jefferson's household.

Bill had arrived with the new slave, Sophie's replacement, who was naked and collared and on a lead and seemingly unbothered by any of the three, which clearly indicated that she was experienced in slavery. Around three or four years older than Sophie at a guess, she was rather more voluptuous than Sophie, a big, cheerful ginger girl who spoke with a pronounced Irish accent. Sophie felt the difference in boob size, although she hadn't thought her owner was into big chests. For some reason, she felt herself immediately taking a dislike to the girl, who had done nothing to cause offence – indeed, had done nothing at all, she simply stood passively and cheerfully, awaiting instructions.

Sophie had, as part of her duties, answered the door to Bill and this girl, but Kelvin Hope appeared moments later. Bill had some documents for him to sign, then unclipped the lead from the girl's collar, fastened it to Sophie's and led Sophie away. And that was that. Sophie had a little bag containing not much more than a toothbrush and a few cosmetics and personal toiletries. Kelvin Hope barely acknowledged her departure. He had fucked her long and hard last night, but had been quite taciturn then, and was the same now. Sophie told herself she should not look back as she dutifully followed Bill away, but she could not resist doing so. Kelvin Hope was groping the new girl avidly, and the girl was submissively co-operating.

They walked in silence. A couple of men were about, to Sophie's embarrassment, but nobody troubled them. The route to Tom Jefferson's house was very familiar to her, as she went that way early most mornings for the girls' communal run. They were going through a little park when Bill turned to her and asked directly, "what?"

Sophie started. "I didn't say anything, master," she said, glad that she was now used to saying 'master' automatically. Leah and Ellie had told her that both Bill and Ben would have discipline rights over her. Leah said that Bill was the kinder of the two, but that didn't mean he didn't keep standards up.

"But your little slave mind is thinking hard about something," he observed.

How many times had Leah and Ellie drilled into her and Cara that a slave girl's thoughts were not her own, that privacy of thought was not allowed? But Sophie wasn't really sure what she was thinking. "I was just thinking that my owner's new slave girl is very attractive," she said. It was the most coherent thought amongst the jumble in her head.

"She's not bad," Bill agreed. "But then, there's plenty of choice around. And Master Tom was paying, so price was not an issue."

"Does that mean that this is going to be a permanent move?"

"I don't actually know, and it's not your business. You just do as you're told."

"I accept that, master," Sophie said hurriedly.

"So why are you bothered if the girl is good looking anyway?"

Sophie was actually wondering the same thing. "I don't know, master. It's just ... I can't see how I can compete with her if I get reclaimed when this trip is over. And ... presumably Master Tom has the ownership rights on her, so I guess he will simply claim her back and send me back to Master Kelvin. She's far more attractive than I am."

There was a park bench nearby. Bill moved over to it and sat down. There was no invitation for Sophie to do the same, of course. He took Sophie's lead and wound it several times around the arm of the

bench, securing her. It was humiliating, but she accepted it. He regarded her, and Sophie forced herself not to cover herself up.

“What makes you think that?” he asked. His voice was quite gentle.

“Anybody can see it,” Sophie answered.

“I can’t see it,” Bill stated flatly. “And I can tell you for a fact that Master Tom prefers you.”

“But why? She’s got bigger boobs, she’s more glamorous ...”

“Nothing wrong with your tits,” he replied, and Sophie reddened. “And you have a great natural beauty. Tell me, out of four pretty hot girls on sale when you were auctioned, which one fetched the highest price?”

Sophie lowered her eyes, shivering at the memory of the first time she had ever stripped naked in front of men, and about a hundred men at that. “I did, master,” she admitted.

“Would you say that the other three girls were ugly trolls?”

“No, master!” Sophie exclaimed indignantly. One of those three was her best friend Cara, who she had often told was far more attractive than Cara had given herself credit for. And the two Czech sisters were very pretty too.

“So let me tell you something, Slave Sophie,” Bill said slowly and deliberately, his eyes fixed on hers, holding them. “That great body and cute face of yours is just made for the enjoyment of men. Master Tom and the other men in the household, myself included, are going to thoroughly enjoy having you as a slave. It will perhaps not be easy for you, and I accept it is often humiliating and embarrassing for you to be a slave, including at times such as now.” He pointedly looked up and down her naked body before his eyes captured hers again. “Men like Master Tom take what they want, and that includes you, and men like me get sloppy seconds, and very nice sloppy seconds they are too. But that doesn’t mean we disrespect you. You are beautiful and you are brave, and you belong naked on a man’s leash. It won’t be easy for you, being a slave in our house, but you will not be allowed to give less than one hundred per cent. Be proud of your submission and find a way to give one hundred and one percent.”

“I will, master,” Sophie said, and realised that she absolutely meant it. “And thank you, master,” she said genuinely. He nodded, got up from the park bench, unwound her lead from the armrest, and carried on. Sophie followed him. Some way behind her was Kelvin Hope, the man who had taken her virginity – and one of still only two men to have had sexual experience with her – and the man who still technically owned her. But her future, she was sure, lay ahead of her, with the only other man to date to have had sex with her: Master Tom Jefferson.

Leah and Ellie greeted her warmly, showed her to a room and left her to settle in. It was, she had to admit, a very nice room, spacious and beautifully decorated and furnished, and with a lovely sea view. Unpacking took less than a minute, but there were some nice things in the room to get acquainted with.

Leah came by an hour later. “Come on, you,” she chided affably, “you’re not here to lie around getting fat. We’ve got training to do.”

Sophie had always been up for physical training and fitness. “What’s the plan?” she asked.

“We’ve got a two-week plan to maximise our cardio and strength,” Leah said. “It’s intensive, but it’s a good plan. It better be, since my pussy paid for it. He’s a very good gym coach, but he had to have his pound of flesh.”

“Do we buy everything with our bodies?” Sophie asked soberly.

“No, our owner buys everything with our bodies. Which reminds me, I’ve been told it is official, Master has agreed a formal loan deal for you. It means a change of name for you: you are now” – she consulted a slip of paper in her hand – “Slave Sophie L013, property of Kelvin Hope, on loan to Tom Jefferson.”

“Quite a mouthful,” Sophie said to hide her embarrassment.

“Remember it, though. Now, we’ve got an hour of cardio ahead of us, then thirty minutes of strength and conditioning. After that, I’m going to start teaching you how to pull a pony cart. We don’t know exactly what the challenge categories are, but it’s absolutely certain that pony carting will be one of them, so you’ve got to learn the technique. I don’t have a cart available, but I can still teach you. As to the fitness training, you push me, I’ll push you. Deal?”

They already pushed each other on the almost daily early morning runs. Sophie knew they would work together well. "Deal," she agreed firmly.

Around a week later, Sophie was relaxing. There was a balcony on her room, with a sun lounger, and she lay on it, soaking up the still powerful late afternoon rays. Yes, she was naked, as usual, but the balcony was not overlooked, so she wasn't too bothered.

Recovering might have been a better word than relaxing. She and Leah had again spent much of the day training together. They really pushed each other hard, better than any trainer could have done. Both of them enjoyed it, and it was getting results. Sophie had never felt fitter in her life, and she looked down approvingly at her body, noting the flat stomach, trim thighs and firm breasts.

She was getting plenty of exercise at nights as well, she reflected with slight ruefulness. She had been required to have sex every night since she had arrived. Mostly it was with Tom Jefferson, but she had also now been had by both Bill and Ben. It was another substantial cardio workout, given that all three men were very virile. She had to admit that, with Tom Jefferson, it was not entirely unpleasant. No, she told herself, stop lying: she had orgasms every time with him. And she'd been with Bill and Ben twice each as well now, and, well, that hadn't killed her either. Yes, her teenage body was being used for their pleasure, but ... enjoy it if you can, Leah and Ellie had both advised her. She wasn't going to admit to it, of course, but ...

That said, she was nervous about tonight. She had picked up that tonight she was due to serve the cook.

He was a vile creature, physically repulsive and with a nasty little mind. Ellie, she knew, hated going with him. Leah wasn't keen either, but seemed to be able to tolerate him better. Sophie suspected that her experience would be like Ellie's, and maybe more so. She looked at the clock. She had another hour of "recovery" from this afternoon's training, then help with evening meal, have her own evening meal, an hour to digest it, and then she would have to report for 'duty'. Yuck.

There was a knock on the door to her room. That meant it had to be Ellie or Leah: none of the men ever knocked, they just came in. She had got used to it. There was no lock on the door, of course, nor on her bathroom door. Privacy was not for slaves. She called for the visitor to come in.

It was Leah. She came out onto the balcony. "Hello, slave," she said brightly.

Sophie always felt a tingle when Leah or Ellie called her 'slave'. They were putting her on the same level as themselves, and she had huge respect for both of them. Of course, it was a very low level.

"Hello, slave," she said back, also brightly.

Leah was of course as naked as Sophie herself was. The older girl settled on the other sun lounger, facing Sophie. "We need to talk," Leah said politely.

Sophie became more sober. "I know I've got the cook tonight. I'll do as I'm told, don't worry. I'll try not to be sick until I get back here."

Leah smiled. "I was talking to Master a few minutes ago. I was permitted to suggest to him that you're not ready for the cook yet. Happily, he agrees."

Sophie almost bristled. "I've said I'll do it," she insisted, although she could not deny the little flicker of hope that she felt.

"I know you would, but now you don't have to."

"I've been let off?" Despite her insistence of a moment ago, Sophie felt relief course through her.

"Yes."

"Thank you."

"Thank Master. I made the suggestion but it's his final say, as always."

"So the cook's not going to get his jollies tonight?"

Leah shook her head. "It doesn't quite work that way. I've been permitted to take your place."

"Oh," Sophie said quietly, and then: "thank you. But it's not fair on you."

Leah shrugged. "I don't mind him that much. Well, I do, but nowhere near as much as Ellie. Anyway, it's OK, and you're welcome."

"So I get a night off?"

"Again, it doesn't quite work that way. The cook is going to want me for an all-nighter, so you're going to have to look after Adrian for me."

Sophie eyed her friend cautiously. "What do you mean, 'look after'?"

Leah rolled her eyes. "Oh, Slave Sophie, how long have you been a slave now? Drop the innocent act. Serve him. Suck his cock. Fuck him. Whatever he wants."

"But he's your boy friend!"

"Well, sort of, but not exactly. I'm a slave and he's free, so we can't exactly be boyfriend and girlfriend. We're in a relationship, kind of, but it's complicated. I'm not allowed to be faithful to him, so he shouldn't have to be faithful to me. But I do love him and I want him to have a good time tonight, and I'm not available, and since I'm covering for you, you can cover for me."

"Of course I will," Sophie said hurriedly, worried that she would seem ungrateful. "It's just ... are you sure you don't mind?"

"I'll only mind if you don't give him a good time," Leah said with the faintest trace of sternness in her tone.

Sophie drew herself up. "I'll do my very best," she promised.

Several hours later, Sophie lay in Adrian's bed, staring up at the ceiling. She had just swallowed copious amounts of his man-juice: she had felt queasy when she did so, but she was all right now. Well, sort of.

After her chat with Leah, she had sought Ellie out, and the elfin slave had assured her that their friend and fellow slave was being completely honest when she said she didn't mind. "She's made me go with him too before now," Ellie said. "And he's OK to go with, to put it mildly."

Which he was, without doubt. Certainly better than the cook, if reputation and the cook's slimy appearance and manner were anything to go by. Sophie felt a pang of guilt that Leah would be with the cook now. She was determined to repay her friend, though this could be added to an already not insubstantial list of debts she owed her two fellow slaves in her opinion.

"Not bad," Adrian complimented her.

Sophie blushed. She was not proud of her oral skills, but they were a necessity. "Leah taught me," she replied.

"Well done Leah as well, then," he replied.

"She loves you," Sophie said, wondering if she was treading on thin ice but determined to say it.

"And I love her too," Adrian replied, mildly but with clear sincerity.

Sophie decided to risk insubordination. "So why don't you be her knight in shining armour and take her away from all this?"

He rolled onto his side, facing her, and regarded her thoughtfully. The bed cover was rolled down almost to her waist, so Sophie's breasts were on full view, but she made herself stay still and not cover herself up.

"Let me give you some free advice, slave," he said, his tone gentle but quietly earnest. "Your role on New Island is to make that pretty little body of yours available to men to use as they wish, subject only to any limitations on that usage that your owner may decree. Your role is to be groped, smacked, fucked and otherwise dealt with as men choose, and to prostrate yourself, suck cock and do whatever else men require of you. Your role is not to think, apart from working out how best to please men, nor is it to ask questions, apart from to find out what men want so that you can provide it. And your role is certainly not to suggest to free men what they should or shouldn't do. And finally, we might be having a pleasant chat but you will address me as master at all times."

Sophie had gone bright red. "Sorry, master," she offered.

He ignored the apology. "Also, don't make the mistake of assuming that just because I'm in love with Leah that I am a soft touch. I'm perfectly capable of whipping a slave's behind if I want to or need to. And, like Bill and Ben, under the loan arrangement between your owner and Tom Jefferson, I currently have whip rights over you."

"Yes, master, sorry, master," Sophie said, crestfallen. And she found herself thinking: if he whips me now, I deserve it. It was quite a strange thought, but it was there. She had made this mistake before with

Master Tom and received a stinging but tolerable hand spanking for it. She would only have herself to blame if she got worse this time.

“If you had made that comment to Tom, or to Bill or Ben, you would now be getting a thrashing with something like that flat-bladed strap hanging on the wall.”

Sophie looked in the direction he pointed. The strap looked as if it would hurt plenty, and it clearly was not purely a wall decoration. “Yes, master,” she said quietly.

“The fact that you have just given me a good blow job is not relevant, because it is your duty to do such things and to do them well,” he went on.

“Yes, master,” Sophie said. It seemed a fair comment.

“The fact that you are friends with Leah is also of no help to you. Leah would not presume to try to influence me on how I discipline slaves. Quite the opposite, in fact.”

“Yes, master.” Again, it seemed fair comment.

“Fortunately, I am a kind and gentle master.”

Hope rose in Sophie. “Yes, master,” she said politely.

He pushed himself up in the bed so that he could sit up and lean against the headboard, and he reached behind him and plumped the pillow up. The sheet fell away to reveal his large but currently relaxed manhood. “That being the case, I’m going to restrict this to a hand spanking. Lie across my lap.”

So I’m not going to get away with this entirely, Sophie thought. She draped herself across him, feeling the muscular, hairy legs underneath her, and steeled herself.

Smack!

‘Gentle’ was not the word Sophie would have used to describe it. He hit hard and it stung. But a strap or whip would have been worse. And he was holding back, because he was a strong and powerful man, an athlete just like Leah.

Smack!

Another stinger. She could only wonder how many.

Smack!

Smack! Smack! Smack!

That was six. Maybe that would be enough? And another thing: she could feel his manhood stiffen underneath her wriggling thighs.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Smack! Smack! Smack!

At last he stopped, to her relief. But she could feel his cock was now hard. He moved her off him, and she could see it raise up. Would she have to suck him again? But instead, he slid back down into the bed, face up, and ordered, “straddle me”.

So she was going to get fucked after all.. It sort of made the spanking worthwhile. Ick, what was she thinking? She was required to do this, but it was not something she would enjoy. But as she knelt over him and lowered herself onto him, guiding his cock into her vagina, she knew she was not fooling herself. She wanted this. She would do what Leah had asked of her and give him a good time, but looking at his athletic, strong male body made her want to have a good time as well. She began to hump up and down, and in no time at all she was lost in lust. His self-control was very strong, however, as fortunately was his physical fitness, so she was writhing on him for ages before he finally came, during which time she had two orgasms.

A little while later, they lay in bed together, both sated. Sophie was actually physically tired, despite her considerable athleticism, a new experience for her in sex: Kelvin Hope was fairly fit physically, but this guy was in a different league. No wonder Leah was herself so fit with exercise like this. Going with him had been ... good. Sophie had been required to clean his cock with her mouth after the sex, which meant licking off both his cum and her own juices. It was not a nice thing to have to do, but she was coming to understand and accept that it was part of her duty. Her mind was confused: her bottom still smarted but she could not escape the conclusion that it had been worth it. Also, the feeling persisted that she had deserved the spanking and, try as she might, she could not shake that feeling off.

“Now, let me clarify things,” he said. “It is perfectly possible for a slave to have a reasoned conversation with a master. However, you have to wait for the master to initiate it and invite your involvement. Until then, you act as a zombie: you simply say ‘yes, master’ and ‘no, master’ and obey

commands. Well, you always obey commands, of course, that much doesn't change. But if the master infers that you can discuss, you can discuss. You can even politely disagree, but don't push that too far. If you want to say something that may be challenging, ask for permission to speak freely. Even if that's given, though, you can be punished for saying the wrong thing. It's a risk you take. But you don't want to act as a zombie all the time, frankly that doesn't make for a good slave."

"Yes, master, thank you for explaining it, master. I'm trying to learn to be better."

"I know you are, and you're doing quite well, but a few whacked bottoms along the way are inevitable," he said. "I spanked you not out of cruelty but because you need to learn, and you're better off getting something from me than from the other men."

"Yes, master, I understand," Sophie replied, and could not hold herself back from carrying on. "And thank you for punishing me, master. I know I deserved it, and I know you could have done it a lot worse, so thank you for being merciful, but also ... thank you for not letting me off altogether. I need to learn." Why she added the last two parts, she didn't know.

"Noted. Be warned that I may not be as merciful next time."

"Noted and accepted, master."

"Accepted? Do you feel that you have a choice?"

"No, master," Sophie said hastily. "But I mean that ..." she searched for the right way of putting it. "I totally accept your judgement, master. If you punish me, I will know I deserve it, and will be getting the minimum that I deserve. And I know I completely deserved that just then."

"You should extend the same consideration to Tom Jefferson," he informed her. "He's a very good slave owner." She noticed that he did not mention Kelvin Hope.

"I know, master, Leah and Ellie have told me many times and I'm seeing it for myself. And Bill and Ben as well, of course."

"Hmm. Have you been punished many times this week?"

Sophie blushed: it felt like an intimate thing to have to discuss. But slaves have to be open and honest, she reminded herself. "That was my third punishment since my arrival at this house, master," she said.

"Details?"

Full disclosure, Sophie reminded herself. Spare yourself nothing. "First one was from Ben, because I was two minutes late for a scheduled household work detail. I got twenty with the strap. I've not been late again since. The second was from Bill because I missed a bit when polishing. That was twelve, with the strap again. So I've learnt to be very thorough. But he cautioned me that I still have to get my work done in the time allotted, so I just have to work more intensely."

"So you're learning?"

"I think so, master."

"Good. So, let's move on to the subject of Leah. Firstly, I don't own her, so I can't actually take her away from all this, as you put it."

"I'm sorry, master, I didn't mean to offend," Sophie said.

"I know you didn't, and you've had your punishment, so we move on."

"Thank you, master." That came naturally, and yet thinking about it, it was such a bizarre thing to say. But slavery was bizarre, at least to Sophie.

"In the early days, I tried to buy her from Tom, but he refused to sell. Even then, I would need an export licence to take her out of Xanxta, which is where we then were. Stealing her and eloping would not be easy, and besides, I wouldn't do that to Tom. He's been very good to me and that would be no way to repay him."

"Everybody seems to love or respect him," Sophie observed. "Leah and Ellie both worship him."

"Which brings me to my next point: Leah, as you say, worships him. She doesn't want to not be his slave. She pleaded with me not to try to buy her and free her. She is, of course, batshit-crazy."

"Don't they call it Stockholm condition or something?"

"Stockholm Syndrome, where a captive comes to empathise with their captor, is what you're thinking of. But that doesn't apply to Leah. For one thing, whether it exists at all is extremely uncertain: many studies suggest it doesn't. But even looking at the texts which maintain it does, the published symptoms

don't fit Leah at all. The very fact that she's aware of the syndrome and believes it exists is one of many indicators that she doesn't have it."

"So why does she accept being a slave?"

"Technically she has no choice. She's not allowed to leave New Island, unless to go to a similar slave colony under guard. But she is happy being a slave and she wants to be a slave, or at least to be Tom Jefferson's slave. Why? There's a number of reasons. The first is that when she was free she was by her own account quite an obnoxious brat. She doesn't like the person she was and she does like the person she is now and she attributes slavery to be what changed her, quite rightly in my opinion. Secondly, when she was forced to accept that she couldn't escape or resist becoming a slave, she switched her determination from resisting to becoming the best slave she could possibly be. A switch to the polar opposite, for sure, but that's the sort of girl Leah is. That's the batshit crazy thing about her. She needs challenges in her life and the tougher the better, and Tom provides them, physical and mental. Thirdly, she absolutely adores Tom, as does Ellie. Now you'll talk about Stockholm again, but that's not the case: with Stockholm, the captive comes to believe in the cause of the captor – it's usually a political cause – but Leah and Ellie just love Tom himself. Finally, Leah is addicted to sex, and as a slave she gets plenty of that. I say finally, but there are other small reasons, for example slavery means you don't have to worry about making decisions, it's very – so I'm told – reassuring in that sense, even liberating in a very odd way. But those are the main reasons. I don't honestly know which is the single main reason, and Leah doesn't know either. I think they all play their part."

"But she loves you too."

"I like to think so."

"No, she does, she's told me she does, several times. And she means it. Girls can tell when a girl means it."

He hid it, but she could tell he was pleased, and so she was pleased. It was absolute truth. "That's nice to know," he said mildly. "I don't doubt it. She loves me and she loves Tom, equally but in different ways. To be honest, I don't mind sharing her. I've got used to it now. And it's become a little easier since she made me fuck other slave girls like yourself as well. I didn't want to, but, well, slave she might be, but she has a habit of getting her way." He smiled, almost ruefully. "Somehow she manages to bend everyone to her will whilst acting like the meekest of slaves. She's been called a wildcat, but she's more a force of nature. But she was right, and it makes it even, makes this a true communal existence, a polyamorous paradise on Earth."

Perhaps not so much for other slave girls like me, Sophie thought, who have to pander to men and accept all the things they want to do to us. Or was she protesting too much? She wasn't so sure anymore. The conversation had come to an end and he had settled down to sleep, his hands on her naked young body. Tonight hadn't been too bad, she admitted to herself, but then neither had her couplings with Bill and Ben, nor with Tom Jefferson himself, despite the considerable age gap. Slave life was ... confusing.

Chapter Seventeen - Xanxta

The small private jet had touched down at what they had been informed was Xanxta airfield, and was now taxiing to a halt. Sophie nervously fingered the rough hessian hem of the sack with head and arm holes which served as her dress and only clothing.

It had been long trip, though in sumptuous comfort all the way. New Island had a small airfield from which they had taken a propeller-driven plane to Miami airport. In a largely hidden away corner of the sprawling airport, they had transferred to a luxurious private jet capable of intercontinental flight. That was the reason for the sack dresses: from a distance, the four girls, Leah, Ellie, Cara and Sophie, would look normally dressed, although up close you could see they were barefoot and their “dresses” were no more than hemp sacks, and scandalously short ones at that. Nobody was around and, given that a friend of Sophie’s had once flown from England to Barbados via Miami and lamented the fact that she had to get a visa for America just to land and take off from the airport, Sophie suspected that bribery was at work. She quietly advanced her theory to Leah, who wryly commented there were sufficient slave girls available on New Island to make bribery of male officials both easy and cheap. It sounded as if Leah was talking from personal experience. Sophie didn’t enquire further.

It was a long trip, although the plane was very luxurious. The passengers were Tom Jefferson and his household, comprising of his two aides Bill and Ben and also Adrian, plus his two slaves, Leah and Ellie; Storm Robinson and his slave and Sophie’s best friend, Cara, and Sophie herself. All four girls wore the shapeless sack dresses. Sophie found it almost unsettling, if a relief, to be dressed again after nearly three months now of constant nudity, even if the rough material of the converted sack itched and the thing was terribly short. She noted that Storm Robinson (presumably) had cut a deep vee in the front of Cara’s, so her friend’s cleavage was on show, but other than that the dresses were pretty much identical.

There was a drinks cabinet, and the girls were required to serve drinks to the men. Sophie felt that was fair enough, but problematic as she knew nothing about alcohol. Fortunately Ellie did, for reasons never quite explained, and she directed things. Sophie was also expecting some horseplay, but in fact most of the men quickly went to sleep, not wanting to be jet-lagged on arrival, and the girls were allowed to do the same.

Sophie was very nervous about the unknowns that lay ahead, but one thing was sure: she was as fit as she had ever been in her life. She and Leah had worked really well as a team and each had pushed the other hard. She had frankly enjoyed it, as had Leah. Whether she would enjoy the challenges to come would be another matter, she knew. But physically she was as prepared as she could be.

Many hours later, they arrived at another large airport – Sophie had no idea where they were, nor did any of the other girls – and taxied to another quiet corner where they were transferred to another small plane. Once again they seemed able to circumvent any local authorities and procedures. Evidently Xanxta, like New Island, had an airfield, but not one capable of accommodating a trans-Atlantic jet, which would need a longer and wider runway than a local plane. As with the trip from New Island to Miami, the third leg of the trip was short, and soon they were disembarking and walking across a short strip of tarmac to a very small terminal that was little more than a shed. The men had travelled light, each with just a single travel bag, these being naturally carried by the girls. The girls had travelled lighter still, with each having just a very small bag containing a toothbrush and toiletries – no clothes, of course – and they could manage their own bags as well as the men’s.

But, just before getting off the plane, Tom Jefferson turned to the four girls and said, “you can leave your dresses on the plane. They’ll be stored until you need them again on the return trip.”

So they were to be naked again, in what Leah had told Sophie was a very large town. Sophie really didn’t want to strip. Yes, she was required to go naked on New Island, but that was generally just in first Kelvin Hope’s house, where he was the only other occupant, and then Tom Jefferson’s, where there were five men, and occasionally a sixth when Storm Robinson visited. It was bad enough being seen naked by them, but she had just about got used to that. Occasionally during their runs a man saw them, but usually at a distance. Sophie had of course been made to strip naked in front of around a hundred men at her slave auction, but that seemed like a vague dream – or nightmare – now. She almost struggled to believe that it had really happened.

But Tom Jefferson's instruction, however casually it had been couched, was an order. Sophie was now used to following orders without question. The ever-present threat of physical punishment for being even slow to obey removed any thought of refusal. It wasn't so much the pain, though Sophie had learnt that a strap or a male hand could come sharp: it was the humiliation of having to bend over and be chastised in front of the men, and yes, in front of the girls too.

So she took her dress off, immediately, as did the other girls. Sophie glanced across to Cara, expecting her friend to be even more embarrassed than she herself was, but somehow Cara didn't quite give that impression. Her friend's eyes were on her owner, Storm Robinson, as if seeking his approval. Robinson was indeed watching, though his face betrayed no emotion.

So the four girls, naked, followed the group of six men across a short pathway to the terminal building. Inside, there were half a dozen men and a couple of women, most engaged on a variety of tasks, but one of the men came to greet them. Sophie shrank back as much as she could, very conscious of her nudity.

The man, ignoring the girls, addressed the group of men. "Good afternoon, gentlemen, and welcome to Xanxta," he said. "Please follow me to go through the formalities of entering our town." He turned to the girls. "Slaves, deposit the luggage on this bench and then go to the table over there for processing." He turned back to the men. "I have arranged for the transfer of your luggage to your villa, Mr Jefferson. Taxi carts will be waiting outside once you have finished here."

"Thank you," said Tom Jefferson smoothly, and the men followed him off to another processing desk. Meanwhile, the four girls went over as directed to where a man and woman were waiting for them, dressed as all the officials were in a smart but cool uniform of livery t-shirt and slacks. The room was air-conditioned, to the point where the girls actually felt slightly cold. The man was middle-aged, balding and with a paunch, but looked efficient. He sat behind a desk, studying a clipboard.

"Line up in front of the desk," he ordered.

The girls obeyed. Sophie wished she could cover her breasts and crotch, but knew it would be most unwise to do so.

"Give me your names and ownership details," the man ordered.

Leah went first, characteristically. "Slave Leah, 012, Property of Thomas Jefferson, master," she said clearly.

"Slave Ellie, 011, Property of Thomas Jefferson, master."

Sophie somehow found her voice. "Slave Sophie, L013, Property of Kelvin Hope, on loan to Thomas Jefferson, master," she said. It was purely coincidence that her and Cara's slave numbers ran on from Ellie's and Leah's; she gathered that the 'L' numbers were separate from the others, and there was a slave 013 on New Island.

Cara finished off. "Slave Cara, L014, Property of Storm Robinson, master," she said. Did Sophie detect the slightest bit of pride as Cara said her owner's name? Perhaps her over-wrought imagination was working overtime.

The man ticked them off one by one on his clipboard, then looked at them and said, "those are New Island names and, as you know, you are not on New Island now. It has however been decided for the sake of simplicity to simply add 'New Island Slave' to each name immediately before your reference number, so that, for example," he looked at Leah, "you will now be Slave Leah, New Island Slave 012, for short and with your full name to be given when required."

"Yes, master," the four girls chorused.

The woman had produced a camera. "Slave Ellie, come and stand in front of me," she ordered. Like her male colleague, her voice was not sharp or aggressive, but expected obedience. Ellie did as ordered, her hands by her sides. The woman took a head and shoulders photograph, then stepped back and took a full frontal one. "Sideways", she ordered, and Ellie turned to stand side on so that two profile photos could be taken, again one of head only and one full body. Then Ellie was made to turn her back to the woman and a full length picture of her from behind was taken.

Ellie was ordered back into line and Leah summoned to take her place. Then it was Sophie's turn. Sophie blushed bright red as the camera clicked. On her arrival at Tom Jefferson's home on the first day of her loan to him, he had taken a full set of nude photographs of her. She had been far from comfortable, knowing that those photos would remain after her period of slavery came to an end, but at least they had

just been in his possession. These pictures, she knew, would be on official records, in fact probably accessible to all Xanxta citizens. It was not nice, but it was one more thing to endure.

Cara was also photographed and then they were allowed to rejoin the men, who were just finishing off whatever documentation was required for them. Sophie reflected that it was unlikely to involve nude photographs.

The girls were made to form a queue, with Leah at the front, then Cara, Sophie and Ellie at the rear. The officials produced three short lengths of light silver chain, each one perhaps two feet in length. The first was fixed at one end to the front of Cara's collar and the other end to the rear of Leah's. The other chains then connected Cara to Sophie and then Sophie to Ellie in the same way. Sophie had heard this described as a slave coffle. A slightly longer leather lead was attached to the front of Leah's collar and the other end was held by Ben.

The men then moved towards the exit of the terminal. A slight tug from Ben's lead was enough to instruct the girls to follow.

A blast of hot air hit them as the automatic doors slid open and they stepped outside. It was definitely hotter here than on New Island, Sophie immediately decided, though she then reflected that the lack of a sea breeze might have something to do with it.

But all such thoughts were immediately blown away by the vista that met her eyes.

The first impression was the sheer number of people around. The terminal was actually quite close to the centre of the town, and the street that they emerged onto was bustling. There were quite a few men around and Sophie was immediately even more conscious of her nudity. Fortunately, not being at the front of the coffle, she was shielded quite a bit by Cara in front of her, and Leah in front of Cara. Equally, she would later find that not being at the back also shielded her. Ellie, she came later to suspect, was placed at the back because of that awesome bubble butt of hers. Some of the men were accompanied by slave girls, some on leads, some not. All the girls were naked. There were some clothed women around too, and it took Sophie a moment to realise that these were free women, something which she had never seen on New Island. One of the women led a very handsome looking young man, maybe twenty-one years old or so, on a lead. A male slave! He was dressed only in a posing pouch and his body was lean and muscular. Sophie felt her eyes involuntarily dart down to the posing pouch. Either he had a shuttlecock down there or he was pretty well endowed. Sophie felt a hot flush, and she could tell from Cara's body language on front of her that her best friend had been similarly affected. It wasn't a nice thing to do, she thought: he was a poor unfortunate, just as she and Cara were, and they shouldn't be ogling him. Then it occurred to her that he was looking in their direction and she was reminded once more, as if she ever needed reminding, that she was stark naked. She went bright red. But it was a fleeting look, because the woman was already moving away, having not even glanced at the coffle of girls, and he had to follow or allow the lead to go taut, something that would probably earn him punishment. Sophie shocked herself even more by picturing a strap landing on that muscular male bottom, the posing pouch discarded, and realising that she found it quite an erotic thought. When, she wondered, had she, who had always shown disinterest in boys, become such a slut, revelling in lust?

But then she and her fellow slaves were turned to the left as they followed Ben's lead, and an even more shocking sight greeted them.

Five girls were waiting for them. It was not accurate to say that the girls were naked. More precisely, each one had her breasts and pussy on show. Each girl was harnessed to a pony cart. All five girls were very attractive, though their faces were slightly distorted by the bit in each mouth. All five were comparatively big girls, compared to the four newcomers facing them, but certainly not fat, just buxom and broad-shouldered. Actually, Sophie reckoned that a couple of them were less than a stone heavier than herself, once she looked more closely. Two of them had shaven pussies, two had narrow 'landing strips' of pubic hair and one had a full, if neatly trimmed, bush. All five girls gleamed: at first, Sophie thought they were oiled, then she realised that it was perspiration. The head harnesses all included a band which acted like a sweat band, keeping the perspiration out of their eyes, and their hair was all tied back too, which was just as well, since none of them had free hands. Each girl's hands were either chained to the shafts of her cart, or locked behind her, in which case her harness was connected more heavily to the

cart so that she would simply pull it with her body. Reins led from both sides of each head harness back to the cart. Sophie also noticed that each cart was equipped with some sort of punishment device: a couple of them had long, thin carriage whips, the others had shorter whips or straps. The five pony girls looked almost blankly at the men: they were just waiting to be used. There was nothing else they could do.

As ever, Tom Jefferson took charge. "Bill, you take the fastest cart and go ahead to the villa and make sure everything is OK. The rest of us will take a more leisurely ride through the town. Ben, secure the coffle to your cart." He eyed the five pony girls. "I assume you all know where you are going?"

Five pretty heads nodded in unison. The bits in their mouths made talking impossible, and in any case Leah had told Sophie that it was strictly forbidden for a pony girl to speak. "You don't feel like speaking when you're in harness anyway," Leah had said. "You always feel more animal than human." Sophie had not liked the sound of that, but now, confronted with the reality for the first time, she could understand.

"Yes, boss," Bill said cheerily. He studied the cart girls thoughtfully for a moment, then selected not quite the biggest of them, but the one who looked the fittest. As he moved behind her and climbed into the cart, Sophie noticed the girl was taking deep breaths, oxygenating her lungs ready for her task. As an athlete, Sophie recognised the technique. Bill picked up the strap in the cart. "Fast trot", he ordered, and before the girl had the chance to respond he gave her a meaty whack on her bare bottom with the strap.

The girl acknowledged the pain with a gasp, nothing more, and immediately began to move, digging her heels into the ground and pushing hard. Sophie could see the well-defined muscles strain. The cart began to move, then gradually picked up speed. It might have been a light cart, but Bill was no lightweight and the girl was struggling to get to trotting speed. However, Bill was having none of that. A trot he had ordered and a trot he would get. He lashed the strap across the girl's back, and was rewarded by a yelp and an increase in speed. Cart, pony and passenger quickly went down the dusty street, round a corner and out of sight.

Amongst the remaining men, Sophie saw the pecking order with which she was now familiar. Tom Jefferson was first, but he then politely indicated to Storm Robinson to go ahead of him. Storm picked the most buxom girl, again a choice which Sophie now knew he would make. Tom then made his choice, followed by Adrian. All three settled into their carts. Ben tied the end of the lead securely to the back of the remaining cart, and got into it.

"Walking pace, take the scenic route to the villa," Tom Robinson instructed his pony, loud enough for all four ponies to hear. He took the carriage whip from his cart, but cracked it in the air rather than on the body of his pony girl. All four girls flinched, and bent their backs to the task. The caravan began to move, forcing Sophie and her three companions to begin walking.

If the walk to the villa was both eye-opening and cringe-inducing – far too many people, particularly men, around for Sophie in her nude state, but loads of pony carts as well, and naked slaves both male and female about – the villa itself was sumptuous. Sophie reflected that she might be a slave, but she was getting used to living in the height of luxury. Her family was fairly well off, but nothing like this.

There were however only six rooms, grand though they were, and naturally the men had a room each, leaving just one room and one large double bed (all the beds were doubles) for the girls. Ellie shrugged her shoulders. "Probably most nights at least two of us will be on all-night men duty," she said wryly. "We share the bed between whichever of us are let off for the night." Although all four girls were actually heterosexual, Ellie and Cara were both quite tactile with all the girls, and Leah not much less so; sharing a bed with other girls clearly didn't bother Cara and both Ellie and Leah were used to doing what they were told. Sophie loved all three of her friends but would have preferred a bed of her own. However she kept quiet.

In the end, though, she did indeed spend the first night there in the bed alone. Ellie (to the elfin slave's delight) had been summoned to spend the night with Tom Jefferson, which allowed Leah to spend the night with Adrian, whilst Cara was summoned to her owner's bed. Sophie was not unhappy to learn that Bill and Ben were both too busy unpacking and readying the villa to have time to use her, so she was left on her own. Leah did however pop back briefly to speak to her.

"Just been talking to Master," Leah said. "As I thought, the competition will include both single pony carting and pairs. So, we need to be up really early tomorrow. Set your alarm for five A.M. and be

downstairs in the kitchen ten minutes later. You and I are going for a carting run just on our own, nice and early when nobody is about, then we can rest for a while, then Demori is coming in the afternoon to take us out again and really train us, and then we're on public taxi duty for two hours in the rush-hour tomorrow night. See you later!" And she was gone.

Early morning starts didn't bother Sophie: before her life-changing arrival on New Island she had frequently got up early for a 5k run before school, and since going to New Island was often doing the same with her friends, needing now to be doing it earlier to avoid anybody seeing her nude. It was still quite early in the evening here, and it had been a long trip from the Caribbean, but it had been a relaxing trip and an early night would help her ward off jet lag. The thought of being a pony girl was a bit daunting, not for physical reasons but the idea of being treated like an animal was not nice. Public taxi duty sounded worse. Well, it would be what it would be. She set the alarm clock, got into the double bed and was soon asleep.

Chapter Eighteen - Xanxta, the next morning

Sophie came down to the breakfast room very early the next morning to find Leah stirring a pot of something on the cooker. Adrian was sat at the table, looking sleepy. Adrian wore a dressing gown, whilst both girls were completely naked apart from their collars.

"Morning, slave," chirruped Leah brightly.

"Hello slave," replied Sophie, and to Adrian, "good morning, master." Adrian sleepily grunted a reply.

"Don't mind him," Leah said cheerfully. "He just doesn't like getting up at this time of day, but somebody's got to harness us."

"You could have asked Bill or Ben," Adrian pointed out grumpily.

"Would you have wanted their hands all over my little body?" Leah asked.

"I could tolerate it for another three hours in bed," Adrian said, then looked at the wall clock and added, "or four hours, even."

"My knight in shining armour," Leah sighed. Sophie was not fooled for a moment by the banter between Leah and Adrian, who clearly adored each other but also teased each other a lot. "Here," said Leah to Sophie, bringing the pot to the table and ladling out a big portion of mush onto a plate for Sophie. "Get this down your neck."

It was porridge, which as an athlete, Sophie was quite used to as a slow-release energy food on regatta days, and it was quite tasty. Leah had made plenty and the girls both wolfed down a lot. Leah offered Adrian some, but he declined. "After I've got you two sorted out and off, I'm going back to bed. It will still be early when you get back, as opposed to stupid o'clock right now, so I shall expect breakfast in bed with all the trimmings," he said pompously, eyeing Leah.

"The thing is," Leah said mischievously, "when you've finished sampling all my trimmings, the breakfast will be cold. Anyway, somebody will have to unharness us first."

"Bill can do that," Adrian said, "and he can put his hands all over you. I'll tell him so. And then I'll expect bacon, sausage, fried eggs, toast ..."

As he reeled off every possible item for a cooked breakfast, followed by everything that could be expected for a continental one and then a whole lot of other food items, some of which were highly unlikely to be obtainable, including dodo eggs and triceratops sausages, Sophie was not fooled for a second. She knew he would be waiting to unharness them when they returned.

She and Leah polished off the porridge with some fruit and plenty of water – she didn't need Leah to tell her the importance of being hydrated – and then popped briefly back to their room to brush their teeth. Sophie was now feeling quite nervous.

When they had finished and were ready to go, Leah said, "there's a shed behind the villa, the harnesses and carts are already there." She thought for a second, and then said, "wait here, I won't be long."

A couple of minutes later, she returned. "Master told me last night that we've got to wear tails at the competition, so we should start getting used to them. I thought you might be more comfortable with us putting them on ourselves, rather than having Adrian do it." She brandished two thin bushels of what looked like genuine horsehair, each about two feet long and secured at the top, ending in a small silver bauble shaped a little like a rounded Christmas tree.

"How do we ... oh," Sophie said, realisation dawning.

"Yeah, 'fraid so," Leah said. "Have you experienced a butt plug yet?"

"No," said Sophie quietly. She didn't want to, either, but as always there was no choice. She felt like running away, but knew that was stupid.

"Kneel on the settee and bend over the back of it," Leah said gently. Surrendering to the inevitable, Sophie did so. "Spread your legs and relax your muscles as much as you can. I've got some lubricant here, but the more relaxed you are, the easier it'll go in." Sophie tried to comply. Leah opened a jar and smeared a generous helping of what looked like Vaseline onto the bulb. Then she moved behind Sophie. Moments later, Sophie felt the cool metal of the bulb against her bottom cheeks. She stiffened and tensed automatically. "Come on, relax," Leah said patiently. Sophie forced herself to relax as much as she could. Then she felt the top of it right against the ring of her anus and stiffened again. Once more Leah talked to

her gently and she was able to ease just a bit of her tension. Now she felt it pushing in, slowly, carefully, Leah being as gentle and slow as she could. She couldn't help but push back, instinctively trying to repel the invader, but it kept coming, a bit at a time. She felt her ring being forced open, too much, too much ... And then she felt the pressure there actually ease, as the bulb went inside her and her anus closed around it. The sensation was very odd, like being constipated, not painful certainly but slightly uncomfortable and very strange.

"It's in," said Leah. She took a piece of kitchen roll and wiped away a couple of traces of the grease from Sophie's bottom. "Now you do mine."

They exchanged places. Sophie could feel the butt plug inside her as she moved and could also feel the hair of the tail brushing against the inside of her legs and high up inside her thighs. She took the jar of grease from Leah and smeared a generous helping on the plug.

"Slow and steady, please, no ramming in," Leah said.

"I will," Sophie promised. Leah's bottom was tightly muscled, like her own, although Leah was doing a fair job of relaxing. Sophie positioned the plug right at the puckered opening and gently, carefully, pushed it in. There was instinctive resistance for a moment, then the plug started to disappear. Leah's anus widened, and then suddenly the plug was in and her anus closed over it. It was like watching a sinking ship disappear beneath the waves. Sophie wiped the traces of grease off, then cleaned her hands. Leah got up, looked behind her and then wiggled her ass a little, her naturally irrepressible spirit never down for long. She eyed her young friend with a look close to amusement.

"Don't we look a pair? Give us a wiggle," she said.

Sophie surrendered to her elder friend's infectious mood and wiggled her own bottom, feeling the tail dance. It felt so weird, not just the plug but the tail itself, hanging down between her legs.

"Come on," said Leah, "let's go and find Ade."

"You both seem to have grown an appendage," was Adrian's dry comment when the girls appeared at the shed.

"Some men evidently like it," Leah said, matching his dryness and wiggling her bottom a little, Sophie was too embarrassed to say anything: it was bad enough just being naked in front of him, without this tail and the way it was attached to her.

"Boots over there," Adrian said. They were brown leather, quite stylish, with cream white heavy duty socks that just came over the top of them. Sophie noticed that the boots had good grip, something she suspected she would be grateful for at times. Both girls put them on, and then with Adrian's help donned their harnesses. The harnesses were actually just a lattice of straps: they started at mid-thigh and criss-crossed their bodies until the last straps went over their shoulders. However, they left the girls' pussies and bottoms completely clear, and although one vertical strap ran up between each girl's breasts, their boobs themselves were unconstrained. Given that they both had firm and not too large tits, this was not a problem. Sophie found that Adrian's hands went where they needed to on her body: he didn't touch her where he didn't need to, but nor did he hesitate to touch here where he did need to.

Once the harnesses were on, Leah, with Adrian's help, tugged hers in places to adjust it. "Make sure it fits just right, Slave Sophie," she advised. "If it's too loose in some places and too tight in others, it will rub really badly." Sophie took the advice and, also aided by Adrian, made sure hers had no slack and no digging in.

Adrian now fastened wrist bands on each girl's wrists, which he then attached to their harnesses at their thighs. Sophie's arms were now pinned at her sides. She felt suddenly completely helpless. Now Adrian made them stand side by side, Sophie on the left and Leah on the right, with their backs to the cart. It was a simple, two-wheel cart, but with mud guards over the wheels and a cushioned chair and foot-well. The passenger would be able to relax in comfort. Leah and Sophie would not. Eight thick leather straps led from the cart: Adrian fixed them to the girls. One wide on the shoulder of each girl, and one again wide on each hip, making four per girl. The straps were secured with tiny but effective golden padlocks. Sophie and Leah could not now disengage themselves from the cart.

"Normally, of course, we would have bits in our mouths," Leah explained to Sophie, "but just for this morning they will be left off so that we can talk and I can teach you how to pull effectively. It'll feel strange not to have them. When Demori takes us out later and every time after that, we'll both be bitted."

"Right," said Adrian. "There's a note on the seat saying, 'not for hire' in large letters, and another on the back saying the same, so you shouldn't be flagged down by anybody, if anybody is actually about at this unearthly hour." He opened the gate to the outside, about six yards ahead of them. "See you later. I'll leave the gate open."

Leah nodded her thanks. Sophie managed the same in shamed confusion.

"Okay," said Leah in businesslike tones once Adrian had gone. "We'll start with walking. When I say so, lean forward, hunch your shoulders a bit, and push steadily. Don't jerk and don't scramble. Nothing will seem to happen for a moment, then we'll slowly start to move. When we get out of the gate and onto the road, we turn left in quite a wide arc and then walk along the road. By the way, they drive on the left side of the road here, just like England. Ready?"

"Yes," said Sophie, settling into grim determination. She felt a pang of homesickness at the thought of home. She'd had a few driving lessons back home, but not enough to put in for a test yet. Home seemed a long, long way away right now.

"Go."

Sophie leaned, hunched and pushed as directed. Just as Leah had said, nothing seemed to happen for a moment and then, just as she wondered if she wasn't putting enough effort in, they started to move. By the time they reached the gate they were up to a slow walking speed. They swung out onto the road and began to walk along.

It was not quite yet six o'clock in the morning, but it was light, though still quite cool. The street was completely deserted. There were houses on both sides, large houses with carefully constructed facades and gates and plenty of ground, clearly an area of wealth. The road was smooth tarmac, with a pavement on each side. It was easily wide enough for two carts; two cars would have got past each other with care. There were palm trees on the pavements, and the architecture was definitely foreign, reminding Sophie again that she was far from home.

"When I say so, gradually slow down and come to a stop," Leah instructed. "Don't try to stop quickly, or we'll get a cart in the back." When she gave the order, Sophie did as she was told and they gradually brought the cart to a halt.

"Not bad for a first go," said Leah. She had picked a spot to stop where there were no houses too close, so that they could talk softly without the possibility of waking anybody. In this climate, as on New Island, most people slept with windows open. "The start-up was fine. We swung a bit wide when we came out onto the road, but we'll fix that. Some pony carts, you have handlebars like a Chinese rickshaw that you pull, and racing carts mostly have a horizontal push-bar in front of you, but this is a strictly pulling cart. That means we can't stop it with out hands, so we have to ease off the pulling and let the cart slow itself, then let the straps go slack so that it comes to a halt, but keep moving for a second or so, so that it doesn't collide with us. Above all, starting and stopping has to be smooth for the passenger, otherwise we're for it. Let's practice a few more starts and stops."

They did that for a while, then did some steady walking, until they were well co-ordinated. Despite the cool of the early morning, Sophie found herself perspiring a little. In the hotter hours of the day, she realised that she would be sweating like a pig. Her superb fitness, however, had not yet been found wanting, though she noted that some muscles in her back and legs were aching a little. Pulling the cart was a strange sensation: normally, when running, she loved the freedom she felt, but this was very different. They had gone some distance, and were now in a less populated area, though still a few houses around. Despite this, she found they were still talking very quietly, but they were almost shoulder to shoulder and their young ears could hear each other easily.

"I've got a question," she said when they had stopped once more. "If we normally have those bit things in our mouths" – just saying it was embarrassing – "how do we co-ordinate and know when to start and stop?"

"If we don't have a passenger, I can just grunt quietly. If we do, then he or she does the driving. If we're lucky, they just flick our shoulders with the reins. As often as not, though, it's either the carriage whip across our backs or the strap on our bums. You may have noticed that the straps to the cart are

placed so that they can easily swing both between them. In fact, any master with half decent skill with the carriage whip can put it across both our backs at once.”

“Ouch,” said Sophie resignedly.

“Oh, we’ll get plenty of carriage whip and strap,” Leah said soberly. “And it will sting, don’t think it won’t. But they use ones which will leave loads of marks during the day and you’ll be sore that evening, but by next morning most of the marks will have gone and so will most of the soreness, and all of both marks and soreness by the following day. The day after a full day in harness, your muscles will be very stiff and sore, but I’m usually OK again by the second day and I reckon you’re fit enough that you’ll be the same.”

Privately, Sophie reckoned she would die of humiliation from being treated like a harnessed animal in public, let alone the nudity. She wasn’t thinking any further ahead than this evening. This right now was bad enough, but being used as a public taxi?

It was as if Leah could tell what she was thinking. The older girl said quietly, “Sophie, it’s one thing to be pulling a cart now. It’ll be different in the heat of the day, with loads of people around, with a bit in your mouth and with a man in the cart, armed with a carriage whip ...”

“I know,” said Sophie soberly. Maybe her quietness had given her thoughts away, though she was never the most loquacious of girls.

“It’s dehumanising,” Leah went on. “You just feel like an animal, a pack horse. You don’t even want to speak, which you can’t anyway with a bit in your mouth. Somehow the bit makes you feel even less human. Best advice I can give is to let that feeling take you. Be driven by the carriage whip. Don’t think about anything except being a dumb animal. I’m sorry, but it won’t be easy.”

“Do I have a choice?” Sophie asked abruptly.

“No,” said Leah gently.

“Exactly,” said Sophie. “So all I can do is grit my teeth and get on with it. It’s been a long time since I had any choice in anything.” She turned her head to look at Leah. “There’s two of us pulling this cart. I won’t let you down.”

“I know you won’t,” Leah said kindly.

“And if I get the carriage whip across my back, I’ll just pull harder.”

“That’s the attitude you need,” Leah said. “But ... it won’t be ‘if’; it will be ‘when’.”

“When I get the carriage whip across my back, then.”

“You’ll get through it. You’ve got guts,” Leah said, trying to encourage. Sophie didn’t reply, so Leah changed the subject. “Right,” she said, “it’s about time we got on to trotting. We’ll start at a walk, then when I say so we accelerate smoothly into slow trot, then when I say so again we go back to walk, then stop. Okay?”

Leah had done some coaching of Sophie back on New Island once Sophie had joined the Jefferson household, without harnesses or carts but Sophie now knew the pace of each level. She was soon adept. They also practiced cornering and road junctions. As in a (British) car, the person on the right, which was Leah, was the driver because of her better visibility, although Leah did point out that when the reins were on they would not be able to turn their heads to any great degree. Leah took the lead at junctions, but Sophie quickly learned how to detect the slight changes in Leah’s pace or pulling and react so quickly and smoothly that it seemed they were simultaneous.

At another pause, Sophie asked a question. “This Demori, what’s he like?” she asked, not sure she wanted to know the answer.

“He’s a good trainer, hard but fair,” Leah said honestly. “He won’t hesitate to whip you if he thinks it will make you work harder, but he won’t whip you indiscriminately or without purpose. He’s also a good driver in pony cart racing; in fact, the best, in my book. Don’t tell Adrian I said that, though. He’s very professional, though of course in Xanxta that carries a slightly different meaning.”

“So Tom Jefferson is employing him?”

“Yes. Of course, you and I will have to pay part of his fees.”

“How can we do that? We don’t have any money?” Sophie asked, and then added “oh,” as realisation dawned.

“He’s not too bad,” Leah said. “I’ve had worse. Now, rest time over, and time’s getting on. We don’t want to be around when the streets start to get busy. One more extended trot, half a mile out and then back to the villa, okay?”

“Okay,” said Sophie.

It was amazing how your life can change, Sophie reflected a couple of hours later.

All the bedrooms in the villa were ensuite, but they were showers. There was however a separate bathroom. She was now lying in the large bath, luxuriating in the bubbles and muscle relaxant that were soothing her body and taking it back to the full fitness level she knew she would soon need. At home, when she took a bath, she wore a robe to the bathroom and kept the door locked on the inside until she had finished and the robe was back in place. Here, she had walked naked to the bathroom and the door was unlocked. Admittedly, she knew she was not allowed to lock it but, whilst she didn’t want anybody to come in, or at least anybody male, if they did, they did.

Back home, of course, she had been a virgin, never having had a boy friend. Her focus had been split between her sports activities and her schoolwork. She’d sort of had a vague interest in boys, but had never taken the plunge to get close to any: she knew several, but only as friends. Maybe it had been shyness, or a lack of confidence, or whatever. Looking back, sometimes now she regretted it. Things were very different now, and would never be quite the same again for her. Not worse, just different.

Leah had kindly surrendered the bath to Sophie, choosing herself to just take a shower. Sophie was fond of both Ellie and Leah, but much closer to Leah, and she was coming to understand why as she gained more and more insight. She was also coming to understand more fully the relationship, in terms of feeling, between the two girls and their owner. Ellie hero-worshipped Tom Jefferson and would do anything for him. With Leah, on the other hand, it was more the case that she respected Jefferson hugely as the man who had been strong enough to break her to slavery, and that respect led her to submit totally to him. She did actually love him, that was clear, but it was a love born of respect rather than the hero-worship that Ellie had. That made Leah sound more mature than Ellie, who was in fact a couple of months older than her, but it wasn’t really the case. Ellie was no star-struck baby, and she had shown that she had a strong will when she needed it.

And Leah needed challenge, and to be dealt with strongly and firmly. The need for challenge was deep in her nature, just as it was in Sophie’s.

Sophie had herself been fucked – there was no other word to properly and fully describe it – four or five times by Tom Jefferson now. Being had by men was part of what she had to endure. No, she told herself, that wasn’t being honest with herself. Sometimes it was not too bad. She had occasionally not minded, in retrospect, her couplings with Kelvin Hope. As for Tom Jefferson ... Sophie always went to him with slight trepidation, feeling that this was something she just had to get through, but always the orgasms came, despite herself, and ... well, as she said, it wasn’t too bad.

She was very, very nervous about her forthcoming training run under Demori, and even more so about being a taxi pony after that. She was dreading it, in fact. But it was going to happen. She was confident that she could cope with the physical demands of it. It was everything else that she was not looking forward to. But she was a fighter. She would get through it, somehow.

Around three o’clock that afternoon, Sophie stood next to Leah, harnessed to the cart once more, awaiting the arrival of this man Demori, who she had not yet met.

She was harnessed again, but it was different. Now, instead of a sweat band across her forehead, she had a head harness. From the sides of it, a bit ran across the front of her face. Her mouth was open and her even white teeth settled on the bit. The bit stopped her mouth from fully closing. Again from where the bit was connected to the head harness, reins now ran back to the cart, where she knew (but couldn’t see) they were tied to the handrail. The reins and harness constricted the movement of her head: she could turn maybe forty degrees to either side, no more. When a driver had them in his hand, her head could be completely controlled.

The bit made coherent speech impossible, but it wasn't just that. Leah had been right, as usual: the bit made her feel less human, more of a beast of burden. She no longer felt like talking, even if she could. She just stared ahead, trying to fight the nerves in her tummy. They were in the yard, but with the gate currently closed. Although they were in shade, it felt significantly warmer than it had earlier on.

Adrian had, as expected, been waiting on their return and had released them from the harness. They had gone back upstairs still wearing the tails and butt plugs and gingerly taken them out of each other's anuses to clean. Now they were back in again, once more put in by each other before they had come down to be harnessed. This time it had been Bill harnessing them: Leah had no similar excuse like before to arrange for Adrian to do it. Sophie had been pawed a little during her harnessing, but only a little. It was not significant compared to her nervousness about what was going to happen, but it was not nice even so.

Sophie jumped a little as the door to the villa opened behind her and the voices of two men reached her ears. Her movement caused slight tinkles of metal on metal on her restraints. One voice she recognised as Tom Jefferson; the other, she assumed correctly, was Demori Haslan. The two men came round to the front of the cart, on Leah's side but where Sophie could see them. Demori was a black man: Sophie had guessed that from the name, but like most of her generation, including Leah, Ellie and Cara, she was completely indifferent to the colour of a person's skin. He would be, she guessed, around late thirties in age, not a big man but lean and muscular. Wiry was perhaps the word. As a racing cart driver, she guessed that not being heavy would be an advantage, being less weight to pull. He wasn't handsome, but nor was he hideous.

"Hello, Slave Leah," he said in quite a deep voice for a small man. "Nice to see you again, it's been a while."

Leah made a polite noise that was somewhere between a whinny and a grunt. The bit in her mouth made intelligible speech impossible, but Sophie realised that Leah hadn't even tried to say anything coherent. It was just a noise of acknowledgement.

Then Demori turned his attention to Sophie. With her boobs and pussy fully on show, plus the humiliation of being harnessed like a real pony, Sophie's face immediately went red.

"This is your new girl?" Demori asked Tom, not speaking to Sophie.

"Well, I don't actually own her, she's on loan, but to all intents and purposes here, yes," replied Tom.

Demori studied Sophie, making her face go even redder. "Good legs, looks fit and strong. Tits firm and not too big, so she doesn't need a harness which holds them in place," Demori observed, making her blush even more. "Definitely an athlete. Spirited?"

"I think so, and so does Leah," Tom replied.

"What's she like in bed?"

Sophie was shocked by the question, and equally so by Tom being prepared to answer with equal casualness and disregard for privacy. "Not bad. She was a virgin on enslavement, so inexperienced, but Leah's taught her some technique and she's a good learner. Tends each time to start obediently rather than enthusiastically, but she soon warms up. She always cums in the end."

Sophie wanted the ground to open and swallow her up. Her face burned bright red.

"Hmm," reflected Demori. "I was planning to renew my acquaintance with Leah tonight and have this girl tomorrow night. Perhaps I should do it the other way round. No, I'll stick with my original plan, it that's all right by you." He was talking to Tom, not either of the girls.

"That's fine," said Tom. "They're both at your disposal, of course." How casually my body is being rented out, thought Sophie, and I'm standing here accepting it. As always, though, she had no choice. Her hands were locked to her thighs, and the harness and cart ensured she was going nowhere unless she took Leah with her.

"Right then," said Demori. "I assume they are watered?"

"I assume so," Tom replied. Leah nodded. They had indeed, as experienced sports players, made sure they were well hydrated before reporting to be harnessed, and also that they had been to the toilet. Leah had pointed out that it would not be good to be caught short whilst in harness. Sophie had wondered with something of a shudder what would happen in such a situation. She had tried to put it out of her mind.

Demori moved behind Sophie and Leah and then stopped, eyeing the tails which protruded from their bottoms. "I see that you've gone with the fashion," he said to Tom in an amused tone. Once again, Sophie's face was bright red.

"I suspect it will be mandatory at the competition, so I thought they should get used to them," Tom replied.

"Good idea. We'll have to find out about the competition."

"I will do so. Well, I'll let you get on. I'll get the gate," said Tom.

"Thank you," replied Demori. Sophie felt the cart lower slightly as he got into it – she felt it through the straps linking her to it – and also felt him take up the reins. Meanwhile, Tom was opening the gates to the street outside.

Here we go, thought Sophie in dread. Oh, God!

She felt the reins flick on the back of her shoulders. Presumably Leah felt the same. It didn't hurt, but it was a message. 'Don't think', Leah had advised her: 'just do'.

Feeling Leah move with her, Sophie started to walk.

They moved the cart out of the gate, and then Sophie felt her head being pulled back slightly by the reins. It was a clear signal for them to stop, which they did. Demori was presumably checking for traffic before pulling out: evidently he was going to steer, not rely on Leah. Then she felt the left rein tug, and another flick of the reins on her bare shoulders. That was the signal that they were to turn left, as they had first thing that morning, and to move off. They did so, and started walking down the street. Sophie noticed that they had turned much more tightly than this morning, a much better turn after their earlier practice. That pleased her, but at the moment her mind was being overloaded with other things.

It was very different to this morning. First and foremost, there were now plenty of people about, and Sophie was naked, with everything on show, and being used like a mindless animal. It was extremely embarrassing, humiliating, and shameful, but there was nothing she could do except endure it. The next thing she became aware of was that it was much hotter than it had been previously: she had barely gone a dozen yards and she was already sweating. She could feel the perspiration on her exposed chest and trickling down her sides, and with her hands pinned there was no way she could wipe it away. Fortunately the head harness had a strap across her forehead that acted like a sweat band, otherwise the sweat would soon have got into her eyes and made it difficult to see.

Demori was only fairly slight, but even so there was a marked increase in the drag from the cart: it was much harder work to pull than when it had been empty. Sophie wondered what it would be like with a heavy passenger, and supposed she would find out soon enough. Still, there were two of them pulling, so they could cope. How Leah could pull a cart on her own Sophie could not imagine. She understood now why all the previous solo pony girls she had seen were larger, at a guess seventy kilos or more: still attractive, all of them, just bigger, taller and more broad-shouldered.

Having a bit in her mouth also made things very different as well. It added significantly to the humiliation of it all, as well as the helplessness. But also, she needed to keep her head up and her lips as closed as possible – the bit prevented her from closing them altogether – as well as frequently sucking in, to avoid saliva escaping. Leah had briefed her on this. It wasn't just that she didn't want to be seen dribbling, it was also about not losing valuable body liquid. Expending so much energy in this heat meant that dehydration was a real possibility.

Demori began putting them through their paces: changes of pace, turns, starts and stops. Sophie had learnt plenty with Leah that morning, now she learnt a good deal more to add to that. In particular, she learnt how messages from the driver came through the reins, felt how the slight tugs from the reins indicated steering commands. She learnt to feel Leah's movement and follow it with her own, so that they worked in unison. Demori was a hard taskmaster, and soon her bare, sweating back was stinging from repeated application of the carriage whip; but she could honestly say that he was not unfair or cruel. The carriage whip did not so much punish – although it certainly hurt – as set a standard which she was required to keep up to. She found herself accepting rather than resenting it. She learnt to do whatever she could to avoid it being used on her, but that was often not possible. Even so, whenever she felt it sting her flesh, it made her do whatever Demori was requiring of her.

She learnt how to negotiate a water station. This was basically a trough at around their chest height. There were many dotted around the town: a dehydrated pony is going to collapse no matter how much whip is applied, especially in this heat. Guided by Demori, Leah and Sophie came right up to the trough, facing it. The harnesses allowed them to bend forward, once Demori slackened the reins. There was no elegant, lady-like way to drink: they just had to bury their heads in the water and slurp it in. It was clean

but lukewarm, but to Sophie it tasted like champagne. She really needed it. After they had drunk their fill, they had to back carefully away and round, back parallel with the road, and then a flick on the reins from Demori and they were pulling away once more.

There were other pony girls pulling carts, occasionally in pairs, more often single. Like Sophie and Leah, they laboured and sweated. None of them paid any attention to Sophie and Leah except to obey standard rules of the road to avoid collisions. There were people around on the pavements as well, mostly men, sometimes alone or in pairs, sometimes with a naked slave girl in attendance. Many of them casually glanced at Sophie and Leah, and the other pony girls as well. Sophie felt hugely embarrassed. She had hoped that having other pony girls around might dilute that embarrassment, but it did so only slightly.

At a slow trot, they overtook a woman walking along the pavement with a male slave on a lead. Sophie at first thought he was naked, but coming closer she saw that he was actually wearing a thong. He was young, maybe a few years older than herself as far as she could tell from behind. What she could definitely tell was that he was fit and muscular: his back, legs and particularly his bottom were well sculpted, not excessively muscled, but ... very nice. That description came unbidden to her mind, and more, she felt her eyes drawn to that tight bottom. She realised with a blush and a cringe that she was ogling him, just as men ogled her. Nor did she feel she was taking advantage of him: it was just, well, she never used to look at boys that way. At least, not much, and certainly not a naked male bottom. Her head harness prevented her from turning her head as they passed, so she couldn't see his face.

And then, just as they passed, she felt Demori pull on the reins and heard him order them to stop.

They were still facing forward, Sophie and Leah stood there, taking deep breaths, trying to recover their energy. Meanwhile she felt Demori turn in the cart and heard him say to the woman, "hello, Samantha, how are you?"

"Hello, Demori," came a cultured, feminine voice to Sophie's ears. The two exchanged conversational pleasantries. Samantha came round to the front of the cart and studied the two pony girls. She extended the lead – it was one of these dog walker leads which will lengthen at the push of a button – to leave the male slave, presumably, still behind them. She was very attractive, maybe late thirties, Caucasian, elegantly coiffured and made up. "Are these the girls you are training for the Four Slavelands Challenge? You're working with the New Island team, aren't you?"

"Yes and yes," Demori answered.

Samantha studied Leah's face, recognising her even with the bit – or perhaps because of it. "I've seen this one before, at the Xanxta races," she observed. "Good competitor."

"Yes, she is, Demori replied. "The other one's new, but she's not bad."

Samantha glanced at Sophie and nodded. Then she pressed the retract button on the lead. "Come here, slave," she summoned.

The male slave came into view. He was indeed maybe just a couple of years older than Sophie, and very handsome. Sophie rued the sight of herself that she was giving him: not just naked, her boobs and pussy on show, but harnessed like an animal and sweating like a pig.

"Take a good look, slave," Samantha instructed her slave.

"Yes, mistress," he replied. Sophie followed his eyes as they took in first her face, then her tits, then her pussy and finally her legs, and then saw him do the same with Leah. It was an ordeal, being ogled like this. But she felt her own eyes, almost against her will, taking him in as well, and enjoying what she saw. They went down his muscled, hairless chest and settled on his crotch. He was wearing a firm-looking leather pouch there: there was definitely a bulge, but it seemed flatter somehow than it should be. And then she became aware that the young man was shuddering and shivering. She didn't understand why. It certainly wasn't the hot weather.

"Well, must get on," Demori said. "Good to see you, Samantha."

"You too, Demori." Samantha stepped back onto the pavement, pulling the lead slightly. The young man followed.

Sophie felt the reins flick into her bare shoulders. "Trot!" came the command from behind her. Automatically she began to move, feeling the drag of the cart through the harness once more. Her legs worked, as did Leah's, and the cart was quickly moving at speed once more.

That evening, when they were back at the villa, Leah would explain something to her. “Did you notice his cock pouch? A few free women make their male slaves wear one. It keeps his cock bent, which is why it all looked flat. When he starts getting excited – you know what I mean, cut the innocent look – and his cock begins to straighten, it pushes into some hard modules and that will hurt him. She wants him to only go hard for her. But at the same time, she wants him stimulated. I’ll bet you that when she got him home, he would beg to be allowed to take the pouch off and do his duty to her. She’ll probably find some other stimulating sights for him, it won’t just be us, but we certainly got his attention.” Sophie wasn’t sure she wanted to get any boy’s attention while she was in harness – or at any time while she was naked, come to that, which of course was pretty much all the time. And yet that wasn’t fair, because she had ogled him, and admitted to herself that his very nice body had stirred her. In fact, she even wondered, just deep down, what it might have been like if he had been allowed to, or ordered to, fuck her. She was just shy, still.

But that was later. Right now, she and Leah were labouring and sweating naked, pulling the cart, walking, trotting, transitioning between the two, stopping, starting, carrying out manoeuvres at junctions and so on. Every so often Sophie would gasp in pain as the carriage whip bit into her bare back or bottom, and it made her redouble her efforts or concentrate more to avoid any slackness. Leah did not escape the whip either: generally Demori wielded it so that it struck both of them in the same arc. Nor was Leah’s work perfect: she had raced once in a pair, in an epic match in Corvalle with Slave Sally, but she was not used to pulling tandem in the streets. Also, for all her fitness and power, she too had to be reminded to pull harder from time to time.

They were allowed frequent stops at the water stations, where Demori would slacken the reins and allow them to bend forward and immerse their heads in the water. Sophie had rarely experienced anything as sweet as the relief every time she was allowed to do so, even if water did go up her nose as well as into her gaping mouth. It was not that Demori was being kind to them: dehydration, in this sun and this heat and with the physical efforts they were being made to put in, was a real risk if they were not frequently watered.

And then, in a fairly busy street, Demori made them pull into the kerb and stop. Sophie glanced round anxiously as she regained her breath. There were too many people about, especially too many men, given that her tits, pussy and ass were all in full view. But there was nothing she could do about it.

She had thought this was just another practice at stopping and starting, but instead she heard him applying the hand brake, then felt the cart lighten and knew he had climbed out, still between the wide shafts so that he was now right behind her. She felt the reins slacken, and then she felt a hand on her shoulder, pushing her forward. Obediently she bent at the waist, leaning forward, unable to do anything except stare ahead of her and wonder what was going on. She had a strong premonition that she would not like it. She heard a slight swishing sound that for a moment she did not recognise, and then the horrible comprehension dawned on her. It was the sound of a man lowering his trousers. She now felt a slight change in the pressures of the plug in her sphincter and realised that he was pushing her tail to the side. He was going to take her, from behind, with her still in harness. In public!

“Gggnnnggg!”

She gasped, the air hissing as it went past the bit in her mouth, as he entered her. She felt his hands on her hips, holding her in place so that she didn’t stagger forward, although somewhere dimly she was also aware of Leah bracing so that, with the hand brake as well, the cart did not move. His maleness filled her, and then she gasped again as he began to thrust. From the periphery of her vision, despite the rheumy mistiness of her eyes, she could see people stopping to watch. The humiliation was unbelievable. It was perhaps the most degrading thing she had experienced since she had been made to strip naked on stage for her auction. And yet worse still, she felt her body, now conditioned to regular sex, respond to his brutal thrusts.

“Gggnnnggg! Ggnnnabhhh!”

On and on it went, her body now on fire, shame and lust chasing each other around what felt like the tattered shreds of her humanity.

“Gggnnnggg! Ggnnnaaaahhhhhhhhh!”

He came, and it made her come to. She could not help it. She felt the jets of his jism spurting deep into her, spearing the very core of her being. Sophie came, as helpless as a twig in a hurricane.

After long moments, the tsunami faded. She felt him withdraw from her, and then wipe his cock on her bare inner thigh. She felt more humiliated than she had thought it was ever possible to be. And as she sensed and heard the faint sounds of him putting his cock away and pulling up his trousers, she became hideously aware that there were several men stood on the pavement. They had watched the whole thing. Sophie wanted the ground to open up and swallow her, but she could not move, apart from to straighten up, which brought some of the men into eye contact with her. Humiliated beyond measure, she lowered her eyes.

Then she heard a man speak. "Wise man say slave girl is like an old washing machine," he said in mock Chinese.

"How so?" she heard Demori ask from behind her.

"They both dribble when they're fucked," the man replied, lapsing into a broad Birmingham accent.

A fresh wave of additional embarrassment swept over Sophie. The horse's bit in her mouth prevented her from closing her mouth fully, so she always had to keep in mind to suck saliva in and also keep her head up. While Demori had been pounding her, it had taken her mind off it and she had forgotten, with the result that she realised that she had indeed been dribbling.

"Nice one," said Demori to the man, an amused tone in his voice. "Well then, as a reward for services to humour, would you like to fuck the other one? See if you can make her dribble too?"

"Don't mind if I do," said the man.

Demori climbed back into the cart to make room, and the man stepped between the shafts, which were low enough to climb over fairly easily, and stood behind Leah, who bent forward without needing to be told to, though Sophie did not think Leah would be looking forward to this. Sophie could just about see Leah, but not really the man, apart from his hands as he grasped Leah's hips. The hands were fat and pudgy. Moments later she felt the cart jerk forward slightly as Leah was entered, and she remembered to do as Leah had done when Sophie was being had, and brace to hold the cart in place. As an additional reminder of her own unpleasantness of a few moments ago, she could feel a little bit of semen trickle down the inside of her leg.

Grunts and gasps came to her ears, from both the man and Leah. Sophie wondered if she had made the same sort of noises when it had been her turn. She supposed she had, but her mind had been on other things and she had not noticed. No doubt, she thought in shame, those watching would have been highly entertained.

The man fucking Leah did not last long, and came noisily. Leah's gasps indicated that she was not unaffected, though Sophie could not tell if her friend had actually come. He did up his trousers, stepped out from the shafts and came round to the front of them, which meant that Sophie saw him fully for the first time. He was squat and ugly, and probably in his fifties. Sophie felt sorry for Leah, having to be abused by a man like that, but she realised with dismay that the next man to take her in harness could be just as bad. Indeed, it was quite possible that she might not even see what he looked like until afterwards. Leah had straightened up and was staring ahead of her, apparently unaffected. Sophie suspected that might be an act.

The toad – as Sophie could not help but think of him – and Demori exchanged comments on Leah, and then the man departed. The spectators had also drifted away, to her relief. She could again feel that cum slowly rolling down her leg. It was not a nice feeling.

Sophie felt the reins flick on her back and they got underway once more. Just a short walk further on, they came to what was advertised as a pony wash. It was actually a lay-by into which they were steered, and brought to a halt. A young man sitting with a newspaper cast the paper aside and came to attend.

"They've both been fucked," Demori told him, far too loudly for Sophie's liking. She went red. "They need cleaning out."

"The young man nodded. "Front or back passage?" he asked. "I'm assuming front, given the plugs, but ..."

"Front it is, both of them," Demori confirmed.

The young man nodded and produced a hosepipe. Sophie had a horrible premonition. He came round in front of them, knelt in front of Leah, his fingers prised her sex lips apart and he pushed the nozzle into her and pressed a button on it. Leah didn't react, but Sophie knew something was happening and could guess what. Then he flicked the button back to what was presumably the 'off' position and took the

nozzle out of Leah. Sophie felt her fingers on her own sex lips, felt them being prised gently apart, then felt the nozzle pushing in. Again he pressed the button and suddenly she felt her vagina filling up with warm water. Just when she thought she couldn't possibly take any more, he switched it off once again and she felt the nozzle leave her.

"Hold it in, sluts," he instructed, his voice affable despite the last word, but Sophie was in no doubt that it was a command to be obeyed on pain of, well, pain. She tried to squeeze her legs together.

"We need to keep it in for a minute or so," he said conversationally to Demori.

"I assume there's some cleaning agent in there?" came the voice of Demori from behind the girls.

"Same stuff we use to clean them on the outside. It works just as well. They look a fit pair of girls, but I've not seen them around before?"

"They're from New Island, here for the Slaveland Challenge."

"Ah, I see. Thought I hadn't seen them."

"The one on the right is from Xanxta originally. She's been a pony before."

"I've only lived here for about a year, so probably missed her. Reckon they'll do well?"

"We'll see." Leah had told Sophie that Demori believed that gorillas have the right idea, in that they beat their chests after they have won the fight, not before.

The two men chatted about other things briefly, and then the young man said, "well, that should be long enough." He came round to the front of the two girls, took hold of Leah's collar and led them on. Ahead, Sophie saw a trough, calf height, perhaps a foot wide and two feet long. He lined Leah up with it and then made her straddle it, her feet shuffling to either side until she was over the centre of it. Sophie had to keep level with her colleague, but there was ample room on either side of the trough.

"Squat and release," the young man instructed Leah.

Sophie felt a slight downward pull to her right as Leah bent at the knees and lowered herself by around six inches. Then she heard the unmistakable tinkle of liquid hitting the metal trough as Leah released the liquid stored in her vagina. Oh my God, thought Sophie, yet another humiliation! Once Leah had finished, the young attendant ordered them to back up, which they did with a little difficulty, and then come forward again with Sophie now at the trough. Sophie widened her legs and somewhat bow-leggedly straddled the trough, lowering herself down, this time taking Leah with her instead of the other way round.

"Let it go, blondie," came the order from the young attendant.

Sophie closed her eyes, not wanting to make eye contact with anybody who was watching her do this, and relaxed her muscles. The liquid came gushing out and she heard the tinkle of it as it dropped into the trough. She felt the relief as her vagina emptied.

When she was done, they were made to back up again and then bypass the trough and go a little bit further along the lay-by. There was a horizontal rail, about six feet high, supported on struts at either side, with a plastic curtain on one side, drawn back. They were steered through and made to stop so that the girls were past the rail but the cart behind it. Sophie heard, but could not see, the curtain being pulled across behind them, forming a barrier between the girls and the cart. The young attendant brought a second hosepipe round to them, pointed it at them and flicked the release switch with his thumb.

Sophie and Leah both gasped as a powerful jet of cold water hit them. The attendant sprayed it all over both of them and then flicked the 'off' switch. Now he picked up a mop which was soaking in a large bucket of soapy water. He rubbed the front of first Leah's chest and then Sophie's, then their crotches, arms, legs and finally moved behind them and did their backs and bottoms. The mop was cold and horrible. The two girls now stood there, covered in soapy water which was slowly dripping down their bodies. He put the mop away and applied the hosepipe once more, playing it over all the surfaces of their bodies apart from their heads, although plenty of spray hit their faces. Sophie was just grateful that he hadn't mopped their faces: since the bit prevented her mouth from closing, she would not have been able to prevent herself taking the soapy liquid in.

He finished hosing them down, put the hosepipe away and drew back the curtain, which had prevented the cart from getting wet. Sophie felt like a drowned rat and suspected that she looked the same. She always liked to be well groomed: even when she was sweating buckets during sports, she had a knack of looking neat and smart, but right now she felt like a mess. Water was dripping everywhere off

her body and running down it as well. The coldness of the water had been nice in its way as an antidote to the broiling heat of the day, but even so this was not nice.

But then, as Demori, having paid the attendant, settled back in the cart and she felt the flick of the reins on her soaking wet shoulders, signalling for her and Leah to move off once more, none of this was nice. Slavery was not nice. It was a challenge, but it was not nice.

But her first stint as a pony was not yet over. Demori directed them closer to the town centre, and pulled them to a halt outside what was evidently his flat. He alighted and addressed the two girls. "It's now quarter past four," he said, checking his watch. "Go to the town centre taxi ranks. You may return to the villa at six-thirty." Leah gave the slightest of nods to indicate that she understood, so Sophie followed suit. He went inside, and they pulled off. The hot sun had already dried their bodies from the pony wash and now both of them were gleaming with sweat once more. With Leah leading, they pulled away, and she steered them right into the centre of the town and pulled them up in the taxi rank, alongside three other carts, each drawn by a single girl, but girls larger than either of them.

Sophie felt both trapped and humiliated. There were plenty of people around, mostly men, and many of them looked at her, Leah and the other girls as they passed. Sophie was very conscious of her bare breasts and exposed pussy. But also, she knew that sooner or later, one of them would be climbing into the back of their cart, and reaching for the reins and the carriage whip.

By the time the large clock in the town centre square had crawled around to half past six, Sophie was beyond exhausted. They had carried male passenger after male passenger, some just short distances, others perhaps a mile to the outskirts, and mostly at the trot. Her leg muscles burned with fatigue, and her back stung from the many times the carriage whip had been applied to it. Sometimes the whip had been used out of what seemed to her pure cruelty, but there were also times, on a long trot, when she had been faltering and it had forced her to keep her pace up. Leah, she could tell, was shattered too. In the hour between five and six, the 'rush hour' they had been in constant use. After that, it has eased off a little. Whenever they had dropped a passenger off, they returned to the taxi rank, although sometimes they were flagged down on the way and used once more. At six-thirty, as they stood at the rank, Leah grunted softly at Sophie to indicate they could start back to the villa. They went at walking pace, but even then they were not immune: they were flagged down on the way and had to take another balding, overweight man to his destination, and got more carriage whip on their backs to ensure they kept the pace he wanted. Fortunately, although it was a bit of a detour, his home was not far from the villa, and they made it back without further misadventure.

Evidently Bill knew approximately when to expect them and had kept an eye out, because a minute or so after they pulled up, he emerged and opened the gate. The weary two girls pulled the cart into the yard and stood as he released them from their harnesses. Only by locking her knees straight as she waited to be released did Sophie prevent herself from collapsing. Leah was freed first and when Sophie was freed she virtually collapsed into Leah's arms, although her comrade was not much less tired than she. Supporting each other, they made their way onto the house and the bathroom. Bill had been kind enough to already run the large bath and put in bath soaps and muscle soak. They slid into the bath together, naked and still supporting each other. There were no words.

As it happened, all four girls were left free that night. The men had all gone into town to see a show. Sophie had wondered if the show involved naked girls, but apparently it was a visiting singer of some repute. Even masters needed a break sometimes, she guessed.

That meant that all of the girls had to share the bed, which was a squeeze, even if it was king-size. Four naked bodies pressed tight together under the sheets, but none of them minded, not even Sophie who was by nature the least tactile of the four. She was on the outside, with Cara next to her. It wasn't just that the girls all frequently endured much harder deprivations, trials and ordeals, compared to which being squeezed four to a bed was nothing; but the closeness also accentuated the already strong slave girl camaraderie that existed between them. That bond was so powerful because each girl knew that the others understood what she was going through, because they were going through it, or had gone through it,

themselves; and, at the same time, each girl respected the others for their courage, the knew that the others felt the same way about them, because they had all suffered together.

In some ways, Sophie felt almost telepathy between her and Cara, which she had known since childhood. ‘Are you all right?’ ‘I’m surviving. You?’ ‘Yeah, I’m, surviving too. We’ll get through it.’ The actual words did not need to be said. And also, there was a vibe which was somehow more positive than that, which Sophie sensed in both of them. For herself, she put it down to pride that she had been able to partner Leah, who she so much admired, without letting her down. She wasn’t sure why Cara was positive, but she was pleased that her best friend was, whatever the cause.

Sophie was very tired and her muscles ached, but not as badly as they might have done. The long soak in the bath with loads of muscle relaxant crystals dissolved into the hot water had done wonders. Cara had also put ointment on the numerous carriage whip lines on her back and bottom but, as Leah had said, the types of whip they used left welts which faded fast, and Sophie could already see that most of the marks would be gone by tomorrow, and all by the day after.

“Master Demori was very pleased with you,” Leah said, from the other side of the bed. She had been sent to Demori’s house that evening to have sex with him, but he had released her after that rather than keep her overnight. “He said you responded very well to the whip. He informed Master, who relayed that back to me.”

“It’s not as if I had any choice, is it?” Sophie asked, but her tone was not bitter. There was even a note of pride in her voice at the compliment.

“Some girls collapse if you whip them too much,” Leah explained. “Others get angry with the person wielding the whip. You just upped your work rate, which is what is needed.”

The girls were not supposed to have secrets from each other, hence Leah speaking openly in front of the other two, but Sophie did not want Leah to mention about her having been taken from behind by Demori in harness in the street. To veer the conversation away from that, she asked Ellie, “have you ever been a pony girl, Ellie?”

“Nah,” came the voice from the other side of Cara, “I’m too small to pull a cart. It’s the one advantage of being a titch.” In fact, Ellie was only about five or six kilogrammes lighter than Sophie or Leah but, although fit, she lacked the athleticism of the other two, much less Leah’s fearsome strength. Cara, although around the same weight as Leah and Sophie, would likewise not have the fitness or power, though she too was far from unfit.

So it would just be Leah and Sophie between the shafts.

Chapter Nineteen - Xanxta, the next day

Leah and Sophie were lazing by the pool when Ben appeared.

Well, resting and recovering was a more accurate term. They had trained hard early that morning, and would do so again this evening when the temperature dropped once more, so they did genuinely need to rest. Of course, they needed to do some training in the heat as well. Tomorrow they were going to be on public pony duty, after their more brief stint yesterday. Leah knew that Sophie was very nervous about it and not looking forward to it, unsurprisingly. As for Leah herself ... well, she told herself it was not her decision, she was a slave and had to do what her owner ordered. But she was, sort of, looking forward to it. It would be very hard work, very humiliating, and the carriage whip stung, but ... in a way, she had missed it while she had been on New Island. And for all that New Island was very definitely a better place for a slave than Xanxta, it did lack that one element. She had heard, though, that the New Island council were considering introducing a few more pony girls to the island.

Ben's eyes casually roamed over the two naked girls. Leah wasn't really bothered any more, at least not with members of her owner's household. She didn't even close her shapely legs. Sophie was, Leah knew, having to make more of an effort not to cover herself, but she managed it.

"On your feet, Slave Leah," Ben said briskly. "You have an appointment."

"Yes, sir," Leah said, obeying. Ben, Bill, the cook, and even Adrian when they were not alone together, were all "sir" to her: her owner reserved "master" for himself alone. She stood meekly while Ben attached a lead to her collar and led her away, out of the villa's grounds and down the road. There was no time needed to get ready to go: no clothes to change, because she wasn't allowed to wear any. There were plenty of men around, and some looked her over as she passed. It was a familiar feeling, and not quite as comfortable as Ben seeing her, since he was already very familiar with her body. But such was her life. The lead, humiliating though it might be, was a Godsend in some ways, since it made it less likely for her to be stopped, though she felt the odd male hand on her flanks or bottom as she passed.

She wondered where they were going, but it was not wise to ask such questions of Ben. Bill might have been easier to get info out of. As it happened, however, Ben himself told her.

"You have an interview with Fiona Furness," he informed her. "Master Tom had an interview with her earlier, and she asked for one with you as well. He agreed."

A cold finger of dread went up Leah's spine. Fiona Furness had very good reason to hate Leah, and that is not a good situation for a slave to be in with a free person. But she managed a dutiful "yes, sir".

"Also, he has given her whip rights over you."

Shocked, Leah stopped. Her lead went taut, which pulled in Ben as well. He turned to face her, a slight look of irritation on his face at her unauthorised halting. Her face had gone white. "Why would he do that?" she asked, unable to help herself.

Ben frowned. "I have no idea, he didn't tell me why, and even if he did, why should I tell you? Is it your decision what your owner does?"

"N-no, of course not," Leah stammered. She drew herself up, took a breath. "Whatever my master wants is all that matters," she said, both for Ben to hear and to remind herself, and began walking again. But her face was white and she was almost shivering with fear. She wondered what Fiona Furness would do to her: it would surely be extreme agony for her. She told herself that she had to be brave, to make her master proud of her, but right now she wished the earth would open up and swallow her.

They reached the offices of Slaveland News. On the wall outside was a very large canvas copy of a photograph Leah recognised. It was Fiona Furness, naked and in the rape racks. Leah's fear increased, because it was Leah who had caused her to be put there. This was well over a year ago: Leah couldn't believe the picture was still there, and she realised that Fiona Furness had to walk into her place of work every day past it. It was ... cruel. There was a caption saying that the cameraman had won "picture of the year" for that photo. Before she had left Xanxta, it and others of Fiona Furness from that day had been widely circulated. Leah had lived in dread of meeting the woman without somebody to protect her, if of course anybody even chose to protect her. Apparently her own master was, at least now, not going to do so.

They went inside. There were four men working away, a couple of them on phones dealing with adverts and two more on computers, composing articles and page layouts. A middle-aged secretary, busy

and harassed, pointed them in the direction of Fiona Furness's office, which apparently doubled as the interview room. Ben knocked on the door, and Fiona Furness opened it. Leah's already pounding heart missed a further beat. She was very frightened. She was resigned to a severe beating, and it would not be the first of her slave life, but there was an extra fear of just how far the woman would go.

Furness's demeanour, however, was calm. She thanked Ben for bringing Leah, and said she would herself return Leah to the villa afterwards. Ben disappeared, which itself made Leah feel even more vulnerable, and Leah found herself left with the woman, who gestured vaguely over towards a couch and sat herself down at one end of it. Not sure exactly what the gesture had signified, Leah knelt down in slave posture, her back arched, boobs out, knees apart, hands on her thighs, palms upward.

"No, Slave Leah, please sit on the couch, Make yourself comfortable. Interviewees are always best when they are comfortable." Fiona Furness's voice was soft and pleasant. It did not reassure Leah about what was to come. But she obeyed, hands in her lap.

Fiona pulled out a notebook and pen. She was in her early thirties, good looking, a voluptuous figure, with dark red hair and large glasses. She was carefully and neatly made up, nails perfectly trimmed and painted, face with just the right amount of cosmetics, hair neatly groomed. Leah knew from before, plus pictures, that her boobs were round and firm. Unless she had changed it since that fateful day at the races, there was a little bush of equally red hair at the juncture of her thighs, Leah recalled. She brought her mind back to the present.

"So, Slave Leah, you're back in Xanxta again," Fiona observed as an opener.

And at your mercy, Leah thought, but her reply was a polite "yes, mistress," She decided to try not to show her fear, and to take the punishment without complaint when it came. It was the only way she could show any sort of defiance; or, not defiance, but calm acceptance.

"Tell me how New Island compares to Xanxta."

Leah marshalled her thoughts. A slave was required to answer fully and honestly. She did not want to give Fiona Furness any extra reason to hurt her. Not that a reason was needed: whip rights do not require a reason in order to be exercised.

"New Island is lovely, mistress," she said. "It's maybe not quite as hot there as here, but still hot. The sea breeze is really nice, though, makes it more airy. The sea itself is a gorgeous blue. The island is green and the gentle hills are very picturesque. It really is a paradise island."

"Even for a slave?"

Leah reminded herself to be cautious. "I was just talking about the geography, mistress," she said politely.

"Would you say that the masters behave in a more gentle manner there?" Fiona asked.

Leah knew she had to be honest, but careful. "They think of themselves as more enlightened," she said, and instantly regretted it. That could sound very bad in print, and she was very vulnerable as long as she was in Xanxta. "Please, mistress, that isn't what I meant to say ..."

"No, I think it's a good description," the free woman interrupted. "Your owner said almost the same thing when I interviewed him this morning."

But he can afford to say such things, Leah thought. "Please, mistress, I didn't mean to be critical of Xanxta masters," she pleaded. "Or mistresses," she added.

"But you would confirm that New Island slave owners have a different approach to Xanxta ones?" Fiona pursued.

Leah gave up. "They do have, yes, mistress," she said, hoping to remain vague. "But they are still firm when they want to be. And they are still masters, and girls like me are still slaves." She dreaded the thought of that "enlightened" word going into print, but there was nothing she could do about it now.

"So you're back in Xanxta, for the Four Slavelands Challenge," said the reporter, changing topic. "Are you looking forward to it?"

Leah wondered fleetingly if the beating she was going to get would impair her preparations. Her fingers subconsciously went to her bare bottom where it was in contact with the gentle cloth of the couch, and a little part of her mind wondered whether she would be able to sit so comfortably in the not too distant future. She pushed the thought aside. "Well, yes, sort of, mistress," she said. "I mean, it's going to be hard and at times, very embarrassing and humiliating ..."

"Aren't you used to that?" the woman asked directly, but there was no venom in her tone.

“Well, yes, mistress, but new humiliation still ... affects me,” she said. She was not looking for pity, not that she thought she would get it anyway, but slave honesty was required. “But I have to say I’m looking forward to the challenge.”

“How do you think you’ll do?”

Leah considered the point. She was not one to beat her chest before a match: she had that in common with Demori. “I don’t know, mistress. I mean, this is the first time this thing has been run, so there’s no form guide. Corvalle has many many slaves to choose a pair from, and if they are arena slaves, they’ll be able to take a lot of punishment; but as I understand it this event is more about fitness and prowess instead of taking pain. Xanxta has many more slaves than New Island to choose from as well, and I believe that one of the Xanxta pair is Slave Sally, so she’ll be incredibly strong, but not as fast as Slave Sophie or I.” She fell silent as she realised that mentioning Slave Sally had been another unwise move: Sally had been Fiona’s champion at that race, and Leah had beaten her, completely against the odds. She tried to move on. “The girls from The Island will be volunteers, but I gather very determined ones. Although The Island is almost next door to us, we don’t really have any contact with them, so I don’t know any of their girls.”

Fiona nodded, making notes. Leah wondered if one of those notes, which were in shorthand and therefore impossible for Leah to read, went along the lines of “bitch rubbed Slave Sally in my face, give her a few extra hard welts for that”. Fiona’s demeanour gave nothing away: she didn’t appear to notice. Leah considered apologising but decided it would only make matters worse.

Fiona asked a few more questions about the forthcoming challenge. Leah said that she was training hard, but there was not much else she could say. She was confident about the pony carting, except for against Sally – she mentally kicked herself for mentioning Sally again – and in the running challenge. There was a rowing one as well, sort of a slave galley thing, and Sophie had been a champion rower and had helped Leah learn good technique. As for the other two events, she would do her best. Belatedly, Leah wondered if she should have been less open about her training: it would not help for the other teams to get inside intel into their training.

For once, Fiona read her mind. “I won’t mention your training regime in any detail,” she said. “I can go into more detail in the edition of the paper after the event is over.”

“Thank you, mistress,” Leah said very politely.

“Well, I think that wraps up that part of the interview. Now, I need to talk to you about something else, something much more personal relating to me.” The redhead moved slightly closer to her on the couch: Leah could smell the expensive, though subtle, perfume. “To be honest, it’s the real reason why I asked to interview you.”

Here it comes, thought Leah. Let’s do what little I can to maybe get a few less lashes. “Mistress, may I speak?” She asked. Slightly surprised, Fiona nodded.

It came out in a rush. “Mistress, I am sorry, so, so sorry, about what happened at that race that day, and afterwards. I know I’m about to get the thrashing of my life right now and I’m not going to try to evade it, but I just want you to know that I’m genuinely sorry for what you had to go through, then and since.”

Fiona Furness looked absolutely bewildered. “What on earth are you talking about?” she asked; not angry, just completely uncomprehending.

“I remember you in the rape racks, and I saw the picture outside, mistress. To have to go past that every day must be hard. And I know there were lots of copies of the paper, and online pictures as well ...” Leah’s owner had shown her lots of the pictures circulating on the local intranet after the race. In fairness, Leah had felt sympathy with Fiona then: she herself knew only too well what it was like to have naked pictures of herself going around. But, of course, if she tried to convince Fiona Furness now that she had felt that way, it would come across that she was just making it up to try to reduce her beating.

“Yes, it’s not been very nice at times,” the free woman agreed. Her calmness, tinged with a slight air of long suffering, felt like another dagger into Leah’s body. Fiona reached over to her desk and took a photograph, which up to now had been face down, and handed it to Leah. It showed Fiona, stark naked, in the rape racks, cum dripping from her pussy. A young man, maybe mid-twenties at most, was kneeling between Fiona’s legs, taking a close-up picture of Fiona’s wide open crotch as the woman stared up at him in horror. Worse, he had removed his trousers and undershorts, and was sporting an erection of not inconsiderable size. Leah recognised him – though not by his cock – as the photographer that had been

with Fiona Furness that day. His cock was clearly going into Fiona as soon as he had his pictures. This particular picture must have been taken by someone else and sent to the paper: Leah remembered it appearing in the edition. She felt further doom closing about her. She tried one last time to apologise, just to lessen even slightly what was coming her way.

“Mistress, I accept I deserve to be whipped severely by you for what I caused to happen to you ...”

“Hang on a moment,” Fiona said, finally catching up. “Who said anything about you getting a whipping from me?”

“Well ... you said there was a personal reason why you got me here. And you have every reason to hate me. And you’ve arranged to have whip rights over me.” She straightened herself up. “If my master has seen fit to allow you to whip me, I accept his decision. I’m not going to beg for mercy and I’m going to take the whipping as best as I can. But I do want you to know that I am very, very sorry for what happened.”

“Why? It was a fair bet. Actually it wasn’t even fair, given how much heavier and stronger Slave Sally was than you. How you beat her, well, it was incredible. It must have been a supreme physical effort. Talk about overcoming the odds ...”

“I was lucky, mistress,” Leah demurred.

“Nonsense: you were brilliant. I hadn’t thought there was a chance in a thousand that you would win. If I had, I would never have agreed to the bet. In fact, actually, as I recall, it was originally my idea.”

That might buy Leah just a little bit of credit. “Yes, it was, mistress.” She now wanted to just get this over with, at least get the whipping started. She felt she was being played with, although the woman seemed quite genuinely confused.

“So if it was a fair bet and you won it fair and square, what do you have to apologise about?”

“Because of the suffering it brought you, mistress.”

Light was dawning still further on Fiona. “You silly girl,” she chided, not unkindly. “I have no intention of whipping you.”

“But ... you asked for whip rights over me.” It was Leah’s turn to be confused.

“That’s a standard form the newspaper gets an owner to fill in when his slave is to be interviewed without him being present. My bastard of an editor” – she glanced cautiously at the closed door – “put the form together. It was done, he said, so that a reporter could get at whatever truth he wanted to from a slave. Of course, really it was just an excuse for him to get his jollies.”

Leah just stared. “But ... you hate me!”

“And what makes you think that? As I recall, we agreed to support each other with the last few men in the racks. You were generous towards me, and I reciprocated by sharing the load with you. Why would I have done that if I hated you?”

“Well, yes, but ... sometimes in the racks, after a long stint, you can get ... light-headed. You say daft things.”

“Thank you, I was perfectly lucid. Well, maybe not entirely at that point, but I knew what I was doing. And did I not write a sympathetic report of the day, with regard to you?”

“Yes, you did, mistress. And I was very grateful. But you suffered a lot ... and since, as well.”

“That’s certainly true,” Fiona admitted. “Boy, did I suffer. And yet you go through that every day. Look at you, naked and trembling. Now, will you get it into that little head of yours that I am not going to whip you, or cane you, or do anything nasty to you whatsoever?”

A great weight lifted from Leah’s shoulders as she fully comprehended. “Thank you, mistress,” she said with relief. “And I’m still sorry for what it caused you.”

“Don’t be,” Fiona said firmly. “I’ll tell you why. Firstly, it really opened my eyes to how you girls suffer, and also to how much of a bitch I could be ... why are you smiling?”

Leah quickly adjusted her face. “Sorry, mistress,” she said. “I was just thinking ... I was a bitch as well before my enslavement.”

Fiona raised one carefully pencilled eyebrow. “Are you suggesting that I should be made a slave to fully cure my bitchiness?” she asked archly, and yet there was an amused hint in her tone.

Despite that amused tone, it was a dangerous idea for Leah to be seen to have. “No, Mistress!”

“I should hope not,” Fiona said, the amusement now very clear. But then it was gone as she soberly followed up: “I’m nowhere near as brave as you are. What you go through, all of you slave girls... I could

never cope with it. I suppose you'd say that you don't get a choice and so you have to cope, but even so... anyway, I've written quite a few articles since which suggest free people should be more considerate towards slaves. Not actually condemning slavery, of course, just trying to get people to be more ... enlightened owners, to use your phrase."

"Please, mistress," Leah ventured, "please don't attribute that quote to me. It could get me into hot water, and I'm defenceless."

"I understand, and don't worry, I won't. I've said those things and it hasn't done me any good either. It is, shall we say, going against this newspaper's editorial policy. Or certainly against what my bastard of an editor would prefer me to say. Happily, the New Island project did bring a lot of support to the idea of enlightened slave ownership." She smiled. "Your master and my editor, shall we say, didn't see eye to eye on the matter at all."

"I've heard Master be ... less than complimentary about the newspaper from time to time," Leah said diplomatically. "I actually thought he might be referring to you."

"Not at all. He and I ... we get on rather well, at least these days. We didn't at one time, which was my fault, not his, but we do now. We have a mutual enemy in my editor. But anyway, on with my story. So, you see the photo of my cameraman with his cock out, taking very, very intimate pictures of me before he sticks that rather large weapon of his into me, whether I want it or not, which at the time I most definitely did not?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Well, next weekend I'm marrying him."

Leah was stunned. She took time to take it in. Eventually she said, "congratulations, mistress."

"Thank you. It certainly wasn't a normal romance. Like I said, I used to be a bitch of the first order towards everybody in general and him in particular. He reminded me of it just a few moments after this picture was taken, just before he entered me to be precise. He was the only one to be gentle with me and the only one I enjoyed. The rest of it was horrible. But you had taught me a massive lesson and I deserved what came to me. Maybe I didn't deserve the humiliations that followed, week in, week out. Or maybe I did. Anyway, I did try to change. No, give me credit, I did change. One or two other things happened as well. And to my absolute astonishment, we started dating. One thing led to another and, well, as I said, next weekend I'm getting married to him."

"I'm really happy for you, mistress," Leah said with genuine feeling. "My ... relationship with Adrian didn't exactly start in a conventional way, either."

"A relationship which I nearly caused to come to an end through my arrogance and stupidity, for which I humbly apologise and hope you will forgive me," Fiona said gently but with feeling.

"Mistress, please," Leah said hastily. "Slaves should never be in a position where they can give forgiveness to a free person. Let's just say that I don't bear any ill will at all. I'm not sure if I should even say that, but never mind. What I'm sure I can say is that I was really impressed by how you took losing the bet on the chin. You were really brave, mistress."

Fiona smiled. "Oh, I took it a lot. Not on the chin, though," she added with a wry, slightly rueful tone. "And thank you, though you have to face stuff every day, as I've said." She winked conspiratorially. "Between you and me, sometimes I play the slave for him, and sometimes him for me. Anyway, moving on: your owner and I are good friends nowadays, and he's involved in a number of ways with the wedding ceremony. You yourself are invited as a guest. Without you, James and I would never have got together, and I would still be a bitch."

Leah was overwhelmed. "Thank you, mistress. I would love to attend. But I can't attend as a guest. I'm a slave."

"I know. We've worked something out, whereby you can be both. Don't worry. Your owner has helped me plan it all."

And there was me, Leah reflected, thinking that Master had given Fiona whip rights so that she could flay the skin off my back. I am going to have to see him, confess, and throw myself on his mercy. I don't deserve him. Aloud, she said, "I would be absolutely delighted, mistress."

"That's settled, then. Your owner has all the details, of course, But there is one other thing. Now, I've talked this over with your owner and I have insisted, and he completely agrees with me, that this must be

entirely your decision. Slave or not, you have the right to chose on this point. Before I say what it is, I want you to tell me you fully accept that.”

“Yes, mistress.” Leah was wondering what on earth was coming.

Fiona took a breath. “I am going to travel to the church in a special wedding carriage. I was wondering ... and I’ve asked Sally as well, with her owner’s consent and under the same condition that it is Sally’s own decision ... if you and Slave Sally would consent to be the ponies that pull the carriage to the church?”

A wave of emotion came over Leah. “I would be honoured, mistress,” she breathed with feeling,

Fiona said nothing for a moment, and then leaned across the couch and pulled the naked Leah into a massive hug. Tears were streaming down her face. “Without you, I would not have my James,” she said between sobs.

Leah felt herself welling up as well. She said nothing, just hugged Fiona back. She would answer soon, when the lump had left her throat.

Chapter Twenty - Xanxta by Tom Jefferson, two weeks later

Written by Storm Robinson

"You know, customs are funny in Xanxta." Fiona Furness pondered, as I ran the loofah down her naked back. She sat in the warm water of the tub up to her back, naked as a jaybird. She was due to marry James Smith today. Jimmy. Her Jimmy. She readjusted the glasses on her face, the only thing she wore. And only because she had to. The loofah went below the water line to scrub her lower back.

"How so?" my voice replied, already knowing the answer. My voice purred the question as my hand went lower. The redhead slightly shook her head, with a smile.

"In my home country the bride would've gone out with her friends. They would've drank, and flirted, and shown that they could've gotten any man they pleased."

"Yes?" came my voice. It wasn't a question, it was a continuation.

"James would have gone out with his friends as well. Watched a girl in a bikini jump out of a cake. Then licked the icing off her."

"So what's different?" I changed my position. Now I was washing Fiona's large breasts, running the loofah over her wide, erect areolas.

"Well, the customs." Fiona, relaxed, conceded. "Last night we both went out together. I watched the slaves drink both of you dry. And I enjoyed it. Now you're washing me clean before the wedding."

I smiled deeply. It *was* enjoyable last night. I ran the loofah farther down her plump belly, almost to her crotch. Fiona shivered for a moment, in happiness, not fear, then stood facing me. The water droplets cascaded down her curvy body as Fiona readjusted her glasses. I stood as well, staring at her protectively.

"You know, two years ago I hated you, Tom." She spoke softly. "Not for long, maybe the first two hours on the rape racks. Then I saw it was my fault. I haven't hated you since. And if not for that day I wouldn't have this one."

Tom Jefferson smiled. Fiona was not his usual type, not as toned and young as he liked, but she was a beautiful woman. He stood as well, easily six inches taller than her, loofah in hand. He stared at his former irritant. Embarrassed at her nakedness, she covered her body with her hands, something a slave could never do, and spoke first while averting her gaze.

"You've... you've been inside me. Am I good enough?" Fiona's eyes looked down, wandering over her body as she whispered. Tom could feel her insecurity.

Tom Jefferson stared at her, weighing her strengths and her faults. He answered, as always, honestly while brushing a hair from her eyes.

"For me? Not really my type, though I certainly enjoyed our time together. It's good to go for the occasional change. For Jimmy... James? You're perfect. You are more than enough." She looked at him and smiled, readjusting her glasses again, her red locks framing her face.

"Please. Continue washing me. And thank you for agreeing to walk me down the aisle." Fiona dropped her hands to her sides to fully expose her body, glowing in his approval.

Tom smiled. His hand, the loofah inside, went to her pussy.

Tom watched as the marriage cart pulled up. Fiona Furness, to be Fiona Smith, stepped off the cab in a beautiful white dress. James, her fiancé, was already here at the courthouse. Tom, instead of looking at the bride, was looking with pride at his pony. Well, technically at both ponies. Marriages were a rare thing in Xanxta, and there was a lot of pomp and circumstance involved, one of which was a double wide cart pulled by two girls. As he watched them, Tom was stuck by their similarities and their differences.

Leah and Sally stood in the midday sun, trussed up to the cart. They both wore brand new white leather harnesses that kept their private bits exposed, covering nothing and allowing their backs and butts to be opening to taking the whip if necessary. It hadn't been necessary today. Both were exceptional pony girls. They had wooden bits in their mouths that connected to each other, and to the reins Bill held in his hand as he drove. Tom had worked with both of them the last week in pulling together, a different skill set to carry the double wide taxi. Both wore white stockings and garters, which were now covered in sweat from the exertion in the morning sun, bells on their nipples, and instead of boots they wore high heels. And both had a long feather plume on top of their heads.

That was where the similarities ended. Leah was only five foot four, Sally nearly six feet. They'd pulled a cart together before, as part of the games in Corvalle, and had a lot of experience as pony girls in both racing and mundane taxi work. Teaching them to pull together elegantly these last days was a memory Tom cherished. Now they both stood at attention in front of the church, heads held high with pride. Leah's body was like a panther, sleek and lithe, muscles rippling under her skin. Sally was an amazon, statuesque and beautiful with chin-length blonde hair and muscles that perfectly accentuated her form. Tom had had her several times. Both girls would of course shower before the ceremony started in the rectory, there was one on the second floor.

He watched Fiona step off the cart, radiating happiness. She practically glowed in her white dress. Tom looked at her with a smile. Though she was hardly a virgin, some customs never changed.

"Please Master, I don't want to..." Ellie pleaded. The elfish girl with the delicious bubble butt was in borderline terror as Tom approached. He knew the reason, felt for the girl, but what needed to be done must be done.

"You are a bridesmaid," Tom spoke sternly, "and as such should wear a dress. It is uncouth for a slave to be dressed, therefore you are not a slave for the next four hours. Come here so I can remove your collar. And you will not address me as 'Master' during that time."

The naked girl, tiny in form, wept as his hand went to her throat. Tom had to chuckle. Almost every slave in town would jump at the chance for freedom. Not his Ellie, though. He'd tamed her first, trained her second, and finally totalled her. She was a slave through and through, his slave, and had once even begged him to remain as such. He removed the collar and she collapsed on the ground in tears.

Tom walked over to the bed, where there were two dress boxes waiting. He opened one and pulled out a beautiful purple dress, made specifically by a tailor in town for Ellie. It would accentuate her curves and that delicious bubble butt perfectly. It was tight though, allowing no room for undergarments underneath. Ellie dutifully dressed herself, and just as he planned, she looked exquisite. It was almost modest. The tight hem came to just above her knees. The neckline plunged almost to her belly in a slim cut, but lifted her breasts high, giving the girl some enticing cleavage. She looked at him, a pleading expression on her face.

"Mas.... T... To... Master? I'm a free woman for now. I can decide what to do with my body... Who I have sex with... is that correct?"

Tom merely nodded.

Ellie smiled, a deviant smile. "Mr Jefferson," she said with relish, "may I suck your cock?"

Tom smiled again as she unzipped his dress pants and pulled his member out. The girl in the purple dress, bubble butt in the air, licked his shaft from base to tip before cupping and kissing his balls. As she took him in her mouth Tom heard the shower turn off. He knew with complete certainty that Leah would do the same in a few more minutes, in her own dress.

Tom Jefferson extended his arm as the wedding march started and Fiona grabbed it almost desperately. The first of her bridesmaids, Ellie, went down with one of James' friends. She looked uncomfortable in the dress - she was not used to clothing anymore - but persevered, her bubble butt enticingly wiggling under the fabric. Tom watched as she walked slowly away, seeing her teenage breasts slightly bouncing. He'd given her a necklace as well, a ruby on a long chain which had belonged to his mother, that sat directly inside her cleavage. Ellie was still uncomfortable being naked, but even more so being dressed in front of her Master. Still, knowing he was watching, she took a bit of pride in her dressing. He knew right then that he'd be ripping it off and spanking her ass red later. After recollaring her, of course. Next went Sally and her Master, who harboured no ill will about his slave's loss in the race. Unlike his girls, Sally had not been 'freed': she wore fresh garters and stockings but still her collar. And the high heels, making her Amazonian stature even more apparent beside him. After a moment, Patricia walked down the aisle, Derek at her side. She'd bucked tradition (as Tom knew she enjoyed) by dressing him in a suit and not removing his collar. He looked as uncomfortable as Ellie, as though he wanted the ground to swallow him.

Meanwhile her outfit, if you could call it that, was lewd. Tits out, ass bare. The cloth barely covering her pubic mound. This was yet another way to show her control over her slave.

He watched Leah take a deep breath, obviously uncomfortable without her collar but joyfully wearing a dress. He knew it was an odd sensation for her, one that she was occasionally allowed to relish. Adrian, who had struck up a friendship with James, walked by her side. Tom smiled at her resilience, her need to be perfect in show. He was proud of Leah, taking measured steps down the aisle.

Fiona looked at Tom, her fingers clenching into his arm.

"Am I making the right choice?" All her fear was back. Tom stared at her, and gave an impulsive and unexpected kiss on her forehead. It surprised them both.

"You are enough, and he loves you for it." He intoned. The smile that spread across her face made it all worth it. She gripped his arm and walked down the aisle towards her imminent husband. At the altar James looked at his bride and grinned like an idiot. Fiona grinned, quite the same, right back.

There were only about a dozen people in attendance, the couple wanted it that way, due to the 'intimate' nature of weddings in Xanxta. On Fiona's side were Tom and Sophie, who was still completely naked and collared, Sally's Master, and a few other friends. Sophie wasn't allowed to dress up. She sat naked with her tits out. After a moment Tom placed his hand on her thigh, spreading her legs. She blushed and looked down but he raised her head and made her watch as he stroked her pussy, knowingly embarrassing the girl. James had grown up in Xanxta and both parents attended, along with a couple of work friends. Tom noticed they were composed only of people that hadn't fucked Fiona silly on the rape racks. Luckily, that meant that wretched editor wasn't there. The ceremony was relatively short as well, presided over by a Justice of the Peace. When they reached the vows Tom watched his girls. He knew what was coming, and wanted to see their reaction.

"Do you promise to love and honor this woman?" The Justice spoke to James. The groom reached out his hand and turned Fiona around, grasping at the button to her dress. He pulled it open and she pulled the dress off of her body, allowing her naked curves to be visible by the assembled crowd. The expression on Leah's face was priceless, a mixture of shock and horror. Ellie actually took a step back. Tom heard Sophie gasp and bristle next to him. In response he pushed a finger into her pussy to settle her. She gasped again but turned her head back to watch. James turned Fiona back to him, his eyes appraising her thick thighs, her wide hips, her large firm breasts. Then he looked at her big green eyes. His right hand was clenched into a fist.

"I do."

The Justice nodded approvingly and turned to the bride.

"Do you promise to love and honor this man?"

Now it was Fiona's turn to strip down her groom. She removed his shirt and jacket masterfully. When she went for the button of his pants she began to giggle and he blushed, fist still clenched. Everyone knew why a moment later as the cloth fell away. James's cock, on full display, was erect and slightly dripping. Evidently, Fiona's naked body was a massive turn on for him. She smiled coyly.

"I do!"

The Justice pulled out two rings and handed one to each.

"As you each stand naked in front of the other, as a slave would, do you accept these 'collars' and promise to obey each other as a slave would?"

Sliding on the rings, both exclaimed "We do!"

The elderly Justice smiled. Tom heard what sounded like a small scuffle outside.

"Then by the authority granted to me in Xanxta, I pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss..."

At that moment the doors burst open and a short, fat, balding man burst in with two police officers in tow. Mike Coleridge, the editor of Slaveland News and their boss, was screaming.

"That woman is not fit to marry, or be free! These officers are taking her to the slave shop right this moment, where I will personally train her!"

A startled cry rose up through most of those assembled. Fiona blanched and covered herself with her hands. Mike walked right up to her, a wicked grin on his face.

"Fiona Furness. I charge you with falsifying your resume to gain a visa and a job. You did not, in fact go to Cardiff University for journalism but the Winchester School of Art for painting instead. Your scheme has put the paper, Xanxta itself, and all the Slavelands at risk. Arrest her!"

The aged Justice looked at Fiona sternly. "Is this true?" Fiona had terror plastered on her face, her head moving back and forth between both men.

"... I... umm... please..."

Tom stood up. "You know Michael, customs are a funny thing in Xanxta." He gave a reassuring smile to Fiona, reusing her words from this morning. "For example, did you know that if a woman becomes a slave at her own wedding the man who gave her away gets to set the selling price?" He looked at the elderly Justice, one who knew the laws quite well, who Tom had insisted on presiding.

"Yes, and the owner is whoever pays first."

Tom smiled "One dollar."

Before Mike had time to reach in his pocket, or even react, James's raised his clenched fist and opened it, revealing exactly one dollar coin.

"I would like to buy her. My money is here."

The Justice looked at the young man and accepted the dollar.

"So be it. The slave now belongs to you. She will be known as Slave Fiona, and is now your property."

The fat man was obviously enraged but could do nothing about it. He stood in front of a terrified Fiona. "Well, you're still a slave. I'll be enjoying you on the streets." His meaty hand shot forward and grabbed her large left breast. The redhead screamed.

"Your honor, I would like to make my slave, Slave Fiona, a free woman with the name Fiona Furness." James spoke with authority. "Also, your honor, I see this man, Michael Coleridge, assaulting a free woman without her consent."

Fat Mike's hand flew back as if burned, but the damage was done.

"I see." The Justice gravely intoned. "Michael Coleridge, I hereby sentence you to six months hard labor in the slave mines. Officers take him away." The two men grabbed Coleridge, the bald man screaming in rage as they dragged him from the church. When the doors closed behind them and the murmurs had calmed a bit, the Justice smiled and cleared his throat. "Now, where were we?"

Thirty minutes later the newly minted bride and groom, both once again dressed, were sitting with their wedding party at the reception hall in the back of the church.

"ONE FUCKING DOLLAR!" Fiona Smith laughed, playfully smacking her husband, "That's all I'm worth to you?!"

He defended himself from his wife's 'vicious' attack. "It was all I trusted myself to be able to hold on to! I didn't dare drop it! Besides, I saw the deal of a lifetime!" James laughed and so did she, with the entire table joining in.

Tom smiled at the happy couple, knowing this would likely be a joke between them for many years. Looking down through the glass tabletop he watched Slave Sally doing a wonderful job on his cock, while Sophie worked on James's father. He could tell she wasn't enjoying the watching eyes, but did her duty well. Her athletic body rippled as her mouth went fully down the shaft. Leah had trained her well, as Tom knew she would. Ellie sat uncomfortably in her formal wear, not touching the glass of wine in front of her. Leah shone in hers and spoke up.

"How did you know?"

James merely nodded at Tom with a smile of appreciation. He'd practiced the entire routine for a week with the young man, knowing that a petty man like Coleridge would probably try something. Fiona hadn't been in on it. They didn't want her to worry unnecessarily, and had to make sure her reactions would be genuine if something happened.

"If he'd been any type of true newspaper man," Tom grinned, "he'd have done his research. That law was put on the books for that exact reason. Too many women were being accused at their weddings by jilted lovers."

Now Patricia interjected, Derek at attention behind her. "And now, Fiona, as you've been freed you cannot be made a slave again except for charges of treason to the Slavelands. Trust me, I know." For a second Tom watched her eyes flash to the memory of when she herself was a slave. "The best wedding present a free woman can get."

Fiona beamed and sipped her whiskey, then rested her head on James's shoulder.

"No, he is."

Tom finished in Sally's mouth, who dutifully drank it down, and smiled. Patricia spoke up on the side.

"The paper doesn't have an editor now. Maybe it's ripe time for a change for the board. What do you think, Tom?" The Sicilian woman looked at him nonchalantly. He could see the fire in her eyes though. He'd had her twice when she'd been a slave. Patricia had been memorable. Tom refused to let her get the upper hand though.

"I don't talk business at a party. Especially before dinner has been served."

She gave him a wry smile. "Then tomorrow perhaps. My place."

Tom had to smile at her attitude. She'd made the playing field level expertly. He nodded and stood up. Looking at Fiona, he spoke languidly.

"Mrs... Smith, I presume? I'll be right back." He walked towards the restroom. After relieving himself he washed his hands and stepped out. Leah was standing there, her glass of untouched wine in her hand, leaning against the wall. His slaves never leaned in his presence, but she wasn't a slave now.

"Hello Tom." Her words were casual but her tone was not. "Fancy meeting you here."

Staring at her, in her sleek purple dress that showed all of her curves, Tom was taken aback for a moment at his beautiful girl. He raised his hand, motioning for her to continue. It was an ask, not an order. She was free presently.

"I quite like this dress," she spoke. Then she finally took a sip of the burgundy. "But I'd like to be out of it. Tom." Leah emphasized his name on purpose. Her blue eyes came up to meet his. She took another drink.

"The meal hasn't arrived yet." He played along. "You ordered the lamb, yes?"

She walked forward a step. Then another. Deep in his personal space, she spoke again.

"I don't want the lamb, Tom. I want my Master." She gripped his hand and brought it up to her right breast. "I love my Master."

Tom was unplussed even as his fingers squeezed her chest through the fabric. "You have two hours of freedom left. You won't eat tonight otherwise. And you still have to pull the cart back to their house."

Leah took his other hand and put it on her firm ass. He pulled her against him.

"I know that, Tom." He knew she used his first name in a bratty ploy, and almost respected it. "And I will. I want you to release me from my freedom. Please Master." She drank the rest of her wine and stared at him longingly.

"You know you'll get a caning for your candor." She pulled closer, her covered breasts squeezing against his body, and smiled. Her hands went over his and tightened his grip on her.

"I know that very well. Tom. Even though I'm a free woman, and allowed my opinions, I want you to."

He knew his slave well. Knew that she truly wanted him. He removed his hands and led her back into the dining hall.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Tom spoke with relish, "Ms Leah has something she'd like to say."

Everybody in the room looked at her. She swallowed hard at the attention, but didn't wilt. Tom noticed Sophie, still under the table, staring. She was accepting it all, just like Tom had planned.

"Mrs Smith... thank you for having me here." Leah was thinking on her feet and Tom loved watching it. "You're married now, happy, and free. I am also free right now. I don't want to be, though. I am not happy. Master Tom Jefferson, I wish to be your property. Please enslave me."

She swallowed hard again. Tom was filled with pride at the way she acted. Truly, Leah was a gem. He looked at her, then at Adrian.

"Master Adrian," He intoned firmly, "I would like my slave back. She is not in uniform, however. Would you care to do the honors?" He held out the collar.

Without a word, but a slight hint of sadness, Adrian approached her from behind. He expertly placed the collar around her neck, then gently unzipped her dress. Leah cooed as he did. The fabric fell away, revealing her athletic, tan flesh. Naked once more she stood at attention. Her brown pubic hair, trimmed into a heart shape, contrasted her skin perfectly. Tom spoke again.

"Master Adrian. I couldn't help but notice you haven't enjoyed the slaves tonight. Perhaps Slave Leah could help you warm up."

Leah shot him a look, a thankful one, and kneeled under the table between Adrian's legs. Adrian, for his part, smiled at Tom.

"The groom hasn't had anything yet either!" Patricia spoke loudly. "Doesn't he deserve something too? It is his wedding, after all!"

The olive skinned woman sunk beneath the glass table and reached for James's zipper. Her exposed tits bounced as she settled down. The young man looked aghast, even as his dick popped from his trousers erect. He glanced over at his blushing bride.

Fiona was smiling at him. "Oh go on!" She laughed easily, "You'll go longer later! Besides, a blowjob from a Mistress is easily the best wedding gift you could get. Though..." The curvy redhead spread her legs and motioned to Derek. He knelt between her thighs. "I'm sure mine will be first." It was a challenge three of the four wanted to win. The fourth merely wanted to make his Mistress proud. Slurping ensued.

To the right of Tom a voice spoke up. "Mr Jefferson? Master? May I be your slave again?" Ellie's voice was pleading. Tom looked over his shoulder at this girl, enticingly clothed in her purple dress.

"No." Tom Jefferson spoke firmly, eyeing the beautiful girl with the plunging neckline, "You are currently wearing my mother's ruby, something I gave specifically to you for a reason. I want to rip that dress from your body later and take your untouched body as my own all night. And I want that ruby to adorn you. I don't dress you up enough, and want to show you my lust later. But I'm sure Sally's owner has needs. Even if it's from a free woman. It is, of course, your choice. "

Ellie looked happy at this non-order and went under the glass table, where Tom could see, crawling towards the man. He gave a slight groan of pleasure as his cock slipped into her mouth, raising a glass to Tom. Sophie stared in shock for a moment until James' father gave her a not too light pat on the head. Looking down Tom saw all five pairs.

Leah and Patricia seemed locked in contest to see who was better. Both were extreme competitors and Tom didn't truly know who would win, though he had faith in his slave. Derek ate Fiona's pussy skilfully. Ellie was just taking Sally's owner in her mouth, her clothed body in the tight purple dress even more enticing than normal, bubble butt high in the air, aimed in Tom's direction.

As the food arrived, his prime rib smelling perfect and just bloody enough, Tom looked at the receivers. Sally's Master, not good at containing himself despite his honestly excellent slave, was already cumming in Ellie's mouth. Tom wondered for a moment about how Sally would be if he had trained her, if she was in his care instead, and took a bite of meat. Adrian was stroking Leah's hair, forcing her to slow down and reject the competition. She almost pouted for a moment before remembering her place. Tom was proud of his surrogate son, he was learning quickly what it meant to be a Master despite being in love with a slave. James and Fiona were nearly finished. The bent towards each other to kiss deeply as they both reached orgasm. Tom knew they'd be truly happy together. Patricia pulled off of James' dick at the last moment and let the groom's seed fall on her tits instead, then fell back on her training, licking Jimmy clean. Derek took the redheads' juice in stride. He knew Patricia had timed it so the newlyweds came together.

He motioned to Sally again, patiently waiting in slave position under the table. Tom didn't actually want another blowjob today. He'd had three already. What he actually wanted was Sally's pussy, after a nice hard spanking of course. He had no time to train another slave, and of course she was owned by someone elsewhere, but he liked the idea of the Amazonian woman trained by him, writhing on his cock. As she began to suck him he placed a hand on the blonde's head to stop her. Motioning to Sophie, who looked desperate to cover her exposed body - but of course couldn't - Tom gestured towards his cock. Sophie moved forward and took the lead, much more embarrassed than Sally but now naturally wanting to please. Leah had indeed trained her well. She glanced up twice to make sure Tom was enjoying it. He rewarded her with a bite of the lamb, that would've been Leah's dinner, each time. Soon, both women were sucking him with relish between bites of lamb, begging with their eyes as a dog would for table

scraps and thanking him with renewed vigor. Yes, Sally would've been a better slave if he'd trained her instead. Probably worthy of New Island. Both women now sampled his cock with relish. He took another bite of the prime rib and enjoyed the sensations. Today was a good day.

Chapter Twenty-one - Xanxta

It was the day of the competition.

Sophie had been growing steadily more nervous as the day approached. She knew that the event itself would be a humiliating, embarrassing ordeal. But also, the competitor in her wanted to win, and she was also very anxious not to let Leah down. Was she also, she wondered, anxious not to let Tom Jefferson down? Probably, she decided. He had taken the two of them aside last night and told them that all he expected was for them to do their best, and they would not be thrashed if they lost. It had not even occurred to Sophie up to that point that they could be physically punished for losing, but on reflection they were slaves, after all. Leah told her that the Corvalle team would probably face a public whipping if they lost, and maybe the Xanxta team could also expect retribution.

Leah, it had to be said, was looking forward to it, although she knew there would be elements of extreme humiliation and almost certainly some pain as well. She also understood better than Sophie what was at stake. New Island was in effect a breakaway group from Xanxta and many masters on Xanxta looked down on the New Island masters as soft, and in some cases felt that they should never have been allowed to set up their own new colony in the first place, although there was no clear indication of how it could have been stopped, apart from refusing export licences for the slaves. Naturally, those men who had wanted to go to New Island and had not been accepted felt the most strongly. There could also be some jealousy from the Xanxta slave girls as well, although Leah knew that Sally did not harbour any such feelings. Nor did the other girl in the Xanxta pair, Katy, who Leah also knew from their trip to Corvalle. But amongst the rest of the Xanxta population, free and slave, there were many who wanted the home team to win, so there would be pressure on them. Katy had partnered Sally and Leah in that Corvalle match, and Leah knew that the girl was far more tenacious than her gentle, shy, bookish exterior suggested. However, Katy was not really an athlete, and much smaller than Sally, so Leah suspected the Xanxta team would be unbalanced.

Sophie had asked Leah about the other teams, and Leah had relayed what she had picked up. The Corvalle team, Leah had been informed, was made up of two sisters, whose slave names were Tit and Tat. She knew that the Corvalle team would be nowhere near as strong as it might have been, because it was during the Arena League season and therefore their league players were not available. Leah suspected that Tom and the Xanxta organisers had arranged the timing deliberately to negate the natural advantage Corvalle had in having so many slaves, and so many battle-hardened slaves, to choose from. Tit and Tat, like most Corvalle and Xanxta slaves, had been abducted and forced into slavery. Tit had spent two years in the arena and Tat one, before being bought by fans. They were now in their third year of slavery: it was still involuntary, but they were settled enough, and so drilled into slavery that they called themselves by those names out of habit coming from long-established fear. Tat was Leah's age and Tit a year older, and both had been near-national level track and field athletes before their enslavement. They would still be formidable opponents. The sisters, Leah gathered, were not much alike: Tit was tall and slim, whilst Tat was shorter and more curvy. Tit was also a determined Arena athlete, whilst Tat was more a lover. Well, they would see how the combination worked.

The Island team was made up of Jade, a taller girl but nowhere near Sally's Amazonian territory, and a girl called Rachel. By all accounts, Rachel was friendly, happy-go-lucky but with a strong streak of determination. Jade was very outgoing and cheery as well, and Leah gathered that both were sex-mad. The Island was a bit of a conundrum. A few years ago they had fielded a team of volunteers from the King's own harem to the Arena League. The team had, uncomplainingly, suffered terribly – Leah knew how bad one arena match was, a full season was incomprehensible – and fought their way to a top four finish in their first year. Although the televised matches were watched back home, however, it only really emerged when the team returned home to The Island just how much they had suffered. The masters on The Island had gone so far as petitioning the King not to field the team for a second year, even though the girls themselves stated (perhaps not entirely convincingly) that they were willing to go again. The King had however already made his own mind up that the team would not compete there again. There had apparently been some debate about The Island participating in this competition, and only after it had become clear that this was primarily not a pain endurance event did they agree to take part. Jade and

Rachel were what was termed 'common slaves', that is, owned by men on The Island rather than part of the King's harem of elite slaves. How they had been selected, Leah did not know.

Leah had confidence in her own partner, Sophie. She was an inexperienced slave but very determined and fit. They had a good team ethic between them and although Sophie was clearly daunted by what lay ahead, Leah had no doubt that the girl two years her junior both in biological and slave age would come good.

As for Leah herself, she was buzzing and ready to go.

The 'buzzing' bit was almost literal. She and Sophie were being walked to the venue, the Xanxta sports field where their usual fetes and sporting events took place. They walked side by side, both on leads held by Ben, who walked ahead of them. Leah was used to being on a lead and it didn't bother her, quite the opposite as it protected her from being stopped and used by passing men. She was barefoot and almost naked, again something she was used to. The things they would need, such as their running shoes and their pony girl tails, were already at the field. But the 'almost naked' bit was less usual.

Both Leah and Sophie wore chastity belts. The belts consisted of a metal waistband, from which a solid leather crotch strap ran from the centre of the belt behind them, between their legs and expanded into a triangular metal grille that fully covered their crotches. It was then secured to the front of their waistbands by a small padlock. The waistband belt was tightened so that it was completely impossible to get it over their hips without undoing the padlock, and of course neither of them had the key. The grilles made it not only impossible for either of them to have sex, but even for them to stimulate themselves.

They had worn the belts continuously for six days now, to ensure absolutely no sexual activity up to the event, to leave them straining at the leash as it were on the day. They were only unlocked for toilet purposes, and that under strict supervision from Bill or Ben (something Sophie had struggled with at first and Leah was not too keen on either) or for some of their exercise routines or showering, again both under very strict supervision. They even slept in them. It was not a matter of them not being trusted, Leah knew: it avoided temptation, which otherwise would have been a substantial distraction as the days went on, and also avoided any situations where sex was out of their control. Six days without sex was driving Leah mad, which was of course the point. At this moment she would beg to screw anybody, even the vile cook. The only thing keeping her sane was the knowledge that neither Master nor Adrian were going without sex, as she considered it her solemn duty to normally keep both of them satisfied. Master was visiting some old friends and being given free run of their slaves, whilst Adrian was availing himself of Ellie and sometimes Cara. By mutual agreement, Leah and Adrian were avoiding each other: it was too frustrating otherwise.

Sophie walked alongside Leah, bare shoulder to bare shoulder. Sophie was very nervous and not looking forward to this. She had faith in her fitness, but she didn't like being the centre of attention at the best of times, and even more so these days when she was permanently naked. She was determined, however, not to let Leah down, and she knew she would be able to focus once the event was about to start. Right now, however, her thoughts were all over the place. Apart from nervousness, there were two main reasons. The first reason was that she was reflecting on the point that she was doing this more or less voluntarily. She had been given the free choice, almost unheard of since she had come to New Island. Why, then, had she said yes? There was the competitive challenge, yes, but there had to be more than that. The opportunity to stand with Leah and win the respect of this young woman she frankly admired? Yes, that was there. The opportunity to impress Tom Jefferson, so that he would buy her and own her? She had to admit that it was a better prospect than her current owner, although also likely to be much more challenging. But whatever the reason, she was still putting herself through this of her own volition. Is this that different, she wondered, from being in an ordinary job? Of course, an ordinary employer could not have sex with her, or beat her, but other than that, was it so different? Sophie had never had a job, even a Saturday job, but she knew the basics. In principle, was being a slave that different? Was it just a matter of degree?

The other thing playing on her mind was that, like Leah, she was jumpy and twitchy from lack of sex. She knew it was from lack of sex, it could not be anything else. She found this both sobering and disturbing. Was she now addicted to sex? This didn't happen to every virgin who loses her virginity, she knew. Was it her? Was it this life, where sex played such a major part of every hour of every day? She was finding herself sometimes looking at a man as he passed and wondering what his cock was like, what

it would be like to be had by him. That had never happened to her in her past. Sophie wished she could talk to another female about it, get some advice. She could ask Leah or Ellie, but she knew what they would say and she didn't want to hear that. Cara was as much out of her depth as she herself was, and besides, Cara seemed to be also being assimilated, if that was the right word, into slavery.

But such puzzles would have to wait. They were here.

There were far too many people around for Sophie's liking, given her undressed state. But there was nothing she could do about it. Covering her boobs would be a punishable offence, she knew.

The venue was a recreational park. One area was given over to a racing track which would be for the pony cart racing and foot race; beyond it was a small stable-type building where they would get harnessed up. Elsewhere, a wooden stage had been constructed, and plenty of people were already gathering around it. But first, Ben led them to where the rest of their party was camping, picnic style. It was already quite a warm day. Sophie exchanged wan smiles with Cara and got a reassuring hug from Ellie; both girls were of course fully naked.

Tom Jefferson was not one for inspirational pre-event speeches, somewhat to Sophie's relief. Instead, he simply said to Ben, "unlock them". Ben produced a little key and inserted it into the small padlock at the front of Leah's chastity belt. Once the padlock was off, it allowed the belt to open and be removed. Now he did the same to Sophie's lock. She was once more completely naked apart from her slave collar and lead. She felt suddenly very vulnerable, although she knew they would be protected by Ben or Bill, at least until the competition started. And yet, in a way, she felt released as well. Both she and Leah had red imprint marks around their waists and hips from the chastity belts; they were not sore, but they showed where the belts had been.

Tom looked at his watch. "Time to go," he said simply.

The group moved over to the stage, Leah and Sophie still on their leads. The crowd there had grown, to Sophie's disappointment. The stage was about twenty feet long, and at the back of it was something covered by several large dust sheets. Sophie could not see what it was, but there were a series of humps under the sheets, four of them in fact. She had the feeling that she didn't want to know what they were. She also noted three other pairs of girls, each with male overseers, and supposed correctly that these were the other three teams. However, there were too many people between her and them for her to see much of them.

At length a man ascended the steps at the side of the stage, a microphone in his hand, and came to the centre of the stage. The crowd cheered.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "welcome to the first Slavelands Challenge. We have teams here today from all four of the, shall we say, enlightened places." There was whistling and laughter from the men. "So, let's welcome the teams onto the stage. First of all, representing Xanxta, we have Slaves Sally and Katy!"

Two slave girls, naked but for collars, came up the steps and onto the stage. Sophie had already met Sally at the wedding. Katy was much smaller, perhaps slightly smaller than Sophie herself. She had black hair and glasses and looked very much like a bookworm, though Leah had told Sophie not to underestimate her. She had a full bush of pubic hair, rather more visible because of its jet-black colour. There was a big cheer from the crowd, as well as wolf-whistles and shouted crude comments. Sophie shuddered. Directed by the announcer, the two girls stood at the front of the stage and slowly turned through 360 degrees. Sophie went red as she realised that she herself would have to do the same when it was her turn. Sally looked unbothered by the attention and the whistles and comments; Sophie detected slightly more of a poker face on Katy, suggesting that the girl was masking her discomfort.

As the Xanxta girls were allowed to retreat to the back of the stage, the announcer said, "and now the Corvalle team, the sisters Tit and Tat!"

Tit and Tat were both blondes, very pretty and with a clear sisterly resemblance to each other in facial terms, although Tit was tall and slender and Tat was shorter and more curvy. Both girls, as Sophie understood was always the case with Corvalle arena slaves, had little silver rings in both nipples and in their sex lips. Tit had a small, narrow rectangle of pubic hair whilst Tat's mound was completely shaven. It meant that both girls' labia rings were clearly visible. Neither girl seemed particularly bothered about

being nude on stage and Sophie wondered whether she herself would be the only really shy one. Again the announcer made them come to the front of the stage and turn slowly through a full circle so that the crowd could see both front and back of their bodies. Both girls looked pretty fit and Sophie was reminded that both had been athletes before their enslavement. Once again there were plenty of ribald comments from the men in the crowd as the sisters displayed themselves. Tat seemed quite happy with the attention, Tit largely ignored it.

“And now, from The Island, slaves Rachel and Jade!”

Two pretty and slightly darker-haired girls came up onto the stage. Jade was stockier than Rachel but still looked fit. Both had wicked grins on their faces and seemed to enjoy the comments of the men as they turned to display themselves. Each had just a thin triangle of pubic hair. However, the one thing Sophie did notice was that both of them had a ghost bikini, small sections of less tanned skin where a (small) bikini would have covered them up. Later, Leah explained to her that on The Island the standard slaves went around in flimsy underwear rather than fully naked. However, complete nudity did not seem to bother either of them.

“And finally, from New Island, Slaves Leah and Sophie!”

Trying – and failing – to keep her mind blank, Sophie following Leah up the steps, so close that Leah’s bare bottom was almost in her face. Another set of wolf whistles and catcalls greeted them as they moved to the front of the stage. Sophie’s face was bright red, so much so that she could feel it. Somehow she managed to keep her hands behind her back, leaving her boobs and pussy fully on show. The announcer gave the command to turn and both girls slowly rotated, bringing their hands in front of them now so as to leave their bottoms fully on view. The wolf whistles intensified: Sophie knew that both of them had good bums, thanks to all their fitness training. They completed their turn and, hands behind them once more, stood facing the sea of men. Sophie was reminded of the day she stood for auction and stripped herself for the first time, an experience she suspected she had been burying deep within her memory. Standing here now brought it all back, which was not pleasant. This crowd was probably larger, and, being standing, were rather closer. Sophie felt totally humiliated, her worth reduced to just the shape and qualities of her body.

At long last they were allowed to move back to the rear of the stage and join the other three pairs of naked girls. The announcer took centre stage once more.

“So, ladies and gentlemen,” he said – Sophie could see less than half a dozen women present, and half of them were naked slaves; almost all of the audience were male – “the competition will be held over five events, two of which are predominantly sexual and three physical. Four of those events are individual and the slave who finishes first in each event will score ten points for her team, the one who finishes second will score seven, the one who finishes third will score five and then four, three, two and one points for fourth to seventh place. Last place scores zero!” There was a mutter of amusement at that last point. “The fifth event will see the two girls of each team working together, so the points there will be ten, five, two and zero. Everybody clear? So, the first event will take place here on the stage.”

The girls were ushered to the side and the sheet covered thing was moved by two male assistants to the front of the stage and secured to the stage floor with bolts. Only now was the sheet removed, with a flourish. Sophie gasped in shock. The humps were four stools, each of which had a large, upright, black plastic replica of a male cock fixed firmly on the centre of the stool seat.

“We are going to run with just four of these entertainers,” the announcer explained, “so the girls will go in two heats. We will start with one girl from each team. Step forward, slaves Sally, Tit, Jade and Sophie!”

On rubber legs, Sophie stepped forward. The two assistants were lubricating the four dildos with a thick gel. Reluctantly she opened her legs and straddled one of the stools. The other three girls had done the same.

“Down you go, girls,” the announced ordered.

Sophie bent at the knees until she was touching the plastic cock. With her hand, she guided it into her channel and then squatted further, until she was all the way down. She felt the thing inside her, filling her, and shuddered, although in some ways it was a familiar feeling for her these days. She stared miserably out at the sea of male faces which were watching avidly.

The two assistants went along the group of girls. On each girl they fixed a small wire, taped thoroughly to the girl's inner thigh, so that an exposed piece of smooth metal pressed into her crotch, very close to her clitoris. It was not uncomfortable and Sophie knew that if she moved up and down on the dildo it wouldn't be dislodged. Each girl also had a little device strapped to her wrist, which Sophie recognised as a pulse monitor.

"Now," the announcer explained to the audience, "that ingenious little device is what I call a slutometer. Between the metal measurer and the pulse monitor, it can tell how aroused a girl is, and when she has an orgasm. When she has an orgasm, it will record it and announce it with a little audible signal. So we know who is who, each girl has a different sounding signal." He flicked a switch and indicated Sally, and there was a whistle. Tit had a horn, Jade had a klaxon and Sophie's was a bell. The girls will have fifteen minutes exactly on their entertainers and the winner will be the girl who records the most orgasms!"

He let this sink in to both the girls and the audience. Sophie realised that this would be incredibly demeaning and humiliating, but it had to be done. Now she understood why she and Leah had been made to spend most of the last week in chastity belts. She hadn't seen marks on the other girls similar to those the belts had left on her and Leah, so it looked like the other teams had not been prepared the way she and Leah had. With luck, that might give her an edge, to compensate for the fact that the other girls were probably sexually moiré naturally switched on than she was. There was also undoubtedly a fitness element: fifteen minutes of up and down like this would test the thigh and leg muscles of any girl. Tit looked every bit as fit as she did, though ...

"Ready, girls?" Not at all, Sophie thought, but it had to be faced. "Three, two, one, GO!"

Immediately all four girls, Sophie as much as any of the others, started to move up and down, humping the plastic cocks. Sophie was immediately conscious of the incredible shame of it all, but the cock also had an immediate effect on her. The pent-up sexual frustration of the last week found quick release. Even so, she dimly heard Jade's klaxon go shortly before her own bell, as her first orgasm overwhelmed her.

But she knew she couldn't stop there, and besides, her sexual energy had been far from dissipated. That first orgasm had done little more than open the sluice gates. Sophie bounced up and down on her cock-shaped pole, her mouth slack, her breasts undulating despite their firmness, unintelligible gasps and moans escaping her. She could hear and out of the corner of her eye see the other girls, who were in exactly the same state. Up and down Sophie went, her only care being not to straighten up so much that the plastic cock completely escaped her, as it would take time to get it in again. The blood pounded in her ears, so that she only vaguely heard the various sound devices which signalled the other girl's climaxes. She didn't need to hear her own bell when she hit her second orgasm, nor her third. She tried to close her mind to the spectacle she was making of herself, but it was impossible; and then she realised that, in some strange way, that humiliation was helping, perhaps by removing her inhibitions. Sophie could no longer think straight enough to respond on anything more than an animal level. Her fourth orgasm took considerably longer to come. By now her leg muscles were screaming at her for rest, but her determination drove her on. She would not let Leah down! And dimly she realised that she did not want to let Tom Jefferson down either, or New Island. It made no sense, but it didn't matter. Beside her, she could see that Jade was flagging now, and she hadn't heard the girl's klaxon for a while. She didn't know about the other two. Her own body had had its fill: another orgasm just would not come. Desperately she tried to think of something sexy, and found herself to her surprise thinking of Tom Jefferson and the nights she had spent with him. Yes, that was doing it, come on, one more, make that bell ring ...

A last desperate push from her tired legs and the image of Tom Jefferson's cock finally got her there, and the bell went once more. Sophie knew that was the last she could manage. Her legs were now refusing to lift her up and down. She slumped on the stool, the plastic cock filling her body. The other girls were all done in too, she could just about see. Only Tit was still moving, and only slowly, despairingly.

"Time's up."

The statement from the announcer only vaguely registered on her conscious mind, but the relief was incredible. The assistants moved in, removing the wrist bands and the metal thermometers or whatever

they were. The slutometers, he had called them. Sophie vaguely reflected that it was an apt name. She had behaved just like a slut.

“Well now, that was a close one,” the announcer told the audience. Another assistant, who had presumably been monitoring the devices, handed him a piece of paper which had been hastily written on. “I can tell you that Slave Tit finished first, Followed by Slave Sophie, then Slave Jade and finally Slave Sally. Of course, we have four more girls to go yet, so let’s swap to the second group!”

On legs which felt like jelly, Sophie lifted herself off the dildo, feeling both relief and an irrational sense of loss as it left her body. Her nudity completely forgotten, she staggered back towards the rear of the stage. As she passed Leah, her team-mate gave her a high five which she could only feebly match. Leah whispered, “second place! Well done.” It made her feel better, although she was absolutely exhausted. It did not help that they were not allowed to sit, but made to stand and watch the second group of four girls.

Watching the second group writhe, dribble and gasp as they bounced up and down, their breasts undulating despite their firmness, brought home to Sophie just how lewd and disgusting her own performance must have been. Even Leah was rutting like a pig on heat. That, of course, was the whole aim of the exercise. As with the first group, they all started bouncing up and down, but over time fatigue set in, and first Katy, then Tat and then Rachel slowed. Even Leah slowed, which made Sophie feel better in a way, but she was please that Leah’s bell had rung pretty often, though she was too tired and distracted to keep count.

Finally, the end was declared. Four more weary girls lifted themselves off the plastic cocks and the device was moved to the back of the stage once more. Now all eight girls were made to stand in a line facing the crowd. Sophie had almost forgotten her nudity, but standing to attention in front of the sea of almost all male faces brought it unpleasantly back to her. All eight girls stood slightly more bow-legged than they had before the start of the event.

“We have the final placings of the whole eight sluts,” the announcer said. Sophie tensed. “In eighth place is Slave Katy. Seventh is Slave Sally. Sixth is Slave Jade, then Slave Sophie in fifth. Slave Rachel is fourth, then Slave Tat, then Slave Leah, and in first place Slave Tit. Therefore the team placings are: Xanxta one point, The Island six points, New Island ten and Corvalle fifteen. Corvalle take an early lead!”

There were some mutterings from the partisan crowd about Xanxta doing so badly, but Sophie knew they would be more formidable in the pony races. Corvalle, it seemed, would clearly be the team to beat.

“So,” the announcer continued, “next stage of the competition is the individual pony races. We have to get the slaves harnessed and also give you good people a chance for some refreshment and to move yourselves to the racetrack, so the race will start in thirty minutes.”

The girls were allowed to descend from the stage, which was a small relief to Sophie to be out of the immediate limelight, and the group returned to their picnic camp. Ben handed out energy bars and water bottles to Leah and Sophie, who consumed them greedily.

“A good start, especially as I wouldn’t call that our strongest discipline,” Tom Jefferson said. Sophie felt that he was being pragmatic rather than kind. Either way, she was a little disappointed in herself for not finishing in the top half. Still, she knew she was the least experienced girl in the event, in slave terms. She felt sure she would do better in the pony races.

They were allowed a few minutes to finish the energy bars and water. Sophie felt a little recovered, although her legs still felt weak. It hadn’t been just the squatting, the orgasms themselves had taken a lot out of her. But it would be the same for all of them, and she did feel her strength starting to return.

Tom looked at his watch. “Right, time to get your tails in, and then off to be harnessed.”

Another little humiliation. Without needing to be told, Sophie got onto all fours, arching her back so that her bottom stood out. She knew she was exposing herself brazenly, but it had to be done. Bill greased the butt plug, but then, to Sophie’s relief, Leah took it firmly from him – risking a later whipping as she had not been ordered to – and gently inserted it. Sophie felt her anus fill with the unwelcome intruder, but she was more used to this now. She returned the favour, taking the second greased plug from Bill and carefully inserting it into Leah. Fortunately for both of them, Tom Jefferson did not raise any objections.

Leaving the rest of their party, Leah, Sophie, Ben and Tom made their way to the stables. Demori was waiting. He and Ben began to harness up the two girls. This was now a familiar routine to Sophie and she was able to ignore Ben's hands going where no respectable girl would want them.

"Demori will drive Leah, and I will drive Sophie," Tom Jefferson announced as Ben and Demori put the racing boots on the previously barefoot girls. "We feel that's the best way to maximise our points." Sophie thought that this was correct. Leah had the best chance of beating Sally, and even if she couldn't do that, with Demori in the seat she should finish second. As for Sophie, Tom Jefferson was heavier than Demori, and she gathered not so experienced a driver, but he would be demanding and, as he held the carriage whip, she would have no choice but to deliver.

"Sally will be drawn on the outside, and Leah next to her, due to their track record," Demori said, mainly to Tom but with the girls listening carefully. "I'm sure Sally's driver will push her to get into the lead before the first bend: he always prefers to lead from the front, and we know she has explosive power and strength." The track was basically rectangular: the starting point was followed by a longish straight to the first turn, all the turns being left and ninety degrees, then down a slight slope, along a bottom stretch parallel to the first one, then left again and up a gruelling hill, not really that steep but very demanding for a girl pulling a pony cart. It then rejoined the top straight shortly after the starting point, then left and down the hill again, then left onto a final long straight, not going back up the hill this time but going straight on to the finish line. "With Leah's own explosive power, I'll try to get her into second place by the turn, but if she ends up third or fourth, that will be OK. If so, we'll overtake any between her and Sally over the bottom straight and up the hill, and then, we'll maintain second place at least and see if we can catch Sally."

Tom nodded. "I'll look to get Sophie no more than fourth by the first turn, then we'll keep in touch with the ones ahead and look to pick them off later in the race." Both men, Sophie noted ruefully, talked about "we", but it would be she and Leah who did all the physical work: the men would simply apply the carriage whip. Still, she did want to do well, especially with Tom in her cart, and Leah had told her often enough that "you can't race well unless your driver uses the whip on you". It was a frightening thought, but she was determined.

Sophie and Leah had not been invited to speak during this discussion, and now their bits went in and speech from either was no longer possible. Sophie clamped her even white teeth down on her bit, not too hard but enough to keep it in place, although the head harness prevented it from moving more than half an inch anyway. The rest of their harnesses went on and then they were connected to the carts. As always in this situation, Sophie felt her humanity slipping away with each tightening of the harness. Demori climbed into Leah's cart, took the reins and unfurled the carriage whip. Sophie sensed Tom Jefferson do the same behind her, felt the cart lower as his weight took it down. Then she felt the reins flick on her shoulders and began to move, feeling the weight of the cart behind her. It was a pulling harness: her hands were secured at her sides and she pulled the cart via the heavy straps leading from the back of her harness to the cart. Leah had said that normally racing ponies had a bar in front of them which they pushed, but not today. This would be harder, but at least it would be the same for all the slaves.

They emerged from the stables and made their way to the start line. It was disconcerting for Sophie to have so many people watching, but she tried to put it out of her mind. As Demori had said, Sally was given the right-most position, then Leah. Apparently after that it was some formula combining the weight of each pony girl plus the weight of her driver. That placed Katy, the smallest of them, first, then Rachel, then Sophie, then Tat, Tit and Jade, and then Leah and finally Sally. Sophie wondered if she could get ahead of Katy and Rachel and then be able to hug the inside rail. She was already taking deep breaths, oxygenating her lungs, hearing the breath whistle as it went past the bit. The announcer had re-appeared, and now raised a start pistol. She tensed.

Tom Jefferson clearly had the same idea. The moment the pistol sounded, she felt him bring the carriage whip down on her bare back with stinging force. Fortunately, she had been expecting it, so she just let the pain drive her. Feeling the harness pulling hard at her limbs, she drove herself forward. It was indeed a good start and she quickly pulled ahead of Rachel and Katy and was able to move far enough ahead of them that Tom could steer her onto the inside rail.

However, Sally had taken off like a racing car. How on earth could she pull so strongly, Sophie wondered, big girl though she was? Leah was also in hot pursuit, but Tit had also made a good start. By

the first bend, Sally had taken the lead, though not by enough that she could move in close to the rail. Tit was second and Leah third, then Sophie; she had no idea what was behind her. Already, sweat was pouring out of her from her efforts. They turned the corner and thundered down the hill. Sophie had been cautioned by Leah not to go too hard down the hill, to conserve her strength and also to avoid swinging out at the bottom turn. They turned into the bottom straight, and now Sophie saw Leah move out and overtake Tit. Another lash on her own back made her pick up her pace, enough to keep Tit not too far away. She wished she knew what was going on behind her, but the harness made turning her head impossible. She had to rely on her driver. Now they turned into the uphill straight. Sally and Leah were pulling ahead, opening a gap from Tit. Sophie was stunned to find out just how hard pulling a grown man and a cart up even the slight slope was. Her only consolation was that Tit was finding it equally hard. Both drivers were using the whip to keep them going. Again and again the lash bit into Sophie's back, giving her no choice but to pull hard.

It was a relief to pull into the top straight, but now Sophie felt the whip coming down even harder on her back. She knew what this meant. She felt the right rein pull slightly as he steered her out from the rail, and then another lash on her back again. Finding strength from somewhere unknown, she increased her pace and pulled past Tit. She was able to get far enough ahead before the turn that she felt Tom's little tug on the left rein to bring her back in to the rail, just in time to cut the corner into the downhill. Down they went, the downhill slope making it slightly easier to pull and giving a small bit of relief to Sophie's now aching muscles and heaving chest.

They turned into the final straight. Sally and Leah were well ahead, with Sally in a decent lead and Leah's driver evidently deciding that even she could not catch and overtake the Herculean girl. Sophie felt the lash again on her back and increased pace; presumably Tit or somebody else was not too far behind. Her lungs were bursting now, her legs on fire, but the carriage whip prevented her from easing up. The finish line was in sight, still seeming far away, and yet it came closer, slowly, until she at last crossed it.

She felt Tom pull up gently on the reins and she steadily brought the cart to a stop as she had been taught. Her legs felt like jelly even more so than they had after the first event. Now Tom flicked the reins and she was made to walk, shakily due to exhaustion, around to a paddock area where all eight ponies were lined up. Lots of spectators were gathering around. Sophie had totally forgotten the spectacle she had been making of herself during the race, but now she became aware once more and her face burned with embarrassment. Sweat covered her body; the harness felt soaking wet where it touched her skin. Looking around as best she could, she saw all the other pony girls in a similar state. Even Sally and Leah had heaving chests.

"Final race placings," came the announcer's voice over a loudspeaker. "In last place was Jade, then Katy in seventh, Tat in sixth, Rachel fifth, Tit fourth, Sophie third, Leah second and our own Sally in first place." There was loud applause for Sally, but also a fair bit of polite acknowledgement for Leah too. Clearly her reputation as a brave and determined pony girl had not diminished since she left Xanxta for New Island, and evidently she had made Sally work for her victory.

The team points to date were also announced. The Island now had nine, with Xanxta on twelve. Corvalle had twenty-one, whilst New Island now had twenty-two.

They were in the lead!

Chapter Twenty-two - Xanxta

They were allowed another half hour to be released from their harnesses and take more water and energy bars on. More to the point, the crowd had time for more refreshments. It looked as if the bar was doing good trade. There were also a few men availing themselves of some of the unfortunate slave girls around.

Now the teams were all brought back up onto the stage once more. Sophie was growing just slightly more immune to public nudity as the day went on, but this was still not a place she wanted to be, and less so when she found out what this latest round was.

The girls were made to kneel down, side on to the crowd, spaced out around the stage. Sophie noted a line of men, all naked, waiting near to the stage steps. None of them appeared small in the manhood department.

The announcer appeared once more. "This round," he informed the crowd, "is nice and simple. The sluts have to suck cock, something they are all used to, of course. The simple aim is to bring off as many men as they possibly can within the thirty minutes of the round. We have," he gestured at the queue, "a plentiful supply of men who have kindly volunteered." There were a few catcalls and good-hearted ribbing comments from the crowd. "If we run short, perhaps a few more volunteers will be helpful." He turned to the girls. "Each time a man comes, the girl has to contain all his seed in her mouth, open it for inspection, and then swallow ready for the next man. If they don't swallow, it doesn't count, of course." He turned back to the crowd. "At least that will give them plenty of protein to regain their energy for the last two rounds!" There were some ripe comments called from the crowd, which made Sophie blush. "So, if the first eight gentlemen would like to come forward?"

Eight men came onto the stage and each went to stand in front of one of the girls. The choice of which girl seemed to be random. As it happened, the man who stood in front of Sophie was black, jet-black in fact. It was to be her first black cock, which didn't bother her, but it was a large one, which was rather more concerning. She kept her eyes lowered, not wanting to see his face, and waited for the signal to begin. This would be another debasing, humiliating experience.

But when the whistle went, she did not let that stop her. She took the cock into her mouth, or as much of it as she could take in without gagging, and sucked for all she was worth, running her fingers up and down that part she couldn't get in. Leah had taught her how to go slowly, give the man a good and long time, but now she had to be as fast as she could. She worked hard, and he was quickly swollen to erection, but it seemed to take forever before she felt his sperm jet into her mouth. The moment he had stopped spurting, he pulled himself out. One of the assistants was already there. "Open," he ordered sharply. Sophie opened her mouth to show the sticky white mess in there. "Close and swallow." She obeyed, forcing herself to take it down. "Open again." She opened once more to show a now empty mouth. "Continue." The next man was already standing there, an Arabic one this time, smaller but still big cock and a different, almost spicy personal musk. She ignored the musk and got to work.

By the time the whistle went at the end of the thirty minutes, Sophie had by her reckoning sucked five cocks dry – no, six, she had forgotten one. She had no idea how well she had done compared to the others, but she feared the worst: one or two seemed to be changing men every two or three minutes. The girls were made to stand facing the audience once more – for maximum embarrassment, she supposed – as the announcer read the scores.

"Eighth place, Tit. Seventh, Sophie. Sixth, Tat. Fifth, Sally. Fourth, Leah. Third, Katy. Second, Jade, and first, Rachel."

Sophie hung her head in shame. Seventh! She had let Leah down, let Tom Jefferson down, let New Island down. But she knew that she didn't have the experience that these other girls had, and this was one event where physical fitness was no help.

The new team scores were announced as Xanxta 20, Corvalle 23, The Island 26 and New Island 27. She and Leah still held the lead, but only just. The Island had been the big winners of this round, with first and second place, taking them from rock bottom to second on the team table. Xanxta were back in last place, something the crowd showed their displeasure at. Sophie wondered if Sally and Katy would be given a public beating if they finished last at the end of the day, but she knew she couldn't let that influence her. Besides, with the other pony event up next, they would be likely to turn things around: in

fact, Sophie calculated that if Xanxta finished first and Corvalle second in that, Xanxta would take the lead. Not that she and Leah had any intention of finishing outside the top two.

Soon afterwards, they were harnessed up again, this time together, with Demori in the cart. Just before the bits had gone in, Demori had told them that this race would be twice around the circuit rather than the usual once. Leah had been shocked: she said that there had never been a double circuit race in her experience.

Demori had shrugged. "Well, they don't usually have two of you pulling the cart," he pointed out. "So it will be a bit more of a marathon and less of a sprint."

Leah had nodded. "But we'll need to keep in touch with Sally and Katy, not let them build up a big lead," she observed.

"Agreed, but you let me worry about setting the pace," Demori said. At that point, he and Ben put the bits into the girls' mouths, so further discussion could only be one way.

They were shortly lined up at the starting point. Based on the results of the earlier individual pony race, Leah and Sophie were on the outside line, then Katy and Sally, then Tit and Tat and finally Rachel and Jade. Sophie knew that a win in this round, presumably with the Xanxta pair second, would put them into a very strong position with just one round left to go. With two circuits, their position on the outside of the starting line was probably not very important. Again, their hands were locked at their sides, so that they were a true pony team, pulling the cart by the straps from their harness.

It seemed that nobody had told Sally and Katy about the marathon aspect, because from the start they took off like a rocket, lashed hard by their driver. Demori let them go. By the first bend, Tit and Tat had taken second place and Leah and Sophie were tucked in behind them. There were no changes in position on the downward slope, but on the bottom stretch Sophie and Leah had their backs lashed and pulled out to overtake Tit and Tat. However, their driver, anticipating the move, lashed his girls cruelly, but got the response he wanted. On the turn into the uphill, Tit and Tat were still ahead. The Corvalle sisters were lashed hard on the uphill, so that they pulled away a little, and when they turned into the top straight there was too much ground to make up to try to overtake there. Demori didn't seem bothered, he just drove Leah and Sophie to close the gap, and again on the downhill, so that they were right behind when they turned into the lower straight. Now Demori lashed Leah and Sophie into another overtaking attempt. Again the Corvalle team responded, so they went into the uphill neck and neck, with Leah and Sophie having to go wide at the bend to keep level. Now Tit and Tat's driver really laid into the two pony girls, but Demori lashed Leah and Sophie just enough to keep level. Again they turned into the top straight neck and neck, but this time when Demori put the leather over Leah and Sophie's backs, they overtook the sisters comfortably. Tit and Tat were labouring badly now, and Sophie dimly realised that Demori had deliberately engineered this to tire the Corvalle girls out.

Sally and Katy had a big lead now, but with another full circuit and a half, they had time. Demori drove Leah and Sophie to reduce the gap steadily, not all at once. Down the hill they went, into the bottom straight, and then uphill again, closing steadily all the time. Sophie and Leah were 'in the zone': their backs stung, their legs were on fire, their chests seared with their heavy breathing, dribbling from their bits, but totally focused on maintaining their effort. The gap continued to close, but only slowly. Into the downhill they went: when they turned into the bottom straight, it would be the last turn, then a straight long run to the finish line. Sophie and Leah both had no thoughts other than the forthcoming supreme effort to catch up and overtake on that last straight.

And then, as they turned into that last straight, Sally and Katy's driver lashed them hard, and the pair responded immediately. It wasn't just Sally: Katy must be pulling hard too, otherwise they would be unbalanced and veering to the left, towards Katy. But no, they were going in a straight line and pulling away. Katy must be making a superhuman effort to pull hard enough to stop the cart from veering, or maybe they had another way of harnessing Sally's power without unbalancing. Sophie felt the lash on her back and responded, and felt Leah doing the same next to her, but it was no good. The gap grew. Halfway along the straight, Demori bowed to the inevitable and Sophie felt the lash on her back no more. She still pulled hard, as did Leah, but they were beaten and they knew it.

Only when they were in the paddock did they realise that Tit and Tat had been so exhausted that Rachel and Jade had also overtaken them.

Corvalle now languished in last place with 23 points. The Island had 28, Xanxta 30 and New Island 32. And the last event was the run, which should favour Sophie and maybe Leah as well.

They were released from their harnesses, hosed down, and the group returned to their picnic camp, Sophie and Leah with their ponytails still in. Sophie had to suffer the indignity of having her tail removed in front of everybody, but at least it was gently and sympathetically done by Leah, and a relief to have the thing out of her anus. Once again she was allowed to return the favour and take Leah's tail out.

Sophie was absolutely exhausted, and could see that Leah was too, but doubtless the other teams would be much the same. Her back stung from the carriage whip, various parts of her body ached from where the pony harness had dug in, and she was just all-over shattered. But she was still determined. Tit would be a threat this time, both because of her long runner's legs and her known track and field athletics background. Maybe Tat would be too: she too had been an athlete not far below national standard. But Leah had been a quality runner too. However, Sophie wanted Leah to finish second. She wanted to win herself, to show that she had done her part in winning this competition.

But she reminded herself that they had not won yet. And her legs were cramping, seizing up. Demori massaged first her legs and then Leah's. If his hands went anywhere they strictly did not need to go, she didn't care: all that mattered was being ready for the race.

When they arrived at the starting line of the pony cart racetrack, which was to be used for the run, Sophie saw that all eight girls were exhausted. And yet, she saw focus on every face. Every inch of Katy's back was covered in carriage whip welts, but the look in the bookwormish girl's eyes was one of fierce determination. Tit and Tat looked at least partly recovered from the pony race, and Sophie had calculated that if Tit came first and Tat second in this race, she and Leah would have to come third and fourth in order to win. The permutations with the other teams were too varied to even think about. But she did know that if she herself won the race, their team would win as long as Leah did not finish last, and she didn't think there was any chance of that.

She knew that the race would be similar to the paired pony race, two circuits of the racetrack, except that there was a slight diversion for the uphill slope. It would be around 5k, perfect for both her and Leah. Barefoot, yes, but they had been training for that. But there was one little sting in the tail that she hadn't been told. As the girls lined up, one player in each pair, Leah, Tat, Jade and Sally, were ordered to step forward. The two assistants produced four pairs of clothes pegs, one pair of which was fastened to the nipples of each girl. Tat's nipple rings were not an impediment. From the way that even Leah winced when they went on, Sophie gathered that they were very tight.

"This makes it a sort of relay race," the omnipresent announcer explained to the crowd. "After the first full lap, when the girls are back on the higher straight, they have to swap the pegs from the one girl to the other girl. Sort of like a relay baton, except both girls will have been running."

Sophie and Leah quickly digested this. It meant that the two of them needed to be together at that point. That would favour themselves and the Corvalle team, since both had two runners in the team: Sally wasn't really built for running, which was different to pulling a cart, and Jade looked less athletic than Rachel. On the other hand, running with the pegs on would be painful, but that would just have to be borne. They would surely have to stop at the changeover point, it would be impossible to take the pegs off and put it on the other girl whilst both were still running.

Leah had a pained expression on her face and quietly said through clenched teeth, "they're tight, Soph," as they lined up. That worried Sophie, if even Leah felt that. At least they wouldn't fall off, though that was small comfort.

The starting pistol went and they set off. Leah and Sophie immediately settled into a side-by-side rhythm, similar to their usual morning runs. They were well used to running naked and their boobs were firm enough that, aided by their smooth running action, they didn't bounce up and down much. Tit and Tat, also staying together, took the lead, and Sophie and Leah increased their pace slightly so as not to fall too far behind them; they were confident that they could reel them in later. The other two pairs had also

worked out that they might as well stick together until the changeover point, but they were already behind.

Down the slope and along the bottom straight they went. For Sophie, it was not much different in most ways to her morning runs: a faster pace, perhaps, but nothing she could not cope with. However, the one difference that did exist was the presence of the crowd, although a lot of them seemed to be convening around the uphill slope. They kept Tit and Tat not too far ahead; Sophie noted that Tit was running smoothly but the shorter and stockier Tat slightly less so. They went past the usual turn to the uphill section, which was taped off, but just past there a section of the rail had been removed and a path marked out and cordoned off with tape. A steward pointed them in that direction as well. Sophie immediately realised that this was a much steeper slope and also very muddy. For a moment she wondered why, given that there had not been much rain recently, and the rest of the course was dry, and then realised that the path had been deliberately flooded and watered. Her bare feet sunk into the mud, which oozed between her toes, and it became more of a scramble than a run. And then the spectators started throwing handfuls of mud at them, laughing as they got splattered by the warm, wet mud. Leah and Sophie battled on, gaining a little on Tit and Tat who were struggling slightly more. By the time they reached the top of the steep hill, carried on along a flat left curve and then rejoined the main track, they were all covered in mud. Maybe the Xanxta team were slightly less spattered, as the partisan crowd had mostly targeted the other teams. Regaining a little rhythm, on they went to near the end of the upper straight.

Now was the changeover point. Tit and Tat had stopped, as indicated by a steward, to change the pegs over. Sophie and Leah joined them. There was no time to be gentle. Leah squealed as she took one of the pegs off, then squealed again as she removed the other. This is going to hurt, Sophie knew. Leah's mud-covered hand grasped Sophie's left boob, none too gently, quickly scraping the majority of the mud off her nipples so it would not cause the peg to slip off later, and her right one put a peg on. "Oww!" Sophie could not suppress a cry of pain. Ignoring it, Leah grabbed her other boob and Sophie cried out again as the second peg bit home. Leah had been right, they were very tight! Her owner had put pegs on her nipples once or twice, but never this tight.

But she had no time to dwell on it. Tit and Tat had already moved off, and Leah set off in pursuit, and Sophie was not going to fall behind. Running with the pegs on was even worse, but she was not going to back off. Besides, short of stopping altogether, there was nothing she could do. She caught up with Leah and they carried on, side by side, down the slope and then along the lower straight. Just before they went into what Sophie was now thinking of as the scramble part, she looked back and saw Rachel and Katy, having now parted company with Jade and Sally respectively, making gains. Once again, as they scrambled up the slope, the crowd pelted them with mud. Sophie just tried to make sure that she didn't get any in her eyes, as that would make running difficult. They reached the top of the slope, went around the long curve and rejoined the straight. Tit was pulling away from Tat now, who was trying but failing to keep up with her longer-limbed and fitter looking sister. Leah increased her pace, Sophie keeping up, and they both overtook Tat, but Tit was still a little further ahead. Sophie found energy from somewhere and, ignoring the constant biting pain of the pegs on her nipples, hit the afterburners. She didn't want to leave it to the last straight to overtake Tit, in case the former athlete had a good sprint finish. She had caught up with her by the bend into the downhill straight, and overtook her on the way down, although she tried not to go too fast because of the corner at the bottom. Tit didn't react until they got around the corner, when she too hit the afterburners and accelerated. Oh no you don't, thought Sophie, and went faster still. She was completely exhausted, but so was Tit. Tit pushed her hard for about half of the straight, but Sophie kept up her own pace despite the pain it brought her. But then Tit could not maintain that sprint pace, or perhaps knew that she was beaten. Sophie forced herself to keep the pace up: she wanted to win by a margin. And, looking over her bare shoulder just before she broke through the tape, she saw that she had.

The moment she was over the finishing line, she relaxed and slowed, letting the momentum fade away, knowing that to stop more abruptly would cause her to fall over and possibly injure herself. She slowed to a walk, and then a stop. Only then did she sink to her knees. The pegs caused her nipples to throb unbearably, but she didn't care. She had made her mark on the competition.

One of the stewards came forward, took the two pegs between his fingers, opened the jaws and pulled them off. Sophie screamed as the wood, which had embedded itself deeply in the sensitive flesh, came

away. Vaguely she heard another scream as Tit's pegs were removed, and then another as Rachel's were taken off moments later. By then, Sophie had collapsed to the ground, lying on her back, gasping for breath, now completely heedless of her nakedness. Leah, equally done in, crawled over to her and hugged her. Their exhaustion was not just from the race: it was the whole event. They had kept going for the last event, but now it was over they could barely move.

The other girls all finished. Sophie was too tired to take note of any of the positions after the top three. Only later did she find out that Rachel was fourth, then Katy. Tat had dropped back to sixth, just ahead of Jade, and poor Sally finished last. Sophie later found out that the Amazon had lost a peg when a handful of mud thrown by a spectator had knocked it off, and had had to spend valuable moments searching for it and reattaching it before she could continue.

All eight girls were completely plastered in mud from the two hill climbs. They were gathered together and hosed down, the jet of water stinging but revitalising them just enough to allow them to get to their feet and stagger back to the stage. They were ushered up on to it and stood in their four pairs. Leah and Sophie had their arms around each other's shoulders, partly from camaraderie and partly because both suspected they would fall to the ground without the support of the other. They were not told off. For once, too, Sophie didn't even mind being naked on stage.

The announcer came on and enthused for some time about the day, even praising the girls for their efforts. Only then did he announce the final results.

"In fourth place, with 32 points, Corvalle!"

Tit and Tat were ushered to the front of the stage to receive applause. Both girls, in addition to being exhausted, looked crest fallen. Sophie wondered what reception they would get when they returned home.

"Now, two teams tied on 33 points, just one point above Corvalle, so firstly, in joint second place, we have The Island!"

Rachel and Jade stepped forward to take their applause. They seemed happy enough with their placing. They too looked physically shattered.

"And then, also on 33 points, we have the team from Xanxta!"

Sally and Katy stepped up. The local crowd seemed undecided whether to cheer or boo their team. But Sally was well regarded as a racing pony girl, and Katy had impressed with her determination, so in the end the response turned positive.

"But the runaway winners, with 47 points, are Slaves Leah and Sophie from New Island!"

Sophie and Leah stepped forward, still arm in arm. Sophie, for once, did not care that she was naked and the centre of attention. In a way, she even revelled in it. She was proud of what she had achieved. Yes, it was a slave achievement, but that was what she was, at least for now. She was a slave. In fact, right now she was a proud slave.

The announcer thanked the organisers and the staff, and also the slave's owners for, as he put it "donating their girls for the day". All the time, Leah and Sophie stood naked, facing the crowd. Leah, Sophie could tell, was revelling in the moment. And why not? Despite the wide score margin at the end, it had been a hard-won victory. Her own face was red with the exposure of her female charms, and yet somehow she did not mind.

At last they were allowed to leave the stage. Their group was waiting for them. Tom Jefferson had a poker face, but Sophie could tell that he was happy. Leah went directly up to him, sank to her knees and adopted slave posture: back straight, shoulders back, tits thrust out, knees apart, hands on her thighs, face down. Her eyes looked up to his with two clear messages: one, that she had done this for him; and two, that she loved him. The messages were as clear as if she had shouted them at the top of her voice. Sophie found herself also kneeling down and adopting the same posture. She was facing him, but not so close, because she did not want to intrude on Leah's moment with her master.

Tom Jefferson's response was simple and direct. He leaned over and kissed Leah, full on the lips. Then he moved over to where Sophie was kneeling and kissed her full on the lips as well. Sophie had never in her life been kissed that way before. She found it ... intimate and loving. As best she knew how, she kissed him back.

"I find myself, after all the excitement, with a considerable hard-on," he said. "You may both take steps to relieve it."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before Leah was unzipping his fly and pulling his engorged cock out. Not getting off her knees, Sophie hurried to join her. Being invited to do this for him in public was, she realised, an honour. The fact that it was in public, at least today, bothered her not in the slightest.

Chapter Twenty-three - Xanxta

An hour later, Leah and Sophie were strolling, naked but for their collars, around the fayre. Although the challenge competition had been the main attraction, there were other amusements and stalls. At least amusements for the free men: quite a few of the stalls involved slave girls having to do or endure unpleasant things. It was an hour later because, after they had brought Tom Jefferson off, Bill and Ben and Adrian also needed to let off steam. Ellie took Ben and left Bill for Sophie. Leah, of course, was allowed to be the sole attendee of Adrian. Cara had of course taken Storm Robinson. It had been quite the little orgy. Sophie had found herself not minding. And now, for once, she found herself not minding being naked in public, though she suspected that when the euphoria wore off in the next day or so, her normal reticence would return.

Quite a few men groped and fondled them, which again didn't seem to bother her as much as it normally did, but slightly to Sophie's surprise (and relief) none of the men fucked either of them. "There'll be plenty of girls available in the rape racks," Leah explained. "On another day, I'd go there myself, but I'm just too tired and sore. Besides Master is going to be wanting his oats again tonight. I reckon we'll both be sharing his bed. I doubt we'll get much sleep."

Sophie was so tired, and yet somehow this was not bad news. But: "rape racks?"

In response, Leah led her to a patch of ground away from the stalls. A dozen girls were lying on the grass, each tied spread-eagled to four stakes driven into the ground. All were being fucked by men, with a few more waiting in the queue. "After a pony race, or some of the other things they make us girls do, girls often feel rather horny, so they come here to let off steam."

"Are you saying the girls tied up there are volunteers?" Sophie asked incredulously.

"Yep, totally voluntary. Look, there's Rachel and Jade over there, tied down. And I think that's Tat underneath the fat guy, too. I've spent a few hours here myself when I was racing in Xanxta. It's only because I'm too tired and aching now. Oh, to Hell with it. Come on, we'll just do half an hour. That should be just two or three men each."

"What?? No, I don't want ..."

But Leah had taken a firm grasp on her wrist and ignored her protestations. It was only a few steps to the attendant who was looking after proceedings. "Two for half an hour each, please master," Leah said politely to him. Sophie blushed, and then glared daggers at Leah, who affected not to notice. But it was too late for her to get out of it. The attendant led them, Leah still holding Sophie's wrist tightly, to a spare patch of grass where another two sets of stakes protruded from the earth. "Lie on your backs between the stakes," he ordered. Leah let go of Sophie and lay down as ordered. Surrendering to the inevitable, Sophie lay down beside her, reaching her arms out and blushing again as she spread her legs. There were loops of rope from each stake and it took the attendant only a minute to put a loop of rope over each of Sophie's outstretched limbs, tighten the loop so that she could not free herself, and then shorten the rope from the stakes so that she had almost no movement. He repeated the process with Leah, again quickly and efficiently.

"We've got plenty of men waiting, so the first two will be over in just a minute," he told them with a bit of a leer.

The sun was high – it was now mid-afternoon – and Sophie had to squint, since she was face upwards and unable to move much. Then a shadow fell over her. She opened her eyes to see a middle-aged man standing over her. He was naked with a sizeable and obvious erection. He knelt down between her legs and without so much as an introduction she felt his manhood at her entrance. A moment later she arched her back as he entered her. She was glad she was tied down, and Leah had virtually frog-marched her into it, so it was not voluntary. She was not a slut, it was just that her body had to let off steam after what she had been through today. But she could not pretend that the sensations of wicked pleasure that were already washing over her were unwelcome.

Two days later, Sophie looked around the elegant ballroom and decided that she was enjoying herself.

There was a full-length mirror on one wall and she was honest enough to admit that she had looked at herself in it more than once. A very different girl – no, young lady – to the one at the weekend looked back at her. For a start-off, she wasn't naked. Instead, she was wearing a fabulous strapless evening gown with all the trimmings. The green, shimmering gown went all the way down to her ankles and almost concealed the elegant high heels that she wore. It accentuated her figure without revealing anything untoward. Her dark blonde hair was beautifully coiffured and her light make-up had been carefully applied by a professional expert before they had left the villa. They had even been ferried here, to what she gathered was the poshest and most expensive hotel in Xanxta (which was saying something) in a limo. She had dressed up for her high school prom, but nothing like this.

"You look a million dollars." Leah's voice came from behind her. The older girl looked pretty mouth-watering herself in a gown of crushed velvet, and Sophie told her so. Leah smiled. "They did a presentation and reception like this after the Corvalle match," she said. "Corvalle and Xanxta say they're not rivals, but it feels as if Xanxta is trying to put on just as good a show despite being the smaller town."

Sophie looked around. It certainly was a good show. The men were all immaculate in formal dress wear, the few women in gorgeous evening wear. Fiona was amongst the female guests, with Tom and Adrian amongst the men. In the background, Fiona's new husband Jimmy, also in immaculate attire, quietly took photographs whilst staying inconspicuous. The eight girls who had competed were all beautifully done up. A few slaves discreetly served drinks, mostly female slaves in playboy bunny outfits but with a little heart-shaped hole in the crotch of their outfits to expose their pussies and circular holes in their tops through which their nipples gaped. Each girl had a diamond pendant hanging from a nipple clamp on each erect nipple. Sophie felt sympathetic: the clamps would be on for hours and would be murder when they were taken off. Each female slave was absolutely lovely. There were a few male slaves too, all handsome and deliciously muscular. They wore collars and bow ties, then exposed and shaven chests, perfect black trousers and shoes so well shined that you could see the sparkle from the lights in them. Like the female slaves, their crotches were cut away to fully expose their manhoods. Any feeling of threat from those manhoods was completely removed by the fact that each male slave wore a pink bow tied to his cock. It gave the intended effect perfectly, making them available and manly and yet submissive at the same time.

Ellie and Cara had not been on the invitation list, nor Storm Robinson. Leah had earlier observed without rancour that both girls were probably going to be busy all night serving Master Storm.

"I wasn't at the Corvalle presentation, but I can't imagine it being any better than this," Sophie observed. "Have you seen the trophy we're going to get? It's massive. Two pretty good smaller ones for each of us to keep, too. Though I'm not sure I could display mine on my trophy shelf back home, given that it's got Four Slavelands Challenge in big letters on it."

Leah smiled. "Mistress Fiona told me that the event has been a real success and is going to be held annually. We'll have to come back and win it again next year."

Sophie's smile faded. "My slave contract will be up long before then," she pointed out. Leah said nothing. Sophie suddenly didn't want the conversation to go down that path, so she added, quite genuinely, "but I do want to say that it was an honour competing, if that's what we should call it, with you, Leah." She had been meaning to say this for some time.

Leah smiled again. "Likewise," she said. "You're the best partner I could ask for."

Sophie was genuinely touched. She went to hug her team-mate, and then thought better of it. "Best not disturb the hair and make-up," she said lightly.

"Too right," Leah agreed. "Talking of which, I don't want to rain on your parade, but you do know we've got to undress for the presentation?"

Sophie nodded. "Down to stockings and high heels. It's probably appropriate, I suppose." She didn't sound too enthusiastic. Both girls wore elasticated hold-up stockings beneath their gowns. Given that the gowns went down to almost their ankles, she hadn't seen the point at the time, but it had added to the novelty, as she had almost never worn stockings in her life before.

"It'll be worth it to get our hands on that trophy," Leah suggested.

"Yes it will," Sophie agreed, and then pondered. "Do you know, if somebody had suggested to me six months ago that I strip naked to be presented with a sports trophy, I'd have slapped them hard on the

face. How times change.” She changed tack. “Did I understand right that we’re here again tomorrow night for another similar evening?”

“Well, similar in some ways. Ball gowns and all the trimmings again.” Sophie, Leah observed, didn’t look too unhappy about that. “But tomorrow night is sponsors’ night.”

“I thought all the sponsors were here tonight,” Sophie said.

“Yes they are, but tonight is our night, tomorrow is for them,” Leah replied, and then, seeing that Sophie clearly didn’t get it, gave a mock sigh. “You know, you can be dense sometimes. Tomorrow night we have to entertain the sponsors. Individually, one by one, personally. An hour per sponsor, in one of the swanky bedrooms of this hotel. And that elegant ball gown will be off more often than on.”

“Oh,” said Sophie, at last getting the picture.

“These guys are looking us all over, making their choices tonight,” Leah added. “All eight girls are of course available, but I suspect that, as the winners, we’ll probably get selected more. It will start at seven o’clock tomorrow night and I reckon that you and I will still be having appointments at midnight, even into the small hours.” She smiled wickedly. “So if there’s anybody you particularly fancy, chat him up tonight and he’ll pick you for tomorrow.” Sophie looked indignant at that suggestion, and Leah could not help but giggle. The giggle was infectious, and Sophie’s features softened. “At the end of the day, Sophie, we are sex slaves,” Leah added. “Cheer up, at least we have tonight for us.”

Sophie brightened. The euphoria she still felt at winning the competition triumphed. “That’s true,” she admitted.

“Come on, let’s mingle.”

It was a strange feeling tonight, for a number of reasons, Sophie reflected. Firstly, she was dressed, for the first time in ages apart from those sack dresses they had worn to board the plane which brought them here several weeks ago. Secondly, she and Leah had been clearly instructed that they did not need to behave as slaves. There was none of the elaborate palaver of Fiona’s wedding, where Tom Jefferson had temporarily freed Leah and Ellie, probably because Tom was not in charge of this affair. They had just been told that they should act politely, but did not need to be submissive. Sophie had even been served with a drink by one of the slave girls. She absolutely didn’t want to lord it over the poor girl, but it was nice to be served, for the first time since she had become a slave. In fact, she was mulling over the idea of finishing this drink and approaching one of the male slaves for a drink. They were all very fit and one in particular caught her eye. Sophie shook her head in bewilderment. This was something she would never, ever have done in her old days. But she did remember one time in a restaurant with her father and brothers when she had found herself hoping that a particular young waiter would be the one to attend them and take their order. He hadn’t been the one, and she remembered at the time being half disappointed and half relieved.

“You look sensational.” Tom Jefferson’s voice cut through her daydreams. Sophie hadn’t realised he was there.

“Thank you, master,” she said shyly. The word “master” was becoming automatic now. “It’s this dress, it’s just amazing,” she added, to deflect attention from herself.

“It is, but you are an exceptionally beautiful young lady,” Tom said, brooking no argument.

“Thank you, master,” Sophie said again, blushing a little, but appreciating the compliment.

“I assume Jimmy took pictures when you arrived?” Sophie confirmed this. It had been another amazing experience: she had felt like a film star arriving at the Oscars, especially knowing that she would be getting the big prize tonight. Tom went on. “We’ll look through them when he posts them, select the best one of you alone and the best of you and Leah together, and get copies framed. One for Leah, one for you, and one for me.”

“Thank you, master,” Sophie said for a third time. It was a really kind thing for him to do. She felt the urge to bring up her ownership, ask him if he was going to buy her permanently from Kelvin Hope, but wisely decided against it.

A little while later, she and Leah got talking to Tit and Tat. Sophie was surprised that, even when alone, the two girls referred to each other by their slave names, rather than their real ones. Or, as Tat

called them, their former names. It took a little digging on Sophie's part before the girls volunteered that those birth names were Tiffany and Louise.

It transpired that Tit was still an arena slave, but it was the first half of the season over there, where each squad consisted of five girls. In the second half, because the girls would be so battered by then, squads were allowed to expand to seven players. Rather than buy a girl on the transfer market, the team that owned Tit had enough players that they left her on the sidelines for the first half of the season and brought her in to reinforce the squad during the second half, hence she had been available for this competition. Her team was one of those seriously trying to win the league. That wasn't her or the other girls' decision, it was that of their owners, but Tit admitted that the girls in the squad had all been bought because they were naturally fiercely competitive. Besides, she said, it was always worse in the long run to be on the losing team in an arena match. Sophie had the feeling that Tit was dreading the second half of the season, but was nevertheless up for the challenge. Tat, on the other hand, after enduring one season in the league, had been sold off as a pleasure slave, and was actually quite happy with that life.

"You still have your rings in, though?" Leah asked directly. All arena girls had rings in both nipples and both labia. Sophie had been horrified to learn that the rings were there so that weights could be hung from both their boobs and their sex lips. Arena matches were not like the competition the girls had taken part in two days ago: an arena match was an exercise in who could take the most pain. It was incredibly brutal.

"Not allowed to take them out," Tat said, not uncheerfully. "It marks you, permanently, as an ex-arena slave, which does add to your price if your owner chooses to sell you."

They also chatted to Rachel and Jade, the two girls from The Island. These two were volunteers in every sense of the word: whereas Sophie and Cara had come to New Island because they were desperate for money to pay off a violent loan shark that Sophie's dad had fallen foul of, Rachel and Jade had gone to The Island simply because they wanted to. Both girls cheerfully admitted to being sex-mad, and loved their lives there. They did frequently get spanked, or had to endure other torments at their masters' whims, but both took it without reluctance. Sophie, who had herself learned how to get through sessions in Kelvin Hope's dungeon, could understand that, and Leah could take a considerable whacking without difficulty.

The time came for the presentations. Sophie watched, growing steadily more nervous, as the other three teams were called forward. Two by two, they had to step up and discard their evening gowns. Only Katy exhibited a small amount of shyness. Rachel and Jade positively revelled in showing themselves off, and Tat seemed quite happy as well. All were commended for their performances, though there were no trophies for them.

And then it was their turn. They both stepped forward into the centre of the gathering, and at a gesture from the master of ceremonies Sophie removed her ball gown and stood there in just stockings and high heels, Leah doing the same. Sophie felt embarrassed, but she couldn't help also feeling that it was, as she had earlier said to Leah, appropriate. As a slave, she should be naked, and at a moment like this, celebrating their victory in a competition where they had been naked throughout, it was doubly right. She just had to put up with the embarrassment. The stockings and high heels somehow accentuated her exposure, as if they contrasted how a normal young woman should dress with how a slave should. Sophie found it all puzzling. She focused on the MC's words, as he congratulated them not only on winning but on doing so by such a large margin. The praise was almost as embarrassing as the nudity, but a little tiny bit of her enjoyed it. They had done well, after all. Tom Jefferson also got lots of praise, as their owner. He wasn't strictly Sophie's owner, of course, but nobody seemed bothered to point that out, and Sophie herself certainly didn't intend to.

Sophie had always done competitive sports and had a variety of trophies and medals back home. She certainly wasn't vain about them, but she did treasure those she had fought hardest for. This was up there with the toughest ones, especially if you viewed her whole period of slavery as a preparation for this, which it sort of was in one sense. She actually felt disappointed that she would not be around next year to defend the title with Leah, which, objectively, she felt was a very odd thought.

They were not allowed to put their ball gowns on again afterwards, although in fairness the evening was nearly at an end anyway. She noticed that the sponsors were having a good look at all the girls, now that they were fully revealed. She also noticed one of the stewards going round with a notepad, and from

time to time a sponsor would stop him, or call him over, there would be a quick few words between them and the steward would make a note on the pad. Clearly, the sponsors were making their choices. Sophie wondered how many times her name was featuring, how many men were booking her for tomorrow night. It didn't matter, she decided. She was there to be used and that was that. She would pay her dues.

On a wild impulse, she looked for that particularly good looking young waiter, went over to him and took a drink from his tray, making sure she faced him with everything on show. He kept his eyes lowered, somewhat to her surprise. "It's OK, you can look," she told him. "Everybody else has, after all. We're both slaves, at the end of the day."

He shook his head. "Not good for me to be going around serving with an erection, Miss," he mumbled.

"Oh," said Sophie. "Sorry." She hadn't thought of that. It was a compliment of sorts, too. Another impulse was tugging at her, to find out his name, find out if he had any free time for the next couple of days which might correspond with her being not on duty. But, then, even then she couldn't have sex with him without Tom Jefferson's permission, of course. And she was not going to humiliate and embarrass herself by asking. The very fact that she was thinking this showed she was completely crazy.

What, she wondered, was she turning into?

The young male slave moved on, and Sophie became aware of a muffled sound behind her and turned. Leah was standing watching, her hand over her mouth, clearly trying to suppress a giggle. Sophie flushed, realising that her friend had been watching.

"What?" she demanded hotly.

"Oh, nothing," Leah said airily. "I'd been meaning to ask if you wanted any lessons in how to flirt, but clearly you don't need them."

Sophie went crimson. "I was NOT flirting!" she said forcefully.

"Really? Looked to me that you were showing off that hot body of yours from all the best angles."

"I WAS NOT!"

"Not that I blame you," Leah went on as if Sophie had not spoken. "He's got some nice muscles and that third leg he was sporting, the one with the ribbon on it, the one you couldn't take your eyes off, that would be a nice present for any girl."

"Maybe for a sex-mad slut like you, but not me," Sophie replied fiercely, and was instantly contrite. "I'm sorry Leah, I shouldn't have said that."

Again it was as if she had not spoken. "Reminds me of the day I met Adrian for the first time," Leah mused. "I was naked too. We were having sex within the hour."

"Well, it wasn't what I was intending," Sophie protested. "Are you even listening to me?"

"Listening, yes. Believing, no. You were eyeing that cock of his like someone who hasn't eaten in a month being presented with a Christmas turkey, stuffed and cooked and hot on the plate with lashings of cranberry sauce."

"I was not," Sophie repeated indignantly. But part of her blush was because she knew she was lying. "I just thought, all these older men can see me naked, and he's got to parade around with his own thing on show all night, so I felt sorry for him, because I know exactly how he feels. Anyway, it doesn't matter. You've drummed it into me that I can only have sex with my master's permission, and presumably the same applies to him. In any case, he was probably eyeing you as much as me." Leah, of course, was as naked but for collar, stockings and high heels as she was.

"Didn't look like it to me," Leah smirked. "And he liked what he saw. And I told you this is our night tonight. If we go and ask Master, he'll almost certainly say yes, and arrange it so that that young buck has time off to see to you. Come on." She grabbed Sophie's wrist and started to pull her along.

"What? Leah, NO!" Sophie struggled, but Leah's grip was like iron and her pull was irresistible. Sophie was as fit as Leah, but could not even begin to match Leah's astonishing strength. She resisted in vain. "Let me go! I'll ... I'll bite you!"

Leah ignored her, and Sophie couldn't bring herself to sink her teeth into her friend's hand. Moments later they were before Tom Jefferson, who was in idle chat with another man, nursing a drink. He looked up, mildly interested, clearly bored with the conversation he was having.

"Permission to speak, master?" Leah asked politely, Sophie tried to send her friend a look that would shrivel her to a walnut. Leah blithely ignored it. Tom Jefferson gestured consent. Leah spoke again.

“Slave Sophie here has her eyes on one of the male slave waiters. She wonders if you would give her permission to have sex, and arrange for the young man to be allowed to as well.”

Tom Jefferson raised a single eyebrow slightly. “Indeed?” he asked languidly. “Is this true, Slave Sophie?”

Sophie had gone the colour of beetroot. Somehow she found her voice. “Slave Leah is as mad as a hatter, master,” she said. “She gets ridiculous ideas.” She tried to be nonchalant. “If I may, I recommend a straitjacket and a gag for her.”

Tom smiled. “Are you lying to me, slave? That’s punishable by a whipping?” His voice was still silken.

Sophie went cold. “I promise I said nothing of the sort, master,” she said.

“Leah didn’t say that you said anything,” he pointedly out with analytical precision. She told me what you were thinking.”

“I”

He smiled, and reached for a piece of paper, and a pen from his pocket. He wrote a few words on it and handed the paper to Sophie. “Certainly you can,” he said generously. “Give this to him, it should do the trick.”

Sophie had no choice but to take the note. Just to rub it in, Leah said, “don’t forget your manners, slave.”

Again she had no choice. “Thank you, master,” she mumbled in supreme embarrassment. Tom smiled and dismissed them both with an airy wave of his hand.

Leah pulled Sophie a few yards back towards the quiet courtyard where the handsome young waiter had returned to. Then she turned to Sophie. “Am I going to have to drag you all the way to him? And speak to him on your behalf?”

Sophie surrendered to the inevitable. “No,” she said quietly. “Let me go, and I’ll do it. And maybe I’ll ask him if he has a friend who’d like to have you as well.”

“Choose a good one,” Leah said, unabashed. “I’m sure Master will give me permission as well.”

Sophie gave up. She glanced at the note to see what it said, and then hesitatingly went over to the young man. He was very handsome, very muscular, and that cock was ... noticeable. Fortunately nobody was around, apart from Leah who had dropped back to a discreet distance, though still within earshot. She summoned up her courage and said haltingly, “excuse me?”

“Yes, miss?” Once again he averted her eyes.

“I’m not a miss, I’m a slave like you,” Sophie said, stating the blindingly obvious. “And ... my master said to give you this note.”

She handed him the note. On it, she knew, he had written, “the slave who gives you this note has her owner’s permission to have sex with you, and you are excused duty for an hour to do the same with her.” It was signed in Tom’s name.

He read it and then looked at her. She couldn’t meet his eyes, but as she lowered hers, they fastened onto his beribboned cock and she saw it visibly begin to stiffen and rise and her embarrassment grew even greater, because she knew that her naked body was the cause of it. “Is it what you want as well?” he asked.

She noted the ‘as well’. Sophie finally admitted it, to him, to Leah and to herself. “Yes ... it would be very nice,” she managed to mumble.

“There’s a room we can use,” he said, and she did not miss the enthusiasm in his voice, despite his calm demeanour. “If you would like to follow me?”

Sophie followed him, refusing to look at Leah. Of course there would be rooms like that, for this very purpose. They went into the room, which had a bed and trimmings. He began to take his jacket and trimmings off, though not the ribbon on his cock. Sophie slipped her stockings and high heels off: she could not risk laddering the stockings, or getting his man-juice on them. They moved to the bed and he lay down on it, face upwards. Her fingers felt for the bow and gently removed it. His cock was already stiffening. She lowered her face and took it in her mouth. She would suck him just for a minute or two, to get him fully hard, and then she would get him inside her. In a way, she was losing her virginity all over again, because this was the first time she had really initiated a sexual encounter, even if Leah had forced her hand. There had been that time in the rape racks, but even then she had been tied down. Now,

however much Leah (once again!) had dragged her into it, she was making the running. And yes, she would enjoy it. Not that she would tell Leah, but it didn't matter. Leah knew.

A few days later, they were on the plane, going home. Sophie, Cara, Ellie and Leah had all been required to remove their sack dresses, so they were naked once more. Ellie was attending to Tom Jefferson, Cara to Storm Robinson. Leah had been allowed time with Adrian and they were having full sex as discretely as they could, which actually wasn't very discrete at all, but Storm and Tom were having their attention entirely diverted by Cara and Ellie. Bill and Ben were engaged in a game of chess, both apparently being pretty good at it. So, Sophie was not required and able to relax and read a novel. The trophy, plus her and Leah's smaller personal trophies, was in pride of place, and she had already several times gone over the set of beautifully framed pictures of her and Leah, both in and out of their ball gowns. The ball gowns themselves, sadly, had been hired for the two nights and so were still in Xanxta.

In the corner, huddled away, sat another young lady, fully dressed. She was watching the antics of Ellie, Cara and Leah with an air of disquiet. This, however, is not her story: that story will come another time.

Sophie put the novel to one side and reflected on the trip. It had undoubtedly been tough at times, as she had been told beforehand that it would be. The several days she and Leah had spent as taxi ponies were an incredibly humiliating experience, albeit physically challenging. The same of course could be said for the competition itself. And yet, she was glad she had gone, glad that she had taken the plunge and agreed to go.

And now they were going back – home? Back to New Island. Was that home for her now? Surely not. Anyway, there was apparently going to be a victory celebration event of some sort, with her and Leah the centre of attention. Naked, of course. Not something to look forward to. And yet ...

Sophie sighed, and tried to get back to her novel.

A little while later, Tom and Storm had swapped girls. Ellie was now dutifully sucking on Storm's cock. She had earlier milked Tom dry, but he was now lying on a couch and idly stroking Cara's firm round boob, whilst her hand gently stroked his cock. They had several hours of the flight still to go and Tom knew he would be ready for another go well before they landed, so there was no hurry. In another corner, Leah and Adrian were still quietly going at it. Tom smiled: his young protégé had some stamina. Bill and Ben had finished their game of chess and called on Sophie's services, and the girl had obediently immediately put her novel aside and was now engaged in satisfying them. Any other response would of course have been punishable. The new girl was still huddled in a corner, but she was watching, as Tom intended.

"So how did you find Xanxta?" he asked Cara conversationally.

"It was ... different, master," Cara replied. "Scary at times, though. I'm glad I'm going home. Still, it's been nice to spend more time with my first master."

Tom smiled inwardly. Some men would have taken umbrage to Cara calling them her 'first master' rather than just her master, but not him. Cara had been sold to Storm and it was right that she switch her allegiance. Storm, of course, had handled her with his customary skill, so that she was now totally dedicated to him. But it was acceptable for her to have a soft spot for her first owner, the man who had also taken her virginity. He also noted with approval that Cara now described New Island as 'home' as did Sophie in unguarded moments.

"You've come a long way since you were first enslaved," he observed, and his hand switched to going between her legs.

Cara opened her thighs to give him access. "Under your teaching, master, and that of my new owner."

"Are you glad now that you signed up to come to New Island?" he asked.

Cara seriously considered the point. "It's certainly been an experience," she prevaricated, and then came to a decision. "I suppose I am, really. I wasn't so keen the first few weeks, of course, but you guided me through. I didn't have a choice originally, of course: we needed the money."

Tom had made it his business to find out the details when he first bought Cara. “As I understand it, it was Sophie who needed the money, not you.”

“Same difference.”

“No it isn’t. You put yourself through all this to help your friend. That’s one heck of a sacrifice to make for somebody else.”

Cara dismissed this. “She’s my best friend, she’s always been there for me,” she replied. “Some friend I’d be if I wasn’t there on the one time she needed me.”

“It was still a very brave thing to do.”

Cara dismissed this too, but admitted, “it does sustain me sometimes, knowing I did the right thing. When I think back to the disgusting spectacles I’ve had to make of myself at times, and the awful things I’ve had to do, at least I know it was in a noble cause.”

“Does right now count as one of those awful things?”

Cara snuggled closer to him. “No, master,” she said firmly.

“And with Storm?”

“It’s a privilege to serve men like him and you, master.” She moved from beside him to sit astride him. “Permission to serve you, master?” The fact that there were eight other people in the cabin, albeit most of them engrossed in their own sexual liaisons, clearly did not bother her any longer. It would have done at one time.

Hi sighed. So much for a nice steady rebuild of his libido. But there would perhaps be time for a third encounter before they landed.

“Permission granted,” he said.

Chapter Twenty-four - New Island

Written by Storm Robinson

For once, it was cloudy on New Island. Most days were beautiful but the rainy 'season' was coming up. It lasted about two weeks and then went back to paradise. Kelvin didn't mind though. It was a nice change of pace, and besides his occasional trip to the pub he mostly stayed home anyway. He found he'd been going there far less nowadays, since Cassie. Like most residents of New Island, he'd been following the Slavelands Challenge almost religiously, albeit for a different reason than most. His slave, Slave Sophie, L013, property of Kelvin Hope on loan to Tom Jefferson, was participating. Now the front cover of the newspaper showed a full-page photo of her. She was naked, of course, with nothing but her slave collar covering her body. Not even her hands hid any of her charms. They stayed rigidly by her sides. Next to her, Tom's slave, Leah, stood at similar attention. He'd had them both, had taken Sophie's virginity not half an hour after he bought her, and now he read the headline with enthusiasm while looking over their tight, athletic bodies.

'NEW ISLAND WINS THE CUP!' The headline shouted. It had been a hard-fought battle. Corvalle's team had, though athletic in their own right, had far more training in punishment trials instead of stamina contests. The team from Xanxta had won several events as well. Even The Island put in a decent showing. But it was New Island, and more importantly his slave, that had won it all.

At that moment, Cassie walked into the dining room. The soft girl with the curly ginger locks stood at attention in the doorway, as she'd been taught. Kelvin's eyes trailed up her nude body, with her softness, heavy breasts, and curly fire bush above her puffy labia, then back to the picture on the front page. Cassie and Sophie couldn't be more different. The Irish lass in front of him had a relaxed pose, one that felt the joy of being naked in front of her Master. She was not fat, not even plump, but filled out. The picture on the page showed a firm and toned girl, lean and fit. A competitor. There was a fire and fury in Sophie's face at winning, similar to Slave Nicky's bestial roar in her famous poster, but it lacked any semblance of smile. Meanwhile, Cassie couldn't help herself. A smile played at her lips just because she drank in his presence. One of the things he liked about this slave was her natural need to please. He stared at the page but looked over her in his peripheral view. Her fingers were getting antsy, a sure sign that she wanted to speak but knew not to until spoken to. Kelvin also knew that once those floodgates opened the words would keep pouring out. Kelvin didn't mind though. Mostly quiet by nature, he appreciated the noise. And as Tom had advised, he had learned to listen as well. Kelvin let her stew for several minutes, letting her body wriggle enticingly in front of him while he read the paper, before finishing the article and looking up. "Hello slave."

"Hello Master!" Cassie's voice lilted, perking up. "I done the shopping already; the house is stocked for the coming storm. I never seen the fury here, is it bad? It'll be me first year. The sky does remind me a bit of Ireland. I mean, of there. Um.. of home. Home? Oh, I've also done the laundry, Master. It was hard to fold the clothes in your way, instead of da's, but I think I finally got it! The pictures helped. Thank ya Master." The flood of words paused for a moment. Cassie had caught herself. A wave of worry took over her expressive face. "I'm sorry, Master. A slave's thoughts a' worthless. I dinna mean to assume they'd be up to ya standards..."

Kelvin held up a finger. It was his way of saying for her to be quiet and she learned to respect it early on. It was one of the first 'training' things he'd done. "I believe you've done the best you currently can. I'll check it over in a little while." The girl looked both crestfallen and hopeful at the same time. Remembering Tom's advice, Kelvin knew some praise was in store. "Breakfast was excellent, by the way. You have a way with potatoes that can't be beat, and my eggs were perfect. Good job."

Cassie beamed at the compliment, for once speechless. She'd been a restaurant slave for eight months before being sent to him. From their conversations he knew she'd worked in pubs for seven years before coming here at age twenty-two. Now, the glow in her face dispelled the clouds outside. Finally, she lowered her head and uncommonly whispered. "Thank ya, Master."

Kelvin knew she loved to please. It had been apparent even in their first meeting at The King's Cock pub. King as in the king of The Island. Restaurant slaves typically viewed themselves as lower on the totem pole and were bought for less - typically around three to five thousand. Cassie, however, was worth her heavy tits in gold. She'd been deemed a restaurant slave only because of her past restaurant and sexual

experience. She'd decided to sign the contract because she was truly a nymphomaniac, desperately craving sex. In fact, she'd been found by bedding one of the recruiters after her shift at a pub in Ireland. Cassie hadn't known she would be sent on restaurant duty. In a way, that was a worse torture for her than any Kelvin had given. Him taking her as his house slave since Sophie was in Xanxta had made her feel worthy. She believed herself worthy of being a house slave, and Kelvin believed it as well. He found his dick hard in his pants.

"Come to the table and bend over it. Spread your legs." He ordered while standing up. Cassie knew what was coming and happily complied. She craved sex more than most girls on New Island. When her large breasts squished flat on the table he moved behind her. His finger slowly traced over her bum. It was on the smaller side and very soft. It was also still red from the table tennis paddling he'd given her last night after her loss in the game, but the cane marks were almost gone from two days ago. Cassie healed up quickly. Kelvin unzipped his pants and his erection sprung out. Normally he took women roughly but decided to be deliberate for now. His cock methodically spread her lower lips and sunk deep inside until his balls rested against her swollen clit and held it there. Cassie moaned in pleasure.

"The paper is in front of you." He spoke firmly, slowly drawing his penis out of the girl until only the tip rested inside. "What do you think?"

Cassie looked at the picture and tensed up. He knew Sophie was a touchy subject for her. She was on loan to him, happily a house slave, only as long as Sophie was on loan to Tom. This showed the writing on the wall. "I... uh...a slave's thoughts are worthless, Master." It was one of the few times he'd seen her actively try not to speak. Kelvin had been taught well by Tom though, eagerly accepting the experienced man's practical advice. He knew what he had decided, what he wanted, but also what he needed to do. Forcefully, he plunged his dick fully into the girl and held it there again as she gasped.

"And yet, I asked for them." He ordered as her body shook and she gasped, "You will obey my commands, slave." It was a touch too much bravado and showmanship. Kelvin was still learning Mastery. However, if the redhead noticed she didn't acknowledge.

"Slave Sophie has won the cup, Master. She'll be back soon enough. And I'm sure ya've missed her. I'm sure ya'll be happy to have her back."

Kelvin slowly pulled out and then shoved his cock in fully again. Cassie trembled in a strange brew of pleasure and melancholy. "And what of you?"

"Please Master," she pleaded, her normally fluid voice sounding strained, "please don't make me say it."

He slowly pulled out and then brutally buried himself again. It was all the orders she needed. Her words spilled out, as they often did.

"Slave Sophie will come back a hero. She'll go back to ya bed and ya fun room. Masters all over the island will be pleading for ya to let them have a turn. The drones will line up on appreciation day just for her. She's extremely pretty. Her body is very nice. Ya'll want to have her constantly, which of course is ya right. And..." Cassie paused for a half second, her mind telling her to stop but her tongue unable, "I'll be back in the pub. Just serving blowjobs and drinks. Knowing how to fold shirts like ya like."

Kelvin was both surprised and unsurprised at her candor. It was one of the things he liked. In appreciation he gave her three rough thrusts and then held himself inside. "What is your name, slave?" To spur her on he gave another hard thrust.

She responded immediately with her Irish voice almost keening, a tear running down her cheek. "Slave Cassie, number R023, owned by Master Benson for The King's Cock pub on a two-year contract, on loan to Master Kelvin Hope." He let that sink in for several moments, then began to give her a solid fucking. His dick slid in and out of the lass at a medium pace. He wasn't gentle but made sure it was caring as his hands slid up her waist, grasping her full hips to help pull her onto him. For her part, she pushed her hips down each time, willingly impaling herself on his dick to increase his pleasure - and her own even as she silently cried. After a few minutes Kelvin spoke again.

"What if I were to change the 'R' to an 'L'?"

Cassie's body froze in place. He didn't slow in his ministrations. He could feel how hard she squeezed him, however. "...but... how...I canna..." Her voice sounded full of hope. He plunged in again, making her feel it, before speaking.

"Master Benson currently has a full staff. I myself do not wish to be constantly hounded by people wanting to fuck my celebrity slave. I've been in talks with Master Jefferson about fully selling Slave Sophie to him, and with the tidy profit I've been thinking of buying you. For ten grand. More than double what you were bought for originally, and five over asking price. Besides, she'd only be on contract for another six months while you still have fourteen, so it's a better deal. And you prepare potatoes better than the pub does, so why should I have to pay for them?" His thrusting continued as he felt his words take effect. Cassie's juices were currently dribbling down his balls.

"Master, I... thank ya Master. Thank ya so much..." Her body quivered, her ginger locks trembling over her back. She turned her pretty head toward him and he saw tears in her green eyes, though this time they were borne of happiness.

Kelvin continued. "Maybe, a few months before your contract ends we can talk about dropping the letter in your name entirely."

The girl came immediately in a rush around him. Her eyes closed as she screamed - making 'yip yip yip' sounds like a dog - in pleasure as her upper body writhed on the table. Cassie's fluids soaked his crotch as her pussy clenched his dick. He knew that she knew what that meant. That she would stay as his slave permanently, even after her contract ended. Cassie had orgasmed at the thought of that possibility as much as at his member. Kelvin continued his methodical fucking all the while, smiling, though she couldn't see it. Finally she recovered slightly, gasping, his dick running over her clit as it thrust inside over and over, and spoke.

"Master... Master... I'd love ta have that conversation Master..."

Kelvin was getting close. Watching and feeling the reaction of this lass was a huge turn on. He knew, from his tutoring, he had to make one last point though.

"You came without permission so you must be punished. Tonight it's going to rain. It's going to pour. You will stand outside, gagged to stop that tongue of yours, with your hands behind your head until you're soaked through and through. Any man that passes, you will motion to feel you, fuck you. You'll use the rainwater to clean yourself. After an hour I'm going to lay you in the grass and fuck you silly in the rain. Is that understood?"

"Yes Master!" The lilting voice came spilling out, "Thank ya Master! I've missed the rain and I'd love to be in it! And I'll do as ya say, I'll stand outside for five hours if that would please ya. I dinna know how many men will pass by but I'll offer meself to each one! I'll...MMPH!" Cassie's voice was cut off by Kelvin's hand over her mouth. They both understood there was to be no more talking. The kitchen was still in the cloudy light as he took his pleasure. She cooed behind his fingers, truly enjoying each thrust as well. Only grunts and moans echoed in the room. Kelvin's hands roved over her body, enjoying her soft flesh, her warm breasts, her small and reddened ass. Within the next few minutes he came, pumping his seed deep inside Cassie. She writhed in pleasure at the sensation, orgasming again and soaking his cock, yipping through his fingers. Yet Kelvin kept going. She screamed in pleasure several times during the next hour when he finally finished again.

Chapter Twenty-five - Xanxta

Written by Storm Robinson

The cloudless blue sky stretched wide and open as far as the eye could see in every direction as the truck bounced down the pure dirt road at over a hundred and twenty kilometers an hour. It hit a large divot and the shocks bottomed out before springing airborne. The curvy woman in the backseat likewise flew into the air, her plump bottom lifting off the seat as her curly red hair swirled around her face. Fiona Furness wondered - not for the first time on this trip - if the axle could hold up to the brutal pounding. The driver, who'd introduced himself as Trevor, was a slightly mad and scrawny fellow who was missing more teeth than he had left. She heard him laugh hysterically as the truck hit the ground and silently wished she'd had another driver. Not that she'd had much choice. Few people would willingly travel out to the mines.

"Do you have to hit the bumps so hard?" Fiona asked, not for the first time, "We're going to either break our necks on the roof or by rolling the truck!"

He merely laughed again and she knew what he was going to say before he said it. "Have to! Gotta dislodge any passengers on the undercarriage! Wouldn't be the first time!" He shot her a big half toothed grin and watched her large tits bounce in the rear view mirror.

It was not the first time a man had ogled her. Not even the first time clothed. She had an idea though, as the truck bounced along and the ridge slowly came into view. Tom and Patricia had taught her well in manipulating others for her benefit.

"Look, we have another twenty minutes until we reach the mines. Another thirty five if we slow down a bit. Do it and I'll make worth your while!"

He looked her in the eye through the mirror.

"How?!"

Wordlessly she pulled her tight white top above her breasts then the cups of her bra down. Her exposed tits with their wide, dark areolas bounced freely.

"Deal?"

She was sure Trevor had seen his fair share of boobs. In a town like Xanxta, with naked slaves everywhere, she was sure he groped a lot of them as well. But Fiona was a free woman and that was something special. He slowed down to eighty. The rest of the trip was far less nerve-racking, though slightly bumpier.

Fiona walked into the main foreman's office a little worse for wear. At least her tits were covered again. The man behind the desk gave her a cursory glance before speaking.

"Strip naked and put your clothes in the box."

Fiona laughed in his face, which brought him to attention. Free men did not appreciate things like that. It was a dangerous gamble, being out here made her very vulnerable, but one she had to take. Respect was hard earned out in the mines and you had to take it.

"I think not. I'm Fiona Furness of the Slaveland Times." She smiled at the man. "I have an appointment for a walk-through of the grounds and several interviews. You'll find it in your daily schedule of events. Otherwise, I have the paperwork right here. With the seal of the city council. Now, take me to the warden."

The man, hard and cruel looking, stared at her icily for a moment as he slowly got to his feet. Fiona felt a hint of fear but was careful not to show it. She could not show any weakness here.

"Follow me." The clerk said angrily, "Mrs Furness."

As he walked her down the hallway, past several different offices, Fiona began to regret not bringing James with her. He'd wanted to come. He tried to insist. She knew this was something she had to do herself though. Besides, cameras weren't allowed in the mines under any circumstances. Many of the slaves here were political prisoners and it was dangerous to the Slavelands if anyone could be identified. Finally they stopped at a doorway near the end of the hall and the clerk gave a knock on the door. An affable voice rang out.

"Come in!"

Fiona entered, leaving the angry clerk behind her.

The office was nicely proportioned and quite ornate. Expensive hardwood furniture and glass shelving populated it, with ornamental decorations all over. And everything was lined with silver. Silver inlays on the desk, silver edges on the shelves. The light fixture overhead was made entirely with the metal. It made sense after all, it was the substance mined here.

Behind the desk another man stood up. He was heavy set but obviously not with fat. A curly blonde handlebar mustache adorned his face to match the slightly greying but mostly full head of hair. He gave a wide smile and held out his hand.

"Warden Vince Hetfield at your service. Mrs Smith, I presume?"

Fiona smiled back nonchalantly, though already on guard. She'd been trying to get this feature for several months and knew it was this man who had pushed so hard against her access.

"Furness, actually. Smith is my married name but professionally I still go by the other."

He motioned for her to sit and lowered himself into his chair. "What can I do for you Mrs ... Furness?" Both of them knew exactly why she was here.

"Well," she smiled warmly, "the silver from these mines are a major export for Xanxta. While the slave trade is good for the city and for morale, the price we pay to keep our secrecy is mainly mined here. I'd like to show the public just what you do for us. All of the good."

He put his hands on the desk, a serious look in his eyes. "You know we maintain our secrecy through other means here as well. Things that date back to the roots of Xanxta." Fiona took the hint, slowly spreading her arms wide.

"You will find no electronics on me, no cameras, not even a voice recorder. Only a notepad and several pencils. Your 'special' prisoners will have no mention in the paper. I, for one, won't write about them." She kept her arms steady. "I've already been checked at the gate, your men are very good at their jobs and should be commended, but feel free to check me as well if you wish."

He looked her over. No, ogled her. His eyes went over her large chest, her delicious curves, her thick thighs. She could tell that he wanted to 'inspect' her very much. That urge was thankfully overruled by needing to make a good impression for the news. He motioned for her to lower her arms, though there was regret in his face.

"Well, let us get on with it." His tone was back to being falsely agreeable. "Would you like the tour first?"

She smiled at him again. Time to butter him up. "Actually, I'd like to interview you first. After all, it's you who keeps the entire town running."

"Oh!" Warden Hetfield exclaimed, a genuine smile on his face, "What about me?" He'd taken the bait.

"How did you come to be warden?" She pulled out her sharpened pencil and notepad. "The town needs to know who their protector is and those records are sealed."

He smiled again. Evidently, here was a man who liked to talk about himself, as most lesser ones did. Fiona knew she wasn't a stellar reporter, but in her time she'd definitely learned that.

"You know one of our primary roles here is to enforce corporal punishment on those that break the law?"

Fiona merely nodded, tossing her auburn hair coquettishly over her shoulder. It had the desired effect.

"I was one such man." His smile turned lascivious. "I mistook a free woman, sunbathing in the sand, for a slave. It earned me two years in the mines." Hetfield took note of her shocked expression and quickly added, "Ms Roberta I apologize and have learned my lesson." Fiona knew the comment must've been directed at the free woman he'd raped and it was mostly an afterthought to save face. Dutifully, she wrote the quote down in her notebook, knowing she'd have to publish it. She hoped this 'Ms Roberta' wouldn't read it. He continued. "Slaves here get a daily quota to meet. If they don't meet the quota for the day it's as if they weren't here. They get punished and it's as if they weren't here at all, extending their sentence. Alternately, more production equals quicker days. I made my two years in a little over one. Come and walk with me." The warden got up and walked through the door. He walked past the offices and down to the mine. This area was extensively mined, open and bare. He pointed out various used seams before continuing to a narrow passage and leading her through.

"We allow the slaves to stay on an extra month, earning wages to be collected to help them get back on their feet. I instead stayed on an extra year. With the promise that I could get a job as a guard instead. I worked my way up from there."

Fiona cynically bet all that extra silver he'd mined was completely on the up and up. She was distracted by a moan of anguish - a male one - as the tunnel opened up to another cavern. Racks, stocks, and wooden horses filled the room. On the far side was a small podium with a wooden cross beam. That's where the moans were coming from.

A man about her age of thirty was tied to the beam by his shoulders, elbows, and wrists. His legs were spread wide apart and chained down. The man's head rolled back and forth as he struggled against his bonds weakly. Fiona saw that his member was locked in a chastity cage, the rings of which encircled his shaft and balls. His cock was almost purple as it strained against the silver cage. It was obviously the source of his agony. Fiona stared at the writhing man and Warden Hetfield walked up next to her.

"Ingenious, isn't it? Simple but extremely effective." His voice was tinged with enjoyment at the cruelty on display. "This slave has been given a double dose of Viagra and will be trying to get hard for the next three days. When his sentence ends I doubt he'll ever be able to use it again. This, of course, is kept for the worst offenders. And discipline down here must be strictly enforced."

Fiona broke her gaze away and looked at the warden. "What was his crime?" Warden Hetfield looked grim.

"The female slaves here have it slightly better than the ones in town. All male slaves here are kept in strict chastity, no sex allowed. This one decided to assault one anyway, trying to fuck her with the cage on. We caught him in the act."

Beleaguered words came from the slave. "Puh... please... mercy..."

"Quiet slave!" The warden shouted, the whip shot out and smacked against the prisoner's balls. He screamed out, then collapsed as much as he could. "Come," spoke Warden Hetfield, "there is much to show you."

He led her on a full tour while explaining various things. The living quarters were spartan but clean, several female slaves currently mopping the wide floor. The tick of pickaxes rang through the actual work area, filled almost entirely with men covered in whip marks. Fiona saw that Hetfield had been truthful. Every single one had their members encased in a silver cage which dangled below their naked, grime covered bodies. Kitchens distributed odorless gruel much like pony girls ate. The large unisex shower had several people washing after their shift.

Near the back a guard was giving a rough fucking to a bent over naked slave girl. She moaned as he pounded his dick into her. Fiona looked at her guide and raised an eyebrow. The warden smiled at her.

"What? Male slaves are not permitted sex. Our guards have no such restrictions." The curvy redhead thought about it for a moment and nodded her approval. This was Xanxta after all. She heard the guard grunting as he finished inside the woman. He zipped his pants up and walked away. The slave merely stood up and cleaned herself under one of the showers. Warden Hetfield called across, telling the guard to bring a specific slave to his office, and walked Fiona back toward the beginning.

"There is someone I'd like you to meet. She is not one of our 'special' guests and you may interview her if you'd like."

Five minutes later a slave girl was ushered into his office dripping water off of her freshly washed body. Fiona looked at her with a grimace. The slave stood about two inches shorter than her, had rippling muscles from her hard labor, and no glasses. Otherwise she could've been Fiona's sister, if a little plain. Curly red hair was tied back in a ponytail. She had an hourglass figure and large breasts. Her pubic hair had been shaved off, puffy labia on full display. When instructed to turn around the free woman took notice of the wide bum and muscular back, covered in whip marks. Fiona knew this was a slight power play from the warden, a kind of warning. She wouldn't be cowed though.

"Name and number?" She asked her doppelganger, pulling out her pencil and notepad again.

"This slave has no name. My number is #2365."

Fiona had assumed as much. Much like the slags of The Island, these slaves were only given an identifying number. The warden spoke up behind her.

"Is #3815 still giving you trouble?"

The girl flinched. "Not as much lately, Master. He still gives a random grope occasionally but has not tried to spank me since you had him caned."

"Males are allowed to touch the women," Warden Hetfield smiled at Fiona nonchalantly, "but that's actually a punishment in itself. They can't get hard in their cages and it becomes quite uncomfortable for them. Most stop after a month. Of course, spanking is not tolerated."

Fiona looked at the girl. "What does he look like?"

"He's fat, though not as much as when he arrived four months ago." The slave girl shuddered. "He's also short and bald. And always in a bad mood." Fiona went cold, knowing who she was talking about. Turning to the warden she placed her pencil down.

"I think I have almost everything I need for my article. I'd like to interview that slave though." Warden Hetfield nodded and stood, his handlebar mustache moving above his smile. "Of course. Go to interview room two and I'll have him summoned." He held out the whip, "You can borrow this for your protection, with full whip rights. If you wouldn't mind showing yourself out afterwards, I have some... pressing business to attend to." He looked at the slave lasciviously, who shuddered again. Fiona turned back right before the door, turning to the girl.

"What was your crime?"

Slave #2365 shook her head in sadness, her curly red hair moving around her face. "My boyfriend was sentenced to two years here for theft, Mistress. I tried to smuggle him in a letter." She ran her hands over her curves, nervously continuing. "We are not allowed to touch each other at all, and the guards frequently make him watch while they take me. He only has three months left while I have five." Fiona pondered a moment. The punishment was greater than the crime, but that was Xanxta. As she walked out the door the free woman heard the warden's voice one last time, speaking just a little too loudly.

"Now slave, on your knees. I think I'll fuck your plump tits first before I take your ass."

As the door closed she heard the girl reply glumly. "Yes, Master."

Twenty minutes later the door to interview room two opened and slave #3815 walked in. Fiona looked at Grumpy Mike, her former editor. He was definitely thinner than last time she'd seen him, when he tried to interrupt her marriage. He hadn't been allowed to shower and his naked body was covered in grime and dust. And whip marks. His cock hung limply in its silver cage. The scowl on his face, when he saw her, was exactly the same though.

"Furness." He seethed with barely contained rage.

She kept her cool. He had no more power over her. "That's Mistress to you, slave." He didn't take the hint.

"Whatever, you bitch."

Her hand moved quickly, the whip faster still, as it cracked painfully against his balls. Mike fell to the ground, writhing in pain. She stood over him.

"You will show the proper respect. On your feet."

He staggered up, even angrier but held it in check. "What do you require, Mistress?" It was a clear defiance but she let this one slide.

"I'm doing a piece on the mines." She shrugged, "I wanted to interview a prisoner about the work. And if it's rehabilitating you now from your crime."

Grudgingly, Mike gave her a full report. It lasted for almost an hour. Fiona dutifully wrote it down, not having to use the whip again. When she felt she had enough the curvy woman packed away her supplies and motioned for him to go.

"I'm surprised the paper hasn't been run into the ground, without me there." Mike practically barked. Fiona could've whipped him again for the comment, but chose to do something different instead.

"Actually, readership is at an all time high." She said breezily, "even been able to expand to the other Slavelands, with reporters on The Island and New Island, and making a dent in Corvalle's readership as well. Apparently, people like the direction our new editor is taking us."

Mike couldn't contain his curiosity. "Who's the new editor?"

"Me." She said simply. His crestfallen face showed that this hurt him more than any beating she could have given him. She smiled, with a hint of her old bitchiness shining through. "You are dismissed, Slave #3815. Oh, and keep your hands off that girl that looks like me or I'll request Warden Hetfield pump you full of Viagra and tie you to the beam."

The broken man looked at her soberly and shuffled out the door.

A short while later Fiona was back in Trevor's truck, plowing down the road. He'd looked at her hopefully, but the busty woman hadn't removed her top this time so he was going at his normal speed. She would, of course, write a glowing editorial on the mines, with a terrific review of the warden. Hopefully that would lessen the fuckings her doppelganger would get in the coming weeks. She also made a mental note to find out who she was and provide her with some money to restart her life, maybe move somewhere else. As for Fiona, Xanxta was her home.

It had been a long day. She hadn't planned on seeing Mike but was glad she had. It would make for a better story anyway. Right now Fiona wanted a shower and to curl up in James' arms. And probably some good sex. Or, she thought deviantly, she had a chastity cage back home. She tossed her auburn hair at the thought of how he'd ravish her when she released him tomorrow. Especially if she wore those red garters and heels all night. And his tongue would still be available to her. It would take two hours to get home. Smiling devilishly and running a hand down her hip, she spoke up.

"Hey, if you get me back in an hour and a half I'll let you squeeze my tits twice. An hour ten and I'll let you lick me once."

Trevor looked at her and gave a wild, half toothed grin as the truck picked up speed.

Chapter Twenty-six - New Island

Written by Storm Robinson

Cara swallowed hard. Her vision was not great at the best of times, which her glasses normally corrected, but with the leather hood that covered her eyes she was completely blinded. Obediently the curvy girl opened her mouth for more. She had no choice in the matter. She was a slave, the ability to choose had been taken from her. Moreover, she willingly wanted to. It pleased her Master, Sir Storm, that she did. Besides, his cooking was really good.

"Last bite. Savor it." His voice was firm. It was an order, but not an unkind one. She felt the fork touch her lips and began to purr. Not moan or gasp but purr like a cat. It was something that just started happening several months into her slavery. Now whenever Cara was not only incredibly aroused but fully content it would happen. Sir liked it, said she sounded like his first car. Sometimes in private he called her Slave Car-a, just one of the awful puns she'd come to love. Sophie, her best friend, liked it too. Ever since the party, when Sir had stimulated her with a magic wand until she purred for five minutes straight continuously, Sophie had not stopped teasing her about it.

Cara took the fork in her mouth and savored it as ordered, thinking about her life. Sir had made a shrimp linguine in butter sauce. It was spiced with salt, pepper, parsley, and a hint of cayenne. Her Master loved spicy food, and now so did she. Unlike her former Master, Tom Jefferson, Sir didn't have a cook. He could've afforded one, he just preferred to make his own meals. And occasionally he enjoyed hand feeding her supper.

Today he'd been in a great mood. Apparently he'd closed on two major deals for his construction company. To celebrate, Sir had given Cara a hard spanking, on both the ass and her large breasts, then fucked her silly on the floor. She'd cum twice, her thick, toned thighs shaking as they wrapped around his firm body. The second time he'd climaxed with her. She smiled, her hands gripping his muscular shoulders, as she felt his hot seed shoot inside. Afterwards he hadn't let her clean up. Instead he'd tied her to a chair. Arms to the armrests, ankles to the legs, breasts bound. She'd sat there, blinded by the hood, close enough to feel the heat from the stove and smell the meal cooking. Cara stank of sex and stewed in her own juices, with the puddle on the chair growing by the minute in anticipation. He'd eaten first, as was his right, before feeding the curvy girl her portion.

Cara swallowed hard again, almost regretting the end. She realized it was almost the end in two respects. She only had two months left in her year long slave contract. Soon she would be back in England. England, where she'd be going to college. Where she would always be clothed, no laying on the beach naked. Where she would live with her parents again. Where the men would ignore her, boyfriend - if any - would be bland, life would be boring. Where Sir Storm wasn't.

That last thought struck her like a ton of bricks. There were many Masters on the island, many a Sir as well, but they weren't hers. Master Tom had tamed her, trained her. Taught her that her body truly was desirable. He'd taken her virginity and her innocence. He was firm and dominating, wanting what he wanted when he wanted it. She still thought of the conversation she'd had with him on the plane last month, laying in Master Tom's bed with his spunk slowly dribbling from her pussy.

Tom had made it his business to find out the details when he first bought Cara. "That's still one heck of a sacrifice to make for somebody else," he commented.

Cara dismissed this. "She's my best friend, she's always been there for me," she replied. "Some friend I'd be if I wasn't there on the one time she needed me."

"It was still a very brave thing to do."

Cara dismissed this too, but admitted, "it does sustain me sometimes, knowing I did the right thing. When I think back to the disgusting spectacle I made of myself so often, at least I know it was in a noble cause."

Sir Storm was much the same but different. He was openly sensitive and playful towards her. She was still a slave, indeed he'd made sure to remind her more than once, but she basked in his focused attention. Cara only ever purred in his presence. The men on New Island let her know her body was attractive. Sir had made her know she was beautiful throughout. He wanted all of her. Totalled her.

Cara gasped as the rope loosened around her tits. She held still, still blind, as he undid the ones holding her arms and legs apart on the chair. Finally the hood was pulled off her brown hair. The light struck her green eyes hard.

"Have you had your fill?" Sir Storm asked nonchalantly. Cara wasn't full, but wasn't hungry. Either way, he'd decided how much she was to eat. She nodded as he replaced the glasses on her face.

"Yes Sir."

Cara looked over at her Master as he came into focus. He wore nothing but jeans, even with as hot as the Caribbean heat was. She couldn't help noticing that he was hard. It bulged against his zipper.

Sir Storm didn't look at her as he placed the dishes in the sink. Cara knew he hated doing dishes. Sometimes he'd make her wear an apron that didn't cover her breasts or pussy and wash them instead. He used the crop to make her wash them faster. Usually though he did them himself. It was one of the things she... liked? about her Master. He did all the work he felt he should, not letting his personal feelings get in the way.

Once, while building the extension on Mr Beckett's house, she'd watched from the corner of her eye as he'd gone on the roof to nail down shingles with the other ten men on the crew. A storm had been coming and he hadn't wanted the drones to push hard without him working as well. He'd placed her standing in a bucket of plaster to hold still and help increase morale. Cara's tits and ass had felt the slap of a shingle or hand many times that day, but not from him. He never stopped working. Afterwards, as the tropical storm poured from the sky onto the completed roof, he'd let the drones each fuck her to show his appreciation. After that, she hopped home as the plaster slowly broke to pieces. He'd given her a bath personally even as she knew he must have been sore. She waited outside until he finished his and asked if she could help him relax. Sir had taken her up on the offer. Now, as she looked at him, Cara felt something playing on her lips. A name she dared not say that encapsulated Sir to her.

"You're dismissed for the night. You aren't allowed to shower, I want my musk on you, but you can go to the beach if you'd like."

He started washing the dishes of their meal, scrubbing away at the pan. Cara approached him from behind nervously. Without a thought she pressed her body against his, wrapping her arms around his chest. She knew she shouldn't, but she needed to ask a question.

"Sir, may this slave speak?"

He turned mid scrub of the pan and eyed her with a raised eyebrow. A smile almost played across his lips. It was an acknowledgement.

"I don't want time off, Sir. I want to go into your bed and make love to you."

Sir Storm stared at her until she became uncomfortable. When Cara looked away he finally spoke.

"There are dishes to do." His voice was unyielding. "Leo is off tonight and I don't want flies." Leo was his only servant. A citizen himself, a true Master, Leo was an African man who helped Sir with his business and household, much like Master Jefferson had Bill and Ben. His moniker was in relation to his slightly bent frame like a turtle from one of Sir's favorite cartoons. Cara knew from experience his thick dick was nothing like a turtle though. Knowing it was foolish she continued anyway.

"Sir? May this slave help make doing the dishes better?"

Sir Storm looked at her for a long minute. The brunette almost withered under his gaze, but wanted to be with him so badly. Finally he nodded. She went before him on her knees and unzipped his jeans. Her tongue ran up his member to the tip and then she took it in her mouth.

Cara took her time, changing her pace and rhythm as need be while Sir washed the dishes. Halfway through he raised his toes to rub her shaved clit and lower lips. She moaned around his cock, taking his full length into her throat. Finally he turned off the water and she knew he was finished with his task. Cara pushed up her glasses and stroked his balls, increasing the rhythm of her mouth. In a flood, Sir came. She dutifully and hungrily drank him down, licking him clean afterwards. Already on her knees, she went to slave position with her legs spread wide and her hands on her thighs. She looked up at his face and realized the truth. She needed Sir. More than that, she fully loved him. And as he looked down at Cara with a bittersweet glance she realized he truly loved her as well.

He turned, walking from the kitchen, and spoke. "Come, my slave."

She stood and followed him as he walked through the house. Her naked body, soft and curvy but fit, trailed behind him like a puppy as he walked towards the bedroom. Inside, he laid down. Cara stood in

the doorway in subservience. She felt tears welling in her eyes as she looked at her Sir. There would be only a few months of this left. He motioned towards the bed and she practically leapt into it, her body curled up next to his, his arms wrapped around her nude flesh. She nuzzled her head into the crook of his shoulder, eyes yearning up at his. She didn't want to lose this. His caring and comfort, or her slavery and subservience.

"Sir, may... may I speak?" Cara surprised herself. Normally Sophie was the impulsive one, but she couldn't hold in this decision. He nodded at her. She pressed her teenage body harder against him in desperation, her hands wrapping around him.

"S... Sir... I don't want to leave... I want to stay with you..." She could feel the tears welling up in her eyes. Ashamed, she looked away.

"You have a life elsewhere." His voice fell like stone on her. "In two months you'll be back home and this will have been like a dream. You'll get over it. And me."

Cara shuddered in disgust and fear. A tear slipped down her face and met his shoulder, running down his skin as well. She felt the briefest tremor in his body. Almost unconsciously, she continued speaking.

"If this is a dream, Sir, I don't want to wake up. May I extend my contract with you?"

His body became hard like iron, his hand around her distant. It hurt more than any caning he'd ever given her.

"Why?"

Cara looked up at him through her glasses, eyes and face filled with tears. "I...I..." it was hard to form the words with his expression so suddenly distant. "I love you Sir. Whole heartedly. And if you cast me aside tomorrow for someone else, Sophie or Ellie or Slutlana or someone new I'd still love you and feel worthy. As long as I'm in your presence I'd be happy."

He looked at her for a long moment. "Where are your pegs?"

For a second Cara was stunned. Then she remembered her place. Opening the drawer, she pulled three clothespins out. Without waiting to be told she clipped them on painfully, two for her sensitive nipples and one for her clit, causing insufferable pain that she willingly suffered. Then she knelt on the bed in slave position. He placed a finger under her chin and raised her head until her eyes met his. The other hand went to the peg on her right nipple, flicking it idly up and down to her intense pain. She winced but held his gaze.

"Do you know why?" His firm voice spoke as he flicked the clothespin hard. She found it hard to speak.

"I... um... this slave... uh... just for your pleasure Sir?"

He gripped the pin and pulled, stretching her breast as she gasped at the localized pain. Cara was a smart girl and knew this wasn't the right answer.

"No." He answered evenly. "Try again."

"It's punishment, Sir. For thinking I could ever be cast aside."

He nodded. "How long would you want to stay on for?" He pulled the peg further.

Cara gasped again but kept looking at him, her eyes filled with hope. "Forever Sir, if you'd have me. But I'd like to extend my contract at least ten years if you're willing. But only with you."

He pulled even harder. "Ten years is a long time. You'd be a slave. I could sell you to another whenever I wanted."

"That would be your right, Sir," Cara spoke as another tear fell down her face. "But even one more day would be worth ten more years. And I promise I'd make whoever you sold me to happy if that would make you content."

He released his hand from the peg and laid back down, motioning her to follow. Cara cuddled close to his body despite the clothespins on her sensitive areas pulling painfully. He ran his hand through her brown hair.

"I'll make a deal with you." He spoke gently, his fingers moving in her soft hair and massaging her scalp, "After your year is over go back home for a month. Experience freedom for that time. If you wish to come back I'll buy you for forty thousand a year each year until the tenth. Each year you may spend two weeks with your family. If you wish to continue on after that it'll be seventy thousand. All money will be put in an escrow account until you're thirty five, according to New Island law. However, you must prove your subservience in the next two months. I'll treat you hard. Maybe harder than you ever have

been treated. Make you wish to go home. Want to stay away from me. That way you know if this is what you actually want."

The curvy girl pressed her body tighter against him. "Nothing would make me wish to go back. This is my home." She said determinedly. In response he squeezed her firm breast hard.

"What if I loaned you out to a Mistress for the day? Or made you use that tongue of yours on your best friend Sophie?" Cara knew it was not an idle threat. He'd been hinting at it for several months, and enjoyed watching her taste Ellie's juices on the cloth rag.

"I would lick Sophie until she came." She said, pushing up her glasses to look him in the eye. "And if you took me from behind at the same time I'd purr into her pussy, Sir."

He stared at the girl with a smile. Another squeeze of her peg-decorated breast let her know he accepted that. Cara smiled, nuzzling her head into the crook of his neck happily. She spoke without thinking and called him the name that stayed at the front of her mind.

"Thank you Daddy."

Cara felt his body stiffen and realized what she said. In a panic she jumped up, her curvy body wiggling and tits bouncing, trying to correct herself.

"I'M SORRY!" She exclaimed, "I... I DIDN'T MEAN...!"

Sir's hand shot up and grabbed the peg on her left nipple, pulling her down. He started laughing, his laugh that consumed the room. He pulled her close as his body shook, holding her tight. After five minutes of pressing the nubile girl close to him his laughs subsided. Sir squeezed her against his body tight. Cara could feel him getting erect again.

"You may call me Daddy in private instead of Sir, Slave Car-a. I will never put a diaper on you though." He pulled her in for a kiss and laughed again, with Cara joining in. "Well, I'd better start teaching you what harsh, long term slavery can be."

Sir Storm got up from the bed and pulled Cara by her collar into the basement. Basements were rare on the island, but Sir was experienced on how to build them. His was immaculate. He made her lay down on her belly and positioned a spreader bar between her knees. Attached to it in the middle was another bar with a dildo. He lubed it up and placed it against Cara's anus, bending her legs and back to do so. She was used to the feeling as Sir had taken her anally many times. Slowly, as she gasped, he slid it inside her. Her wide butt shook as he slid in five inches. Then he pulled her hands behind her back, connecting her wrists to the bar. Sir raised a winch, suspending her in the air almost upside down. Each click of the winch forced the dildo deeper inside her ass and bent her back more. Her round tits hung down, pegs still on her nipples and clit. Finally at knee level he stopped. A lit candle was in his hand. Cara looked at it with longing, even as she knew her squirms would settle the dildo further deep.

Master was erect again at the sight of her predicament. She made an impulsive decision.

"Daddy, can you lift me up high enough that I can suck your cock as you decorate me?"

With a smile Sir did. It slid in the dildo an extra inch but Cara didn't mind even as she gasped. She looked up at Sir Storm.

"I love you Daddy."

He smiled, that wide grin that lit up his face. "I love you too, Car-a."

She opened her mouth, taking six inches of his cock inside. She willingly sucked Daddy as the first drop hit her back, wanting more. As the wax fell she sucked harder and harder.

"What did Cinderella say when she got to the ball?" Sir Storm asked, thrusting the full length of his shaft into her mouth.

"Grggluhhgghh!" She gurgled as the sudden forceful intrusion went down her throat.

Daddy merely laughed. "Oh, you know that one, huh?" He laughed again at his own bad joke.

Cara groaned around his dick at the terrible joke then started giggling. She loved Sir's stupid humor. It turned into a moan as Sir upended the candle to pour wax down her back. She knew she'd come home, her true home, hopefully forever to her loving Master. Her lips around his hard dick, she began once again to purr.

Chapter Twenty-seven - New Island

The sun was deliciously warm. Sophie lay on the sunbed, naked but for her collar and a pair of sunglasses. Of course she was naked: when was she anything else these days? But it meant the sun reached everywhere, and caressed every part of her body, and that was nice. Before her enslavement, her family had often gone on sun holidays abroad and she had sunbathed in a bikini. She now understood that sunbathing naked was much more enjoyable. Fortunately there was nobody around, and she was therefore not covering herself up in the slightest. But then, she wouldn't be able to cover herself up if anybody else was around. It was not allowed.

Her music earphones were back in her room, but she didn't feel like listening to music. Sophie's mind was still whirring with Cara's revelations yesterday. Her best friend was going to stay on voluntarily as a slave once her year was up. Sophie was trying, and failing, to make sense of it. Clearly Cara was very happy, no question about that. Storm Robinson had unlocked something inside Cara that neither Cara nor Sophie had imagined for a second was there. Perhaps it was that simple, and yet Sophie was still confused, and also uneasy, and not quite sure why. Or perhaps she did know why: it was because she didn't know where it left her, Sophie, herself. And yet, why would it even affect her? She would miss her friend when she herself went back home, but somehow there was more to it than that.

She took her sunglasses off and looked down at her pussy, at the pussy hair neatly shaven into the letter V, for victor. It was a small letter, because she hadn't had that much pussy hair to begin with, but it was quite distinctive. It was very embarrassing of course, and yet at the same time, just a little tiny bit, she was proud of it. Only she and Leah were entitled to carry that symbol, as the winners of the Slaveland Challenge Championships. Winning that was something to be proud of, even if some of the things they had had to do were hideously embarrassing. And being placed on a par with Leah was something Sophie felt good about. She didn't hero worship Leah, but she did very much respect her friend's courage, determination and sheer will power, as well as the incredibly positive way Leah coped with slavery. For all the humiliation of having to stand naked on the winners' podium, to do so next to Leah was, yes, something to be proud of. This shaving of her pubic hair into that letter V was an ongoing reminder of her achievement. And yet, people could only see it by seeing her naked, her crotch on display, the now hairless pussy lips more on show than ever. It was a ... dichotomy, the word was, she remembered from her English A level.

It was all a puzzle, and yet her mood was light. How could you be down, with the sun, the warmth, the sea breeze and the sound of the gulls, and all the other sensations of this island paradise? Besides, Sophie had always been the 'glass half full' type, and Leah, who was even more so, had certainly inspired her to cling firmly to that approach during her slavery.

"Well, this is fine, isn't it, a slave lazing on a sun bed instead of doing her slave duties," came a familiar voice, light and breezy.

Sophie turned to see Leah come onto the patio. Like Sophie herself, Leah was naked but for her slave collar, which like Sophie's was small and unobtrusive. Sophie's eyes flitted down to Leah's crotch, to the pubic hair shaved into a V like her own. Once again the feeling of camaraderie, and of pride to be the teammate, almost equal (not actually equal in Sophie's own eyes, although she had played her part every bit as much as Leah had in their win) with this superb athlete. "Hello," she said pleasantly, and then changed it to, "hello, slave". Leah, she knew, actually liked being called a slave. "Master gave me the afternoon off," she added in explanation. 'Master' still referred to Tom Jefferson: since their return home, she had not been returned to her actual owner, or seen him. She had not been told why, and wisely had not asked.

"Shouldn't be allowed," Leah teased as she sat down on the next sun bed. She was carrying something, a magazine, but Sophie couldn't actually see it. Leah's mood grew more sober. "I've got something for you to see. I'm not sure you're going to like it, but you should. Well, sort of." She handed Sophie the magazine.

It was a glossy tabloid insert. The header was "Slaveland News – Special Slaveland Challenge Feature". The rest of the cover was taken up by a single, full length picture of Sophie and Leah, naked but for the stockings, high heels and of course slave collars, at the presentation evening, being presented with the trophy, their pubic hair not yet shaved into that letter V. With their hands by their sides, as they had

been instructed, their fronts were fully visible: their boobs, their pussies, everything. And the camera had captured it all.

Sophie opened the magazine and slowly turned the pages, one by one. The story of the event was there, but more to the point there were lots of pictures. The fact that her bottom could not be seen on the cover was soon remedied. There were lots of pictures of her, as there were of all eight girls. Most of them were unguarded. Several of them showed her sweating like a pig, running or pulling the cart; others showed her clearly in the throes of orgasm. By the time she reached the back cover, there was little of her body that had not been photographed and featured in the magazine. There was even a picture of them after they had returned to New Island and their pussy hair had been shaved into that V symbol. Two pictures, in fact: one of them together, full frontal, and the other a close-up of just their pussies. Bill had taken both pictures; the girls hadn't been told why at the time, not that it mattered: if ordered to pose for pictures, they posed. Slaves didn't get the choice in such matters.

Sophie looked again at the front cover, and then looked at Leah. "How many people will see this?" she asked quietly.

"A lot," said Leah gently. "In fact, a huge number. Master just gave this to me. In Xanxta, just about everybody gets Slaveland News these days. It's also circulating wildly on The Island. On New Island, well, we won, so everybody wants a copy. And it's selling like wildfire in Corvalle as well. They don't seem to mind that their team came last. Master said that, since Fiona Furness took over as editor, Slaveland News has been growing in circulation in Corvalle, which is the biggest of the four by far, but this has sent the sales figure into the stratosphere. Literally thousands of men are going to be studying your hot little body."

"Wonderful," said Sophie without any enthusiasm. "I suppose you don't mind yourself." There was a hint of frosty accusation in her voice, a rarity for Sophie, particularly with Leah.

"Oh, I mind," said Leah. "It's embarrassing and humiliating for me too. But we're slaves, so it comes with the job."

"I suppose," said Sophie, clearly unconvinced.

"There's a video been made of it as well. Slaveland News have got the rights to that as well, and it's also doing very well in all four territories, as well as having been sold to the Corvalle TV channel. It's going out there at prime time, according to Master. I've put a copy on the desk in your room."

"Thanks," said Sophie with even less enthusiasm. "Why do men in these four places want this stuff, when they've got the real thing at their fingertips?"

"Not quite at their fingertips," Leah explained. "Not every man in Xanxta or Corvalle has a slave of their own. In fact, less than half do. Probably most men on New Island and The Island have slaves, but not all even then. Sure, all of them get ... opportunities, but not 24-7, and all the naked slave flesh around keeps, well, recharging their batteries. So, when they can't get the real thing, they need something to help stimulate themselves to the point where they can, let's say, let off steam."

"So what you're saying is that there are loads of men who are going to wank themselves off to these pictures of me," Sophie said directly. She did not sound happy, as reflected in the direct language she used.

"Well, I was being delicate, but yes."

"Great," said Sophie miserably. A silence descended between them. Sophie studied the picture on the front cover, not speaking.

"You look pretty hot in that picture," Leah observed. "In all the pictures, actually."

"I'm not sure that's a good thing," Sophie said quietly.

"Oh, come on! Would you rather look fat and flabby, with a muffin top and droopy tits?"

"I suppose," said Sophie again, still unconvinced. "But I'd rather not be in the pics at all."

"Too late for that now. Anyway, Master is delighted with the whole thing. He invested heavily in Slaveland News when Fiona took over as editor, as did Patricia, in fact their clout as shareholders ensured that Fiona got the job. Apparently the Challenge thing was her big venture. It's paid huge dividends. He's getting a chunk of the profits from the sales, and it's quite substantial, plus his shares are soaring in value, and other businessy things that I don't quite follow."

"Nice for him," Sophie said with a hint of bitterness.

"You're a slave, of course, so you're not entitled to anything from it."

“Of course,” Sophie said with more bitterness.

“However, he wants to see you later on. He’s going to send a few thousand pounds to your family, to pay for a bit of a holiday. They won’t know how the money has been earned, of course.”

“Oh,” said Sophie, surprised.

“He’s a wonderful master,” Leah said, almost dreamily.

Sophie found herself in agreement. It was a generous gesture, and one he need not have made. And with money still tight due to their business situation, it would give her father and brothers a very welcome break.

“How about you?” she asked. “Is he giving you anything?”

“I’m a slave,” Leah said. “I’m his slave, and I hope I always will be. Pleasing him is all I want.”

At one time Sophie would have challenged this, or at least disbelieved it in her own mind, but these days she knew how much Leah lived by that code. She said nothing.

“I’m also so pleased for Mistress Fiona,” Leah added.

“She’s very nice,” agreed Sophie. Despite her status, Fiona had been kind to her at the wedding.

“Something else,” Leah said. “Master has negotiated the purchase of you from Kelvin Hope. Fortunately it was agreed before we went to Xanxta, because I think your value on the market has gone up quite a bit since then.” She gestured to the magazine.

Sophie tried to digest this. “So I belong to him now?” It was, she had to be honest with herself, not bad news. In fact, she could not help but be pleased. Being the slave of Tom Jefferson would be much more challenging than being that of Kelvin Hope, she had already found that out, but ... well, it was better.

“For the moment, yes, but he’s not intending to keep you. Master has always been a one slave man, now he has both me and Ellie which he seems to be OK with, but three is definitely a crowd for him. I could see it when he also owned Cara. Don’t worry,” she added, seeing Sophie looking crestfallen. “He’s got an owner lined up for you who he’s going to sell you to, but it will be his choice, and you can trust him to pick the right man to develop you.”

“Develop me?”

“Well, you know,” said Leah hastily, realising that she had said a bit too much. “Also, it will be on condition that Master still has plenty of regular access to you.”

That should have sounded bad news to Sophie, but somehow it wasn’t. “Do you know who this man is?”

“Unfortunately not,” Leah said, settling down on the sun bed next to Sophie and stretching her own superb lithe body out. Then, with a conspiratorial wink, she added, “I’m only a slave, nobody tells me anything.”

Thousands of miles away, almost halfway round the globe, the man currently known just by a prison inmate number, was watching a slide show of those pictures, interspersed with extracts from the video, in very different circumstances.

Grumpy Mike, as he had once been known, was strapped naked to a chair, which was bolted to the floor. He was tied tightly and comprehensively so that he could hardly move a muscle, including turning his head away from the screen. Also, a clever sensor ensured that, if he closed his eyes or tried to look away from the screen, he received a nasty electric shock from the butt plug which filled his back passage.

Normally, like any other red-blooded male, Mike would have been quite happy to watch the screen, particularly as he was currently pumped full of Viagra and other sexual stimulants. However, a wicked device was attached to his genitals. His cock was encased in a tube which consisted of two sections angled at around 45 degrees. As soon as he began to get sexually aroused, his cock would involuntarily straighten and swell and come into contact with some very nasty nodules on the upper half of the lower section of the tube, resulting in immediate pain. It also sent a small electric shock through his balls. Painful though the nodules and ball shocks were, the anus shocks were much worse, so he forced himself to keep watching. It was impossible not to get hard though, however much he tried. Those were eight very hot girls and the situation they were in and the activities they were doing were very powerful. Even that

thought alone made his cock harden and straighten again and he whimpered as his manhood involuntarily pressed into the sharp and painful modules and the current coursed again through his balls.

The door to the room opened and his rehabilitation officer came in. She was a middle aged, unattractive woman, already gone to seed with a shapeless body and a dress sense that indicated she did not care about her looks. That did not mean she was not interested in sex: frequently during their sessions, as part of his 'rehabilitation', he had to have sex with her. It was not pleasant, but when you know you are going to get caned if you don't get it up, you manage to do the deed. Whether it was actually part of his rehab programme or she was just taking advantage of him, he did not know and it did not matter. In fact, the point that it did not matter, he had come to realise, was part of the rehab itself. She had also told him that she owned a male slave and Mike pitied the poor creature.

She took the TV remote and pressed pause, then switched the screen to blank. "How are you feeling, Mike?" she asked solicitously, though he could not help but feel that it was a bit hypocritical, given that she had ordered that he be put into this situation.

"It hurts," he said simply. At one time he would have snarled "it fucking hurts!" at her, but now he knew that was not wise.

She worked the TV remote for a moment and a picture of Fiona Furness came onto the screen. She was sat behind a desk, the editor's desk that had once been his.

"As you are aware" – he was aware because she had told him, and had backed it up with plenty of evidence – "Fiona has made a great success of the Slaveland News paper. Sales in Xanxta alone have more than doubled under her editorship. The paper also now sells well on both islands and is really going places in Corvalle. This latest venture of hers has surpassed all expectations and is driving the sales figures through the roof. Advertising revenue is up beyond all recognition as well." She consulted a file and read off some figures, including comparisons to before when he led the paper. Finally, she stopped reading and eyed him. "How do you feel about all that?"

"I'm very pleased for her," Mike said dully.

"Are you? Really?"

"Yes," he insisted, but then realised that there was no point in lying. She knew: she always knew. "I'm getting there," he said. "Honestly," he added. And it was true.

"Good," she replied. "We're making progress. But not quite there yet, I think?"

"No," he admitted. It was very unwise, he had learnt, to pretend.

"Good," she repeated. "I think another hour like this, don't you?"

Mike slumped, or would have done if his bonds had allowed it. "Yes, Miss," he said dejectedly. Again, any protest or pleading would, he knew, be highly inadvisable, as well as entirely ineffective.

"After that," she said, her fingers touching the evil device which imprisoned his cock, "I'll take this off and put your manhood into a squeeze tube for an hour or two." A squeeze tube was the exact opposite of this device: as his cock grew hard, it just massaged it deliciously to make it even harder, like a good tight pussy would do. A little bag on the end would collect his cum when he came, as he would several times. "That will be nice, won't it?"

"Yes, Miss," Mike said. He was being truthful: a squeeze tube would be bliss, especially after this. He recalled her frequent lectures: his treatment was designed to turn him into a good Xanxta citizen, but certainly was not intended to turn him off sex.

"I'll take the butt plug out when we make the switch," she said. "I'm sure you won't need any encouragement to watch then, will you?"

"No, Miss." It was again true.

"By the way," she said causally, "the parole board is meeting next week. If we continue to make progress at our current rate, I intend to recommend conditional release for you."

Mike visibly brightened. "Thank you Miss," he said. "I'll keep trying." He absolutely would, and the news was wonderful. He didn't miss the 'conditional' bit, he knew that release would include some unpleasant requirements. Probably, continuing to service her would be one of them. He would of course comply. "Once I'm out," he added, "I'll remember all the lessons you've taught me and I'll try to be a good citizen and a credit to you." Again, he was quite genuine. He had learnt the hard way that you cannot buck the system.

"I'm sure you will," she smiled. She produced a tablet, another of the sexual stimulant ones. She popped it into his mouth, followed by putting a glass of water to his mouth. "Swallow," she ordered, and he obeyed, although he knew the consequences. "That should take effect in about half an hour, and should last for about two hours."

"Yes, Miss." That would mean half an hour of added pain, given that he had an hour left of his torment, and then an hour and a half of even greater bliss afterwards. Pain and pleasure, pain and pleasure: the things he had been taught swirled round his head.

She pressed a button on the TV remote and the slide show resumed, with a particularly sexy picture of the pony girl race, with two teams captured working hard. He did like pony cart races, which was not good news while this thing was on his cock.

"I'll be back in an hour to swap you over."

"Yes, Miss, thank you Miss," he said as she departed. Desperate to avoid another anal shock, Mike focused on the screen, trying to think the most unsexy thoughts he could. It didn't work, it never did: the Viagra and other chemicals slushing around his system combined with the powerful pictures overwhelmed everything else. He could already feel his cock stiffening, and knew that in moments from now he would be in pain.

Back on New Island, and back in her room, Sophie finished watching the video. She had made herself watch it all, because Leah had told her too, even though it was very uncomfortable viewing. Her face was bright red with shame at the thought that so many boys and men would be jacking off to the images of her and the other girls. It seemed that more than a fair share of the camera had focused on her and Leah, but that was probably just her, although of course since the two of them had won the competition, that would naturally, she supposed, attract more attention on the video.

She switched off the TV and went back outside to the sun bed. Leah had gone, having other duties, which suited her: she wanted to be alone right now. She flattened the sun bed, which had previously been on an angle so that the two girls could talk, and lay face down. It was time to tan her back and bum. Her bottom was still slightly red from a hand spanking from Master Tom last night. She hadn't done anything wrong, it was just for his enjoyment. It was important, she had learnt, to distinguish the two. It had stung, but not too bad, well within what she could bear. One thing she had definitely learnt since coming to New Island, one of many things, was that she could bear a lot more than she might previously have thought.

Just two more months of slavery, she thought to herself, and then I can go home, back to my old life.

Sophie sighed. Just who do you think you are kidding, girl? She asked herself. You know damn well that you're going to stay on. You're just too chicken to admit it, even to yourself. Cara's got ten times your guts.

Time's running out, she told herself. You've got to go to Master Tom, on your knees, and beg him to enslave you permanently. At least then he'll get a better price for you when he sells you to this new owner. It didn't matter that she didn't know who this new owner would be: she totally trusted Tom Jefferson, he would get the right man for her. She just had to go to him and somehow tell him that she wanted to stay when her year was up. It would be quite an admission to make publicly. Maybe, she thought, Leah can help me. She knows. She knew before I did. So did Ellie.

No, she told herself, this is something I have to do myself. Tonight, on my knees, to Master Tom.

More nervous than ever, and yet with a new feeling of serenity at the same time now that she had finally owned up at least to herself, Sophie closed her eyes and let the sun warm her lithe, naked young body.

Chapter Twenty-eight - New Island

Written by Storm Robinson

The ocean breeze blew in nicely on her bare skin as she crawled behind her Master, Michael Harris, with a large bag on her back. The pier was empty for the moment, which was a relief. Slutlana had already been fucked twice on the way here, plus too many sharp smacks on her already battered bottom to count. On her back her Master had written 'LAST CHANCE!' in the bright red lipstick he had occasionally made her wear. Her light blonde hair, cut into a short bob that curled around her face, did nothing to hide the words. On the entire walk men had enjoyed one last round with her body, placing a hash mark on her reddened rump for each spank. The lipstick had run out well before the journey ended.

Master Harris had abstained, however. Yesterday had been Wednesday. Instead of starting her 'lesson' at seven he'd told her to report at three. It had been a long session. Master had used almost every instrument in the well stocked room on her – crops, whips, paddles, electrodes, even a chain - in more positions than she could count. Suspended by her wrists, chained to the table, upside down, on all fours, you name it and it was done to her last night. He'd cum in her pussy, mouth, and ass as well, and all over her shapely tits, back, and thighs. Slutlana had cum intensely as well, many times. The electrodes and Master's cock were particularly effective. Master taking the number two crop to her labia, after telling her to keep her legs wide open and up in the air, had been especially memorable. The pain hurt so good...

In the wee hours of the morning he'd finally released her. Then Master did something he'd only done twice before – once on her birthday and the last time she'd seen Hannah on purpose. He lifted her twitching, overstimulated body in his arms and carried her to the bath. He bathed Slutlana, washing away the sweat and semen, caressing her body gently. Afterwards Master towelled her off and brought her into his own bed. Food had already been laid out. Not in the dog bowl like usual, but on plates with silverware! After one day short of a year eating on the floor, her hands behind her back, Slutlana felt uncomfortable eating like a normal human. When she was finished Master's servant took the plates away. The blonde moved to rise; her own room with the small mattress on the floor awaited. Instead Master had pulled her back down and held her soft body against his. He stroked her temple, slowly lulling the exhausted girl to sleep. Her soft, battered body nestled tight against his. Slutlana didn't care about the pain while pressing against Master, she needed it. 'You've been an excellent slave.' were the last words she heard before dreams took her.

This morning Slutlana had awoken alone in a comfy bed with a down comforter draped over her body. She went down to the dining room, getting down on all fours to crawl in like normal, but her food bowl wasn't there. Cautiously she looked up at her Master. Michael Harris motioned towards a chair at the table. She slowly stood up as his eyes admired the twenty-two year old's body, covered in bruises and welts from the night before, and ate a delicious breakfast beside him.

Now, he looked down at her on the dock. Master Harris removed the bag on her back and motioned for her to stand up again. Slutlana complied easily. She'd been well trained and complied immediately. His hand lightly stroked her naked, welted breast before he opened the bag.

"As you are well aware, it's your last day. You're going home." He pulled a washcloth from the bag and dipped it in the ocean, using the water to gently scrub the words and tally marks from her back. "It's in vogue to ask if you want to stay. I won't do that, though I want to. I won't degrade you in that way. You've been excellent all year, have more than lived up to your contract - as I'll tell the record keepers - and I wish you the best for your future."

Slutlana didn't say anything, confused thoughts swirling through her head. This was the gentlest her Master had ever been. Even the slight sting of the saltwater on her welts felt good. This place, New Island, was a paradise of harshness. Her mind travelled through the memories she'd made in the last year. All the sex, all the pain, all the pleasure. Master Harris finished his cleaning of her back, then her butt, and took the washcloth to her bare pussy, cleaning the cum from it. A now familiar tingling sensation coursed through her soft form. When he finished the slightly overweight man spoke again.

"I have several parting gifts for you in this bag. The first is this." From the large fabric bag he pulled a smaller bag filled with clothes. It took Slutlana a moment to recognize it as the outfit she wore on stage the day she was sold to Master Harris. A sharp, navy blue business suit and white blouse. Her black lacy underwear, stockings, and shoes were inside as well. And the original outfit she'd arrived in. Plus there

was the sealed document case that contained all of her documents and jewelry from when she had first set foot on the boat. Slutlana looked at them in awe. They felt distant, as if from another life. She took the bag gingerly, clutching it close.

Next he pulled out a dress. It was sparkly silver and she could see was perfectly tailored for her body. The cut was off the shoulder with a plume on the other side. It would go down to low thigh, just above her knees.

"You have a two day layover in Miami," His voice calmly spoke, "I wish for you to look good while waiting. Just don't draw the attention of Xanxta slavers in it." It was a joke, but one she could see a bit of worry in. Slutlana couldn't speak. A lump had formed in her throat. The blonde merely looked at him with watery eyes.

His hand pulled out the number two crop. He placed it in her palm, handle first. "Something... to remember me by. I know this one was your favorite." Slutlana stared at the crop open mouthed. This weapon had given her so much pain, but so much pleasure as well. It *had* been her favorite. Slowly, she lifted the leather tip up to her nose. The musky scent of her pussy was entrenched in it.

The bag was still partially full and Michael Harris reached in again. This time he pulled out a piece of paper. Slowly, he opened it. "Political science, I think, was your studies? Here is a list of men that would benefit from having you in their employ." He looked at the list, then at her, and winked. "Several of them have had you here, but there will be no funny business in the future. It will be strictly professional. Contact who you wish. You graduated with honors; they're all expecting your call." Slutlana stood with her mouth agape as she looked over the list. It was filled with the movers and shakers of Europe. After several minutes she looked back up at her Master. He was looking at her in passive repose though his eyes spoke volumes.

"My last gift is this." He pulled a thick envelope from the bag. "I know you didn't do all this for yourself, and you'll go back home no richer than you came." It was true. Slutlana and her sister, Hannah, had come here because she'd made a deal in order to pay for Hannah's back surgery. "Twenty-nine thousand pounds was your selling price, I believe? And thirty for your sister? Open the envelope." She did. Inside was two thousand pounds in physical bills and a check for another fifty-seven thousand. The shapely girl with the blonde bob stared at the money but her eyes couldn't fully focus. They were filled with tears. She felt Master Harris's hands go around her throat and grasp at her slave collar. Then she felt the weight of it being removed. Somehow the pretty girl lifted her head to look at the man holding the collar in his hand.

"Slave Slutlana L012, property of Master Michael Harris," His voice sounded official, even as it sounded pained, "I release you of your slavery. You are free again, Svetlana. Go, and have a full life. I won't forget you. And thank you for everything."

The twenty-two year old woman, now free with money and clothes and crop in hand, looked at him for a moment. Then she dropped everything on the wooden pier and rushed towards him, grabbing Michael Harris in a fierce hug. She held her nude body against him tightly as her tears spilled onto his chest. After a moment, his arms went around her waist and he squeezed the blonde woman back. Slutlana - no, Svetlana - didn't know how long they hugged, only that they did. Eventually he pulled back and gave her a kiss on her forehead tenderly.

"Thank you for a very enjoyable year." He spoke. Did his voice crack? She held his hands tenderly and admitted something both to him and herself.

"Thank you for a perfect year, my Master."

Michael Harris stared at her for a several seconds with a smile on his face. Then with a nod he released her hands and turned, walking off the pier and out of her life.

It took several minutes for Slutlana - Svetlana - to compose herself. Finally, she decided to put on her clothes. On went the stockings and garter, the skirt and blouse, the navy jacket. She shied away from the lacy black underwear. It just felt wrong. Fully covered, if not fully dressed, and holding the crop tightly, Svetlana waited on the pier. It was almost half an hour before Hannah arrived. She was pulling a cart by herself, her Master sitting in the seat. It was the first time she'd seen her sister in a month. Hannah had changed Masters several times, unlike Svetlana. As the pony cart stopped she noticed the lack of a collar on her sister's now lean and svelte form, now so different than her own body. She'd already been freed. The Czech girl had pulled the cart of her own accord. Her current master unstrapped her from the cart,

unbuckled her from the harness, and led her into the ocean for cleaning. When she came out he gave her a bag with clothes and her documents, as well as several other items. Hannah nodded at him thankfully as he left, the man straining to pull the cart behind him. She dressed.

There was several minutes of awkward silence between the two girls. They hadn't seen each other in a month. In fact, had been mostly avoiding each other for much of the past year. After failing to swallow all the semen of her Master's friend, a person on her list, Harris had given her a punishment. Their - now former Masters - had a swap for the night to see which was the better sister. However, first the Masters had them sit on the floor and look each other in the eye. "What have you learned most about yourself, at length?" Harris had asked his naked, spread slave with the obvious bruises. Slutlana hadn't lied, slaves had no secrets, and talked about how the pain was an orgasm in itself. That she needed it. Wanted it. When asked the same question, Hannah spoke of her need to endure anything physically and sexually, no matter how many men had her, how many carts she pulled. She had to prove how she was good. They avoided each other after that even more. Finally being forced to see each other again, an uncomfortable glance popped up between them both. Neither knew what to say. It was almost a relief when the boat pulled up to the dock, with Slave Ellie and six dressed girls inside.

The women all looked nervous, as a man - Jack, she recalled - climbed up to offer a hand for the new girls. The first, a black girl of just over eighteen, with dangerous curves and a pretty face, was hesitant as Harry reached towards her ass to help her up. Svetlana spoke up.

"Let him help you, girl. It's required. And you'll enjoy it eventually."

The girl slightly relaxed, though still visibly nervous, and Harry's hands imprinted on her rear as he pushed her up. The others did the same. Eventually Ellie came up. She motioned for the new girls to wait and came to speak to the sisters.

"Going home?" The elfin girl with the small tuft of black pubic hair asked graciously. The long hair, put in a ponytail, had been allowed back to its natural jet black, though there were traces of the blonde dye at the ends. Hannah responded first.

"Yes. Better off then I came."

The naked woman nodded. "I believe you. Slavery has a way of letting you know who you actually are. Have a good life, and it was a pleasure to know you." She paused for a moment. "Slaves Sophie and Cara have decided to stay on. The boat is waiting for you two only." With a gentle nod she released them, turning her attention to the six new girls. With Harry's helping hand the sisters got into the boat. It started up and moved away. Svetlana's last sight of New Island was of Ellie collaring the new girls and leading them into town. She knew they'd be naked by this time tomorrow. Silence prevailed for most of the trip, both sisters reliving memories. When land was in sight they both looked at each other.

"How've you been?" Hannah asked shakily, looking at her older sister's suit that hid the welts on her body. The girl's now toned frame shook a bit.

"Good." Svetlana responded, "No, better than that. Excellent." She spoke in English. It had been so long since speaking Czechia that she wasn't sure she remembered how.

Her younger sister nodded her dark blonde head. Hannah's hair had grown long and was now braided down her back. "Are we actually going home, Sveta?" There was a hint of fear, of not truly believing, in her sister's voice. Svetlana stared at her sister. She was so different now than when she'd entered into slavery but some things never changed. Yes, her hair was longer, her body was firmer, and she was no longer a virgin. Svetlana hadn't been when she first came to the island, part of the reason she'd been given the name Slutlana, having slept with three boys beforehand. Now the number must've been close to eighty, and her sister as much or more. Svetlana didn't think of herself as 'shop-spoiled', though she was glad that her sister couldn't see the welts and bruises covering her body. Marks she had been so desperate to receive. Svetlana realized her 'punishment' of revealing her desires to Hannah that night had actually been a mercy on her Master's part, helping her keep her dignity and pride. It let both girls acknowledge and accept that they'd changed.

"You can't go home again." Svetlana responded, quoting the book that her Master had read to her several times, "But we are going back to our family."

Hannah pursed her lips and stared at her sister. "It already feels like a dream, like something fake. Yesterday my Master asked if I wanted to stay. I answered no and he didn't whip me for it. This morning he showered me with gifts. I don't know if I chose correctly. It... it was a dream..."

Svetlana didn't respond. Yesterday, if she'd been asked she'd have wondered. After Master's gifts this morning, showing the depths of his admiration, she would have said yes. She ran her fingers over the cane welts only covered by her skirt and blouse, nothing else. Svetlana already missed him.

They sat in silence for the next few minutes until the boat pulled into the small island where a larger boat would take them to Miami, and from there a plane eventually back to... home? Jack and Harry helped them off the boat but gave no trace of fondling, at least until Hannah placed Harry's hands firmly on her butt instead. Svetlana watched the joyful expression spread on her sister's face. A year ago Hannah had been a naïve, self-conscious girl, inexperienced with men. Now, it was plain to see she revelled in male attention and knew her worth, just as she herself had learned about herself in ways she'd never dreamed of. As the men turned to leave Svetlana made a decision. She looked over at Hannah, who was already looking at her. As one, they both reached to unbutton everything, unembarrassed, before turning toward the two men.

"Wait!" She called. Both men turned. "You haven't been paid for your services." Her skirt fell to the ground. Beside her she saw Hannah's flutter down as well. Svetlana - no, Slutlana, she knew in her soul - shrugged off her jacket and blouse, revealing her tanned, marked skin to the men. Next to her Hannah became naked as well, her legs spread. "Please come take your fee, Masters."

They looked at the girls - no, now women, - with both desire and reluctance. "You aren't slaves anymore," Jack replied, "Your fee has already been paid."

"Then please give us our first taste of freedom." Hannah's wanting voice responded. She looked at Harry. "Wherever you'd like."

Svetlana looked at the men, almost pleading. She was going home but she needed this closure, even as she knew she'd be seeking this high for the rest of her life. "And please don't be gentle."

Jack and Harry approached as they unzipped their pants. Slutlana turned to her sister. Her body was covered in welts and bruises and all the blissful pain of the year on display. Hannah's naked body was toned and firm and thirsty. They smiled at each other, each accepting the other sibling for who they truly were, as the men reached them. Both naked women put their arms out, leading the men to the ground gently. Each woman straddled her man, holding a very stiff cock in their hand as they guided it to their naked pussies, then looked at the other sister for a moment. Svetlana saw a subtle nod from Hannah, which she reciprocated. They knew and accepted each other fully. Just as New Island had stripped their bodies bare, it'd stripped their minds naked to each other as well. They had nothing to hide, from themselves or each other. Then the Czech sisters plunged downwards onto the stiff dicks of the boatmen and knew no more - until everyone had their full payment.

THE END